

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 306—VOLUME XXVIII [NEW SERIES]

APRIL, 1944

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Raids Again

THE revival of air raids has embarrassed a number of St. Dunstaners, and a few of our members' homes have suffered more or less serious damage. H. Palmer, of Thornton Heath, in particular suffered grievous loss. He and his wife, with their son (who was home on leave from the R.A.F.), their daughter and son-in-law and grandchild, were in their home when a bomb fell, killing their son, and completely destroying the house. Our St. Dunstaner and his wife and the other members of the family were taken to hospital suffering from shock, but I am glad to say that, with the exception of the son-in-law, all have now been able to leave hospital and are staying with a relative until further arrangements can be made for them. H. Crane, who lives in the same neighbourhood, has also had his house damaged, but he was unhurt.

F. E. O'Kelly, a well-known telephone operator, has also had his house completely bombed out. When the whistles blew, his wife had come downstairs with a little boy who was staying with them, and had put him under the stairs while he and his daughter were fetching buckets in case of fire bombs. He then heard a high explosive bomb coming down, and they managed to get into the hall and shut the door. The bomb fell a few yards away and blew in doors, windows, ceilings and some of the walls. O'Kelly attributes their escape to the fact that they had netted the glass of the front door, which, although it was blown to pieces, did not damage any of them. O'Kelly was soon at work on his switchboard again. So far, in this new series of raids, none of our St. Dunstan's family has been personally hurt and, of course, all are carrying on as best they can.

The other night my own house in London was burnt to the ground. We were just coming out of the shelter when we heard and saw it blazing, and our best efforts were quite useless. We could not get into the doors because of the smoke, but I climbed through a window at the end furthest from the fire and telephoned for help. The Fire Service and a host of willing neighbours eventually got the fire under control and saved neighbouring buildings, but the whole of my house is a heap of ashes. The blinded officers, Captain Michael Barstow, Charles Cooper, and Bill Robinson, who were staying with me, helped Lady Fraser to pull a few things out, but we didn't save much, and my friends, whose rooms were difficult of access, lost everything except what they stood up in.

IAN FRASER.

St. Dunstan's Clock Safe.—The Church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, Fleet Street, was damaged in a recent fire raid, but St. Dunstaners will be glad to know that its famous Clock was untouched.

St. Dunstan's Derby Sweepstake, 1944

Applications are invited for tickets in our annual Derby Sweepstake, which, as usual, is open only to St. Dunstaners. Tickets will be 2s. 6d. each, and the allocation of the prize-money will be as follows:—

10% of the total sum subscribed to the Comforts Fund for the sons of St. Dunstaners.

The remainder will, with the exception of the actual cost of printing and postage involved, be distributed as follows:—

50% to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.

20% to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.

10% to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.

20% to be divided equally among those who hold tickets drawing a horse which actually starts in the race.

In the case of the three big prizes, the prize-money will be paid in War Savings Certificates, with the exception of the first £5, which will be in cash. The smaller prizes will also be paid in cash.

Applications for tickets can be made at once, and will be received up to the first post on *Friday, June 9th*. Every application must bear the name and address of the sender, and must be sent to the Editor of *THE REVIEW*, St. Dunstan's Headquarters, 9-11 Park Crescent, London, W.1 (Irish St. Dunstaners, see below).

Postal orders must be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed.

The draw will take place at Headquarters on Wednesday, June 14th.

To St. Dunstaners in Ireland

To avoid the possibility of applications going astray, St. Dunstaners in Ireland are advised to send their requests to Mr. Macauley, and not to Headquarters.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to the following, who are celebrating silver wedding anniversaries:

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wakelin, Huntingdon, March 12th; Mr. and Mrs. W. Allen, Torrisholme, Morecambe, March 22nd; Mr. and Mrs. W. Sharpe, Lower Bentham, near Lancaster, April 10th; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Dunks, Broome, Suffolk, April 10th; Mr. and Mrs. L. Williams, Birmingham, April 24th.

Tandem Tricycle Wanted

The Editor would be very glad to hear of anyone having a tandem tricycle for disposal.

Mentioned in Despatches

Our warmest congratulations to a new war St. Dunstaner, H. Briggs, of Leeds, who has been mentioned in despatches "for gallant and distinguished service in the Middle East."

Having completed his training at Church Stretton, he is now at home settling his business affairs.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,

I think this will be of interest to many St. Dunstaners remembering happy days at Brighton.

Mr. Cannon, of the Southdown Transport Services, and the old Busmen's Committee are still in being, and they have the St. Dunstan's "boys" constantly in mind. I have been asked to say that they are longing for the day when they can continue with the annual outings, when they hope they will meet the old "boys" and the new St. Dunstaners. They hope, too, that good beer, good food, and smokes will be as plentiful as ever. The Busmen's Committee send them all the best of good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Southwick, Sussex. T. J. EATON.

Young St. Dunstaners

Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen, of Wallasey, are justly proud of their daughter, Bella, who is in charge of a furnace at a steel works which produces ships' propellers, and is the first woman to hold this post.

Marriage

Captain C. L. Curtis-Willson to Junior Commander Joan Cranfield, A.T.S., on March 25th. The bride is daughter of the Editor of the *London Star*.

On December 18th, 1943, Kathleen Dimond, East Grinstead, to Sapper Edwin Alva Gale, Royal Canadian Engineers.

Honour

The eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Salter, of Battersea, who is in the Royal Air Force, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Medal. The citation says: "Flight Sergeant Salter has taken part in a large number of sorties. . . . Throughout his long tour he has displayed noteworthy devotion to duty, and his technical skill has, on more than one occasion, contributed materially to the safe return of the aircraft."

Church Stretton Notes

An outstanding event this month was the visit of Major Sir Neville Pearson, son of our Founder, who has just returned from a mission to Australia, New Zealand, and the United States. The Lounge was crowded for his talk about his flying tour half round the world—through time as well as space, when crossing the 180th meridian meant hopping from one day to the next!

Lord Normanby was warmly welcomed when he inspected the new training quarters, during a brief release from hospital.

It was a happy day when Major Stallard, R.A.M.C., arrived at Tiger Hall to look up his former patients from the Middle East, and talk over old times—an attention much appreciated.

Our good friend, Dr. Sobernheim (formerly a judge in Berlin, whence he escaped with personal belongings only in August, 1939), gave us a fluent talk on "Life in Nazi Germany," from his own experience; afterwards he stood a bombardment of questions, preserving a friendly atmosphere with tact and—beautiful English!

The Red Cross Concert at the Horne Institute, entirely by St. Dunstan's artistes, was a big success in every way, and netted £28 for the cause; where each performer was at his best in song, sketch and chorus, we can only echo the large audience's "Bravo, all!"

From Brockhurst, more originality! (1) A fancy dress dance, and a first-class one, too; such camouflages (one was never identified!) that Mr. Hampson had difficulty in judging the prize-winners. These were Matron Powell as a Scarecrow, and Rex Robinson (a ghost draped with empty bottles) as "Departed Spirits." And (2) A party, given by the Staff comfortably in the Lounge. Who is the poet responsible for the topical verses? And on what wave-length did those amazing broadcasts come through the loud-speaker from different departments and offices? And how aptly the adjectives supplied by the audience fitted the gaps in the "report"!

The "Alpine Salopians" have opened their spring season; after the holiday it is hoped that more stalwarts will join these jolly parties—and teas!

The tandems are also in full use, always popular and health-giving after the day's work.

Dance invitations have been enjoyed from the Pioneers on alternate Wednesday evenings; from Mrs. Heath, of Pontesbury; Mr. Pollard, of Dorrington, Meole Brace; the A.T.S., under Sergeant Fisher; the Sentinel Wagon Works Canteen at Shrewsbury; the Ludlow Ladies; and from Toc H at Shrewsbury. The British Legion asked us out to tea; and the "Buffaloes" organised another outing.

The Musical Circle discovered real talent, vocal and instrumental, among the Pioneers (who appeared by permission of Col. Francis). A first performance of the trio, "Sleepy Song"—violin, 'cello and piano, composer, Jock Steel—was warmly received.

Add three Ensa Concerts and a Variety Show, "Stars in Battledress," and—well, we are not dull!

Five of our trainees demonstrated at the London Exhibition of disabled men at work, before passing on to their regular jobs. In telephony, Ted Dudley to London and "Peter" Piper to Shrewsbury; in industrial work, E. Grainger and Johnny Dale to Birmingham, T. Brougham to Liverpool, Jimmy Jolly to Sheffield, Percy Saywell to Leamington Spa. Shirley Blackmore joined the prosperous boot-repairing centre at Chessington, Surrey, earlier in the term. We wish each one God-speed in his new life.

We congratulate the following, who have passed tests:—

Typing.—R. Theobald, T. North, H. Black, R. Robinson, L. Davies, M. McConnell, E. Barton, E. A. K. Trehearne.

Braille Reading (Interline).—R. Etridge, L. Cadman, B. Purcell.

Braille Writing.—R. Evans, H. Greenhalgh.

We apologise to H. Briggs, whose successes in typing and in interline braille reading last year we failed to record; we offer him our belated congratulations.

The Comforts Fund

Congratulations to C.P.O. Hollins, Royal Navy, son of our St. Dunstaner, who has sent us a cheque for £17 12s. 10d. for the Comforts Fund. This is the result of the raffle for a basket, and church collection made on board his ship.

May we appeal again for all changes of addresses, so that we may keep our Comforts Book up to date. Many of our letters are returned because we have not been notified of recent moves.

The Indian St. Dunstan's has a Concert

This little musical affair is not a formal show, a party coming in from a neighbouring regiment, from the Indian Ladies' Club, or anything like that—no, just a family affair, the sole audience being the Colonel Sahib and his sister Memsahib, the Adjutant Sahib and his Memsahib, who sit loftily on chairs. The twenty blinded soldiers and the blind music Masterji, sit cross-legged on the mattinged floor of the recreation room. A bright fire burns in the open hearth, for the winter nights are chill.

The Masterji announces the opening chorus, which has been practised assiduously for several days. It opens with the western tonic sol-fa scale, up and down, and then goes eastwards, into a minor, dirge-like chant. Masterji on the "harmony"—a piano-accordion type of instrument—Devigavas with tabla, and Fakira with dhollak, accompany and sing as well. These last two instruments are Oriental drums, skins tied with thongs over cylinders of wood, played with the bare hand and fingers to produce a great variety of timbre, metre and syncopation. Much of the Indian music is very pleasant when one gets used to it—plaintive, and sometimes like the music of the Highlands, sometimes recalling cat fights amid London chimney-pots.

We applaud—an excellent effort, and we all warm up. Memraj Ram gives us a solo, accompanying himself. He has lost his right hand, but uses the forearm to work the bellows, and plays the keys with the three good fingers of his left hand. Naik Bichindas, on the tabla, does a little tom-tomming in the background. Memraj hasn't a good ear, and Masterji occasionally joins in the solo to bring him back on the track. It is a good effort. We call "Shahbashi! shahbashi!" Yankat, a Mahratta, follows with a song from his distant Western Ghats, singing and playing with a quality and feeling of no small appeal. Krischinagar, due to his wounds, is, like Memaraj, also a three-fingered, left-handed artist; and he gives us a haunting Mahratti melody, addressed to Rama.

There is a change in tempo. Indira Bahadur, from the mountain sides below Everest's snows, takes his turn. He is only a boy, with tiny, girl-like hands. He ties on anklets of silver bells. The "harmony" and drums strike up a brisk Nepali rhythm; and

Indira, bells a-tinkling cheerfully, does his stuff in a cleared space in the middle of the room, while we keep time with clapping hands. We call for Margo Bunda. "Margo Bundo! Margo Bundo!" we all shout. We yell in half a dozen languages that he must do something. It is his turn. A Dravidian from the far South, he speaks only Tamil, and, poor chap, he might as well be deaf and dumb, for none of us can speak his tongue. Nevertheless, he gets the idea. He rises from his feet and bursts into a strange, high-pitched chant. The drums pick up the rhythm. Masterji puts in a few notes on the "harmony," and Margo begins a Nautch-like dance. Perhaps it is as well for our morals that we don't understand the words. Anyhow, Margo's turn is going with a swing and he is getting quite hot with the vigour of it. The Indians score over us Westerners. There is nothing of stage-fright or reticence about them in playing their part, good or bad, in a fraternal evening of this kind. Here is Margo, a jungli wallah, if ever there was one, from a primitive, remote village, and as near to the soil as could well be.

The next turn brings the house down. Our cheerful Gurkha, Tulea Thapa, has been in a military band, and now despises both Nepali and Hindustani music. There are disputes over the radio in the evening. Tulea demands "English" music, though it must be admitted it is usually Berlin he is trying to tune into, while the others insist on Punjabi or Hindi. And now Tulea stands up and gives us something which he thinks is really music, his masterpiece, "I want to be single." Masterji isn't very successful in improvising a waltz-time accompaniment, an unfamiliar metre in India. However, though Tulea's effort does, perhaps, lack musical perfection, it goes down with a bang.

Everyone is taking his turn. Our very nice Burma Karen, a Christian, quiet, shy rather, and excellent at his work, sings us a song he has learnt in a tongue strange to him, Hindi—plaintive, sad, and, in keeping with his loneliness, far from his luxuriant coast down on the borders of Siam; and his people, where are they? Japs and Burmans massacred many Karens.

Our only Muslim, Havildar Abdul Karim, doesn't learn music. He is a devoted orthodox Mahommedan; and, however much he might stray from the paths of virtue in mundane matters, he is scrupulous over the rules of Mahommedan observation.

Canine Notes

In my last notes I gave facts concerning the prices being asked for pedigree dogs at the moment.

I have now to refer to "pedigree."

It is customary when a dog is sold, either for pet or show, for the seller to give the dog's pedigree as authentic, upon demand. A true pedigree can be demanded, and must be given. A dog must have a pedigree or none. If a dog has a pedigree, this is necessary before it can be registered with the Kennel Club. In fact, if either of its parents are not registered, or any one of its grandparents is not registered, some difficulty will be met in registering such a dog.

Like the black market in most things to-day, there has always been a very black market in pedigrees.

To-day, with the boom in dogs, I am assured by the secretary of a canine society, of which I am a member, that "there are far too many false pedigrees about."

To guard against this fraud, I would suggest to the buyer of a puppy to-day to buy it from a reputed breeder, whose kennel is known to be a pedigree kennel. A lot of kennels have sprung up since the war, and advertisers, of both dogs and puppies, have to be carefully scrutinised. There are black sheep in every flock, and if any doubt is felt about the purchase of a puppy, the Kennel Club is the authority to get in touch with on such a matter.

H. MARSDEN

National Laying Trials

Report on sixth period of 28 days, from 28th February—26th March

Position	Name	Test Score	Value
1	Jackson, G. C.	...	683
2	Jarvis, Albert	...	632
3	Holmes, Percy	...	605
4	Gregory, T.	...	602
5	Smith, W. Alan	...	591
6	McIntosh, Charles	...	586
7	Watson-Brown, M.	...	575
8	Hill, R. E.	...	554
9	Campbell, John	...	532
10	McLaren, D.	...	389
11	Chaffin, Albert	...	367
12	Carpenter, E. H.	...	345
			Average per bird, 21.32

Music must have no part in his faith, so he is not a pupil. Nevertheless, he gives us a song in Arabic, a poem to the praise of Allah, who is great and merciful. He sings without accompaniment.

Everyone is jolly and happy. Each performer signals the end of his piece by heartily applauding himself, and we all join in. Who hasn't yet contributed some gem of music or entertainment? Only Jaggar Singh is left. He, a bearded Sikh, has been with us only a week, blinded by a mine in Sicily not so long ago. He was miserable and depressed for the first two or three days, but has already perked up. "Jaggar Singh! Jaggar Singh! Give us a song!" Unhesitatingly he begins. It is a Sikh invocation, a psalm, as it were, to one of his gods. Fascinated we listen. His voice is amazingly true, full of fervour and tone. We know nothing of the words, but there is no mistaking the changing phases of prayer, humility, obeisance, praise, and submission.

Sweet tea is passed round. We eat sugary Indian cakes, some of which are a little too oily, or rancid, for our tastes. We smoke cigarettes and come to the end of a happy and friendly hour. We make our good nights. "Salaam, Sahib!" "Salaam, Huzoor!" "Salaam, salaam, salaam!" We walk across the compound to our own bungalow. The snows on the steep hill crests above us are white in the peaceful moonlight. The palms and mango trees are still shadows in the crisp air.

CLUTHA MACKENZIE.

Sons and Daughters in the Services

BURRIDGE, L.A.C. Chas., Royal Air Force.
 CHAMBERS, A. C., Royal Air Force.
 CLAY, A.M.2 R., Royal Air Force.
 COLE, Pte. H. D. (Birmingham), Army.
 COOPER, L.A.G. B. (Hull), Royal Navy.
 DALEY, Sergt. W. (Stourbridge), Royal Engineers.
 DALEY, Sapper J. (Stourbridge), Royal Engineers.
 DEEGAN, L.A.C. Stanley, Royal Air Force.
 HAMMETT, D. J., Royal Navy.
 HOLLAND, O-Cook G. E. (Heswall), Royal Navy.
 JARVILL, Driver A. N., Royal Corps of Signals.
 KEEGAN, Pte. T. (Cork), S.T.C.
 LUCOCQ, Pte. W., P.D.C.
 MACPHERSON, A.C.W.2 I. (Windsor), W.A.A.F.
 MACPHERSON, Sergt. W. J. (Windsor), Royal Air Force.
 ORAM, L.A.C. Charles, Royal Air Force.
 ORROW, Pte. A., Army Fire Service.
 POWELL, A.C.2 Harry (Stafford), Royal Air Force.
 RAYMOND, L.A.C. E. J. (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Royal Air Force.
 RAYMOND, O/S. G. (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Royal Navy.
 STEVENS, O/S. H. W. (Wokingham), Royal Navy.
 STUBBS, A.C.2 (Liverpool), Royal Air Force.
 THOMPSON, Pte. T. (Bolton), Durham Light Infantry.

St. Dunstan's Log

by JIMMY ELLIS*

Farewell to Tembani

The fateful announcement which we knew had to be made one day had come at last. Mrs. Chadwick Bates assembled all Imperial men at Tembani and told us that we would be leaving the following Friday *en route* for the United Kingdom. Mrs. Bates evidently considered her announcement to be so great a shock that it warranted a drink, and a zealously guarded bottle of whisky was brought forth to fortify us. When we had recovered, things began to move fast. When this initial excitement was over and things were well under way, packing fell into the background, and we were more concerned with arranging farewell parties with our friends. The spirit of these little parties was very peculiar, because only we Tembanians knew that they were farewell parties. While our friends enjoyed the evening and were pleasantly surprised at the idea of being "press-ganged," we, while trying to be gay, were feeling very sad, knowing that it would be our last party together. On Thursday we had the official farewell party for Tembanians, members of the South African Committee, and very close friends.

Friday morning came and found us stumbling through a maze of trunks, kit-bags and suitcases. It was when we saw our luggage go that we fully realised that this meant good-bye to all our friends in Cape Town, and the end of our most enjoyable stay in Tembani. We boarded the train, the whistle blew, our hands were pulled away from those dear friends who had been so good to us. . . .

On Board Ship

Soon we were on the big hospital ship which was to bring us home. In spite of its size it was easy to find one's way about.

First day.—We had been issued with white shirts and the scantiest of scanty pants, and, as the ship left the bay, we made our first appearance on deck to sport our figures before the admiring eyes of the other patients. In the evening we went down to the recreation room and, with Jimmy at the piano and the rest standing round, we

*Editor of the "Tembani Times," who, with a number of his fellow Tembanians, has just returned to this country from St. Dunstan's, South Africa.

fairly made the echoes ring in the true Tembani style.

Fourth day.—In the afternoon we attended a lecture on Africa, given especially for our benefit by an authority on native affairs, tribal customs, etc. During the night we were bitten by mosquitos.

Sixth day.—After having been moored in a harbour, everyone was much more cheerful now that we were on our way again. In the evening an organised sing-song, run by the padre; this was not very successful at first, as there was no accompaniment, but after digging up a few mouth organs we all managed to sing the same song at the same time.

Eighth day.—Although we had just "crossed the line" there was no customary King Neptune ceremony.

Tenth day.—An impromptu concert, and quite a good show.

Twelfth day.—During breakfast we noticed the engines were behaving in a rather peculiar manner, stopping and starting, etc. There were all sorts of rumours; the wits said we had had a puncture, etc. It was not long before we learned the cause of all this. A native patient had thrown himself overboard. Luckily he was seen and eventually picked up. While his boat was being hauled in we experienced the biggest thrill of all. A huge brute of a shark, about seven feet long, came sniffing round the spot where the rescue had taken place, just as the boat was being hauled in. All's well that ends well, and the size of the shark for the rest of the day varied from seven to seventy feet.

Several days, during which we were moored in port; when we did leave harbour the sea was rough, which did not have a very good effect on the chaps in our ward.

Later, more slowing down and references to our ship as a "sea-taxi."

But now—the final lap. With "Blighty" almost in sight, the topic of conversation everywhere was our future plans.

The coast line of the British Isles at last, after a good trip with only two days of rough weather.

Wanted

A second-hand tennis racquet and a hockey stick for school girl. Please send particulars to Mrs. Boyter, 20 South Loan, Pittenween, Fife.

The Bridge Club Loses a Valued Member

The Bridge Club commenced its programme for the 1944 season on Saturday, March 18th, when teams captained by H. Gover and R. Coles opposed each other in an inter-Club duplicate match, the former team winning a most pleasant game.

An excellent tea was provided, this again being in the capable hands of Mrs. Giorgi, Miss Davis, and Miss Morrah.

The League is now in full swing, and several League matches have been played. Our first duplicate match will take place on April 18th, when we oppose Messrs. Lyons, and several other matches have been arranged, a new fixture being with a team from Hampstead.

In my last notes I referred to one of our Members, J. Hughes, being admitted into hospital, and wished him well. At almost the same time as the REVIEW was being read Members of the Bridge Club were shocked to hear of J.H.'s death.

We had all seen and been with him so much during the past four years in the activities of the Club that it is difficult to realise he has gone. He was present at the Annual Meeting in February, though he had not been in good health for quite a while, but always sustained his good spirits amongst his colleagues of the Club.

I shall miss him in a very special way, as for several seasons in most of the games friend Joe was my partner, and in many matches we were thus associated.

We shall all have many happy recollections of joyous times during our two visits to Harrogate, though J.H. was not at all well on our last visit; often suffering acutely, he nevertheless played on. I shall always remember him as a thoroughly good partner in the full sense of the word, and feel that all my colleagues of the Club will endorse these remarks.

This is the third loss which the Club has sustained during the war, having lost Edmund Toft, Rupert Graves, and now Joseph Hughes, but the Club will continue in its forward march, knowing that it would have been the wish of these three Members.

R. COLES.

Marriage

DUFTON—GOUGH.—On April 14th, at Bromfield Church, R. Dufton, new war St. Dunstan, to Miss Norma Gough.

News in Brief

Congratulations to R. K. Lowrie, of Portslade, who is now Provincial Grand Primo in the Royal and Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes.

★ ★ ★

Esmond Knight appears in the film, "Halfway House," now showing at the Regal Cinema, London, and is also appearing in Eric Linklater's new play, "Crisis in Heaven," which had its première in Edinburgh recently. It will shortly be presented in London.

★ ★ ★

Dennis Fleisig, a returned prisoner-of-war, has completed his training as a telephonist, and hopes to take up his post in London on May 1st. On the same day, the *Daily Telegraph* is opening a Prisoners-of-War Exhibition, and in connection with this, gave an excellent write-up of Dennis in its issue of April 17th.

Promotions

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Brignal's two sons have both had recent promotion, Reginald, who is in the Royal Navy on M.T.B.s, to the rank of Petty Officer, and Robert to Lance Bombardier.

Birth

GRIFPEE.—To the wife of F. Griffée, of Bristol, on April 5th, a son—Peter.

Deaths

Our sincere sympathy is extended to the following:—

BURGE.—To J. W. Burge, of Chester, whose wife passed away on January 6th.

PALMER.—To H. Palmer, of Thornton Heath, and Mrs. Palmer, whose son has been killed by enemy action.

★ ★ ★

We have heard with deep regret that Freddy Butler, one of the fourteen-year-old twin sons of the late C. A. Butler, of Long Eaton, died on March 27th. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Butler.

Killed in Action

We send our deepest sympathy to J. W. Mullen, of Blaydon-on-Tyne, whose son, Arthur, has been killed in action in Burma.

★ ★ ★

We have also heard with deep regret of the death, while on flying duties, of George Haugh, only son of Mrs. Haugh and our late St. Dunstan, of Manchester.

" In Memory "

Private Joseph Hughes, *Royal Air Force*

It is with deepest regret that we record the death of J. Hughes, of Selsdon, at the early age of 45.

After coming to St. Dunstan's in October, 1921, he was trained in braille, shorthand and typing, and successfully carried on as telephonist with the Mining Association of Great Britain for over twenty-three years.

He had for some time suffered with a duodenal ulcer, for which he was operated on in the early days of March this year, but pneumonia set in and he passed away on the 25th of March.

The funeral took place at the Bandon Hill Cemetery, Wallington, and amongst the many beautiful tributes from relatives and friends were those from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's, members of the Bridge Club, who will sadly miss one of their keenest members, the Selsdon and Sanderstead Branch of the British Legion, and his colleagues at the Mining Association of Great Britain.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his widow and small son in their great loss.

Rifleman Raymond Cyril Oscar Cowley (*1st London Rifle Brigade*)

With deep regret we record the death of R. C. O. Cowley, of Beaminster.

He enlisted in 1915 and served until 1919, during which time he spent two and a half years in a German prison camp, and it was then that his sight failed.

After his admission to St. Dunstan's, he was trained in braille, shorthand and typing, and later took up a post as shorthand typist, working for many years at Somerset House. He was re-trained in massage in 1939, and afterwards set up a very successful practice in Beaminster.

His health began to fail in January of this year, and shortly afterwards he was admitted to hospital. Little could be done for him, and he returned home on March 4th, where he died on the 21st.

He was buried at Melplash, a wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's being among the tributes received. A number of St. Dunstaners were present at the funeral.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his young widow, to whom he had only been married in 1939.

Pte. E. T. Humphries, *Devonshire Regt. and Labour Corps*

We record with deep regret the death of E. T. Humphries, of Swindon.

He was not wounded, but his sight failed during Service, and he came to us in September, 1918. He was trained in baskets, mats, and typewriting, and later he opened a shop in Swindon for the sale of baskets and mats. He and his wife were both keen workers and before long they had a good business in all classes of goods.

His health had always been good until August, 1942, when an illness left him with a weak heart, but he refused to give in and would not hear of giving up the shop, which his wife has managed whilst he has been ill. An attack of bronchitis in January of this year considerably worsened him, and he passed away on March 8th.

The funeral took place at St. Paul's Church, Swindon, the interment taking place at Whitworth Road Cemetery.

A wreath was sent from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to his widow and family in their sad loss.

Sergeant Major H. Neivens, *2nd Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry*

With deep regret we record the death of H. Neivens, of Copthorne, Sussex.

A regular soldier before the last war—he enlisted in February, 1908—he was wounded in 1918 at Axette. He came to St. Dunstan's the same year and was trained in massage, and later took up a post at Harrogate. He carried on a successful practice until 1941, when a heart attack made it necessary for him to take things more slowly.

He moved south to Copthorne, Sussex, and interested himself in a little local work. He was admitted to hospital in January of this year, suffering from congestion of the lungs, and he died there on the 18th of that month.

The cremation took place at Streatham, after a short service at Burstow in the Church which he and his wife attended.

A wreath was sent from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's, and our sincere sympathy is extended to his wife in her sad bereavement.

Corporal Francis V. Cairns, *13th Royal Welsh Fusiliers*

With deep regret we record the death of F. V. Cairns, which took place at St. Dunstan's Home, Melplash, on Wednesday, March 1st, after a long illness patiently borne.

Enlisting in October, 1914, he was discharged in November, 1916, after receiving wounds at La Bassee which resulted in total blindness. He came to St. Dunstan's and was trained as a basket-maker, but for a number of years he had very indifferent health. He went to Melplash Home when he was a very sick man.

The funeral took place on Friday, March 3rd, at Melplash Cemetery. He was taken to the Roman Catholic Church at Bridport on Thursday evening, where a Requiem Mass was said on Friday morning. Father A. Tracey celebrated Mass and conducted the funeral ceremony.

St. Dunstan's was represented by St. Dunstaners P. O'Connell, T. Hartley and W. Spencer and staff.

The coffin was covered by the Union Jack and bore a wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to his family.