

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I CONTINUE to receive splendid reports of the active lives led by St. Dunstaners in town and country all over the world. Whether it is the home worker at his craft, the poultry farmer, or the machinist, they contribute to the world's work and their families' well-being. Even amongst those who are getting old or have extra disabilities, there is much vitality and occupation. I congratulate all.

Some more specialised aspects of blind men's work are illustrated by the stories of four of our number who appear in the news this month.

Walter Thornton was an Education Officer in the Royal Air Force, and he was carrying out his duties in St. John's Wood Barracks, in Regent's Park, during the period of the bombardment of London by the V.1 weapons, or the "doodle-bugs," as we called them. I was living in Regent's Park at the time, in my chauffeur's cottage next to my house, my own home having been destroyed by fire from enemy incendiary bombs earlier in the year. I share the experience of Walter and many other Londoners of these unpleasant weapons, and I remember the occasion when this R.A.F. School was hit though, of course, I did not know of his ill-luck until much later. He had been a teacher in Lancashire before the war, and at Church Stretton had proved a very apt pupil, learning braille and typewriting and shorthand very swiftly and, in particular, he distinguished himself amongst young St. Dunstaners by a remarkable facility of getting about alone. Those who were at Church Stretton with him will remember how he used to walk about from one house to another and all over the town with the greatest confidence. Cadbury's were amongst the big firms which had undertaken to make an experiment in finding employment of administrative or executive character for suitable St. Dunstaners, and Walter went to them. He passed through a period common to all these types of placements, during which he was a round peg in a square hole, but by patient experiment the managers and directors who were responsible for him discovered what he could do. He has been five years with them and is Youth Welfare Officer and is on their management staff. The occasion upon which he came into the news was when, as secretary of a Youth Festival organised at Bournville, he went to the microphone on the Midland Regional programme of the B.B.C. and spoke about the camp. He described how the Festival was one of Youth and Industry in which over sixteen hundred competitors, representing nine countries and one hundred different firms, would take part in a variety of athletic activities. I heard this broadcast which he delivered in an excellent manner, and his matter also was of a very high class.

Writing about "doodle-bugs" reminded me that I normally shave with an open razor. I have always used an open razor ever since I first started shaving, and I still do so because, although I have experimented with almost every kind of safety razor, including the new electric razor of the mowing machine variety, I have always found, and still find, that I get a quicker, cleaner and more comfortable shave with the old cut-throat variety. There

have, however, been two occasions when I have used a safety razor. One was on board ship when we were in very rough weather, and I feared that I might fall over, and the other was during the doodle-bug period, because many of these weapons fell near by my home in Regent's Park, and I thought to myself that if one of them hit my cottage, it would be all up and there was nothing to do about it, but if, on the other hand, we had a near miss which did not kill or wound me, it would be a profound pity to find that I had cut my throat myself.

I have many cut-throat razors, probably seven or eight, and I use them all from time to time, but the most faithful and the best is a very thin Heinkel. This razor was given me by a British naval officer who took it out of the captain's cabin in a German submarine.

The International Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon have been in the headlines during the past month. Two blinded soldiers, Douglas Calder and F. Hume Crowe, have been giving physiotherapy treatment to the players. Calder was treating the women and Crowe the men. This was in some ways a dreary job, with many long hours of waiting, for the physiotherapists have to be there at all hours ready at any moment to treat a sprain or damage of any kind. On the other hand, they had wireless sets in the dressing rooms, so that when broadcasting was going on they were able to follow the games, and they tell me that it was an interesting experience to meet so many stars with their differing, and in some cases strong personalities. Moreover, there is a great air of excitement about an international tournament of this kind, and contributing to its success is a privilege as well as an unique experience.

Douglas Calder was one of the early casualties of the recent war, and he is a Scotsman and a protégé of our sister organisation in Scotland, Newington House, though, like all the other blinded soldier physiotherapists, he was trained in our St. Dunstan's school and afterwards at the National Institute for the Blind school.

On June 4th, Michael Norman was ordained a curate at Canterbury Cathedral by the Bishop of Dover. Michael Norman, originally a South African, and his Canadian wife, were also at Church Stretton before they went on to Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree and then studied Divinity at Westcott House Theological College. I remember well my first meeting with him in a ward at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, and talking to him then about whether he should return to the land, for he had been training to be a land agent, or whether he should enter the Church, for which he felt he had a vocation. He has just been appointed Curate of the Church of St. Peter-in-Thonet, near Broadstairs.

A blind clergyman of course gets to know a great part of the service by heart, but he must rely on his braille reading for the Lessons and for the less familiar prayers, and this involves a very high standard. There have been a number of clergymen in our ranks, some from the first war and some from the second, but Michael is, I think, the first to qualify after the second war without any previous experience in the Church, and we all wish him well.

IAN FRASER.

The Lord Mayor of London's Thanksgiving Fund

A large number of contributions have been received from St. Dunstaners to mark their appreciation of the gift parcels from overseas. This special little Fund was started in April and Mr. Askew, the Honorary Treasurer, has decided that the closing date for receiving contributions shall be August 31st next.

Any St. Dunstaner who has not yet subscribed and would wish to do so should send his contribution to Mr. Askew, at 191 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

Braille Competition Successes

Our congratulations to A. J. Radford, of Castle Cary, who took first prize for braille reading in the Class C, Section (1) of the recent National Library competitions. This class was for adults who had learned braille after sixteen years of age and before 1938.

St. Dunstaners C. Beaumont-Edmonds, W. Burns, R. Fullard, W. Henry and F. Rhodes were also awarded prizes. This year there was also a section for readers who lost their sight after 1938.

London Club Notes

The London Club will close after the Whist Drive on Saturday, July 29th, and re-open on Friday, September 1st, when we shall look forward to another Autumn and Winter Session.

The Outdoor Section brought a very successful season to a close with the walk at Brighton for the Farmer Cup. We hope C. Williamson will be quite fit after the holiday to take up his challenging position again, and we are pleased to note that Micky Burns' efforts to get the rowing going have met with no small success.

In the Indoor Section the Tuesday and Saturday Whist Drives are very popular and "Tiny" Fleming and his Sub-Committee have certainly had a busy time. A jolly good time was had by all on the Derby outing. Our Darts team attended the Wimbledon Darts League and played the champions, losing only by a very narrow margin, and our Concert Party visited Merton and were very well received. In the meantime, the Darts, Crib and Domino Competitions are in progress. Don't forget that the Whist Competitions for the Sir Arthur Pearson prizes start on September 6th. So, taking things all round, there seems a little bit of something for everybody at the Club and new fellows will find a welcome always.

P. ASHTON.

Bridge.—With the Summer upon us and the holiday season in full swing, it is not so easy to fix matches, so June has been a quiet month, only one match being played, although the attendance at the Club is still maintained. We had a good match with Jack Callow's team, and they had their revenge on us for their last defeat. We have to congratulate Messrs. Jolly and Fisher on their win in the first round of the Pearson Cup, and at the same time condole with the losers, but there is always another chance. We are hoping to enter a team run by the London Business Houses, and this ought to afford some good bridge. There is one thing I should like to point out to members, and that is if they have private matches and have any results to report, it would at least show a little respect and courtesy for the Captain, and to the Club, if their reports were handed in to the Secretary of the Club and went in with his report.

J. MUIR.

Outdoor Section.—The following Walks Programme for the season 1950-51 was suggested by the Outdoor Sports Committee and approved by the General Committee. The actual dates will be notified later:—

Four Miles and Novices' Handicap.

Five Miles Handicap.

Six Miles Handicap.

Seven Miles Handicap.

Ten Miles Handicap.

Seven Miles All-England Championship.

The proposal to hold two walks of Twelve and Fifteen Miles as handicaps was left in abeyance, to be reconsidered in the New Year.

A Swimming Gala will be held in Birmingham during the month of September, when the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund Swimming Prize will be competed for. Members who are interested and wish to take part in the contest should write or 'phone to Jack Dawkins at Headquarters, as early as possible.

Presented to Queen Mary

Horace Manning, now fit and well after his recent operation, was presented to Queen Mary when Her Majesty visited the London Hospital on June 15th. He was one of five members of the staff with over twenty-five years' service with the Hospital. His own record as telephonist is twenty-nine years.

Miss Garvie

Miss C. K. Garvie, Secretary of the National Library for the Blind, is getting married in September and will therefore be retiring from the Library, with which she has been associated for twenty years.

To mark their appreciation of her long and most helpful service, a presentation fund has been started by her many blind friends who have enjoyed the facilities of the Library, and any St. Dunstaners who would like to take part are invited to send their contributions to Mr. R. W. Bridger, c/o the National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1. The fund will close on August 22nd.

Wanted

A TALKING PARROT, reasonable price—Details please to A. G. Bright, 56 Berwick Road, South Shore, Blackpool.

Living at Home

The following article recently appeared in the "Cord," the magazine of the Paraplegic Branch of the British Legion. The writer is a paraplegic himself—that is, he is paralysed from the waist down—and his article follows others by similarly handicapped people upon their adjustment—or otherwise—to their grave handicap.

★ ★ ★

"Only three contributors seem to have found any great difficulty in adjusting themselves to the intricacies and confusions of a new existence. I have been chastened because I seem to have succeeded so badly myself; amazed because there appear to be so few like me.

With the day-to-day business of living I need not concern myself. Most of what is necessary and a good deal of what is important has already been said in previous articles. I have picked up quite a number of hints, and I used to consider myself well organised. I have a job, I drive a car, I am responsible for a household, and I do all the usual things. But one thing I did not find. No one offered any answer—beyond the obvious one—to the dis-ease and dissatisfactions of the mind. Accept, they said. Of course. But accept what, and how far?

Possibly the reason is that the writers of these articles are temperamentally stable—or that they have not yet gone far enough. For in a way this business of dealing with the problem of paraplegia is rather like coping with income tax in this country to-day. Your first £110 you get free of tax—that is your initial adjustment, the automatic one, the time when you are in hospital and you begin to realise that there are endless things that you can still do, lots of things to enjoy, plenty of scope for ambition. Then come the tax-free allowances—the placidity of your type of mind, your lack of ambition, the apparent simplicities of your new existence. You can't do such and such a thing? So what! Forget it. But it is after that, after you break away from the simplified life of hospital, once you start doing things, that the difficulties begin. It is then that the Collector of Taxes starts knocking daily on your door. For you begin to realise, not what you can't do, but that you do not know accurately what you can't do. And this is the taxation, this is what ends, when you have proved that you can do almost everything, at 19s. 6d. in the £. And,

who knows, there may be a Capital Levy at the end.

It may, indeed, seem paradoxical that I claim that the more you can do, the more you should be distressed by the things which you cannot do. And of course it is paradoxical—except for the owners of a certain type of mind; and for them I am sure that this problem is bound to be the major one in their process of re-adjustment. For them it is only a further burden added to those they would have had to bear in any case, one extra arrow to which their excessive sensibility renders them vulnerable. Touched at all times by experience just beyond the edge of consciousness, and by the desire for more, they are touched now by the lack of experience within the edge of consciousness, but just, apparently only just, beyond the limit of capacity and by the desire for such experience. This is, of course, of general application. Most people cry for the stars at one time or another, until they know they cannot have them. But these of whom I am talking are not sure whether they can have them or not. Some, of course, the bright constellations of movement, of ease from pain, of absolute normality, they have long since accepted as unobtainable. But the others? The higher they climb and the more they pluck from the night sky, the harder it becomes to know which are and which are not in reach—and whether it is worth going on reaching.

Yes. No. Different people say different things. Accept. Submit. But why? If you accept at the beginning you die, or you merely continue to exist. If you accept and submit in the middle, then you have acknowledged defeat. So when do you start accepting and submitting? Of course, there are some things, the incontrovertible physical facts, which you accept at once, which you must accept, because if you don't there is no point or meaning or possible happiness in existence. But the others? How do you know this can't be done, or that achieved? It is not, the Editor of "The Cord" wrote some time ago, the acceptance of limitation which is difficult; it is the knowledge of the limitation. And to acquire that knowledge means that acceptance is not the first thing, but the last.

Not the first thing, but the last, and between first and last lies the process of discovery. Not just one discovery, but

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

Regarding A. J. Radford's letter about tired fingers. It may depend upon how many fingers a man has, and what he does with them. A man with one hand or reduced to, say, four fingers on his two hands, tries to make those fingers do the work of eight and that must cause a great strain. We deaf men have all our fingers but what do we do without them?

We have the habit, however, of washing our hands as frequently as possible, because we never know who is coming along to talk to us, and this washing, as Radford suggests, might account for our keen touch. When reading, cold hands is the only thing I have suffered from, but whether it is years of basket-making or the manual alphabet, I find my wrists aching at times when at work or talking.

Yours sincerely,

Southwick. GEORGE FALLOWFIELD.

DEAR EDITOR,

Now that all is completed in respect of my Memorial Gardento Sir Arthur, I am anxious to start an "Old Bill" Club and invite all St. Dunstaners of the 1914-18 war to become Members. There are no subscriptions or fees to pay, and members are invited to foregather at the "Dug-Out," which is adjacent to the Garden of Remembrance, on the last Sunday in July, August and September, for the purpose of reviving memories and uniting in a determination to *live* to a ripe old age.

All "Old-Timers" who happen to be spending holidays in Brighton during the summer months from now on will be cordially invited.

The Toast is "Sir Arthur"—this will represent the only ritual.

Yours sincerely,

Portslade, Sussex. ALAN NICHOLS.

DEAR EDITOR,

After having my typewriter stolen when returning from Ovingdean at the end of last term, I think it would be a good idea to have our machines stamped with some easily distinguishable mark, such as the words "St. Dunstan's."

I know this would not stop anyone from stealing one, but at least they might not be so keen to keep it.

Yours sincerely,

Macclesfield. (Mrs.) M. STANWAY.

hundreds. You are not just Columbus, but you are Drake and Magellan and Henry the Navigator as well. You are Hudson and Franklin, Cooke, Speke and Livingstone. There is no end to it. You are always searching and always finding, and always on the verge of discovery. Who says the world is flat, that there is no America, no North-West Passage, no way round the Horn? And if anyone does say so, is there any need to accept their word? Well, is there? That, of course, is the problem. When do you settle back and reckon that the existing maps are good enough?

Well then, what else is there? Non-attachment, suggests an article in the Autumn number of "The Cord." Of course, of course! Non-attachment is the answer to all the ills of this transitory world, but it is the saint's way, not the sinner's. It is, in any case, the antithesis of the attitude of those whom I am describing, whose life is based on a passionate attachment—to people, to things, to ideals, to the desire to conquer disability, to live. They are committed to seeking a full existence, and non-attachment is for them only possible at the end—or as an easy way out if they cannot stand the pace.

To this article there can, of course, be no conclusion. For there is—for me—no conclusion to come to. Life goes on—in all conscience comfortably enough nine-tenths of the time, with all the compensatory mechanisms working smoothly, the adjustments perfectly made. Then crack!—there comes the arrow in the morning, the falling star. What does one do then?"

Ministry of Pensions Cars

The following St. Dunstaners have recently received their cars:—

A. E. Baldwin, Brighton; W. E. Bamber, Hassocks; G. Durant, Worthing; J. Irvine, Glasgow; D. McGoohan, Watford; W. Morris, Chorley; R. Osborne, Saltdean; G. B. Priest, Birmingham; W. S. Scroggie, Dundee; R. Slade, Addiscombe.

National Insurance

It would greatly assist the work of our Insurance Department if all St. Dunstaners would forward their record cards to Headquarters when they receive them from the local offices of the Ministry of National Insurance. This is very important, as it enables us to keep each man's records completely up to date.

ALEX. MACKAY,
Welfare Superintendent.

Ovingdean Notes

The racing enthusiasts were well served this month and no doubt several trainees were envious of the opportunities afforded the holiday men. During the first week of June, Lewes and Brighton races were attended by a large crowd of St. Dunstan's holiday-makers. The weather was ideal and we heard that even when that "certainty" didn't come home everyone was more than satisfied with the day out!

From races to drives around Sussex were all part of the holiday programme, but on June 17th a party of trainees and holiday St. Dunstaners went by coach to a party given by the Finchley British Legion, which they thoroughly enjoyed.

The Debating Society has been temporarily disbarred during the Summer months. However, our visiting lecturer this month was Colonel Davys, who is always assured of a good attendance. This time he gave a most interesting talk on "South Africa and the Colour Problem." Whilst these lectures were, in the first instance, arranged for trainees, we have been very pleased indeed to find that many St. Dunstaners on holiday have been drawn to attending them, and that this interest is growing.

The Far East Prisoner-of-War Social Club is now meeting monthly at the Chelsea Town Hall, and they have extended a welcome and an open invitation to any St. Dunstaner who is also an ex P.O.W. (Far East). The Secretary is Mr. Grant Smart, of 18 George Lane, South Woodford (Telephone Wanstead 1273), and he will be pleased to hear from any St. Dunstaner ex P.O.W. who would like to join the Association. Another party went from Ovingdean to the June meeting, and spent a happy evening meeting old friends.

On June 25th a party of World War One St. Dunstaners from Ovingdean were invited by Alan Nichols, of Portslade, to visit the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Garden he has laid out adjacent to his own house. A group of 25 went over and were entertained to tea.

Amongst other invitations accepted this month was one from the "Pudding Club" at Downlands Hotel, Worthing, where the Social planned was much enjoyed and, of course, the Darts Team has been very busy.

Our Sports Day, held this year on July 8th, was something we had all been looking

forward to. Nor were we in any way disappointed. After a somewhat dull week, the sun came out to shine that Saturday morning and we all took fresh heart!

It was a great pleasure for us to have Sir Ian and Lady Fraser with us this year, and this was further enhanced by the arrival with them of Sir Neville and Lady Pearson. We were glad too that so many St. Dunstaners, although not staying at Ovingdean, supported the events and we were delighted to welcome all our guests. Our congratulations go to Hastings and Birmingham for each sending a team of competitors, and we hope very much that next year there will be a large number of towns sending teams to compete. London won the Cup again and we congratulate them most sincerely.

The prize of a silver braille watch, presented by Freddie Mills, ex holder of the World, European, British and Empire light heavy-weight Boxing Championships, was given for the 70 yards totally blind race. This was won by Colin Fraser, of Ovingdean, with a time of 9 seconds. Incidentally, this was the first time Colin had competed in sports since he came to St. Dunstan's.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—

1, J. Kibbler (Birmingham) 222ft.; 2, A. Hobson (Hastings) 212ft. 4in.; 3, G. McKay (Ovingdean) 201ft.

70 Yards T-B.—

1, C. Fraser (Ovingdean) 9 seconds; 2, P. Botha (London) 9 4/5th secs.; 3, C. Stafford (London) 10 secs.

70 Yards Semi-Sighted—

1, T. Denmead (Ovingdean) 8 2/5th secs.; 2, R. David (London) 8 4/5th secs.; 3, D. Faulkner, B. Miller, J. Kibbler, 10 secs.

Throwing the Discus—

1, P. O'Sullivan (Ovingdean), 85ft. 10in.; 2, P. Botha (London) 84ft. 4in.; 3, N. Daniels (London) 79ft. 5in.

Standing Long Jump—

1, P. Botha (London); 2, N. Daniels (London); 3, A. Hobson (Hastings).

Putting the Weight—

1, N. Daniels (London); 2, P. Botha (London); 3, J. Kibbler (Birmingham).

Throwing the Medicine Ball—

1, P. Botha (London); 2, N. Daniels (London); 3, P. O'Sullivan (Ovingdean).

Tug-o'-War—

Won by London.

Area Relay—

Ovingdean 1st; London 2nd.

Talking Book Library

Jim's and J. Jefferson's June

"J" does not always provide a suitable adjective for a heading, but this month the authors, Messrs. Corbett and Farjeon, considerably provide christian names of this initial. Also, of the four books released, "Man-eaters of Kumaon" by the one and "Prelude to Crime" by the other, are the two books of general interest. A history text book, "A History of Europe, Vol. 3" and "Abinger Harvest," a literary commentary, complete the issue.

"Man-eaters of Kumaon," by Jim Corbett, reader Eric Gillett, is a tiger hunting story of Northern India. The Poona-wallah of club stories must give best to this iron-nerved hunter. One's interest is held from first to last, and the author explains that only a defective tiger is forced into becoming a man-eater. At the end of the book I felt that the author would have more chance against a man-eater with a pair of knitting needles than you or I with a 25-pounder. Absorbing!

"Prelude to Crime," by J. Jefferson Farjeon, reader Lionel Marson, is a mystery story set in the private nursing home of a psychiatrist with a London practice. The home is in the country and the four or five inmates are neurotics, so that when crime rears its ugly head the set-up becomes doubly strange. The outcome of the story produces an ideal piece of poetic justice which is completely satisfactory. Entertaining reading!

"A History of Europe, Vol. 3," by H. A. L. Fisher, reader Eric Gillett, is a history text book of roughly one hundred and fifty years up to the early thirties of this century. It is both instructive and readable, but entertaining—no!

"Abinger Harvest," by E. M. Forster, reader Lionel Marson, is a book into which I failed to get my teeth and so my impressions are far from clear cut. However, in the main, it seemed to be an appreciation of various novelists of this century and last. It began with some heavy, dated humour, and finally just seemed to peter out. I suspect that it is a soporific!

Please confirm my suspicion!

"NELSON."

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As in past years, there will be no REVIEW for the month of August.

Immediately after the last event, the prizes were presented to the winners by Sir Ian Fraser. The Individual Cup winner was P. Botha (London) with 14 points and N. Daniels was the runner-up with 9 points. The Area Cup was won by the London Team with 41 points, with Ovingdean as runner-up with 24 points. And so Sports Day was over for another year.

The R.A.F. Entertains

The Shawbury Camp

July 1st saw a happy score of St. Dunstaners arrive at Shrewsbury, where a party of R.A.F. types welcomed them. And for the next week the campers found life very full—never a dull moment, from early tea to that last drink.

Saturday evening was spent in a shaking-down manner, some of the previous year's visitors renewing old friendships, whilst newcomers soon found themselves taken in hand, and by bedtime all were fully at ease.

Sunday found a coach taking the party, with some of the R.A.F., to the old Second War Home, Church Stretton. We enjoyed all the delights of a picnic lunch, even if the hard-boiled eggs did not live up to their name. The weather was glorious and the few Second War men found this an agreeable surprise to the usual rain of the old place.

Monday came and saw St. Dunstaners revelling in the game of inspecting aircraft inside and out, feeling the controls and trying to understand the meaning of such things as "Rebecca," "Gee," radio compass, radar and "George." During the succeeding days, the same programme was the morning and afternoon procedure with the Met. Office, Control Tower, Maintenance Workshops, and the Link Trainer, which gave all the thrills of flying one's own aircraft with absolute safety.

The evenings found our hosts really going full steam to entertain us—on Monday evening the Officers' Mess, Tuesday a grand concert, Wednesday Sergeants' Mess, Thursday cinema, Friday afternoon the Sergeants' Wives' tea, with the Corporals' Mess to follow, and the Grand Carnival Dance.

There was only one regret—that the full number of St. Dunstaners were not there, and there was room for more of the second generation.

JOHN A. MUDGE.

“ In Memory ”

Gunner Alfred Bristow, *Royal Garrison Artillery*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of A. Bristow, of Bexhill-on-Sea. He was sixty years of age.

He was wounded at Arras in 1917 and subsequently recovered a little sight, but in 1936 he was admitted to St. Dunstan's. He made netting his occupation and took the keenest interest in sport. Only two days before his death he was at a local cricket match. He was also a keen bird fancier and his canaries won many trophies at local shows.

A wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's friends was among the flowers at the funeral. Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Bristow in her loss.

Lance Corporal Thomas Henry Marshall, *Royal Air Force*

With deep regret we record the death of T. H. Marshall, of Worcester.

This St. Dunstaner served from February, 1917, until August, 1918, and came to us two years later. He was trained in boot repairing and mat-making, but he was never very strong and had suffered for a long time. Among the flowers was a wreath from the Chairman and his friends at St. Dunstan's. We extend our sincere sympathy to his wife and family.

Sergeant Major Harry Albert Russell, *Labour Corps*

With deep regret we record the death of H. A. Russell, which occurred at our Ovingdean Home on June 18th.

He came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1925, and trained in basket-making, but in October, 1945, in failing health, he was admitted as a permanent resident.

Wreaths from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's friends were among the flowers at the funeral.

Sergeant William Sharpe, *7th West Yorkshire Regt.*

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of W. Sharpe, of Kirkstall, Leeds.

His service began in November, 1914, and although his sight was damaged as a result of mustard gas he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1938. He was then unable to undertake any heavy work. He did, however, have a business at one time, but of late years he had led a quiet life, doing just a little netting. He died at his home after an illness of several weeks.

A wreath from Sir Ian was among the flowers at the funeral.

He leaves a widow and family to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

Private Alexander Chiverton, *Labour Corps*

With deep regret we record the death of A. Chiverton, of Portchester, which occurred on July 4th, at our Ovingdean Home.

In August, 1921, his eyes began to be affected as a result of his war service, and he came to St. Dunstan's the following year. He then trained in mat-making and netting.

He was one of our keenest walkers in his early days and took part in several of the London to Brighton Walks.

Wreaths from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's friends were sent for the funeral.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Chiverton and her family.

Births

ALLEN—On July 10th, to the wife of G. M. Allen, of Hull, a son.

DUGDALE.—On June 30th, to the wife of N. Dugdale, of Moston, Manchester, a son.

KOEHORST—On July 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Koehorst, of Pretoria, a son—Peter Charles.

MCGOCHAN.—On July 4th, to the wife of D. McGoohan, of Watford, a daughter—Frances Josephine.

STUART.—On June 10th, to the wife of J. J. W. Stuart, of High Wycombe, a son—Keith John.

Grandfather

F. R. Aubrey, Bristol.

Golden Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Bosley, of Tooting, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on June 18th.

Miss H. E. Clegg

Those First War St. Dunstaner's who were at the Bungalow will hear with deep regret of the death on July 11th of Miss H. E. Clegg, who worked there as a daily V.A.D. for some years.

Placements

J. Loach, as a telephone operator with Messrs. Hill & Smith, Ltd., Brierley Hill; P. J. Cryan, as a capstan lathe operator with Messrs. Benton & Stone, Birmingham.