

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

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## LIFE BEGINS AT FIFTY

(Contributed)

I WAS 52 when, finally, I lost my sight and joined St. Dunstan's. The effect of losing one's sight in middle life (as so many who suffered from mustard gas are now doing) is so different from losing it between the ages of 20 and 30 that I thought my feelings might be of interest. It is often a comfort to know that other people have been through similar difficulties. The realisation that one has lost one's sight does not come suddenly but slowly, as the trouble in one's eyes becomes more and more severe. Maybe this makes it easier to bear, although I sometimes think the first and real shock came to me in 1917 when, in hospital in Rouen, I realised I could no longer see. However, following that I enjoyed 20 years of good sight and 10 years of indifferent sight, during which time my eyes were giving increasing trouble. In this period when my sight was gradually going, I hoped that as operation followed operation the next would be successful and save my sight, so that really the realisation came on me quite slowly, but as it was accompanied by the end of pain and operations, it was probably a relief in itself.

This slow approach to blindness very often, unfortunately, has the effect of making us hesitate to take the plunge and get ready for the new life as quickly as possible; we go on hoping for the old life whilst time is slipping by and we are losing much that is worth while. There is, perhaps, not that sense of urgency over having to earn a living at 50 that there is at 20; we have probably brought up our family and, at least, have a trade or profession in our grasp. And this is one of the most important points. If it is at all possible, I believe we ought to try and continue to do the work and live in the place that we know. It is so much easier to do a job that you have done for 30 years than learn a new one. I was fortunate in this respect and was able to continue with part of the work that I had always done, and among familiar surroundings. Nevertheless, I must confess that my first inclination was to go away from all that I had known. There is that feeling, which I have met with in other people too, that everything connected with the old life is finished, and the sooner one gets away from it the better. Some kindly advice from Sir Ian brought me back to try at my old job, and it is surprising how, if it is taken very gradually—and it is important to take things gradually at our age—how much more useful to the world we can be in a job that we know, instead of trying to learn something new. I think that my greatest difficulty was to get other people to overcome their shyness and embarrassment in dealing with me; their embarrassment was often much greater than mine. This has now disappeared and my fellow workers treat me as one of themselves.

But, of course, everyone is not fortunate enough to be able to continue with their old job, even in a modified form, and for them St. Dunstan's training at Ovingdean will soon set them on the way to a new job. Even so, I should strongly advise trying to stay among familiar surroundings and familiar voices.

At 50 we are slower to overcome mishaps, and a fall or a crash takes longer to live down, with the result that we are more fearful and not as venturesome as our younger friends. Our fingers, too, are not quick to pick up Braille. I was told that at 52 I would not be able to learn it, but St. Dunstan's soon put that right, and it was certainly worth while. I am not very quick at Braille, and I confess that the "Radio Times" still gives me a great deal of trouble, but apart from helping me at my work and allowing me to read some books slowly, I can also correspond in our own language with friends I made at Ovingdean.

And whilst on the subject of Ovingdean, I believe more can be done there for us older men to get used to the situation than anywhere else. It is not only a training centre but a place where one can get used to the idea of blindness in very helpful surroundings, and where there are all sorts of hobbies for us to try out to see which interests us most.

When at Ovingdean—and I hope all of us either have been or will go there—don't miss the dancing class. St. Dunstan's leaves nothing to chance and immediately before every dance, which is held weekly downstairs, you are given a dancing lesson upstairs, so that you have no time to forget the steps before you begin dancing on "sister's" toes. And if, after three hours' dancing, you fall exhausted into bed at 10 o'clock, it is your feet that are aching and not your eyes, which is, at least, a change.

JOHN A. ORIEL.

### Tickets for Football and Rugby Union Matches

I should be glad if any St. Dunstaner who is particularly keen to attend Football or Rugby Union matches, e.g., International, Inter-Varsity, etc., could drop me a line. I have the names of certain St. Dunstaners who have been interested for a considerable period, but I have a feeling there may be others, especially among recent admissions to St. Dunstan's, who would welcome the odd ticket to a good game now and again.

I must make it clear, of course, that it is always difficult to procure more than a very limited number of tickets for the more important matches, but we are always willing to have a try and issue them as fairly as possible. This particularly applies to Cup Final tickets, for which there is always a large demand, but it would be helpful to know, *this side of Christmas*, those who would like to have their names included in the ballot.

C. D. WILLS,  
Welfare Superintendent.

### 49 Abbey Road

St. Dunstaners who have stayed at the London Hostel will regret to learn that Mrs. Higgs has resigned and will be leaving at the end of September.

Mrs. E. Thorpe has been appointed in her place and will be in charge of the Hostel from the beginning of October.

### Alamein Reunion

We hope that once again we shall receive a small allocation of tickets for the El Alamein Reunion, usually held in London in October.

During the past few years we have built up a list of those who fought at Alamein and are interested in attending these Reunions. It may be, however, there are others who have not brought the matter to our notice for various reasons, and I should be very pleased to receive their names now, so that we can consider them when tickets are being allocated.

C. D. WILLS,  
Welfare Superintendent.

### Coronation Honours

E. Miller, of Leamington Spa, who is a handless St. Dunstaner and is a guide at Warwick Castle, has received the Coronation Medal.

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Australian blinded soldiers in particular will have learned with much pleasure of honours bestowed upon two who have given good service to their cause. Mr. G. W. F. Holland, Federal President of the Returned Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's Imperial League of Australia, received a Knighthood, and Mr. O. H. Ibels, Honorary Secretary of the New South Wales Blinded Soldiers' Association almost from its inception, received the O.B.E. "for services in the interests of blinded Servicemen."

### London Club Notes

Just a few lines about the London Club, Where the attendance at Games has been very good.

With Whist, Bridge, Dominoes, Darts as well, Please join our ranks and our numbers swell.

The Club is well furnished, refreshments are cheap,

There's even a carpet to guide your stray feet.

Mr. Willis, our Steward, always gives satisfaction,

And if you prefer Walking, contact chairman, P. Ashton.

There's one section not mentioned—if you want an audition

Come along any Monday and join the Magicians

When the Club reopens, after August recess, May I wish you all luck, and the Club great success.

So come to the Club when'er you are able And here to assist you is our games table. Monday magicians do their mystic stuff, Tuesday is Whist where you may chance to ruff,

Thursday it's Dominoes—knock if you can't go,

Friday it's Bridge—lessons given by a pro, Saturday afternoons, again Bridge players thrive,

And on Saturday evenings, another Whist Drive,

And now to conclude this little rhyme of mine,

All games start at 7.30 and finish at nine. W. BISHOP.

### Outdoor Section

#### Provisional List of Walks, 1953-4

2 mile Handicap, Highgate	Sept. 26
5 mile Handicap, Regent's Park	Oct. 17
6 mile Handicap, Regent's Park	Nov. 21
7 mile Handicap, Regent's Park	Dec. 19
10 mile Handicap, Regent's Park	Jan. 27
12 mile Handicap, Regent's Park	Feb. 20
15 mile Handicap, Surrey Walking Club	Mar. 27
7 mile Championship, Regent's Park	May 1

### Bridge

St. Dunstan's Bridge Congress takes place at Ovingdean from November 20th to the 22nd, play beginning on the Saturday. Will anyone interested and who has not yet notified Drummer Downs at 1 South Audley Street, do so immediately.

### Tommy Rogers Retires

One of the best known members of the Ovingdean staff retired at the end of last term. Tommy Rogers, who was himself blinded at Amiens in 1918, has been on St. Dunstan's staff since June, 1927. As Typing Instructor at Church Stretton and at Ovingdean, he will be known to all trainees of the 1939-45 war, and to very many of the 1914-1918 war as well.

Tommy will be greatly missed in his official capacity and he will be missed also when it comes to the end of term concerts which he has so often and so ably compered. The Darts Team, too, is going to feel the loss of one of its keenest members.

The good wishes of all St. Dunstaners and members of the staff will go with Tommy.

### Two Diamond Weddings!

Our hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Wain, of Derby, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding on August 12th, and to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Marsden, of Blackburn, whose anniversary was on September 2nd. May the future hold much happiness for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Wain celebrated the great occasion with a family party at their home. Mrs. Wain wrote: "Our room was like a garden of flowers; all day through we were opening the door for fresh memories."

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden entertained twenty-nine members of their family at the Conservative Club. The only guest outside the family was Miss G. Doel, Welfare Visitor, who represented St. Dunstan's. The youngest member of the family present was nine months old; the host 83.

### Travel Agent

St. Dunstaners and their friends are reminded of the facilities offered by our St. Dunstaner, John Proctor, through his Travel Agency. John is an agent for the main steamship lines and airlines, and for British Railways. Continental tours can be arranged and advice given. Enquiries should be made to John Proctor, Travel Agent, Marine Drive, Rottingdean (Telephone: Rottingdean 3448).

### Personal

On leaving the London district, may I thank Miss Ibbetson, Mr. Willis, and all the friends my wife and I have made, and whose company we have so much enjoyed.

HAROLD MITCHELL, Kingston.

### Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I am surprised at a letter in the REVIEW re Telephones at Ovingdean. I think the passing of unfavourable comments or innuendoes about a member of the staff is to be deplored.

It is possible to connect internal house telephones to the G.P.O. service, but at an exceedingly high cost, with a very long wait prior to connection, and finally with little efficiency.

For a long distance call there is the "Personal call"; for a small initial charge the caller is not charged for time until the other party is actually speaking. It is also a sound idea for one to send a telegram advising that a call is being made at a certain time.

I do not think I am alone when I say there is a very good service at Ovingdean, and that the staff do more than their duty on many occasions, from highest to the lowest.

Of course, there could be a Tannoy (loud-speaker) system installed, and then we could all hear and "enjoy" the fact that someone wanted to speak to someone else, and all have our siestas spoiled.

How many middle-class hotels have 'phones dotted about *ad lib.*? I should advise the complainant to take a meal at the Grand and hear the bellhops trotting round, calling room numbers for their owners to take a call at the call boxes.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MUDGE.

Tottenham, N.17.

DEAR EDITOR,

I think it's unfair and mean for any St. Dunstan's man to attack a member of the staff through the medium of the REVIEW. Surely Headquarters is the proper place for complaints.

Allow me to point out, as far as telephones are concerned, the Post Office will not allow their external system to be linked up with any internal 'phone.

They (the Post Office) have an external-internal system which is very expensive to install, and even that will not guarantee that incoming calls will reach the fourth floor unless there is an operator on duty.

There are, however, two alternatives—reverse the charge, the body receiving the call paying, or the caller should pass a personal call.

I still think St. Dunstan's is run for the majority of the men, though some would have it for the few. Yours sincerely,  
Ilford. JOCK MACFARLANE, B.E.M.

DEAR EDITOR,

In the July issue of the REVIEW, Jack Young states that because of ill-health, he has not been able to visit Ovingdean since the end of the Second World War. I was not aware of Jack's circumstances when I wrote my letter in the June issue of the REVIEW. This being so, I tender my sincere apologies to Jack and wish him all the best for the future.

Yours sincerely,

WALLY THOMAS.

Southampton.

DEAR EDITOR,

Nowadays when I visit Ovingdean I travel light and therefore do not take any shoe-cleaning outfit with me but rely on the shoe-cleaning appliances in the boot-room. In the old days the brushes were marked with round brass-headed nails and were marked as follows: For black shoes the dirt brush was marked 1; 2 was the blacking brush and 3 the polisher. For brown shoes the dirt brush was marked 4; 5 was the brush to put on the polish whilst 6 was the polisher.

I suggest that these brushes should be marked this way again.

It will be interesting to learn how the trainees at Ovingdean ever distinguished one brush from another because—and here I lead with my chin—I do not think the shoe brushes have ever been marked at Ovingdean. Constructive criticism? I think so.

Yours,

Thetford.

B. A. HAMILTON.

Ben's letter was shown to Commandant at Ovingdean, who replied as follows:

DEAR MR. HAMILTON,

The REVIEW Editor has kindly let me see your suggestion for boot brushes before the REVIEW goes into print.

As you say, in the old days the brushes were marked with round-headed nails, and I too think this is by far the best method. Brushes at Ovingdean were so marked until the building was entirely used for training; then, and since then, a different system has been in operation. This is that brushes for black shoes are kept on the right bench of the boot-room and brushes for brown shoes are on the left. This system appears to have been indicated to the men in each dormitory on arrival.

### An Ambition Realised

When the Rev. G. L. Treglown, M.B.E., became Minister of the Wesley Methodist Church at Newbridge, Monmouthshire, in 1948, the church was only a temporary building. There had been a Building Fund Committee but years of depression in this mining area had made a new Church only a distant dream. Mr. Treglown determined otherwise. For five years he has worked towards the fulfilment of his ambition.

His enthusiasm has inspired others, and on September 5th the new Wesley Methodist Church of Newbridge was opened and consecrated. In the Souvenir which was printed on the occasion appear the following words:

"With the coming of the Rev. Geoffrey Treglown in 1948 the task of raising the large sum necessary was seriously faced. It is due to Mr. Treglown, more than to any other, perhaps, that the vision of the earliest years has become the fact of the present. With unconquerable faith, with immense courage and with persistent and unflagging effort, he has both worked himself and inspired others by his example and sacrifice. For him there has been no difficulty that could not be overcome."

### Unsolicited

This is the tale of Ernie the bold,  
Who went for a walk when the wind was cold,

His hat it was new, and he feared to lose it,  
(He'd taken an hour and half to choose it!)  
So taking it off, to avoid mishap,  
He carried it clutched in his hand, poor chap.  
The fresh breeze whistled through Ernie's curls

As he trotted along, saying "Catch me, girls!"

Thus, hat in hand, he approached the shops,  
A bus queue waiting at one of the stops  
Nudged each other, "Just look at that  
Poor man collecting—you see his hat?"  
And soon his hat, with its stylish lining,  
Was filled with sixpences, gaily shining.

"My word!" said Ernie, "now who'd have thought it?"

"I little knew when I went and bought it  
That this good hat could produce such riches!"

And he stuffed the money into his breeches.

E. FEARN.

When West House reopened after alteration, I had the brushes marked as you have suggested, and I think it would be a good idea if our next set of brushes, which are due at any time now, are similarly marked at Ovingdean.

Constructive criticism? I think so too.

Yours sincerely,

L. FAWCETT,

Commandant.

### Points from Other Letters

Appropos of Sir Ian's recent remarks on the importance of braille, Sergeant Alan Nichols reminds us that he himself passed his braille test and even although it was never likely to be of use to him personally, he was lecturing on it in 1917. He adds: "We old ones grabbed at anything that was likely to provide us with healthy mental and physical recreation." In February, 1918, he wrote these lines in the REVIEW.

*Six little dots, this is the key*

*To the literary world of those who can't see.*

*These six little dots, though they don't seem much*

*Enable the blind to see by their touch.*

*Reading and writing, to those who can't see*

*Mean such a lot, you all must agree.*

*This system of signs is a great consolation*

*And opens the way to the blind's education.*

*A page of these dots forms fantastic designs*

*Hindustani to those unlearned in these signs.*

*The learning of which turns the students pale*

*But once it is learned they thank Louis Braille.*

\* \* \*

George Fallowfield also has advice for the younger ones. He says, "The planning of one's leisure is certainly important and there is more in it than meets the eye, especially if it is a long term plan. All our deaf men have been good gardeners and here is a hobby that cannot be hurried. With a long term plan one has always plenty to think about and when one meets an old pal, plenty to talk about, and, if you like, plenty to write about."

\* \* \*

From the DAILY MAIL, September 8th.

"The chatter of 199 swimmers and the noise of the motor-boats were the only guides blind swimmer Mr. Vivian Kennard, 29, of St. Leonards, Sussex, had in a 700 yard event from Castle Corner to the Island Bathing Pools at Guernsey yesterday. He was among the first to finish."

### Liverpool Club Notes

The qualities of faultless organisation were once again demonstrated by our Secretary on Saturday, September 5th, when we, the premier Club of St. Dunstan's, enjoyed a grand day out in Morecambe. Tom Milner even had the sunshine laid on for us and we would have been a forlorn crowd had we missed the opportunity of adding our own enjoyment to the pleasures of two excellent meals and a fine warm day. Thirty-four of us met in the city centre, and from the moment of pulling out from Liverpool till we started our southward journey homewards each and every one of the company made the most of this belated Coronation celebration. It was a case of quiet conversation in the little groups who formed themselves until an atmosphere of restrained enjoyment was jolted and lifted riotously up to a level of fun-and-games by the incorrigible Messrs. Daly and Brougham. Before resuming the last lap of the trip home, Joe and Tom started a rather discordant but happy ball rolling by encouraging us to join them in a song or two. We needed no second bidding and we heard several vocal solos, notably a surprise rendering from our esteemed Chairman, J. Owen. Truly a most successful day and the whole Club are looking forward to a repetition as soon as possible.

"FRISBY."

### The Manchester Club

The sympathy of the members of the Club, and of the many friends of the late John Percy Dixon, of Bolton, goes out to Mrs. Dixon and family in their grievous loss. Percy Dixon, as we always knew him, was a man of genial disposition and of quiet but strong character. Whatever he undertook to do he did with determination and out of kindness.

He was a regular attender at the Club and took a prominent part in all the activities, always being ready to lend a hand where needed. Recently he had been appointed Games Organiser at the Club and it is here that he will be missed very much. His absence will also be felt because of the cheerful friendliness which he always displayed to his fellow St. Dunstaners who, because of these qualities, always respected him.

J. SHAW,  
Club Chairman.

### From the Chairman's Postbag

From time to time Sir Ian receives letters in which people offer an eye to a blind person, or enquire about this interesting subject. The following is an answer the Chairman has sent to one of his correspondents:—

"The Editor of the British Legion Journal has passed your letter to me, and it moved me very much to read it and to realise the sacrifice you are offering to make.

However, I am sorry to tell you that medical science has not reached the stage at which an operation to transfer an eye from one human being to another has been found possible. Nor, indeed, do the most eminent scientists consider such an operation is practicable. The reason is that thousands of little fibres join the retina to the brain through the optic nerve, and it is considered quite impossible to join each one of these together so that they would remain separate cell formations. What would happen would be that if the eye was transplanted, and if it lived, the join would become a piece of scar tissue which, though perfectly healthy, would not function.

You may have read something about the transplanting of a piece of cornea, which is the transparent covering to the eyeball. In a very limited number of cases where the main structure of the eye is healthy but the transparent film on the front has become opaque due to disease, burning or other injury, transplantation has been found possible. The cornea for this operation is normally obtained from the eye of a still-born baby or a person who has just died, and it is possible to make a will permitting a surgeon to take a cornea immediately after death. I supported a Bill in the House of Commons last year to facilitate this process."

### National Laying Test

Report for the Eleventh Period of Four Weeks, July 20th to August 16th.

Pos'n.	Name	Score to date
1.	Philip Bagwell ... ..	1251
2.	W. Alan Smith ... ..	1170
3.	W. Webb ... ..	982
4.	T. D. Gregory ... ..	911
5.	P. Holmes ... ..	877
6.	George C. Jackson ... ..	671

Total to date, 6214  
Average per bird to date, 177

### Dark Glasses

In the June REVIEW, the Chairman invited St. Dunstaners to send him their views on the wearing of dark glasses. Below are extracts from some of the letters Sir Ian has received.

"I invariably wear dark glasses in public. My reason for doing so is to avoid embarrassment to others. On a crowded pavement it is very difficult to avoid collisions, but with dark glasses I am given a fairly wide berth; if a collision does occur, a little apology on both sides is all that is required.

"I also work in a large office with some 6,000 other people, and although I do not wear dark glasses in my own room, I invariably put them on when wandering along the corridors—for the same reason.

London, E.C.3 JOHN A. ORIEL

"As I am one who has no visible abnormality, it is useful perhaps to see why I wear dark specs. I shall skip the medical reasons for preserving a glare infested optic system from suffering large increases in light. . . . St. Dunstaners have, sooner or later, to take hazards; they can't always have someone to shepherd them from A to B. I don't say that it is a magic cloak that permits inattention and carelessness, but whereas motorists, cyclists and (worse still) women with push chairs, can never see a St. Dunstan's badge, they always, or nearly always, react promptly to dark glasses and a stick."

New Plymouth, N.Z. GEO. MERRIMAN

"I wear dark glasses for purely personal and not medical reasons. On meeting my wife she pointed out to me very tactfully that dark glasses would improve my appearance, as I possess two plastic eyes and in bright sunlight they tend to reflect, which gives an uncanny staring effect. I was not altogether convinced when told this so I made several enquiries and found that my friends all agreed with my wife. I have now been wearing dark glasses for over six years and many people do not realise I am blind until they see my badge, which is an incentive to my independence.

Guildford. A. C. MITCHELL

"In the early days of my disability I disdained the idea of dark glasses. I realise now what a menace I must have been to the general public.

"In 1949, when I was a patient in hospital, I got myself two unpaid voluntary jobs, one in Richmond and one in London. The Medical Director was perfectly willing I should tackle the two jobs but not unless I promised to obtain and wear dark glasses—not as a fashion note, not to deepen sentimental feelings towards me, but purely to help the other person who might otherwise have bumped into me. I made a promise then to which I have adhered."

Birkenhead. MAUREEN LEES

"I appear to be sighted although I have lost all sense of light for many years. Sometimes I used to be escorted through busy streets and numbers of passers-by used to knock me, usually the right arm; sometimes a parcel would be knocked out of my hand. My escort requested me to use a white stick or dark glasses. I was rather pleased that my appearance was that of a sighted person and I refused to take her advice. A few years later I was walking alone and a car ran into me. The driver expressed much sorrow for what he had done but I realised the accident was not his fault. After this I did wear dark glasses and found that it was less difficult for an escort to pilot me through crowds. I use dark glasses therefore to demonstrate my blindness."

Hove. MALCOLM JORDAN

F. J. Guisley, of Menston-in-Wharfedale, tried wearing dark glasses for a similar reason but found them uncomfortable. He also makes the point that so many people wear these glasses for sun-glare nowadays that it is no material value for a blind person to wear them.

P. J. Conlin, of Brentford, gives two reasons for wearing dark glasses. He writes:

"My wound has resulted in certain discharge from the eye sockets. I am a shorthand writer and as such have of necessity to come into close contact with officers dictating shorthand. The use of dark glasses minimises the risk of the discharge being observed by persons in one's company. Furthermore, I had to have an eyelid grafted on. I have found from experience that the heat of the sun affects the graft. It becomes swollen and very tender, with resultant irritation. I find that the use of dark glasses alleviates this discomfort."

### Looking Back

I read with much interest some time ago the articles in the REVIEW by some of our gallant St. Dunstaners, concerning their adventures in connection with previous Coronations, Royal funerals, etc. Alas, I have no "close-up" stories to relate about these historic events. With my regiment I had gone a little further afield, and when Queen Victoria died we were doing a little job of work out in South Africa. Actually I was in charge of six men, guarding a railway culvert at Whitbank, East Transvaal. Whitbank was of some little importance as it boasted a coal mine, and a couple of miles across the veldt on a branch line stood another coal mine, where it is alleged our gallant Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, hid while making his way to Portuguese East Africa, after escaping from captivity in Pretoria. While the preparations for the Coronation of King Edward VII were in progress we were dismantling a blockhouse line which we had occupied for some months and which extended from Nauport Nek along the course of the Mooi river to Fredrickstadt, West Transvaal. When Their Majesties King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra visited Belfast in 1903 I had the honour of being with the Guard of Honour as one of the escort to the Colour Party. In 1907, when their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Glasgow, I was doing temporary duty with our 2nd Battalion, and again I had the honour of being in charge of the Colour escort.

The news that King Edward VII had passed on came to us when we were far away from the smoky atmosphere of Glasgow with its blast furnaces, foundries and clanging shipyards. It was practically in a different world, for we were in the Sudan with its blistering heat and burning sands, and again I was on guard, this time at the Sirdar's, or Governor-General's Palace, where a combined memorial service was held to His late Majesty in the picturesque gardens of the Governor's Palace. The next important Royal ceremony in which we nearly became involved took us away from the burning sands of the desert around Khartoum, where the White Nile meets the Blue, to the hot, dried-up, dusty plains of India. We went to Breilly, Central Provinces, having come down from

our permanent quarters in Raniket, nearly 6,000 feet up in the foothills. Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary were to visit India for the historic Delhi Durbar. The regiment had been selected to form part of the military display at the Durbar and also to furnish a King's guard. The ceremony to be observed at the mounting and dismounting of the King's guard was somewhat intricate and entirely different from that laid down for infantry of the line. We had two months to prepare, and I was given the job of drilling and licking the guard into shape, which was pretty hot work. At last the great day arrived for our departure to Delhi. The regimental band and the advance party went on ahead to make ready for our arrival. Not knowing what was round the corner, the whole regiment was on its toes. But early in the morning of the day we had to entrain one of our pipers was stricken with suspected cholera. The dread news was immediately wired to Delhi. Meanwhile preparations for our departure went on apace and our baggage was stowed into the train. We were on the station detailing the men off to their various compartments, when orders were received that, owing to the grave risk of carrying the suspected plague amongst the vast concentration of troops in Delhi, the Principal Medical Officer would not accept the responsibility of our participation in the Durbar and we were to stay put where we were. What a flop and what a disappointment!

Time marched on. It was 1914 and the war had broken out. We left Lucknow, India, for the West and after a long delay in the Suez Canal we found ourselves, early in March, 1915, drawn up on a roadside several miles outside Rugby, England, where I was present with my regiment when His Majesty King George V inspected the famous 29th Division prior to the embarkation of the Division for the Middle East and Gallipoli. I will leave the Dardanelles campaign to speak for itself, for twenty-four hours on that inhospitable strip of land and I was hors-de-combat.

ROBERT MIDDLEMISS.

[This and the following article appeared in last month's *Braille Review* but had to be omitted from the printed edition.—ED.]

### A Holiday in Holland

One of the minor surprises that results from getting married is the discovery of an ever-increasing number of relations! It came as rather a shock to me to find that my wife had over a score of them in Holland, and as they all seemed anxious to meet their new "uncle" we packed a suitcase, took the boat from Tilbury to Rotterdam, and finally came to rest in a suburb of Utrecht. As I cannot speak a word of Dutch, I was agreeably surprised to find that a limited amount of English is spoken, and it is quite easy to travel or go shopping in Holland. The children (who learn English at school) are anxious to try out their language on the stranger, and one often gets posers, such as "Do you say I sit in the shade, or I sit in the shadow?"

Of course, apart from visiting relations, we made some interesting expeditions to Amsterdam, Haarlem, Hilversum and Doorn. First war St. Dunstaners may remember that this is the place where the ex-Kaiser spent his exile after the '14-18 war. The house and estate is now a museum, but it has some very interesting exhibits that are well worth seeing. I cannot begin to describe all the interesting things we saw and did, but if any of you are contemplating a holiday abroad, I can recommend Holland. The people are hospitable, the language is not a serious difficulty, the money is easy to reckon, and we found that their prices compared favourably with ours. Anyway, I had a jolly good time and intend to go there again. REG. C. BOTLY.

### In the News

From the YORKSHIRE POST, August 26th.

"Work at Workington Iron and Steel Works came almost to a standstill yesterday while a blind telephone operator there for thirty years, Mr. John Straughton, received the British Empire Medal awarded by the Queen for "outstanding cheerfulness and constant devotion to duty." Every branch of the works was represented when Mr. Straughton, who was blinded in the First World War, received the medal. Mr. Straughton and Mr. Langton Highton, director and general manager, who presided at the ceremony, served in the same battery of the Royal Artillery. Mr. Highton said, "For thirty years his cheerfulness and devotion and even temper at all times have been an inspiring example to all of us."

### News of St. Dunstaners

David Taylor, of Swindon, who is a shopkeeper, ran a Coronation Day street party for local children. With himself as Chairman and Mrs. Taylor as Treasurer, they collected £170. Three hundred and forty people were entertained, and a balance over of £2 6s. 4d. bought three bottles of wine for the Wiltshire Association for the Care of the Blind.

★ ★ ★

George Fallowfield also made a nice gesture to celebrate the Coronation. He made two baby baskets which were lined in silk and equipped with powder, soap, etc., and presented them to the Southlands Hospital, Shoreham, for the first boy and girl born on Coronation Day.

★ ★ ★

G. W. R. Shepherd, of Whitchurch Hill, who was one of the prisoners of war in camp with Lord Normanby, established himself as a poultry farmer in 1951 and last year, he obtained a "Travelling Scholarship" in Agriculture through the Nuffield Foundation. He is now in the United States for a six months' study period and has already covered a lot of ground, going first from New York to Washington.

★ ★ ★

For the sixth time, H. T. Cheal took first prize at the Bristol Show for his onions. He also obtained first prize for dahlias.

★ ★ ★

"Ted" Mills, of Bloxwich, had great success at the recent Blind Association Flower Show. He won two first, a second and two third prizes for his exhibits, as well as securing the highest number of points.

★ ★ ★

A gardener who specialises is A. Hamlett, of Winsford. In spite of indifferent health, he is still tremendously keen on tobacco-growing. His sons have laid down a concrete path encircling the tobacco patch, and he is able to get round it easily with the aid of a railing.

★ ★ ★

On August 25th, Alexander Scott, of Belfast, gave a broadcast talk in the Northern Ireland Home Service under the title, "The Way Back." It described how he had adjusted his life after he had lost his sight in the air raids, serving as a Civil Defence Warden.

### News From Overseas

Acknowledging the receipt of the Coronation Crown, E. O'Sullivan, of Westmead, New South Wales, writes:

"I have served on many battle fronts from the age of 17 to 48 and I am still working for Her Majesty as a gardener with the Royal Australian Navy."

★ ★ ★

F. Mayo, of Stockton, New South Wales, who was Armourer Sergeant (qualified) with the 8th Garrison Battalion, Australian Forces, tells us that he is now Acting Warrant Officer II, in charge of Vickers' Gun Training School at Adamstown.

★ ★ ★

In a letter to Headquarters dated August 11th, Charles Hills, of Bowral, New South Wales, writes:

"I am finding it increasingly difficult to type... I know one thing, and that is, that it takes much more concentration now than it did when I was at the School in 1915... This is one of the parts of Australia where snow falls very occasionally and we had a very heavy fall recently. My wife, who had never seen it before coming to Bowral, got very excited, but the whole thing left me cold. My fowls did not know what it was all about either, and I had to feed them in the house instead of outside in their trough as usual. Again thanking you and St. D's for just being..."

★ ★ ★

From Victoria, Australia, comes a letter from J. W. Seabrook, who was highly pleased to receive his Coronation Crown. "My male guide and I gate-crashed at the Red Cross for an afternoon cuppa," he writes, "we took a dozen cream sponges and held up work for an hour and a half. I took in the Silver Crown and it went the rounds of all the tea-tables... What's the matter with your English weather? Out here we have had it. I look forward to the Tests for weeks, have an early dinner and then settle down to an evening of cricket and on to the early morning, and what do I get? Rain, and more rain! I am an Englishman and want the English to win; my wife is an Aussie and wants the Aussies to win, so you can guess that no vaudeville show could beat this!"

★ ★ ★

Our old friend of the Sports Department, Jack Dawkins, is living in Los Angeles now. He says in a letter to the Editor

that the journey from New Jersey to Los Angeles, 3,000 odd miles, took just over three and a half days. He adds, "I would like to add my pat on the back to the loads they must have already received for their wonderful Brighton Walk, to Charles Williamson, dear old Archie Brown, and Charles Stafford."

★ ★ ★

It is always good to read the St. Dunstan's (South Africa) REVIEW, for interesting items of news about old friends. From the July number, however, we were very sorry to learn that Ken McIntyre recently went into hospital where he had to undergo operations to both feet. Ken's feet were badly injured at the same time as he received the wounds which blinded him.

★ ★ ★

From the same source we learn that Polly Botha has recently resigned his appointment as physiotherapist at Germiston hospital and has set up in private practice.

★ ★ ★

Another news flash from South Africa. While Jim Ellis was scrambling over the rocks whilst on holiday at Germanus, a voice said, "You don't know me, Jim Ellis, but I know you." It was Tom Graves, who worked in the Accounts Department at St. Dunstan's Headquarters in Regent's Park for nineteen years. Since 1939 he has been an accountant to a big gold-mining company on the Gold Coast and he spends his leave either in the Union of South Africa or in England. St. Dunstan's still has a very big place in his heart and he would like to be remembered to all those St. Dunstaners who knew him.

### A Bite

An old friend of mine came up to me and exclaimed with some excitement: "What do you think? I saw a man catch a fish! It cost me three shillings! You see," he continued, "it's like this. Many years ago I watched men fishing in various competitions at seaside places. Never did I ever see one actually catch a fish. I swore to myself then that if ever I really saw anyone ever pull in a fish, no matter how small, I would send half-a-crown to St. Dunstan's. Well, it's happened at last. While I was at Hove last week I actually saw a bloke pull in a fish... I am fifty-eight now... I trotted straight away, bought a P.O." *Streatham.*

W. T. SCOTT.

### Talking Book Library

#### August Abridgments

Another mixed bag of five books is the harvest of the two holiday months, and four make fine reading for all, with the fifth very distinctly labelled "Ladies only." Here they all are:—

"The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," by Louis Fischer, reader Richard Wessell, is, unless the author is a fiction writer, the life story of the truest man to tread this earth since the beginning of Christianity. He was primarily a Hindu, but he distilled the best from the religions of the world and lived that best. I know this worldly world has always found such men a beastly nuisance until they are posthumously canonised, but this one held the teeming millions of India in the palm of his hand for the last fifteen or twenty years of his life. Most interesting and revealing!

"The Follower," by Patrick Quenton, reader Charles Richardson, conceals a thriller behind a simple title. The story flits from New York to Mexico as a simple, honest husband searches for his vicious, unhappy and entrapped wife. The final spot of shooting tidies up the story conveniently and somewhat heroically. Good entertainment!

"Some Tame Gazelle," by Barbara Pym, reader Lionel Marson, calls for the attention of lady readers and the story revolves around two sister spinsters who mother successive curates assisting the local Rural Dean. My blurred impression is that the making of socks, mufflers and cakes for chubby curates, odd visitors, minor scandal and a touch of romance add up to a pleasant, amusing, everyday yarn.

"One Man in his Time," by Bruce Belfrage, reader Bruce Belfrage, is a short autobiography of an actor who achieved fame on the team of wartime news readers, joined the Navy as a Security lecturer, stood as a Liberal in 1945, and returned to the stage. Quite amusing, rather rebellious, and wholly sincere.

"The Memoirs of a Sword Swallower," by Dan Mannix, reader Eric Gillett, tells of life in Carnival, the American equivalent of our Fairground. It is all most colourful, slightly crooked and somewhat larger than life. The Sword-Swallower adds fire-eating to his act and he explains the acts of many of his colleagues. This is strong medicine

and not to be read by those with queasy stomachs. Good fun, indeed, but can anyone tell me if it is, more or less, true?

There they are—as diversified a bunch as any could wish.

"NELSON."

### To Deny A Rumour

I feel it is my duty to deny a rumour of subversive activity at the Fleet Air Arm station, H.M.S. Daedalus, Lee-on-Solent.

I give here the correct story—no names, no pack drill.

Three gentlemen of St. Dunstan's had visited the British Legion at Lee and over sundry pots of good English ale, had become talkative. We remembered incidents of war. Our escort told us of Burma and Malay years ago, of tattoo artistry and folklore. On the trek back to camp Fred started in about his tanks. Fred has the undoubted gift of expressing himself well, with dramatic crescendo and soft, fading tones.

As the last straight was passing 'neath our tread, Fred got to the retreat of March, 1918. He and his tank had approached the Somme, not a round of ammo. left, just petrol... but the bridges were frail and they were needed for the P.B.I. As a bridge came into view so did a Staff Major. "A revolver in each hand," he signalled the tank to stop. He presented Fred with a large container of Amonal, a long fuse, and instructions to wreck the machine.

We had approached the gates of the camp where the naval sentry stood with rifle and bayonet. Fred was in full voice. "Blow it up," he boomed. The sentry never winced. "Well, why not," he murmured.

The roar of laughter must have been heard in Gosport, and so when one hears now the famous words, "Blow it up," one's thoughts fly to yet another happy memory of Lee-on-Solent and the calm dignity of our own R.N.

JOHN A. MUDGE

P.S. Need I add that we had a smashing time and that all our thanks are due to Mrs. Spurway and her band of helpers, and to the Fleet Air Arm from airmen to Admiral.

### From All Quarters

The summer number of "The Henley Telegraph," the magazine of Henley's Electrical Engineering and Cable Works, devoted half a page to an article entitled "Fred Warin Views the Coronation." It began, "For bluff heartiness Fred is undisputed champion. His varied daily greetings to his many friends are delivered in booming tones, each greeting, however, being specific and most sincere."

★ ★ ★

Jock Macfarlane was congratulated upon his B.E.M. in "The Whip," which is the Civil Service Union Journal. "Mac," it said, "has been one of the leading lights behind our organisation among the B.T.O.'s and much of the credit for great strides we have made here must be given to him . . . His long years of loyal service to the State have earned a fitting reward in the shape of a B.E.M. His work for the Union ought to qualify him for a further one!"

★ ★ ★

A two-page article in the *Northampton Independent*, on August 26th, was inspired by the story of two St. Dunstaners, the Rev. Dennis Pettit and Mr. W. A. Bramson. The article traced Mr. Pettit's war service and his entry into the Church. It mentioned a more recent task—the launching of an appeal for funds to repair the roof of his lovely Norman church—and it went on to tell of another war-blinded man, Arthur Bransom, of Northampton, who is a shop-keeper. The article ends, "Thank you, Mr. Pettit and Mr. Bramson, typical as you are of a score of fellow blind persons in town and country, for showing us how man can overcome adversity. And thank you, incidentally, for teaching the majority of us a lesson in facing up to our minor discontents."

★ ★ ★

Tom Niccol, of Harrogate, gave physiotherapy treatment to Test cricketers, Reg. Simpson, Trevor Bailey and Bill Edrich, during the fourth Test Match at Leeds.

★ ★ ★

Our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. R. Noble, of Middlesbrough, whose little dog, Lady, has died at a great age. It will be remembered that Lady saved Mrs. Noble's life some years ago when her clothing caught fire.

★ ★ ★

Bill Harding, of Finsbury Park, and Mrs. Harding, who have had many successes

in the past in poultry-keeping, have this record so far this year: In May they won the Islington Supreme Egg Championship; in June, the Chingford Award of Merit for the best Pullet; in July, the Hornsey Supreme Egg Championship and in September, 1st and 2nd Prizes at the Welsh Hall, London, for White Leghorns. And this has been achieved in their spare time, and all their knowledge has been acquired at weekly evening classes. They only have a small garden behind the house.

★ ★ ★

The *Sunday Dispatch* and the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* have both in recent months mentioned A. G. Bright, of Blackpool, and his budgerigar, Joey Bright. With endless patience, Alf, has taught Joey a vocabulary of nine hundred words, and says that other birds pick it up from him. "The youngest teacher in Blackpool," said the *Manchester paper*.

★ ★ ★

If any St. Dunstaner would like a Braille board, S. W. Wain, of Derby, has one which he would be very pleased to let him have. It is of solid oak and very heavy.

★ ★ ★

In spite of his unavoidable absence from a very important meeting, our St. Dunstaner, Ernest Russell, of Leeds, has been re-elected to the British Legion West Riding County Committee for the seventh year in succession. This makes him the second longest-serving member on the Committee.

★ ★ ★

On August 18th George Reed received a tremendous ovation at The Dome, Brighton, when he appeared as Guest Artist, doing his—by now—well-known ventriloquist act. He played to a completely full house, and unfortunately many St. Dunstaners were unable to get seats owing to the tremendous crowds of summer visitors. However, by popular request, George gave the same act in the lounge at Ovingdean—where it was again received with enthusiasm.

★ ★ ★

A. Collier, of Little Walden, near Manchester, has planted in his front garden a full scale design representing St. Dunstan's badge. About one thousand bedding plants have been used, plus pebbles dyed red for the flames of the torch. It is a magnificent effort and has aroused great interest in the district.

### Reunions

Gradually the 1953 Reunions are ending. There were three in July—Edinburgh, on the 21st, Newcastle two days later, and Harrogate on the 25th. Mr. D. G. Hopewell was the guest of honour at all three meetings, which although smaller than some, were nevertheless much enjoyed. Harrogate was a new venture—this northern meeting is usually held at Leeds—and the change was much appreciated. Staying at the same hotel (the Hotel Majestic) were the Australian Test cricketers who were playing in the Leeds Test Match, and the following letter was sent to Mr. Hopewell by Mr. George A. Davies, their Manager:

Dear Mr. Hopewell,

It has come to my notice that St. Dunstan's are holding an Annual Dinner and Reunion in Harrogate to-day, 25th July. I would like to convey to one and all the BEST WISHES of the Australian XI for a successful function.

It is needless for me to say that the wonderful work done by St. Dunstan's is known and admired throughout Australia.

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE A. DAVIES,

Manager.

This tribute, from such grand sportsmen, was tremendously appreciated when it was read, with Sir Ian's message of good wishes.

August passed without any meetings, and then came the Birmingham Reunion of September 5th. As usual it was very well attended, and the guest of honour here was Mr. Alan Pitt Robbins, a member of St. Dunstan's Council. Mr. Robbins was News Editor of "The Times" until his retirement last June, and although he has been keenly interested in St. Dunstan's for very many years, this was his first opportunity of attending a Reunion, and he greatly enjoyed it.

Mr. Wills, Welfare Superintendent, was present at all the meetings, also to meet many men for the first time since his appointment.

### 'Owszat?

England's captain from Yorks, Len Hutton, Thought Hasset a bit of a glutton

For winning the toss.

But he proved who was boss

For Beef won the Ashes, not Mutton.

H. CRABTREE.

### Wool Rugs for the Winter

A few items which are now surplus to requirements at our training centre are being offered to St. Dunstaners at advantageous prices.

Wool (not Patons & Baldwins quality) is made up into lots sufficient to make a rug to the sizes stated. Because the lots in each colour are so few, please give a second and, if possible, a third selection.

Cash must be sent with your order and send sufficient to cover your first selection—if we are obliged to send your second or third selection you will be advised if any more money is needed.

Colour	For rug size 4' x 2'	
	No. of lots	Price per lot
Bright Green	1	14/0d.
Medium Green	4	14/0d.
Black	5	14/0d.
Fawn	2	14/0d.
Cable Wool		
Black	3	17/6d.
Brown	1	17/6d.
		For rug size 4' 6" x 2' 3"
Colour	No. of lots	
	Price per lot	
Bright Green	1	15/9d.
Medium Green	2	15/9d.
Black	3	15/9d.
Fawn	3	15/9d.
Cable Wool		
Black	3	21/0d.
Brown	2	21/0d.
		For rug size 5' x 2' 6"
Colour	No. of lots	
	Price per lot	
Bright Green	1	18/6d.
Medium Green	1	18/6d.
Black	3	18/6d.
Fawn	4	18/6d.
Cable Wool		
Brown	1	24/6d.

**Black Canvas for lining**  
33 yards 25" wide 1/9d. per yard  
17 " 32" " 2/3d. " "  
33 " 38" " 2/9d. " "

**Adhesive Backing**  
10 yard of each:—Blue, pink and green, 38" wide at 2/6d. per yard.

**Rug Hessian**  
10 to 12 yards, 36" wide at 1/0d. per yard.  
Please send your order to: St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean, Sussex. Enclose cash with order. First come, first served.

### Stamp Collector

On August 14th, the *Evening Advertiser*, Swindon, devoted nearly a column, with a photograph, to our St. Dunstaner, F. A. E. Hawes, who is a keen philatelist. With his three brothers, he has built up a valuable collection of some 50,000 stamps. Through his hobby he has made many friends.

### Ovingdean Notes

Throughout the whole of August Ovingdean has been full with St. Dunstaners on holiday.

The racegoers were here in force, of course, for the end of July and the beginning of August was the famous "Sussex Fort-night," which meant we were away at a race meeting at either Goodwood, Lewes or Brighton on most days.

For those who enjoy coach rides, there were plenty of those too. Arundel, Wannock Gardens, Drusilla's, Smugglers' Roost, Rustington, were amongst the places visited.

One particularly enjoyable Concert was given to a most appreciative audience in the Lounge at Ovingdean on Sunday, August 22nd, when a group of the boys of Christ's Hospital visited us once again. Though the school was still on holiday, the boys had given up their time to come over to entertain us. It was a first-class Concert and we shall all look forward to having them come again.

The Autumn Term began on August 26th, and on the 28th a small party of trainees were invited to London to attend the Model Engineer Exhibition, where special arrangements had been made for them to be admitted to the Exhibition prior to the general public. They spent a very interesting morning there and were afterwards entertained to lunch.

### Test Results

**Preliminary Reading.**—Miss D. Phillippo, L. Dennis.

**Typing Test.**—C. Fisher, Miss D. Phillippo, T. Tonge.

**Writing Test.**—C. J. Nichols, W. Thomas, R. Armstrong.

**Senior Reading.**—J. Padley, J. Cruse, S. McNamara.

**Advanced Interpoint.**—Mrs. A. Gimbre.

### Retirement

Since the announcement about Mr. Kenneth Norman's retirement from Ovingdean Staff appeared in the April number of THE REVIEW, it has been suggested that many St. Dunstaners would like to subscribe to a presentation for him.

Commandant at Ovingdean has been approached, and has said he will be pleased to act as Honorary Treasurer of the Fund, and St. Dunstaners who wish to associate themselves with the proposed presentation should send their subscriptions to Mr. L. Fawcett at Ovingdean.

### Births

**BAUGH.**—On August 26th, to the wife of F. T. Baugh, of Long Eaton, a daughter—Christine Ann.

**BOSELEY.**—On August 26th, to the wife of A. H. Boseley, of Liscard, Wallasey, twins—a boy and a girl. Unhappily the little girl did not live, but their son—Ian Archibald—is doing well.

**CHAPPELL.**—On August 5th, to the wife of A. T. Chappell, of Stonard's Hill, Essex, a daughter—Tessa Claire.

**MOORE.**—On August 6th, to the wife of A. D. Moore, of Oxhey, Watford, a daughter—Barbara Anne.

**MANNERS.**—On August 17th, to the wife of Melville Manners, of Bridgend, Glamorgan, a son—Gerald Edwin.

**NORMAN.**—On July 10th, to the Rev. Michael and Mrs. Norman, of Cape Province, South Africa, a son—David John Heugh.

**PAWSON.**—On August 19th, to the wife of F. Pawson, of Beckenham, a daughter—Jane.

### Marriages

**HESKETH—HENSHAW.**—On July 18th, F. V. Hesketh (late of Greenford, now of Hove), to Miss Frances Henshaw.

**SHILLETO—ACKLAND.**—On September 12th, E. S. Shilleto, of West House, Brighton, to Mrs. Annie Ackland, of Hammersmith.

**WALBRUGH.**—On July 29th, John Walbrugh, of South Africa, (trainee). The marriage took place in Yorkshire.

### Deaths

Our deep sympathy is extended to the following:—

**BROOKS.**—To S. S. Brooks, of Welwyn Garden City, in the loss of his mother.

**COOPER.**—To A. J. Cooper, of Toronto, Canada, whose wife died shortly after their arrival in this country on holiday. Mrs. Cooper's body was flown to Canada for burial there.

**JESSUP.**—To G. Jessup, at present of St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean, whose wife died on September 6th, after a serious illness. They were married only last April.

**POWER.**—To G. Power, of Bristol, whose brother has recently died.

**STEEL.**—To Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Steel, of Upper Walthamstow, whose 21-year-old only son, James, was tragically killed at his place of business on July 24th.

**WEBSTER.**—To S. Webster, of Forest Hill, whose mother died last month.

### R.A.O.B.

The high honour of the Prime Jewel has been awarded to R. E. Sampson, of Taffs Well, near Cardiff. This is a coveted honour of the Buffs, entitling its holder to enter any Lodge in the world. There is much to memorise and our St. Dunstaner went through the ceremony perfectly.

### Placements

G. Chisholm, as a telephonist with Messrs. Peat, Markwick, Mitchell & Co., of Newcastle; S. Bogicevic, on industrial work with Messrs. Electronic Developments (Surrey) Ltd., of Kingston-on-Thames; J. L. Dennis, as a shop-keeper in a tobacco and confectionery kiosk, at Croydon; R. A. F. Freer, of Gravesend, in a tobacconist's and confectioner's business.

### Grandfathers

E. W. Jarman, of Llandudno; J. Thompson, of Parkstone; A. A. Dembenski, of Cheltenham; E. James, of Darlington (another grandson); J. P. Dixon, of Bolton. Arthur T. Brooks, Bournemouth, a third grandchild; C. H. Stock, of Southampton.

### Miss J. Alexander

St. Dunstaners will learn with deep regret of the sudden death of Miss Jean Alexander, Secretary and Librarian of the National Library for the Blind for nearly three years. Miss Alexander first joined the Library in 1945 and many St. Dunstan's men have come to know her warm friendliness and to value the great kindness and help which she gave so generously and so readily. She will indeed be greatly missed.

### Mr. W. A. Yeoman

We have recently heard with regret of the death of Mr. W. A. Yeoman, who for so many years organised the Brighton Grocers annual entertainment for St. Dunstan's. He died on August 8th, at the age of eighty.

\* \* \*

The sad news has also come to us of the death, on July 22nd, of Mrs. Makin, widow of our St. Dunstaner, D. Makin, of Wallsend-on-Tyne, who died in January of this year.

### "In Memory"—continued

**Gunner Christopher Sullivan, MEDAILLE MILITAIRE, CROIX DE GUERRE, Royal Field Artillery**

It is with deep regret that we record the death of C. Sullivan, of London, S.E.2. He died on September 9th at the age of 63.

When he came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1919, he trained as a boot-repairer and he did this work for some time. He also kept some poultry. Later he gave up boot-repairing and during the recent war, undertook factory work and this he continued until his death.

The funeral took place at Woolwich Cemetery after Requiem at the Catholic Church. He leaves a widow and grown up family to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

**Private W. Sullivan, Royal Army Service Corps**

It is with deep regret that we record the death of one of our Irish St. Dunstaners, W. Sullivan, of County Cork.

He served in the First World War, but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1946, when he was too old and ill to take up any serious work. He was, however, very happy with his son and daughter-in-law, and took a great interest in a little small-holding.

At the time of the Irish Reunions he had been delighted to meet Mr. Hopewell, Mr. Wills and Miss Wilson, who were able to call and see him. He died on August 19th. He was over eighty years of age. Our deep sympathy is offered to his family.

**Sapper Thomas J. Warren, Royal Engineers**

We record with deep regret the death of T. J. Warren, of Chalvey, Slough, which occurred in hospital on August 17th. He was sixty years old.

He was trained in basket making when he came to St. Dunstan's in July, 1930, and continued with this craft until the end. His health had not been good for some time, and he became much worse and was admitted to hospital on August 16th, where he died the following day.

To Mrs. Warren and her son our deep sympathy is extended.

**Sergeant John Muir, 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers**

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of J. Muir, of High Wycombe. "Jock," as everyone knew him, came to St. Dunstan's in December, 1917. He trained first as a poultry-farmer and continued with this for some years. During the war he undertook factory work, and when the war was over, returned to poultry-keeping in a smaller way, and netting.

He was a keen member of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club—in 1950 he was Captain—and at the cremation ceremony at Golders Green on September 9th, St. Dunstan's and the Club were represented by Mr. F. Jackson and Drummer Downs. The ashes were later taken to Berwick, where they were buried in the family grave.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Muir.



## “ In Memory ”

### Private Robert Young, 42nd Highland Division (Canadian) Black Watch

With deep regret we record the death of Robert Young, of Ovingdean.

With the outbreak of the war in 1914, he came over to England from Winnipeg, with the Reserves, and was transferred to the 42nd Highland Division. He was wounded and came to St. Dunstan's immediately upon his discharge from the Army in June, 1917. He trained first in mat making, then in boot-repairing. He also did joinery for some time, but was forced eventually to give up work following a deterioration in his health.

He died at the Ovingdean Home on August 3rd and was cremated at the Brighton Crematorium. There were present Mr. H. D. Defries, Secretary, Mr. E. Jelf, standard-bearer, Mr. Laramy, Welfare Officer, and Messrs. Dolden and Fause representing the Canadian Veterans' Association of the United Kingdom (Brighton and Hove Branch), a number of St. Dunstaner friends from Ovingdean, and Miss Carlton and Commandant Fawcett, representing staff.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Young.

### Sapper William Henry Walker, Royal Engineers Tunnelling Company

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. H. Walker, of Durham.

He was wounded in Belgium after serving from December, 1914, until 1918, and came to St. Dunstan's early in 1919, when he trained as a boot-repairer and mat-maker, taking first-class certificates in both trades.

For a very long time, however, he had not been able to work. He suffered severely, and he died at his home on July 31st.

Our deep sympathy is offered to Mrs. Walker, who is herself ill, and to her family who have nursed him devotedly for so long.

### Gunner George Cocker, Royal Garrison Artillery

We record with deep regret the death of G. Cocker, of North Cadbury, Yeovil, which occurred suddenly in hospital on August 10th following an operation.

He came to St. Dunstan's in September, 1916, but he could not undertake any training.

He leaves a widow and grown-up daughter to whom our very sincere sympathy is extended.

### Private Edward Story, West Yorkshire Regiment

We record with deep regret the death of E. Story, of Ashford.

He was discharged from the Army in November, 1919, but it was not until July, 1930, that he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained then in mat-making, and later had a shop. Then he worked at wool rugs and netting. He was carrying on this work right up to the time he entered hospital in July. He died on July 24th.

Our very sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Story and her family.

### Private John Eldred Parnell, Queen's Royal West Kent Regiment

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. E. Parnell, of Thundersley.

He came under St. Dunstan's care in June, 1921, and he trained then in basket-making, but for some years now, ill health had prevented him carrying on any work.

He died at the Ovingdean Home on July 20th.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to his widow and her family.

### Private Sydney Bull, 3/9th East Kent Yeomanry

With deep regret we have to record the death of S. Bull, of Hemel Hempstead, at the age of sixty.

He came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1917, upon his discharge from the Army, and he trained in joinery. He continued with this work and also had a small shop, but later gave this up to continue alone with joinery. He had, however, been ill for a considerable period and had spent a great deal of time in hospital, undergoing an operation. He died on August 30th.

He leaves a widow and grown-up daughter, to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

### Corporal John Percy Dixon, Royal Army Pay Corps

We record with deep regret the death of J. P. Dixon, of Bolton.

He saw service from October, 1916, to February, 1919, but he did not come to us until 1950, his sight having then failed as a result of mustard gas. He was able only to take up light hobby work. In August he was very ill and was admitted to hospital, but he died a week later—on August 23rd. He and his wife had only a short while before bought a bungalow in which they had planned to enjoy their retirement.

Amongst many friends present at the funeral were two St. Dunstaners, Messrs. H. Pollitt and J. Shaw. The Manchester St. Dunstan's Club was represented by Mrs. E. M. Dunphy and Mr. Shaw. A tribute in memory of our St. Dunstaner was paid at the graveside by representatives of the Masonic Lodge to which he belonged.

We extend our deep sympathy to Mrs. Dixon and her family.

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