

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

THE pursuit of happiness is the aim of all mankind; it is certainly the aim of St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners.

But I wonder if happiness is really the right word. I think happiness is probably a condition which is too active to be maintained without an exceptional effort which tends to wear you out. I prefer the word contentment.

What can we do to contribute towards our own contentment? A satisfactory job is very important, so is an easy relationship at home. But there are also some positive steps we can take for our leisure hours or if we have retired. For example, I suggest that your pleasures will be all the greater if you think about them a little and plan them a little.

"I do not like walking," said my friend to me, "but I like a beer and the beer tastes infinitely better after a little walk." So he walks down to the local pub and gets full enjoyment out of the combined operation.

A little thought is all the more necessary if you are blind because your pleasures are inevitably somewhat limited. Instead of having a hundred things to do, perhaps there are only a dozen you can choose from. Perhaps at first none of the dozen really appeals to you and you are greatly tempted to turn sour about it, and say that there is nothing left worth doing. A more profitable approach is to study each of the dozen and discipline yourself to try one or more of them out and see where it leads. I can give a personal example. When I was a young man I did not care for cards and had never played bridge seriously, only taking a hand to make up a four, and then very reluctantly. After I was blinded, however, I found myself with time on my hands and realised that others enjoyed a game of bridge, and so with the patient help of one or two friends I studied the game, practised with braille cards and became reasonably good for what might be called family or friendly bridge. I am no match player, but for years I have enjoyed a game of bridge, partly because the mental effort is a diversion and a relaxation from my worries and partly because it is a sociable and friendly affair.

What can a blind man do by way of contrast from his work or after he has retired, to occupy his thought and time? Here is a list of some out-of-work occupations which bring recreation and pleasure to many St. Dunstaners.

There are games such as bridge, chess, draughts, dominoes. Then there is, of course, reading by braille or by means of the Talking Book. There is also public work on local Councils, Committee work, including the holding of office in Toc H, the Druids, the Buffaloes, the Masonic movement, the British Legion and so on. Then there is music, either for the listener or possibly playing an instrument yourself, and even this can be a solace and a pastime even if you can only strum a few chords, or play a tune on a single-note instrument; listening to other people talking and developing the art of drawing them out may be put on the list. Then I would add eating and drinking. To eat and drink merely

to satisfy hunger and thirst is to waste one of nature's best gifts, for a little thought about this commonplace subject can turn it into an art and this is true of the humblest table as well as for the man with a deep pocket.

Even the wireless may be wasted if it is improperly used for nothing is more tiresome than a surfeit of incessant noise, whereas a careful choice of suitable programmes at reasonable intervals can bring real satisfaction.

Perhaps the key for all of us, and especially for the blind, is to do the things you can do as well as possible and to learn, even at the cost of some trouble, to enjoy a lot of different things.

IAN FRASER

Bridge Success

Congratulations to C. R. Bulman, of Beckenham, who, with Mrs. Bulman, in a team of four, finished top of the First Division of the South Eastern Bridge League last season and were recently presented with the handsome Shield and individual prizes.

Mr. Bulman is a member of St. Dunstan's team in the London Business Houses Competition.

Calling Radio "Hams"

W. H. Harris, of Rushmere, Ipswich, served in World War I but only became a St. Dunstaner last February. He has been bedridden for a number of years, but he is a keen radio amateur and is the Hon. Secretary of the Radio Amateur Invalid and Bedfast Club. Our own John Proctor and Anthony Law are already among its members.

Bill Harris has sent the Editor a copy of "Radial," the Club's news-letter, as well as details of the Club, and interesting reading they make! The Club's chief aim is to provide added interest and help to invalids and blind persons who are Amateur Radio Transmitters or Short Wave listeners interested in the amateur bands. There is no subscription for membership.

If any readers have amateur radio as their hobby and would like to get in touch with Bill, the Editor will be very glad indeed to hear from them.

From All Quarters

When, for health reasons, John Newton left Audenshawe to live in Southport, friends from his old firm, English Steel Corporation, and from the local inn, gathered together to make him a presentation of a musical beer-tankard and a cheque among other things. The tankard appropriately played "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. K. J. F. Clephaine, Works Manager of

English Steel, said that although the gifts had nothing to do with the firm officially, he was privileged to present them to one who had won respect in his own right as a good workman. His leaving would be felt by many friends.

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John Windsor, of Vancouver Island, is the author of articles which have appeared in the *Daily Columnist*, of Victoria, British Columbia.

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On June 15th, A. Hold, of Yeovil, received a Long Service Badge for twenty-seven years as a Bandsman in the Salvation Army. He writes: "This is only a very small number of years compared with my father, who is still actively engaged in 'Banding' at the age of 78, with 63 years' service as a Bandsman."

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George Reed, who is a skilful ventriloquist, was pictured in the *Farnham Herald* entertaining young people and grown-ups at the local Church fête.

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Tom Daborn, of Bexley Heath, has just used the trout rod which he won in a ballot some months ago. He writes: "My first fish was a bream of 1½lb. Then after a patient wait, and a steady battle that taxed the rod and line to the limit, I brought a cod of 5lbs. to the net. This was about four miles off Brighton. The rest of the bag was three pollock between 2 and 4lbs., and two very nice bream of around 2lbs. In all, a very good christening."

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Telling us of his Ruby Wedding, which fell on June 29th, A. J. Radford, of Castle Cary, writes: "We were married on June 29th while I was on leave and I left to rejoin my unit on the 30th, which was the last time I actually saw my wife, which must be unique even for St. Dunstan's."

Reunions

Men of Devon and Cornwall met at Plymouth on June 4th and Mr. Wills presided over a very small but happy gathering.

The Bristol Reunion of June 15th brought together the remaining men of the West Country, and Mr. D. G. Hopewell, member of St. Dunstan's Council, presided over a very well-attended meeting, held again at the Grand Spa Hotel.

Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., with Lady Pearson, were welcome visitors at the Cardiff meeting on June 21st. During the afternoon the guests were entertained by songs from St. Dunstaners Mrs. J. Farrant and Melville Manners.

At Belfast, on June 25th, sickness unhappily kept a number of St. Dunstaners away, but, although so small, it was quite a lively meeting. Mr. Hopewell again presided, and Mr. W. R. Knox, Chairman of the British Legion, Northern Ireland, called in during the afternoon.

Dublin also proved a small meeting, again because of sickness, but, presided over by Mr. Hopewell, it went with a swing and everybody enjoyed themselves.

At Luton, on July 6th, Lt. General Sir Brian Horrocks, who is a member of St. Dunstan's Council, presided under heat-wave conditions. Sir Brian, who holds the ancient office of "Black Rod" in Parliament, and who will be very well known to many St. Dunstaners for his broadcasts, told of his pleasure in conducting a party of deaf-blind St. Dunstaners round the House of Lords last year. There was some lively entertainment at the Reunion during the afternoon, including a "skiffle group."

Mr. Tom Watson

On Thursday, July 4th, there was a very pleasant ceremony at the London Club when St. Dunstaners gathered to make a presentation to Mr. Tom Watson upon his retirement. Mr. Lloyds introduced Mr. Sammy Webster who, on behalf of his St. Dunstaner friends, presented to Mr. Watson a wireless set. With it, he said, went their very good wishes for many years of happiness, and their thanks for his help over all the years.

Mr. Don Tacon

On June 30th, Mr. Don Tacon emigrated to Canada; his wife and three sons will join him later. With his going, St. Dunstan's

loses a member of the staff who has given us loyal service for twenty-two years, broken only by his war service in the Royal Air Force.

Mr. Tacon, under Mr. Bennett, took a major part in building up the Nursery Furniture Department in the years between the wars, and this employment of First War men on the carpentry machinery used in the making of the furniture contributed greatly to the success of the training and settlement of St. Dunstaners in industry during and after the Second World War.

After his discharge from the R.A.F., Mr. Tacon settled in Manchester, where he became our Industrial Representative for the North East of England, covering an area which reached down to the Midlands.

Don Tacon's cheery personality and inexhaustible efforts made him a first-rate friend of every St. Dunstaner with whom he came in contact, and much as we regret parting with him, we all wish him the very best of luck and every success in his new life.

First Letter from an Emigrant

H. G. Graves, formerly of Eastham, Cheshire, who with Mrs. Graves has left this country to join their daughters in California, writes:—

"After a restful and luxurious trip we arrived at New York at 9.30 in the evening, but did not go ashore until the following morning. Our heavy baggage was taken to the railway station and shipped to California and we were met by relatives who live in the eastern part of the U.S.A. We stayed in New York until the Friday, visiting some of the tourist attractions. We visited Albany, the capital of New York State; we also had a trip over the Mohawk Trail, which is a lovely wide road across the mountains and is tied up with the history of this country. . . . We returned to New York on May 24th and the following morning boarded the plane for California. The flight was non-stop through to Los Angeles. Having gathered three hours on the clock in the course of the flight, the three-thousand mile trip took 8 hours and 50 minutes. We had the whole of the family to meet us at the Airport.

"The climate here is very warm and dry, the temperature in the past week having been in the 80's. They tell me this is mild to what it will be later on in the summer."

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

The cost of living is the greasy pole down which the value of war pensions has slithered for many years. Like Mussolini's armies during the war, war pensions have managed to advance backwards.

Eleven years ago, the demand for a ninety shillings per week basic pension was reasonable when examined in the light of post-war reconstruction and the cost of living of the times. To-day, the situation is very different. Nothing concrete has been achieved in stabilising the cost of living. There is full employment and business is booming. Wages and profits have, in the main, held their own in the free-for-all that is still going on. The burden of the rise in the cost of living has in fact been carried by those who should have been the last called upon to bear the weight—the aged and the war pensioners.

How does one reach the conclusion that ninety shillings per week basic pension is an adequate target at which to aim? It certainly cannot be based on the cost of living index. Is it supposed to be the valuation of the loss of a full expectation of life? If so, the average full life must be rather empty. Surely the truth is that war pensions should represent the regard a nation has for her wounded. National disregard has placed them in a position where they must look after their own interests. To-day, the demand should be for a ten pounds per week basic pension. Ninety shillings per week is merely an acceptance of the situation existing at the present moment which in many cases almost amounts to an insult to the war-wounded.

Yours sincerely,

EDGAR R. ETTRIDGE, *Addiscombe.*

DEAR EDITOR,

May I be permitted to point out that the Fishing Competition held on the West Pier, Brighton, on May 19th is an annual event and in aid of St. Dunstan's, and six of our men are invited every year and, being a local man, I am usually sent an invitation to my home. This item was not part of the Deaf Reunion which was held during the previous week-end, as might have been thought from Mr. Bell's account of that. He was staying on here and, as he says, we had a most enjoyable day.

Yours sincerely,

G. FALLOWFIELD, *Ovingdean.*

DEAR EDITOR,

I was really interested in Ernest Burton's article, "The Dog," but then I suppose I can include myself as being one of those people who, according to Ernest, are not wrapped up in themselves, and I sincerely hope that he learns the conclusion of his story. I hope that we also may share the full story. Was the dog a guide dog that gallantly led and even raced his master to the factory, or was it merely performing an old-established habit after the need for performance had ceased? Still, as a dog-lover myself, I should hate to attribute mere selfishness and self-love to those who are perhaps allergic to animals, but I applaud Mr. Burton when he speaks of the satisfaction derived from genuine canine adoration.

Gone are the days when the blind man's dog was an object of sympathy to the public, who saw him sit beside the owner whose large white card appealed for their pity. Now the man is restored to usefulness and the dog elevated to almost human standards, for until you have known the life-long companionship of the dog that you cannot be without, you cannot know the affinity that grows. Even the shepherd whose dog works to order, or the farmer whose dog is a watch-dog living outside cannot, to my mind, come to regard the dog as we do who do not need words. Put your hat on and you hear the joyful yelp, the jump that tells you he is waiting, the tug given to the lead to say that all's clear. Thanks, Ernest, for the story, and let us hope that more faithful dogs find equally faithful masters where the love is mutual and not measured.

Yours sincerely,

A. J. RADFORD, *Castle Cary.*

DEAR EDITOR,

I would like, on behalf of all my St. Dunstan's friends, to thank the London Taxi Drivers for such a lovely and pleasurable day's outing to Worthing on June 17th.

From the time we left London everything possible was done to make the journey pleasant for us. Each driver, within only a few minutes, became an old friend. What a grand lot of people they were!

I can only hope that we who were lucky enough to have such a wonderful day's outing can show, in these few lines, our sincerest thanks for everything.

Yours sincerely, TED DUDLEY, *Croydon.*

Tales of Ind

Sidelights on the Indian Mutiny

This year records the centenary of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. These times are vivid in my imagination because I had, in my youth, the good fortune to know and to talk to people who actually lived through those stirring times.

One of them was my grandmother who, at only sixteen years, was married to a member of the British Army serving in India. At the time my grandparents were stationed at Barrackpore, a few miles from Calcutta, where the first incident took place. A Sepoy named Pandi struck a British sergeant-major whilst on parade. For many years afterwards all Indian soldiers were called Pandies.

My grandmother would tell me, for instance, how the bugles would sound in the middle of the night, and women and children would be hastily collected and guided to places of safety. It was in Meerut, some forty miles north of Delhi, that there was a general revolt of Indian troops, among them cavalry who fled to Delhi. When the General Commanding the troops heard of the incident, he is reported to have said "Don't worry. They are my boys and they will return." His "boys" did not return and were instrumental in raising the standard of revolt in Delhi, the siege of which by General John Nicholson lasted many months, and where he fell mortally wounded. His statue stands facing the Kashmir Gate, and his grave is in the nearby military cemetery. Nicholson was a legendary figure and there is still said to exist a Hindu sect which worships him.

I knew an old lady who was in Meerut when the revolt began. It was planned to start on a Sunday when the troops were at church parade, the idea being to blow up the church together with the occupants. An old woman was to sit some distance away and give the signal when the congregation were assembled. The plan misfired for some reason, but afterwards the order was given that all troops should be armed attending church parades, which remained in force until the British left India.

One of the most poignant experiences in my life was a visit to the Military Cemetery at Meerut. Grave after grave contained whole families, brutally murdered during those terrible times.

However, it was not all horror, loot, rapine and murder. There was a happier side. Many lowly Indians, servants and the like, at great personal risk befriended the Europeans and guided them to safety. Indian nurses took the babies and children of their masters to care for them.

Some few miles north of Meerut is the village of Sardana. It was at one time the capital of the Begum Samru. Her realm was as large as England and she was a forceful character. On her marriage to a soldier of fortune named Walter Reinhardt, she became a Christian. At the time of the Mutiny the village had become a Christian settlement, and the Begum's palace had become a school for girls. Hearing of the revolt in nearby Meerut, the Franciscan Father in charge of the settlement had taken his Indian orphans up to the flat roof of the church for safety and to pray. He was none too soon. Heavy blows were being struck at the gate in an attempt to break it down. Suddenly, when they had almost succeeded, the group of rebel cavalry, bent on murder and rapine, sprang to their horses and fled in terror. Nobody to this day knows what was the cause of this panic, "but there are more things in Heaven and Earth . . ."

DUNCAN McALPIN, *Barnard Castle.*

Double Meanings

Here are the first two entries for our Double Meaning competition:

From Mrs. Margaret Stanway, Morezambe:

Blowing your own trumpet.
Being a wet blanket.
Taking it with a pinch of salt.
Biting off more than you can chew.
Getting your teeth into it.
Making a clean sweep.
Showing his hand.
Bowling a maiden over.
At a loose end.
Paddling his own canoe.

And from G. L. Douglas, of Isleworth:

He kept his eye on the clock.
His breath came in short pants.
The wounded German hadn't a mark on him.
He had braille at his finger tips.
I'm hungry and absolutely fed-up.
She gave him socks.
If you miss that ball you'll catch it.
She led him up the garden path.

Any others? Closing date: August 31st.

Ruby Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Radford, of Castle Cary, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding (forty years) on June 29th, and to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burton, of Portchester, July 21st.

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Singleton, of Mark, near Highbridge, Somerset, June 23rd. Congratulations.

Family News

The only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams, of Sheffield, has passed his final examinations to become a Doctor.

Norman Hunt (Hove) has graduated from Oxford successfully. He is at present serving with the R.A.F. (University Squadron) and has been promoted from Pilot Officer to Flying Officer.

John Richardson (Skegness), our late St. Dunstan's son, who is studying for the Church, has gained his degree at St. Chad's College, Durham. He was awarded a Class 2, Division II, Degree in Theology.

Valerie McDonald (Liverpool) has passed her final examination to become a Radiologist.

Arthur Dakin (Blackpool) has passed successfully his audition as Drummer in the Royal Artillery Band.

Wendy Homewood, East Dereham, is in hospital, and when the Queen and Prince Philip visited Norfolk recently she was pushed in her wheel chair to see them. To her great pleasure they both leaned forward to wave to her.

S. Doell, of Henfield, is very proud of his nephew in the R.A.F. He is a Wing Commander and has just been awarded the C.B.E.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters

On June 29th, Bruce Payne (Cardiff) to Miss Ann Lockton, S.R.N.

Gordon Holmes (Salfords, Surrey), on June 29th, to Miss Eileen Warne. Present at the wedding were Miss Lloyd and Mr. Osborne, son of Mr. Osborne, Mat Instructor.

"Not Worth Seeing"

When Bill Lacey, of Tottenham, spoke at the annual meeting of the South Norwood St. Dunstan's Group last month, he said:

"I was passing a cinema and some of the people who were coming out were saying 'It's not worth seeing.' These are the thoughts which came to my mind before I arrived home:

"Not Worth Seeing" *continued.*

"Not worth seeing," a phrase often used, How these few simple words I have oft-times abused.

Too late now to lament my poor education, My schooling was one of the shortest duration.

So if you can see, be sensible and wise, Just take my tip and look after your eyes, I cannot see now, aged thirty-two and forty, In turn I am sad, happy and sporty, To see a man sprint with the ball and then GOAL!

To snap up a catch, to bat and to bowl, Now this has gone, and dear faces with it, Life just goes on but there's happiness in it, One of God's greatest gifts human beings possess,

I value it thus, in these lines I've unfurled, Sight is the periscope of this whole world, And the reason these words have just sprung into being

Is that all of God's gifts are really worth seeing."

Hobbies? Why not a Budgie?

I know many St. Dunstaners already have a pet budgie, but many have never thought of having one. I have two, both now at home since our cat, Smoky James, died last Christmas.

Big Joey was a birthday present and is a very handsome bird, rather snooty but talks a great deal. Not a very big vocabulary yet, but at least, when my mother or I come in, he pipes up with "Hello, here she comes. How are you, Joey?" He is a very lovely bird and extremely friendly. Of course, being a birthday gift he has a very super cage, complete with bath, etc.

Then there is "Little Joey." He was a funny little scarecrow when I agreed to bring him home about three months ago. Tiny and his mother had pecked all his feathers from his head and neck. He went into an extremely aged cage from the days when I had a canary before the war. No posh bath for Little Joey either, but he seems most content to have his daily bath in a little Pyrex dish. He is a wonderful talker; He is so tame now that if we put our hands in the cage to give him corn or water he sits on our hands and doesn't mind a scrap.

I only can talk to my birds when I am home from the workshop, but for those who are home most of the time why not consider having a budgie for a pal?

MAUREEN V. LEES.

Ovingdean Notes

The annual Sports and Garden Party was held at Ovingdean on Saturday, 6th July. It was a fine, warm day, and although we were a little disappointed that the number of St. Dunstaners entering the Sports events was not higher, we were pleased to welcome a number of local St. Dunstaners with their escorts.

Sir Neville and Lady Pearson very kindly came along to present the prizes at the conclusion of the events. We were delighted to have them with us once again.

A number of "shots" for inclusion in the film being made about St. Dunstan's were taken during the field events.

Sports results:—

Throwing Medicine Ball:

- 1st, N. Daniels (Romford).
- 2nd, D. Parmenter (Brighton).
- 3rd, C. Fraser (Sunderland).

Sack Race:

- 1st, N. Daniels (Romford).
- 2nd, B. Rahim (Perivale).
- 3rd, A. Hobson (Hastings).

70 yds. Totally Blind:

- 1st, C. Fraser (Sunderland).
- 2nd, J. Meighan (Clacton).
- 3rd, J. Regan (Hastings).

70 yds. S-Sighted:

- 1st, N. Daniels (Romford).
- 2nd, A. Hobson (Hastings).
- 3rd, P. Holmes (Burgess Hill).

70 yds. (Open):

- 1st, D. Coupe (Preston).

Wheelbarrow Race:

- 1st, D. Parmenter (Brighton).

Three-Legged Race:

- 1st, D. Parmenter (Brighton).
- 2nd, J. Culshaw (Brighton).

Garden Party Competitions:—

Treasure Hunt—G. Stanley (Brighton).

Weight Guessing—M. Morgan (Brighton).

Darts—T.B. (Highest Score), C. Killingbeck (Saltdean).

Darts: S-Sighted (Highest Score), P. Holmes (Burgess Hill).

A word of thanks to our good friends the Scouts, who have come along for a number of years now to help with the preparations for Sports Day. Getting out chairs for the visitors, or helping to bring the tea down to the tea tents, it's all part of a day's work to them, and all done with the cheery goodwill we come to expect of these lads.

On Wednesday, July 10th, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser visited Ovingdean and West House. At Ovingdean Sir Ian addressed the men in training and on holiday, telling them about the recent improvements in disability pensions and the allocation of accommodation at the Brighton Homes.

Sir Ian said: "Brighton and Hove people are the kindest anywhere. We have been a part of this community for more than forty years and we praise the towns and the citizens."

Freddie King—A Tribute

Almost the first person I met on entering St. Dunstan's for training in 1942 was Freddie King. A quiet, unassuming man, with a sense of humour and a peculiar and lively yet serious interest in human nature and the problems of his fellow man.

During the Church Stretton days and since, he was guide, philosopher and friend to literally hundreds of men of the Second World War. Many difficulties in the human, domestic and social spheres have been resolved after a quiet chat and a few words of wisdom from Freddie. I feel I am voicing the sentiments of a lot of men when I say that something has gone out of life that cannot be replaced.

Freddie's job as a braille tutor brought him into much closer contact with the men than most of the other members of the staff, and because of that fact, plus his aptitude to smooth away difficulties, he has helped many a man over a bad period. A lot of his good work was unknown to and unnoticed by the powers that be. Nevertheless, he was a great asset to St. Dunstan's and a man we can ill afford to lose.

In the years between the wars, I understand he was a friend to the deaf-blind men, and was always a welcome guest at their Reunions. He was a well-known member of the Bridge Club, and in the Church Stretton days, quite a keen walker and hiker. In short, a fine teacher, a true friend and a loyal St. Dunstaner, above all a man, and one who will be sorely missed on our future visits to Brighton.

HARRY WHITE, *Stalybridge.*

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Sir Victor Sassoon, whose horse, Crepello, ridden by Lester Piggott and trained by N. Murless, won this year's Derby, has sent Sir Ian £100 for St. Dunstan's to celebrate this.

"In Memory"

Robert Clarence Billington, Australian Imperial Forces

We record with deep regret the death of R. C. Billington, originally of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, but who had been in hospital in England for very many years. He was at the 2nd London General Hospital during the First World War and later was transferred back to Australia. He eventually returned to this country but was admitted to hospital, where he stayed until his death.

Private John Edwin Mayes, King's Own Scottish Borderers

We record with deep regret the death on July 12th of J. E. Mayes, of Eyton, County Durham. He served with his regiment from September, 1914, until February, 1919, being wounded the previous year, but it was only in February of this year that he entered St. Dunstan's. He was then a very sick man, and already in hospital in Gateshead.

He was a widower and our sincere sympathy is extended to his son and daughter-in-law.

Birth

BAKER.—On June 17th, to the wife of Paul Baker, of St. Austell, Cornwall, a son.

Marriage

BLACKMORE—TALBOT.—On June 8th, S. D. Blackmore, of Gosport, to Miss Dorothy Talbot.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy is offered to the following:—

EMERTON.—To W. E. Emerton, of Chalton, near Luton, whose brother has died suddenly. His loss is a great grief to our St. Dunstaner, as they spent much time together.

HUMPHREY.—To E. Humphrey, now in training at Ovingdean, whose father died following a tragic accident at his place of work. He was overcome by fumes.

HURRELL.—To A. Hurrell, of Kenley, who has lost his brother, and also to Mrs. Hurrell in the loss of a sister.

JENNINGS.—To D. Jennings, of Worthing, whose father has died.

NICHOLS.—To C. J. Nichols, of Weybridge, Surrey, whose mother has died following a stroke. She was 66.

WINDRIDGE.—To O. Windridge, of Leicester, whose wife died on July 7th after a very painful illness. Mr. and Mrs. Windridge were only married in February of this year.

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

Mr. A. E. Howlett

We have heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. A. E. Howlett, who served St. Dunstan's almost from its foundation in 1915 until December, 1947. As Wireless Engineer in the 1920's and later as Maintenance Engineer and Clerk of Works, he will be remembered by St. Dunstaners of both wars, for he was closely concerned in the setting up of the Training Centre at Church Stretton.

Mrs. Jones

St. Dunstaners who visited the Blackpool Home will also hear with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Jones, who for twelve years was housekeeper at the Home. We learn from Miss Vaughan Davies that on June 8th Mrs. Jones was on her way to visit friends and, when walking on the pavement, a van and car which had collided skidded and crushed her against a wall. She was taken to Victoria Hospital, where she died on June 16th. Miss Vaughan Davies and Miss Eva Davies (late of the Linen Room) attended the funeral on June 21st.

Grandfathers

T. Brougham, of Speke, Liverpool; F. Meader, of East Barnet; and new grandchildren for W. V. Clampett, of Luton; R. Robinson, of Cookstown; and Sammy Smith, of Blackpool (twins—a boy and a girl—have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gardiner).