

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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FEBRUARY, 1958

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(FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN)

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

**I**F a young man or boy, who respected your opinion, asked your advice about joining the Army, what would you say?

I am asking my readers this question because I have recently been asked to use such influence as I possess to help the Regular Army with its recruiting. The only way I can do this is by speaking well of the Armed Forces, or of the unit in which I played my small part long ago, but it occurred to me to report this matter to St. Dunstaners, for we are all ex-servicemen and I do not doubt that the question whether the young people for whom we are personally responsible should join the services, is one which we often think about and discuss.

I think we may say that all political parties are agreed that it would be a good thing if we could bring compulsory military service to an end and replace our present forces by a well-paid, full-time Army, Navy and Air Force, but we can only get rid of the militia if we can, in the next two or three years, fill the gaps in the Regular Forces, and that leads at once to recruiting. Some may ask the question, "Are you recruiting for war?" The answer is, "Certainly not, we are recruiting for the maintainance of peace and justice in the world."

There are some young people who do not welcome the idea of life in an office or a factory, but say they want an open-air life. There are others who are adventurous and want to travel and see the world, and enjoy friendship and comradeship of other men of their own age. To them, the life of the Army, as it will be in the next few years, may be a great attraction. When I joined the Army, the private soldier got a bob a day and all found of course, though on a pretty meagre scale. Now the pay of a trained regular private is about £7 0s. 0d. a week and the food, uniform, amenities and facilities for sport and education are tremendously advanced.

It may well be said that life in the new Regular Army is a healthy and interesting one and that there are great opportunities for promotion. The pay is not so good as that which could easily be earned in some factory but there is a very good prospect for a young fellow of becoming a sergeant in eight to nine years, when his basic pay is in the neighbourhood of £11 0s. 0d. a week, and taken in conjunction with allowances, board and lodging, and the rest of it, he is probably as well off as the average young man of his age. As regards prospects, the sky is the limit for the really able boy because there are many more opportunities for commission than there were before and, indeed, the Army searches out young leaders with a view to training and promoting them, and when service is over there is a pension at a relatively early age when there is still time to get another job. For example, a Warrant

Officer, Class 2, with twenty-two years' service would retire with a terminal gratuity of £300 and a pension of £3 3s. 4d. a week, and he would be only forty or forty-two.

I, for one, certainly hope that the Army will succeed in its task, because Britain must make her contribution towards maintenance of peace in the world, and a well-paid, regular whole-time Army is, without doubt, better than the present system.

As to the young men themselves, I think if they have no particular calling, bent, business or profession to follow or inherit, there is a good and honourable and interesting and varied life, and I would certainly commend it to a suitable young man who asked my advice.

IAN FRASER.

### Presentation Funds for Mr. Banks and Miss Morris

Mr. Lloyds tells us that subscriptions to the presentation funds from St. Dunstaners for Mr. Banks and Miss Morris have come in well and that he is consulting them as to what gifts they would like to have. He has arranged for the presentation to take place on Saturday, the 29th March, at the Windsor Reunion, which is attended by St. Dunstaners from a wide area.

### The Windsor Reunion

Mr. George Eustace is organising a coach from Kingston to the Windsor Reunion on March 29th. Will all those who want to join it please contact him at 170 Tolworth Rise, Tolworth, Surrey, Tel. Derwent 6471.

Mr. Ted Dudley will also run a coach from Derby Road, West Croydon, and those interested should contact him at 74 Waddon Court Road, Croydon, or telephone HOP 5231 between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. (Monday to Friday).

### The Lee-on-Solent Camp

Since the notice in last month's REVIEW, I have received a change of date from H.M.S. Daedalus. Camp will now be held from Friday, August 15th, to Saturday, August 23rd and not the 22nd-30th. Camp fee, £1, payable in camp. Fares over £1 refunded.

Entries please to me as soon as possible and in any case not later than April 16th.

AVIS SPURWAY,

Telephone:

Dorking 73191.

The Vicarage,  
Holmwood, Dorking.

### Personal

Miss Ramshaw's thanks for the many Christmas cards she received missed the last REVIEW. Matron would like to thank everyone for their kind thought of her at Christmas. She appreciated the cards so much.

### From All Quarters

The second subject of the *Croydon Times* weekly series, "Familiar Faces," was Leslie Dennis. A drawing of Leslie, under the heading, "He aims to be a Centurion," was followed by an excellent article on his work and interests, particularly road-walking. ★ ★ ★

Also well-pictured in the press has been Les. Copeland, of Uxbridge. When Mr. Frank Beswick, M.P. for Uxbridge, toured the factory of J. R. Parsons, Ltd., he met Leslie who had started work there two months before. The local paper showed Mr. Beswick watching our St. Dunstaner at his screw-testing machine. ★ ★ ★

J. G. Healy, of Blackpool, is a member of the Executive Committee, the Appeals Sub-Committee, and the "Home" Sub-Committee of Blackpool and Fylde Society for the Blind. ★ ★ ★

In a recent letter to our Appeals Department, the secretary of a well-known firm of woollen manufacturers wrote: "We have every reason to be grateful to you for the training which you have given to blind ex-servicemen and in particular to our own telephone operator, Mr. Jim Laffey, who has been with us for many years and who has given us excellent service." ★ ★ ★

W. T. Scott ("Scotty"), completes this month twenty-five years as physiotherapist at Streatham Home and Hospital for Incurables.

### Appointment

Major Ronald Bridges, who for the past ten years has been Blind Welfare Officer for the Malayan Government, has been appointed Director of the new Far East Regional Office of the American Foundation for Overseas Blind. The Office will open in Manila next month.

### London Club Notes

The Annual General Meeting of the London Club was held in the Club on Thursday, 16th January, 1958, with Mr. A. D. Lloyds in the Chair. The attendance was smaller than usual, mainly due to the inclement weather and to illness.

The following were elected on the Committee: Messrs. S. Webster (*Chairman*), G. Brown, W. Bishop, W. Miller, W. Harding.

*Bridge*.—The Harrogate Week will be held this year from September 13th—20th. Arrangements have been made for our party to be accommodated again at the Dirlton Hotel, Ripon Road, and the terms per day will be 27s. 6d. inclusive.

As we must make our final reservations at the hotel, will all members who would like to join the party send in their names to Mr. Willis as soon as possible.

### Operation Completed

In the House of Commons on February 3rd, Sir Ian Fraser asked the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance how the payment of the increased war pensions and retirement pensions was progressing.

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter replied, "I am glad to say that the job has been virtually completed. Practically all war pensioners and retirement pensioners are now receiving the increased amounts due to them."

Sir Ian asked how the task compared with that of former occasions. Was it a record?

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter: "It has been done more quickly than on any previous occasion."

### Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. A. Laird, of St. Helens, January 1st. Congratulations.

### Miss Newall

The address of Miss M. A. Newall (Northern Welfare Visitor) is now: "Oaklands," Heath Lane, Willaston, Wirral, Cheshire (Tele. Willaston 2132).

### Seaside Holiday

*Double Room*, hot and cold water, bed and breakfast. Moderate terms. Please apply as soon as possible. Mrs. Paddy Doyle, "Harlington," Great Preston Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

### Canadian Letter

We have had news from Don Tacon, lately of St. Dunstan's staff, who emigrated to Canada last June. Mr. Tacon says he misses St. Dunstan's "boys" more than he cares to think about but he sends a most interesting account of his experiences since arriving in Canada; some extracts appear below:

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"I came to Fort William via New York and Toronto, taking 27 hours (20 hours flying time). Fort William is rather cut off from the rest of the world as the nearest large city is Winnipeg (350 miles away) with Toronto 1,000 miles to the east. This is certainly a young man's country especially if you have a trade or profession. As I have neither I had to have a good look round for a job. However, I got cracking and landed one selling "Freezers" for storing food. Then I went after a better one with a large store selling pianos, electric organs, etc. It is surprising how soon you learn and to hear me play "Silent Night" on the Hammond Organ is quite a miss on your part. This job will see me through the winter.

"Bob and Dave started school; Mike had the toughest deal. He started work with the Ontario Department of Highways three days after he arrived and in five days was out in the bush and has worked there off and on ever since, in ice, snow, and 20 degrees below zero. He is a trainee surveyor.

"We spent a great deal of cash on winter clothes which are rather expensive . . . we have come to regard any cold above zero as warm.

"We are hoping to go west in the summer for a holiday and look round the Vancouver area . . . the climate there is much warmer and of course it is on the sea, and we have all missed our seaside holiday last year. There are people here who have never seen the sea.

"Life here is just impossible without a car and we bought a small one, but it was not a very good buy as with all your heavy coats, etc., you have difficulty in squeezing in. Later I traded it for a large Dodge. The food we find reasonable in price and excellent in quality . . . we miss a lot of things such as decent radio and TV programmes—here they are all advertising.

"However, I think that the boys will do well out here and Pa and Ma will get by."

### Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

It was nice to have an editorial from you, but did it not show that the *policy* of the REVIEW needs changing? If it makes news the main aim, the result is that it reads like a parish magazine. St. Dunstaners live all over the British Isles and the fact that someone in one town has won a prize at something or other is of interest only to the few who happen to know that man, it is of no interest to those living in other towns. Even if the item deals with the man's personal affairs; well, the things that can happen now are so trivial they aren't worth recording.

What I am getting at is this: There will always be a shortage of news about the doings of blind men, that is natural and inevitable. Why not concentrate instead on what they are thinking about? We don't all fritter our time away with dominoes or cards. But from the pages of the REVIEW one would get the impression that these things were of great interest to everyone. I remember that a couple of months ago Sir Ian complained in the REVIEW that many St. Dunstaners never visited Ovingdean or joined in the annual reunions. No wonder. Just as the generation of the last war had different interests, and a better education, than the generation of the 14-18 war, so their way of thinking, and the things they think about, are very different too. But does the REVIEW cater for them? I have seen few signs of it.

Is this because most ex-servicemen's organisations are still dominated by those whose minds are set in a mould of a generation ago? And a "Service" mould at that. The last war was won, not by professional servicemen, but by "back-room" boys who used their brains. No-one who knows the history of the last war will deny that. And now it is 1958. Come on, let's see if the REVIEW knows that, too.

Gateshead.

JOHN NOGAN.

DEAR EDITOR,

I am organising a second exhibition in the late autumn of 1958 and am already working on how to raise the overhead expenses. One plan is to cover coat hangers and if any of my St. Dunstan's friends wives or lady contacts want to find "a good home" for scraps of silk, cretonne,

etc., which I could use for the covering, I would be most grateful. I would also like to contact the two St. Dunstaners who told me they grew everlasting flowers (one lived in the Saltdean area). One also grew lavender. I would like to place an order for the flowers, to fill some small posy baskets, and lavender for sachets to fasten to the coat hangers.

If any of the womenfolk living in the Wirral or Merseyside area would volunteer to help at the Exhibition, even if only for one afternoon or early evening, it would be a godsend.

I am making my plans known quite early so that my friends will not spend all their money other than at my exhibition.

Now may I comment on your editorial last month. In common with many other St. Dunstaners I don't agree with your view that "old" news is unwanted; news is always wanted, whether it be old or new.

Yours sincerely,

23 Ben Nevis Road, MAUREEN LEES.  
Birkenhead.

### The Voice of Time

*I was here 'ere man was born,  
'Ere night and morn' made the dawn,  
Or Ajax bent beneath the strain  
Of bearing Hera's sprawling frame.  
For I'm the handmaid of creation,  
All things made with me must start  
Yet I'm the one that sows destruction  
Since mine's the sign that says depart.  
Silent as the wheels of fate  
I journey on without a break,  
Cashing the bills which Nature receipts  
Or calling them in as Nature decrees.  
Though always passing I still remain  
For naught has power to me detain,  
That would stop my pulse from beating  
And leave my role devoid of meaning.  
The laggard must this lesson learn,  
Once I pass there's no return,  
Though I stay I'm not the same,  
And his mistake is someone's gain.  
Did not Anthony learn too late  
How Cleopatra had sealed his fate  
By standing twixt us like a screen  
Till I passed by without being seen.  
Thus it's woe to all who me ignore  
And idly waste their written score  
Then turn to me and beg for more,  
Deaf am I to their encore.*

T. ROGERS

### Tales of Ind

#### The Lady Vanishes

This story does not, strictly speaking, belong to The Tales of Ind category, but as Mr. Gilbert Harding might say, "it is animal and vegetable with strong Indian connections."

It is the turn of the century and Paris is crowded with visitors for the great Exhibition. Among the arrivals is a Mrs. Smith and her daughter, who are on their way from Bombay to London. They arrive, during the late afternoon, at a leading hotel and engage a suite. Shortly after their arrival Mrs. Smith complained of feeling unwell and asked her daughter to go out and get some aspirins from a chemist. Miss Smith was some time before she was able to find a chemist and nearly an hour had passed when she returned to the hotel. She went up to the reception desk and asked for the key of her room. She was met with a blank stare from the young lady receptionist. "I am sorry, Madame, but Madame is mistaken. Madame is not booked at this hotel." Miss Smith was surprised. "This is the Splendide?" The young lady agreed. "Show me the hotel register." The register was innocent of Mrs. and Miss Smith's names. By this time Miss Smith was on the border of hysteria. Then the porter who had taken their luggage to their suite passed and Miss Smith called to him. "You remember taking our luggage to Suite 50?" she said. Again she was met by the same look of non-recognition. "Pardon, madame, but madame is mistaken. I have never seen her in my life before." Miss Smith demanded to see the manager. When he arrived she explained the position and said, "To prove that I am speaking the truth, take me to Suite 50 and over the mantelpiece there is a picture of Napoleon." Accompanied by the manager she entered Suite 50, but there was no picture of Napoleon over the mantelpiece. In fact, the whole suite was different. The hangings, furniture, carpets, etc., were not only different in design but also in colour. That was the last straw and Miss Smith was hurried off to hospital.

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What was the solution? "Elementary, my dear Watson."

After Miss Smith had gone to the chemist for the aspirins, Mrs. Smith became very

ill and when the doctor arrived she was dead. The doctor announced that the lady had died of bubonic plague. This was a terrible predicament for the authorities, for if it became known that there had been a case of bubonic plague in the city, Paris would have emptied overnight and great financial loss would have been suffered by thousands. The French, after their logical fashion, decided to wipe all traces of Mrs. Smith and her daughter right away.

Mrs. Smith's body was smuggled out of the hotel, the furniture, carpets, pictures, hangings, were all changed in the suite, the names of the couple removed from the hotel register and the staff sworn to secrecy. What happened to Miss Smith is not related, but the situation was saved.

★ ★ ★  
I should like to add a short personal note. I'm afraid it, too, is macabre, but let's wallow in it while we are about it.

I was a small boy living with my parents in Bombay when bubonic plague arrived in that city from China. I can well remember the scenes that took place. The processions of bodies being carried along the streets and the flames shooting high above the walls of the Hindu burning Ghat on Queen's Road. We lived at Colaba, which was a black spot because all the cotton for export was stored in huge warehouses at Colaba. There was a large labour force needed for the industry, and they lived in large rooms nearby called "godowns." The people at first were panic-stricken and tried to hide cases and deaths, as they feared being evicted from their homes and having their property burned. My father was an honorary magistrate on plague duty at Colaba. One day he was told that a death had occurred in a certain godown. Armed with this information he went to the place at the meal hour. Pushing open the large door, he found, when his eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, that some forty men were seated cross-legged on the floor, each with a dish of food before him. Everything looked in order, but my father was not satisfied. He decided to order the men to leave the room one by one. They did, except for one man who sat at the back of the room near the wall. My father approached him and told him to get up, at the same time touching him on the shoulder. The body fell over. The search was ended.

DUNCAN McALPIN

## Talking Book Library

### The Second Lot

"Leopard in my Lap," by Michaela Denis, reader Arthur Bush, is an account of snapping, snarling animals throughout Africa, in other words, photographing wild life. Dancing rituals of many obscure tribes, too, are covered—or more truthfully, uncovered. A fascinating book, although I found it slightly repulsive. *Cat. No. 979.*

"The Devil takes a Holiday," by Alfred Noyes, reader Adrian Waller, is most ironic, and amusing in a sinister fashion. High finance, pressure groups, and the moral fibre of scientists engaged in atomic research are held up and examined closely. The first two fall easy prey to the dollar-laden devil, but the scientist hero is dazed and puzzled, yet holds out against all blandishments. A priest, too, proves incorruptible, and the scene is set in California. *Cat. No. 978.*

"In search of Scotland," by H. V. Morton, reader Donald Bissett, is, to my mind, the most interesting of the "in search of" series. A tour around Scotland with a fine variety of historical anecdote touching upon all the more interesting places and people any mere Sassenach would care to hear about. Hail Caledonia! *Cat. No. 50* (This is a re-make).

"The story of San Michele," by Axel Munthe, reader Robin Holmes, is both the story of an island off Italy and a Swedish Cronin who has a way with animals. Epidemic, earthquake, and archaeological discovery in Paris and San Michele respectively, plus occasional trips to Sweden and perpetual money troubles, make quite a yarn. Do read it. *Cat. No. 51* (a re-make).

"Revolt in the Desert," by T. E. Lawrence, reader Alvar Lidell, is the story of Lawrence of Arabia's organisation of the scattered Arabs into a fighting force against the Turks, 1916-17, and the remarkable results he achieved with a minimum of official support. *Cat. No. 82* (a re-make).

"A Summer Night," a novel by Alan Moorehead, reader Peter Fettes, was also released. *Cat. No. 295.*

NELSON.

The Catalogue Number of Alan Moorehead's biography of Field Marshall Montgomery was wrongly given last month as *Cat. No. 085*. This should have been *Cat. No. 985*.

## Any News?

Strange as it may seem, I received two braille letters by the same post from people who had never written to me before and both apologised for any mistakes, saying they had not used their braille writer for ages as they had nobody to write to. I wondered myself if a week had passed over the last thirty years, except when on holiday and that not including Ovingdean, when I had not written at least one letter in braille, and as a rule it is more. Where do I write to? Well, to blind people I have never met in Australia, South, East and West Africa, Canada and the U.S.A., and I have gleaned a wealth of information about blind welfare abroad and how these blind people live and what they do, where they have and have not a Braille Library; what it means to the blind in some parts if there is a political upheaval and the British or Americans lose control, and so on. These letters often take a bit of working out! Once I received a letter and after some time I found it had come from a native in South Africa. He had written it on a frame starting from left to right and doing the letters as one reads them from the other—and reading side. It was all cock-eyed but by reading it upside down I managed it. Do not misunderstand me. The majority of the braille I get from remote parts of the world is fine braille, written on good paper and in jolly good English, too.

I have a box near my front door, 1ft. long, 3 inches wide and 1 ft. deep. Into this the postman drops my magazines and letters. Sometimes I take a loosely rolled letter out and the date shows it has been written five weeks before it arrived. It might have crossed the desert, prairie or jungle before resting in the hold of a ship for anything up to a month, but to me it is NEWS.

GEORGE FALLOWFIELD.

## For Sale

"PLAYTIME" TAPE RECORDER for sale. Price to any St. Dunstaner who may be interested, £20. Apply W. A. Bramson, 104 Wellingborough Road, Northampton.

## Who is the Oldest St. Dunstaner?

W. L. P. Smith, of Eastbourne, can beat S. W. Wain's eighty-nine years. Mr. Smith will be 90 on June 18th.

## Grandfathers

A. T. Hazel, of Merton Park (Brenda, in South Africa has had a daughter); R. Edwards, of Feltham (a son for Joyce); B. M. T. S. Leete, O.B.E., of Stanmore; T. Cox, of Egham (the second grandchild); and new grandchildren for J. R. King, of Clifton, York; S. Mosely, of Halesowen; F. Cunliffe, of Eccleston, Chorley; T. Wood, of Congleton; and A. Keegan, of Cork (the nineteenth).

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Mr. and Mrs. Matthewman have a grandson. It was wrongly reported in December that Doreen had had a daughter.

## Family News

The Rev. Howard Brown, son of A. A. H. Brown, of Reading, has been appointed to the living of Holy Trinity, Matlock Bath.

Jacqueline Scrimgour, Middlesbrough, who is studying to be a Mental Nurse, passed her preliminary examinations recently and has received a prize for the best result. She takes her finals next year.

## Marriages of Sons and Daughters

Jean Murphy, Glasgow, on November 29th, to Walter Douglas.

Dorothy Margaret Speight, daughter of Canon Speight, on February 15th, to Ian McKenzie Aird.

## Births

CAMERON.—On January 1st, to the wife of R. G. Cameron, of Wembley, a son—Ian.

DONALD.—On January 12th, to Betty, the wife of Roman Donald, of Hove, a second son—Michael Richard.

REVELL.—On February 14th, to the wife of G. Revell, of Croxley Green, a daughter—Leigh Angela.

WINDLEY.—On January 31st, to the wife of H. Windley, of Hull, a daughter—Linda.

## Marriage

PURCELL—BIRTLES.—On December 28th, J. B. Purcell, of Urmston, to Mrs. Jean Birtles.

## Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out this month to the following:

PALMER.—To J. H. Palmer, of Leicester, whose father has died at the age of 83.

RADFORD.—To A. J. Radford, of Castle Cary, whose sister died at Plymouth on January 14th.

REED.—To W. Reed, of Barry, whose father died in January.

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We have also heard with deep regret that Mrs. F. Coffey, of Hull, widow of P. Coffey, of Chadderton, Lancs., died in hospital on February 3rd.

## "In Memory"—continued

John W. Eastman, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve

We have heard with deep regret of the death of John W. Eastman, of Cremorne, New South Wales, Australia, which occurred suddenly on November 29th, last. He lost his sight after service with the R.N.V.R. in Hong Kong.

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

R. Locket, Australian Forces

It is with deep regret that we have heard of the death on December 11th last of R. Locket, of Sandringham, Victoria, Australia. He was 68 and had been a very sick man for several years. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1936.

Our deep sympathy is offered to Mrs. Locket.

William Henry Woodward, Australian Forces

The news of the passing on February 27th, 1957, of W. H. Woodward, of Moss Vale, New South Wales, Australia, has only just reached us. Mrs. Woodward, owing to her own illness, was unable to notify us earlier.

Our deep sympathy goes out to her.

Leading Aircraftman Walter Henry Neal, Royal New Zealand Air Force

We have heard with deep regret that W. H. Neal, of Paerora, New Zealand, died on December 9th last. He had served with the Air Force on home service during the Second World War and had received training at the New Zealand St. Dunstan's in typewriting, braille and occupational therapy.

He leaves a widow and family to whom our very sincere sympathy is sent.

The regiment of the late Gordon Nancarrow, of Newquay, was given wrongly last month as the 1st County Durham Light Infantry. It should have been the 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

## "In Memory"

### Private Arthur Benbow, 11th East Lancashire Regiment

With deep regret we record the death of A. Benbow, of Trawden, near Colne, Lancs.

Enlisting in June, 1915, he was discharged in February, 1919; he had received mustard gas injuries but it was only as recently as August, 1957, that he came to us and he was then a very sick man and therefore unable even to take a hobby.

He died in hospital on December 21st.

He leaves a widow to whom our deep sympathy is sent.

### Private Lawrence Hardy, King's Own Scottish Borderers

It is with deep regret that we record the death of L. Hardy, of Peacchaven. He was sixty-four.

He served with his regiment from October, 1915, and was wounded in Belgium in 1917. He came to St. Dunstan's the following year and trained as a basket-maker. He carried on his craft for some years then turned to wool rugs and he was working at these until a short time ago. His health, however, had been poor for some time. He was admitted to hospital on November 14th, and he died there on December 15th.

Our deep sympathy is offered to his widow and step-children.

### Private Ivan Henry Poole, 10th Hampshire Regiment

With deep regret we record the death of I. H. Poole, of Redditch, Worcestershire.

Enlisting in June, 1914, he was wounded in Salonica in September, 1918, and he came to St. Dunstan's upon his discharge from the Army in February, 1919. He trained as a basket-maker and for twenty years he followed his craft, apart from a break of a year when he did a war job on munitions. Ill-health forced him to give this up and he returned to basket-making and it was on this work that he was engaged right up to the time of his sudden death at his home on December 17th.

He was twice married and our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Poole and the three children of his first marriage, and to his step-daughter who also lived at home with them.

### Sergeant John Deegan, 2nd Lincolnshire Regiment

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. Deegan, of Brixton, S.W.9. He was fifty-nine.

He came to St. Dunstan's in June, 1918, and trained as a telephonist and he worked at his board up to the time of his death. In the 1920's and early 1930's he was one of our keenest sportsmen. Although he had suffered a little with chest trouble, he had not been ill otherwise and his death took place suddenly on January 15th.

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

### Private Gordon Nancarrow, 1st Durham County Light Infantry

With deep regret we record the death of G. Nancarrow, of Newquay, at the age of sixty-three.

He came to St. Dunstan's in December, 1917, where he trained as a mat-maker. Later he changed to rug-making and this craft he carried on until November, 1957, when he was admitted to hospital. He was discharged from the hospital but became ill again. His health gradually deteriorated and he died in hospital on January 11th.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family, and our deep sympathy goes out to them, and to his sisters.

## Births

**KEMP.**—On December 16th, to the widow of the late S. Kemp, of Troon, nr. Camborne, Cornwall, a son—Christopher Noel.

**WHYTE.**—On December 21st, to the wife of F. Whyte, of Gainsborough, a daughter.

## Marriages

**ALTON.**—On December 21st, John Alton, of Victoria, Australia.

**BETTANEY.**—On January 1st, A. E. Bettaney, of Stoke-on-Trent, to Miss L. Ogden.

## Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

**GOLDING.**—To H. Golding, of Thornton Heath, whose wife died on January 8th.

**GREEN.**—To E. A. Green, of Whittlesey, nr. Peterborough, whose mother has died at the age of 83.

**OVERILL.**—To A. J. Overill, of Bexleyheath, whose wife died on December 23rd, after a long illness.

**ROUGHLEY.**—To J. Roughley, of Weybridge, Surrey, who lost his wife on January 12th.

**SEYMOUR.**—To R. Seymour, of Warrington, whose wife died on December 7th. She had been ill for a long time.

**STUBBS.**—To J. Stubbs, of Liverpool, whose wife died on December 16th.

**WALKER.**—To H. Walker, of Peterborough, whose wife died at Amphill, Bedfordshire, on January 5th.