

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 468—VOLUME XLII

MARCH, 1959

PRICE 3d. MONTHLY.
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

REUNIONS

MR. D. G. HOPEWELL, M.A., LL.D., who is now a senior and well-known member of St. Dunstan's Council and a popular and frequent visitor to Reunions, is the author of the article which follows.

★ ★ ★

With the coming of the first, faint signs of Spring, we begin to think of the days when, up and down the country, St. Dunstaners will be making their way to a leading hotel in the big town of their district, to meet old friends, revive old memories, and enjoy the good fare and pleasant entertainment which their local Visitor is even now devising for them.

Reunions have become a very important part of our life, fulfilling many purposes as well as giving much enjoyment. A Reunion is a splendid chance to meet the Heads of Welfare from London, to put to them one's difficulties and to discuss with them one's personal problems; usually much more can be achieved by ten minutes of homely conversation in the friendly atmosphere of a Reunion than by pages of letter-writing or by a journey—often long and sometimes difficult—to Headquarters.

A Reunion, too, brings together those who, though they live in the same part of the country, may be so situated that they cannot, except on a special occasion, come together in friendly meeting—to compare notes, to get the news of families and friends, and so to talk over their affairs that light seems to be brought into dark places and difficulties to vanish or be made bearable.

Reunions are very much "local" affairs—each one greatly differing from the others and each one strongly marked by local conditions and ways of life. One cannot confuse Birmingham with Canterbury; the flat speech of the Midlands sounds very differently from the broad vowels and slow enunciation of the West; the singing of Cardiff is not at all like that of Tyneside; the enjoyment of the Lancashire Lads and the Yorkshire Tykes may seem more lively than the restrained pleasure of the Bristolians; Scotland and Belfast may seem rather alike, Dublin is completely "of its own," while Brighton and London are so big as to baffle description. Each district, too, has its own idea of entertainment; so, at one Reunion there will be a Concert Party; at another, dancing and games; but at all of them, almost endless conversation and happy reminiscence.

For the wives, a Reunion is a welcome change from the ordinariness of everyday life. It is pleasant to be waited upon for once, to be free of the stove, the sink and the ironing-board; and the children will seem all the more attractive after a day away from them. There is a satisfaction, too, in being able to discuss with other wives the eternal shortcomings of those most tiresome of children—men; and a great joy in wearing one's smartest clothes and seeing how other wives are following the dictates of fashion.

In all, however, the spirit is the same—cheerfulness; in all, there is the same feeling of security; in all, the same delight in hearing of the progress of the family of St. Dunstan's and the doings of its members, and a great pride in the family relationship.

The Reunion is over far too quickly, both for guests and hosts; and we go away regretful that we must wait another year before we can meet again—being fully convinced that "The more we are together, the happier we shall be!"

D. G. HOPEWELL.

The Brighton Reunion

Correction

The Brighton Reunion will now take place on Monday, October 19th, at the Grand Hotel, and not as previously announced. Lord Fraser will preside.

Sutton Club Notes

Our meeting on February 21st we are pleased to say, was well attended, and after tea a happy hour was spent by wives and escorts, as well as members, playing knock-out dominoes.

This month's meeting is on the 21st and the others, until June, are April 25th, May 23rd and June 20th.

So cheerio for now and a hearty welcome to any new members who would like to come along and join us.

TED DUDLEY,
Chairman.

The Windsor Reunion, May 9th.

George Eustace will be running a coach from Kingston for this Reunion and Ted Dudley will be running one from Croydon. Will those interested please contact Mr. Eustace at Derwent 6471 and Mr. Dudley at Croydon 0596.

44 Years Old

On March 26th, 1959, St. Dunstan's celebrates its 44th birthday. Lord Fraser writes:

"I congratulate St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners on the occasion of our 44th birthday. The fame and good name of St. Dunstan's is a fitting memorial to our Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., and to all those St. Dunstaners and others who worked for us and have died. Our reputation throughout the world has been maintained at a very high level by St. Dunstaners themselves and the members of their families, by successive members of the Executive Council, by our officials and staff and by our host of voluntary workers and friends amongst the general public.

"I offer my very warm thanks to all of the above and good wishes for many successful years to come."

To Piano Owners

Our piano agents, Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons Ltd., have drawn our attention to what are termed "Door-knocker Tuners," who are calling on piano owners offering their services at a low price to tune pianos. Their method is to oil the keys with the result that the piano is completely ruined.

You are therefore recommended to make quite sure when having your piano tuned that only properly qualified experts are employed to do the work.

C. D. WILLIS.
Welfare Superintendent

In Memoriam

Miss Dorothy Pain

*O lady with such grace and love
Whose virtues came from God above
And sought to help and cheer us all
And answered each and every call.
Dear lady, with such grace and charm
You sheltered us from worldly harm
And led us from the dark to light,
You took the place of precious sight.
We knew you in our days of woe,
You helped us when our strength was low
And guided us on darkness's plain
And cured us in this hour of pain.
Your love was that of any mother,
You made us all and each a brother,
No matter whom or what our creed
You helped us in our hour of need.
Now that you have passed away
Your memory with us will ever stay,
Your gentleness did plant a seed
For others to cherish those in need.
Young and old held you most dear,
You took us all from a land of fear
You gave to us a will to thrive,
Our spirits dead you brought alive,
Angelic lady whose life divine
In memory lives, his and mine,
And with us 'til our dying day
Forever your loveliness will stay.*

W. W. HOLMES.

London Club Notes

Bridge.—The Harrogate Week will be held this year from September 12th—19th. 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.

The St. Dunstan's Bridge Congress will take place at Ovingdean during the weekend of Saturday, November 14th. Will all bridge players who are interested and wish to enter for the Sir Arthur Pearson Cup competitions—namely, for Pairs and Teams of Four—send in their names to Mr. Bob Willis, at the London Club, at the same time giving the name of the partner they have arranged to play with. This will enable the Committee to make the Draw and ensure the smooth running of the competitions at Brighton. If I should have any single names sent in, I am afraid I cannot guarantee a partner, but I will do my best.

G. P. B.

1959 Derby Sweepstake

The Derby will be run on Wednesday, June 3rd, and we invite applications from St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees for tickets in our own Sweepstake. *No other person may enter.*

Please read the following rules carefully.

Tickets are 2s. 6d. each and application for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, May 20th.**

Every application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, and must be sent to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1.

Postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. (St. Dunstaners are advised to send postal orders or cheques and *not* loose money unless it is registered.)

Tickets will be issued consecutively.

The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and postage, will be distributed as follows:—

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

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

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

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

No prize won in the Sweepstake will be paid to any person other than the person to whom the winning ticket was sold.

The Draw will take place at the London Club on the evening of Thursday, May 28th.

National Library for the Blind

E. W. Austin

Memorial Reading Competition

The thirtieth E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition will be held on Saturday, May 30th.

Unseen passages will be read, and prizes awarded for fluency, ease of diction and general expression (should entries in any Class be very limited, prizes will be awarded only if merited).

Previous winners of the Open or Medal competitions are invited to enter for the new Sturme-Wyman Challenge and Medal competition. *But not for other Classes.*

The Classes of interest to St. Dunstaners are Classes A, B, C and E.

Class A.—Advanced readers in competition for the Blanesburgh Cup.

Class B.—Other readers in competition for the Stuart Memorial Cup.

Class C.—Readers who have lost their sight since 1939 and who have learned to read braille since the age of 16 (and who do not feel competent to enter the more advanced Classes) in competition for the Lady Buckmaster Cup.

Class E.—Open to blind readers of braille who are also deaf.

There will also be an Open Competition open to all readers eligible to enter Classes A and B and to all previous winners of Classes A, B and C for a reading from the prose works of Hilaire Belloc.

Intending competitors should send their names to the Secretary, National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1, not later than Friday, May 22nd, 1959, stating in which Class they wish to enter.

★ ★ ★

Her many St. Dunstaner friends will be interested to learn that Miss Hester Pease has been appointed to the Board (North) of the Ministry of Pensions and also works on the Earl Haig Settlement; she finds this work most enjoyable and satisfying.

Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I was interested to read Mr. Wills' note on Moon type.

Some of our fellows think it rather degrading to read "Moon" instead of braille, but I can assure them that it is not so. "Moon" was invented for those who had a poor touch, which *is* a handicap but *not* a crime!

Although I read braille myself, fairly quickly, I have also read some good books in "Moon," and I would advise any man to take the opportunity of a course at Ovingdean and so give himself the pleasure of reading once again.

Yours sincerely,

Saltdean.

J. WALCH.

Calling All Chums

Time marches on! On the 26th of this month we shall be celebrating the 44th anniversary of the foundation of St. Dunstan's. Those of us who had the honour and privilege of residing at "The House," the College, the Bungalow, 3 and 4 Cornwall Terrace, Townsend House and Sussex Place, have a store of memories which will remain with us to the end.

It was just five years ago, when looking for congenial occupation to keep me busy in retirement, that I conceived the idea of rounding up St. Dunstan's Old Contemptibles for the purpose of stimulating the memories of those days from August 4th, 1914, to November 11th, 1918.

To my surprise I received fifty-six applications from St. Dunstan's of all ranks to join St. Dunstan's Old Contemptibles.

During the years 1955-56-57, a representative party of us visited France and Belgium to pay our tribute to those comrades we had left behind during the First World War, thus building another store of memories for us to conjure with in the twilight of our lives.

This is just to remind my comrades who are Old Contemptibles that I shall adhere to all my promises in connection with the presentation of the trophies and prizes. In our magazine for January, 1955, I told you that the winner of the Cup for the Longest Liver would also receive one hundred National Savings Certificates, with accrued interest as from January 1st, 1955. You

will recall that I introduced another competition, which I called "The Stayers' Handicap," to be decided on March 25th, 1965, with three prizes, the First Prize of one hundred National Savings Certificates going to the oldest competitor, the Second Prize of fifty National Savings Certificates going to the next oldest, and the Third Prize of fifty National Savings Certificates, to the third oldest; all Certificates will bear accrued interest over the period of ten years. I would like to congratulate you on completing four laps of the "Stayers' Handicap," and on the way you are staying the course, and I hope you will keep it this way for the next six rounds. To make this all the more interesting, boys, I have decided to present the Cup and Cabinet at the same time as the "Stayers' Handicap" prizes. Thus, someone will complete a double on March 26th, 1965.

Good health and good luck to you all!

ALAN NICHOLS,

Chum Chair.

Is It Lazy To Neglect Braille?

In our early childhood, at the age of five, we entered school and the first thing we were taught was to read and write. Later when fully acquainted with print, it was no effort to pick up the daily paper or a book and read. It was no effort to write a letter or to write out a seed list for the garden. When we became members of the blind world we entered St. Dunstan's and here again, if at all possible, the first thing we were taught was to read and write, but in braille. I often wonder what my blind and handless friends would not give to be able to read braille, and I often think, too, of my blind and deaf friends; if they were unable to read braille, life to them would become intolerable.

Reading John Mudge's letter to the REVIEW last month, I was surprised to learn that although he was a telephonist, he did very little braille. Now he is living in retirement he found it necessary to go for a refresher in braille reading and writing and urged others to do the same instead of sitting around and growing old.

I am also a telephonist and from time to time I have had the pleasure of meeting my fellow telephonists. In the course of our conversation the same old question comes up—"Do you do much braille in your work?" I reply, "I use it all day

and every day." My friends pass it off as a laughing joke because they have been lucky to get by without using much braille, which gave me the impression that I am a Mr. Muggins, but am I?

For three years in my own town the G.P.O. Telephone Department dug up nearly every road and pavement in the process of laying new and bigger telephone cables, and during this period a very large modern automatic telephone exchange was built. Then the great day came. It was Wednesday, October 8th, 1958, when at 1.30 p.m. the G.P.O. asked us not to dial any numbers until 1.35 p.m. to enable the engineers to switch over to the new automatic system. This now enables me to dial a distance of about 35 miles direct to two hundred and twenty-three telephone exchanges and the numbers required. But that was not all. Owing to the huge programme, the G.P.O. had to carry out, and to the vastness of the new change-over, I did not get the official typewritten list from the G.P.O. until just two days before the switch over. To make matters worse, my relief telephonist was away sick so I was working single-handed, which made it impossible to attend to the list during office hours. The only solution left open to me was to take the list home. This I did and as my wife read the name of each telephone exchange and its code number, so I wrote it down in braille, thus reading each name and code number back to her for double checking. So I brailled out two hundred and twenty-three names of telephone exchanges and their code numbers, but this was not the end. Hundreds of local numbers in my town were also changed. What a hopeless mess I should have been in if I had neglected my braille. So am I a Mr. Muggins after all?

The first morning I entered the telephone school at Church Stretton, Miss Goodship impressed upon me that to be an efficient telephonist you must be always on the top line with your braille at all times.

I, myself, would feel downright ashamed if I had to go to Ovingdean for a refresher in braille, and would therefore consider it to be a grave insult to the braille teachers who were so patient and understanding, and were so helpful to me in the Braille Room during my training days.

Watford.

PETER PIPER.

Tales of Ind

The Tale of a Horse

There stands, in its own compound, on Lower Circular Road, Calcutta, a large house, probably built as the town house of a wealthy Nabob or business tycoon in the early years of the last century. If its walls could speak, they would tell of gay gatherings to which the youth and beauty of Calcutta flocked, arriving in carriages, palanquins and even on elephants. There was a gay abandonment about these gatherings as though the guests agreed to "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Indeed, they were right, for cholera struck suddenly and the expectation of life for Europeans in those days was under twenty years.

To-day the old house serves a more serious purpose and in its shelter live old and poor European men. The house is now known as St. Joseph's Home and is cared for by the Little Sisters of the Poor.

At the time of our story, the Sisters were in great trouble, for the horse which they used to draw their box-shaped conveyance to collect, from the hotels and restaurants on Chow-ringee, the surplus food needed to feed their charges daily had died. The position was most serious, for the Home literally lived from hand to mouth. The Sisters decided to pray to St. Joseph for his help.

While the Sisters were praying in their chapel, a very fine horse trotted into their compound. The Sisters were overjoyed and hurried out to the compound. While they were harnessing the horse to the carriage, a much worried and agitated gentleman arrived followed by a syce or Indian groom. When he had recovered his breath he said, "Pardon me, ladies, but has a horse strayed in here?" "Yes," said the Sisters in chorus, "St. Joseph sent him to us." "That for a tale," thought the gentleman, and then aloud, "That horse is a valuable racehorse, and he has strayed from my stables." Sadly the Sisters saw the horse being led away and they returned to the chapel to pray.

The following morning, the same syce arrived at the Home leading a horse. He handed a letter to the Sister Superior. It was from the gentleman and said he had sent the Sisters another horse as a gift,

and he was sure they would find it more suitable for their purpose than a racehorse. The Sister Superior whispered as she read the letter, "Thank you St. Joseph, and that includes all the men too."

I read this story in the English newspaper, *The Statesman* when I was living in Calcutta in 1930. The article added that the horse given by the gentleman had just died and the Sisters were praying to St. Joseph for another horse. The newspaper was opening its columns for a fund to buy one. Within a few days, the Home had been provided with another horse.

In a country like India where there is no Welfare State, or any form of state aid for the aged poor, and private organisations are only able to touch the fringe of the problem, things can be very grim for the aged poor Europeans and Anglo-Indians, most of whom have for generations, given loyal and devoted service in the Army, Police, etc., and their children are unable to help as they are, in many cases, unemployed.

I understand that Group Captain Cheshire, v.c., the founder of the Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick, has recently been to India and has opened several homes for the aged poor.

So may I point a moral—that in spite of atom bombs, human nature, wherever you find it, is basically kind and good—at least that has been my experience.

DUNCAN McALPIN.

Grandfathers

G. Eustace, of Tolworth, Surrey; H. A. Hammett, of Carterton, Oxford; E. H. North, of Taunton; F. P. Peacock, of Stokesley, Worcs.; W. T. Fitzgerald, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. Anderson, of Letham, Angus—he has just been presented with his first grand-daughter, after six grandsons; and F. Crabtree of Leeds, who has had two grand-children within the last two months, one born in Leeds and the other in Malaya.

Family News

Sheila Head, New Haw has passed the Trinity College of Music examination. Theory of Music, Grade II, with Honours.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters

John Wallis, Whitchurch Hill, on February 28th, to Miss Betty Doreen Page. The Bishop of Reading officiated.

Talking Book Library

Murder, Mirth and Miscellany

The murder I leave as "also released," but here are eight books of all sorts.

"The Rosemary Tree," by Elizabeth Goudge, reader Duncan Carse, is a beautifully written novel concerning mainly a country vicar, his family and a black-sheep playwright-novelist getting back into the fold. Soothing, restful reading. *Cat. No. 343.*

"Golden Admiral," by F. Van Wyck Mason, reader Norman Shelley, tells something of Francis Drake, but the hero is a lad from St. Neots, so that romance and adventure keep history down to a minimum. *Cat. No. 348.*

"Leave it to Psmith," by P. G. Wodehouse, reader Peter Fettes, is a most hilarious story instigated by an advertisement and comically filled out at a house party. Read this, unless you happen to be reducing. *Cat. No. 365.*

"Edward VII and His Circle," by Virginia Cowles, reader John Webster, is full of interesting sidelights on the life and qualities of a man much under-rated in his early days. *Cat. No. 398.*

"Memoirs of a Birdman," by Ludwig Koch, reader John Webster, tells of more than half a century devoted to the study and recording of birds in their natural state. Mr. Koch's life has consequently been one of patient adventure, compounded of long, dull patches punctuated by moments of sheer ecstasy. *Cat. No. 489.*

"Seal Morning," by Rowena Farre, reader Duncan Carse, has its setting by a remote loch in Scotland. A girl in a cottage keeps a variety of unlikely animals, who behave better and more entertainingly than most humans. *Cat. No. 573.*

"Elinor Glyn," by Anthony Glyn, reader Arthur Bush, is the biography of a novelist by her grandson. It is an up and down story holding both one's sympathy and one's interest. *Cat. No. 342.*

"Fabian of the Yard," by Robert Fabian, reader Ian Stamp, brings to life many interesting crimes of the last twenty-five years. "Horridly" fascinating. *Cat. No. 400.*

Also released: "Murder at End House," by M. Halliday, reader R. Gladwell.—*Cat. No. 336.* "Suicide Excepted," by Cyril Hare, reader Alvar Lidell.—*Cat. No. 536.* "With a Bare Bodkin," by Cyril Hare, reader Robert Gladwell.—*Cat. No. 574.* "Come Back, Miranda," by Anne Duffield, reader Eric Gillett.—*Cat. No. 447.*

NELSON.

Miss Anthony

St. Dunstaners and staff who were at Church Stretton will be very sorry to hear of the death of Miss Anthony, following an operation after a short illness.

Miss Anthony was one of the first residents of Church Stretton to come and help at St. Dunstan's in 1940. She gave unstinting service in many directions, including valuable superintendence of the catering at Longmyhd Hut and Deanhurst.

On our return to Ovingdean, Miss Anthony came with us, to help for as long as she was needed.

She was, we learn, a prominent and valued member of the Shropshire Federation of Women's Institutes, the chairman of which, writing in the local press, says: "All who knew her and worked with her in so many ways will feel themselves immeasurably the poorer for her passing. She did not aspire to great heights but by her quiet example she achieved distinction in her own right. She leaves behind a memory of abiding worth."

Our deepest sympathy goes out to her relatives and friends.

J. WALCH.

Miss R. Rogers

It is with regret that we report the death after a trying illness, of Miss Rene Rogers. Miss Rogers was engaged to our handless St. Dunstaner, Billy Anderson, at the time of his death, and was a good friend to many St. Dunstaners visiting Ovingdean, particularly our deaf and handless men.

Mrs. K. Strain

St. Dunstaners in Ireland will hear with regret of the death of Mrs. K. Strain, at

her daughter's house in Rickmansworth.

Barney Martin, of Bray, County Wicklow, writes: "Mrs. Strain was a very dear friend of many St. Dunstan's men for more than thirty years. She visited us periodically in our homes and when our children grew up she found employment for them at a time when it was almost impossible to get work in the City of Dublin. It was Mrs. Strain's wish that her eyes should be bequeathed at her death for the benefit of a blind or near-blind person and this was done."

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Gatrell, of Rottingdean, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on February 20th.

Silver Wedding

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. E. Ettridge, of Addiscombe, Surrey, whose Silver Wedding was on March 7th.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:

BOORMAN.—To H. G. S. Boorman, of Peterborough, whose wife died on February 22nd after a long illness.

STONE.—To R. Stone, of Herne Bay, Kent, but at present a resident at Pearson House. Mrs. Stone had been admitted to hospital seriously ill, but had returned home where she died on March 9th. Our St. Dunstaner is himself a sick man.

SUMMERS.—To F. Summers, of Hamilton, Lanarkshire, whose brother has recently died.

"In Memory"—continued

Private Harry Jacklin, *Labour Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of H. Jacklin, of Patcham, Brighton, at the age of 66. Enlisting in January, 1915, he came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1922. He first had a few poultry but later took up joinery and this he did right through the 1950's. His health had begun to fail, however, and in 1950 he was able to walk only a little. He passed away on March 9th.

Our deep sympathy is offered to Mrs. Jacklin, who is herself ill.

Fire-Watcher Arthur Charles Walker, *Civil Defence*

With deep regret we record the death in hospital on March 9th of A. C. Walker, of Hayes, Middlesex. He was 61.

He had been a regular soldier from 1912 until 1924 and during his war service had been wounded twice, taken prisoner, and released from the prisoner of war camp in 1919.

When the Second World War broke out he enlisted as a fire-watcher and he was injured in February, 1944; he came to St. Dunstan's at the end of that year and trained for work in industry, which he carried on until quite recently when his health failed.

He had no relatives and St. Dunstan's was represented at the funeral by Mr. Abrahams. Our sympathy goes to his good friends Mr. and Mrs. Harris, with whom he lodged.

“ In Memory ”

Pioneer John Bentley, *Royal Engineers, transferred Pioneer Corps*

With deep regret we record the death of J. Bentley, of North Finchley, at the age of 81. He had served with the Royal Engineers from 1915 until January, 1916. In 1919, he re-enlisted in the Pioneer Corps from which he received his final discharge in February, 1920. He came to St. Dunstan's five years later. He trained as a mat and basket maker, and continued his crafts for a good number of years but ill-health eventually forced him to give up early in the Second War. He had been seriously ill and had been in hospital but his death occurred at Pearson House on February 19th.

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

Private William Henry Byrd, *7th Devonshire Regiment, transferred to Labour Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. H. Byrd, of Bridgwater, Somerset. He would have been 66 in a few weeks.

Enlisting in February, 1917, he served until March, 1919, and immediately came to St. Dunstan's where he trained as a basket maker. He worked at his craft until 1925 when his health broke down and he was removed to hospital where he remained until his death on February 24th.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Byrd and her son, who himself is in hospital.

Private Ernest Fearn, *3rd North Staffordshire Regiment, at Pearson House*

We record with deep regret the death, at Pearson House, of Ernest Fearn following a long illness. He was 68.

He served from March, 1916, to April, 1918, coming at once to St. Dunstan's, and he trained as a mat-maker, carrying on his occupation for several years.

Our deep sympathy goes to Mrs. Fearn and her family.

Constable William Henry Franklin, *Police Force*

We record with deep regret the death, on February 27th, of W. H. Franklin, a resident at Pearson House, but formerly at Stoke Mandeville. He was 62.

He left the Police Force in April, 1941, but it was not until August, 1956, that he came to St. Dunstan's. He was then seriously ill, making training impossible, and almost immediately he entered Pearson House as a permanent resident after having spent a short time at Ovingdean.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his family.

Corporal William Silvanus Fray, *Lancashire Fusiliers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. S. Fray, of Salisbury, Wiltshire, at the age of 58.

He served in the First World War and was discharged in 1920, but did not come to us until as recently as April of last year. He was already in business and he did not, therefore, take any training with us. His death occurred suddenly on February 16th.

We send our deep sympathy to Mrs. Fray and her family.

Private Harry Gunson, *King's Own Scottish Borderers*

With deep regret we record the death of H. Gunson, of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, he was 62.

He served from his enlistment in February, 1915, until July, 1919 and entered St. Dunstan's the following year. He trained in boot-repairing and first had a shop in Batley. He also did wool rugs and netting. In 1927 he acquired a confectionery and tobacco business, also in Batley, carrying on a steady trade there until 1946, when he retired and moved to Dewsbury. Unfortunately, his health was not good. He was admitted urgently to hospital on February 26th, and he died there a week later.

Our deep sympathy goes to Mrs. Gunson and her family.

Lance Corporal Albert Edward Hicks, *Queen's Westminster Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death of A. E. Hicks, of Palmers Green, London, at the age of 65.

Coming to St. Dunstan's in February, 1916—he had enlisted only a month after the outbreak of war—he trained first on boot-repairing and mat-making but in 1930 he took telephony training and he continued as a telephonist until his retirement in September of last year. He was seriously ill in hospital this year but his death was unexpected.

Our deepest sympathy is offered to Mrs. Hicks and her family.

Private John Roper, *South Staffordshire Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death, on February 28th, of J. Roper, of Tipton, Staffs. He was 69.

He served with the regiment from 1915 until 1919, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until January, 1948. He trained in joinery and made articles at home which he sent to our stores.

He had been in poor health for some time, largely attributable to poison gas received during the First World War, and he died three days after his admission to hospital.

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