

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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(FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN)

Lady (Arthur) Pearson, D.B.E.

ST. DUNSTANERS throughout the world will learn with the deepest regret of the death of Lady (Arthur) Pearson, D.B.E., widow of the Founder of St. Dunstan's, Sir Arthur Pearson, BT. Lady Pearson died in London on April 10th after a long illness.

Sir Arthur Pearson was a man of many philanthropic interests and Lady Pearson shared to the utmost her husband's devotion to the two causes especially near to his heart, namely, the Fresh Air Fund which he had founded in 1892 and which gave holidays to the poor children of the large cities, and St. Dunstan's. During his lifetime she herself was honoured for her services in connection with our organisation when, in 1920, she was created a Dame of the British Empire. It was an award which was warmly applauded. One national newspaper recalled "the tireless zeal and enthusiasm exerted in her husband's incalculable work for the blind at St. Dunstan's"; another wrote, "Lady Pearson's name is as inextricably bound up with St. Dunstan's as that of her famous husband."

Lady Pearson was the moving spirit behind the very successful Blind Musicians' Concert Party which she formed during the First World War, and which was responsible for raising £100,000 in four years for St. Dunstan's and the Royal National Institute for the Blind. Lady Pearson had brought together this band of blind musicians who toured the country giving concerts, thus, as she herself put it, "helping other blind people and at the same time earning a living that was pleasant to them, making practical use of their gifts."

When Sir Arthur Pearson died in 1921, Lady Pearson became President of St. Dunstan's, with Captain Ian Fraser (as Lord Fraser then was) as Chairman.

In 1927 Lady Pearson undertook a world cruise to fulfil a wish that was born in her soon after the death of her husband "that I might get in touch in the Dominions with the many of our soldiers blinded in the Great War whom he had trained. It was my husband's great desire to visit the homelands of his men overseas, but the difficulties were great and his time was so occupied with work at Headquarters that he could not find an opportunity to take a long trip before he died." There were few St. Dunstaners in the Dominions whom Lady Pearson did not meet on that journey, and many to whom she fulfilled her promise to become god-mother to an expected son or daughter.

The Second World War came and Lady Pearson followed with the same keen interest the training and welfare of the young blinded servicemen and women of a new generation. Whenever possible she attended our gatherings and she was a frequent visitor to our Brighton Homes.

In 1947, Lady Pearson relinquished the office of President, an office which she had held for so long with such dignity and sympathy, and was succeeded by her son, Sir Neville

Pearson, B.T., a member of our Council since its inception and Honorary Treasurer from 1932 until the outbreak of war.

Now our friend has left us and a link with the past is broken, but we shall remember with gratitude and affection the many years of happy association with her, and will pledge ourselves anew to the successful furtherance of the work which she and her husband, our Founder, held so dear.

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The funeral took place privately at Hampstead Cemetery where Lady Pearson was laid to rest beside her husband. The St. Dunstan's flag was flown at half-mast at Headquarters and at Brighton and a wreath, depicting the Badge of St. Dunstan's, was placed on the grave.

Lord Fraser writes—

"Lady Fraser and I deeply regret the passing of Lady (Arthur) Pearson. This is a link with the past that time has broken.

I first met Lady Pearson when I came to St. Dunstan's just after I had passed my 19th birthday, and she welcomed me and showed me many kindnesses. When her distinguished husband, Sir Arthur Pearson, died, and I became Chairman, Lady Pearson became President, an office which she held for twenty-six years.

Throughout her lifetime, Lady Pearson took a keen and warm-hearted interest in the welfare of St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners, and we all mourn the loss of a good friend."

Income Tax—Post War Credits

When the necessary Bill has been passed through Parliament, it should be possible for all those St. Dunstaners who still have any of the above Post War Credits to cash the credits on the grounds that they come within one or more of the cases to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer referred in his Budget Speech.

It is hoped that the Forms of Application will be available in the Post Office for distribution early next month and that the bulk of repayments can be made by the end of August. The forms will indicate just what evidence will have to be supplied by the applicant, but if any St. Dunstaner has difficulty in completing the form he should get in touch with Mr. E. V. Stevens at Headquarters, who will do what he can to assist.

Appointment

H. W. Greatrex, M.M., of Peacehaven, has been appointed the representative to the County of Sussex Executive Committee of the Parish Councils' Association on the National Council of England and Wales. Mr. Greatrex is taking the place of Admiral Oldham, O.B.E.

Special Dates

It will be of interest to St. Dunstaners living in and around Brighton, and to those who may be planning a summer holiday at Ovingdean, that the Summer Outing for St. Dunstaners organised by the Brighton, Hove and District Bus Company and the Southdown Motor Services, will take place this year on *Wednesday, July 22nd*.

The organisers are anxious that as many St. Dunstaners as possible should know of this.

We have also been informed that the Grocers' Association is this year holding its Summer Outing for St. Dunstaners on *Wednesday, July 1st*.

Both organisations will be sending their invitations as they have done in previous years, but they feel that St. Dunstaners would like to have this advance information.

The Derby Sweepstake

As announced last month, applications can now be received for tickets in our Derby Sweepstake. Once again you are reminded that only St. Dunstaners may hold tickets and prize money will not be paid to any other person.

The closing date is Wednesday, May 20th. Tickets are 2s. 6d. each and are obtainable only from the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1. The draw will take place at the London Club on Thursday evening, May 28th.

All those drawing a horse will be notified by post.

The Lee-on-Solent Camp

As already announced, the Lee-on-Solent Camp will be held from Friday, August 21st to Saturday, August 29th. Camp fee, £2. If you have not already sent in your name please do so *immediately*, and in any case not later than April 30th. Entries can now be sent to me.

AVIS SPURWAY.

London Club Notes

Bridge.—As announced last month, the Harrogate Week will be held this year from September 12th—19th. Will all those members who would like to join the party send in their names to Mr. Willis if they have not already done so.

A reminder, too, of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Congress, which will take place at Ovingdean during the week-end of Saturday, November 14th. Entries for the Pairs and Teams of Four events for the Sir Arthur Pearson Cup should be sent to Mr. Willis at the London Club.

St. Dunstan's Bridge Club

A 21st birthday party with a difference was held at Ovingdean in the week-end of April 4th and 5th, when St. Dunstan's Bridge Club celebrated its coming-of-age. On the Saturday evening a Dinner was held at the White Horse Hotel, Rottingdean, when sixty guests sat down, including members and their escorts and a number of special guests, among them Matron, Commandant, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Willis, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Westmore, Mr. A. E. Field, and Mr. C. Stokes. We regretted the absence of Miss Moseley and Mr. Lloyds, who were unable to attend owing to previous engagements.

Commandant, who took the chair, first read two telegrams of congratulations and good wishes from Lord Fraser and Mr. Lloyds. At seven o'clock grace was said and the staff of the White Horse served up a wonderful grand slam that for once in twenty-one years kept the Bridge players and their partners very quiet for at least forty minutes.

After the meal Commandant proposed the toast, "Her Majesty the Queen," and then "The Bridge Club."

Commandant, as first speaker of the evening, congratulated the Club on its progress and said many pleasant things about its members. He admitted he knew nothing about bridge (cries of "shame") but being a keen gardener, knew what a good hand was when it held carrots backed up by other vegetables.

The next speaker was Mr. Harry Gover, the Club's founder. He outlined the progress of the Club from its birth in 1938 to the present day, with a special word for Mr. Alf Field, who had shared the fortunes of the Club and, in fact, was

responsible for making us so well known in Harrogate. A very fine speech!

Next to follow was the captain of the Club, G. P. Brown, who first paid tribute to the captains before him. He added that he was sure that their beloved chief, Sir Arthur Pearson, would have been proud of the Club that day. (Applause.)

Mr. Field, who replied for the guests, said that often in the past he had had to persuade reluctant St. Dunstaners to make a speech; now triumphantly they had said, "Now it's your turn!" He would only say what a great pleasure it was to be associated with St. Dunstan's bridge players—they were such good sportsmen.

Matron ended the speeches by wishing the Club continued success in the future.

At the close of the evening the unanimous decision was, "a really wonderful party."

On Sunday afternoon the special Drive was held at Ovingdean in which a number of well-known bridge players from the surrounding districts partnered our members. At tea-time there was a wonderful birthday cake prepared by Mrs. Comer and decorated with playing cards of icing sugar.

At the conclusion of the afternoon, Matron presented the prizes to the various winners and thanked all those who had played a part in making the week-end such a huge success.

G.P.B.

Another Radio "Ham"

In July, 1957, we mentioned the Radio Amateur Invalid and Bedfast Club, of which our St. Dunstaner, Bill Harris, of Ipswich, is the hon. secretary. St. Dunstaners whose hobby was amateur radio, were invited to get in touch with Bill, through the Editor. One who did so was James Padley, of Worthing. Now we are delighted to learn from the Club's official journal, *Radial*, that Jim has obtained his TX licence and now has the call sign, G3NHJ. This is how Jim sent the news:

"Dear Bill, we have done it! Yes, last week I passed the Morse Test. So could you add G3NHJ to your list of honour. Fred Robbins escorted me to London. With his and other members of the Worthing Radio Club's help, I have at last got through . . . I shall soon be on the air. What a lovely feeling it is too!"

And with Bill Harris we say, "Nice work, Jim."

DEAR EDITOR,

One thing that Mr. Piper overlooks is that while telephonists, office workers and physio's actually use Braille, the majority of home and manual workers whose hands are roughened by their work tend to find Braille reading too tedious to be interesting until they retire, and have then lost much of their earlier enthusiasm and regard the dot-chasing as a bore and the dot-chaser, as Peter Piper remarks, as a joke.

I am now concentrated on mat-making, which is normally hard on the hands, and I formerly worked a very large garden that plays "Old Harry" with the hands unless you wear gloves. I am, however, a very fast Braille reader. While one could pass the time in more convivial company, I find that a couple of hours with my books in the evening allows one to relax while keeping oneself as well-informed on all matters of interest as my friends, with their printed papers and magazines. One is never too old to learn and never too old to try and recapture the first enthusiasm for the independence which Braille gives. If I had lost my own ability I should not feel ashamed to ask for a refresher course, nor should I feel that I had let down my original Braille teachers. The secret for normal Braille reading is in getting the literature in which you are genuinely interested so that the reading is a real pleasure and stimulating to the mind while relaxing to the body. Then one must take care of the fingers, wearing gloves or finger stall, and keep the hands well greased with a good cream or glymiel jelly.

When the "jokers" who regard dot-chasers as something approaching sub-normal see you reading as fluently as they once read print, they will understand that the brailist has conquered almost the worst part of being blind; no matter how clever a man or woman may be in getting about, if he cannot read or write he is back on a par with the illiterates. How often have I heard it said, "I wish I had stuck to the Braille now," so now is the time to get stuck into it.

Yours sincerely,
A. J. RADFORD.

Dear Editor,

May I take up a little space to acknowledge Peter Piper's rambling comments upon "neglected" Braille.

I am not ashamed to admit I did neglect my Braille, I would be ashamed to admit I

had *discarded* the little dots.

I used Braille during my period as a telephonist. I, too, had a directory made by my own hands in my own time, with my wife helping me. I neglected it after a time as I had a retentive mind and had little need for it after a while! Notice I said little need, I had to look up a number on occasion. I never used my Braille shorthand, as many others also, but I kept a full list of all traffic on my board, in and out, and also sent and accepted cables and telegrams straight on to a typewriter.

But I did not do a lot of reading of Braille. I had many outside interests, so when the opportunity came to improve my reading and once more perfect my writing, I took it. I still read with my one finger, the others are useless despite trying, and I am glad to say, have passed my Advanced Reading Test.

As I am confessing so much I must confess more—I returned my Talking Book. I felt that Braille reading had more to give and also Talking Books are needed by some folks whose blindness came late in life and who never had the chance to learn Braille. I neglected my Braille, but I am not ashamed. I am as an Evangelist, trying to help others to see the light. Why not have a refresher. Happy Dot Chasing!

Yours till the fingers ache,
JOHN A. MUDGE.

Dear Editor,

I have been interested in the letters and articles in the last few issues of the REVIEW on Braille and Moon. It is a pleasure to know that some of us who have reached retirement age have taken to the reading of Moon. But what of those of us of the Second World War who have not yet reached that age? When we first came to St. Dunstan's we were told we should have to find a new way of making a living and given instructions as to how to do this. Also we were encouraged to read Braille. It seems there are many of us who have neglected this with the result that we find it difficult to take it up again now. Most of us have married and have the responsibilities of homes and children and perhaps some of us cannot spare the time to go and take a refresher course at St. Dunstan's again.

I would like to make some suggestions as to how you could do this by a little home study, which would bring back to you what your Braille teachers taught you.

The R.N.I.B. publish many books which would help, but the one I have in mind is "How to Learn to Read," Cat. No. 2171. You will also need the small book of Contractions and Abbreviations. I understand St. Dunstan's can let you have these books on application.

You may find it a little difficult at first, but if you treat it as a sighted person treats a crossword puzzle, it will be surprising how well you will get on to reading Braille easily. Please don't start by trying to read the Braille *Radio Times*, or any of the interpoint publications, but instead try *Nuggets*, or get a novel from the National Library, say one by Agatha Christie, so that when you have read the first chapter, you will be wishful to finish it, and in doing so keep learning. Don't think you can become an expert brailist by this method of learning, but it will give you much pleasure to be able to read, and when you reach retirement age you will bless yourself for having made the effort.

Yours sincerely,
MALCOLM JORDAN.

Dear Editor,

When I read "In Memoriam, Miss Dorothy Pain," I was most touched. W. W. Holmes has so exactly described Miss Pain's gentleness, which I think was one of her most marked characteristics. My late husband always admired and was fond of her. I would like to thank Mr. Holmes for his lines and add my little appreciation of Miss Pain.

Yours sincerely,
KATHLEEN BEAUFROY.

DEAR EDITOR,

I would like to say "thank you" to Matron, Commandant, Miss Carlton and Mrs. Macdonald for the splendid way the Deaf Reunion was carried out. The programme was a wonderful treat. On the Friday we had lunch with Air Commodore and Mrs. Dacre. Mrs. Dacre made a wonderful job of the deaf manual alphabet which she had learned and was using for the first time.

Although our number has diminished considerably since our Deaf Reunions started, those of us who are left still look forward to our meetings.

Thanks for all.
Yours sincerely,
BILLY BELL.

Sutton Club

Will any members wishing to enter for the Sir Arthur Pearson Games who have not already given their names to Bob Giffard or Florrie, please do so either before or at the next meeting, which is on April 25th, and at which there will be a Bring and Buy sale.

TED DUDLEY, *Chairman*.

Golden Wedding

Warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Bennett, of Dover, who celebrate their Golden Wedding on April 24th.

Ruby Weddings

Many congratulations to the following, who have recently celebrated their Ruby Wedding: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Burley, of Stithians, near Truro, December 23rd last; Mr. and Mrs. R. Finch, of Bartley Green, Birmingham, March 17th; Mr. and Mrs. C. Firth, of Heswall, Cheshire, April 15th; Mr. and Mrs. H. Spencer, of Potton, near Sandy, Beds., March 29th; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Spurgeon, of Halstead, March 18th; Mr. and Mrs. A. Taylor, of Stourbridge, April 20th.

Retirement

Edward Astbury, of Saltdean, has just retired from the post of Basket Instructor at Ovingdean.

Mr. Astbury came to St. Dunstan's in 1938, and was trained as a basket-maker and he continued this craft until 1942, when he went into a factory on war work. At the end of the war he left the factory and was appointed as a Basket Instructor at Church Stretton, and he subsequently moved to Brighton when the Training Centre was transferred there in 1946.

He will be returning to his craft in his retirement, in which his friends will join in wishing him happiness and success.

Birth

WHITCOMBE.—On March 13th, to the wife of J. Whitcombe, of Chandlers Ford, a son—Stephen.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy is extended to the following:

BROUGHAM.—To T. Brougham, of Liverpool, whose sister died on March 20th.

DERBY.—To H. N. Derby, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whose mother died in March.

SHAVE.—To R. W. Shave, of Weymouth, who has recently lost his father.

Talking Book Library

Another April in the Groove

Books, books, books, they line the shelves, they overflow the chairs and tables. Square books, round ones, loose books, bound ones, trousered books, gowned ones, faulty books, sound ones, hare books, hound ones, air books, ground ones, obscure books, renowned ones, lost books, found ones. All that with some apology to "Bob Gravy," but then after all his were rats not tomes—and here begins my ditty:—

"The Healing Knife," by George Sava, reader John Webster, is a remarkable story of a White Russian reduced to beggary by Bolshevism and forced to flee west. He is determined to become a surgeon and reaching Paris, via temporary hospital jobs in Bucharest and Istanbul, he wins a scholarship and trains in Italy. A story rich in anecdote and splendid reading. *Cat. No. 353.*

"Valley of the Vines," by Joy Packer, reader Eric Gillett, is set in South Africa and is, in the main, an account of a grand old lady fighting to preserve the family vineyards for the family. Two tangled love stories are entwined in the narrative, plus various attempts by city slickers to oust the old lady. A haze of smoke enshrouds the dénouement. *Cat. No. 334.*

"Over the Bridge," by Richard Church, reader Eric Gillett, is an essay in autobiography starting some 50 years ago and dealing with a boy's school days. No story this of Edwardian opulence, but a study of more or less contented poverty. *Cat. No. 333.*

"Land of the Crested Lion," by Ethel Mannin, reader Robert Gladwell, is a travel story of Burma. *Cat. No. 562.*

"A Woman in the Polar Night," by Christiane Ritter, reader Duncan Carse, tells of a winter on Spitzbergen, and few men and no women would envy this lady her experiences with the stove, perpetual seal meat, darkness, and polar bears. Eskimo Nell reincarnated! *Cat. No. 298.*

"Talking to Animals," by Barbara Woodhouse, reader John de Manio, seems to me a highly individual phenomenon of training animals by gentleness. This lady, a fine horsewoman, is a veritable St. Francis of an animal, trainer especially with horses, cows, and dogs, here and in the Argentine. *Cat. No. 786.*

"The Eye of Love," by Margery Sharp,

reader Robin Holmes. *Cat. No. 356.*

"Knight Errant," by Brian Connell, reader Lionel Gamlin. *Cat. No. 485.*

"The Lord have Mercy," by Shelley Smith, reader Peter Fettes. *Cat. No. 301.*

"The Lord of Wensley," by Ernest Raymond, reader Franklin Engelmann. *Cat. No. 512.* "NELSON."

Deaf Reunion, 1959

We arrived on February 26th for our Spring Reunion, which was early this year, but the weather was more like late May, with warm sunshine.

On Friday we were entertained to lunch at the White Hart Hotel, Lewes, by Air Commodore and Mrs. Dacre; it was a very quiet but most enjoyable luncheon after which Air Commodore Dacre told us a little about his duties as High Sheriff of Sussex, warning us that he attended any executions! We played Housey-housey in the evening, and after a free morning we went to tea at Lavender Cottage beneath the old oak beams and later played dominoes, which this time ended in a draw between Cliff Stockwell and Billy Bell. We were sorry to learn that Matron Avison had been suddenly called to her mother's sick bedside but we were all pleased with the way the senior Sisters at Pearson House entertained us to a good tea. We were sorry to learn our old friend Sister "Mac" is leaving Pearson House. Returning to Ovingdean we played dominoes again, this time Billy Bell won.

Monday afternoon found us with Mr. Wills, Miss Rogers and Miss Midgley, and during a discussion it was suggested men visiting Ovingdean might take care to keep to the *right* when walking about. The meeting was followed by tea as usual and in the evening we journeyed to Strouds for our traditional dinner, after which Joe made his customary speech in which he thanked St. Dunstan's and all friends who had helped to provide us once again with a very enjoyable reunion. G. F.

Great-Grandfather

J. Langham, of Arnold, Nottinghamshire.

Grandfathers

W. Barnes, of High Wycombe; A. Laird, of St. Helens; S. Allott, of Hornsea (another grandson); B. Hamilton, Brookville, near Thetford (the tenth grandchild); J. Pearson, of Prestwich, Manchester (another granddaughter).

The First Reunions

At Bristol, on April 4th, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., our President, welcomed St. Dunstaners from Gloucestershire, Somerset, Devon and Wiltshire to the first Reunion of 1959. Mr. A. D. Lloyds and Mr. C. D. Wills were also present. A. J. Radford, of Castle Cary, writes:

"We old-timers from the Great War of 1914-18 have been attending the Reunion for more than thirty years, and we look forward to it as keenly to-day as we did when it was a reunion of St. Dunstaners and their families. Our Bristol Reunion this year was blessed by a glorious Spring day . . . in those far-off days when it was a hilarious tea-party at St. John's Rooms, it almost always took place in November or December. Then it was a case of 'Who are you? What year were you at St. Dunstan's?' What a difference to-day when we really know each other and one walks into the Grand Spa Hotel to be greeted with cheery recognition from all sides. There is, however, a poignant side as we remember absent comrades.

"This year was unique as we had Sidney Birchall, the T.V. and radio star, to entertain us, ably assisted by that wonderful St. Dunstan's girl, Dorothy Edwards. So old and new were blended in a new sort of Reunion, to which we all hope we shall be able to attend for many more years."

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There was the usual much smaller but very happy Reunion of St. Dunstaners from the remaining parts of Devon and Cornwall at the Red Lion Hotel, Truro, on April 7th.

Are You a Bridge Player who Can't Get a Game?

One of the happiest results of the Bridge Club's 21st Birthday Celebration, reported on another page, was that it brought together quite a few players who enjoy bridge but are rarely, if ever, able to get a game.

There are probably many St. Dunstaners in different parts of the country who are in this position. If this applies to you, perhaps you would like to send your name and address to the Editor. It may be possible for us to help in this direction.

My Friend Rex

Rex was a magnificent specimen of the Alsatian canine species, lithe and powerfully built; his dignity and intelligence won for him the affection and admiration of our whole neighbourhood, in which he protected, with equal loyalty, not only the property and person of his owner, but also those of his many friends: thus, a neighbour who occasionally stayed late with friends, on being asked, "Aren't you afraid of coming up here so late at night?" replied, "No, but it is a relief to see Rex coming to meet me and escort me to my door!" Again if he saw a stranger approaching our door, he would wait until he was assured the visitor was on lawful business by my sister's, "It's all right, Rex," when he would walk away with the air of a duty fulfilled. Hearing the children on their way to and from school shout, "Hello Rex," always painted for me a delightful mental picture of Rex, standing like a living statue, accepting their stroking and caressing with the dignity of an Eastern Potentate receiving the acclamations and homage of his subjects. If the children were unduly rough, a warning growl from him was a sufficient arbitrator. One day a niece arrived with her baby, aged two plus. Suddenly, I heard a frightened cry, "Aunty, Aunty, look at Jean," but Mum's fears for her offspring were quickly assuaged by Aunty's, "Now don't be alarmed, Jean is just as safe with Rex as is she was in your arms," so Jean was allowed to remain on the step a little longer with her arms around the neck of Rex.

But there was one occasion on which all the dignity and inherited domestic training and taming of generations was submerged by the call of the wild, and Rex revealed all the savage ferocity of his primitive forebears. Presenting a terrifying picture with bared teeth and snarling lips, he stood barring the path of a neighbour who dared not move until the animal's master came out and talked Rex back to civilisation. This man denied all culpability, but the neighbourhood had its own opinion.

My own friendship with him had rather a startling inauguration: I was sat in a low armchair the first morning after settling with my sister, when I heard her say, "Well, that's the first time Rex has come into this room; he never comes beyond the kitchen. He's walked in and is now

weighing you up." Then before she could warn me, Rex was licking my face—this metaphorically shot me out of the chair. But never again did he touch me until I spoke to him and gave him a little pat. His uncanny understanding of the circumstances was practically demonstrated a couple of days later when, having walked a little way down the street with my sister, she stopped and said, "Wait here a moment, I must go back and make sure the door's locked." In a few minutes she was back, and I heard her saying, "Hello Rex, are you looking after him for me?" I put out my hand, and sure enough there was Rex standing across my front protecting me from any possibility of being knocked into, and this happened whenever I was outside and alone.

Alas, it seems that joy, like sin, must ever be shaded with regret, for the day came when the ravages of time made it merciful to put Rex to sleep, but if there is a re-awakening for animals in the hereafter, I hope that when the time comes for me to pass through the veil that Rex will be waiting to renew and continue our friendship.

T. ROGERS.

Visitors to New Zealand and Australia

Sir Cecil Ellerton, Honorary Treasurer of St. Dunstan's, with Lady Ellerton has been visiting New Zealand as a British delegate to the Commonwealth Conference. On January 28th, 1959, at Auckland, they met at luncheon twenty representatives of organisations connected with blinded Servicemen, including Mr. D. M. Rae, M.P., Chairman of the Blinded Servicemen's Trust Board (The New Zealand St. Dunstan's), Sir Clutha and Lady Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Christiansen, Mr. W. H. Cocker, C.M.G., Mr. and Mrs. J. E. May, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Sadler and Mr. and Mrs. Donald McPhee. Sir Cecil conveyed greetings from Lord and Lady Fraser of Lonsdale, and all at St. Dunstan's and expressed his pleasure at being actively associated with its work as Treasurer.

Sir Cecil and Lady Ellerton, later visited Australia, and at Melbourne on February 16th, they met at lunch Mr. P. J. Lynch, President, Mr. A. F. McConnell, Federal Secretary, Mr. L. Hault, State Vice-President, and Mr. R. Archer, State Secretary, of the Australian Blinded Soldiers' Association.

From All Quarters

J. A. Peckett, of Manchester, with his mother and twin sister, emigrated to Australia on March 17th. We wish them every success in their new life.

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S. Loram, of Brixham, who, with Mrs. Loram, left England last October to visit their son in Greece and another in Malta, are now back in this country.

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J. T. S. Scrymgeour, of Warwick, Queensland, has recently had another book published—"Men, Mokes, Hoofs, Horn and Hides" (Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd., Ilfracombe—7s. 6d.).

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The *Farmers' Weekly* last month carried a two-column story about our St. Dunstaner, S. W. Taylor, of Shepsted, who runs a 50-acre mixed farm and has recently bought an adjoining holding of 70 acres. Many good pictures illustrated the article.

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J. Doubler, of Hove, has been awarded the first prize in the Bordeaux Pigeon Race, 1958. His name is the first to be inscribed on the Hove Flying Shield.

S. A. Legion

Lord Fraser paid a brief visit to Bloemfontein on Wednesday, the 25th March, to the Annual Congress of the South African Legion. He received a very warm welcome, and, in a brief speech referred to the progress of the British Legion, particularly in gathering young men into its ranks. "Do not hesitate in every constituency and in Parliament to make yourselves felt, even to the point of embarrassing the Government, whatever their politics, but not," he added, "about their politics."

Lord Fraser conveyed the good wishes of all British ex-Servicemen and women to their colleagues in the Union.

It was reported, that a Pilgrimage of 400 Legionaires and widows would visit the United Kingdom, and certain of the war graves in Europe during May and June of this year. No other Commonwealth country—other than Britain herself—had organised pilgrimages on a scale like this, it was stated.

Lord Fraser was the guest at lunch of the President, Mr. McPherson, of Johannesburg.

Father P. G. Howell

The many St. Dunstaners who knew him in the early days will hear with the greatest regret of the death, at the age of 73, of Father P. G. Howell, Roman Catholic Chaplain to St. Dunstan's from 1917—1921.

Father Howell took a very active part in the life of St. Dunstan's in those days, and many will mourn his loss and feel that they have lost a very valued friend. He left us to become the parish priest, first of Edgware and later of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia's Church, Kingsway, London; we have been told that he often spoke of St. Dunstan's.

A. Bennett of Dover, writes:—

"Father Howell was a very well-liked man, especially to the Catholic fellows... In those days, we had what we called 'football' teams, and many men took part in kicking in from the goal line. It was a frequent thing for Father Howell to don a sweater and go in goal. The Church of England padre, the Rev. Williams, did the same."

Miss Hilda Staddon

We have learned with regret of the death of Miss Hilda Staddon, for many years a V.A.D. at St. Dunstan's. There will be many St. Dunstaners of the Cornwall Terrace and St. John's Lodge days who will remember her quiet helpfulness and friendliness. Miss Staddon died suddenly but very peacefully after a long illness.

Our sympathy is offered to Miss Staddon's sister who was herself a V.A.D.

Mr. H. M. Alers-Hankey

We have heard with deep regret of the death, at the age of 84, of Mr. H. M. Alers-Hankey, Chairman of St. Dunstan's (South Africa) for many years and patron until his death.

Family News

One of the daughters of H. Wordsworth, of Gainsborough, has emigrated to America. She and her family sailed on March 11th.

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Marion Britton, Blackburn, has passed her first S.R.N. examination with the highest possible marks.

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David Knappe, Handcross, has won the Brighton and Hove District Schoolboys' Amateur Boxing Association 7-stone Championship, for which he received a cup and medallion, and was also runner-up in the Sussex Schoolboys' Championship.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters.

On Easter Monday, Eric Brown, Burton-on-Trent.

On February 14th, Sylvia Simpson, Aylesbury.

On Easter Saturday, Hilda Rita Maskell, Hunmanby, Yorkshire, to Geoffrey Bielby. They will live at Middlesbrough.

On April 1st, Eileen Keegan, Cork, to Matthew Reilly.

On Easter Saturday, Winnie Seymour, Barnoldswick, via Carnforth.

"In Memory" (continued from page 10)

Bombardier Roland John Robertson, Honourable Artillery Company

It is with deep regret that we record the death of R. J. Robertson, of Leigh-on-Sea. He came to St. Dunstan's as recently as July of last year, although he served in the First World War from August, 1915, until 1919.

His age and the precarious state of his health ruled out any form of training. He had entered hospital on a number of occasions since last year, and again in February of this year. He then went to Pearson House for convalescence, but his condition later deteriorated and he died there on March 31st.

Mrs. Robertson had died in 1951 and his daughter, Pamela, has cared for her father and younger brother since that time. Our deep sympathy goes out to both of them now in their further loss.

Lance Corporal George Strutt, 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment

We have to record with deep regret the death of G. Strutt, of Sheffield, at the age of 66. He had been in poor health for some time but his death came rather suddenly.

He had enlisted in April, 1914, and was wounded on the Somme in 1917. He came to St. Dunstan's in August of that year. He first had a small greengrocer's shop, doing also a little boot repairing, but in 1929 he took up mat-making and he carried on with this for many years.

Our very sincere sympathy is sent to his wife and family.

Corporal Ernest Waldron, Royal Engineers

With deep regret we record the death of E. Waldron, of Weston-super-Mare, at the age of 65. He enlisted almost at the outbreak of the First World War and served until February, 1919, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until November, 1952. Owing to his age, he preferred not to take training. He lost his wife in 1954, and was then cared for by his sisters, but later went to Ovingdean and Pearson House, where he spent most of 1957. He went home for Christmas of that year, and did not return to Brighton. He died at his home on March 16th.

To his sons and to his sisters our deep sympathy is sent.

“ In Memory ”

Private Albert Hermon, *47th Canadians*

With deep regret we record the death of A. Hermon, of Watlington. He was 74. He had served with the 47th Canadians from January, 1916, and came to St. Dunstan's in August of 1917, when he trained as a mat-maker. He worked at this until 1929, when ill-health forced him to give up. Over the past few years his health has gradually deteriorated. His wife died in October of last year and he was admitted to Pearson House, where he remained until his death on March 14th.

He leaves a married daughter, Mrs. Boyd, to whom our deep sympathy is sent.

Alfred Clarence Holland, *Royal Flying Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of A. C. Holland, of Pensby, Wirral, Cheshire. He was 58.

He served in the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War and after, from 1917 to June, 1921, and he came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1938. He was trained as a basket and rug-maker, and he carried on these crafts until the time of his death, sending baskets for our Stores.

He leaves a widow and two sons, one of whom is in the Royal Navy, and our deep sympathy is extended to them.

Sergeant John Kelleher, *Royal Munster Fusiliers*

We record with deep regret the death of J. Kelleher, of Cork, Eire, at the age of 79. He was an old soldier — he had enlisted as far back as 1897 — and he served until his discharge in March, 1917. He came to us in 1947, but his age and health prevented him taking any training. He had been in poor health for some time, but his death was nevertheless quite sudden.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his wife and daughter.

Private Ernest Lake, *2nd West Yorkshire Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of E. Lake, of Scarborough. He was 71. Enlisting in May, 1916, he was wounded at Ypres in 1917 and came to St. Dunstan's that year. He was then a widower. Because of ill-health his training in netting and wool-rug making was extended over a longer period than usual and eventually he took over a confectionery and stationery shop. He carried on this business until 1932; from then until 1951 he worked at rug-making until ill-health again intervened. This, coupled with his age, forced him to give up this occupation. His health had been poor for some time although his death was not expected.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs Lake and her son, and to the children of his two previous marriages.

Private William Patrick Nolan, *King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry*

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of W. P. Nolan, of Pontefract. He was 61. He had served only three months, May—July, 1915, when he was wounded and he came to St. Dunstan's the same year. He trained in wool rug-making and basket-making, but eventually became a shop-keeper in the towns of Brighouse and Pontefract. He also had stalls in the local markets. He gave this up in 1933, and for three years did only rugs and baskets for our Stores. His health had not been good in past years, and he died on April 9th in Pontefract General Hospital following an operation.

Our deep sympathy goes to his sister, Mrs. Moxon, and her husband, with whom he lived.

Driver Eddie Price Rees, *Royal Army Service Corps*

With deep regret we record the death of E. Price Rees, of Moreton, Wirral, at the age of 65. He saw service from June, 1916, until May, 1919, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until November, 1952, when his age ruled out serious training. He did, however, make joinery his hobby.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Rees.

Private Henry Potts, *Royal Hussars*

With deep regret we record the death of H. Potts, of Harrogate, which took place in hospital on March 26th. He was 67.

He served from December, 1915, until August, 1919, and was wounded in France. He did not, however, come to us until January, 1946, when he trained as a basket-maker, and he carried on this craft almost to the day of his death.

Our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Potts and her family.

Private Ernest Puddefoot, *Labour Corps*

We record with deep regret the death of E. Puddefoot, of Worthing, at the age of 72. Enlisting in 1916, he was discharged a year later and came to us in October, 1936. He trained as a telephonist, and with one break from 1945—46, he carried on with his work until 1951. Since his retirement owing to ill-health, he had worked at several hobbies. He had been seriously ill for some time, and his death took place on March 16th.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Puddefoot, whom he had married in 1956. He had previously been a widower.

(Continued on previous page)