

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

“Hams”

EVERY month we read in the REVIEW of St. Dunstaners who have become “hams”—in other words, amateur radio transmitters. It is a hobby which is manifestly suitable for a blind person and as A. C. Pointon, of Bexhill-on-Sea, wrote last month, speaking from personal experience, “it assures anyone who takes it up of an absorbingly interesting pastime which will also very much increase his circle of friends.”

This month there is another interesting item of news regarding two St. Dunstan's “hams.” Bill Harris, of Ipswich, and A. V. Law, of Persax Stockton, Worcester. Bill, in fact, is secretary of the Radio Amateur Invalid and Bedfast Club. Recently, Bill's wife collapsed and had to be taken to hospital and because it was not possible for anyone else to look after him, it was decided that he, too, should be taken to hospital to be cared for for the time being. Before he left the house he sent out the news over the air. His message was picked up by Mr. Law who immediately notified Mr. Wills at Headquarters. So one St. Dunstaner was able to help another in an emergency.

We think St. Dunstaners may be interested in the following paragraphs which the Chairman wrote some twenty years ago and which must surely prove him to have been one of the first blind “hams” and certainly, one would think, the first St. Dunstaner to transmit messages over the air. The extracts are taken from Lord Fraser's book, *Whereas I Was Blind*.

“My interest in broadcasting really arose out of an early technical interest. As a boy of sixteen at school I had set up a simple crystal receiver, as far back as 1912 and 1913, and used to receive news bulletins in morse from the Eiffel Tower. We used to get a tube of cardboard from the linoleum salesman and wind around it many hundreds of feet of enamel-covered copper wire. In the carpentry shop at school we did the necessary wood and brass work and thus made the crudest kind of tuner. From the “Stinks” Laboratory at school we scrounged a piece of copper pyrites, or of some other crystal and bought a pair of earphones, or, if we were rather hard up, a single earphone. But crude as this apparatus was, we were able to receive wireless signals from the Eiffel Tower and from other stations, and we thought we were great scientists.

“During the 1914-18 war, although I specialised in signals and became a Signals Officer, I never got as far as wireless because I had to go back to my regiment and over to France for the Somme battle. Soon after the war, however, I revived my interest and took up wireless again as a hobby.

"At this time I became very keen on constructional work and had a workshop of my own. Often in the evenings I would go to my workshop and spend some hours at my carpentry or listening to morse on the wireless, and shortly we approached one of the most exciting phases of this art. Suddenly we heard speech coming out of the air, or the ether, instead of mere morse signals. This was a thrill, and the number of amateurs like myself who began to listen to these signals multiplied enormously. The pre-war scientific society of wireless experimenters developed rapidly and its membership grew all over the country until the Radio Society of Great Britain, as it was called, had some thousands of members. And instead of merely listening we took to transmitting ourselves. I became a very keen amateur transmitter and used to sit up at all hours of the morning sending and exchanging messages with other amateurs in France and Italy and Alsace-Lorraine, and even the United States of America, Australia, New Zealand and Canada; I still have in my possession cards and reports as to the many messages we transmitted overseas. The astonishing thing was the extremely small power which we were allowed to use and did use. I can remember transmitting across the Atlantic on a little transmitting set which used no more electrical power than would be consumed by an extremely small electric radiator.

"Then I entered the House of Commons and my evenings were fully occupied, and I had to give up my workshop and my wireless transmitter, much to my regret."

Bookings for Holidays at Ovingdean, Northgate House and Port Hall

I would like to remind St. Dunstaners that all applications for summer holidays at St. Dunstan's Homes should reach the Area Superintendents by Saturday, January 16th, 1960.

As usual, priority will be given at Ovingdean to St. Dunstaners whose holidays are fixed by their employers, and their children will receive priority at Northgate House according to the length of the period which has elapsed since a holiday was last taken there. Remaining places will be allotted by ballot and all successful applicants notified before the end of January, 1960, so that those who wish may complete their holiday plans early in the year.

The Homes will be closed for cleaning and staff vacations as follows:—

Northgate House: June 26th to 18th July inclusive.

Port Hall: August 20th to 16th September inclusive.

Special Fortnights

St. Dunstaners who wish to spend a holiday at Ovingdean at the same time as other trainees of their year may do so during the following periods:

| | |
|-----------|-------------------------------------|
| 1915—1916 | } April 29th to May 13th. |
| 1940—1943 | |
| 1917—1918 | } June 17th to July 1st. |
| 1944—1945 | |
| 1919—1920 | } July 8th to July 22nd. |
| 1946—1947 | |
| 1921—1922 | } September 12th to September 26th. |
| 1948—1952 | |

C. D. WILLS,
Welfare Superintendent.

British Legion Appointment

Congratulations to Fred Jackson, of New Malden, who has been elected President of the Malden and Coombe Branch of the British Legion. Replying to a tribute paid to him at the meeting at which he was elected, he said that he had thought very carefully before accepting nomination for the office but, as Sir Ian (now Lord Fraser) had held the office of President of the British Legion itself, he felt that he could do no less than let his name go forward.

Brighton Club Notes

Brightonians. Come along and support YOUR Club on Thursday, December 10th, at 7 p.m. There will be the Annual General Meeting and the taking of names for the Sir Arthur Pearson 1960 Tournament Games, followed by a grand Domino Tournament with substantial prizes.

FRANK A. RHODES,
Chairman.

From All Quarters

T. Milner, of Liverpool, who has just completed forty years as a shorthand typist with the Royal National Institute for the Blind organisation there, has been presented with a handsome piece of silver plate to mark the occasion.

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At local shows, F. Madgwick, of Rudgwick, and his wife, have won many prizes for flowers and vegetables, knitted articles, cakes and chutney, including four firsts, while Michael, their son, won a first for miniature gardens, and a first and two seconds for handicrafts.

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Another husband and wife entry—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. West, of Egham—gained seven awards out of nine entries at the Hythe and Egham Flower Show, while at the Staines "Lino" Horticultural Society's Show on September 26th, for which there is very keen competition, our St. Dunstaner took four second prizes and two third prizes for chrysanthemum and Michaelmas daisies.

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From gardening to acting. W. Macpherson, of Chiswick, W.4, has won a third prize—a silver cup—in a West London Dramatic Society competition.

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When Lloyds of London invited a number of St. Dunstaners to a party last month, they also asked Roy Mendham, of Chadwell Heath, to take part in the cabaret which is always given at this party by professionals, and as such, they would be prepared to pay him a fee. Roy replied, "I will appear in the cabaret with Linda (his guide dog), but I would like the fee to go to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association." Another St. Dunstaner who was there tells us this and adds that Roy and Linda gave a first class performance, Roy with his patter and jokes, then Linda performing tricks with Roy's assistance, and these, in fact, brought the house down. The M.C. then told the audience of Roy's gesture and invited a collection. This, added to Roy's fee, resulted in a sum of £25 being sent to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

Twenty Reunions

Nearly one thousand St. Dunstaners have attended twenty Reunions held all over the British Isles this year. This fact was revealed at the Brighton Reunion, the last of this year's series, on October 19th.

"Reunions are not only social affairs but an important method of contact between St. Dunstaners and Headquarters officials concerned with their welfare," said Lord Fraser at the gathering. "I urge all St. Dunstaners to go to the Reunions; even if you may sometimes think, 'I don't want to meet all those so-and-so's,' remember that the so-and-so's may want to meet you," he continued amid laughter.

Lord Fraser paid a special tribute to Mr. Wills and the Welfare Visitors for their work in connection with the Reunions, and generally.

The Chairman said that he and Lady Fraser, who accompanied him, were going to Australia on business for a fortnight, flying both ways, during November, where he hoped to meet the majority of Australian St. Dunstaners in Melbourne. He would take them a warm message of goodwill from the Brighton Reunion and, indeed, from all St. Dunstaners in the Old Country.

The Missing Stairs

*When I go to work each morning,
I board the train at Kensal Green.
The stairs down to the platform
Number one above nineteen.*

*When I arrive at Piccadilly,
Although the stairs I've never seen,
I must descend down twenty-one
Then down again, nineteen.*

*From Green Park I return each night,
And though the country isn't hilly
This time I must go UP the stairs
When I get to Piccadilly.*

*To reach the other platform
I must first ascend nineteen,
Then up again, not twenty-one,
This time it's seventeen.*

*Now I'm not very good at sums
And this I'd like to know,
I wish someone would tell me
Where did those four stairs go?*

F. SUNDERLAND.

Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

Reading the Chairman's note in the last issue regarding the fact that Mr. Peter Nye is leaving St. Dunstan's to take up other employment, prompts me to add my grateful thanks for the work that he has done, not only for me personally, but for all St. Dunstaners, to some degree or other. Many of us, if not all, have a great deal to thank him for; nothing was ever too much trouble for him to help, suggest and advise on gadgets and devices to help us, and in particular, those with other disabilities. All this has, of course, been covered by the Chairman in his remarks, but the one outstanding fact is that if any St. Dunstaner had an idea or suggestion for a gadget, or an improvement on an existing gadget, Peter would say, "Right, we will try that," never "No, it cannot be done." He would then go away and put his expert knowledge to work and invariably he would turn out something that was practicable, even if it was not what the St. Dunstaner had in mind, it was more often than not an improvement of that idea. I know this from personal experience.

May I suggest that a presentation fund be started for Peter Nye and I enclose my own gift towards it.

Yours sincerely,
Farnborough, Hants. GEORGE B. REED.

(We shall be very pleased to open such a presentation fund for Mr. Nye. Donations should be sent to Mr. Lloyds, who has kindly consented to act as Hon. Treasurer.)

Told Against Ourselves

During August here, we revel in comfort with plenty of vacant seats, the school children being on holiday. Mid-September, the schools re-open and the buses pass by packed with children of all ages. The other day, after two or three buses had gone by, one came along and stopped. "One only," shouted the conductor, and I was that lucky one. As the bus moved off, a dear old lady said to my wife, "Your husband managed to get on a bus then . . . I think it's a wicked shame to keep him waiting." Then to my wife very sincerely, "Instead of keeping your husband waiting, do you think it's too far to push him along in a bath chair?"

Watford.

PETER PIPER.

"Thermega" Electric Blankets

Through the kindness of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, we are able to advise St. Dunstaners of an offer whereby purchase may be made of "Thermega" electric blankets at one third off the normal cost price.

This Society pioneered electric blankets some thirty years ago and produced the well-known "Thermega" blanket. Such blankets carry the British Good House-keeping Guarantee.

Many St. Dunstaners will know Mr. Frank Pawson, himself a St. Dunstaner, who works in the administration of the Welfare Society. It is through him we learn of this offer, and he will be only too pleased to help and advise anyone who wishes for fuller information. As a guide the following details are quoted:

| No. | Description | Cost to St. Dunstaner | | |
|---------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------|----|----|
| | | £ | s. | d. |
| "County" 6030 | 60in. by 30in. | 3 | 2 | 9 |
| "County" 6048 | 60in. by 48in. | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| "5430/TC" | 54in. by 30in. (thermostatic) | 3 | 18 | 0 |

Electric pads are also obtainable, prices on request.

When ordering it is important to state whether the voltage required is 200/220 or 230/250.

With each blanket is issued full directions as to how best to be used and the precautions to be taken, and so obviously these should be read and understood before use.

If you are interested in this article for your own use or for a present within the family, please contact Mr. Frank Pawson, Ex-Services Welfare Society, 37-39 Thurloe Street, London, S.W.7. Telephone KNIghtsbridge 8688, Extension 3.

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On Wednesday, October 21st, Lord and Lady Fraser gave luncheon at their home in Regent's Park to Mr. and Mrs. Nye, on the occasion of Mr. Nye's departure from St. Dunstan's to take up a new post. Those present were Air Commodore G. B. Dacre, Chairman of the Workshop Committee, Mr. A. D. Lloyds, Secretary of St. Dunstan's, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Gaygan, representing St. Dunstaners and especially those who are doubly handicapped.

Talking Book Library

Fogbound

Well, well, well, these summers do have to be paid for! The following books may help during the period of payment when all of us are confined to home.

"Sahara Adventure," by J. M. Sheppard, reader Alvar Lidell, is a travel story with a difference. The book opens in South America, whence the author and his family set out for the Sahara with the object of finding a course suitable for the racing of sand yachts. The family earns its living en route by means of despatches and photographs to various publications, all arranged at the start of the trip. Two parents, three children and another driver, set out with two cars and a semi-dismantled sand yacht from Morocco to sweep out through the Sahara to French Equatorial Africa. A foolhardy trip if you like, but since this little cortège does what it sets out to do that aspect must be passed over, and the route and incidental anecdotes can be enjoyed with an interest quite free of the fear of momentary calamity which must have diluted the enjoyment of the people actually travelling. *Cat. No. 87.*

"The Lost Pharaohs," by L. Cottrell, reader Duncan Carse, is another small volume on the vast subject of the tombs of the ancient rulers of Egypt. As always, this is an interesting "dig" but, as always, it is only an aperitif with all other courses snatched away by tomb robbers, who not only have stolen most of the valuable evidence, but also seem to have left behind them huge question marks against anything and everything they have disdained to take. When all the Pharaohs are found it looks as if the only book possible on them will inevitably have to be entitled "The Higgledy-piggledy Pharaohs." A fascinating book as far as it goes. *Cat. No. 89.*

"The Visiting Moon," by Celia Furse, reader John de Manio, is a yarn set in a large house in Suffolk during the Christmas holidays. Told by a little girl whose parents are away whilst she spends Christmas with her grandparents in a house full of uncles, aunts, and cousins, the story draws around it that magic that is Christmas through the eyes and heart of a little girl. Pleasant diverting little piece in this age of relentless science. *Cat. No. 98.*

"Genesis and Ecclesiastes," reader Andrew Timothy, make a fine refresher course for heathens like myself. *Cat. No. 507.*

"Till I end my Song," by Robert Gibbings, reader Eric Gillett, is more or less a communing aloud with Nature by a dweller on the banks of the Thames. To me the author seems an artist cum-naturalist and humanist, who enjoys the vulgar bustle of the world on the fringes of his own world as much as his own world itself. Peaceful, unexceptional reading about everything and nothing. *Cat. No. 527.*
NELSON.

Darts—Where Did They Start?

At Midhurst, West Sussex, you will find the Angel Hotel which is old and historical, for besides other things happening there, it is said that the Pilgrim Fathers stayed there before their historic voyage to America. I have another little story to tell you about the Angel at Midhurst, for it was into that tavern that a number of archers were driven by the rain and one, seeing a barrel on two trestles, took an arrow and threw it into the end of that barrel and, I suppose, was applauded and had another go. A bull's eye was chalked on the end of the barrel which made the contest keener, and the archers gathered there at a later date to throw arrows into the end of the barrel, but the landlord, seeing damage sooner or later to the barrel, went in search of a woodman and obtained a slice from the end of a felled tree and hung that on the wall for the archers. One day, after glancing at the ancient grandfather clock, he chalked figures round the target board to make competition even more keen, and so the dartboard got its numbers; meanwhile, the arrow became shorter and shorter, its shape gradually changing until now it only retains the three feathers the old arrow had.

Darts have been played by people in all walks of life and by all kinds of disabled people, thrown from an invalid chair, by the deaf and blind, but I think the most remarkable feat is that performed by our handless comrade, Dicky Brett.

GEORGE FALLOWFIELD.

Braille Tests

Senior Repeat Test; S. Webster, Forest Hill.

Advanced and Senior Braille Reading Tests;

W. Thornton, Northfield, Birmingham;

R. E. Naman, of Braintree.

Unique Club for Blind

From the *Magazine of Seaford Church and Town*, October, 1959.

"On the third Saturday of November, 1949, the Seaford Blind Club came into being. Mr. Don Littlejohn, a St. Dunstan's man from World War I, had the happy idea, and with the late Mr. Frank Williams, discussed and planned how the Club could be formed. We believe that the Club is unique in its kind, as it is run completely independent of the local Association for the Blind.

"It was realised from the start that help from some sighted friends would be essential, and local members of Toc H were asked; and the wives of some of these members offered their assistance as well. For some weeks before the first meeting was to be held, Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn tried to contact as many blind and partially sighted people in the area as they could, and invited them to come to the first meeting. Mrs. Littlejohn would speak to people she saw carrying white sticks and tell them about the proposed Club, and local doctors and ministers promised to mention it to anyone they knew who would be either interested or eligible to join. The minister of the Congregational Church was willing to let the small hall attached to the Church at a very low rental and as there is a small kitchen at the back, this was very useful. At that first meeting there were nine members. Mr. Littlejohn was elected Chairman and Mr. Williams Vice-Chairman.

"The aim and idea of the Club was not only to be a social one, but so that people of a like disability could meet in a happy atmosphere and help each other by discussing their difficulties and problems, and also to cheer those who were newly blinded or gradually losing their sight.

"Gradually the Club grew, with members joining not only from Seaford, but districts outside.

"So the seeds of the Club were sown, and over these ten years it has grown and developed. Our Club numbers now nearly forty members. Three years ago we selected Don Littlejohn as our Life President.

"We have recently extended our activities and last year started a Bowls Club in the summer months. During the winter

months we now have hand-bell ringing. We are, I think, justly proud of both the happy, friendly atmosphere which exists in the Club, and also of the help it has been and still is, to all its members."

E.J.R.

Great-Grandfather

J. F. Leeman, of Louth.

Grandfathers

E. Hardbottle, of Barnsley; J. Wilkie, of Burton-on-Trent; P. Sheridan, of Wis-haw; A. Rowe, of Burslem.

Ruby Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. T. Wood, of Congleton, October 20th; Mr. and Mrs. L. McKinlay, of Hounslow, October 28th. Congratulations.

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. W. Sherwood, of Trimley St. Mary, near Ipswich, October 20th. They had a small party which their brides-maids attended, one of them making a wedding cake for the occasion. Our congratulations to them.

Morning Soliloquy

"To shave, or not to shave, that is the question, whether 'tis nobler to flaunt convention's gaze, and wear the fungus Nature gave.

Or, standing o'er yon earthen bowl, pray for water on the boil, in which to soak the scrubby pile, ere soap apply in routine style.

Then, with favoured blade and profane toil, remove the slough from its human soil to level smooth the manly jowl, alas, but for a little while.

Doth not each day see man awake with face re-draped in ape-like state, in need again of wee hand-scythe to trim once more the littered site.

Thus fashion wields the social whip o'er all poor mortals in its grip, who follow blind, like social sheep the trend that fashion cares to bleat:

Oh to sleep and wake no more with the thought of that awful bore, which leaves the face and temper sore, and towel stained with ruddy gore.

Hie to sleep, perchance to dream, of never a change in facial scheme, nor yet a thought of toilet cream, but only soap to wash one clean—

"Tis a state to be devoutly sought."

T. ROGERS.

Family News

Their friends will hear with deep regret that Mrs. G. W. Cooke, of Coppenhall, Crewe, has lost her father very suddenly, and that Mrs. J. J. Murray, of Chiswick, W.4, has lost both her parents this year.

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Mrs. A. J. Attrell, of Polegate, won a Cup for knitting at the Women's Institute Exhibition.

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Mrs. Hazel Legg, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Woollen, of North Lancing, sang as leading soprano when the Charlton Kings Choral Society, with the Laurence Hudson Light Orchestra, broadcast from the Midland Regional station on October 22nd. Her husband, Reginald Legg, conducted the choir; he has built up the Choral Society from scratch in two to three years and our St. Dunstaner and his wife are justly proud of their daughter and son-in-law.

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Mavis Hazel, Merton, S.W.19, who is already a graduate in music, is now a qualified organist, having obtained the A.R.C.O. diploma. She has recently secured a teaching post at Caversham.

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Hilda Mary Jakins, West Byfleet, gained honours in the Group II, Stage 2, examination of the Royal Drawing Society.

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Twelve year old Raymond Varley, Sheldon, Birmingham, is a member of an accordion band which in a recent competition won a bronze medal, each member of the band receiving a certificate.

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The son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Manning, of Northampton, is in the Australian Air Force and has recently been on a voyage to the Antarctic with the Force. He sent his parents many wonderful photographs of icebergs, seals, penguins, etc. He says that the animals, knowing no fear, are almost tame.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters

On October 10th, Brian Alvey Hold, of Yeovil, to Pauline Hunter.

On October 24th, Valerie White, Staly-bridge, to Brian Peace.

On November 7th, Jacqueline Scrimgour, Middlesbrough, to James Peter Morgan.

Personal

My wife and I wish to thank, most sincerely, those physiotherapists who, when at Ovingdean, expressed their good wishes for our happiness in such a generous and practical form.

RICHARD BRETT.

(N.B. Mrs. Brett was *nee* Smith—ex-V.A.D., Ovingdean).

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Mr. R. W. Jones, of Barmouth, a photographer who sends the result of a box collection to the Appeals Department, sends his kind regards to any St. Dunstaners who are "Desert Rats."

Birth

FOSTER.—On November 5th, to the wife of E. Foster, of Barnsley, a son. He is the fourth child and second son.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy is extended to the following:

BAKER.—To D. Baker, of Rhyl, Flintshire, whose father has just died.

BRYDSON.—To S. Brydson, of Dumfries, in the loss of his brother.

HORTON.—To J. Horton, of Barnsley, whose father died on October 13th, after a long illness.

THOMAS.—To G. H. Thomas, of Shirley, Birmingham, whose wife died on November 11th.

WALCH.—To J. T. Walch, of Saltdean, whose brother has recently died.

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As we go to press we learn with regret of the death of the widow of a St. Dunstaner, Mrs. J. R. Ridley, of Finchley. She died in hospital where she had been for some time, but her death was nevertheless unexpected.

"In Memory"

Rifleman Henry James Crane, 4th King's Royal Rifles

It is with deep regret that we record the death of H. J. Crane, resident at Ovingdean. He was 76. Henry Crane came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1916, having enlisted at the outbreak of the 1914-18 war. After training with us he became a newsagent and tobacconist and he managed businesses, including a number of kiosks, right up to the time of his retirement in 1955, the last being at Hobart House, S.W.1. He lived in Thornton Heath with his brother and sister-in-law and it was a great blow to him when his brother died and, only a year or so later, his sister-in-law also died. He came to Ovingdean in January, 1959, and he remained there until October 23rd, when he was taken seriously ill and transferred to Pearson House, where he died the following day.

His nearest relative was a niece by marriage, Mrs. Beatrice Garwood, to whom we send our sincere sympathy, and our thoughts go, too, to his many close friends, among them Drummer Downs, who mourn a good comrade.

Sergeant Major Percy Featherstone, Royal Field Artillery

With great regret we record the death of P. Featherstone, of North Ferriby, E. Yorkshire, at the age of 75.

He was an old soldier—he had joined the Army in June, 1903, and was discharged in March, 1916, after being wounded at Ypres the previous year. He came to St. Dunstan's immediately and trained as a poultry farmer and he followed this occupation, together with pig-farming, in which he was also keenly interested, until 1947. He then concentrated only on poultry-keeping. His death was very sudden. He had been working in his garden up to the time of his death.

He was a great champion of the British Legion and there were many tributes from his fellow legionaires at the funeral.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Featherstone and her family.

Corporal George Anderton Jolly, Royal Army Medical Corps and Royal Flying Corps.

We record with deep regret the death on October 14th of George Jolly, of Spratton, Northants., at the age of 69. He died suddenly following a heart attack.

He had served first with the R.A.M.C. and later with the R.F.C. from 1914 until 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1933, where he trained as a physiotherapist and he followed his profession in Ipswich for a number of years, then in Blackpool, and latterly in Northampton. Although he had been in ill-health for a number of years his death was most unexpected. He was at Ovingdean for the Physiotherapy Conference which had just ended, and was looking forward to the Bridge Week-end (he was a very keen member of the Bridge Club).

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

Lance Corporal Horace George Manning, 1/6th London Regiment

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Horace Manning, of Brighton. He was 67.

He had enlisted in June, 1915, and was discharged in 1918, coming at once to St. Dunstan's where he trained as a telephone operator. He became telephonist at the London Hospital, where he remained until his retirement in 1950. He came to Ovingdean in the summer of 1958 but was transferred in August of that year to Pearson House. His health had slowly deteriorated and he died on October 15th.

We send our deep sympathy to Mrs. Manning in her loss.

A.B. Arthur Ross, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve

We record with deep regret the death of Arthur Ross, of Middlesbrough. He died at his home on October 29th at the age of 63.

His service was from July, 1915, until 1918; he had been gassed on the Somme the same year, but he was only admitted to St. Dunstan's as recently as a month ago, when he was already a very sick man.

We offer our sincere sympathy to his widow and family.

Corporal Joseph Henry Rutter, 9th Lancashire Fusiliers

We record with deep regret the death of J. H. Rutter, of Ovingdean. His death occurred while he was in Lancashire on holiday with his daughter, Mrs. Booth. He was 66.

He had served with his regiment from 1910 until 1915, being wounded at the Dardanelles, and he entered St. Dunstan's in September, 1919. He trained as a mat-maker and he also kept a few poultry, and he followed these occupations until 1942 when he took up factory work to help the war effort. He was able to carry on working until 1952, then he returned to mat-making until illness forced him to give up. He had been living at Pearson House since March of this year.

He leaves two daughters to whom our deep sympathy is sent.