

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

SINCE "K-H." gave up his Weekly News Letter, I have been reading the *Braille Mail*, a paper I had not looked at for perhaps twenty years. It consists mainly of extracts from leading and other articles of a more or less serious nature from dailies and weeklies. I have found it well worth while reading or skimming through and I commend it to anyone who is interested in public affairs. I have also, after a lapse of many years, read a couple of copies of *Nuggets*, and I recommend this especially for travellers or others who want a convenient pocket-sized booklet to dip into occasionally. *Nuggets* contains well-chosen tit-bits and as it is produced in interlined Braille, it is very easy to read.

Guiding and Reading Devices

I was asked the other day what was the position regarding guiding and reading inventions, and particularly whether any guiding invention could help one who personally admitted that he was not very good at getting about. I replied as follows:

"Shortly after the Second World War, St. Dunstan's set up a Committee of eminent scientists to advise on Sensory Devices to substitute for sight, more particularly in the matter of reading and walking.

"As regards walking, a great many experiments were made, utilising sound waves and supersonic and radio waves (a kind of radar) and some of these were technically successful. But they were not practicable because the apparatus then available was too bulky and heavy for a blind person to carry with convenience.

"The rapid development of the electronic brain, of transistor receivers and other inventions, has now made it just a little more likely that something useful can be done in connection with reading and guiding devices. Accordingly, St. Dunstan's has set up a new Committee to study the whole subject afresh. This research will certainly take two-three years and it would not be right to foreshadow quick or easy results.

"I am sorry to have to say that it is my experience that persons who are naturally not very good at getting about are very unlikely to be helped by any invention; rather is it the case that those who are skilful at getting about might be helped to get about more easily.

"I think perhaps this same consideration applies to the guide dog, namely, that a guide dog is a great help to a person who is naturally adept at moving around."

I still walk alone a bit in familiar places and there is no doubt the ears, with their capacity for direction-finding and range-finding, and the stick for feeling the corner or the edge of the pavement are effective aids. I am bound to say I very much doubt any invention will improve upon these, but I think it right to explore this very interesting field, for you never know what may turn up.

Ireland

The doctor entered the humble Irish home just when the woman was about to have a baby. "Put the kettle on to boil and light a candle and hold it for me," said the doctor to the husband. After a pause the doctor said, "You have a wonderful baby son." After a further pause the doctor said, "Now you have a wonderful baby daughter." The husband then blew out the candle and when the doctor cursed him he said, "I thought the light was attracting them."

I told this story at the Dublin Reunion, the first all-Irish gathering to which men came from all parts of Ulster and the Republic.

Blindness and the fellow-feeling that goes with it, music, art, stories and Guinness do not take account of borders.

FRASER OF LONSDALE.

Doctor of Philosophy

Heartly congratulations to our Australian St. Dunstaner, David E. Williams, of Queensland, who has been studying at London University for the past two and a half years and has now obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.). He will not, however, receive his Degree Certificate until he is back in Australia, as he leaves this country on May 31st.

On another page Mr. Williams has written an outline of his life since he became blind in 1951. It will be read with interest, we think, by his fellow St. Dunstaners, who will wish him great success in the years ahead.

The Derby Sweepstake

The draw for the Derby Sweepstake, which has now closed, will be held at the London Club on the evening of Thursday, May 26th. All those drawing a horse will be notified.

Centurions' Golden Jubilee

This year sees the Golden Jubilee of the Centurions—the select body of men who have walked a hundred miles in less than twenty-four hours. In its fifty years' existence, there have been three hundred and ten Centurions, each member numbered in strict chronological order.

On Saturday, May 7th, Centurions 253 and 295—who are, of course, our own Archie Brown and Leslie Dennis—were among the eighty-four who attended the Jubilee Dinner at the House of Commons. Archie gained his honour in 1955 and Leslie four years later.

Presiding at the Dinner was Mr. Ernest Neville, who is No. 7 on the Centurion roll.

St. Dunstaners Successful at Local Elections

M. Burns, of Westcliff-on-sea, and L. A. Webber, of Tewkesbury, both contested local elections as Liberal candidates and both were successful. Mr. Burns unseated the Labour councillor at Southend, polling the largest number of votes for many years. His five hundred majority was the largest for more than ten years. In fighting his first contest, Mr. Webber was successful as the last of four replacements to the Tewkesbury Borough Council.

H. W. Greatrex, of Peacehaven, was top of the poll in both the Rural District Council and Parish Council Elections. Mr. Greatrex obtained over 100 votes more than the next candidates in both cases.

South African Fisherman

In a letter to Lord Fraser, M. E. Barrett, of Ficksburg, Orange Free State, writes:—

"We are going down to The Haven at Bashee River mouth for the Easter holidays. I am hoping to strike the salmon run there and quite a variety of other fish which seem to be about at that time. We spent the Christmas holidays at Winkle Spruit, on the south coast of Natal, and had fair fishing when the pollution from the factories further down the coast permitted. My largest edible fish was a salmon of 44 lbs., and I had quite a few smaller ones and a few sharks and sandsharks for exercise and sport. I think the large "sandie" takes a lot of beating provided you do not fish too heavy and, of course, from the shore and not from a boat."

(The salmon our St. Dunstaner refers to is Cape Salmon, a large, strong silver fish which is no relation to our familiar salmon but looks like it.—Ed.).

From All Quarters

K. C. Revis, who recently qualified as a solicitor, took part in the B.B.C. programme, "In Town Tonight," on April 30th, and was featured as the "Personality of the Week."

★ ★ ★

F. C. W. Fulbrook, of Edgware, who is a keen gardener, has been elected a Committee Member of the Stanmore and District Chrysanthemum and Dahlia Society. This Society has an extremely high standard and some of its members have been prize-winners at the National Chrysanthemum Society's Annual Show.

★ ★ ★

J. Loach, of Dudley, is secretary of the local Football Club which this season has won three cups, the Bewdley Charity Cup, the Guest Hospital Cup and the St. John's Ambulance Cup. Our St. Dunstaner, as secretary, was himself presented with a small cup.

★ ★ ★

Willie Ward, of Pearson House, made a swing in macrame string and sent it to Her Majesty The Queen for Prince Andrew. Willie has now received a letter from Buckingham Palace thanking him for "the beautifully made swing." The letter went on: "Her Majesty is very pleased to accept this and is sure that her son will derive much pleasure from it in the years to come."

★ ★ ★

Postcard received by the Editor from Mrs. M. Stanway, sent from Looe, in Cornwall: "Am here on holiday in the house where I spent most of my A.T.S. life. To-day I have shown my daughter Pat where my bed was. What memories it has brought back!"

News of a Very Old Friend

From the *Morning Advertiser*, May 11th, 1960:

"Mr. Fred Biggs, of the 'North Star,' Chessington, has retired after being associated with the Trade for 57 years. Fred Biggs, now 74, has retired owing to ill-health. His first licence was at the 'Sultan,' Hampstead Road, London, believed to be the smallest beerhouse in London.

"While at Hampstead Road, Mr. Biggs was well-known at St. Dunstan's, on whose behalf he organised outings and collected large amounts for the Home."

The Reunions

Lord Fraser, who was accompanied by Lady Fraser, and who had just completed a short fishing holiday in Southern Ireland, presided at a Reunion in Dublin on Saturday, April 23rd, where he met St. Dunstaners from both Northern Ireland and Eire, who were having a joint reunion for the first time.

Twenty-five St. Dunstaners and their escorts enjoyed a very happy meeting and among the guests were the local Chairman and Secretary of the British Legion in the persons of Captain T. McKeever and Lieut.-Col. P. Considine.

Unfortunately, Mr. Macauley was in England at the time and was therefore, unable to be present, to everyone's regret.

Lord Fraser, who was again accompanied by Lady Fraser, also presided at the Nottingham Reunion on April 29th, when some fifty St. Dunstaners enjoyed an exceptional lunch provided by the Victoria Station Hotel, whose Catering Manager devoted all his time to organising the social afternoon that followed.

Among the retired staff and helpers were Mr. George White, Mrs. Spurway and Mrs. Giorgi.

In the course of his speech, Lord Fraser said, "You can conquer blindness if you have good training and an organisation like St. Dunstan's to inspire and help you. Even when you are older and retired, there is much you can do to help yourself and others . . . St. Dunstan's is the most wonderful family I know and Lady Fraser and I go to as many reunions like this one as we can, all over the country, for we love to meet our old friends of two wars who have so much in common."

Over fifty St. Dunstaners and their escorts assembled at the Queen's Hotel, Leeds, on Saturday, April 30th, for their Reunion, presided over by Mr. Donald Hopewell, Member of St. Dunstan's Council, for another happy meeting.

It included St. Dunstaners from the areas of three different Welfare Visitors, and among those present were Miss Betty Vaughan-Davies and Mrs. Spurway.

Mr. Hopewell also presided at the Edinburgh Reunion on Monday, May 9th, at the Roxburgh Hotel, when fifteen St. Dunstaners and their escorts met Mr. Lloyds and Mr. Wills from Headquarters.

Although a small gathering, mainly of First War St. Dunstaners from all over Scotland, it was none the less enjoyable and everyone had a great deal to say to each other.

The retired Welfare Visitor for Scotland, Miss M. T. Wood, received an enthusiastic welcome.

At Newcastle, on Wednesday, May 11th, Mr. Donald Hopewell told the Geordies that he hardly dared to show his face there again—he had presided at their Reunion so many times—but the roar of welcome proved that he had nothing to fear in that respect!

There were twenty-nine St. Dunstaners and their escorts present and they were entertained during the afternoon by their old friend, Mr. Fred Lawson, to whom a copy of Wally Thomas's book, "Life in My Hands," was presented as a token of their appreciation for all he has done to help St. Dunstaners in the area.

Just Suppose—

Here is a first selection from the entries we have received in response to last month's competition. Not all faithfully observed the condition—one wish for someone else—but we have been lenient and judged entries on their merits.

Presto! I've got a wish . . . but for whom? I'm spoilt for choice! Let's see . . . wish practically any of the world's leaders a bit more gumption? . . . should improve things. *Could* wish laryngitis on the pestilential crooner whose sexless whine murders the air we breathe. *Couldn't* wish my wife a better husband . . . could I? What about having a go at the Minister of Pensions? No, better not. We'd be spoiled with all that money.

Got it! Cheat a bit. Split one wish into millions of little 'uns. Here goes . . . I wish everyone in the world just one per cent more charity in their hearts.

PHILLIP WOOD,
Hyde.

I have waved my magic wand and Mr. Average Citizen has got his wish. He has managed to get three very V.I.P.s in the saloon bar of the White Horse, or maybe it is the Arlington. They are quaffing pints of good British beer and as they quaff, the atmosphere gets very friendly. Just listen. "Drink up," says Mr. K., "I'll pay." "No, no," says Ike, "I'll pay,"

and Hal says, "What's it matter who pays so long as we are all together." And so it goes on until later in the evening we see them with their arms around each other's shoulders singing lustily, "Dear old pals . . .", vowing eternal friendship and promising to make this an annual reunion. Then out in the street they go singing in chorus, "We'll all go the same way home . . ."

Pinch me, someone, where did I put that wand?

HAROLD DOWNS,
Rishton.

If I was granted one wish it would be that a little sanity would come into this troubled world.

I wish that we could see the error of our ways and bring peace and goodwill to all men.

A tall order, you say? Not a bit of it. If we all turned to God and asked Him to forgive us our trespasses, and to help us to lead better lives, a great deal of sin would disappear from this confused world.

The solution to all the world's problems lies in our own hands.

God taught us how to live. I wish that we could all follow Him.

JOHN MARTIN,
London, W.11.

I wish someone would invent some gadget to alleviate the bugbear of the slope at Ovingdean—a funicular, hoverplane, or overhead mono-rail. Or some form of oxygen tank to act as breath for Liza. A 20ft. high platform at the bottom of each entrance with remote controlled lift, with ejector seats for grans. and grandads so that they could be catapulted from platform to door of hostel, with an overhead wire from platform to door for the mums and dads. Of course, anyone coming down the slope would have to duck occasionally, but then again, ducking could be good exercise for those with a pain in the neck.

E. H. NORTH,
Taunton.

Happy we both may be and God is good, but it's nice to wish you could help someone else and I wish my good fairy will come along soon.

(Mrs.) E. G. PALMER,
Poole.

From Farmer to Doctor of Philosophy

It was February, 1951.

I was almost 42 years of age: I had been in the Army Medical Services of the Australian Forces—captured in the "bag" at the Fall of Singapore. There, like many other British and Australian troops, I suffered from the effects of malnutrition—rice, rice, and still more rice for three and a half years! And like the others, this diet of rice had repercussions on my health and sight. When demob. time arrived, I had decided upon a "life on the land," as did many of the other Australian soldiers. I bought a 650 acre farm outside Toowoomba, Queensland, and set my mind to the raising of pigs, the milking of cows, the clearing of land, and such other pursuits as occupy an active farmer in sunny Queensland. I had also got "hitched" following my return to Australia, and my wife "put forward her best foot" in assisting me with the farm work. And we were doing quite well in our new life. Then came the shock: the damaged sight was rapidly deteriorating! The final blast came in February, 1951—I was henceforth confined to the world of night, the world of black darkness: what should I do? I was no longer a chicken! I had learned my tricks, as had any old dog! Could others teach me new ones? Could I teach myself some? Those first few days in Greenslopes Military or Repatriation Hospital, Brisbane, were bleak ones for me. How did I get over them?—as so many of you others have done—with the help of the nursing staff; with the help of other patients, often very sick ones; and by a desperate attempt to "pull myself out of it." One could either resign oneself to self-pity, or one could start to fight again. I decided on the latter course.

The Queensland Repatriation Department started a "Planned Day" Group for the war-blinded men in Queensland—braille writing and reading; touch-typing; string work; weaving; cane work; and a host of other things. Then, too, the Planned Day brought us all together on one day a week: social contact; outings to various factories, scenic spots, meetings, sports centres, etc.; and visits from all sorts of speakers sometime during each Day's activities. This was just what I needed: no time to sit down and commiserate with

myself; no time to sit about doing nothing. Very soon they asked me what I would like to do. When I had thought it over, I said—go to the University and do an Arts Degree there. In March, 1952, I commenced study at the Queensland University as a student in Arts. Again there were many new "tricks" to learn: schemes to work out to cover the courses; systems of abbreviations in connection with my various subjects, e.g. how to do phonetics on an ordinary typewriter so that the lecturer and examiner could correct my work; how to find my way around the various class rooms and back and forth by tram and 'bus to the University. How to do the exams when November came around.

It was a proud moment when I took my B.A. Degree in the normal time of three years—and a very, very good degree at that, including one of the University prizes. It was a prouder moment when I took out First Class Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy in the following year, 1955, and my M.A. Degree in 1956—a year under the usual time taken for an M.A. Degree. Still prouder was I when my own University saw fit to award me a Queensland University Foundation Travelling Scholarship to come over to England to do a Doctorate Degree in London, and the Trustees of the Gowrie Scholarship Trust Fund awarded me with their "Major Patrick Hore-Ruthven Memorial Scholarship" for the same purpose. I need not say that it was not solely my own effort: there were many wonderful ladies in Queensland who worked their fingers to the bone braille notes and text books for me; there were many students who spent many hours reading with and to me. Like all success, mine was not gained in isolation but through co-operative effort, and my thanks go out to the many wonderful helpers through those five years of study back home and to the continued sponsorship of the Repatriation Department. Without that help I would not be writing this in London to-day. Now my studies are complete and I have achieved my ambition—the Ph.D. degree in the school of Government and Philosophy.

We have no such great organisation as St. Dunstan's in Australia, and when once an Australian has been a St. Dunstaner in London, he realises what we lack in Aus-

tralia. I take my hat off to all my many helpers over the last eight years; I give a special doff to St. D's. And to all my fellow St. Dunstaners in England I have but this to say—I hope you appreciate your association as my wife and I do. With us St. D's is tops. D. E. WILLIAMS

Talking Book Library Spring Reading

Three releases only, comprising crime, sea adventure and a missionary saga are all ready to delight readers in this merry month of May.

"Three at the Angel," by Maurice Proctor, reader Robert Gladwell, is a yarn of amateurish crime. I say amateurish advisedly because the three concerned are professional boxers turned cat burglars, with the most harrowing results. Each one of the three has so much potential decency that one half sympathises with them throughout. Each in turn is made a killer, but to me that was just a device to work up a little hate against three very decent criminals. *Cat. No. 158.*

"Family at Sea," by John Caldwell, reader Arthur Bush, is a follow-up to "Desperate Voyage" (*Cat. No. 836*), a journey from Panama to Sydney. Whereas the author travelled alone in the first book, this time he takes it more sensibly and easily with his wife and three youngsters. Pleasant enough but not half as gripping as its forerunner. *Cat. No. 517.*

"The Small Woman," by Alan Burgess, reader Eric Gillett, is an epic of missionary work which utterly captures the imagination. A very ordinary young London girl without a cent and without influence, decides in the '20s she is going to do good works in China. She does just that and for over 20 years she accomplishes a multitude of incredible feats of help to the Chinese, any one of which could have been a book in itself. A fine figure of heroism, wisdom, and down to earth sanctity. *Cat. No. 86.* NELSON.

Grandfathers

P. McGloin, of Sligo; J. Lucocq, of Llandaff North; R. Chandler, of Richmond, Yorks. (for the eighteenth time); S. C. Loram, of Brixham (the seventeenth); A. Grogan, of Leeds (two new grandchildren during the past few weeks, making twelve in all); H. Acton, of Paignton (a second grandchild); A. J. Woollen, of North Lancing (a fifth grandchild).

Ovingdean Notes

Lord and Lady Fraser visited Ovingdean and Pearson House early this month. There were nearly one hundred men in the House that day.

During April a Shooting Competition was arranged between no less than 14 men, each man firing against another. The result was that 4 competitors tied for first place (with 7 wins each). This meant that a shoot-off was necessary and during this P. Lowry and W. Richardson again tied for first place. They, therefore, fired off again and P. Lowry won by 36 points to 30.

On May 4th, a team of 8 St. Dunstaners competed with a team of 8 from the Hove Police. The Police won this match by 209 points to St. Dunstan's 176.

The following items are included in our Whitsun programme of amusements at Ovingdean. St. Dunstaners who will be spending their holiday here at that time may like to know in advance, and also local beneficiaries:—

Saturday, 4th June.

Whist Drive and Domino Tournament in Winter Garden and Canteen, at 8 p.m.

Sunday, 5th June.

Concert in Lounge by the Cecilian Concert Party from Harrow, at 7 p.m.

Monday, June 6th.

Bank Holiday Dance in Lounge, from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m.

The Ovingdean Sports and Garden Party will take place here this year on Saturday, 9th July, commencing at 2.30 p.m. It is hoped that Lord and Lady Fraser will be present. Entries for the field events will be taken on the field. St. Dunstaners wishing to attend, if they will not be staying in the building, are asked to apply to Miss Guilbert in writing. A ticket for tea for a St. Dunstaner and escort will be sent. Any additional ones required may be obtained, beforehand, on request, at the charge of 1s. 0d. per head.

Local St. Dunstaners will be receiving invitations in due course but any from outside this district who would like to come along for the day, we shall be pleased to hear from. Applications for tea tickets must be made not later than June 22nd please.

St. Dunstan's Chapel. Readers may be interested to know that the following donations have been made from the Oving-

dean Chapel Collection recently:—

At Christmas we sent £15 each to the Turner Home, Brighton, and the Brighton & Hove Girls' Orphanage, £10 to St. Matthew's Church Comforts Fund, £5 to the "Friends of St. Bridget's Fund" (St. Bridget's at East Preston is one of the Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick, founded by Group Capt. Leonard Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.) A further donation of £5 was sent to the Diocesan Readers' Association. Earlier in the year we had sent also a donation to the Repairs Fund for St. Wulfran's Church, Ovingdean, which has such an interesting history from Saxon days and is one of the oldest churches in Sussex.

This year being World Refugee Year, we felt we should send some of the Chapel Collection to that Fund and to date a total of £30 has been sent to the Brighton Fund for World Refugee Year.

The Deaf Reunion

We, that is Billy, Joe, Cliff and I, met on April 28th, at Ovingdean once again. Wally Thomas, who had undergone an operation lasting over five hours the previous day was naturally unable to join us this time, but we were pleased to learn he was comfortable, although at that early stage no result of the operation.

We once again enjoyed a nice supper with the Commandant, Matron and senior staff, with Miss Heap from Pearson House, since Matron Avison was on holiday.

Friday found us early on our way to visit the Aspro-Nicholas factory at Slough, which is a very modern establishment indeed, more like a super museum, but we enjoyed our tour and learnt Aspros were turned out at the rate of 1,200 a minute, which illustrates the number of headaches going! We also enjoyed a very good lunch, too. Saturday we took an afternoon drive into the country for tea and played dominoes in the evening, and a "ding-dong" affair it was, too, with first Joe then Billy winning a game until their bags stood at 8 games to 4 in favour of Billy, then Cliff and I decided to have a win!

Billy had to stay in bed Sunday due to a slight chill and as both Cliff and I had to see the doctor on Monday morning, Joe proved the fittest this time!

We paid our usual visit to Pearson House on Sunday afternoon where we met Matron Avison, who had returned the previous

evening, and we enjoyed a nice tea and chats with members of the staff there.

Mr. Wills, owing to pressure of work in London, was unable to join us for tea on Monday, but we were pleased to meet Miss Midgley and Miss Rogers again.

We were all delighted when Mr. Wills turned up at Stroud's to join us for our traditional dinner—when Joe once more rose to the occasion and thanked St. Dunstan's for what they did for us deaf chaps, and those St. Dunstaners who took the opportunity to have a chat with us all when they meet us at Ovingdean. G.F.

A Blackbird Singing

*To-day I heard a blackbird sing;
And in the high-walled garden of my mind,
Where oft the weeds of introspection wind
Their wormy roots about much happier thought,
The bitter laurel of green envy grew,
For he had fulsome freedom—I had not.*

*Go, blackbird, sing your song;
Let me in my lone garden of a mind
Walk arm-in-arm with melancholy all day long.*

*To-day I heard a blackbird sing;
And with the arrogance and beauty of the free
He sang his song of Springtime's urgency.
And what cared he for my containing night
In the matchless cadence of his April day?
Who hates the dark must kindle his own light.*

*So, blackbird, take your song;
And should the vulture swoop, why should I weep
For one whose wings exemplify my wrong?*

*To-day I heard a blackbird sing;
Then, like a bowstring severed by a lance,
My heart leapt up to his exuberance.
His freedom lay in fealty to a mate,
While she, with nature's wisdom in her sex,
Abandoned hers for the simple mother's state.*

*O, blackbird, sing your song!
In your feathered ounce of molten melody
Flows the force of life's endeavour to be strong.*

G. D. WARDEN

(The above lines won first prize for G. Warden, of Southall, in a competition for the best poem organised by the Australian Literary Society, Queensland Society for the Blind Division. He also won first prize for an essay, "This Dark Business.")

"In Memory"

Private Thomas Connerton, *Somerset Light Infantry*

We record with deep regret the death of T. Connerton, of Blackpool, which occurred at his home on April 20th. He was 73.

He served with his regiment from 1916 to 1918 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1950, when his age prevented him undertaking any training.

His death was sudden and unexpected.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his widow.

Isaac A. Corns, *Royal Army Veterinary Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Isaac A. Corns, who has been a resident of Pearson House since the end of 1959. He was eighty years old.

He entered St. Dunstan's in March, 1919, and trained in basket-making, and he did this work until 1923 when he went into poultry keeping with rug-making as a hobby. In 1929 he went to Australia, but in 1949 he lost his wife and he came back to this country at the end of that year, when he was cared for by his daughter, Mrs. Cooke, until his admission to Pearson House. He died on April 10th.

He leaves a large and devoted family to whom our deep sympathy goes in their loss.

Private Cyril Hugh Frankish, *3rd Leicestershire Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of C. H. Frankish, of Harraby, Carlisle, at the age of 61.

He served in the Army from March, 1917, until his discharge in June, 1919, but he had been a victim of a mustard gas attack, and in 1955, as a result of its delayed effect, he came to St. Dunstan's. His age and ill-health ruled out any training. He had been seriously ill for many months and had borne his suffering with great fortitude.

To Mrs. Frankish and her son our deepest sympathy is offered.

Lance Sergeant James Henry Todd, *12th Bomb Disposal Company*

With deep regret we record the death of J. H. Todd, of Oxhey, Watford, at the age of 50.

Enlisting in May, 1940, he served officially until August, 1945, although he had been admitted to St. Dunstan's a little while previously. He trained in telephony, upholstery and capstan lathe work and in 1945 he became a capstan lathe operator and carried on until 1950 when he came back for a refresher course in telephony. He worked at this for a short while but went back again to industry and worked at his lathe until his death on April 22nd.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Todd and her daughters and schoolboy son, who will greatly miss him, and also to his other relatives in their loss.

Braille Tests

SENIOR BRAILLE TEST: J. Davies, of Saughal Massie.

Birth

KIRKBY.—On April 27th, to the wife of J. Kirkby, of Wallasey, a daughter—Julie.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy is offered to the following:

HARRIS.—To J. Harris, of Stoneleigh, in the loss of his mother last month.

POLLEY.—To F. Polley, of London, W.12, whose wife died on May 7th. She had been in hospital for some months suffering from heart trouble.

STEVENS.—To A. Stevens, of Winnersh, Wokingham, whose wife died on April 27th. She had been ill with heart trouble, although she attended the Windsor Reunion with her husband only a fortnight before.

Ruby Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Guisley, of Menston, March 31st; Mr. and Mrs. H. Baker, of Billericay, April 25th; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Scott, of Winsford, May 20th; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Palmer, of Leicester, also May 20th; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Matthews, of Soberton, May 5th; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Taylor, of Worthing, May 22nd.

Many congratulations.

Family News

Our late St. Dunstaner's son, Malcolm Kittle, who has been very ill since the death of his father in January, was presented with a daughter on April 26th. Mrs. Kittle, junior, was also very ill shortly before the baby's birth but she and her husband are now happily making good recoveries. Our good wishes go to all the family.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters

Albert Ward, Winchester, on March 26th, and his sister, Marjorie, on April 9th.

Sylvia Coles, Gloucester, to Graham Gardener, on March 18th. They are both nineteen.