

A black and white photograph of a building under renovation. The structure is almost entirely obscured by a dense network of metal scaffolding. Several workers are visible on different levels of the scaffolding, engaged in their tasks. The background shows the remaining brick and concrete walls of the building, some of which appear to be in the process of being demolished or stripped. The overall scene is one of active construction and demolition.

St Dunstans
REVIEW
MARCH

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Pearson House

It is some time since I referred to the reconstruction work we are undertaking at Pearson House, and St. Dunstaners will doubtless like me to tell them of the present position.

I had hoped that the work would have been completed by the end of 1971—in fact the contractors had given us the end of October of that year as their finishing date—but unfortunately this has not been the case. There have been numerous delays and it now looks as though we shall not be able to regain possession and have everything completed until the summer. I am very sorry about this as of course it means that we cannot start on the up-dating of Ovingdean until we have Pearson House back, but we have done everything possible to impress upon the Architects and the Contractors that we want the job finished quickly.

Whilst work on the new wing (which will accommodate nursing cases and the more elderly) has proceeded well, a number of difficulties arose with the main building which took a little time to sort out, these I am glad to say have now been overcome.

In view of the delays we have decided to continue with holidays at Ovingdean until the end of August, and we hope that this will enable every St. Dunstaner who needs a break this year to have one there. Then, as soon as possible, after we have Pearson House back, all permanent St. Dunstaners and trainees will be moved there from Ovingdean so that work can be started at the latter; nursing cases will remain at Northgate House and this will give us a limited number of spare beds at the new Pearson House for urgent admissions and for a few St. Dunstaners needing short periods of convalescence.

A detailed description of the accommodation and facilities at the new Pearson House will be given in a subsequent *Review*, but meanwhile St. Dunstaners may like to have the following brief information about the Home.

The main entrance will be from Abbey Road on the east (that is the right hand) side of the building, instead of from St. George's Road as previously. Leading off the entrance hall will be the cloakroom, lounge, winter garden and dining room, and also on this main floor will be smaller rooms for typing, talking books and craftwork. On the first floor there will be 10 bedrooms for St. Dunstaners, comprising 7 singles and 3 doubles, and a further 3 singles on the second floor. Other rooms on the second floor and a few on the first will accommodate nursing staff, orderlies and domestics, V.A.D.s as before being at Westcot, which is not being altered. At the right of the entrance a corridor leads to an entirely new wing built on three floors, facing Abbey Road on one side and a spacious level garden on the other. On the ground floor will be the Matron's office, Doctor's room, Dispensary and Physiotherapy and Dental Clinics. The first and second floors are designed for nursing cases and the more infirm and will accommodate a total of 38, divided into 26 singles, 2 doubles and two rooms each with 4 beds. The bathrooms and lavatories on these two floors are centralised along the length of the block and each floor will have its own small lounge; each bedroom will, of course, have its own washbasin, razor point, radio, etc.

I feel sure that these major improvements will provide considerably better accommodation and facilities for both St. Dunstaners and staff; my hope is that we shall not be too long delayed in having the use of them.

Fraser of Lonsdale

COVER PICTURE: *Amidst a web of scaffolding poles the old Pearson House submits to the demolition workers to make way for the new. This photograph was taken a year ago.*

COMING EVENTS

Memorial Service

A Memorial Service to the late Miss Bridget Talbot, O.B.E., will be held at the Chapel of the Red Ensign Club, Dock Street, E.1, on Wednesday, 15th March, at 12 noon.

Mr. Ben Mills, Frank and myself will be at St. Dunstan's H.Q. at 11 a.m. should any of her St. Dunstan's friends care to accompany us to the Service.

AVIS SPURWAY

Sports

The Ovingdean Sports Weekend will be held on the 10th and 11th June.

Fishing will be arranged for 4 days in April (8th, 9th, 10th and 11th) and for 5 days in June following the Sports (12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th).

Accommodation is limited to 30 beds for the Sports and to 12 beds for the fishing.

The usual letters with Application Forms have been sent out from Ovingdean to those previously interested and **the closing date for replies is 18th March.** If you are interested and have not had a letter, please write without delay to the Commandant.

Trooping the Colour and Royal Tournament

It is hoped that we may again this year receive an allocation of tickets for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony on the morning of **Saturday, 3rd June**, and also for the Private View of the Royal Tournament at Earls Court on the afternoon of **Wednesday, 12th July.**

St. Dunstaners who would like to apply for tickets for these events should contact me by 28th April please.

C. D. WILLS

Easter at Ovingdean

To all who are coming to spend Easter at Ovingdean, don't forget to bring your **EASTER BONNETS** for the Easter Monday Dance! Prizes for the best Bonnets!

Top Appointments at the R.N.I.B.

MR. ERIC BOULTER has been appointed Director General of the Royal National Institute for the Blind in succession to Mr. J. C. Colligan, C.B.E. on his retirement. The appointment takes effect on 1st May, 1972. MR. E. J. VENN, present Head of Services to the Blind, is appointed Deputy Director General as from the same date.

Mr. Boulter is a St. Dunstaner and readers may remember that he contributed an article to the *Review*, "American Aid to the World's Blind", which we published in March, 1971, following a Chairman's Note the previous month.

Derby Day Coach Trip

It is proposed to run a coach trip for Derby Day, leaving H.Q., Old Marylebone Road, at 9.15 a.m. on **Wednesday, 7th June**, this year.

Any St. Dunstaner wishing to join our party should send in his name not later than **Friday, 31st March** to:

Norman Smith,
St. Dunstan's London Club,
P.O. Box 58,
191, Old Marylebone Road,
London, NW1 5QN.

The outing is always an unqualified success for the price charged. This includes the coach fare, a packed luncheon with either soft drinks or beer. This year the charge will be £1.50 per person. This must be paid when booking.

It is a most enjoyable day out and I hope more St. Dunstaners will wish to be included in this trip to the Derby. So hurry up and send your names in to Norman as soon as possible.

May it be noted that if insufficient St. Dunstaners book for the Coach trip, this will have to be cancelled.

W. MILLER

Harrogate Bridge. See page 16.
Braille Reading Competition. See page 8.
H.M.S. Daedalus Camp. See page 15.

My Greenhouse

by Pat Collins

When Miss Collins retired from her work in the Welfare Department in April, 1968, St. Dunstaners whom she had visited presented her with a greenhouse. She gives us the following account which shows that she has put the gift to good use; indeed, there may be a few useful hints and tips here for some of our own members.

My greenhouse really has "taken root" and I would not be without it! Rather like a car, it is referred to as "she" and she is now "tucked up" in polythene ready for the winter. Lining the sides and roof really does work and keeps the inside temperature up a couple of degrees from that outside—and from the heating cost point of view only a couple of degrees makes quite a difference. The polythene covering for the sides is fixed on to battens with drawing-pins and the battens attached to greenhouse by means of screw hooks—thus I have "frames" which are easy to put up and take down. One sheet of polythene 12"×7" covers the roof and this is kept in position by means of expanding curtain wires (the plastic covered ones). Incidentally this is a ridge greenhouse so fortunately there are only three sides of glass, the fourth being the garage wall.

At the present time there is so much in there it is difficult to move—nine pots of chrysanthemums which, because of my inexperience, range in height from about 5' 6" to 3' and in flowers from 15 to 2 per plant (ah well! variety is the spice of life); many pots of cyclamen corms which have been raised from seed (patience of Job needed here and in fact when raising hardy cyclamen for the rockery patience ran out and after about six months with no sign of germination, the pots were emptied on to nearby beds and about four weeks ago I noticed cyclamen leaves appearing here and there—the vagaries of Nature!!); back to the greenhouse—there are seven azalea plants bursting at the bud, four of which I have nurtured year in and year out for what seems like ages and they continue to reward me with a lovely show of flowers. Carnations are occupying pride of place at the moment simply because it

is my first venture into that field. I bought on recommendation from the Steven Bailey nursery at Sway (Hampshire) and being an amateur asked lots of questions of the staff and got extremely helpful answers. I bought rooted cuttings which were potted up in May and at the time of writing they are budding well. I am also a freesia lover and each year grown from seed and/or corms—results either way are a profusion of flowers but those grown from seed have richer shades and stronger scents. I have persevered for a couple of years with schizostylis but have come to the conclusion they are not happy here as from dozens of plants I get no more than a handful of spikes, which of course are beautiful "samples" but nevertheless a disappointing result.

Then there are the usual miscellaneous items in pots (fuchsia cuttings, hibiscus, orange tree, clivia—for example) including lettuces—they rarely "heart up" but give sufficient tender leaves as and when needed.

The tomato crop was again satisfactory this year—from 6 plants (in whalehide pots) I had 40 lb. ripen, and sufficient green to make approximately 12 lb. chutney. Heard on the radio a tip from Fred Streeter which I shall try next year—if left with unripe tomatoes cut down the stem of plant to base and hang upside down in garage (always assuming you have one—otherwise hang . . . where, I wonder?).

Ready For Winter

The heater is in position ready for the cold frosty nights—in fact it was used on the night of 6th October when there was both air and ground frost. I aim to keep the temperature not less than 45°F and the Humex "Turbo Plus" fan heater with a built-in thermostat gives good account of itself. For extra confined warmth to raise certain seedlings I have a Complex electric seed raiser and some rather temperamental alpiners were brought into existence over last winter.

I have finally acknowledged defeat by the soil here, which is sand—dig a spade

depth and there it is. Sometimes I think I can even hear the sound of waves!!! Each year I have raised some annuals and believe me there is great rejoicing when the plants produce a few pathetic flowers, but as the garden consists mainly of heathers, rhododendrons, and azaleas I shall now concentrate on those shrubs which enjoy a sandy soil.

One rather eccentric thing I do is, when having raised sweet-pea seedlings, I plant them out of doors in 9" whalehide pots (about half a dozen seedlings per pot) and let them climb up wires attached to the eaves; in all, between 9 and 12 pots grace the back and side of the bungalow and it is rather effective when they are in bloom!

To My St. Dunstaners

I hope I have left you in no doubt that the greenhouse gives me endless hours of pleasure and to all MY St. Dunstaners (with apologies to your current Visitor) my continuing thanks for making this possible.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 880

The Eighth Day

by Thornton Wilder

Read by Marvin Kane

A reconstruction of the conviction for murder, and escape of John Ashley, family man and mining engineer, who was brought to trial and sentenced to death soon after the turn of the century for the murder of his best friend. Rescued by unknown men from the train carrying him to his place of execution, he is given a horse and directed to leave the United States. Ashley who is not guilty of the crime makes his way to Chile, where happily employed he is tracked down by a bounty hunter, escapes again and disappears for ever.

Meanwhile his family are left to their own devices. His daughter saves the family from starvation by turning their home into a boarding house, while his son goes to Chicago and becomes a famous journalist.

This reconstruction of true events has no happy ending but never-the-less makes interesting reading for as we find out John Ashley far from being a murderer is, or was a latter day saint, who spread his good works among the poor of his community unknown to his family and business associates.

Cat. No. 1175

Deafness

by David Wright

Read by Arthur Bush

The author who went deaf at the age of seven after an attack of Scarlet Fever gives his own account of his affliction. At the age of seven he has of course already a fair vocabulary and being a child of advanced intelligence can read fluently, though as time passes his speech becomes almost unintelligible to others.

He travels from South Africa to England and there, first with private tutors, and then at Northampton School for the Deaf, continues his education until winning a scholarship to Oxford.

He considers himself lucky compared with those who are born deaf, thus having no knowledge of the spoken language and find construction of written work extremely hard, having no oral rhythm to guide them.

He then passes on to a history of the education of the deaf, with the battle of sign language against oral tuition, and for that matter some advocating a mixture of both systems.

Being a father of a born deaf son I had a great personal interest in reading this book and wish it had been written when my son was much younger.

Cat. No. 893

Peter Simple

by Captain Marryat

Read by David Broomfield

A mainly humorous account of Peter Simple and his friend O'Brian as they rise through the ranks from Midshipmen to Post Captains, in the days when we had wooden ships and men of iron.

Light reading it will be enjoyed by boys from nine to ninety. Certainly this Victorian writer knew how to spin a sailor's yarn.

Girl From Tibet

By B.S.L.

This slim volume published by Loyola University Press, Chicago, is fat with incident. Those of us who have read the autobiography of John Windsor—a Canadian St. Dunstan—under its pithy title “Blind Date”, will not be surprised that his essay into biography moves with the speed of an Express train on its appointed journey from “The Forbidden City” where the wheel is still an anachronism.

John Windsor himself is not really the official guide to our travel. At the very outset he proclaims that he is a “ghost” writer on behalf of the remarkable and lovable heroine who is the real tale teller of this, at times seemingly incredible yet nevertheless factual journey, which in addition to its own mileage is also the biography of this “Girl from Tibet”.

Tseten

Her name is Tseten and she is possessed with an acute and accurate sense of observation focussed both to her eye and ear. Allied to this gift is a memory which, like an animal trap, imprisons her victims until ripe for release into public utterance. How much of her skill as a raconteur is due to her tongue or that of the pen of her scribe, cannot be assessed here. All it says under the Title is “as told to John Windsor”.

There is a number of verbal snapshots of family members, friends and other figures of Tibetan life. Interesting as each of these characters is, none stands out in so well earned relief as does Tseten's father. Although he is but a shopkeeper, his business thrives pretty well by Tibetan standards. It is fairly big too, but, of course, following the fashion of Eastern Bazaars, windowless. A large shop requires a large stock and because his varied assortment of wares could not be manufactured in Tibet, Tseten's dad had to import his goods: there being no import industry as such a trader had to be his own importer. This entailed many weeks of travel each year using his own convoy of yaks and mules to fetch and carry. Every such trek carried the risks of attack from brigands along the lonely mountain passes, the narrow threads of which cottoned on to the Indian frontier.

The effect of these hardships on Tseten's sturdy parent was to add to his accumulated store of learning, in addition to the store of wares for his business. Both by word and example he guided his family into a realm of good citizenship using the relevance of the written words of the wise, to connect to his practical knowledge of the customs and behaviour over which he took so much care to study on his many journeys.

There is no doubt that the imprint of her father's personality has stamped itself indelibly on the character of his daughter. Her sense of the ridiculous is never failing, even during events of great hardship such as when she and the elder women of her family flee on mule back from Lhasa to India, with thousands of other refugees to escape the invading Chinese. Her brisk and vivid detail of this long journey and miserable trail highlights the horror of it because she does not pause to gloat.

What is more astonishing was the comparative ease with which Tseten got out from Lhasa and Tibet, when measured against the appalling frustrations she experienced in her attempt to re-cross the Frontier to her home to re-join her family, due entirely to a bewildering display of bureaucratic inefficiency. Nevertheless it occurred during this delay that she secured an audience with the Dalai Lama. Her account of the number of apartments through which her small procession had to traverse before coming face to face with His Holiness, was a ritual seemingly identical to securing audience with the Pope, except that the rich adornment of the Vatican becomes replaced by rooms of comparatively small dimensions, sparsely and humbly furnished, within an exterior hardly deserving the classification of architecture.

Her audience with His Holiness confirms the reputation of his abundant charm and intellect, as well as his great love which this spiritual head of Tibet bears towards his people.

The value of this book is not only increased by illustrations but is further enhanced by the gracious act of the Dalai Lama personally subscribing the preface.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Alf Bradley of Northwood Hills, Mx.

In the Spring of 1942, three of us, together with some few thousand other Eighth Army personnel, were in Cape Town while the *Strathnaver* was being replenished. We three walked into the Cape Town Railway Station Buffet, and sat down for a “cuppa”. The waitress brought a teapot and we asked her to pour out the tea for us. Responding to our leg pulling, she pointed out that she was on duty, and so could not oblige, but said if we were off the boat the next day, she would do so.

Need I say, the next evening we were at the station buffet again. But not to have a “cuppa” poured out for us . . . Oh no, . . . we were taken by bus out to Norfolk Road, The Observatory, where Margery's Mum, Mrs. Blake gave us a splendid meal and we had a grand evening.

Now over the intervening years, on the few occasions that I have met folks from Cape Town, I have usually got round to this little story, but believe me, none have ever confirmed that I had the right address. In fact, none ever recognised that place, and I resigned myself years ago, that I must have remembered incorrectly.

At the London Reunion last Summer in the Russell Hotel, I told my remembrance to Mr. Dennis Lloyd, who was the guest speaker, from Cape Town. Imagine my reaction when he said that he not only knew Norfolk Road, but had an office there, and would look up the Blake family for me.

The fact that the Blakes had removed did not deter Mr. Lloyd. He got a friend to put a little insert into a local paper, and after just over 29 years I have been able to write a “thank you” letter!

Mrs. Blake is now 84 years of age but fit and well, and Marg and her mother now live in Durbanville.

So don't give up lads, keep asking!

Tibet continued

May I be forgiven in conclusion in saying that I became so involved in those interminable journeys on the back of a mule that, unlike the psalmist it was not “my heart” but “my end” which became sore troubled.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstan's recently admitted to membership. The Review hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.

David Alexander Reid of Birkenhead, came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1972. He served in both the Liverpool Scottish Regiment and the King's Liverpool Regiment in the First World War. He is married with a grown-up family of one daughter and two sons, one son is in Australia.

Edward William Sayer of Deal, Kent, joined St. Dunstan's in January, 1972. He served in the Military Police during the Second World War and is married with a grown-up son and daughter.

William Cronk of Ramsgate, Kent, joined St. Dunstan's on 26th January, 1972. Mr. Cronk served in the London Irish Rifles in the Second World War. He is a bachelor.

New Programme for the Blind

Radio Brighton proposes to transmit a new weekly programme for blind listeners, starting on Tuesday, 14th March. Each programme will probably last 10 minutes.

There will be a Committee of representatives from blind welfare organisations in the area covered by Radio Brighton which extends from Worthing to Seaford. St. Dunstan's representative on this Committee will be Alderman Harold Greatrex, M.M., who is already a member of Radio Brighton's Council.

A presenter is also required and Radio Brighton is looking for a suitable blind man or woman living in the district to fill this position.

The programme must have a name. We suggested “Here Again”, but another more suitable title may be found. Any suggestions?

Braille Reading Competition

The National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, Westminster, London S.W.1, announces that the forty-third E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition will be held on Saturday, 6th May, 1972.

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

Adult

Sturmey-Wyman Challenge and Medal Competition

This class is in competition for the Sturmey-Wyman Cup and is open only to previous winners of the Open and Medal classes. The winner will also receive a silver medal. *Readers entering for this class may not enter other classes.*

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

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

Class C. Readers who have lost their sight since 1939 and who have learnt to read Braille since the age of 16 (and who do not feel competent to enter the more advanced classes), in competition for the Lady Buckmaster Cup. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon, but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

Open Competition

A special competition open to all readers eligible to enter Classes A and B and to all previous winners of Classes A, B and C for reading from the novels of Jane Austen.

Class D. Moon. Open to readers of Moon type—Grade 1 and Grade 2. (Entrants for this will not read in the afternoon but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

Class E. Deaf-Blind Readers. Open to blind readers of Braille who are also deaf. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

The eliminating rounds will be held in the morning in the Library and will commence at 10 a.m. The finals will be

held in the afternoon at Church House (which is also in Great Smith Street).

Intending competitors should send their names to the **Secretary, National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1**, not later than Friday, 14th April 1972, stating whether they will be bringing a friend and whether or not they will be staying to lunch (at a cost of 25p per head).

Derby Sweepstake

Applications are once again invited from St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees for tickets in the *St. Dunstan's Review* Derby Sweepstake. The attention of everyone is drawn to the rule that **every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.**

Tickets are 15p each, and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, 24th May**. Each application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, and **with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed**, must be sent to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered.

Tickets will be issued consecutively, and are limited to twenty-four.

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

50 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.

20 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.

10 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.

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

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

The Draw will take place in the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 1st June, the race being run on 7th June.

OVINGDEAN NOTES

Once again we have been "on the air" via B.B.C. Radio Brighton, our local radio station. On Wednesday, January 12th, "Table Talk", a programme similar to "Any Questions", with which you are no doubt familiar, was recorded here in the Lounge at Ovingdean. Members of the Panel were Mrs. Anne Robinson, a model married to a Judo expert, Mr. Leslie Bunker, solicitor, active free-churchman, and member of the Local Radio Council, and St. Dunstan Alderman Harold Greatrex, Chairman of Peacehaven Parish Council, and member of the Local Radio Council. Questions, six of which were used in the final broadcast, were submitted by Margaret Stanway, Miss M. Dagnall, Ernest (Danny) Daniels, Victor Buck, Eddie Allchin, Vic Vickery, Steve Blake, Mr. J. Stokes, and Mr. J. Hatfield. The programme was broadcast on Sunday, January 16th, and repeated on the following Thursday.

Following this venture into the world of broadcasting, our Wednesday Group plunged into their next discussion with great enthusiasm. This month Eddie Allchin risked the anger of the Women's Liberation Movement by stating "That a Woman's Place is in the Home". The motion was vigorously opposed by Margaret Stanway, and almost every other person present. The general feeling of the meeting was, that if a wife and mother continues to do her duty to home and family, it is a good thing for her to go out to work and contribute to the family exchequer. The point was also made that a woman who follows some pursuit outside the home, is less likely to become bored with things domestic. Maybe the "Bra Burning Brigade" would not have been so displeased after all.

We made some new friends this month, when the "Adur Players Drama Group" from Steyning, came along to read for our entertainment, a comedy entitled "My Three Angels" by Sam and Bella Spewack. The players are experienced performers on stage, but this is the first time they have tried playreading. We hope that, encouraged by the warmth of the reception they

received here, they will bring other plays to us in the future.

For our second playreading this month, members of the V.A.D. staff presented three of the ever popular One Act Plays, which they do so well.

As you will note from the separate announcement, we are hoping for a record number of Easter Bonnets this year. So we will leave you to put on your thinking caps (no pun intended) and come up with some more of your ingenious and amusing ideas.

We should like to report Braille Tests successfully passed since the last list appeared in the *Review*. Most of the men mentioned have some time ago completed their training at Ovingdean and are working in a variety of occupations. We send them all our best wishes for the future.

Braille Test Results

Repeat Senior Reading

F. Collingwood, R. Fullard (Welfare).

Senior Reading

J. F. Carr (Bor Tr), J. Lynch (R/T), J. Carney (Welfare), E. Cookson (R/T)

Advanced Reading

E. Cookson (R/T), R. Pacitti (R/T), J. F. Carr (Bor Tr), F. Brooke (Welfare), R. Williams, A. Miller, E. Pepper, J. Gilbert, E. Allchin (Trainees)

Repeat Advanced

J. Tyrrell (Welfare)

Preliminary Reading

J. F. Carr (Bor Tr), R. Williams, A. Turner, E. Pepper (Trainees), A. Purves (Welfare), J. Spice, D. Purches, J. Gilbert, E. Allchin (Trainees)

Writing Certificates

J. F. Carr (Bor Tr), R. Pacitti (R/T), R. Williams, A. Turner, J. O'Donnell, E. Pepper, R. Cunningham, A. Noakes, D. Purches, J. Spice, J. Gilbert, E. Allchin (Trainees)

Typewriting Certificates

(Royal Society of Arts)

Audio-Typists

A. Miller, R. Williams, J. Gilbert



IT STRIKES ME

Red Cross Tribute

George Hewett, former woodworker, whose bird-houses I have described in this column, is now in retirement at Ovingdean. To keep his hands busy he has turned to rug-making. His latest creation is this rug in white, measuring five feet by three feet. In the centre he has woven the Red Cross emblem and he intends to present it to the Society. "It is in recognition of the splendid service given by the British Red Cross Society to mankind during the two world wars", he told me.



Elsie Aldred.

The Voice

"The first contact many outsiders make with a company is through its telephone operator, and the friendliness of the greeting given by that disembodied voice can set the tone of the caller's relations with the company from then on". These words appeared in the house journal of the James Neill Group of Companies and I am sure all St. Dunstan's telephonists would agree with them. This is appropriate for they were prompted by the work of a St. Dunstan's telephonist, **Elsie Aldred** at Peter Stubs Ltd., Warrington. She is, says *JN News*, "One of those people who can disarm anger merely by saying 'Good morning'".

JN News describes Elsie as, "Slim, attractive and bubbling over with life, an excellent ballroom dancer and a bridge enthusiast". Her Personnel Manager is quoted as saying, "She is invaluable. Always pleasant and courteous, helpful and extremely efficient, she is never absent and never late. She gained her long service award in 1965, and we hope she will be with us for many years to come".

Well done, Elsie—How right they are!

Yeoman Yeoman

Paul Baker tells me initial sales of his recently published book *Yeoman Yeoman* have been good. The book traces the history of the Warwickshire Yeomanry between 1920 and 1956 from the days of peacetime camps, through the changes from horses to tanks.

In his foreword Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O., writes, "I am quite certain that if I had been blinded I would not have had the courage to apply myself to a book of this nature. And what is more, he has written it with the intention that any profits should go to the Benevolent Fund of his distinguished old regiment. This is, indeed, a splendid endeavour".

Paul Baker began collecting the detailed information and setting it down by tape recorder and typewriter about five years ago. The book, finally edited by a five man committee of former officers of the Regiment, records the main episodes of peace and war until the Warwickshire Yeomanry ceased to exist separately in 1956, when, after 162 years, the regiment was amalgamated with the Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars, to form the Queen's Own Warwickshire and Worcestershire Yeomanry.

Yeoman Yeoman concludes at that date. As the editors point out, the heart of the book was created by a dedicated Yeoman.

Editor's Note: Yeoman Yeoman is published at £3.50 by the Queen's Own Warwickshire and Worcestershire Yeomanry Regimental Association, 91 Welford Road, Shirley, Solihull, Warwicks.—cheques payable to the Warwickshire Yeomanry Regimental History Account.

Physio to Giant Killers

As I write this the football world is still buzzing with the feats of Hereford United the last non-league club left in the F.A. Cup. A draw at Newcastle and a victory on their own pitch took them to the fourth round and a home tie with West Ham United another First Division team. After holding their famous London opponents to a goal-less draw in Hereford, they were at last beaten 3-1 in another replay before a record crowd with thousands locked out of the ground.



Ron Beales treating Colin Addison
Photo: Derek Evans

Behind the scenes, making an important contribution to his team's successes is the club physiotherapist, St. Dunstaner **Ron Beales**. Probably the most important man in the Hereford side, player-manager Colin Addison had a back injury which Ron was treating before the replay against Newcastle. The *Daily Express* quoted Mr. Addison as saying, "This is one game I do not want to miss, but I do not intend to play unless Mr. Beales gives me the all-clear".

In the event the match took place after three postponements through weather conditions and Colin Addison played to contribute to the giant killing of Newcastle by two goals to one. Ron Beales told me, "The postponements helped by giving me more time to get him better. He has gone through these last two games well."

Of course Ron goes to the matches and follows the play through commentaries by his wife, Kate or the club doctor, Mr. Develin. He was among 15,000 people who cheered Hereford to their draw with West Ham. "I've never heard anything like it in my life", he said, "My wife was up and down like a yo-yo."

MAGOG

Just an Unfortunate Mistake

by Phillip Wood

Nowadays we seem always to be hearing about the antics of our practical-joking, fun-loving computers. They can send out a constant stream of domestic appliances to the same address, despatch household bills for £1,000,000, or cut off a man's credit at the drop of a punch-card.

Indeed, the parlour tricks of the business and professional world (with or without the aid of computers) is so often good for a laugh—unless you happen to be on the receiving end, that is.

The Move

Our troubles seemed to start when we moved (or, rather didn't move) into a new house. The builders were splendid, the house was completed bang on time. Then the solicitors went into solemn conclave (or perhaps it was a coma) their long brooding silences broken only by mysterious little notes—just to show they hadn't left the country. Anguished entreaties proved quite unavailing.

At one point, we were told that the man who was looking after (or not looking after) our affairs had gone off on holiday and they didn't know where the papers were, anyway. I had visions of him languishing on the sun-drenched Costa Brava, with our schedule—or whatever it is—sticking out of the back pocket of his Bermuda shorts.

At last we had something to sign—except we couldn't sign it. The words "... Bungalow and garage ..." appeared all through the documents. As they were not making us a free gift of a garage and the price was for the bungalow only, back went the whole bag of tricks to be done all over again.

The weeks passed, and time was running out for us. We made a heart-rending appeal to the builders' solicitors. Of course, they would be delighted to help! Of course we could move into the property ...

... Just as soon as we had signed to the effect that we would pay them "rent" for as long as it took them to clear up the mess they had got themselves into.

When the thing was finally complete, I wrote a letter of complaint to the Law Society. After all they are there to protect the small man—chaps like me.

In an eight-line reply, they told me (in the nicest possible way, of course) to get lost.

GPO Telephones were very good. Within forty-eight hours of our moving in, they came to install the phone. True, the man laid the wires across the thresholds of the doors, and we do spend our lives tripping over them, but at least we were on the phone.

Then a friend rang us from another town. "I've had quite a job," she said. "They tell me you've got two numbers!"

I made enquiries. "There's nothing to stop a subscriber having two numbers," said the man blandly.

"With one instrument?"

"Ah, yes. I see what you mean. I'll check and ring you back."

He rang ten minutes later. "Everything's all right now!" he announced cheerfully. "Somebody had boobed, but I've fixed it!"

"And the mysterious 'other number'?" I asked.

"Oh, that!" he said airily. "That's the number of a pub down in the town!"

"I hope I won't get their bill."

"No fear of that! Not to worry! Everything will be all right from now on," he assured me.

Indifferent Prophet

He proved to be an indifferent prophet. Three days later, we received a letter, in a rather unpleasant vermilion, from the Telephone Manager warning us that if we did not immediately pay the enclosed bill for £7.77½ all telephonic communication with the outside world would be severed forthwith.

I dived for the telephone. The lady at the other end promised to check and ring me back. She did. The letter (and the bill) ought really to have gone to the people who had had the number before it was allocated to us—together with the pub number as a bonus. She was sorry we had been troubled, it had been just an unfortunate mistake.

We had bought a garden shed from a nationally-known firm. We got the bill together with a rather petulant demand for

immediate payment. I quoted the number of my cheque, which had been cleared, weeks earlier.

While this was going on I was involved in the continuing saga of The Ashes. I had bought a quantity from a local firm and had paid the delivery man—by cheque, fortunately.

A week later they sent me the bill. I phoned. The girl said it was an unfortunate mistake ...

A week later they sent me the bill. I phoned. The girl said it was an unfortunate mistake ...

Another week passed and by way of an encore, they did it all over again. I realised this could go on for ever, like postal chess.

So this time I wrote. "I will play you just one more game," I said. "And after that—I quit!" We never heard from them again.

Nothing happened for a long time after this. Life became very tranquil—and a little dull. There were of course the usual running skirmishes with the Income Tax people, but you can hardly count that.

Until, that is, they suddenly stopped being reasonably friendly and started playing for real.

Threatening Letter

They sent me a letter threatening to put in the bailiffs to distrain on my goods unless I paid up immediately.

I marched down to the Inland Revenue Office, flung the offending document on the counter and roared.

"Produce the idiot who sent this!"

The man examined it, looked up and said, coldly, "I am that idiot!"

We then went into a cosy little chat, during which I quoted the number of the cheque with which I had paid, several months earlier. I left the building with his abject apologies ringing in my ears. It had all been an unfortunate mistake.

Life became quiet again after that little episode. But, now we are back in business once more. At least, a member of the family is. Our married daughter has just rung us from Kent to say she has received a phone bill for £104-odd and it's all right for me to laugh my silly head off, but suppose they make her pay!

I say, not to worry—it's all an unfortunate mistake ...

STAFF OBITUARY

Mr. Harold S. Christopher

Friends will be very sorry to learn that Mr. Christopher, who retired from Men's Supplies Dept. in the Spring of last year, died on 1st February, in hospital in Canterbury, Mr. C. D. Wills, Assistant Secretary and Mr. G. A. Stevenson of the Estate Department, represented St. Dunstan's at the Crematorium Service.

During his 50 years of service most St. Dunstaners had contact with him, if not in person then by phone or letter and all will remember his considerate attention to their needs. Mr. Christopher joined the staff in 1920 at the age of 14 and we published an appreciation of his services on his retirement last March.

To his widow, Mrs. Iris Christopher, we offer our very sincere sympathy.

THANK YOU

Joan and I would like to thank all our friends who contributed to our retirement present, which consists of a full set of luggage. We are now waiting for the warmer weather when we can make full use of our beautiful present.

We would also like to thank the Staff and friends at Ovingdean for the lovely and most useful music case they gave us when we left the Kiosk.

With all best wishes and once again our sincere thanks.

Yours sincerely,
BOB OSBORNE

G4AWI

GEORGE COLE of Shoreham, Sussex, has received a letter very recently and this simple document allows him to become G4AWI. In 10 months, George has passed his City and Guilds and his Post Office Morse exams and is now busy talking to other "ham" radio operators. At the moment he is using borrowed equipment from friends but this is a temporary arrangement and he hopes to have his own installed before very long.

Mainly for Women



Photo: The Food Information Centre

EASTER RECIPES

Easter is early this year but there is time to make this traditional cake for Easter and it should be just right to cut on Easter Sunday if made now and kept in an airtight cake tin.

Simnel Cake

6 oz. butter or margarine
6 oz. caster sugar
3 eggs
8 oz. flour
Pinch of salt
1 level teaspoonful baking powder
2 level teaspoonfuls mixed spice
1 lb. mixed dried fruit
2 oz. glacé cherries
2 oz. mixed peel
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Almond essence
1 tablespoonful sherry (optional)
Water to mix

Almond paste

12 oz. ground almonds
6 oz. caster sugar
6 oz. icing sugar
Almond essence
1 egg

Method

Line a 7" cake tin with double thickness of paper well greased. Prepare an almond paste by mixing the almonds and sugar thoroughly, pour in the essence and enough egg to make a soft pliable dough. Knead well until smooth. Divide the paste into three and roll one-third to a circle to fit the prepared tin.

Prepare the cake mixture

Cream together the fat and sugar using a wooden spoon. Beat in the eggs gradually and thoroughly. Fold in the sieved flour, salt, baking powder, mixed spice and rind

of lemon, using a metal spoon. Add the fruit, mixed peel and a few drops of almond essence. The sherry if used, should be added at this stage. If necessary, a little water can be added but the mixture should drop heavily from the spoon. Put half the mixture in the tin and place the rolled piece of almond paste on top. Cover this with the rest of the mixture. Do not press down in any way. Make a slight well in the centre of the mixture and bake at Regulo Mark 2 for 3 hours. Cool on a wire tray.

When the cake is quite cold brush the top with warm jam. Using another third of the almond paste, cover the top of the cake by rolling it to a circle of 7" diameter. Roll the remaining third of paste into eleven balls. The number of balls is traditionally uneven. Place the balls around the top edge of the cake. Brush lightly with beaten egg and brown in the oven at Mark 8 for 5 minutes.

When cold the centre of the cake may be covered with glacé icing and decorated with Easter chickens, or crystallised flowers.

FISH DISH

Good Friday is always the traditional day for having fish on the menu and here is an interesting way of serving cod.

Baked Cod and Tomatoes

12 oz. cod fillet
8 oz. tomatoes
2 oz. white breadcrumbs
1 tablespoon chopped onion
Salt and pepper
Butter or margarine

Cut the fish into small pieces. Skin and slice the tomatoes. Grease a pie-dish and sprinkle in half the breadcrumbs. Cover with half the tomatoes, then put in the fish. Place the remaining tomatoes over the fish. Sprinkle with onion, salt and pepper and the rest of the breadcrumbs. Place a few dabs of butter on top and bake in the oven at Mark 5 for 25 minutes.

PARTY PIECE

Here is very easy sweet which is much enjoyed by the younger members of the family, which you can produce for the unexpected guests and add a festive touch to your table in less than ten minutes. The main ingredients—sponge cake, ice-cream and eggs—a good housewife will always have in the fridge!

Omelette en Surprise

Sponge cake
4 egg whites
Icing sugar
1 family block ice cream
1 dessertspoonful caster sugar

Place the sponge cake on a fire-proof dish. Place the ice cream on top of the sponge cake and trim to fit. Whip the whites of egg up very stiffly and lightly stir in the sugar. Cover the ice cream and sponge with the meringue mixture, and smooth it with a palette knife. Dust with icing sugar and put in the oven to brown very quickly at Mark 9 for about 3 minutes. Serve at once.

U.S. Blinded Veteran Honoured

Dr. Robert A. Bottenberg was blinded in wartime operations in Germany in 1945 when serving in the U.S. Army. He returned home and went to college, completing Bachelor and Master's programmes. Then in 1957 he received his Doctorate after a further series of studies. Bob Bottenberg is chief of the computer and management sciences branch of the Personnel Research Division of the Air Force Human Resource Laboratory. He has just been named "Handicapped American of the Year", and will receive his trophy from President Nixon in May. Last September Dr. Bottenberg visited England to attend a N.A.T.O. Conference held in Cambridge. He lives at San Antonio, Texas, and has a wife and three daughters.

Daedalus Camp

The Holiday Camp for St. Dunstaners at H.M.S. *Daedalus* at Lee-on-Solent, Hants, will be held from 18th to 26th August. The Camp fee is £3 and fares will be repaid over the first £2. Please send your entries as soon as possible to:

Mrs. Spurway,
Mount House,
Halse,
Taunton,
Somerset.

He remarked that the year 1971 had been a very good year for St. Dunstan's London Club. There had been no power, train or bus strikes, and the mild winter had helped us to maintain and actually increase attendances at the Club. The Indoor Section did best from these increases as the number of members attending the Thursday evening session had more than doubled. Thanks to those members of the Bridge Club who had supported the Domino Section earlier in the year, this Section is now repaying the compliment by the fact that the Bridge instruction classes who follow dominoes on the Thursday evening have proved to be most popular. There are ten people taking Bridge instruction at the moment.

Club Activities

The Bridge Section, Bill continued, has also increased in numbers and the prospect for this section remains bright.

In both Indoor and Bridge Section a full season of competitions had successfully been carried through.

Walking at Ewell also continued throughout the year but here the members have dwindled slightly—quite naturally, Bill thinks.

Swimming in the summer months saw a fair increase in the number of members taking part.

The Derby Outing and the Football Pontoon were as popular as ever.

Thanks to Helpers

Bill ended the Chairman's Report by saying that the Committee joined him in expressing thanks on all members' behalf to Norman Smith in particular, and to all other people including those behind scenes, who do so much to make our Club a busier and much happier place to attend.

On the election of officers, W. Miller, R. Armstrong and J. Padley remained on the Committee. It was decided that a fourth member to replace D. Watkins who was retiring, would be co-opted at a later date.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks from the floor to Mr. A. D. Lloyds for his time spent and the work he put into the Club.

J. PADLEY

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM KENNEDY of Maidenhead, Berks., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 8th February, 1972.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. GEORGE EUSTACE, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 6th February, 1972.

Grandparents

Congratulations to:

GUY BILCLIFF of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, who announces the arrival of a grand-daughter, Joanne Claire, born on 31st January, 1972. Our St. Dunstaner now has three grand-daughters and two grandsons.

FREDERICK BOUGHTON, Old Duston, Northampton, announces the arrival of a grand-daughter on Christmas Eve 1971, who is to be called Joanne Lindsey.

JIM DELANEY of Bridgwater, Somerset, has become a grandfather for the third time when his only daughter Jean gave birth to her third son on 18th August, 1971, who is to be called David Martin.

MRS. MAY FLYNN of Horley, Surrey, widow of the late Ernest Flynn, who announces with pleasure the birth of her 9th grandchild, born to her eldest son, Ernest and his wife, on 25th January, 1972. The baby is to be called Jason Andrew, a brother for Paul and Lorraine.

STANLEY SOUTHALL of Warley, Worcs., announces the arrival of a third grandson, to be called Christian, who was born on 12th December, 1971.

ROBERT (TUG) WILSON of Littleton, Somerset, has become a grandfather for the first time when his elder daughter, Ann Watson gave birth to a son on October 20th, 1971, who is to be called Robert.

Peter, son of REGINALD CRADDOCK of Warrington, Lancs., married Margaret Anne Tocher in Warrington on 11th December, 1971.

ALFRED HEDGER of Herne Bay, Kent is very proud of his grand-daughter Claire Lambert who lives with her parents in Belton, U.S.A. She attended the Belton Branch of American Association of University Women's Christmas Dinner with her mother, Mrs. Homer Hann, president greeted the group and introduced Miss Lena Walters, a high school teacher, who presented the "Senior Girl of the Month" award to Claire, a sterling silver charm.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

HENRY APPELYARD of Telscombe Cliffs, Sussex, who mourns the death of his father, who died the beginning of January 1972 at the age of 99.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Percy Appleby, M.M. Bedfordshire Regiment.

Percy Appleby of Luton, Bedfordshire, died on 12th January, 1972, at the age of 74 years.

He served in the Bedfordshire Regiment from 1916 to 1918 and was awarded a Military Medal in 1918.

His eyesight did not deteriorate for some years and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1948. He trained as a joiner and made excellent items for our stores until August, 1971. He took great delight in his garden and greenhouse. He enjoyed yearly visits to Ovingdean and attending Reunions. He and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary very happily last year.

He leaves a widow and family.

Isaiah Enoch Dudley. Pioneer Corps.

Isaiah Enoch Dudley of Kingswinford, Nr. Brierley Hill, Staffordshire, died on 17th January, 1972, at the age of 54 years.

He served in the Pioneer Corps from 1940 to 1945 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1966. Unfortunately owing to ill-health Mr. Dudley was not able to undertake any training, but he much enjoyed regular visits to Ovingdean and also attending the Midland Reunions.

He leaves a widow and family.

ROBERT FINCH of Solihull, Warwickshire, who mourns the death of a sister early in January 1972, a brother on Christmas Eve, and his wife's brother-in-law in November, 1971.

BERTRAM HUGHES of Birmingham, who mourns the death of his father in December 1971.

JOHN MARSHALL of Hartlepool, Co. Durham, who mourns the death of his mother in December 1971.

PAUL NUYENS of London, N.W.8, on a double family bereavement, his sister having died in January, followed a few days later by the death of his niece, both of whom lived in Belgium.

Daniel Driscoll. Royal Garrison Artillery.

Daniel Driscoll of Cloyne, Co. Cork, Eire, died on 9th January, 1972, in hospital. He was 77 years of age.

Mr. Driscoll only became a St. Dunstaner at the end of November 1971, and was in a very poor state of health. He was in hospital at the time of admittance. He was a widower and leaves a grown-up family.

William Gray. Royal Garrison Artillery.

William Gray of Newry, Co. Down, died on 15th January, 1972. He was 77 years of age.

He served in the Royal Garrison Artillery from 1911 to 1919 but his eyesight did not deteriorate until later in life and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1967.

On account of his age he did not undertake any occupational training nor did he feel that he could make the journey over to England to spend time at Brighton. He was a victim of a mustard gas attack and this caused him a considerable amount of ill-health, but nevertheless his death was sudden and unexpected. He leaves a family.

Boleslaw Jozwik. 8th Polish Army.

Boleslaw Jozwik of Sparkhill, Birmingham, died on 2nd January, 1972, at the age of 62 years.

He served in the 8th Polish Army in the Second World War and came to St. Dunstan's in 1949. He trained for industrial work and held a job in industry until 1968, when ill health compelled him to give it up. He had been in indifferent health recently but his death was sudden and unexpected.

He leaves a widow who will be returning to live in Poland.

Mark Burran. *Army and Navy Canteen Board.*

Mark Burran of Saltdean, Sussex, died on 14th January, 1972. He was 72 years of age.

He served in the First World War with the Army and Navy Canteen Board from his enlistment in February 1917 to his discharge in September of that year. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1919 and after preliminary training, he obtained employment in London as a telephonist in 1920. He continued with this work until his retirement in 1960 when he and his wife spent some months in America visiting their married daughters.

In the summer of 1970 Mr. and Mrs. Burran decided to leave their home in London and settled in Sussex where they have enjoyed a quiet retirement.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family.

Harry Clifton Hedington. *Royal Artillery.*

Harry Clifton Hedington of London, S.E.19, died on 6th January 1972, at the age of 85 years.

He served in the Royal Artillery from 1905 until his discharge in 1919, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until after his retirement from the Post Office where he had worked for many years. Mr. Hedington had been a widower for about 18 years and had been looked after by his daughters. He leaves a large family.

James McAdam Broadley. *Cameron Highlanders.*

James McAdam Broadley of Felixstowe, Suffolk, died on 14th January, 1972. He was 81 years of age.

He served in the Cameron Highlanders from 1915 to 1917. He was wounded at Ypres in 1917 and came to St. Dunstan's in that year.

He trained as a boot and shoe repairer and had a shop for some time. He gave this up eventually and then took up mat making and carried on this occupation for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Broadley celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1969. He always enjoyed visits to Brighton and attending Reunions. He had been in indifferent health recently but his death was sudden and unexpected.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family.

Arthur Stevens. *Royal Horse Artillery.*

Arthur Stevens of Winnersh, Nr. Wokingham, Berks., died on 2nd February, 1972 at the age of 76 years.

He served in the Royal Horse Artillery during the First World War and was discharged in 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1921 and trained as a basket and cane chair maker. He made a great success of this work, making a variety of shopping and cycle baskets, and carrying out a good deal of cane chair work and he also exhibited chairs and basket work settees in local shops. He took a great interest in his garden and greenhouse.

During the Second World War Mr. Stevens served in the Home Guard and was promoted to Sergeant and awarded a medal for his services. His wife died in 1960 and since then he has been looked after by his married son who lived nearby. In more recent years Mr. Stevens had a resident housekeeper, Mrs. Styles, to whom our thanks and sympathy is also extended. Mr. Stevens was a regular visitor to Ovingdean where he enjoyed the company of his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a son, daughter and grandchildren.

James Walter Spice. *Royal Artillery.*

James Walter Spice of Exeter, Devon, died on 28th January, 1972, at the age of 59 years.

He served in the Royal Artillery in the Second World War from 1939 until his discharge in 1942 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1967. He trained as a basket maker for our Stores and in 1971 he and his wife moved into their new home in Exeter.

He leaves a widow and family.

Wallace Leslie Thomas. *Labour Corps and 1st Norfolk Regiment.*

Wallace Leslie Thomas of Bevendean, Brighton, Sussex, died on 17th January 1972. He was 75 years of age.

He served in the Labour Corps and 1st Norfolk Regiment from 1914 until his discharge in 1916 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1956. During the early part of his retirement Mr. Thomas and his wife were able to enjoy a holiday in Canada, where their daughter resides. Unfortunately Mr. Thomas's health had been a matter of great concern for many years, and they looked forward to visits from their daughter who came over to see them on several visits. They also have a son who lives in New Zealand.

He leaves a widow, a son and a daughter and grandchildren.

John Thompson. *11th East Yorkshire Regiment.*

John Thompson of Hull, Yorkshire, died on 9th January, 1972. He was 85 years of age.

He served in the 11th East Yorkshire Regiment from 1914 to 1918 and was wounded in 1914. However his eyesight did not deteriorate until later in life and he came to St. Dunstan's in July 1970. On account of his age and health he was unable to visit Brighton or to attend Reunions.

He leaves a widow.

Edward James West, D.C.M., M.M. *King's Royal Rifle Corps.*

Edward James West of Egham, Surrey, died on 28th January, 1972, at the age of 79.

He enlisted in the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1918. He was decorated twice for bravery being awarded the D.C.M. and M.M.

He was employed with the Staines Lino Company for 48 years until his sight failed completely when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1954. On his retirement Mr. West continued with his hobby of growing flowers and vegetables and throughout his life he gained prizes for his products. He used to send his prize money with money also obtained from selling flowers and plants to help the funds of St. Dunstan's. This he did for many years.

During the last few years Mr. West's health had given cause for concern but he continued to make light of his war injuries and subsequent ill health. He was admitted to hospital early this year and returned home at his own request. He died a few days later.

He leaves a widow and a married daughter, who lives nearby and has been a constant companion to her parents.