



Rebuilding
lives after
sight loss

After the **Darkness**



VE Day
80

The real stories
of VE Day





Rebuilding lives after sight loss

As we mark the 80th anniversary of Victory in Europe, we take this opportunity to reflect on the extraordinary sacrifices and resilience of those who served during the dark days of the Second World War. This commemorative magazine, *After the Darkness*, is dedicated to their service and to the enduring spirit of those who gave so much for the freedoms we enjoy today.

For the veterans who served with unwavering courage—both on the front lines and in essential supporting roles, the end of the war in Europe brought profound relief to some, while others struggled. Many continued to serve our country, courageously putting their lives at risk. Each story is different – just as each veteran is unique and requires bespoke support to adapt to their sight loss. It is their perseverance and fortitude that we honour in these pages.

As a blind veteran myself, and as President of this remarkable charity, I am deeply moved by the stories of resilience, camaraderie, and hope that continue to inspire us today. Through this magazine, we remember not only the victory of 1945 but also the lasting legacy of those who served - ensuring their contributions are never forgotten. Blind veterans must manage the darkness every day. I want to thank you for supporting us and this charity. You are helping us to rebuild our lives.



Colin Williamson
Blind Veterans UK - President

You can find the veterans' full stories and video interviews at blindveterans.org.uk/veday80

Following VE Day celebrations, Royal Navy veteran **Ken**, 98, witnessed the aftermath of the atrocities of war.

I was one of the lucky ones to get through the war. I can't say I was really engaged in the frontline. I mean, we were minesweeping and keeping the shipping lanes clear to make sure the goods got into the country.

Initially, I was stationed at Great Yarmouth and the Germans were dropping bombs at that time - I think they called them doodlebugs. A couple went off while I was in barracks. It was very frightening; not a very pleasant time at all.

Having been stationed in the Orkney Islands, I was drafted to Aberdeen just before Churchill announced the end of the war. Everybody was so merry and happy - they were celebrating in the streets. All I remember was hanging out the window waving the flag about, probably with a drink in my hand.

There was a general feeling of relief. Relief and jubilation.

The very next day, I was sent off to board HMS Aquitania, taking newly liberated prisoners of war home to their families.

I assure you, there were some terrible sights. They used to lay them all out on deck, weather permitting, to give them a bit of experience of being in the wide-open spaces, to help them recuperate. My worst experience was seeing the poor state those poor devils were in. How people can be so cruel in this world, I do not know.

Later, HMS Welcome took us down to Borneo, and we mine swept around Borneo, blowing up mines dropped by the Japanese. We had to shoot them with rifles from onboard the ships. Once, unfortunately, something ricocheted off one of the mines and hit one of the lads who was on board a dam layer, or trawler. The poor lad died from his injuries.

On the 80th anniversary of VE Day, I'll be thinking of my old mates who are no longer hanging about - the people I had trust in and who trusted me.

We all helped one another.



Click here to see Ken's video interview.
blindveterans.org.uk/kenneth

Neena, 100, was with the ATS, working for the Parachute Regiment

I wasn't called up; I volunteered for the Auxiliary Territorial Service (ATS) about two years into the war. My sister told me to, saying I'd be able to down tools and walk out as soon as it ended. But when it did come to an end, I was asked to carry on, and I wanted to.



The happiest days of my life were in the army with the other girls. I know it's an awful thing to say, but I look back on the war as a happy and contented time.

There were nine of us ATS girls altogether attached to the Parachute Regiment, and about 200 men. I was a secretary for the officer in charge, mainly doing the dinners. I had to phone up all the companies in that part of Yorkshire and find out how many men were there, then order the food. I never had one go AWOL on me.

I was very happy. We couldn't have been looked after better if we'd been at home. And they were all such brave men. The ones that we worked with had had a very hard time but oh, they used to pull some jokes on us!

When the war was over, they quickly disbanded the regiment and I was sent to another office in York for about six months before getting my Demob. But oh, I did miss everybody!

Of course, we were all very pleased about the war ending. The only thing was all the friends. Three years up in Yorkshire had made me grow up. I was only 16 when I went into the Army and 20 when I came out.

Women had taken over men's jobs during the war whereas they hadn't worked very much before, especially if they were married. After the war, everything altered so much. It was a different world. The women didn't want to go back and not have the money coming in that they'd earned. It all changed. **I've spoken to a lot of women who were in the Army during the war and I've yet to meet one who hasn't said they were the happiest days of their lives.**

I turn 100 the day before the 80th anniversary. Thinking of the anniversary makes me cry because... maybe it's feeling I want to go back to that time.



After treacherous Atlantic convoys, Royal Navy veteran Les, 99, remembers the revelry as peace was declared.

I joined up when I was 17 and had my 18th, 19th and 20th birthdays in the Navy. I remember VE Day because we weren't at sea; we were in harbour in Gibraltar.

We'd just done a convoy when we found out about the announcement, so we went out and had a few drinks. Everybody was shouting and carrying on. And then we come back and a stoker off the next ship to us got up on a big crane. He climbed up to the top and just stripped off!

All the ships had their headlights on him. So, we went out on the upper deck and looked up. We couldn't see very much, but he continued getting undressed.

He wasn't supposed to be up there, and there was a punishment waiting for him when he come down, but he'd had too much to drink, probably.

So that's what I remember about VE Day!

Everybody was saying the same words: "We've got away with it." In convoy, the U-boats were chasing us all the time, sinking our ships, though it had eased up a bit. If you get torpedoed in the mid-Atlantic, there's not much chance for you, really. A lot of sailors got killed doing the Atlantic convoys.

And so that's the main feeling that everybody had: "We've got away with it!"

It was just a relief. When you're out there doing it, you don't think of it. But the fact that the war was over... We were lucky.

We were then supposed to go through the Panama Canal and down to the Pacific. But halfway across the Atlantic, the war with Japan was over so we got away with that as well! I remember our Captain announcing it over the Tannoy: "We've been given new instructions. We're not going to the Pacific... because the war with Japan is over!"

Relief is a small word, but then it was a hell of a size. It was a big word because it was the word everybody seemed to express. Relieved they got away with it.

When you think about the people who got killed... And it could have happened to us at any time. So, huge relief.



VE Day celebrations passed RAF veteran **Derrick**, 101, by as he recovered from his time as a PoW.

My plane was shot down over Italy and I was captured by the Germans. As prisoners of war, we were treated well, as long as we went along with things. But if you did wrong, it was the cooler. Of course, if you tried to escape, they'd shoot you, or at least shoot at you. Then you went in the cooler for a month. That's solitary confinement and minimum food.

When the Germans started moving back, they decided to take us as well. This came to be known as the 'long march'. We were told to take our coats and a blanket, and whatever we wanted to carry. One chap took his accordion.

We had to march to Berlin, which took two to three weeks. We slept where we could - they found barns on farms, forests. We were always fined when we left because we'd stolen everything we could get to eat. One farm had cases full of apples - we had all those.

We were young - I was only 20 when I

was shot down - and used to hardships because it wasn't good at home. I mean, I'd never been anywhere or done anything and here we are, marching across Germany. An experience we never dreamed we'd have.

I was a prisoner of war for just over a year. We ended up in the camp at Stalag Luft III, a very large camp with a lot of civilians. I'd just had my 21st birthday when we could hear the Russians coming. The Germans didn't realise they were so close.

To us it was amazing that, when we woke up in the morning, we found there were no guards, just a few Russians around the camp. Within an hour, we were down the local town having a look around. We got on these lorries and went to the Canadian camp. We ate and, of course, they gave us lots of cigarettes. Cigarettes had been like money in the PoW camp.

From there, we were flown back to England where we were given six weeks' leave on double rations. **We heard the war was over, but we never heard of VE Day, as it was.** I remember finally getting the bus home and knocking on the door - I couldn't tell my mother I was coming as they didn't have a telephone.

When she opened the door, she shouted, "He's here! He's here!" There was a big 'Welcome Home Derrick' sign over the front door.



Thomas, 99, was on leave from the Royal Navy.

I was on leave, at home in the UK when I found out on the radio. I was glad it had come to an end. You don't realise the excitement to know that it's ended.

My mum organised a tea party for the children with buns and cakes, and different things on the table. And lemonade and that. She organised it with women in the street where I lived in Bethnal Green. I felt excited. It was lovely to see the children enjoying themselves and having fun.

A while after the party, I had to go back to the barracks at the Isle of Wight where I was stationed when I come back from France. I had fun there too - I had a few drinks!

Before I joined the Navy I was an ARP messenger in Bethnal Green. My wife's sister and mother died in the tube disaster in Bethnal Green. That was hard for my wife. It was a disaster - 178 people died. They got trampled to death during the rush because they thought the rockets were coming down. They had started using a new type of rocket in the park, right nearby. Someone said it was bombs and they all rushed down. And that's how everyone got trampled.

I often think back to the time when it happened, when they died. My wife had four brothers as well, in the Armed Forces. And when you think of four men in all forces coming home all right, but two women got killed... It made my wife very upset.

My wife would have died too but I was on leave at the time and had taken her to the cinema to see a film. So, she never went with her mother.

Everybody had something. Everyone had something happen in their families during the war.



Click here to see Thomas's video interview blindveterans.org.uk/thomas

Matt, 100, fought at the battle of Monte Cassino before volunteering for the SAS.

I'd been dropped in by parachute with the SAS and I was in a nice little village, doing various raids on enemy territory. So that's where I was when Victory in Europe came, away up in north of Genoa in a little village called Castino.

I'd been left behind while the others went off to deal with something else. I had to ride a horse for miles all the way from Castino up and round until we got to Canino, down on the Mediterranean coast. That was my VE time.

How did we find out VE Day had happened? These things you didn't get told. It came through in dribs and drabs, one way or another. Somebody would have a radio set and pick up a bit of news and then it would be passed down to you. **There was no Army Colonel calling us all together and telling us, "The war is now over." That didn't happen.**

It was a strange experience, really. You dropped into unknown territory, and you looked around quickly to make sure there was no one behind you or around you. It was quite excitingly frightening.

You just didn't have any idea where you were. I mean, you knew the area, but an area can be quite a lot of territory. You were told that there were German groups here and Italian groups there, all waiting for you.

So, you had to be prepared for that.

Anyway, in this kerfuffle, Italy was surrendering, packing up. But Mussolini was still loose, and we were supposed to go and pick him up and bring him back to British base. By the time our little group got up the mountains to pick him up, he'd been killed.



Royal Navy veteran Peter, 97, was just 17 when jubilant crowds celebrated the end of the war.

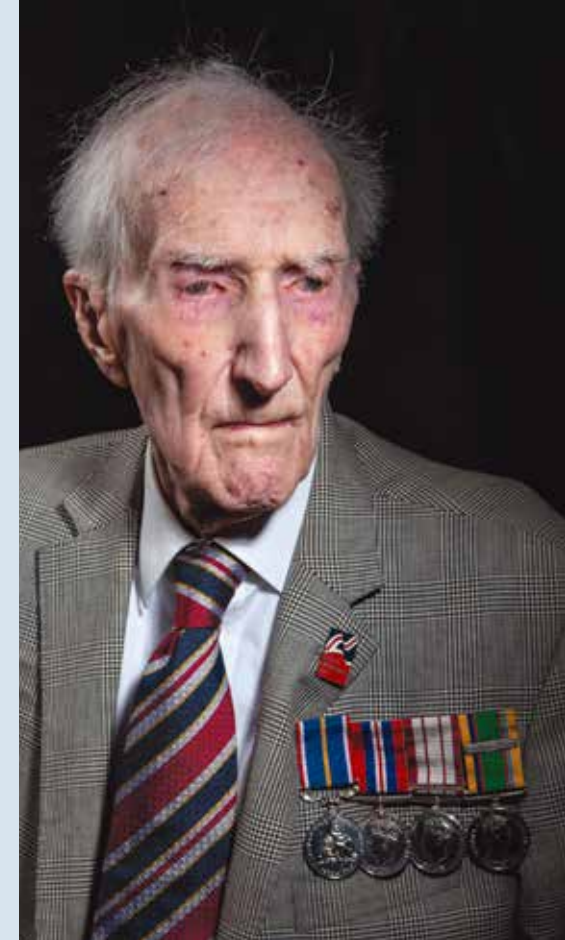
I was a radar mechanic, looking after the ships' radar, and by VE Day, was still under training on the Isle of Man.

The news came through on our local broadcast system and, unfortunately, it was the day I was on shore patrol. This was like the Navy's policemen going ashore to make sure sailors were behaving themselves.

There were six of us youngsters with a Petty Officer, and we had to go out into the streets of Douglas to see that people were behaving. Quite a task on VE evening!

Everyone was so boisterous, and the idea that we could do anything about it was ridiculous. There were all these ladies coming up wishing to kiss our collars, which you do for luck, and the fish and chip shop was thrown wide open to feed us. It was absolute mayhem!

I remember a Canadian aircraft carrier came into Douglas Bay. It had been on patrol with convoys and the young airman came ashore in droves. They were entertaining the young children, giving them money for races. I don't suppose there were many people indoors! **As I say, it was bedlam. We weren't allowed to drink, so we were jolly but sober. Very jolly!**



You couldn't help feeling grateful when the war ended. I fully expected to be sent out to Japan. That was a tremendous relief.

The thing that's on my mind today is that I've got grandchildren and great-grandchildren and I want to be sure they know what it was all about.



VE Day was the start of something special for Army veteran, **Arthur**, 98.

I'd just started my training in the Royal Army Service Corps in Lincoln. When we were told the news we were sent on leave, so I came home to Sheffield to join in with the celebrations. Boy, the atmosphere was good!

I remember we held a parade to celebrate. At one point, I was stood next to these two young women and got talking to

them. **And that's how I met my wife, Nancy.** It was just a chance meeting, but that's when it all started. We were married for 71 years.

It will be the 80th anniversary of when I first met Nancy. I'll be thinking about her this VE Day.



Joan, 100, was with the ATS in Italy, working at Allied Force Headquarters.

I trained as a Morse code operator and I'd been in Italy for two years when we heard the war had ended. It wasn't quite the excitement as it was in England. When you saw pictures of what was happening there, it was very different.

We were all very pleased, of course – thrilled to bits. But you went on working. You've still got units to run. Still, you could get out and things became a bit more light-hearted. I remember we had a party. Good fun, I think. We went on working but we started to have a bit of social life. It changed. I remember once walking along and General Alexander came along, beamed at me and said hello.

We flew home in a Lancaster Bomber, which had been converted. And we had 10 days leave, which was rather nice, not having been home for two years.

When we were due to go back, I couldn't go - my mother was taken very ill, so my leave was extended. Well, sadly, the plane took off to go back to Italy and it crashed. There were 26 women on board, all killed. A total accident, down in the sea. And to think I was nearly on it. I often think what could have been if my mother hadn't been ill. My family wouldn't be here. I was very lucky.

It is important to commemorate the anniversary, quite definitely. I'll be thinking about the plane that crashed and the friends that were lost - all 26 of them. It's just luck, isn't it, being here 80 years on?



Alice, 99, joined the Wrens for top secret work.

I was just 17 when I volunteered, and 18 when I was called up. I was just an ordinary Wren but, after our probationary period, five of us were allocated the role of 'Special Duties X Category,' which sounded so exciting. We didn't realise it meant Bletchley Park, Station X.

When we arrived, we were shown Alan Turing's 'Bombe' machines, and we saw what we'd be doing. I was a bit dismayed actually - I didn't realise I'd be coping with machines. But we had no choice because by then we'd signed the Official Secrets Act, so that was our job until the end of the war.

We had to watch the machine the whole time. It had to be kept going continuously so it was a three-watch system: day, evening, and night. We worked on mainly Army and Air Force codes, but the machine did the work really, not us. We knew it was important, but we didn't really know what was going on. We were very restricted when it came to knowledge.

I remember we were walking down the corridor, getting ready for an evening watch, and our friend, Pam, came towards us looking so excited, saying, "The war's over!"

We couldn't believe it for a moment, and then... oh, we cried and laughed and danced down the corridor! No more night watch!

It was such a revelation! We just broke into laughter and then some tears - of



relief, I think. But we also had mixed feelings because five of us were great friends and it was sadness for two of them because they'd lost their brothers in the war.

The next day, we were given leave for five days. We weren't allowed to go into the mainline stations, so I hitched home to Lancashire on several lorries. That evening, I went to the cricket club dressed in civvies and had a wonderful time.

Everyone was so happy. It was hardly believable. I mean, of course, the D-Day invasion raised everybody's hopes, but there was still some hard fighting across Europe. No one expected the war to end yet.

Winston Churchill ordered the machines to be dismantled, so we had to continue for about three or four months after the war ended to do this.

In the same way that no memory of VE Day is the same, no blind veteran is the same either. We all have our different requirements and Blind Veterans UK helps us all.

Click here to see Alice's video interview blindveterans.org.uk/alice

Joan, 104, enlisted into the Royal Army Pay Corps in December, 1938. VE Day brought immense joy.

We all went in to do our work when we were told that the war was over. They said, "You can all go home."

My husband happened to be on leave at the time - he was in the London Rifle Brigade - so we agreed to meet up. We went over to my mother and father's



house, and we were crying, saying, "There's no more killing! The war's over and everything's going to be good!"

I was crying my eyes out. I was saying, "I don't believe it! It's gone on too long!" And people were giving me drinks - one after

the other. So, I suppose I must have been really very high on drinks!

I was crying with sheer happiness. Everybody was happy. It was almost as if they'd suddenly seen a rainbow wrapped around them. It was all over!

We were singing Churchill's praises, and everything was wonderful. I don't think I saw a miserable face that day. Everyone was oh, so happy. It was a time to celebrate.

We cycled over to our flat and there were people lighting bonfires in the roads. We had to keep going round these people, so we really were going round and round and along a little way until we got home. That part is the most vivid part of my VE Day.

I'm 104 so if I'm still around for the anniversary I should be so happy. I keep thinking, 'Am I going to live to 105?'



Our D-Day heroes' memories of VE Day.



John, 102, Royal Air Force

We were all expecting the war to end soon. When it was announced my main feeling was one of "Well, what are we going to do now?" It took a bit of getting used to. We were all tensed up for the job, but we didn't need to be anymore. We could relax.

That evening, there were some serious celebrations in the mess. **There was only one way to celebrate in those days and that was to drink as much beer as we could!**

The commanding officer of the airfield, Max, was quite the character, a decorated pilot and the son of Lord Beaverbrook. We had a static water pool, to be used to douse a fire if one broke out. That evening, Max, who'd had a pint or two, decided to get into a dinghy and launch himself into the pool.

All the men naturally splashed water all over him while he was in there. It was all very schoolboy but provided much hilarity at the time.

John was recently awarded his Legion d'Honneur for liberating France, nearly 81 years after D-Day.



Syd, 102, Royal Air Force

I heard the news the war was over on the radio. Everybody was excited it was over but **to adjust to civilian life again was not easy**. The tension had gone out of life. I mean, I was a trainee when I left, but when I got back, the firm wasn't there! They'd closed down. Basically at 24, I had to start a new life.

I'm not saying that people didn't enjoy it, the end of the war, but life was not easy for some families. In our road there was a youngster who was about seven when his dad came back and he wouldn't have his dad in the house. He didn't know him, see. He was a baby when he left and a young lad when his father came home.

Some of the ladies who were left, they were not true to them, but a lot of husbands just said to forget it, we'll carry on from here. And that was how a lot of them cleared the air. Things were forgotten and well, they started a marriage again.

This photograph of Syd won a Portrait of Britain award.

To hear more from our D-Day veterans about VE Day, visit blindveterans.org.uk/dday

MEMORY WALL

Further recollections from VE Day



Ruth, 99, Women's Royal Naval Service

It was very exciting because people were so sure that peace was going to be declared that they'd lit bonfires and haystacks, so the sky was really lit up. And then of course, peace was declared.

I remember we put all the lights on, and we put flags up in the garden. And then we went on a picnic.

Ruth, 89, Royal Auxiliary Air Force

I was 9-years-old and at home with Grandmother as I'd been sent to live with her. I remember having a street party and all the mums had made jellies, but they hadn't set so we just had watery jelly, along with our jam sandwiches. I remember feeling so happy as all I wanted was for my daddy and uncles to come back home. And I was longing for the day to go back and live with my mum.

Roy, 98, 7th Queens Own Hussar's

I was in Catterick, training. I remember that everybody seemed to go into the town and I think everybody was drunk! It was very hectic and noisy. I was glad that it was over - there were some sorry sights being brought out on film from Germany. It was a very disturbed time, really. Lots of people were worried about their families who were abroad and had been in the action.

Ron, 100, Royal Air Force

It sounds awful to say it. But I think we all felt a little disappointed that we weren't going to go and fight the Germans.

Nancy, 103, Auxiliary Territorial Service

I was just thinking, well I've got nothing to go back for. I didn't want to go back to farming. I was the eldest, and my father was getting older so if I returned, he'd probably say - you're not going anywhere now Nancy, you're staying here and helping.

After the life I'd been living, the freedom I'd had and the money I'd had to spend as an officer, I didn't want to go back. What was I going to do? VE Day was a day of mixed emotions for me. No drinking and laughter but instead planning in my head and trying to work out what to do next.



John, 97, Royal Horse Guards

30 June, 1944, was the nearest I came to feeling that I might not survive the war. A V1 fell at the junction of Kingsway and Aldwych where, one minute before I had crossed the road. That was the moment I came nearest to not seeing VE Day. I'd got to my room. I was blown across the room and my family spent the next week picking shards of glass out of the back of my neck.

I went up into central London on VE Day and celebrated with others, many thousands who had congregated in central London, particularly around the Whitehall area, which I knew well from my work. Everybody was singing, dancing. It was just a hullabaloo of noise, it really was.

Tom, 96, Royal Army Ordnance Corps

My father used to do night duties in the House of Parliament. We got an invitation for the whole family to be on the embankment of the House of Parliament. He was asked by Churchill himself. There were fireworks. I don't think they were fireworks really, more like ammunition things. Nothing like it is nowadays. But it was something special because Churchill was there, opposite the barge as they set fire to it so the fireworks went off. We felt relief because being in London, there was a lot of bombing that had gone on then.

Janet, 87, Women's Royal Air Force

I got woken up and my mum put a scarf over my head as I had curlers in. We marched round the street for I suppose half an hour. There was singing but mostly I remember I was so embarrassed that I had curlers in my hair and that people would see them.

We had a street party. People had managed to save things from their rations. Another lady had got lots of crepe paper and she'd made hats for the girls. We all sat on a long table in the street and had jelly and sandwiches and it was just excitement all round really.

John, Submariner, Royal Navy

VE Day was my 21st birthday. As a telegraphist, I spent a lot of time having to write down the terms of the surrender. Usually on your 21st or any birthday, you went round the crew for what they called sippers of rum. Unfortunately, that didn't happen. I think I was more disappointed I didn't get me sippers.



Visit our VE Day virtual wall to add your own message or memory! Scan the QR code.





Art inspired by VE Day 80. By blind veteran **Bryan**

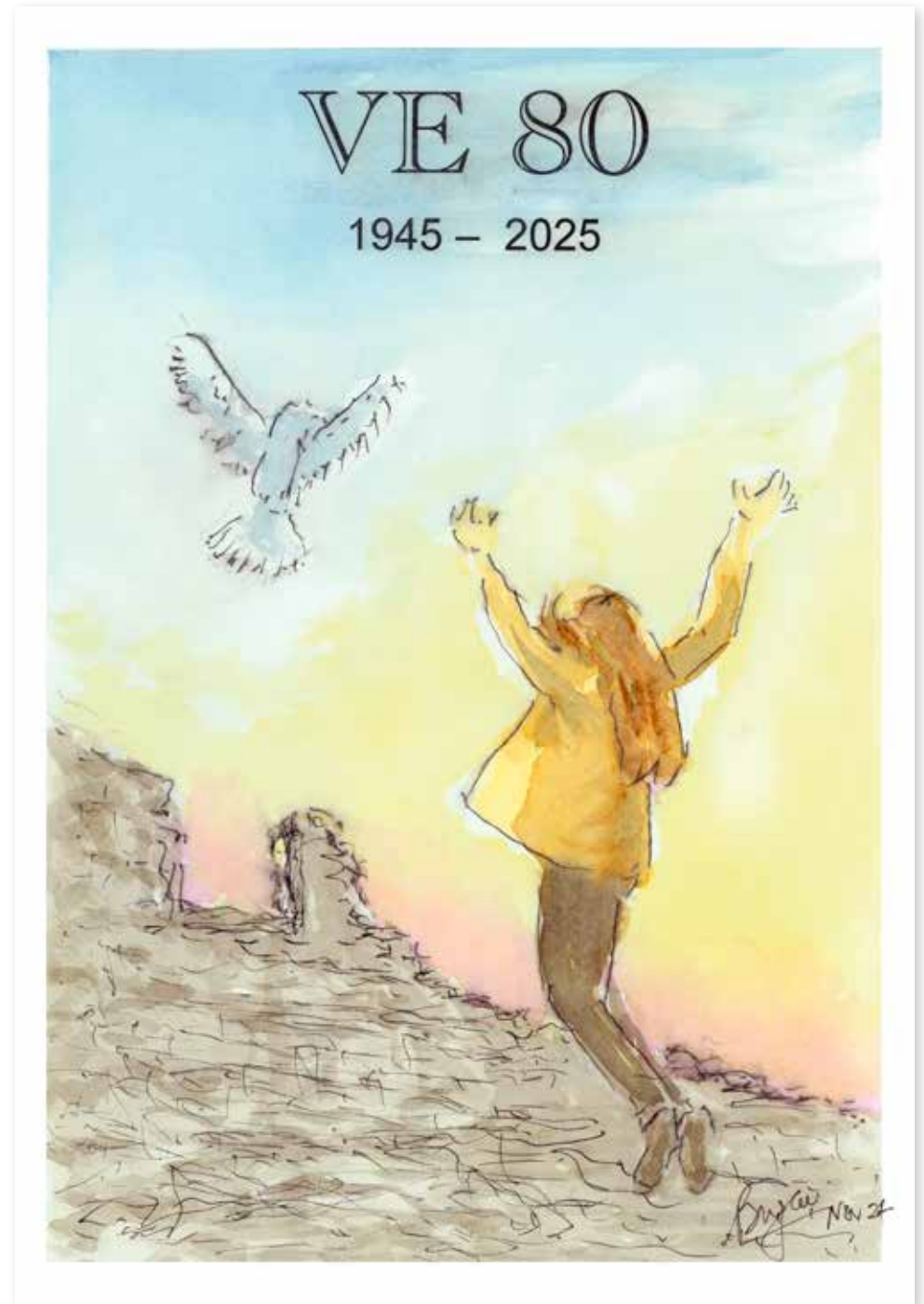
Blind veteran Bryan was born in 1937. He doesn't remember VE Day but does have other memories of the war. He remembers watching aeroplanes in the sky, thinking it was "great fun". He thought it was wonderful and now knows how much his parents protected him from knowing.

Bryan joined the Royal Navy and flew helicopters for 12 years. He joined the RNR in 1972 and retired as a Commander in 1999.

He has painted a series of paintings to commemorate VE Day, working with the Blind Veterans UK National Creative Project. He says, 80 years on, we must remember the sacrifices.



"Sons, cousins, fathers and uncles went to war enthusiastically. The last sight of them was as they were walking away".



Our **VE Day 80 heroes** are inspiring generations of blind veterans.

It's important to our younger blind veterans to honour the service of our wartime generation.

Blind veterans Andy, 50, and Simon, 46, wanted to share what VE Day 80 means to them. When they both joined our charity after losing their sight at a young age, they found strength from speaking to and learning from our Second World War veterans.

Andy's military career ended abruptly when he was diagnosed with retinitis pigmentosa. His life fell apart and he felt "Confused. Worried. Scared." His first trip to Blind Veterans UK changed that. "It was an eye opener, pardon the pun, that there was someone out there that could actually help me." The people who filled him with hope were veterans from the Second World War, like one man who was thrilled to have learned to make video calls. From that moment, Andy started looking at a much broader horizon of what could happen.

Andy is grateful that their service allowed him to live freely. He says: "If it weren't for those guys doing what they did, who knows where we would be? They've allowed me to live my life the way I need to live my life. **I know no different because of what they did.**"

Blind veteran Simon feels fortunate to have been able to speak to and learn from Second World War veterans at the beginning of his sight loss journey. He says, "They are always incredible people, very humble." Simon lost his sight when he was shot in the face by a sniper while

serving in Iraq. He was just 28 and his world fell apart. He spent weeks in a coma recovering from his injuries and many more months rehabilitating from his sight loss. With help from our charity, he was able to learn the skills to adapt and now lives independently. Simon has accomplished many things over the years and was recently appointed the Mayor of Morley! The 80th anniversary is important to Simon because he believes it gives us a moment to reflect. He says, "I think after 80 years, history is able to judge a little bit better, it's about learning from their experiences and **showing gratitude for their service.**"

Blind veterans like Andy and Simon depend on your support for the equipment and training needed to live independent and fulfilling lives



Simon
Blind veteran

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service.

No. 317—VOLUME XXIX [NEW SERIES] MAY, 1945

PRICE 3d. MONTHLY.
(Paid to St. Dunstan's House)

Chairman's Victory Day Message

In a message to St. Dunstaners in the Homeland, Sir Ian Fraser said:—

THIS is a day for remembrance and rejoicing. The whole family of St. Dunstan's shares the grief of its members whose serving sons and daughters will not come back, but I think we may all rejoice that the European war and the threat to our Homeland is over. St. Dunstaners themselves, and members of their families, have rendered valuable and gallant service, and we are as entitled as any to share in the Victory. We must now look to the future with confidence and hope.

Ian Fraser was Chairman of what was then St Dunstan's in 1945. He wrote the powerful words above for the charity's magazine as the war in Europe came to an end.



Of course, much has changed since 1945 but something that hasn't is the feeling that we are all part of a family here at Blind Veterans UK. When any new blind veteran joins us, they are with us for life.

Likewise, we still encourage our blind veterans to look to the future with confidence and hope. In the 80 years since VE Day, technology has revolutionised the way we can assist the vision-impaired and with your support, we are able to rebuild more lives than ever before.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the veterans of the Second World War, but we also owe one to you, for helping our blind veterans to battle the darkness.

Barry Coupe
Chair, Blind Veterans UK



**Rebuilding
lives after
sight loss**

V VE Day 80

1945

2025

For the veterans' full stories,
visit: blindveterans.org.uk/veday80

T: 0300 111 2233

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Rebuilding
lives after
sight loss

