

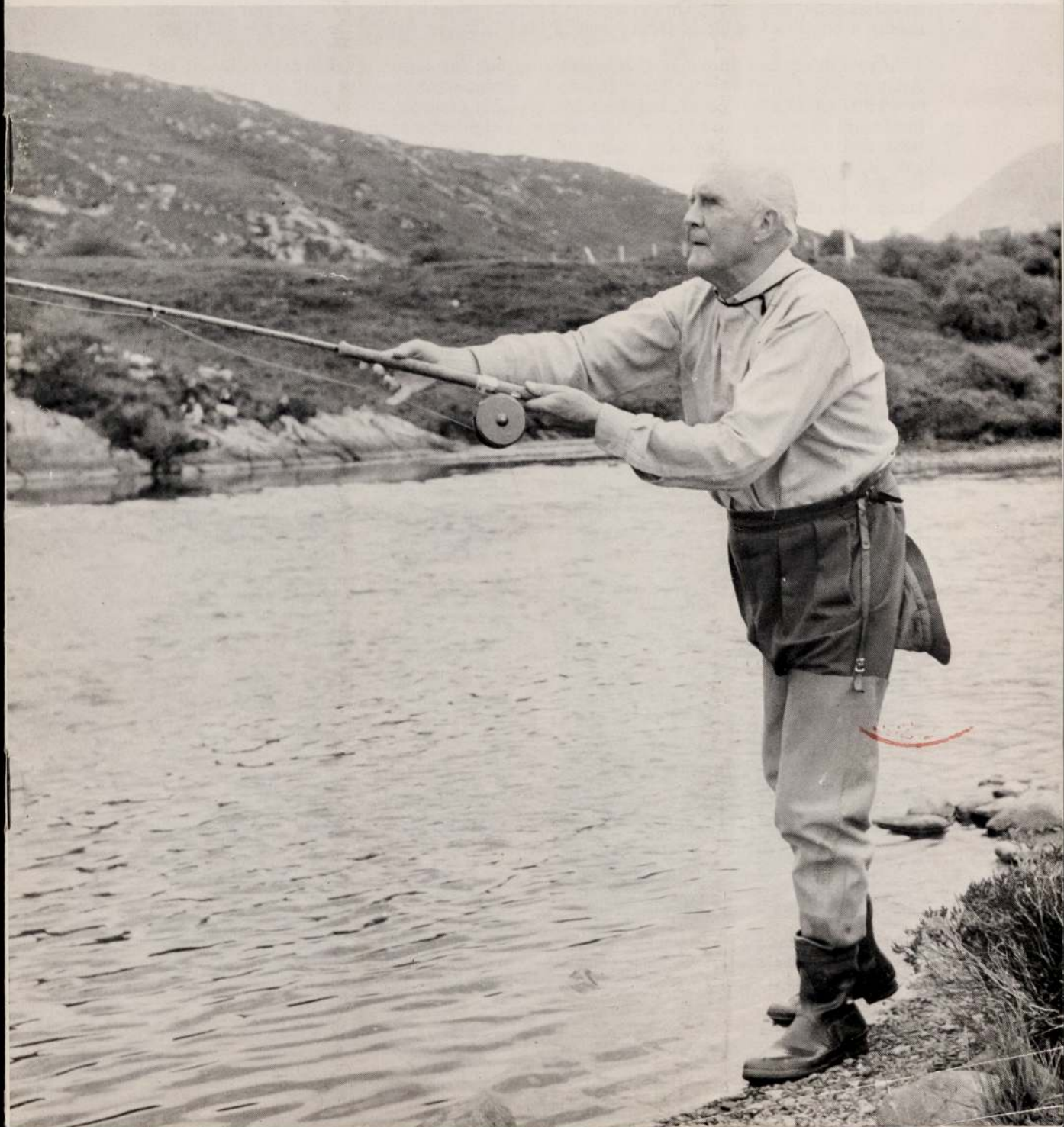


REVIEW

FOR MEN AND WOMEN BLINDED ON WAR SERVICE

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Free to St. Dunstan's Men



ST. DUNSTAN'S ANGLERS

This month the *Review* picture feature is devoted to those among St. Dunstaners who find their recreation along the river or off the shore, and who would agree with Lord Fraser in quoting Izaak Walton, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling".

We have collected photographs of three St. Dunstan's anglers who have something to tell us about their sport. On the cover is a picture taken by Lady Fraser of our Chairman fishing a Scottish river, and from some of his writing on fishing we have selected these:

After fishing for tunny in the South Atlantic off Cape Point, Lord Fraser wrote: "Just as I had concluded the very hard work of getting this big fish up to the boat and a coloured boy was going to gaff it, a shark appeared and grabbed the fish, biting most of it off, and all I landed was the head!"

At the Annual Dinner of the Flyfishers' Club, Lord Fraser described two simple devices he uses which might be useful for other St. Dunstaners.

When spinning, he puts a small rubber washer, made from a piece of sparking

plug insulation, on his nylon line at the point where the line and the leader meet. This prevents him winding the knot or a weight or swivel into the top ring of the rod, thus damaging it. The other is a marker on his casting line so placed that it comes into his hand when there are three or four feet of line out of the top of the rod. This prevents him winding the knot into top, thus getting caught up and losing the fish. He also has another similar marker on his line at 15 yards, so as to tell him quickly when he has a convenient amount of line out. These markers on the line are made with Lady Fraser's nail varnish.

Fishing at Sports Weekend

Last year, for the first time, sea fishing was included in the programme of events during the Sports Weekend at Ovingdean. There will be three days fishing arranged to follow the Sports Weekend this year. Our picture, chosen to represent the many other St. Dunstan's anglers who do not appear individually in this issue, shows a party of seven St. Dunstaners aboard a boat from Cresta Marine arriving back at Newhaven.

In a day's fishing on a glorious summer Sunday, which more than lived up to its name, the group caught 17½ lb. of fish between them. They included Mike Tetley, Bill Claydon, Fred Barratt and John Whitcome, all of whom can be seen in our photograph.

All fishermen have to be hardy folk, but a day when the sun shines, the sea is calm and the fish bite into the bargain must be very welcome. Indeed, the "crew" of the Ohara, as they came ashore at Newhaven to be rushed back to Ovingdean for the closing ceremony of the Sports Weekend, seemed very pleased with their expedition.



The Ohara approaching the jetty at Newhaven at the conclusion of the first sea-fishing event organised at a sports weekend.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Public Relations

I am glad that our South African Committee have revived the post of Public Relations Officer, as he will do for them the same work that Cdr. Buckley and his assistant, Mr. Castleton, do for us here.

Even though we are not actively raising funds in a competitive way, it is still most important that the name of St. Dunstan's should be highly regarded and well thought of and that the work we do should be fully understood.

It is a very frequent occurrence in my office and in that of members of our staff, that we are asked to help a St. Dunstaner, or a member of his family, in some way that requires putting in a word for him or making a recommendation. It is my experience that the name of St. Dunstan's is a magic word that opens doors of opportunity. It is the duty of our Public Relations Officers to foster this idea in the public mind just as it is the duty of everyone of us to maintain the high reputation of St. Dunstan's.

Jimmy Ellis

Here is some news about Jimmy Ellis, old friend of many St. Dunstaners in Britain and South Africa, and especially to those who went to Tembani. After an absence of seven years, during which time he was National Public Relations Officer and Fund Raiser for the South African National Council for the Blind, Jim Ellis is back on the staff of St. Dunstan's (South Africa) as Public Relations Officer.

Whilst still a trainee at St. Dunstan's, South Africa, he founded and edited the S.A. St. Dunstan's Review, *Tembani Times*, and embarked on a fund-raising and publicity career by addressing meetings in and around Cape Town. On his return to England in 1944 he was appointed as a lecturer on our Appeals Staff, which post he held for five years until, with his charming South African wife, he returned to Cape Town in 1950 to become Appeals Organiser for St. Dunstan's (South Africa).

When fund-raising activities in South Africa ceased in 1959, he was invited to do the same work for the South African National Council for the Blind, with the added duties of Public Relations and Publicity work. Once again he acquitted himself well and brought credit to St. Dunstan's, leaving the Council's service with an added record year's fund-raising.

His new appointment as Public Relations Officer for St. Dunstan's (South Africa) will entail keeping up an active liaison between the St. Dunstaners in the various parts of the country and the Head Office in Cape Town, as well as promoting the St. Dunstan's image throughout the Republic of South Africa.

It is much to Jimmy's credit that his late employer, the South African National Council for the Blind, have asked him to join their Board as a Special Member.

Chaplains

The Reverend W. J. Taylor, B.A., became Chaplain to St. Dunstan's in the Brighton Area in 1948 and has, therefore, served us for eighteen years. He has just retired, partly because he has moved some distance away, but also in order to make room for a younger man.

Many of us will remember with pleasure our Padre's extremely friendly, informal and sincere way of taking our services in the Ovingdean Chapel and at Pearson House.

Padre Taylor, as we affectionately called him, has rendered a very real service to St. Dunstan's, and I am sure all those St. Dunstaners and Staff who knew him would like to say "Thank-you" to him for his warm heart and his spiritual help, and to wish him good luck and happiness in his retirement.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES (continued)

We have been most fortunate in securing the services of the Reverend D. M. Harper, M.A., Vicar of St. George's, Kemp Town, Brighton, a church which is very near to Pearson House. He will officiate at our regular services at Ovingdean, as well as from time to time at Pearson House. Mr. Harper will also visit our Homes from time to time by arrangement with the Matrons, to make himself known to St. Dunstaners and members of the Staff. He will also be available for consultation with anyone who would like to talk things over with a Padre. Mr. Harper was a regular R.A.F. Chaplain from 1940-61. We welcome him and wish him the best of luck in his appointment.

Mr. Ernest Stanford, C.B.E.

A former head of Department who had given outstanding service to St. Dunstan's died on 14th April, 1966, at the age of 71. Mr. Ernest Stanford was Appeals Organiser from 1939 until his retirement in 1959. With his tremendous driving energy, unusual knowledge of almost every aspect of administration and life at all levels in Britain, Mr. Stanford was the right man at the right time and he brought our Appeal to a high level of success during the 1939-45 war and in the subsequent years. Coupled with his great organising ability Mr. Stanford was kind and good humoured; he was always ready to give a helping hand to those in need.

He was born at Horsham, and lived for most of his life in West Sussex, mainly at Crawley, and in recent years at Angmering-on-Sea. He never married, and perhaps this gave him more time to take up an unusual number of outside occupations and pursuits. These included the Boy Scout Movement, the Order of St. John, the local Film Society, the Fire Brigade, the British Legion, cricket, golf and boating.

During the First World War Mr. Stanford served in the R.A.M.C. and was invalided home from the Dardanelles with enteric fever. He later returned to serve with hospital ships. On demobilisation in 1919 he immediately enlisted with the Royal Navy for special service in North Russia and the Archangel River Forces.

At the age of 23, he joined the Independent Labour Party and became associated with Ramsay MacDonald and other pioneers of the Socialist Movement. He unsuccessfully contested three Parliamentary Elections and withdrew from a fourth to avoid splitting the national vote in 1931.

In 45 years of public life Mr. Stanford served on the Horsham Rural Council and Crawley Parish Council. In 1947 he was appointed a member of Crawley (New Town) Development Corporation and was later Deputy Chairman, a post he held until 1962 when the Corporation handed over to the New Towns Commission. He was then appointed Deputy Chairman of the Commission's Local Committee. From 1950 to 1957 he was Chairman of the Weir Wood Water Board.

Mr. Stanford was National Appeals Organiser for the British Empire Cancer Campaign before joining us, and after retirement he was made a Governor of St. Dunstan's.

We have lost one of our most successful and well-liked Departmental Heads, and we express our sympathy to his relations and friends.

Fraser of Lonsdale.

THE LATE GENERAL SIR ROGER WILSON

Mr. Robert Young represented St. Dunstan's at a Memorial Service on 13th April, held in the Memorial Chapel, Sandhurst, for General Sir Roger Wilson, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C. General Wilson was a Member of the Board of St. Dunstan's (South Africa) from 1950 to 1961, and its Chairman during the last five years of that period.



"Thus the days pass here practically without incident"—an artist's impression of Ovingdean a few minutes after it settled, with a slight list to starboard, a few hundred yards out to sea.

ALL AT SEA

Special Correspondent, Ted Barton, describes an incident at Ovingdean that might otherwise never have been revealed.

A funny thing happened yesterday on my way to the Kiosk in the main entrance hall. As I stepped off the last stair, rather prepossessed with navigation, I had the feeling that the floor quaked under me. It felt as though I was walking across the balsa wood logs of a Kon-Tiki type raft, or on the sedges at the edge of Loughrigg Tarn where everything feels fine when you stand still, but goes away from you when you take heavy steps. I didn't mention it to anyone, in fact thought no more about it as I was in a hurry to buy some tobacco from Bob and Joan Osborne, and get to work.

However, to fill in the background. The successful functioning of Ovingdean is based on the supply of huge quantities of tea. You can easily be sipping tea all day, with two half pints when you wake up to keep you going until breakfast, when as much tea as anyone could wish for is served up, followed by a negligible lapse during which instructors furtively sip tea whilst they tell you that they are just soaking some cane, or checking your writing, or getting you some sandpaper. Then the trainees gather ceremoniously in the lounge for more tea. Things go

similarly until lunchtime. Then more work with two cups of tea in the carpenters' shop, and tea in the lounge, and tea with supper, and tea before you go off to bed. There is served here cool tea, tepid tea, warm tea and, sometimes, hot tea. There is a lot or a little sugar in it, or if you are very clever and snatch the cup away, you can sometimes avoid sugar altogether. You get pale tea, grey tea, beige tea, mushroom coloured tea, tea with little whirls of creamy milk running round in it, and rarely, tea coloured tea. It tastes sometimes of peaty water,

ALL AT SEA (continued)

or milk, like damp newspaper, or a London fog, like golden syrup or Mackintosh's toffee, but not often like the tea you make at home.

The tea is kept in great hoppers on the fifth floor of our building. In these hoppers the crisp black leaves are gently turned over by screws for blending, and run off as required into the tea making tanks. Milk arrives daily in great stainless steel Marketing Board tankers, to be pumped high up into the stainless steel storages.

Flavour for the Day

The staff here then take over. Matron chooses the blend, mixture, colour and flavour for the day. Edible colouring and flavour powders are carefully weighed out in the dispensary, and added to the tea infusion tanks. The tea slurry is heated with live steam from our own boilers, and on the upper floors of our building you can often hear the dull rumbling and vibration as the steam bubbles collapse inside the tanks, and give up their heat. There is a very simple and efficient distribution network from there, of stainless steel piping taking tea all over the building, to the various floors and corridors, to be tapped off by orderlies, cooks and other authorised persons.

Naturally there is a good deal of waste, and a main discarded tea drain runs under the ground floor of the building, and thence to the sea, discharging its leafy effluent into the deeper waters off shore. Smaller branch drains run into this main from all the vicinity of all tea tapping off points in the building. All this sounds very marvellous, but the drainage system has never been without technical trouble, blocking up quite regularly.

Yesterday morning as I was busily weaving cane into my tray surround there was a peculiar vibration in the building, a trembling and a feeling of instability and movement, then a cracking and tearing sound which seemed to come from below. Miss Turner rushed to the window and, holding tight to the sill, told us quite calmly that the whole building appeared to be moving. For a few moments we kept on working, thinking that as she had been ill recently, she might still be

not quite herself, but the rumblings and shakings increased and the whole floor took on a tilt to the east, and we had to believe Miss Turner when she said tensely that we were fast approaching the sea. In a matter of seconds the floor, down which everything and all of us had slid into some degree of chaos at one side of the room, righted itself violently, and seas of water sluiced against the windows and then fell away. The massive building, shaped as you know like an aeroplane, had settled to a state of comparative stability with a slight list to starboard, a few hundred yards out to sea, with the water reaching about half way up the second floor windows. For us in the basket shop near the top of the building this was something of a dilemma, and our quick conference turned on whether we should go up one floor and out on to the flat roof for comparative, if perhaps temporary, safety, or whether to go below to see our less well placed comrades. It will not surprise you to know that we all rapidly agreed to go below, and since the lift was now severed from its supply of electrical power, we made for the stairs.

All Afloat

Down on the ground floor things were in a bit of a mess. Sofas were floating about in two or three feet of water, and the large model of the building, rather ludicrously, had lifted itself off its usual table and was also afloat. The Commandant was marvellous. Presumably his naval training had told him instinctively the appropriate course of action. He already had a great length of fire hose coupled up to the main milk tanker unloading pump, sucking from the water on the ground floor, and delivering out of a second storey window, nicely above water level. Relays of two men at a time were working the emergency geared drive for hand operation of the pump. This had wisely been installed alongside the electric motor drive to maintain milk supplies in case of power failure, but surely with nothing so strange as this present incident in mind. This was most effective, and already the level of salt water on the ground floor was under control, and dropping. Luckily the building is more or less sealed, with air conditioned ventilation, and the only major leak had been through

ALL AT SEA (continued)

the revolving doors, which had leaked badly until seaweed made up the cracks. Having got the pumps going, the Commandant ran briskly up the stairs, shedding shrimps from his trouser turn-ups, and leaving a trail of little wisps of seaweed. He hurried into his office, which now became the bridge, and the centre of operations. A great conger eel swam slowly by, eyeing him doubtfully from the other side of his windows. He pushed the switches over from mains to emergency battery on the radio, and immediately started tapping out the May Day signal. Things then moved rapidly, and he was soon in touch with a Dutch tug, only two or three miles away up the Channel. He called up the combined operations boys at Aldershot and explained the situation to them succinctly.

Hearts of Oak

Everyone was jolly brave, and I felt a little wet eyed, and rather proud to be British. The Matron led those of us who were not on the pumps, or some other vital task, in community singing, with such reassuring songs as "Rule Britannia", "Hearts of Oak", "For those in Peril" and "Blow the wind Southerly". Luckily the tea storages were unaffected, and almost brimming, although their temperature had dropped from warm to tepid, as the heating steam was, of course, cut off. But the cups were handed round regularly by groups of volunteers, and all seemed surprisingly normal, and a cheer and cries of "good show" went up when the Commandant put in a brief appearance to announce the distribution of a double rum ration.

Although it must have been hours, it seemed no time before the Dutch tug had us in tow and although it was a little frowned upon from our bridge, an ex-naval lad had hoisted the Red Ensign on the flagpole at the very top of our building. Eventually we grounded, and were winched back more or less into our original position, up the beach, nearly to the top of Beacon Hill, by a team of Army Land Rovers, whose crews then made us temporarily secure to the outcropping rocks with steel hawsers. Soon the whole place was back practically to normal, with the power

supplies reconnected, with the lower floors mopped up and being dried out.

You probably will never hear anything officially about this, as it has been hushed up for obvious reasons. The trouble was caused, it now seems, by leakage over the years from the main tea drain into the building foundations, presumably every time the drain was blocked, so that eventually the whole building was effectively floating on a cushion of tea, and just slipped away down into the sea, in a way analogous to the movement of a Hovercraft. The only regret I have is in feeling that I could perhaps have helped to forestall the mishap, if I had reported the swampy feel of the ground floor that morning. However, all is well that ends well, and it may give the Powers-That-Be food for thought, that the drains would be much less prone to blockage with coffee grounds than with the cohesive wet leaves of the tea bush. Thus the days pass here practically without incident.

*Charlotte Bronte**Anniversary*

Mr. Donald Hopewell, now a senior member of St. Dunstan's Council, is so well known to St. Dunstaners whom he has met at many reunions that they will be interested to learn about another of his activities.

He has been President for a long time of the Bronte Society, consisting of many people all over the world who study this remarkable family and cherish their writings.

On Thursday, 21st April, 1966, in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, Mr. Hopewell delivered a moving and scholarly address on the occasion of the 150th Anniversary of Charlotte Bronte's birth and laid a wreath on the memorial there. Lord and Lady Fraser were present together with a large congregation of members of the Society and others.

Listeners may have heard Charlotte Bronte's famous play, "Jane Eyre", which was broadcast in the B.B.C. Home Service on Sunday, 17th April, 1966.

A Braille Clock in Canada

Harris Turner, of Victoria, B.C., has been having a little trouble with his St. Dunstan's clock:

I did not read the small print carefully which accompanied the propaganda which preceded the clock, and I had obtained the erroneous impression that it would be a chime clock, recording each quarter hour with four musical notes. Before the arrival of the clock I used to make up simple little phrases which would fit in with the Westminster chimes, like: "St. Dunstan's is a normal dig, some there are fine and some are pigs" or "The V.A.D.s were so refined, it was a pleasure to be blind".

Well, it was a little disappointing to discover that such literary exertions were worthless, but it was a nice-looking clock and the neighbours used to come in, look at the clock, and say: "Oh, what a beautiful clock; is it a chime clock?", and I would say: "No, it is not a chiming clock", and they would say: "I thought it was a chiming clock", and I would say: "No, it is not a chime-clock", and they would say: "Oh", and I would say: "There is no use saying oh; it strikes the hours and half hours, and that should be enough for you, unless you are a chime addict."

In spite of my spirited defence of the masterpiece I found that it took some getting used to. It did not take me more than a month or so to figure out that the clock struck only once when it was half past twelve, one o'clock and half-past one. It is confusing when one wakes up at four minutes past twelve and waits for the clock to tell you the time. It strikes one. You say to yourself: "If it strikes one again, it can't be half-past twelve; it must be either one o'clock or half-past one." Then the clock strikes one again and you do not know if it is one o'clock or half-past one, and so you wait until the clock once more breaks through the silent darkness. Time saunters on until the faithful old clock strikes one again and then you are reasonably sure that it is half-past one, for this is the third time that one ding only has sounded through the house. With a satisfied grunt you make preparation to drop off to sleep when it occurs to you that there is a possibility that you may have dozed off between a couple of strikes. In order to make sure such a slip-up has not interfered with your calculations you decide

that it might be good policy to wait for the next sounding. It strikes two and you heave a sigh of relief, but then you find that you have been following the flight of time so intently that the urge for sleep has fled from you and you listen to Old Faithful strike half-past two, three, half-past—that's enough—insomnia has been victorious.

There is another thing. It is hard to stop. Curious persons might ask pettishly "Why should a guy want to stop his clock?" It looks like a reasonable question, but it really isn't. One of the great privileges of life is to possess the ability to stop something, a car, a horse, the noise of a leaky tap, the snoring of a roommate, the shrinking of one's bank account. This Braille clock is not like my old clock, which can be halted either by tilting it forward or simply grabbing the swinging pendulum by both hands and holding on until you get the best of it. In the Braille clock I cannot find a pendulum, although there must be one lurking in the entrails of the machinery, for it gives out a noise like a pendulum. I try tilting the clock forward until I'm afraid the blood will rush to its head, but nothing happens. I have found once or twice that the forward tilting treatment works, but the method is untrustworthy, for if there is a concussion such as caused by the explosion of a hydrogen bomb or the vicious tramp of a bill-collector's foot, the clock gets an idea that the starting gun has been fired and it begins to tick like sin.

However, I do not think it is going to cause me much further trouble, for I have found out how to stop it accidentally. In order to wind St. Dunstan, as my wife

A BRAILLE CLOCK (continued)

has aptly christened the timer, I have to move a couple of ornamental ashtrays which customarily squat before it. St. Dunstan lives on top of a silver cabinet which used to have silver in it when times were better. Well, I moved the ashtrays, shifted the clock around until its rear was available, and wound up the machine. To my surprise and indignation, I did not hear St. Dunstan strike after a lapse of time, which I was sure had lasted more than half an hour.

What had happened was that one of the ashtrays had been placed a little too close to the face of the clock to permit the hands to rotate quite unimpeded, and the tip of the minute hand had crept over the rim of the tray and the clock had stopped.

Now, if I want to stop St. Dunstan, all I have to do is to invite to my house a friend who smokes—I do not—and after he has gone, I can empty the ashtray, carefully place it so that the minute hand of the clock will sneak over its rim when it gets towards the bottom of its circuit and the apparatus ceases to function.

To start the clock again, one removes the ashtray to a spot a fraction of an inch from the dial.

Tommy McKay

Congratulations to our St. Dunstaner, T. McKay, on gaining a first class certificate in the Ministry of Pensions competition with a firescreen-cum-dumb-waiter.

St. Dunstan's 7-mile Championship Ewell, April 16th

First—T.B. Mike Tetley.
First—S.S. J. Simpson.

Handicap positions:

First—J. Simpson.
Second—R. Tutton.
Third—F. Barratt.

WALKING

ARCHIE BROWN

MEMORIAL CUP

The Walking Section held the last race of the season on Saturday, 30th April, at Ewell. Eight St. Dunstaners turned out for the seven mile race that was to decide who was to hold the "Archie Brown" Cup for the next twelve months. The winner was Roy Mendham with a season's total of 48 points.

It was a beautiful spring day, and supporters turned out in greater numbers than competitors, amongst them, and it gave us great pleasure to meet Cdr. R. Buckley, G.M., and his wife, Cdr. Wood, R.N., and his good lady, and Capt. Cooper, O.B.E., who was the officer who started the Leigh-on-Solent camp that so many St. Dunstaners enjoy each summer, and Mrs. Cooper, who presented the prizes after the race (quite a regatta).

Our willing helpers included Miss Dianna Hoare, Mrs. F. Duff who kept the teapot topped up, Ben Mills with his wife and daughter, and many others, to whom we are eternally grateful, escorts, judges, timekeeper, etc.

We rest our weary legs now until September, when we start a fresh season, with, I hope, some newcomers "having a go". Any volunteers?

W. MILLER.

Points scored by leading competitors in the six races over the 1966 season were as follows:

R. Mendham, 48;
F. Barratt, 44;
J. Simpson, 41;
R. Young, 38.

Result of Seven Mile Walk at Ewell, April 30th

Order of Finish (8 Competitors):

1. C. Stafford;
2. R. Mendham;
3. S. Tutton.

Fastest Loser:
J. Simpson.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Violet Formstone, of Liverpool

I am very sorry that Mr. Thomas does not find the Bridge Notes in the *Review* interesting. The Editor of the *Review* will, I am sure, apportion space according to the widest interests, and if bridge gets more publicity than chess it is because it is played by more St. Dunstaners. It is up to the chess players themselves to create a wider interest in the game amongst St. Dunstaners.

Bridge is not just a game of chance; all our tournaments and competitions are played on the duplicate system in which the hand one is dealt offers no advantage.

I would like to wish Dave the best of luck in his efforts to interest other St. Dunstaners in chess. I am sure it is a very good game when one has mastered the art of playing it.

From Alfred Dolby, of Hove.

Our Chaplain, the Rev. W. J. Taylor, is retiring, and on behalf of St. Dunstaners we would like to make him a presentation. As you are no doubt aware, the Rev. Taylor has been with us for many years, and we much appreciate his good service to us.

I sincerely hope you will agree to my suggestion.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Commandant has agreed to act as Honorary Treasurer to a Presentation Fund for the Rev. Taylor, and donations from St. Dunstaners to this Fund should be sent to him at Ovingdean.

From Michael Delaney, of Liverpool

Mr. Elrod's excellent letter on mobility in general, and on guide dogs in particular, was very interesting. Although not a guide dog owner, I am sure that, for recreational walking or for those whose occupations entail a considerable amount of movement from place to place, the dog is by far the most efficient and safest aid. However, for a person who works in much the same place all day and who can

find his own way to and from work with the aid of a stick and public transport should do so by this means. I consider it unfair to a dog to leave it parked in a kennel or corner until such time as its master is ready to return home. I also consider it a waste of the guide dog's time and I feel that priorities for such dogs should be reserved for those who will use them most during their daily activities.

I have used the long cane technique for some time now, and I find it of definite advantage over the short stick.

I was especially pleased to note that Mr. Elrod has not had the embarrassing experience which some other guide dog owners have had, of being refused admission to theatres, concerts, etc., because of his dog.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S
POST-BAG

Lord Fraser writes to Henri Amblard, the President of the Union des Aveugles de Guerre:—

"I have learned with very real pleasure that you have been awarded the Order of the Grand Officier de la Legion d'Honneur. No one has done more for blinded ex-servicemen in France than you and this honour is very well deserved and most welcome to your many friends.

82nd Birthday Treat

On his 82nd birthday, our St. Dunstaner, W. Burchell, of Midhurst, asked for a rather unusual treat. He wanted to go for a return trip from Portsmouth to Ryde on the Hovercraft! Needless to say, he went, and his comments were—"A bit disappointing. It was just like riding on a bus", but he did not want to get off.

CLUB NEWS

London Club Notes

The Sir Arthur Pearson games for the season have again commenced, and on the first week the highest score in the Aggregate Domino Competition was made by G. P. Brown (9), the second being Charlie Luker (8). The following week the first was Jim Murray (8) and second place was taken by Bob Fullard (7).

The Fives and Threes got well under way with Bill Harding taking the first game against Bob Bickley, and Charlie Luker defeated Jim Murray.

The draw for the Cribbage Knock-out was also made.

We are pleased to note as the days are lengthening that our numbers at the Thursday night club are on the increase. We are happy to see, too, that "Grandad" Murray and Charlie Luker are back in the fold and that Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Luker are able to join us again.

W. BISHOP.

Midland Club Notes

On Saturday evening, 16th April, a small number of our members and their wives went along to the Austin British Legion to join their members in one of their usual social evenings. A very kind invitation had been extended to us by the committee of the Legion, and we are most grateful to them for inviting us along. We had a wonderful night, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves from beginning to end. We each put a small donation into a kitty to pay for our evening's refreshments, and the way Mrs. Bilcliff made that money spin out was amazing. She just could not afford twelve chicken portions and bread rolls we had between us about ten o'clock. It was a grand supper, Joe Kibbler was amazed, he only expected a chicken sandwich. We have more or less got an open invitation to the Austin British Legion now, and I sincerely hope that we shall get more members coming along when we go again.

A committee meeting was held on Tuesday, 19th April, at which several

ideas were discussed for the remainder of this year, including another visit to Stratford-upon-Avon in late August or early September. We also talked about another Christmas dinner, more local this time, arrangements are now being made for this, more details will be given at club meetings in the near future.

Our normal monthly meeting was held on Sunday, 8th May, and, I am pleased to say, was very well attended. Several members played dominoes as usual, and one of the semi-final rounds of the knock-out competition was played off between Wally Cotham and Stan Southall. Stanley was the eventual winner after a good fight. He now has to wait and see who he has to play in the final.

The final timings, etc., for our outing to Church Stretton were given out at tea, and we are all hoping for a good sunny day.

Tea was provided for us this month by Mrs. Faulkner, and we all thanked her in the usual manner for a very fine spread.

So that those of us who wished to could listen to Lord Fraser on the B.B.C., Joe Kibbler brought along his portable radio, and some of us had a little discussion about what had been said, and we were all whole-heartedly behind Lord Fraser in what he had said regarding St. Dunstan's funds.

The next meeting at the British Legion, Thorp Street, will be on Sunday, 10th July.

D. E. CASHMORE,
Hon. Secretary.

Sutton Club Notes

We held our monthly meeting at the Adult School on 23rd April, and I am glad to say that we were well represented but we were sorry to hear that one of our members, Bill Lucroft, was ill at the time. We all wish him a speedy recovery and hope that it will not be too long before he is with us again. We had our usual Bingo session before tea, and it was in the capable hands of Alf Shaw. I am glad to say there were lots of lucky people.

CLUB NEWS (continued)

Thanks again, Alf, for the good work you do.

We have the games well in hand. We played off another game of 5 & 3 between Bill Dudley and Reg Newton, Bill being the winner—hard luck, Reg.

We had to postpone our visit to Blenheim Palace on 14th May till 17th September, owing to the Palace not being open to the public at the weekend until the end of July.

Our next meetings are Sutton, June 18th, and Cheam Red Cross Hall, 4th June.

R. Dow.

Mr. D. A. Castleton and Miss Cora Freeman represented St. Dunstan's at the Funeral Service on 21st April, held in St. Peter's Church, Crawley, for Mr. Ernest Stanford, C.B.E. Mr. Stanford was Appeals Organiser for St. Dunstons, and a tribute to him by Lord Fraser appears on another page.

BRIDGE NOTES

MISS HENSLEY'S
BRIDGE DRIVE

Owing to illness and other commitments, the numbers at Miss Hensley's Bridge Drive on 28th April were somewhat depleted. However, thirteen St. Dunstaners and three of their wives took part, and provided a most enjoyable afternoon.

Unfortunately, owing to an indisposition Miss Hensley herself was unable to be present. The members unanimously expressed a vote of thanks to Miss Hensley together with best wishes for a speedy recovery, to be conveyed to her by Mr. N. Smith.

The results were as follows:

1st Prize: R. Stanners and G. P. Brown;

2nd Prize: W. Bishop and M. Tybinski;

3rd Prize: H. Meleson and R. Armstrong.

HARROGATE

May we remind our Bridge Players that our visit to Harrogate this year will take place from the 10th till the 17th September.

Anyone who has not given in his name yet, should do so as soon as possible, to me at Headquarters.

The fifth "Individual" Competition, Brighton Section, was held on Saturday, 30th April, 1966. The results were as follows:

M. Clements and B. Ingrey, 48;
C. Kelk and F. Rhodes, 45;
D. Giffard and R. Goding, 34;
S. Webster and Partner, 32;
A. Smith and J. Whitcombe, 29;
W. Burnett and J. Chell, 28.

The fifth "Individual" Competition, London Section, was held on Saturday, 7th May. The results were as follows:

P. Nuyens and W. Scott, 75;
R. Bickley and H. Kerr, 63;
G. P. Brown and J. Simmons, 58;
F. Mathewman and M. Tybinski, 58;
G. Andrew and E. Carpenter, 58;
R. Fullard and H. Meleson, 56;
F. Jackson and P. Pescott-Jones, 43.

P. NUYENS.

Laughs at Fred's Cafe

Remember the young boy who was mentioned in No. 1 of "Laughs at Fred's Cafe" who was severely scolded by his mother for nicking sweets?

"Hello Fred", said this young urchin, walking into the café. "I have brought this bunch of flowers for your little girl."

I stood still—my mind in confusion. Had my policy of restraint and gentle persuading gathered fruit? Had it altered the wicked atmosphere of theft to the pleasant one of a young boy giving a little girl a bunch of flowers? These few words truly gladdened the heart—until he replied to my question of where he got the flowers.

"Got 'em from the cemetery."

**NELSON'S
COLUMN**
May's Mixture

Four books for your selection, none of which is likely to raise the current temperature one iota.

"Portrait of Devon", by D. St. Leger-Gordon, reader *Anthony Parker*, covers a large subject in 16 tracks. It is written with tender care and laid out very clearly. Starting with a touch of pre and Roman history, it moves on to Exeter, Queen of the West, followed by Plymouth, then the rivers and roads, moors, and finally a study in miniature of fauna and flora. Interesting on a local rather than a general scale.

"Frozen Assets", by P. G. Wodehouse, reader *David Broomfield*, is a 13 track frolic of the first order. One week from his 30th birthday the hero is left ten million dollars providing that he is not arrested by the police for a misdemeanour before his birthday, in which case everything goes to his wealthy uncle. The snag is that every time our boy has a drink or two he has an ambition to punch policemen. His sister and her boy friend know this and pinch all his trousers while he's in bed. The funny sequel and the ingenuity displayed in the acquiring of trousers make a fast moving farce and a triumph for not so good over not so bad.

"The Flight of the Falcon", by Daphne Du Maurier, reader *Anthony Parker*, smells, by its title, strongly of Cornwall. Surprise, surprise, the first scene's set in Rome with the main character acting as courier to the Sunshine Tourist Agency. One night in Rome the murder of an old peasant woman he thinks he recognises, induces him to desert the tour and to go searching in Ruffano where he spent his early childhood. He manages to attach himself to the staff of the University library where he becomes involved with the annual pageant and rediscovers some

of his boyhood ties. The story boils up to an exciting climax which in part proves anti-climax too.

"A Winter in Nepal", by John Morris, reader *Michael Aspel*, is the story of a young man's dream come true. At 65 the author with two younger companions set out on a trek from Katmandu into Western and Northern Nepal, which forbidden land he had gazed at longingly as a young man in the Indian Army. He was interested in the people and, as he spoke their language, he got among the villagers he visited and passes on to readers the impossible conditions they still have to contend with. He draws a highly insanitary picture of an immensely likeable people.

RE-UNIONS
Manchester and Liverpool

There was a good attendance of St. Dunstaners at the second and third of the 1966 Reunions. Presiding at the Grand Hotel, Manchester, on 21st April, was Sir Edwin Arrowsmith, and at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, on 23rd April, Lord Fraser, accompanied by Lady Fraser.

At Manchester more than half the St. Dunstaners were from the First World War, because it was held on a Thursday when many of the younger men living in the district were unable to attend because of their work, but they went instead to the Liverpool Reunion on Saturday, where two-thirds of the St. Dunstaners present were Second World War men. Both Reunions followed the customary pattern of a reception followed by a lunch, dancing for those who wanted it, in the afternoon, and then tea.

Our St. Dunstaner, Arthur Bocking, of Morecambe, proposed the toast of St. Dunstan's at Manchester, and the same honour fell to Violet Formstone at Liverpool.

Miss Everett, Welfare Visitor responsible for the arrangements of both these Reunions, is much to be congratulated and all who attended would certainly want the *Review* to convey to her their very sincere thanks.

Nuffield Talking Book Library for the Blind

Additional Tape Titles—FICTION

Cat. No.		<i>Playing Time Hours approx.</i>
969	GALSWORTHY, JOHN—THE WHITE MONKEY (1924) Read by Robin Holmes. (Sequel to Cat. No. 458.) In a society whose foundations have been shattered by the First World War, Fleur begins her married life with Michael Mont.	12½
970	GALSWORTHY, JOHN—THE SILVER SPOON (1926) Read by Robin Holmes. (Sequel to Cat. No. 969.) Michael, now an M.P., tries to help unemployed ex-servicemen. Fleur is a young mother and Soames, in his seventies, is disturbed by her restlessness and social ambitions.	11½
971	GALSWORTHY, JOHN—SWAN SONG (1928) Read by Robin Holmes. (Sequel to Cat. No. 970.) Jon Forsyte, who is married and living in Canada, returns to England where Fleur is determined to revive their former love.	13
965	HILTON, JAMES—GOODBYE MR. CHIPS and TO YOU MR. CHIPS (1934) Read by George Hagan. Memories of a schoolmaster and stories of his former pupils.	6
968	MASTERS, JOHN—NIGHTRUNNERS OF BENGAL (1951) Read by John Dunn. Fictional account of the events which led up to the Indian Mutiny, with gruesome descriptions of the fighting and its aftermath.	15
964	WEST, MORRIS—THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN (1963) Read by Alvar Lidell. A man of great humility and conscience is unexpectedly elected Pope and becomes the centre of a drama conceived in human and universal terms.	14½
955	HARTLEY, L. P.—EUSTACE AND HILDA (1947) Sequel to 954 Read by David Geary. Hilda encounters misfortune while Eustace is in Venice. His sense of guilt and the nature of their relationship lead them towards their inevitable sad fate.	12

NON-FICTION

942	BRAITHWAITE, E. R.—PAID SERVANT (1962) Read by John Curle. The author's experiences in Child Welfare, where he was mainly concerned with finding foster homes for children denied the security of family life.	8½
944	CARPENTER, HARRY—MASTERS OF BOXING (1964) Read by Arthur Bush. Great fights by Marciano, Sugar Ray Robinson, Farr, Dempsey, Joe Louis and others.	14
939	GREEN, V. H. H.—LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION (1964) Read by Maurice Turner. Luther's part in the Reformation, the break with the Papacy and doctrinal political and social controversies of 16th-century Europe.	8
934	HOPE, STANTON—GIVE ME THE SEA (1959) Read by David Broomfield. Exciting, grim and humorous experiences of sea voyages to various parts of the world.	9
929	HUMPHREYS, CHRISTMAS—ZEN BUDDHISM (1949) Read by Duncan Carse. A practising English Buddhist describes the Zen philosophy, its origins, influence and techniques.	7
927	HYDE, H. MONTGOMERY—NORMAN BIRKETT (1964) Read by Michael de Morgan. This brilliant lawyer was, amongst other things, counsel in many famous trials, a Liberal M.P., Judge at the Nuremburg War Crimes Tribunal and a well-known broadcaster.	32
931	LAMB, CHARLES—THE ESSAYS OF ELIA (1823) Read by Eric Gillett. Recollections of childhood, sketches of personalities and comments on many aspects of life.	9
938	MAXWELL, GAVIN—THE ROCKS REMAIN (1963) Read by David Broomfield. Sequel to Cat. No. 120. Life at Camusfearna continues with new pet otters. The writer's experiences in Morocco and the Agadir earthquake are also described.	7½
940	TANGYE, DEREK—A DRAKE AT THE DOOR (1963) <i>on the same tape with</i> TANGYE, DEREK—A DONKEY IN THE MEADOW (1965) Read by Michael de Morgan. Delightful stories of the people and pets involved with the author's struggle to wrest a living from a flower farm on the wild and lovely Cornish coast.	12½

Nuffield Talking Book Library for the Blind

NON-FICTION

962	CARSE, ROBERT—THE AGE OF PIRACY (1959) Read by Arthur Bush. Recreates an age of individualism and adventure from the early buccaneers of the Tudor Age to the final decline of piracy.	9½
963	DURRELL, GERALD—THE BAFUT BEAGLES (1958) Read by Roy Williamson. During his stay with the friendly natives of Bafut in the Cameroons the author collected numerous creatures and amusingly describes the antics of both animals and people.	6
967	BRADFORD, ERNLE—THE GREAT SIEGE (1961) Read by David Broomfield. A detailed account of the battle for Malta in 1565 when the Knights of St. John faced the invading armies of Solyman the Magnificent.	8
966	BUNYAN, JOHN—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS (1678) Read by Eric Gillett. The dream-allegory of Christian's flight from the City of Destruction towards the Celestial City of Heaven.	12½
978	JENKINS, ROY—ASQUITH (1964) Read by David Broomfield. A fascinating picture, both personal and political of a great statesman and a new look at some of the major events in his lifetime.	22
973	KINGHALL, STEPHEN—POWER POLITICS IN THE NUCLEAR AGE (1962) Read by Alvar Lidell. After examining the nature of power and the dangers and immorality of nuclear weapons, the author proposes a controversial policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament to restore Britain's greatness.	10
980	LONGFORD, ELIZABETH—VICTORIA R.I. (1964) Read by Judith Whale. A portrait of Queen Victoria from childhood to maturity.	32½

FAMILY NEWS

Golden Weddings

Very sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Goodley, of Pulham Market, Nr. Diss, Norfolk, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 18th May, 1966.

Very many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Oldfield of Sheffield who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 22nd April, 1966.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:—

P. C. Bargery, of Grays, Essex, on the arrival of his second grandchild—a grand-daughter, Joanna Alice, born on 13th March, 1966.

W. Bentley, of Manchester, Lancs, announces the arrival of a grandson recently.

J. Embleton, of Trimdon Village, Co. Durham, on the birth of his first grandchild—Simon John.

H. G. Foster, of Paignton, Devon, on the birth of his third grandchild—Jacqueline Ann, who was born in April, 1966.

H. Knappe, of Handcross, Haywards Heath, Sussex, on the birth of his second grandchild—June Louise, who was born on 14th February, 1965.

H. Meleson, of Hendon, N.W.4, on the arrival of his second grandchild, Melanie Jane, on 26th April, 1966.

G. B. Swanston, of Edinburgh, announces the birth of a grandson on 10th May, 1966.

S. Tutton, of Hounslow, Middlesex, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Alison, on 27th January, 1966, who is his third grandchild.

A. Walker, of Harrow, Middlesex, on the arrival of his third grand-child, Sarah Lesley, who was born on 31st December, 1965.

Great-Grandfather

Many congratulations to:—

W. Thomas, of Wakefield, on the arrival of his fifth great-grandchild, Richard Andrew, born on 18th March, 1966.

FAMILY NEWS—*continued*

Patricia Goding, eldest daughter of R. Goding, of Winchester, married Roger Dangerfield on 14th May, 1966, at St. Mary's Church, Twyford, near Winchester.

★ ★ ★

Malcolm, son of Mrs. Judd and the late Mr. W. Judd, of Hillingdon, Middlesex, was married to Rosemary Hiscock on 10th April, 1966.

★ ★ ★

Lorraine Brereton, daughter of G. Brereton, started her Nursing training at the Royal Masonic Hospital last January.

★ ★ ★

J. E. Davies, of Llandysul, South Wales, is very pleased his son has been made Headmaster of Felin Fach School, which is quite near his home.

★ ★ ★

When our St. Dunstaner Harry Pierre-point's Guide Dog, Smokey, died after long and faithful service, the Mayor of Boston, Lincolnshire, Alderman Geoffrey Moulder, launched an Appeal Fund to raise the £250 needed to buy and train a new Guide Dog for Harry. When the Appeal closed, the Mayor invited Harry to his Parlour to receive the cheque, which amounted to £679 14s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

Lora Benson, eldest daughter of our St. Dunstaner, Ray Benson, has obtained nine O-level passes and is now in her last term of her A-level studies for Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics. She has just been elected a Junior Member of the Institute of Nuclear Engineers and joins her father at the Institute, as he is a full member.

★ ★ ★

Sharon Benson, aged nine years, Ray's youngest daughter, is a Boarder at Grandison College, Croydon, and has just passed with honours two Imperial Society Teachers of Dancing Examinations—Modern Stage Grade 1 and National Grade 1.

★ ★ ★

John William Fenny, son of our St. Dunstaner, J. Fenny, of Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham, married Miss Marjorie Brookbanks at Chester-le-Street Church on Saturday, 12th March, 1966.

Raymond, aged 18 years, son of our St. Dunstaner, J. Innes, of Dewsbury, Yorks, has won a Duke of Edinburgh's Award which will be presented to him later at Buckingham Palace.

★ ★ ★

A. Laird, of St. Helens, Lancs, reports that his grand-daughter, aged 7, recently won a Silver Medal for ballet dancing and a Bronze one for Swedish National Dancing.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations to Julie, aged 11 years and daughter of our St. Dunstaner, R. Vowles, on winning the Duologue Cup for Elocution at the Fareham Festival and also a cup for verse reading at the Portsmouth Festival.

Deaths

We send our very sincere sympathy to:—

W. R. MacKay, of Castletown, Caithness, Scotland, on the death of a sister, who died in December, 1965.

A. Foster, of Clogher, Co. Tyrone, Northern Ireland, whose wife died on 28th April, 1966.

A. Prettejohns, of Dulwich, whose wife died in hospital on 28th March, 1966. Mrs. Prettejohns was a Sister in the Dispensary at Regent's Park in the early days of St. Dunstan's.

C. Roach, of Darlington, Co. Durham, on the death of his wife, after a long illness, on 1st May, 1966.

H. Smy, of Middleton, Saxmundham, Suffolk, on the death of his brother recently.

Mrs. F. R. Williams, of Maryhill, Swansea, South Wales, on the death of her husband on 25th April, 1966.

F. Polley, of London, W.12, his grand-daughter, Mrs. Ruth Sheenan, widow, and family on the sudden death of John Sheenan, aged 25 years.

In Memory

Charles James Cadman, *Labour Corps.*

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Charles James Cadman of Mayfield, Sussex on 6th April, 1966. He was 85 years of age.

He served with the Labour Corps during the first World War from 1916 until his discharge in 1921. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1965, as he was in very poor health, he went to Pearson House in March, where he died in April.

We offer our sincere sympathy to his widow on her sad loss.

Alfred Daniel Andreassend, *26th Infantry Battalion, New Zealand*

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Alfred Daniel Andreassend, of Onehunga, Auckland, whilst travelling as a passenger in a car, on 19th February, 1965, at the age of 59 years.

Mr. Andreassend enlisted in June, 1940, and served with the 26th Infantry Battalion, New Zealand, until his discharge in July, 1945. He was wounded, receiving multiple injuries, and was trained in New Zealand.

His funeral was attended by a large representation of St. Dunstaners in New Zealand, together with members of the Returned Services' Association and the P.O.W. Association.

To his widow and two sons we send our very sincere sympathy.

William Christian, *1st Cheshire Regiment*

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of William Christian of Colby, Isle of Man, on 22nd April, 1966. He was 66 years of age.

He served with the 1st Cheshire Regiment from 1914 to 1916 and was wounded at Guillemont and came to St. Dunstan's in 1917.

He trained originally in mat making and boot repairing and carried on these occupations for some years. He then had a shop for some time but retired from business in 1958. He was a regular visitor to Ovingdean and Reunions. William Christian was descended from Fletcher Christian of Mutiny on the Bounty fame and had a great welcome on Pitcairn Island when he called in there as he journeyed back from a trip to New Zealand. He was considered in his youth to be the best oar that ever rowed for St. Dunstan's.

To his widow and family we send an expression of very sincere sympathy.

Francis Charles William Fulbrook, *Pioneer Corps*

With deep regret we have to record the death on 30th April, 1966, of Francis Charles William Fulbrook, of Edgware, Middlesex. He was 53 years of age.

He served with the Pioneer Corps during the Second World War from August, 1940, until January, 1941. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1947. Mr. Fulbrook had already received training as a shop-keeper and he continued with this work after becoming a St. Dunstaner up to 1951. He eventually received training in industrial work and was placed in employment in 1955, but in 1958 he gave up industrial work in favour of a Country Life settlement. He made a great success of this, and as a flower grower he won many prizes which were reported in the *Review*. He had been in poor health for some time, and had a serious operation in 1965. His health deteriorated, but he remained at home until 29th April when he was admitted to hospital, and died the following day.

To his widow we offer our sincere sympathy.

Cecil James Green, *Civil Defence.*

With deep regret we have to record the death on 28th April, 1966, of Cecil James Green of Southgate, N.14. He was 83 years of age.

He served with the Civil Defence as an Air Raid Warden during the 2nd World War and came to St. Dunstan's in 1942. He trained as an Assistant Joinery Instructor at Church Stretton. In 1946 he was transferred to Brighton to carry out the same type of work but after a few years his health began to deteriorate. He retired and came to live in London.

To his daughter, Mrs. Ford, with whom he lived, and to his granddaughter we offer our very sincere sympathy.

Eric Charles Howarth, *Dorset Regiment*

We have to record with deep regret the death in Hospital on 26th April 1966 of Eric Howarth of Worcester. He served as a Private in the Dorset Regiment from 1941 to 1945 and was injured in Normandy. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1946 and trained for Industry.

Poor health compelled him to give up this occupation after a few years. Of a quiet and retiring nature, nevertheless he enjoyed holidays at Ovingdean. He had only been ill for less than a week before he died.

He was a bachelor and to his stepfather with whom he lived and to his relatives, we send an expression of very sincere sympathy.

In Memory—continued

George Loomis, Canadian Army

It is with deep regret we have to record the death on 28th April, 1966 of George A. Loomis of London, N.W.2. He was 69 years of age.

He served with the Canadian Army from 1914 until his discharge in 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1947. After his discharge from military service Mr. Loomis lived in England. He re-married in 1957 and during the last years when his health was not very good he was cared for devotedly by his wife.

To his widow we offer our very sincere sympathy.

Ernest Charles Matheson, 9th Light Horse

It is with deep regret we have to record the death on 16th December, 1965, of Ernest Charles Matheson of North Adelaide, South Australia. He was aged 73 years.

He enlisted in August 1914 with the 9th Light Horse. He was wounded at Gallipoli in August 1915 and admitted to St. Dunstan's in November of that year. He trained in basket making and boot repairing. He returned home to Australia in November, 1917 and received his discharge from the Army in 1918.

To his widow and other members of his family we offer our sympathy on their sad loss.

Cyril Moloney, New Zealand Forces

It is with deep regret we have to record the death on 28th February, 1965, of Cyril Moloney, of Rocky Bay, Waiheke Island, New Zealand.

He served during the First World War with the New Zealand Forces, and his sight had failed gradually over the years. His health deteriorated sharply a few weeks before his death, and he was eventually admitted to hospital.

To his widow and son we send our deepest sympathy.

Sidney Joseph Orchard, Royal Sussex Regiment

With deep regret we have to record the death on 10th April, 1966 of Sidney Joseph Orchard of Eastbourne. He was 85 years of age.

He served with the Royal Sussex Regiment from 1914 to 1918 and eventually came to St. Dunstan's in 1953. Owing to his age he did not undertake any occupational training but lived at home with his wife and enjoyed constant visits from his grown up family, all of whom lived near. He was admitted to hospital just before Christmas last, and was transferred to Pearson House for prolonged convalescence.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Orchard and all members of his family.

Robert William Shave, The Wiltshire Regiment

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Robert William Shave of Weymouth, on 25th April, 1966. He was 68 years of age.

He enlisted with the Wiltshire Regiment in 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1939 and trained as a basket maker and continued with his work up to quite recently when his health showed signs of failing.

We offer our sincere sympathy to his widow and married daughter.

Percy Vorley, Mechanised Transport

It is with deep regret we have to record the death on 30th April, 1966, of Percy Vorley, of Brighton. He died two days before his 69th birthday.

He served with the Mechanised Transport in the First World War from March, 1916, until his discharge in March the following year. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in May, 1918.

He trained as a joiner and made picture frames and trays. He had a shop in which he sold his goods and newspapers. He gave up the business in the early thirties when his Mother's health began to fail, and after her death he was taken care of for the rest of his life by his sister. He continued with his joinery work until 1966 when his health began to fail, and in March this year he went to Pearson House, but was transferred to Guy's Hospital, London, on 26th April, where he died four days later.

Our sincere sympathy goes to his sister, Miss Minnie Vorley, who cared for him so devotedly for many years.

Arthur Charles Wheeler, Royal Navy

We have to record with deep regret the death at his home on 7th April of Arthur Charles Wheeler of Trealaw, Rhondda, South Wales. He was 57 years of age.

He served in the Royal Navy from 1927 to 1945 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1949. He trained for Industry and carried on this occupation for many years, reluctantly giving up his work, when compelled to do so because of continuing ill health, in 1961.

He was on the Committee of the Cardiff Club and took great interest in all their activities.

To his widow and family we offer our deepest sympathy.

ST. DUNSTAN'S ANGLERS



Who cares if it rains as long as the fish are biting? Tom Daborn, in oilskins and sou'wester, is clearly enjoying his day's fishing from a boat about two miles off-shore.

FOOLING SOME OF THE FISH

Tom Daborn, of Bexleyheath, writes:

"You can fool some of the fish some of the time, but"—in late March, comes an in-between time for sea anglers. The cod have moved away and plaice are in poor condition from spawning. Skate have not yet moved into the shallow waters, and dog fish are few and far between. Only the really keen sea angler goes forth!

It was a blustery day with a few showers and a little sun. Arriving at the beach to find the tide on its way in, and making a sandy line in the sea on the edge of the flowing water, tackle was soon assembled, and the first cast made.

The gear had hardly settled to the bottom when a sharp snatch started it all. A second snatch, the rod was raised to prove quite a good fish was on. Through the surf came not one, but two, fish. A plaice of just on 1lb. 12oz. and a dog fish of about 2lb. Was it to be one of those days? A second cast—a third—a fourth, and so on. Hours later the only catch was still that one plaice and one dog fish! Two anglers and only two fish—"you cannot fool all of the fish all of the time".

ST. DUNSTAN'S ANGLERS

NEW REEL IS ANSWER TO PROBLEMS

Michael Oliver, of West Wickham, has been trying out a new Multiplier Reel and he reports:

Recently I used a multiplier reel which appears to answer most of the blind angler's problems, apart from casting straight out to sea.

It is made by K. P. Morrith, of Cheam, and is called the "Sea Streak". The system employed is an automatic braking device, which can be adjusted quite easily to suit individual anglers. This is at one end of the reel, and I would suggest that any potential angler who buys one of these reels experiments with rod and reel in a clear space, until correct braking is made for his own strength of cast.

On the occasion I first used the reel, and this was my first experience with a multiplier type, I cast out the weight with as heavy a thrust as I could, and stood, holding the rod, the line sizzling out. No bird's nest when the weight hit the ground. Merely a low burr, and the line lay straight out between the weight and myself.

To any who have attempted to use the conventional reel, and have probably ended with some 30-50 yards of line around their feet and hands, this indeed is the answer.

I took my reel out for its first sea outing recently, spent a complete day at Brighton, and had no bird's nest all day . . . proof of the pudding? Maybe.

Michael Oliver demonstrates the "Sea Streak" casting from the beach at Littlehampton.

