

# APRIL REVIEW

KILIMANJARO CONQUERED





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## Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind Expedition

In last month's *Review* we congratulated the seven young blind African climbers on reaching the top of Kenya's Mount Kilimanjaro and the organisers of the expedition, the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind. We now print below a report on this exploit sent to us by the Society's Director, Mr. John Wilson, C.B.E.

"Please convey to the seven climbers who reached the summit of Kilimanjara my warm congratulations on their splendid achievement.—

Elizabeth R."

At noon on Thursday 20th February, 1969, a Fokker "Friendship" air liner of East African Airways circled the peak of Kilimanjaro, and dipped its wings in salute to the seven blind climbers and their four sighted companions who, at that moment, were just reaching the 18,635 foot crater summit. It took the group of three Ugandans, two Kenyans and two Tanzanians nine hours to clamber the last three thousand feet against a high wind in sub zero temperature, cutting steps in the frozen snow. As they struggled, exhausted, on to the summit, one of the guides shouted into the "walkie-talkie" equipment: "This is a moment of glory."



Commando-type training for the African climbers.

His words, picked up by radio, were relayed throughout East Africa in what is believed to have been the first broadcast ever made from the peak of Africa's highest mountain.

As the party rested on the summit, a message was relayed to them from Lord Hunt: "We are all thrilled to hear that you have reached the summit.—Congratulations!" One of the blind climbers said: "Let's ask Lord Hunt to take us up Everest next." "O.K." replied another "But let's get off this one first."

This expedition was sponsored by the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind in collaboration with the Outward Bound Trust, The East African Mountaineering School and organisations for the blind in Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda. The cost, some £1,200, was met by contributions from pupils in thirty-five schools in the United Kingdom.

### A Serious Purpose

The expedition was intended as a demonstration that trained blind people have the mental and physical stamina to

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# St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

### "Joe" Lynch

The death of Joe Lynch on 3rd February was reported in last month's *Review*, but I would now like to pay my own personal tribute to this well known war blinded Australian, since I have known him for over fifty years.

Patrick Joseph Lynch enlisted in the 54th Battalion, Australian Imperial Forces, in April 1916 and served on the Western Front. He was blinded at Bullecourt in May 1917 and came to St. Dunstan's in October of that year. After training as a poultry farmer, he returned to Australia in November 1918 to settle in this occupation in Victoria. He took a great interest in the well-being of other blinded ex-servicemen and became secretary of the Victoria Association and later President of both this and the federal Blinded Soldiers' Association of Australia, in succession to another St. Dunstaner, the late Elmer Glew, M.B.E.

Joe Lynch made a number of return visits to this country and was always warmly welcomed. In particular, he came after the Second War in response to a letter I had written to the Governments of Australia and New Zealand, offering to put the training facilities of St. Dunstan's at the disposal of blinded servicemen. As a result of our talks, 19 Second World War Australians came to England for training at St. Dunstan's. He retired as President of the Australian Blinded Soldiers' Association in 1967 owing to failing health.

Joe Lynch was awarded the C.B.E. in the 1936 New Year's Honours List in recognition of his services to war disabled Australians—a very well-deserved Honour. Joe was a warm-hearted, entertaining "cobber". He was genuinely liked by Australian St. Dunstaners of both Wars and by politicians of all parties; he knew how to get round them. He might almost have been called "you old bastard", which is, I understand, the highest praise one Australian can give another. Australians have lost one of their most doughty advocates and St. Dunstan's as a whole a distinguished member.

My wife and I were very fond of Joe and of his wife, Roma, and were always happy in their company. We extend our deepest sympathy to her and to their son.

### "Bertie" McConnell

Warm congratulations to Bertie McConnell on his election to Stormont, the Parliament in Northern Ireland, at the General Election held on 24th February. He stood as a Progressive Unionist Candidate supporting Captain O'Neill, the Prime Minister.



Robert Dodd McConnell reached his present position through channels which I have, in the past, recommended to St. Dunstaners who have aspired to become members of Parliaments or Legislatures—i.e. through local government. He was elected Independent Councillor for Clifton Ward to serve on the Bangor Borough Council in June, 1958. In 1961 he topped the poll on re-election and in 1964 he was returned unopposed. Bertie was blinded in Belgium in 1944 at the age of 23, when serving as a Lieutenant with the Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment of the Royal Artillery, and came to St. Dunstan's for rehabilitation in 1945. He then returned to office work with his old firm in Belfast, but left there after a time. Having expressed a wish to become one of our St. Dunstan's shopkeepers, he opened a newsagents-tobacconists' premises in Bangor in 1950. Bertie is married, with one of his sons at Queen's University, Belfast, and the other at an agricultural training college. He is tall with a friendly disposition and very interested in people, which undoubtedly contributes to his success.

The fact that so few blind people have succeeded in entering Parliament in Britain or other parts of the Commonwealth is some indication of the difficulties involved. However, I am glad to say that we have no fewer than four St. Dunstaners in Parliaments around the world at the present time. Besides Bertie McConnell in Belfast, Howard Simcocks is a member of the House of Keys in the Isle of Man and there are the Hon. Stanley Stephens in the New South Wales Parliament and Edward Dunlop, a member of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, Canada.

The blind world benefits when one of its members does something like getting into Parliament, but some of the benefit is lost if his blindness is dragged in automatically whenever his Parliamentary activities are reported. When I was myself a member of the House of Commons, I was very pleased when "The Times" newspaper decided its readers had had enough of the appellation "the blind M.P." and called me by my name. In practice, being blind is little handicap once you are inside Parliament. I found that it does not even make it difficult to catch the Speaker's eye. Height, not sight, is what you need there. I have plenty of that and so has Bertie. I was very happy during my 33 years in the House of Commons and made countless friends and I hope it will be the same with Bertie McConnell at Stormont.

### "Clarkie"

Frederick le Gros Clark, M.A.,—his close friends call him "Clarkie"—has written yet another book "Blinded in War", a special study of the psychology and problems associated with old age and retirement. This follows a long series of books, pamphlets and lectures on sociological and welfare subjects, which have been the speciality of this brilliant First War St. Dunstaner. He has also written children's books, which have been translated into many languages.

Although this new book may be of interest to the general reader, it should be of particular interest to older St. Dunstaners, because he has used the St. Dunstan's story as the background for his thinking and many individual retired St. Dunstaners were interviewed and helped him with their ideas and memories.

I congratulate Clarkie and wish this valuable work every success.\*\*\*

### Keep The Braille Going

The Talking Book is a competitor with Braille. That is why the Committee, of which I am Chairman, does not encourage the use of the talking book by children and young people. It is so very important that they should stick to their Braille and learn to use it fluently during the early years of blindness.

I also find that the talking book tends to attract me in preference to Braille because it is so easy and so pleasant to be read to instead of having to pick up the words with the fingers. I try to resist temptation, however, and read a little Braille almost every night of my life. If anything, I get slightly better at it—instead of worse—as the years pass by. I am delighted about this because there are many occasions such as when you are travelling and cannot use a talking book. Then Braille is so handy.

### Solid Dot Versus the Old Type

I am reading a Braille magazine called "Argosy", described as "the short story magazine". It is published by The Scottish Braille Press, Edinburgh. I ran out of Braille in Cape Town and my old friend, Jimmy Ellis, gave it to me. I had not heard of it before but I have enjoyed it and I recommend it to those who like short stories.

"Argosy" is printed in the familiar Scottish Braille, on rather heavy paper. I make no complaint of this but it is a contrast from the solid dot Braille on thin paper used by the R.N.I.B. for its Panda series of books and other publications.

I used to find the solid dot rather trying and did not like it at first. Whether I have now got used to it or whether its quality or smoothness of surface has improved, I now like it well enough: indeed, I think I prefer it.

When travelling, I play Bridge on many nights. I wonder if a pack of cards made by the solid dot process would be acceptable and perhaps even preferable to the regular material? Perhaps our Director of Research, Dick Dufton, will make some experiments for us.

### Johannesburg Reunion

While in Johannesburg, Lady Fraser and I went with Mrs. Opperman, Chairman of St. Dunstan's (South Africa), to a Reunion of Transvaal St. Dunstaners. It was a pleasure to us to meet many old friends and to learn how well they are getting on.

A dozen or so St. Dunstaners were present and they will forgive me if I do not list them, but Daniel Pretorius and Jimmy Ellis made amusing speeches. We also had a word from Maurice Aldridge, now settled as a Lecturer in English at Rhodes University. He told us that he and his wife and little son were getting on very well and were quite determined to make South Africa their home country.

### A Rose By Any Other Name

Staying in a friend's house the other day, I took a tube out of the cupboard above the basin, put some of the contents on my hand and rubbed it on my hair. The smell was unusual and, on asking my wife about it, I discovered it to be Colgate's toothpaste instead of Truegel, my usual dressing. It did just as well and I am told looked all right. There is no moral to this story, unless it be that life is more complicated than it need be.

I myself shall stick to Truegel, because it is not only a very good hairdressing but, being a paraffin-based jelly, is most useful for greasing a fishing line and the ferrule of a fishing rod. It is much easier to rub one's fingers in one's own hair and then on to the line or rod than to carry a tube of expensive lubricant in the pocket.

### Fraser of Lonsdale

\*\*\* Mr. le Gros Clark's book "Blinded in War"—a model for the welfare of all handicapped people—is published by the Priority Press Ltd., Royston, Herts at 10/-.



### Welcome to St. Dunstan's

John Henry Bishop, of Cannock, Staffs, was admitted to St. Dunstan's on 19th February, 1969. We extend a warm welcome to him. He is married and served in the South Staffordshire Regiment in the First World War.

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

Victor Goodwin, of Manchester became a St. Dunstaner in February, 1969. He served in the Royal Navy in the Second World War, and is hoping to go to Ovingdean for training soon. He is a bachelor.



## BRIDGE DRIVE

The first Bridge Drive of the year was held on Saturday, 22nd February at the London Club, Headquarters, Old Marylebone Road. Despite the treacherous wintry weather sixteen St. Dunstaners with their guests braved the elements to attend and thoroughly enjoy a very pleasant afternoon's Bridge.

It was gratifying to see J. Carney, who had made the journey with his wife all the way from Bournemouth, take first prize. Well done Joe! This is encouragement indeed for the future.

It was also a pleasure to see Les Douglass's name amongst the prize winners again. It is said that the type of Bridge played at Bridge Drives lends itself to a certain amount of luck, but knowing Les I am sure that a lot of skill is also necessary.

Our ex-Captain, Paul Nuyens, ably presented the prizes.

The results were as follows:

- (1) J. Carney and Mrs. D. Mountain
- (2) L. Douglass and S. Horstead
- (3) M. Tybinski and F. S. Deeley

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

May we remind our members that the Annual match v. the London County Contract Bridge Association (the Masters), will be held at Headquarters on Saturday 21st June at 2 p.m. sharp.

I should also be grateful if, as soon as possible, the names of the players representing the various St. Dunstan's teams wishing to play against the "Masters" could be sent to me by their Captains.

## COMPETITIONS

The second individual competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 8th March. The results are as follows:—

J. Whitcombe and F. Rhodes	..	75
F. Griffie and B. Ingrey	..	69
M. Clements and P. Carr	..	62
S. Webster and S. McNamara	..	62
W. Burnett and A. Smith	..	58
J. Chill and F. Mathewman	..	57
R. Goding and W. T. Scott	..	53

J. Carney and Miss E. Aldridge played to make up the pairs but are not included in the competition.

The third Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday 1st March and the results are as follows:—

E. Carpenter and H. King	..	87
P. Nuyens and F. Pusey	..	71
R. Bickley and J. Huk	..	68
G. P. Brown and J. Lynch	..	68
M. Tybinski and R. Evans	..	61
P. Pescott-Jones and R. Fullard	..	52
R. G. Stanners and H. Meleson	..	50
R. Armstrong and Miss V. Kemmish	..	47

Members of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club will learn with deep regret of the sudden death of "Bill" Bishop. He was Captain-Secretary for the year in 1954 and was a very active Club member participating in all our Bridge activities which unfortunately he had to give up about two years ago after the result of a serious operation.

Our sincerest sympathy goes to his widow and family.

ROY ARMSTRONG.

## INSTRUCTIONAL HAND

by

ALF FIELD

A Bidding Competition was held during the Bridge "Teach In" at Brighton on March 8th. Twenty-four Boards were pre-arranged to provide simple tests of Bidding (Acol). Seventeen Pairs competed. Points were awarded:— Two points for each correct 1st, 2nd and 3rd bid plus four points for correct final contract. Max.=10. The first three were:—

J. Chell and J. Whitcombe	..	170
B. Ingrey and Mrs. V. Delaney	..	148
P. Carr and H. King	..	142

Max. score was 240. Here is a Board where competitors scored collectively 36 points out of 170. This was "Rock Bottom".

Board No. 9. Dealer North, love all

S.	8, 6
H.	A, K, J, 3
D.	J, 10, 5
C.	A, K, 7, 2
□	
S.	J, 10, 7, 5
H.	Q, 7, 2
D.	8, 7
C.	Q, 8, 6, 5

You may wish to bid the Hands before reading on. The "Suggested Bidding" was:— North "One Club". South "Two Clubs". North "No Bid". Eleven players found the correct opener. Six elected to open "One Heart". Only one pair scored the maximum. Actually there were six astronauts who reached a game bid! I will amplify my comments recorded in the Bidding form.

**NORTH.** Opens "One Club". Four card suits not touching are bid upwards, so that the "Rebid" is catered for more easily.

**SOUTH.** Has, three legitimate Bids. "No Bid" "One Spade" or "Two Clubs". The "No Bid" leaves West with a "Free kick" at the one level in three suits, not a St. Dunstan's type of bid. One spade in this case is absolute minimum. Two Clubs. It is better to make a "Limited Bid" which is understood by Partner as such, if holding so few points. Thus the selected bid is "Two Clubs". We strain the L.T.C. slightly.

**NORTH.** With L.T.C. of 7, would say "No Bid" over "Two Clubs" say "One no Trump" even "One Spade" showing approximately 15 points.

Congratulations to Messrs. R. Bickley and R. Fullard on becoming the winning pair from the London Club Bridge Section in the British Rubber Bridge Competition which is organised in order to help the funds for "Action for the Crippled Child".

Messrs. Bickley and Fullard now go forward to meet the winning pair from another Club.

## Grocers Outing

Mrs. Lillie informs us that this year's outing which is organised for St. Dunstaners by the Sussex Grocers Association (note new name) will take place on Wednesday, 2nd July. Further details will appear in the May or June Review.



## Letter to the Editor

From Sydney Scroggie of Strathmartine, by Dundee, Scotland



The photograph from "A Light Unto Me", also published in the Review, March, 1968.

"Little patches of green, little knots of pine and a little river glinting."



The photograph of me and two other chaps in "A Light unto Me", St. Dunstan's brochure for 1969, dates back to October, 1959 and was taken by Geoffrey Stephens, of our St. Dunstan's Estate Dept. We are resting on a day in the Cairngorms between Luibeg and the Shelter Stone. The chap with the beard is Bob McLean, who once said: "If you're daft enough to go to the hills, Scroggie, then I'm daft enough to go with you!" The other is Bill Dye, a fellow-worker in the National Cash Register, Dundee. I had climbed many hills with both of these. It was the first time Geoffrey had been with me, but not the last. The previous night we had carried our packs from the Derry gate to Luibeg bothy.

It is starlight, the river flows, pines rustle, stags bellow and Bill's boots strike sparks from pebbles. "There's only one Bob Scott in this glen", says the stalker; "and I'm him". The bothy has a stained table, three coggly chairs, plenty of sticks and a big granite fireplace. We spend the night there and when the throbbing of the Luibeg generator ceases we hear oystercatchers, stags and the murmur of water nearby.

Next day we go up Glen Derry to the bridge in the photograph, boulders and red grit in the track, heather and stubborn clumps of Scots pine with Macdhuil and Mheadhoin above them, hills at the head of the glen. We cross a corrie between these hills, the crags of Macdhuil on the left and the tors of Meadhoin on the right like warts on the skyline. It is silent, only the lapping of the little loch on stones, spiky grass, boulders with lichen on them, and the croak of ptarmigan. Then we look down on Loch A'an with Cairn Gorm reflected in it and see a ragged skyline, buttress slab, and tumbling white cataracts. We hear a buzzard whistling in Castle Gates gully. Below is a jumble of granite blocks as big as houses. The biggest is the Shelter Stone, room under it for six. Voices echo from flat faces of granite, and between the blocks is bog, heather, running water

and sunken blocks bearing the upper ones. We spend the night under the Stone, candles, rucksacks, sleeping-bags, pressure stoves and frying bacon. The Garbh Uisge burn thunders, and the loch gleams under the stars. Next day it is up the crags of the Garbh Uisge on to an upper shelf of Macdhuil, stones, grit, grass and water sliding over slabs or gurgling in boulders. Then we get on to the tundra at 4,000 feet where a pile of stones marks the summit. Wind whistles in boulders, ptarmigan croak and we hear the sad cry of a golden plover. It is hazy, and the tops around come and go like ghosts haunting Macdhuil. We move to the boulder-piled Sron Riach and look down at the floor of Glen Lui, little patches of green, little knots of pine, and a little river glinting.

Down on these broad swards, under these big pines, and in the thunder of that river twilight overtakes us. Venus is in the west and the hills merge into night. Water gleams in the darkness and pines are shadows against it. The hills turn black against the stars.

Bob Scott bustles into the bothy where we are eating. "You're back, are ye?" he says: "You've had grand weather". We walk down to the Derry gate. The same pines rustle, stags bellow, the river babbles, sparks flare at Bill's boots again and the throbbing of the Luibeg generator fades behind us.

This is the background to the photograph.

### REUNIONS 1969

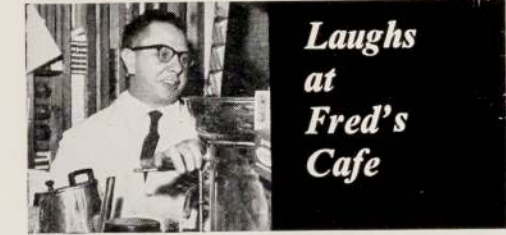
Readers are requested to make the following addition and alteration to the list of Reunions printed in the March Review:—

Member of the Council Presiding.  
Southampton—Mr. Nigel Pearson.

Manchester—The Rev. F. Darell Bunt,  
C.B., O.B.E., M.A.

### Pardonable Mistake?

A new child's version of the Lords Prayer.  
"Our Father which art in Heaven, Harold  
be Thy name..."



Laughs  
at  
Fred's  
Cafe

'Sikh' Joke.

I was told recently about a Sikh bus conductor who was very helpful to the passengers. In one case he purposely missed taking the fare from an elderly lady, and went to great lengths to help her off the bus. The old lady thanked him very much and looking at his turban, she smiled and said, "I do hope your head gets better soon".

### H.M.S. DEADALUS

St. Dunstan's Camp

Just a reminder that entries close—April 3rd so do hurry up and send them in please.

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

Telephone—Bishops Lydeard 359

### Derby Sweepstake

The Closing date of the Derby Sweep stake is Wednesday, 21st May.

Tickets are 2s. 6d. each, and are limited solely to St. Dunstaners or St. Dunstan's trainees.

Each application must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, should be sent, with the stamped addressed envelope, to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., St. Dunstan's Review, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

The Draw will take place at the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 29th May.

All those drawing a horse will be notified.



## Ways of Life 8.

### TWO SAINTS PRESERVE HIM—David Purches

For the St. Dunstaner who is the subject of this article in the series "Ways of Life" the title takes on a new and special significance. David Purches, who joined us in 1968, talks about kidney transplants. He is well qualified by personal experience as in April 1967, he successfully underwent this operation and now he has just received his second transplant. With the publicity surrounding the heart transplant cases in several countries this development of surgery has come under close scrutiny and many people have misgivings about the moral and ethical questions involved. Fortunately, for most of those who have taken part in the public debate, these questions have been academic but what are the opinions of someone to whom they are quite literally, questions of life and death? David Purches put his point of view in an interview which took place towards the end of an eight week wait for his second transplanted kidney.

"The kidney transplant meant a second life to me—and the third one coming up, I hope", said David Purches, "The sort of controversy that has come up over heart transplants does not really arise. A kidney can be transplanted as long as it is done in a reasonable time. They can preserve the kidney for some little time. I know the kidney I have is a woman's but I don't know how she died".

David Purches, who is 29, lives in Hatfield with his wife, Maxine, they have one son, Kevin. David was a regular in the Royal Navy. He signed on as a stoker—nowadays Engineering Mechanic—when he was eighteen. "I only did four years. I had rheumatic fever following tonsillitis and spent a long time in Naval Hospital before being invalided out in 1960. It was a disappointment to come out because I was thoroughly interested in engineering".

In civilian life David followed his engineering bent by working in the stores at De Havilland Aircraft and later for the civil engineering firm John Mowlem, where he became an Assistant Controller co-ordinating five stores providing engineering equipment like bulldozers and heavy building materials. "We used to deal with all the site enquiries and demands by 'phone. If you've got a chap in the middle of nowhere with a bulldozer in a field broken down you've got to get out the spare parts book, let him know what he needs and get it out to him".

It was at a Pensions medical board that his kidney trouble was first discovered.

"I had hospital treatment for about a year. They told me the treatment would do the job and I felt right in myself. I bought a brand new car—every-

thing was fine. In November 1966 I was driving to work and I noticed I was having a job to see the speedometer. I went to the doctor's for a check up and he sent me straight to hospital that night".

First tests in the Queen Elizabeth II Hospital, Welwyn Garden City showed nothing; then came complete failure of the kidneys and David was transferred to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. "My sight went altogether for about twenty-four hours. Then they gave me a blood transfusion and it came back to a certain extent. They put me on peritoneal dialysis—a tube into the stomach. It is very uncomfortable—it's in there all the time and you are prone to infection".

In January 1967 he was told he was suitable for the transplantation operation. "It's big news because you don't know whether you are suitable or not. Then one of a team comes bounding in and says, 'Guess what, you're going to have a transplant!' It was marvellous—a second life for you. You knew it was another chance. I was lucky then I only had a week to wait. When you wake up afterwards it's a wonderful feeling. I hadn't been able to keep a meal down for months before and I woke up with a tremendous appetite. There were my wife and my mother with masks on because you are barrier nursed for three days".

Barrier nursing against the possibility of infection while drugs suppressed the natural defence mechanism of his body to prevent a rejection of the new kidney was the least of the difficulties that David faced. A complication in the healing process took him back to hospital and, later, after joining St. Dunstan's in May 1968, he contracted pneumonia and septicaemia.

Because of the last set-back he did not complete his preliminary training at Ovingdean and now that must wait. The septicaemia was due to the beginning of failure of the transplanted kidney and so David began waiting, holding himself in readiness for a telephone call which would give him two hours notice of his second transplant. During the eight weeks there was one false alarm: "One Thursday at ten to twelve a kidney came up so I was quickly pre-medicated for it and taken to the theatre but by the time I got there the surgeon decided it was no good so I had to go back and sleep it off". The real call came at tea time on March 6th and soon an ambulance was speeding David back to St. Mary's Hospital. As before, the new kidney was attached to a main artery in the front of his stomach and, when this is established and functioning, the old, failing kidney will be removed.

"Of course my first thought when they said I was going to have another transplant was my eyes. Would this make any difference to my vision? Would I get it back? They said 'No', the damage was done. Still, there's the chance that I'll get off my diet if this is a good kidney. I think I'm building a lot on this new one. I'm pinning a lot of hopes to it".

#### Confidence

David has great confidence in the doctors and nurses who treat him. "It is a team. You are on christian name terms with them—a friendly atmosphere. It is a terrific help. You build up terrific confidence. The Professor, the top man who makes the decisions, is only in his early forties. He is a marvellous man always ready to stop and talk to you as a friend. Every time you go back to outpatients you meet the other people who have had transplants—it's like a club. It goes further because you get tied up with other people's families. One friend of mine lives down at Southampton. His family stayed with us while he was in a bad way so they could get to him easier".

There have only been four patients who have had a second transplant and David is the fourth. It is still a difficult operation, the most risk is through infection to which the patient's resistance is lowered by the drugs suppressing the body's rejection



David and Maxine Purches at St. Dunstan's.

David Purches outside St. Mary's.







Kevin and his father share a joke about Kevin's "action man". Less than an hour after this photograph was taken the telephone rang and David was on his way to St. Mary's Hospital.

mechanism. Says David: "Well, I've lost a lot of friends. They are people who have waited with me. It's their confidence: one chap who went up before me once said to me, 'It's your turn soon, look at me', and the next thing I heard he was gone. But it doesn't worry me—I won't let it. I suppose when you first hear you sort of think, but I forget it. They don't necessarily die because their new kidney has packed up. They usually get a chest infection, something they can't fight. Your resistance is down, you see".

David is very anxious that people should understand about kidney transplants. "If I hadn't had a transplant I wouldn't be alive today. If it weren't for people not realising that they could donate their kidneys you wouldn't have patients who have been in hospital months waiting for transplants and suffering unnecessarily like they are—and there's quite a few of them. I know a case of a young lad of nineteen in hospital. He was dying but his kidneys were perfect and they wanted them for another young person. They couldn't

get his consent because he was unconscious so they had to ask his relatives. They couldn't know what he would really like to have done and they said 'No'. If there were some way a person could tell their G.P. what they would like done in the event of their death and this could be put, say, on a computer so it could be quickly checked back to a consent form there wouldn't have to be any of these difficult decisions being made. Sir Gerald Nabarro has tried to put a Bill through Parliament but that was thrown out recently".

#### Public Opinion

Sir Gerald's Renal Transplantation Bill, an all-party measure which fell after its Committee stage last Parliamentary Session through lack of time, failed to receive a second reading on January 31st when it was introduced again. There was a Government majority against it of 30. Sir Gerald suggested setting up a kidney 'bank'. He said the sole purpose of the Bill was to save the lives of 7,000 people who died every year from kidney complaints. Mr. Julian Snow, Parliamentary Secretary, Health and Social Security, explaining why the Government could not accept the Bill, questioned whether it was technically possible to establish banks for kidneys. He had been advised that refrigeration of this type was as yet far from perfection. He said, "We have reason to feel that, first, public opinion has not progressed far enough in this matter and secondly, there are factors common to the use of other organs which make it a doubtful proposition whether we should legislate for one organ alone".

For David Purches and his friends it must seem a long time to wait for future progress in public opinion. In the meantime the first news from the hospital is good. David is already up and about and he plans his own future through St. Dunstan's. "I'm seriously thinking of telephony. I just want to get back to work—it has been so long. I think telephony is something I could do. I've done a lot of work over the 'phone". For his third life he looks to two saints—St. Mary's and St. Dunstan's—perhaps those saints, between them, can make it third time lucky for David Purches. He surely deserves it.

## GOOD COMPANIONS

One of the more unusual events of the year took place at Ovingdean on Saturday, 1st March, when Commandant and Matron entertained to tea the many escorts and Good Companions of St. Dunstan's.

There were approximately 80 guests, all of whom help St. Dunstan's in a great variety of ways—truly, St. Dunstan's would be in difficulties without them. Matron, instead of thanking them in the usual way, read aloud two poems, one by Frank Hicks and the other by Mickie Robinson, which are printed below and speak for themselves.

Miss Dagnall, now Senior Entertainments Officer had planned various competitions to amuse the guests and a happy afternoon passed by very quickly.

#### OUTSIDE ESCORTS

by Frank Hicks

O Outside Escorts, tall and thin,  
And them what's short and fat,  
Or even them with chassis sleek,  
We do not care a rap.  
Come up to Ovingdean this day,  
And hear these words that I doth say.  
For I, the Scribe of Ovingdean  
Do send to you this 'Valentien'.  
For though it be a little late,  
It matters not, the actual date.  
For sap in trees does stem and rise,  
And mating birds do cast their eyes.  
And though alas we cannot see,  
Our eyes do twinkle merrily.  
For with the Spring, like cupids dart,  
We'll grab your arm, just for a start,  
And whisper, Dearie, Sweet of Love,  
Please guide me to the nearest 'Pub.'

#### A TRIBUTE TO OUR ESCORTS

by Mickie Robinson

It's come round again,  
Our Sweet Escorts' Party,  
These ladies of charm  
Who make you feel hearty.

Enrolled at St. D's.,  
That Haven of Rest,  
They never will fail  
To give of their best.

They come in all weathers,  
Through Hail and through Snow,  
To all you dear women,  
There's so much we owe.

These girls never tire  
Of helping us men,  
Sharing their time  
From Dawn until Ten.

They take us out walking,  
And sing as they go,  
Then into a Bar  
And on to a Show.

Whatever the score,  
They never give in,  
Their honest devotion  
Just helps us to win.

T'would be a sad day  
Without them around  
To brighten our lives  
Within this Compound.

To all you dear helpers  
Who wear the Red Cross  
Without you on journeys  
We'd be at a loss.

To all our Men Escorts  
This work that you do,  
Brings joy to our hearts  
Our thanks go to you.

And all you sweet people,  
The salt of the Earth,  
Will never quite know,  
Just how much you're worth.

## FRANK REVIEWS

"Those Who Walk Away" by Patricia Highsmith, read by *Gabriel Wolff*. A strange story with an unusual plot. Garrett, a young art dealer, is mourning the loss of his wife, who has committed suicide. He is unable to understand her death and seeks continually to discuss the matter with his father-in-law. Alas, that gentleman has only one aim in view—namely, the elimination of Garrett. It says much for the writer that she manages to hold the reader's interest throughout, although she frequently strains his credulity.

"Sauve Qui Peut" by Lawrence Durrell, read by *Arthur Bush*. A collection of nine humorous, if very dubious short stories, concerning an Ambassador and his Foreign Office staff. About one and a quarter tracks.



"Cynthia, the Spy Who Changed the Course of the War" by H. Montgomery Hyde, read by *Dwight Wiley*. A true account of the life and activities of a British woman agent, who, by means of her wits and her not inconsiderable charms, fed the British Intelligence system with information of the greatest importance before and during the second world war. There is nothing James Bondish about this book. Although most of Cynthia's coups were brought about by sexual means, there is nothing sensual in the narrative. Certainly it is a book worth reading.

"The Wild Swan" by *Monica Stirling*, read by *Duncan Carse*. An account of the life of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen. A biography which has all the ingredients of one of his own fairy stories—save that, for Andersen, there was no happy ending. As a boy he had the strength of purpose to leave the small security of his home and to throw himself upon the charity of Copenhagen. A man of delicate and deep feeling, he endured poverty and achieved world acclaim. Yet his greatest desire—to find happiness in marriage—eluded him throughout his long life. This book is a wonderful study of human nature and if it falls a little flat in the later chapters, the portrait is all the more convincing.

"Account Unsettled" by *Georges Simenon*, read by *Gabriel Wolff*. A poor student is happy living in a Belgian boarding house—until a rich student takes up residence there. Tragedy is in store from their first meeting. An interesting if sad little book showing all Simenon's usual insight into humanity.

"An Infinity of Mirrors" by *Richard Condon*, read by *David Bower*. This novel, which is in two parts, concerns that period of recent history in which the Nazis rose to power, and includes the Bomb Plot against Hitler in 1944. It is a work crammed full of lust, torture and multi-murder. However, it should not be condemned on this score, as it has a strong story line, and I suspect that the author intends to shock his readers into remembrance of the utmost horrors of those years. I need hardly add that this is not a book for the squeamish.

## Walking

This month the results of the 6 and 7 mile races appear together. Compare these two results, they're rather interesting. In the 6 mile race, did Fred Barratt stop for tea somewhere, or did he find World Class form in the 7, to do the extra mile in 7 min. 11 sec. Micky Burns too, normally a steady 12 min. miler, did that extra mile in 9 min. 25 sec., whilst Mike Tetley took 16 min 41 sec. for his extra mile, I wonder where he called in? Roy Mendham on the other hand, never came out for either race, he says that it is a strained muscle that he is nursing, I wonder?

All in all, though both were bitterly cold days, we had two jolly good races, and with two races still to go, the result of the aggregate points for the Archie Brown Cup is wide open, with Ted Bunting and John Simpson tying for the lead at the moment.

### St. Dunstan's 6 mile 18.1.69

Order of Finish	Handicap Time	Allowance	Actual Time
J. Simpson	57:40	1:35	59:15
R. Young	57:48	11:15	69:03
C. Stafford	58:08	12:25	70:33
E. Bunting	58:35	3:35	62:10
W. Miller	59:08	scr.	59:08 (FL)
M. Tetley	60:03	2:55	62:58
M. Burns	61:13	13:15	74:28
F. Barratt	61:15	1:45	63:00

### 7 mile Ewell 1.3.69

F. Barratt	65:41	4:30	70:11
W. Miller	67:43	scr.	67:43
E. Bunting	68:25	3:20	71:45
J. Simpson	68:39	0:15	68:54 (FL)
M. Burns	68:53	15:00	83:53
C. Stafford	69:41	13:30	83:11
R. Young	70:34	11:45	82:19
S. Tutton	72:40	10:50	83:30
M. Tetley	75:19	4:20	79:39

Coming events at Ewell:—

March 29th 7 miles St. D's and Tobacco Trades.

May 3rd 7 miles championship.

W. MILLER

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

Warmest birthday greeting to our St. Dunstaner, G. W. FENN of Norwich who had his 92nd birthday on 10th March, 1969.

## Club News

### London Club Notes

Unfortunately owing to the inclement weather which cancelled so many of our football matches during February, the Football Pontoon Sweep for that period could not yet be shared out.

We do hope that the god of Mars will now concentrate on his good guardian powers instead of his usual warlike ones during the month which takes his name, thereby enabling us to name the prize winner of the Sweep as well as ensuring a larger than usual turn out at the Club.

The winners of the Domino games during the month of February were as follows:—

February 6th	1	G. P. Brown
		W. Miller
February 13th	1	J. Murray
	2	C. Hancock
February 27th	1	G. P. Brown
		W. Miller

### TRIBUTE

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. W. Bishop at his home in Croydon on the 3rd of March.

We of the London Club have indeed lost a friend. "Bish" will always be remembered with great affection as well as for his work as our Club chairman for so many years.

The funeral was held on Friday, 9th of March at the Croydon Crematorium, and was attended by fellow St. Dunstaners, W. Harding, G. P. Brown and P. Nuyens escorted by Norman Smith. Mr. Bob Willis, our former Club Manager also attended with Mrs. Willis. Floral tributes of spring flowers were laid on behalf of the Bridge Club and the London Club.

To his widow and her family we offer our most sincere sympathy in their sad loss.

W. MILLER

### Cardiff Club Notes

There was no general meeting on 1st March as we held our annual dinner on this night. We went by coach to the Twelve Knights Hotel at Margam and had a very enjoyable evening. Miss Meyer was unable to be present with us owing to bad weather conditions at Bristol and on the motorway and we were disappointed not to see her.

Our next meeting is on Saturday, 12th April when we hope all members will be present.

D. STOTT,  
Secretary.

### Midland Club Notes

There was quite a good gathering at our meeting held on Sunday, 9th March. We welcomed a new member, Mr. Mahone who came with his wife. I hope sincerely, that they enjoyed themselves and will come to other meetings of our Club.

The draw was made for this year's Sir Arthur Pearson domino competition and we hope to get into full swing at our April meeting. A "Bring and Buy" sale is to be held in May.

The tea this month was arranged for us by Mrs. Hordyniec and we all thanked her for a lovely spread.

Our next meeting is on Sunday, 13th April, so come along lads, and let us get cracking with the knock-out competition.

D. E. CASHMORE,  
Hon. Secretary.



## OBITUARIES

### Mr. Dennis Deacon

by Bob Yong

In the passing of Dennis Deacon, who died on 27th February, we, St. Dunstan's men, have lost a good friend. It is just over half a century since he first came to St. Dunstan's as a boy scout and in all that time he never lost touch with the men who were, in some instances, his oldest friends. He was probably best known to the First World War men to whom he had been a guide in the early days of their disability but during the twenty years that we have been the guests of the Royal Navy at Lee, he has become known and appreciated by many hundreds of the Second War men. Especially he worked very hard towards the financing of these post war camps and himself attended most of them to lend a hand and provide transport under the direction of Mrs. Spurway. He was a great favourite with all St. Dunstaners who met him because of his self-effacing and kindly humanity. His health had been in decline for several years and we, his friends in St. Dunstan's, heard of his recent death with deep regret. Right up to the last his interest remained and it was typical of him that, knowing the end was not far off, he asked that instead of flowers he would prefer the cost to go towards the funds of the Lee-on-Solent Camps.

Attending his cremation at Ramsgate on 4th February were, the Rev. Frank Spurway who conducted the service, and Mrs. Spurway, Bill Harris, Ben Mills, Charlie Stafford with his wife and daughter, Jimmy Wright and Bob Young, representing St. Dunstan's.

### Mr. Harry Costigan

by T. A. Hazel

The announcement of the death of Harry Costigan at Pearson House, on 24th February must have brought some nostalgic memories to many St. Dunstaners of the 1914-1918 war.

Harry Costigan had a very fine baritone voice and in the 1920's he joined the dance band and others who made up a concert

party to entertain not only St. Dunstaners but also patients and war casualties at various hospitals and institutions. He and Bill Collins sang very popular duets, two favourites being "We are two Gendarmes" and "Watchman, What of the Night". In addition to his voice his personality will be remembered by many of his generation brought together by St. Dunstan's.

### The Late Mrs. Cambell

Many St. Dunstaners will remember one of our second world war men, Patrick Campbell, when he was trained at Church Stretton and employed in industry in Birmingham and Reading. He afterwards became a shop-keeper in the London area and he carried on in business for a few years. Mr. Campbell's early death took place in 1958 when he left a widow and son, Patrick, who was then only aged 11 years. Mrs. Campbell and her son have continued to live in the London area but for the past few years Mrs. Campbell's health has given cause for concern and she died very suddenly on 6th March. Her son, who is now aged 22, feels that he may have lost touch with his parents' St. Dunstaner friends and asked if, through the medium of the *Review*, he could let them know of his mother's sudden passing.

We know these friends would wish to join us in our sincere condolences to Patrick and in sending him best wishes for his future life.

## Family News

### Births

On 28th February, 1969, to JOHN AND SUSAN LILLEY of Buncrana, Co. Donegal, a son, Christopher, born on 28th February, 1969.

### Silver Weddings

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. J. A. PECKETT of Gorton, Manchester, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 14th March, 1969.

## Family News

### Golden Weddings

Very many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. G. WELDRICK, of North Hull, East Yorkshire, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 4th March, 1969.

Very many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. R. FINCH, of Solihull, Birmingham, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 17th March, 1969.

### Grandfathers

#### Congratulations to:

J. F. CASWELL of Reading, Berks, who became a grandfather for the first time when his daughter, Jacqueline, gave birth to a daughter, Julia, on 14th February, 1969.

W. FESTER of Gravesend, Kent, whose daughter-in-law in South Africa has presented him with his 34th grandchild.

### Great Grandfathers

#### Many congratulations to:

A. ABRAM of Stockport, Lancs., on the arrival of a third great granddaughter, Heather, a sister for Fiona.

David, son of our St. Dunstaner, J. McDERMOTT of Manchester, was married to Diana Dunsford at Menston Parish Church, Menston, Yorkshire, on 4th January, 1969

### Deaths

#### We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

J. HORTON of Barnsley, who mourns the death of his mother on 23rd February, 1969.

G. NUTTALL of Bury, Lancs., who mourns the death of a sister on 7th February, 1969.

E. TATTON of Twigworth, Gloucester, who mourns the death of his wife on 15th February, 1969.

## In Memory

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

### Mrs. Jane Sarah Ashurst. *Munition worker.*

Mrs. Jane Sarah Ashurst of Wigan, Lancashire, died on 22nd February, 1969

From 1940 to 1941 she was a munition worker and was blinded and suffered damage to both hands in a detonator explosion. She came to St. Dunstan's in 1944 and was trained in making trays and maintained a good local trade with the items that she produced. She rarely missed the North country Reunions and also enjoyed visits to Brighton. She had been in poor health for some time. Her husband pre-deceased her by two days having died very suddenly. To the grown up family we send an expression of very sincere sympathy in this double bereavement.

### Stanley Barton. *Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.*

Stanley Barton of Bootle, Lancs, died on 24th December, 1968. He was 54 years of age.

He served in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve from 1939 to 1942 and was wounded in 1941 by a shell exploding when he was serving with a bomb disposal squad. He became a St. Dunstaner in 1942. He trained as a telephonist and worked until his retirement a few months ago. He leaves a widow and family.

### Henry William Costigan. *45th Machine Gun Corps.*

Henry William Costigan of Pearson House, Brighton, died on 23rd February, 1969 at the age of 73 years.

He enlisted with the 45th Machine Gun Corps in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1917 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained as a masseur and for a time he worked in a London hospital and St. Dunstan's clinic in London. He carried on with this work until the early 1930's. He was a professional baritone singer and spent a lot of his spare time giving concerts. He was known as the "Aristocrat of Song" and in a write up taken from the Manchester Guardian, we quote:—

*The art of the singer is to please his listeners. In seeking for entertainment for our moments of leisure we are apt to mistake mere passing pleasure for real enjoyment.*

*There is no enjoyment like listening to a cultured singer, who makes us feel that life is worth while. I listened to Mr. Costigan sing one classical piece and two simple ballads. Had they been the only items in the evening I would have been amply repaid for my long journey.*

During the Second World War he worked with E.N.S.A. and had a contract with the B.B.C. His tours included quite a long trip to the Middle East. At the end of the War Mr. Costigan went into business but after a few months decided not to continue. His health gave cause for concern and in the early 1950's he went to St. Dunstan's, Brighton as a permanent resident where he remained until his death. He leaves a son.



## In Memory

### Walter Bishop. *Machine Gun Corps.*

Walter Bishop of Croydon died on 3rd March, 1969 at the age of 69 years.

He served with the Machine Gun Corps from 1917 to 1919 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1937. He trained as a telephonist and continued with this work until his retirement in 1959. For many years Mr. Bishop had been an active member of the London Club. He leaves a widow.

### Joseph Daly. *Royal Army Service Corps.*

Joseph Daly of Huyton, Liverpool, died on 27th February, 1969, at the age of 62.

He enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps in 1941 and was wounded and blinded whilst serving in the Middle East. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1942 and trained for an industrial post. He was an excellent worker and carried on with his job until he retired in August, 1966. He always enjoyed annual visits to Ovingdean and North Country Reunions. He had been in poor health since the beginning of the year and his death was not unexpected. He leaves a widow and grown-up family.

### Thomas Donald. *Glider Pilot Regiment.*

Thomas Donald of Blackbird Leys Estate, Oxford, died at Pearson House, Brighton, on 25th February, 1969. He was aged 49 years.

He served with the Glider Pilot Regiment from 1939 to 1946 and was previously in the Territorial Army. He became a St. Dunstanian in 1967 but was already a very sick man. He was able to do a little hobby training at Ovingdean which he greatly enjoyed but his health worsened rapidly. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

### Charles Durkin. *4th Yorkshire Regiment.*

Charles Durkin of Porthcawl, Glamorganshire, died in hospital, on 9th March, 1969. He was 74 years of age.

He served with the 4th Yorkshire Regiment from 1914 and served with them until he was wounded in France in 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in that year. He trained in shorthand and typewriting. His first job was with the Board of Trade and later on he resigned to become a regional representative for our Appeals Department. He retired some years ago. Until his health deteriorated he took great pleasure from his garden and greenhouse, and very much enjoyed meeting his friends at the North Country Reunions. He leaves a widow and grown-up family.

### Peter Martin. *Royal Scottish Fusiliers.*

Peter Martin of Harpenden, Herts, died on 4th March, 1969. He was 69 years of age.

He enlisted with the Royal Scottish Fusiliers in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in 1918. He was wounded at Ypres and came to St. Dunstan's immediately on his discharge where he trained as a fully qualified telephonist and he remained in this type of employment until his retirement in 1959. On his retirement he went to live in Harpenden, Herts, where he settled happily particularly as his married daughter and her family lived near. Unfortunately early in 1968 Mr. Martin had to be admitted to hospital for a serious operation and although he was able to return home his health gradually deteriorated and for the past few months he has been gravely ill. He leaves a widow and married daughter.

### Walter Malcolm Millard. *1/4 Oxford & Bucks Light Infantry*

Walter Millard of Pinner, Middlesex, died on the 24th February, 1969, at the age of 72 years.

He enlisted in 1914, when he was only a little over 18, and was later commissioned; he was blinded when serving on the Somme and came to St. Dunstan's at the end of 1917. He trained in physiotherapy and had a very active career in hospitals, a factory and private practice, and he married a physiotherapist whom he met through his work at the Wingfield Hospital, Oxford. In spite of some serious ill-health, he was still continuing with one part-time appointment this year, but he collapsed at home only eight days before his death, was admitted to hospital and did not regain consciousness. He will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends, both in the district where he had lived and worked for over 40 years and amongst First War St. Dunstanians.

He leaves a widow and one daughter, who is married with a family.

### Walter Stamp. *1st. Lincoln Regiment.*

Walter Stamp of Keelby, Grimsby, Lincs, died in hospital on 27th February at the age of 73 years.

He enlisted in the 1st Lincoln Regiment in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained in basket making, boot repairing and also kept poultry on a small scale. He was able to carry out these activities until fairly recently when his health declined. He and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in August, 1967, and he enjoyed frequent visits to our Brighton homes. He leaves a widow and grown-up family.

## In Memory

### George Powell. *Royal Engineers.*

George Powell of Deansfield, Brewood, Staffs, died suddenly on 20th February, 1969. He was aged 76 years.

He enlisted with the Royal Engineers and served with them from April to September 1918 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1920. He trained in mat-making and poultry keeping and carried on these two occupations for some considerable time. His wife pre-deceased him in 1964. He leaves a grown-up family.

### Thomas Thompson. *Merchant Navy.*

Thomas Thompson of Pearson House, Brighton, died in hospital on 27th February, 1969. He served in the Merchant Navy and came to St. Dunstan's in 1946. He was a native of Northumberland and never lost his affection for his native County, and spent many happy holidays there. He was a widower.

## KILIMANJARO CONQUERED (Continued from page 2)

achieve exacting goals and to justify their place in the economic and social life of modern Africa. There are over 200,000 blind people in East Africa and, although there are some excellent schools, one of the problems of extending education for the blind is the reluctance of parents to believe that blind children can be usefully educated. Employers also need to be convinced that trained blind people can be productive workers. In the past, most blind people in Africa were street beggars or village dependants. One of the purposes of the expedition was to change that image.

### Preparatory Training

On 2nd February, the eight blind members of the expedition—they had been selected from hundreds of volunteers—began a rigorous fortnight's training at the Outward Bound Mountaineering School at Loitokitok on the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro. The commando type training included route marches, rope climbing, rock scrambling, use of simple mountaineering equipment and experience of camping at night on the mountain. Such a course had never been attempted before by blind people. The blind men, who were training alongside other sighted participants in the Outward Bound course, acquitted themselves so well that the

original intention of providing one guide to each blind climber was modified so that only four guides accompanied the team on the final ascent. Nevertheless, there were special problems which could not be resolved until they reached the upper slopes; how to cope with snow—which none of the blind men had experienced before—and what would be the effect of altitude and mountain sickness on people without sight.

### Journal of the Climb

The attempt on the mountain began on Monday 17th February, when the eight blind men with their sighted companions, left the base at Loitokitok. Mr. Geoffrey Salisbury, of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind who accompanied the expedition during training and throughout the ascent, sent the following day by day report.

“Monday 17th February. Left base at 9.0 a.m. Everyone in good spirits. We climbed up through the rain forest which is teeming with white monkeys who had a good chatter about us. It was wet, dank and steamy, the path littered with decayed vegetation, the sun cut out by vast trees and creepers. We emerged from the forest into cooler country full of swift, flowing streams. Everyone was walking well. We



made camp at 8,000 feet in bivouacs made from branches of trees. We were rather worried about local wild animals. Around the fire that night, stories were told about hyenas. We all slept well, or at least said so. Breakfast was tea and biscuits.

**"Tuesday 18th February.** We broke camp at 7.0 a.m. and had a long haul up to the 15,000 foot caves where we spent the night; for most of us a sleepless one. The day's journey was steep, through beautiful country; more streams, ferns and heather that grows in some parts to a height of twenty feet. Everyone was happy and we sang on the march, but turned in early. Altitude effects were starting and so were headaches.

**"Wednesday 19th February.** We cooked breakfast outside the cave. The blind lads had gathered the wood and filled the water bottles from a stream. The day's march was not long, but very steep and rocky. We had left the heather country behind and were now passing through dusty, rocky country, the kind of thing one might expect on the moon. That day we had sore feet and one or two people started being sick from the altitude. We had an early night and slept in a hut; it was bitterly cold. By now we were all suffering from burned faces due to the direct rays of the equatorial sun. We came across our first snow. I climbed the rocks and broke off a giant icicle and showed it to John Opio who was suffering from a headache. He was so startled that I think he forgot the pain. It was at this point that John Kisaka (Tanzania) asked to drop out. He had climbed gallantly but was obviously not fit to go on. We went to bed at 7.0 p.m.

**"Thursday 20th February.** We awoke at 3.0 a.m. after a bitterly cold night. I was glad to get out of my sleeping bag. Bodies were piled up on each other, both for warmth and because the space was so limited. After a bowl of porridge, we put on arctic kit and set off under the stars led by John Lubega. He set a steady pace. We reached ravines, high cliffs, and somehow managed to wend and clamber our way round. Progress up to now had been good. The sunrise was magnificent; the patterns it made on the snow above were beautiful and always changing. The going was getting tough; we entered the ice fields and then the trouble started—one step

forward and three back. Ice axes came out and we zig zagged up the slope. No one talked. Breathing was difficult. The going became harder in the exceptional snow conditions. Ledges of ice and one or two overhangs. It was now 10.45 and we should have reached the summit a few minutes ago. By 11.30, we were in real trouble; students were now violently sick, most of the instructors were down with headaches, but we were only 400 feet from the top. I looked back at our team. They were crawling up automatically. Two lads asked to drop out but, after a ten minute rest, decided to carry on. Lubega led and I got behind and pushed. The last 400 feet took an hour and was anxious going. We reached the summit at 12.20 and the team, after a twenty minute rest, grouped together for a photograph. The wind was high, we were perched on a rocky platform about 30 foot by 20 foot with precipitous snow ravines on three sides. The platform sloped and it would have been quite easy to slide off. The famous crater was covered in snow, the ice cliffs and pinnacles looked like something out of fairy-land. We tried to tell the team about it, but I know my own description was quite inadequate.

"Now that we had reached the summit, the will to move down had evaporated; an icy wind was blowing and all of us were exhausted. The mountain had been conquered and, as to getting down, that seemed an unimportant event. It was worrying, but apparently is not unusual; strange things happen at altitude.

"The descent was something of a nightmare. Roped together, all but two of us suffering seriously from cold and sickness, we slithered and struggled down the inclines which, in places, were almost one in one. The main thing was that, after this bit of drama, things began to improve and we spent the night at 15,000 feet in a cave.

**"Friday 21st February.** As morale was better, we decided to make one long march, eleven hours down to base. Though physically I felt fit, and later stayed up to midnight celebrating, I was dazed. The blind climbers' achievement had been magnificent. They had achieved something never attempted before, and which most people would have thought utterly impossible. They worked hard, they trained hard, and, with great tenacity and courage, they made it. It was a privilege to be with them."