

1972



**St Dunstons**  
**REVIEW**  
**NOVEMBER**



# St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 635

NOVEMBER 1972

5p MONTHLY

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

---

### Welcome to St. Dunstan's

The door of St. Dunstan's is ever open, which means that any soldier, sailor or airman blinded on war service or a warlike operation may come to us for training, advice and help at any time.

Thus, for example, we might receive a young soldier from Northern Ireland any day. I am happy to say that I have been in touch with the Secretary of State and the Minister of Defence about this matter, but there have as yet been no injuries sustained in Ulster which have led to blindness.

However, it may interest St. Dunstaners to know that in the last year 43 new men came to St. Dunstan's, mainly, of course, from the Old Country, but some from overseas. No less than 16 of these were men whose eyesight was affected by service in the First World War, but whose vision has been useful until quite recently.

Each month the *Review* speaks for us all in welcoming new St. Dunstaners and I am sure all St. Dunstaners take any opportunity which may arise at Reunions, at Brighton, or in their home areas to meet their new comrades and have a talk. Lady Fraser and I do so whenever possible and much enjoy these occasions.

### Radio Hams

My St. Dunstaner friend, Bill Shea, a Second World War Physiotherapist, is a keen radio ham. A letter from him to the Editor of the *Review* appears in this issue in which he writes about the suggestion that the dozen or more St. Dunstaner hams in different parts of the country should form a 'net', which means that they will organise transmissions amongst themselves at times that suit them. I have since almost my earliest days of blindness taken an interest in radio and radio transmitting and was an early ham myself until Parliament took up too much of my evening time. I commend this idea, which I think is a very good one, and I hope it develops well.

### Presentation to Mr. Lloyds

On March 31st next, Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., F.C.A., Secretary of St. Dunstan's, will retire. When the time comes, a tribute to Mr. Lloyds will appear in the St. Dunstan's *Review* from the Council of St. Dunstan's and from me personally.

It is now 34 years since Mr. Lloyds joined the staff of St. Dunstan's and, except for a period of 6½ years when he was in the Army or a prisoner of war in Japanese hands, he has given devoted service to the Organisation as our head of staff, has represented us at home and abroad in blind welfare generally, and has helped so many of us individually by his kindness and good judgement.

---

**COVER CAPTION:** *The hands of a potter: Stewart Spence throwing a pot on his wheel. See centre pages.*

A number of St. Dunstaners, recognising this and knowing that Mr. Lloyds' retirement was imminent, have indicated what they would like to make a presentation to him and I mention this matter now so that any who wish to subscribe may do so and this will give plenty of time for donations to reach us from Great Britain and overseas. A Committee of St. Dunstaners, to be headed by Mr. Walter Thornton, who first made this suggestion to me, will then be able to decide what kind of a presentation to make and when it should be done. Mr. Wills has kindly offered to act as Secretary of this presentation fund and subscriptions should be sent to him at St. Dunstan's, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN, by the end of the year. Please indicate if you would like to have a receipt.

Fraser of Lonsdale

---

### Coming Events

#### CHRISTMAS PARTY

On Wednesday, 6th December, the Sussex Grocers' Association will be holding their Christmas Party at the Grand Hotel, Brighton—6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. Invitations will be sent out by the Secretary, Mrs. Lillie, to all those on her mailing list, but if there are any other St. Dunstaners who would like to attend with their escorts, would they please write to her at **11 Lancaster Road, Brighton BN1 5DG.**

#### FOUNDER'S DAY

The Founder's Day Service will be held on Sunday, 10th December in St. George's Church, Kemptown. The Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D., will conduct the Service and will also give the Address.

On the morning of Saturday, 9th December, a party of St. Dunstaners will leave Headquarters in Old Marylebone Road, and make their way to the Hampstead Cemetery to lay a wreath on Sir Arthur Pearson's grave.

This year the subscription towards the cost of the wreath is 6p and St. Dunstaners who would like to contribute are asked to send two 3p stamps to Mr. Lloyds at 191, Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN. Receipts will not be issued unless specially requested.

#### CHRISTMAS REVIEW

All stories, poems etc., for the Christmas *Review* should reach the Editor by 12th November at the latest.

#### GARDENING NEWS

At this time of the year reports start to come in of all the prizes won during the year by our St. Dunstaner gardeners.

The first report we have received is well up to standard and is from **Freddie Mills** of Tavistock, Devon. It is particularly commendable as Devon is a good growing county and there was much competition. At the local Tavistock Flower Show Freddie won three prizes. One first for Carnations and Loganberries and a second prize also for Loganberries.

The next successful prize winner is **Gordon Watts** of Norwich, Norfolk, who won the following prizes in the Annual Exhibition and Competition for the Blind and Handicapped at the Vauxhall Centre on 23rd August. In the Vegetable section he received a first prize for round potatoes, carrots (stump), cabbage, parsnips, cauliflower and lettuces, with seconds for his potatoes (coloured) and tomatoes and a third for yellow shallots.

In the flower and fruit section he obtained first prizes for cooking pears, large dahlias, pompom dahlias (small), a bunch of scented flowers, roses, pot plant—flowery; pot plant—foliage, a tray of five kinds of vegetables and "any other fruit exhibit". He had second prizes for his cooking apples, dessert apples and pompom dahlias. He obtained third prizes for a bunch of mixed flowers and a pot plant—any annual flower. He also obtained a second prize for a basket on seagrass foundations. Altogether a very good year's work in the garden!



## Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1103

**Henry Esmond**  
by W. M. Thackeray  
Read by Eric Gillett

Set in the reign of King William of Orange and Queen Anne, this historical romance of the boyhood and manhood of Henry Esmond is very elaborately told. For although the basic plot is simple, the author's brain was not, and many are the devious blind alleys which Thackeray leads us. To try to give an accurate synopsis would not only spoil the yarn but take more space than the editor could feasibly allow. Although I do think Thackeray was coming it a bit thick in asking his readers to accept the incongruities in his final chapter.

Cat. No. 1044

**Wolf From The Door**  
by Rupert Croft-Cooke  
Read by Arthur Bush

The story of a young innocent at large in Paris. Starving, he is persuaded by a friend to write pornography at a guinea a thousand words. To his amazement his most modest of girl friends helps him, and after French publication he is approached by a slick English agent who wishes to act for him in his English rights.

Let me hasten to assure the future reader that while this story is about the writing of pornography it is in no way obscene. Just a nice entertaining light-hearted piece of writing for reading after a dismal day.

Cat. No. 1129

**North and South**  
by Mrs. Gaskell  
Read by Gabriel Woolf

This is a romance set in the Industrial Revolution. Margaret, daughter of a New Forest parson has been brought up largely by her aunt in London. Now on returning home she finds that her father has lost his confidence in the church and is to renounce his living. They move to Milton an industrial town in the north. Margaret befriends a family of workers and unwittingly falls in love with one of the manufacturers. As her brother is an

## Welcome to St. Dunstan's



*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.*

**Frank Green** of Banbury, Oxfordshire, joined St. Dunstan's in September 1972. He served in the Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surreys) in the First World War. He is married with two sons.

**Charles Crewe** of Liverpool, came to St. Dunstan's in October, 1972. He served in the Royal Engineers during the First World War and is married.

### The Rev. D. M. Harper

Our readers will be interested to hear that Mr. Harper, who was for some years our St. Dunstan's Chaplain in Brighton, has moved from Lagos to a living in Madeira. Writing to the *Review* from The Parsonage, Rua do Quebra Costas 20, Funchal, Madeira, Mr. Harper says:

"... if any St. Dunstaner should visit here on a holiday cruise there will always be a warm welcome at the English Parsonage. It is really quite easy to find, but I imagine that a St. Dunstaner would probably get a taxi from the ship, and the driver would know where to come... I do hope that all goes very well with you and Mrs. Buckley, and indeed with all St. Dunstaners whom it was my privilege to know, and to feel that I 'belonged'."

### Frank Reviews—continued

outlawed lieutenant of the Navy living in Spain, Margaret is apprehensive of recalling him when her mother is lying on her death bed. Nevertheless she does, and Frederick, who is wanted for his part in a mutiny sneaks back to England. This causes embarrassment to Mr. Thornton her admirer, who on seeing Margaret happy in the company of a handsome young man gets the wrong impression. Still all works out well in the end.

This is the first book I have read by this author and although it is old-fashioned I like her style. Aptly read by Gabriel Woolf.

## OVINGDEAN NOTES

Well, here we are again, and as you heard last month, preparations are under way for the move to Pearson House. That remark about bolting your chair to the floor was made in jest but many a true word... and so on. Chairs, tables, curtains and carpets, have disappeared with alarming rapidity. Now we are a very small group, left with only the bare necessities in this large echoing building. However, we are determined not to be downhearted. So, before they take the floor away too, on with the dance. Although we are few in number, the atmosphere would not disgrace a "holiday dance". In addition to the usual foxtrots, waltzes and quicksteps, we samba, cha-cha-cha, "Knees up Mother Brown" and conga with abandon.

Despite the removal of curtains and half the chairs from the Braille Library, it has been in use until quite recently for gramophone recitals and play-readings. Came the day when they began to cut the bookshelves up into moveable sections and we had to admit defeat. Therefore the Wednesday Group held their latest discussion in the Winter Garden. Chairman Mr. J. Stokes called for questions from individual members, which were then put before the company for discussion. A number of topics were raised and talked over in a most lively manner. We were pleased to have with us on this occasion, Mr. Tom Jellis of the Brighton and Hove Debating Society, Mr. John Hatfield, and a number of St. Dunstaners who live in this area.

On September 3rd, David John Brooks was baptised by Padre Popham Hosford in the Chapel here at Ovingdean. David is the grandson of John and Mrs. Simpson of Brighton, son of their daughter Elizabeth and her husband, Raymond Brooks. We hear that although the baby protested loudly at the time, he is really as good as gold.

And so, for the time being, we say farewell from these echoing halls. Tune in next month for a further thrilling instalment, when we may have a "moving" tale to tell.

## WALKING

A new walking season made a rather timid start, with the first of the 1972/73 walks, at the most awkward of venues, the Copthall Stadium at Hendon, on 23rd September.

Four regulars and one new St. Dunstan's walker arrived to take part in the one mile handicap walk.

David Purches, the new comer, was given a beginner's mark, and in such a small field, started first. He led for the entire mile, hotly pursued by John Simpson and only a mistake, as to the actual finishing line, robbed him of his lead, although Johnny and David crossed the finishing virtually together.

Billy Miller, having passed Mike Tetley and Stan Tutton finished third.

As is usual with this event, no actual details of handicap or actual times are yet available.

### Coming Events

28th October. 3½ miles—City of London.  
18th November. 3 miles—at Ewell.  
16th December. 4½ miles also at Ewell.

W. MILLER

### MARGUERITE VACANI

St. Dunstaners will be sorry to learn of the death of Marguerite Vacani, M.V.O. (Mrs. Marguerite Rankin) who died on 2nd October 1972, in Jersey, at the age of 86. She was for many years well-known as a teacher of dancing and deportment to royalty, nobility and gentry both at her studios in Brompton Road, London, and at "country classes" far removed from London.

She taught dancing to Prince Charles and Princess Anne as years earlier she had taught their mother and aunt. At the war time pantomimes at Windsor Castle which the then Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret helped to write, stage and produce and in which they played leading parts, Miss Vacani was responsible for the dances and ballet. Many of our St. Dunstaners will remember attending her classes and learning to dance under her tuition.





A view of Kandy from across the lake—Photo: Ceylon High Commission

## Rugger Among the Tea Plants

Llew Davies reports on the London Welsh Tour of Ceylon

We left London as a party of fifty which included twenty-eight players, six or seven officials with myself as the physiotherapist, the remainder being made up of a few wives and supporters. The flight, in a Boeing 707 took about sixteen hours and was very interesting, landing at Zurich, Athens, Bahrain en route to Colombo, where we arrived at 9 a.m. to be welcomed by an official party from the Ceylonese Rugby Football Union. We stayed at one of the best hotels on the island where the contrast with England became complete, for soon after arriving we were lounging around in shorts under coconut and banana trees with a large swimming pool close at hand.

The local rugby enthusiasts were extremely kind. They were excited, as our playing members included twelve Welsh internationals, amongst whom were six boys who had toured New Zealand, and Australia with the Lions last year. They

were also terribly intrigued that the responsibility for the medical side should have been placed in the hands of a blind physiotherapist such as myself.

During the course of the tour I met many orthopaedic surgeons and doctors who had worked in the United Kingdom and it was not long before I received many invitations to speak at their local hospitals and to their local blind societies. I did manage to lecture to some thirty-five physiotherapists at the main hospital in Colombo and again in Kandy.

The contrast between the city of Colombo, which is six degrees North of the Equator, and the town of Nuwara Eliya, was almost incredible. The latter is situated over seven thousand feet above sea level and the climate is much as it is in England, for a fire in the evening was almost a necessity to keep warm. All the flowers which one associated with home could be seen, though perhaps a little

larger and certainly more prolific in their growth than one would find in the United Kingdom.

We visited many tea plantations with their factories as well as local breweries, naturally sampling their products on each occasion.

The British influence could still be seen no matter where we visited though I understand there are few Europeans left in the island these days. On one occasion we were entertained by the Defence Services and here I was introduced to the heads of the Ceylonese Air Force, Navy and Army.

The tropical sunshine, though very hot, was extremely pleasant, but playing rugby under such conditions became an ordeal

for the boys. Both the rugby pitches and club houses were extremely well looked after and our stay in Ceylon was an experience which I shall never forget. To play rugby in Wales or England is one thing, but to find a rugby pitch six thousand feet high amongst the tea plants does seem to go from the sublime to the ridiculous. On this occasion I was even approached by a Ceylonese who addressed me by name and who, I was to find out later, worked at Mayday Hospital, Croydon with me ten years ago.

No matter what part of the island we visited the demand was always to hear the Welsh singing which would often include one or two of the rather "blue" rugby songs.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From W. T. Scott of Rottingdean, Sussex

To the remaining pioneers of Miss Talbot's camps at Little Gaddesden, the passing of Billie Birchall will awaken many happy memories.

Dear Bill—what a sportsman. What a sense of humour. What experiences he had had and what amusing yarns he could relate. What a fine jumper and what a fine swimmer. He would go for walks of 10 or 12 miles with his dog. No matter how much he was put on the spot and given direction, he could never throw a cricket ball except 90° off target! He loved a "fag"—I'll put one on now and ponder over coming out of the Corporals' mess in the pouring rain and finding ourselves on the wrong side of the Parade Ground at a St. Dunstan's Camp held at an R.A.F. School of Aviation at Shawbury, Nr. Shrewsbury. We were only in shorts and slippers—so it did not matter!

From W. Shea, Brampton, Nr. Huntingdon

CQ all St. Dunstan's radio hams with the excellent news that Lord Fraser has written saying that St. Dunstan's approve the idea of forming a "St. D's Net" and will help with QSL cards.

To ensure the success for this venture will you please let me know as soon as possible your opinion of the best Time

and Frequency for operating such a net together with any ideas you may have about the net or cards which you think will help?

Looking forward to hearing from you,  
73's yours,

BILL SHEA, G4AUJ

From The Rev. Denis Pettit of New Duston, Northampton

Having read our Chairman's Notes in the October *Review* re the closing of Ovingdean for modernisation, this First War ditty has returned into my head:

*"Don't cryee: Don't cryee,  
There's a silver lining in the skyee:  
Bon-swar old thing; Cherio, chin chin,  
Na-poo, toodle-loo, goodbyee."*

Ovingdean closed! Two years! . . . First War St. Dunstaners may well be saying to themselves: "Two years! Two years! . . . Will ye no come back again? . . . And if you do . . . Two years . . . It's Northgate House for you, me lad."

Presentation to Miss Midgley

St. Dunstaners who contributed to a fund from which to purchase a retirement gift for Miss Midgley will like to know that a presentation will take place at the Birmingham Club on Sunday, 3rd December, next, during the afternoon. All who wish to attend will be welcome.





## IT STRIKES ME

### A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening

This is the time of year when thousands of part-time students of every age and varying walks of life begin courses at further education colleges and evening institutes

### Trevor's Gold

When he is not digging irrigation ditches as reported in a recent article in the Review, St. Dunstaner, Trevor Tatchell, of Cardiff, is branch secretary of the South Wales and Monmouthshire branch of the R.N.I.B.

In September he received a gold watch from members of the staff to mark 25 years' service with the Institute and a silver candlestick from the R.N.I.B. Our photograph, reproduced with the permission of the South Wales Echo, shows Trevor with his colleagues synchronising their watches at the start of his next 25 years.



up and down the country. St. Dunstaner, John Perfect of Sunderland, who is a Personnel Officer by day, has registered for an evening course in 'A' level History. Last year he gained a grade A pass in 'O' level political history.

"A number of St. Dunstan's officials gave me encouragement by introducing me to the student Braille Library and the student tape library", writes John Perfect and he goes on to recommend other St. Dunstaners to attend one or other of the many interesting courses offered by local authority colleges during the Winter. "One need not sit the examinations—just take the course for interest. I started just to have something different to do and ended up by taking the exam. Now of course, I feel I can't exactly back out so I have registered for the 'A' level course. Whether or not I can read my Braille notes fast enough to cope with the requirements doesn't really matter, it will be jolly good fun anyway!"

### Dear Old Dutch

They were singing "We've been together now for forty years"—a choir of some ninety guests at the party to celebrate Charles and Gladys Hancock's Ruby Wedding. In fact they had not quite been married forty years for the party was held a week before their anniversary, which was September 10th, but what is a week in forty years? St. Dunstaner Robert Pringle played the piano for the singing and their were some other well-known London Club voices in the choir, Billy Miller, Jim Padley and Mick Sheehan.

Charles and Gladys found it all a bit overwhelming when they came to make their speech of thanks. Their guests, they said, had helped to make their Ruby Wedding a happy and memorable occasion.



Photo: Humphrey Stevens

### The Name of the Game

St. Dunstan's has produced a whole line of fine race walkers over the years. Among them is George Hewett, who took up the sport at the age of 58 and is acknowledged as the oldest ever to start race walking. Up to his retirement from competitive walking he was a popular member of the Brighton Athletic Club and, as a tribute to him the club now organises an annual event named after him, the George Hewett Five Mile Walk.

On September 30th George started the latest race in the series which attracted a field of twenty walkers to Stanmer Park, Brighton. Afterwards George presented the prizes.

George Hewett starts the 1971 race.



### Cover Girl's Wedding

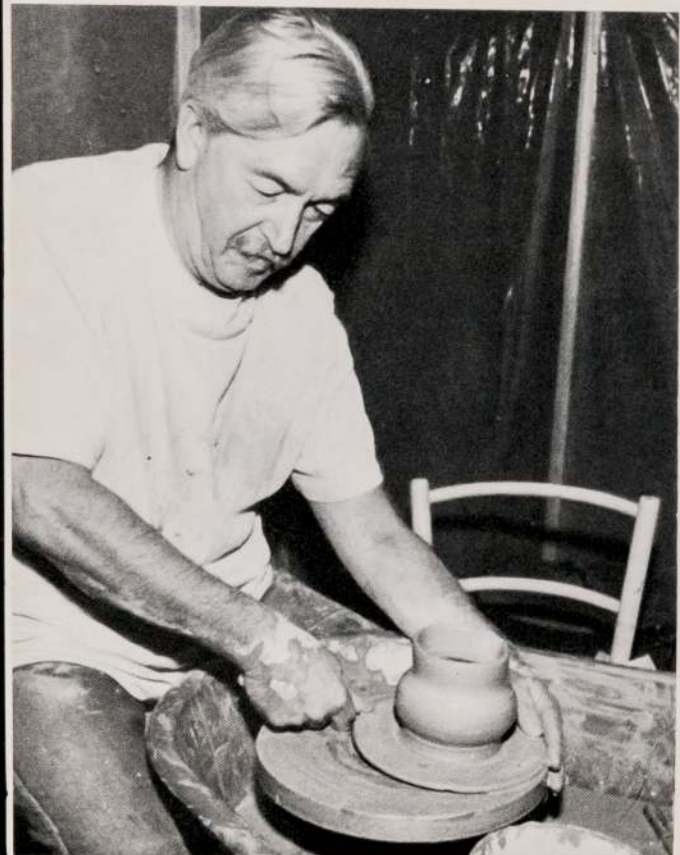
Our cover girl, Dawn Crombie—remember her smiling face on our November 1971 issue when she won a gold medal at the International Disabled Games in Poland?—was married on September 14th. Her father William Crombie, our St. Dunstaner gave her away at their parish church, St. John's, Stoneleigh, Surrey. Dawn, and her husband, Colin McAlpine, a cost accountant, are shown in our photograph as Dawn signs the register. Two more smiling faces, and I hope they will enjoy the happiness to go with those smiles in their new home in Streatham Vale.

**MAGOG**





Above: Throwing. Below: Stewart using the bat to remove the completed work from the wheel



## A Pound of Clay and a Pair of Hands

by David Castleton

It weighed a bit over a pound. It was grey and rather wet: A piece of clay that Stewart Spence was determined I should make into a pint pot when I visited him to talk about the hobby of pottery he shares with his wife, Joy.

I was wearing a smock and, ominously, they had also given me a large pair of plastic overtrousers. Obviously I was expected to make an enormous mess with my first piece of clay.

A potter, I discovered, sits astride a wooden seat rather like a bicycle saddle. In front of me was a plastic, triangular bowl large enough to accommodate, in the middle, a metal turntable which revolved at varying speeds as I pressed my right foot on a pedal.

Stewart's wheel is electrically powered. Because of his extra disability he would not be able to operate a foot-operated treadle machine. He uses a special wheel-head devised by St. Dunstan's Research Department which makes it easier for him to remove his finished work. The special wheel fits over the existing one and has two studs on to which a 'bat' is located. This is an asbestos disc rather like a table tennis bat, without a handle.

Stewart explained how this helps, "If you don't have the bat, you've got to cut the pot off, slide it a bit and then lift it. I make as much use as I can of the little vision I have left but the sense of touch is 99% and in my case I haven't got good co-ordination. The bat makes it easy for me to lift the work off—you see I just have to lift the whole thing, bat and pot together. This is virtually impossible for me the other way".

I put my clay on to the wheel. "No, no, put it on harder than that or it will fly off in all directions", warned Stewart. So I pressed it down hard. "Now make the wheel go as fast as you can, squeeze your hands on the clay, keep your elbow tucked into your side so that it's rigid and you will centre the clay on the wheel".

10

Carrying out Stewart's instructions I managed to centre the clay and then, as I squeezed, it suddenly began to grow between my hands into a round tower, a lighthouse, perhaps, about six or seven inches high. I stopped the wheel and sat back feeling rather creative. But my tower was all wrong.

I had to start the wheel again and squash it down to a squat disc. "Now", said Stewart, "Put your thumb into the centre, steady it with your other hand, support the walls to hollow it out". Success!

Now came the moment of truth. I was really going to 'throw' my clay. 'Throw' simply means to squeeze against the wall of clay from inside and out as the wheel revolves slowly so that the walls of the pot become tall and slim. Alas, my walls, however hard I tried, eventually succumbed to my hands and broke away. I found pottery was not so easy as it had looked when I watched Stewart Spence working on his wheel.

### Career in Art

Before he lost his sight Stewart had plans for a career in art, "I was going to specialise in painting, pottery and sculpture and, maybe, teach. So I did pottery before the war in the School of Art. When I came back to Church Stretton, Air Commodore Dacre wanted me to try pottery again but we decided that medically I wouldn't quite fit because I was a bit shaky and co-ordination was much worse then". Stewart did make another start some years ago but other pre-occupations made him give up the idea again. "Then, about eighteen months ago when Joy told me she was going to evening classes I thought maybe I could go".

"It is a tactile thing. People have often said, 'Why don't you take up sculpture?' but you can't do things like portraiture and figure work in sculpture when you are blind or even badly sighted because you have got to run your hands over the model—and they don't like that!"



Seeing how they come out—Joy and Stewart open up the kiln

Joy and Stewart study pottery together, she reads books, sometimes on to tape, for Stewart and they have attended classes—essential for beginners, they say—in Dorking and Horsham. "We have been on a pottery holiday", Joy told me, "It is a course, like a summer school, and we pot all day under supervision".

### To be a Potter

To be a potter you do not need a wheel. In fact all the things you need, apart from the clay itself, could probably be found around the house. "The elementary pottery was always coil", Stewart explained, "Before the wheel was invented, 3,000 B.C. or something, they made their pots that way".

"You make sort of snakes with clay", said Joy, "You go round and round and gradually push it all together with your thumb".

"When our wheel conked out I did some coil to fill in the time", added Stewart, "And I found it really quite fascinating". The result of that work was on a window

11





Stewart with some examples of his craft

sill in the Spences' lounge in the form of a tall vase, most handsome with no trace of the coils of clay of which it was built up.

"I say coil is the best thing to start with", Stewart said, "Or thumb pottery and pinch pottery". Joy explained, "You have a piece of clay, you don't add to it like coil. It is about the size of a tennis ball and you gradually pinch it into shape or put your thumb in the middle and keep working it round. Wherever you learn pottery you start with that."

#### Half a Hundredweight

The Spences buy their clay from a local professional potter by the half hundred-weight but it can be bought from big firms by post. Terra-cotta, the basic clay and easiest to throw, costs only 90p for fifty-six pounds and, of course, if not fired, the clay can be re-used many times. It is kept in polythene bags to keep it moist but even so must be 'wedged' or kneaded thoroughly before use, a job which Joy does as it is easier for a sighted person to detect air-bubbles which are a hazard when you are throwing.

Having myself made such a mess of throwing with both eyes wide open I was anxious to know how Stewart coped,

relying 99% on touch. "The one thing a blind—even semi-blind—potter must be is careful and gentle. You must never make a quick movement otherwise you will go through the pot on the wheel. You must always approach the pot very gently, almost feel the wind of it spinning before you grip. Then you must be quite firm otherwise you'll get wrinkles and wavers and an uneven rim. You've got to be terribly careful otherwise you'll ruin every pot you make".

"You must use a lot of water", he went on, "You've got to lubricate your hands. It has to slide through your hands. When you shape the clay you've got one hand inside and one outside. The thing to do is to throw a perfect cylinder by squeezing the clay in on the outside using your knuckle and resisting on the inside with the finger, and at the same time lifting".

#### Joy—Exasperated!

Throwing requires great patience and Joy admits that sometimes she gets exasperated, "But I have never seen Stewart like that". In fact, the day before I visited him, he had spent the whole afternoon and much of the evening throwing a set of six cups which looked splendid to me. Having felt them after drying overnight he decided to scrap them. "They're no good; they've got the shape but they have finger ridges inside and in some cases too much clay in the bottom". On patience he commented, "I will say this, throwing up a cup with thin walls. Throwing it up to the top; lovely shape, lovely weight, and you come to the top and it suddenly goes off and ripples—then I have been known to say, Oh, Damn!"

After throwing comes glazing and firing. Glazing is Joy's department because, although Stewart can do it, "It would take so much time compared with the time to make the original pot. If I throw and Joy glazes and decorates, this is a perfect team. Then, if I had to do it all I couldn't do the decoration. I suppose I could do very rough decoration but not as far as different colours are concerned".

Both of them have found the study of glazing fascinating. "There is a terrific amount of science in this glazing", said Stewart, "The actual forming of a pot in clay is less than half the battle". Glazing makes the pottery waterproof by literally putting a layer of glass over the surface.

When applied it is a white liquid mixture of various chemicals—even fire ash from the grate, washed and sieved, can be used in solution—which in the heat of the kiln fuses into a glass-like coating in colours depending on the materials used and their proportions. "It looks like cream", Joy said, "It goes clear in the heat. The usual temperature you glaze at is about 1,250 degrees centigrade".

Joy and Stewart have their own kiln now but they used to have their work glazed and fired by a professional potter who charged 15p per pound weight of clay. So a kiln is not essential to a budding potter but, of course, it is much more rewarding to fire your own work as Joy described, "I did some biscuit firing on Sunday. Everything has to be fired twice, once without the glaze—biscuit firing—and once with it. It takes a good day and a bit to cool down before you can take it out. After that you dip or spray the glaze you have made up putting the oxides in to colour. You put them in the kiln, you fire them and after a couple of days you open the door and see how what you put in comes out".

Joy listed some of the elementary tools a beginner would need: "A board, a big pastry-board would do; clay; polythene bags; wire cutter—that can be a piece of nylon fishing line threaded through cotton reels; rolling pin; small kitchen knife; small basin; a natural sponge, although I have used plastic ones. All things you might have about the house".

#### A Pound of Clay

"You could start for next to nothing", I commented. "I'd say the requirements are a pound of clay and a pair of hands", said Stewart.

The Spences have made considerable progress since their two pounds of clay and two pairs of hands. "I didn't think I would ever do it", said Stewart, "If Joy hadn't started this thing I would never have done it. Now it is a major interest in our lives".

"It sort of makes you look at things and feel things", Joy said, "You can go to exhibitions. You can get an awful lot of pleasure out of it. We've read lots of books from the library".

"You begin to look at things with a feeling of utility and design", added Stewart, "There is the sense of power that you can actually manipulate an element



Joy pouring glaze on to a pot

into something that might be aesthetically beautiful, that you can work a bit of clay into something that is rather pleasing for other people to look at and, in fact, you yourself to imagine".

"Would you recommend pottery to other St. Dunstaners?" I asked. "Yes", said Joy, "We love it"—and Stewart: "The one thing that is absolutely necessary is an interested wife".

#### A Dancing Career

Hilary, daughter of ROBERT FORSTER of Leeds, took her advanced examinations in Ballet and Modern Stage this year and passed both with commendations. With these results Hilary has twelve major examinations to her credit and she is now teaching ballet, national dancing and drama at Shire Oak High School. Hilary is also teaching at the Joan Claire School of Dance in Leeds where she received her first dancing lessons at the age of three.

#### To St. Dunstaners from Mrs. Dacre

I did so appreciate the flowers you sent me—I really did—it was uncommon kind. I had a not serious operation and will soon be around again.





Appropriately, a St. Dunstaner receives the St. Dunstan's Trophy for fours at the Hastings Blind Bowlers Tournament. Les Dennis is seen with the Mayor Alderman T. Mears and his team-mates, E. Hart, W. Evison and G. T. Morgan. Also in the picture, with the Mayoress, is another St. Dunstaner Ralph Preece who won the totally blind singles for the fourth year running. Les Dennis also won the registered blind singles.—Photo: Hastings and St. Leonards Observer

## STD and all that!

by Phillip Wood

Our first telephone, I remember, was of the "candlestick" or "daffodil" type. It was made to last, weighed about five pounds and could so easily have doubled as an offensive weapon.

I used to try and cradle the separate earpiece between my hunched shoulder and my left ear like I'd seen them do in the films. But the wretched thing kept falling off and I missed half the conversation. In any case it gave me a stiff neck so I gave up trying.

When eventually we moved house we progressed to a combination handset, inherited from the former occupants. Like our ancient daffodil it was made of heavy dusty-black vulcanite with a frayed faded green cord with a malevolent life of its own.

Each time you went to answer the phone you found that the cord had twisted itself

into a tight little ball and you could only lift the receiver a couple of inches off the rest. You then yelled "Hang on a minute!" to the caller and suspended the phone over the edge of the telephone table where it unravelled itself in a series of dizzy spirals.

Periodically a taciturn man from the GPO arrived to change the batteries, which stood in all their shabby nakedness under the telephone table. These batteries were the bane of my wife's existence. They were quite impossible to dust properly and she went in morbid dread of catching the duster in the wires and thereby doing an irreparable mischief to our communications system.

But at last came the great day of liberation from the dusty batteries and the poltergeist cord. *We went automatic!* They tacked another figure on to our three-digit

number and gave us a bright new phone. But it was still black. In those days telephones were like Henry Ford's early cars—"You could have any colour you wanted—so long as it was black!"

Still, it was what they now call a great technological breakthrough. No longer did we have to wait in foot-tapping impatience while the girl finished her tea or made a note of what row she was on. We were free and independent! We could now get our own wrong numbers.

But nothing is static. Progress, like murder, will out. The heavy vulcanite built-like-a-battleship instrument was made obsolete. Our new phone was fashioned from the new miracle material, strong feather-light 100% best-quality genuine plastic. No longer did we have to do weight-training exercises before ordering a couple of chops from the butcher or enquiring about the last train to Ashby-de-la Zouche.

### Two-tones

There was one small disadvantage perhaps about a telephone lighter than Mum's pastry. If you did happen to have a burglar all you could reasonably do would be to ring 999. With the old heavyweight phone you could have clobbered him first—and then rung the nick. Still, you can't have everything—and what you could at last have was a choice from a list of exotic colours and "two-tones".

All this reminiscing about telephones was triggered off with the arrival of this caravan in our town centre. It was liberally plastered with notices extolling the marvellous delights of having a telephone and slogans about ringing people and STD and all that.

I went in and fought my way through all the officials who were there to deal with queries (it was a very small caravan). It was full of multi-hued telephones, wall-mounted for small flats, coin-operated for the thrifty and sleek shiny gently-purring models like the news-reader answers when some idiot has put on the wrong film.

"We're on STD" I informed the young man (for the uninitiated STD means Subscriber Trunk Dialling). This obviously came as no surprise to him and he said nothing.

"What's more my daughter, who lives in Kent, is also on STD" I went on.

Feeling that something was expected of him, he nodded.

"We can dial numbers all over the Kingdom—and abroad, come to that. So can she—but we cannot dial *each other*. And it's a terrible nuisance because nobody in the telephone service seems to have heard of Tenterden—in spite of the fact (as I tell them) that both David Frost and Norman Hackforth are numbered among its more illustrious sons."

"Ah, yes," said the young man, "it's all a question of installing more relay stations. Do you know, you can now dial from the Manchester area practically any number in Canada?" As I don't know a living soul in Canada this piece of information seemed curiously irrelevant.

"Anyway, not to worry old boy," he continued, "The whole country will be on STD by 1975."

"Then I suggest that the GPO Telephones have got their priorities wrong," I said, indicating the glittering array of telephonic baubles.

He looked round carefully to make sure nobody important was listening. "I guess you're right!" he said at length, "But you can't win 'em all, can you?"

The GPO have recently increased our quarterly rental by ten bob (50p in the Toytown money) and we may still wait three years before we can ring Judy direct.

... Like the man said, you can't win 'em all!

### ALICE IN LONDON

As we announced in last month's *Review* Bill Griffiths was principal guest and speaker at the Far Eastern Prisoner of War Club's Reunion at the Royal Festival Hall on 7th October. That same week-end Alice, his wife, had an important engagement too.

Monday was Alice's day at the Savoy Hotel when she joined H.R.H. Princess Anne, actress Dulcie Gray, pop singer Lulu, aviator Sheila Scott and many other women of accomplishment, famous and less famous, as guests at the Women of the Year luncheon.

"I actually walked the red-carpet," she said, "We were received by Mrs. Hallows, better known as Odette Churchill, by the Marchioness of Lothian and by Mrs. Mary Wilson, who remembered meeting me when I was with Bill at the Disabled Games.



## CLUB NEWS

### LONDON

Our Thursday Club resumed during the lovely month of September. It was pleasant to see our members return refreshed from their holidays, to exchange news and hear the many memories of happy summer vacations. We were interested to hear of Norman's visit to Poland and his meeting in Cracow with Zofia Bregular and her husband, whom some of us had met this summer in Ovingdean.

We welcomed a visit from Janet Baker, Bill Harding's grand-daughter, who is a great favourite with our "boys". Janet called in to show off her new baby—a bonny boy, named with a slightly Scottish flavour, Ross.

When the serious business of the Club eventually began the winners of the Domino Games in September were as follows:

7th September, 1972	1 J. Padley 2 J. Majchrowicz
14th September, 1972	1 M. Sheehan 2 G. Stanley
21st September, 1972	1 W. Miller 2 T. Pacitti
28th September, 1972	1 W. Miller 2 W. Harding

W. MILLER

### MIDLANDS

At our meeting on Sunday, 10th September the main feature was another "Bring and Buy" sale at which quite a nice little sum was raised towards club expenses. The final of our Sir Arthur Pearson domino knock-out competition was played off between Joe Kibbler and Bruno Tomporowski, after a close finish Joe was the winner and so becomes this year's champion. We still have to play off our doubles competition.

The tea for this particular meeting was arranged for us by Mrs. Joan Cashmore. We all gave her our thanks for the delightful tea.

D. E. CASHMORE

On Sunday, 1st October we held our annual trip to Stratford-on-Avon. It was a beautiful afternoon and although our number was very small, we had a very enjoyable time.

We left Birmingham at 2.30 p.m. and arrived at Stratford at 3.45 p.m. After a stroll around the town and down by the river we went along to meet our friends at the Royal British Legion. Their Ladies' Section had laid on a lovely tea for us as usual and we all thoroughly enjoyed it. We are always made very welcome at this branch and everything is arranged for us in grand style. After tea one or two of our party went for another walk round but most were content to sit in the lounge and chat. Refreshments were available from about 7 o'clock and we said our farewell at approximately 8.30 p.m. and made our way back to Birmingham. The Midland club choir were in good voice and plenty of singing was heard all along the road back!

### Annual General Meeting

Sunday, 8th October, was the date of our Annual General Meeting and it was very well attended by all our regular members. A number of things were discussed including the high cost of coaches for outings and how we must go about bringing down club expenses. All members of the committee were re-elected. I did ask for some-one to take on the secretary's work, if only for twelve months, to give my wife and myself a break, but there were no offers so we shall carry on for another year.

It was hoped that we should finish our domino competitions off this month but unfortunately it was not to be, so we hope to conclude this item next month.

The tea for this meeting was prepared for us by Mrs. Cath Androlia and we all thanked her for the fine spread.

Our next meeting will be on the first Sunday in November to keep us clear of Armistice Sunday.

## BRIDGE NOTES

The eighth Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 7th October. The results were as follows:

R. Evans and P. Nuyens	75
W. Lethbridge and W. Miller	64
W. Allen and J. Lynch	58
R. Fullard and W. Phillips	57
H. Meleson and F. Dickerson	56

The best five results up to date are:

R. Evans	372
W. Lethbridge	360
R. Fullard	348
P. Nuyens	348
H. Meleson	324
F. Dickerson	318
J. Lynch	317
W. Phillips	305
W. Miller	299
Miss V. Kemmish	290 after 3 matches
H. King	209 after 3 matches
R. Stanners	165 after 3 matches
R. Armstrong	137 after 2 matches
F. Pusey	122 after 2 matches
M. Tybinski	117 after 2 matches

P. NUYENS  
*Hon. Secretary*

### HARROGATE BRIDGE WEEK

For many St. Dunstaners I suspect much of the pleasure in present day life is derived from their regular association with kindred spirits in St. Dunstan's pursuing activities of mutual interest. The venue for most of these activities, which are many and varied, has been Ovingdean, whose doors have always been open to welcome and further us in our enterprises. Now, during the lean years while Ovingdean is closed and we eagerly await the re-opening of Ian Fraser House, those annual events which take place outside Brighton will have an even greater attraction for us.

Perhaps it was with this thought in mind that the sixteen St. Dunstan's Bridge players, together with their friends and escorts, made the journey to Harrogate on 16th September for the Annual Bridge Week. Perhaps it was this thought also that inspired us to make this week one of

the happiest and most successful so far. Our party this year was enriched by the presence of Mr. Alf Field who, with his wife, Norah, was returning to Harrogate for the first time since he left at the end of the last war. During the time that he spent with us he was able to see for himself how this project which he had started with Jack Habisch in 1941 had expanded and developed into the full and exciting programme it now is. Although the St. Dunstan's Bridge Team won four of the seven matches played and came very near to defeating some of their strongest opponents the main honours and our congratulations must go to Alf Smith, Bruce Ingrey, Bill Allen and Ron Freer, the successful team of four who once again brought the St. Dunstan's cup back to London.

On Thursday, 21st September, Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., travelled from London to join our party and to preside over the lunch held at the Drover's Inn. Among our guests were many whose association with the Harrogate Bridge Week went back to its inception. Mr. Lloyds thanked our friends on behalf of St. Dunstan's for their long and loyal services to us. After lunch a pleasing ceremony took place when Mrs. Violet Delaney made the presentation from our members of a sheepskin rug to Margaret and Norman Green who had for many years undertaken the organisation of our Bridge fixtures and were now handing over this responsibility to Mr. Alan Kempson.

Our week ended with the traditional Bridge Drive held at our Hotel on Friday evening in which, once again, we endeavoured to entertain and honour our friends and to return in some small way the hospitality we had received from them. And who better to say it for us than Frank Rhodes, the doyen of our Bridge Club, who in a warm and lively speech thanked all our friends and particularly Mrs. Slater and her hotel staff and also Paul Nuyens, Joe Kennedy and Norman Smith, all of whom had helped to make our stay so enjoyable.

R. W. EVANS



## Louis Braille Memorial Service

From Wally Thomas

Most readers of the *Review* are conversant with the story revolving around Louis Braille. He was born in the year 1809 in the small village of Coupvray, which is about 25 miles south of Paris. The son of a saddler, at the age of three he was scampering around in his father's workshop where he became involved in an accident which cost him his sight. He subsequently invented the "six dot system" which since has been known to the world as Braille.

This year, 1972, the French authorities arranged a memorial service in his honour, and invited blind organisations from other countries to send a representative. St. Dunstan's asked me to be their representative.

You may wonder why I was chosen to go. I am a totally deaf-blind St. Dunstaner from the second World War, and it is reasonable to suppose that Braille means more to me than it does to the average St. Dunstaner . . . by that I mean the average St. Dunstaner has radio, talking book, T.V. sound, cinema, theatre and so on, while I only have Braille.

I was escorted by my very good friend, George Rees, known to many who have visited Ovingdean over the period of years, and we jointly compiled the following.

### "Yon Train"

Arriving at Calais on September 6th we had larks. You see, we had been bragging about our respective knowledge of the French language and were anxious to educate the natives. We marched boldly up to a porter and in what we considered to be perfect and flawless French we asked "Is this the way to the Paris train please?", and he replied in English "Yus mate, it is just over there!" and we couldn't help wondering how he knew that we were English!

We walked on, and when we were out of his earshot, asked another porter the same question. He replied in a strong Yorkshire accent "Eh lad, t'Paris train is over yon." Crestfallen, we boarded "yon train"!

It would have been helpful had there been a few cockneys and Yorkshire lads at the Paris railway station, for it was there

that our remarkable knowledge of the French language somehow deserted us . . . just when we sorely needed it. All we had to do was to make a reservation for our return journey to Calais. We went into an enormous and extremely busy office. We went from desk to desk and after about an hour found a man who did not connect the word "reservation" with wild life!

A taxi took us to the Union des Aveugles de Guerre in the Rue Blanche. This is a hostel for the blind and their wives and friends and is in the style of a first class hotel. The management and staff are extremely kind and helpful.

We were up early next morning and a taxi took us to the other side of Paris, where we joined the main party. There were four large coaches which were filled with people of all nationalities. After a short drive we stopped at the Pantheon where a wreath-laying ceremony took place. This is where France honours its greatest sons and daughters and is a very impressive building.

### Louis Braille's Tomb

Entering, we found ourselves in a huge domed chamber, with beautifully painted murals depicting great moments in French history. We were led to the vaults under ground level, and here the President of the French Blind Association laid a wreath on the tomb of Louis Braille. After the ceremony we all filed past the tomb.

We returned to our coaches, and after a 90 minute drive, reached Louis Braille's native village of Coupvray.

We entered the old church and our party packed it to capacity. Cardinal Danielou walked slowly down the aisle, and took his place at the altar. His service, and his words of praise for Louis Braille, were most moving and as it neared its close, the bell began to toll. As we were leaving the church we saw villagers standing in silence and obviously paying homage to their famous son.

Cardinal Danielou and Monsieur Hendrikst the President led us down a steep hill to the village school grounds where lunch awaited us. The meal was very good, very French, and lots of it, washed down with wine and champagne. After the meal we walked farther down the steep hill until we reached Louis Braille's place of birth, a small cottage standing in its own grounds,

and inside we were allowed to handle the few exhibits that once belonged to Louis Braille.

Standing outside the cottage, speeches were made by the Minister of Public Health and Social Security, the Minister for National Education, the Secretary of State for Social Welfare and Rehabilitation and other prominent people praising Braille and what it has meant to the blind world. There were also warm words of welcome to the English visitors.

### Allowances for Guide Dogs

The General Council of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association has decided to pay a Dog Maintenance Allowance of approximately 11 pence per day to all Guide Dog Owners towards the cost of feeding their guide dogs rather than giving an allowance to some Guide Dog Owners who were financially embarrassed and had to apply for a maintenance allowance, and reveal their financial circumstances.

The new arrangement commenced on 1st October and payments will be made on the basis of one month in arrears and one month in advance. The first cheques were sent out at the end of October, and will follow at two-month intervals.

It is hoped that this new allowance will encourage more blind people to be trained with a guide dog—without the worry of feeding costs.

### EDITOR'S NOTE

*Since this Dog Maintenance Allowance is paid by a registered Charity we do not think St. Dunstaners need to include it in their annual income tax return.*

## FAMILY NEWS

### Marriage

GUTOWSKI : GARRITY. BOLESTOW GUTOWSKI of Little Altcar, Formby, Lancashire, married MISS MARY MARGARET GARRITY on 9th September, 1972.

### Silver Wedding

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. RICHARD JONES of Cwmavon, Port Talbot, Glam., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 11th October, 1972.

## Grandparents

### Congratulations to:

HUGH GALLAGHER of Blackpool, Lancs., who is proud to announce that he became a grandfather for the first time when his daughter Linda gave birth to Deborah Mary on 8th September, 1972.

GORDON HOLLAND of Kingsteignton, Devon, who is pleased to announce that his younger daughter Linda had a baby girl earlier this Summer and she is to be called Joanne Maria. She is Gordon's fourth grandchild.

JAMES MASH of Jersey, Channel Islands, who announces the birth of a grandson born to his daughter Janet on 23rd September 1972. He is to be called Stuart William.

MRS. NORMA MOON of Guernsey, Channel Islands (widow of the late Claude Moon) writes to tell us that her daughter Hazel has given birth to a girl—Karynne Claudette Le Provost, on 5th August, 1972. This is Mrs. Moon's first grandchild.

ISAAC OSTLE of Cockermonth, Cumberland, who is proud to announce that his first grandchild, Karen Sandra, was born on 23rd September, 1972.

JOHN SIMPSON of Brighton, Sussex who is pleased to announce the arrival of a grandson, David John, born to his daughter Elizabeth and her husband, on 6th June, 1972. The Christening ceremony was on 3rd September at St. Dunstan's Chapel, Ovingdean. See also Ovingdean Notes.

### Long Life and happiness to:

Michael, son of STANLEY JONES of Wembley, Middlesex, married Miss Penelope Sennett at St. Mary's Church, Lambeth on 10th June, 1972.

Martin, son of ROBERT FULLARD of London S.W.16, who married Gerrie Anne Dunlop at Barclay Bruntsfield Church, Edinburgh on 30th September, 1972.

FREDERICK CRABTREE of Scarborough, Yorks., is pleased to announce that his grand-daughter, Nicola Kirby, of Aldershot, Hants., was married to Andreas Renou at the Garrison Church, Aldershot, on 2nd September, 1972.



MRS. BRENDA BATES of Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, is pleased to announce that her daughter Denise has recently obtained eight "O" levels. Denise will be staying on at school to take her "A" levels.

GEORGE BULBROOK of March, Cambridgeshire, has pleasure in announcing that his daughter, Sylvia was recently successful in passing seven "O" levels, including a Grade I for English.

HENRY FOSTER of Paignton, Devon is rightly delighted and proud that his only son Clive has obtained his Bachelor of Education degree, and Social Technology degree together with Tutorial practice in Art, Pottery and Ceramics and started teaching this Autumn in Warrington, Cheshire. This is particularly praiseworthy as he was over 35 when he began his University course and it took four years.

JERRY LYNCH of Wimbledon, S.W.20, is pleased to announce that his son Garry has obtained a B.A. at Manchester University and is to continue studying for his M.A.

## Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

JAMES DAVIDSON of Hopeman, By Elgin, Morayshire, Scotland, who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Ethel Dorothy Davidson, on 6th October 1972.

THOMAS ROSEWARNE of Manchester, mourns the death of his mother on 10th October, 1972

---

## 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.

### Joseph Blakely. *Royal Engineers*

Joseph Blakely of Old Swan, Liverpool, Lancs. died in hospital on 30th September, 1972, at the age of 82 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1914 and served with them until 1918. Mr. Blakely was a

victim of mustard gas poisoning during his war service but it was not until 1941 that his sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained as a basket maker and continued with this occupation until 1965. He then became interested in his garden and greenhouse. In recent years Mr. Blakely's health had been rather poor but nevertheless his death was unexpected. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ethel Blakely.

### Henry Thomas Cheal. *Army Veterinary Corps*

Henry Thomas Cheal of Bristol, died at Northgate House, on 17th September, 1972. He was 79 years of age.

Mr. Cheal served in the Army Veterinary Corps in the First World War and after one year's service in the Middle East he was sent home and discharged from active service in 1916.

Throughout his life Mr. Cheal had worked as a farm hand and gardener and when his sight failed he was able to continue with garden work. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1938 and during his membership continued with greenhouse and garden work until his health gave cause for concern in 1968.

He led the quiet life of a semi-invalid and was devotedly cared for by his wife, and daughter Nora. Unfortunately Mrs. Cheal was taken ill and died in December 1971. It became impossible for the daughter to look after both parents during their respective illnesses and Mr. Cheal went to Northgate House in January, 1971, where he remained until his death.

He leaves a daughter, Nora.

### Edward John (Teddy) Mills. *Royal Air Force*

Edward John (Teddy) Mills of Bloxwich, Walsall, Staffordshire, died at his home on 18th September, 1972. He was 76 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Air Force in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1933. In addition to loss of sight, Mr. Mills was totally deaf and he did not, therefore, train for any occupation. He was, however, always very keenly interested in his garden and greenhouse and this was his chief interest until almost the time of his wife's death in 1968. In addition to his blindness and deafness Mr. Mills suffered perpetual head pains which were very severe but bore all these disabilities with great courage. Members of the staff and his fellow St. Dunstaners will always remember Teddy for his cheerful spirit and good humour. He attended the Deaf/Blind Reunion whenever his health permitted and after the death of Mrs. Mills, he made his home with his daughter Mrs. F. Allardice (Pet) and her family. He also leaves other married sons and daughters.

### Thomas Henry Moorley. *Merchant Navy*

Thomas Henry Moorley of Allenton, Derby, died at his home on 29th September, 1972. He was 60 years of age.

He served in the Second World War in the Merchant Navy and was discharged in 1944. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1950 and was first trained for industrial work but in 1954 he started basket making and carried on with this occupation right up to the time of his death, which was most unexpected.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Moorley.