

# St Dunstons **REVIEW** JANUARY



# St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 648

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5p MONTHLY

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

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### The Young

These Notes are mainly about and are indeed addressed to the young.

On Saturday, 8th December, I attended the Bridge Club's Christmas Party, where some 35 St. Dunstaners and an equal number of their guests and friends sat down to a bridge afternoon. I thought then how fortunate the Second War St. Dunstaners were that, when they joined us as young men, there were still many of the older generation alive to welcome them. We older men may have had nothing much but a little experience and a little wisdom and we were perhaps a little bit old-fashioned or "square" as some would say nowadays. But it was possible for us to pass on something of the earlier traditions of St. Dunstan's and some helped to encourage bridge amongst the newcomers. This is but one example worth recording of friendly help between St. Dunstaners.

It is my opinion that to-day's younger generation are as good as and in many respects better than we men and women of both Wars are or were and I'd like to pay a tribute to them.

I get many charming letters from St. Dunstaners about their children and grandchildren and occasionally great-grandchildren and often read in the *St. Dunstan's Review* of the young people's progress. This gives me great pleasure.

I expect that most of us hope that members of our families are enjoying a better time than we did in our day, for life is undoubtedly more varied and interesting, though perhaps more complicated, than it used to be. Certainly general education and training have improved enormously since the First War and perhaps even more rapidly since the Second War. I like to think that the new generations have a good life ahead of them.

I hope many of them read the *Review*, so that they may know something of our organisation and the activities of their grandfathers and fathers, and that they will continue to be proud of St. Dunstan's. Lady Fraser and I send our warm good wishes to them all.

### Memories

St. Dunstaners know many members of our Executive Council, whom they meet from time to time at Reunions and other events. This month our two youngest Councillors have spoken to audiences of our men at Brighton. Mr. Michael Delmar-Morgan gave a most excellent address at the Grocers' Dinner and Mr. Nigel Pearson, grandson of the Founder of St. Dunstan's and son of our President, spoke at the Founder's Day Service—his message is printed on another page.

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COVER PICTURE: *St. Dunstaner Llew Davies (left) with Dr. Edwin Spearing at Streatham/Croydon Rugby Club (see Ways of Life on centre pages).*

Whilst there are very few of us still alive who knew Sir Arthur Pearson personally, his spirit has pervaded the whole blind world and—after 52 years—continues to have its influence. A leading newspaper and periodical publisher, who started some famous journals which still have a widespread impact, he lost his sight during the years just before the First War. He did more than any other single person to set the National Institute for the Blind on its feet and he founded St. Dunstan's. His newspaper contacts, the poignancy of his own blindness at the height of his career, his skill at publicity, and his warm personality and imagination dramatised blindness in a way that had not happened before and this was more particularly seen when the first thousand blinded ex-Servicemen were gathered together in and around Regent's Park at St. Dunstan's. For the first time the world was told and able to see for itself that blindness is a handicap to be overcome and not a final disaster. The St. Dunstaners of that era, and indeed the 5,500 who have followed, benefited directly and indirectly and carried his ideas all over the British world and beyond and by their success and example enriched the understanding of blindness everywhere. This was what we remembered at Brighton at our Service.

I have attended almost all these Services for half a century, but have not heard a more moving or graceful tribute than that paid by Mr. Nigel to his grandfather's memory.

Fraser of Lonsdale

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### 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.*

**Robert Lawson Austin** of Elland, Yorkshire, became a full St. Dunstaner in December, 1973. He served with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers during the 2nd World War and is married with seven children.

**Mrs. Muriel Kathleen Bryant** of Radstock, Somerset, joined St. Dunstan's in November 1973. Mrs. Bryant was injured when working in a Munitions Factory in 1941 where she held a clerical position. She is a trained telephonist and typist and worked until her marriage in 1960. She is very interested in handicraft and has won many prizes, and her work has been exhibited in London. She had the honour of representing the Somerset Blind Association at a luncheon party given by the Prime Minister earlier this year.

**Mr. Ernest Harry Budd** of London, S.E.20, came to St. Dunstan's in November 1973. He served in the Bedfordshire Regiment during the 1st World War. He has now retired but his previous occupation was as an employee on the railways. He is a widower.

**Edward Ellis** of Nuneaton, Warwickshire, joined St. Dunstan's in November 1973. He served as a Regimental Sergeant Major in the Royal Artillery from 1933 to 1960.

**Edwin Clarence Longstaff** of Bognor Regis, Sussex, joined St. Dunstan's in November, 1973. During the 1st World War he served in the Machine Gun Corps, the Royal Engineers and later in the Pioneer Corps. He was discharged from the Services in 1919 following his injuries. After the war he returned to his employment and served for some years as a Departmental Manager for his Company in India. He is a widower.

**William Marley** of Washington, Co. Durham, joined St. Dunstan's in December, 1973. He served in the 19th Division, Royal Field Artillery during the 1st World War. He is married.

**Raymond Henry Peart** of Churchdown, Gloucestershire, came to St. Dunstan's in November, 1973. He joined the Gloucestershire Regiment in January 1966 and served with them until he was wounded in Belfast in July 1973. He is married with two sons.



St. George's Church, Kemp Town.

## FOUNDER'S DAY SERVICE 1973

*The Founder's Day Service, in memory of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E., was held at St. George's Church, Kemp Town, on Sunday, 9th December, the actual day of the month of Sir Arthur's death in 1921. The Service was conducted by our Chaplain, the Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D. Commandant Fawcett read the lesson. Among those present were Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Dacre, and Sir Neville Pearson's daughters, Mrs. Michael Noble and Mrs. Robert Hardy, with her daughter Justine. A number of St. Dunstaners, some with their wives, attended the Service, as did members of the staff.*

*Mr. Nigel Pearson, Sir Arthur's grandson, who was accompanied by Lady Frances Pearson, gave the address. He said:—* Although we were here at this time last year, this is the first Founder's Day since Pearson House was officially re-opened last May. The new building is a tribute to all those involved with it, St. Dunstan's

staff, architects, specialist designers, surveyors, builders,—and I hope that our friends the Grocers, whose generosity started us here, are pleased with the way their acorn has grown.

The new building is a striking example of something which is a feature of all our lives, the balance and interplay of mutual dependence and independence, of people working together but each getting on with his or her own part, whether it be the kitchens, the heating, or the dentist's chair.

Independence is something which everybody wants, and to some extent should have, but as my grandfather once said, "all members of a civilised community are more or less dependent on each other". I am not going to rabbit on about teamwork. I will leave that to the football managers. But I would like us to think for a moment on the degrees to which we depend on each other. Probably the biggest renunciation of personal independence we make is when we fall for a bit of life-long "trouble and strife",

commonly a very advantageous surrender of independence.

No one, not even the most talented and individualistic artist, earns his livelihood without some essential function being performed by others for him. Total independence is simply impracticable. But just as total independence is impossible, so absolute dependence on others is undesirable.

### Satisfactory Life

As with all things, the art of conducting a satisfactory life is striking the best balance between the extremes for each of us. Any loss of independence that comes from loss of sight can be compensated by gains with other faculties, in memory, concentration, clarity of thought, purposefulness and feel, each of which can contribute towards achieving a greater degree of independence — whether through craftsmanship or executive position or understanding of life which so many St. Dunstaners have proved.

I am sure our Chairman would, under any circumstances, have been a very able man, but who can say whether in other circumstances his thinking would have been quite so incisive or his purposefulness so precise.

I am sure most of us will agree with our Founder, Sir Arthur, when he wrote, "I am quite certain that almost every man who passed through St. Dunstan's would agree with me that from the mental point of view he is a far superior being to the one he was when he possessed his sight".

### Developing Talents

It is up to St. Dunstan's to help replace any independence lost in one way by developing talents through which that independence can be regained by other means. That is readily understood. But the main point I want to make is this. Do not expect total independence. None of us have that. We are all in different ways partially dependent on others. We work with others and accept help from others without demeaning ourselves as recipients. Those who can should give definite and material help to others — without getting in their hair. Make yourself as independent as you reasonably can be without being 'hornery'. At the same time do not be disturbed by being dependent on others. We all are.

Like the American poet, Alice Cary, who wrote throughout her life in conjunction with her sister Phoebe. When she went blind, she wrote this:—

"My soul is full of whispered song,  
my blindness is my sight.  
The shadows that I feared so long  
are full of life and light".

When my grandfather died, my grandmother received telegrams from the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra and the Prime Minister, and many other tributes. At the end of the year the old Queen Alexandra wrote a 4-page letter herself which ended, "May this work live after him and prosper". It has, and I feel sure it will, as long as it is needed.

### VISIT TO HAMPSTEAD

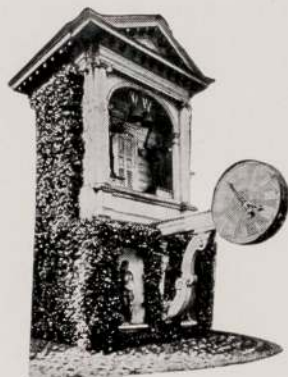
On Friday, 7th December, Mr. C. D. Wills accompanied by Albert Woolen, of Watford, Herts., a 1st World War St. Dunstaner, William Allen of Farnborough, Hants., and Patrick Sheehan, of Wanstead, London, E.11, both 2nd World War men, made their way to the Hampstead Cemetery to lay a wreath on Sir Arthur's grave.

### Blind Bowlers

The following is reprinted from the *New Beacon* of October 1973:—

#### Formation of National Association of Blind Bowlers

Interest has been expressed in the formation of a national association of blind bowlers. The RNIB is pleased to offer its facilities for a meeting to be held in the gymnasium of the Physiotherapy School, 204 Great Portland Street (4th floor), London W1N 6LQ, on Saturday 26 January 1974 at 2.30 p.m. It is proposed that a steering committee be elected at this meeting. Individual blind bowlers are welcome to attend, and it is hoped that all established blind bowls clubs and sports clubs for the disabled with bowling sections will send representatives. The organisers would like to hear from those interested in this venture who might not be able to attend the meeting. All communications should be addressed to the Principal of the Physiotherapy School at the address above.



## IT STRIKES ME

by Magog



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### Exceptional Services Recognised

In the Queen's Birthday Honours list last Summer **Walter Thornton**, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, was awarded the O.B.E., and on 4th December he was at Buckingham Palace to receive his Order from the hands of Her Majesty. With him went his wife Margaret, his married daughter, his son and his daughter-in-law, seen in our photograph outside the Palace.

The award was made in connection with Walter's services to the Federation of Boys' Clubs in Birmingham over a number of years. Walter is, however, much better known to our readers for his pioneer work with the long cane, the sonic torch and the ultrasonic spectacles. He is Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the National Mobility Centre for the Blind.

Walter Thornton has received another insignia in Birmingham where, quite recently, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Mrs. Marjorie Brown, presented him with the Gold Badge of the National Blood Donors Service. In 23 years he has given a total of 50 pints of blood.

### The Younger Generation

Peter, son of **Frank Griffie**, of Rottingdean, has just spent his first Christmas in England for six years. A graduate of Bath University and Imperial College, London, Peter is a plant pathologist. His job is to identify and control plant diseases caused by bacteria, fungi or viruses. After working in Zambia, he travelled to the Windward Islands to do research on banana diseases. During a recent international conference in Brighton, he read a paper on this subject.

### Gold Watch for John Bailey

Another St. Dunstaner, **John Bailey**, blinded at the age of twenty when serving in the Parachute Regiment and trained at St. Dunstan's for industry, has held down a variety of interesting jobs with Dennis Motors, Guildford. His twenty-five years service with the firm was recognised in November. Mr. Tom Dodd, Managing Director, presented John with a Braille watch in a gold case. Our photograph shows him chatting to the Mayor.



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*Dr. Spearing's commentary helps Llew Davies picture this line-out.*

## WAYS OF LIFE 20

### WITH EYES WIDE OPEN — Llew Davies

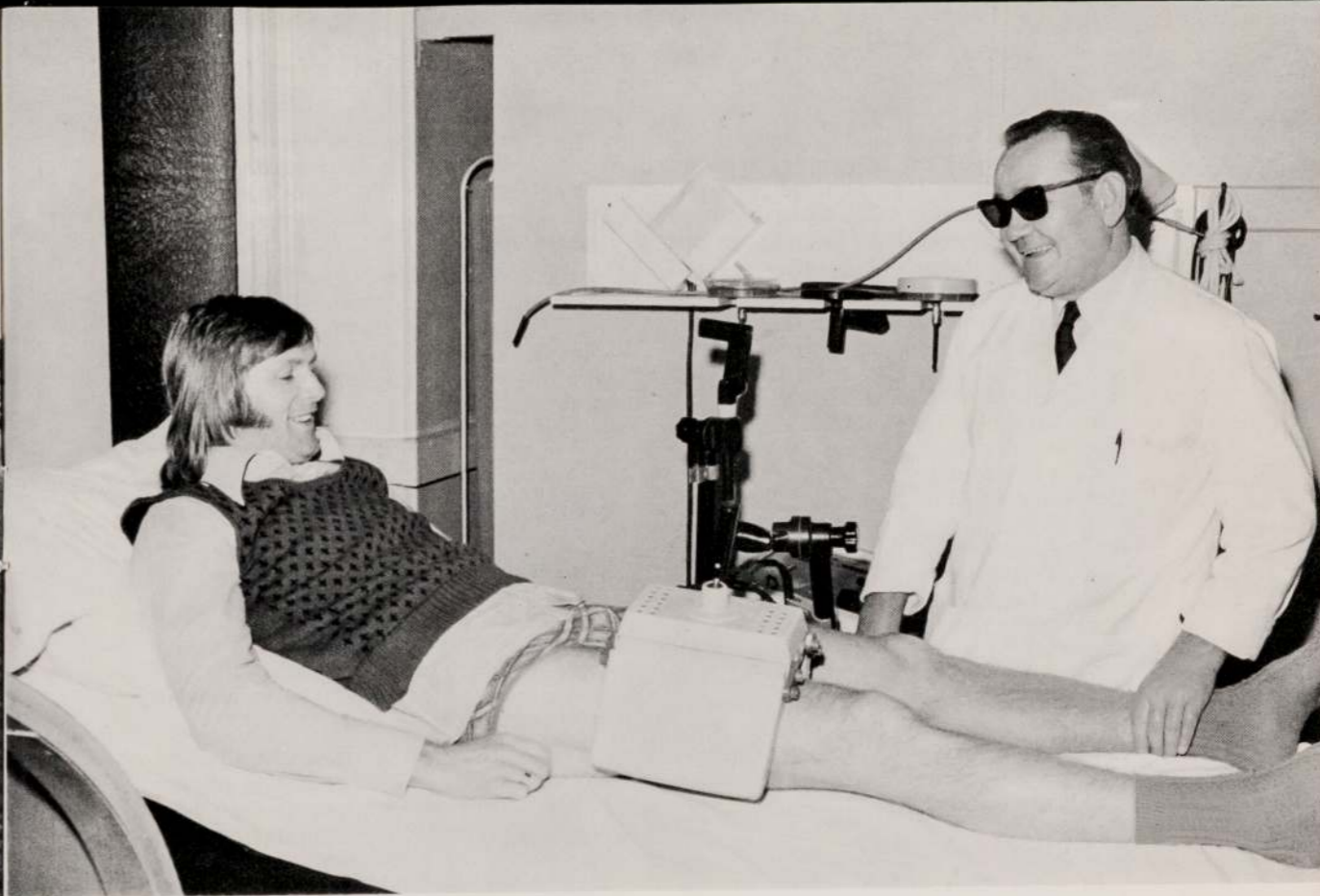
"Living is going through life serving some purpose. If you haven't got a purpose it is no good; there's nothing in it — and to give in life, in my opinion, is far more than to receive, although it's nice to receive sometimes". Expressing part of his philosophy of life, Llew Davies, totally blind physiotherapist and sportsman, very Welsh Welshman, gives a glimpse of his personality in the slight self mockery of the last phrase.

"There are people who feel bitter about losing their sight. Others who are indifferent to their loss of sight. There are other people who try to analyse the reason for their loss of sight. When you are on your own sometimes, you try to analyse it all out and you try to be truthful with yourself in your own mind. I have done this and the answer I

come out with is that I'm a far better blind man than I would ever have been as a sighted man".

A sighted person meeting Llew Davies might find that statement over modest for he is a small, dark-haired man of enormous personality, with the charm and fluent, lilting speech of the Welsh. Although he left Wales 36 years ago he still retains his accent, "I was given advice many years ago: No matter where I'm speaking or when I'm speaking or what I'm doing, the thing is to be my normal self".

He was born in 1922 in the tiny mining town of Gwaun-cae-Gurwen on the borders of Carmarthen and Glamorgan. Small it may be but Llew can cite some famous names born there. Although he names opera



*Llew shares a joke with professional footballer Mel Blyth as he treats his injured leg.*

stars and actresses, a stronger note of pride enters his voice when he mentions Wales' rugby captain, Gareth Edwards. "It's insignificant, a tiny place but Welsh culture still exists there", says Llew, "And, of course, for me it's still home. I was one of 13 children: seven girls and six boys, the youngest of the boys. It is very much a mining family. Father spent years in the pits. I would like to inherit his qualities. Not a big man, small in stature but big in heart. He understood what kindness was. Five sisters and two brothers still live in Gwaun-cae-Gurwen so there's always a welcome".

The war took Llew away from Gwaun-cae-Gurwen. He went straight into the Army from school. As a Territorial he was called up the day before war was declared. He served in the 2nd Battalion, London Irish Rifles. "I was with the 1st Army in Africa, Sicily and Italy in the 78th Infantry Division — these are the boys who know all

*Llew Davies is responsible for the equipment in his Department. Here he checks some apparatus with one of his staff.*



about it. I've been in hand to hand fighting twice in my life. Nothing to brag about and yet one tends to look at it as the great adventure. I wouldn't like to have missed all this – on the other hand I don't want ever to go through it again".

Blinded in a Brigade landing behind the German lines at Termoli on the Adriatic coast, Llew finally came to St. Dunstan's and to his chosen profession of physiotherapy. Chosen? No, says Llew, "I didn't want to choose St. Dunstan's. My first reaction after losing my sight when somebody said would you like to join St. Dunstan's was, I'm not going to volunteer for the Girl Guides again, let alone any other damn organisation. Yet, how wrong I was. This may be my Welsh sentiment but I don't think you must ever disguise the truth. Where would we be without St. Dunstan's? I know we have had financial help from St. Dunstan's but that is not what we owe them. They have kept us as men. We have proved ourselves as men again. They have given us something. I don't think any other organisation in the whole world could have done better".

#### Early Days

In those early training days, though, Llew needed some pushing along his present successful way of life. "When I started in Church Stretton I didn't have any idea what I was taking up. I didn't know much about physiotherapy and all this twaddle about wanting to help others – it didn't have any appeal to me". It took a visit from his old Company Commander, Major Costello, to decide for him with the direct order, "You will do physiotherapy". A new course was starting in 48 hours and Llew found himself on it, "I was bulldozed into it and I went".

He had no medical bent and, but for the war, had ambitions to enter engineering. He found his mechanical knowledge helped in his new studies, "It enabled me to visualise the mechanics of the human body. Very often I answered questions which I didn't understand but I could analyse out in my mind because of the mechanical knowledge I had".

"We were in St. Dunstan's and you had colleagues who were in the same position. There were four of us in my section: Reg. Theobald, Paddy Humphrey, Bill Shea and myself. It wasn't a question of one of us

getting through, or two or three of us getting through. It was the goal of all of us in that section that all four of us would go through. I don't think I could have succeeded without the help of the other three".

"Once that goal had been reached it was then I realised that the final examination was the step on to the bottom rung. The climbing of that ladder has been far more difficult than getting on to the bottom rung".

The bottom rung for Llew, after he had served St. Dunstan's for 18 months as a physiotherapy instructor, was a post in the National Health Service. "Having been born and brought up in Wales I think one must agree that one is a socialist. Anybody who runs down the National Health Service, even today, is the biggest fool on earth. There is room for improvement, of course there is. There are shortcomings, yes, of course there are. But the good work does not get the publicity".

"Having trained a physiotherapist St. Dunstan's puts him as a private physiotherapist because some people say that a blind man is more effective in surroundings he knows. This I will grant without any shadow of doubt but I have done 25 years in my department and I am quite familiar with my surroundings. The mere fact that you have got to leave the house, catch a bus and mix with the public tends to broaden your knowledge of life. I think it is educational to go out into the sighted world – with your eyes wide open, if I can coin a phrase".

#### Life or Death

"At the Mayday Hospital we have something like 16 or 17 physiotherapists with a Superintendent, Assistant Superintendent and three Senior Physiotherapists. The others are basic grade and part-time physiotherapists. I am now Assistant Superintendent of the Department". In a big general hospital there is no lack of variety in the patients to be treated. For some of them life or death may depend on physiotherapy: "If you get people in the Intensive Care Unit who are unconscious they can have a chest condition – pneumonia can set in and the patient, instead of dying from his injuries could well die from pneumonia. We are sent in to do chest therapy. You have to be cruel to be kind. You've got to turn them, twist them. It is

your job to get the patient to cough up that stuff. This is not easy. You sometimes come across a young girl, just about half conscious and you've got to make up your mind you are going to do the best job you can. You're human, you've got daughters of your own, kids like this. Sometimes the sweat rolls off my brow and sometimes tears roll down my cheeks too. I'm not ashamed of it".

For Llew and his colleagues there is the satisfaction of a patient they treated night and day coming back to see them, "He recovered and now he pops into the department every now and again. He is only about 44 and he is as well and as fit as I am. Well, you can't help but feel a certain amount of pride or satisfaction but not individually, because it was team work".

#### Manipulation

In his normal work manipulation is the aspect that interests Llew most: "It is a technique of treatment that is so dependent on the sense of touch. You don't need sight, although sight would be very useful in assessment. Seeing the posture might be a bit of an advantage but you can make up for this by using your hands and your fingers and the actual manipulation itself becomes a sense of touch. A range of movement which is very small, reasonably gentle. You must not hurt the patient. It is a field of knowledge you can go into and develop. The point of this is that when I first started at Mayday you would not dream of seeing manipulation written on a physiotherapy card. In the last five or six years you saw the term 'gentle manipulative treatment' and now they tend to put 'low back manipulative treatment'. The thing is growing".

The field of manipulation has led Llew back to the field of sport. He treats athletes and footballers like professional Mel Blyth of Crystal Palace, who says this of him: "I have known Llew for four years, I always like to come to him. If you are in trouble you can always call on him because he seems to find out what is wrong. If he says 'You'll be all right to play', I know I will. I suppose you could just say it is my confidence in him but it is more than that. This injury had been troubling me for three weeks without improving but now Llew has been treating it for another three weeks and I hope to be training again in ten days".

Llew makes no charge for the help he gives to sportsmen, "I'm treating people like Mel Blyth, not because he's a footballer earning £150 a week, not for any pride that I might take that I am looking after Crystal Palace players. I recall my own youth when I used to play rugby and was injured, looking to see if somebody was around to give me a bit of advice, a bit of help. Now I am in a position to help these youngsters I do it because I feel I can put something into it again".

In addition, for Llew there is the professional interest in treating athletic injuries, "This is where you get perfection. This is where you get the comparison between the physically sick and the athlete who is slightly injured. Here you get a good chance of studying anatomy at its best. You feel the muscle tone, you feel the nerves. When you come to put an electric machine on to an athlete he will react much quicker than anybody else. Mel Blyth, if you put a machine on his leg and you turn it up for Faradism, for stimulating the muscle, gosh, you have only got to touch the switch and his muscles are away".

#### Rugby Official

Rugby is Llew's first love – he is a Vice-President of Streatham/Croydon Rugby Football Club and a member of the famous London-Welsh Club. Streatham does not make its Vice-Presidents lightly, they must have served the Club as an official for at least 15 years. Llew is the Club physiotherapist, "Streatham run 12 teams every Saturday – 180 players, with reserves for injuries there are probably 250 players. On top of that we have got on our books at present something like 150 schoolboys. We are keeping 400 youngsters occupied and we can teach them how to behave – how to be able to take a knock".

"Somebody described me as rugby crazy. I'm not rugby crazy but once you are committed to a club to do something then you either do it whole-heartedly or get out of it". Every Saturday Llew is on the touchline bench sitting with his colleague, Club doctor, Edwin Spearing, who gives him a running commentary. Llew played good class rugby but joined the army before he could reach big club standard. In the army he played for his battalion and the Brigade side.



With Peter Atwell (left) and Bernard Utting, O.B.E., President and Past President of Streatham/Croydon.

Nowadays from that bench he still enjoys the game. "I love the thrill of being alongside the touch-line to listen to the pack going down. I like the sound of the boot against the leather". Dr. Spearing's commentary, however, is essential. "I need to be told everything that can be told. If somebody throws a punch, I want to know. The main clue to any commentary is what position the ball is on the field and the movements that follow any set-piece. A commentator may say to you, 'I wish they'd try a few up and unders because the full-back looks a bit shaky'. So when a kick comes - an up and under - you are almost ready to say, 'Did he take it or didn't he?' Hoping he might drop it. You can get into the game much more by a good commentator telling you if a bloke is limping".

In the dressing room or the bar afterwards he joins in the discussions and the inquests. "It opens up a field of social life that is unlimited. Last year, travelling to Ceylon with the London Welsh as physiotherapist, touring right over the island, that increased my range of acquaintances. I have even got a patient in Mayday, Father Gomez, who has come over from Ceylon. I asked him why he came over, he said, 'Because I've got a bad neck and I've come over for you to treat me'".

So back to Mayday, where, in a quarter of a century, Llew has climbed a good many rungs. "I never seek promotion but if the question does arise I shall put in for it and I shall fight for it. You've got a moral

responsibility to achieve something in life on behalf of the blind world because you've got to prove to the sighted world that blind physiotherapists are equally as good as sighted physiotherapists".

Llew knows a good deal about winning acceptance as a blind man in hospital or on the rugby ground. "The answer must always be in the blind man's mind - consideration of others rather than himself. It is not a question of being a clever blind man who can walk straight up the middle of a ward without touching anything. Any old fool can do that if it is clear. In a hospital you can't guarantee it's clear. I don't mind walking up the ward at a quick pace but I don't do it because I don't know if there is someone in front of me on a pair of crutches".

Next year is another 25th anniversary for Llew, that of his marriage to Joan, a Londoner born in Forest Hill. They have two daughters. "You know, we've been talking and you will write the article and say 'This is Llew Davies' but it has always been made possible by a woman behind the scenes. Your wife is always the important factor. She is always there. She never gets any of the praise or the glory or anything like that but in all truthfulness wives are still the key to it all really".

As Llew put it, this is Llew Davies: A thoughtful extrovert, who clearly sees his purposes in life: his family, his profession, his sport. A blind man going out into the world with his eyes wide open.

## A Funny Thing Happened To Me Last September...

by Phillip Wood

With the exception of the ordinary run-of-the-mill correspondence, I have not written a single word since 23rd September of last year. At eight o'clock in the evening of that fateful day I smoked my last cigarette... and almost immediately underwent a complete, terrifying, X-Certificate personality change that would make Dr. Jekyll look like Mike Yarwood on an off-day.

I couldn't think. I couldn't type. I couldn't string half-a-dozen words together. I left dear old ladies to cross the road by themselves. I scowled vilely at babies in prams. I imperiously waved aside girls selling flags for good causes. I even refused to renew my subscription to The Brian Clough Adoration Society. In short I became a totally different person, unloved, unloving and unlovely.

Like so many momentous events the thing began casually, almost as a joke, I suppose. I met an acquaintance in North Wales during last summer. He eyed my cigarette coldly and said it was a dirty habit, smoking, and didn't I have any will-power, or anything.

### Sixty a Day Man

He was fairly bursting with the dedicated zeal of the very new convert. Formerly a sixty a day man, he had given up cigarettes and wanted the whole world to know how marvellous it was.

Bully for him, but if he expected me to follow suit, he most certainly had another think coming. Me! after forty-two years!

Besides, he had talked about the magic tablets, or capsules, or whatever they were. Not for me! I hated taking things. I had never joined that most universal of all clubs, Pillswallowers Ubiquitous - I didn't even take the tablets I was supposed to take. In any case, who ever heard of a drug stopping people smoking! There'd be mile-long queues at all the chemist's!

Moreover it was a patriotic duty to smoke. The Government netted a cool £1,000-million from tobacco. As they only spent £1 out of every £25,000, on anti-smoking campaigns they couldn't be all that worried about lung cancer.

About two months after my meeting with the crusading non-smoker (late afternoon on the 23rd September, to be precise) I found myself coming out of Boot's clutching a small package and already cursing my folly. The capsules had cost me around thirty bob! How many cigarettes would that buy?

Incredibly the things worked - to the extent that I didn't need sedation or a strait-jacket. I suppose they did take the murderously-savage edge off intolerable craving. But I remember very little of the zombie-like existence of those first few days.

I suppose the best way to describe my painful progress to non-smoking is to say that after eight days withdrawal symptoms made life a nightmare, after eight weeks I felt marvellous... and after eight months I felt infinitely worse than I had ever done in the early days of abstinence. I suffered (and I do mean suffered!) from a constant black depression such as I had never known in all my life. I had a permanent searing ache of non-fulfillment, of *unsatisfaction*. I had an unbearable craving for *something*, without knowing what it was.

But I *did* know what I wanted, of course. A cigarette. Just one. All my troubles would dissolve in the smoke from that one cigarette. Life would be a wonderful thing. One cigarette and I would be able to paint a masterpiece, write a best-seller, play King Lear, walk from John O'Groats to Land's End.

### Secondary Problem!

Finally in desperation (and very much against my better judgement) I sought help from the doctor. I now had a secondary problem - I was twenty-five pounds overweight.

If I had been the town drunk or a junkie I would have been given all the expert assistance and encouragement I needed. As a smoker trying desperately to kick the habit I was offered tablets "to curb appetite" and the cheerful declaration that I was that rare bird a "nicotinic" and a "cure" could take anything up to *five years*.

## Christmas Bridge Drive

### ALL ROADS LEAD TO LONDON

With the gloomy prospect of rail strikes, fuel crisis and power cuts, those St. Dunstaners who are bridge enthusiasts waited this year with some anxiety for Saturday 8th December, the day on which our grand Christmas bridge drive was to take place.

However, even on the day before the drive, St. Dunstaners began to converge on London and in the event, Bristol, Ipswich, Newbury, Liverpool, Gosport, Eastbourne, Brighton and the surrounding area, various parts of Middlesex and of course, several

### A Funny Thing... (continued)

Gradually, however, things have become very much better. I no longer crave tobacco – but nothing has ever taken its place and this is something I have to get used to. And – I seem to have swapped one “guilt” for another! Once I felt guilty each time I put a cigarette in my mouth. Now I feel guilty each time I put food in it! I just can't win! But, happily, I am losing weight regularly and fairly painlessly.

And has it all been worthwhile? “You will feel a lot healthier!” they said. I didn't feel *unhealthy* before! “Your cough will go like magic!” they said. I never had a cough! “Your taste and smell will return immediately!” they said. There was never anything the slightest bit dull about my olfactory machinery!

Mind, if anybody were to ask me (and they aren't very likely so to do) “Would you advise me to give up smoking?”, my unhesitating reply would be—

No, perhaps I'd better just leave it there. In any case I'm a firm believer in letting everybody go to the Devil in their own particular way.

### Blind Patriotism

From a London policeman we have the story of a woman motorist whom he stopped because she had no lights on. She could see all right, she told him, but because of the emergency she was saving fuel.

districts of London were all represented so that it was impossible to accommodate us in our usual club rooms and it had to be held upstairs in the canteen. This gave Mr. Norman Smith and his band of helpers more trouble organising the catering, but as usual, thanks to them and to the willing co-operation of some wives, everybody enjoyed the customary Christmas tea. I hope I am not accused of dwelling too much on food if I list the fare: hot sausage rolls, sandwiches, chicken rolls, mince pies, Christmas cake, fruit salad and ice cream with as many cups of tea as you liked, not forgetting too the Christmas cracker for each player.

During the afternoon, Lord Fraser spoke briefly, taking the opportunity of wishing us all a happy Christmas and accepting from St. Dunstan's bridge club a bouquet of flowers presented on our behalf by S. Webster to Lady Fraser who, unfortunately was not able to be present because of an indisposition. Our captain, R. Evans thanked Lord Fraser and asked him to convey to Lady Fraser our sincere good wishes for her speedy recovery.

As for the prize winners, R. Evans and partner were first, M. Tybinski and partner second, W. Allen and partner third and W. Miller and partner fourth and I will not mention who it was who won the booby prize. However, in order that Christmas be celebrated properly, each St. Dunstaner present was given a raffle prize and our thanks and warm good wishes go to Mrs. Armstrong who had undertaken to purchase all these prizes and parcel them up in appropriate wrappings. Immediately after the Christmas tea which followed the drive, some of our more enterprising members had arranged to have dance music relayed in to the club rooms with some liquid refreshments in order to add to the air of festivity, whilst others adjourned to one or more of the nearby local pubs with the same idea in mind. Altogether, in spite of the failure of our hire car to turn up at the station on the way back home, it is true to say that we all feel that much more Christmassy.

BOB FULLARD.



Bob Farmer bowling.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Jim Taylor, Glenelg North, South Australia

Through the generosity of ex-service airman Bob Farmer, a blinded bowler, I have been able to read your magazine *St. Dunstan's Review* and I was greatly interested in the articles on Les Dennis' bowls trip to South Africa and the golf ability of Gerry Brereton.

I am an ex-airman of the 2nd World War vintage and play a good amount of bowls (outdoors) with Bob Farmer who is president of the newly renamed Blinded Soldiers of St. Dunstan's Australia, South Australia Branch. Bob had the pleasure of meeting and chatting to the remarkable David Bell during his visit to Australia.

The RSL blinded bowlers association was formed about 16 years ago and the numbers were around the 16 mark. Now

the number is down to four it is necessary for this body to close shop. The Burnside Returned Services League Bowling Club started the blinded bowlers off, providing bowls and shoes etc., and with the group going into recess the S.A. Returned Services League Lawn Bowls Association has taken them under its wing. This association is purely for RSL members and play social bowls only and the blinded boys have many outings with us.

Beside Bob, there are Alan Davis, Cyril Wilson and Ern Snelling. Age has caught up with Ern and he seldom bowls these days, Alan is the youngest of the group. He now plays at the Adelaide Club of South Park and plays in the 5th division in the Saturday pennant league.

Cyril plays mostly social bowls. Bob is an outstanding bowler and according to



## The Chilly Congress

Despite a very cold weekend and accommodation to match, the St. Dunstan's Bridge Congress held at the Ocean Hotel was a great success. For this, we should thank Paul Nuyens for all arrangements concerning accommodation and travel, and as for the Congress itself, this was superbly run by Mr. Alf Field and Mr. Geoff Connell.

One new feature appreciated by all concerned was the wives being allowed to play in all bridge drives, competing for a separate prize. Full results of the Congress will be found on this page.

Unfortunately, this may be the last Congress held at the Ocean. I view this with some regret as I am sure many others do; the amenities at this hotel we found most acceptable. The evenings were spent

### Letters (continued)

his wife, Joyce, bowls better now than when he was sighted. He now plays at the Mitcham Air Force Association Bowling Club in its Division three pennant league team on Saturdays and division 2 in the mid-week competition.

The 1973-74 season commenced here at the start of September and he has two trophies on the specimen shelf already!

1971-72 season was the highlight of Bob's career with myself as his sighted helper, with two very strong open pairs tournaments, one the South Australian Bookmakers Charity Committee's annual pairs, the contest attracts many top bowlers of South Australia.

We had the pleasure of playing and defeating that past Australian great sportsman and international cricketer the late Vic Richardson. For the rest of the tournament Vic was always watching Bob wondering how he did it.

### From Ray Benson, Horsham, Sussex.

Having recently joined Mathematical Services Dept., R.A.E., Farnborough, I had an urgent need for two computer manuals to be read on to tape. The Tape Recording Service (See December *Review*) did this for me very quickly. This organisation is providing a very good service and I shall not hesitate to use it again.

in dancing, listening to the cabaret, or even playing bridge. Add to this the pleasure of our wives being with us all the time, and plenty of good conversation, this made up a wonderful social weekend, and I am sure all of us are looking forward to another instructional weekend at a date which has yet to be fixed, probably in February.

In concluding, may I again thank Alf and Geoff, our wives, and all the Markers. Last but by no means least, Norman Smith and Joe Kennedy for their first-class escorting. Without all these people the Congress could never take place. We thank them most sincerely for their help and kind consideration. May I also thank everybody taking part for a wonderful weekend.

JERRY LYNCH

### SIR ARTHUR PEARSON CUPS

#### TEAMS OF FOUR

- 1st R. A. Fullard - J. C. Walters  
J. Lynch - W. T. Scott  
2nd P. Nuyens - A. Caldwell  
J. Huk - J. Padley  
3rd A. Smith - J. T. Simmons  
R. Armstrong - Mrs. Vi Delaney

#### PAIRS

- 1st R. Armstrong - Mrs. Vi Delaney  
2nd P. Nuyens - A. Caldwell  
3rd W. Allen - R. Freer  
4th E. Carpenter - F. Rhodes  
5th S. Webster - F. Mathewman  
6th Miss V. Kemmish - L. Douglass

#### DRUMMER DOWNS CUP

- 1st J. Huk - W. Lethbridge  
2nd R. Freer - R. Stanners  
3rd J. Lynch - J. T. Simmons  
4th Mrs. Vi Delaney - J. C. Walters

#### LORD FRASER CUP

##### INDIVIDUAL

- 1st E. Carpenter  
2nd F. Mathewman  
3rd W. Allen  
4th Mrs. Vi Delaney  
5th L. Douglass  
6th R. Freer

#### GOVER CUP

##### INDIVIDUAL

- Brighton R. Goding  
London W. Lethbridge

#### BRIDGE DRIVES

##### FIRST BRIDGE DRIVE

- 1st J. Huk - J. Padley  
2nd F. Dickerson - W. Lethbridge  
3rd W. Miller - F. Griffie

##### SECOND BRIDGE DRIVE

- 1st L. Lynch - W. T. Scott  
2nd R. A. Fullard - J. C. Walters  
3rd R. Goding - A. Dodgson

##### THIRD BRIDGE DRIVE (OPEN)

- 1st Mrs. Gover - F. Mathewman  
2nd J. Majchrowicz - Partner  
3rd R. Armstrong - Mrs. Vi Delaney

## Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1769

### Death in A Pheasant's Eye

by James Fraser

Read by Stanley Pritchard

Bonfire night on the village green. The flames, the fireworks and the horror as the guy is seen to be a real corpse. The village is off the beaten track so the police look into the affairs of the villagers to find their murderer. The next day another murder follows. A child has gone missing from home and as the police dig deeper there are thieves at work in the village.

A nice little novel with some good detective work, a bit jerky in its delivery by the reader.

Cat. No. 1745

### The Medical Witness

by Richard Gordon

Read by Philip Treleaven

Most readers will be familiar with this authors' previous light and humorous works, therefore prepare yourselves for a shock before reading this most macabre book.

Dr. John Dunbellow, pathologist at the Blackfriars Hospital has made a name for himself in forensic medicine and it is to him that the Crown turns whenever a suspected murderer is to stand trial. Mean, arrogant, conceited, Dunbellow is the perfect witness for the Crown and by his evidence brings many men to the gallows.

The reader is spared no details as an hour after the "drop" the pathologist carves up the still warm body ready for the inquest, which takes place at ten in the morning following the execution at eight. But Dunbellow has one weakness which although it keeps him well within the law puts him beyond the pale with his colleagues and the public. Here in this shocking story is a very good argument against the death penalty, for so obsessed with his public image has Dunbellow become that he has been faking the evidence.

A terribly frank and brutal story set in the 1930's excellently written, but not for the squeamish.

## Grocers' Christmas Party 1973

The following report has been sent to us by Mrs. Margaret Lillie, Hon. Secretary of the Sussex Grocers' Association Entertainment Fund. We thank her and all concerned for another very successful party.

The Grocers have given a Christmas Party at Brighton to St. Dunstaners since 1919 and, for the past 25 years, this has been held at the Grand Hotel. To mark this "silver" occasion, held on Wednesday, 5th December, just as the Christmas Pudding was being served, in came the chef complete with his tall hat and carrying a large 2-tier iced cake topped by 25 candles, all alight, which he placed on the table in front of Mr. Ken Phillips, the Chairman of Sussex Grocers' Entertainment Fund.

The chef was suitably thanked for his lovely surprise and, on behalf of the kitchen staff, he accepted a bottle of Scotch. Mr. Boswell, the Manager, was similarly presented but he asked that his present be used as a raffle prize (later won by Frankie James, lucky man) and he also added a bottle of champagne.

After the Loyal Toast, Mr. Michael Delmar-Morgan, representing St. Dunstan's Council, accompanied by his wife, thanked the National Grocers' Federation for their continuing kindness throughout the years, and he was followed by short speeches from the Mayors of both Brighton and Hove. The former, a resident of Ovingdean village, said he had come to know many of "the boys" personally and had often seen them treading their well-worn path, accompanied by a guide, down to their local pub. He was, however, awaiting the day when he would see the guide being led back by St. Dunstaners!

### National President

Mr. Desmond Perris, National President of N.G.F., was the next speaker and he said that owing to the petrol shortage it was with some trepidation he had set out earlier that day with his wife from their home in Cardiff, but with great luck he had found a friendly garage owner on the way and so was able to keep his very happy appointment with everyone at Brighton.

At the conclusion of the speeches everyone adjourned to the Ballroom for lucky raffle numbers to be drawn by Mrs. Perris, concluding with the tiers of The Cake being presented each to Matrons Blackford and Hallett, and it was seen that exact replicas of St. Dunstan's badge in coloured icing adorned each side of the cake. A further bottle of Scotch was presented to Percy Warden for his musical services during the last quarter century. Dancing then followed in full swing, with a 20-minute interval of sweet singing by the Maria Singers, all girls aged between 13 and 16, followed by more dancing for spot prizes with the final waltz and Auld Lang Syne at 11.20 p.m.

Apart from those mentioned above, amongst the 274 persons present we were honoured by having with us Mrs. Dacre and Commandant Fawcett, representing St. Dunstan's, and, for the Grocers, Mr. and Mrs. Sturt of the National Grocers' Benevolent Fund, Chaplain the Rev. Harry and Mrs. Warne, Mr. and Mrs. Everson and Mr. and Mrs. McEniry, both from the Southampton area, and members of Sussex Grocers' Association, who acted as stewards, headed by their President, Mr. Joe Witts, and his wife.

## CLUB NEWS

### MIDLANDS

Our Christmas meeting, held on Sunday, 2nd December, was a very happy one, especially for the children. It was well attended and I am sure everyone enjoyed themselves.

A really lovely spread was put on by our wives, with all sorts of Christmas goodies, including Turkey, Christmas cake, mince pies and crackers.

After tea was all over it was time for Father Christmas to join us and every child received a present from him. He then presented all the prizes to members who had been successful in our domino tournaments this year and every St. Dunstaner received a gift from him.

To the tune of "Jingle Bells", sung by the children, Father Christmas departed and his place was taken by another gentleman

with a large opener and he immediately commenced to open the refreshments so that we could drink each others health.

It was then time to break up the party, but everyone went away with the knowledge that the Club Christmas Dinner is still to come.

During the Christmas tea a vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Joan Cashmore for all the hard work that she has put in this year to help keep the club running.

Our first meeting in 1974 will be on **Sunday 13th January**, weather and petrol permitting. Why not start the New Year by coming to a club meeting?

DOUG CASHMORE  
*Secretary*

## FAMILY NEWS

### Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. BERNARD BLACKER of Wigston Magna, Leicester, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 18th December, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. DANIEL MCGOOHAN of Tolworth, Surrey, who celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversary on 25th November, 1973.

Warm congratulations to MR. AND MRS. EDWIN STURGESS of High Wycombe, Bucks., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 22nd October, 1973.

### Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. HARRY MELESON who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 25th December 1973.

### Golden Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. FRANK BELL of Nottage, Porthcawl, Glam., who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 1st December, 1973. Their family gave them a party to mark the occasion.

## FAMILY NEWS

Warm congratulations to MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ELPHICK of Tankerton, Kent, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 26th December 1973.

Sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. STANLEY PIKE of Brighton, Sussex, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 15th December, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. CHARLES REED who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 23rd December, 1973.

Warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY ROBERTS of Salisbury, Wilts., who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 10th December, 1973.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Herbert Underwood of Birstall, Yorks., who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 27th July, 1973.

### Grandfathers

#### Congratulations to:

JOHN EDWARD COOPER of St. Asaph, Flintshire, who became a grandfather again, when his daughter, Dorothy, gave birth to her third child, Malcolm John, on 1st November, 1973. Dorothy and her family are now living in Australia.

JOHN TAYLOR of Hounslow, Middlesex, who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of his first grandchild—Zoe Ann, born to his daughter, Margaret, on 19th October, 1973.

JOHN MOONEY of Oldham, Lancs., who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of another grandchild, born to his son and daughter-in-law, Ian and Susan, on 17th October, 1973. The baby is to be called Paul John and is a brother for Jane.

### Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

BARNARD (BARNEY) MARTIN, of Bray, Ireland, who mourns the death of his wife Mary on 12th November, 1973.

## 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.

#### Harry Chorlton. *Foyal Fusiliers*

Harry Chorlton of Manchester, died at his home on 29th November, 1973. He was 74 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Chorlton suffered mustard gas poisoning in 1918 but it was not until much later in life that his sight failed and he had already retired when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1964.

Although Mr. Chorlton did not enjoy good health, as a hobby occupation he learnt to make sea-grass stools.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. L. B. Chorlton.

#### Henry George Foster. *Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers*

Henry George Foster of Highcliffe-on-Sea, Hants., died on 26th November, 1973, at the age of 71.

He served with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers from 1919 until his discharge in 1955. During the 2nd World War he was an Armament Instructor and was injured in 1941. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1960 when he had already retired from active service.

During his years of retirement, Mr. and Mrs. Foster have enjoyed creating beautiful gardens at various houses where they have lived and have recently moved to Highcliffe. Amongst Mr. Foster's other hobbies were woodwork and other handicrafts and he took a keen interest in Braille and typed his own correspondence.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Mary Foster, and his son.

#### Arthur Grogan. *8th West Yorkshire Regiment*

Arthur Grogan of Halton, Leeds, Yorks., died in hospital on 24th November, 1973. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in the 8th West Yorkshire Regiment in 1916 and served with them until March 1917. Although Mr. Grogan served in the 1st World War it was not until 1939 that he was admitted to St. Dunstan's.

He did not enjoy very good health and therefore did not initially undergo any training. Mr. Grogan did however, take up rug making as a hobby occupation until 1948 when he took over a tobacco, confectionery and grocery business but unfortunately he was obliged to give up the business after about 18 months. He then took up poultry keeping on a small scale and continued to make rugs and string bags.

Mr. Grogan was cared for devotedly until his death by his wife, Mrs. Bridget Grogan, and son and daughter-in-law.

**Ernest Hornby.** *Royal Field Artillery*

Ernest Hornby of Hull, Yorkshire, died on 29th November, 1973. He died on his birthday and would have been 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery and served with them from 1914 to 1918 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1973. He was only a member of St. Dunstan's for a month. He was in very poor health having suffered a stroke but he was nursed devotedly by his wife and daughter. He had of course retired many years before joining St. Dunstan's.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. L. Hornby and a daughter.

**Lieut.-Colonel Cyril Luxford.** *3rd Bn. East Surreys*

Cyril Luxford, of Crowborough, Sussex, died on the 10th November at the age of 85 years.

He was a Regular Officer for some time before the First War and served until 1919, after which he lived abroad for very many years. He had been wounded and his sight ultimately failed. He became a St. Dunstaner only a few months ago, by which time he was in poor health and resident in a nursing home, where he died, leaving a widow.

**William Henry Rowe.** *Labour Corps*

William Henry Rowe late of Colchester, Essex, died on 13th November, 1973 at Northgate House. He was 82 years of age.

He enlisted in the Labour Corps in August 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1951.

Mr. Rowe suffered with defective vision after serving in Salonica in 1918 and it was not until much later in life that his sight failed completely and he came to St. Dunstan's. He was by then already retired but he did not enjoy very good health. After the death of Mrs. Rowe in 1966 he made his home with his step-daughter, Mrs. Florence Bowell, who lives in Great Bromley, Nr. Colchester, and in 1970 he became a permanent resident at St. Dunstan's. Mr. Rowe had been rather poorly in health for the past few months and it was at Northgate House that he passed away on 13th November.

He leaves his step-daughter, Mrs. Florence Bowell.

**Jesse Salt.** *13th King's Liverpool Regiment*

Jesse Salt of Morecambe, Lancashire, died in hospital on 19th November, 1973. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the 13th King's Liverpool Regiment in February, 1916 and served with them until July, 1917 coming to St. Dunstan's in that year.

Mr. Salt trained as a basket maker and this was his occupation for many years. Later he made string bags as a hobby occupation and he was also interested in his garden and greenhouse. Although for the past few years Mr. Salt had been troubled by arthritis, he kept fairly well in his general health until the last year or two when unfortunately he became more and more housebound. He became ill at the beginning of October and was admitted to hospital and it was there that he passed away.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Betty Salt.

**Wallace Scoffield.** *Labour Corps*

Wallace Scoffield of Alton, Hants., died in hospital on 23rd November, 1973. He was 82 years of age.

He enlisted in the Labour Corps in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1949.

When Mr. Scoffield came to St. Dunstan's he was not in very robust health and this prevented him from carrying on a remunerative occupation, but he was very keen on gardening having at one time earned his living as a gardener. He was able to carry on with his gardening work and added poultry-keeping to his interests.

Mr. and Mrs. Scoffield lived in Lincolnshire until 1953 when they moved to Hampshire, where they have lived in retirement ever since. Unfortunately, Mr. Scoffield's health deteriorated even further and he has been a permanent patient in Alton General Hospital since 1964.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Constance Scoffield, and friends.

**Geoffrey Power.** *South Wales Borderers*

Geoffrey Power of Filton, Bristol, died in hospital on 7th December, 1973. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the South Wales Borderers in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1922. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1938, when he trained in netting and mat making.

Having resided in Wales for some time, Mr. and Mrs. Power and their family moved to Filton, Bristol, in 1946, where they have lived ever since. Unfortunately, Mr. Power's health has frequently given cause for concern and in 1971 Mr. Power was admitted to Manor Park Hospital, Bristol, where he remained a patient until his death on the 7th December, 1973.

In June, 1972, Mr. and Mrs. Power celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary and the Sister of the Ward at the Hospital arranged a private celebration for our St. Dunstaner, and his wife and family.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ida Power and their grown-up children.

**Wallace Young.** *Royal Engineers*

Wallace Young, of Northampton, died in hospital on the 8th November, 1973, at the age of 91 years.

He was Commissioned and served in the Army throughout the First War. He then worked and travelled abroad for many years, his sight eventually failed and he became a St. Dunstaner in 1967. He had been seriously ill for some months and his death was not unexpected. He was a widower and his only son was killed in the Battle of Britain.