

St Dunstons **REVIEW** February



This Certificate
is presented to
Mrs ETHEL WHEELER
With grateful thanks
in recognition of her
devoted and unceasing
service to the
ROYAL BISHOPS' PALACE
WIMBLEDON BRANCH

The President
The Secretary

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 649

FEBRUARY 1974

5p MONTHLY

STILL YOUNG AT EIGHTY

by Bill Chamberlain

In last November's Review we printed the story of how Bill Chamberlain's previous guide dog, Sally, saved his life when they were crossing a Reading road, but lost hers in the process.

When the shock of the accident which resulted in the death of my guide dog, Sally, had eased somewhat, the question arose in my mind whether, at the age of eighty, I should be fit, both mentally and physically, to stand the strain which training with a guide dog entails. In coming to a decision, I was greatly helped by Mr. John Weeks, Controller of the Guide Dog Training Centre at Exeter, and by Mr. Paul Master, one of the Instructors there.

On the instructions of Mr. Weeks, Mr. Master paid me a visit for the purpose of ascertaining at first hand my state of fitness. Mr. Master took me for a short walk, himself acting as the dog. For this purpose he used a shortened version of the handle which is attached to the harness worn by all guide dogs. In this way trainers are able to make a fair assessment of a person's ability to work with a guide dog, judging their gait and reflexes.

On returning from the walk, which I must say left me rather "short of puff", he gave me his verdict, which was, "Come to Exeter on October 12th as I believe I have the right dog for you." This, of course, was very good news indeed, and I duly presented myself at the Exeter Training Centre, prepared to stay for a month, which is the specified time for training with a guide dog.

The first day was taken up with lectures on the care of dogs, and going out into the grounds with an Instructor, himself acting the part of the dog. This exercise is to teach the newcomers—those who have never had a dog before—how to give commands, and

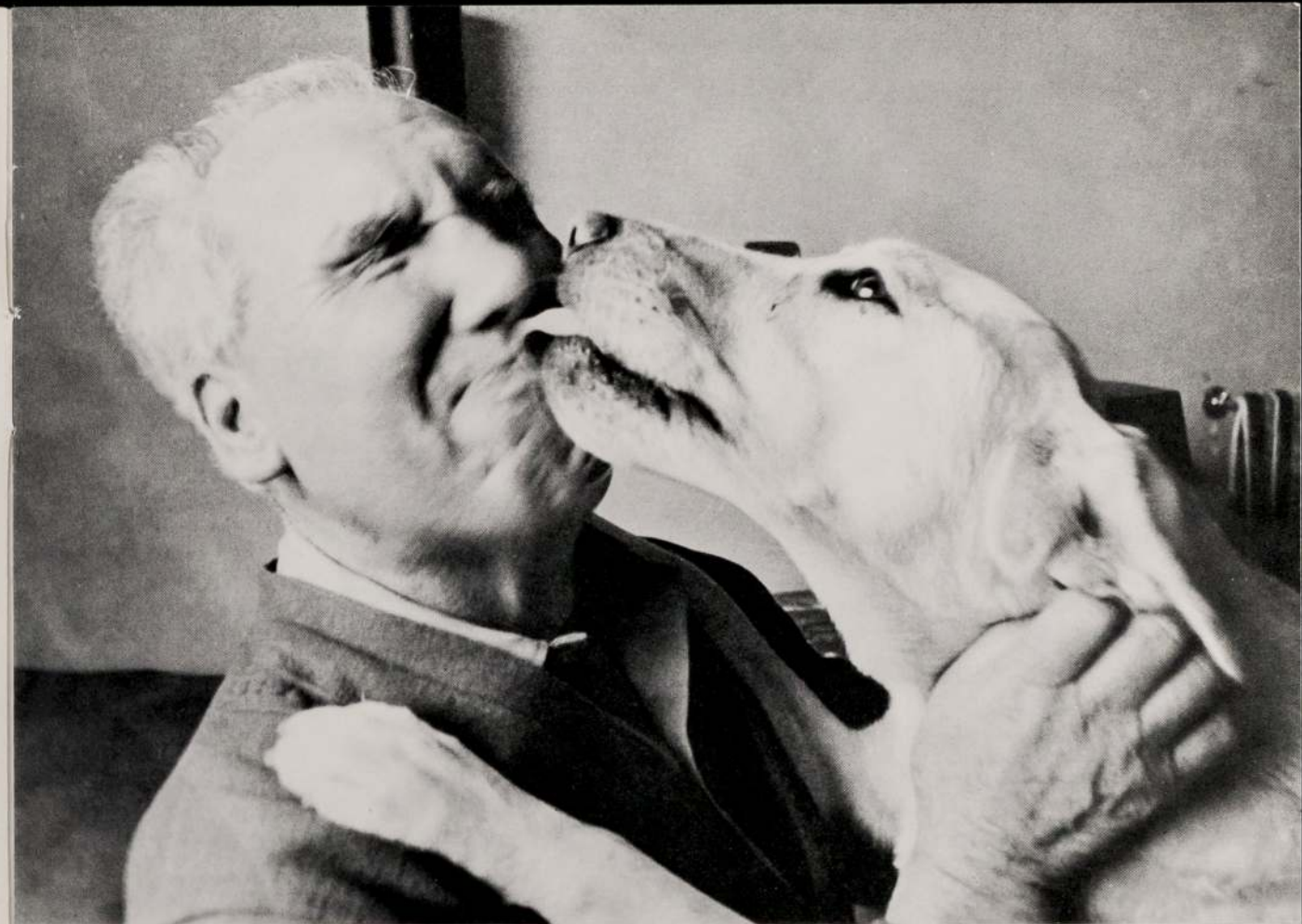
the correct position in relation to the dog. I should add that all the students, whether old or new hands, have to go through this procedure.

The second day was much the same as the first, with a walk in the grounds with the Instructor—this time learning the correct way to make a left and a right turn. As in everything else, there is a right and a wrong way to carry out this manoeuvre. Also on the second day we, the students, were given the gear used in working with a guide dog. This includes harness, leash, collar, etc.

Then the big moment arrived when we were told the breed and name of our dogs. Great excitement this. However, the greater excitement was when we were asked to go to our rooms and the Instructor brought along our respective dogs and introduced them to us. The dog chosen for me was a yellow labrador, almost white in colour. She answers to the name of Helen. On being introduced she immediately took a running jump at me, knocking me flat on my bed, and proceeded to lick all over my face. Perhaps she thought my face could do with a wash! However, by this greeting I knew we would work very well together. We now had the dogs for twenty-four hours every day, when we looked after all their needs, such as feeding and grooming.

On the third day Helen and I had our first walk. This was the beginning of the real test. It was a short walk with no down kerbs to deal with. This walk proved nothing except that my "bellows" were not as good as they might be. Again this

Front Cover: Harry and Ethel Wheeler, whose services to the Royal British Legion have been honoured. (See It Strikes Me)



An affectionate greeting for Bill—his introduction to Helen.

Helen enjoys this grooming session with her new master. Photos—Evening Post, Reading

shortness of "puff". The next walk was a little longer with a down kerb to negotiate. With everything going well, I was able to take a "crafty breather" at the kerb edge. I must add here that Mr. Master, my Instructor, advised me very thoughtfully not to thrash myself; should I feel like having a rest, I should do so. Therefore, all through the training period, this is exactly what I did.

As the days passed, the walks grew longer and more complicated. Now the real test really was getting under way. In the meantime, however, I found the need to take a rest was getting less frequent, which proved that I was beginning to get fitter. Still, I was not quite satisfied with myself, for the simple fact was that the Instructor was always at hand should anything go wrong, such as taking a wrong turning or crossing at the wrong place. What I really wanted was to prove





The team behind Bill and Helen. (Left to right) John Weeks, Controller; Sarah Harman, Head Kennel Maid; Rosemary Summers, Kennel Maid; George Cram, Head Trainer; David Bull, Apprentice Trainer; Scott Nightingale, Training Assistant; Paul Master, Helen's Trainer. Photo—Evening Post, Reading

to myself that I still had faith in a guide dog, and, above all else, I think that my nerve was still as good when out alone with my dog amongst the amount of traffic there is on the roads today. However, this proof came towards the end of the course. I was given a walk with rather a tricky crossing en route, the Instructor telling me I would be completely on my own. Eventually, I came to this crossing and found there was rather a busy road to cross, though not too difficult. I knew this was going to prove once and for all whether my nerve was all right and whether I could put all my faith in my dog. When I judged that the road was sufficiently clear I gave the command "forward". Helen immediately proceeded to cross the road making straight for the far kerb without hesitation, and in comparative safety as far as the

roads are safe these days. It was when we mounted the pavement on the other side of the road that I knew that my nerve had not suffered and that my trust in my guide dog was as good as ever.

The end of the course was fast approaching, and I, along with the other students, would soon be leaving the centre for our homes, there to put into practice all we had been taught during the four-week period learning how to get the best out of our dogs.

At this point I would like to express my appreciation of the way in which Mr. Weeks and his staff helped me to overcome an eighty year old man's difficulties in training with a new dog. I would especially like to thank Mr. Paul Master, the Instructor who looked after me so well, and who, with his understanding of a difficult problem, patiently encouraged me throughout the four-week period of training. It was as a result of his patience that I am now at home and once again enjoying the independence and freedom of movement which a well trained guide dog can give to a blind person.

It was in 1941 that I first trained with a guide dog. She was a black and tan alsatian bitch named Tessa. It was whilst I was training with her that I first gained the confidence of walking with a guide dog through busy streets. It happened this way. Towards the end of my training I was given a route which would take me into Leamington and back to the training centre. I was well on my way home. Tessa and I stopped at a side turning. I listened for the traffic, heard nothing, gave the usual command "forward" and started across the road. When about half-way across a car flashed in front of us. Tessa pulled up immediately and, as soon as the way was clear, she continued to the other side of the street. On arrival, my heart doing a "yo-yo" act, I heard a woman letting forth on the mentality of car drivers. The adjectives she was using would have done justice to any trooper or sailor. She needn't have bothered as it was the late Captain Liakhoff, the chief trainer, at the wheel of the car. The object of the operation was to demonstrate what the dog would do in the same circumstances should they arise when we were working at home.

Number two was a border collie, black and white in colour. He answered to the



Working with Thuda in busy Victoria Station.

name of Robin, although his kennel name was Spot. He was a dog who had a strong dislike of "humans", and he objected in no uncertain manner to having his ears and tail stroked. A very good guide and worker for ten years, who then lived in retirement for another two years.

The third was a yellow labrador bitch. Her name was Thunder, but she answered to the name of Thuda. She too was a very good guide, with lots of initiative. To illustrate this let me tell you of an incident when road works were in operation outside my house. We set off on one of our journeys. On crossing a complicated intersection, we came upon a mound of earth which was hidden from view at the crossing point. Thuda immediately stopped, turned and made a semicircular movement which took us round the obstruction. This movement was entirely off her own bat and

without any word of command from me.

Then came yellow labrador Sally, again an excellent worker. She had a strong will of her own and loved to tease. There were times when I wanted to go shopping or even for a walk—she would "take a dive" under the sideboard and nothing would induce her to come out. I had to get down and pull her out, then she would shake herself, wag her tail and say in her own way, "Come on, let's get cracking." Another point about Sally was that she always knew when we were approaching the bus stop where I wished to alight. Yes, a truly wonderful dog whose life was all too short.

Now there is Helen, who is already showing initiative. A very happy dog, obedient and easily controllable, who, I feel confident, will give very good service for many years to come.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Here we are again after rather a long silence. Sorry about that, but as you know, things are rather quiet around here in the pre-Christmas period. True there were a few incidents in the town. For a start, part of the Palace Pier descended with a crash into the sea. That was very well covered by the national Press. Two less publicised events were the marriages of St. Dunstaner Danny O'Sullivan to V.A.D. Enid "Shady" Lane, and also Patrick Murphy, Jr., to Miss Rose Cheok. We wish both couples good health and long life together.

We are fortunate at the moment to have Mr. Edward Chapman, the well known actor, making a regular weekly visit to read excerpts from the novels of C. S. Forester. Mr. Chapman's resonant voice brings the tang of salt into our nostrils as he reads the stirring tales of the sea.

A pleasant evening was much enjoyed when members of the Brighton Society for the Welfare of the Blind visited us for a Social and a Domino Tournament.

As Christmas drew nearer, we were once more invited to a Dinner and Dance given by the Grocers' Association at the Grand Hotel. This was reported in last month's *Review*. Our thanks to the Grocers for all the hard work they put in on our behalf.

Carols at Roedean

Our annual visit to Roedean School for their Carol Service, admirably sets the Christmas spirit and the singing and readings by girls and staff are always delightful.

The next step preparing for the festivities was our own participation in the Christmas Eve Get-Together. The Winter Garden was full, particularly as 20 staff, V.A.D.s (past and present) and Orderlies, surrounded Mrs. Wright at the piano to sing carols, with everyone joining in the favourites. Joyce Briant sang "Winter Wonderland" and the ever-popular "Amazing Grace". Shady O'Sullivan, Jean Dennis and Joyce Briant raised a laugh with "Doing what comes Naturally". It reached some hearty guffaws when Jean Dennis gave us an anonymous poem called "Ten Little

Tablemen", and her own original monologue about the year completed at Pearson House.

On the serious side, John Berlin (Orderly), played the piano beautifully. I'm sure one could have heard a pin drop as he played Mendelssohn's "Song without Words", a Bach Prelude and Fugue, and finally a Chopin Waltz.

Replenished with mince pies and sherry, we all sat back and relaxed to Tom Eales' excellent Christmas Stereo programme. He's given us one or two evening concerts recently, and he really is a wizard with his compiling and, as Commandant remarked, when he thanked him, his impeccable timing.

A big thank you is due to Mrs. Wright (a part-time V.A.D.), who gave so generously of her time to accompany the singing.

Christmas Day

Christmas Day dawned dry and bright for the churchgoers. The Lessons were read by Blodwyn Simon, Thelma Meredith, the Rev. Dennis Pettit and staff. Matron Hallett unfortunately had one of the mysterious throat infections that didn't permit her to read.

Everyone gathered in the Winter Garden for the distribution of St. Dunstan's gifts and what a lot of thought had gone into the choosing of socks and ties for the men and toiletries for the ladies.

Our friends from the Grocers—Mrs. Lillie, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Morris, came to us from Northgate House to join us in their Christmas drink, and chat to old friends and meet new.

Appetites whetted until lunchtime when the Dining Room was transformed into a banqueting hall, and all that this means. Decorations, white cloths, coloured napkins, bowls of fruit, nuts, chocolates, and the traditional fare preceded by melon. It's a pity there is no room to parade a flaming pudding! The seating is a little like a game of chess—your move and keep your elbows tucked in! Nevertheless Commandant managed to twist in and out to

lace the pudding. Greetings were read from near and far, conjuring memories of folk past and present.

Laughter long and loud was heard at the very successful play-reading. It was a broad comedy called "Crystal Clear", and all made the most of it. Since Matron Hallett had an uncertain voice, we were most grateful to Matron Blackford for taking her place. She really was a bully, and hysterical at times. Commandant had us falling about as he got more and more drunk as John Bingham (one of our liftmen) plied him with liquor. With such convincing performances nothing stronger than Tizer was needed.

Jean Dennis and her husband had no difficulty in playing the young love-birds, although it was a somewhat stormy courtship.

Nancy Feather, last but by no means least, was lovely as the crystal gazer who caused a lot of laughs as she detected auras from I know not where!

A most enjoyable evening, a big thank you to all the cast.

Boxing Night

The gaiety continued on Boxing Night at the Fancy Dress Dance and what an array! We welcomed Matron Blackford, aided by "Griff" (Nurse Griffith), to perform the most difficult task of judging, as we had 25 in costume out of a rough total of 35. One can always depend on St. Dunstaners, aided by V.A.D. Staff, coming up trumps, even if it's at the very last minute!

Matron Blackford described the costumes to the few remaining seated, which was a mammoth task in itself. We very much enjoyed her visit and we were all pleased to have "Griff" with us for a short time.

The Fancy Dress Prizewinners:

Joe Langley	<i>Sheik Amani</i>	
Mrs. Highcock, V.A.D.	<i>No Light</i>	
Mr. Wright	<i>Things to Come</i>	
John Sugden	<i>Backward Padre</i>	
Miss Houlton, V.A.D.	<i>Mrs. Modern Cook</i>	
Blodwyn Simon	<i>Lady Chamberlayne (complete with chamberpot)</i>	
Margaret Stanway	<i>Really cooked my goose</i>	
Danny Daniels	<i>Wee Willie Winkie</i>	
Mrs. Exley, V.A.D.	<i>Mrs. Tutankhamun</i>	
Mrs. O'Sullivan	<i>Charlie Chaplin</i>	
Thelma Meredith		} <i>Bronte Sisters</i>
Miss Roffey, V.A.D.		
Mrs. Marshall, V.A.D.		

Mrs. Wright, V.A.D.	}	<i>Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee</i>
Mrs. Dyke, V.A.D.		
Tommy Raybone		<i>Sleeping Beauty</i>
Miss Jefferys (Housekeeper)		<i>Attendant</i>
Ted Kirman		<i>Cinderella</i>
Tom O'Connor	}	<i>Ugly Sisters</i>
Mickie Robinson		

Pantomime

A party visited the Brighton and Hove Operatic Society's Pantomime, "Pied Piper of Hamelin" and remarked what an excellent show it was—a real family affair.

Our St. Dunstaner, Rev. Dennis Pettit, has been convalescing here so he has preached at our service in St. George's Church on several Sundays.

The turn of St. Dunstaners to entertain the staff came on Sunday night excellently accompanied by our friends Dolly and Cyril at the piano. We had songs from the "girls"—Blodwyn Simon, Thelma Meredith and Margaret Stanway and from Danny Daniels, Stan Duncan, Cyril Eighteen, Percy Holmes, Ted Kirman, Tommy McCann, Paddy Murphy, Les May and Johnny Sugden—all in good voice with spots of "all together". Jock Waddel was the winner of guessing the weight of a mini-hamper and Vic Goodwin claimed the "musical parcel". Naturally there was a break for mince pies and coffee. Talking of food, all caterers must be congratulated on the Christmas fare, particularly the two iced cakes, beautifully decorated and much enjoyed.

New Year's Eve, and again on our toes plus those of one or two others for dancing, and Commandant joining us to welcome the New Year with his special punch at midnight, and a hearty singing of Auld Lang Syne. All must have been wondering what 1974 will bring, but we must look forward to what at some stage will be a turn for the better.

New Year's Day arrived and how pleased we were to have Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme here for the traditional lunch, they also called at Northgate House.

A name we heard many times spoken with affection during Christmas was that of Miss Dagnall, for many years she has been the producer of the entertainment and I know is greatly missed since she recently retired. We wish her well for the New Year as we do all our readers and St. Dunstan's families near and far.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Cover Story

December 7th was a big day in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. **Harry Wheeler** of Merton Park. First it was the 55th anniversary of their wedding. Then the Chairman of the Wimbledon Branch of the Royal British Legion chose this special day to present a certificate to Mrs. Ethel Wheeler in recognition of "her devoted exemplary service" to the branch. The presentation

was made at a social and dance and was a complete surprise to both of them. Mrs. Wheeler is the first lady ever to receive such a certificate from the Branch.

It is only seven months since I was recording Harry's award of the Legion's Gold Badge for 45 years' service to the Branch. What a splendid record of service the Wheelers have.

George Eustace presents a bouquet to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Patron of the Not Forgotten Association. He was one of eleven St. Dunstaners who, with wives or escorts, attended the Association's Christmas Party on 19th December at the Royal Riding School, Buckingham Palace. Also in the picture is Miss E. J. Seeley, Organising Secretary.



Shirley Wins Again

Our readers may remember the article in last November's *Review* about Miss Shirley Somervell, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, **Captain Alan Somervell** of New Zealand, and her many running successes.

Back in New Zealand, Shirley won her events in the 800 and 1500 metres in the Auckland trials. In the subsequent New Zealand trials she gained a silver medal for the 800 metres and a gold for the 4x400 metres relay.

In the Commonwealth Games now taking place at Christchurch she represents New Zealand in the 800 metres and we wish her the best of luck against all competitors, including our own.

Well Caught, Sir!

We are more used to hearing of **John Simpson's** exploits in race walking or athletics but recently this was the heading in a Brighton newspaper: "St. Dunstan's Angler Hooks a Winner". The Angler? John Simpson. His winner? A 3 lb. 6½ oz. Channel Whiting which took the prize for the best specimen caught in the Brighton Deep Sea Angling Club open boat match.

John has, of course, won trophies with St. Dunstan's Fishing Club, but it must be very satisfying to beat the sighted anglers in an open match.

Tandems Wanted

In these times of fuel shortage quite a number of people have been turning to the bicycle as a means of transport—and a very good one it is too. However, there may still be a St. Dunstan's family somewhere who has a tandem lying idle. If so, **Leslie Thompson** would like to hear from them because he has been looking for a tandem without success.

Readers may remember that Mike Tetley wants to buy tandems for the Salvation Army School for the Blind in Kenya. Knowing Mike, I am sure he will not mind my publishing Leslie Thompson's story too.

Leslie is very keen to own a tandem so if you would prefer an English home for yours, write to him at 38 Valley Drive, Low Fell, Gateshead, County Durham, NE9 5DH.



Easter Menu

At Smithfield, Mr. **Edward Price**, of Thornhill (Packers) Ltd., shoulders the large turkey presented to St. Dunstan's by Mr. J. Thornhill. The 63 lb. bird was only four ounces lighter than the British Turkey Federation's 1973 champion. It was not on the tables at Pearson House over Christmas as our poultry was already arranged but it is now in the deep freeze until the Easter celebrations. The near champion bird dwarfs the other turkeys in our picture and there will be ample helpings for all at Easter.

Hot Tip

Herbert Pownall's wife **Lena**—they live at Old Coulsdon—has found a new use for the Braille edition of St. Dunstan's *Review*, or any other Braille book for that matter. "Take out the staples," she tells me, "Take out a few pages and wrap them round your cake tin when baking. No cake will burn with that round it."

King Alfred could have done with that tip but Braille wasn't invented then. Still, I'll tell my wife!

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1739

A Start in Life

by Alan Sillitoe

Read by David Strong

A good if bawdy yarn of a young Nottingham lad, likeable, lecherous and light fingered who decides to make his home and fortune in London. On the way south in his ramshackle Ford he gives a lift to a man called Jack Straw, and later a girl called June, both of whom instantly desert him when the engine falls out of his car. Michael, installed in a small hotel immediately starts in on his life of lies and deception and after a job as chauffeur to a gang land boss meets Jack Straw again now known as Jack Hay, who teaches him that crime does pay. On his first trip smuggling gold he meets the daughter of his gang land boss and finds her quite ready for seduction. For the first time Michael falls in love but she is only using him to gain information for Daddy. Michael is jailed when the gang is broken up but he has assured his future.

An excellent story rather ripe in the telling, The hero is most likeable.

Cat. No. 1795

Firecrest

by Victor Canning

Read by Michael de Morgan

Sir John, head of an intelligence section of the Ministry of Defence, considers one of his top agents is going soft. Before liquidating him he sets him a final mission. Faced with the task of extracting information from a pretty girl regarding the hiding place that her late boy friend used to conceal his plans for a Laser beam infantry weapon, the agent knows that when he succeeds he must kill the girl. Now after many years, distaste for his work and Sir John, overcomes him. He decides that when he completes his mission it is Sir John who will die and not the girl.

All in all a good thriller with the interesting sidelight of the agent's old school friend hunting the hero with a gun, but inadvertently this rather fat psychopath gets himself eaten by a lion. Jolly good bloodthirsty stuff. I sincerely hope no such department does exist.

Cat. No. 1697 (2 cassettes)

Bear Island

by Alistair Maclean

Read by George Hagan

Not one of this author's better books, although I confess I find most stories of the arctic fascinating as long as I am reading about it in the warmth of my own home.

Here though is a converted fishing vessel ploughing through the Arctic Ocean with a film crew on board in mid-winter. This interests the British Treasury who have managed to secrete an intelligence officer on board in the guise of the ships doctor. When in mid-passage his patients start dying from poison and the first mate discovers that the radio has been shattered he decides to land with the shore party. With the departure of the ship the shore party fall to murdering with the greatest of zest, but the doctor has found the answer to the riddle and has managed to send for help in the shape of British and Norwegian Marines.

Certainly this book isn't of the class of "Where Eagles Dare" but one can't expect an author even of Mr. Macleans talent to write a best seller every time.

Cat. No. 1716 (4 cassettes)

Twilight on the Floods

by Marguerite Steen

Read by Stephen Jack

A saga of the Flood family of Bristol. Johnny the younger son from the land owning pseudo-aristocratic branch of the Flood family feels the odd man out and runs away to sea. Brought back from the West Coast of Africa by his Uncle's order he knows that his destiny lies there. He joins the family shipping business and works his way up together with his friend Joe Prior, the illegitimate son of his Uncle, the chairman of the company, Harcourt Flood. This is a work wonderfully descriptive of West Africa, Bristol, and the Flood estate from which Johnny feels alien knowing that the family made its first fortunes from the slave trade.

For my money this work is the equal of the Forsyte Saga and I hope Miss Steen will continue the work up until the present day.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

Christmas comes but once a year . . . and this year's good cheer came in the shape of our London Club's last meeting before Christmas. On Thursday, 13th December, 1973, our "regulars" spent a very happy evening in the Club Rooms at Headquarters, which had been so gaily decorated for the occasion by Barry and Dick of H.Q. staff.

The good spirits still prevailed long after the last domino had been placed when the lively company of St. Dunstaners with their wives assembled to dance to the record player which Mr. Norman French has so kindly provided for their use. Additional festive cheer like drinks, hot sausage rolls, Christmas cake and other seasonal delicacies were sampled.

When the participants tired of dancing the sound of music and singing could have been heard in the Marylebone Road. Outside the murky grey darkness contrasted strangely with the gleaming lights under which the tinsel scintillated even on the spring flowers which intermingled with the holly and the mistletoe immediately below the well-loved portrait of the man whom our Chairman has called simply, "The Chief".

I am sure it would have made him happy to know that he has brought so much light into the lives of so many men in darkness. We remembered our absent friends. The older ones like Bill and Phyl Harding who could not be with us on that evening, the absent ones like Kay and Ralph Pacitti, and others like Danny and Ann Watkins on the other side of the world—and we wish them health and happiness in the New Year.

"Moonlight and Roses" . . . and a small elusive fragment from the inmost recess of my memory kept on repeating over and over again "Roses in December", and it was only when saying goodbye to my friends that it came back to me:

"God gave his children memory
That in Life's garden there might be,
June roses in December."

And as I wended my way homeward tired and happy, recalling the evening's jollity with pleasure, I was grateful as always to Norman and Flora for their help in making it an evening to remember.

I am sure Confucius would have agreed with me.

"Creating, yet not possessing,
Working, yet not taking credit.
Work is done, then forgotten.
Therefore it lasts forever."

Winners of our Christmas Domino Game were as follows:

- 1 C. Hancock
- 2 W. Miller
- 3 W. Phillips, J. Padley

The Football Pontoon ending on 5th January, 1974, was shared by Mrs. Dickerson, Mrs. Carney and the late Mrs. Carpenter and J. Majchrowicz with the teams, Oxford, Orient, Stoke and Bolton respectively. The "booby" prize was won by R. Armstrong with Queen's Park Rangers.

W. MILLER

MIDLAND

Christmas comes but once a year, and so does the Midland Club's Christmas dinner. Held this year on Saturday, 22nd December, at the usual venue, The Royal British Legion, Northfield. We all assembled at 5 p.m. and everyone received a glass of sherry from the committee of the Legion and at 5.30 we all took our places at the tables. An excellent Christmas dinner was served to us, very traditional with soup, turkey and all the trimmings and Christmas pudding, and cheese, biscuits and coffee to follow.

During his short speech of welcome, Mr. T. Hinton, the branch chairman, said how pleased the Austin Branch of the Legion

BRIDGE NOTES

After the Christmas and New Year Festivities, our Individual Competitions got off to flying starts and the first was held on 5th January both in London and Brighton. The results were as follows:—

LONDON

W. Miller and P. Nuyens	75
Miss Vera Kemmish and W. Allen	72
J. Padley and W. Phillips	60
R. Evans and H. Meleson	49
J. Majchrowicz and J. Lynch	49

BRIGHTON

W. Lethbridge and M. Clements	75
J. Walters and R. Bickley	68
R. Goding and S. Webster	67
R. Fullard and Partner	62
A. Dodgson and F. Rhodes	62
F. Griffiee and Partner	59
F. Matthewman and W. Scott	56
J. Chell and A. Smith	55

P. NUYENS,
Secretary.

CLUB NEWS—continued

were to see us all again and he hoped that we would enjoy our evening there. I am happy to say that everyone did just that. We had plenty of dancing, talking and, of course, keeping our thirsts at bay.

We were very pleased to have Miss Newbold with us again, but we were all disappointed that Miss Mosley could not join us. She had been invited but owing to the situation on the railways was unable to travel down to Birmingham. Miss Mosley sent a telegram to us which was read at the tables, telling us how sorry she was not to be able to be with us and hoping that we had an enjoyable evening.

We all hope that, when all the troubles are over, Miss Mosley will be able to come and join us at one of our meetings.

We were also very sorry that our old friend and regular club member, Bill Green,

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Stephen Blake, Chertsey, Surrey

In answer to Granville Waterworth's letter in the October issue of the *Review* on a Society Tie.

I have gone a bit farther and have designed one which I think would cover all branches of the Services.

The main colour would be navy blue with a broad red strip with a light blue strip along side, with the St. Dunstan's badge on it in gold.

From Margaret Stanway at Pearson House

On behalf of Blodwyn, Thelma and myself I wish to thank all of the Staff here at Pearson House for a wonderful Christmas.

I would like to make special mention of the Christmas dinner which was on a par with that which would be served at a Five-Star Hotel.

Temporarily our thoughts of the discord brought about by the fuel crisis and go-slows were dispelled whilst we quickened our pace to enjoy the harmony of the Festive Season so ably organised.

was unable to be with us, unfortunately Bill was taken ill about ten days before and was in hospital, everyone sends him best wishes for a speedy recovery. As I write these notes I am pleased to be able to report that Bill is now home again and making a steady recovery, keep it up, Bill.

Our festivities finished earlier than other years, due to lighting restrictions, the bar closed at ten thirty, and our party then started to break up, but everyone had enjoyed yet another club get together and for this one all our thanks go to the Royal British Legion, Austin Branch, Northfield, who did all the arranging for us, thank you, gentlemen.

We now look forward to 1974 and hope for another good year of club activities.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

FROM ST. DUNSTANERS AT PEARSON HOUSE

My First Odd Job

by Stanley Slater

The first odd job I attempted is an affair I have hitherto kept a closely guarded secret, but here it is, horribly hilarious minute by hour.

8 a.m. Decided to make some coffee. Feeling for the coffee in its usual place, I found a strange package—investigation revealed a can-opener. Why had a can-opener been strategically placed where the coffee should have been? Because my wife had been gently nagging for some months for an opener to be fixed in the lean-to, thus saving much movement to and fro between kitchen and lean-to. I had been putting it off; clearly something had to be done.

8.15 a.m. Made some coffee, put a piece of bread in the (to us) new pop-up toaster, which popped with great vigour and, as far as I know, the toast disappeared without trace.

8.20 a.m. All endeavours to find toast having failed, made fresh under grill, removing rapidly at first faint smell of burning. Having made coffee, scraped toast on kitchen roll—piece of, that is. Made plans over coffee and toast.

9 a.m. Began search for screwdriver.

9.25 a.m. Began work.

9.45 a.m. Had put in one screw, did not tighten right home. Made hole for second screw—dropped screw.

10.25 a.m. Had found three buttons, a strange object (which later turned out to be a thing for blowing up footballs), two small tins, one small nut and bolt, several pieces of string, but no screw.

11.30 a.m. After a short break for refreshment, back on hands and knees. Found we had been harbouring something nasty in the corner; became official cleansing department.

11.45 a.m. Found screw. Back to work. Seemed to have lost hole, never mind,

Lee-on-Solent Camp

The Lee-on-Solent Camp will be held from **Friday, 16th to Saturday, 25th August**. Further details to follow in the next *Review*.

made another. Had baseplate fixed by noon. Found business end of opener and tried to slide into grooves on baseplate—only to find I had fixed it upside down.

12.15 p.m. Front doorbell rang, admit friend. Friend fixed opener. Gained reputation as handyman, plus pint, from wife.

Friend now has regular hobby, rate for the job being one pint of lager per task.

FIRST LOVE

Herbert Wood

On hilltop high, one summer morn,
I stood and watched the break of dawn,
And as night's curtain raised its folds,
It brought me happiness untold.
With young heart pounding, eyes aglow,
I fell in love with nature's show,
Her charm, beauty and serenity
Are locked within my memory.

Her song at dawn thrilled me through,
Her complexion tenderly kissed by dew
That sparkled in the early sun,
Like diamonds cushioned on velvet green.
Sunbeams filtered through the trees,
To dance and play on woodland streams,
Rippling, tumbling on their way,
Happily muttering, "No time to play,
Must away, must away."

With soft warm breezes so fragrant and free,
My love touched me caressingly.
I drank my fill of her delights,
That summer morn on greenest heights,
And pity those with eyes that see, but never look
At Mother Nature's open book.
For now I stare with failing sight,
At nothing but a fading light,
Remembering all she gave to me,
My first love.

THOUGHTS ON THE DOWNS

by John Sugden

*We take a walk through the country-side, just to
miss the towns.
So the only way that we could go was over
all the downs.
That is the place where the birds will sing,
high up in the air,
And the tune that we hear is the song of the lark,
the best beyond compare.
When the seagulls go further inland and give out
their screeching call,
We know it's the sign of a coming storm and the
rain will certainly fall.*

Radio Brighton

A team of St. Dunstaners broadcast on Radio Brighton during the week leading up to Remembrance Day. Our Chaplain, the Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D., was responsible for the organisation of daily morning programmes and he invited four St. Dunstaners to record talks. They were Tommy McKay, W. "Dickie" Richardson, W. "Ginger" Scott, and Sammy Webster. The fifth and final broadcast was made by the Chaplain, himself. We understand the 'St. Dunstan's week' on Radio Brighton was highly successful.

For almost two years now Ron Smith of Seaford has been compère for the ten minute programme for the blind "Listen and See", broadcast by Radio Brighton every Tuesday evening. This is a purely voluntary task and Ron Smith is much to be congratulated on the excellent presentation as well as the technical quality of the recordings he makes himself.

In this field he is both experienced and expert. There was a special fifteen minute broadcast Tuesday, 18th December, when "Joan and the three blind mice" (Joan Osborne, Bob Osborne, Win Holmes and Ron Smith) gave an entertainment. Readers may remember our article about their work published in the April *Review* 1973 under the heading "That's Entertainment."

"A BIG THANK YOU"

Since my recent retirement I have been very touched by all the letters and messages of goodwill I have received from my many friends in St. Dunstan's. To all those who sent these messages and who so kindly contributed towards my retirement presents I would like to say a "Big Thank You".

I have received a very elegant gold self-winding calendar wrist watch which is a joy to wear and a portable 12in. television set which has already given me much pleasure. These are truly wonderful and generous gifts and both will be a constant reminder of the affectionate friendship I found in such abundance at St. Dunstan's for so many years.

I hope to keep in touch with life at St. Dunstan's in the future and be fortunate enough to see some of you from time to time.

My love and best wishes to you all.

MILDRED DAGNALL.

FAMILY NEWS

Births

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. TONY PARKINSON, of North Shore, Blackpool, on the safe arrival of their daughter Julia, who was born on 14th December, 1973.

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. and MRS. PERCIVAL JOHN BLACKMORE of Grange-town, Cardiff, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 27th December 1973.

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR MARTIN of Peacehaven, Sussex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 7th December, 1973.

Grandparents

FREDERICK LEONARD BENTLEY of Birmingham, who is pleased to announce the birth of another grandchild—Samantha Jacqueline, born on 11th November, 1973, to his son Colin and daughter-in-law Jacqueline.

MRS. ROSE CULSHAW, widow of the late Joseph Culshaw, of Peacehaven, who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of her first grandchild—Kim Lorraine, born 18th December, 1973, to her son Peter and his wife, Vicki.

WILLIAM GEORGE MORRIS of Bournemouth, Hants., who is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild, Justin Brian Morris, who was born on 30th October, 1973, to his eldest son, Brian, and his wife Anne.

Great Grandfather

NICHOLAS DOUGLAS HENMAN, who is proud to announce the birth of his third great grandchild, Jane Susan Engleton, born on 19th September, 1973.

William, son of EDWARD MILLER of Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy of Sheffield University for his work upon Metallic Solidification.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

BERNARD MARTIN of Bray, Co. Wicklow, whose wife, Christina Martin, died on 12th November, 1973 after a long illness bravely borne.

ERNEST H. CARPENTER, of Kings Langley, Herts., who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Elsie Carpenter, who passed away suddenly on 3rd January, 1974.

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.

Harold Acton. Royal Army Medical Corps

Harold Acton of Thornton Cleveleys, Nr. Blackpool, died in hospital at the age of 85 on 14th December, 1973.

He served in the R.A.M.C. from August 1914 until his discharge in May 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's for a short period in 1921 and then permanently from May 1927. After training he was settled as a boot repairer and later supplemented this trade with mat and wool rug making. Except for a period in 1943 when Mr. Acton worked in a factory to assist the war effort, he kept busy making mats for our stores department until he was 75 years of age. He took pleasure in Braille reading and a little writing and enjoyed periodic breaks at our Homes in Brighton. Mrs. Acton has been much helped during her husband's illness by a visit from her son Colin who came over from Canada to see his father before he passed away.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ellen Acton, and his son, Colin.

William Henry Agate. 43rd Canadian Regiment

William Henry Agate of Croydon, Surrey, died on 23rd December, 1973. He was 78 years old.

He enlisted in the 43rd Canadian Regiment in 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1920.

Mr. Agate trained as a boot repairer and also mat making and continued with these occupations until his marriage in 1927, when he moved to Alton, Hants., where, after a while he set up in business as a boot repairer. In 1928 Mr. and Mrs. Agate moved to Portchester where he worked up a good connection with his boot repairing trade until 1946, when Mr. and Mrs. Agate began to consider semi-retirement, and moved to Waddon, Croydon. Here he continued his work in a more limited way until Mrs. Agate's health gave cause for concern. Unfortunately Mrs. Agate died in 1955 and Mr. Agate gave up his business. Mr. Agate continued to live at home with the employment of resident housekeepers.

He leaves a brother, Mr. Albert Agate.

Robert William Baker. 32nd Machine Gun Corps

Robert William Baker of Cambridge, died suddenly in hospital on 12th December, 1973. He was 78 years old.

He enlisted in the 32nd Machine Gun Corps in February, 1912, and was discharged in January, 1919, when he came to St. Dunstan's. Mr. Baker was wounded in France in October, 1918. After his training in netting, wool rugs, Braille and typing, he worked as a string bag maker for many years. He also derived a great deal of pleasure in working in his garden. Throughout the years he kept fairly well in health and his death happened very suddenly.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith May Baker, and a daughter, Mrs. Olive Bembridge.

Dennis Edward Bingham. Sherwood Foresters

Dennis Edward Bingham of Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, died suddenly whilst on holiday in Las Palmas, on 2nd January, 1974. He was 51 years of age.

He enlisted in the Sherwood Foresters and served with them from January 1941 until 1942 but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1951. Mr. Bingham was injured by an anti-tank bomb in 1941 and needed a good deal of medical care but following his admission to St. Dunstan's he underwent a course of industrial training and about a year later commenced work in one of the largest industrial companies in Nottingham.

Unfortunately his health broke down and he was advised on medical grounds he should retire from factory work, but Mr. Bingham then retrained in joinery and continued with this work as his main occupation until his death.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Joan Bingham and grown-up sons and daughters.

William Alexander Brundish. Royal Field Artillery

William Alexander Brundish of Sunninghill, Ascot, Berkshire, died on 7th December, 1973, at the age of 81 years.

He served with the Royal Field Artillery from 1916 until his discharge in February, 1920, and was awarded the Military Medal for his service in the Battle of the Somme in 1916. During his working life, Mr. Brundish was employed by the Gas Company and it was in August, 1970, during his retirement that he came to St. Dunstan's.

After his sight failed, he continued with his interest in the garden until ill-health made it necessary for him to retire from any active occupation. In their years of retirement both Mr. and Mrs. Brundish were cared for by their daughter Margaret, who suffered the sadness of both parents dying on the same day within a few hours of each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Brundish leave a daughter, a married son and family.

James Chell. *Royal Artillery*

James Chell of Eastbourne, Sussex, died on 5th January, 1974, at the age of 64 years.

He enlisted in the Territorial Army in April, 1939, and during the Second World War served with the Royal Artillery until his discharge in September, 1945. Mr. Chell came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1961, but for health reasons he was unable to train for a remunerative occupation. He took up handicraft work and became a joiner, making goods for St. Dunstan's Home Industry Department. Mr. Chell was a keen member of St. Dunstan's bridge team and his other hobby was his greenhouse. His death occurred suddenly whilst waiting for a bus, after taking part in a bridge match with his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. V. M. Chell, and other members of his family.

Reginald Cook. *Royal Field Artillery*

Reginald Cook of Wallasey, Cheshire, died at his home on 6th January, 1973. He was 81 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in August 1914 and served with them until his discharge in December 1917, when he was wounded but it was not until 1966 that he lost his vision completely and came to St. Dunstan's. Before retiring, Mr. Cook worked in a merchant shipping office. He was in rather poor health when he came to St. Dunstan's but nevertheless he enjoyed regular visits to Brighton for holidays and meeting his fellow St. Dunstaners. Unfortunately Mrs. Cook passed away in December 1972 and Mr. Cook took up residence in a Nursing Home in Wallasey where he remained until his death.

William Frank Cork. *Royal Field Artillery*

William Frank Cork of Lyminge, Folkestone, Kent, died in hospital on 26th December, 1973. He was 83 years of age.

He served in the Royal Field Artillery from June, 1916, until October, 1917. Following his discharge he came to St. Dunstan's where he was trained in poultry farming, netting, Braille and typewriting and was a keen student of the violin. After training he carried on with poultry farming and, with the help of his family, increased his work by growing vegetables and greenhouse tomatoes. His recent move to a new house surrounded by a small garden, made it necessary to curtail poultry keeping on his usual scale.

He leaves a son and daughter, with whom he shared the house.

William James Cronk. *London Irish Rifles*

William James Cronk of Ramsgate, died in London on 11th December, 1973, at the age of 53 years.

He served in the London Irish Rifles from July, 1942, until his discharge in March, 1944. Although Mr. Cronk was known to St. Dunstan's

since 1946, his sight did not completely fail until many years later and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in January, 1972. On medical advice he was unable to continue his training for industrial work, but had to consider what hobbies he would follow in an early retirement. Unfortunately his health deteriorated and he was taken ill whilst staying with relatives in London and was admitted to a London hospital where he died the following day.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Marie Ann Cronk, a sister, Mrs. Llewellyn, and other members of his family.

Harry Josiah Lamsley. *Grenadier Guards*

Harry Josiah Lamsley, of Margate, Kent, died on 22nd December, 1973, at Northgate House, Rottingdean, at the age of 86.

He enlisted with the Grenadier Guards in March, 1915, and served with them until his discharge in December, 1917. Mr. Lamsley was a retired printer and journalist and came to St. Dunstan's rather late in his life—March 1973—so he did not undergo any special training. He enjoyed several visits to St. Dunstan's Homes in Brighton, and was spending Christmas at Northgate House, when he was suddenly taken ill and died on December 22nd.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Margaret Lamsley, a daughter, Mrs. N. P. Honess, and other members of the family.

Charles William Pilbeam. *Royal Army Medical Corps*

Charles William Pilbeam of Maidstone, Kent, died in hospital on December 23rd, 1973, at the age of 85.

He served with the R.A.M.C. from January, 1915, until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Pilbeam had already retired when he came to St. Dunstan's in October, 1952, and his main hobby was gardening, where he specialised in growing vegetables. He later extended his gardening work by having a greenhouse. In recent years both Mr. and Mrs. Pilbeam found it necessary to limit their hard work but still maintained a keen interest in gardening and greenhouse work. Mr. Pilbeam was admitted to a local hospital last November where he passed peacefully away on 23rd December.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ethel Julia Pilbeam, and a son.

Adam McLean Reagan. *8th Btn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders*

Adam McLean Reagan of Hastings, Sussex, died after a brief illness on 12th December, 1973. He was 66 years of age.

He enlisted in 1924 as a regular soldier and re-enlisted for the Second World War with the 8th Btn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders until his discharge in March, 1944. Mr. Reagan was involved in the evacuation of Dunkirk and served in North Africa. He came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1944, and trained in Braille, typewriting, as well as hobby crafts, and employment was found for him as a telephonist. He continued his work as a telephonist until his retirement in 1972. He was an active member of the Bowls Club and enjoyed long walks with his guide dog until his illness.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ellen Reagan, two sons and other members of the family.