

St Dunstons
REVIEW
MARCH



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 650

MARCH 1974

5p MONTHLY



Ian Timberlake, with Ted beside him, displays Bletchley's wing.

FRONT & BACK COVERS : Some of Ted Sturgess' pigeons coming home to roost.

WAYS OF LIFE 21

LIVING IN HOPE — Ted Sturgess

Before Ted Sturgess' sight failed in 1969 he used to follow his local cricket and football teams. A countryman who has lived at Hazlemere, near High Wycombe all his life, his main sport was shooting with a 12 bore gun. Ted was wounded in an explosion in June 1944 while serving in France with the Oxford and Bucks Regiment. As a result his sight deteriorated. Before he came to St. Dunstan's he worked as a chair-maker, later he re-trained at Ovingdean and now works as an inspector of engineering components. His spare-time interests had to change too and now he breeds and races pigeons.

He was always interested in birds and animals, "Hazlemere was nothing like this when I was a lad. You could walk nearly a mile before you came to the next house—naturally we always had animals of some sort." So Ted was receptive when his nephew, Ian Timberlake, talked to him about pigeon racing. "I found I had nothing to do on a Saturday afternoon. Now I've got these pigeons to come in there is something of interest. I had three pairs of birds from Ian and then I bred my young ones on from there."

Belongs to Clubs

Ted belongs to the Chiltern Club, The National Flying Club and the Royal National Homing Union—"You must be a member of this to fly pigeons". Very conveniently the Chiltern club house is the sports pavilion on the recreation ground at Hazlemere. "I get two evenings out a week, sometimes three and I get the company of the club members debating this and that and why the other happened." The membership is a real cross-section of the community: The headmaster of the local grammar school, a furniture manufacturer, the local builder, baker, plasterer; there are women members and ages range from 15 to over 65.

"They take it very seriously. Yes, some of them are fanatical about their pigeons. There's quite a feeling of rivalry in the club at times. You expect that, it makes the sport. It's really friendly. They pull each

other's leg a little. They'll say, 'Are you sending old What-do-you-call-him? I'm saving mine for this race. Old so-and-so will beat yours here'".

A good racing pigeon is a status symbol for club members and "old What-do-you-call-him" when they pull Ted's leg is a three year old pigeon called Bletchley who, in the National Race from Nantes in France last year won £763. Bletchley, who can win races now at an average speed of 60 m.p.h., was not always so unerring in his homing. "As a young one he got lost at Bletchley and he was returned from there. I thought, well, I shall lose him but he has turned out my best bird, so ever since then I've called him Bletchley".

Bletchley

Bletchley has raced some 5,000 miles for Ted and his success in the National—the pigeon world's equivalent of the Grand National in horse racing—was Ted's first. "Pools" are organised on races at club, Federation and National level. "It starts with a 5p pool and goes up to £5 maximum. They don't pay out more than 15 to 1 so that the big men can't win it all and 5% goes back into the sport. You can have a maximum of £45 on the National. We started off by pooling him in the first race last year for eleven shillings, that's all you can put in the club. He won about £5 that day so the next race in the London Federation we put £3 on and he won £60. Then we put £43 on him in the National and he won £793.16".

"Ian comes up to help me clock in. They cut the seconds up into parts when they work the result out and on short races they are very close. The best speed in yards per minute is the winner. You've got to get the birds in quick and their race rubbers into the clock. We work out when they should come in and, of course, they don't come in then, so we start making excuses for them!"

"You can get a bit agitated", says Ted, so imagine the situation when Bletchley came back that Saturday in June last year. The race rules say telegraph Manchester within two hours of a bird coming in. "It



Ted and Ian release a group of young pigeons on a training "toss".



was the first National race I'd ever been in so we went down to Ian's father. I said, 'Is it worth sending a telegram?' He said 'Yes'. Ian went to see the club President, Mr. Patterson, who said, 'I've been 'phoning around and that's the first one I've heard so far.' We got the telegram in eight minutes before the two hours was up. We knew the prize would be quite a few pounds but not how much. It's five weeks after the race when you get the result".

The club will rent clocks to members but Ted has his own—worth about £60. Housed in a strong metal box, the clock is a secure method of timing a pigeon's arrival home. The rubber race ring is placed in a small hole at the top and a key turned which locks it in and registers the time to a fraction of a second on a paper roll—visible through a glass panel.

"Before the race on Friday evening the birds are basketed—that's for inland races. If they are going abroad it's either Wednesdays or Thursdays. The birds have the rubber put on with their race number and they are put in the baskets. The clocks are

Ted in his loft feeding the birds.

sealed and set to the master time at the club. Back home they 'phone up the time they were liberated. On Saturday you have to take your clock back to be checked and, of course, we have a drink on it as well".

The Birds go Abroad

When the birds go abroad they travel all the way in an articulated lorry belonging to the London Federation. Federation employees feed and water the birds and finally release them, sometimes nearly 500 miles away from their home lofts.

This is the exciting part of pigeon racing but it is only part of the year—from April to September. For Ted his pigeons give him a year-round hobby because he looks after his birds himself. "I manage them all the week—look after them, clean them out and keep them flying. I've got a bit of sight and I catch them by trial and error. If it's a dark one or a white one I can tell. Two blues I can't tell apart".

"You have got to have a wife who is interested. Well, my wife is not too much interested but she will feed them for me when I'm at work and she'll say, 'Have you

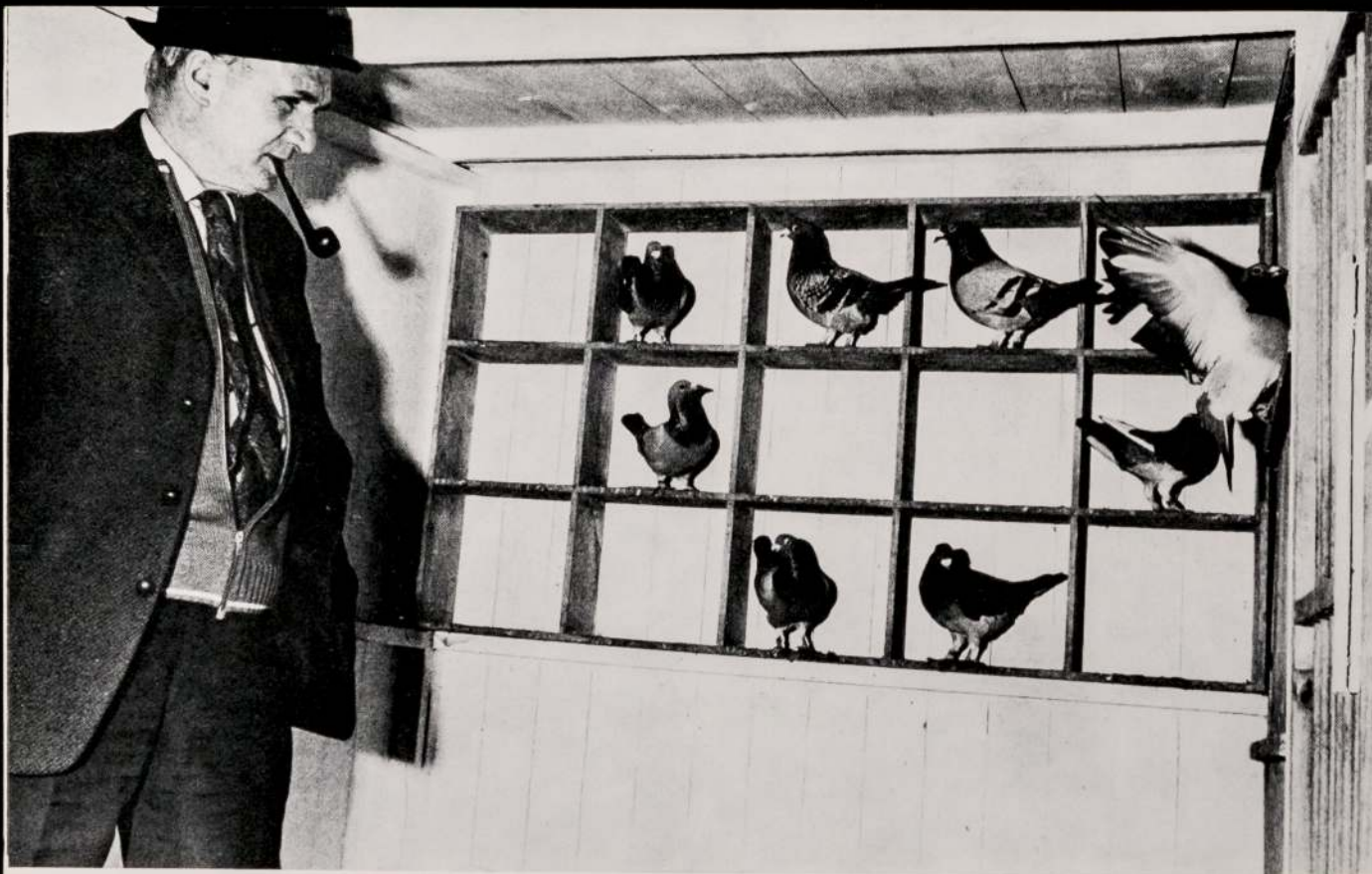
got a pigeon out? There's one flying round'. Then I go and check and find I've shut one out". The pigeons eat a mixture of beans, peas, wheat and maize. Ted buys it ready-mixed and has made a neat trough out of a piece of guttering. "They are fed morning and evening—an ounce for each bird. If one gets a poor lot one time he makes sure he's first in the queue next time. They don't fight over food. They push and shove but they don't drive each other away from it".

Training

Training involves taking the young birds out successively further and further away from the loft and releasing them. Ted and Ian demonstrated a training toss, as it is called, some two miles from the loft. Returning, by the time the car had reached his home, the birds were circling the loft. Normally Ian takes the birds out, "Sometimes I go with him for the ride. My job is coming home from work, taking a deck chair up there, putting the flag up and sitting there. When the flag is up they know they have to stay up and when it's down they can come in".

Safely home from its training flight, one of the young pigeons drops towards the loft.





Pigeon-holed—Ted's 1974 racing team.

"You can get pigeons to know anything. If they go on a house, you don't feed them when they come in. Next time you let them out they don't do it. They are no good if they go on houses. They are supposed to come straight on to the loft. If they came back from a race and sat on a house that would be no good. If I left them the flag would keep them away for about three days but then, after that, if I weren't there to shoo them off, they'd come down and take no notice of the flag at all. As it is when I take this flag down—bang they're down on top of the loft."

The Summer

This is in the summer when the birds have eggs and they are anxious to return to them. Both cocks and hens sit on the eggs in turn. "Some pigeons race best to eggs, some race best to young. If you don't want to breed you substitute china eggs". Breeding pigeons is not difficult: "The most difficult part is to stop them. I've only got a few birds because I can't count to know if I've got them all in. There's thirteen up there now. Four are for breeding and nine for racing".

"People who breed them for a living sell young birds for £25 a pair. Locally, from club members, you can get them for about £5 a pair. If it is a good one, a pigeon can fetch quite a lot of money. If I advertised Bletchley I'd get a very good price for him on what he's done. There was one sold the other week for £1,300 and another for £5,000".

They Get Colds

Pigeons are hardy birds: "They get colds. I am pretty lucky. How I've got mine fixed, they're sheltered from the North and East. A loft can be very expensive. I bought mine second hand. They must have air. As long as they've got somewhere dry to perch they're all right. Protect them with wire or bars or something. If you close them right in you will have illnesses. Each pair of birds has its own nesting box. In fact they need two because they've got young when they lay their next lot of eggs. They won't let any other pigeon near their nest boxes. That's one thing they will fight over".

The main enemies are cats and Ted lost all his young birds one year despite the protecting wire. He expects to lose a few

LIVING IN HOPE—continued

young birds, "They just take off and decide to clear off. I lost three this year but that's nature's way. They originated from rock doves—and rock doves, when they have young, on a nice day they spiral up in the air and away they go. So there is not too much in-breeding".

Another hazard is telephone wire. "They hit the telephone wires. I had a young one who won my first race. The next race he came back with a broken leg. Ian mended it—put it in a splint and it healed. If I am in any doubt, if a bird seems sick, I get Ian to come up. I didn't know this one had hit the wires till he came".

Ted had a flying start to his racing career.

In his first race in July 1969 he had first and second. Although it took nearly three years to get in the first five again, he has now produced a bird in Bletchley, that many pigeon breeders work for years without equalling. He has won a considerable sum of money and held the club cup for the best overseas average last year. He looks forward to establishing a fine loft, breeding from Bletchley but for Ted, his pigeons' real achievement is in giving him an added interest in life.

"I like to have something I've got to do or I'd just sit down and do nothing. Pigeon racing seems to get you. If you get your pigeon back you think you are good. You are living in hope".

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1974

Applications are once again invited from St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees for tickets in the *St. Dunstan's Review* Derby Sweepstake. The attention of everyone is drawn to the rule that **every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.**

Tickets are 15p each, and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, 22nd May.** Each application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, and, **with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed,** must be sent to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered.

BRAILLE READING COMPETITION

National Library for The Blind announces the 45th E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition to be held on Saturday, 11th May 1974.

Unseen passages will be read, and prizes awarded for fluency, ease of diction and general expression. (Should the entries in any class be very limited, prizes will be awarded only if merited).

Tickets will be issued consecutively, and are limited to twenty-four.

The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and expenses, will be distributed as follows:

50 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.

20 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.

10 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.

20 per cent to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts in the race.

No prize won in the Sweepstake will be paid to any person other than the person to whom the winning ticket was sold.

The Draw will take place in the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 30th May, the race being run on 5th June.

Sturmey-Wyman Challenge and Medal Competition

This class is in competition for the Sturmey-Wyman cup and is open only to previous winners of the Open and Medal classes. The winner will also receive a silver medal. *Readers entering for this class may not enter other classes.*

continued on page 8

- Class A.** Advanced readers in competition for the Blanesburgh Cup.
- Class B.** Other readers in competition for the Stuart Memorial Cup.
- Class C.** Readers who have lost their sight since 1939 and who have learnt to read Braille since the age of 16 (and who do not feel competent to enter the more advanced classes), in competition for the Lady Buckmaster Cup. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon, but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

Open Competition

A special competition open to all readers eligible to enter Classes A and B and to all previous winners of Classes A, B and C for reading prose from the novels of Anthony Trollope.

Class D. (Moon) Open to readers of Moon type. (Entrants for this will not read in the afternoon, but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

Class E. (Deaf-Blind Readers) Open to blind readers of Moon or Braille who are also deaf. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

The eliminating rounds will be held in the morning, in the Library and will commence at 10 a.m. The finals will be held in the afternoon at Church House (which is also in Great Smith Street).

Intending competitors should send their names to the **Secretary, National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, London SW1P 3BU**, not later than Friday, 19th April 1974 stating whether they will be bringing a friend and whether or not they will be staying to lunch (at a cost of 25p per head).

Francis White of Bedford, came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1974. He served in several Regiments during the 1st World War but was wounded whilst with the Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment on the Somme. He is a widower.

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.

John Newland of London, S.E.15, who joined St. Dunstan's in January, 1974. Mr. Newland served in the 1st World War in the Machine Gun Corps. He is married and has a grown-up daughter. After his discharge from the Services he worked for some years with a firm of Tea Importers and also worked in a Brewery but has now retired.

Edward Seddon Hirst of Rotherham, Yorkshire, joined St. Dunstan's in February, 1974. Mr. Hirst served in the Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment during the 1st World War and was wounded at Cambrai in 1917. He is a widower with a grown-up son.

Mrs. Mavis Patricia Rose of Paignton, Devon, came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1974. She served in the W.R.N.S. in the 2nd World War. She is married and her husband is a State Registered Chiropodist and Physiotherapist and they have a young son still at school.

Arthur Leonard Watkins-Grafton of London, N.W.9, joined St. Dunstan's in January, 1974, and served with the Royal Fusiliers in the 2nd World War. Although he was wounded towards the end of 1940 his sight did not finally fail until recently. He is married. Since leaving the Services, Mr. Watkins-Grafton's business has been concerned with insurance.

Charles Frank Vener of London, S.W.11, who came to St. Dunstan's in November, 1973. He served in the Royal Fusiliers in the 1st World War but actually enlisted in the Territorial Army in 1909. Mr. Vener is married and has a grown-up family. Unfortunately, his health in recent years has not been very strong and he has been unable to follow his previous occupation as a gardener.

Coming Events

DERBY DAY COACH TRIP

It is proposed to run a coach trip for Derby Day, leaving H.Q. Old Marylebone Road, at 9.15 a.m., Wednesday, 5th June, this year.

Any St. Dunstaner wishing to join our party should send in his name not later than Saturday, 30th March to: **Norman Smith, St. Dunstan's London Club, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.**

The outing is always an unqualified success for the price charged. This includes the coach fare, a packed luncheon with either soft drinks or beer. This year the charge will be £2.00 per person. This must be paid when booking.

It is a most enjoyable day out and I hope more St. Dunstaners will wish to be included in this trip to the Derby. So hurry up and send your names in to Norman as soon as possible.

May it be noted that if insufficient St. Dunstaners book for the coach trip, this will have to be cancelled.

W. MILLER

Royal Tournament and Trooping The Colour

It is hoped that we may be allocated tickets again this year for the Private View of the Royal Tournament at Earls Court on the afternoon of **Wednesday, 10th July**, and also for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony on the morning of **Saturday, 15th June**.

Any St. Dunstaners who would like tickets for these events please get in touch with **Miss Bridger** at Headquarters before 17th April.

C. D. WILLS

H.M.S. Daedalus Camp

The Commander of H.M.S. Daedalus has written inviting you to the Camp from **Friday, 16th August to Saturday, 24th August**.

As last year, fares will be refunded in full. There will be a camp fee of £5. Please send me your names as soon as possible. Closing date for entries—4th May. Please write to **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.** Tel. 0823-43-359.

OBITUARY

Jim Chell

by John Whitcombe

Jim Chell died suddenly on 5th January after playing Bridge in the individual match at Brighton.

Bridge, of course, was one of Jim's favourite pastimes and he had spent a very enjoyable afternoon playing with his friends at the Brighton Club.

Sad to say I was not playing on this occasion but had the privilege of partnering him many times over the last nine years, as we both learnt the game together.

I am pleased to say my wife and I spent an evening with Jim and members of his family on 3rd January where we got around to our usual discussion of Bridge!

Partnering Jim was not just a matter of counting points and making the best contract but of enjoying the game to the full—regardless!

Not only will the Bridge players miss Jim but all his other many friends. We all enjoyed his great sense of fun. He has given so much pleasure to us all.

Goodbye Jim. We miss you and will never forget you.

St. Dunstan's Annual & Camp Sports

The St. Dunstan's Annual and Camp Sports are once again being held at HMS Daedalus, **August 16th to 20th**, during St. Dunstan's Camp week. For entry form and further details application to me at Pearson House please.

J. CARNOCHAN,
Sports Organiser.

SPORTS INFORMATION 1974

This year, **16th to 20th September**, Stoke Mandeville will be the venue for International Sports for the Blind, Paraplegic and Amputees. Trials for National Team selection are being held on 6th and 7th of July, at Stoke Mandeville. Conditions of entry are that competitors shall be totally blind. All St. Dunstaners wishing to enter for the Trials should make application to me at Pearson House for entry form and further details.

J. CARNOCHAN



Woollen Sailing Yacht

One of the newer honorary members of the Holyhead Sailing Club is our St. Dunstaner **George Hewett**. The Management Committee of the Club offered him membership after he had presented them with one of his special design wool rugs—6 feet by 3 feet wide with a sailing yacht worked in colours in the centre.

"The idea came to me whilst working in the handcraft department at Pearson



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

House", he told me, "I have many boyhood friends on the committee of the sailing club and I thought I should like to present them with a rug as a reminder of the many happy hours we spent together in sailing boats and learning to swim in the beautiful harbour."

Our photograph shows George Hewett with his sailing yacht rug in the garden of Pearson House.

Mental Pictures

Tommy McKay has a new edition of his poems published. It is entitled appropriately, *Mental Pictures*. This collection of verse includes a number already published in his first volume *Morning Dip* with the addition of some new poems including "My Shadow" which won 1st prize in the Edwin Dickinsen Literary Competition organised by the Queensland Society of Blind Citizens in Australia, last year.

But my favourite is the last poem in the book—"Phylippa"—and I quote just the last verse.

*'There is a lady with a sparkling eye
And a merry laugh as she passes by,
Though I have ne'er seen that twinkling eye,
Yet will I love her till I die.*

It is my favourite because I know the McKays very well—we call his wife "Phyl".

Back Room Boy

On St. Dunstan's stand at the NAIDEX exhibition last year in Brighton we displayed our electronic rifle. Many visiting representatives were greatly interested and,

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as a result, **Norman French** our Research Engineer, took the rifle to Cardiff on 9th February. There, on a rifle range, he demonstrated it for the Wales Council for the Disabled.

"About 18 blind people tried the rifle," Norman told me, "I divided them into two teams, Cardiff v the Rest. Cardiff won." Many sighted rifle club members also fired the rifle, aiming by the sounds heard in the headphones. "Altogether there were about a hundred people there and they were very interested," said Norman, "They are forming a Committee in the hope of making their own electronic rifle."

Norman is usually the back-room boy but he found himself in front of the T.V. cameras this time as he was interviewed for B.B.C. Welsh Television and by a reporter from B.B.C. Radio Wales.

What's Yours?

What's your local like? **Bob Britton** wonders if any St. Dunstaner has such a good local as his—the Beehive Hotel, Cherry Tree, Blackburn. Our photograph (from the *Lancashire Evening Telegraph*) shows him with the Russell Bolton Trophy for dominoes. This is his second success and with him in the picture are (l.-r.) Mrs. Lilly Britton, Bill Griffiths—a fellow St. Dunstaner, who presented the trophy, and Mrs. Dorothy Moran, landlady of the Beehive.

Bob tells me, "The Beehive is just about 100 yards down the road from my shop so most of my domino friends are my customers and a grand genuine crowd they are, especially the landlord and landlady, Frank and Dorothy Moran. I really enjoy my games of dominoes".

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KEMP TOWN NOTES

A month of gloom and depression on all fronts and for us gales and, at times, torrential rain doing its best to get inside the building, but in the comfort of Pearson House we've suffered less than most. Surely there's no longer any fear of drought!

Entertainment has followed the normal pattern but, to conserve fuel, without the Drives, and for two weeks the Dome was used for the Toy Fair. Before the closure a fair number, including wheelchair chappies from Northgate, went to the "Harry Secombe Show", a popular entertainer and by all accounts an enjoyable evening.

Edward Chapman, on Wednesday afternoons, is at present reading Somerset Maugham's short stories, whom he obviously greatly admires, and treasures the fact that he met him.

The end of the month we had a play-reading, the ever popular "George and Margaret". I wondered why this had not been read before, but realised it was a case of a fool rushing in when the difficulty was brought to my notice—seven in the cast and only four copies, so it meant a good deal of neck stretching! With such experienced folk as Mr. and Mrs. P. Lilley from Seaford, with others from their group, and our good friend, Miss Eve King, the presentation was not marred. We welcomed a new reader and escort, Mr. Brian Butler. I imagine he thought we pushed him in at the deep end, but he surfaced remarkably well!

Everyone welcomes Tom Eales' stereo record programmes and there was no excuse for not enjoying the first one this year, as he played St. Dunstaners' requests.

REUNIONS — 1974

All Reunions to be held at 12.15 p.m. for 12.45 p.m.

| Date | Reunion | Hotel |
|----------------------|---|---------------|
| Saturday, 30th March | Bristol (Miss Meyer and Miss Newbold) | Dragonara |
| Saturday, 4th May | Southampton (Mrs. Lyall and Miss Blebta) | Skyway |
| Saturday, 11th May | Brighton (Miss Stewart and Miss Blebta) | Metropole |
| Thursday, 6th June | Manchester (Mrs. Ballantyne and Miss Broughton) | Midland |
| Saturday, 8th June | Liverpool (Mrs. Ballantyne and Miss Broughton) | Adelphi |
| Saturday, 15th June | London (Kent and Surrey) (Miss Stewart and Miss Blebta) | Russell |
| Thursday, 27th June | Newcastle (Mrs. Plaxton and Mrs. King) | Royal Station |
| Saturday, 29th June | Sheffield (Miss Broughton and Miss Newbold) | Hallam Tower |
| Thursday, 4th July | Ipswich (Mrs. Adkins and Miss Davis) | Copdock House |
| Saturday, 6th July | Birmingham (Miss Newbold) | Royal Angus |
| Saturday, 20th July | London (Central) (Miss Davis and Mrs. Lyall) | Russell |

TRANSPORT OF DELIGHT

by Phillip Wood

Our taxi drew up at Euston Station. Once, taxi-drivers would leap out, like Court footmen, to help you. They don't any more. Ours just sat staring ahead in mute impatience while I struggled to get a hammerlock on the case by his side.

Euston was once a fairly comfortable station to use, I seem to remember. You just walked in—and there were the trains, so to speak. As part of the "improvement" plan, BR have seen fit to include a vast concourse the size of Wembley Stadium, which every traveller must negotiate. There are no short cuts.

No Mr. Porter!

There are no porters either. However, British Rail have thoughtfully provided luggage-trolleys for a do-it-yourself portering operation. We've never been able to use one yet. They are always in the *wrong place*. When you are coming *off* the train, they are all concentrated away on the other side of the limitless space of natty tiling, a yard from the street exit. When you're going *for* a train, they are all being cosily gregarious by the platform gates.

There was a depressingly long line of people at one of the gates. "Bet that's the queue for our train," said my wife pessimistically. It was. We joined the queue and inched our shuffling way to the ticket-collector.

Clippers poised, he looked with deep suspicion first at our tickets, then at us, (they always do this—I wonder why?) Then with a fine show of reluctance he punched a hole in the tickets and we went down the slope and joined what looked like a crowd scene from a documentary on rioting. "Not a seat!—not even standing-room on the whole train!" somebody said with a kind of gloomy satisfaction.

One group was just standing there making no effort to board the waiting train. These were the gamblers. They would wait till the very last second, hoping that some of the reserved seats would be unclaimed, then they'd make a frantic dash on to the train and fight for them.

We climbed on and, hopefully, made our painful way along the crowded compart-

ment, looking for a refuge. The lucky ones eyed us with a mixture of superiority and pity from the comfort of their seats.

The centre aisles of BR carriages are far too narrow for anyone except an emaciated midget to carry anything in the ordinary manner. You are forced to carry your case, double-handed, straight in front of you and it is terribly hard on the knees. Moreover, people were starting to drift back along the carriage and we frequently met on a collision course. Once I had to retreat (in reverse!) half the length of the carriage from a portly matron with a large suitcase and a determined expression.

By the time we had reached the end of the carriage, battered and breathless, we had had enough. We opted (and we had no choice) for the space at the end of the compartment, an L-shaped area of scruffy linoleum and a lavatory (with, presumably, the only vacant seat in the place).

A Man with a Dog

There was already a small group there, including a couple with two children in a pushchair. A man got in with a dog. Immediately, dog and children discovered they were incompatible. The children began to bellow in stentorian unison. The man pushed the animal behind his legs, in a corner. The two children accepted the gesture as a kind of mute non-aggression pact and the roars subsided.

Others began to arrive, including a young couple with an incredible assortment of bags and parcels—and a cat in a wickerwork basket.

I think it was at this point that both my wife and I realised we had made this mistake before—to our sorrow. It was 2nd January—and this train was one to avoid at all costs. For this was the 12.05 Euston to Glasgow, crawling with Scots returning to their butts and bens and pibrochs and things after a riotous Hogmanay with their Sassenach mates down in the Smoke.

As the train pulled out, our little Black Hole contained ten adults, two children, one dog and one cat. There might have been more. Periodically, hopeful faces

appeared round the door, to be greeted with hostile frowns and vigorous head-shakings. There just wasn't any room—even Alice would have been forced to admit it.

Gradually this "togetherness" began to engender a fine spirit of camaraderie. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to adopt the normal cataleptic attitude of the British traveller when shoulder-charging your companion each time the train lurches over the points. So we talked naturally and easily—like strangers thrown together by shipwreck or people who had met casually in an earthquake. We said it surely would not have hurt BR to put on extra carriages—or even a duplicate train. We agreed that the man who said "It is better to travel hopefully, than to arrive" hadn't done *his* travelling on the Midday Scot!

Togetherness

We shook our heads in sad unison at the scandalous price of everything . . . was that comet really going to show up? . . . Wouldn't Uri Geller be a marvellous asset to his country if he could extend his metal-bending to include enemy bridge-girders.

Tongues were loosened as with wine in that close, matey atmosphere. We swapped Christmas stories and glossy lies about our influential relations. One man confessed without a trace of shame or embarrassment that he didn't have a car. This extraordinary revelation was later capped by a nice little woman who admitted (albeit a touch defiantly, I felt) that she watched "Coronation Street" . . . regularly. Occasionally we stood for a moment in reverent silence as some luckless wretch fell off the buffers.

It was all jolly good fun really—if you could forget the cold, your aching bones and the nasty painful swelling where your loose change had come into repeated contact with the woodwork.

My wife and I would be leaving the train at Crewe. There would be others getting off, too. There would probably be empty seats in the carriage. But a horde of undeserving strangers would be waiting to storm the train and grab them. Not if we could help it! If we could employ delaying tactics, just at one door, it might give our splendid new friends the chance to tear into the carriage and claim the seats.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1676

The Zoo Gang

by Paul Gallico

Read by David Broomfield

Twenty-five years after liberation the old Colonel still keeps in close contact with his cell of resistance fighters known as the Zoo Gang. When his niece is found in a coma from hepatitis the Colonel vows at her death bed that he will track down and eliminate the drug smugglers. With the help of his old colleagues he is more than successful, while the local Captain of detectives, baffled by the disappearance of seven hoodlums and delighted that the supply of illicit drugs has dried up, knows full well where the answer lies, but finds himself unable to prove it.

A very good yarn with a couple of side plots put in for good measure.

TRANSPORT OF DELIGHT

—continued

The train slid into Crewe station and we went ahead with Operation Repel Boarders. The door was terribly difficult to open, we were clumsy with our bags, which completely blocked the entrance.

We were surrounded by hostile impatient faces. I did have a short sharp encounter with one young man (selfish brute) who tried without success to force his way in. I suppose you couldn't blame him, really, and I hope his ankle gets better soon.

As we made our way to the exit, the train slipped past. My wife waved delightedly. "That young man, the lecturer from Glasgow and his nice little wife," she explained, "I'm so glad they got seats!"

Our woman taxi-driver left her seat and helped us with our bags. She gave us a welcoming smile and asked us where we'd been and Kent was a very nice place and she hoped we'd had a good time.

As the car moved off I reflected the chap who said it was better to travel hopefully than to arrive must have been a bit of an idiot.

Cat. No. 1803

Voss

by Patrick White

Read by Gabriel Woolf

Knowing this book to be concerned with one of the first explorations of the inner Australian Continent I settled down to enjoy it. My enjoyment was short lived as it soon became clear that it was to be a tragical romance which droned on and on as boringly as the desert in which Voss was searching for water, accompanied by the spirit of Miss Trevelyan back in Sydney. The best character to come over and as it turns out the only survivor is Judd the ex-convict.

I thoroughly recommend this book to anybody who wishes to indulge in a few days of the miseries but be sure to have a large box of tissues handy to mop up the tears.

Cat. No. 1808

Uncle Silas

by Sheridan Le Fanu

Read by George Hagan

A Victorian melodrama about Maud a naive heiress of large fortune and estate, who on her father's death is left as the ward of her beloved kindly and falsely accused Uncle Silas, who after a misspent youth has settled down to a life of religious repentance. That Uncle Silas is a skunk, determined to lay hands on her fortune by fair means or foul soon becomes obvious. Nevertheless the dastardly rogue comes unstuck and Maud lives on to enjoy her wealth and position in society.

Beautifully written in the first person singular. As a talking book it owes a great deal to the excellence of the reader who brings the narrative to life.

Cat. No. 1718

Cancer Ward

by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Translated by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg

Read by Garard Green

This novel describes the patients and doctors of an overcrowded Siberian cancer hospital in the mid-nineteen fifties.

Hospital, and more particularly cancer, is a great equaliser. Which is fortunate because the ward contains a K.G.B. man

BRIDGE NOTES

The second Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 9th February. The results are as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| S. Webster and R. Fullard | 82 |
| W. Lethbridge and A. Dodgson | 73 |
| F. Rhodes and F. Griffie | 63 |
| W. Scott and C. Walters | 58 |
| A. Smith and W. Burnett | 50 |
| J. Whitcombe and R. Bickley | 49 |
| M. Clements and W. Claydon | 43 |

J. WHITCOMBE.

FROM NEW ZEALAND

We publish the following in a letter to Lord Fraser from Mrs. Richardson, wife of our St. Dunstaner, RICHARD LYNN RICHARDSON, of Masterton, New Zealand.

"To-day we saw Princess Anne and Captain Phillips. I missed Prince Charles. It was so hot I went and sat down and did not hear the call he was coming.

Isn't T.V. wonderful? We got four hours each afternoon and evening. The athletes were superb and the excitement—you thought you were there."

These words remind us that Miss Shirley Somervell (see February Review) ran in the finals of the 800 metres in the Commonwealth Games held at Christchurch. Although Shirley ran well she was unfortunate in not winning a medal.

FRANK REVIEWS—continued

and in the next bed a former political prisoner who has been released from his place of exile to come for treatment. Another is a man who despises himself for saving his own neck by betraying others. Times are changing in Russia. Stalin has been dead for two years and changes are on the way. The K.G.B. man fears for his son. The exile half hopes for repatriation.

This is a most brilliant author who relieves what is after all a picture of despair into a wonderful series of character studies and to give the book still more warmth brings romance into his picture, although this ends in pathos.

The U Boat That 'Sank' Three Times

by Fred Barratt

The showing of the film "49th Parallel" on television on 27th January set St. Dunstaner Fred Barratt reminiscing, and he wrote this for the *Review*.

Acting as look-out on the bridge of H.M.S. Erith on that cold December day in 1940, I inwardly felt very elated.

I thought I had helped to destroy the U.37, the submarine that, two days earlier, had torpedoed my ship, the S.S. Jeanne M. and sent her to the bottom. I was only a ship's boy and after being picked up by our escort, had been allocated look-out duty, when in company with other Royal Navy ships, we started a depth charge attack. The U.37 was presumed sunk.

Her commander was later awarded the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross.

Then, in 1941, a film "The 49th Parallel" (recently shown on television) had the U.37 sunk while landing some nazis on the coast of Canada. This time her commander ended up as a P.O.W. in Canada.

How did she Die?

I wondered, how did the U.37 die? Did she go down as a fighting ship or did she survive the war? Did her skipper end his service in a blaze of glory as his decoration suggests, or a P.O.W. or what? I wrote away to the German naval authorities to learn the truth.

My ship was sunk by the U.37 on 2nd December, 1940. The U boat obviously survived our depth charge attack. No details of this attack were available as all U boat logs were still in the hands of the British.

Of course the U.37 in the film was not the real one. Actually the real U.37 met an inglorious end when she was scuttled by her crew in the Baltic Sea in 1945. For what reason I have no knowledge.

Nicolai Clausen who first commanded the U.37 as Oberleutnant went on to command U.29 and U.182. With the rank of Korvettenkapitän he was lost with all his crew in the Atlantic, in U.182, sunk by the U.S.S. Mackenzie.

So the riddle of the U boat that was sunk three times was solved. So was the

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Eric Rowe of Minehead, Somerset.

An article appeared in the December *Review* informing us of a recording service and asking if any of us made use of the service. I am writing, therefore, to report that I have started to do so.

I have exchanged a few letters with the Secretary, Mr. Charles Cadwell and find him very willing to help and very courteous. In addition to *Exmoor Review* and other magazines publications, he is trying to get Spanish and German texts read for me as well as radio amateur and natural history publications.

Mr. Dennis E. Bingham

In last month's *Review* we published the obituary of our St. Dunstaner, DENNIS BINGHAM, who died whilst on holiday in Las Palmas on 2nd January. We have since learned that the British Consul, Mr. C. A. Jones was most helpful to Mrs. Bingham and the members of her family who flew out to attend the funeral. A local resident Mr. J. Green, a member of the Royal British Legion, was also very helpful and both Mr. Jones and Mr. Green attended the funeral.

18th Century History

MR. AND MRS. JERRY LYNCH of Wimbledon, S.W.20, are justly proud of their son Gary, who has completed his studies at Manchester University and has gained his M.A. in History. He is now employed on the staff in the Research Dept., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he is working on 18th Century History Research for a period of three years.

The U Boat—continued

riddle of the Captain who went down in 1943 and his boat went down in 1945 sunk by its own crew.

Unfortunately I never learned what happened to the U.37's last captain or how she came to commit suicide.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLAND

January

Our 1974 programme of meetings and outings commenced on Sunday, 13th January.

We held our first meeting of the year on this date and got away to a very good start by drawing the first round of the domino competitions and playing four matches.

We also tried our hand at darts and hope to start a darts competition in future.

Tea for this meeting was arranged for us by Mrs. Marjorie Hordyniec, with Eddie's help, and we all thanked her.

Unfortunately our old friend, Bill Green, was still unable to be with us as he is now convalescing at Brighton. All the best Bill, from everyone, get well soon and let us see you once more at the club.

February

Although it was a very wet day we had a very well attended meeting on Sunday, 10th February. Quite a number of domino matches were played off and we have now made the second round draw for the Sir Arthur Pearson competition. A number of doubles matches were played and that competition is also going strong.

A number of items were raised regarding outings etc. and it is going to be Southport for our outing this year, probably at the beginning of June. It is also to be finalised at the next meeting regarding a night out, only the date has to be fixed.

Another "Bring and Buy" sale is to be held in April, this meeting will be held on the first Sunday of the month as Easter falls on the second one.

We all showed our appreciation to Mrs. Barbara Kibbler for a lovely tea.

Usually at this time of the year things are rather quiet in the club and it is really pleasing to see everything going in full swing, I sincerely hope that it is the sign of a very good year.

Next meeting **Sunday, 10th March.**

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. FRANK GORMAN of Maghull, Liverpool who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary in March, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. EDWARD JINKS of Oldham, Lancs., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 2nd February, 1974.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

ALFRED BRADLEY of Northwood Hills, Middlesex, who is pleased to announce the birth of his 4th grandchild, born to his daughter, Joan, on 6th October, 1973. She is to be called Jessica Sarah.

CHARLES BUTLER of Southampton, Hants., who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his first grandchild, Sarah Jane, born on 3rd January, 1974 to his son John and his daughter-in-law Rosemary.

ALFRED EARWAKER of Soberton, Hants., who is pleased to announce the birth of his third grandchild, Michelle Earwaker, born to his youngest son Michael, and his daughter-in-law, on 5th September, 1973.

STANLEY FOWLER of Beeston, Notts., who is pleased to announce the birth of a grand daughter, Jady Louise, born to his daughter Yvonne and her husband, Kevin Molyneux, on 24th November, 1973.

THOMAS E. JONES of Telford, Shropshire who is pleased to announce the arrival of a grandson—Jonathan Michael who was born on 19th January, 1974, to his son Michael and daughter-in-law, Gail.

HAROLD KING of Luton who is pleased to announce the birth of his fourth grandchild—Alison Claire, born on 10th December, 1973, to his son Alan and his daughter-in-law Jane.

JOSEPH HAMILTON of Nottingham, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his second grandchild—Anna Margaret, born on 29th January, 1974, to his daughter Susan and her husband.

JOHN SIMPSON of Brighton, Sussex, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his first grand-daughter, who was born on 24th January, 1974. She is to be called Tracey Ann Earl.

HARRY WEBSTER of Liverpool, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his second grandchild—Anthony James, born to his son Jim and his daughter-in-law on 13th January, 1974.

Great Grandfather

Many congratulations to:

FREDERICK HORTON of Manchester, who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of his third great grandchild.

Long Life and Happiness to:

David, son of RICHARD (DICKIE) BRETT, of Lancing, Sussex, who married Susan Rees at Lancing Methodist Church on 19th January, 1974.

Robert William, eldest son of BILL GLOVER of Bristol who married Jane Lund of Weymouth on 9th February, 1974.

Marjorie, daughter of KENNETH WARD of Exeter, Devon, who married Alan Scrivens at Winchester, on 5th January, 1974.

Youngest Competitor

THOMAS O'CONNOR of Birmingham, is pleased to announce that his grand-daughter, Janet O'Connor, aged 13 years, was picked to represent her club in Yeovil for the 300 metres swimming and the 1500 metres track run which was held at the Crystal Palace on 15th and 16th December, 1973. She was the youngest competitor and was competing against girls of 17 and 18 years old. She has also been picked for the school to represent Somerset in sporting events which take place in a few months time.

On February 3rd Janet came 1st in the "Three A's" and is now a South West Champion Runner.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

JAMES COUPLAND of Preston, who mourns the death of his daughter, Mary on 20th January, 1974, aged 52 years.

SAMUEL LORAM of Brixham, Devon, who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Mary Loram, on 5th February, 1974, after a long illness.

WILLIAM B. RILEY of Midgley, Nr. Halifax, Yorks., who mourns the death of his wife, Violet Ellen, who passed away on 13th February, 1974. Mrs. Riley had been seriously ill for some months.

GEORGE SWANSTON of Corstorphine, Edinburgh, who mourns the death of his wife Mary, who passed away on 15th February, 1974, after a long illness.

BRIAN WORRALL-SMITH of Hythe, Kent, whose wife, Eileen, died on the 13th January, 1974, after a long illness so bravely borne.

The family of MRS. DORA BOYD of Black Rock, Brighton, who died in hospital at Reading, on 12th February, 1974. She was the widow of our doubly handicapped St. Dunstan, J. E. 'JOCK' BOYD, who served with conspicuous courage and success as Appeals Representative for St. Dunstan's in Brighton for 40 years; he died 11 years ago.

The son and other members of the family of MRS. HILDA L. GARTHWAITE of Havant, Hants., who died in hospital, on 27th December, 1973. She had been an in-patient since 1970.

During this period her husband, our St. Dunstan, Edward Garthwaite, whose obituary appears in the *In Memory* column, resided at St. Dunstan's homes in Brighton and latterly at Northgate House.

Mrs. Garthwaite had previously been twice married to St. Dunstaners, both of whom predeceased her. Her passing is mourned by all who have known her over many years.

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.

Hugh Richardson Hamilton. *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*

Hugh Richardson Hamilton of King's Lynn, Norfolk, died at his home on 18th January, 1974. He was 59 years of age.

He enlisted in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1934 and served with them until his discharge in 1946. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until January 1973.

Mr. Hamilton was taken prisoner of war when Singapore was invaded in February, 1942, and after two and a half years in captivity during which time he worked on the Burma Railway, his vision failed. In addition to his blindness, Mr. Hamilton's general health was poor and unfortunately he was not fit enough to undertake any occupational training but during last year he was able to spend two convalescent periods at Pearson House, which gave him an opportunity of meeting his fellow St. Dunstaners.

In September Mr. Hamilton and his family moved from London to Norfolk and settled there very happily. Although he was not a fit man his death was nevertheless most unexpected.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Doris Hamilton, and five children.

Edward Garthwaite. *1/6 Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment*

Edward Garthwaite of Havant, Hants., died whilst staying at Northgate House on 22nd January, 1974. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in the 1/6 Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment and served with them from November 1914 until June 1917. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1919.

When Mr. Garthwaite was first admitted he was trained in netting, wool rugs and mat making and became a first-class workman in basket and chair caning. During the 2nd World War Mr. Garthwaite went into industry.

In 1949 his sight improved and he was able to leave St. Dunstan's. His first wife died in 1950 and shortly afterwards Mr. Garthwaite was found to be eligible for re-admission to St. Dunstan's.

In 1952 he re-married and as his health did not enable him to continue with industrial work he was re-trained for home industries and settled in Yorkshire.

Mr. Garthwaite's second wife died in 1960 and following her death Mr. Garthwaite managed to run his home with the help of resident or daily housekeepers, although he frequently stayed for several months at St. Dunstan's homes in Brighton.

He married for the third time in 1966 and he and his wife moved to Havant, Hampshire. Unfortunately, Mrs. Garthwaite's own health necessitated long periods in hospital where she was finally admitted as a long-term patient and Mr. Garthwaite stayed at Northgate House. Mrs. Garthwaite died on 27th December, 1973.

Thomas Millward. *11th West Yorkshire Regiment*

Thomas Millward of Brighton, Sussex, died on 19th January, 1974, at the age of 81.

He enlisted in the 11th West Yorkshire Regiment and served with them from August 1914 until his discharge in March 1916 when he came to St. Dunstan's, where he trained as a boot-maker. At that time Mr. Millward lived in Yorkshire and had a very busy boot-repairing business to which he added the craft of mat making.

He married in 1922 and moved to Sheffield. Unfortunately his first wife died a year later and Mr. Millward moved temporarily into lodgings and had to give up his business. Mr. Millward then went to live with his sister in Brighton until 1931 when he re-married and settled in Haywards Heath.

In 1935 Mr. Millward undertook a refresher course in basket work and continued with this craft until about 1958 when his health gave cause for concern and a few months later he was admitted to hospital.

On returning home he retired from work and he and his wife lived quietly together. At all times they have been helped by their two sons, Fred and Leslie, and their families.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Annie Millward, and two sons.

Gilbert Elliott Graham Rushton. *Royal Fusiliers*

Gilbert Elliott Graham Rushton of Whitley Bay, Northumberland, died in hospital on 11th January, 1974. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers in December 1915 and served with them until his discharge in December 1918. It was some years later that his sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1939.

Mr. Rushton and his wife had been running a small general shop and lending library and they continued with this business until 1946. He also enjoyed gardening and he made wool rugs as an additional hobby occupation.

In later years Mr. Rushton, with other members of his family, acquired a smallholding on which they kept poultry and pigs and also grew some crops. When he retired from this he worked hard in his greenhouse and garden. He enjoyed holidays at Ovingdean and always attended the Newcastle Reunion whenever possible.

Unfortunately his health began to fail last year and after a period in hospital he enjoyed a late Summer holiday at Pearson House but sadly he became ill again and was admitted to hospital on 1st January, 1974.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Margaret Rushton, a son Colin, who is still living at home and a married daughter, Gloria.

