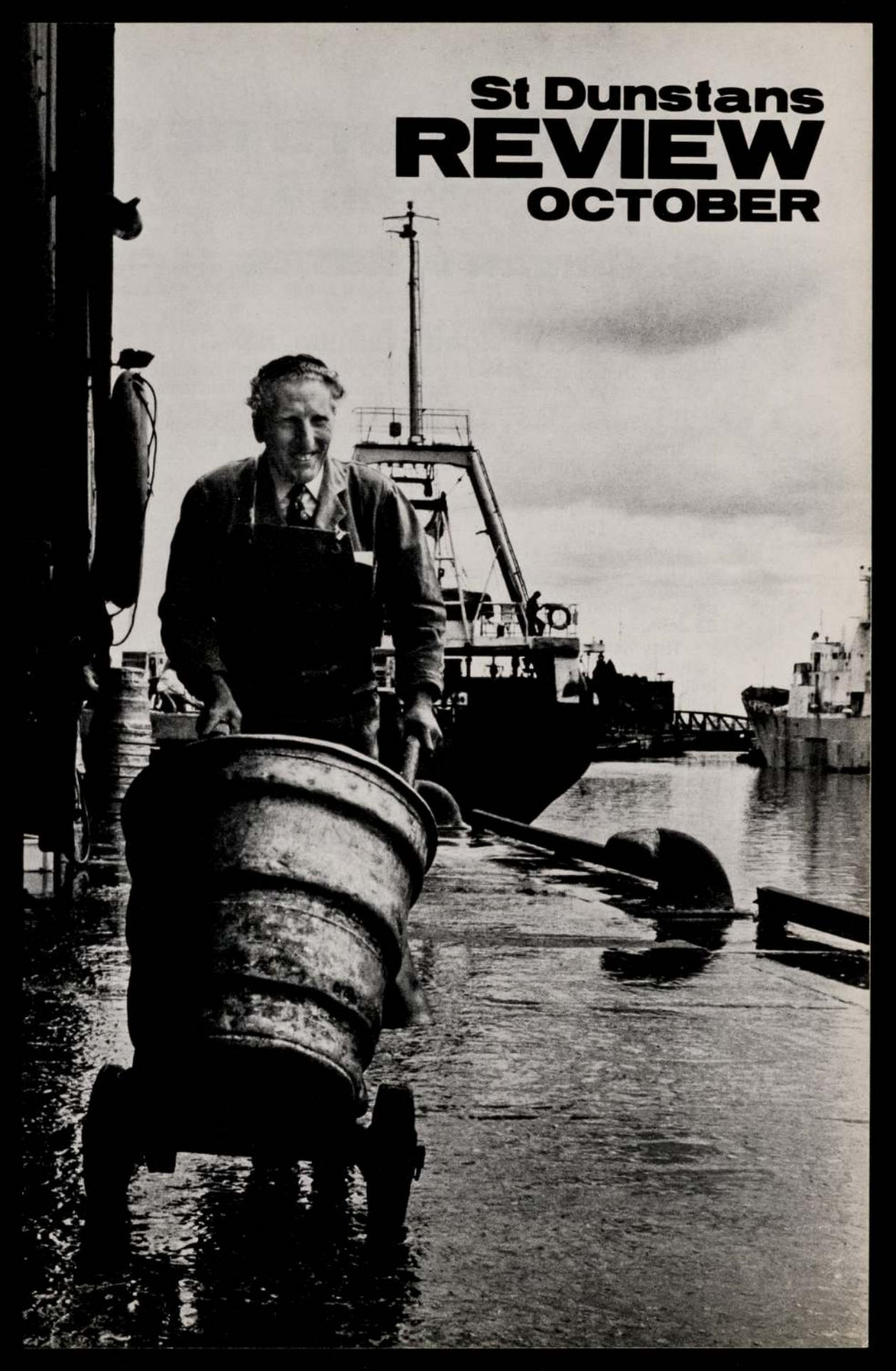


St Dunstons
REVIEW
OCTOBER



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Memorial to Sir John Ellerman, Bt.

Many St. Dunstaners, especially those who were at Church Stretton, will remember the great interest shown in our work by Sir John and Lady Ellerman during the war years and afterwards. They made so many friends and, incidentally, they both learned Braille. I can remember Sir John transcribing a most complex scientific volume for our Director of Research, Mr. R. Dufton, and I also know that Lady Ellerman still uses Braille regularly in communicating with her blind friends.

No two people in the long history of our organisation have done more for us as a whole, and for many years Sir John and Lady Ellerman have been active members of the St. Dunstan's (South Africa) Board of Directors—and Lady Ellerman still is.

During his lifetime Sir John established a Charity, the main purpose of which was to contribute to societies and organisations for the blind and the disabled. This is called the New Moorgate Trust Fund and the Trustees thereof—of whom Lady Ellerman is the central figure—decided that they wanted to assist some activity for the blind world in memory of Sir John.

They were good enough to ask my advice and I thought that two conditions should be fulfilled: one was that the memorial should go on indefinitely and the other was that it should benefit as many blind people as possible. In the course of much discussion between the Trustees, the Royal National Institute for the Blind and me, it was recognised that one of the most serious handicaps of blindness is lack of mobility and that one of the best contributions to a blind person's happiness is to help him to get about alone with more confidence and freedom. Except for those who are unfortunately precluded from movement by some additional disability, the most distressing aspect of blindness must be to be confined to a chair or a room or a house by fear or lack of skill or lack of initiative. That is why one of the best things anyone can do for a blind friend is to encourage him to go about alone at home or in his garden or in his district or even to go to and from work by himself.

Some years ago a unit was formed in Birmingham called the Midland Mobility Centre, and one of the late Lord Nuffields' funds contributed to this. When this special assistance ceased, the work was continued by a consortium, consisting of the R.N.I.B., the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind and St. Dunstan's, and it came to be called the National Mobility Centre. It is situated in a pleasant residential road, in premises which are lent by the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, and its function is to train some individual blind people, but more particularly to train sighted instructors, who come from all over the country and even from abroad to learn the use of the long cane and to study electronic devices for obstacle finding. In a visit which Lady Ellerman and I paid to this Centre, we met a dozen welfare officers and similar persons under instruction and we were very much impressed with both the establishment and the training. Mr. Peter Ryan is the Principal of this school, which is conducted by the R.N.I.B. and watched over by an Advisory Committee, the members of which are representatives of the R.N.I.B., St. Dunstan's and the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, plus certain other individuals, with Mr. Walter Thornton as Chairman. He is the very well-known expert St.

COVER PICTURE: *St. Dunstaner, George Allen at work at Hull Docks. (See Ways of Life on centre pages.)*

Dunstaner, who has specialised in studying mobility and is himself the most skilled person I know in getting around on his own.

The Trustees of the New Moorgate Trust Fund have decided that, as a memorial to Sir John Ellerman, they wish to give a substantial sum of money, in the region of £15,000 a year, for the development of this service for the blind, and I announced this at a luncheon in Birmingham at which the Lord Mayor and other representative persons were present.

St. Dunstaners themselves fall into two main categories, namely, First War men who are approximately 75 years of age and more and the Second War men who are approximately 50 years of age and more, and at these ages most of the people concerned will have established their own patterns of life and discovered by experience how to move about as freely as possible. Nevertheless, I know, personally of one St. Dunstaner—namely Mr. S. A. Chambers, a Birmingham physiotherapist, who died a few years ago when he was over 80,—who told me that, whereas he had been practically confined to his house and his treatment room for 20 years, the use of the long cane, even at his advanced age, had given him great happiness and enabled him to go out and about confidently and safely. Our friend, Miss Beryl Sleight (Second War St. Dunstaner) told me very much the same, and I have not the slightest doubt that many St. Dunstaners may still gain a great deal by studying mobility, which they can do by arrangement locally or at Brighton, where Mr. Jock Carnochan is our instructor.

On the other hand the great benefit of the Ellerman memorial gift will be for the blind world as a whole and especially for the young and I think it will please St. Dunstaners generally—as it does me—that Sir John's great interest, stimulated by his contact with St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners, has contributed to this widespread benefit.

I am sure that I speak for St. Dunstan's as a whole when I say that we are all most grateful to Lady Ellerman and her co-Trustees for this generous gift in memory of one of our best friends.

Double Disability

In the First World War a great many fighting men died of their wounds, some in 'no man's land', but in the Second War, owing to much improved medical services and drugs such as the antibiotics, many wounded soldiers, sailors and airmen were rescued and have survived. As a result there were very few extremely severely disabled St. Dunstaners of the First War, but we have a considerable number from the Second War, and now it is sad to think that after all these years five or six new St. Dunstaners should come to us from Northern Ireland, some of them doubly disabled.

Air Commodore Dacre and Mr. Peter Nye, who was our Engineer, did a great deal over the years to invent gadgets and apparatus and promote ideas to help our doubly handicapped comrades, and to-day Mr. Norman French continues this special work.

I have the greatest admiration for these St. Dunstaners. It is serious enough to be blind, especially totally blind, but ever so much more difficult to go through life without a limb, especially without hands, or with defective hearing. Let us always think of these men and their families and praise them for their example and their courage.

This is particularly in my mind after listening to an hour's television the other day in which Raymond Hazan, a young Officer recently blinded in Ireland, told how he had got on in his first few months in hospital, at home and in St. Dunstan's itself. I imagine many readers will have heard his broadcast and will wish to join me in congratulating him and his wife and wishing them good luck.

Mrs. Avis Spurway, M.B.E.

On another page readers will find an article on the 1974 St. Dunstan's Camp at which the Royal Navy repeated its generous hospitality. A feature of this gathering was that it was 50 years—with the exception of the War years—during which Mrs. Avis Spurway, whom early St. Dunstaners would have known as the Sports Sister, Avis Hodgson, had organised

such events. Unfortunately, I could not go to visit the Camp, but I sent a special message and, as readers will learn, a presentation was made, recognising Mrs. Spurway's outstanding service.

All St. Dunstaners who read this will join Lady Fraser and me in expressing our affectionate regard and thanks to Mrs. Spurway.

Fraser of Lonsdale

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.

Thomas Connolly of Co. Wexford, Eire, joined St. Dunstan's in August 1974. He served in the First World War and is now a widower.

Percy Jennings, D.C.M., M.M. of Watford, Herts., joined St. Dunstan's in July 1974. He served in the First World War in the Army with distinction and then transferred to the R.A.F. in 1918. Following his discharge he was the Manager of an Estate Agent's business until the final deterioration of his sight made it necessary for him to retire. He is a widower and has a married daughter.

Wilfred Sydney John Mead of London E.6, joined St. Dunstan's in June 1974. He served in the Royal Artillery in the Second World War and was injured in the battle of Dunkirk. He is married. Wilfred is employed in the Municipal Workshops and his wife is engaged in voluntary work for Old People's Homes in the locality.

Edward Threlfall Mercer of Blackpool, joined St. Dunstan's in August 1974. He served in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War and was a P.O.W. in the Far East. He is married with one son.

Sidney Clarence Latham of Worcester, who came to St. Dunstan's in July, 1974. He is married and served in the Royal Navy in mine sweepers, during the First World War.

From the Chairman's Postbag

Extract from a letter received from
Alva Tucker, Banwell, Somerset

I was very interested in the news of "Fraser House" and I am sure we are all looking forward to the opening. I hope there will be pictures in the *Review* of the alterations, so that our wives can describe it to us. You must be very glad it is nearing completion and anxious for the final results.

LOST AND FOUND

After the London Reunion at the Hotel Russell on 20th July a Kodacolor X colour negative film No. CX 135-36 was picked up in the Dining Room. Would the owner please get in touch with the *Review* at Headquarters and we will be pleased to forward it to him.

CAMPERS—LOST PROPERTY

To all campers who left property behind at H.M.S. Daedalus, it has all been collected. Would you please write and claim from: **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.**

WELCOME—continued

John James Smith of Bolton, joined us in August 1974. He served during the First World War in three Regiments—the Royal Fusiliers, the Queen's Royal West Surreys, and the Middlesex Regiment. He was wounded in France. He is married with two married daughters.

Thomas Williams of Brynmawr, Gwent, who came to us in July, 1974. He is married and served in the South Wales Borderers during the First World War and was wounded on the Somme.



IT STRIKES ME

by
Magog

Telephonists in the News

It is nice to be appreciated and two of our telephonists at almost opposite ends of the country have recently received tributes in print in their companies' house journals. In Norwich, **Percy Stubbs** works for Eastern Counties Farmers Ltd., and in the West Country, **Jim Blackwell** works for Shell-Mex and BP, at their Bridgwater terminal in Somerset.

Coincidentally, both their house journals are called the "News"—*E.C.F. News* describes Percy as the link man for farmers enquiring about agricultural feeds fertilisers, seeds—in fact everything except machinery which is dealt with at

Jim Blackwell at his switchboard.



George Hewett chats with Mr. Heath after presenting his rug. photo: Evening Argus, Brighton.

other branches. The article concludes with a quote from Percy. "I'm very fond of the country and like talking to people about agricultural affairs." The right man in the right job, obviously.

From down in Somerset the *Shell-Mex and BP News* feature writer reported on his visit, "It's hard to believe that Jim Blackwell the owner of the cheerful voice that you hear when you telephone Bridgwater, is blind. Even more amazing is the dexterity with which he handles his switchboard".

Mr. Heath's new rug

I have mentioned **George Hewett's** generosity with the rugs he makes before. In the past he has presented rugs of special design to a Boy Scout Troop, the Red Cross, and among others, to the sailing club in his home town of Holyhead. That one must have set George thinking, for his latest rug is another yacht design and he presented it to no less a yachtsman than the Rt. Hon. Edward Heath. Our photo shows George with the Leader of the Opposition and Mr. Tim Sainsbury, M.P. for Hove at the Houses of Parliament where he presented the rug. Mr. Heath said the rug was splendid and would be used in his home in Belgravia, London.



A birthday toast to Alfred Osmond, 82 on the day of the Reunion. (l. to r.) Mrs. Osmond, Mrs. O'Kelly, Frank O'Kelly and Alfred Osmond.

Mr. Wills presents Robert Pringle to Mrs. Garnett-Orme.



LONDON REUNION

It was almost a pity to enter the Hotel Russell on 20th July, so beautiful was the day outside. The gardens in Russell Square, basking in one of our rare Summer days this year, were most inviting but having shunned temptation a similar warmth was found in the good fellowship of the final reunion of 1974.

88 St. Dunstaners—19 from the 1st World War and 69 from the second or later—were there with their wives or escorts and with guests and staff members the company at table numbered some 200. Presiding over it all was Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, St. Dunstan's Vice-Chairman, accompanied by Mrs. Garnett-Orme. Later in the afternoon came some extra and most welcome visitors to the Reunion. Lord and Lady Fraser with Lady Ellerman. The Welfare Visitor responsible for the arrangement of the Reunion was Miss B. Davis assisted by Miss I. Newbold.

After luncheon, Mr. Garnett-Orme rose to welcome St. Dunstaners and guests, mentioning particularly Mr. J. Carr, Senior Welfare Officer London Borough of Ealing, who was accompanied by Mrs. Carr. He also named members of staff and helpers present and went on, "We give a specially warm welcome to six Dunstaners who are attending a reunion for the first time. They are William Charity, Gomer John Hopkins, Samuel Leggett, Alexander McLeod, Arthur Watkins-Grafton and Francis White. I hope they will feel very much at home here, and that they will enjoy themselves and come to many other reunions.

"Mrs. Thompson, as many of you know, is our Welfare Visitor in Ireland. Now, her work in these troubled times is most difficult and often dangerous, and I would like to express our sincere gratitude to her, to welcome her here to-day, also the five St. Dunstaners who have made the journey from the Emerald Isle to be with us to-day.

Important Part

"These reunions are an important part of St. Dunstan's family life, bringing us all together again once a year, to meet each other, to renew old acquaintances, and make new friends. With the passing of time our number naturally becomes less, but the name of St. Dunstan's is still held in the highest repute because of the example set by all of you, and the fact that so many of you have led, and are now leading lives of great service to the community in all sorts of ways. Every year we have new St. Dunstaners joining us and it is the greatest help and very important to them that our name should remain well-known and highly regarded. On behalf of future St. Dunstaners, I should like to thank you for seeing that this remains the case."

Mr. Garnett-Orme's speech then took a humorous slant, no doubt relished by Colin Johnston, a St. Dunstaner visiting us from Australia. "Now some of you here," said Mr. Garnett-Orme, "may have had legal training like our Chairman, who, amongst many other things, has found time to become a Barrister of the Inner Temple, but I regret to say I have no legal training. The other day I had the opportunity of meeting one of our really great

legal experts, and I asked him the difference between slander and libel. 'Slander,' he said, 'is when someone says something really nasty about someone else, while libel is the tag an Australian puts on his luggage.' "

Mr. Garnett-Orme concluded with a birthday greeting, "We have one young St. Dunstaner here to-day, who is Alfred Osmond, and I am told that this is his 82nd birthday. Well, we all wish him many happy returns, and now I wish you all a happy afternoon and a meeting with many friends."

William MacPherson replied on behalf of St. Dunstaners: "Ladies and Gentlemen, when I was a little kid, many years ago, I was always told, when I went to a party, before I left, I was to say thank you very much, and how wonderful the party was, even if I hated every minute of it. To-day, it comes very easily for me to thank the Council of St. Dunstan's for to-day's party. I don't have to pretend that it was a wonderful day, because it really is a wonderful luncheon and I thank the hotel for having provided such a menu. Before I really say a vote of thanks to the Council, I would rather like to repeat our Vice-Chairman's remarks of thanks to our Welfare Visitors. They come and see us and they work jolly hard for the success of to-day. So raise your glasses to them and to St. Dunstan's."

After lunch there was dancing to the music of the resident orchestra.

Lord and Lady Fraser

Shortly before tea Lord and Lady Fraser arrived with Lady Ellerman and Lord Fraser spoke informally. "There are just three people I want to say a word about, if I may. One is a lady who came with us this afternoon, and she and her husband are amongst the very best friends St. Dunstan's has ever had in the last 25 or 30 years, and that is Lady Ellerman. Then there is another lady who came with me. Some of the old sweats might remember her as Miss Mace, others will remember her better as Mrs. Fraser and in more recent years as what she is now. Anyway, no person, man or woman, had more to do with the history and success of St. Dunstan's than has Lady Fraser.

"But I also want to thank somebody else, and that is to pay tribute to your Chairman

GROCCERS' OUTING

It would seem that no summer day in this country is complete without some rain so it was on the afternoon of Wednesday, 17th June that 186 of us converged on the car park on the Congress Theatre, Eastbourne as the guests of the Sussex Grocers' Association for their last Summer Outing.

We all tucked in to a delicious high tea beautifully served at 4.30 p.m. in the restaurant, after which we made our way to the theatre above for the performance of "Startime 74", and what a show it was!

It is hard to say which pleased us most, the delightful dancing and singing of the chorus in superb costumes and settings, particularly the Porcelain scene; Ronnie Corbett had numerous jokes to tell and as a flat-footed ballerina made our sides ache with laughter, he being followed by Rod Hull and his outrageous "Emu". One can hardly believe that this creation is not a live bird with its long neck, enormous beak, bulging eyes and gangling legs performing all sorts of hilarious gyrations at the will of its owner.

As usual Kenneth McKellar gave of his best with all types of songs and the Scottish scene was breathtaking in reality with members of the cast in kilts etc. and finishing with three men in Stuart tartan as in a picture frame set high above the stage drinking to the success of their "cause" for Bonnie Prince Charlie.

There was also beautiful singing by musical star Jean Bayless and the whole

REUNION—continued

of to-day. I would like to tell you that we owe Mr. Garnett-Orme and his wife, particularly in his capacity as one of London's principal Merchant Bankers, a very deep debt for the fact that for many years now he has been our Honorary Treasurer and has been the greatest possible help to the whole of St. Dunstan's.

"Now I've no more to say because you have had your speeches and this is the time for talk rather than for speeches, except to say that Lady Fraser and I are delighted to come and join you for a cup of tea and we wish you, whether you come from near or far, the very best of happiness and good luck."

show was wonderfully presented and worthy of any London theatre.

After this feast of delight we came downstairs back to the restaurant for freshly cut sandwiches, coffee and beers etc. during which time Mr. Scott of Rottingdean voiced the thanks of all St. Dunstaners to Mr. Phillips and the Entertainment Committee of the Sussex Grocers' Association for the splendid afternoon and evening they had given St. Dunstaners.

Just after 9 p.m. we started on our various homeward journeys with a farewell wave from Ronnie Corbett who was looking out of his dressing room window.

MARGARET LILLIE

P.S. Will St. Dunstaners please note that the Grocers' final Dinner and Dance will be held at the **Grand Hotel, Brighton, on Wednesday 4th December, at 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m.**

LOYAL SERVICE

Albert Mitchell of Guildford, Surrey, has given 25 years of loyal service to Nelco Ltd., of Shalford, Surrey. To commemorate this a Braille Gold Wrist Watch was presented by Mr. G. Warrington, the Managing Director at the Staff Dinner and Dance held at the Manor Hotel, Farncombe on Saturday, 6th July.

CORRECTION

The July *Review* carried the obituary of our St. Dunstaner Alfred T. Wigglesworth and we said that he left a widow and five children. Mrs. Wigglesworth has asked us to explain that Mr. Wigglesworth left three children and two grandchildren. The two other children, both girls, were hers by a previous marriage.

ODE TO "BILL SYKES"

by Tom Wood

Whilst I softly creep on I
Sleep on gently, sleep on.
The well deserved sleep of the just,
And if I must, tip-toe through your room
In deep and darkest gloom.
In silence so profound,
No sign, no sound, no word,
Except the trill of the early bird,
Heralding the Dawn,
And like the Shadows . . . I am gone!

Reading Time

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 221

The Secret of Santa Vittoria

by Robert Crichton

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 15½ hours

Everybody in the little poverty-stricken town of Santa Vittoria rejoices at their liberation when young Fabio brings the news of Mussolini's death. Their joy turns to horror when they learn that a party of German soldiers is coming to take away their wine.

The vineyards are their only source of income, the wine represents their very life's blood. Without it they will starve. By a miracle of superhuman effort, they hide three-quarters of a million bottles in an old Roman cellar deep in the mountain-side.

The Germans find only the wine which has been left for them to find. Captain von Prum is convinced there is more—much more.

He tries cajolery, threats, enlists the services of two torturers from the SS, he shoots a hostage. The Santa Vittorians steadfastly keep their secret.

It becomes a running battle of wits between the little fat Mayor, Italo Bomboulini, and the German officer. To von Prum, finding the wine develops in to an all-consuming obsession which threatens to destroy him.

This is a well-written and absorbing book. It tells not only of the cat-and-mouse struggles between the simple(?) peasant, "the Sicilian boob", Bomboulini and the educated and aristocratic von Prum. It is also a searching character-study of their two races.

Cat. No. 574

The Spike

by Peter Forster

Read by David Geary

Reading Time 8½ hours

A splendid tale of jealousy and backbiting and downright ungentlemanly conduct on a mass-circulation daily.

The central character is the editor and the story opens on the day he takes up his new appointment. As the plot develops,

the pressures and tensions mount as "they" set out to topple him from his lofty perch. To add to his troubles, his wife is divorcing him and his upper-crust mistress leaves him for foreign climes. Through it all the millionaire owner is happily playing God somewhere in the background.

I found it very refreshing to read about a newspaper where nobody wears a green eye-shield, no sleazy-hatted newsman slides off his bar-stool to keep an appointment with the Branch Secretary of the local Mafia and nobody, by nobody, yells "Hold the Front Page!"

This is all about the *real* Fleet Street, the hard-working, hard-drinking, violent, gossipy, abusive tough twilight world where if a man slaps you on the back—beware the knife in his hand. Everyone has one thing in common, from the newest copy-boy to the all-powerful Editor—they are all expendable.

A most enjoyable book.

Cat. No. 861

Am I Too Loud?

by Gerald Moore

Read by Robin Holmes

Reading Time 11½ hours

I had looked forward to reading this autobiography of the celebrated accompanist. I was a little disappointed.

The anecdotes, the pen-pictures of the great artists, were interesting enough. But far too much of the book is taken up with long and abstruse dissertations on voice-production techniques—a subject about which the average layman-reader knows little, and cares even less.

Moreover, the author has an all-abiding passion for German *Lieder* and he does rather tend to push this down the reader's throat.

The style is fluent, even elegant, though at times a little pretentious—I found the constant use of the words "pianoforte" and "violoncello" very irritating. The more homely "piano" and "cello" would have done quite nicely, I felt.

Sadly, it must be confessed—something of a "curate's egg" of a book.



Prize winner Joe Humphrey with Ben Mills and Eddie Simms, a member of the Field Gun Crew.

An old friend, Bob Young, presents a clock to Mrs. Avis Spurway.



Daedalus 1974

by Robert Pringle

The camp at Daedalus this year was a dual purpose camp in that the first two days contained the St. Dunstan's sports, a very serious affair, as well as being two-sevenths of a programme of continuous entertainment and pleasure.

A very small number of those who went to Daedalus spent a fair proportion of the week kicking themselves because they had never been before. I am sure that no-one who goes once would willingly forgo the opportunity of repeating his visit. Let me tell you very briefly what we all did, but let me warn you that so much was going on throughout the week that I am certain to miss something out. I apologise in advance if the unavoidable omission should concern something that some of my readers might regard as the highlight of the week.

We arrived on Friday and were provided with "Guide Dogs" from the Field Gun Crew by their trainer, Fleet Chief George Gilholme. To see, or hear of, these young men in action at The Royal Tournament would certainly prove that they were tough and efficient, but better two-footed "Guide dogs" and friends, do not exist. The Social Evening in the C.P.O.'s mess consisted chiefly of re-unions between St. Dunstaners and their friends, both in St. Dunstan's and the Crew.

Gift of Money

Many of you will be aware that one of the factors that help to make camp possible is the very generous gift of money which is voted to us annually by the members of the C.P.O.'s mess, and will wish me to thank the President of the mess for the £130 which he presented to us on behalf of the members of the mess in 1973 and the £100 which he presented to us this year.

The sports day organised by Jock Carnochan and P.O. Fox is reported by a more competent hand elsewhere in this issue. The day ended with a dance in the C.P.O.'s mess with a new band, because our old friend, Teddy Rowe, unfortunately died during the winter. During the evening Sports prizes were presented by Captain Corrie of Daedalus.

A very important function also took place on Saturday evening. In an atmosphere of deepest gratitude and goodwill Bob Young, after a short but very ob-



Robert Pringle and Kathleen Riley leaving the hovercraft.

viously sincere speech, presented a clock to Mrs. Spurway, as a token of the respect, affection and appreciation, from those St. Dunstaners who over 50 years have benefited by Mrs. Spurway's continuous active interest and hard work in the furtherance of St. Dunstan's sporting activities. During his speech he drew attention to the very long series of camps at which Mrs. Spurway was the presiding genius.

A message from Lord Fraser, containing thanks to Mrs. Spurway and good wishes for the success of the camp and future sporting occasions was read out and applauded.

A presentation was then made to Charles Stafford, for collecting about a million Green Shield Stamps for the B.S.A.D. International Sports.

The Sunday service was conducted by the Rev. F. E. Spurway followed by coffee and drinks in the Wardroom, in the absence of our swimmers who were competing at the baths. The Field Gun Crew gave a social in the P.O.'s mess, which

was a pleasant way to end the day after the strain of competitive sports.

On Monday we had a trip on a Motor Torpedo Vessel across the Solent to Cowes.

During this trip the ashes of our late St. Dunstan, Harry Foster, were committed to the sea after a short Committal Service, and the Last Post blown by two Marine Buglers.

At Cowes, most people repaired to the British Legion and sat in the sunshine on the balcony. On the return trip, the skipper allowed several of us to steer the vessel whose wake took on some extraordinary shapes as a result, including several perfect circles by Gran Waterworth. In the evening there was a concert in the C.P.O.'s mess which was much enjoyed.

Hovercraft Trip

On Tuesday, some of us enjoyed a Hovercraft trip on the Solent, which was very smooth going. The pilot allowed us to feel the difference as he ran her over a sand spit. On our return there was a wine tasting party in the Wardroom arranged by Commander Rouse. We regarded this as a delicate compliment as well as a treat. In the evening there was a party in the Eagle canteen with a folk group and some local talent.

Wednesday saw another trip to the Island for those who wanted a second helping—about half the party. In the evening there was a dance in Titchfield Drill Hall with excellent refreshments arranged by Kath Riley assisted by Mrs. Marjorie Freeman and a band of Titchfield ladies. During the interval music was provided by the St. Dunstan's trio—Paddy Humphrey, Ernie Cookson and myself.

On Thursday, a small party had a tour of H.M.S. Victory, which was most interesting. In the afternoon, St. Dunstan's bridge players, some of whom had been playing on most days in the C.P.O.'s mess, played a tournament against the Field Gunners, in the Wardroom. At the evening Social in the C.P.O.'s mess, the swimming prizes were presented by Sir Alec Rose, with a short speech.

In the early evening, there was also a Car Rally. Some splendid cars, including two Saabs appeared, but the winner was Bill Shea, in Avis Spurway's well known

Morris Minor. The clues were carefully thought out, but many people failed to solve them.

Friday, was a free day, except for the final Dance in the evening. A small party was entertained to lunch on board H.M.S. Tiger.

Throughout the week, Sea Fishing, arranged by C.P.O. Bill Reid took place on most days. Swimming from the slipway was much enjoyed. Captain Geoffrey Bird, a retired soldier, threw open his garden for us to dry off and relax in while Mrs. Bird plied us with tea. Less energetic people sat happily on the lawn by the P.O.'s mess ripening in the August sun.

Our complete freedom to do as we liked was due, as usual, to our excellent "Guide Dogs". Their trainer, our old friend, George Gilholme, has just become a Fleet Chief, an exalted, but well deserved rank. St. Dunstan's who were at the camp, would like me to thank Lieut. Parrack, our liaison officer, and this I do with sincerity.

A list of all those who helped to make this week a continuous joy would cover many pages, but, on behalf of my fellow campers, I would like to record here our sincere thanks to each and everyone of this band, for his or her generous contribution of time and effort.

CAMP COMPANY 1924-1974

As this is the 50th year of Daedalus camps you may be interested to learn, as I was, something of the back-up team which has helped Mrs. Spurway to run the camp.

There must be something very special about camp to arouse such loyal and continuous voluntary help. Here is a thumb-nail sketch of some personalities, many of whom you will doubtless recall.

Doctor Parkes who came to all camps from 1924 to 1936 and was joined by his wife Isabel; after a break of a few years, he has returned and is now a regular helper.

Helen Cordell came to many camps in the 1930's and has been to many at Lee-on-Solent.

Diana Hoare who started coming in 1933 and has been to no less than 26 at Lee-on-Solent.



The start of the 2½ mile walk.

Maisie Street came first in 1945 and after a 10 year break has been coming since the 1960's.

Kathleen Riley, ex Chief Wren, has been to a total of 21 camps.

Then there is the lady who has valiantly coped with the finance of the camps, the Honorary Treasurer, Sheila Macleod, who from 1945 to 1974 has kept tabs on the money which is spent on camp. Before taking on this arduous task she was the secretary during the 1940's; no mean task in itself.

Having mentioned mostly lady helpers so far, we must not forget the men who have helped over the years. Many of you will remember Ben Mills at one or other of the 22 camps he has attended.

Then there is Bill Harris who has been at 12 camps.

The Padre—Rev. F. Spurway

The Padre has conducted all the services since 1926 and nobly assisted Mrs. Spurway in every capacity to make the camps the successes they have so obviously been.

Last but not least, recent comers in the shape of recruits Jandy Paton and Elspeth Grant.

'Thank you' barely seems adequate in covering such a span of continuous help and interest but nevertheless I must try to convey the deep sense of gratitude we have towards these friends of so many St. Dunstaners.

"THANK YOU"

Dear Campers Past and Present,

I am so delighted with my lovely clock given in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the first Camp. Bob Young did the presentation. I was quite over-come by all he said.

In replying there was something I could not trust myself to say—that I feel the clock is from all campers, those who are not with us and old campers who can no longer come. This makes my present doubly precious. Thank you all.

The other thing I want to stress is that the camp is very much a team effort. All the helpers are involved.

They are such a faithful band. Someone once said "Does no-one ever retire from this organisation?" They don't. But it's all of you who keep them coming. They enjoy being with you as much as I do.

There are many important people in the history of the camp who are no longer with us. Bill Tovell, Dennis Deacon especially also Bridget Talbot and Ruth Scott, who had their own camp. I must add the camp Padre—my husband without whose help I could never have carried on.

Camp has depended so much on all the wonderful people who have helped. Now we have the Royal Navy. Words fail me about all they put into it.

AVIS SPURWAY.

PRIZE CHART

FIELD EVENTS

Winning Team	Southall Stompers	S. Southall, A. Wortley, J. Humphrey, N. Perry G. Waterworth	52
Runners up	Bretts Bulldozers	R. Brett, D. Purches, J. Simpson, R. Peart C. Johnston	41
3rd	Bell's Boffins		38
4th	Griffith's Giants		37
TB Field Events winner		J. Simpson	66
TB Field Events Runner Up		P. Spencer	62
SS Field Events Winner		A. Wortley	40
SS Field Events Runner Up		F. Barratt	37
DH Field Events Winner		S. Southall	26
DH Field Events Runner Up		D. Bell	20
Camp Victor Ludorum Field Events		J. Humphrey	56
Veteran Field Events		C. Stafford	25
Best Beginner		R. Peart	57

SWIMMING AWARDS

TB Winner		R. Peart	27
TB Runner Up		P. Spencer	25
SS Winner		D. Purches	13
SS Runner Up		A. Wortley	12
DH Winner		W. Griffiths	4

LEE-ON-SOLENT 2½ Mile Walk

	Results	Actual Time	Handicap Times
Dennis Deacon Trophy 1st Veteran	R. Young		1st D. Bell 2nd W. Smith
Bridget Talbot Trophy 1st Novice	A. Wortley		3rd S. Southall
1st Semi-Sighted	W. Miller		
1st Totally Blinded	J. Simpson		
1st Doubly Handicapped	R. Young		

Name	Order of Finish	Handicap Time	Allowance	Actual Time
D. Bell		20.20	11.30	31.50
W. Smith		21.11	7.45	28.56
S. Southall		22.35	11.30	34.05
N. Perry		22.45	2.55	25.40
J. Simpson		22.53	1.30	24.23
J. Cope		22.56	2.55	25.51
W. Griffiths		22.59	5.30	28.29
C. Stafford		23.00	3.55	26.55
R. Young		23.30	2.55	26.25
R. Pringle		23.34	5.30	29.04
J. Wright		23.40	3.55	27.35
D. Purches		23.42	0.30	24.12
T. Tatchell		23.44	3.45	27.29
E. Cookson		23.53	13.30	37.23
G. Waterworth		23.55	7.45	31.40
W. Miller		24.18	—	24.18*
F. Barratt		24.21	2.20	26.41
W. Shea		24.21	5.45	30.06
P. Spencer		24.33	5.00	29.33
R. Peart		24.40	3.05	27.45
A. Wortley		25.34	1.30	27.04
C. E. Johnston		25.56	5.30	31.26
A. Carter		27.09	3.55	31.04
D. Howard		36.07	7.45	43.52

* Held up by Gliding Club, less 30 secs. 23.48.

BRIDGE NOTES

BRIGHTON

The Sixth Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on 3rd August. The results were as follows:

W. Scott and W. Lethbridge	71
R. Fullard and A. Smith	69
F. Griffiee and M. Clements	63
A. Dodgson and R. Bickley	63
W. Claydon and J. Whitcombe	58
S. Webster and W. Burnett	54

The Seventh Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 7th September. The results are as follows:

R. Fullard and F. Griffiee	73
W. Scott and S. Webster	63
W. Lethbridge and R. Goding	62
C. Walters and J. Whitcombe	59
A. Smith and M. Clements	58
W. Claydon and Partner	53
R. Bickley and E. Bedford	48

Cumulative positions with two sessions to play. The best five results out of seven up to date are:

R. Fullard	359
M. Clements	348
S. Webster	342
W. Lethbridge	340
F. Griffiee	328
A. Dodgson	327
W. Scott	321
C. Walters	312
R. Bickley	308
A. Smith	297
J. Whitcombe	284
W. Burnett	278
F. Rhodes	270 After 4 games
R. Goding	261 After 4 games
W. Claydon	154 After 3 games
E. Bedford	99 After 2 games
F. Mathewman	56 After 1 game

LONDON

The Seventh Individual Competition of the London Section was held on 3rd August. The results were as follows:

J. Lynch and Partner	67
W. Miller and W. Phillips	66
J. Huk and F. Dickerson	64
P. Nuyens and R. Evans	64
W. Allen and H. Meleson	60
J. Padley and J. Majchrowicz	57

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

J. Huk and J. Lynch	71
R. Evans and J. Majchrowicz	65
W. Miller and W. Allen	62
W. Phillips and H. Meleson	56
P. Nuyens and J. Padley	53

Cumulative positions with one session to play. The best five results from eight games up to date are:

W. Allen	361
J. Lynch	360
W. Phillips	349
R. Evans	346
W. Miller	335
J. Huk	330
H. Meleson	326
P. Nuyens	322
F. Dickerson	313
J. Padley	309
J. Majchrowicz	306
Miss V. Kemmish	246 After 4 games
A. Caldwell	196 After 3 games
H. King	125 After 2 games
R. Stanners	55 After 1 game

*P. Nuyens,
Secretary.*



WAYS OF LIFE 24

YOU CAN STILL FEEL THE QUALITY—George Allen

Talking to David Castleton

Sorting fish by touch on the dock-side.



"It's hard—I get up at four o'clock in the morning. I give the wife a call at ten to five and she's up by five to drive me to the fish dock. Then I get changed and go down to the market to buy the fish. You take them out of the boxes and the people you've bought them from weigh them off and then you start to barrel them up. I can be working until five o'clock in the afternoon, a twelve hour day, with about ten minutes break for breakfast and about twenty minutes break for your dinner." This is George Allen talking about what must be one of the hardest Ways of Life of any St. Dunstaner—and it gets harder!

"It's an old dock, and it has got past the stage of being able to cleanse it. You can only take the top surface off, and it's very slippery." In fact, even with metal studs in wellington boots, or wearing clogs, George has come to grief: "I've fallen quite a few times. Your feet just go literally from under you. You hit the deck and, of course, with all the water being about, you're wet from your shoulders to your ankles. It's not such fun in winter. Actually you just go into the office and stick some grease proof paper in the back of your trousers to keep the wet off your skin."

Just going into the office entails climbing a vertical ladder. In fact, a fish dock seems about the most unlikely place to find a totally blind man working, and in the winter it can be a place where one could say the environment is hostile to any man!

"We have an electric kettle in the office, and we have a drip tray—just a little square tin. I came in one Monday morning and went to fill the kettle, I picked it up and the drip tray came up with it. The water had frozen to the kettle, and a part bottle of milk left over was frozen solid—that was in the office!—where you hang your clothes. You have oilskins and instead of drying they are iced up. You just bang them on the wall to knock off the thin layer of ice."

Iced up

"The fish is iced up. You have to scrape the ice off with your hands. You get a lot of cracks in your thumbs and your fingers. If you've been sorting fish, you've a lot of slime, and the ice grips to the slime on your hands. You get very cold, and you get hot-aches. You put them under the cold tap and it feels warm. It actually does warm your hands." Hot-aches?—"It's a pain in your fingers through being excessively cold and that goes away, and your hands feel nice and warm. You see the little bairns crying when they've been playing in the snow because their hands hurt. Well, that's what we call hot-aches—it isn't very nice actually."

All this sounds more like a form of punishment than a job. What is there in it that made George Allen choose to return to it with the handicap of blindness as well?

"It's my living. I started in that game. I like the open-air side of it. I get a kick out of being able to do deals—buy fish and sell it at a nice profit. You do some deals and get a kick out of making your business pay."

George was only fifteen when he decided he would like to follow his brother's example, and work on the trawlers. "I went on the trawler as a pleasure trip, intending to be a fisherman same as he was, but I were sea-sick five days out of fourteen. I was wishing I were dead. So I got a job on the fish dock."



George Allen can cope with each stage of packing the fish.

He learned filleting, a tough, fast job, in which the skill is to get the razor-sharp knife as close to the bone as possible. "To get the weight, fish being so dear, even in those days, you liked to get the weight." A job where sight is essential, and when George returned from the Army he was blind.

He served with the East Yorkshire Regiment and was taken prisoner of war, to become one of Lord Normanby's pupils. He treasures an inscribed gold cigarette case, "It says inside, 'For your achievement in Germany '40-'43. Normanby'." That he can instantly recall those words is an indication of what those days in Lord Normanby's "little St. Dunstan's" meant to George and his fellow blinded P.O.W.s. "I was repatriated under an exchange in 1943. I came home and thought, 'Well, the fish dock has finished with me.'" One person who had not finished with George was his wife, Mollie, "We were engaged to be married before I went away, and the wife waited for me and we got married as soon as I came home."

George had to find new work, "I've got to use my hands, and I was trained by St. Dunstan's in upholstery at Church Streeton and got my own job in Hull." He did well there until the end of the war, when his firm had to take back their men from the forces, and he had to make way for them. He turned to industrial work, "On drills, drilling shock absorbers for cars at Armstrongs, Beverley."

Then in 1948 he decided to go back to the fish dock. "I got fed up and I thought, 'Well I want to get back into things.' I applied for an allocation. Sighted people only got a quarter of a kit for every thousand kit of fish that was landed—a kit being ten stone of fish. I went in front of Board, and I proved to them that with my disability I couldn't do it on a quarter of a kit. They maintained that if a person had a quarter of a kit, and he did everything himself, he could earn a living. I had to have somebody to do my office work and filleting so they granted me a kit of fish to every thousand kit landed." Some fast talking on George's part? "Not really, because Bob Coupland had started before I had." Bob and George and their families are fast friends although Bob has now left the dock and, going the opposite way to George, has entered industry.

Blind Men on the Dockside

But there must have been doubts about blind men on the dockside? "Well, you've been there since you were fifteen years of age, you've been brought up there. You know the way about and everything. You know what's what. In the morning there's only a gap of six feet between the pillars and the foreshore, the open part of the dock. Beyond that they start selling the fish in boxes off the small trawlers, which has been transported from Scotland by lorries. I go down to buy the stuff.

"It isn't auctioned. You ask them how much, and they tell you a price. There's different sizes, and different qualities. They tell you a price, and you have them or leave them. You can do a bit of bartering: If you take twenty boxes, knock 5p off, or something like that—all right, get 'em."

But having "got 'em" there is that six foot way to negotiate between the pillars and the water, but the sighted men on the

dock all help: "I fetch my barrow over and I go and I just keep on shouting, 'Watch your legs', 'Excuse me', 'Thank you'. They get out of my way and say 'Left a bit', 'right a bit' and so on. Mind you, one or two of them have me on a bit, 'Turn right, and you'll go straight in the dock', and that sort of thing. I've never fallen in the dock, naturally. They are rough diamonds, and they are hard workers. If everybody worked as hard as they do, this country would be on its feet in no time."

George judges his fish by touch, "People who can see tell by the shininess of the eyes, the colour of the gills, or the inside of the fish. I feel the stiffness of the fish, the slime that's on it. If it is coarse and sort of gritty, or limp, then you can tell the quality is going off. If it's fresh, it's still stiff, and a nice shiny smooth feel—sort of like feeling silk. Yes, you can still feel the quality."

He has a sighted partner, and employs a filleter, but he still pulls his weight. He packs the fish in boxes marked Geo. Allen Fisheries Ltd. and shovels in the ice which keeps them in good condition. He can sort species of fish by touch: "I can tell a plaice, a lemon sole, a turbot, or a brill. Every fish has its different characteristics, size, shape, shape of head. I had some salmon and someone put in a coley, which is the same shape as a salmon. I spotted it straight away, as soon as I touched it, just by the feel of it. Texture, feel, it's experience built up over forty years' service."

Skinning a Dogfish

Although he cannot fillet by touch, George can still skin a dogfish blind, "You've seen a dogfish haven't you? It's like a shark only small. They come in gutted, and what I do, I feel the neck bone and I get the point of the knife through that and cut upwards. You do the same the other side and just nick that part where there is a fin on the bottom of the stomach. You turn it over, flick the back fins off, cut the tail off and then you hang it on a hook—pull one flap, then the other, and you pull it straight off and it skins. Only the skin is like sandpaper. If you don't have something on your thumbs, it just takes the skin completely off them too, so you have a glove on." George makes it sound easy, but he does admit to cutting himself,

"Unfortunately, one day I forgot to shift my finger!"

There is no romance in the trawlers for George and his fellow fish merchants, but when a trawler goes missing, depression hits the whole docks, "It's depressing because you understand the sea, and how much they must suffer. We help in every way that's possible—any funds come up we willingly give to."

Now George is considering leaving the docks finally to go into retirement, and grow perpetual carnations in his new greenhouse. He has already won prizes for his blooms, and looks forward to a busy time. What will he miss most of the docks he worked so hard to get back to?

"It won't be getting up early that's a certainty, but I shall miss friendship as much as anything. The fellowship on the dock, that is the difference. They help one another, and they'll work with one another. You just give and take. You work together."

GARDENING NEWS

The news of prizes won at local shows has started to come in giving the results of the hard work that St. Dunstaners have carried out in their gardens during the past year.

Gordon Watts, of Norwich, has had a great deal of success at his annual local show by the blind held at the Vauxhall Centre, Norwich. He exhibited in the Horticultural Section and obtained 22 Firsts, 5 Seconds and also won a large silver cup—the City Blind Gardeners' Cup.

Thomas Wilson, of Barnsley, entered exhibits at the Grimethorpe Horticultural Society show and obtained 2 Firsts, 2 Seconds and 2 Thirds.

We have to report a prize won for gardening that we have not known about until now. Henry Haskey, of Harrow, has won the 6th prize for his front garden lay-out and the 7th prize for the back garden lay-out in his district. It was a very colourful display in red, white and blue, with lobelia, alyssum and salvias, roses in the borders and another bed of silver leaf and all colour geraniums.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

The weather was not too kind in July with a great deal of rain, most disappointing for the holiday makers, and it must have marred the sightseeing of the many foreign students in the town.

Apart from the Drives and Races, the weather does not affect our weekly entertainments and Sunday Concerts in the Winter Garden.

We had a most welcome return of the "Palm Court Trio", which had grown into a quartet, plus the pianist and Bob Riley, a fine bass baritone. He sang one or two really old ballads and some Gilbert and Sullivan songs which were very appropriate as the D'Oyly Carte were at the Theatre Royal for three weeks. What a test of ability they are with their tongue twisters and speed! Nancy Lynn is an excellent accompanist, and they make a fine team. The quartet was led by Mr. Watson, violin, and his wife was on the cello; as he remarked, although she is a tiny person she lets the big instrument know who's boss! Mr. Pocock played the violin and Miss Barbara Gibbs gave a solo on her viola, an unusual tone. Everyone commented on the grand selection of music, light classical, ballads and excerpts from musicals. We were encouraged to 'la la' or join in when we knew the words, so it was an evening enjoyed by all.

Last Outing

The last Grocers' Summer Outing took place one Wednesday afternoon in July, and it turned out to be a really grand time. All remarked on the excellent show at the Eastbourne Congress Theatre, also all the refreshments before and after the performance. I know one or two St. Dunstaners had never been before and had high praise for the entire outing, indeed, sorry that it was their first and last.

The "Optimists" gave a grand entertainment with plenty of variety. We had unusual duets with two harmonicas—one a normal size, and the other about 18 inches long, and a twin key board. What a pleasant change to hear the ukulele played in real George Formby style, and jokes by Pat Alder, the husband of the producer. Mrs. Alder has a company of Young Opti-

mists whom we hope will come and give a concert shortly.

We had a surprise visitor one afternoon, Mr. Plumb from South Africa, a great friend of St. Dunstaners out there, where he has a dance band. He played the piano and sang and had everyone singing lustily after tea—we had a very congenial half hour.

The Trainees had an end of term outing to the Goodwood Nature Trail. Unfortunately it was a day not of showers—but downpours! The party were lucky to escape a soaking, but it was slippery underfoot in places.

Shortly afterwards Ron Smith came and talked about the trail and played his recordings of the birds they would have heard earlier in the year, also an introduction to bird recording as a hobby.

We made two trips to Goodwood Races—we are able to fill a coach on these popular race days.

Mr. Michael Hayes

All who have visited Ovingdean will have heard the excellent record programmes by Mr. Michael Hayes. He made a long awaited return and we had a varied and entertaining evening.

We welcomed the Deaf Blind, Wally Thomas and Ron Ellis, for their Reunion about which there will be a report next month. Ted Porter of Saltdean has joined the number although not able to take part in the whole day outings, we enjoyed having him and his wife with us at the Dinners.

There was a play reading of three one-act plays, with Miss Feaver presiding, which turned into the sort of evening one dreads! Poor Miss King lost her voice the day before, so a new member of staff, Mrs. McMaster stepped into the breach. Les Harris rang ten minutes before the start, to say he was still at Newhaven, waiting for a 'bus! I think it was Mr. John Bingham, one of our liftmen, who showed his talent by reading two parts in one play! Apart from other staff, the guest readers were Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Williams—it was his first time, and he brought Mrs. Williams with him. She, bless her

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

There was a definite holiday atmosphere in the Club Rooms when we met again on the first Thursday in the month. It was good to see our members looking so fit and well. There were many reminiscences of happy August days, picturesque countryside, sunny beaches, promenades alongside seas of blue, walks through green valleys as well as climbs in the distant hills.

We were pleased to see that Pat had landed back safely after the strain of a Tour Company's monetary difficulties. Bill and Norman, for once, were in agreement—that the water in the Laich of Moray was more soft and more smooth than any other that they had known. We are indebted to Nancy and Flora for all the

KEMP TOWN NOTES—(continued)

heart, volunteered on the spot to read a part. You can imagine our St. Dunstaners rose to the occasion, and applauded the effort under such trying circumstances—oh well, the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley!!

Prior to the Bank Holiday weekend the weather had improved with many hot, sunny days, and it is nice to see folk enjoying the garden and acquiring a tan without much effort. A few had a couple of days at Brighton Races with exceptional weather—normally there's always a breeze on the hill but not this time. They couldn't find the winners, but at least it was a pleasant trip.

Small numbers took part in the Bank Holiday Whist and Domino Drive, but we had a good turn out for the Dance, and had to fling wide the doors, as the tempo increased and brows needed mopping. In the confines of the Winter Garden it's difficult to avoid the chairs and feet of onlookers! We had a bar, so thirsts could be quenched, and energies renewed with the buffet. The band was in good form to add to the success.

Tom Eales continues to give an occasional stereo programme. He prepares it meticulously on tape, and puts it through the amplifier and two speakers, so it is a really first class evening.

news of our mutual friends, the Pacittis, from their new home in Elgin. All in all, everyone seemed to have had a wonderful time.

The Domino winners in July were as follows:

4th July

1 W. Phillips
C. Hancock

11th July

1 C. Hancock
2 J. Padley

18th July

1 W. Miller
2 J. Padley
P. Sheehan

25th July

1 C. Hancock
J. Padley

W. MILLER

MIDLAND

Our August meeting held on Sunday, 11th although well attended the activities were quiet and therefore there is not much to report. Mrs. Barbara Kibbler arranged the tea for us and we all thanked her for an excellent spread.

Our meeting held on Sunday, September, 8th was rather different. It was the date arranged for our annual general meeting, also another of our "Bring and Buy" sales.

We held our A.G.M. before tea and we were all very pleased to hear from Louis Androlia how well the club funds were standing. After having paid for an evening meal earlier in the year and having had a very good outing to Southport, a very good financial balance was still in hand.

It was, therefore, decided to have another evening outing, sometime in November for which details will be given at a later meeting.

The present committee were, once again, re-elected for another year.

The tea had been arranged for us at this meeting by Mrs. Elizabeth Tomporowski and we all thanked her for the delicious meal.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Sydney Scroggie, Kirkton of Strathmartine, by Dundee, Angus

I was interested in Bob Fullard's article on a recent ascent of Cader Idris, partly because I go in for hill-climbing myself, partly because Tommy Lukes and his wife, Peggy, were pals of mine in the old days, and partly because Cader Idris is a hill which I saw once in such a remarkable setting that it has stuck in my mind ever since.

It was in 1943, when the Lovat Scouts were messing about in North Wales in the name of military training, that two of us in climbing the Grooved Arete on Tryfan (3,010 feet) emerged from the gloom and hoar frost of a December day below into an upper world of sunshine and blue skies which was completely cut off from the lower by a white, level floor of cloud. Out of this protruded the summits of the Welsh hills uncharted sea, Y Wyfdda, Crib Goch and so forth, and red and sinister to the south the bulk of Cader Idris had a strangely baleful appearance, as if its resident giant was away on some bloodthirsty foray, but would not be long in coming back.

CLUB NEWS *continued*

After tea came the "Bring and Buy" sale and once more the response was very good and we raised a very nice amount towards club funds.

This meeting terminated a very good year for the club not only financially but also socially and we look forward to another good year.

We shall start off with an outing on Sunday, 6th October to Stratford-on-Avon, where we shall be meeting our old friends at the Stratford Royal British Legion. All details of this outing have now been given out and we look forward to yet another good outing.

We are always looking for new members and any St. Dunstaner living in the Birmingham area is very welcome, once again, I say to you, "Come and Join Us".

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary.

Others may have had equally striking views of this hill; nobody more so: and when we descended again into the gloom and hoar-frost below it was not only exhilarated but also a little awed.

On the same day that Bob Fullard and his friends made their ascent, on 8th June, myself and two others, as it happens, were climbing a hill called Craig Mellon (2,815 feet) in the Glen Clova area of Angus. It was sunny but with an airy breeze; a cuckoo called in the pine woods below; there were meadow pipits, wheatears, golden plovers and ptarmigan around; and we took quite a sporting route, steep pitches of sphagnum moss, deer grass and heather, abrupt, dripping gullies, and scraggy buttresses of rock, to the summit plateau where a dozen or so hinds made off at our approach. There was no repetition of my ancient experience on Tryfan, no faery archipelago here on a bright sea of cloud, but Lochnagar stood up to the East, round Ghlas Maol to the West, and the massive Cairngorms to the North, all striped with white snow in the sharp air and sunshine.

When I climbed Cairn Gorm itself, (4,084 feet) only this past week-end it was my twenty-fourth summit this year, and the two-hundred and ninety-eighth trip of my blind climbing career, and I could wish no greater joy to Bob Fullard and his friends in what subsequent adventures they have of this kind than I myself have had, as much with regard to hardships as friendships, these last sixteen years in the hills.

From George Coote, Thornton Cleveleys, Blackpool

My First Camp

I have attended my first camp at Lee-on-Solent and had a little idea of what to expect but it turned out to be far more exciting.

The ladies were wonderful—always patient and cheerful. I met more of our fellows than I had ever met before and they were great lads—good comrades all.

Our "guide dogs" did excellent work looking after us.

There are not sufficient words in our language to be able to express all I want to say in thankfulness for such a wonderful time but I think the workers will understand and accept my grateful thanks to all who helped me to enjoy the camp and if I am lucky to go again I shall have the benefit of this experience and not be a new boy.

From Joe Humphrey, Belfast

As no doubt it will have been reported on other pages, the St. Dunstan's sports took place this year, at the 50th Lee-on-Solent Camp. Although in no way wishing to detract any limelight from Mrs. Spurway, without whom St. Dunstan's Sports may never have come about, it should by no means be underestimated how much of the success of the events is due to Jock Carnochan, St. Dunstan's Sports Officer.

All competitors were divided into teams each captained by a doubly handicapped St. Dunstaner, and comprising three totally blind and one semi-sighted member. All field events were dovetailed in a most efficient manner. This coupled with the capable management of each event by members of the Field Gun Crew with escorting done by members of the Camp Committee ensured that no-one had to wait about—interest was maintained at a very high level and since the points scheme was so ingeniously devised that everyone got at least one point for trying, everybody was extremely keen, and the team spirit tremendous; after each event the anxious enquiries as to who had been best—who was not first, and how everyone was placed were most readily answered by the Scorers. Even the weather was superb—Jock Carnochan thinks of everything!

Similarly well-organised, the swimming events at H.M.S. Vernon attracted a big entry.

Next year should see the Sports returning to Ovingdean, with the new swimming pool available, and with so many St. Dunstaners living in this area, a healthy Sports Club could be centred there.

I hope our Sports Officer would help the venture by becoming the secretary! If any one is interested please write to me, I should be pleased to try to arrange it, but

the emphasis must rest on people living within easy travelling distance of Ovingdean. In this way, St. Dunstaners could make use to the full, of available facilities and be responsible for running the Sports Section themselves. Would any of St. Dunstan's retired Sportsmen consider taking down their boots and returning to the fold even once more?

Our Sports Officer, Jock Carnochan, has achieved International recognition many times, and it has been reported in the *Review* when he has accompanied our teams to International events in Vienna, Berlin, Poland and the French Alps. Exploratory enquiries are afoot at present for more of these expeditions, and I should like to appeal to every single St. Dunstaner who has not ever 'had a go' to start now, particularly the younger ones—you may be surprised at how much better you feel for it.

From Leslie Constable, Elizabeth South, South Australia

Extract

I have just returned from a tour of the garden, whence I was summoned by Mrs. Constable, and it occurred to me that it would be of some interest to our gardening friends in England.

The size of this country means that weather conditions vary from state to state and South Australia is most fortunate in having the best climate of all. Naturally it gets hot in summer but the winter is the period when most work is done in the garden, if you wish for the best results later. Unlike England, growth does not stop at this time of year, in fact, in many respects it is most prolific.

My wife has just cleared a patch and planted carnations with the result that the garden smells delightful with the mixture of freshly turned earth, newly cut lawns and the fruit trees with their rapidly maturing grapefruit, lemons and oranges.

We have been at this address for about eighteen months and the previous owners left it somewhat neglected so there has been much to do, still it is showing the results of our labours now. The soft fruits have had a good pruning after the battle with the various blights and pests had been fought and won. Now the new buds are beginning to form the question of

blight sprays must be considered. For it is in the young buds that the trouble begins. Ants are now our major enemy as they carry the spores of blight into the trees so we have prepared our armoury for them when they reappear in the spring.

The peach tree has come along well and shows great promise for next season's crop but the nectarine is under suspended sentence as I do not think it will readily come to much and it will probably be replaced by an apricot which we all greatly prefer.

Moderate Climate

The moderate climate we enjoy gives us sufficient rain during the autumn, winter and spring, but we also have the benefit of a pleasantly warming sun to promote the growth I mentioned, while the early mornings have that crisp frosty feeling that finishes off the citrus fruits which would not fully ripen without it. The pleasantest time of any week-day at this time of the year is walking home with my guide dog through the relaxing smell of freshly cut grass and flowering shrubs dampened by a recent shower of rain. In the summer, when it is very hot I am always glad to get indoors to the air conditioner, but at this time of year I really enjoy it.

Five Times Larger

South Australia is five times larger than the U.K. with a population of only one and a half million, therefore, it can be imagined that there are great areas of rugged open spaces but it also means that in suburbia we still have sufficient freedom from the effects of industrialisation and its attendant problems, so we make what we can of our gardens for two reasons. The first is that without plenty of trees and grass it would be a dust bowl during the warmer weather, and, of course, trees and grass help to keep the air around the house quite a bit cooler during the very hot weather.

From the Rev. Dennis Pettitt of New Duston, Northampton

"To Catch an Angel" by Robert Russell—in Braille, the National Library for the Blind—the finest book by a blind man

(with respect to others) I have ever read.

The author is an American, blinded as a little boy of four to five years when playing with a hockey-stick, the shaft of which splintered into his eyes. His early years as a blind boy in an Institute for the Blind is fascinating reading, particularly the way he learns to move around, no stick, no long cane or radar.

Victory

This book is a wonderful living tale of Victory over Blindness. Here is a boy, then a young man, who is determined to get out of the Institute for the Blind and to make his way into the sighted world. We are told of how he fares as a sole blind student at the College in Hamilton, and from thence at Yale University. At the latter against all odds he wins his M.A.

For me Mr. Russell's courage and indomitable spirit is an echo of personal experience and battles fought and won. His "break through" into the sighted world of the professions; his securing of his first job; his skill as an English Master, in taking a class of sighted students in College. Advancement in his profession, he is told, demands more than a Yale M.A. So he gets a scholarship and aims at Oxford.

Picture this situation: he, totally blind, is left by a friend in an hotel in Oxford. A strange hotel, in a strange city, in a strange country and without a stick. His task is to obtain entry into one of the Oxford Colleges, from all of which he has already been informed by letter that they are full up. He wins. To use his own words "he breaks in and enters".

And there is romance . . . He has a reservoir of readers from Lady Margaret Hall!

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to *Professor K. H. C. McIntyre* of Natal University who has been elected Dean of the Faculty of Arts for two years.

Arthur Simpson of Doncaster is pleased to announce that his youngest son John started a four year course in Industrial Technology and Management at Bradford University in September.



Fly-past by a formation of Lightnings.

Dacre Trophy Presentation—

by Bill Griffiths

On 18th July, Alice and I travelled to the R.A.F. Station, Wattisham, Suffolk, where we were to be the guests of No. 29 Fighter Squadron, winners of the Dacre Trophy for 1973-74. This Trophy is awarded to the most efficient fighter squadron in the R.A.F. and is a tremendous achievement, demanding a degree of technical skill, enthusiasm, and discipline which reflects enormous credit upon every member of the squadron.

Visit to 29 Squadron

On arrival we were met by our host for the 24 hour visit Flt. Lieut. David Cyster, an entertaining, interesting young man, typical of all the pilots in No. 29 Squadron. He escorted us to our extremely comfortable suite in the Officers Quarters and a little later introduced us to his fellow pilots in the convivial atmosphere of the bar. They were a truly fascinating group of Officers, completely relaxed, full of fun and amusing anecdotes.

One of them I thought was most inappropriately named Bob Lightfoot, a young Flt. Lieut. hobbling about on crutches with a broken ankle acquired by falling off a bar stool. He, like the rest of them, was quite happy and enjoyed being involved in the preparations of the Trophy Presentation, V.I.P. Lunch and Flying Display the following day; for example Bob Lightfoot was to give a commentary on the Flying Display, Sqdn. Ldr. Sam Lucas had to type the place cards for the V.I.P. Lunch, Flt. Lieut. David Cyster was to look after Alice and I, whilst the others were allocated innumerable little chores that I never thought would be the lot of our pilots in this modern jet age of the R.A.F.

Mrs. Dacre arrives

The next day started with the arrival of Mrs. Dacre accompanied by Air Vice-Marshal Freer, A.O.C. No. 11 Group, and Mrs. Freer. They inspected the parade of

No. 29 Squadron, and A.V.M. Freer immediately gave a short address explaining the origin, aims and objects of the Dacre Trophy including the fact that it perpetuated the name and memory of Pilot Officer Kenneth Fraser Dacre, D.F.C., only son of the late Air Commodore and Mrs. Dacre, killed in action at the age of 21 in 1943.

Mrs. Dacre then presented the Trophy to No. 29 Squadron Commander, Wing Commander J. D. C. Hawtin, after which all 350 guests retired for refreshments, and the opportunity of meeting present and past members of No. 29 Squadron.

Plaque from Squadron

Later we all assembled in a huge marquee on the edge of the airfield for a delicious lunch completely provided and prepared by the Squadron members and wives, after which Wing Commander Hawtin presented to Mrs. Dacre, a plaque bearing No. 29 Squadron crest, and in a warm address expressed his gratitude to Mrs. Dacre, adding that the Dacre Trophy was a highly coveted award that created a great deal of keen healthy competition and excitement amongst the fighter squadrons.

Mrs. Dacre in an eloquent and witty response said, that this was the 18th presentation of the Trophy, and in an oblique reference to her own alleged advancing years, she quoted the elderly lady who said, "I've got my dentures, I've got my bi-focals, I've got my hearing aid, but oh how I miss my mind!"

I was then invited to address the guests, and I made a point of stressing how the late Air Commodore Dacre, during his period as head of rehabilitation and training at St. Dunstan's, had set so many of my war blinded colleagues and I along the avenues of learning and pleasure, and that we still enjoyed the unquenchable "go-getter" spirit and loyalty of our own indefatigable Mrs. Dacre.

Prior to the flying display in the afternoon I was shown all the aircraft taking part, four Lightnings, one Spitfire, Hurricane, Mosquito, Meteor, Javelin and Phantom. My escort, Flt. Lieut. David Cyster enlightened me upon the technical aspects of the aircraft, particularly regarding the Lightning which he flew regularly. He imparted such little snippets



Mrs. Dacre and Bill Griffiths with pilots of No. 29 Squadron.

of information as, the Lightning could travel at 1,400 knots about twice the speed of sound, could burn 82 gallons of fuel per minute, and required a minimum distance of 7,500 ft. to land.

However, as I sat listening to the flying display, the jets flashing by with their deafening roars, the attractive little Spitfire and Hurricane, relatively gently purring to and fro and the voice of Flt. Lieut. David Cyster keeping me in touch with every conceivable intrepidity of the activity, my mind drifted back to war time, when our nation was so proud of the Spitfire and Hurricane, and grateful to the men who flew them, men like Pilot Officer Kenneth Fraser Dacre, and I knew instinctively that this young pilot by my side and his fellow pilots of No. 29 Squadron, and the jet aircraft of which they were so proud, would render precisely the same magnificent service if ever called upon.

Harold D. Coupe of Preston, Lancs., is delighted to announce that his son, Barry, who is studying Architecture, has passed Part 1 of the Royal Institute of British Architects Examinations and is now a Bachelor of Architecture.

SPORTS REPORT, 1974

On 6th and 7th July trials were held at Stoke Mandeville Sports Stadium for the Disabled to select a team of Blind, Paraplegic and Amputees to represent Great Britain in an International Sports Meeting to be held at Stoke Mandeville on 14th-21st September. Representing St. Dunstan's in these trials were: *Peter Spencer, John Simpson, Stan Tutton, Mike Tetley, Charles Stafford, Norman Perry and Bill Griffiths*, and also competing for places were a dozen or more from other blind organisations. The final selection of a team of 8 included *Mike Tetley, Norman Perry and John Simpson*, and we wish them and the rest of the team every success.

Berlin

Our next Sports Meeting was in Berlin on 28th and 29th July where we had been invited to compete in a week-end of sport which would be running in conjunction with an International Congress for the Blind, in all there were over 500 delegates attending from all over the world.

Our team of 7 was selected from those sportsmen who had the most favourable results over the past 3 years and resulted in the following representing St. Dunstan's, *Bill Smith, Mike Tetley, Norman Perry, Peter Spencer, Harry Cope, Ted Bunting and Alan Wortley*, very ably escorted by *Jock Scott and Ben Mills*.

Other countries represented at the sports meeting were, West Germany, Austria, Belgium, and France. Unfortunately, with no reason given, several of the field events were cancelled as was the complete swimming programme on the Sunday. Saturday saw us competing in the 60 metres sprint, Shot-Put, Medicine Ball and Long Jump.

In the evening we attended a banquet given by the organisers of the International Congress, this gave us an opportunity to discuss with the other delegates the many aspects of interest to the blind and those who work for the blind. We were also fortunate to have the company of our old friend Willi Hohm from Austria who many St. Dunstaners will recall was

our host last year when we attended a Sports Meeting in Vienna. Willi asked us to convey both his and his wife's good wishes to all at St. Dunstan's, and we also met Fritz Kosmehl of West Berlin who attended our own International Sports in 1968 at Ovingdean, he too wished to be remembered to all at St. Dunstan's.

Sunday forenoon we were involved in a Torball competition, this is a very popular game for the blind in Europe. It is a type of "Hand Football" played by teams of 3 players, and it is hoped this will be introduced as a new event once we move back to Ovingdean.

Representing us in the competition were: *Bill Smith, Mike Tetley and Norman Perry* who did us proud, despite their bruises and, of course, we were given a lot of help by the Austrian team coach Günther Stärker who had our team playing as well as the others after one game.

From a sports point of view it was a disappointing week-end as everyone had trained very hard for the occasion, however, the cancellations gave us a chance to see a bit of West Berlin on Sunday afternoon, and despite the disappointment we did manage to liven up the local 'beer kellar'.

BERLIN SPORTS RESULTS

Results out of a Maximum of 5,000 points.

Totally Blind. Group of 26

P. Spencer 9th 3,254 pts.
N. Perry 11th 3,121 pts.
W. Smith 12th 3,101 pts.
M. Tetley 13th 3,032 pts.

Semi-Sighted. Group of 20

E. Bunting 6th 3,233 pts. (Prize Winner)
H. Cope 7th 3,163 pts.
A. Wortley 9th 2,909 pts.

Torball Competition 'B' Group

Hanover 7 St. Dunstan's 0
Munich 5 St. Dunstan's 4
Belgium 3 St. Dunstan's 5

Munich went on to win the final, which shows credit to our team who were complete beginners.

Our next Sports Meeting was our own Annual and Camp Sports week-end at H.M.S. Daedalus on 17th and 18th

August. This year competitors were divided into teams, each team comprising 1 Double Handicapped, 1 Semi-Sighted and 3 Totally Blind members. This proved to be popular and seemed to create more interest as the teams progressed through the events.

Sunday morning after Church the swimming events took place at St. Vincent Baths. Field Sports Trophies and Prizes were presented on Saturday evening in the C.P.O.'s mess by the Captain and on completion of this, two special presentations were made, one to Charles Stafford for his wonderful effort of collecting over £1,000 worth of Green Shield Stamps, the money going towards the upkeep of the Sports Stadium at Stoke Mandeville. Charles was presented with a very nice set of Onyx cuff links and tie pin, and the other presentation to Mrs. A. Spurway, who has been responsible for the past 50 years for organising camps and encouraging St. Dunstaners throughout this time to take part in sports. A letter of congratulation from Lord Fraser was read by Commandant and the presentation of a beautiful anniversary clock was made by Bob Young.

I would like to congratulate all those who took part and thank all helpers who contributed to the success of the weekend.

J. CARNOCHAN,
Sports Organiser.

PRESENTATION TO MRS. LILLIE

St. Dunstaners who have attended the Grocers' Summer Outing and/or Christmas Dinner/Dance may like to subscribe to a fund with a view to making a presentation to Mrs. M. G. Lillie who has for many years acted in a voluntary capacity as secretary of the Sussex Grocers' Association Entertainment Committee.

This suggestion is made by W. T. (Ginger) Scott of Rottingdean who is forming a small Committee to select an appropriate gift with a view to making the presentation at the final Grocers' Dinner/Dance to be held at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on Wednesday, 4th December.

Would interested St. Dunstaners please send donations to the Editor, *St. Dunstan's Review*, from whom receipts will be posted to donors.

STAFF OBITUARY

Mr. George White

We are sorry to have to report the death of Mr. George White of Hampstead, London, N.W.3. He passed away peacefully on 22nd July 1974, aged 88 years and was managing his affairs right up until the last few days of his life.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1919 and retired after 32 years service in 1951. He was Basket Superintendent and St. Dunstaners who made baskets will remember the good work he undertook for them. After his retirement Mr. White attended the London Reunion for many years and enjoyed keeping in touch with old friends.

He was elected a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Basket Makers and a Freeman of the City of London in 1947.

His old colleague, Mr. P. Townsend, attended the funeral on behalf of St. Dunstan's at the Hampstead Cemetery on 26th July and a wreath was sent from the staff and St. Dunstaners friends.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. White, and their son, Mr. G. E. Bertram White.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

POINTON - COLBROOK. Alfred C. Pointon of Bexhill-on-Sea, married Miss Jean Colbrook on 23rd July, 1974. We wish them every happiness in their life together.

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Cruse of Longbenton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 24th August, 1974. They gave a dinner party for fourteen members of their family. John is a telephonist at the Department of Health in Newcastle and his daughter, Rosalyn, is just about to take up her training as a State Registered Nurse at the York City Hospital.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lynch of Wimbledon, S.W.20, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 20th August, 1974.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Pennells of Brighton, Sussex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 10th September, 1974. They were married at St. Mark's Church, Brighton, 25 years ago.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waters, of Sevenoaks, Kent, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 15th September, 1974. Arthur has been a member of St. Dunstan's since 1944 and makes rugs for stores. He is also a keen gardener.

Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Fletcher of Billingham, Cleveland, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 5th August, 1974. They had a celebration in their daughter's home in Devon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Muir of High Heaton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 26th July, 1974.

Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Webster of East Saltdean, Brighton, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 23rd August, 1974.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

George Baldwin of East Molesey, Surrey, has pleasure in announcing that his daughter Gillian has presented him with another grandchild—a boy—who is to be called Lee.

Frederick Dickerson of Bristol, who is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild, when his daughter Honor, gave birth to a daughter on 8th August 1974. She is to be called Kara Elizabeth.

William Glover of Bristol who is delighted to announce that his elder son and his daughter-in-law, presented him with a grand-daughter, born on 9th August 1974, and is to be called Lyndsey. This is his fourth grandchild.

Harold Holden who is pleased to announce that his daughter, Carol, gave birth to a girl on 28th June, 1974, who is to be christened Ruth Louise. She is a sister for Geoffrey.

Richard Taylor of Wolverhampton, who is delighted to announce the birth of a grand-daughter, Zoe Anne, born to his daughter Yvonne on 31st August 1974.

Great Grandfather

Many congratulations to:

Robert Chandler of Richmond, North Yorkshire, who is happy to announce the safe arrival of another great grandson, born on 26th July, 1974. He has 13 great grandchildren—11 boys and 2 girls.

Long Life and Happiness to:-

Colin, son of Alfred Franklin of Edmon-ton, N.9 who married Christine Youens on 21st September, 1974.

Richard, son of Daniel McCarthy of Northampton, who married Margaret Venus on 3rd August 1974, at Northfleet, Kent. The young couple will be making their home in Northampton.

Patricia, daughter of Henry McCartney of Belfast, who married Walter Lord on 28th June, 1974.

Patricia Ann, only daughter of Francis Nicholson, who married Colin Cave, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cave of Colville, Leicestershire, at Beeston Parish Church, on 7th September, 1974. After spending their honeymoon in the South West of England the young couple are going to live in Whitwick, Leicestershire.

Maurice, son of Donald Slee of Edenhall, Penrith, Cumbria, who married Ann Lawson at St. Aidens Church, on 29th June, 1974. Ann is a nurse at a hospital in Carlisle.

Albert Woolen of Watford, Herts., is pleased to announce the marriage of his grand-daughter, Teresa Lett, who married Anthony Perrett on 20th July, 1974, at St. George's Church, Methwold, Nr. Thetford, Norfolk. They were married by the Bishop of Hulme, Manchester. We wish the young couple all happiness in their married life together.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

Harry Boseley of Wallasey, Cheshire, who lost his mother very suddenly on 16th August, 1974.

Richard Joseph Stinson of Wolverhampton, who mourns the death of his Mother who passed away on 4th June, 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.

Henry Bachell. Royal Artillery

Henry Bachell of London E.14, died at the Royal Sussex County Hospital on 21st August 1974, at the age of 80. He had been living at Northgate House, Rottingdean, for the last few months.

He enlisted in the Royal Artillery and served with them from 1914 until his discharge in 1922. Henry had just passed his 80th birthday and was living in London when his sight failed and he joined St. Dunstan's. He was invited to reside at Northgate House, Rottingdean, which he accepted and was able to spend the remaining months of his life with fellow St. Dunstaners. It was unfortunate that as a result of a fall he was admitted to the Royal Sussex County Hospital where he died the following day.

He was a bachelor and leaves a nephew, Mr. A. Lewis and a niece, Mrs. Gladys Swaine.

George Henry Hawes. King's Royal Rifles

George Henry Hawes of Walthamstow, London E.17, died on 2nd September 1974, at the age of 77 years.

He enlisted in the King's Royal Rifles and served with them from 1915 until his discharge in 1919. George did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1970 and had already retired from his work in the London Docks as a clerk where he worked until he was 68 years of age. Unfortunately when he joined St. Dunstan's his health gave cause for concern and he was unable to undertake any hobby training but with the help of his wife and son who nursed him continually, George enjoyed listening to his talking book and other quiet occupations.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. May Hawes and their son, Mr. Leslie Hawes who lives at home.

William Edward Blackmore. Royal Field Artillery

William Edward Blackmore of Shirehampton, Bristol, died on 8th September, 1974, at the age of 82.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until May 1974. After his discharge from the Army he worked as a mason and in later years was a gardener on several well-known estates in the Bristol area.

In recent years he has enjoyed a happy retirement and has lived with his sister, Mrs. Jones, since the death of his second wife three years ago.

He leaves his sister, Mrs. Jones and other members of his family.

Cyril Patrick Cooke. Royal Engineers

Cyril Patrick (Paddy) Cooke, Peacehaven, Sussex, died on 19th August, 1974 at the age of 69 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1939 and served with them until his discharge in 1946. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1945 and his health needed special care but in due course he was trained for industry and during his life-time, has successfully worked in several industrial jobs. In 1964 due to ill health it was necessary for him to spend some time in hospital and he retired from industrial work. He became actively engaged in a considerable amount of voluntary social work. Unfortunately during the past year or so, Mr. Cooke's health made it difficult for him to be as active as he wished and although his voluntary work had to be limited he has carried on to the best of his ability.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Dorothy Cooke, their son and daughter and four children of Mr. Cooke's earlier marriage.

Stanley Frank Loram. 10th Duke of Wellington Regiment, 10th Dragoon Guards and 6th Gloucester Regiment

Stanley Frank Loram who formerly lived in Bristol and recently at Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex, died on 20th August 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in May 1915 and served with the 10th Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the 10th Dragoon Guards and 6th Gloucester Regiment. He was discharged in 1918.

On discharge from the Services, he carried on with manual employment until his retirement when he lived with a younger sister and other relatives. When they died and his half sister Ella was too ill to look after him he went to live at Northgate House in July 1973, where he made many friends.

He leaves a sister, Mrs. B. Neath and his nephew, Mr. David Neath.

James Dunn Paton McGinnis. Royal Engineers

James Dunn Paton McGinnis of Liff by Dundee, Scotland, died very suddenly on 4th August, 1974 at the age of 55 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in September 1936 and served with them until his discharge in 1945, having been wounded by a shell in Germany early in that year. On coming to St. Dunstan's he trained as a physiotherapist and took up a full-time appointment at a hospital in Ayrshire in 1950 and in due course he worked in private practice as well.

In 1959 he took up a senior appointment at the Dundee Royal Infirmary and did excellent work in the Cardiac and Chest Unit when this was formed at the Infirmary in 1966. He was truly dedicated to his profession and much respected by his colleagues and all with whom he met through his work.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Alice McGinnis and their son, Jimmy.

James Roy McKinley. 8th Middlesex Regiment

James Roy McKinley of Hounslow, Middlesex, died on 24th July, 1974, at the Moorfields Eye Hospital, at the age of 79 years.

He enlisted in the 8th Middlesex Regiment in 1911 and served with them until his discharge in 1921. Although he was gassed in 1917, it was not until later in life that his sight began to fail and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1958. He was employed as a Clerical Officer in the Civil Service until 1953 and had retired by the time he joined St. Dunstan's.

In spite of poor health he was able to undertake a little hobby training at Ovingdean and from time to time he went to Brighton for convalescent holidays. He had a small greenhouse and enjoyed working in this and his garden when his health permitted.

In 1972 he was able to make a six week visit to Australia with his wife to visit their son who had emigrated some six years earlier and our St. Dunstaner much enjoyed this experience and returned home feeling so much better for a stay in a warmer climate.

He was advised to undergo an eye operation and he entered Moorfields Eye Hospital for this on

23rd July. Unfortunately he became very ill before the operation could be undertaken and he passed away in the hospital the day after his admission.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith McKinley and their two sons and their respective families.

John Newland. Machine Gun Corps.

John Newland of London, S.E.15, died on 15th July, 1974, whilst on a period of convalescence at Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex. He was 75 years of age.

He enlisted in the Machine Gun Corps in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in January 1974 and had already retired from his work in a Brewery where he had worked for many years. During the few months John Newland was a member of St. Dunstan's his health gave rise for concern and it was whilst convalescing at Northgate House that it deteriorated.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Hannah Newland and their daughter Violet.

Richard Noble. 8th Yorkshire Regiment

Richard Noble of Middlesbrough, Cleveland, died in Hemlington Hospital, Middlesbrough, on 13th July, 1974, ten days before his 79th birthday.

He enlisted in the 8th Yorkshire Regiment in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916. He joined St. Dunstan's in September 1920.

He trained as a mat-maker but he did not enjoy good health and had to give up this occupation after a few years. Mrs. Noble also did not enjoy good health but nevertheless both he and his wife later opened a small shop. However, due to Mrs. Noble's illness and the difficult conditions prevailing during the 2nd World War, the business was later given up.

Mrs. Noble passed away in 1951 and since then Mr. Noble lived with his bachelor son, Dick, who cared for his father devotedly over the years despite his own poor health.

Mr. Noble and his son moved into a new flat in Middlesbrough last January and were settling there very happily when Mr. Noble became very ill and was admitted to hospital on 4th July where sadly he died on 13th July.

He leaves his son Dick, and married daughter, Mrs. Florence Sheiling.

William Robinson. 7th Lincolnshire Regiment

William Robinson of Oasby, Grantham, Lincolnshire, died on 16th August 1974, at his home. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the 7th Lincolnshire Regiment in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in May of that year. He had been wounded at Ypres in February 1916.

William trained in boot-repairing and mat-making together with poultry-keeping and he was very interested in his garden. He won prizes at

local shows for his garden produce and he took an interest in local affairs.

He retired from mat-making in 1946 and kept himself occupied with his garden and greenhouse and also made some string bags.

Unfortunately his wife passed away in 1966 but his daughter and son-in-law came to live with him and they were always a most devoted family. William was very proud of the fact that his granddaughter, Mrs. Brenda Taylor, had recently qualified as an Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

William enjoyed good health for his years and his death occurred very suddenly just after returning from holiday with relatives.

He leaves his daughter, Mrs. Beatrice Smith and family.

Alfred Bennett. *Royal Field Artillery*

Alfred Bennett, Dover, Kent, died at Northgate House, Rottingdean, on 17th August, 1974. He was 90 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in February 1917 and served with them until his discharge in October 1917 when he came to St. Dunstan's

He trained as a masseur and obtained a post at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Dover and later on created his own private practice.

During the 2nd World War, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett moved to Buckinghamshire and his physiotherapy work was unfortunately seriously interrupted. On returning to his home in Dover after the war it was found that his house had suffered a good deal of war damage but in due course Mr. Bennett was able to recreate his practice as a physiotherapist and in addition was able to assist in a part-time capacity at Buckland Hospital, Dover.

He retired in 1951 and during the next twenty years or so he and his wife led a quiet and happy life and were able to celebrate their Diamond Wedding Anniversary in April, 1969.

Unfortunately Mr. Bennett's health has given cause for concern in recent years and he was admitted to Northgate House in January 1974 where sadly he died in August.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Alice Mary Bennett and their son, Mr. Alfred James Bennett.

William (Jock) Waddell. *1st Scots Guards Regiment*

William (Jock) Waddell late of Stenhousemuir, Stirlingshire, and latterly residing at Pearson House, Brighton, died at Northgate House, Rottingdean, on 11th August, 1974. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the 1st Scots Guards Regiment and served with them from January 1914 until July 1915. He was wounded at La Basse in January 1915 and came to St. Dunstan's in the following May.

After training he returned to his home in Stenhousemuir, Stirlingshire, and made mats, carried out some basket work and kept poultry. Unfortun-

ately his health was never very strong and he later gave up these occupations in favour of rug-making and netting. He was a very good Brailist.

After the death of his Mother in 1941 he made his home with his sister and brother-in-law and he enjoyed frequent holidays with us at our homes in Blackpool and Brighton. His sister passed away in 1963 and very shortly afterwards he came to stay permanently in Brighton.

William Waddell suffered a stroke in May and sadly he did not recover from this. During his illness he was much comforted to receive a visit from his relatives in Scotland and they were able to come South again to see him just before he passed away.

He leaves a niece, Mrs. T. Young and her family.

Robert White. *85th Training Reserve*

Robert White, late of King's Lynn, and latterly of Pearson House, Brighton, died at Northgate House, Rottingdean, on 14th July, 1974, after a short illness. He was 75 years of age.

He enlisted in the 85th Training Reserve in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in May 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1920.

He trained as a basket maker and although he was never in robust health, he continued with this occupation until he was 65 years of age. After the death of his wife in 1940 he remained in his own home, being cared for by his daughters, and in 1955 he moved with one of his daughters and her husband to King's Lynn.

In 1970 he went to live at Pearson House, Brighton, and it was at Northgate House he died after a short illness.

He leaves four daughters and their families.

Sydney Wood. *South Staffordshire Regiment*

Sydney Wood of Northborough, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire, died on 7th August, 1974, at his home. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the South Staffordshire Regiment in 1913 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Although Sydney Wood was wounded at Ypres in November 1914 when he suffered injuries to his right eye and right hand, it was not until 1973 that his sight failed completely and he came to St. Dunstan's. After he was wounded at Ypres, he was a prisoner of war for three and a half years until he was repatriated.

He had already retired when he joined St. Dunstan's but his occupation had been that of maintenance worker in a brewery.

Due to the failing health of both Mr. and Mrs. Wood, they made their home some twelve years ago with their daughter, Mrs. Norah Davies and her husband.

Unfortunately Sydney Wood became seriously ill some three months ago and was nursed devotedly at home by his daughter; Mrs. Wood, herself, is in rather frail health.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ethel Wood, her daughter Mrs. Norah Davies and her son Kenneth, who lives in Birmingham.