



As we go to press we have the sad news that our Chairman, Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, C.H., died suddenly and peacefully in King Edward VII Hospital for Officers, London, on Thursday, December 19th. Our tribute will appear in the February Review.

St Dunstons Review January

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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Fared well, but not good-bye

"All good things must come to an end," seems to have been the keynote of the very successful final Grocers' Dinner for St. Dunstaners at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on Wednesday, 4th December. About 330 people attended this function.

Presiding at dinner was Mr. K. S. C. Phillips, Chairman of the Sussex Grocers' Association Entertainment Fund, accompanied by Mrs. Phillips. The Fund's energetic secretary, Mrs. M. G. Lillie was, as usual, here, there and everywhere and a strong supporting cast of Grocers was headed by Mr. J. Watson, President of the National Food and Drink Federation who, with Mrs. Watson, came all the way from Carlisle, and other leading Grocers, most of them well-known to St. Dunstaners, Mr. J. Witts, President of the Sussex Grocers' Association, Messrs. Everson, Foulser, Lutwyche, McEniry, Morris, Reeves-Smith, Rutherford, Shaw, Sturt, P. Tongue, W. Tongue and Wilsher, with their wives, also some special guests. The Rev. Harry Warne, Chaplain to the Sussex Grocers' Association, said Grace before the dinner.

Guests Attending

The Council of St. Dunstan's was represented by Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris accompanied by Lady Morris and staff from St. Dunstan's included Commandant Fawcett, Mrs. Blackford and Miss Hallett from Brighton and Commander Buckley from London. Dr. O'Hara, the Rev. Popham Hosford, our St. Dunstan's padre, and Mrs. Dacre were also there—Percy Warden's Band played at dinner and for dancing afterwards as they have done during the past 27 years.

After the excellent Christmas Dinner had been consumed and with Mr. Peter Tongue acting as Toast-master, Mr. Phillips rose to speak. Proposing a toast to St. Dunstan's and expressing regret that Lord Fraser could not attend the

dinner Mr. Phillips said, "You will know that for a great many years the Grocers have given a dinner and dance and a Summer outing for the St. Dunstaners. This has cost them a tremendous lot of money and a tremendous lot of time because it's a very difficult situation to work out each year. Also, no doubt you know, that in 1918 the Federation of Grocers' Associations of the United Kingdom, gave West House to St. Dunstan's. It is ideally situated in Brighton just off Marine Parade and, as you know, Dr. Brighton, with his wonderful beaches and glorious sunshine gives health and cheerfulness to these blinded men. It is to the generosity of the Grocers' Associations of the United Kingdom that St. Dunstan's owes this invaluable contribution to work for blinded men. I will say something about the wives, friends and lady escorts—what a marvellous job they do."

Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris

Responding to the toast Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris said:—

"When I look at this room from this position here I feel exactly like the substitute who is called out in the middle of a football game to take the place of the world famous player who is unfortunately unable to be in this match, and you, if I may say so, Ladies and Gentlemen, look rather like the customers who are looking down at the substitute and wondering what sort of a show he is going to put up, and rather regretting that the man you wanted to see is not here. All I can say is that Lord Fraser, as you know, is unfortunately not well and he has asked me to pass a message to you. He regrets he is unable to be here but he has to enter hospital in the next few days for a check-up which he hopes will not be serious; but it is preventing him from attending to-night's dinner and also the annual



As "Winged Victory" at Ian Fraser House looks out into 1975 and the re-opening of the building, we wish all St. Dunstaners a Happy New Year.



Mr. K. S. C. Phillips and Mrs. M. G. Lillie.

Founder's Service in honour of Sir Arthur Pearson next Sunday. But Lord Fraser asked me to send to you all, and particularly St. Dunstaners, his and Lady Fraser's love and best wishes and I am quite sure that I can go back and tell him that your feelings of affection are with them in these next few days which I am sure will be of very great value to them both.

"I know very well that Lord Fraser is disappointed in not being here to-night because he particularly wanted to attend this last occasion and on behalf of all St. Dunstaners, to thank the Grocers' Federation for all that they have done over the years.

Debt to Grocers

"Starting way back from West House, now Pearson House, and continuing through the years, the contributions both to Pearson House and to Ovingdean, St. Dunstaners owe a very great deal to the Grocers' Federation and I am delighted to see that the National President of the Federation, Mr. Watson, is here to-night and I almost said the top brass of the Grocers but I understand that the chain is much more valuable.

"The St. Dunstaners here to-night will, of course, have a much more personal feeling for the local Grocers; the Sussex Association and in particular, I think,

their two friends, Mr. Phillips and Mrs. Lillie. The Sussex Association, for very many years now, has provided these annual dinners, annual Summer outings for St. Dunstaners and visited the local Homes at Christmas-time to bring them presents and to bring them cheer and these occasions are very sincerely remembered by all St. Dunstaners."

Paying an eloquent tribute to the work of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., Founder of St. Dunstan's, Sir Douglas told the Grocers that they were a small but valuable component in the vast financial organisation which Sir Arthur established.

Over 6,000 St. Dunstaners

"Out of these small beginnings St. Dunstan's has dealt with well over 6,000 blinded men and women mostly or mainly of two World Wars and unfortunately more recently from troubles such as are occurring in Ulster, and those of you who had the opportunity of seeing that television film on Captain Hazan, a few months ago will have some insight into the vast field of skill with which St. Dunstan's deals with the war blinded. And, if I may say, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grocers' Association, your contribution over the years is I think best shown in the St. Dunstaners who are here to-night. This you might say is the proof of your pudding. These are the people you have for many years helped and I think you will agree with me that, on the whole, they are a pretty fine bunch. So I would like to add to the words of Lord Fraser in thanking you for all you have done, acting as a Member of the Council to give you the Council's thanks and the regret that all good things must come to an end. For more than 50 years you have helped us and we are profoundly grateful."

As a small memento of the appreciation of St. Dunstan's Council Sir Douglas then presented framed photographs of Pearson House to Mr. Phillips and Mrs. Lillie.

It was then the turn of Mrs. Lillie to speak and she said. "As all you St. Dunstaners know, I don't usually say anything of any substance but I must tell you that in my cracker I had a motto which said, 'If you are a self-starter your boss doesn't need to be a crank'. Well,

I would like to think, yes, I am a self-starter and I would also tell you that Mr. Phillips is not my boss so he doesn't necessarily need to be a crank. And then if you'll excuse me Sir Douglas, I got up early this morning and because I knew you were coming I didn't bake you a cake, I baked you a loaf of bread . . . it's obviously as heavy as lead and you won't be able to cut it. Well, now there's just one other thing. When I've got nothing to do, which is not very often, I'm given to making rhymes and the other day I thought of something so I would just like to read it out to you.

"When often at the kitchen sink my thoughts
flow very fast
Of all my yester years way back in the past.
But most of all I think of you, St. Dunstaners,
your wives,
And all the many varied things you have done
with your lives.

You're always very happy, even when you're
down,
And often have a cheery smile when meeting
me in town,
You never fail to ask just how I am getting on,
Enquire about my husband, my daughter and
my son.

Christmas parties may be ending and Summer
outings too,
But personally this is not the end, for I'll always
think of you.
Hoping I may be privileged to call you still
my friends,
And you in turn reciprocate until our journey
ends."

Mr. Phillips then thanked Sir Douglas very much for the photographs presented to himself and Mrs. Lillie of Pearson House which he described as being as good as a five star hotel.

President's Speech

Mr. John Watson, President of the National Food and Drink Federation said, "It is a privilege for my wife and myself to attend this function of yours which unfortunately has to be the last, as we have heard this evening. My year of office seems to be one of firsts and lasts. In June this year I was installed as the last President of the National Grocers' Federation, and now I am the first President of the National Food and Drink Federation. This evening I am attending your function, which has to be the last where the Grocers

are concerned. It would be remiss of me if I did not say what a pleasure it has been for my Federation to be connected with St. Dunstan's and we can never thank the local Association too much for the work they have done on our behalf for St. Dunstaners."

Thanks to Mrs. Lillie

Mr. Phillips then spoke again, "I would like to say one other word to you," he said. "I did not say anything about Mrs. Lillie but I should like in front of you, to thank Mrs. Lillie very very much for all she has done in the past and there have been a very great lot of jobs she has had to do and I would like to congratulate her on them. I would like you to give her a real good hand. Now, I never like anybody to beat me. Mrs. Lillie has made up a magnificent rhyme. Well, the funny thing is I too have made up a rhyme and I'd like to read it to you. It may be a little bit religious, it will go fairly well with the reverend gentlemen, I think, and it goes:—

Although horizons we may scan,
The future is not ours to plan.
The most that we can do is pray
That God will light the unknown way.
So trust in Him and have no doubt
That He will work his purpose out.
Your part is this, to work, to pray,
And do your best from day to day."

Presentation

On the dance floor after dinner our St. Dunstaner W. T. (Ginger) Scott made a special presentation to Mrs. Lillie on behalf of all those St. Dunstaners who had subscribed to the appeal made by himself, Mrs. Gover and John Whitcombe through the medium of *St. Dunstan's Review*. The gifts were a basket made by a St. Dunstaner filled with daffodils, narcissi and polyanthus, the book "America" by Alistair Cooke (especially asked for by Mrs. Lillie) and a cheque for £75.00.

The dancing and much enjoyed conversation with friends continued until close on midnight when the party broke up. To our friends the Grocers we say, "You have done us proud over the past 56 years and we will always remember this most gratefully. We have fared well, but surely it is a case of auf Wiedersehen and not good-bye."

VICE-CHAIRMAN IN SOUTH AFRICA

During our Autumn and their Spring, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, Vice-Chairman of St. Dunstan's, and his wife made a business trip to the Republic of South Africa, in the course of which they visited St. Dunstan's (South Africa) and met a few St. Dunstaners.

On 15th October Mr. Garnett-Orme attended a Board meeting of St. Dunstan's (South Africa) chaired by Mrs. Opperman. Our St. Dunstaner The Rev. Michael Norman is a member of the Board. Subsequently Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme were entertained to lunch and were thus able to meet each member of the Board and Officers of the Association with their wives.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme entertained Jim and Laura Ellis, their daughter and son-in-law in Johannesburg on 17th October and Professor Ken McIntyre and his wife Billy in Durban a day or so later.

Journeys by train and car brought home to Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme what a huge and varied land South Africa is. The trade passing through its ports is enormous. Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme were most grateful for the splendid hospitality extended to them everywhere.

Telephone Calls to Headquarters and to Visiting Staff

St. Dunstaners are advised, in view of the substantial increases in charges, to keep telephone calls to staff as brief as possible. It should be noted that the transfer of the call charges to St. Dunstan's account is unacceptable except in the case of time-expired essential calls from public call boxes, or unless authorised in advance by a member of the staff for a special reason.

I feel sure that St. Dunstaners will wish to co-operate fully in this matter and so save valuable staff time and keep telephone bills to a minimum.

C. D. WILLS.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS 1974

Mr. Wills and all the staff, both at Headquarters and the Brighton Homes, thank St. Dunstaners for the many Christmas Cards which they have received during this festive season, and warmly reciprocate the greetings and good wishes that these have conveyed.

FOUNDER'S DAY SERVICE 1974

The Founder's Day Service was held in St. George's Church, Kemp Town on Sunday, 8th December. The Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D., conducted the Service. Mr. Nigel Pearson, a member of the Council and a grandson of Sir Arthur, read the lesson. In an eloquent address Mr. W. T. (Ginger) Scott paid a warm tribute to Sir Arthur Pearson and to the work of St. Dunstan's over the past 59 years. Sir Neville Pearson's daughter, Mrs. Hardy attended the Service with her daughter Justine.

This year the Chapel was decorated with various shades of yellow chrysanthemums mixed with white ones against a background of green rhododendron leaves.

Visit to Hampstead

On the morning of Monday, 9th December, Mr. C. D. Wills, accompanied by Paul Nuyens and George Douglas Warden, both 1st World War and Thomas Gaygan, 2nd World War, made their way to the Hampstead Cemetery to lay a wreath of poppies on Sir Arthur Pearson's grave.

Congratulations

Jock Inness of Dewsbury was recently presented with a 44 piece Canteen of Cutlery after 25 years' service with the National Health Service at Staincliffe General Hospital, Dewsbury.

Robert Holmes of Templepatrick, Co. Antrim, completed 25 years' service last November with Messrs. Anderson and Macauley Ltd., Belfast, and was presented with a watch and badge.

Bill Orange of Beeston, Leeds, was one of the first people to join the Remploy depot in Leeds and has recently completed 25 years' service with the firm. He was presented with a clock.

EXAMINATION SUCCESS

Congratulations to Mrs. Teresa Sander-son, daughter of Henry Pownall of Old Coulsdon, Surrey, who has passed her final State Registered Nurse examination at Guy's Hospital.



Mainly for

Women



Going Metric

Life, as many of us used to know it, seems to be vanishing fast and now another change is taking place. The metric change is happening now. From February 1975 household and dress fabrics will be sold by the metre and centimetre for length. Retailers will cut to the nearest 10 centimetres (approximately 4 inches).

Examples

- 90 cm instead of 35/36 in.
- 115 cm instead of 44/45 in.
- 120 cm instead of 48 in.
- 140 cm instead of 54 in.
- 150 cm instead of 60 in.

Dressmaking

Paper patterns for home dressmaking will show measurements in both metric and inches. Dress sizes for example 12, 14, 16, will stay. Books on home dressmaking now give dimensions in both metric and inches. Get yourself a metric tape measure as soon as possible as it is easier and more reliable than converting.

When shopping you will find garments marked up in both centimetres and inches for men and women. Children's clothes are slightly different. For infants up to 12 months the clothes are determined by the weight of the child. Boys from 12 months to 5 years the size is based on height in 6 cm steps from 80 cm to 110 cm. and often the approximate age is given. From

5-15 years the boy's garments are given in inches and centimetres plus the usual size codes.

Girls sizes for 12 months to 14 years are based on height in 6 cm steps from 80 cm to 164 cm and approximate age is often given on the garment.

At present there is no change in shoe sizes but a simple international system called "Mondopoint" is being developed.

From January 1975 most types of stockings which have been in inches will now be marked in centimetres and inches.

Hats will also be marked in both centimetres and inches and there is no change in gloves.

In the kitchen

We are now to go metric in the kitchen and this need not mean all measuring jugs, kitchen scales or favourite recipes have to be thrown away - all can still be used. All kitchen measuring equipment can now be bought marked in both systems and when buying new it would be sensible to get one of these.

Most metric recipes work on a weight unit of 25 grams which is slightly smaller than an ounce and a liquid unit of half a litre (500 ml) which is slightly less than a pint. The proportion of 25 g solid to 500 ml liquid is the same as the proportion of 1 oz to 1 pint though the total amount in metric is about 10% less. Here are a few useful guide lines :-

Weight

A Kilogram is a little less than $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.
25g replaces 1 oz.

Liquids

A litre is a little more than $1\frac{3}{4}$ pints.
125 ml replaces $\frac{1}{4}$ pint.

Length.

A metre is a little more than 3 feet 3 inches.
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cm are approximately one inch.

METRIC MENUS

Currant Buns

100 g butter or margarine.
100 g castor sugar.
150 g self-raising flour.
pinch of salt.
2 eggs.
25 ml milk.
100 g currants.

Cream the fat and sugar together until light and fluffy.

Sieve or mix the flour and salt.

Add the eggs, one at a time, to the creamed mixture with a spoonful of flour, stir then beat.

Beat the milk with a little more flour.

Stir in the currants with the remaining flour.

Divide the mixture evenly between about 20 baking cases, smooth level.

Bake for 15-20 minutes at 190°C (375°F) gas mark 5.

Yorkshire Pudding

100 g plain flour.
pinch of salt.
250 ml milk.
1 egg.

25 g dripping.

Place the fat in a shallow tin, 20x15 cm (approx.) put into the oven to heat at 220°C (425°F) gas mark 7.

Sieve or mix flour and salt.

Make a hollow in the centre, add egg and a little milk.

Stir, drawing flour in from the sides, keeping the mixture smooth and gradually adding half the milk.

Beat well, then stir in remaining milk.

When the fat is smoking hot, pour in batter and cook 35-40 minutes.

TANDEMONIUM

by Leonard Parry

Leonard Parry wrote this poem after hearing of fellow St. Dunstaner, Mike Tetley's tandem expedition to East Africa, when with a sighted rider in front, he rode from Nairobi to Malindi, some 400 miles through wild country. Mike Tetley's own account, in more serious vein appears on page 9.

Fire-flies are flashing in the jungle's steamy heat,
Tandem a dashing with the thrust of Tetley's feet.
Jungle Ju Ju says, we'll cast a spell
On these intruding white men with their jingling bell.

Take not that path, his daughters cried, the storm
is overhead.

The lion and the leopard are hunting for their
bread.

The black man's prowling with his nasty assegai,
Oh dearest, darling Poppa we don't want you to
die.

But all the Tetley blood welled up within his soul
And with a kindred spirit he set out for his goal.
We know not what his goal was except there
were two wheels

Joined up with bits of tubing and two good pairs
of heels.

The evening shades were falling as they took off
for their run.

Their rations were some lime juice and a currant
bun.

The forest fauna heard their tinkling bell
And sniffing with their noses were attracted by
their smell.

As darkness gathered in the deeper parts,
They heard a thumping and thought it was their
hearts.

A roguish elephant clumping close behind
With outstretched trunk looked far from kind.

They thrust their buns right at his trunk
And by God's Grace the fellow did a bunk.
But woe betide they heard a rhino grunt,
With one pointed horn asticking out in front.

Oh pedal, pedal, pedal, oh pedal for your life,
Oh pedal Mr. Tetley, think of your kids and wife.
They pedalled hard with every nerve astrain
And prayed their strength would not break the
chain.

They rode into Malindi to the barking of a dog,
All the population were standing there agog.
Now they are united back with their kith and kin,
They've had a more adventurous ride than that of
John Gilpin.



Mike Tetley (left) with his sighted "pilot", Dennis Bray, who helped him with training in England.

August found me pedalling 430 miles across Kenya from Nairobi to Mombasa and on to Malindi, the journey taking four days through wild country teeming with big game. I flew the tandem to Nairobi and undertook to do the ride from there firstly to enjoy the call of the wild, which to someone not born in Africa may be difficult to understand; and secondly to show the local Kenyans that blind people could get about and enjoy themselves and by this example, to draw attention to the fact that blind people can do a useful job of work.

The students at the Salvation Army School for the Blind at Thika, near Nairobi, told me last year that they had difficulty in obtaining employment and I hoped that my ride would help them. I gave the tandem to this school when I finished the ride.

We attracted a great deal of attention as no African had seen a tandem before. We nearly brought Nairobi Airport to a halt as we rode away from it. Wherever I went on the tandem there were shouts from Africans in their native language:

Tandem ride across Kenya

by Mike Tetley

"Look, look, have you ever seen a bike like that?" as they voiced their disbelief and incredulity at seeing a bicycle made for two with a middle-aged European and a Goan Indian with a big black beard pedalling through the bush. I got stopped by police cars twice just so that policemen could come and look at the tandem and they wanted to know if I was frightened of the big game down the Mombasa road.

The first day we did 100 miles in the morning. At lunchtime, as I hadn't had much sleep on the aeroplane the night before, I decided that this was a good time to stop for that day. The second day we hit a tremendous head wind and we only did 80 miles the whole day—only 32 in the last five hours. Dusk found us at quarter past six at a place called Tsavo. Tsavo is famous for man-eating lions. They ate up over 190 people and stopped the construction of the railway for two or three years at the turn of the century and they got so clever that, going up some of the steeper gradients where the train obviously went very slowly, the lions

could run faster than the train and they would jump through the open windows, grab you out of your bed and gobble you up.

We got to Tsavo at dusk. There is a lodge being built there called the Man-eaters' Lodge but they've run out of money and we couldn't find a way in. I had expected a few more signs of civilisation but there was nothing else.

We found three Africans and asked them was there a small shop at Tsavo Station and where was it. One African pointed to a path and he said: "If you go down there you will fairly soon come to it". So I said, "Come on, show us the way". Neither love nor money would induce him more than 10 feet away from his front door.

An Elephant—30 yards

We set off down the path. We had only gone 30 yards and already an elephant had cut off our line of retreat, it was between us and the main road. So we pedalled on. The path got so rough we had to get off the tandem and we man-handled it down a steep ravine and up the other side. At the top I heard something I recognised as a rhino . . . 20 feet away. I was wondering what on earth to do when I heard a cockerel crow on my right and I knew that human habitation must be close at hand. So we bashed in through the bush and I think the native Station Master was quite surprised to see a tandem coming in through the bush on to his Station. He was very kind to us, he gave us a cup of coffee and we slept on the concrete floor of a store room with a high wind howling about us.

On the following morning we got closer to an elephant than I really wanted to. Soon after dawn we came across an elephant in the middle of the road. It was stripping trees by the roadside so there was no alternative but to stop and wait for it to move off. We waited and we waited and the old elephant wouldn't move. Then a Peugeot car came up, passed us and stood honking at the elephant. The elephant stood its ground, looked straight at the car, apparently, and when it started walking slowly towards it, the car shot into reverse! Eventually, the elephant moved off and we pedalled on. Just as we

passed the spot where we had seen him, he came back on to the road behind us. Suddenly I heard my sighted "pilot" shout "For the love of Pete, pedal like hell". We went on pedalling and pedalling and I said "Have we passed it yet?" "Shut up and pedal". We rode right between two elephants and passed within about five feet of one on the side of the road. This elephant looked at the tandem. My friend looked back at the elephant and we went on pedalling. We pedalled so jolly hard to get past this elephant that we pulled the back wheel to one side and shed one of the nuts on the axle.

430 Miles in four days

When we got down to Malindi we had done 430 miles in four days. Considering the rough roads, our 40 year old tandem did very well. We had no punctures but light bulbs just would not stand up to the vibration of the roads for more than a day. There is one snag about a tandem on rough roads. Due to its long wheel base, you hit the pedals or even the bottom bracket on bumps and ruts. This happened very often and it is something which never happens on roads in the U.K.

Sets of Values

At Malindi I joined my wife and children who had come by aeroplane and my Goan friend took the tandem back to Nairobi and handed it over to the Blind School. I shall never forget the trip, nor the hospitality shown to me by Africans, Asians and Europeans alike. I slept in a Mosque in the middle of nowhere and had entertaining conversations with the locals as I ate their food with my fingers. Above all I shall never forget dawn in the wilds; it seems to restore one's sets of values.

WAR-BLINDED GERMAN SEEKS ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT

A German war blinded man aged about 40 would like to correspond with an English opposite number in Braille. The correspondence would be in English. Volunteers are requested to write to the *Review*.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



Richard Charles Hall of Hassocks, Sussex, joined St. Dunstan's, in November, 1974. He served in the Second World War in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and was discharged in June 1946. He is the Managing Director of a Catering Company and is married with two daughters and one son.

Cecil Benjamin Headland of Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12, came to St. Dunstan's in December, 1974. He served in the First World War with the 1st Battalion, Bedfordshire Regiment. On his discharge in 1919 he resumed work as a scaffolder, eventually becoming a foreman scaffolder until he was forced to retire. Over the years, his eyesight has deteriorated as a result of war injuries and he has now been admitted to membership. He is married and has one married daughter.

Clifford Hiscox of Mountain Ash, Glamorgan, came to St. Dunstan's in November, 1974. He was a regular serviceman and he saw service in France and the Far East in the 2nd World War. He is married with a grown-up family.

Charles McConaghy of Belfast, joined St. Dunstan's in November, 1974. He served with the Royal Ulster Constabulary and was wounded in Belfast early in November. He is married with a daughter. He will be starting his training in the near future.

Hugh Graham Neish, of London, came to St. Dunstan's in December, 1974. Major Neish, who is single, was a Regular Army Officer of the Royal Tank Regiment and served from the First War until 1948.

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.

Ernest Charles Lailey of Oxted, Surrey, joined St. Dunstan's in September, 1974. He served in the 1st World War in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Following his discharge in 1919 he had his own business as an upholsterer, but gradually his sight has deteriorated. He is married and has one daughter.

Samuel Preston Leigh, of Bearsted, Maidstone, joined St. Dunstan's in November, 1974. He was commissioned, served with the Suffolk Regiment in the First War and was wounded at Gallipoli. He is a widower, his wife having died just after he became a St. Dunstaner.

Stanley Henry Cobbledick Hoblyn of Plymouth, Devon, who joined St. Dunstan's in October, 1974. He served in the Royal Navy during the 1st World War and prior to that had been a boy recruit. After his discharge he worked as a plumber and gas fitter for a local Gas Company and in more recent years was employed by the Plymouth Corporation. Mr. and Mrs. Hoblyn are now enjoying a quiet retirement.

OBITUARY

Mr. Cecil Hay

St. Dunstaners who knew him will be very sorry to hear of the death at his Canterbury home on 10th December of *Mr. Cecil George Jackson Hay*. He will be specially remembered for the help given at Church Stretton during the Second World War, particularly to the officers. Cecil Hay acted as reader, escort counsellor and friend. We offer sincere sympathy to his twin sister Miss Betty Hay.



Dennis Freeman at one of the incidents during the leadership course at Coventry.

WAYS OF LIFE 26

LOOK WIDE TO SERVE—Dennis Freeman

Talking to David Castleton

Imagine you walk into a largish hall; as you do so a young woman, quarrelling with her boy-friend, stabs him. Suddenly you and your companions must cope with the situation: the victim has a terrible wound in his chest and is bleeding at the mouth, his assailant is in hysterics. . . .

Or imagine you are in a countryside threatened by imminent flood. A member of your party is injured and helpless. The only way to save him is to hoist him at least eight feet up a tree nearby and up there light a fire to boil water for his treatment.

Impossible? Well the situations might be nearly that but it is not impossible to cope with them as groups of young people did with varying success on a leadership course for venture scouts and ranger guides held in Coventry recently.

One of the brains behind the organisation of this long week-end for some 36

young men and women is Assistant District Commissioner Dennis Freeman, a St. Dunstanian whose interest in the Scout Movement goes back to his own days as a boy in the scouts.

"A leadership course is not for leaders," he explains, "It's to give these kids a chance to see what leadership is. On the course, in each group, one has to take the lead in all these tests. This is where the stronger people stand out. They take charge anyway, and we shall bring this out in the final talks. The natural leaders come out and the people who are not very good at it perhaps realise that leadership is a bit more difficult than they thought."

Dennis was himself a scout until he was 16 when he joined the Royal Navy. He served from 1945 to 1953, mostly in the Middle East and North Atlantic, as a seaman radar plotter. Then a tropical

disease he contracted in Palestine brought about his discharge from the service, totally blind.

He joined St. Dunstan's but his health did not permit him to undergo training. "I was not well enough at the time. Still not strictly well enough for a lot of things. This is due to the flaring up of this tropical bug which is still active but can be dealt with by a bit of sensible living."

It was a blow leaving the service: "After all the years of training I'd just got to the interesting part and, of course, I was thrown out." To Dennis scouting is not really a substitute for the career he lost in the Navy, "I wouldn't say substitute, alternative, perhaps, would be a better word.

"I didn't want to be a Scout Leader. At the time my oldest son was in the scouts—he had been a cub and then went to the scouts—and the various Scout Leaders came along and said would I look after the Venture Scout Unit—because they could find nobody else, I suppose. I told them it was ridiculous but they kept coming back so in the end I said I'd give it a go just to prove it couldn't be done. I've been doing it ever since with various steps up on the way."

That was seven years ago and since then scouting has become Dennis's life. Betty, his wife, and his three children are, or have been, involved. Raymond, the oldest, now 21 and engaged to be married, was a Queen's Scout and earned the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award; Anne, 19, who has the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award, was a ranger and is now a Brownie and Cub Scout Leader, she, too, is getting married next Easter to a Scout Leader; while Stephen, 15, who is a patrol leader with the Scout Section, has just won the Chief Scout Award.

Dennis devotes a tremendous amount of time to his work as Assistant District Commissioner and as leader of his own Venture Scout and Ranger Guide Unit. He listed for me his forthcoming week's engagements: "This week-end, starting off last Friday, we've been here all week-end for this course. Monday evening is the 92nd Unit night, I shall be there, of course. Tuesday evening I've got a District meeting of my Venture Scout Leaders. They will all come to my house. This is a monthly meeting so we can get on with planning events and getting over problems.

"Wednesday evening I've a tutorial



Golden moment—outside Buckingham Palace with Anne and other members of the Unit who had received their Duke of Edinburgh Gold Awards.

meeting for a course I'm helping to staff next week-end. That will be at my place. Thursday evening it will be the 92nd Group's Christmas Fair. My wife is on the parents' committee there so she's very much involved. My unit will be there selling hot dogs and things but in the middle I have to go to attend a presentation of a trophy for a competition we put on for a Scout Section. Following that, just to make it an interesting evening, I've a tutors' meeting for another course so I've got three meetings on Thursday.

"Next Friday, Saturday and Sunday I'm a tutor on a Venture Scout Leader's basic course, where I shall take a session on programme planning and be a tutor for the rest of the week-end and, by golly, it's back to Monday again—it's a Unit night. This is the normal pattern."

All this needs an understanding wife and Betty Freeman is just that, "I couldn't do it without her. There's three things I need for this job: That's the wife, the

telephone and the car. Without those it just wouldn't be on. I don't have to go haring up and down mountains—if I'm feeling all right I do tend to do this and I shouldn't—but there again, Betty drives the car when we do this. Management is the main point of the job and, I think, being on hand and being sympathetic, being a good listener probably helps.

"I've been with my own Unit now for seven years. I've been doing the District job for about four. They've always got somebody to go to in the event of trouble and they come to us with personal problems besides unit problems. I had one lad come to me at half-past eight on a Monday morning with a problem to do with his work. They're always welcome and the house is always full of venture scouts, rangers or both, which doesn't give us much time on our own."

Blindness, Dennis has found, is not too great a handicap in scouting, "Not more than it would affect anybody in any job.

Mobility is the main problem and reading. This is a problem where St. Dunstan's are doing a good thing. I'm having quite a lot of books transcribed into Braille. The rest my poor wife has to read to me. It can get very boring because a lot of it is technical stuff. She has an awful lot to read but she seems to cope all right."

Attitudes to Blindness

We discussed the attitude of scouts and rangers towards a blind leader: "My own unit, I think, forget about it. They certainly don't make any special concession. I never expect them to. You mustn't play on blindness, otherwise you are getting away with it for the wrong reasons. Although I don't have to do the practical side, I still can do a back splice and an eye splice and the rest of the odd knots that we do. I can still demonstrate how to use a compass and other various things. It is helpful and it comes from being a sailor. There is no great merit in this.

"They are not inhibited at all with me. The only thing I do ask them, when we are at camp, that they do tell me where the wet pit is and not let me fall down that. They are quite liable to, in fact, and find it very funny, which I, myself, think is great because they are not cossetting me all the time and they're treating me as an eccentric uncle, I think that is the nearest thing, certainly not one of the boys—this is not my function."

Pioneer of Mixed Units

In Coventry Dennis has been a pioneer of the mixed unit. There are now four of these units in Coventry and all of them in his District. "We started as a mixed unit two and a half years ago when the boys suggested it themselves. Mind you it was carefully engineered so that they would suggest it. They were given every opportunity to work with rangers and they did suggest it. Within two days we'd got it started as a mixed unit."

It was an idea Dennis had to sell to some local scout and guide authorities but it was an idea he believed in, "I think ranger guiding, venture scouting is for living. You try to teach them to live—it's not just tying knots and helping old ladies. This is one part of it but mainly it isn't this. It's teaching them to live and get on with people. It isn't a one sex



A joke with Norah Bundock and George Byard, preparing an incident.

society we live in and we've got to train to live in a multi-sex society. We're not monastic. I think the mixed idea is spreading—from this type of course, in fact. This sells the idea to the rangers and the venture scouts.

"I've encouraged it. This is the key word, encouragement. My job isn't just with venture scouts and rangers, it is with unit leaders. I have to have leaders for all my units and they have to be encouraged to take training courses, to put time in themselves. They get problems in dealing with units. Besides technical problems, how to deal with some job, there are occasional problems on how to deal with, maybe, a recalcitrant venture scout, or things like this."

Dennis has, himself, gone through the courses in his rise from Venture Scout Leader to A.D.C., "There are three main-courses to qualify as a Venture Scout Leader: A general information course, then we go on to the basic course—a

week-end job followed by a written study, six pretty deep questions. This is followed by a period in training while you actually do the job, then an advanced course which takes several week-ends covering an awful lot of ground. When we'd finished that we went on to Study Three, which is another six questions needing a small essay on each."

This written work is assessed at Scout H.Q. and is followed by four months in-service training under the close scrutiny of the District Commissioner, who submits reports on the trainee leader on which H.Q. decides whether to accept him. Quite a training stint, and now Dennis is embarked on further courses in connection with his work as Assistant District Commissioner, "This is the way the training goes. In fact, you are training all the time."

Now he wears the wooden toggles

which mark him as a member of quite a special group of people. "There certainly is spirit, regimental in the widest sense, you are part of the clan. You wear the little scout badge in your lapel and a scouter will always stop and talk. Wherever you are you will meet a scouter."

Dennis is one of the few working at District level to retain leadership of his own unit. He is not ambitious for further promotion. "It is not a question of rank in the Scout Movement. It doesn't matter what you are as long as you are doing a job. Whatever it is, you are all doing a job for one end. I personally wouldn't want to go any further because I'm dealing with the section I want."

He believes strongly in the value of scouting, "There's no point in doing this otherwise. It is mainly the spiritual, physical and mental development of young people. It can give a grounding

Casualty simulation—members of Dennis's unit stage an accident expertly portraying the injuries and acting the symptoms, under the direction of Shirish Patel.



Dennis leads a religious discussion during the leadership course.

into civilised behaviour, especially the age range we are dealing with in the venture scout and ranger guide sections, basically 15 years 9 months to 20, rangers slightly less, they leave when they are 19.

"The training programme, the award schemes, they are all designed to promote a better life, a fuller life, wide experience. The old Senior Scout motto used to be very good, it used to be 'Look wide'. We haven't a motto in the Venture Scouts but I think 'Ich Dien' would probably do as well, 'I serve'. This all comes into it, serving the community."

Venture scouts and ranger guides are encouraged to work with the younger sections of the movement as instructors; to go out and work in the community, helping old people and charities. There is close co-operation with the Church. Dennis owns to being a religious man but explains that religion is not the foremost part of venture scout work. "It is a part, it is an integral part but not the main part. Going by the unit programmes we do all sorts of things. Although the image is still big hats, helping the old lady across the road, it will change. We go ice skating, we've got gliding schools, canoeing schools, we do a lot of expeditions in wild country. We're far more, let's say, professional in our approach, far more adult."

Part of this approach is leaving as much as possible to the young people themselves, "This is the whole point of venture scout and ranger guide units: executive committees, they do the lot. They are self programming, self planning, self disciplined. They need an awful lot of guidance, of course. The art is to let them go ahead and make a mistake occasionally without it breaking their hearts. They do make mistakes occasionally on the programmes and things go wrong, terribly wrong. If it's going to be dangerous you don't let them, or if it's important, if it involves other people, you give a prod. If it isn't, well, you let them make the mistake and hope that they will learn by experience. They are a friendly crowd and they mostly do as they are asked. I don't give orders. I don't think we should give orders in this business, just suggestions and requests."

It is not always easy for an older person to stand by and resist the temptation to prevent the young making their own mistakes. I wondered how Dennis achieves this and the obvious bond he has created with his scouts and guides: "Absolute honesty with them. For instance, if I think they are a shower of peasants I tell them so. They take it from me. You don't get ill-will with it. I like to

KEMP TOWN NOTES

What word of cheer can we send out from Pearson House in these gloomy days of sugar shortage, lightning 'bus strikes and threats of worse to come. I must try not to mention the weather, but one of our stalwart escorts who comes from a country region, remarked recently that she thought she was growing webbed feet!

We had a challenge from the Lantern Club (Brighton Society for the Blind), to a friendly Quiz early in the month. Nine of us went all together, including the team—Margaret Stanway, Harry Boorman and Bill Riley. The Lantern team were Morris Raff, Ron French and Charles Emery. Their scorer was Miss Boulds, and Mrs. Gray, an ex-member of our Staff, kindly kept St. Dunstan's score.

The Question Master was Mr. G. Barnard, who was obviously experienced and put everyone at their ease in the twelve rounds of questions. The final score was Lantern Club—58, St. Dunstan's—48;

The team were able to have a chat with members of the audience.

The Theatre Royal presented a couple of contrasting oldies—Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" and Noel Coward's "Present Laughter".

The disc jockeys for the month were Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Highcock and Mrs. Dennis, whom we welcomed back after some sick leave and a holiday in Majorca.

We had a welcome return visit of the "Carden Consort". Richard, the guitarist, was really outnumbered this time with nine girls singing and playing recorders. It was really a jolly evening, especially when two girls played a yodelling tune and Johnny Sugden came in at the appropriate moment with a 'cuckoo'.

Miss Joan Alan, a violinist, came with a group recently and asked if she could bring some friends. We had an enjoyable evening with her solos, two singers and a comedian who also sang some of the old choruses and, of course, one is inclined to forget the accompanist, always the mainstay of good performances.

Nearly all were 'first-timers' whom we shall hope to meet again.

LOOK WIDE TO SERVE—Continued

think they are a good unit. We have a very high standard and a good record, even if I do say so myself."

How does he judge his own record, I asked him: "In about ten years' time I'll be able to judge it. At the moment the only thing I can say is the awards we've got, the standard of the people who have left the unit, what they are doing now, how they are behaving—ten years' time will be the time to prove whether or not our training has had any effect at all. It must be far deeper than knot tying and test marking. These activities are only a means to an end. Of course, the youngsters enjoy it and it gives them self-reliance.

"As I say, my job is not haring up and down mountains. It is planning, managerial, finding the right leader and trying to get him trained and keep him happy. After all, not everybody wants to do this sort of thing. In my unit I have two

Assistant Leaders who are both ex-venture scouts. But Leaders come in all shapes and sizes, all professions. One thing about scouting is there's no bias against anybody. It doesn't matter what your job is, as long as you are a good scouter you are in, you're welcome."

It takes all kinds, says Dennis, and all are welcome—he is proof himself. There have not been so many blind scout leaders, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, another St. Dunstaner, is one of them. What does Dennis find for himself in scouting? "I think it must be the pleasure of being able to give. To be thankful, in fact, to be in a position to give. Because at one time I thought I was never going to be able to do anything." Through scouting Dennis has found that, despite blindness and other disability, he can still fulfil those two mottoes he admires. He can still look wide to serve.

Reading Time

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 1371

Papillon

by Henri Charrière

Translated by Patrick O'Brian

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 24¼ hours

Henri Charrière, nicknamed Papillon because of a butterfly tattoo, was convicted in 1931, on perjured evidence, of a murder he did not commit. After a silence lasting almost forty years he now tells his incredible stranger-than-fiction story.

Transported to French Guiana for life, he immediately set about planning his escape. The first plan failed . . . and the second . . . and the third. There were many failures. Once he was brought back fifteen hundred miles and sentenced to solitary confinement as punishment.

Few survived "solitary". The death toll was a terrifying eighty per cent and most of the remainder went insane. But Papillon survived eleven months of the unspeakable conditions, kept alive, and sane, by his unshakeable determination to escape.

After thirteen years he was finally successful, making the first part of an unbelievable journey on two sacks of coconuts launched from a promontory on Devil's Island. He is now a respected Venezuelan citizen.

When the book first came out it caused a tremendous stir in France—and not only for its terrible indictment of the French Penal code. Leading critics raved about Papillon's marvellously "oral" style. Having read the book I can see what they mean.

This is most certainly *not* a book for the squeamish. It is by turns earthy, violent, cruel, even disgusting. But as a superbly written story of one man's indomitable courage, tenacity and resourcefulness, it is perhaps without

equal. I found it had the compelling, almost hypnotic quality of the "book you just can't put down".

Cat. No. 1436

The Elected Member

by Bernice Rubens

Read by Gabriel Woolf

Reading Time 7¾ hours

The book opens with Norman, aged 41, profoundly disturbed by drug-addiction. He is taken to mental hospital, leaving his father Rabbi Schweck and sister Bella worried and apprehensive in the flat above the little shop in the East End of London.

Then, in a series of "flashbacks", Norman's story is told. A child-genius, he spoke five languages by the time he was eight, attracting the attention of the national press. His doting mother kept him young to enhance his genius and her own reflected glory—he was actually sixteen when he celebrated his *Bar-mitzvah* while his mother still pretended he was thirteen.

He read Law and was called to the Bar, with, it seemed, an assured brilliant future.

And there was David. Theirs was the perfect friendship. But they were more, much more, than "friends".

David and Esta, the Schweck's youngest child, plan to marry. But after a frank and all-revealing discussion with Norman, Esta runs away with, and marries, a Gentile and in consequence is regarded as "dead" by the Rabbi.

David's suicide follows and Norman takes to drugs and the rapid descent to the private Hell of the addict.

This is a sad, though intensely absorbing story of the disintegration of a Jewish family and the destruction of its Elected Member, cast irrevocably in the role of The Scapegoat.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

The Annual General Meeting of the St. Dunstan's London Club will be held on **Saturday, 1st February, 1975 at 1.15 p.m.**

All St. Dunstaners in the London district are invited to attend.

The football Pontoon which ended on

Reading Time—*continued*

Full marks to Gabriel Woolf who reads with sympathy and understanding—and marvellous portrayal of the thick unmistakable accents of the Eastern European Jewish emigree.

Cat. No. 245

Much In Evidence

by Henry Cecil

Read by Robin Holmes

Reading Time 9½ hours

Mr. Richmond withdraws £100,000 from his bank and insures it for the one night it will be lodged in his house. There is a burglary and the cash is stolen.

The insurance company is naturally suspicious and delay meeting the claim. Mr. Richmond sues and wins. The money is paid over.

Later fresh evidence turns up and he is charged with fraud. His defence rests on a series of very improbable coincidences.

There then arises a positive plethora of coincidences, involving the trial judge and his wife and prosecuting counsel and his wife.

After acquittal, Mr. Richmond decides on a sea-voyage to recuperate . . .

But he is not finished with coincidences—not by any manner of means!

A very readable book. The slightly larger than life court scenes are quite funny and the denouement is most ingenious.

30th November, 1974, was won by W. Phillips with the team Burnley and the "booby" was shared by Mrs. Allen and H. King with Blackpool and Bristol City respectively.

Domino Winners during the month of November were as follows:—

7th November 1. **W. Miller**
2. J. Majchrowicz

14th November 1. **J. Majchrowicz**
2. W. Miller

21st November 1. **W. Miller**
2. C. Hancock
J. Padley

28th November 1. **W. Phillips**
W. Miller

I would like to take this opportunity of wishing all St. Dunstaners, their families and their friends and especially those who are members of our London Club, good luck, good health and happiness throughout the coming year.

W. MILLER

MIDLAND

On Wednesday evening, 20th November, a group of our members with their wives or escorts, met at the "King's Highway", Quinton, Birmingham for an evening out.

It was a cold and wet night but everyone soon warmed up and we had an excellent meal and an enjoyable evening. We all look forward to another one some time in the future.

Our Christmas meeting was on 8th December and it is our big occasion of the year. A wonderful table was laid for us, once again, by our wives, "God bless them". Every Christmas goody was there and we even had some bread!

Father Christmas made his appearance after tea and the children welcomed him with singing "Jingle Bells" with gusto.

All the children received presents and club members were presented with the prizes they had won during the year at dominoes and darts. Each member who had not managed to win anything during the year received an envelope containing a little donation towards the cost of a tot during Christmas!

There were some very good prizes given this year and the winner had his choice first, then the runner up and so on down the list. I am sure everyone was pleased with this idea as it made it very fair.

Father Christmas then departed and we drank the health of those who would not be at our Christmas dinner and wished them a Merry Christmas.

It was a most enjoyable afternoon and evening and these gatherings are what makes all the hard work during the year fully worth while.

Our clubrooms are now being re-decorated and already are beginning to look much better and many alterations are to be made at this particular branch of the Royal British Legion. I am sure it will make things much more comfortable eventually.

All Midland Club members and their wives send best wishes for the New Year to all St. Dunstaners and their families wherever they may be and let us pray for a peaceful year ahead.

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary

BRIGHTON

BRIDGE CORRECTION

May it be noted that our report on the Individual Competition of the Brighton Section for the Gover Memorial Cup of 1974 should have read:—

S. Webster 350

and not 348 as in the December *Review*. Therefore S. Webster tied with W. Lethbridge for Third place.

P. NUYENS,
Secretary.

St. Dunstan's Fishing Club



The last event in the Fishing Club calendar for 1974 was a fishing week-end from Newhaven on Saturday, 30th November and Sunday, 1st December. Although some 20 St. Dunstaners with helpers assembled at Newhaven at 9 a.m. on Saturday we were not able to put to sea for another two hours owing to doubtful weather forecasts.

The skippers of our boats were Bert Donno in the Javazee, Dick Hunt in Pisces, David Baker-Beal in Nikaria and Roy Archer in Bridgehaze. Once on board we were helped into our new life-jackets. It has been decided that all St. Dunstaners must wear life-jackets on fishing expeditions and by the decision of Mr. C. D. Wills, Secretary of St. Dunstan's, the cost to each St. Dunstaner for equipping himself with a jacket is limited to £5.00.

Unfortunately two of the four boats had to return to harbour at about 1 p.m. but even in the two remaining boats there was not much variety or quantity of fish caught. All the skippers and helpers did their best to help us and counteract the rough conditions.

The weather proved too much for our venturing out on Sunday so that prizes were won for performances on Saturday only. The results were as follows:—

Heaviest bag of the day. 11 lbs. Monty Golding.

Heaviest fish of the day. 2 lbs. Shared by Monty Golding and Bernard "Lordie" Blacker.

During the week-end our thoughts turned to our friend and regular helper, Mr. Joe Kennedy, who is unable to continue to come out fishing with us and we send him our best wishes and many thanks.

The next fishing event in our calendar is a Fishing week-end at Newhaven, Saturday, 22nd February and Sunday, 23rd February, 1975. We hope to see some nice cod coming in then.

BOB FULLARD



IT STRIKES ME

Key to Success

As briefly reported in our last issue, on 22nd November, **Alan Key** of Dartford, went to dinner at the Cafe Royal. It was the Long Service Award Dinner of Hall Thermotank Ltd. and Alan was one of those honoured for 25 years' service with the Company. He received a gold pocket watch but what gave him almost as much pleasure was the speech made by Mr. C. R. Croucher, Managing Director of Axstane Properties Ltd., in introducing Alan to Sir Iain Stuart, Chairman of Hall Thermotank Ltd., who made the presentation.

This is part of Mr. Croucher's tribute to Alan:—

"The next recipient is a very special person who, although he has worked at Dartford for 25 years, has not seen a single component that he has machined, nor any of his workmates, nor any of the extensive rebuilding that has been going on in recent years. Regretfully he lost his sight in 1941 whilst on manoeuvres with the Army when he took the full blast of a Bren gun. He has operated a capstan machine for 25 years with a splendid work record and with an incredibly low reject rate. He is able, by feeling the threads that he has produced, to appreciate that the die box needs adjusting or replacing and more often than not he is able to do this himself.

"He is the most cheerful chap in the Works and always ready to crack a joke with all and sundry. He is eternally grateful for all the help and guidance that his



John Proctor.

workmates readily give and especially to Sister Shirley Killick for the daily treatment she administers for him.

"It is with very great pleasure that I introduce this wonderful person—Mr. Alan Key."

Worth a gold watch, a record like that.

Travelling Man

After 26 years in business in Rottingdean **John Proctor** has retired. Over those years he has organised travel for many people connected with St. Dunstan's and become widely known among residents of Rottingdean and Newhaven as the man to solve their travelling problems.

John was totally blinded and lost his hands when, as a sergeant in the Royal Engineers, he was dismantling a booby trap which . . . "didn't behave according to the book." Despite his double handicap he succeeded in building up his travel business at 2, Marine Drive, Rottingdean, which has now been sold on his retirement. The new proprietors are Captain P. J. Fry, D.F.C., Croix de Guerre, an airline captain with Dan-Air, and his son Ian. Typically John is anxious for them and hopes St. Dunstan's business will still go their way. For himself, John is a keen radio-ham and should not find time dragging in his well-earned retirement.

Serves Committee

Another long serving St. Dunstaner is **Ernest Russell**, of Leeds. He has been an employee of the Local Authority for 40 years, 33 of them working as a telephonist since he was blinded. Just recently he has taken up new duties in a new building under the regionalisation of local government.

He serves on the NALGO regional executive committee and has been recently elected as President of the White Rose Branch of the Royal British Legion of which he was a founder member. This is a unique branch consisting only of members who have held office within Branch, County and Area. Ernie is the first member of "Other Ranks" to be elected President. As well as his St. Dunstan's badge he proudly wears the Gold Badge of the Royal British Legion and sometime you may also see him wearing his Leeds United supporters' tie.

Incidentally, Ernie was one of the first two 2nd War St. Dunstaners to take up employment after training at Church Stretton.

Magog

FAMILY NEWS

Births

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Bolestow Gutowski* of Formby, Lancs. who are delighted to announce the safe arrival of a son, Jan Bernard, born on 29th November, 1974.

Silver Wedding

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Cecil (Paddy) Paddick* of East Barnet, Herts, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 15th December, 1974.

Ruby Wedding

Warm congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson*, of Patcham, Brighton, Sussex, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 29th September, 1974.

Golden Weddings

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lock* of Gosfield, Nr. Halstead, Essex, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 25th December, 1974.

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Sam Taylor* of Shepshed, Nr. Loughborough, Leics., who celebrated their Golden Wedding on 24th August, 1974, and this was marked by a family party in the local Church Hall.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:—

Guy Bilcliff, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands, is pleased to announce the safe arrival of two more grandchildren.

A daughter, Rebecca Louise, was born to his son, Robert and daughter-in-law, Gail, on 15th February, 1974 and another daughter, Emma Louise, was born on 22nd February to their son, Brian and daughter-in-law, Maureen.

Some St. Dunstaners may remember that Robert and Brian were two of the Bilcliff Triplets and Mrs. Bilcliff comments on the coincidence that their wives should have their babies within a week of one another. The Bilcliffs now have 11 grandchildren—9 grand-daughters and 2 grandsons.

Arthur Holmes of Southampton, who has pleasure in announcing the birth of a grandson, Tye Holmes, born on 22nd July, 1974, to his son Arthur, and daughter-in-law Georgina, their first child, and the second grandchild for our St. Dunstaner.

Alan Moore, Oxhey, Herts, has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of a grandson, Richard Alan, born in September, 1974, to his son Michael and his daughter-in-law.

Joe Laverty of Downpatrick, Co. Down, is pleased to announce the birth of a girl, to his daughter Kathleen, on 3rd November, 1974. The baby is his first grandchild.

Long Life and Happiness to:—

Janette, daughter of *William Arnold* of Keighley, Yorks, who married Francis Dine on 23rd August, 1974.

Sandra, daughter of *Antimus Haralambous* of Winchmore Hill, London, N.21, married Marc Uam-Laeke in Brisbane, Australia, on 23rd November, 1974. Both Mr and Mrs. Haralambous are at present in Brisbane where they attended their daughter's wedding.

Michael David, son of *Thomas Mugan*, Hove, Sussex, married Cheryl Tremain from Perth, Australia, at St. Mary Magdeline Church, Thornham Magna, Suffolk, on 10th October, 1974. The young couple have now emigrated to Australia.

Anthony, secondson of *Thomas Mugan*, married Kathleen Paine at St. Paul's Church, Royton, Lancs., on 26th October, 1974 and they are living in Royton.

Christine Judith, daughter of *Isaac Ostle* of Cockermouth, married Edward Keith Thompson, on 12th October, 1974. The young couple both work for the North Western Electricity Board in Workington and have moved into their own home which is near Christine's parents.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mrs. Hill, wife of *Joseph Hill*, Portishead, Bristol, who mourns the sudden death of her sister, to whom she was very devoted, on 14th November, 1974.

Cyril Eighteen of Reading, Berks., who mourns the death of his mother, in November 1974, at the age of 86.

William Veness of Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Betty Veness, who passed away suddenly at home on 9th November, 1974. Mrs. Veness had been in ill-health for some time and our sympathy is extended to our St. Dunstaner and to Mrs. Veness's family by her first marriage.

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.

Walter Melvyn Morgan. *Royal Artillery*

Walter Melvyn Morgan of Brighton, Sussex, died on 5th December, 1974, at the age of 65.

He served in the Royal Artillery from September, 1940 until his discharge in January, 1946. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1949.

He trained for industrial work and started his first job as a capstan lathe operator with a firm in Brighton. In 1950 he married and he and his wife settled in Brighton. His untimely death is particularly regrettable as only a few days before being taken ill, Mr. Morgan had retired from industrial work after working for nearly 25 years in the same firm.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Monica Morgan, and members of his family who live in Cardiff.

John Holbrooke Smith, *7th Seaforth Highlanders*

John Holbrooke Smith of Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, died in hospital, on 29th November, 1974. He was 81 years of age.

He enlisted in the 7th Seaforth Highlanders in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916, when he joined St. Dunstan's.

He trained in massage and took up his first appointment in this profession in 1919 at the Chesterfield Royal Hospital, Chesterfield. Within a very short time he was doing excellent work which included the treatment of miners who had met with accidents at the local collieries, many of whom he assisted towards rehabilitation.

In 1947 he left Chesterfield to take up an appointment at the General Hospital in Birmingham, which he combined with a successful private practice. In 1953 he retired from his hospital work and concentrated upon his private practice until 1968, when failing health necessitated his complete retirement. In spite of this, he remained as active as possible and both he and his wife were very keen Bridge players and enjoyed many visits to Ovingdean, both for holidays and the annual bridge congresses.

Unfortunately his health deteriorated at the beginning of this year, but he was nursed most devotedly at home by Mrs. Smith until admitted to hospital just a few days before he passed away.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Constance Smith, and his two daughters and his son, all of whom are married.