



St Dunstons
REVIEW
OCTOBER

Message from the Chairman

The month of December, as you all know, will bring the fifty-fourth anniversary of the death of our Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, and the first anniversary of the death of Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, our Chairman for fifty-three years.

Sir Neville Pearson, Lady Fraser and I have given careful thought as to how all those connected with St. Dunstan's might wish to remember them both at this time and commemorate their achievements. As St. Dunstaners grow older and travelling conditions are often difficult, it is more and more awkward for people from all over the country to get together in Brighton or London and this applies especially, of course, in the winter. We have therefore decided not to hold another annual "Founder's Day" Service, nor to send a party to the Hampstead Cemetery with a wreath.

We now propose that Sunday, 14th December, should be considered a private "St. Dunstan's Day" and we invite all our readers—St. Dunstaners, staff and our friends—to pause then and remember "C.A.P." and Ian Fraser in whatever way they choose. Some will attend their churches and chapels and others may like to meditate on their own at some time in the day. Newer St. Dunstaners may have no personal memories of the two great men, but they will think of what they have heard or read and be aware of the work of past years.

We also intend next year, when we hold our local Reunions, to introduce a "Silent Toast" in memory of the two leaders and St. Dunstaners no longer with us. I think this will be welcomed as an opportunity to show our respect for them all.

Sir Arthur and Lord Fraser always recognised that St. Dunstaners were individuals and encouraged them to be independent in every possible way. Let us maintain this attitude now and each make our own act of remembrance, thanksgiving and resolution for the future as we pause on Sunday, 14th December, keeping "St. Dunstan's Day" together in our minds and hearts.

December is still some way off, but I am writing this note for the October *Review* so that overseas St. Dunstaners and friends may know what we have in mind and will be able to join us in thought on that day. I am also asking the Reverend Popham-Hosford, our Brighton Chaplain, to write a few words for us all.

Mr. Popham-Hosford writes:

"Perhaps some of you would like to join in thought and prayer with us when we worship together in St. Dunstan's Chapel at our usual weekly Service at 9.30 a.m. on the 14th December, 1975. It will be a wonderful thing for us to realise that many St. Dunstaners are joining with us in thankful memory for the lives of these two very great men.

COVER PICTURE: *Ted Jinks looks the part during his long walk down the Pennine Way (see centre pages).*

We will use these prayers:

O Almighty God, who willest to be glorified in the lives of them that serve thee, and didst use thy servants Arthur and Ian to bring hope, courage and new life to those who might otherwise have fallen under their burden. We thank thee for their lives and examples, and for their strength and sympathy. Grant us in our turn the grace to shine as light in thy world through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We commend unto thee, O Lord, our souls and our bodies, our minds and our thoughts, our prayers and our hopes, our health and our work, our life and our death, our loved ones and our friends, our benefactors and especially St. Dunstan's, and all other folk, this day and for always. Amen.

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen."

MEMORIAL TABLET TO LORD FRASER

I am delighted to tell you that we have been given permission by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey to erect a tablet in memory of Lord Fraser, to be placed on the west wall of the Cloisters.

We are told that about a year will be required before the tablet can be erected and that the Abbey authorities must first approve the design. Details are not yet available but I wanted to give you advance knowledge of the project.

I shall be writing to each St. Dunstaner in the New Year with more news about this Memorial. There will then be an opportunity for individuals to contribute towards the cost, if they so wish.

Jon Earnest-Dune

Chairman

TOP CHANGES AT THE R.N.I.B.

The following important changes were announced at the Annual General Meeting of the Royal National Institute for the Blind held on Wednesday 23rd July.

The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Head, P.C., G.C.M.G., C.B.E., M.C., to be President in succession to the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Cobham, K.G., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., J.P., T.D.

Mr. Duncan A. Watson, B.A., to be Chairman in succession to Viscount Head.

Mr. John A. Wall, M. A. (Oxon) to be Vice-Chairman in succession to Mr. D. A. Watson.

This means that the posts of Chairman, Vice-Chairman and Director-General of the R.N.I.B. are all held by blind men.

THE BLINDED SOLDIERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S, AUSTRALIA

Our readers will be interested to hear that the following appointments were made in Australia earlier this year. The officers concerned remain in their appointments for two years.

President:
Colin E. Johnston (Victoria)

Vice-President:

Robert P. Farmer (South Australia)

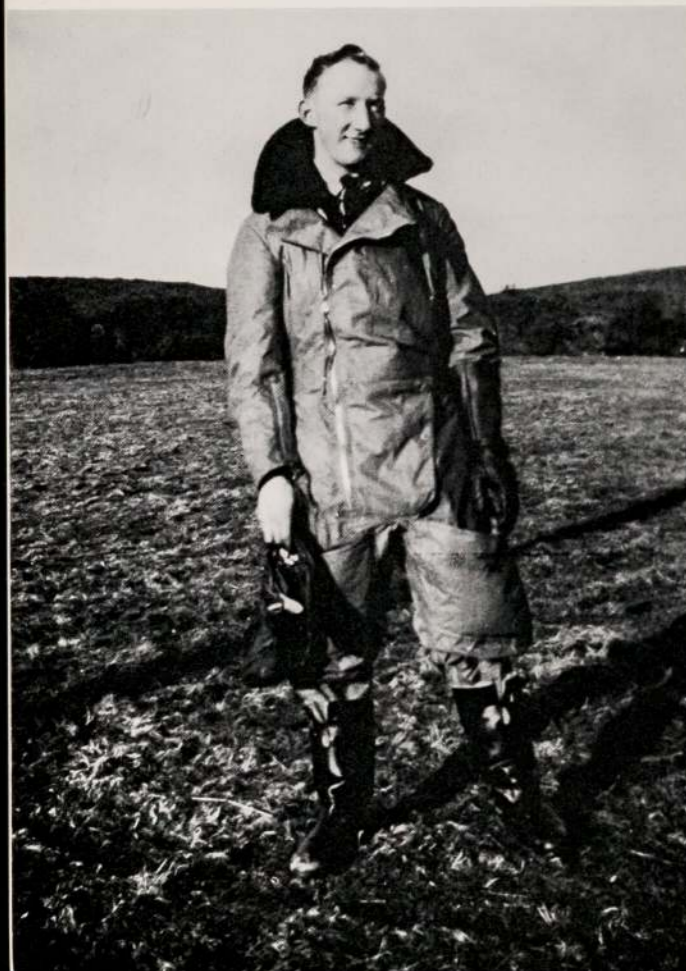
Honorary Secretary/Treasurer:

Pat R. Longden (Victoria)

All St. Dunstaners will also wish to congratulate Leslie Hault, Victoria, who was awarded the British Empire Medal in the 1975 New Year's Honours List.



Norman Kershaw (above) looks back to his flying days in 1941 (below).



Re-living Operation Colossus

Norman Kershaw re-unites the flyers and the paras

Introduction

On 7th February 1941 Norman Kershaw, as wireless operator, flew from Mildenhall to Malta in a Whitley bomber of the R.A.F. Six Whitleys took part in Operation Colossus and their objective was to make the first night drop of parachute troops to attack and destroy Tragino aqueduct at Apulia in Italy. The crews of the aircraft had spent less than a month training, dropping their parachutes on Tatton Park, Cheshire, which was a dropping zone for paratroops in training during the Second World War.

The operation was successful in that five of the aircraft found the target and dropped their paratroops, who blew up the aqueduct. It was planned that the troops would make their way to the coast to be picked up by the submarine *Triumph* but neither troops nor submarine made the rendezvous. Nevertheless the only casualty was one man with a broken foot, although, sadly, an Italian interpreter was killed.

In July 1941 Norman Kershaw was shot down during a successful attack on the *Scharnhorst* and his injuries caused his loss of sight many years later, but it is the parachute operation that has most memories for him. He hit upon the idea of contacting as many as possible of the flyers and paratroops who took part.

Weeks of correspondence and telephoning culminated on July 19th at Tatton Park, where it had all begun. In the article which follows Norman describes his meeting with some of his colleagues on Operation Colossus at an Airborne Reunion.

Norman Kershaw writes:

My son and I arrived at the Royal George Hotel, Knutsford, where we had all arranged to meet from our various journeys, have lunch and then go on to Tatton together about 11.30 a.m. Group Captain J. B. (Willie) Tait, the R.A.F.



Parachute troops in training jump from a Whitley bomber in 1941.

photo: Imperial War Museum

Officer i/c of the operation in 1941 and Wing Commander in those days, had travelled up from London by car leaving about 8.15 a.m. My pilot, W. R. (Walter) Williams, now Group Captain (Rtd.) and Flight Lieutenant in February 1941 and second i/c, had travelled from Wales. In view of the heavy traffic we had all met it was a small miracle in itself that we were all sitting down together quaffing our various drinks, reminiscing over old times, reasonably to the time planned. Their voices hadn't changed much with the years; perhaps softer and less harsh under these relaxed conditions, as they would bring my son into the conversation, explaining some detail of their present work or drawing on our memories to try to fill in some of the gaps of the raid after thirty-four-and-a-half years.

Over an excellent lunch Walter and I briefed Willie on the correspondence I had had with various people: the effort Harry Pexton, one of the original Paras, had put in over the past few years to trace and organise the X Troop reunions; of the

tragic death of his daughter the previous weekend.

It was going up for 2 p.m. before we realised it, and we literally baled out of the *George* into Garry's car. That was the beginning. As we approached the Park entrance the Police diverted us to the other side as that drive was apparently jammed solid with cars. It was the same at the other side to some extent, although this being the main approach we did manage to creep up to the car park. As we approached the ground where the display was taking place even I could hear the enormous noise of the people gathered there and we then realised our task to find X Troop in this crowd. We were told later there were 10,000 people in Tatton by 12 o'clock.

Eventually we found the P.R.A. tent where we had all arranged to meet. Apparently other people had had the same idea because of the adjacent tent with liquid refreshments. It was a miracle to me that I had even managed to be piloted this far without having made a

soft landing of my own, but somehow this crowd had apparently parted when from in front of it we had been pointed in the direction of the tent. Behind, a loud-speaker was explaining that the aircraft overhead was a Hercules, from which apparently a mass drop was taking place.

It was to this background of noise and activity that we stood wondering however we were going to find Harry and the lads when a voice spoke: "Norman, I presume, and the pilots of X Troop". It was Harry. He and his family had come later, in spite of all their trouble, to greet us. Suddenly, amidst this course of people, introductions were being exchanged between old comrades, drinks handed round and there we were back thirty-four-and-a-half years. Either by chance or design the tents had been erected, it seemed, on the rising ground near the trees and therefore the drops taking place were being made on the identical spot where the dummy viaduct had been erected in January/February 1941. I could visualise what was happening as the commentator described the events, although from a different angle. They would be coming in over the lake through the open dropping ground and fly on in the direction of Ringway, but probably turning to avoid Ringway's traffic on that day, 19th July 1975. We had done the same in 1941, but to avoid Manchester's defence barrage. Both Walter and Willie seemed to enjoy every minute, as I listened some of the time to the conversation around me. Did we remember the night drop on Ringway, or was it Tatton? One of the lads was describing his fall. How he had mistaken the shadow of his parachute on that moonlit night for a bomb crater and had tried to spill himself away from it. How Clements had been literally held by his shoulder straps by two of them, his feet dangling out of the aircraft as the pilot made a second approach to the Tragino Viaduct on the night of the raid. The antics they got up to when captured.

As we sped back down the motorway I was thinking of something that had been said—or had it been read to me—but for the lads of X Troop and the Tragino raid there would have been no Paras, or perhaps a much longer delay in accepting the feasibility of their rôle on D-Day.

The Late Alf Field

With the sudden and unexpected passing away of Alf Field our Bridge Club has suffered a tragic loss.

In 1938 Alf brought a team from the Post Office to play against members from our young Bridge Club. He immediately realised that here was a chance to enrich our lives by introducing the teaching of Bridge with the aid of a system. Our Captain, Charlie Gover, at once accepted this opportunity and so began the lasting association with Alf and our Club. There came first the setting up of elementary principles to be followed by more advanced knowledge of the Stern (Austrian) system.

Then started many years of hard study, writing and illustrations. Alf's patience and devotion were rewarded over the years by seeing the happiness and interest he brought into our lives.

At the outbreak of the War, Alf, evacuated with his Post Office Department to Harrogate, conceived the idea that some of our members should visit Harrogate to play Bridge. With the help of friends he had made there, the yearly visit (the 36th was this year) started. On his return to London after the War and, in time, with the arrival of younger members from the Second War, he continued his earlier efforts, now introducing the more up-to-date Acol system. He ran our Bridge Congresses and Instruction Week-ends, ably assisted by his wife, Norah, and Geoff Connell. In recognition of his valuable services he was in 1968 made a Governor of St. Dunstan's.

To us he has proved himself to be the Ace of Trumps. Thank you, Alf, for building our Bridge, your Bridge, to our happiness.

At the Church and Crematorium Services the Club was represented by R. Armstrong, L. Douglass, Miss Vera Kemmish, Jerry Lynch, P. Nuyens and N. Smith. Amongst other friends present were Geoff Connell, the Misses M. and E. Byrne, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Douglass and Miss D. Kemmish.

To his wife, his son, Peter, his daughter, Maureen and their families, we extend our heartfelt condolences in their great loss.

L. DOUGLASS
P. NUYENS

Tributes To Frank Rhodes

From *S. H. Webster*:

Many St. Dunstaners throughout the organisation, especially those residing in the Brighton area, will have learned with deep regret of the passing of Frank Rhodes. I first met up with Frank in the 2nd London General Hospital, Kings Road, Chelsea, in the midsummer of 1917, and since that date have remained very good friends. Frank was a very able St. Dunstaner, a first class organiser and always willing to give a helping hand and friendly advice to all those with whom he came in contact. Yes, he was a very good ambassador for our organisation.

Frank was a founder-member of St. Dunstan's Bridge Club. He was also Chairman of the Brighton Social Club, a post he held with much distinction.

R.I.P., Frankie.

From *Paul Nuyens*:

Our St. Dunstan's family deplores the sudden passing away, at the age of 84, of its well-known and popular member Frank Rhodes. I first met him when I came to St. Dunstan's in January 1921, when we were both staying at Cornwall Terrace and he was finishing his training to become a shorthand-typist. He soon left to take up his profession, which he carried on until his retirement in 1951. He then settled in Ovingdean Village near the present Ian Fraser House.

Together with his devoted wife Dorothy having always played an enthusiastic part in St. Dunstan's activities such as walking and dancing, whist and bridge, it was not surprising that as soon as Frank retired his main thought was to form a Club in order to promote such activities for those living in the Brighton area.

He soon succeeded in getting sufficient support from his comrades to form the Brighton Club, of which he became Chairman. To the aforementioned pursuits bowling was added, and this became one of his favourite sports.

Five years ago he had the misfortune to lose his dear wife, but nevertheless courageously continued his Chairmanship of the Club until circumstances made him decide to join his married daughter in Sutton Coldfield.

His friendly character gained him, not only in St. Dunstan's but also in the general community, many friends who through him became interested and most helpful towards our blind comrades. In latter years his son John accompanied his father to the Harrogate Bridge Week, and like his father gave invaluable help to the party. But for his sudden collapse Frank would have been there again in September.

He was a great example to all of us of what St. Dunstan's stands for, and his memory will be cherished by everyone who had the privilege of knowing him. He was indeed a grand chap, "a charming gentleman" as was so well expressed by one of our greatest Harrogate friends in a letter to me.

From *W. T. ("Ginger") Scott*:

I would like to express my gratitude to dear Frank Rhodes for his friendship over 55 years.

In 1920 we were trained as Shorthand Typists and for several years, together with eight other St. Dunstaners, we were employed at the Clearing Office for Enemy Debts near Waterloo Bridge.

Frank was most versatile with his support at our camps and on behalf of all put to the best use any facilities that were offered by St. Dunstan's for our entertainment and well-being.

With his wife Dolly, on retirement to Ovingdean they became staunch supporters of the Brighton Club.

Frank made great use of his organising ability and was instrumental in making contacts with interested friends in bowling clubs, bridge clubs and all sorts of social life in Sussex.

He exercised great tact and judgement in all sorts of ways for the benefit of the Brighton Club. We could always rely upon him to smooth out any problems in any circumstance.

It is fitting that in the August issue of our *Review* it is recorded how Frank toasted St. Dunstaners at the Birmingham Reunion—a few days before he died.

Let us all be upstanding and raise our glasses to our dear departed colleague Frank Rhodes whose sincerity and devotion to St. Dunstan's we remember with pride and admiration.

REUNIONS

SOUTHAMPTON

Sunshine and showers were the order of the day for the tenth of the Regional Reunions held at the Polygon Hotel, Southampton, on Thursday 17th July. Altogether 74 people sat down to lunch, among them 7 St. Dunstaners from the First World War and 24 from the Second World War or subsequent operations. We had hoped that "Fergie" (Mr. D. W. Ferguson) would be with us but unfortunately he could not attend. We did have a reporter from the *Southern Evening Echo* and Peter White, a well-known blind journalist who works on Radio Solent's "Link" programme and contributes to Radio 4's "In Touch" programme almost every week.

The Polygon is very suitable for St. Dunstan's Reunions and we have been there quite often in the past. The arrangements were made most successfully by Mrs. M. Y. Lyall, Welfare Visitor responsible.

The Rev. F. Darrell Bunt, C.B., O.B.E., M.A., accompanied by Mrs. Bunt, was the member of the Council presiding, and he began his speech after the luncheon by

bringing greetings from all members of the Council, and a special message from Lady Fraser who had been given strict doctor's orders not to travel down from London. However, she sent her love and good wishes to everyone present.

After telling his audience which members of the Staff were present and adding a special word of thanks to Mrs. Lyall, Mr. Darrell Bunt spoke some welcoming words to David Moss, Christchurch, attending his first Reunion. He had served in the First World War in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, losing the sight of one eye. Subsequently he worked for many years for the R.S.P.C.A., and blindness in the other eye did not occur until recently.

"This last year has been a rather outstanding year for many reasons in the life of St. Dunstan's", said Mr. Darrell Bunt. "First of all, of course, was one that was very sad, and that was the loss of our Chairman, Lord Fraser, and that was very unexpected, very sudden and a terrific loss. Those of you who managed to get to the Abbey for the Thanksgiving Service

for a wonderful life, wonderful character, real appreciation of a great man, I don't think those of us who were there will ever forget it. And we were very lucky that Lord Redcliffe-Maud was the person who gave the Address, because he absolutely summed up the character of Ian Fraser, made us realise the character of the man and what he did, in spite of all the handicaps he had, and I personally shall never forget that as long as I live".

Two other outstanding events this year, said Mr. Darrell Bunt, were that St. Dunstan's was celebrating its Diamond Jubilee and that Ian Fraser House had been re-opened in April. He praised all the arrangements available at our principal Home, and added that those who liked going to Ovingdean had a real treat in store for them.

Council of St. Dunstan's

"Now some of you may have been asking yourselves", continued Mr. Darrell Bunt, "what is St. Dunstan's going to be like without Ian Fraser? Because there's absolutely no doubt about it, that St. Dunstan's was or is Ian Fraser. I think St. Dunstan's is an absolutely living testament to the man himself. So I thought I ought to talk to you this afternoon about those who have the responsibility for carrying on the tradition of St. Dunstan's, the members of the Council . . . first of all I don't need to tell you anything about our President, Sir Neville Pearson, who has carried on what his father started, and then we have our Chairman, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, a merchant banker. As you know, he was Honorary Treasurer of St. Dunstan's for many years and he was designated by Lord Fraser as Vice-Chairman to succeed him, and I think it was a very, very wise decision, and very sound. A great man, he has great understanding and sympathy and love for the work of St. Dunstan's. He is also a very able administrator.

Then I'll just mention some of the members of the Council. The Vice-Chairman, I don't need to introduce him, that's Sir Mike Ansell, a great horseman, as you know he organises the Horse of the Year Show. He's a great man and being a blind man himself, of course, understands the needs of the blind. Then there is that oldest member, not in years

but in service, a very popular man at Reunions, Dr. Donald Hopewell, who has been a member of the Council for nearly 30 years, and is a lawyer, a man who has very much the wellbeing of St. Dunstan's at heart. He has a phenomenal memory, he seems to remember everybody he meets.

Then there is Lord Normanby who has had a lot to do with the blind and for the blind, I remember in the War he was instrumental in helping lots of blinded prisoners-of-war. Then we have Sir Edwin Arrowsmith who was a colonial administrator and was Governor of the Falkland Islands, there we have a man of great ability to look after our interests. There's Lord Hunt of Fawley, now he was better known as Dr. John Hunt, he is a brilliant surgeon and a brilliant physician, he's a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and also of the Royal College of Physicians, you may be quite sure that he also understands our problems. Then there is Lord Redcliffe-Maud, I'll tell you a bit about him, if you heard him at the Abbey you'll know, he's a distinguished scholar, he is also an administrator, for better or for worse he was responsible for drawing up the report which altered the whole character of district and local councils.

Younger Council Members

Then we come to our younger members, Mr. Nigel Pearson, son of Sir Neville, who will also obviously carry on the family tradition, Mr. Delmar-Morgan who is also a merchant banker and who has now taken on our Honorary Treasurership.

There are three members representing the Services: General Sir Richard Goodbody, somebody who is often at Reunions, there is Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris who looks after the Air Force and then there is yours truly, who from days of the past represents not only the Navy but the Church; I was in the Navy for 30 years.

So there you have some of the members of the Council. Then in addition we have on the Council three other members: the Chairman of the R.N.I.B., a representative of the Royal British Legion and of the Scottish National Institution for the War-Blinded. So you can see that you have got men from all walks of life, experience, sensitivity and

Mr. Wills cuts the Diamond Jubilee gâteau at Southampton in the presence of Tommy and Mrs. Bice, Reg Barrett, The Rev. F. Darrell Bunt and Mrs. Lyall.



those who have been blinded, and I feel sure you can feel that you are in good hands . . . Of course, it is up to all of us, that the spirit of St. Dunstan's shall remain what it has always been".

Lighter Side

Turning to the lighter side of things, Mr. Darrell Bunt told his audience that Lord Fraser used to give members of the Council tips on how to deal with blind people and he added one of his own. Being himself about six feet tall he found that one of the most deadly enemies was the beam up top and for that reason he always wore a hat to protect his head.

"Greetings from the Council", concluded Mr. Darrell Bunt, "lovely to see you here, hope you have a lovely day and many happy returns to you".

In his vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners Fred Greenaway stressed the importance of the Reunions in St. Dunstan's calendar. "I think it is symbolic of our late Chairman's endeavours to create an atmosphere of a family where one human being has a great high regard for another", said Mr. Greenaway, and he continued, "I think it is quite a refreshing thought in this world of ours where the milk of human kindness seems to be degenerating into just one other world shortage commodity". He then thanked Mr. Darrell Bunt for his most eloquent and informative speech, and he also thanked all members of St. Dunstan's staff for their efforts during the past year. He concluded by thanking the management and staff of the hotel for an excellent meal. Mrs. Greenaway presented a basket of flowers to Mrs. Darrell Bunt.

Jubilee Special

At tea time a large ice cream gâteau appeared, decorated with the St. Dunstan's badge to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee. This had been arranged by our St. Dunstaner Tommy Bice's wife who works at Horton's in Bournemouth, and slices were served to everyone present.

A very old friend of St. Dunstan's, Brian Gorman, who as First World War St. Dunstaners may remember, was in charge of St. Dunstan's dance band many years ago entertained the company on the piano during the afternoon.

LONDON

Back again to the Hotel Russell for the second of the London Reunions, which was held on Saturday, 19th July. This time the St. Dunstaners—11 from the First and 53 from the Second World War or subsequent operations—came mainly from Kent and Surrey, but a few also from Berkshire, Hampshire and Middlesex and from Northern Ireland. With us were Ernest Anderson from South Burnaby, British Columbia, and Richard Megenis of East London, Cape Province, with their wives. Other welcome guests were Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., F.C.A., Mr. Eric Roberts and Mr. P. Townshend, formerly members of St. Dunstan's staff, and we were honoured by the presence of Mr. Eric Boulter, Director-General of the R.N.I.B., who was accompanied by Mrs. Boulter. Our good friend Miss Diana Hoare was also there.

Altogether about 150 people sat down to lunch and with us were four St. Dunstan's widows, Mrs. Elphick, Mrs. Fester, Mrs. Hedger and Mrs. Hounslow.

Our Vice-Chairman, Col. Sir Michael Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., presided at the Reunion and in his speech he first welcomed everyone on behalf of the Council and gave particular thanks to Miss H. Stewart who was responsible for the arrangements. "... possibly at this time many of you must be thinking", said Sir Michael, "what in hell is happening in this country, with the lack of discipline, and in no kind of self-pity or anything one wonders, we fought like hell for this country, we did everything we possibly could, we were self-disciplined, and since the War, thanks to Lord Fraser, we disciplined our lives, and his whole philosophy was 'You must go on, the more you do the more we'll help you'.

"And I have found many St. Dunstaners who lost both arms, or who possibly are deaf as well as blind, have just jolly well gone on, and yet you get in the country at present this sort of thing, like 'oh, we'll sit back and do damn all, or we'll argue for this or we'll argue for that', and it is to me absolutely tragic. Now, I got to know Lord Fraser extremely well, and at times I used to get rather tired from travelling from Devonshire up to London, to get involved in the horse world which I've done since 1947, and I used to go

to him by the time I got to 65, I'm 70 now, and say, 'You know, honestly, I've had enough of that journey in the train, then I have to stay in London'—last year it was 143 nights, which I thought a very long time. He replied, 'My dear boy, never resign, what can we do to help you?'

"And that has been the whole philosophy of St. Dunstan's; the more work you do, the more happiness you'll feel, and this idea of sitting back and doing nought—to my mind boredom or monotony is absolute hell, though in actual fact I am giving up the two Horse Shows at the end of this year. I've got one next week and then another one in October, but then I shall be 71. But I shan't be doing nothing, that I promise you, I'll be either gardening, or fishing or writing or doing more and more if I can for St. Dunstan's, and at times, I think probably like all of you when you're standing on a platform at a station wondering whether you can get a porter by yourself, being very frustrated, you've rather felt, and I've felt the same, to hell with it, to hell with it. But then on the other hand, I've said to myself quietly, thank God I'm a St. Dunstaner and can put up with it, and it's been all right.

"To me St. Dunstan's has been a tremendous breakthrough, with great traditions; and I know in the horse world, I've been in it for a long time, that when I step out at the end of this year, all those others under me have worked for me for a very long time, and it'll go on exactly the same. And it is exactly the same with Lord Fraser, he was a very great genius and he knew what he wanted, he passed it on to all those persons under him and like in any Regiment, whether you are a commanding officer, squadron or company commander, or platoon commander or troop leader, if you are worth a damn you should be able to be killed or taken prisoner and the thing goes on exactly the same, and I know that would be the wish of Lord Fraser.

"We've now got the most superb Chairman in Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, who has worked with Lord Fraser for 17 years; he knows all Lord Fraser's thoughts and like any good Regiment, St. Dunstan's will go on with the same traditions and exactly the same, and I'm absolutely certain of it, and all of us St. Dunstaners will be encouraged, as long as we can, to



Colonel Sir Michael Ansell.

work, and we'll be helped in every possible way. And I honestly am proud, I get slightly frustrated and I do say, thank God I am a St. Dunstaner, I've been trained as one. Now lastly, I must tell you I've been seeing Lady Fraser every week that I've been in London, she's a very close friend; and she sends you her sincere good wishes, but what is much better, she'll be here about quarter-past-three."

Replying on behalf of St. Dunstan's, Tom Hart, Folkestone, said it gave him great pleasure to propose the vote of thanks for providing the opportunity for the get-together, and to catch up with the news of the past year. "It would be remiss of me", said Mr. Hart, "not to mention with sorrow our past Chairman, the late Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, but I'm sure that the way he lived for St. Dunstan's and with the work that he did for the blind and the disabled throughout the world, his name will live on for many years, and for generations to come . . . it is great news to hear that Lady Fraser will be here herself this afternoon, and I am sure that our Chairman today will pass on your good wishes to our new Chairman, Mr. Garnett-Orme, and to all the Council, to whom we send our sincere wishes.

"To the staff of St. Dunstan's past and present, we thank them very much indeed for the assistance that they've given us, and particularly to Miss Stewart, Mrs. Lyall and Miss Blebta for organising the Reunion today. I would like to give a little special vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, who care for us when we either stay or pass through Broadhurst Gardens. It is my particular pleasure today to propose this vote of thanks, because twenty-three or twenty-four years ago I was also in a prisoner-of-war camp with Col. Mike Ansell, and he provided for us in a prisoner-of-war camp all the floral decorations that made life much more habitable in that camp, and also we were

very grateful for the occasional bowls of green salad that came our way.

"To the staff of the Russell Hotel, I say thank you very much indeed for your hospitality, not only to the Manager and his staff, the chef and his staff in the kitchen and the waiters who have waited on us at table today, but to that gallant band of men who do the shuttle service for us down in the cloakrooms."

Lady Fraser did indeed arrive during the afternoon and spoke to as many people as possible. This gave great pleasure to the whole company.

Three musicians played during lunch and afterwards the Talbot Orchestra for dancing. So ended the 1975 series of Regional Reunions.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.

John Bailey, M.M., of Birmingham, joined St. Dunstan's on 27th August. He served in the R.A.F. during the Second World War, and was wounded at El Alamein in 1942. He is married and has two grown-up children.

Gordon Thomas Parr, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, joined St. Dunstan's in April 1975. Mr. Parr served as a craftsman in the R.E.M.E. and was discharged in 1961 as a result of injuries. He has a metal business in partnership with his brother, and is married with three young children.

Sidney Mozart Hebditch, London N.6. was admitted to membership on 27th August 1975. He served as a Private in the R.A.M.C. during the First World War, and is married with a grown-up son.

Albert Steer of Billingham, Cleveland, joined St. Dunstan's in August this year. He served with the R.A.F. in the Second World War, and until 1972 was a steel and foundry worker. He is married, and has five children.

Thomas Voyce, O.B.E., of Gloucester, joined St. Dunstan's in July, 1975. He was a Territorial, who served in the Gloucesters and was commissioned in the Queen's Royal West Kent Regiment in the First War. He is married with a grown-up family and retired, but has many interests and is active in local public life. He is particularly well known as a Rugby player of the 1920's and a past President of the Rugby Union.

MRS. PLAXTON'S PRESENT

St. Dunstaners in the North-East will be pleased to learn that as a result of their generous contributions to a Presentation Fund for Mrs. Irene Plaxton, who has retired from St. Dunstan's service after eight years as a Welfare Visitor, she has selected a Philips Pocket Memo as her gift. This, together with a cheque for the balance of the Fund, was sent to her in August.

Mrs. Plaxton sends her very warm thanks and appreciation to her many friends amongst St. Dunstaners.

Talking Book Library: In Welsh

John Hughes, Aberffraw, is to make a recording in Welsh for the Talking Book Library; it will comprise two hymns, a Bible reading and a story. Last year John made a similar, but shorter, hymn recording.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLAND

Sunday, 13th July, was the date for our July meeting which, I am sorry to say, was rather quiet owing to some of our members being unable to attend due to sickness and others being on holiday. This meant that we were unable to push ahead with our competitions and only the first two legs of the semi-final game between Joe Kibbler and Lorrie Rea were played; that game stands at one-all at the moment. The tea was provided for us at this meeting by Mrs. Connie Faulkner, and we all thanked her in our usual manner for a very nice spread.

We were very pleased indeed to welcome Norman Maries and his wife Inga, and sincerely hope that they will continue to attend our meetings and join in with all our other activities.

Our sincere congratulations and best wishes for the future go to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Beddoes, who were married on Saturday, 21st June, at Birmingham Registry Office.

Our diary for the year has now been fully booked. A popular outing is to Stratford-upon-Avon to visit our old friends at the Royal British Legion once more; the date for this being Sunday, September 28th. Our final event for the year is also booked; this is our annual Christmas Dinner, this year to take place on Saturday, 20th December.

These are two good items in our annual calendar. Why not come along to our club meetings and then join in the various attractions.

Our meeting held on Sunday, 10th August, was fairly well-attended although two or three members were absent owing to either holidays or sickness.

However, we were able to get the singles domino competition semi-finals played off; the final will be between Guy Bilcliff and Joe Kibbler. The doubles competition is still very slow in really getting under way and we are hoping to get these matches speeded up a little.

The tea for this meeting was prepared for us by Mrs. Olwyn Rea and we all thanked her in our usual manner for a lovely spread.

During this economic crisis it is a

great problem to know just how to keep Club funds in line with ever-increasing rises in costs of outings, etc., and an idea was put forward by Mrs. Joan Cashmore that we should sell Christmas cards and other Christmas decorations between our members and their families and friends. So on Saturday, 6th September, she arranged a coffee evening at our home and invited our members to come along and see just what there was to buy. It was a great success and the profits from the sale of Christmas items will go into our Club account.

Joan worked very hard to prepare a very nice spread to tempt people to buy after they had eaten. I would like to thank Miss Newbold for attending and giving us her support.

I am afraid that I must finish now on a note of sadness. It was with deep regret that we heard of the death of Miss Topsy Shakespeare at her home in Weston-super-Mare, on 6th August. When she lived in Birmingham, Topsy, who was the daughter of our late First War St. Dunstaner, Bill Shakespeare, along with her brother and sister-in-law, Bill and Margaret, helped our Club quite a lot and did wonderful work to help us form our new Club when we moved to the Club-rooms that we now use. Two years ago when we made a visit to Brent Knoll in Somerset, the home of Bill and Margaret, Topsy worked very hard to ensure that our visit was a great success.

I know that will be only one of the many memories which our members will have of Topsy.

Our sincere condolences go to Bill and Margaret Shakespeare in their sad loss.

DOUG CASHMORE Secretary

HAM RADIO WEEK-END

Active radio amateurs or listeners who have not already notified Norman French at H.Q. that they would like to take part in this week-end are asked to do so as soon as possible.

The event will be held at Ian Fraser House. The main programme, being planned for October 18th, will include guest speakers and displays and demonstrations of equipment.



Alice meets a Blind Hatter

by

Carol Lewis

Reprinted from "The New Beacon", June 1975, by kind permission of the R.N.I.B.

Alice grew tired of croquet, so she wandered off along a sandy red path which led into a wood. Soon she came to a clearing in which there was a beautiful scented garden with fountains and a sundial. Seeing a bench, she decided to sit for a while to enjoy the sun's warmth and the sweet perfumes.

It was as she was watching the brightly-coloured butterflies flitting between the flowers that she noticed out of the corner of her eye a figure, very much like the Mad Hatter, coming along the path at a

good pace. He was wearing white top hat, lime-green waistcoat and yellow trousers, and swinging a rainbow-coloured cane. Reaching the seat he gave it a sharp whack, said "Ah, there's nobody here", and sat down.

"I'm here", said Alice, "and if I'd been there you'd have made me jump from there to here".

"Well, that's where you are", said the Hatter, pushing a mint into his mouth, "so what are you complaining about?"

Alice was just going to give him a piece of her mind when she suddenly realised the significance of the stick. "Oh", she said. "Are you blind?"

"As a bat", snapped the Hatter. "In fact I'm blinder than a bat because I can't see

anything at all. That's why they call me visually handicapped, you know."

"Pardon?"

"Don't you listen, little girl? What I said was that blind people these days are called visually handicapped."

"That doesn't make sense to me", said Alice, frowning her brow. "If you're blind, you're blind, but if you're visually handicapped you're struggling with poor sight."

At this the Hatter took off his hat, put it on top of his stick and began to twizzle—something he always did when thinking. "It's worse to say I'm blind", he blurted out.

Blind Abilities

"Not it", said Alice, "if that's what you are. No one can be blind for very long without getting some abilities that the rest of us haven't got, such as a more sensitive touch, keener hearing, deeper powers of concentration and a better memory. Blind people have a good reputation as musicians too, and anyone will tell you how cheerful and reliable they all are."

"Well", said the Hatter, taking a deep breath and puffing out his chest as far as it would go. "This may well be true in my case but it's not always so, you know. Have a mint."

The conversation lapsed into a contented lull. The only sounds on the warm summer air were the buzzing of the bees, the singing of the songbirds and the occasional distant shout of "Off with his head!"

Slowly the hat began to twizzle again. "I expect", he said, "that it's because most blind people can see that we're all now called 'visually handicapped'".

"Pardon?"

"Well, well, dear, dear", said the Hatter, twizzling faster. "Pay more attention. You see, the law says that you're legally blind if—and let me get this right—you're so blind as to be unable to perform any work for which eyesight is essential. And someone decided this means anyone who can only see at three metres what the fully sighted can at sixty."

"But suppose", said Alice with a twinkle in her eye, "suppose I could see

a teeny bit better. Let's say I could just make out at four, five or six metres what the rest can at sixty. What would happen then?"

"That's easy", said the Hatter. "You'd be put on the partially-sighted list—those are the ones whose vision is substantially and permanently impaired you know—unless . . ." He paused to turn his face skyward. "Unless you were put on the blind register, which would be the case if you didn't have much side vision, or if your particular eye specialist thought you'd go blind soon, or—phew—if, being a child, he thought that you ought to be educated in a blind school, or . . ."

"Are you telling me", Alice butted in, wide-eyed, "that under your law the blind can see more than the partially sighted?"

"Sometimes they can", said the Hatter. "You see, a specialist may feel he's being most helpful by putting people on the blind register, especially youngsters. I know a boy who refused because he didn't want to stop riding his bike."

The Difference

"Goodness me", said Alice, confused. "What's the difference, then, between one register and the other?"

"These days", said the Hatter, "not much when you work it out, but before the welfare state came along there was all the difference in the world. The blind got all the help that was going whilst the partially sighted received little or nothing except maybe a suitable education."

"What a shame", said Alice. "How did they manage?"

"As best they could of course", snapped the Hatter. "And they still do. A little sight without the tag 'blind' attached has one advantage in itself—it means that everyone accepts them as sighted. Partially-sighted people often respond by pretending to see a good deal more than they actually can. We all want to be like the next chap, you know. A fellow I know stood in front of a wall map whilst his boss was rapidly pointing out with a ruler strategic towns and areas where he wanted action. All my friend could see was a blurred splodge, and yet by managing to look interested and asking unobtrusive questions, he learned all he

needed to know without his boss getting a whiff of any sight difficulty. Sometimes, though, speech gives the game away. Like when a chap says sorry after bumping into a lamp-post. If a policeman asks in a stern voice why a chap went into the Ladies instead of the Gents, it's best not to try a cover-up job", chuckled the Hatter.

Alice, smiling, asked how the totally blind made out amongst the seeing. "Pretty well", came the reply. "Most of them act so naturally that people won't believe they can't see. A pal of mine went into an eye clinic and strode across to an empty seat. The receptionist, on being informed that he was registered blind, said to him sarcastically 'There doesn't seem much wrong with your eyes'. 'There's not', replied my friend. 'They're both best quality glass.'

"Of course", said the Hatter after a pause, "the present system makes people blinder than they really are!"

"Goodness gracious! How can that be?" cried Alice.

Totally Blind?

"Well, you see, the man in the street naturally enough expects the legally blind to be totally blind, and there's no changing him. The result is that decent honest people with a glimmer of sight often feel like frauds when they're put on the register. They don't feel blind. Their bit of residual vision is full sight to them. When they make the best use of it after being put on the blind register, a good deal of nudge-nudge wink-wink goes on. If, alternatively, to satisfy onlookers, they pretend to see less than they can, they're cheating themselves. Whatever they do they can't win", said the Hatter smiling.

"You know", he went on, "registered blind people on social security get a bit extra to pay for a little help. One old dear could hardly do a thing for herself until someone told her it was quite in order to see a bit and still get the money. After that she managed very well and even got out to do the shopping. Even in blind clubs, you'll come across someone saying something like 'Mrs Brown sees more than she ought to. I've just seen her looking in a shop window as I was coming along here.' Another snag that the sighted blind find is that their eyes

are always being tested. People dance about in front of them saying 'Can you see me?' or 'What can you make out on the telly?'"

"My word, you do make things hard for yourselves", said Alice. "Why can't a blind person be defined as 'anyone unable to see to do any work'?"

"Because", snapped the Hatter, "that's what it is, only in different words".

"Well, why can't they stick to it, and then we'd all know who and what we were talking about. And why can't the rest be called 'partially sighted' and put into groupings where they'd get all the help they needed?"

"Simply because", replied the Hatter, "when the definition was made in 1920 people with poor sight were advised not to use their eyes more than necessary, or else, like torch batteries, they'd go dimmer and dimmer."

Scented Garden

"Anyway", said Alice. "I refuse to argue. I'm going to relax in your scented garden."

"Tosh. We don't like scented gardens."

"Why on earth not? It's beautiful here and the smells are gorgeous."

"That's nothing to do with it. It's the 'for the blind' bit we don't like. It smells of segregation."

"Nonsense", Alice boomed out. "Just anyone at all can walk in here, which is more than can be said for your workshops for the blind, clubs for the blind, homes for the blind..."

"Rubbish", shouted the Hatter. "they're formed for special reasons."

"Not always", retorted Alice. "You blind people segregate yourselves at the drop of a hat. If there's one place where you ought to be able to integrate, it's in church, and yet you have an annual service where the congregation and some of the others taking part are all blind. Instead of keeping quiet about it you broadcast it all over the country on Radio Four."

"Have a mint", said the Hatter.

"I've heard", continued Alice, "that some blind people regularly meet together just for a chat, drawn by the feeling that only blind people understand each other.

There's immediate brotherly understanding when experiences are swapped about the silly ways in which the sighted try to help."

"Ah well", said the Hatter. "That's because they don't take the trouble to find out."

"It's not their job", said Alice. "If you want to integrate it's up to you to do the explaining. I know someone who went out of her way to help a man who couldn't see. After he'd snatched her arm away, he told her to get lost or else he'd set about her with his stick. So now she gets her own back. Whenever she can she does half-nelsons on blind people and frogmarches them across roads they don't want to cross. When escorting someone she'll always say when there are steps ahead, but never whether they're up or down, and so far not once has she ever been asked. She's become so used to them not having tongues that it's a rule with her now always to ask a companion whether they take sugar in their tea. She's wicked, though, because her favourite trick is to amble off when a blind person starts talking to her at a social. Then, on the other side of the room, she'll stand with a smirk on her face watching her victim prattling away to no one."

"I do believe we've met", said the Hatter reflectively.

"If blind people are sincere in wanting to integrate, then why doesn't every organisation of and for the blind have a springboard committee?" asked Alice.

"A what?"

Springboard Committee

"A springboard committee. It would set out to help anyone who wanted to jump back into the sighted world. Most of the members would be blind or visually handicapped, and they'd select from their number a panel of good speakers who'd give lively talks to every local organisation willing to listen. Their job would be to break down the embarrassments which the sighted experience on first meeting someone blind. They're swamped with feelings of inadequacy because they don't know what to say or do, and only the blind person can put them at their ease. Springboard members would also visit local clubs, evening institutes, etc., to investigate whether blind people too can

join in the fun and to lay on a backing-up service if needed. Segregation has been so thorough that there's an awful lot of public relations work to do if you're ever going to integrate, and only blind people can do it. How about that for a fighting speech?" said Alice.

In reply she was expecting to have a considered opinion, logical argument or at least a shout of "Rubbish!" But all she heard was the buzzing of the bees, the singing of the songbirds and the snoring of the Hatter.

SOUTH AFRICAN ST. DUNSTANER AS UNIVERSITY DEAN

The Council of the University of Natal has appointed, until October 1976, **Professor Kenneth H. C. McIntyre** as Dean of the Faculty of Arts. He is Head of the University's Department of History and Political Science.

Professor McIntyre was born in Bloemfontein, educated at Selbourne College, East London, and obtained the B.A. Hons. degree and the U.E.D. from Rhodes University. His academic career was interrupted by service with the Royal Natal Carbineers in World War II. He was wounded and blinded in action during the advance on Florence and spent 11 months in a British Military Hospital in Naples.

After his return to South Africa, Ken McIntyre decided to continue his academic career and, assisted by St. Dunstan's and a great deal of personal courage, attended and gained an M.A. degree from King's College, Cambridge.

In 1949 Professor McIntyre was appointed Lecturer at the University of Natal, and was promoted to Senior Lecturer in 1956. He was made Associate Professor of History and Political Science in 1963, becoming full Professor and Head of the Department in 1970.

He was Chairman of the University of Natal Lecturers' Association from 1964 to 1966, and was elected the first Chairman of the University Teachers' Association of South Africa in 1965. In 1967 a Carnegie Corporation of New York Travel Grant enabled him and his wife to spend three months in America and Canada and six weeks in Britain, visiting Universities.

The Pennine Way

by Ted Jinks

About two years ago, my wife was working on a mobile snack bar, on part of the Pennine Way, and we became interested in walking this Way. (We have always walked a little.)

A year ago we set out on the Pennine Way, but we made the mistake of taking too much kit with us. So this year we set off once again, with one change of clothes, enough dehydrated food for one day, prayed for fine weather (it gets knee high in mud when it rains), and a café or two open as we passed. We took rucksacks of course, sleeping bags, and tents. No hotels for us, do it the hard way, sleep rough, and that's just what we did.

Saturday. We set off at 6 a.m., in a mini bus, to take us to Kirk Yetholm at approximately noon, and set off walking to our first stop; this was a mountain rescue post. Here we stayed the night.

Sunday. On leaving next morning at 7 a.m., there was very low cloud, but luck was with us, we had to follow the border fence that day for about 15 miles. We had a hard climb straight from the word go that morning, first to the Auchope Cairn; there were lots of rocks here and walking was very difficult. After this we climbed The Schil, which is 1,985 feet high. We climbed three more hills that day, but The Schil was the highest. Just before we reached Byrness, we had to come down a very steep place, full of boulders; it was so bad here that my son had to take my rucksack off, to get me down the rocks. Safely down, we got to Byrness, and pitched our tents, our second day done. We had walked 23 miles that day.

Monday. We were off again at 7 a.m.; today we are heading for Bellingham. This morning we had breakfast in the forest, and walking through the forest we saw deer, a couple of snakes and a lizard; there were also lots of grouse about, on a lot of the moors that we crossed. We got to Bellingham about 2 p.m., had a meal and decided to press on as it was still early. Finally we arrived at

Hornystead Farm; here we got permission to camp. Down to the stream we went and put up the tents, bathed our aching feet, had our dinner and got down for the night. 21 miles were behind us that day.

Tuesday. Up bright and early this morning we were, and set off this time for Hadrian's Wall. We arrived at the Wall and walked along it for a little while, then we walked by the side of it for a long way, till the going got very hard, then we left the Wall and went across country till we came to the *Twice Brewed*, so here we had a meal and a pint, and off we went once more, this time for Greenhead. Five was about the time we got to Greenhead, and with the Wall now well behind us we walked till we came to a farm called Baty's Shield. We were made very welcome here, the lady made us a meal, and we stayed there the night. Today we have done 24 miles.

Wednesday. We left the farm early this morning on our way to Alston. It was a very hot day, and we came to a river, the South Tyne, and here we had a swim, it was very cold in the water but very refreshing after the long walk; after we were rested we set off again and carried on to Alston. It was about four when we got to Alston so we pitched our tents, and got changed and went for a meal. Here we had walked 19 miles, so that was an easy day.

Thursday. Today we are going to Dufton. We have some climbing to do today, we have Cross Fell to get over and that is 2,930 feet, then there is Little Dun Fell, 2,761 feet, and Great Dun Fell, 2,780 feet. We got up Cross Fell all right, but as we came down there were lots and lots of rocks, big rocks, and while coming down here, I got my leg caught between some rocks, but managed to get it out with only a bruise on my shin—that was a bit of luck. We had not gone far after this when my wife pulled a leg muscle, this resulted in the lads having to carry her rucksack between them for the rest of the day. We



The Pennine Way is no mere country ramble, as this picture shows

had some first-aid kit with us and after using linament on it a couple of times it was all right next morning. After we had crossed these three fells we skirted Knock Fell so as not to aggravate Joan's leg any more that day. We got to Dufton about 6 p.m., camped at the farm, got milk and eggs, had our evening meal, went for a drink, but as the weather was getting a bit windy and looking like rain we got to bed early, ready for the next day. We covered 20 miles again that day.

Friday. The rain did not come, but the sky was over-cast and windy, so we had to wear our rain-proofs to keep the wind out. We started to climb High Cup Nick,

which is a long gradual climb going up to 1,900 feet; after this we came to Cauldron Snout, a waterfall at 1,600 feet, and going down in one big drop. My wife and son tell me they went sick when they saw where we had to go; anyway, down we had to go, and down we went. Taking my rucksack, and edging me over one and through another, we finally got to the bottom, only to find that there was Falcon Clints and Cronkly Scar to cross. Sick as parrots we set off over these huge piles of boulders, and they seemed never-ending. When we finally got to the end of these rocks we came to a farm, and from here we took the road to Langden Beck, a Youth Hostel, but this was closed so we

pushed on for Middleton-in-Teesdale. When we arrived we were just in time to get a meal before the shops closed; we also stocked up on our food supplies here. We then went to the caravan site, where we stayed the night. It cost us £1.50 here, but there was hot and cold water and showers, so that was a help. Twenty-two miles behind us again today.

Saturday. We left Middleton at about 10 a.m., a late start for us, but we pushed on and came to a place called God's Bridge. This is a natural bridge formed out of rocks and the stream runs under them. We had just passed these when I had a slight mishap. I stumbled over some rocks, landed on my back and skinned my knee and elbow in the process and I never said a word, not out loud anyway. We were steadily climbing again now up to 1,700 feet, and the *Tan Hill* Pub, reputed to be the highest licensed premises in the country. When we were approaching we were asked by a bloke who was running if we had seen another runner, who was trying to set up a new record for running the Pennine Way. We rested here and had a drink (it's open

Joan and John prepare a meal.



here all day), and then we went on to Keld, 4½ miles away. We got there about 8 p.m., made some dinner and got an early night. The *Tan Hill* being the only pub, there was no hope of us going back there for an hour. We are keeping to our schedule nicely, we did 21 miles again today.

Sunday. Another early start, and a beautiful morning, just right for walking. We made good time and got to Hard Row by 12 p.m. Here we went into the *Green Dragon* and had a very good meal; mind you, after walking 12 miles anything would taste good. We finished our dinner and set off again, with 11 miles still to do. It's always said that it's a small world and when we passed the time of day with a couple and it turned out that they came from Oldham the same as us, it would seem small. We went over Great Shunner Fell today, 2,340 feet, and Ten End 1,900 feet. We camped by a river that night, and a young lad was also camped there. He really was doing it the hard way; he had no tent, just a sleeping bag and water-proof. We are getting good, we made 23 miles today.



John leads Ted along Hadrian's Wall.

Monday. We got up this morning and the place was alive with midges, but our John knew of a café, in Horton-in-Ribblesdale, which was the way we were heading anyway, so we decided to leave breakfast till we got there. Five miles later and starving, we got to the café and it was closed. Not to worry, we went to the shop next door, and it was one and the same, so they opened the café and we got our breakfast, thank goodness. At this café they have a visitors' book, for the Way walkers, so we all signed it and the lady gave me a badge for the Pennine Way Club, which they are in the middle of forming. We went on our way in a much better frame of mind, already to get over Peny-Ghent which is 2,273 feet; going up was not bad, but going down was a little more difficult. In fact I was reduced to sitting on my backside and sliding down one part of the downward bit, anyway it's all part of the walk and I'm going to finish it one way or the other. No rest for the wicked—we are going up again, this time it is Fountains Fell 2,100 feet, and then we go to Malham, passing the tarn as we go. It is very nice country

round here. It has been hard going today, but we have 20 miles so we are still on time. Joan has been a bit off colour for a couple of days so her sister is picking her up tonight and she is going home. When Joan went she took with her all the surplus kit so we will be travelling light from now on.

Tuesday. We had a lie-in this morning as we are going to get some presents to take home. We set off at 11 a.m., and the going was good all day for climbing, so we got on very well. When we got to Gargrave we saw a barge being lifted from one lock to the other; he soon caught up with us. Then we had a meal in the village. As we set off again we passed a school, and a little girl was doing a census for the school on Pennine Way Walkers. She wanted to know what sort of shoes we were wearing and what sort of first-aid kit we carried, which way we were going, north or south, and all this type of thing. On we went then to Lothersdale where Joan was there to meet us. She put up the tent that she took with her, so we were all ready to camp for

the night. We had an hour in the pub that night, but got quite an early night. Only 17 miles done today, but we have a long day tomorrow.

Wednesday. When we left this morning we were travelling very light as Joan took all the kit with her but for the water bottles and rain-proofs and one rucksack. We are heading for White House at Blackstone Edge, twenty-eight miles away. We have to pass Widdon Reservoir, Charles Town and Stoodly Pike. This is a monument to commemorate the abdication of Napoleon in 1814. Now only 6 miles to go, and we will have done another day. We have just arrived at White House at 6.30 p.m.; we made very good time. Joan had not arrived with the tents so we went and had a pint while we were waiting. Joan came at 7 p.m. so we got the tents up and had a meal, and stayed the night.

Thursday. 7.30 a.m. and we were on our way, going over Blackstone Edge, Windy Hill, Black Moss and White Moss. We also go over Black Hill—this is just a peat hill. In wet weather you get up to your knees in mud, and very hard walking indeed. Luckily for us it is very dry at this time of crossing so it makes for good walking. We arrived at the Youth Hostel in Crowden at about 4.30 p.m., and had a meal at the cafe there. Joan had already put up the tents so we were ready for our last night under canvas, and

only one day left to go. This was one of the shortest days we had done, 18 miles.

Friday. The last day. We have two rough walks ahead of us today; first is Bleaklow Moor, a very narrow track, and a drop to the left and a hill to the right. Part of the path had been washed away, so that made it even worse. After this we came to Snake Road, and here the I.T.V. camera team met us to interview me on the walk that, as far as I know, no other blind man has done. As we left the cameras behind we headed for Kinder Scout which is 2,000 feet high. After crossing Kinder Scout we made our way down to Edale, and our journey's end. We were delighted to have completed the whole of the way, without too much discomfort, only a couple of blisters between us. So as the saying goes, "All's well that ends well", or "Is your journey really necessary?"

Maybe some of the other St. Dunstaners who go walking would be interested to know that on most of these paths we had to walk one behind the other, and so we took with us a long staff, about 7 feet in length, and this proved to be invaluable as it kept you walking on the right path but not too close to the person in front of you, so that you were not walking on their heels. I also carried a heavy walking stick in my other hand to act as a stabiliser when the going was rough.

C.N.I.B. MANAGING DIRECTOR IN ENGLAND

Mr. Ross Purse, Managing Director of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, with Mrs. Purse, visited England during the latter part of July and early August 1975. Mr. Purse is a St. Dunstaner who served with the Winnipeg Grenadiers during the Second World War. He was taken prisoner at Hong Kong and suffered malnutrition at the hands of the Japanese, as a result of which he lost his sight.

One of the principal objects of the visit was to attend the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind's celebration of its Silver Jubilee at St. James's Palace on Thursday 24th July. The previous day

Mr. and Mrs. Purse had attended the Royal National Institute for the Blind's Annual General Meeting.

On Monday 28th July Mr. and Mrs. Purse visited Ian Fraser House, where they were joined by Sir John Wilson, Director of the R.C.S.B. and Lady Wilson and Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., F.C.A. and Mrs. Lloyds. On the evening of 29th July Mr. and Mrs. Ion Garnett-Orme gave a dinner party in London for our Canadian visitors. This dinner was also attended by Mr. Eric Boulter, Director General of the R.N.I.B. and Mrs. Boulter, Mr. C. D. Wills, Secretary, and senior members of St. Dunstan's staff.

OVINGDEAN NOTES

Thackeray described our town as "Kind, cheerful, merry Dr. Brighton", which is an apt description when one thinks of all the activities available for our interest and pleasure.

July began with a visit to the Racing Stables of Mr. Guy Harwood, where, as always, we felt we were among friends. Two new venues for the Drives were found, one being the Heathfield Wild Park. This outing was combined with a picnic lunch and was voted a great success—by those with stamina! Our other discovery was Tylden House, near Horsham, where the hospitality was both generous and warm, and there was much of interest to explore.

Our Sunday evening entertainments have been varied, comprising plays, concerts, and record programmes. Two of those most enjoyed were the presentation of stereo music by Tom Eales, who invariably delights the ear, and a programme of quadrophonic sound presented by our civilian blind friend, Mr. Victor Henry. He is the Assistant Area Commissioner of Sea-Scouts in the county, and in addition does an enormous amount of entertaining with his highly complicated recording equipment. As Mrs. Margaret Stanway pointed out, in her charming vote of thanks, we appreciate the time and trouble he took to give us such an enjoyable evening. Mr. Henry and his assistants, John and David, intrigued us with clever sound effects; they included West Indian rhythms which had many of us swaying and clicking our fingers, and a most realistic recording of a Munich Beer Festival, complete with horses clip-clopping along, jingling their harness as they pulled the carts loaded with beer-barrels. The interval which followed this colourful scene produced alas! not beer, but coffee. During the second half of the programme we were diverted by the antics of a sea-gull, which strutted up and down the window ledge, obviously longing to join the party.

During Sussex Fortnight we were inundated with keen racegoers, who seemed possessed of limited luck, but limitless energy. (Where's the Phyllo-

san?). To them we dedicate this "Punter's Lament":

We sing of Brighton, Fontwell Park,
Of Goodwood—(you can't whack it)—
Though you may *think* they're far apart,
They're all on Costa Packet!
To that we might add "The Song of the Weary V.A.D.":

Oh please don't place *another* bet, my
feet and head are aching!
Oh well, as it's the final Race, and your
last pound you're staking—
I'll line up just this one more time and
dream (t'will happen never),
Of doing nothing all the time—
FOREVER AND FOREVER.

To return to less active pursuits, we report that the Summer Show continued at the Dome—after so many weeks we ran out of Escorts who had not seen it. Indeed, some of them visited the show more than once, in answer to our earnest pleas, which perhaps proved both their dedication and their fortitude.

The Deaf Reunion was held in August, and an account of it will appear next month. It was a happy weekend and we were blessed with good company and good weather.

The month ended with the August Bank Holiday revels; on the Saturday the Whist Drive and Domino Tournament were held, and the winners were as follows:

WHIST

Ladies

1st Prize Matron (honestly!)
2nd Prize Mrs. Exley
3rd Prize Mrs. Dodgson

Gentlemen

1st Prize A. Dodgson
2nd Prize R. Stanners
3rd Prize M. Tybinski

Writing as one whose only card game is "Snap", our Whist and Bridge-playing St. Dunstaners evoke much admiration, for they play with such speed and feats of memory.

The winners of the Domino Tournament are asked to accept our congratulations,

and also our apologies, for we have mislaid the details. So sorry!

On Bank Holiday Monday, we held our Dance, and prizes were given for the best representations of "Book Titles". Our judge was the well-known local author and biographer, Mr. Henry Blyth, who was accompanied by Mrs. Dacre, which gave us great pleasure. Mr. Blyth found it extremely difficult to make a decision, for so many of the entries were witty and clever. Eventually, and amid much merriment, the winners were chosen and the prizes awarded as follows:

Ladies

Mrs. Brenda Bates—"Goldfinger".
Miss Barbara Bell—"Pickwick Papers".
Miss Sally Falcon, V.A.D.—"Under Milk Wood".

Gentlemen

E. Carpenter—"Wisden's book of Cricket" (sub-titled "In Mourning for the Ashes").
E. Corbettis—"Detective in Silk Drawers".
A. Robinson—"Vanity Fair".

We must confess that Manny Corbettis in pale yellow silk bloomers, together with a "Sherlock Holmes" deer-stalker hat, was quite a sight to behold, while Micky Robinson in a blond wig, blue satin evening dress and handbag, the whole tastefully set off with black socks and beetle-crusher shoes, had us rolling in the aisles, as he peered into a hand-mirror, simpering like an elderly Shirley Temple. It really was quite an evening.

And so August ended—the sun still shining benignly on us. Whatever financial disasters lurk around the corner, we have certainly had a wonderful Summer, with much for which to be grateful.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Sunday 5th October

Argus Ladies Choir. Concert in the Lounge, 7.30 p.m.

Sunday 12th October

Mr. T. Eales presents:

"Those wonderful shows", 7.30 p.m.

Sunday 19th October

Brighton Tape Recording Club concert, 7.30 p.m.

Sunday 26th October

Mr. T. Eales presents

"Mexican Trip and others", 7.30 p.m.
St. Dunstaners, their wives and escorts will be most welcome at these concerts.

BRIDGE NOTES

LONDON

The Fifth Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday 26th July:

Results

W. Allen and F. Dickerson	72
A. Caldwell and H. King	69
J. Lynch and P. Nuyens	57
H. Meleson and Partner	57

The Sixth Individual Competition was held on Saturday 2nd August.

Results

J. Lynch and W. Allen	68
W. Miller and H. Meleson	62
P. Nuyens and A. Caldwell	60
R. Evans and J. Huk	55
F. Dickerson and J. Majchrowicz	55

The Seventh Individual Competition was held on Saturday, 6th September.

Results

J. Huk and Partner	70
W. Miller and J. Majchrowicz	64
Miss Vera Kemmish and W. Allen	50
J. Lynch and A. Caldwell	49

The best five results to date are as follows:

W. Allen	353
J. Huk	339
P. Nuyens	333
W. Miller	329
F. Dickerson	324
J. Lynch	315
A. Caldwell	305
H. Meleson	304
Miss Vera Kemmish	291
J. Padley (after 4 games)	253
R. Evans (after 2 games)	102
H. King (after 1 game)	69

H. MELESON
Bridge Secretary

BRIGHTON

With the re-opening of Ovingdean, we were able to hold our July duplicate individual match in the annex to Ian Fraser House, on Saturday 12th July; the results of this match appear elsewhere.

On the following Saturday, 19th July, we held a bridge drive, again in the annex. The attendance for this was a little disappointing because of holiday and

family commitments. Once again Mr. Bob Goodlad officiated, in addition to partnering a St. Dunstaner. Mr. W. Scott of Rottingdean called for a minute's silence in memory of our recently departed friend, Mr. Frank Rhodes.

The catering staff of Ian Fraser House did us proud for teas, and after a short break for refreshments play was resumed. Prizewinners were as follows:

- 1 Bob Fullard & Mrs. V. McPherson
- 2 Bill Scott & Mr. R. Goodlad
- 3 Sam Webster & Mrs. Gover

Miss J. M. Allison, Assistant Matron of Ian Fraser House, very kindly came along to present the prizes.

The Seventh Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday 12th July; results were as follows:

S. Webster and R. Fullard	68
C. Walters and A. Dodgson	65
W. Lethbridge and R. Goding	63
R. Bickley and F. Griffiee	62
W. Scott and J. Whitcombe	61
W. Claydon and J. Simmons	59

The Eighth Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday 6th September; results were as follows:

C. Walters and S. Webster	79
F. Griffiee and P. McCormack	73
W. Claydon and A. Dodgson	64
R. Goding and A. Smith	62
R. Fullard and M. Clements	59
W. Burnett and W. Lethbridge	58
R. Bickley and J. Simmons	55
W. Scott and W. Phillips	54

Best Five results to date

F. Griffiee	375
S. Webster	358
W. Lethbridge	353
J. Simmons	350
R. Fullard	348
C. Walters	343
M. Clements	331
R. Goding	328
W. Scott and R. Bickley	323
W. Claydon	317
A. Dodgson	316
J. Whitcombe	304
W. Burnett	289
A. Smith	277
P. McCormack (after 2 games)	135

R. FULLARD

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 204

I Stayed in China

by William G. Sewell

Read by Garard Green

Reading Time 9 hours

After liberation from a Japanese internment camp in 1945, the writer was asked by the authorities to return to the provincial Chinese university where he had been Head of the Chemistry Department before the war.

He found things terribly changed. Corruption was widespread, the people were hungry, starving even. Rocketing inflation had pushed up rice prices to an astronomical figure. Civil war raged in the neighbouring province. Students who attempted to protest to the local military commander were flogged or imprisoned.

With the victory of Mao Tse-tung, the Communist troops entered the university town. They were kind, courteous and very helpful. They paid for the goods they needed—unlike the Nationalists who merely took as a right.

Prices began to fall dramatically. There was a new spirit of pride and decency abroad—even at the university the students no longer cheated at exams.

Professor Sewell became totally involved in the New China. He elected to take a massive cut in salary and take only "the rate for the job"—previously his salary had been paid from the U.K., the University being a British religious foundation. He joined a Trade Union and wore the "boiler-suit" of the worker. He became an enthusiastic devotee of the "criticism" cult. He, a foreigner, felt proud and honoured to be allowed to participate in this Oriental Alice in Wonderland world.

Finally, however, the time came when he knew that if he didn't leave China then, he never would go.

He was granted the necessary permission to leave the country and returned to England and his wife and family.

I found this a most absorbing book written objectively and from a very different standpoint from that which Westerners normally regard the workings of the Communist régime in China.

Cat. No. 1132

Hancock

By Freddie Hancock and David Nathan

Read by Philip Treleaven

Reading Time 8 hours

This is one of the most terrible books I have ever read—terrible in the sense that it is a stark, brutally frank record of the anguish, despair and final degradation of a human being.

His rapid rise to stardom was almost entirely due to Galton and Simpson, whose brilliance created Anthony Aloysius St. John Hancock, the pompous and inept little man for whom nothing ever quite came off.

Hancock's radio and TV ratings were phenomenal. He was the first artist on TV to earn £1,000 for a half-hour programme. Universally loved, his appearance in the street literally stopped the traffic.

But the pressures began to mount. He broke with Galton and Simpson, believing he was now big enough to do without them. He couldn't. His drinking became heavier and soon uncontrollable.

In a despairing bid to find himself and his lost genius, he went to Australia. The project was doomed from the start. He was never sober, couldn't remember his lines, his immaculate timing was gone.

Finally, the comedian who had sought the ultimate in clowning, the man who had read Russel, Kant and Spinoza in his vain search for Truth, found the only answer left to him—vodka and barbiturates.

This is a sad story of human frailty. In parts it is so shocking that the catalogue entry bears the usual warning, "Parts of this book . . ." etc.

Cat. No. 968

On Her Majesty's Secret Service

by Ian Fleming

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 9¼ hours

Being one of that tiny minority who had never read a James Bond book, I decided it was high time to rectify that omission.

Having read this one, I suspect that the devotees of the cult would probably describe it as "run-of-the-mill".

James is what we have now come to recognise as the ordinary normal everyday

super-agent. He is physically tough and virtually bullet-proof. As a lady's man he beats Casanova and Don Juan to a fare-thee-well. He is (of course) a lethal marksman with any weapon.

He is at home in every kind of society—knocking back exotic booze with the jet-set, or delivering karate chops to the unhallowed necks of the ungodly.

In this book the arch-baddies are firmly ensconced on—of all places—an Alp. To winkle them out, J.B. employs a helicopter and a considerable amount of unbridled violence. There is a death-defying ski-race and the usual assorted car-chases. James wins the day, defeats the baddies' evil schemes—and incidentally saves old England from a fate worse than roaring inflation.

To me, the oddest thing about the James Bond saga is the name, which Fleming took from the spine of a book. For the real-life James Bond was a botanist who wrote learned (and possibly very dull) books on wild flowers!

Cat. No. 1068

Order To View

by René Cutforth

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 8½ hours

This is not, the author points out, an attempt at an autobiography—more a random collection of reminiscences, observations and experiences culled from a full and busy life.

During the war he found little time for experiments in original living, for he was a P.o.W., first in Italy, which he didn't seem to mind (" . . . the Italians are so civilised . . .") and later in Germany, which he hated.

After the war he more or less drifted into the B.B.C. where he was a self-confessed failure. But instead of sacking him they made him a reporter.

He had found his métier. He roamed the world in search of stories. He went to Korea. He waited for days in the Himalayas to interview the fleeing Dalai Lama, sent back reports from the shattered remains of Agadir. But the book is by no means all tragedy and frustrations. The author records a few hilarious adventures which only happen to people like René Cutforth.

Daedalus '75

Naval Camp at Lee-on-Solent Camp

The term "camp" is something of a stigma carried over from the 1940's. Today the 50 St. Dunstaners who attend Lee are housed in the Petty Officers' quarters at *H.M.S. Daedalus*, the Fleet Air Arm shore establishment. It has cabins for four persons, a dining room that offers a wide choice of food at all meals, a very spacious lounge, TV rooms, billiards room and a large bar, and many other amenities combining to form a holiday hotel worth recommendation.

Our hosts are the Captain, Commander and Ship's Company. The Field Gun Crew that recently took part in the Royal Tournament at London's Olympia, a most wonderful set of fellows, become our "guide dogs" and close companions for the week. With the establishment staff, members of former gun crews and the many friends that St. Dunstaners have made over many years strive to grant our every wish, and give us a holiday that we shall never forget.

C.P.O.'s Evening

Most of us had arrived in time for supper on Friday 15th August, and we assembled later in the lounge to hear what "goodies" had been arranged for us in the week ahead. Sailing, fishing, gliding, swimming, dances and trips on the Hovercraft, and to the Isle of Wight and many other things were all lined up, weather permitting. An hour later, and we were enjoying a social evening in the Chief Petty Officers' Mess, meeting old friends and making new ones, laughing and joking, singing and chatting and indulging in the poison of our choice. Dressed in mufti, and joining in the joviality like everyone else, I met the commanding officer of the *Daedalus*, Captain David Robotham, the liaison officer Lieut. Peter Grigsby and the Gun Crew Officer Lieut. Don Ross who was also a "guide dog". I met also the portly President of the Chiefs' Mess, Fleet Chief Alf Martin, a wonderful character, full of

feeling and understanding for St. Dunstaners, because his grandfather was a St. Dunstaner.

Saturday morning was bright and sunny and the Walking Race was arranged for 10 o'clock. No compulsion here, if you wanted to join in the organised competitions, then you took part in the once-round-the-airfield walk, a distance of about 2½ miles. Bill Harris is a master at organising these handicap races, but at Lee anything can happen, and usually does. The afternoon was a "do as you like" session, so some of us sunbathed on the lawn and listened to the Test Match, whilst others went walking or relaxed in their cabins. In the evening we had a most enjoyable Grand Ball in the large hall of the Chiefs' Mess.

Sunday was unfortunately wet. Church services were held, and the Rev. Frank Spurway filled the tiny C. of E. church to the gunnels with his very popular brand of service, specially arranged for St. Dunstaners.

After church we made our way to the Ward Room for coffee, and then a party in the Officers' Club. This is the officers' direct contribution to our entertainment, and the free bar must have cost them a small fortune.

The gliding arranged for the afternoon was cancelled due to adverse weather, but the Chiefs surprised us in the evening by arranging for a group called "The Sinclairs" to play in the dance hall. We were caught out, unaware of their appearance, but the sailors' wives and girl-friends were not, for they turned out in full strength, and a really great evening was had by all.

Good Start to the Week

The sun came out again on Monday and after breakfast we all assembled on the lawn to pose for the group photograph, after which we split into two parties, one going fishing and the rest for a cruise on the Solent and visit to the

Isle of Wight, where, with our packed lunches and three hours to spend in Cowes, we were free to do as we liked. In the evening we enjoyed the marvellous Dennis Deacon Memorial concert, being entertained by Les Adams, with his endless stream of side-splitting jokes, and the lovely voices of soprano Joy Evans and tenor John Ford.

On Tuesday morning, we had the second of our organised competitions, the swimming races. For these, transport took us to *H.M.S. Vincent*, where there is a very nice, competition-size pool. A free-and-easy afternoon was followed by a visit to the Eagle Club in the evening. The Eagle Club is the ratings' own club, and they provide an evening's entertainment by putting on a dance, usually discotheque, with drinks and refreshments too, but this year they, too, had hired a very good group, with an electric organ as the centre piece, which they were kind enough to let St. Dunstan Alan Mitchell play during the interval. Not as noisy as a disco, this was an excellent gesture by the ratings. The closure of the Eagle Club is strictly to time, so P.O. Joe Banner, threw out an open invitation to go to the P.O.s mess, where he had two barrels of bitter to dispose of quickly, free.

Titchfield Dance

The weather on Wednesday was somewhat indifferent, but we went ahead with the planned repeat of Monday's fishing and Solent trips. The sea was rather choppy, and the spray kept blowing over us, but all being good sailors we really enjoyed ourselves. Wednesday evening was one of the highlights of our holiday, the Titchfield Dance. Colonel Clare is the custodian of the superbly kept local community centre, in which he allows the "Ladies of Titchfield" to hold this dance in our honour. A most delightful occasion which we all appreciate very much. As a token of our thanks a bouquet of flowers was presented to the Chairwoman of the Committee of the Titchfield Ladies, but bouquets for all would be more appropriate.

Fortunately the sun came out again on Thursday, for this was competition III day. First a trip on the Solent in the Hovercraft, and then down to the airfield for "The Sports". Organised and run by P.T.I. Tony

Witham, the sports went like clockwork. Some secret training had clearly taken place, as the results show. A Braille car rally organised by Sheila McLeod and Ben Mills was held on Thursday evening. There were 16 entries and the drive took an hour. Competitors had eight questions to answer.

In the evening we had the prize-giving for the sports, the walk and the swimming events, and this was followed with a speech by Mr. Wills, who had joined us earlier in the day, in which he expressed St. Dunstan's thanks to the establishment of *H.M.S. Daedalus*, for taking such a wonderful interest in St. D's. Trevor Tatchell then acted as spokesman for the St. Dunstaners and with his delightful Welsh wit and verbosity, gave us an opportunity to express our thanks to Capt. Robotham and Commander Croft for granting us the use of such wonderful amenities, to the gun crew for their devotion as "guide dogs", and in particular to No. 1 Trainer George Delaney and No. 2 Trainer Alan Price, who had kept the holiday going with a swing, and to P.T.I. Tony Witham, who besides looking after the sporting side of things was always available to give a "physical jerk" to anyone in need of one. He also expressed our profound gratitude to our own organising committee, notably Mrs. Spurway and her daughter Jandy Paton, Miss Elspeth Grant, Mrs. Sheila McLeod and Miss Kath Riley and the many others who had arranged our holiday for us. We heartily endorsed every word and name that Trevor mentioned. Capt. Robotham reciprocated with equal sincerity, and P.T.I. Tony Witham responded on behalf of the non-commissioned ranks.

A Hectic Finish

We still had Friday, our last full day, to come. The fishermen still had lines to cast, and soon after breakfast they put out to sea again, under the expert eye of Mr. Bill Reid, who had arranged all the fishing trips, determined to make their last day's catch a good one. For the rest of us, it was an opportunity to buy presents, or start our packing.

In the afternoon there was a Bridge match between the Navy and St. Dunstan's, which was won by St. Dunstan's

who netted 4,410 points over 16 boards. I must say in all fairness that the Navy team of four were not used to matchplay Bridge.

The last night dance was a terrific climax to a wonderful week, with a band for the first half of the evening and a group for the second; we had non-stop entertainment right through to 1 o'clock in the morning.

Then came Saturday morning, all too soon. After breakfast the first party started to depart for Southampton Station, followed a few minutes later by the Brighton area coach, and then the London coach. A sad occasion, but all good things must come to an end, and so it was with our holiday at Lee-on-Solent.

Did the Gun Crew give us a holiday to remember? You bet they did.

Thanks, fellows.

BILL MILLER

DETAILED RESULTS

Field Sports Results

Victor Ludorum Cup

T. Tatchell

Winning Team

Stan Southall
Robert Pringle
Joe Humphrey
Arthur Carter
Douglas Howard
Ernie Cookson
Trevor Tatchell

Individual Events

Sprint R. Peart and T. Parkinson
joint winners 12 mins. 2 secs.
Discus T. Tatchell 69' 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Sling Ball T. Tatchell 80' 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Javelin T. Parkinson 82' 2"
Shot T. Tatchell 20' 9"
Broad Jump J. Cope 7' 0"
Goal Kicking T. Parkinson 3 goals

Results of the Camp Car Rally

1st Mickie Burns Driver Charles Baker
Observer Miss Elspeth Grant
2nd Bob Young Driver Cornel Woods
Observer Mrs. Woods

Swimming and Diving Results

Breast Stroke T.B.
2 lengths of bath R. Peart 53.8 secs.
Breast Stroke S.S. W. Miller 65.0 secs.
Free Style T.B.
1 length of bath R. Peart 17.1 secs.
Free Style S.S. W. Miller 22.6 secs.
Back Stroke T.B. R. Peart 30.3 secs.
Back Stroke S.S. W. Miller 27.0 secs.
Plunge R. Pringle 36 ft. 2 in.
Plates R. Peart 6 plates
Victor Ludorum Cup R. Peart

Results of the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Walk

Order of Finish	Handicap		Allowance		Actual	
	M	S	M	S	M	S
1 D. Howard	17	58	14	00	31	58
2 A. Carter	20	36	7	00	27	36
3 W. Scott	21	05	13	00	34	05
4 H. Harding	22	50	14	00	36	50
5 R. Pringle	23	05	5	00	28	05
6 S. Southall	23	14	10	00	33	14
7 R. Young	23	27	3	00	26	27
8 C. Stafford	23	46	3	00	26	46
9 W. Miller	23	52	none		23	52
10 T. Tatchell	24	12	3	30	27	42
11 J. Cope	24	19	1	50	26	09
12 J. Wright	24	42	3	30	28	12
13 M. Burns	24	45	4	00	28	45
14 E. Cookson	24	46	13	25	38	11
15 P. Spencer	24	52	5	30	30	22
16 L. Webber	25	50	7	15	33	05
17 R. Peart	28	39	3	40	32	19
18 T. Parkinson	28	39	4	00	32	09
Dennis Deacon Veterans' Cup	—		R. Young			
Bridget Talbot Novices' Cup	—		H. Harding			
Fastest Loser's Cup	—		W. Miller			

STOKE MANDEVILLE

Friday October 25th to Sunday October 27th. I think we have notified everybody. Anyone who wants to come and has not heard please let me know *at once*.

A. Spurway
Mount House
Halse, Taunton, Somerset

WALKERS PLEASE NOTE

St. Dunstan's 1975/76 Events

Ewell

Saturday 18th October 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles
15th November 3 miles
20th December 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles
31st January 6 miles
21st February 7 miles
13th March 7 miles



IT STRIKES ME

by
Magog

First Gala Queen

St. Dunstaner **Bernard Inman** of Saltdean was a proud man on Saturday 19th July—he's certainly a lucky one! His wife Marie opened Saltdean Community Association's Gala fete, in her rôle as the Association's first Gala Queen. Bernard and Marie recently moved to the area from Elstree, and from the radiant smiles of Marie and the Committee members pictured at the Tombola stand, they seem to be fully integrated into local life!

Rained from the Oval, the fête took place in the Community Hall and a thousand people thronged there during the day. The event was part of a Gala

Gala Queen Marie Inman.



Week organised in aid of the Saltdean Housing Project for the Elderly, and the Saltdean Nautical Training Corps Training Ship "Enterprise". Understandably in the wet circumstances, the takings of £300 were down by £150 compared with last year's, but the two organisations are doubtless appreciative of the officers' efforts in transferring the show from its original setting at short notice! Moulsecomb Drum and Pipe Band and members of N.T.C. T.S. "Nautilus" braved the rain to give short spells of music in front of the Hall. Because of the wet weather the children's outdoor attractions had to be curtailed to roundabouts, and a shortened railway track run by the Polegate and District Model Engineering Club. But this sudden rain in our so far hot, dry summer did not dampen the spirits too badly, it seems!

Australian Visit

"**Robbie**", our St. Dunstaner **J. K. Robson**, wrote to me recently: "I am back in the quiet of my home after spending a very happy four months in Australia. The main reason for my long journey was to visit my only daughter, Janet, who when with Voluntary Service Overseas and teaching at a remote Mission School in Papua met a young Australian Patrol Officer; some time later they were married in Port Moresby, New Guinea. Just over a year ago they returned to Australia where they have settled down to their new life.

I am sure you will be pleased to hear of the kindness, hospitality and generosity given to us (Janet and family included) by St. Dunstaners in Queensland and Victoria."

Robbie goes on to mention some of these St. Dunstaners: in Brisbane, **Malcolm Brice** and his wife Vera, who entertained him and showed him their part of Australia for two weeks; **Ted Blackmore**, who has recovered from the Brisbane floods and whose business is succeeding; **Colin Johnston** and his wife Elizabeth who held a party for Robbie in Melbourne, where he met **Bob and Bonnie Gray**, **Eric Hailes** who was trained as a piano tuner and now manages Brash & Sutton, the largest musical and piano retailers in the State of Victoria,



Good wishes from officials as Harry Foster and escort set out on their ten-mile Pooltrek.

with his wife Marion; **Pat Longden** and his wife Joy, who are coming to the U.K. near the end of this year. At a similar gathering later he met Miss Ruth Scadden, formerly a Braille teacher at Church Stretton. She was in charge of the weaving shop at Ovingdean, and Robbie's last tuition from her was in 1951 just before she left for Australia. "Now she lives at 2 Miller Street, Highett, Victoria 3190, and asked to be remembered to all St. Dunstaners who know her. She sends regards and best wishes to friends and ex-colleagues."

Robbie finishes by commenting that "I'm an old sailor, better at using a marlin spike than a typewriter, but I told the many friends I met and made 'down-under' I would get in touch with you to pass on their good wishes." I think he has done so to good effect.

Pooltrek

Ian Fraser House's staff and splendid new swimming pool contributed to the success of Harry Foster, a St. Dunstaner physiotherapist at Farnham Hospital, in walking ten sponsored miles in Surrey recently. The walk was in aid of funds to build a pool, part of a proposed £60,000 Hydro-

therapy Unit at the new Frimley Park District General Hospital.

Budget-conscious as everyone else, the Hospital's District Management Team felt the new Unit did not top their list of priorities; so the Hospital authorities decided to try and convince the D.M.T., by evidence of public support.

To lay the foundation stone for the project, metaphorically, they decided on a publicity-orientated (and lucrative!) programme of simultaneous sponsored walks, code named Pooltrek. At 2 p.m. on Saturday 12th July the walkers set out from Frimley Park, Fleet and Farnham Hospitals and from Aldershot Park and Horley Lane, Farnborough, and by devious routes and by-roads they converged at 5 p.m. on Farnborough Technical College. Their Trek has so far clocked up well over £4,500 and donations are still coming in. A good effort!

Harry's contribution, earned by his ten-mile walk, was over £100; he feels that the V.A.D.'s and volunteer walkers at Ian Fraser House should take a lot of the credit. He went there for a fortnight's "training" prior to Pooltrek—swam before breakfast, walked each morning and finished the afternoon in the pool.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriages

Mr. and Mrs. John Barlow of Sheffield, Yorkshire, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Denise, was married to Mr. David John Evans on 2nd August at St. Matthias Church, Stocksbridge, near Sheffield.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Groves of Thorpe Bay, Southend on Sea, Essex, are pleased to announce the marriage of their son Peter, with Miss Janet Head of Chingford on 23rd August.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hollamby of Oldham, Lancs, are pleased to announce that their son Stephen was married to Miss Susan Royle on 16th August 1975.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lawton of Edgware, Middlesex, are pleased to announce the marriage of their only son, Dennis, to Miss Doreen Isaac on 12th July 1975.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mead of Rothwell, Northants., are pleased to announce the marriage of their daughter Eileen with Steven Pole at Rothwell Parish Church on 30th August 1975.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor of Preston, Lancashire, are pleased to announce that their son Paul was married to Miss Rosemary Lindsay at Brighton Road Methodist Church, Dublin, on 16th August 1975.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tibbit of Wimbledon, Surrey, are pleased to announce that their son David was married to Miss Janet Emerson on 6th September 1975.

Mrs. A. M. Robinson of Rothesay, Isle of Bute, widow of the late "Tex" (Leslie) Robinson is pleased to announce the marriage of her son Derek to Miss Margaret Porter on 9th August 1975 at Dalry, near Ayrshire.

Our congratulations are offered to *Stanley A. Wilkins* of Brighton, who was married to Mrs. Margaret Mary Dykes on 30th August at Brighton Registry Office.

Silver Weddings

We congratulate *Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dow* of Chessington, Surrey, on their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 27th May 1975, which they celebrated with an enjoyable party at a local hotel.

We congratulate *Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hopkins* of Cardiff, Glam., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 4th August 1975.

Ruby Wedding

We congratulate *Mr. and Mrs. Frank Palfrey* of Wimborne, Dorset, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 24th August 1975.

Golden Weddings

We warmly congratulate *Mr. and Mrs. George Thomas Hermitage* of Northfleet, Kent, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 28th June 1975.

We warmly congratulate *Mr. and Mrs. Roland E. Naman* of Polegate, Sussex, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 16th September 1975.

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ross* of Liss Forest, Hants., on their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 6th August 1975.

Diamond Wedding

We offer our warmest congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Southgate* of Chelsea, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding on 8th August 1975.

Grandparents

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Rose Culshaw, of Peacehaven, Sussex, widow of the late *Joseph William Culshaw*, whose daughter-in-law and son Peter had a daughter, Stacey Rebecca, on 31st August.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Jubb of Orpington, Kent, on the birth of their first grandchild on 15th July 1975; a son, Lawrence, for their daughter Denise and son-in-law Colin Barber.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Claude Galway of Sandbach, Cheshire, whose grand-daughter, Penny, was born on 6th May 1975 to their daughter Jane and her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley J. Fowler of Beeston, Nottingham, on the birth of a grand-daughter on 11th July 1975; a third daughter, Kelly, for their daughter, Yvonne.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Holmes of Hove, Sussex, whose daughter-in-law Barbara and son David had a son, Paul Andrew Holmes, on 12th January 1975.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Pilon of Bodenham, Herefordshire, whose third grand-child, Justin, was born to their daughter Mrs. Jeanne Bond on 8th August.

Great Grandparents

We congratulate:

Lady Fraser on the birth of her fourth great-grandchild; Alastair Robert McDonald, born on 31st August to her grand-daughter-in-law Kate and grand-son Neil McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Kirk of Lancing, Sussex, on the birth on 30th June 1975 of another great grand-daughter. The baby, Celeste Suzette George, was born in East Charleston, USA while Mr. and Mrs. Kirk were visiting America and Canada, where they were reunited with their two daughters and other members of the family.

NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

Geoffrey Bowen celebrated his ninetieth birthday on 29th August 1975, and we offer him our congratulations. Although illness prevented him from joining his friends, they shared with him the cake prepared by Matron Hallett in honour of the occasion. As we go to press we learn that he is making good progress, and we send him our best wishes for the coming year.

Examination and Career Successes

We offer our congratulations to:

Kathleen O'Reilly, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly* of Blackburn, who has recently obtained a Degree in Social Services from Manchester Polytechnic.

David Tibbit, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tibbit* of Wimbledon, Surrey, who has passed Part II of the R.I.C.S. Quantity Surveying Section examinations.

Mr. Tom Taylor of Leyland, Preston, Lancs., who has been awarded the degree of B.A. (Open) after studying with the Open University.

Peter Turner, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Turner* of Skipton, Yorkshire, who has gained a B.Sc. degree.

Alexander Scott of Belfast reports that he is enjoying working as a member of the Committee for North West Belfast, on the Eastern Health and Social Services Board. The area covers a population of 30,000, which includes 2,000 blind persons.

The Deputy Mayor of Doncaster presented *Arthur Simpson* with a set of luggage and a stainless steel goblet on 24th July 1975, to mark Arthur's twenty-seven years of service with Doncaster Metropolitan Borough Council in their Parks and Cemeteries Department.

Mr. Sidney Jones of Manchester, who is to study the Open University Social Science Foundation Course commencing in February 1976. He has recently obtained a grade A 'O' level G.C.E. pass in British Economic and Social History.

Mr. John Windsor, of Brentwood Bay, British Columbia, who has earned his Master's Degree at the University of Victoria. His subject is Canadian History and he wrote his thesis on a Red Indian subject, the downfall of Huronia under Iroquois attack between 1646 and 1650, which certainly seems a long way away from Church Stretton in 1944/45!

Professor Alan Milne, Ph.D., B.Sc.

Many congratulations to *Professor Alan Milne, Ph.D., B.Sc.*, Second War St. Dunstaners, who has held academic appointments at Queen's University, Belfast, for many years, on his appointment to the Chair of Political Theory and Institutions at the University of Durham from the 1st January, 1976. This means that he will be Head of the Political Science Department and we all wish Alan and Anita the best of good luck for their move in the New Year.

ST. DUNSTANERS IN CHURCH SERVICE BROADCASTS

Two St. Dunstaners took an active part in Church services broadcast by the BBC on Sunday 7th September. Michael Tetley introduced the annual service for the blind from St. Albans Abbey, Radio 4, and Tom Taylor spoke in the People's Service on Radio 2.

In Memory

It is with great regret that we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Henry William Bland. *1st Northamptonshire Regiment*

Henry William Bland died at Pearson House on 25th June 1975, aged 78.

He was wounded in 1917, but worked in the shoe manufacturing trade until his sight failed completely in 1954 and he came to St. Dunstan's. He undertook hobby training, and continued to live in his home in Kettering until in 1956 he became a permanent resident at Brighton. He enjoyed returning to Kettering for occasional holidays with relatives until ill-health prevented this, when he took pleasure in his brother Albert's visits to Brighton.

He leaves six children, and his brother Albert Bland.

Ernest Harry Budd. *Royal West Kent Regiment and Bedfordshire Regiment*

Ernest Budd of London S.E.20 died on 11 July 1975 while on an extended convalescent stay at Pearson House. He was 80 years of age.

Ernest served in the First World War as a Private in the Royal West Kent Regiment, and was transferred to the Bedfordshire Regiment after

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Frank L'Estrange Fawcett, of Stowmarket, Suffolk, on the death of his wife on the 25th August, 1975. Phil Fawcett had had poor health for some years, but was always wonderfully cheerful and courageous.

Francis David Howe of Taunton, Somerset, whose younger brother, Thomas Howe, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, died in January 1975.

Ronald Stanners of High Wycombe, Bucks, whose wife Emily died on 21st July 1975 in hospital. They attended the London Reunion on 14th June, shortly before Mrs. Stanners became ill. She leaves two sons and two daughters, married with families.

Miss Vera Kemmish of London, E.10, whose brother John died on 31st July 1975.

being wounded in the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

He leaves a stepson, Mr. G. Aldred.

Robert Chandler. *2nd Inniskilling Fusiliers*

Robert Chandler of Richmond, North Yorkshire, died on 9th August at Richmond Hospital, aged 85 years.

During the First World War he lost his sight through mustard gas poisoning, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1949, after his retirement. He was trained to do string bag making, and this occupied his spare time for several years. He enjoyed quiet family life with his family and friends, and was always interested in the activities of his many grandchildren and great grandchildren. He showed great fortitude in the face of ill health, and died three days after his 65th wedding anniversary.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Isobel Chandler, and family.

William Henry Dudley. *24th London Regiment and R.A.M.C.*

William Henry Dudley of Horley, Surrey, died on 15th July 1975 aged 88.

During the First World War he served with the 24th London Regiment and later with the R.A.M.C.

He and his widow, Mrs. Alice Dudley, celebrated their 67th wedding anniversary earlier this year. He also leaves two daughters, Mrs. Doris Davis and Miss Hilda Dudley, and a son, Mr. Cyril Dudley.

Reginald George Field, D.C.M. *Royal Fusiliers*

Reginald George Field of Potters Bar, Middlesex, died on 20th July 1975, at the age of 78.

He served as a Corporal with the Royal Fusiliers during the First World War, and was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry in action.

Reginald was a keen gardener and greenhouse man, and also undertook joinery work for the St. Dunstan's Stores.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Grace Field, and two sons, married with families; George Leonard Field and John Anthony Field.

William Edward Flowers. *R.A.O.C.*

William Edward Flowers of Sheldon, Birmingham, died on 13th August at the age of 73, in the Royal Sussex Hospital.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1950 after losing his sight while a prisoner-of-war in Singapore in World War Two. His hobbies were handicraft work, and his garden and greenhouse from which he derived much pleasure. Despite ill health in recent years he enjoyed holidays at Brighton, and attended the Birmingham Reunions. He was taken ill and admitted to hospital after arriving at Ovingdean on 2 August.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Adeline Flowers, and son Donald and his family.

Alfred E. Howe. *London Scottish Regiment*

Alfred E. Howe of Mitcham, Surrey, died in hospital on 2 August 1975, aged 79.

He was wounded on the Somme in 1916, while serving as a Private with the London Scottish Regiment. He was a retired accountant and company secretary, and had been a member of St. Dunstan's since 1973. For a long while he had suffered considerable disability, but his admission to hospital and death were unexpected.

He had been a widower for many years; he leaves a daughter, Mrs. Joyce Mason, and a sister and brother.

Isaac Jones *Monmouth Regiment*

Isaac Jones of Hilltop Poultry Farm, Luston, Leominster, Hereford and Worcester, died on 31 July aged 87.

When he came to St. Dunstan's in 1931 he trained as a mat maker, which he kept up until the age of 84. In addition he tended his garden and kept poultry, and these activities extended when he moved to a property at Luston in 1940 with more land. After his wife died in 1953 he was looked after by members of his family, some

living with him and others close by, and sixteen years ago his daughter Mrs. Mary Davies moved to keep house for him.

He leaves a family of daughters.

Rufus Jones. *Royal Fusiliers*

Rufus Jones of Peacehaven, Sussex, died at Pearson House on 7th August 1975, aged 63.

He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1944 after being wounded in Italy. He was trained to work in industry, and for 35 years was a valued employee—nearly 20 years were spent with one firm, Messrs. Mettoys Ltd. of Fforestfach, Swansea. He moved to the South of England after ill health caused his retirement.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Beatrice S. Jones.

George Miller. *Royal Artillery*

George Miller of Sale Moor, Cheshire, died in hospital on 19th July 1975, aged 58, after illness earlier this year and convalescence at Pearson House.

In May 1943 George was wounded at Dejjelley in Algeria. He came to St. Dunstan's later that year, and fulfilled a wish to train as a joiner; in this craft he attained a high degree of workmanship and it was his occupation until 1949. From then until 1968 he was in industrial employment, first in Sheffield and later in Manchester, despite periods of ill health. He undertook a refresher course in joinery in 1968; again he proved to be a very competent woodworker, and made a variety of articles for us.

George's garden was one of his main interests, and his other great hobby was walking; he helped make St. Dunstan's history when he was in the group which undertook the first climb by St. Dunstaners of Cader Idris, in 1974.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Dorothy Miller, and three children; Peter, Sonia and David.

Eric Craig Neill. *R.A.F.*

Eric Craig Neill of Coventry, West Midlands, died on 23 July 1975 in the Royal Midland Counties Home, Leamington Spa.

He joined the R.A.F. at the age of 18, and after the Second World War he remained in regular service until 1964. In addition to his loss of sight he was already confined to a wheelchair by illness when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1969. However he enjoyed as active a life as possible, and after moving to Coventry he joined his local Caledonian Society, and the swimming club, and became interested in amateur radio. He was also Chairman of the local Multiple Sclerosis Society Day Centre. He frequently spent holidays at our Brighton homes, and in 1972 he was delighted that a stay at the Princess Louise Hospital in Lanarkshire enabled him to visit his native Scotland, where members of his family came to see him.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jessie Neill, and two children, Andrew and Fiona.

Sydney Edward Nichols. *14th London Scottish Regiment and R.A.M.C.*

Sydney Edward Nichols of Rochford, Essex, died in hospital on 14th August, aged 86.

He was wounded in 1916 while serving as a Private; and was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1974.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Violet Nichols.

William Nichols. *3rd Coldstream Guards.*

William Nichols of Crawley Down, Sussex, died in hospital on 26 August 1975, at the age of 81.

He was wounded while serving as a L./Cpl. at Ginchy in 1916, and admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1918. He worked as a telephonist until his retirement.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Frances Nichols, and children.

Cedric James Ousley. *R.N.V.R.*

Cedric James Ousley, of Worthing, Sussex, died at his home on the 23rd August, 1975. He was 61 years of age.

He served in the R.N.V.R. in the Second War and took part in Arctic convoys to Russia. His sight did not fail finally until fairly recently and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1973.

He was a widower and leaves his elderly mother and other relatives in this country and a daughter, who is married and settled in America.

Ernest Leonard Parry. *18th Lancs Fusiliers*

Leonard Parry, of Burghclere, Newbury, Berks., died in London on the 21st August, 1975. He was 77 years of age.

He was commissioned and served in the First War and lost his sight through a gunshot wound. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1918 and took up poultry farming, continuing with this and mixed farming until his first wife's death in 1955. He then turned his attention to woodwork and became an outstanding craftsman, designing and making a wide variety of unusual, beautiful and useful things, many of them for his local church. He married again in 1958 and he and his wife played an active part in parish life for many years. He had always enjoyed good health, but became ill at home, went into hospital and died just a few days later.

He leaves a widow and an adopted daughter, who is married with a young family.

Frank Albert Rhodes. *6th Canadian Railway Troops*

Frank Albert Rhodes died on 12th July 1975 at the age of 84.

His sight failed while serving in France in 1917, and in June of that year he came to St. Dunstan's and trained as a shorthand-typist.

His first post was with Debenham and Freebody's, but in 1919 he worked for a year with

the Cambridge branch of the National Institute for the Blind. In 1920 he obtained a post with the Board of Trade and returned to work in London. He was married in 1922. In November 1931 Frank Rhodes started work with the Legal Section of the General Post Office and upon the outbreak of war in 1939 he moved with his section of the G.P.O. to Exeter for the duration, and he and his wife did not move back to London until January 1946. He always had many interests; he loved music, and in his younger days he played the violin and flute. He took part in various walking races, and in 1942, having taken up cycling he and his son went by tandem from Exeter to London and back, and to and from Blackpool.

In May 1951 Frank Rhodes retired and moved to Brighton, and shortly afterwards was instrumental in founding the St. Dunstan's Club there. He was often one of the St. Dunstan's team to represent us at Bridge Congresses, including those at Ilkley and Harrogate.

Frank Rhodes went to the Warminster Camp from 3rd to 7th July this year, where he had a very happy time as always, and just a week later, while visiting friends in Bedford with his family, he collapsed and died. The funeral service, which took place at the Wood Vale Crematorium, Brighton, on 21st July, was conducted by the Rev. Dennis Pettit, assisted by the St. Dunstan's Chaplain, Rev. Popham Hosford. It was attended by parties representing the Brighton and London Clubs, together with many St. Dunstaners and friends from the Brighton area.

He leaves a son, John, and daughter, Jean.

Percy Charles Spurgeon, M.M. *11th Suffolk Regiment*

Percy Charles Spurgeon of Halstead, Essex, died on 23rd July, 1975 in Halstead Hospital, aged 82.

He was wounded at Cambrai in October 1918, and when he came to St. Dunstan's he trained as a boot repairer, and subsequently learned mat-making. He began keeping livestock, and in 1925 realised his ambition to keep animals on a large scale when he bought a property with sufficient land for him to concentrate entirely upon poultry and pig farming. Later he undertook general farming, with the help of his son Jack when the latter was old enough. His youngest daughter Joyce looked after her father and brother when Mrs. Spurgeon died in 1961.

He remained remarkably fit, and retained his interest in the farm even when age made him less active. He became ill and was admitted to hospital in June.

He leaves three children, Jack, Joyce and his married daughter, Grace.