

St Dunstans Review June 1976

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO 675

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10p MONTHLY

Pensions and Allowances

The day following the speech by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mrs. Barbara Castle, the then Secretary of State for Social Services, announced that there are to be increases in War Pensions and other pensions and in some allowances of the order of 15%. She went on to say that her Government was "confident that the proposed increases will be considerably larger than the actual and likely movement of earnings and prices from the time of the last up-rating to the 15th November", the date when the increases will become effective.

The basic 100% Disability Pension at present in the sum of £21.80, will go up to £25 a week and there are to be corresponding increases in those allowances which are to be raised.

The War Widow who is under 65 years of age will have her pension raised from £17.20 to £19.80 per week. Age allowances are to be increased to £1.95 per week for the widow aged between 65 and 70 and for the widow over 70 years of age the allowance is to be increased to £3.90 a week.

Later on in the year a Supplement will be put into the *Review* containing more detailed information, but in the meantime, should St. Dunstaners have any enquiries, would they please address them to Mr. L. A. Slade, our Pensions Officer at Headquarters.

Two examples of the proposed revised payments are set out below

EXAMPLES OF PENSIONS

<i>Employable</i>	<i>Totally Blind</i>	
	<i>Present</i>	<i>New</i>
	£	£
Basic Pension	21.80	25.00
Attendance Allowance	8.70	10.00
Comforts Allowance	3.70	4.30
Wife's Allowance	.50	.50
Child's Allowance	.38	.38
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£35.08	£40.18

<i>Unemployable</i>	<i>Totally Blind</i>	
	<i>Present</i>	<i>New</i>
	£	£
Basic Pension	21.80	25.00
Attendance Allowance	8.70	10.00
Comforts Allowance	3.70	4.30
Unemployability Supplement	14.20	16.30
Wife's Allowance	8.40	9.70
Allowance for First Child	6.88	7.83
Invalidity Allowance	.85	1.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£64.53	£74.13

COVER PICTURES: 57 years ago, these pictures appeared on the cover of the September 1919 Review. They show Major-General Fielding, D.S.O. presenting the Military Medal to Bernard Martin, who refers to the occasion in "As I Remember" on the centre pages.

STAFF RETIREMENT

Miss P. J. Rogers

Miss P. J. Rogers, Area Superintendent for the South of England, since November 1957, retires at the end of June, having continued in her post well beyond normal retirement age.

She is known to hundreds of St. Dunstaners, their wives, families, and widows from Kent to Cornwall, as one to whom they could turn in time of trouble for sympathy and help. Her warm friendship and understanding has endeared her to all who know her and she will be greatly missed in St. Dunstan's.

Her colleagues on the staff join with St. Dunstaners in wishing her good health and much happiness during a long retirement. We shall look forward to seeing her from time to time at future Reunions.

Miss P. M. A. Lord, who has been working with Miss Rogers since March, will assume responsibility for administering the Southern Area on the 1st July, 1976. Miss Lord comes to us with a background of welfare and administration experience, is widely travelled, and I am sure will prove a good friend and able adviser.

BRaille BANK STATEMENTS

National Westminster Bank is now producing its own Braille statements for its blind and partially sighted customers. This free service will replace the previous system whereby statements were produced with the co-operation of the Royal National Institute for the Blind.

The object of introducing this new service is to give non-sighted customers a personal statement service which is as quick and confidential as that given to sighted customers. Under the previous system, due to other commitments by the RNIB, the Braille statements could often be delayed. Now the Bank has volunteers from its own staff trained in the Braille language who in the use of Braille machines and can produce and send out the Braille statement direct to a customer on the same day, as frequently as the customer requires.

ST. DUNSTAN'S AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society weekend will be held at Ian Fraser House, Ovingdean, 2nd-4th July. Speaker: Louis Varney, C.Eng., M.I.E.E., call sign G5RV, who will talk on his aerial, the '5RV', which is known and used throughout the world. Licensed since 1927, Louis Varney has operated from some fifty different countries. There will be plenty of action for those who like to operate, for GB3STD will be working on 80 metres through to 10 metres and will also have a 2 metre station. Bookings through Miss E. M. Bridger at Headquarters.

R. D. McCONNELL—MAYOR ELECT

Many congratulations to R. D. "Bertie" McConnell, who is to be Mayor of North Down, Northern Ireland. After fifteen years on the Bangor Borough Council and the last three years on the bigger North Down Borough Council, he will start his year in office as Mayor on the 3rd June. He has also recently been elected President of the N. Ireland Alliance Party for the next two years.

St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners have been very proud of Bertie's record of public service for a long time now and we all wish him and Olive every success in their new responsibilities.

AN OUTSTANDING RECORD OF SERVICE

Harry Hocking retired on 14th May after 48 years service with the Bacup Shoe Company. He was employed by the company from the age of 17. During the Second World War, he served in the Royal Artillery and, after losing his sight, was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1945. Harry underwent telephony training and then returned to his old firm, where his services were highly valued.

Harry Hocking's 65th birthday fell on 16th May. We wish him many happy years in his retirement with Mrs. Hocking, and congratulate him on this wonderful record.



Peter McCormack, in action, is supervised by Laurie Austin.

Charles McConaghy demonstrates the special equipment.



ARCHERY

by Jock Carnochan

This is a report on an experiment carried out at Ian Fraser House. Like most sports of this nature, archery is very visual, and one wasn't sure whether it could be enjoyed by the visually handicapped, particularly the totally blind. To evaluate its possibilities, I discussed the pros and cons with our transport manager, Laurie Austin, who is a member of the Newhaven Archery Club, with the status of Bowman. We decided not to say too much about it until it had had a fair evaluation, as there is a great danger of people making all sorts of fancy reports on how well the blind do at this or that sport—then, after a few weeks' dabbling, everything falls flat, mainly because not enough thought and expertise has gone into the project in the first instance.

Laurie arranged a meeting with two of his club colleagues, Alf Upton, a fully qualified Instructor of Archery, and Bernie Yates, Bowman. The three of them volunteered to run an experimental archery course once a week in the rifle

range at Ian Fraser House. The three St. Dunstaners who volunteered to take part had no previous experience whatsoever in archery, so all were trainees. One was partially sighted and two totally blind, one of them recently blinded and this was the first sport he had taken up since his loss of sight. So you can see that this was a pretty good cross-section of the available talent.

One must also bear in mind that our three tutors, with the exception of Laurie, had to get used to handling blind people, in as much as their instructions mean more talking and explaining and the use of tactile methods as opposed to the visual demonstration which covers a dozen things in one go. But it was soon apparent that, because of their professionalism, this was quickly overcome and a good teacher/pupil relationship was established.

The First Lesson

The first lesson covered the tactile investigation of the equipment, and the proper terminology that had to be learned in order that its use would be more efficient. This brought in the history of archery—and the proof of interest and attention was confirmed by a test at the end of this first session. Then came the handling of the equipment: correct foot-stance, holding of the bow, sizing up each individual for strength of bow required and length of arrow to suit the bow strength. At this stage, the rigid application of safety methods applied by all clubs was explained.

A couple of aids (shown in the photographs) were made: one a board for stance with foot-guides—and the stance, very much like golf, is pretty basic, the only difference being that the distance the feet are apart varies with the height of the individual. However, if the stance is right and the bow is held correctly, the direction of the arrow is not far out from the target. The second aid is a T-piece on a stand, which can be raised or lowered to suit the height of the archer and, putting the back of the hand holding the bow against the crossbar of the T gives a fine adjustment to direction and, after verbal location of each arrow by using the clockface as reference, the

archer makes his own adjustment accordingly. This means that, by using these two simple aids, the result is an individual effort. Once you start giving verbal correction, the archer is then only as good as the person giving the correction.

Our team of instructors also experimented with different materials covering the different scoring areas of the target, each one giving off a different sound when hit by the arrow. This proved quite successful and enabled the archers to denote their own score. All they now needed to know was at what point of the clock the arrow was and, as they became more experienced, they were allowed to walk up to the target and check. Having reached this stage, one can see the progressiveness of the teaching system employed, and the archers' score sheets show that once the basics were covered, practice and good application of the aids improved their efficiency.

One must bear in mind that, up to this point, all instruction and coaching has been indoors without the added frustration of outside influences such as noise, wind etc. With the advent of the summer weather, as much future practice as possible will be outdoors, to add to the final evaluation of the experiment. Once outside, it is hoped to try one final aid, that of a sound source at the base of the target. This will only be of benefit to those who have good hearing and good sound direction, and I should imagine that a blind person who is a well-motivated traveller would make the best use of this sound aid.

Expertise and Dedication

In conclusion, it is fair to say that we are not the only visually handicapped establishment active in this sport, nor are we the first. I know of several others, but I would say with confidence that because of the expertise of our three instructors—and indeed the dedication of our three guinea pigs—they have proved that enjoyment can be had from the sport without the visual aspect.

The follow-up, of course, is that our instructors will put any St. Dunstan's archer who wishes to carry on with the sport in touch with his nearest club and, like many other sports, who knows, the

ARCHERY—continued

inception of St. Dunstan's Archery Club, with our own annual competition. So, next time you are at Ian Fraser House for any length of time, find out more about it by taking part.

The three instructors were quite amazed at the progress made by our three archers, as they had not imagined such good results would come so soon, and are now convinced that, if taught properly, archery can be enjoyed by blind people.

For devoting a good deal of their own time to this experiment, our congratulations to the three St. Dunstaners: Peter McCormack, Charles McConaghy and Walter Bramley.

And a very special thank you to the Newhaven Archery Club for providing us with such excellent instructors.

SCORE SHEET, 6th April, 1976

Indoor	Hits	Score	Gold
C. McConaghy			
997555-977777	12	84	3
999975-997553	12	74	6
Total	24	158	9
W. Bramley			
975555-997753	12	76	3
753955-997553	12	72	3
Total	24	148	6
P. McCormack			
977530-555553	11	59	1
555553-999553	12	68	3
Total	23	127	4

REUNIONS

LONDON ONE

"A memorable day, May Day, Cup Final Day and St. Dunstan's Day". With these words, Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, a member of St. Dunstan's Council presiding at the Reunion held on 1st May at the Hotel Russell, began his after luncheon speech.

Among the 132 people present, were 9 St. Dunstaners from the First World War, 39 from the Second World War and one war widow, Mrs. Fester, distinguished guests Mrs. Opperman, Chairman of St. Dunstan's, South Africa, with her husband Steve, Lady Ellerman, Mr. Pat Longden, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of Blinded Soldiers of St. Dunstan's, Australia, and his wife. The St. Dunstaners came principally from Kent and Surrey, with a few others from Berkshire, Hampshire, Middlesex, Northern Ireland and the Channel Islands.

The arrangements were made by Miss Stewart assisted by Miss Blebta, and Mrs. Thompson had also come over from Northern Ireland.

Having welcomed everybody present, Sir Douglas said how sorry he and the company were that Lady Fraser could not be there, but he paid a warm tribute to Lady Ellerman and to her husband, the late Sir John Ellerman, both of whom had done so much for St. Dunstan's. He

thanked the welfare visitors for the arrangements and gave St. Dunstaners the names of members of staff attending the Reunion. He gave a special word of welcome to James Fraser, Maidstone, attending his first Reunion.

Sir Douglas directed the thoughts of his audience to the startling changes in communications which had taken place over the past seventy years, and to the communications gap which is said to exist between the older and younger generations. Mentioning the case of his own daughter, who travelled widely round the world, he said that young people thought nothing of that today, whereas in earlier times only the rich and fortunate ever moved further than about twenty miles from the place where they lived.

Whereas in earlier centuries, Sir Douglas told his audience, Heads of Government had plenty of time to consider situations as they arose, nowadays these would be shown simultaneously as they occurred on television screens all over the world, and people expected the response to be almost equally swift.

The speaker related this problem of acclimatising oneself to rapid change to the position of war-blinded men and women who, when they were first

blinded, had had to learn a whole lot of new techniques. "You have had a communication problem", he said, "I don't think it is new to you". In conclusion, Sir Douglas hoped that everyone would enjoy the afternoon and would be back again at the same Reunion next year.

After Mr. Wills had spoken, the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstan's was moved by Edward Sayer, Deal, who began with a witticism about the dangers of public speaking. He then thanked Sir Douglas Morris for his address, the Council and staff of St. Dunstan's for the arrangements, and the hotel for an excellent meal. Although he was a comparatively new St. Dunstaner of only four years standing, Mr. Sayer thought he could view St. Dunstan's as well as others who had been within the organisation for forty or fifty years. He went on to say that he did not really like the word "organisation", because St. Dunstan's was a family. Mr. Sayer then paid a very warm tribute to all the staff, particularly the welfare visitors who, he said, are "fanatically devoted to our cause".

After luncheon, there was dancing to the music of Bill Rickard, preceded by Joe Laverty playing the piano accordion. Miss Phyllis Rogers, to whom a special tribute had been paid by Mr. Sayer, presented the raffle prizes at tea-time.

FORDWATER WHITE CANE CLUB

Our St. Dunstaner, Stephen Blake of Chertsey, is Chairman, and founder member, of the Fordwater White Cane Club which is recognised by the Surrey Voluntary Association for the Blind.

Stephen hopes to increase the membership, and invites St. Dunstaners living in the Runnymede, Weybridge, Walton or Staines areas to contact him any evening at Chertsey 60014. He has written to us as follows:

"We have been going for about nine months, and we would like to open an evening meeting, but to do this we would like to know if any members would be interested in coming to this club.

"If any member is free on a Tuesday afternoon, we would be pleased to see them at the club. We meet on the first and third Tuesdays each month at 2 p.m. until 4.30 p.m."

MULTI-DISABLED SPORTS

The B.S.A.D. Multi-Disabled Sports will be held at Stoke Mandeville from Thursday, 9th September until Sunday, 12th September. Competitors this year have to be entered via areas in which they live. I hope I have contacted the competitors who have been before. Anyone else please let me know they want to come. Entries required now to:

**Mrs. Spurway, Mount House
Halse, Taunton, Somerset
Tel: Bishop Lydeard 432359**

Note the extra day!

WANTED

If any reader has a copy of *The Splendour of Israel* by Robert Payne (Robert Payne Productions, 1963), A. C. Pointon would be interested to know. The book is now out of print and he has been unable to obtain a copy. Any offers to Mr. Pointon will be forwarded to him by the *Review*.

TO THE CREDIT OF BARCLAYS BANK

It is fifty years since the St. Dunstan's Gift Club scheme was begun as a means of obtaining a regular market for the work of war-blinded craftsmen. In 1928 Barclay's Bank entered the scheme. Gift clubs were formed in branches up and down the country, largely through the efforts of Mr. L. F. Elvin, a chief clerk, who received the encouragement of the then Chairman, Mr. F. F. Goodenough.

In 1930 there were 2,000 Barclay's Bank employees in membership who subscribed roughly £1 a head to purchase articles from St. Dunstan's. Mr Goodenough became Patron and staff were urged to participate. Then the average monthly subscription was two shillings. Today it is 25p and the average spent on goods is between £9,500-£10,500, annually.

We are indebted to Mr. P. Barnsley, Welfare Officer of Barclay's Bank and Honorary Group Secretary of the St. Dunstan's Gift Club for this information. We are also indebted to some 6,000 Barclay's Bank employees for their interest in St. Dunstan's.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 1478

Shakespeare

by Ivor Brown

Read by Gabriel Woolf

Reading Time 14 hours

An amiable and scholarly look at our national poet, the Stratford lad who became by turn strolling player, playwright, poet, actor-manager, property tycoon and retired gentleman of substance.

This is by no means the usual "fictionalised" biography, Mr. Brown sticks strictly to the facts, agonisingly meagre though these are. He does, however, allow himself some speculation—as thousands have done before—on the identity of the "lovely boy" and, of course, the Dark Lady of the sonnets. And he is a dedicated "Stratfordian"—he has no time at all for this Baconian nonsense!

This is a long and finely detailed book about Shakespeare and the times which saw the full flowering of his genius. Running through it, to delight and dazzle, are countless examples of the most glorious poetry in the English language.

Cat. No. 481

Hemlock Lane

by E. S. Turner

Read by Eric Gillett

Reading Time 6½ hours

When one night the police decide to pay a visit to the "Lovers' Lane" the lives of a number of people are dramatically changed in consequence.

In one of the cars a young journalist is sitting with a girl. Earlier he had removed his steering-wheel for greater freedom and unnoticed it has rolled into a pond (from where it is later salvaged by an obliging policeman).

In a second, the girl's father, a respected driving-school owner, is trapped by his pupil, a nubile and scheming wench, whose intentions seem less than honourable. A third opulent vehicle contains the local M.P. nursing his thwarted passion

and a nasty bite from the dog defending the lady's honour.

And this is only the beginning! There follows a series of hilarious adventures, courtroom scenes, a car chase, plot and counterplot. One character finds fame and fortune, another is summoned to appear before the Bar of the House of Commons! It's all outrageous and sparkling and very funny indeed!

Cat. No. 541

The Strings are False

by Louis MacNeice

Read by Duncan Carse

Reading Time 11 hours

In 1941 Louis MacNeice left some papers with a friend. They were the notes for an autobiography. He told the colleague he would collect them at a later date. Strangely, he never mentioned them again. When the poet died in 1963 it was decided to publish the MSS just as they were. This book is the result.

MacNeice was born in Northern Ireland and sent to England to be educated. After Sherborne he went to Marlborough (he was a neighbour of Betjeman) and on to Oxford, where he met Auden and Stephen Spender.

After Oxford there were several university teaching appointments both here and in America. He married and later divorced his wife. He visited Spain during the Civil War.

But this book is no mere catalogue of events and achievements in a man's life. Much of it is taken up with MacNeice's philosophy of living, his comments on, and attitudes to, Western civilisation, the arts and politics of his day.

He had the poet's eye and memory for minute and finely-etched detail, an insignificant event in childhood, the colour of a sky, the shape of a tree, the chilblains on the hands of a child in war-tortured Spain.

For a "rough draft" this is a remarkable work. It is fine writing at its modern best, the language is full of image and music and often quite startlingly beautiful.

AQUAFROLICS

by Edward Allchin

Well it was all Jock Carnochan's fault really! That I should be subjected to the terrors of the large pool at the "King Alfred" in Hove, under the eagle eye of an Amateur Swimming Association examiner, on one windy evening this week. I shall tell the sad tale.

I often use the pool at Ian Fraser House, wallowing around like some porpoise, in an attempt to put a sound body to an unsound mind. Seeing my aquatic affinity Jock approached me in the lounge over coffee and asked if I'd like to attempt a personal survival course, in view of the fact that I was "making a splash" in the pool. I asked him if this would result in letters after my name—and was rather upset when I was told that all I would get would be a boost to my ego.

So from then on Jock undertook the Herculean task of getting me up to the standard required; there were apparently four classes of award: bronze, silver, gold, and honours. I was all for going for gold, but Jock wisely suggested that the

bronze would be a better starting point. He then read out to me what was entailed, which caused a nervous tick to develop, and a wish that I'd kept my big mouth shut, and contented myself with a Moby Dick existence in the pool.

Firstly one had to jump in the deep end in pyjamas—a strange ensemble for a start. Then clad in this night attire over swimming trunks, swim 50 yards. Then tread water for 4 minutes, then take off the pyjamas in the water and then swim 500 yards—just like that; then returning to the deep end to hoist oneself out, the use of steps being not allowed.

Under Jock's eagle eye I practised religiously; with minor disasters, such as the time as well as removing my pyjama trousers I also removed my swimming trunks! (Thank heavens no ladies or sharks were present!) Then came the blow, I would have to go to the "King Alfred" baths at Hove, as that was where the examiner was based. So acting beyond the call of duty one windy Monday night Jock arrived with his Saab car and daughter Mandy, (obviously the child wanted a change from the telly!) I found that a life saving class was in progress, but that they had instructions to "Mind the blind man". The instructor George gave me the "gen", and said he'd go round the pool side clapping his hands so that I'd get direction. ("Clap hands here comes a Charlie!") All went well and easy till the treading water bit; four minutes seems a lifetime! However, thinking that: "We shall overcome" I managed to disrobe without indecent exposure, and proceeded to swim the 500 yards and ended in a blaze of glory by heaving myself out. However, my bloated ego was punctured when I found out that this test is usually taken by 13 year olds, (still my reports used to say I was a late developer!).

Now Jock has started coaching me for the silver! So not quite a university degree; but as Neil Armstrong said when he stepped out on the moon, (slightly differently)—a small but large step forward for humanity! Perhaps next week I'll swim the channel if nothing else crops up?

Cat. No. 610

The Whole Truth

by Robert Daley

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 13¾ hours

This is an absorbing and thoroughly readable book which takes the reader behind the scenes of international journalism. The focal point is the Paris News Bureau of an eminent New York newspaper. The story deals with the problems, both professional and personal, of two men, Bureau Chief Paul Pettibon, whose marriage and career are under threat, and young newcomer Walter Orde, struggling to preserve his identity and integrity.

The book gives a graphic and vivid picture of the esoteric world of the Foreign Correspondent, the brutal slap-on-the-back, knife-in-the-back world in which newspaper politics can end a man's career, and the malice of a Newspaper God three thousand miles away, can end a man's life. For Adults only.

OVINGDEAN NOTES

During April, Spring really arrived—lambs gambolled, birds twittered and daffodils danced in the breeze, tra-la. We heralded the event with two entertainments in the House, *Music for Spring*, presented on records by our faithful friend, Mr. Michael Hayes; and *Spring-time in Words and Music*. The latter was compiled and presented by Mr. Tom Eales, Mr. Lyndon Mason, and Mrs. Dorothy Williams, and took place on Palm Sunday. Tom's choice of music and his timing, were impeccable; Lyndon proved how beautiful poetry can be when read with feeling and perfect diction.

Easter

Easter was a happy time—on Good Friday a full coach went to Tylden House, near Horsham, for cream teas and returned to a performance by the Arena Players of *Musical Evening*. On the Saturday a large party went racing at Plumpton, and returned in high spirits. Whether these were due to enjoyment of the sunshine, or getting the better of the bookies, we knew not. A Whist Drive and Dominoes Tournament were held that evening, followed by a buffet supper. The prize-winners were as follows:

Whist

Ladies

1st	Mrs. C. Hancock	70
2nd	Miss V. Kemmish	66
3rd	Miss E. Aldred	60

Gentlemen

1st	F. Griffie	66
2nd	C. Walters	62
3rd	A. Smith	61

Dominoes

1st	R. Hewhurst	7 games
2nd	C. Eighteen P. Stubbs	6 games

The Easter Day Church Service was lovely—our beautiful Chapel was filled, and looked its best with the sun's rays streaming on to the altar. An urn containing a profusion of spring flowers had been placed in front of the lectern by Miss Allison, who arranges the Chapel flowers so beautifully throughout the year. That evening a play-reading was

given in the Winter Garden by guests Miss Eve King, Mr. Les Harris, Mr. and Mrs. L. Robinson, and staff members Mrs. D. Lamb and Mrs. D. Williams. Three one Act comedies were very much enjoyed by the audience, and also by the cast! Plays which seem somewhat feeble when read to oneself come alive when performed to an audience, and the cast had their work cut out to retain their composure!

On Easter Monday we again visited Plumpton Races, returning in time for supper, followed by a dance, with bar and buffet. During this, we held the Easter Bonnet Parade. Our judges this year were those splendid play-readers, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lilley, and their charm and warmth added a great deal to an enjoyable evening. They had a difficult task in choosing the winners, but the following were awarded prizes:

Ladies

Miss J. Briant V.A.D.
Miss L. Farrow
Mrs. P. Stubbs

Gentlemen

E. Daniels (Pearson House)
C. Eighteen
T. Slater (Pearson House)

We offer them our congratulations, and also our thanks to the V.A.D. staff, who invariably come up trumps, and do most of the hard work of creating the pretty and witty confections.

Heralding the summer to come, we now have two drives each week, one for Ian Fraser House, and one for Pearson House. Whilst remaining faithful to our old haunts around Sussex, we hope to include some new ports of call for tea.

New Friends

New friends were made this month by the visit of Mr. Cliff Gibbons and his companions from Lancing, who entertained us on the piano, drums and clarinet. They played many old favourites and invited us to join in and sing, which we did with a will. Mr. Peter Larsen paid one of his welcome visits and entertained us with his wizardry on the electronic organ. He is now one of our most popular visitors, and it seems difficult to imagine that, before his first visit, interest

was—well, tepid. We can now rely on a well-filled Lounge every time he kindly gives his time to us.

The visit of Mr. Albert Hook, a local antiques expert, was equally successful. Those who attended were amply rewarded by an extremely interesting, informative and amusing talk, and we were treated to the all too rare experience of meeting a man who was completely happy and fulfilled in his work. He loves his craft of restoring antique furniture to its original beauty, and we thank him for communicating some of his enthusiasm to us. Our gratitude was expressed most sincerely by Eddie Allchin.

That long-awaited, three times postponed, visit of the barber-shop quartet, Four Men in a Bar at last materialised. The visit had been announced and then cancelled so often that the Escort Office was receiving some very old-fashioned looks, not to mention jokey remarks about "One over the eight" etc. The Quartet turned out to be well worth waiting for, and we hope very much that they will pay us a return visit. They told us that they had grown so tired of being introduced as Four Men in a Bath (so unhygienic!) that they are now billed as Harmony Express—all terribly confusing!

A WALK IN THE WOODS

Readers who were interested in Ron Smith's account of the Nature Trail for blind people at Goodwood (*Review*, November 1971) might like to know of another trail nearer London. This is the Woodland Walk for the Blind at Trent Park, Enfield, London's newest country park.

It has been arranged so that a sighted escort is not necessary. A Braille leaflet explains how to get to the park from the nearest station and how to locate the trail. Running the whole length of the walk, three quarters of a mile, is a low rail which can be followed with a stick. Changes of ground surface indicate items of interest which are described on Braille plaques.

The Braille leaflet is available from:
GLC Parks Department,
233, High Holborn,
London WC1V 7DN.

THE REDUNDANT

by Bert Wood

The other day the guv said to me,
Bert boy, its redundant you be,
Be I, sez I, aarr you be, sez he,
I'm closing down this factory.

It's goodbye to old Betsy, a lathe full of charm,
They say she was found in a brokendown barn,
This is true I'm sure cos she's not very fit,
And her body was stained with cow's, and bull
dung.

Capstan wobbles, collet won't close,
How did she work? No-one knows,
With lump in throat, moist of eye,
Patting her busted bar feed, I bade goodbye,
Hoping she will be happy in the scrapyard, in the
sky.

Redundant I be and how very strange,
To be signing once more at the labour exchange,
And thinking perhaps one day I'll be,
Up there with old Betsy, just her and me.
What a horrible thought!

FLEXICUP

George Fallowfield has written to the *Review* about a useful gadget for anyone with the use of only one hand. The Kalamak Flexicup is made of resilient material which expands and firmly grips eggs of various sizes. It has a heavy serrated base which, provided it is kept clean, will grip most smooth surfaces, such as cloth, formica or paint.

George says "I have devoured two eggs using only one hand and my wife watching to see I didn't cheat and I found this "Flexicup" a success so thought I'd tip you off".

Thank you, George. Kalamak Productions are at 64 Thurlow Park Road, London SE21 8HZ, and the cups cost 95p each including packing and post.

BRIDGE NOTES

The May individual Bridge matches were played on Saturday, 1st May, and the results were as follows:

L. Douglass and R. Evans	66
B. Miller and F. Dickerson	64
Miss V. Kemmish and J. Majchrowicz	62
J. Carney and H. Meleson	60
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The House, Regent's Park.

AS I REMEMBER

Sid Tarry and Bernard Martin talk to David Castleton

Sid Tarry is a St. Dunstaner who can claim to have led a full life. Successfully following his profession of physiotherapy for nearly fifty years, he also found time to give to voluntary work with the Wandsworth War Pensions Committee, and to the British Legion, Freemasonry and many other charitable organisations. Already a Member of the Order of the British Empire, he was promoted to OBE in 1962.

The foundations of this career were laid in Regent's Park in 1915, where Sid arrived in November from the Second London General Hospital, Chelsea. He had been totally blinded by a rifle bullet at Fricourt on the Somme, serving with the Royal Fusiliers. In hospital, his visitor from St. Dunstan's was not Sir Arthur Pearson, but his daughter Mrs. Pansy Lipscombe.

"She came to interview me when I was first in that hospital. I said I was sorry to have to meet her with a growth of beard. She told me it didn't matter and I said, 'Well, I don't usually present myself to

ladies like this.' She said, 'I'll do it', and she shaved me there and then in hospital."

Mrs. Lipscombe visited Sid Tarry several times and then, one Saturday, she came in to say, "I've come to take you to St. Dunstan's." What was St. Dunstan's asked Sid. "It is an organisation that is going to look after all you blinded soldiers."

"She put me in the car and took me there. At the hospital they'd given us horrible old suits and I had a blooming old muffler to put round my neck. I did feel a bit awkward and I apologised to the Matron. She called the orderly, 'Wilfred,' she said, 'take this gentleman upstairs and fix him up with some proper clothes.' I came down with a blue serge suit and a collar and tie."

Immediately Sid found himself caught up in the activities of St. Dunstan's. That same afternoon, in a party of six, he was off to the Central Hall, Westminster, "Where there was a lovely concert. Clara Butt was singing—my favourite singer. I can remember the song she sang,

'Has anyone news of my boy, Jack?' It took me out of myself entirely. When you got to St. Dunstan's you hadn't time to be blind, they kept you so busy."

"Very soon after this I had my first interview with Sir Arthur. As I was taken into the room he said, 'Walk straight on, don't trouble, you'll be all right. Now stop, right opposite you is the chair.' I felt down and sat on it. He said, 'My daughter, Pansy, has told me all about you. I am glad you are coming in and what would you like to take up here, to train for?'"

No Carpenter

Sid had no idea and suggested he might try carpentry. "He said, 'Are you a carpenter?' I told him I'd never sawn a bit of wood in my life. He said, 'Well, look here, I have a gentleman sitting next to me. He's going to interview you now.'" So began Sid's selection as a masseur. He does not remember who his questioner was, but he recalls that the interview went something like this:

"Do you know how to spell the word massage?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't sir. I can work it out, I think, M - A - double S - A - G - E."

"What does it mean?"

"Well, I don't know that, sir. A type of rubbing, that's all I understand."

"Do you know anything about anatomy?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"So he turned to Sir Arthur, recalls Sid, 'That's the material I want,' he said, 'That's how I became a masseur!'"

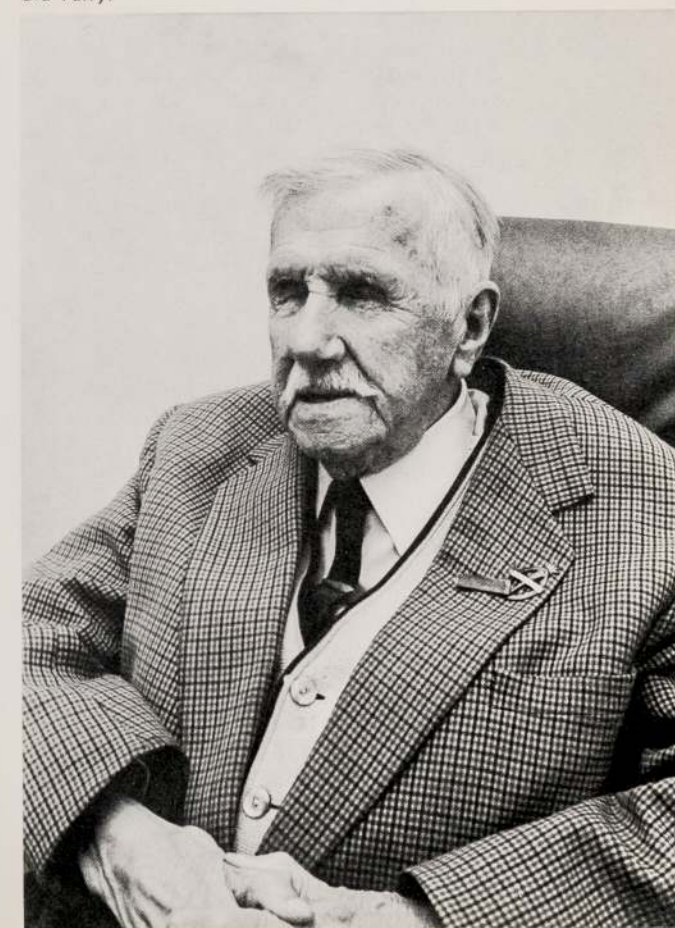
There were still only comparatively few St. Dunstaners in training then, "About twenty of us. After that it began to grow enormously. We put a good time into learning Braille. They didn't make a class of it. They took us away into quiet corners individually. We also went to typing."

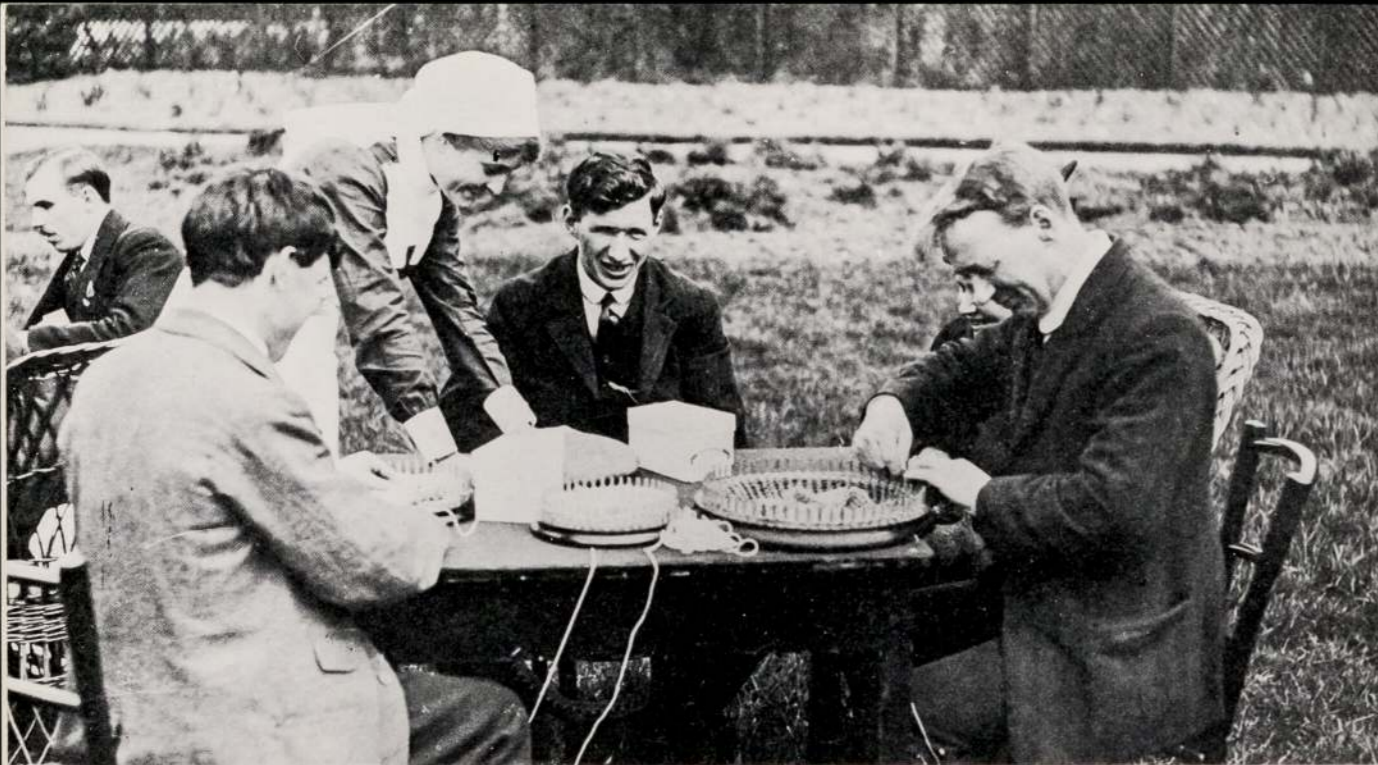
"I lived in the main House. Eventually we moved to Sussex Place so we could study better, quieter. That was the masseurs only. In the mornings, they used to give us a call at half past seven. If we wanted any help the orderlies were there. Otherwise, we would go down to a lovely breakfast. We had good food, beautifully cooked and prepared. Mr. and Mrs. Brighurst trained us. She'd come along, when I was finishing breakfast, get my



Bernard Martin.

Sid Tarry.





Miss Pain supervising the making of string bags.

ear—"I want you, Sidney." She taught us the fundamentals while he taught us the more advanced side of it."

In their spare time, Sid and his contemporaries went rowing on the lake as Tommy Milligan has already described. "We had Braille playing cards issued and were taught to play cards and dominoes. We used to have domino tournaments. A lot of concert parties used to come, and I used to sing a bit too. If they were short of a baritone, you see, they'd come along and ask me."

"I used to enjoy dancing immensely. The sisters taught us. The room we had for our big sittingroom had been the ballroom to the people who had lived there before. We had some fine dances there, you know. Waltzes, two steps, the Valeta—all those. We did occasionally, unfortunately, tread on the ladies' toes but they were grand girls, those V.A.D.'s."

"Harry Cook could see a bit and I used to knock about with him. Go to the pubs around St. Dunstan's. The British Stores was one. They'll all know the British Stores—just down on the corner of Baker Street. We could go there ourselves. We were encouraged to get about by ourselves if we could. We would whistle

along. You wouldn't bump into things because you would hear the echo come back. As you went along, 'Hello Sid, where are you going?' and somebody was willing to take you. You were never left alone."

There were, of course, many visitors to St. Dunstan's in those days and Sid recalls one of them: "I was making a string bag and somebody said to me, 'Hello, were you in the Guards?' I said, 'No, I was a Fusilier.' He said, 'But they are Guards colours you are making—Ah, but Fusiliers and Guards colours are the same.' I heard him rustle a newspaper and so I asked him what horse won a particular race. After asking which horse I'd backed, he told me, 'Unfortunately, it didn't win. It is my horse, I am the Duke of Devonshire.' He insisted on buying my string bag and gave me a fiver!"

"Sir Arthur Pearson used to come round, 'Ah, Sid'—he'd pull my hair, 'Come on, Sid, how are you.' He was very nice to us all, you know. He was a grand man, a little austere, perhaps, but, well, he was Sir Arthur Pearson."

"There wasn't much spare time. Somebody grabbed you to teach you Braille and somebody else grabbed you to teach

you something else. It was all worthwhile every tiny bit of it. I wouldn't mind living my life all over again."

Like Sid Tarry, Barney Martin's main impression of St. Dunstan's in the First World War was one of hard work. "They were hard on that sort of thing. They wanted us all to be working every day. It was work and that was it."

Bernard Martin, to give him his proper name, is an Irishman, whom I met in Pearson House, like Tommy Milligan, the first subject in this series. Barney came to St. Dunstan's in 1918. He was visited by Sir Arthur in the Second London General Hospital. "He told me all about St. Dunstan's. That we should go there, be looked after and taught a new trade. He had a sharp, quick voice. He spoke very quickly. The second time he came, it was after the Germans broke through on 21st March, 1918 and they'd worked their way nearly to Paris."

"I asked him what he thought about it, 'Oh,' he said, 'they won't be there very long. In a month or two they'll be driven back.' Which was the truth, they were

driven back. Yes, he was that sort of man. My impression was that he always looked at the good side of everything. He never thought there could be failure. Some of the men said he was blinded by Almighty God so that he'd take on the job of looking after us. It was the Will of God, that's what they said. It looked like that to me also."

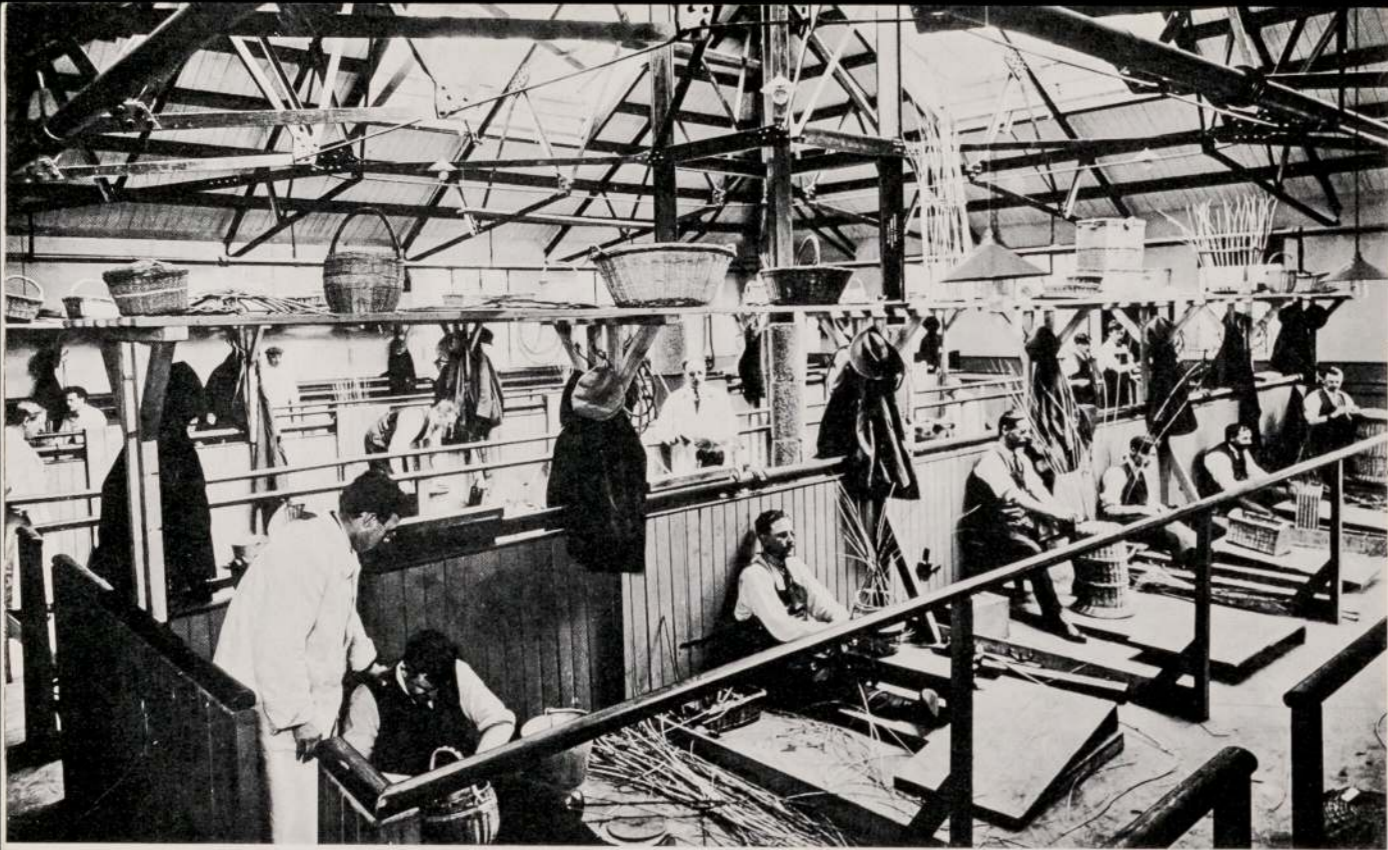
After leave, which he spent in Ireland getting married, Barney entered St. Dunstan's for training on May 28th, 1918. "I started training then as a basketmaker and learned basket-making, matting, Braille reading and writing and the typewriter. I was at the College, where Mr. Huskisson was the Adjutant and Miss Power was Matron. She was an Irish lady who came from Kerry."

"There was the Bungalow, the House and the College. We had sports between the Houses. All I was connected with was the tug-of-war. I was first man on the rope for the College. We didn't win, I think the House used to win."

"Then we used to have gym every morning. There was an ex-Guardsman,

An open-air dancing class.





The basket workshop at Regent's Park.

Bill Tovell. He used to come up every morning and put us on this Swedish drill, and then we'd go for a walk through the park, sort of a march, singing songs as we went along. This was about seven in the morning! We were very keen! And when Bill wasn't there I used to take it over because I did a course of this in the Army myself."

Barney won a gold chain for Braille: "It was a test, you had to be able to read so many words in a certain time. I forget now how many, but for about a quarter of an hour you were at it and if you could get over a certain number of words in that time, well, you passed and you got a gold chain. I found Braille very interesting. I am delighted that I learned it because it has helped me a lot through life."

In the basket workshops Barney remembers Sir Arthur's visits. "He'd take the basket up and feel it and give his opinion on it. He was desperately interested in the men. He used to bring us all together at different times and have a talk about our life and the way we should carry on; how we should conduct ourselves and how we should walk along

the road. He used to walk like a sighted man. At that time, of course, it was easier to get about. He wouldn't carry a stick. He discouraged the stick. He used to walk along with his hands in his pockets. I don't know how he did it!"

"We used to go to the theatre in groups—to the Palladium, I think it was, on Saturdays and we used to go to the Victoria Palace. That was on Monday evening and we used to see those old timers like Harry Wheldon, George Bass, Talbot O'Farrell. They came up to Regent's Park. A whole lot of them to stand up in the Park, in the grounds of the House. It was terrific, I remember Marie Lloyd, she had a terrific reception."

Another highlight among Bernard Martin's memories of Regent's Park is the day in May, 1919, when Major-General Fielding, Officer Commanding the London District presented War Decorations to eleven St. Dunstaners. One of them was Sergeant B. Martin, who received the Military Medal for his leadership in a successful attack on Bulgarian trenches at Agamar on the River Struma, and, later, defending an advanced post.

"I thought no more about it and here about October didn't my photograph appear on the cover of the *St. Dunstan's Review* with Sir Arthur Pearson standing beside me on my right hand side? In my opinion, the greatest honour of all. The picture was up at the back of my bed all over the years."

When Barney first left St. Dunstan's, he settled in the Suffolk village of Bungay as a basket maker. "Business was good, but I was very slow at that time. I remember the instructor coming down one day. I had a little shop at the front and the workshop was at the back. I only had one basket in the shop. He said to me, his name was Voisey, he said, 'Is this all the work you've done?' As I say, I was slow. It used to take me about a day and a half to make a basket. So he got a whole lot of willow, bundled it all and tied it up. 'As soon as you get up tomorrow,' he said, 'Put that lot in the water and leave it there until we have our breakfast.' He started off about 9 o'clock and he knocked up 12 shopping baskets that day—12 barrel shopping baskets! As time went on I speeded up my own work."

Soon the Martins went back to Ireland. "The missus got desolate and lonely." After some difficulty to find a place to live and work, Barney was finally settled just outside the town of Bray, in some houses built specially for ex-servicemen under a grant from the British Government. "I continued to work there right up until 1970. All sorts of baskets. I made thousands of baskets."

In December, 1921, while he was living in Sandycove, near Dun Laoghaire, Barney received a telegram. It announced the death of Sir Arthur Pearson. "I'd got about an hour to get to the boat at the North Wall. I made it. It took me 12 hours. I travelled alone, my wife had our three children to look after. At Euston, we were met by the Scots Guards. I remember, after the service, a man of the Scots Guards had me on his right and a man named Stibbles, Jock Stibbles, on his left and we marched the whole way up to the Hampstead Cemetery. I was just beside the grave where Sir Arthur's coffin was lowered down. I remember singing *Abide With Me* at the grave-side and I remember a man named Slaughter singing

St. Dunstan's receives the news of the Armistice, 1918.



—a very good singer at the time—just beside me he was.”

“All the men came back to the Bungalow from the cemetery. There were an awful lot of us there. Captain Fraser was appointed Chairman. He took Sir Arthur’s death very badly. His speech was broken—he spoke for quite a long time but he had difficulty in speaking. We all felt like that. It was a horrid time.”

To finish this collection of Barney Martin’s memories on a happier note, let us move back in time to Armistice Day, 11th November, 1918. “I was working away at basket making. The word came through and we all got up and went back to the College where everyone got a glass of wine. The V.A.D.’s were all excitement. It was great. I remember one of our fellows, Charlie Williams, he was a time-serving soldier in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, dressed himself up in his peace-time uniform—red tunic, blue trousers, the lot. It was a great day that was. But in the morning we had to go to work.”



Souvenir de Mons 1918. A. Duriau.

Souvenir of Mons

by Leonard Little

With armistice proclaimed there came to Mons
The foremost Belgian painter of his time
To help his widowed sister with such work
As might seem needed in her garden plot.
Was it by chance that neath the Brussels sprouts
Their spades made contact with a metal chest
Which had lain buried there for four long years?
What sort of hidden treasure could this be?
As if they did not know! And what a day
For Alfred Duriau whose firm belief
That Germany must ultimately lose
Was justified! Else had his life’s best work
Been lost to him and to posterity.

Sister and brother toiled untiringly
Until by dusk next day their work was done.
Madame then asked the young Canadian
Who lodged chez Aristide Blondiau next door
If he would care to come and pay a call.
Jim entered quite an ordinary room
Whose every wall, however, now was hung
With drawings, etchings, paintings which Madame
Took pride in showing to the spell-bound guest,
Making brief comments on her favourites
And ending with the famous master-piece,
Man Lancing Javelin, with which was won
In Nineteen-six the first Grand Prix de Rome.

The language barrier proved not too great
For some brief anecdotes of army life.
Then, with large mugs of parsnip coffee drained,
The artist’s crowning kindness was bestowed.
He who had painted Albert and his Queen
Seated an unimportant bombardier
Upon a kitchen stool, with safety-pins
Adjusted the ill-fitting uniform,
Drew up an easel with its wherewithal;
And as good-nights were said he gave to Jim
A pencil portrait signed A. Duriau,
As just a tiny token, he explained,
Of Belgium’s gratitude to Canada.

Now after five and fifty years have passed
What news, you wonder, of the Duriaus?
The celebrated portraitist has died,
At eighty following an accident.
His artist son, the sister and her son
Together with the latter’s family
All met untimely death in World War Two.
The painter’s widow, resident of Mons,
Writes frequently to far-off Canada,
Glad, it would seem, to keep contact alive
With one whom her dear husband once had known.



Expert Advice

It is many years since Harry Wheeler gave up his work as a dog breeder, specialising in Chows. In the 1930’s before his sight failed after service in two World Wars, he was kennel manager to the late Mr. C. D. Rotch, and bred and handled a famous team of Rochow champions.

His best dog was Champion Rochow Dragoon, still regarded as the finest ever Chow, who won 36 challenge certificates. In all, the kennels won 105 Kennel Club challenge certificates and over 4,000 prizes over a period in which they made ten champions. In 1936, Harry made an appearance on television, then in its early days, demonstrating Chows.

That all this has not been forgotten was proved when Harry was invited to attend a special meeting of the Chinese Chow Club held in Birmingham to discuss the problems of the breed in the present times.

A report in the *Dog World* had this to say of Harry’s remarks: “Listening to the many speakers, I felt that veteran Harry Wheeler was the one who had the most constructive advice to offer when he said quite simply: ‘Breed to the standard’. Many breeds have been in a worse fix than the Chow is in just now and have got out of it by clear thinking and doing just what Mr. Wheeler advised”.

Making Motoring History

Ken Revis is a St. Dunstaner who is building a dream. Since boyhood he has been a motoring enthusiast and recalls days at Brooklands and at Donnington Park watching the pre-war motor racing ace-drivers in action.

IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Now he has a new job for British Leyland. He is to be curator of their motor museum, working for a subsidiary company called Leyland Historic Vehicles Ltd. The site for the project is Donnington Park, near Derby, where the motor-racing circuit is still intact and the owner, Tom Wheatcroft, has planning permission to re-open it as a Grand Prix circuit.

The new company has an agreement with Tom Wheatcroft to house his collection of vehicles in two existing halls. “This is something I’ve wanted to do for years”, Ken told me, “We already have more than a hundred cars which we will gradually restore and I am doing a lot of detective work in tracing historic models of marques in the British Leyland Group—a very wide field: Morris, Austin, Wolseley, Riley, M.G., Lanchester, Daimler, Jaguar, Bean, Trojan, Albion, Leyland, A.E.C., Thornycroft, Guy, Scammell and Coventry-Climax are just a few. We have just bought a fire engine and I have arranged with National Carriers to borrow a mechanical horse—you know, the old fashioned three-wheeled vehicles that towed trailers.”

The collection will ultimately cover from 1896 to date. The target is to open the museum by the end of the year but he thinks next spring might be more realistic. “We don’t want a museum where the cars stand behind ropes and never move. We plan to restore them all to running order. It will take years but we hope to have a museum with cars that actually run.”

So as well as the modern grand prix machines, Donnington Park may one day see and hear the cars of the past using its circuit.

CLUB NEWS

THE ST. DUNSTAN'S LONDON SOCIAL, CULTURAL AND EDUCATIONAL CLUB

Following proposals made at its first meeting held on April 10th, the Steering Committee are organising a special Mystery Outing on Saturday, July 24th. It will comprise a show, a meal and will end up with a look back into the medieval history of this country. Those taking part are requested to gather at Headquarters before 4 p.m. but not later than this. Transport will be laid on, and on the return journey to Headquarters at approximately 10.30 p.m., those wishing to alight at Charing Cross or Victoria Station may do so if it suits them better.

The cost per person will be £3. Since participation is limited to 20 St. Dunstaners with their personal escort, an early application is desirable, together with the appropriate remittance, to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. P. Nuyens, St. Dunstan's, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London N.W.1.

Should anyone have difficulty in bringing an escort, please let me know, and every effort will be made to provide one, should you so desire.

PAUL NUYENS

Hon. Secretary, Steering Committee

The final football pontoon finished on Saturday, 24th April, 1976, and the lucky winner was Mrs. F. Dickerson, who wins £6.50, and the lowest, Mr. R. Goding, who wins £1.50.

Dominces

The winners of our weekly Dominoes matches during April were:

1st April

- 1st B. Miller
2nd R. Armstrong
J. Majchrowicz

10th April

- 1st J. Majchrowicz
2nd C. Hancock

29th April

- 1st R. Armstrong
M. Sheehan

MIDLAND

An excellent, well attended meeting was held on Sunday, 11th April. Plenty of dominoes were played and we have now reached the semi-finals of the Sir Arthur Pearson knock-out competition.

We also had a Bring and Buy sale once again, with plenty of selling going on, and bringing more cash into the club funds.

We were very pleased to welcome another new member, *Harry Waldron* and his wife, I sincerely hope that they enjoyed their first meeting and look forward to seeing them both at future meetings. We were also very pleased to see *Eric Humphreys* back at the club, and also to see *Elizabeth Tomporowski*, who had been ill and we all sincerely hope that she will continue to get better. How very nice it was to have Mrs. Cath Androlia with us once more, I sincerely hope that now that she has broken the ice, she will feel like coming along quite regularly.

Tea for this meeting was provided for us by Mrs. Joan Cashmore, who prepared another very good home made tea.

Stan Southall

Everyone had been shaken very badly by the death of *Stan Southall* (reported in the *May Review*), and we all offer our deepest sympathy to his widow, Mrs. Ivy Southall. Stan had been a member of this club for many years and always loved attending, especially when he was concerned in the Domino competitions, he will be sadly missed at all meetings.

On Monday, 12th April, a number of club members and their wives attended Stan's funeral, a wreath in the shape of St. Dunstan's badge was laid on behalf of the club and a cross was laid on behalf of many other St. Dunstaners who knew him, and who had donated towards these flowers at the Birmingham Reunion.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

BRIGHTON SOCIAL AND SPORTS CLUB

A most enjoyable evening was held on 30th April, when twenty-five members of the club were entertained by the Royal British Legion at Hassocks.

We were warmly welcomed and hope this visit will be the first of many.

BOB OSBORNE

BRIDGE SECTION

Our fourth pairs match was held on Saturday, 24th April. The winners were:

North-South

R. Fullard and Miss C. Sturdy 75

East-West

Miss V. Kemmish and W. Allen 71

Visit to Horsham

On Sunday, 25th April a St. Dunstan's team of twelve were welcomed with the usual hospitality by the members of Horsham Bridge Club. At the halfway stage, during a delicious tea, it was announced that the St. Dunstan's team was in the lead. At the end of the match, this lead had been increased to 1654 points. After so many defeats in the past, what could we do but celebrate!

Fifth Brighton Individual

The fifth Brighton individual was held on Saturday, 8th May, with the following results:

A. Dodgson and Partner 72
C. Walters and W. Scott 71
W. Phillips and R. Fullard 64
Miss B. Simon and
W. Lethbridge 63
P. McCormack and Partner 61
W. Clemments and F. Griffie 59
W. Burnett and Partner 58
J. Padley and R. Bickley 56

WALTER LETHBRIDGE

Dominoes Aggregate, April, 1976

1st A. Smith
2nd R. Bickley
3rd J. Cope

Whist Aggregate Scores 28th April, 1976

Ladies

1st Mrs. H. Smith 91
2nd Mrs. P. Padley 87
3rd Mrs. E. M. Dodgson 86

Gentlemen

1st H. Preedy 89
2nd T. Giles 88
3rd A. Dodgson 86

BOWLING CLUB REPORT

A Bowling Match was held at Ian Fraser House between St. Dunstons and The Senior County Bowling Officials, this was followed by an excellent tea, provided by the ladies of the Bowling Club. The club President Mrs. E. F. Dacre presided, and complimentary addresses were given by the President of the County Outdoor Bowling Association, and the Chairman of the County Indoor Bowling Association. The Chairman of the Bowling Club responded, and a very pleasant afternoon was had by everyone. The county officials beat St. Dunstons by 7 shots.

TED FREARSON

Chairman and Captain

PERSONAL SURVIVAL AWARD

Congratulations to Eddie Allchin in passing his Bronze Award here at the King Alfred Pool, Brighton. He has put in a lot of hard work training for this test and passed it comfortably. He is now busy preparing himself for the Silver.

I would add that any St. Dunstaner who feels he or she is good enough, should take these tests. They are A.S.A. standards and it is one of the few swimming tests on a par with the fully sighted.

Information regarding what is involved can be had from your local swimming pool. If not, it can be sent to you on application to me at Ian Fraser House.

JOCK CARNOCHAN
Sports Officer

OBITUARY

Mr. Brian Gorman

St. Dunstaners of the First World War, particularly the musicians among them, will be sad to learn of the death of Brian Gorman in Southampton last month. Mr. Gorman was Musical Director at the Polygon Hotel and played at our Reunion there in March. He made a point of attending St. Dunstan's Reunions at the Polygon because, in 1924, he was pianist for the St. Dunstan's band.

He could recall buying a model 'T' Ford to drive members of the band to their engagements, in those days five or six a week. The repertoire of the band included more than 140 numbers, and they played at the Savoy, Trocadero and the Cafe de Paris.

Brian Gorman was resident band leader at the Polygon Hotel for over thirty years. St. Dunstaners will miss his warm welcome at the next Southampton Reunion.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriages

Many congratulations to our St. Dunstaner, *John Marsh Miles*, of Canterbury, who was married on 10th April, to Mrs. Annie Emily Boakes. We wish them every happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forster of Leeds are pleased to announce that their daughter, Hilary, was married to Brian Stevens on Saturday, 17th April, at St. John's Church, Moor Allerton, Leeds.

Pearl Wedding

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Simpson* of Doncaster, who celebrated their Pearl Wedding on 22nd April, 1976.

Ruby Wedding

We congratulate *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lewis* of Eccles, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 11th April, 1976.

Grandparents

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Les Constable of Adelaide, South Australia, on the birth of their first

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.

Alan Naylor of Mansfield, who joined St. Dunstan's in March. He served in the Royal Air Force from 1953 to 1956, and is married with a family.

John Henry Tallett of Coventry, who joined St. Dunstan's in April. He served with the 7th Royal Warwicks in the First World War, and is a widower with one grown-up son.

grandchild in January; a son for their eldest daughter and her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. John Douglass of Ruislip, on the birth of their first grandchild, a boy born on 29th March to their son Frank and his wife Penny.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Edwards of Coventry, on the birth of a grandson, Daren, in March to their son Raymond and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. John Holden of Rochdale, on the birth of a grandson, David Rodney, born on 29th March to their daughter Eunice and her husband.

Mrs. Anne Robinson on the birth, on 15th April, of a grand-daughter Joanne, to her daughter Alison and her husband.

Mrs. Margaret Stanway, whose daughter, Pat, had a daughter, Roxane Lydie, at the end of March.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ward of Leeds, on the birth of their fourth grandchild, Georgina Fay, born on 13th April to their younger son Christopher and his wife.

Examination and Career Successes

Congratulations to *Horace Blake* of Ross-on-Wye, who has been elected to the committee of the Ross Photographic Club.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mr. George Allen of Hull, whose wife, Mollie, died on 30th April, 1976.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas Daborn, on the death of Mrs. Daborn's mother on 3rd April, 1976.

In Memory

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

Walter Andison. Northumberland Fusiliers

Walter Andison, a resident of Pearson House and formerly of North Finchley, London N12, died on 13th April at the age of 81.

Mr. Andison's sight was damaged in the First World War as a result of a gunshot wound and, when his sight finally deteriorated in 1967, he was admitted to St. Dunstan's.

Among his hobbies, our St. Dunstaner enjoyed typewriting, listening to talking books and gardening, especially working in his greenhouse where he specialised in growing dahlias and chrysanthemums.

He and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding in August, 1969, and Mrs. Andison died in September last year. In February this year, Mr. Andison became a resident of Pearson House, where he enjoyed the company of his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Williamson in Australia, a daughter, Mrs. Disbrey in London, and a stepson, Mr. King and his wife, living in North Finchley.

Harry Blundell. King's Regiment

Harry Blundell, of Warrington, Cheshire, died on 4th April, at the age of 62.

He enlisted with the King's Regiment in 1939 and was invalided out in 1942 at the onset of the illness which caused his loss of sight. In January, 1954, he was admitted to St. Dunstan's, by which time his mobility was becoming very restricted but, even so, he was able to take tuition in the making of sea-grass stools and these provided him with a hobby occupation which he carried out with great pleasure for our Stores Department until 1972.

Mr. Percy Dent of Kings Lynn, whose mother died on 21st April, 1976.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lipscombe of Exeter, on the death of Mrs. Lipscombe's mother in March.

Mr. Claude Frederick Roughton of Exmouth, on the death of his brother, in Vancouver in March.

Mr. and Mrs. John Collis Walters of Southwick, Sussex, on a double bereavement. Mr. Walters' mother died on 19th April, 1976 in Leek, Staffordshire, and Mrs. Walters' mother died on 21st April in Birmingham.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jessie Blundell, and two children, Gwelda and John.

John Ernest Storier Edwards. Royal Air Force (AAF)

John Ernest Storier Edwards of Worthing, Sussex, died on 24th April, at the age of 64.

He served in the Second World War and was injured at Kidbrooke in 1944 by a bomb blast. However, despite deteriorating health, he was able to continue with his occupation as a garage foreman fitter with the Police Force until 1969.

Mr. Edwards came to St. Dunstan's in 1975 and, in July of that year, he was given the Air Force Efficiency Award.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Eileen Winifred Edwards, and a son and daughter.

Noel Rhys Hughes. Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve (Anson BN)

Noel Rhys Hughes of Clevedon, Avon, died on 14th April, at the age of 86.

He was injured at Gallipoli in 1915 but, after his discharge from the Royal Navy, he recovered his health sufficiently to be able to lead an active business life. He owned his own business in Surrey but, after the death of his first wife, he moved to Devon where he married again in 1952. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes shared their love of country and sea life, and Mr. Hughes was able to enjoy his hobbies of gardening and walking.

He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1973. He visited Ian Fraser House on three occasions and enjoyed meeting St. Dunstaners and their families at the Bristol Reunions.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Amy Hughes.

In Memory

continued

Joseph Francis Orrin. *Northants Regiment*

Joseph Francis Orrin of Hove, Sussex, died on April 28th, at the age of 79.

Mr. Orrin served in the First World War, and was wounded in 1917, but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1975.

Before his retirement in 1956, our St. Dunstaner was an H.M. Inspector of Taxes. Until ill health prevented him from pursuing his hobbies, he was an author of books on magic and the composer of a number of musical works, none of which were ever submitted for publication, as this was purely a hobby interest.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Emily Orrin, and a daughter, Sylvia.

Peter Ross. *36th Australian Imperial Forces*

Peter Ross, of Liss Forest, Hampshire, died on 19th April, 1976, which was his 78th birthday.

He was wounded in France during the First World War, and was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1918. He trained as a masseur, and went into practice in Guildford.

After he had retired, he and his wife moved to Hampshire, where they much enjoyed the beautiful surroundings of Liss Forest, gardening being their main hobby.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Doris Ross, and seven children.

George Smart. *Royal Army Service Corps*

George Smart, of Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire died on 29th March at the age of 85.

He enlisted in March, 1915, and served as a Private in the Royal Army Service Corps. He was wounded in 1916, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until August, 1948. About a year later, after moving into a new home, Mr. Smart took up greenhouse work, deriving excellent results from this and his garden. In addition, he was a joiner of some considerable skill and also very adept at French polishing. In the latter years of his life, it was his carpentry which provided his main hobby occupation. Always a very active man, Mr. Smart enjoyed long walks each day, together with his guide dog, in the countryside surrounding his home.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith Smart.

John Walker. *Royal Field Artillery*

John Walker of Woodingdean, Brighton, died on 7th May 1976 at the age of 78.

He served in the Royal Field Artillery during the First World War and, on becoming a St. Dunstaner in 1931, undertook a course of training, becoming very proficient in typewriting. He had spent his earlier days on the railway and subsequently was employed as a Park Keeper and Boat Attendant. His fondness for the outdoor life continued throughout his life, and his hobbies included gardening, rugmaking and bowls. He and his wife were keen members of the Brighton Club, where Johnny Walker was particularly active in the Bowling Section. He attended both the Lee-on-Solent and Warminster camps.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Agnes Walker, and a daughter Edna.

Henry Edgar Wood. *King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry*

Henry Edgar Wood, of Doncaster, South Yorkshire, died on 10th April at the age of 84.

Although he served in the First World War, it was while serving as a Private with the K.O.Y.L.I., in which he had enlisted in March, 1940, that Mr. Wood was injured and lost the sight of one eye. Nevertheless, upon discharge from the Army in October, 1941, he was able to work as a coal miner until 1951 when he suffered an injury which robbed him of the sight in his remaining eye. He came to St. Dunstan's in June, 1955, and after a short period of hobby training he was able to undertake string bag making for a while, and also kept an allotment upon which he grew vegetables and kept a few poultry until his age and declining health necessitated his retirement. Up until about eighteen months ago, Mr. Wood was able to travel south to enjoy holidays with us at Brighton.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Beatrice Wood.

Albert John Woollen. *2nd Wiltshire*

Albert John Woollen of Bushey, Hertfordshire, died on 4th May at the age of 83.

Mr. Woollen served during the First World War and was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1915, after he had been wounded at Neuve Chapelle. He trained as a physiotherapist and was one of the first eight St. Dunstaners to be trained for this profession. He spent most of his working life at Whipps Cross Hospital, where he was a valued member of the staff, retiring at the end of 1956.

After the death of his wife, Nora, in 1972, our St. Dunstaner made his home with his son, Dr. John Webster Woollen and his wife and family. He also leaves a daughter Mrs. Hazel Legg.