



St Dunstans  
**REVIEW**  
MARCH 1979





## BARONESS FRASER

of Lonsdale CBE

All who knew  
Lady Fraser loved  
her. She lived and  
worked for  
St. Dunstan's  
from its foundation  
and shared fully in  
her husband's  
inspired leadership  
of the blind

1890 ~ 1978

# St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

No. 705

MARCH 1979

10p MONTHLY

## Message from the Chairman

### Our Daily Lives

We live in turbulent times and I realise that many of you throughout the country have been coping with extra problems and strains. In fact, I doubt if there is a reader of the *Review* who has not had to deal with some aspect or other of anxiety for the sick or elderly, refuse disposal worries, pollution by sewerage, fuel problems, etc., in addition to all the discomforts of the terrible weather. I can only admire the fortitude, ingenuity and sense of humour which you display and send my best wishes for your individual welfare to St. Dunstaners and their families, the widows and our staff everywhere.

Jon Earnell-Dune

### ACTIVITY HOLIDAYS

There has been sufficient response to confirm the first activity holiday week. This will be from Monday, April 23rd as announced in last month's *Review*. St. Dunstaners who have applied will receive full details by post.

### SOUTHAMPTON REUNION

The Southampton Reunion on June 2nd at the Polygon Hotel will include an exhibition of arts and crafts, to which St. Dunstaners are asked to contribute. Wives are also asked to join in. There is no limit set, except your own ability to transport your works to the Polygon and back home. If you are a thinker rather than a doer a poem would be a fine contribution.

### TROOPING THE COLOUR

It is anticipated that we may be allocated tickets again this year for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony on Saturday, 16th June in the morning, and the Private View of the Royal Tournament on Wednesday, 11th July in the afternoon.

Any St. Dunstaners who would like to apply for tickets should contact Miss Bridger by Monday, 16th April, 1979.

### CADER IDRIS

Once again, Mr. Bob Thomas has very kindly offered to organise a climb up Cader Idris in Wales. The event will take place from Friday, 8th to Monday, 11th,

**Opposite:** For the anniversary of her passing, we publish this photograph of the memorial tablet to Lady Fraser which is placed in the entrance hall at Ian Fraser House opposite that of her husband, the late Lord Fraser of Lonsdale.

**COVER PICTURE:** Some of the St. Dunstan's party on the ski lift at Kranzegg. See 'Snow Queen, the Seven Dwarfs and One Smurf' on centre pages.



June. Climbers and their wives will be accommodated in a local hotel and escorts for the walk will be provided. Anyone interested should write to the *Review*. The final selection will be made on the basis of fitness and previous participation, with priority being given to first-timers.

The following have already applied and need not submit their names again: J. Simmons, E. Bradshaw, T. Lukes, G. Bilcliff and W. Wood.

### MR. F. R. BRIDGER

Fred Bridger officially retired at the end of November after some 31½ years of service with the Estate Department. Mr. Bridger was engaged by Mr. Matthews primarily to help with the acquisition of shops for those St. Dunstaners who had taken up this form of settlement. Over the years he was particularly successful in this field, notably in his negotiations with Local Authorities and by 1953 there were about 120 tobacco and confectionery businesses operating under the umbrella of St. Dunstan's controlled shops scheme.

### RATING (DISABLED PERSONS) ACT 1978

This Act comes into force on the 1st April, 1979 and its basic purpose is to revise and extend the rating relief formerly given under the appropriate sections of the General Rate Act 1967. Many St. Dunstaners will know that up until now provided they could satisfy certain criteria some garages and workshops had been subject to a reduced assessment. The new Act abolishes these provisions and substitutes a different scheme. The first effect of this will be that the rateable value of the property will be increased to take account of the derated parts. Secondly, the occupier may apply to the local rating authority for a rebate in respect of rates chargeable on any property where:—

- (i) a room other than a bathroom or lavatory is permanently used by and required for meeting the needs of the disabled person;

Through Mr. Bridger's initiative, many shopkeepers were placed on council estates where there was a ready-made market and little or no competition.

His next major contribution to the services provided by the Estate Department for St. Dunstaners was the successful introduction of a number of St. Dunstaners into the launderette field.

By the early sixties the pressure for shops had eased considerably and Mr. Bridger then switched to more usual Estate Department activities, concerning himself in the last half of his career with the care and maintenance of St. Dunstan's properties in Surrey and in Ireland. However, he never gave up his interest in shops and we are glad to say that he is maintaining his interest in St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners by remaining as a part-time member of staff operating from his home in Worthing. From there he is helping Mr. Wright on the South Coast and will be available for advice and help to shopkeepers in the immediate future.

Those St. Dunstaners who were looked after by Mr. Bridger may like to contribute to a retirement fund. Donations should be sent to Mr. C. D. Wills, O.B.E., at Headquarters.

- (ii) there is an additional bathroom or lavatory made necessary by the disability;
- (iii) heating has been installed over and above that which would normally be required;
- (iv) when the dwelling has anything else which has been installed to meet the needs of the disabled person;
- (v) there is extra space for the manoeuvring of a wheelchair; and
- (vi) there is a garage, carport or land used permanently for the accommodation of a vehicle necessary to the needs of the disabled person.

You will see from this that the relief is to be given on a much wider scale than previously but it is basically for additional accommodation specifically required to meet a need. In each instance, the Act lays

### RATING ACT—(continued)

down the amount of the rateable value to be taken into account on the rebate.

If you think you qualify under any of these heads you should apply to the local rating authority for the appropriate form which has to be filled in and submitted to them. The Act will apply to all St. Dunstaners whether in their own houses or rented accommodation be it St. Dunstan's, private or local authority. You are advised to apply now and if in doubt please contact the Estate Department.

### MR. MUSIC MAN by David Castleton

The sound of music filled the Annexe at Ian Fraser House on the evening of the Bowls Championships Presentation Dance. It was foot-tapping music that tempted many couples to dance and it came from an electric organ, the modern equivalent of the one-man band, with its varied tone effects and rhythm box sounding like a dance band. Most interesting of all, it was played by a St. Dunstaner, Bill Claydon.

After watching and listening to Bill swinging through part of his wide repertoire of dance tunes, enlivened by his improvisations, I was glad to have the opportunity to talk to him. I soon discovered how much music meant to him. "I became a boy musician with the King's Own Royal Regiment way back in 1937," he told me, "By 1939, I was playing french horn in the military band and trumpet in the dance band."

With the coming of the war Bill volunteered for active service and by 1942 he was with the Eighth Army in North Africa. "After the fall of Tobruk we gradually fell back until we were cut off at Mersa Matruh. On 29th July, 1942 we were ordered to break out and make our way back to our own lines at Alamein. Some made it, some didn't. Our vehicle was hit and I was temporarily blinded, and taken back to Benghazi as a prisoner-of-war."

During the three months Bill spent in Benghazi, many of his fellow prisoners died from lack of food and proper medical attention. Fortunately for him his sight gradually returned before he was taken in

### STAFF MARRIAGE

Many congratulations to Peggy Ballantyne, whom many St. Dunstaners in the North will know as their Welfare Visitor, on her marriage to Alexander Christopher Craik at St. David's Church, Childwall, on February 23rd.

### Puzzle Corner

The answer to last month's puzzle, divide £10.00 equally between X people, is £1.00. (X equals 10 in roman numerals.)

Bill Claydon playing at Ian Fraser House.





## MR. MUSIC MAN

(continued)

Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, to study orchestration, instrumentation and conducting. By this time I was married to Monica, whom I had known since we were seventeen, and, not unnaturally, I fancied a home base for a change. I transferred to the Band of the Manchester Regiment — which was immediately posted to Germany! Fortunately Monica, plus one infant and a half, was able to join me for two very happy years, mainly in Berlin."

In 1950 Bill's term of service was completed and he was offered the post of Drum Major if he signed on again. As the Band was due to move out to Malaya, Bill decided to opt for civilian life and a job with Barclay's Bank. But, before he had started his new job, war broke out in Korea and Bill found himself recalled from the reserves for service there. "This caused panic stations at home, as you can imagine. I made quick applications for auditions to the Guards Bands and the Band of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. My applications were successful and, after auditioning for the Band of the R.M.A., Sandhurst, I was accepted and joined them immediately."

Sandhurst gave Bill the opportunity to use his musical knowledge to the full. All musicians were expected to be proficient on at least two instruments and were called upon to play anything from orchestral works to dance music. Bill still played french horn in the orchestra and trumpet in the dance band. "We broadcast regularly over the years from several studios in London, doing various concert work, and programmes such as 'Marching and Waltzing', 'Friday Night is Music Night' and numberless series of 'Music While You Work'. We also played on many occasions before the Queen and other members of the Royal Family."

This was a good period for Bill and his family. There was a minimum of duties and rehearsals took up only the mornings so there was time for them to be together. There was also time for regular outside engagements with orchestras and dance bands. It was brought to an end by Bill's failing sight when he was invalided out and came to St. Dunstan's for training.

Bill said, "The problem then was what

to do about music, which had been so much a part of my life. At about this time the electronic organ was just beginning to become popular, so I set about learning a new instrument. Here Monica was a great help to me. She has played the piano and could read music and in the early days the work she put in was invaluable to me."

Blindness had barred Bill from orchestral work and he chose the organ as an instrument he could play alone or with other musicians. The Claydons were now living in Lancashire on the North West coast. Bill said "There are many fine musicians up there and I was quickly accepted there and made many good friends among them. During the five years we lived there I played in most of the hotels and clubs." The five years would have been more but for another set-back—Bill now has a heart condition, angina, which puts full-time work in entertainment out of the question.

Since he moved to Saltdean Bill has had to turn down several offers of regular engagements for this reason, so nowadays he plays only occasionally for dances and other events at Ian Fraser House. "I play whenever they want me. Mentally I'm always playing—my mind's mostly on music. In his music room, chock-a-block with organ, microphones, amplifiers, and sheet music, Bill can play for his own enjoyment the kind of music which is not so much in demand at dances and entertainments, but he says he misses performing professionally with other musicians. "Music is in me. It has always been part of my life. It's in my blood, and there is a comradeship and rapport between professional musicians, very similar to that which exists in Service life, as any ex-regular serviceman will understand."

### St. Dunstan's National Bridge Congress

The National Bridge Congress will take place this year from May 11th to 14th, inclusive. Would all those wishing to participate kindly let the Homes Booking Clerk know so she can reserve your accommodation. Please also let her know who you wish to have as a partner during the Congress.

## READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 639

### The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun

By Sebastian Japrisot

Read by Anthony Parker

Reading Time 9 hours

Dannielle Longot is secretary to Monsieur Caravaille, who runs a large advertising agency in Paris. One day he asks her to process some documents which he will need to take to Switzerland the following day. This will entail her working through the night at his house.

The next morning she accompanies the Caravaille family to the airport in a white Thunderbird in order to bring back the car and garage it at the house.

On a sudden impulse she decides to 'borrow' the car for the four days the family will be away. She will realise a long-cherished ambition and drive down to the South of France in style.

She sets off—into a sequence of terrifying nightmare events. At various points along the route she is recognised as the girl who drove the distinctive white car towards Paris during the previous twenty-four hours. She stops at a garage. The Thunderbird's rear light was repaired there and the man recognises her as the girl who paid the bill. She meets the policeman who gave the friendly warning about the defective light. There was the cafe where she had left her coat and the hotel where she had booked a room for the night.

Is she going mad? Is she the victim of some cruel elaborate hoax? Was her hand really injured in an attack on her in the washroom of the garage? The other Danni had a bandage on her left hand. She begins to feel a terrifying sense of *déjà vu*.

And then she finds a body in the boot of the Thunderbird. It had not been there an hour before . . .

A fast-moving exciting yarn—but you have to accept the incredible elasticity of the long arm of coincidence. The *dénouement* is more than a little contrived, too.

Cat. No. 1783

### Vile Bodies

By Evelyn Waugh

Read by Peter Gray

Reading Time 6¾ hours

This is Waugh's classic tale of life as lived by London's Upper Crust in the bad, mad, feverish Twenties. In particular, it concerns the younger set, *The Bright Young Things*, (although Waugh never uses the label), whose antics shocked the nation and delighted Fleet Street.

The chaps are all terribly well-bred and talk just like Bertie Wooster. The gels are high-born young ladies with an astonishing facility for being able to express the whole gamut of human emotions in two phrases, "too too divine!" and "too terribly sick-making!"

Life is just one ear-splitting party after another. There are parties in Belgravia, parties in boats, parties in airships. There is even one riotous romp in No. 10—which brings down the government! . . .

Written in Waugh's curiously careful prose, the book is witty, ironic and a masterpiece of ferocious satire.

In fact, it's too too divine . . . really!

Cat. No. 1241

### Cider with Rosie

By Laurie Lee

Read by Stephen Jack

Reading Time 7¾ hours

This is the sparkling autobiography of a boy living in a remote Cotswold village during the first quarter of this century. He tells of his escapades, his loves and fears, his warm relationship with his sisters, of his five uncles, all larger than life, of his idiosyncratic mother.

He was one of a very large family, which included the children of the first marriage of his absent father. He was a sickly nightmare-ridden child who seems to have spent much of early life hovering at death's gate, with recovery after miraculous recovery snatching him back from the grave. Once he was knocked



## READING TIME — *continued*

down by a bicycle and lay senseless for two whole days.

If the reader expects this book to be a charming idyll of sleepy bucolic life in the dreaming heart of England, he's in for a rude awakening. Murder, rape, incest, mugging and prostitution were by no means uncommon, according to Lee. During one suicide 'epidemic' the coroner cut his throat. The villagers accepted these phenomena with the same philosophical shrug with which they regarded a hen going off lay, or a cow stricken with garget!

*D. F. Robinson's*

## Gardening Column

It's not quite the weather that gardeners like as I write these notes. There's plenty of snow about although it does look as if it is relenting a little with a thaw setting in, but the met. men say that there is a whole lot more on the way. Never mind, there are many months left and the garden can still be very colourful and productive.

It may mean that those of us who are always trying to get things going too early will reap their reward this year by being a little later, letting everything germinate better and grow without having to bother about giving them a lot of heat and thereby save on the fuel bills.

At least the worst of the weather will have gone by now and there will be plenty of signs of life showing in the garden from all those bulbs and shrubs as well as those green shoots appearing. Where you want to get seeds planted out, let the soil dry out and warm up first, especially on those heavy soils like mine, or you will only have to consolidate it again after digging over and all your hard work will have been undone.

You should have your vegetable seeds this month and may I wish you all a very productive year, thus cutting down the household bills. Even if the results are not up to the professionals, they taste a whole lot better and one can have a battle with the neighbours to see who grows the biggest and best.

The book is racy and witty and full of splendid prose. The author's deep and abiding love of the countryside shines through every page.

It is read by Stephen Jack in a pleasant and authentic West Country accent.

An' a roight foine job he do make of it, m'dears.

### Correction

We apologise to Mrs. Dale, widow of *John Dale*, for reporting that Mr. and Mrs. Dale lived in Clitheroe, Lancashire, in last month's In Memory. In fact, the Dales lived in Middlesbrough, Cleveland.

I notice in the seed catalogues that quite a number of new varieties of the old, tried and trusted flower and vegetables have come out, the majority being of the F1 hybrids. These are very good with excellent germination but the prices are terribly high so, unless you really want to experiment, I would stick to the old types which have given us such wonderful results for many years and will do so for years to come.

The price of all kinds of seed seems to go up every year, so I would try and save some of your own this year, whether vegetable or flower. Naturally, the results won't be as good, but you may get some unusual plants among the normal ones, which always gives one satisfaction. It certainly does with me and makes me think that I am doing something in the garden line.

### Fruit

I should imagine that, with the very severe weather we have had, most of you have not had the chance to finish the pruning, but remember that this month is your last chance.

As a protection against the invasion of insects, it is a good idea to spray the fruit with an insecticide or even a weak solution of sulphur to water and, if possible, with a bit of soot added. Naturally, this last is difficult to come by

with all the anti-pollution laws, but where coal fires are used a little may be available.

New plantings of bush fruits can be made but do not expect much, if anything, from them this year. Let them settle down and, in fact, cut down any pickings to make a better and stronger bush with good roots.

### Lawns

A start should be made to freshen up the grass and give it body by giving it a dose of manure, but it is a bit early to give the first cutting with the mower. If there are a few patches with extra long grass, this can be attended to with a pair of shears. Seeds can be sown where you are starting a new lawn.

Where you decide to mow the lawn, set the blades fairly high for the first few cuts and it might be a good idea not to use the grass box.

### Vegetables

Get all the beds ready for the sowing of seeds by breaking down the winter dug beds and using the hoe well to make a fine tilth.

Dig out all the greens and other vegetables which are past their worth and get the soil dug over ready for later plants or sowings. Do remember that cabbages and all members of the brassica family should not be planted in the same ground each year or you will get a good dose of Club Root. Plan a rotation so that it is three years before the vegetables go into the same piece of ground. Don't lime the patch of ground which is to be used for potatoes although a good dressing of manure will help to ensure a good crop.

Most seeds can be sown now, but do go by the weather, waiting for the earth to warm up and dry a little after heavy rainfall and don't sow when frost is forecast. Label all rows and it is often a good thing to sprinkle some mildew/mould deterrent in the lines before sowing as you should get better germination and less seedling loss in the early stages.

Harden off those vegetables which were started early under glass ready for planting out towards the end of the month.

Many items for early cropping under glass or even in frames (in the warmer parts of the country) such as french beans, peas, cucumbers and tomatoes can be sown, but remember that the last two items will need fairly warm conditions.

Cloches or plastic sheeting stretched over arches of stakes can be very handy to warm up the soil and protect the seeds. The plastic sheeting will also give protection against birds. However, don't keep these items in place too long or else you may have drawn seedlings which are readily damaged by the wind and an easy prey for the damping off diseases.

### Flowers

Clear up all the borders and see that the seed beds are ready for sowing the main collection of bedding plants, plus perennials. The latter can be sown now, but try and get a good warm position, sheltered from the wind.

It is quite a good idea to sow a few seeds of hardy annuals in those vacant spots amongst the shrubs and perennials so that you will not have any transplanting to do, only a little thinning out. Sow the tall growers at the back and the dwarfs towards the front. Some items which are showing signs of new growth and extending over a large area can be lifted out and broken into pieces, roots and all, and replanted.

Towards the end of the month, new plantings of shrubs and perennials can be made as well as those new roses that you have ordered. Keep them in a sheltered spot if it is frosty when they arrive and check that they are alright. If not satisfied, contact the grower at once. They are pretty good at giving replacements.

Fork over the beds and keep the hoe going to combat the weeds and give a balanced fertiliser such as Growmore, which suits all plants. Instructions are given on the packet or bag.

Pruning of the roses ought to be done at the end of the month. Be fairly ruthless, cutting back hard, except for the very quick growers which will only need the older top shoots cut back.

Remember to have the frame and stakes ready for the Sweet Peas and get them sown at once. I have found peat pots with seeds is the best way, with a start in



the frame and then set them out completely where they are to grow so that there is no root disturbance.

### Greenhouse

This will be a busy month under glass, getting everything ready for the summer show in the garden and putting the rest under cover. You will also be busy with all those items for display at the local shows, where most of you do pretty well.

Sow the annual seeds for early display under glass and in the house as well as any perennials which take a long time to germinate and may have to have the benefit of the greenhouse throughout the summer to give flowers at the end of the year. The heat must be kept at between 50° and 60° F. even after the seeds have germinated. Ventilate the greenhouse, especially on sunny days, in order to keep a fair amount of moist air about.

Take cuttings from perennials which were missed in the autumn, such as geraniums. Start up the roots of chrysanthemums and dahlias where you wish to

have fresh plants and take off the new shoots which are three or four inches long. Dip in a hormone rooting powder and insert round the sides of a pot with a good compost. Water in and cover with glass or polythene sheeting.

Put those bulbs outside in their pots when finished and plant in the garden later in the year. Re-pot those perennial plants in larger pots or take off some of the old compost and put in some new, water and put near the source of heat so that they will grow quickly. Pot on those cuttings that were taken in the autumn, but don't be in a hurry to use large pots. Start off in a small way. Insects will start to be on the rampage, so use a good spray or a smoke regularly as well as something to combat moulds and mildews. Don't forget to keep the greenhouse tightly closed when using these sprays and on re-entry next day, open all ventilators for some time before venturing to work in there.

Discard any plants that look sickly and start from scratch again.

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## JUST SAY WALK

by GERRY JONES

On a typical Cornish morning at 6.30 Ian Barnes said to me, Gerald Robert, at a more sociable hour, "Just say walk".

At 10.30 that morning we stopped at our favourite transport cafe. Once the tea had reached my brain I sparked into some sort of life and said the magic word, "Walk".

Barnes: Would you care to come on a walk with me, Gerald Robert?

Jones: Love to.

Barnes: A sponsored walk?

Jones: Fine.

Barnes: Thought we could go from St. Agnes to Plymouth.

Jones (slightly taken aback): Over a weekend you mean.

Barnes: No, I thought we could do it overnight.

At this point the tea went down the wrong way and a lot of back slapping was necessary to bring me back to life. I should point out at this stage that from the centre of Plymouth to St. Agnes is a distance of 60 miles.

Jones: When do you propose that we should do this? (Of course I thought the answer would be Easter or sometime in the summer.)

Barnes: December 1st. Spluttering yet again, Jones fell off his chair.

We worked feverishly hard during the next two weeks, gathering sponsors, finding good boots, medical gear, suitable food and drink, and finding a back-up team. To the pub for help. These "volunteers" were, and I think they are still, all regulars of the St. Agnes Hotel. A good friend of ours, a Fleet Chief at R.N.A.S. Culdrose, borrowed some foul weather gear for us, a life saver as it turned out.

After a week of beautiful weather Friday, 1st December, dawned windy and wet. The forecast was bad and, sure enough, by the evening torrential rain was being whipped along by a force 8 gale. Our journey to Plymouth was not the jolliest of rides to say the least and an apprehensive air of doom filled the car.

The only thing going for us at this time was that wind had shifted to the south-east and the rain had stopped.

We left the Magistrates Court in Plymouth at 1700 hrs. and got quickly into our four mile per hour rate. We marched through the streets of Plymouth and Devonport and then over the Tamar Bridge into Cornwall. A quick *oggy oggy* at this point and then into Saltash where we met our first back-up crew, Lynn and Eddie Shannon. There was the Mini with its orange light flashing and the big exclamation sign on the back. 1750 hrs. and ahead of schedule. Off we went, with 8½ miles to go to our first stop at Trufflefoot. The wind was coming from our left and there was still no rain. At 1945 hrs. we arrived at Trufflefoot, ahead of time and feeling pleased. We sat down to change our socks and have a quick cup of coffee and then it happened; the heavens opened up and the rain fell. This was the start of the deluge, for it poured down non-stop for the next nine hours! On with the foul weather gear.

### Arm in Arm

We left at 2010 hrs. and hoped to be in the Highwayman at Dobwalls some miles distant by 2230 hrs. We walked arm in arm, Ian keeping a tight hold of me. Conditions were foul; the rain was coming down in torrents, the wind was howling and the spray from passing cars made life generally uncomfortable. Eddie, in our escort van, tried to shield us from the spray, but with little success. We were really walking now in a stream, the water in the main being up to our ankles. A car crash immediately behind us did nothing for our nerves but the pub was getting nearer with every stride and every St. Dunstaner knows it takes a lot to keep us from our beer. Along the Liskeard by-pass and then up the long hill into Dobwalls; the time 2230 hrs. We ripped off the wet gear and downed a pint of lager and then another half.

Ian decided to change the majority of his clothes, but in good Army fashion I decided to live with my evil self a little longer and changed only my socks. I gave my feet a good towelling off, a rub with surgical spirit and finally a mighty dusting with the stuff that is meant for babies. It

was a little tricky changing in the men's toilet, especially as it was now on closing time and that particular room was fairly busy. But everyone took it in good fun and wished us luck. We finally managed to leave at 2310 hrs, ten minutes behind schedule, but having done an awful lot of good for our morale. Twenty miles gone, now for the rest!

We took the St. Austell road and walked this tortuous route for four miles. Everyone seemed to be driving far too fast for the conditions. It was too dangerous to have our escort van near us and so it went ahead. Many a time we dived onto the muddy grass verge and sunk up to our calves, but this was preferable to being bowled over by the passing traffic. We found this section very hard going and what with the weather, the traffic and the frequent stops to get off the road, we made slow progress and took an hour and twenty minutes to do the four miles. We arrived to find that our back-up crew had changed over. Fresh from St. Agnes had arrived Paul Sowden and Jeff Robinson, the latter a local hotel owner. Fresh coffee as well as soup and a quick dram helped us quickly on our way. The road was far too exposed to stop for long and so we were on our way again within ten minutes.

This next section where we turned off the St. Austell road was on tiny country lanes and so the escort went off to the next stopping point. Off we went again. There was very little traffic and so we went on arm in arm and in quite good spirits. We passed the halfway point on this section but we were a little too shattered to give too big a cheer, especially as a very long steep hill lay ahead.

### Wet Electrics

At the top of the hill we heard the sound of a car horn and followed it for about ten minutes to its source and as we arrived, so it stopped. The crew had trouble with wet electrics and had been out in the rain for an hour and a half trying to get at the horn. With no tools they had tried all ways to undo screws and nuts and finally used a nail file to undo the grill and cut the wires on the twin horns. We collapsed inside the van and car and were served a delightful mixture of cold



soup, coffee and whisky, not to be recommended, or even tried if you are on your last legs. Things were getting into a bit of a mess; wet kit everywhere, little light, our lamps seemed to make little impression through the rain. Never mind, off we went again. Time 0315 hrs.

We wandered down here feeling tired, sucking many glucose tablets and rendering many well-known songs. We were getting tired and thought we were walking faster than we were. In fact, we were down to three miles per hour. The lights of Bodmin were to the west and our lane took us on a course parallel to the Bodmin by-pass. We must reach the end of this lane soon we thought. The lads appeared and said there was half a mile to the bridge at the south end of the by-pass. Thank God! Under the bridge and out of the rain.

It was like a wind tunnel under the bridge, but it was dry and with both vehicles back to back we made ourselves quite comfortable. The bridge was well lit and the lads found a new source of coffee in an untapped flask and, of course, some more whisky plus some hot soup. Another change of socks and, apart from the stiffening up, things were looking quite good.

#### Goss Moor

Time 0445 hrs and we took off across the dreaded Goss Moor. This is relatively flat but we were walking right into the wind with no cover. We decided to have the van behind with the car sent to find a lay-by three miles ahead as we realised that this was all we could manage. There was a lot of heavy traffic about once more and so we again spent a lot of time on the verge. We were now eating nuts and glucose tablets all the time and the occasional Mars Bar. There was Jeff again. At this stop, we realised we had done 40 miles. Morale raised, we did another three miles and the time was 0600 hrs. The crew changed once again. Lovely hot coffee brought back by Eddie, a glutton for punishment, with Rick Robinson making his first appearance. They were surprised that we had come so far and at the end of the next hour we were through Indian Queens and Fraddon. The world was coming to life at last and we had another boost when a lady spotted us

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Gerry Jones and Ian Barnes at the end of their walk.

from her window and when, having found out from Rick what was going on, immediately went indoors, only to appear a minute later with a bag full of old socks and a pound for our cause. Marvellous! Time was 0700 hrs, Fraddon and 15 miles to go. Ian was having a bad time with his feet and was spending a lot of time at each stop trying to get them comfortable. I was feeling stiff below the knees and across the shoulders; otherwise everything was fine.

It was now beginning to hurt and I tried to convince Ian that it would not get better no matter how much we rested and so we must try and keep going. Easily said isn't it?

Off to Mitchell. We were not going to be beaten now and at last the dawn came. The rain had stopped an hour before but neither of us had noticed. However, we did notice the sudden dropping of the wind. This was much better. We shuffled into Mitchell. My final sock change and the application of surgical spirit and some padding on a blistered heel. A friend passed by, looked at us and immediately emptied his pockets into our collecting tin.

Zela was three miles away and this proved to be the worst section of all. Our feet were really dragging. Ian had moved into a sexy shuffle which would no doubt have won him this year's Carl Alan Award, but was not very effective for walking. But still we trudged on. We crawled into Zela and found a host of people there. Tired legs were massaged. Coffee, whisky, and bacon rolls. Gerald Simmons our local landlord had arrived and cheered us up with his usual nonsensical banter. Five miles more to go on the A30 and a further three to St. Agnes. We were not worried about the last three miles because we just knew that our friends would come out to cheer us in.

Blast, three miles to go to the roundabout and Ian stops. A really bad blister between his toes. I'm screaming at the helpers to burst it but they decide to pad it up. Ian gets up. "Open wide," I said, and put half a packet of glucose into his mouth and the other half into mine. "That's the last time we stop," I tell him, "We are now going the last six miles without stopping". Suddenly, the road was being filled with car horns. People we knew were driving past and waving. This was it. We knew we were going to get there. Now we had a few people walking alongside chatting away. Ian still grabbed my arm. He had guided me

all the way and no one was going to stop him from that task. We came off the A30 at the Chiverton roundabout and there were our wives and children plus a host of friends all waiting at the Chiverton Inn. A marvellous sight now, with three publicans all trying to buy us a drink, and by pre-arrangement, a double brandy was put into our outstretched hands. A quick swallow and we were off, the children walking along side of us. The last three miles just flew by and we entered the village boundary at 1230 hrs; into the village proper and straight into the Railway Inn. Jack Williams, an ex-Commander in the Navy opened up the champagne. Three quick glasses, then down the main street, lots of waving and clapping around the final bend and there, with a loud cheer of welcome, was our local pub. A truly tremendous reception and into the bar at 1247 hrs. The time was important as a draw was being run on our time of arrival.

Hard work, painful and yet very worthwhile as a total of £842.62 was raised by our generous sponsors in aid of Cancer Research. A big thank you to all our helpers and wives who made sure that we had no reason to fail.

One word of warning; if anyone should come up to you at 6.30 in the morning and say "Just say Walk . . . ★★★★★"

## 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.*

**Edward George Cork** of Salisbury, Wiltshire, who joined St. Dunstan's on 6th February. Mr. Cork, who is 68 years old, served as a Lance Bombardier in the Royal Artillery from September 1940, until his discharge in 1945. He was a postmaster until his retirement in 1973 and is a skilled campanologist. He is married with two adult daughters.

**Sidney Dodd** of Coventry, who joined St. Dunstan's on 24th January. Mr. Dodd served as a Corporal with the Worcester-

shire Regiment during the Second World War and was a prisoner-of-war in Singapore from 1942. He is married with two adult children.

**Clarence Gibbs** of Stubbington, near Fareham, who joined St. Dunstan's on 24th January. Mr. Gibbs, who is 82 years old, served as a Private with the Royal Garrison Artillery from his enlistment in September 1914, until his discharge in 1918, following injury and exposure to mustard gas. He is a married man.

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# Snow Queen, the Seven Dwarfs and One Smurf

by Ray Hazan

Once upon a time, some soldiers used to go ski-ing in the Bavarian Alps every year under the heading, "Exercise Snow Queen". The Snow Queen would cast her magic spell over her men at arms so that they fell headlong into the snow in all sorts of undignified poses. Not content with influencing serving soldiers, the Snow Queen decided to try her hand with some ex-Servicemen. Seven St. Dunstaners, true and bold, duly volunteered to confront the white clad deity.

Quite frankly, the omens were not good. In response to a circular sent out which began, "I hear you are interested in taking part in the St. Dunstan's ski-ing trip . . .", came a reply, "I am afraid I shall be unable to come ski-ing for I can hardly walk, let alone ski. I am 86." The letter had gone to the right name but the wrong person! Then H.Q. BAOR had to decide whether to sanction the trip which, added to the delays in the post due to the Christmas holidays, the rail and lorry drivers' disputes and arctic weather conditions, lead to some nail-biting anxieties. Our Chief Accountant thought the money would be better spent organising a trip to the South Downs!

## All Set

By Friday, 19th January, the day before departure, all the arrangements were set. Trains were running, roads were passable, the pound had not plummeted against the Deutschmark, we had found where our destination, Kranzegg, was on the map and I had remembered to buy some safety pins in case my trousers let me down at the last minute, as they had done in Italy. But the omens were not through with us yet. "Had I heard that London Airport was due to be shut down for 24 hours on the day we were due to fly?" After frantic phone calls on Saturday morning, we were told to report as normal.

But still the misgivings persisted, not relieved by the failure of the minibus' windscreen wipers to work. A St. Dunstaner might as well have been behind the wheel for all our driver could see through the rain-spattered glass. Worried announcements went out over the public address system at the airport to locate two of our party who had made their own way there. Many dozens of startled foreign visitors will remember Heathrow as the place where some strange young woman came up and accosted them with, "Are you Mr. Fulling?"

We were actually only fifteen minutes late in taking off. This simply meant a delay in the usual battle with British Airways packed lunches, only a degree better than British Rail packed sandwiches. On landing, we were told that the temperature in Munich was minus 12 and the plane had been landed by automatic pilot. Were my nerves never going to settle?

## Time to Kill

We now had two and a half hours to kill in the waiting room at Munich railway station. Surely nothing could go wrong here? Perhaps I should not have mentioned the word "kill". No sooner had we installed ourselves than a German sitting nearby promptly keeled over and passed out. Some locals dragged him unceremoniously to an empty bench and left him. Joan Wortley, who had been dying—there goes that awful word again—to use her very competent German, was delegated to inform the police. But, safely over this incident, 7 p.m. found us sitting at a hot meal in the Battalion ski hut and our luck changed. From there on, it was plain sailing.

Kranzegg, nestling in a valley about 100 miles south-west of Munich, is a small commune of 400 villagers and farmers.



Alan and Richard Wortley, with their Army instructors, are on top of the world.

There were 46 Army units in the area. The 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, (ex Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Regiments), had taken over the "alte schulhaus" for four months while parties of 30 soldiers at a time came for a two week course. Our party of 14 occupied the nearby Gasthof Mohren, an incongruous name for such an area, for Mohren means negro.

Why had we opted for Exercise Snow Queen? Through experience it was found that one guide for each skier was the ideal ratio. Who else but the Army could provide those numbers of instructors? The fact that it was the author's former regiment is coincidental, of course! The O.C. of the Anglian team was Lieutenant Andy Simpkin, who confided in us afterwards that they were all, very naturally, apprehensive about the week that lay ahead. After dinner on that first evening, we gave a few hints on how to guide a blind person; "don't overhelp, don't push a blind person in front of you . . ." and from

the back was added "especially to the bar". The ice was melting. The Wortley children, Richard, aged 11, Rachel, 8, and Sian, subsequently known as "smurf", 7, were issued with a tin of compo, chocolate and sweets as their reward for excellent behaviour during a long and tiring day. Finally, that evening we tied up with our instructors for the week. The thought of Shorty Long with Tiny Pointon promised so many complications that in the end Shorty went with Bill Shea and Chico with Tiny.

As each day progressed, the qualities of the N.C.O. instructors became apparent. All possessed instructional and ski-ing ability in abundance. They were quick to adapt to the experience. It was most reassuring to hear the banter going on between instructor and pupil, despite their age difference, drawn together by that certain spirit that exists amongst Servicemen. Off the slopes, under the fatherly eye of Sergeant Terry Smith, we were equally well looked after. The whole



team proved a great credit both to the Army and the Battalion.

Let Tiny Pointon take up the story. "The trip was energetic but wonderful and a great deal of fun. Suffice it to say that to get back into and absorb Service atmosphere was almost like going back 30 years. Each of us had an individual instructor young enough to be our son, and yet both speaking the same language, who were able to guide and advise us without any previous experience of would-be blind skiers. All this says a lot for the younger generation about which one hears so much undeserved criticism. It speaks loudly for the amazing qualities of their O.C. who, at the ripe old age of 23, seemed to be able to find an answer, and a complete one at that, to any problem which cropped up. In fact, one of the lads' catch phrases was "no problem" and that was just how they looked at teaching us beginners how to ski. When you have been able to perform what they have been teaching you, to be told, "It's great, it's magic", does wonders for one's confidence and morale.

"There were some occasions when the skis took control. Bill Shea's instructor shouted at him to "sit down", the ultimate emergency call. So, that night, the bar echoed to the strains of, "The hills are alive with the sound of 'sit down, Bill'."

*Bill Shea learning to 'snow-plough'.*



It was interesting to note local customs. Tiny continues, "We observed one child ski-ing still with a dummy in its mouth. Bavarian obstetricians must be quite remarkable as it appears infants are born with their skis on!

"You won't find the hamlet Kranzegg on most maps as it consists of about 35 houses and a brewery, which is about the right ratio, even if the produce of the latter should be treated with much more care than I did on the first evening there.

"I would not have believed it possible to be so refreshed by any holiday as I have been by this one. Now, of course, I wonder why I hadn't thought of it myself about thirty years ago. This could have been because I had the odd notion that the Tyrolean dress of short leather trousers and a hat with a feather in it was so that if one slipped on a mountain, the feather would keep one's feet in front, rather like a darts feather does, and the leather trousers were to protect one's posterior from too much damage from the bumps one hit, with the snow which is scooped up by the shorts possibly being the origin of yodelling. There is no use shouting help when one is in the mountains! However, we found on this trip that the Tyrolean dress is to enable the wearer to spend a very energetic evening dancing vigorously to a squash box. In



*Ray Hazan in action, with his instructor keeping close company.*

view of all the traffic aggro one hears about on the radio, I wonder why more people don't go to work on skis, being safer than cars and so much easier to park.

"Seriously though, I am sure that those of us who went on this trip enjoyed every minute of a completely new experience and very much hope it can be repeated in order that, despite our years, we will be able to improve on what we have learnt this year."

Not only was the party blessed with expert instruction, but the slopes proved ideal as well. Wide, open, and during the week, sparsely populated pistes, enabled us to ski confidently. Without any obstacles in our path, our guides were able to ski closely behind us, steering us down the slope and, in the silence, their shouted instructions could be clearly heard. Rettenberg, some three kms. away, contained the nursery and intermediate slopes. A café at the bottom which sold excellent gluwain completed all that a skier could desire. Two hundred metres from the Gasthof was the Grüten, commonly known as the "grunt", for the more advanced skiers. From the very top this provided a six and a half kilometre run,

which was more than enough. Unfortunately, the snow conditions could not be called perfect. Warm weather during the day and frost at night, turned the surface to ice, which was then converted to slush when it rained. We thought our ski-ing had come to an end by the middle of the week when grass and mud made their appearance. But since luck was on our side, a morning's ice-skating was followed by an afternoon and evening of heavy snow and so the next day it was all systems go again. One instructor was stopped on the slope and asked by another Englishman, "What qualifications do you need to teach the blind to ski?" Quick as a flash came the reply, "You've got to be able to see."

On the Friday evening, the party dined out our wonderful bunch of instructors. A suitably engraved St. Dunstan's shield was presented to Andy and then it was the turn of the women in the party, Jennie Hazan, Joan Wortley and Pat Black, to entertain our guests on the dance floor to the strains of the local "oompah" band. Games of "just a minute" and "fizz-buzz" were short-lived as the local brew and helpless mirth took over.





A kiss from Rachel Wortley for Andy Simpkin as she presents the St. Dunstan's shield.

Our final day, Saturday, 27th January, was spent in last dashes up and down the slopes, bargain hunting and watching some children folk dancing at a 50th wedding anniversary. It completed a varied and entertaining week.

Our good luck lasted almost until the end. How comfortable and plush our train compartment seemed. No wonder; it was first class! Although there were no more stops before Munich, the ticket collector made us move with all our baggage, proving that, whatever the language, officialdom is the same the world over.

We had all learned a good few lessons. This certainly was the ideal way to organise a St. Dunstan's ski-ing party. Jack Fulling, Tiny Pointon and Bill Shea were all novices, but ended the week as very competent skiers. Norman Perry, Ted Bunting, Alan Wortley and Ray Hazan all made great strides. Paul James was invaluable as a guide, photographer and baggage handler. Pat Black, Jennie Hazan, Joan Wortley and her three

children, besides heightening the aesthetic rating of the party, added the fine touch that only ladies can. It certainly made life more attractive for the instructors too! The ski-ing party are grateful to so many people for making the trip possible; to Lieutenant Colonel Pollard, Commanding Officer, 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment; to Lieutenant Andy Simpkin; to Sergeant Terry Smith and Corporals Glyn, Shorty, Kev, Gypo, Vince, Chico and last, but not least, to St. Dunstan's.

Norman Perry sums up the trip. "My thanks go to the Army instructors for the patience and hard work which they put into making our stay so enjoyable. My personal guide never left me except to help someone else in trouble, which is more than I can say for myself, for on more than one occasion I left him. Or rather I was out of control or was attempting to ski down slopes unintended for the purpose.

"If I have one memory of the trip which I shall retain, it will be of the occasion when I stood alone at the top of a ski-run, early in the morning. The sun was shining and from below came the peal of church bells from the valley. Vince had gone to the aid of someone in trouble. For five minutes I was at peace with the world."

#### Home Town to Remember William Griffiths, M.B.E.

The Royal British Legion Housing Association Ltd., are erecting a block of flats in Blackburn, Lancashire, which are to be named, 'William Griffiths Court', after our handless St. Dunstaner, Bill Griffiths. Bill was born in Blackburn and lived there until 1975, when he moved to his present home in Blackpool.

#### Wanted, old postage stamps

The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, whilst still collecting silver paper, are more than interested in receiving used postage stamps. These are more valuable than silver paper.

Please send any such donations either to their headquarters at 9-11 Park Street, Windsor, Berkshire, or to your nearest Guide Dogs for the Blind Association branch.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

#### From: Doris Kemmish, sister of the late Vera Kemmish, of Leyton, London

Dear friends, I know I may call you this, as through Vera, you are my friends too. As Vera's sister and escort over many years at the bridge and social functions, I have always been welcomed for which I personally thank all concerned.

I feel I must write to express my deepest gratitude for everything that was done for Vera, not as a duty but with affection; to all her friends for their loving friendship; to the V.A.D.s who helped so much; to all the Matrons during Vera's years in St. Dunstan's; and not least to the doctors and nurses who helped Vera during her last days.

My family and I thank the lady St. Dunstaners and the Matron and staff for the beautiful flowers which now adorn the local church not far from our home.

Please accept my renewed grateful thanks for everything that was done for Vera and I hope I shall still receive news of all the friends we made.

#### From: Les and Doreen Thompson, Gateshead, Tyne and Wear

It was a very sad and terrible shock for us to hear of the death of our dear friend, Wally Rayner. We just cannot believe it. We shall certainly miss him more than words can tell, not only for his exceedingly quick aptitude for figures and his air of authority, but also for his sense of humour and his quiet way of relating experiences as only a true story-teller can. Over the last thirty years, he had endeared himself not only to our family, even down to the grandchildren, but to all our friends. His sudden death has shocked us all.

#### From: Frank O'Kelly, Polegate, Sussex

Tommy Ap Rhys was a member of the 'Special Brigade', the Royal Engineers, and he was in the first gas attack at the

Battle of Loos, as well as gas attacks in many other battles.

From the first day of the Somme, Tommy was engaged in number one Trench Mortar Company and he continued to use several kinds of gas as well as thermite shells. I know, because I was in number two company.

#### From: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wheeler, Merton Park, London

Regarding the celebration of our Diamond Wedding on December 7th, 1978, my wife and I wish to convey our most sincere thanks to our Chairman, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, to the staff of St. Dunstan's, to all those wonderful friends including the committee of the Lee-on-Solent campers, to that stalwart trainer of the field gun fame, Fleet-Chief Petty Officer, Alan Price, his charming wife, Sheila, and their lovely daughter, Karen, and not forgetting 'Grumpy'. St. Dunstaners, you did us proud. Thank you all.

We would like to include the Mayor and Mayoress of the London Borough of Merton for the beautiful spray of flowers. It was a lovely gesture on their part.

#### From: Fred Barratt, Dyfed, West Wales

The other day I was listening to the radio. The programme was Down Your Way with Brian Johnston and he interviewed a person who gave her interpretation of how or why *The Pig and Whistle*, a common name for old English inns, came about.

We have heard of ale being kept in a *Hogshead*, which is a large barrel. Well, apparently, a much smaller barrel for holding the ale was called a *Pigun*. Years ago, the *Pigun*, which had a handle, was used to fill or top up glasses of ale in an inn. To prevent the occasional sly swig by the servant, who carried the *Pigun*, the inn-keeper would ask him to *Whistle*. So the *Pigun whistle* was heard in many an inn. Quite a good origin, don't you think?





#### DANGER UXB

On March 26th, the twelfth episode of *Danger UXB* will be broadcast on the Independent television network. Our *St. Dunstan*, Ken Revis, who acted as technical adviser, is seen in this Thames Television photograph talking to the star of the series, Anthony Andrews, on location at Cromer Pier.

## THE SOUTH-WEST FACE OF CRAIGOWL

by SYDNEY SCROGGIE

Nowadays, it is popular to suppose that mountaineering consists in hurling yourself with a kind of monomaniac frenzy at such giants as Everest, Kangchenjunga and K.2. It is presented as a series of technical difficulties, complicated by weather and altitude, to be surmounted by organisation, experience and determination.

What was at one time a sport, has come to be seen as a life and death struggle. What was once as much as anything else a matter of aesthetics, philosophy, metaphysics and religion, is looked upon as a kind of war in which some natural bastion, the Eiger or the Mushtag Tower,

for example, is besieged by mankind with a view to its unconditional surrender.

This is a far cry from the good old days when Wordsworth and his pals strolled insouciantly over the Lakelands Fells, their minds taken up with rarified considerations; the sounding cataract, as the poet himself put it, haunting them like a passion. For, in that era, a walk in springy upland turf or a scramble on a bit of rock, was balanced with some appreciation of natural beauty, an eye for a bird, a flower or an insect, and reflections which arose out of these things, regarding man and his place in the general scheme of things.

The rot set in with Whympers and his

#### Craigowl—(continued)

obsession with the Matterhorn, intensified on Everest with the luckless Mallory and Irving and in the dangling corpses of the Eiger. This, and the toll of casualties of twenty other peaks, is seen in our time to have reduced the healthy mountaineering of old to the psychopathological frenzy of today. The hills are no longer a Garden of Eden but have become a kind of Armageddon. It is not that a touch of danger may not legitimately be permitted to spice the balanced charms of mountaineering as these can still be enjoyed in our day. There is no experience in this world that cannot be enhanced by a delicate suggestion of the precarious. Wordsworth could have learned from Dougal Haston in this respect, keeping within bounds at the same time an element of danger in mountaineering which by Haston and his peers was inflated to a position of co-extensiveness with the sport itself.

You do not have to court this danger abroad where it dominates the Alps and Caucasus, the Pamirs and the Andes. It is also inherent here at home, for if Scawfell and Snowdon are canny enough hills in the summer, or Macdhuil and Nevis, they are potentially lethal when winter moves in from the north.

#### Local Hill

My local hill is called Craigowl, a mere 1,492 feet eminence in the Sidlaws and nothing could be more pleasant on a sunny July day than to climb its shinstone screes and pull yourself up on its heather to the 'G' station, which nowadays stands on its summit. A kestrel hovers above, a fox slinks away, primrose and meadow campion flower in the tundra, a cuckoo calls below, and between cosmos and man that equilibrium is struck which it is the peculiar gift of the hills to provide. Here is mountaineering as Wordsworth understood it and which for ever after it has been the business of the Whympers and Hastons to destroy and to be glorified in so doing by the corrupted attitudes of our day.

That same Craigowl presented a very different aspect in December last year. It had a foot of snow on it, storm clouds rolled in from the north and, as we sat

some distance below the summit, my pal and myself, eating our piece, we heard a sound from above, the like of which we had never heard before in this place. Partly a boom, partly a shriek, it was the noise of a full gale in the masts and pylons on top; a gale blowing at perhaps 60 m.p.h. and at 10 to 15 degrees of frost. Here was something more like Chomolungma than Craigowl, more like Dougal Haston than Wordsworth. It was only by dint of crawling on our hands and knees, working our way along a fence, then crawling on all fours again, that we got over the top and down into comparative shelter on the other side.

Fear is to be expected on Kamet and Nanga Parbat; it is part of the scenery. But the pang of fear that I felt that day on Craigowl, the fear that we had taken on too much, showed me that such is not the monopoly of the world's high places, of those maniacs who seek danger there for its own sake.

#### Ordinary Mountaineers

As proper motoring is not a Formula matter, nor athletics, rightly understood, anything to do with the Olympic Games, so mountaineering in its broadest and deepest sense is in the hands of quite ordinary people, and these include, I am perfectly certain, such *St. Dunstaners* as casually scramble their way up Cader Idris or lounge around in the heather of Craigowl.

#### METRO NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Third Annual Metro National Athletics Championships for the Visually Handicapped will be held at the East London Stadium, Bow, E.3, on Saturday, 7th July, 1979.

For those members of *St. Dunstan's* who have not taken part in these sports competitions previously and who have not received an entry form, these can be obtained from the Competition Secretary, Alan Whetherly, 38 Beverly Road, New Malden, Surrey KT3 4AW, and must be completed and returned by 30th April.



Each competitor can enter up to four events, of which three may be track events or three field events, but not four in the same category. The events include:

*Totally Blind—Track Events*

60 metres  
100 metres  
3 km. walk (men only)

*Totally Blind—Field Events*

High Jump  
Long Jump  
Shot  
Discus  
Javelin

*Partially Sighted—Track Events*

60 metres (women only)  
100 metres  
200 metres  
400 metres  
1500 metres (men only)  
3 km. walk (men only)

*Partially Sighted—Field Events*

High Jump  
Long Jump  
Triple Jump (men only)  
Shot  
Discus  
Javelin

There were some 80 competitors taking part in last year's competitions and despite the appalling weather conditions, the day's events proved highly successful

with Mike Tetley winning the Walking Race in the Totally Blind section. These sports competitions have become the principal date in the calendar of sport for the physically handicapped and, bearing in mind that St. Dunstaners have been the pioneers of sport for the disabled, the organisers are hopeful that we will give them our support once again.

### BUSY BAKERS

We have heard from Paul Baker of Sidmouth, with news of his family's activities. John is Captain of Boats at Magdalen College, as well as helping with the training of Somerville College boat team and has been asked to cox the Oxford light-weight boat again. As well as being involved in research, he is making plans for a visit to the Solomons to investigate, mainly, canoes, with official backing.

Janet Baker went on a voyage on a sail training schooner in the Channel in November last year. She missed most of the gales, but caught the really cold weather and at one point, the schooner was becalmed.

Cynthia Baker is progressing in the art of hand bell ringing and, along with her team, has given three public performances. The Bakers seem to be a very busy family!

## DOLLS HOUSE



*Ted and Iris Miller's latest doll's house has a thatched roof made of coarse string, panelled rooms, oak-beamed ceilings and inglenook fireplaces. Ted designs and builds these superb model houses at their home in Leamington Spa.*

### ARTHUR LOVERIDGE

It was in the early days of my arrival at St. Dunstan's that I met Arthur, or Taffy as he was generally called. After our training, we and others stayed at the same Home opened by V.A.D.s from the Bungalow. Eventually, Arthur left us to get married and settled in North Harrow.

It was, however, music that brought us together at first. Playing the banjolele, Arthur joined the St. Dunstan's Band in the early days of its formation. He soon realised that the saxophone was becoming the vital instrument in a dance band and so he went ahead to master it successfully.

He had a regular job as a telephone operator, but played with the band in the evenings until the outbreak of the last war, when its activities ceased.

On his retirement from the Gas Light and Coke Company, he left North Harrow and settled in Ashford, Kent, where he lived until his death on February 3rd.

My deepest sympathy goes out to Yvonne, his widow, and to his children and their families.

P. N.

### CASSETTE LIBRARY

Anyone interested in obtaining copies of the following titles should send a cassette to the Public Relations Department at Headquarters, stating clearly the reference number and title.

**SD1 C60** Speech by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent during her visit to Ian Fraser House on 3rd March, 1978.

**SD2 C90** Lord Fraser's Memorial Service at Westminster Abbey. Also Lady Fraser's Memorial Service.

**G1 C90** Do-it-yourself Hints by Peter Jones.

**G2 C60** Ultra sounds in bats and whales by Ron Smith.

**G3 C90** Trip to the Outer Hebrides by Ron Smith.

**G4 C90** Richard Dufton interviewed on research. Also Telesensory Systems Incorporated's Talking Optacon. (Not yet available).

**G5 C90** Extracts from the T.V. series, Gardener's World, with a blind gardener.

## Derby Sweepstake 1978

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

**Tickets are 20p** each and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, 23rd May.** Each application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required and, **with a stamped addressed envelope,** must be sent to: The Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, NW1 5QN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The Draw will take place in the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 31st May, the race being on 6th June.*

### Puzzle Corner

Fred Barratt of Dyfed, West Wales, has sent us in another puzzle to get our brains ticking over. 'There are three words in the English dictionary that end with the letters *SHION*. Two of them are *fashion* and *cushion*, but I cannot find the other, if it exists. Any suggestions?'





## HERE COMES THE SUN

This photograph by Mrs. Garnett-Orme, taken during last year's camp at H.M.S. Daedalus is a reminder to would-be campers this year, (August 10th-18th), to contact Elspeth Grant, High Acre, Catmere End, Saffron Walden, Essex, or telephone 01-262 2723 after 6.30 p.m. It is also a reminder that, despite this hard winter, the sun can still shine.

## OVINGDEAN NOTES

With winter (hopefully) behind us and the promise of spring with Easter not too far away, we shall soon be out of the doldrums and preparing for 'special weekends', reunions and various holiday activities. Prior to our Easter Dance and Bonnet Parade, we are looking forward to a visit from Ron Smith on the afternoon of Good Friday, when he will be giving us a talk on his visit to the Shetlands. He has some very interesting recordings of local characters and of the many sea birds which live on the fascinating island. We shall be hearing more about Ron and his travels in the April *Review*.

Our drives have been on and off, owing

to the unpredictable weather, but we realise we have escaped lightly when we listen to some of the experiences of our northern cousins.

The entertainment has been varied. The performance of the massed brass bands of the Scottish regiments at the Dome was a night to be remembered and stirred many an old soldier's heart. Our own programmes in the house have been mostly on a do-it-yourself basis, with some surprising results. Bill Steward and his folk singers continue to sing us their lusty old ballads as well as the not so old ones. Ray Benson and Tom Eales, as usual, gave us two highly polished musical evenings

## OVINGDEAN NOTES

(continued)

with V.A.D.'s, Beatty Wright, Russ Howarth and Peter Lacey's original renderings of musical instruments. Les Harriss was a very welcome entertainer with his amusing stories and varied choice of records.

It is with much sadness that we record the loss of our old and much loved entertainer, Cyril Haslett. Many a happy evening was spent with Cyril and Dolly at the piano.

## CLUB NEWS

### MIDLAND

Due to all bus services being withdrawn in the West Midlands and members who had cars being short of petrol, as well as the weather, it was decided to cancel our January meeting.

However, the gods were on our side this month and they allowed a break in this very severe weather so that we could hold our February club meeting without too much inconvenience. Although a very cold easterly wind was blowing, we had quite a good meeting on Sunday, 11th. The attendance was low but, nevertheless, it was a good meeting.

We immediately started our domino competitions and a number of games were played off. Our Chairman, Joe Kibbler, was on form again. I now think that Joe considers himself to be the Midland Club's Trevor Francis of the domino world.

After a very lovely tea which had been prepared for us by the ladies, we spent a short time discussing this year's activities. As it was the first meeting since our Christmas Dinner, we had a few things to say about that event as well; all very good, I can assure you. Joe thought that everything on that particular evening had gone off very well and everyone agreed.

Joan read out letters which had been received from Mr. Wills, O.B.E., Miss Mosley and Miss Newbold, all thanking the club for a lovely and enjoyable evening.

We extend sincere congratulations to Ron and Mabel Ashmore, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on club day. They

The weather experts are promising us a long and hot summer so we can look forward to glorious Goodwood once again and maybe to a few changes in the way of activities. More and more people are showing an interest in bridge and so with the coming Bridge Congress in early May, we extend a warm welcome to the experts and new comers alike. This also applies to chess, which although a long way off yet, allows you plenty of time to practise and helps fill many a long evening.

were not present as Bob was on his way to London to start the Use of Tools Course.

It is our hope this year to take photographs of different events within the club, either at meetings or on outings and try to make up an album with the hope of getting some reproduced in the *Review*.

It is still a great pity that more St. Dunstaners do not come along to the club and try to keep the family atmosphere of St. Dunstan's in the Midlands alive. Our club premises are only in Broad Street, not too far off the motorway and with good parking facilities on a Sunday. It would be a great pity if within a very short number of years, the Birmingham Club should go completely under. We are all getting older and retiring from work. So, why not get together once a month and come along and join us? We will give you a very warm welcome.

DOUG CASHMORE,  
Secretary.

### LONDON

#### Bridge Notes

On Saturday, 3rd February, we managed to get under way with the 1979 Gover Cup (Individual) Bridge Competition. The results were as follows:—

B. Allen	and J. Carney	72 pts.
B. Evans	and F. Dickerson	67 pts.
B. Miller	and J. Huk	67 pts.
P. Nuyens	and R. Armstrong	62 pts.
J. Majchrowicz	and Scorer	44 pts.



## BRIGHTON

### Bowling Notes

Congratulations to all bowlers who competed in the New Year Handicap. It was a cracker and you all put up a great performance.

Hats off to Jim Padley who won the singles and Bill Claydon and Len Scales on winning the doubles. Well played, lads.

We have a very interesting fixture at Worthing on Wednesday, March 7th. It should be a grand match.

A. ROBINSON,  
Chairman and Captain.

### Bridge Notes

Our final Team of Eight match in the West Sussex Inter-Club League was played against Worthing Bridge Club on Sunday, 7th January. Although we were in the lead at half-time, our opponents managed to pull back and win by a narrow margin.

## FAMILY NEWS

### Marriages

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cunningham of Swanscombe, are pleased to announce the marriage of their son, David, to Debbie Davidson on 5th October, 1978.

Mrs. Evelyn Shirlaw of Charing, Kent, widow of John Shirlaw, is pleased to announce the marriage of her son, Paul, to Miss Lynette Toft on 22nd January.

### Grandchildren

#### Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Walter Cook of Swindon, on the birth of their granddaughter, Louise Suzanne Juliet, to their son, John, and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner of Sutton Coldfield, on the birth of a granddaughter, Kate Elizabeth, to their daughter, Patsy, and her husband, on 16th December, 1978.

Mr. and Mrs. John Inness of Dewsbury, on the birth of their first grandchild, Matthew John, to their son, Raymond, and his wife, Janet, on 26th January.

On Sunday, 14th January, we held our first Pairs Competition. The winners were:—

#### North-South

1st H. Preedy and Mrs. Barker 59.0%

2nd R. Fullard and Mr. Goodlad 55.5%

#### East-West

1st B. Simon and Miss Sturdy 59.5%

2nd { W. Phillips and Dr. Goodlad 56.0%

{ A. Dodgson and Mrs. Dodgson

On Saturday, 20th January, we held our first Individual Competition. The results were:—

R. Fullard and W. Phillips 69 pts.

P. McCormack and Partner 64 pts.

H. Preedy and J. Padley 63 pts.

B. Simon and W. Lethbridge 61 pts.

M. Clements and C. Walters 58 pts.

W. LETHBRIDGE

### Great grandchildren Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell of Birkenhead, on the birth of their first great grandchild, Hannah Ruth, on 5th August, 1978.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Letch of Hatfield Peverel, on the birth of their first great grandchild, Matthew John, to their granddaughter, Carol, and her husband, on 27th December, 1978.

### Wedding Anniversary

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner of Sutton Coldfield, who celebrated their thirty-fourth wedding anniversary on 16th December, 1978. They spent the evening at the St. Dunstan's Midland Club Christmas Dinner Party.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Stan Moseley of Blackpool, who celebrated their forty-seventh wedding anniversary on 22nd February.

## FAMILY NEWS—(continued)

### Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. George Hudson of Bingley, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 28th January.

### Personal Achievements

#### We warmly congratulate:

John, son of Paul Baker of Sidmouth, Devon, on obtaining a B.A. degree in Chemistry.

### Deaths

#### We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mr. George Brooks of Saltdean, on the death of his mother on 10th January.

Mrs. Elsie Cole, wife of George Cole of Shoreham-by-Sea, on the death of her mother on 28th January.

Mr. William Gilbert of Poole, on the death of his younger brother on 14th January.

Mrs. Amy Harris, wife of Joseph Harris of Tavistock, on the death of her brother.

Mr. Arthur Lewis of Rotherham, on the death of his mother on 17th December, 1978.

Mrs. McGoohan, wife of Daniel McGoohan of Tolworth, on the death of her mother just before Christmas last year.

Mrs. Alice Poole, wife of George Poole of Peacehaven, on the death of her mother on January 7th.

## 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, family and friends.

### James Coupland Royal Army Medical Corps

James Coupland of Ashton, Preston, died on 12th January, aged 84. Mr. Coupland was a widower, his wife having died in March, 1976.

Mr. Coupland enlisted in September 1914 and served as a Lance Corporal in the King's Own

Regiment Lancashire and the Royal Army Medical Corps. He was wounded on the Somme in August 1916, and joined St. Dunstan's in October 1929, undertaking training in boot repairing, mat making, Braille and typing.

It was as a boot repairer that Mr. Coupland chose to follow a career and he combined this with the sale of leather and sundry goods from his shop premises, as well as doing a little mat-making. He was an excellent craftsman and was gradually able to expand his business, although this meant working very long hours, especially during the period of the Second World War.

In 1951, Mr. Coupland gave up his shoe repairing and converted his business premises into a snack bar, which he ran very successfully for about two years until retirement became necessary because of his wife's poor health. After settling into a new home, Mr. Coupland took up mat-making, working for our Stores Department, and when these goods were no longer required, he took up making dog leads as a hobby occupation. He regularly attended the annual reunions and the Lee-on-Solent camp.

It was only during the last year that his health began to fail and he was looked after devotedly at home by his son and daughter-in-law, John and Peggy Coupland.

He leaves three sons.

### Captain Ernest Leonard Peter Holliss

#### Royal Artillery

Peter Holliss, of Emsworth, Hants., died at home on the 14th January, aged 86.

He was in the Territorial Army and embodied in 1914; he served throughout the First World War and was recalled in 1940 to serve all through the Second World War. In peacetime he was a successful business man in the textile and fashion trade.

He was a widower and lived quietly in retirement next door to his married daughter. Recently, his health had deteriorated but he was cared for devotedly by his family and died very peacefully in his own home.

He leaves a married son and daughter and four grandchildren.

### William Howarth Royal Army Service Corps

William Howarth of Liphook, Hampshire, affectionately known as 'Billy' by many of his fellow St. Dunstaners and members of staff, died at home on 26th January. He was 82 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for over 60 years.

Mr. Howarth enlisted as a driver in the Royal Army Service Corps in November 1915, and was discharged in 1918, having contracted a serious illness whilst on active service which seriously affected his eyesight. In civilian life he had been a market gardener and soon after joining St. Dunstan's he took over a smallholding, where he successfully cultivated garden produce and raised poultry. In 1951, Mr. Howarth took



## In Memory *continued*

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employment in industry for a short while, but the outdoor life was more appealing and he returned to poultry-keeping and tending his garden and greenhouse. He also undertook some mat-making for our Stores Department until 1969, when his health began to deteriorate. Nevertheless, until comparatively recently, he was making string bags for our Stores Department.

Throughout a long illness, Mr. Howarth was devotedly cared for by his wife, Catherine. They had celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary in February, 1978. Mr. Howarth was a frequent visitor to our Brighton homes and will be long remembered by many of his fellow St. Dunstaners, our Matrons and members of the staff who knew him well and admired his indomitable spirit.

He leaves a widow, Catherine.

### **Vera Kemmish Auxiliary Territorial Service**

Vera Kemmish of Leyton, London, died suddenly but peacefully on 30th January, at Ian Fraser House, following a serious illness. She would have been 58 years old in March, and had been a St. Dunstaner for 25 years.

Miss Kemmish served as a clerical officer in the Auxiliary Territorial Service with the rank of Private from her enlistment in 1941, until her discharge in 1945, when her eyesight was already failing. On joining St. Dunstan's, Miss Kemmish undertook a period of training in telephony, rugmaking, Braille shorthand and typewriting, all of which she mastered admirably. In civilian life she had been a tailoress/machinist.

From 1955 to 1960, Miss Kemmish was employed as a telephonist with a firm in Forest Gate, London, and was a highly competent and valued operator. However, her mother, who lived with her, was seriously ill and Vera retired in order to devote more time to her care. After Mrs. Kemmish died in 1964, Vera spent many happy holidays at our Homes in Brighton, where she enjoyed playing bridge with her fellow St. Dunstaners. In her leisure hours, she was also a keen swimmer and music lover and derived much pleasure from reading Braille and listening to talking books. Accompanied by her sister, Doris, who lived with her, Vera attended our reunions regularly and she will be particularly missed by all our lady St. Dunstaners, with whom she attended a Ladies Reunion Weekend in Chester last October. Her indomitable spirit and good humour will long be remembered by all members of the staff in Brighton and at Headquarters who knew her well.

She leaves a sister, Doris, and brother, Hubert.

### **Captain Colin Charles Kennedy Dyett** *Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers*

Colin Dyett of Winchester, Hants., died in hospital on the 28th January, aged 77 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Artillery in 1921, transferred to the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and was commissioned early in the Second World War. He was transferred to R.E.M.E. on its formation and served throughout the War, mainly in India and Burma, completing 25 years service in all.

He lived quietly in retirement, his sight ultimately deteriorated and he became a St. Dunstaner in 1975. He had learnt Braille by then and was very keen on reading. He was extremely proud of his connection with St. Dunstan's.

His wife had recently been in hospital, but had recovered and returned home, when he became very ill. Mrs. Dyett looked after him devotedly at home with the help of very good friends, until it was essential for him to be admitted to hospital.

He leaves a widow, Alice, and many local friends.

### **Arthur George Loveridge 19th Welsh Regiment**

Arthur George Loveridge of Warehorne, Kent, died at home on 3rd February, aged 81. He had been in poor health for some time and had been nursed devotedly by his wife.

Mr. Loveridge enlisted as a Private in the 19th Welsh Regiment in March 1915, and was discharged four years later following injuries received whilst on active service in France. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1919, and undertook a period of training in telephony, Braille and typewriting, as well as the making of rugs and string bags. He was a highly valued and extremely competent telephonist, employed by the Gas Light and Coke Company, (subsequently the North Thames Gas Board), from 1936 until his retirement in 1958. Prior to this he had played in St. Dunstan's band when they had many professional engagements.

In retirement, Mr. Loveridge enjoyed listening to the radio and his talking books and, until comparatively recently, continued to type his own correspondence. Over the years, he spent many happy holidays at our Homes in Brighton and will be long remembered with affection by our Matrons and members or staff. Mr. and Mrs. Loveridge celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1975.

He leaves a widow, Yvonne, three sons and a daughter.