

**St Dunstons Review**  
**February 1980**

# St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

No. 715

FEBRUARY 1980

10p MONTHLY

## Message from the Chairman

### Retirement of Lawrence Fawcett, M.B.E.

When this issue of the *Review* is published, Mr. Fawcett will just have retired from his appointment as Commandant of our Brighton Homes. A page or two further on you will find an illustrated article on his work and some of his achievements during his very busy life at St. Dunstan's.

I should like to comment particularly on two aspects of his service. First is the overall responsibility he has carried for the running of the Homes: Pearson House, Ian Fraser House and in earlier years Northgate House (for St. Dunstaners' children and, temporarily, for men requiring nursing care) and Port Hall (for women St. Dunstaners). The day-to-day work is always considerable and the problems were even greater when Pearson House and Ian Fraser House were modernised in turn and accommodation in them and at Northgate House had to be used in different ways, so that St. Dunstaners' needs could be met as far as possible. It was Commandant who saw the job through successfully, dealing on the spot with every problem as it arose, from training to teaspoons! Many emergencies did arise to upset his meticulous planning, such as when water from newly installed pipes spurted out from freshly decorated walls, but he never allowed his natural frustration to overcome his enormous sense of humour. Nevertheless, those six or seven years of rebuilding, whilst our services to St. Dunstaners were kept running, put a heavy strain on his health.

The second point is Lawrie Fawcett's personal interest in helping individuals. Which of us when at Brighton—St. Dunstan or member of staff or visitor (and I include myself)—has not said "Oh, I'll ask Comm" and found he got the practical assistance, or information, or perhaps the joking reply needed to help him on his way.

The term 'working hours' has never had any meaning for Commandant and for 33 years, always on call, he has been a tower of strength to us all. Now I write on behalf of the Members of the Council, all St. Dunstaners and personally for my wife and myself to say how enormously grateful we are for his outstanding services to St. Dunstan's and to wish him and Mrs. Fawcett a very happy retirement.

### Greetings

Your many cheerful Christmas cards and kind letters full of interesting news, fill our house. Thank you so much.

The Christmas season joins us all together and you have been very much in our thoughts.

My wife and I send you our best wishes for 1980.

**ION GARNETT-ORME**

COVER PICTURE: *The summit of Mount Everest*—Photo Alfred Gregory.

### STAFF APPOINTMENTS

On 1st January, Mr. W. C. Weisblatt assumed the post of Secretary to the Executive Council of St. Dunstan's and Head of Staff. On the same day Mr. E. V. Stevens was appointed Finance Secretary.

### NEW GOVERNMENT HELP FOR WAR PENSIONERS

New legislative powers to further help war pensioners and their dependants were outlined by Mr. Reg. Prentice, Minister for the Disabled, recently.

Mr. Prentice said that the new Social Security Bill would make it easier for war pensioners to have their disability reassessed for pension purposes. "This would particularly help those whose disability had worsened" said the Minister.

"In addition, the Bill will enable a claim for war pension to be continued if the claimant dies before the administrative procedure has been completed. The subsequent award would then be paid to his widow, estate or personal representative."

Mr. Prentice also said that the Government would make sure that the value of war pensions was maintained and that the preference shown to war pensioners by the Health Service would continue.

"We all take our freedom for granted. We forget too easily the enormous sacrifices made in two World Wars. The fact is that we are enjoying freedom because of the price paid by those who were wounded, and by the widows and families of those who died. We can never repay the debt we owe them. But we must do all that is humanly possible. That is why I regard my responsibilities for War Pensioners as the most important part of the work I do in the Government"

### WHAT'S REALLY ON IN 1980

Due to problems with tides, the fishing weeks listed in the St. Dunstan's Calendar have had to be changed. This has entailed re-arranging some other events so we have re-issued the pull-out calendar. Please keep it for reference—the correct version is printed on buff paper.

### CAMP AT H.M.S. DAEDALUS

The Royal Navy, and in particular the Fleet Air Arm, have once again offered to be our hosts at camp at H.M.S. Daedalus. This year the camp is slightly earlier than usual and will be from Friday, 8th August, until the morning of Saturday, 16th August.

Would all those wishing to be considered for a place at camp, please contact Elspeth Grant, High Acre, Catmere End, Saffron Walden, Essex, CB11 4XO (telephone 0799 22874). As this year H.M.S. Daedalus will be without a P.R.O., they will appreciate knowing who is coming to camp as soon as possible. So, to avoid disappointment by application forms arriving too late, will you all apply as soon as possible and *not later than Saturday 3rd May*.

### MR. ERNEST GEORGE

We are sorry to have to report the death of Mr. Ernest George on 17th December, aged 84. Many St. Dunstaners will remember Mr. George in his capacity as Joinery Superintendent. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1934 as Joinery Store-Keeper. In 1948 he was put in charge of the Department, where his duties included visiting many St. Dunstaners in their homes. Mr. George retired in 1961 after 27 years service with St. Dunstan's. He will be missed by many and we extend our sympathy to his family.

### AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

Members of St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society are reminded that the date of the A.G.M. is the weekend of February 23rd/24th. The guest speaker will be Henry Hatch G2CBB, who is with the World Radio Service of the B.B.C. He will talk on his many experiences in the development of broadcasting.

Those wishing to attend are asked to make arrangements through Miss Bridger, at Headquarters.

### BRIDGE PLAYERS

Any bridge player who is a member of the Brighton Club, living outside the Brighton area, wishing to take part in any of the monthly competitions at Ian Fraser House please contact Peter McCormack, Brighton 738462.



Commandant Fawcett bids H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent goodbye at the conclusion of her visit.

## Commandant Fawcett Retires

### 33 years' service to Brighton Homes

When, in 1945, forty St. Dunstaners took part in the first of Mrs. Avis Spurway's resumed series of camps they found themselves the guests of the Fleet Air Arm, Seaford Park, Lee-on-Solent.

That first post-war camp set the pattern for the annual visits to H.M.S. Daedalus that have followed. The St. Dunstaners found marquees pitched for their accommodation and even guide-wires rigged from tent to tent! A full programme of events had been arranged including, to quote the *Review* of the time: "Two rip-roaring nights when we were entertained by the Petty Officers of No. 34 Mess and by the Chief Petty Officers of No. 23 Mess".

The young naval officer in charge of those first arrangements at Lee-on-Solent

was Lawrence Fawcett, who served from 1941 to 1946 as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm (RNVR). Perhaps it is no surprise to find that within a few months he was appointed Commandant of West House, now Pearson House.

So began Commandant Fawcett's thirty-three years' service with St. Dunstan's, during which he has come to personify the two homes in Brighton. In 1948, he became Commandant of both houses on the retirement of Air Commodore George Dacre and assumed responsibility for all their many activities, including Northgate House where the children of St. Dunstaners were accommodated for holiday periods for many years, and Port Hall, which was the home

for our women St. Dunstaners until its closure in 1965.

"Comm" as he became known, never spared himself—in addition to administration he was a listener and adviser to hundreds of St. Dunstaners, from trainees to long service veterans. As host on the many special occasions and reunions his organisation was as impeccable as his wit was sharp when speaking for St. Dunstan's.

The many V.I.P. occasions at Brighton went smoothly under his direction, including the visit of H.M. the Queen in 1962, and that of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent in 1978.

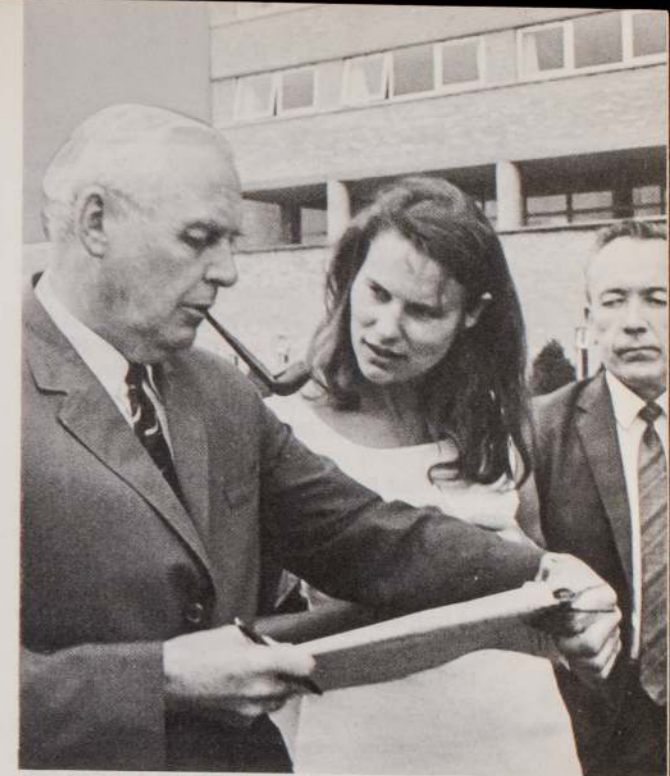
### Rebuilding

In between those landmarks came the rebuilding of Pearson House and Ian Fraser House. In addition to reorganising the activities of the houses, Lawrence Fawcett acted as 'Clerk of Works', liaising with builders and architects. Northgate House became, virtually, a cottage hospital accommodating the St. Dunstaners needing bed-care, while Pearson House was completely rebuilt behind its carefully preserved Regency facade. When this work finished after two and a half years, in 1972, Ian Fraser House was closed and training was transferred temporarily to Pearson House. In those days an essential part of "Comm's" office furniture was the large cabinet holding plans and drawings of the alterations and additions planned for the new houses!

### Council tribute

When Ian Fraser House was officially re-opened in April 1975, Commandant Fawcett may be excused if he breathed a deep sigh of relief. St. Dunstan's Annual Report for 1974/75, recorded the Council's particular thanks to, "The Commandant of our Brighton Homes for the tireless energy with which he supervised all aspects of the work as it progressed over the two and a half year period."

When in the 1977 New Year's Honours List Commandant Fawcett was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire, he commented that he regarded it as an honour for his teams at Ian Fraser House and Pearson House. It was also a recognition of an outstanding contribution to the life and spirit of St. Dunstan's.



Sports Weekend 1969 and "Comm" checks their score in the Braille car rally for Jerry Lynch and his driver, Mrs. Hennig.

A joke with Bob Osborne and Jack Boorman as he presents a Bowls Trophy.



## OBITUARY

### MR. DAVID RICE

It is with much regret that we have to report that David Rice, formerly St. Dunstan's legal adviser and war pensions officer, died on 7th January. He served St. Dunstan's for 29 years until his retirement in 1970, although he continued to act as a consultant and was involved in St. Dunstan's affairs up to the time of his death.

He was born in Western Australia and came to England in his early teens. His keen mind was immediately evident to the Senior Partner of a well-known firm of solicitors, who took David under his wing and helped to develop that mind into the fine legal one we all knew at St. Dunstan's.

During the London blitz, David suffered eye damage from an enemy bomb which demolished the building in which he was fire-watching. Shortly after that event he joined St. Dunstan's staff who were unaware of his visual impairment, which he himself disregarded.

Over the years he dealt with the Ministries concerned with war pensions and successfully fought many cases, gaining recognition of their service and financial benefits for many ex-servicemen. As well as obtaining admission to St. Dunstan's for many individuals, he also gave personal help to St. Dunstaners in legal matters, including the making of wills.

### The 'Haley Case'

An outstanding event in his work as St. Dunstan's legal adviser was his important contribution in the mid-sixties to the efforts of the late Lord Fraser and Robin Buckley to aid a blind man, John Haley, who became deaf as a result of a fall into an inadequately protected excavation in the pavement. The now famous "Haley case" went to the House of Lords and the judgment for Haley was hailed as "a charter for the protection of the blind".

His many friends among St. Dunstaners and on the staff offer deep sympathy to Phyllis Rice and her daughter, Thelma, in their loss.

### Mr. Garnett-Orme writes:

Although it is some ten years since David Rice retired, he is remembered with

great affection by all his old friends, including me and many members of the Council. I know how highly he was regarded by Lord and Lady Fraser and, indeed, by all the St. Dunstaners, their wives and families, and members of the staff whom he helped, through his invaluable combination of wise judgment, kindness and delightful sense of humour. St. Dunstan's was fortunate to have the devoted and highly skilled services of David Rice for so many years.

## SUPREME AMATEUR RADIO ACHIEVEMENT

George Cole, G4AWI, of Shoreham, has just achieved his supreme ambition. Out of millions of radio amateurs throughout the world, George has been made a member of the FOC Club first class morse operators, of whom only 500 are recognised worldwide.

George's connection with amateur radio started only seven years ago. Forced into early retirement, on health grounds, George was determined to take up a hobby. A colleague, from the factory where George had worked, introduced him to short wave listening. An advertisement in the local paper resulted in a member of the GPO coaching George through his City and Guilds exam to obtain, nine months later, his amateur radio licence. Then just one month later he passed the morse part of the exam, entitling him to a full transmitting licence.

Within two years, George was sponsored for the TOPS morse club, whose motto is, "Where fists make friends". For it is the fist and not the finger which gives the rhythm and suppleness in morse keying. Indeed, the word "friends" sums up amateur radio for George. "I can go down to my local", he said, "stand at the bar for an hour and nobody is interested. In amateur radio, I go down my garden, into my radio shack and within seconds I'm talking to friends from every continent. It really is fantastic."

Now George is a member of the elite FOC Club. From now on he can proudly speak to the amateur radio world announcing himself as G4AWI—FOC.

## Ovingdean Notes

Christmas celebrations started with a bang on the 22nd December, when the Uckfield Brass Band entertained us in the lounge. We were sorry David Shepherd could not be with us as usual, but were grateful to Mr. Paul Weston who conducted with such enthusiasm and really helped us to remember what Christmas was all about. It is so heartening to see so many young musicians willing to give of their time so generously. The 23rd saw Cliff Gibbons and his duo in full spate. On the 24th the Staff came up to scratch with beautiful carols, followed by Sid Emons with his nostalgic Old Tyme Music Hall. Christmas night saw our traditional play reading. We welcomed to the cast for the first time Dr. and Mrs. Stilwell and must say a special thank you also to our guest readers Miss Eve King and Orderly, Mr. Peter Hockley.

Tombola, superb food, and theatres and drives took us up to the 28th. What would we have done without our driver, Guy, and faithful escorts in the dreadful weather of the 27th?

When the Hangleton Brass Band entertained us on the 28th (Conductor, David Chappell) we were once again touched by the fact that the young gave their time so willingly to help us celebrate the real spirit of Christmas, their musicianship alone was a joy, and nothing was too much trouble for them.

On the 30th, The Diana Vernon Singers came up to their usual high professional standard and this was enthusiastically received by a large audience of St. Dunstaners. That evening Mr. Freestone introduced us to a new dimension in entertainment with his programme of records and stories.

Of course we saw the New Year in with our traditional dance to Ernie Took's strict tempo band and we had no idea before of the hidden talents of our staff, who provided such delightful entertainment and thank you John Bond for your spectacular contribution.

Peter Larsen the well-known organist and composer was with us on New Year's Day, we had no idea before we met Peter just what organ music could be and we do hope we are going to see a great deal more of him in 1980.

We have had wonderful drives, The House of Pipes and The Wishing Well gave us their usual welcome and the Connaught Theatre and Theatre Royal, with Peter Pan and Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat respectively, kept the spirit of Christmas alive for us well into the New Year. On Twelfth Night, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, from St. John's Church, Burgess Hill and a full team of handbell ringers rang out the twelve days of Christmas for us and fired us with enthusiasm to learn how to do it for ourselves, for we have a full set of handbells at Ian Fraser House.

We have had a wonderful Christmas and all the Staff wish you all a happy and peaceful New Year.

## SUCCESS DOWN-UNDER

Our regular contributor Phillip Wood has won first prize in an Australian short story competition. Congratulations.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Mrs. Joan Cashmore, Bromsgrove

On Sunday, 9th December I was presented with two beautifully engraved silver goblets, by the Midland St. Dunstan's Social Club. The inscription on them reads:—

D. Cashmore with grateful thanks for services given 1963-1979 from members of the Midland St. Dunstan's Social Club.

I wish to offer my sincere thanks to you all and to say how much I will treasure them.

Mr. Archibald Alexander

From: Mrs. Grace Hollins, Tavistock

"Alex" as he was known to his friends at St. John's Lodge, was a man of cheerfulness and courage and very proud of his regiment—few would remember his now. He was the last survivor of the 1927 "Present Care Four". Until his last illness he sang with many local choirs and was much in demand. Our sympathy goes especially to his wife, Grace, they were devoted to each other.

## READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

*Cat. No. 890*

### **A Pride of Heroes**

By Peter Dickinson

*Read by Arthur Bush*

*Reading Time 7¼ hours*

Superintendent Pibble of Scotland Yard is sent down to Herryngs, a Stately Home-cum-Safari Park, to investigate the suicide of an old retainer. But why should one of such exalted rank be ordered by his chief to deal with such a commonplace incident? Because the Claverings have "pull", that's why.

Admiral Sir Ralph and General Sir Richard Clavering achieved considerable fame and acclamation by leading a gloriously abortive raid during the war. Now very old, they still manage to capitalise on the raid, with the able assistance of Sir Richard's son-in-law, a dedicated whizz-kid in the Stately Home business.

Pibble begins what should be a routine enquiry, but soon discovers that there is more to Herryngs than the razzamatazz of a tourist trap. A fair bit of nastiness is uncovered and a man-eating lion enjoys not one, but two, hearty breakfasts . . .

Riveting, bloodcurdling stuff—but not for the squeamish.

*Cat. No. 2036*

### **Take Two Popes**

By Henry Calvib

*Read by Anthony Parker*

*Reading Time 8½ hours*

Sabadio is a little poverty-stricken violent and corrupt banana republic in South America. The whole country is in a ferment of excitement at the visit of the Pope. For not only is he the first non-Italian Pontiff for centuries, but Pietro 1st is also a native son of Sabadio.

He is kidnapped, but thanks to some smart work by Mandes the Chief of Police (a curiously honest and gentle man) is speedily liberated.

Mandes arranges for a double, a trusted officer who looks extraordinarily like him, to take the Holy Father's place. With great

ceremonial the Pope (or his double) is escorted to the aircraft which will take him to the U.S.A. and safety. The plane is hijacked and the Pope (or his double) is taken. Meanwhile the other Pope is kidnapped. But which is the real one?

An intriguing tale with a very unusual setting. There is excitement a-plenty and some very neat character drawing.

*Cat. No. 1784*

### **The Buttered Side**

By William Ridler

*Read by Gabriel Woolf*

*Reading Time 13 hours*

This is the fictional autobiography of David Judson, who lives with his widowed father at the second-hand shop in Canal Street in a run-down shabby part of a large Midlands town. It is a secure and comfortable existence, dominated and coloured by the trade in which his kindly shrewd father is past-master.

From early childhood his constant companion is Connie, only child of the redoubtable Mrs. Floukes, keeper of the local faggot-and-peas shop. By the time they are in their teens, a curious kind of "understanding" has grown up between them, slyly and mercilessly fostered by the formidable Mrs. Floukes.

David begins to feel trapped. But it is a tender trap. Connie is a nice easy-going sensible girl. He could do very much worse. Is he, however, growing away from her? By now, he is moving in a very different circle, he has a fair library and is a knowledgeable and dedicated bibliophile.

Nevertheless, he will probably marry Connie. She will make him a good wife. But he is reckoning without the machinations of Wendy, spoilt, capricious—and predatory . . .

This is a lovely book about real people, with hopes and fears and frailties. It is by turns moving and very funny, and often I was reminded during the reading of Arnold Bennett and Louis Golding. And I can't say fairer than that!

*Cat. No. 1109*

### **The Assassin**

By L. W. Robinson

*Read by Derek Chandler*

*Reading Time 11¾ hours*

At any one time, there are no less than 50,000 potential President-killers on the lists held by the US Secret Service. The vast majority of these are harmless cranks, with varying species of bee in their unhappy bonnets. But there are a few, dedicated and dangerous killers, who pose a very real threat to the President.

Such a man is Thorn Perry, a brilliant engineer, explosive expert—and with a family history of insanity. He sees himself as God's messenger, entrusted with a glorious mission—the destruction of the arch-enemy, Julius Harrington, President of the United States.

The book deals with the efforts of the Secret Service to trace and capture Thorn Perry, and the unusual means they employ to bring this about.

I found it a gripping and intriguing story, dealing not only with the exciting race against time, but with the problems, both personal and professional, of the top echelons of the Secret Service, their strengths and weaknesses, their doubts and their anguish. A truly rivetting book.

*Cat. No. 1972*

### **The Fire Engine That Disappeared**

By Sjowall and Wahloo

*Translated by Joan Tate*

*Read by Marvin Kane*

*Reading Time 8 hours*

A small-time crook shoots himself in his apartment. He leaves no note, just a piece of paper with the name "Martin Beck" written on it. But Chief Inspector Beck of the Stockholm Homicide Squad has no knowledge of the man.

In another part of the city a detective keeps watch on a house. A violent explosion rips the wooden building apart, with the loss of three lives.

In Malmo, three hundred and fifty miles away, an old car with false number-plates is fished out of the harbour. Inside is the body of a murdered man.

What connection, if any, can there be between these three incidents? And was

the fire service alerted before the explosion? These and other questions exercise the minds of Beck and his colleagues through six months of intensive and patient investigation until at length they unearth the whole truth.

*Cat. No. 2882*

### **Gilbert & Sullivan—Lost Chords and Discords**

By Caryl Brahms

*Read by Stanley Pritchard*

*Reading Time 10 hours*

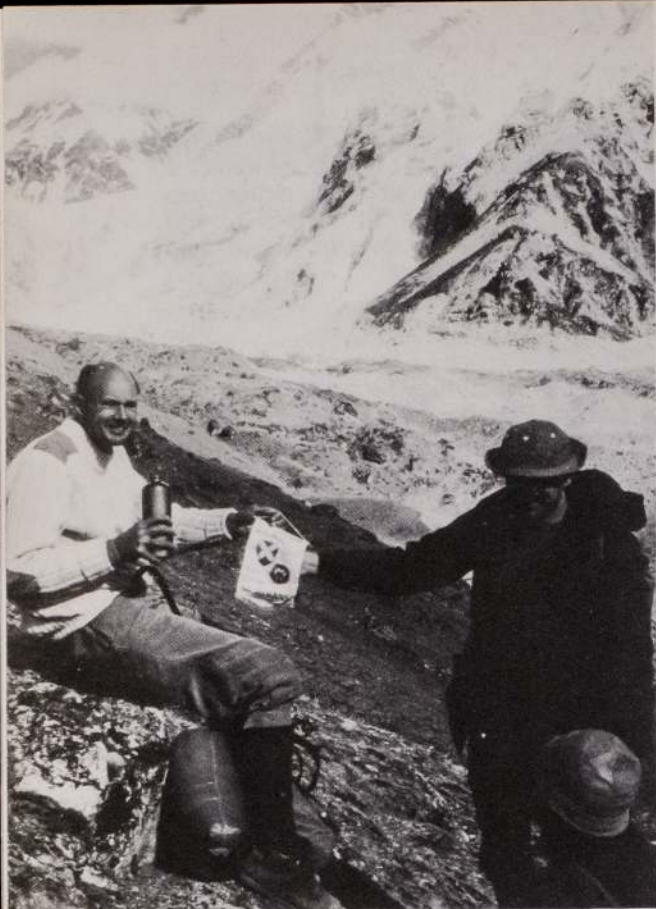
It has often been said that neither Gilbert nor Sullivan wished to be remembered for the operas. If this is true they never had the slightest chance, from the first few bars of "Trial by Jury", of having their wish gratified.

They were both established in their respective professions long before that momentous occasion when D'Oyley Carte suggested they ought to collaborate to produce a musical tit-bit for the jaded palates of London audiences. Sullivan was a distinguished and much loved musician, conductor and composer. Gilbert had given up the Bar to devote himself exclusively to writing for the stage.

Their personalities were poles apart. Gilbert was a fiery and irascible man with a marked talent for insult. A master of the bon mot, he possessed a mordant wit, barbed and cruel. When an actress with whom he had quarrelled slipped on the stage during rehearsal and landed heavily on her posterior, he remarked acidly, "There! I always knew that one day you would make an impression on the stage!"

Arthur Sullivan was a dapper, gentle man who walked with kings. He numbered among his close friends Lord Tennyson, Dickens, Rossini, Jenny Lind and Gounod. Unlike his partner, he never married. The more scurrilous of London cartoonists portrayed him as a homosexual, with the then Duke of Edinburgh as his "friend".

The book is long and finely detailed, exhaustively researched, and the writer uses voluminous quotations from letters and other contemporary material. A splendid and scholarly work, but—be warned, this is strictly for G. & S. buffs only.



## Himalayan Adventure

by Mike Tetley

Photos: Reg Denny

*Mike Tetley carries a St. Alban's pennant into the heart of the Himalayas.*



Frank McCready picked up his telephone and heard a voice saying, "I understand you are organising a 'walk-in' to Base-Camp Everest, in November 1979, in twelve months' time. I gather you intend to fly to Katmandu, take the bus to Lamosangu, then walk to Base-Camp via Namche Bazaar, returning to Lukla and from there fly back to Katmandu. May I join your expedition with two companions? My name is Mike Tetley, a physiotherapist, aged 49. My friends are Reg Denny, who is 37, is a Metropolitan Policeman and Brian Higgins, 21 years of age and a waiter at Claridges."

"By all means," replied Mr. McCready. "The expedition will take 20 days from Katmandu." "By the way, there is one small point. I am blind. No light perception whatever, but I have had adventures in the past, equally arduous and I can foresee no difficulties with adequate preparation. I have climbed Mount Kilimanjaro, 19,340 ft., and I recently wandered round the edge of the Amazon Basin and I have



*This picture, taken on the walk from Lamosangu, shows the ruggedness of the country.*

ridden 500 miles on a tandem across Kenya, in four days."

There was a long pause at the end of the telephone. Mr. McCready would check my references and let me know. A week later he invited me to join the expedition. That was the start of the preparations, culminating a year later with a successful walk-in to a small hillock at 19,800 ft., overlooking Base-Camp Everest. Brian described it as "a 200 mile advanced obstacle course".

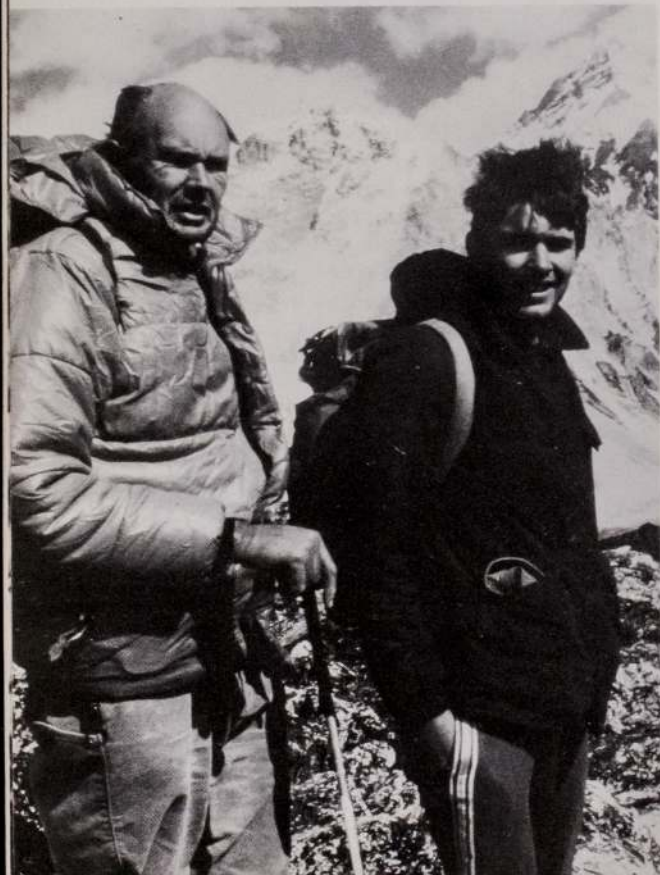
The path was so rough and narrow that walking side by side was impossible for all but a few miles. I held on to straps attached to the back of my guide's haversack and I followed directly behind him, like a leech, and there were plenty of those in the rivers. The path was always rough and often only the width of one shoe and always ascending or dropping. Before reaching Base-Camp we climbed 64,000 ft., or twice the height of Everest, 29,028 ft., and I lost 20lbs weight in 20 days.

We crossed deep ravines on narrow tree trunks, over which I crawled on my hands and knees. We crossed rivers on rickety suspension bridges with no sides, or we used rocks as stepping stones. The technique here was for my guide to place my long cane on the right hand edge of the rock and then by standing on one leg, slide my boot down the cane so that it automatically landed at the correct place. We crossed glacial moraines in the same way. I got tremendous assistance from a spiked metal tip, made by Mr. French at St. Dunstan's. This replaced the nylon tip on the cane and gripped on slippery, ice covered rocks.

To climb Everest had been a boyhood dream, as both Eric Shipton and P. Wyn Harris (Everest climbers in the 1930's) were close neighbours of ours in Kenya. Now this fantastic dream has been realised, without a slip or injury. I would like to thank the organisations that helped me achieve this dream. Firstly, St. Dunstan's for retraining me as a physio-



*Holding on to Brian Higgins' haversack, Mike Tetley follows him across a narrow log bridge. With Brian among the peaks.*



therapist, so that I could finance the trip myself. Secondly, the Guide Dog Association for giving me back mobility. Thirdly, the Talking Book Library, from whose books on climbing I obtained many useful ideas and finally the British public, for supporting these charities. However, without the superb guiding of Reg and Brian nothing would have been achieved.

Preparations and attention to minute detail were the key to success. I started getting ready last winter, when I slept out in the garden in the snow, testing sleeping bags for warmth, weight and bulk. Physical preparations included training on an obstacle course in the ice and snow, to find the best way to cross logs, stepping stones and other hazards. Long walks in the Peak District and tandem rides built up stamina. A course of 'sun-light' treatment definitely reduced the harmful effects of ultra violet radiation when we reached the rarefied atmosphere. Various inoculations and hygiene

amongst our Sherpa cooks prevented us from suffering from the 'runs'. We did not suffer from altitude sickness, because we 'walked-in' and had time to acclimatise.

November found us in Katmandu, where we were joined by 14 other trekkers and 34 porters, who carried our food and two-man tents. The lower altitudes were as interesting as the mountains, as we passed through different tribal areas practising unique customs. For example, the Newars carry their loads suspended from wooden yokes across their shoulders, whilst the Sherpas carry 100lb loads on their backs by a thong passing over their foreheads. Even with these heavy weights on their backs the Sherpas could overtake us and still have enough wind left to sing and play the mouth organ.

In some places avalanches had obliterated the trail and as I clung to the rock face and heard the river several thousand

feet below, I realised that eyes were not necessary to make the feeling of exposure very real. Along the trail the local Sherpas passing us thought I was drunk, holding on behind my friend and occasionally stumbling. Once I got so cross with some Sherpas laughing at the drunken European, I turned round and glared at them. When I popped my plastic eye out at them, there was dead silence. The local blind never leave their huts.

The Khumbu Glacier was not what I had expected. At first there was no ice, only a heap of rocky rubble, but this was, as I soon discovered, on top of the ice. As we clambered across the rocks, Brian saw some blue ice in the middle where the glacier was a thousand yards wide. As he stood looking at it, a crack suddenly opened up 12 ft. away from him and then snapped shut. In his own words, he put his tail between his legs and ran. The

*Mike Tetley did not forget his specialisation during the expedition. He is seen here examining the head of one of the Sherpa porters.*





On the road to Everest, Mike Tetley (centre), with his escorts Brian Higgins (left) and Reg Denny (right).

cracking of the glacier was ominous, as the day became warmer. A crack could be heard close by which would then spread far to the left and right and it made me realise just how large this enormous heaving amphitheatre in front of Everest was. Even though the summit of Everest was still five miles away, when Reg pointed my stick towards the top, it sloped up at an angle of 40°. Avalanches were more frequent than I had expected and sounded like distant thunder. Several hundred feet of snow fell thousands of feet, just as one of our party was taking a photograph of the mountain.

There were several accidents on other expeditions. Two Sherpas and two trekkers were crossing a neighbouring pass, slipped and were killed. The effect of the altitude caused a Japanese trekker to lose her sight and we passed her as she was being led down.

The top of Everest had been obscured by cloud, until at sunset on the afternoon we arrived at Tengboche Buddhist Monastery. Our camp was on the side of a mountain facing the enormous mountain amphitheatre with Everest at the end. Two rivers had cut their beds deep into the mountains 3,000 ft. below. Suddenly the cloud lifted and people stopped talking as they gazed in wonder. One girl sobbed with emotion at the beauty as the last rays of the sun turned the snowy peaks pink and gold on the massive mountains all round us. I knew exactly in my mind's eye what they were seeing as I had seen many photographs taken from this spot. There was an atmosphere which no photograph can capture. Reg said that the vastness of the mountain seemed unreal. It is no wonder that 'Chomolungma', the Tibetan for Everest, means 'Goddess, Mother of the Earth'.

D. F. Robinson's

## Gardening Column

As you know, I write these notes in advance, so any comments about weather conditions may be six weeks out of date. However, I do not remember having such gales and heavy rain for many years. As a result of the storms I have not been able to do much in the garden. I have managed to keep up to date with the digging and pruning, which is something.

It will soon be seed planting time, so prepare the seed beds out in the open. You will need composts for those items you want to grow under glass or in frames. However, do not actually plant till next month, when you should sow the hardy varieties. You will have to wait until the frosts have vanished before planting the half-hardy items. If you have a propagator, or your wife will let you have a little space in the airing cupboard, you can sow some seeds for the flower garden. Do remember that they will need quite a lot of warmth for some time after they have germinated and been pricked out. Unless you are sure you can keep up a steady source of heat, I should delay planting any seeds until it is warmer.

Get the lawn mower overhauled and sharpened in readiness for next season. Check that all the tools are in good order and buy any replacements now, as prices will certainly increase when everyone realises that the new gardening season is upon us.

### Vegetables

Keep on using the hoe and rake. Clear off all the old beds of sprouts, cabbages, etc., so that they can be dug over and used later on for mid-season crops of beans, peas and salad vegetables. Dig in the manure which you spread on the beds earlier and sprinkle on some lime, but do not put lime over the areas where you want to plant potatoes.

Those of you living in the warmer parts of the country can plant various kinds of vegetable seeds, such as broad beans, early peas, sprouts, radishes and lettuce. I do advise you to protect these seeds with plastic sheeting or newspaper.

Another good idea is to stretch some plastic netting on small stakes to protect your seeds from the birds. In addition sprinkle some soil pest deterrent on the ground when you are sowing, or pricking out the seedlings and when the seeds start to come through put down some slug bait.

Under glass you can start off most vegetables in seed boxes. I find that beans are better sown in small peat pots so that they can be transferred to their permanent positions without too much root disturbance, because if the roots are disrupted you will have a poor crop. Most of these seeds need little, or no heat, just adequate frost protection and a little moisture. Do be careful not to over water them or the seeds will rot.

Start off the early seed potatoes in trays in a shed, near a source of light. Give each tuber plenty of room so that the eyes get plenty of light and air. However do not let too many shoots grow; rub out the weakest ones. You can put some of the most advanced tubers in large pots and keep them in the shed, or greenhouse and you will have some really early crops. If you treat French beans and radishes in the same way, they will bear an early crop too.

### Lawns

Rake off any debris from the lawns as this will aerate them and let the light get in, resulting in earlier and better growth. Put some peat and soil on any bare patches or hollows and tamp it in with the back of the rake. Put some seed on these patches later on, to make the whole area lush again.

Give all the fruit trees a good dose of compost and some liquid fertiliser, which will give the roots a boost and help the tree to bear a good crop of fruit. Finish pruning this month.

There will be a few signs of life in the borders now, with the spring bulbs coming through. Some perennials will also have a few green shoots showing, but don't be in a hurry to divide the clumps until later on in the spring. I must make a comment, that despite me



## Gardening—continued

living up in the North, I had a Snowdrop which came through at the beginning of December, even though I only planted the bulbs in the autumn.

Plan out the parts where you are going to have bedding plants, fork the beds over and add some peat or compost. The plants will get a better start if you do this, as their roots can forage about instead of forcing their way through hard soil. See that your Roses are in good shape. Cut away any stems and growths damaged by the storms, but don't do the real pruning until they really begin to grow. If any of the Roses you have ordered arrive now, just heel them in somewhere sheltered until you can plant them properly. Don't forget to give the roots plenty of room in the planting hole and cut away any damaged parts.

## Greenhouse

All those plants which have been dormant during the autumn and winter will now be coming to life again. Cut back some of the taller, leggy items to make them into bushy plants. Water everything well. Do not re-pot anything yet, wait until it is a little warmer. If you want cuttings from Fuchsias, Geraniums and so on, water them well and put them near the source of heat to make them grow quickly and if the plants are tall from winter growth, cut them back and this will encourage good sturdy growth for cuttings.

Start off the tuberous plants, Begonias, Gloxinias, Achimenes, etc., in small pots or trays and when several leaves have grown, transplant them to their permanent pots. Dahlias can also be got ready to give you cuttings for planting outside in early summer.

## Bedding Plants

Most bedding plants can be sown from seed at this time of year. If the seeds are dust-like, add a little silver sand to the packet and shake it up. Then spread it evenly on your seed tray, but do not cover it over with more soil just cover the tray with a plastic sheet and newspaper, to keep the light out and the moisture in. As soon as you notice some growth, take away the newspaper.

The best way to water seedlings is to

put the whole tray in a basin of water and let the water soak up to the top. Do be careful not to over water seedlings and don't feed them. When the first true leaf shows through, probably the third one above the compost, prick the seedlings out and put the plants as near to the windows as possible without them getting too cold. Do not plant too many seeds. You can keep any surplus for next season as they will germinate, although possibly not quite as well.

Early tomatoes can be planted too, but do have plenty of planting up compost ready, as they grow very quickly. Ventilate the greenhouse well, especially on sunny days, but close the windows at night. This will help to dispel any extra moisture thus preventing mould. If you notice any mould, deal with it at once and use smoke pellets and insect sprays to combat any pests.

## 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.*

**Geoffrey William Bunting**, of Norwich, who joined St. Dunstan's on 7th December. Mr. Bunting served as a leading Aircraftman in the R.A.F., from 1947 to 1951. He was injured in the Sudan. Mr. Bunting is married with two children.

**Lawrence Green**, of Blackpool, who joined St. Dunstan's on 19th December. Mr. Green served as a Private in the South Wales Borderers during the First World War and was wounded at Paschaendale. He is married.

**Ernest John Gurney**, of Ormskirk, who joined St. Dunstan's on 13th December. Mr. Gurney served as a Private in the 12th/13th Northumberland Fusiliers, from 1916 to 1920. He was wounded in France. Mr. Gurney is married with two children.

## POUNDING THE PIANO

Joe Humphrey, of Belfast, is well known for his piano-accordion playing. The other week he was making the keys of a piano fly—literally.

Joe was taking a 14lb sledge hammer to the piano in a sponsored smash. He had to reduce it to dimensions small enough to push through the centre of a tyre.

It took him only 17 minutes 3 seconds to achieve this and raise over £90 for the Edgumbe Club for the Visually Handicapped in Belfast. Well hit, Sir!

## BEHCET'S SYNDROME

Mr. Dennis Gill, 81 Kendale Road, Bridgwater, Somerset TA6 3QE, would like to make contact with people who suffer from Behcet's Syndrome. Correspondence in Braille, inkprint or cassette.



Joe Humphrey looking for the lost chord—  
Photo Belfast Telegraph Newspapers Ltd.

## CLUB NEWS

### BRIDGE

#### National St. Dunstan's Bridge Club

On 8th December, 40 St. Dunstaners, including seven beginners, gathered in the Winter Garden, at Ian Fraser House, for our annual Bridge Instruction Weekend. Our instructor was Mr. Geoff Connell. Three sessions were taken up by written questions relating to bidding and problems that we are likely to meet while playing competitive bridge. At the end of each session, Geoff dealt with each problem in the questionnaire point by point.

We are very fortunate to have such an excellent instructor who so willingly gives up his time to do this for us. While Geoff was busy with us, his wife, Enid, and the much loved Nora Field were active in another part of the building. They were teaching the seven beginners how to be participants in future competitions. Enid and Nora are doing a fine job.

The weekend was concluded on Sunday afternoon with a bridge drive, beginners and markers taking part. Finally we must thank the markers for the wonderful job they do for us, it is they who make our bridge weekends possible.

H. KING

### BRIGHTON

#### ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

The Club's Christmas Party was held in the Annexe at Ian Fraser House on 19th December. The afternoon got under way with a Domino Drive, followed by Bingo, afterwards 60 Members sat down to a grand tea consisting of sandwiches, sausage rolls, mince pies and a most beautifully decorated Christmas cake. We were very pleased to have the company of Commandant Fawcett and Matron Pass, and on behalf of all Members we wish Commandant Fawcett a long and happy retirement.

#### Sing-song

Mrs. Joan Osborne obliged by playing the piano and all Members joined in a sing-song of old favourites and Carols. On behalf of the Committee, I would like to give a big "Thank you" to all our ladies who worked so hard, before, during and after the party, with a special "Thank you" to our President, Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, who not only carried out her Presidential duties with her usual charm and humour, but also rolled up her sleeves and assisted with the washing up.

On Wednesday, 2nd January, our usual

## CLUB NEWS—continued

weekly meeting was held, but owing to illness and very cold weather the attendance was below normal, but we are fairly confident that our Members will give us the support in 1980 that they have always given us in the past.

H. PREEDY

## MIDLANDS

Sunday, 9th December was a dreadful day. I don't think it stopped pouring with rain, but it didn't deter any of the members (except Peter Taylor who had a nasty cold) from attending the Christmas Party. The steward of the Club had gone to a great deal of trouble to have the room decorated in real festive style, by the time we arrived.

While the ladies were busy preparing the tea, two members from the North Birmingham Royal British Legion came along to entertain us, but the singer had such a bad cold he had to give up. Fortunately John Cashmore was present, so he kindly took over. Thank you John.

At 4.40 p.m. everyone sat down to enjoy the excellent Christmas "goodies" that all the ladies had prepared. The tables looked really beautiful, but it didn't take long for it all to disappear.

The children played with balloons and waited patiently, while all the tables were cleared and everything was put away. Then the big moment arrived. They all sat on the floor and sang "Jingle Bells" for Father Christmas. The expression on their faces was a joy to see and when their names were called he or she went up for their present and posed with Father Christmas to have photographs taken. I think Tracy Androlia stole the show when she told Father Christmas that her little brother Simon had got "Chicken Pox" and handed him a letter.

Next it was the ladies' turn. Tommy O'Connor has always bought the ladies a small present each, for the work they do all the year round, but this year Tommy was told that this was to be the last time as things were getting too costly. We know you appreciate what we do 'lads'.

Then came the prize giving for the Sir Arthur Pearson Domino Competition. Joe, Bruno and Bob, chose what they wanted from a selection of very nice prizes and as the Doubles Competition hadn't

been completed, the other prizes were put away until the New Year when, we hope, it will be finished then. Those members who didn't win a prize were each given a little something in an envelope.

During the course of these activities, the St. Dunstaners managed to hold a small meeting and elected Mrs. Eileen Maynard on to the Committee. The festivities finished with everyone having a drink of their choice. I do hope that everyone enjoyed themselves.

### Christmas Dinner

Our dinner was held on Saturday, 22nd December, as usual, at the Austin Branch of the Royal British Legion.

Our guests this year were Miss Newbold, Mr. Bill Drew, the Branch Chairman and his wife, Audrey, who is Madam Chairman of the Women's Section, Mr. Bill Fern, the Secretary, and his wife, Evelyn, who is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Women's Section; Mr. Bert Wakefield, the Poppy Organiser and his wife, Rene, and Mr. Fred Lee, a Benevolence Officer and his wife, Margaret, who is now the Secretary of the Women's Section.

Before we sat down to our meal, Mr. Drew gave the Exhortation in memory of Doug. He then gave an apology and best wishes from the Branch President, Mr. George Queen and his wife, Betty, who were unable to attend. Miss Newbold said the Grace, then everyone tucked into an excellent dinner. Mr. Fern gave the Loyal Toast and Mr. Drew said how much the Branch looked forward to our visit each year and that we were free to use the Branch at any time. After the meal, several Club members stayed in the ballroom for dancing and the less energetic sat out in the lounge, enjoying a drink and a chat.

We were sorry to hear that Eileen was not well enough to attend and sincerely hope that she is now feeling better. The party started to break up at 10.45 p.m. and everyone said how much they had enjoyed it.

I don't think I am too late in wishing all St. Dunstaners everywhere and St. Dunstan's staff past and present "A very happy, healthy and prosperous 1980" from the Midland Club.

JOAN CASHMORE  
Secretary

## KEMP TOWN NOTES

We're sometimes accused of being a sleepy lot at Pearson House, but when we do wake up we do so with a bang not a whimper—if T. S. Eliot will forgive my slight misquotation.

We started our Christmas celebrations on the 21st with a visit from the Salvation Army Band, who as usual drew a large and appreciative audience in the Winter Garden. Apart from our joy in their music, we're always fascinated that such small children can produce so great a volume from those enormous instruments.

St. George's choir came on the 22nd, touring the Sick Ward before coming down to join the rest of us for half an hour. They sing beautifully and we are grateful that they remember us every year.

On the 24th we sank to more secular entertainment with a prize bingo evening. The prizes seemed to flow in a never-ending stream, but the final overall winner was Tim Gaiger, with Alf Smith carrying off the large, bulky, booby prize.

On Christmas Day we had our traditional 'Hi-Fi Special' from St. Dunstaner Bill Jack. Each year we insist Bill must have reached his peak but every year he goes one better—his spoken contributions show even more variety, his music becomes even more nostalgic, his competing even more professional. It is significant that he fills the Winter Garden as no other entertainer has ever done.

Boxing Night brought a newcomer to

our scene, the one and only Douglas Byng, the definitive pantomime dame, with a fund of delightful anecdotes of fifty years in the theatre. We loved his descriptions of the lines the B.B.C. had blue-pencilled twenty years ago. Perhaps men like Douglas Byng are the great comedians they are because they had to reach their audience without the help of a string of blue stories!

Frank Phillips and his wife helped us to see the New Year in, in style. Under Frank's fingers our piano sang, and we sang with it, from Al Jolson to Lily Marlene, from old music hall favourites to Scottish folk songs. We called the titles, he played the tunes with unflagging energy and that was before Matron Hallett's famed punch was poured out. We were certainly in good spirits when "Comm" called to wish us Happy New Year!

New Year's Day saw St. Dunstaner, Tim Gaiger win the prize quiz (no wonder he finishes the Telegraph crossword in ten minutes flat) with Bill Venness and Tom Flaherty the runners-up. On New Year's night Johnnie Sugden won the domino tournament, while Alvar Tucker and Bill Yarwood shared the booby prize.

Now we are quietly getting over an abundance of good food, excellent drink and superb entertainment. Thank you Matron Hallett, catering and entertainments staff for all you did for us. We'll pop up again for another dose of the same medicine at Easter. D.P.

## FAMILY NEWS

### WEDDINGS

#### Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jones, of Birmingham, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Susan, was married to Mark Knight, on 8th December.

### RUBY WEDDINGS:

#### Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holmes, of Southampton, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, on 13th January.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Obern, of Aberdare, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, on 23rd December.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Redford, of East Molesey, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, on 23rd December.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Preedy, of Saltdean, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, on 23rd September.

### GRANDCHILDREN

#### Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hannant, of Hemel Hempstead, on the birth of their seventh grandchild, Christina Maria, to their son, Michael and his wife, on 14th November.

## Family News—continued

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lowe, of Stubbington, on the birth of their third grandchild, Samantha Julie, to their son, Geoffrey and his wife, Nicola, on 5th December.

## GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

### Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. William Tickle, of Liverpool, on the birth of their 13th great grandchild, who was born in America.

## DEATHS

### We offer our sympathy to:

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cook, of Swindon, on the recent deaths of Mrs. Cook's two brothers and their young nephew.

Mr. James Legge, of Bristol, whose sister died on 3rd January.

Mr. Frederick Morton, of Peterborough, whose sister, Maud, died on 23rd November.

## 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.

### Archibald Ernest Alexander, *Black Watch*

Archibald Alexander died on 2nd January. He was 83 years old. He had been a St. Dunstaner, with a brief period of intermission, since 1915.

Mr. Alexander joined the Black Watch in 1913, but a year later he was wounded by shell explosions. After the war he returned to his former occupation as a gardener, but his sight failed and he rejoined St. Dunstan's. He was trained in boot repairing and netting and after a period of living at Leighton Buzzard, in 1931 moved south to Bournemouth. In World War II he went to Church Stretton, at the invitation of Lord Fraser, to enlighten the newcomers there on the opportunities and benefits of St. Dunstan's. Mr. Alexander was a keen musician and continued to sing solos in the local choir until a few years ago.

He will be greatly missed by the Staff and his friends at Brighton. He leaves a widow, Grace, and four children.

### Charles Braithwaite, M.M., *Civil Service Rifles Regiment*

Charles Braithwaite died on Christmas Day, at the North London Home for the Blind in Littlehampton, where he had been a resident since 1972.

Mr. Braithwaite was in the Civil Service Rifles Regiment of the Territorial Army, which was embodied into the Regular Army at the outbreak of World War I. In 1917, whilst on active service, Mr. Braithwaite was wounded in one eye. His sight deteriorated over the years and he joined St. Dunstan's in 1970. He was a holder of the Military Medal for distinguished service.

Mr. Braithwaite enjoyed frequent visits to our Brighton Homes and looked forward to the regular visits from his devoted family.

Mr. Braithwaite was a widower and leaves three step-children.

### Walter Jones, *Royal Air Force*

Walter Jones of Burnham-on-Sea, died on 4th January. He was 66 years old.

Mr. Jones enlisted in the R.A.F., in 1935 and served during the war in the African and Italian campaigns. His post-war service was in Malaya and he was awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct medals and attained the rank of Sergeant. In 1959 he was discharged due to ill health and failing sight and joined St. Dunstan's in 1968.

While he was in the R.A.F., Mr. Jones was a sheet metal worker and in charge of foundries, forges and welding shops. On his discharge he worked in industry for a few years until his sight failed. He undertook a period of training with the RNIB at Torquay and was then employed as a mat worker in the City of Birmingham Workshops for the Blind, where he remained until he retired, on medical grounds, in 1973. He and his wife moved to Somerset, where he joined a number of clubs and remained very active as long as his health permitted.

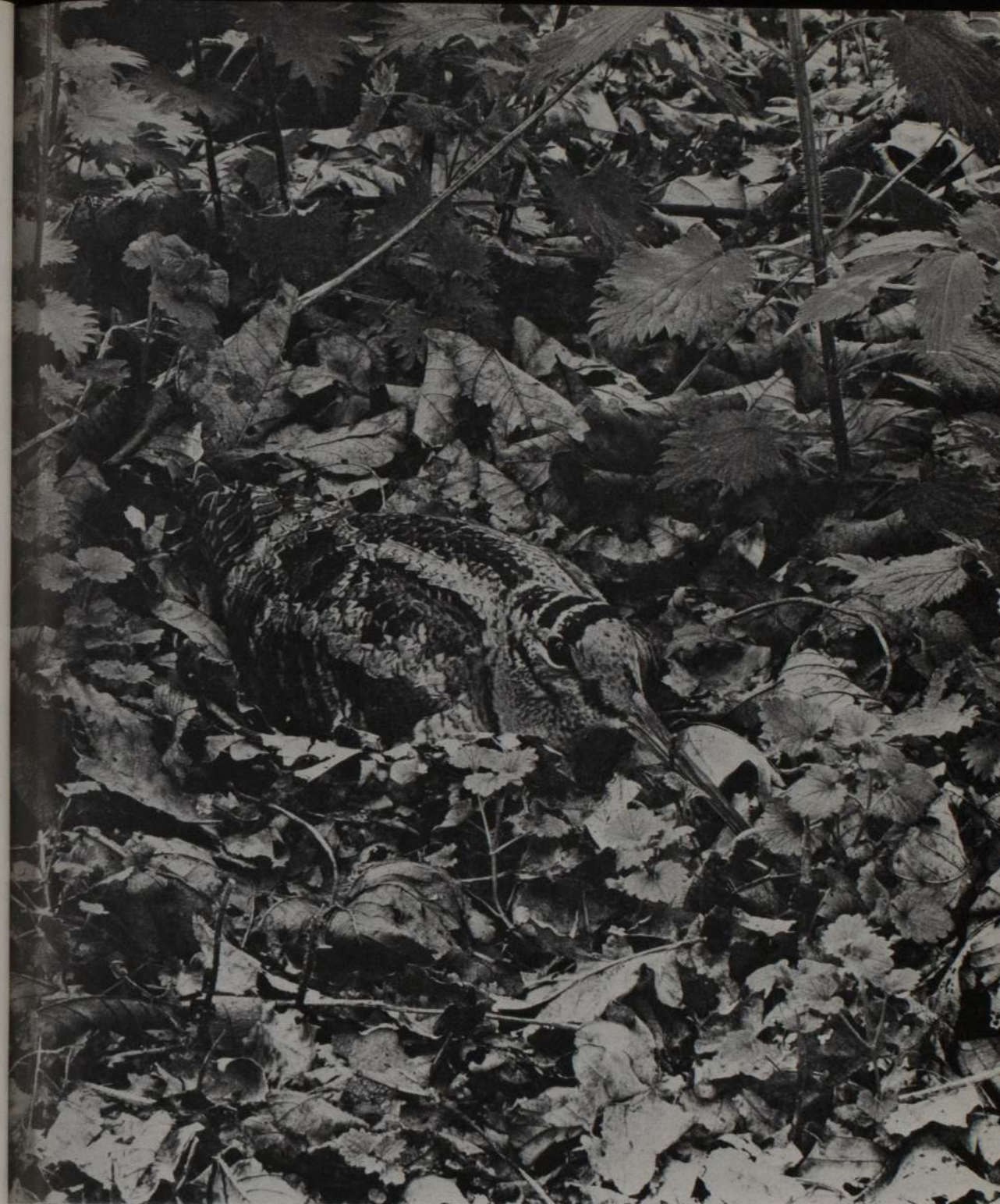
He leaves a widow, Nellie.

### Desmond Coleman Trainor, *Royal Australian Air Force*

Dr. D. C. Trainor, of Mosman, New South Wales, died on the 12th December. He was 78 years old.

He was commissioned and served in the Second World War from 1939 to 1944, and became a St. Dunstaner in 1977. As well as being both blind and deaf, he was by then a very sick man, but he remained at home until his admission to hospital a few days before his death.

He leaves a widow, Sylvia.



*Mr. and Mrs. Arthur David*, of St Athan, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Sarah Anne, to their son Ralph and his wife who live in Australia, on 16th August.

*Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Hiscox*, of Mountain Ash, on the birth of their first grandson, Mark Philip, to their daughter Wendy and her husband Philip, on 20th November.

*Mr. and Mrs. Frank Palfrey*, of Bourne-mouth, on the birth of their third grand-child, Christopher Robert, to their daughter Joy and her husband, on 19th October.

*Mr. and Mrs. Harry Windley*, of Scarborough, on the birth of their tenth grandchild, Stacey Jane, to their daughter Pauline and her husband John, on 14th November.

## GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

### Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cummings*, of Verwood, on the birth of their first great grandchild, Mary Anne Louise, on 22nd October.

*Mrs. Lucy Wood*, of Northampton, on the birth of her first great grandchild, Jade Elizabeth, who was born in Johannesburg, on 29th July.

## PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

### We warmly congratulate:

*Mr. Tom Taylor*, of Preston, who is very proud of his eight year old grandson, Mark Sharples, who has just won his Silver Medal for Personal Survival.

*Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davies*, of Llanelli, whose son, Timothy, has recently obtained a Bronze Medal for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

## DEATHS

### We offer sincere sympathy to:

*Mr. Joseph Heselden*, of Eltham, whose wife, Alice, died on 18th November. She was 86 years old. Mr. and Mrs. Heselden had been married for 62 years.

*Mr. Edward Quinn*, of Peacehaven, whose sister died on 2nd December.

*Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wareham*, of Poole, on the deaths of Mr. Wareham's brother-in-law, nephew and sister-in-law.

*Mr. Randall Williams*, of Leytonstone, whose father died on 2nd September.

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## 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.**

### **Hugh Sidney Ellis** *2nd Leicesters, attached Indian Army*

Hugh Ellis, of West Mersea, Essex, died on 3rd December, 1979. He was 90 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1916.

He was a tea planter before the First World War, in which he was commissioned and served until he was blinded in Mesopotamia. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1916 and became a joiner and picture framer, making goods for private sale and for our Stores until less than five years ago. He was a keen St. Dunstaner and always much enjoyed attending Reunions, both locally and in London, and was a well-known figure in his area, especially in yachting circles. His health had gradually declined in recent years, but he was devotedly cared for at home, until he had to enter a nursing home.

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

### **Robert McDonald** *3rd Rifle Brigade*

Robert McDonald, of Liverpool, died in hospital on 15th November. He was 84 years old. He had been a St. Dunstaner for over 50 years.

At the beginning of the First World War he enlisted as a Rifleman in the 3rd Rifle Brigade and was wounded in France in 1917. Before joining up Mr. McDonald had been a cotton spinner.

Although he undertook a period of training in joinery, typewriting and rug-making, Mr. McDonald was unable to take up full-time employment because of poor health. Nevertheless his garden kept him fully occupied and he specialised in growing fine crops of tomatoes, and in recent years, with the help of his wife, had been cultivating a vine.

He leaves a widow, Kathleen, a daughter and two sons.