

1980



St Dunstons
REVIEW
April 1980

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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10p MONTHLY

Message from the Chairman

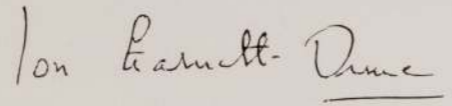
St. Dunstaner and President

Sir Michael Ansell has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday. We all know something of his outstanding career as a Cavalry Officer, champion rider, international authority and organiser of show jumping, and author.

Nowadays he continues to keep himself actively employed with gardening, fishing and writing. A new book, I believe, will be published very shortly, and for relaxation he makes jigsaw puzzles of the highest quality which often produce gifts for the benefit of St. Dunstan's.

Congratulations from us all, Mike, and many happy returns. What an example you are to each one of us on how to spend the first three-quarters of a century of one's life.

We have no doubt you will keep it up for the fourth quarter and we shall continue to follow your achievements with pride and delight.



Ian Fraser House Chapel

The Chapel at Ian Fraser House has been redecorated and repairs have been carried out to the ceiling boards, as we have had multiple leaks through the box gutters.

The chancel is now white, which sets off the altar and the motif of "the dove and the silver rays" behind. The nave is a very light shade of green which has highlighted the stained glass in the windows—the whole giving a clean and airy appearance to the Chapel.

Services are held regularly at 9.30 a.m. every Sunday, with Holy Communion on the 1st Sunday of the month. It is also planned to hold a service in Pearson House every two months, to enable the residents there (who cannot normally take part) to participate. We are always delighted to see St. Dunstaners and their families and members of staff with their families at any services.

A tribute to Miss Gwendolen Maitland from Miss Frances Ramshaw, of Angmering

Miss Gwendolen Maitland was a voluntary Braille teacher at Church Stretton and later rejoined us at Brighton. Apart from giving valuable help in teaching, she was so capable in other ways and helped Maurice Aldridge when he sat his exams and it is no mean feat to act as an amanuensis—much patience and accuracy is required.

I know many St. Dunstaners and the staff who knew her will mourn her death, as they kept in touch and enjoyed her jovial laughter.

'THIS IS YOUR LIFE'

We advise readers to watch this programme at 7.0 p.m. on I.T.V. for the next few weeks, it will be featuring someone of great interest.

COVER PICTURE: Our President, Sir Mike Ansell, photographed by Rex Coleman, at work in his greenhouse.

HOSPITALITY TO ST. DUNSTANERS' RELATIVES

For a trial period, wives/husbands of St. Dunstaners will be welcome to eat lunch and supper in the dining-room on the fifth floor. There will be no charge for this, but the wife/husband will be requested to assist with the needs of her/his husband/wife at the table, e.g., by cutting food.

As at present wives/husbands of St. Dunstaners will book the meals they require, at the lounge desk by 10.30 a.m. on that day. Another relative acting as escort will be offered the same service. Un-related escorts will continue to be able to obtain a lunch in the staff dining-room on the 5th floor and should book this in the usual manner.

Matron Pass or Dr. Stilwell, will be pleased to deal with arrangements for children visiting, with their parents, when this eventuality arises.

St. Dunstaners visiting for the day and taking part in organised activities within the building, which necessitates them being there over the luncheon or supper periods will also be welcome to have their meals in the fifth floor dining-room. If it is necessary for their wives/husbands to come as escorts, or are involved in the organisation of that activity, then they too will be accommodated in the dining-room on the fifth floor. Again it is essential to book by 10.30 a.m. on that day. In the first instance, this will not apply to Brighton Club activities—any particular problems that this causes should be discussed with Dr. Stilwell.

UNEMPLOYABILITY SUPPLEMENT

St. Dunstaners over 65 who are receiving Unemployability Supplement but not receiving National Insurance Graduated Benefit, please contact Mr. Slade at Headquarters.

ENTERTAINMENT AT IAN FRASER HOUSE

We are looking at the pattern of entertainment at Ian Fraser House and would like the views of St. Dunstaners. Comments and suggestions, please, to Dr. R. Stilwell, Administrator, Ian Fraser House, Ovingdean, Brighton, Sussex.

Newspapers and Periodicals On Tape

Extracts from the *Sunday Times*, articles on outdoor pursuits and topical scientific subjects, "Which", "Handyman Which" and specialist magazines for the blind are available on cassette from the Tape Service of the Cultural Society for the Disabled, 10 Warwick Row, London S.W.1. National and specialist journals are also recorded by tape services for the blind: the Tape Recording Service for the Blind, 48 Fairfax Road, Farnborough, Hants. Telephone: 0252 47943. Some local talking newspapers distribute recorded extracts from the national press, as well as their own local newspapers. Further information is available from Cyril Cocks, Public Relations Officer of the Talking Newspaper Association of the U.K., 130 Chester Road, Watford, Herts. Telephone: 0923 46621.

GERMAN EX-PRISONERS OF WAR

The German ex-P.O.W.s have been invited to a concert on Friday, 12th September at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon, organised by Jimmy Howe, Stalag VIIIb. A coach has been arranged to take us and our escorts from Brighton and back to Ian Fraser House where we hope to have a Reunion over the weekend. A buffet dance will be held on Saturday evening in conjunction with the Far East Prisoners of War. Members who have not already contacted Tom Hart, 30 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone, telephone Folkestone 75416, please do so as soon as possible, so that numbers can be catered for. Arrangements for accommodation should be made to Miss Bridger, at Headquarters.

SPEEDY RECOVERY

Readers will be pleased to know that the hip operation carried out on Mr. Wills was most successful. Mr. Wills is now making good progress at home and is able to walk with the aid of crutches.

DERBY DRAW

The announcement in last month's *Review*, that the draw for the Derby Sweepstake would take place on Monday, 26th May was incorrect. The draw will take place, at Headquarters, on Friday, 23rd May.



Ted John talks with Christopher Cathles and Mrs. Cathles after the presentation of the G3MOW Memorial Trophy and commemorative shields.

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.

Clement Ernest Davies, of Leebotwood, Salop, who joined St. Dunstan's on 11th February. Mr. Davies served as an L.A.C. in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War. He is married with seven children.

Robert McQuillan, of Liverpool, who joined St. Dunstan's on 4th March. Mr. McQuillan served in the R.A.M.C. during the Second World War. He is married.

NEW BOWLS TROPHY

Mr. C. D. Wills and Commandant L. Fawcett, have given us a lovely Trophy, named the Wills-Fawcett Trophy, which will be played for each year in the March Handicap Championship, and I would like to thank them very much on behalf of all our bowlers. A. ROBINSON

PROFESSOR ALDRIDGE'S BOOK

Professor Maurice Aldridge, who holds the Chair of Phonetics and General Linguistics at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, and was featured in our "Ways of Life" series in the February Review, 1979, has just had his book, entitled "English Quantifiers: The Role of Quantifying Expressions in the History of Linguistic Science and Their Use in Modern English", accepted for publication.

ANOTHER FINE FILM

Jimmy Wright, the producer of St. Dunstan's film "To Live Again", has just launched his latest film "How to Survive in an Occupied Country". The film is about the employment of mentally handicapped people and had its first screening on 28th February in the presence of His Royal Highness Prince Philip and an audience of 200 guests. Prince Philip, who has himself appeared in one of Jimmy's films, congratulated Jimmy on his production of the film, which will be shown on Granada and Westward TV on Easter Sunday at 12.30 p.m. and on ATV at 10.00 a.m. on 17th April. As Prince Philip said "Another fine film by Jimmy Wright".

AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting of the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society was held at Ian Fraser House on Saturday, 23rd February. Twenty-two members were present.

Peter Jones, acting Chairman, welcomed the members and a special welcome was given to David Castleton, the St. Dunstan's P.R.O.

The members stood in silence in memory of two of our members, Ralph Cathles and Frank Templeman, who had passed away during the year.

The acting Chairman then read the report in which he said the Society was making splendid progress. He congratulated George Cole on being established as a First Class Morse Operator, a worthy prize indeed in the Amateur Radio world, Charles Campkin for obtaining his full radio licence and Tom Hart on passing his City and Guilds Radio Examination.

The Secretary/Treasurer, Ted John, said that the accounts were in a healthy state although a certain amount would have to be paid out to repair the base rig which had gone off the air during the last meeting.

The Committee then retired and David Castleton took the chair during the election of Officers. Balloting took place and the following were elected: Bill Shea, Peter Jones, Ted John, Jim Padley and Ray Hazan.

St. Dunstan's provided an excellent lunch in the Winter Gardens. There were 14 guests including the Administrator, Dr. Stilwell and Matron Pass. Other guests were mostly representatives of the various radio clubs and radio amateurs who provide a great service to members of the club.

After lunch Mrs. Cathles was presented with a St. Dunstan's plaque as a token of esteem and affection of her late husband. Mr. Christopher Cathles then received the G3MOW Memorial Trophy on which his late father's name had been engraved.

This award is given to the person, voted by members of the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society, as having given outstanding assistance during the year.

The afternoon was spent listening to a most entertaining and interesting talk by Mr. Harry Hatch, who started with the B.B.C. when it was in its infancy and retired after many years' service to become involved with World Radio Service of the B.B.C. on which he has made over 700 broadcasts.

The weekend was spent chatting and discussing radio until the early hours of the morning. Several of the chaps had their portable transmitters with them and were contacting many of their friends in the Brighton area.

Our thanks go to Dr. Stilwell and Matron Pass and to all the St. Dunstan's staff at Ian Fraser House for their hospitality and kindness.

Any St. Dunstaners who would be interested in this hobby would be welcome at the next meeting, which will be held over the weekend of 19th July. Arrangements for Ian Fraser House should be made through Miss Bridger.

DX CENTURY CLUB

Frank Jeanmonod (G3JYT) has just been granted membership of the DX Century Club by the American Radio Relay League. This certificate is awarded for having two-way communication with 100 different countries. Frank has won five other awards for operating and his list of certificates is given below:

DXCC	Worked 100 different countries.
WBE	Worked the British Empire.
WAC	Worked all continents.
BCA	British Counties Award. All contacts made on 160 metres using only 10 watts with the key. (First blind radio amateur to receive this award.)
VHFCC	VHF Century Club, 2 metre award. (Second blind radio amateur to receive this award.)
R.S.G.B.	2 metre Award.

Frank does not have a beam antenna, just a long wire. He runs 150 watts on SSB, and has a separate CW only rig which runs 50 watts for use with the key.

Gardening Column

I only hope that the weather improves enough for us all to get down to some hard work in the garden. Most of the perennials, trees, shrubs and lawns will be coming to life now, despite having had their feet very much under water for the last few weeks. Here on the Cheshire coast, we have had rain practically all February and we have not been able to get anything done outside. However, we did have one or two dry spells and I was able to get the vegetable garden ready, while my wife tidied up the flower borders. At least the temperature has been good and it has not been too cold and we have not had to turn the heating up that much. I have found that some plants have managed without any heat at all and with just a little protection.

Keep all the paths clear by sweeping them regularly. Get up any weeds that start to grow in the cracks and crevices. You can use weedkiller for this, but do be careful not to get any on neighbouring flower beds, so do read the instructions properly. Since it has been so mild the insect world will be on the rampage earlier than usual, not only outside but in the greenhouse and frames as well. Spray or dust all the plants with repellents. Do change sprays occasionally as the pests can become resistant to one particular kind and again always read the instructions carefully. Bedding plants can be put into small pots so you can bring them into the house later on. Do nip out the growing point, when they are properly established, so that they do not grow too tall and the plants will get bushier and more colourful.

Vegetables

Make certain that the vegetable patch is ready for the early seedlings – broad beans, peas, lettuce and so on. When you transfer the seedlings from the seed trays try to keep as much soil on the roots as possible and firm-in the seedlings carefully. You can sow seed outside now, but do save some seed in case of poor germination, or for a later crop to ensure a continuous supply throughout the year.

Thin out any items you put in early, such as carrots, beet, lettuce and onions. Plant potatoes now and when you do, sprinkle a soil pest deterrent in the rows, or holes, as you put the tubers down. The runner bean patch should be well dug over and put plenty of compost in the bottom of the trench. If you have heavy soil add some sand for extra drainage. Put a few extra seeds in seed boxes, so that you have a supply of replacement seedlings. It is a bit too soon for French beans, except in very warm areas, but if you have a frame, warm up the soil a bit and plant them in the frame until it gets a little warmer.

Put out plenty of slug bait and bird deterrents, to protect your young growths. There are bird repellents in spray form, which taste nasty when eaten. Spread some fine thread, or netting, over some small sticks for extra protection against the birds. Keep the hoe and rake going to deter the growth of weeds and to aerate the soil. Watch out for insects and always deal with them at once.

Fruit

Do not plant any more fruit trees or bushes. If you want any new items you will have to wait until autumn. Finish all the pruning and do not do any more, except for cutting away any dead or diseased branches and shoots. Spray all the fruit trees/bushes with insecticide, but do not do this on a windy day. Make sure the whole plant, all branches, twigs, stems and trunk gets a good dose of the spray. Remember to wear some old clothes and gloves and to wash yourself very carefully when you have finished.

Pick off large buds from the black-currant bushes and spray the bushes with a lime sulphur wash and do this every two weeks for some time to come. Fork up the soil round the roots of the soft-fruit bushes and add a little Growmore to give them an extra boost for the growing season. Make sure the stakes used for dwarf trees, soft-fruit bushes and the wall fruits are firmly in position and replace any broken ones. The frames used to hold

fruit on to walls come away very easily, so check that their anchorage to the wall is all right and replace any that have started to rot. Nowadays plastic frames are a better bet, as they need less maintenance.

The grass will be growing more rapidly now so keep mowing the lawn regularly and towards the end of April, lower the blades a little. Put some fertiliser-cum-weedkiller on the grass, as this will stop the weeds and encourage good growth. Some weeds, such as dandelions, take a lot of killing, but fortunately there is a special weedkiller attached to a long stick; the bar at the bottom is pushed into the centre of the weeds and before long they wither away completely. The long handle spares you a lot of backache and the weedkiller is easily replaceable and available at most garden shops. Clean the mower and box after each use and this will keep it in good order.

Flower Border

Keep using the hoe and check that the weeds do not have a chance to grow. It may be a good idea to divide large clumps of perennials, keeping the best one in the same position and planting the others elsewhere. Do ensure that each piece has a good root system and a new shoot showing. Hardy annual and perennial seeds can be sown now, but half hardy items should be planted next month. If you live in the north I advise you to wait a little longer before planting the seeds, but if you do want to plant them, do give them adequate protection with cloches, or polythene sheeting stretched over pegs and secured at soil level.

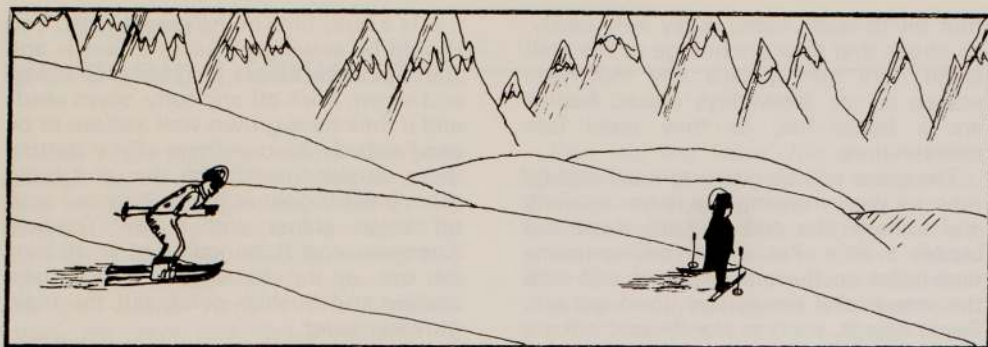
Have a look at all the stakes, used for the taller plants, any trellis work and netting, and make sure that they are all in good shape and do not need replacing. When the bulbs have finished flowering, do not cut away the leaves. Simply bend the leaves over and tie them down with string or a rubberband. The leaves are the plant's method of building up resources for next season's flowers. Gladioli, Anemone, Ranunculus and other bulbous items can be planted now. Dahlias should be planted as late as possible, but if you do plant them give them plenty of protection or, better still, start them off in boxes or pots in the greenhouse.

It is a busy time in the greenhouse. You should be sowing all kinds of seeds and starting off the tubers, Begonias, Gloxinias and so on. Prick off any early-sown seeds and if they have grown well and are to be used outside, harden them off by putting them outside during the day and bring them inside again at night. You can start off these plants and a few Gladioli, Anemone and Ranunculus in small pots for use in the house. To make them smaller and bushier pinch out the main growing point.

Older plants can be re-potted, but only put them into a pot one size larger. You can take cuttings from all the larger plants. Dip the cuttings in a hormone rooting powder and plant single cuttings in small pots, or if you have several put them into a larger container. Sow all bedding annuals and pot plants, it may be easier to do so now as it is getting a little warmer. As it is warmer the insect world will be waking up, so spray the greenhouse regularly. Use smoke pellets at night and shut all windows and doors, light the pellets and then retreat. In the morning take a deep breath, open all the windows and even the door and keep out for several hours.



Johnny Cope is not only a swimmer, see our picture on another page. He has just completed this cocktail cabinet made of cane and willow stakes. It took him a month to build, but six months to design!



Snow Queen and the Seven Dwarfs

Episode 2

by Ray Hazan

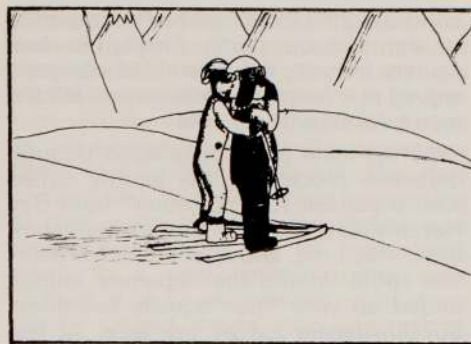
You may recall in Episode 1 (March Review 1979) the legend of the Snow Queen and of her beguiling powers. Indeed, the spell of the enchantress was so strong, that she drew another seven St. Dunstaners to her again this year. The Queen received us with the finest pageantry. The sun glinted and sparkled off her white robes, as lights danced upon a diamond-speckled dress. She was surrounded by her ministers, whose grey peaks rose majestically into an azure blue sky. Sleeves of coniferous green reached down into the valleys. A fanfare of sounds assailed us from every side. Church bells, their deep, sonorous tones acoustically enhanced by the surrounding mountains, echoed from the valley, while the slopes resounded to the laughter and gaiety of the skiers, and the swish and crunch of snow under the skis.

At several stages on 23rd February, it looked as though none of the above was going to take place. With only three-quarters of an hour to take-off, a bus with three lone St. Dunstaners was roaming the streets of London looking for a pick-up point. A decision was made and the bus headed for the airport. Breathlessly, they tore through the airport terminal to board the plane, in the nick of time, only to sit on the ground for 40 minutes, due to an electrical fault on the aircraft. A lost piece of luggage meant further delays at Munich and missing our train connection. It was

a tired group of 14 who reached their final destination that night. To be told that there would be no skiing until Monday was the final straw. But in every situation there must be a counter action, and in this case we could only feel that things could not get any worse. How true that was to prove. From there on in, it was roses all the way!

The village of Wertach is situated in the western Bavarian Alps. It is about ten miles away from where we stayed last year and has a population of around 1,500 people, four or five café-restaurants, a supermarket, bank and shops – all of which were within easy reach of the Hotel Magnus. The proprietor of the hotel, a Mr. Lipp, pronounced in German, of course, as Herr Lipp, proved to be a genial host. It was by chance that we discovered the full range of facilities the hotel had to offer. For on returning from a belated meal on our first night, David Clark sat on his bed, which promptly collapsed under him. He managed to find Herr Lipp who put him into another room, which had its own shower and loo. There was a scramble the next day to change rooms so as to avoid having to share the one shower and bath between all of us (and I thought St. Dunstaners were meant to be a friendly lot!).

The Snow Queen's spell had also been cast over the 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment. Once again, they were



Adrian Black

absolutely magic. It was very good to renew friendships once more, especially with Gyppo and Taff, who we met last year. In charge of the party was Lieutenant Peter Ralph, who had arrived in Wertach only a few days before us. He was, therefore, thrown in at the deep end, together with all the other guides who were new to this type of blind skiing, George, chief instructor, Gas, Bonnie, Chris, Steve, Keith, Graham, Alex Cooper, of the Queen's Regiment, and Eric, the driver, and so through to their baptism of fire. They all came through with flying colours. Not only did all their pupils make good progress, but they said they would be delighted to have us back again.

Three levels of skill

We had three distinct levels of skiers in our party this year. David Clark, Ray 'Omar' Sheriff and Gerry Jones were skiing for the first time ever. It was the second season for Tiny Pointon, Jack Fulling, Pat Black, Jennie Hazan, Joan Wortley and children, Richard, Rachel and Sian. For Alan Wortley and Ray Hazan it was a matter of trying to perfect all that had gone before. Another novice to the party, both to guiding and skiing, was Captain Peter Barnes, also of the Royal Anglian Regiment, who agreed to come along at fairly short notice to escort the party, thereby relieving the ladies of some of the hard work in keeping us on the straight and narrow. But more of Peter later.

The weather was so glorious that we were able to ski in just a shirt. However, the price to pay was not just peeling noses. This led to comparisons between the efficiency of Helena Rubinstein's

moisturising cream with Boots Own. More importantly, it meant icy skiing conditions. The snow would melt by day, freeze by night, leaving a hard packed surface of granulated ice. These are not the best conditions for the blind skier. Ice makes it hard for one to feel movement under the skis and leads to a greater feeling of dis-orientation than when skiing on soft snow. This was amply demonstrated when a couple of our guides bravely volunteered to have a go at skiing blind-folded. At times they were unable to tell which was their downhill ski, or their left from their right. It is only by planting in your stick that you can find out if you are moving or stationary. For the novice, it makes the snow-plough, used for stopping and the basis for all turns, much harder as David, Gerry and 'Omar' will vouch.

We were unable to visit the slope we had used last year, due to the poor snow conditions. So we travelled into Austria every day. This might sound very grand, but it was simply a ten-minute drive. Jungholz is a finger of Austria which juts into southern Germany and can only be reached via Germany. It is only inhabited by Germans, so there are no frontier formalities to go through. There was a wide variety of slopes on this mountain, so it was an ideal place at which to congregate every day. It was further enhanced by having a good café at the bottom, where refreshing draughts of beer and glühwein could be obtained to revitalise the soul. It even had a swimming pool. This meant that people could have a swim first thing in the morning and by the time they had finished, the icy conditions had been moderated a little by the sun.

In previous accounts of skiing trips, we have tried to describe what it feels



An aerial view of the slopes at Jungholz. The lines indicate the ski-runs.

like to be a blind skier on the slopes. Peter Barnes now relates what it is like to be an escort let loose with a group of St. Dunstaners.

When Ray Hazan asked me if I would take on the task of the sighted escort for the skiing trip to Bavaria I leapt at the offer. Only later, as I lay in my bath, did I reflect on the true significance of my decision, but by then it was too late, I had accepted. It was, therefore, with considerable trepidation that I arrived at London Airport, on 23rd February. As usual the terminal was a hive of activity but there was not a St. Dunstaner in view. However, it was not long before the Wortleys and the Fullings arrived, but as the departure time grew closer there was still not a sign of our leader, who had all the tickets, nor of the three unattached men. Ray and Jennie Hazan, accompanied by David Clark, eventually arrived with the heart-sinking news that the bus

containing the three men had not reported to the pick-up point. Finally, in true military fashion, the assembled company arrived at a "sort-of" decision and left the men's tickets with my wife.

As the main party progressed through departure procedures the tannoy rattled with a request for "someone" from Ray Hazan's party to report to the information desk. This I did, and after a quick breathless sprint around the departure lounge turned up with three equally breathless St. Dunstaners led by my wife. At last we were all together and nearly on our way. I say nearly because after the panic there was a chance for all to catch their breath and meet properly. The plane was delayed. St. Dunstan must have had a running feud with St. Christopher, because once in Munich, albeit after an uneventful flight, we missed the train, and found that British Airways had lost one of David Clark's bags. At this stage the reader may be forgiven for thinking that this is the prelude to a Whitehall farce, but he would be absolutely wrong. From our arrival at our hotel, in the small village of Wertach, to our return to London Airport, seven days later, the holiday was truly a week to cherish. The reader will be able to read other accounts, describing in minute detail, all the antics on the slopes and in the pubs. I have dwelled upon the outward journey because that was my baptism of fire, my first real introduction to blind people in what could have been for all concerned very trying circumstances. I say "could have been" deliberately, because in the event it was a very encouraging start to my short career as a sighted escort. Perhaps it was because of the euphoria born of anticipation, perhaps it was my own brilliant control of the situation. I doubt it. It was encouraging because every member of the party was good humoured and gentle. If these were the qualities that were likely to persist for the remainder of the holiday, and they did, then I knew my task was going to be much less daunting than I had first imagined.

The reader may be puzzled at my use of the adjective "gentle", when applied to Ex-SAS Officers and men who jumped with the Paras at Arnhem, but to me it fits perfectly. It is not an alternative, or

nice way of saying "docile". I want it to convey the concept enhanced in the word "gentlemen". A term often used too loosely today. My conviction that gentlemen was the correct term was reinforced as our holiday unfolded. Gentlemen are brave and live life to the full. This they certainly did. To see everyone progressing at their own pace on the slopes was evidence enough, but to understand, albeit to a very limited extent, how difficult it is to ski without sight, constantly caused me to stop and marvel. The après ski, while it may not have been up to the suave sophisticated standards of St. Moritz, further reinforced my original impressions of the party as good humoured gentlemen. Every evening was filled with good food and good company. Jokes abounded and I can honestly say I never heard a bitter or nasty comment – except those directed at some of the jokes.

The holiday was however not totally "Disneyland". There is one particularly disturbing memory which will always stay with me. One of my duties was to ensure that everyone was assembled before we all went out to dinner. On one occasion I knocked on one of the party's doors, was greeted by a cheery "come in" and I entered a totally dark room. Such an occurrence is obviously commonplace to those used to working with blind people, but to a novice it has a shattering effect and one that brought home to me the true enormity of the task the St. Dunstaners had set themselves when they put on skis, some for the first time.

To try and sum up the impression the holiday has had on me in these few lines is impossible. Suffice to say that my admiration for all the skiers, the novices and the semi-professionals, is total, but more important my lasting impression will not be of the party as skiers, but of a party of true gentlemen.

A Vote of Thanks From The Escort

No account of the week's skiing in Bavaria would be complete for me without being allowed to express a vote of thanks to everyone in the party for making my job, as the sighted escort, so enjoyable. First must come the distaff side, and in that I include the Wortley girls Rachel and Sian. The ladies, Pat, Jennie and Joan, were all towers of

strength and Joan's excellent German was a life saver. Last, but not least, my thanks to the gentlemen for being so patient with me and for keeping me supplied with cooling and calming drafts of beer. Thank you all, it was a holiday I enjoyed immensely and one which I shall never forget. For those with a liking for biblical quotations, the ladies' role as far as I was concerned, sustained me as Our Lord did Job. See Job Chapter 4, verse 4.



"Gentleman" Gerry Jones writes of his first skiing experience with St. Dunstan's

It seemed impossible a few days earlier that I would ever ski down the junior slope, but with Peter Ralph, the 1st Royal Anglian Detachment Commander, behind me I actually made five moderately successful runs down that strip of snow and ice. That very morning I had suffered a case of the leans, i.e. balance is affected and it is difficult to know whether you are turning one way or another, facing downwards or upwards. Jennie Hazan and Peter Barnes found this out when their noble efforts to steer me through a tricky little number, which we christened the Toboggan Run, ended with me completely out of control and for a brief instant I knew that I was going to become a hero or a casualty, the latter was the case.

The inevitable question was asked somewhat anxiously, "Are you all right?" and having assured them that I had never felt better was told not to move. This last remark was totally unnecessary. Anyone who has found themselves askew in the top of a Christmas tree, with skis

SNOW QUEEN—continued

hanging from the ankles, ski sticks dangling from the wrists, woollen hat over the face and snow down the back will know that it is totally impossible even to blink, anyway I wasn't really planning on going anywhere.

Five days previously we had struggled into our boots. For the experts who had been before, led by Ray Hazan, there were few problems and the Wortley children were off to the top of the slopes. They seemed perfectly at home on the funny things on their feet. Meanwhile Ray Sheriff, David Clark, Peter Barnes and myself fought a running battle with boots that felt like ton weights and skis that would not stay still long enough to put them on. All praise to the patience of our wonderful Army instructors who stuck manfully to their task. Meanwhile Alan, Jack, Tiny, Joan, Pat, Jennie and Ray were away.

Of course we were eventually away ourselves, two or three days later to be truthful, but eventually we made it. How exhilarating it is. I remember Peter Barnes behind me at one stage yelling "Go on, go on". Faster you go somewhat out of control and relying totally on your guide and how superb they were. My sincere thanks to all the Army instructors and soldiers who gave us so much on and off the slopes; they were excellent company and gave us so much with their ceaseless chat and good humour. My personal thanks to Corporal Gascoigne, my first instructor, who probably saved my life a dozen times on the first day and refused to let me give in.

We should also be very grateful to Captain Peter Barnes, who took leave from the Ministry of Defence to come as general dogsbody, to look after the administrative side of the trip and see to our wants. Somehow he found time to learn to ski as well and I should think he is looking forward to a few days rest. Well done the ladies also for making the social side of the holiday such a success and the Wortley children for their excellent behaviour and terrible jokes.

Ray Hazan resumes

Peter, in his account, refers to "good company". I hope it will not be pre-sumptuous of me to say that some of the

help and kindness shown to our party, by our guides and the local population, is due to the atmosphere that St. Dunstaners seem to create around them. A comment made by one of the wives, was how exhausted she was from laughing so much. It must be a great advertisement for the spirit of St. Dunstan's, for people to see a group of laughing, willing, blind men giving life all they have, both on and off the slope.

Our evenings were spent in the local restaurants, with hilarity, party tricks and bad jokes. On our penultimate evening we "dined out" our guides and instructors, as a thank you. Here, we must say a special thank you to Corporal Gascoigne, although he could not be with us, enabled us to drink his health. We missed you Gas and look forward to repaying you next year.

Although at the time of writing, our week in Bavaria is only a fortnight old, it is but a memory in the distant past. Memories of the "latern drink" which is a wineglass filled with cherry kirsch standing inside a litre stein, filled with white wine and soda. As you drink from the stein, the wineglass is tipped and releases a mellow blend of kirsch and sparkling wine. Memories of gliding down a slope, to be given a warm round of applause by a group of German onlookers; memories of 'Omar' and Gerry scouring the floor of their bedroom in the early hours, looking for a bottle top, only then to find that the bottle was empty; memories of the party tricks, so ably and amusingly led by the Wortley children; memories of an unmentionable St. Dunstaner in a pair of very brief, borrowed bathing trunks and cap, sunning himself by the pool; memories of a rather large German lady, in a tight, one-piece ski suit and large fur hat, standing with her legs apart in the plough position, prior to attempting a steeper part of the nursery slope. Along comes Jack Fulling. Also in the plough position, but not totally in control of his destiny. His skis neatly slipped in between hers, she fell back heavily on to Jack's stomach, he on to his back and his arms, in total reflex, of course, came up around her ample waist. In this friendly position, the two slid for 50 feet, eventually coming to a stop, whereupon the fur hat rolled grotesquely off, with a wig stuck

inside! And above all the memories of the sheer exhilaration, of a hair-sweeping run down the slope at speed.

On behalf of all the male members of the party I would like to thank the wives, Richard, Rachel, Sian and Peter Barnes. They all put up with us with great humour and patience. We are all grateful to St. Dunstan's for helping to make the trip possible. Finally we thank Lieutenant-Colonel John Hart, and Battalion H.Q. of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, Lieutenant Peter Ralph and all his team for being such wonderful hosts and guides. Not only were our guides top quality instructors, but over and above that, were both great friends and helpers. They showed compassion in its truest and most sincere form. Thank you all very much.

ROLLING HOME

by Sydney Scroggie

We congratulate Mike Tetley on his sterling feat of hiking from wherever it was to the Mount Everest base-camp, not only achieving a personal ambition thereby, but also setting a goal for other blind people to aim at who have a mind for this kind of thing. For me and my tin leg to walk twice round the Equator, this and climb some 300,000 feet, has taken full 30 years, and I can't better appreciate Mike's achievement than in realising that at his Himalayan rate of progress our stalwart fellow St. Dunstaner could have done all this in eight months or so. Rose-coloured evening on the towering heights of Chomolungma, however vicariously experienced, was his reward for all these labours, and it was the corresponding spectacle on Kangchenjunga, some 20 years ago that similarly rewarded a friend of mine, drawn to these primordial regions by some such mystic yearning as stirred in Mike.

In Bob's case, however, he didn't walk, preferring to jog along on a shaggy pony, in company with a convoy of Tibetan traders returning, as Bob supposed, with rich loads of merchandise from the bazaars of India. How great was his surprise, therefore, to discover that the loads under which the sumpter-mules



toiled over sundry snowy passes comprised not priceless silks, sumptuous rugs, or anything of that kind, but bale upon bale of airmail editions of the London Times.

The monsoon clouds parted, the snows of Kangchenjunga briefly unveiled their rose-pink glory, and it was at this moment that the mystery of this incongruous merchandise resolved itself. For the Tibetan traders, pausing for a drag among the ice-glazed boulders, were rolling themselves fags from none other than the Thunderer's precious sheets. Inveterate cigarette-smokers as they are, research had long since revealed to the men of Lhasa the best, cheapest and most readily available paper for this purpose. Having scanned a by now thoroughly antiquated third leader, Bob rolled himself a fag with it, watched clouds close again on the dazzling loveliness of his hill, then saying goodbye to his chattering hosts addressed himself to the long Tetley trudge home.

I wonder how many St. Dunstaners were lucky enough, like myself, to catch Mike's interview on the Radio 4 "Today" programme some short time after his return. It gave a good idea, especially perhaps to a modest local practitioner like



HALF PAST WHAT?

By Bill Griffiths

A Sportsman's Night was held recently in London. It is an annual event to raise funds for the Sunshine Homes for blind babies and young people. Alice and I were privileged to be introduced to His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh, who was absolutely charming and delighted everyone by drawing the raffle tickets. He asked me about sports for the disabled and was interested to hear about St. Dunstan's sports activities.

The Duke asked me: "What service were you in, where were you wounded?" When I told him "In the Far East" he said, "I have been to your Reunion in Blackpool. They are a fine lot of men and I was pleased to meet your President". Alice said to H.R.H. "You are coming to Blackpool again in May", to which he answered "Oh! Am I?" and laughed. A little later Alice told him that we were happy to be in Buckingham Palace on the day that Princess Anne's baby was born,

Rolling Home—continued

myself, of the thrills and delights inherent, the hardships also, in blind Himalayan wayfaring. Take heart Mike; all has not yet been achieved. The Andes from north to south, the length and breadth of Antarctica, the immeasurable jungles of the Orinoco; all these lie before your boots, rucksack and long cane.

and I added that on that day the Investiture was ten minutes late. Prince Philip asked me, chuckling, how I knew it was ten minutes late. I explained. He then examined my Braille watch and asked me to tell him the time. I felt my watch and told him "It's half past". He quipped with a smile "Half past what?" And because I had not troubled to locate the hour finger, I quickly had to do so and told him it was half past ten. Prince Philip laughed heartily when I told him that the last time I had been caught out with that question was when giving a talk to the inmates of Lewes Prison, Sussex.

Prince Philip rather astonished Alice by suddenly asking her "Can you ride a horse?" Alice replied "No, sir, but I can just about manage to ride a donkey on Blackpool beach". He laughed and then said "You can't ride a horse and I can't speak Russian, so we are disabled. Everyone is disabled in some way".

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Joy Forster, Leeds

As a Church Stretton St. Dunstan's V.A.D., who married a St. Dunstaner, I should like to thank every member of the staff of St. Dunstan's for the kindness, care and love Bob, I and our children have received throughout the years of our wonderful married life.

We have had nearly 34 years of happiness together bringing up and enjoying our children, Ian and Hilary, and in due course our daughter and son by marriage, Kathy and Brian and also knowing the joy of our grandchildren, Paul, Kate and Andrew.

I cannot thank you enough for the good training Bob received, which enabled him to enjoy a normal job and also for all the help we have had, which took so many responsibilities from us. We always were grateful for the fact that St. Dunstan's was there behind us at all times.

Thank you too for the letters I have received in my sadness and the help and the poppies which were a great comfort and thank you for my Bob. We met at Denehurst and never forgot the happy times we had there and the friends we made and with whom we have kept in touch.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

On behalf of the Section Committee, I would like to give a big "thank you" to all those St. Dunstaners, wives and friends, who have donated so generously to the Royal Sussex County Hospital Kidney Unit project, and due to their efforts I am pleased to tell you that the fund is making very good progress.

We congratulate Bill Phillips and Johnny Cope on successfully completing their sponsored swim of 100 lengths each on Friday, 7th March in the swimming pool at Ian Fraser House. Well done chaps, and I understand that Johnny Simpson will be doing his 10 mile sponsored walk on 27th April.

The special dance will be held in the Annexe at Ian Fraser House on 12th April, by ticket only at £1, including buffet. Anyone wishing to attend this function please contact Bob Osborne, 117 Longridge Ave., Saltdean, Brighton, telephone Brighton 32115 as soon as possible—and we are looking for your support as all proceeds from this dance will be given to the Kidney Unit fund.

Plans have been made to hand over a cheque to a representative from the Royal Sussex Kidney Unit at our dance to be held in the Annexe on 14th June, so will anyone in possession of sponsor forms or donations please forward them to Bob Osborne at the above address by the end of May. Thanking you all for your co-operation. Our weekly club meetings have been well attended and a few outings are in the pipeline, dates will be published later. 45 members and friends attended the dance on 8th March and though the number was smaller than usual, it proved to be another happy evening.

H. PREEDY.

BOWLING

It is with regret that Micky Robinson has decided to resign as Captain and Chairman of the Bowling Section, but our thanks are extended to him for his invaluable help.



Congratulations from Peter McCormack for Bill Phillips and Johnny Cope after their sponsored swim.

We entertained Rottingdean Bowls Club, on 29th February, and were very pleased to have Mrs. Dacre present to welcome the visitors to our Club. We all had an enjoyable afternoon and we are now looking forward to a return match on 23rd May. We have two more indoor matches: Mayford on 14th March and Old Woking on 11th April. From the Winter Aggregate the bowlers are subscribing 10p for every point they score towards the Royal Sussex County Hospital Kidney Unit Fund.

I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the Bowlers for electing me their Captain and Chairman.

W. DAVIES, Captain

MIDLANDS

We held our February Club meeting on Sunday, 9th February and for once the weather was fine and sunny. We were all very sorry to hear that Joan Cashmore was in hospital and hope she soon will be well and strong again. Also Eileen Maynard was down with 'flu', and we send best wishes to her and hope for a speedy recovery.

We played off more of our Domino Doubles contest. We also made final arrangements for this year's summer

CLUB NEWS—continued

outing, which will be on 15th June. We will be going to Bourton-on-the-Water and having a picnic lunch, then on to Chipping Campden to the local Royal British Legion Club, who have invited us for an evening's entertainment.

The ladies put on an excellent tea again for us and were thanked in the usual manner. After tea we had a lively discussion on ways and means of raising funds. It was agreed that we have another bring and buy sale at our April meeting. St. Dunstaners who would care to join us will be sure of a warm welcome.

M. HORDYNEC

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 1093

The Double Image

By Helen MacInnes

Read by Stanley Pritchard
Reading Time 12½ hours

Professor Suzmann, on his way to America after giving evidence at a War Crimes trial in Nuremberg, stops off in Paris. There he recognises a former Nazi war criminal, long thought to be dead. That evening, the professor is murdered in his hotel room.

A promising start to a novel about espionage and international skulduggery. Alas, the book does not live up to this early promise. I felt it was far too long, the plot was too tortuous and more than a bit thin in spots.

I found it a most forgettable book.

Cat. No. 2253

Death in a Salubrious Place

By W. J. Burley

Read by Peter Gray
Reading Time 6½ hours

Detective Chief Superintendent Wycliffe arrives on one of the Scilly Islands, to look into the mysterious death of Sylvie Evor whose body has been found at the bottom of a quarry. The pathologist declares she has been murdered (actually the reader already knows this — it was disclosed in the opening sentences of the book).

But who is the killer? Is it the ex-boyfriend, an ineffectual young school-teacher with a too-protective mother? The islanders' money, so to speak, is on Vince Peters, but then they are naturally prejudiced on two counts. In the first place he is not an islander and secondly because he follows the noxious trade of pop "star" with gold discs and things. He enjoys a princely lifestyle in a palatial house on the hill and is busily corrupting the morals of the youth of the island.

I really can't say any more without giving away the plot. Suffice to say that this is a plain straightforward whodunit. There are one or two minor shortcomings but on the whole it's not at all a bad read.

Cat. No. 381

The Paradox Players

By Maureen Duffy

Read by Arthur Bush
Reading Time 8 hours

Sym, a young writer at outs with his claustrophobic world, his marriage on the rocks, decides to make a clean break, to get away from the rat-race of material possessions, a mortgage and the nine-to-five treadmill.

He buys a decrepit houseboat moored at an island in the Thames and joins a small community of boat-dwellers, "all a little bit mad". He becomes friendly with Walden, ebullient, larger than life, with his downtrodden wife and three children.

He also meets Sassie, a free untrammelled spirit, fiercely independent, who seems to have found, in some measure at least, what Sym is looking for. Their relationship is passionate, warm and close and yet threatened by influences they cannot control. The end of their affair is inevitable and predestined . . .

What a joy it is to come across a book which not only has a very interesting story line, but is written in erudite and stylish English. A beautiful book.

Solution to last month's puzzle

He lights all three together. When the six minute candle goes out he pinches out the nine minute one, leaving three minutes' burning time. When the eight minute candles goes out he re-lights the nine minute one—and 11 minutes are up so it is time for the next patient.

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

We congratulate Dennis Freeman, of Coventry, who has been offered the post of Assistant County Commissioner for his Scout County. This is a particularly remarkable achievement. Mr. Freeman began as a Venture Scout Leader and later became Venture Scout Commissioner for two districts. As Assistant County Commissioner, Mr. Freeman will have special responsibility for the progress, promotion and development of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, within the county of the West Midlands.

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to:

Mr. Netta Baker, of Rhuddlan, Clwyd, is pleased to announce that her son, Peter, was married to Sian Weston, on 28th December.

Mr. Jack Pryor, of Maidstone, who was married to Rita Williams, on 1st March.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Richards, of Northampton, are pleased to announce that their son, Timothy, was married to Hannah Van De Ven, on 15th February.

Mr. and Mrs. James Padley, of Saltdean, are pleased to announce that their son, Tony, was married to Janice Donne, on 24th November.

SILVER WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Newton, of Oldham, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 26th February.

PEARL WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Paddick, of East Barnet, who celebrated their Pearl Wedding Anniversary on 15th December.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bice, of Westmoors, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 2nd March.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickey, of Poole, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 23rd March.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans, of Newbury, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 23rd March.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald, of Newcastle on Tyne, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 15th March.

BIRTHS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Murphy, of New Steventon, Lanarkshire, on the birth of their first child, Gavin, on 7th February.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. George Cooke, of Crewe, on the birth of their first grandchild, Rebecca, on 24th August, to their son John and his wife Avril.

Mr. Sidney Jones, of Manchester, on the birth of a grandson, Christopher, on 31st January, to his son Brian and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lawton, of Edgware, on the births of two grandchildren: Richard was born on 7th September, to their daughter Maria and her husband Ronald, and Rebecca was born on 8th February, to their son Dennis and his wife Doreen.

Mr. and Mrs. Wally Lethbridge, of Saltdean, on the birth of their first grandchild, Jennifer Ann, on 13th January, to their son Brian and his wife Vivienne.

Mr. and Mrs. John Muir, of Blackpool, on the birth of a grandson, Matthew James, on 8th January, to their son Robert and his wife Jannette.

Family News *continued*

Mr. and Mrs. George Roake, of Catford, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Donna Marie, on 22nd February, to their daughter Janet and her husband Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. David Smith, of Worcester, on the birth of their first grandchild, David William, to their daughter Heather and her husband William, on 5th January.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Smith, of Lancing, on the birth of a grandson, Paul John, on 19th February, to their daughter Catherine and her husband John.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Watson, of Barrow-in-Furness, on the birth of a grandson, Scott James, on 30th January, to their daughter June and her husband Alan.

Mrs. Mary Wilson, of Sunderland, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Marie, to her son Raymond and his wife Jackie.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mrs. Mary Wernham, of Rochford, on the birth of her first great grandchild, Pamela Jane.

In Memory

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

Squire Standish Brooks *Royal Army Service Corps*

Squire S. Brooks, of Welwyn Garden City, died on 16th February. He was 64 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1947.

Mr. Brooks served as a Private in the Royal Army Service Corps and he was seriously wounded during an air raid, when he lost one eye and severely damaged the other. Prior to his enlistment, Mr. Brooks had worked as an electrician and cinema operator, so when he joined St. Dunstan's he undertook a period of industrial training and was employed by a well-known firm of electrical component manufacturers, on assembly work. Mr. Brooks retired, on health grounds, in 1976.

Until recently Mr. Brooks devoted much of his spare time to entertaining the old and the handi-

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Blacker, of Peacehaven, on the death of Mrs. Blacker's mother. They wish to thank their many friends among St. Dunstaners for their sympathy and many floral tributes.

Mr. Matthew Eastwood, of Sidcup, whose wife, Alice, died on 4th March.

Mr. John Nelson, of Newark, whose wife, Margaret, died at the end of February.

Mrs. Brenda Rea, of Redcar, whose sister, Joan, died on 8th March.

Mr. George Rees, of Port Talbot, whose sister, Margaret, died on 23rd January.

Mr. William Stickland, of Oxford, whose mother died on 29th September.

Mrs. Elsie White, of Chilwell, whose mother died in October.

Mr. and Mrs. John Yorke, of Hull, on the death of Mrs. Yorke's mother on 5th March.

capped. In 1974 the *Evening News* wrote an article about him, entitled: "Brooky keeps them happy", describing how he sang and played with his three-piece band in clubs for the blind, orphanages and homes for the old and handicapped. He gave more than 100 performances each year. Mr. Brooks appeared on television twice. The first time was when he appeared in the "Man Alive" programme whilst he was entertaining patients in the Dane End Multiple Sclerosis Home and later he appeared in an episode of "The World at War".

Despite his deteriorating health, Mr. Brooks remained remarkably cheerful and as active as possible, he enjoyed listening to music and to his talking books as well as the occasional visits to Ian Fraser House and holidays with his family.

He leaves a widow, Elizabeth, and two children.

Kenneth Cole *Royal Artillery*

Mr. Kenneth James William Cole, of Lymm, died suddenly on 7th March. He was 58 years old.

Mr. Cole served as a Bombardier in the Royal Artillery from 1939 until he was discharged in 1945 after he was wounded by an explosion of an anti-personnel mine. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1952 and after a period of training took up industrial work in Bristol. Unfortunately Mr. Cole was forced to give up this work after a comparatively short time, due to ill health. He then took up joinery, which gave him a satisfying hobby-occupation, working for our Stores and fulfilling private orders.

He leaves a widow, Betsy, and four children.

Arthur Batchelier Coveney

Arthur Coveney, of Dover, died on 6th March. He was 80 years old.

Mr. Coveney was in a reserved occupation in World War II as a bricklayer's labourer and was working on Coastal Defence in Dover Harbour when he was wounded by an enemy shell, which was shot over the Channel the day after D-Day. Mr. Coveney joined St. Dunstan's in 1975 and continued to live in Dover until 1979, when he moved temporarily to London and then to Ian Fraser House.

He leaves a son and a daughter.

George Farrant *Royal Field Artillery*

George Farrant, of Eastbourne, died on 25th February. He was 85 years old.

Mr. Farrant served as a Gunner in the Royal Field Artillery. Having been a member of the Territorial Army since 1910, he was automatically mobilised at the outbreak of World War I. In 1917 Mr. Farrant was wounded at Nieuport, whilst on active service and subsequently was the victim of mustard gas keratitis. Mr. Farrant's sight deteriorated gradually over the years, but he did not join St. Dunstan's until 1974, after he had heard an "In Touch" programme and contacted the relevant authorities. However, before this he worked as a postman and then as a taxi driver until his retirement.

Despite being nearly 80 years old when he joined St. Dunstan's, Mr. Farrant frequently visited Ian Fraser House and wanted to undertake some hobby training and a typing course. He was the oldest St. Dunstaner ever to have passed a typing test and, as a result, was featured in the *Eastbourne Gazette*. He also mastered some basketwork and will long be remembered by Matron Pass and all the members of staff for his cheerfulness and determination to succeed.

Mr. Farrant enjoyed listening to his talking books, attending our Reunions and the company of his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a widow, Lillian, and a son.

Robert Forster *Royal Artillery*

Mr. Robert Forster, of Leeds, died suddenly on 25th February.

Mr. Forster joined the 114th Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery in 1940 and served with distinction until he was blinded by shell fragments, in 1944, whilst on active service as a Gunner. He was discharged in 1945 and was the proud holder of the Burma Star and other military medals.

Mr. Forster joined St. Dunstan's in 1945 and undertook a period of training in telephony and in 1946 commenced employment with Barclays Bank in Leeds, where he was a highly valued and popular member of staff, until he had to retire in 1976, on health grounds.

Mr. Forster's funeral was attended by members of the Royal Artillery Association and members of the Chapel Allerton Conservative Club, of which he was President Elect and was due to receive his chain of office in March. Mr. Forster was a member of the Royal Artillery Association and the colour party and flag of the Association were at the church door. In the congregation were members of the North Leeds Cricket Club, Barclays Bank and all members of his close-knit family.

He leaves a widow, Joyce, and two children, Ian and Hilary.

Stanley Charles Foyle *12th Battalion Devon Airborne Division*

Stanley Foyle, of Mitcham, died on 21st February. He was 57 years old and had been seriously ill for some time.

Mr. Foyle served as a Private with the 12th Battalion, Devon Airborne Division, from 1941. However, whilst on active service in Belgium, in 1945, he suffered severe head injuries and joined St. Dunstan's a few months later.

Before the war, Mr. Foyle had been an apprentice electrician, therefore he undertook a period of industrial training and successfully mastered drilling and assembly work. He was employed as a capstan lathe operator for a number of years, but Mr. Foyle was forced to retire in 1971 due to ill health.

Mr. Foyle will be greatly missed by all at the Brighton Homes.

He leaves a widow, Charlotte, and three sons.

Harold Hitchen *King's Royal Rifle Corps*

Mr. Harold Hitchen of Nelson, Lancashire, died on 2nd March. He was 80 years old.

Mr. Hitchen served as a Rifleman in the King's Royal Rifle Corps from his enlistment in 1917, until he was discharged soon after the end of the First World War, having been the victim of a mustard gas attack.

In civilian life Mr. Hitchen was an insurance

In Memory *continued*

agent and when he joined St. Dunstan's, in 1961, he competently undertook a period of training in typing, Braille and handicrafts. In earlier years, Mr. Hitchen and his wife, Grace, were active members of local blind clubs and although Mr. Hitchen only learnt to dance after his sight failed, he was awarded a Gold Medal, in 1966, by the Burnley Civilian Blind Centre. This was a fitting tribute to his teacher, Mrs. Hitchen, who was herself a Silver Medallist. Mr. Hitchen also enjoyed listening to the radio and talking books, as well as holidaying abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Hitchen celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary in August 1979.

He leaves a widow, Grace, and a daughter, Thelma.

Albert Victor Robinson *Royal Artillery*

Albert Robinson, formerly of Leamington Spa, but latterly resident in Pearson House, died on 15th February. He was 89 years old.

Mr. Robinson served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery, having been embodied into this regiment as a member of the Territorial Army, at the outbreak of World War I. Mr. Robinson was wounded in 1916, when he suffered head injuries and later, in 1918 was gassed while serving in France.

However, Mr. Robinson did not join St. Dunstan's until 1977 and he became a resident of Pearson House two years ago. He settled in very happily there, enjoying the company of his fellow St. Dunstaners. He will be greatly missed by all the staff at Pearson House.

Andrew William Rutledge *Pioneer Corps*

Mr. Andrew Rutledge, of Belfast, died on 6th March. He was 67 years old and had been ill for many years and had been a member of St. Dunstan's for 33 years.

Mr. Rutledge joined the Pioneer Corps, in 1943, and was discharged in 1947, with the rank of Sergeant, after a serious road accident whilst on active service in Germany.

After a period of training, in 1948, Mr. Rutledge began trading as a tobacconist and confectioner, in Belfast. He ran a successful business with his wife, Sheila. However, by 1968 his health was deteriorating and he was forced to give up his business. In his retirement, Mr. Rutledge looked forward to visits from his family and numerous friends and he enjoyed listening to the radio and talking books.

Mr. Rutledge was a devoted family man and was lovingly cared for by his wife for many years. He leaves a widow, Sheila, and two daughters, Lucinda and Daphne.

Michael Stacey *Royal Navy*

Mr. Michael Edward Stacey, of Peterborough, died on 5th March. He suffered a long and serious illness and was 82 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for 13 years.

Mr. Stacey served as a Leading Seaman in the Royal Navy from his enlistment in 1912, until he was discharged in 1946, following deprivation in a Japanese Prisoner of War Camp, in Hong Kong. As a result of this his health and eyesight seriously deteriorated over the years. He was devotedly nursed by his wife, Hilda. Mr. and Mrs. Stacey celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary in November 1975 and would have had their Pearl Wedding Anniversary this year.

Mr. Stacey leaves a widow, Hilda, and two stepsons.

John Henry Tallett *7th Royal Warwickshire Regiment*

John Tallett, formerly of Coventry, latterly resident in Pearson House, died on 17th February. He was 87 years old.

Mr. Tallett enlisted in the 7th Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1914 and was discharged in 1919 holding the rank of Sergeant. During the First World War, he was wounded in the arm, whilst on active service, and although he was able to work as a bodymaker with Daimler until his retirement in 1958, his eyesight deteriorated and he eventually became a permanent resident in a Home for the Blind and he joined St. Dunstan's in 1976.

Mr. Tallett had been a widower for some years and was devoted to his son, daughter-in-law and grandchildren with whom he was in close touch.

William Watkinson *24th Lancers*

William Watkinson, of Croston, Lancashire, died on 9th February. He was 70 years old.

Mr. Watkinson joined the 24th Lancers with the rank of Trooper in 1942. However, while serving in France, in 1944, he was blinded following a shell explosion. He joined St. Dunstan's the same year and, having been a carpenter in civilian life, Mr. Watkinson undertook a period of industrial training. He was employed by Leyland Motors, where he was a valued employee, working on inspection for 25 years. He was presented with a gold watch for his long service, but at his own request the watch was a lady's wrist watch, which he gave to his wife, Mary. Mr. and Mrs. Watkinson had been married for over 40 years, when his wife died in 1974.

After his wife's death, Mr. Watkinson went to live with his only daughter, Mrs. Joan Jackson, and her family, who cared for him devotedly until shortly before his death, when seriously deteriorating health made it necessary for him to enter a residential home.