

St Dunstons Review July 1980



Message from the Chairman

International Year of Disabled People

The United Nations has designated 1981 as International Year of Disabled People, including physically disabled, blind, partially sighted, deaf, hard of hearing, and mentally handicapped people of all ages, and also those with handicaps such as epilepsy and speech impairment.

A Committee formed to co-ordinate efforts has outlined the following principal aims:-

The promotion of increased awareness of the needs, abilities and aspirations of disabled people.

The promotion of participation, equality and integration of disabled people.

The promotion of the prevention of disability.

The Year will be launched officially in January, 1981. The Government is to proclaim an Access Week and national societies are planning special publications, conferences and events within their own area of interest.

Of course St. Dunstan's will play its part in the general programme, with possibly some special events at Headquarters and in Brighton, and I am sure some St. Dunstaners individually will be involved in local activities with the blind or other groups of handicapped people. My reason for writing about the Year at this very early stage is that I would much like to have suggestions from St. Dunstaners as to the form our share in the Year should take. These proposals could be for activities to be organised by St. Dunstaners and staff in London or Brighton or for St. Dunstan's support in other places where St. Dunstaners are helping with local plans. Obviously, the suggestions must be practical and simple, so that they could be worked out reasonably and effectively.

Do think about this and let me have your ideas by the end of September. I can then ensure that they are fully considered in good time for the International Year.

Service to the Blind in Canada

It is always a great pleasure for me to write about the work of a St. Dunstaner for his fellow blind men and women and I have a very fine example of such service in mind at the moment.

Ross Purse, of Scarborough, Ontario, has just retired after 33 years with the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the last six and a half of them as Managing Director. He has become a leading figure in blind welfare internationally, as well as in his own country, and was recently guest of honour at the C.N.I.B.'s National Council Reception and Dinner. I repeat here the words of the telegram I sent him on that very special occasion: "Many congratulations on your outstanding service to the blind in Canada and abroad and best wishes to you and Vivian for your retirement — from all at St. Dunstan's".

Jon Earnett-Dune

St Dunstons Review

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COVER PICTURE:

Frank Hamilton seen here on the golf course is the subject of the *Ways of Life* feature on the centre pages.

PRIZE FOR ST. DUNSTAN'S FILM

'To Live Again', the documentary film about St. Dunstan's which is being shown at Reunions has won two prizes in festivals this year.

St. Dunstaner, Jimmy Wright, whose company Cinexsa Films produced 'To Live Again', received a Silver Award at the British Sponsored Film Festival in Brighton and will receive a certificate from organisers, Rehabfilm, recording the success in the Programs and Facilities category at the International Rehabilitation Film Festival in New York.

APOLOGIES TO OUR GARDENERS

We apologise to St. Dunstaners Joseph Huk and Bruno Tomporowski for a mistake in the caption to a picture in last month's *Review*. It was Joseph Huk in the picture and not Bruno Tomporowski.

Apologies also to John Walbrugh from South Africa, for re-naming him and his home country.

AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

At the meeting on 19th July, the main speaker will be John Houlihan G4BLJ, who will talk on RAYNET — the Radio Amateurs Emergency Network. Ted John will be glad to receive subscriptions for 1980.

WRITING COMPETITION

We are looking for St. Dunstan's answer for Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling and Roald Dahl. Why not enter this competition and win a first prize of £20, plus publication in the

Review. Goodness knows what might happen after that!

There are two sections in the competition—fiction and non fiction. You may enter both. The rules are as follows:

1. The competition is open to any St. Dunstaner or husband or wife of a St. Dunstaner.
2. All entries must be original and not previously published.
3. You may only have one entry in each section.
4. Entries must reach the *Editor*, at Headquarters, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN, by the first post on 30th September, 1980.
5. Entries must be type-written and be of not less than 2,000 words and not more than 4,000.
6. Entries should state clearly which section it is entered under, and *most important* must bear a nom de plume. While entries should be sent to the *Editor*, in a separate envelope, please write your nom de plume and your actual identity. This envelope must be addressed to 'Writing Competition', P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN. It will not be opened until the winning stories have been chosen.
7. There will be a panel of three judges, hopefully, from outside the organisation. Their names will be announced later.
8. There will be two first prizes of £20 and two runner up prizes of £10.

Please remember about the nom de plume and the sealed envelope. Good writing.



Mike Tetley, Douglas Wills, George Eustace and Ernie Russell photographed after the presentation.

PRESENTATION AT LONDON REUNION

The first London Reunion this year, at the Russell Hotel, was a very special occasion and 74 St. Dunstaners, with their wives and escorts, were there to savour it and honour Mr. C.D. Wills.

For the London Reunion was chosen as the occasion for the presentation to our former Secretary of gifts subscribed for by St. Dunstaners all over the world.

First came lunch and afterwards our Chairman, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, welcomed everyone on behalf of the Council. He specially mentioned six St. Dunstaners who were attending their first reunion; Mr. Aldridge, from Southend, Mr. Brown, from Buckingham, Mr. Cargin, from Dromore, Northern Ireland, Mr. Hannant, from Hemel Hempstead, Mr. Tinsley, from Holloway and Mr. Ivens, from Westcliffe-on-Sea.

The Chairman said that special guests included Lady Ellerman, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Boulter, Mr. E. Payne, of Trower, Still and Keeling, St. Dunstan's solicitors, with his wife, Mr. R. Owen, a St. Dunstaner from South Africa, Miss E. Grant, Miss D. Hoare and Mr. W.J. Harris, all of whom are helpers

and organisers of the Annual Naval Camp, at Lee-on-Solent.

He also welcomed retired members of staff in Mr. Peter Matthews, Miss P.J. Rogers, Mr. E.W. Roberts and Mr. P. Townsend. As always he mentioned the presence of individual members of staff so that St. Dunstaners could meet and consult with them if they wished.

"I have left Mr. Wills until the last — this is his special afternoon. Since we last met here, as you know, he retired last Christmas but he has acquired a new hip joint and he looks years younger." The Chairman said a committee of St. Dunstaners, George Eustace, Ernie Russell and Mike Tetley had organised a presentation to Mr. Wills and he remarked that for Ernie Russell this was almost exactly the fortieth anniversary of his becoming a St. Dunstaner, after he returned from Dunkirk.

Mr. Garnett-Orme brought his audience up to date on the numbers of St. Dunstaners and current trends in our organisation before proposing the Toast of St. Dunstan's, coupled with the name of George Eustace.

Replying, George Eustace asked the Chairman to convey the thanks of St. Dunstaners to the Council for the opportunities presented by the reunions to meet old friends. He expressed thanks to the staff at Headquarters and the Brighton Homes: "When one has got a problem, or needs help, a letter or a telephone call and help comes. There are not many organisations that can claim the same service as St. Dunstan's in giving a helping hand." Mr. Eustace concluded by thanking the staff of the Russell Hotel.

Mr. Garnett-Orme then introduced Mike Tetley to make the presentation to Mr. Wills. Mike drew laughter from his audience when he told them: "All you St. Dunstaners have attended Council meetings, it meets every night at Ian Fraser House on the table on the right, just as you go in for supper!" One of the problems he had heard discussed, said Mike, was one he would quote as a parody of Rudyard Kipling: "If you can keep your wife when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you; if you can keep a wife and mistress and ever keep the space between the two."

Mr. Wills, he said, had solved all our problems so well over the years and "Now on behalf of all St. Dunstaners may I hand you this cine-camera and, with our grateful thanks for all you have done, this cheque."

Mr. Wills said he could talk endlessly

about the many great characters he had met among St. Dunstaners and referred to one or two un-named individuals. "Continuity of staff is tremendously important," he went on, "and St. Dunstan's has been very fortunate in that respect. It has been my lot to say farewell to many retiring colleagues in the last few years, people with thirty, forty and even fifty years' service. Their loyalty and devotion to our organisation was undoubtedly due to the kindness and appreciation shown to them by you St. Dunstaners, throughout the years.

"Your kindness and generosity to me today is typical and I offer you my warmest thanks and affection. I also thank the staff for their loyal support during my years of office and the Chairman and Council for making it possible for me to keep in touch with you through these reunions. May I close with the last words in the film which you will be shown this afternoon, 'Thank God for St. Dunstan's and, may I add, may He Bless you all.'"

There was standing room only for the showing of 'To Live Again', despite the 80-odd seats provided in the room. Meanwhile dancing and the usual convivial conversations continued in the main room, until tea and the conclusion of, what all agreed, really was a rather special reunion.

A reunion for fellow physiotherapists who trained together — Bob Owen, from South Africa, and Charles Stafford.



Second Tape Recording Week

by Ray Hazan

Photos: John Barrow
David Castleton



The party set off into Arlington Forest to record bird song.

Listeners to the *Talking Review* will no doubt expect this report to consist of nothing but live recordings. But the author has to confess to much noisy wind across an unshielded microphone, and sheer fright at daring to record within the hallowed sanctity of the Broadcasting House. Thus the first lesson such a week can teach is, 'you are always learning'.

With three Smiths on the list of participants, and two Pages of Talking Newspapers (Reg Page, of Cross-In-Hand and Tom Page, of Morecambe) the reader might expect some confusion, but by the time of a visit to London, on 20th May, all the 15 participants had been sorted out.

The party split in two; half to the Talking Book Service recording studios in Great Portland Street, and the other half to Broadcasting House. In the new recording studios, they are hoping to nearly double output by having one sound engineer control two readers. The studios are almost perfectly sound-proofed and all were suitably impressed with the mass of controls.

In Broadcasting House, the group was shown briefly around a control room. Since they were about to 'go on the air', we were not allowed loose to feel the forest of slide controls — did they really have no faith in us? Although our guide did tell us about a

true story, when a party was shepherded into a studio while it was actually live on the air.

We were ushered well away from anything live. Indeed it was a marathon to survive the long march along corridors, through fire doors, over and around office furniture, to arrive ten minutes later at a training studio. Here they played to us very fascinating, experimental tapes in early stereo and binaural sound. In the first case, two or more microphones are spaced well apart amongst the orchestra and different combinations of instruments are relayed back through separate speakers. Binaural sound has to be listened to on headphones to obtain the full effect. Two omnidirectional microphones are placed an ear's width apart. They were originally mounted on a rubber head. Now the two mikes are on an axis separated by a ten inch perspex disc. Thus, while some sounds arrive separately at the mikes, other sounds are mixed and on headphones one can hear people 'moving about your head'. Hi-Fi theatre on Radio 3 or 4 demonstrates this effect. During a tape of a riot, a plane taking off and BBC radio actors experimenting, one felt like reaching out and touching, so live were the sounds.

The group were back on their feet the next day visiting Arlington Forest and Michelham Priory. The important lesson

learned here was that if you are going in for outside recording, a light, portable machine is essential. You will get better effects by putting your money into an expensive microphone, even on a mediocre tape recorder, than the other way round. This day helped to illustrate just one of the many facets of tape recording. Ron Smith, whose articles have previously appeared both in the *Review* and on tape, and Barbara Bell are exponents of outdoor, wildlife recordings. A microphone on a long lead, a quiet retreat behind a bush, and masses of patience are prime ingredients. Programmes can be enhanced by talking to local experts, to describe the flora and to add an authentic local accent.

On the Thursday we had time for free discussion, and a talk by Mr. Ted Castle, from BBC Radio Brighton. The facet for that part of the day was equipment. We were able to examine each other's machines, and exchange addresses and ideas. A long lead will not get tangled when wrapped around a piece of plywood cut to look like a capital 'H'. A fine sponge wrapped around a mike can act as a wind shield. The impedance on mike and recorder must be matched for compatibility. While the sky is the limit on price, £200 will get you a very good



In Arlington Forest, Barbara Bell prepares to record.

Derek Robinson, BBC Liaison Engineer, introduces St. Dunstaners to binaural recordings.





With Gretel Davis, actress and Talking Book reader, at the recording studios.

recorder, but as previously mentioned, a small recorder, with a good microphone and a clean recording head will obtain a very fair result.

In the evening, the group were delighted to receive a visit from Mr. Charles Watts and a colleague, from Brighton Tape Recording Club. This introduced yet another aspect of recording. Mr Watts played several of his tapes made both in and out of the club, including some of his prize winners. There are two ways in which a club can organise contests or interest activities. In the first, you give groups a title. They must write a scenario and create the effects around the title. Effects can be real, or made of any assortment of objects around the home. Cup hooks dropped in a china jug or vase apparently sound like breaking glass. Or a group can be given a pre-recorded sound effect, and they create a scene around that. Clubs can compete with one another, or exchange ideas and news via recorded newsletters.

This would present another element of tape recording—the compilation of programmes, either from the radio, or other tapes, editing, and finally the classifying of material. We have all heard a variety of programmes with their different styles, aims and objectives.

The final sessions of the week looked into the future. A talk by Mr. Keith Upton told us about the Federation of British Tape Recordists. There are just over 300 members throughout the UK and abroad, who compete and exchange news via a recorded newsletter. Ideas have been expressed about trying to launch a St. Dunstan's tape recording club. A suitable room for recording purposes is being sought at Ian Fraser House. However, the success of the club will depend upon its members and the work they put in. It could be a club run almost entirely from home. Here, perhaps, is the similarity between recording and amateur radio. The participant is not necessarily at a

disadvantage due to blindness, nor is travel an essential requirement.

The week terminated with a trip to the marina for the Brighton Boat Show, a sound quiz organised by Tom Eales, a record concert, also by Tom, and finally, a band concert given by the Royal Engineers. 'From boats to bands'; would this be the new club's motto?

All those who participated in the week's activities are most grateful to Miss Guilbert, who spent a long time organising the programme. Our thanks to Dr. Stilwell and his staff for their hospitality.

Herbert Elford, of Temple Cloud, has just competed in two bowls tournaments. The first was organised by the 120 District Rotary Club and Mr. Elford won the South Western District Bowls Trophy for the visually handicapped. He then went on to London to compete in the national competition, organised by the National Rotary Club, and he was runner up at the championship tournament, for the visually handicapped, held at Crystal Palace.

FEPOW MEMORIES

Two recent incidents have been reminding Bill Griffiths of his days as a Far East prisoner-of-war. One of his fellow prisoners who helped to nurse Bill, Mr. Andrew Crighton, C.B.E., came to spend a few days with Bill, in Blackpool. Mr. Crighton, now Vice-Consul in Florence, was fascinated by all the gadgets in Bill's home and was tremendously impressed by the FEPOW fellowship that still flourishes throughout the Commonwealth.

The second incident occurred when Bill presented a tapestry, depicting the original bridge over the river Kwai, to Mr. E. Peake, Chairman of the Blackpool and Fylde Ex-Far East POW Association. The tapestry, woven by Mr. Norman Crawford, himself disabled, was the special raffle prize at the FEPOW National Reunion held in Blackpool, on 31st May.

Below: Bill Griffiths with Mr. E. Peake, Chairman, and other officers of the Blackpool and Fylde Ex-Far East Prisoners of War Association. — Photo: Blackpool Gazette and Herald.



THE MONK AND THE 1951 DERBY

by Stewart Harris

In 1951 London was busy. The Exhibition on the South Bank of the Thames drew vast crowds to the city. At the same time I was working in Bermondsey, Rotherhithe and the Surrey Docks area as a sales representative for Regent Oil and had recently been appointed as divisional sales instructor. The job entailed covering my own area and being the man in the division to whom all new entrants reported. They stayed with me for two or three weeks for sales instruction and general brain-washing into the company's ways.

I received a mixed collection of people. Some were good and keen, some bad; some wanted to do well, some slept alongside me in the car as we went from customer to customer. How some were admitted to the company's employ I do not know. The most interesting individual was George Lawson. He was about forty years old, twelve years or so older than me, and had been a monk. He looked like a monk. He had a fringe of greying hair round a bald pate, walked with a very slight stoop and went his way with me with his hands clasped in front of him like a bishop at a processional.

Whether George's time in a monastery had come before or after his marriage I cannot recall but it was clear that neither event caused him difficulty in attracting female, but bridge-playing, company.

Company Car

After about three weeks of George's company in and out of some of the toughest and filthiest places in the motor and transport industry in South-East London, I got a message from my office to say that George's company car was ready for his collection. In some of the cases that I had known the possession of a company car had resulted in early mishaps and damage to vehicles so although I felt that George was not the type to get over-excited I felt duty-bound to say a few words to him.

"Look George, I have to tell you your car is ready for pick-up on Friday. You'll have it for the weekend but for Pete's sake be careful with it. So many seem to have

trouble the first weekend. And please report to me on Monday as usual. Okay?" I felt happier having said it.

"Rely on me dear boy," said George.

My weekend was normal at home until George's telephone call on Sunday morning.

"Stewart, I'm sorry but I can't meet you tomorrow morning. There's been an accident."

"Not with the car, George?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so — but no damage at all."

He went on to tell me about the affair.

He had found himself on the Embankment late at night and had been forced to stop at a green traffic light by crowds crossing the road to and from the South Bank Exhibition. A policeman approached him, opened the car door and asked why he had stopped. George's reply was to the effect that did he, the constable, expect him to pass through the lights by knocking people down? Having said the message George slammed the car door.

Policeman's Neck

Unfortunately the policeman's neck was still in the way of the door and his neck was gashed as a result. Within a very few minutes George was on his way to Bow Street where he was charged with obstruction. He had to appear in court on Monday morning. But when we met later on Monday there were a couple of developments to add to the saga. Whilst waiting for his case to be heard, and in company with prostitutes, pimps, tipsters and the like, George had been told of a sure-fire winner of the Derby on the following Wednesday. Some tipster expert, dressed in knee-breeches and plimsolls, had told George to put all his money on Signalbox. The second development was that when he stood in dock George and the magistrate recognised one another. The case was put off for another magistrate until Derby Day.

"The signs couldn't be clearer," said George. "I was arrested at a traffic light and now we've got a tip called Signalbox. My case has been put off until the very day of

the race; what better sign could we have? We must put money on this horse on Wednesday."

I agreed that in the circumstances there seemed little else we could do. So a pound each way went on Signalbox from each of us. We awaited the result of the case and of the Derby and I exercised my discretion in not reporting the incident to the local management of the Regent Oil Co. Self-interest must have come into it somewhere.

Come race day George appeared at Bow Street. The case was dismissed but he had to pay some costs. Signalbox came in third. I was a net winner and George was happy with a contribution to his costs.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 947

Black Easter

By James Blish

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 4¾ hours

At the Monastery of Monte Albano, the White Monks are deeply worried by the strong stench of demons. They know about such things. They are qualified practitioners in White Magic and engaged in a perpetual life and death struggle with the other side.

At his palatial headquarters in Positano, Theron Ware, powerful Black Magician, and specialising in murder, receives a visit from American arms dealer, Baynes. For a large fee Ware agrees to arrange the destruction by Black Magic of two innocent men (one the Governor of California) as a kind of 'dummy run' to demonstrate his powers.

This accomplished, Baynes now comes to the real crux of the matter. He engages Ware, for an even larger fee, to let loose all the demons of the Pit for twenty-four hours — just for the Hell of it, so to speak...

Sounds a real lulu of a yarn, doesn't it? Actually, I found it disappointing and rather boring. There are great chunks of meaningless Black Magic mumbo-jumbo and interminable lists of jaw-fracturing names of the principle demonic baddies, as conjured by Ware. And when they did show up their appearance was so outrageously bizarre, they only succeeded in being

preposterously comic. I felt that the writer was trying just *too* hard for grisly effect. Anyway, it doesn't come off, I fear.

Cat. No. 882

The Poseidon Adventure

By Paul Gallico

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 12½ hours

Boxing Day and the giant cruise-ship Poseidon is four hundred miles off the Azores. Suddenly she is caught up in the massive shock waves from a sea bed volcanic eruption. Within seconds she turns turtle.

Most of the trapped passengers are drowned or killed instantly by heavy machinery torn from its moorings. The overturned ship remains afloat.

A small party at lunch in a lower dining saloon escape serious injury. They are above the water line and breathing air trapped in the doomed ship. Their natural leader is the Reverend Dr. Scott, a spiritual and physical giant, one-time All-American football star, "signed on as Head Coach for God's team." He will lead them up towards the keel where they might have a chance of rescue, should the upturned vessel be sighted.

The climb is fraught with difficulties and great danger. In their upside-down world the ceilings have become the floors, littered with fractured central heating pipes, wires and broken glass. The staircases are now reversed, virtually unscaleable. But Dr. Scott urges them on...

A superb story. With his usual consummate skill, Gallico brilliantly conveys the horrors and the anguish of a group of people entombed in a nightmare world of awesome destruction, twisted metal and imminent death.

IAN FRASER HOUSE CHAPEL COLLECTIONS

From the first three months' collections of 1980, the following donations have been sent:—

Cancer Research	£15.00
Christian Aid	£15.00
Church of England Children's Society	£15.00
Deaf/Blind Helpers League	£15.00

DR. R. STILWELL, Administrator



Jo and Frank Hamilton.

WAYS OF LIFE 41

SON OF A SIMPLE MAN · Frank Hamilton

Talking to Ray Hazan

Photographs by Diana Smalley

If you sit down to ponder the implications of what a 'technological future' may hold in store, you may be forgiven if a shudder runs through you. To many, the future looks cold, hard and factual; knowledge and information will all be at the press of a button. But mercifully, there are questions to which there are no factual answers; is it better never to have seen, than to lose your sight in later life? Is it easier to cope with gradual or sudden loss? These answers can only be opinions for which you are more or less qualified to give. The majority of St. Dunstaners will have lost their sight suddenly and at a young age. In this 'Way of Life' story we offer a different opinion from that of the majority. A gradual loss of sight at the age of 46, with a large family to look

after, is the background to the story of Frank Hamilton, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester.

Frank was born in Manchester, in 1926, and attended St. Bede's Junior and Grammar School. Frank's elder brother had become a priest, so in order to go one better, Frank decided to become a missionary priest! In November 1944, whilst studying philosophy at Durham, Frank received his calling-up papers. That same afternoon, he was made a cleric, which officially exempted him from call-up. But perhaps this gave Frank the opportunity to tell his parents that he did not wish to become a priest and so Frank joined the Navy.

Officer Cadet training was followed by

three months at sea on board a cruiser and at the end of the third month it was V.E. Day. "At the end of my time on cruisers I was told, that either the Royal Navy had to reduce its standards to meet my performance, or I had to increase my performance to meet the standards of the Royal Navy. One seemed unlikely, the other impossible, so please would I go back and do something else?" Prior to teaching in the Educational Training Scheme, Frank had attended preliminary training at H.M.S. *Demetrius*, in Wetherby. It was while boxing for the Navy, against the Parachute Regiment, that Frank sustained an injury to one eye. He thought nothing of it at the time, but whilst at his teaching post, his vision started blurring in one eye and Frank was invalided out of the Navy with a detached retina, in 1946.

The following five months were spent under a Mr. Duthie, consultant ophthalmologist, who slowly and successfully reattached the retina. During this time Frank decided that he too wished to become an eye surgeon, and he began his studies at Manchester University in September, 1947, but a slight slip off the curb, on Christmas Eve, 1947, dashed any hopes in this direction, as the retina detached and this time for good. He left university, in September 1948.

Marriage

Frank had married Jo, a haematologist in a nearby hospital, in July 1948. Thus with ambitions in the medical field curtailed, a wife and a pending family to support, an income was essential. Frank took the first job he could find; an assistant librarianship with an engineering firm, in Leigh. After seven weeks, he moved to the sales department, by the end of the year he was manager of a sales department. He left the firm 15, very happy, years later, as European Sales Manager. "I enjoyed it very much: It was a varied job, from designing the delay bed for a fast breed nuclear reactor, to re-equipping the whole of the Cunard fleet with our system of water treatment. I found that business was my kind of life."

After a management reshuffle, Frank left to join the Irish Rope Group, and in particular to help get their subsidiary, Plytawn, off the ground. "This company specialised in a new industry—plastic engineering. I enjoyed it because it meant I

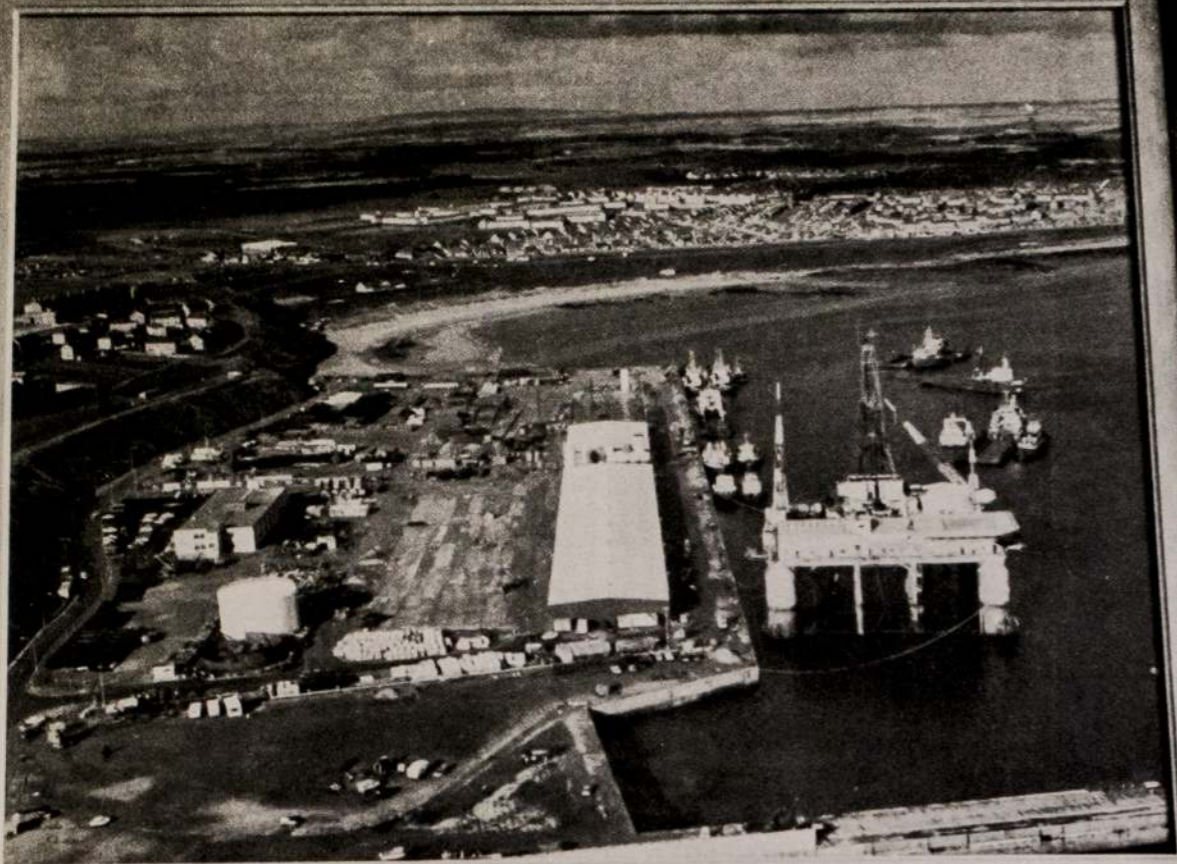


got involved with my hands. In Holland we made the first mould for the seat shells in the new inter-city trains. But this work kept me abroad for two and a half weeks out of every four and I left the company after five years."

Civil Servant

Frank had spent six months going through the procedures to join the Civil Service. "I was appointed as a Principal and was told that meant working in either London or Edinburgh. Not knowing the rules, but not wanting to work in London, I got hold of an Imperial Calendar, which lists all the senior civil servants, found out who was in charge of the personnel division of the Scottish Office and rang him up. He said, "Give me half an hour." 30 minutes later he rang me back and asked me when I could start."

From 1968 to 1972, Frank had three areas of responsibility. For the first 18 months he looked after all General Practitioners throughout Scotland. "Being the man I am,



On the wall in his home a framed photograph of Frank Hamilton's last project — Peterhead Harbour.

the only way to find out how they worked and about their problems and feelings, was to go round and visit them." This Frank did, during a one month trip from the Shetlands to the Borders. Then, in order to broaden his scope, Frank was given the hospital building programme for the north east, east and south east of Scotland. To get health centres accepted by the medical profession, Frank became the overall co-ordinator for the whole of Scotland.

It was while travelling to attend one of these health centre planning committees in Peterhead that disaster struck a second time. A spike had been erected by the hotel to prevent the milkman driving along the path. Frank tripped on the spike and although the resulting concussion did not cause an immediate loss of sight, nevertheless, his vision gradually

deteriorated. However, Frank was at least able to see through his last project in the Civil Service.

This project was the conversion of the harbour of refuge, at Peterhead, into a commercial harbour to service the North Sea oil rigs. Frank's job was to oversee the design and construction of quays, which would be built on the sea bed within the harbour, using public money to fund the project. Because it was public money that was involved, the quays had to be rented to an oil company — before they were built! For this multi-million pound project, it took an Act of Parliament, months of negotiation — which Frank describes as "Rough!" and an eleven month construction period, which was not helped by the south easterly storms common to that part of the Scottish coast. The harbour was

formally opened by the then Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr Willie Ross, in August, 1975 and Frank retired at the end of that year.

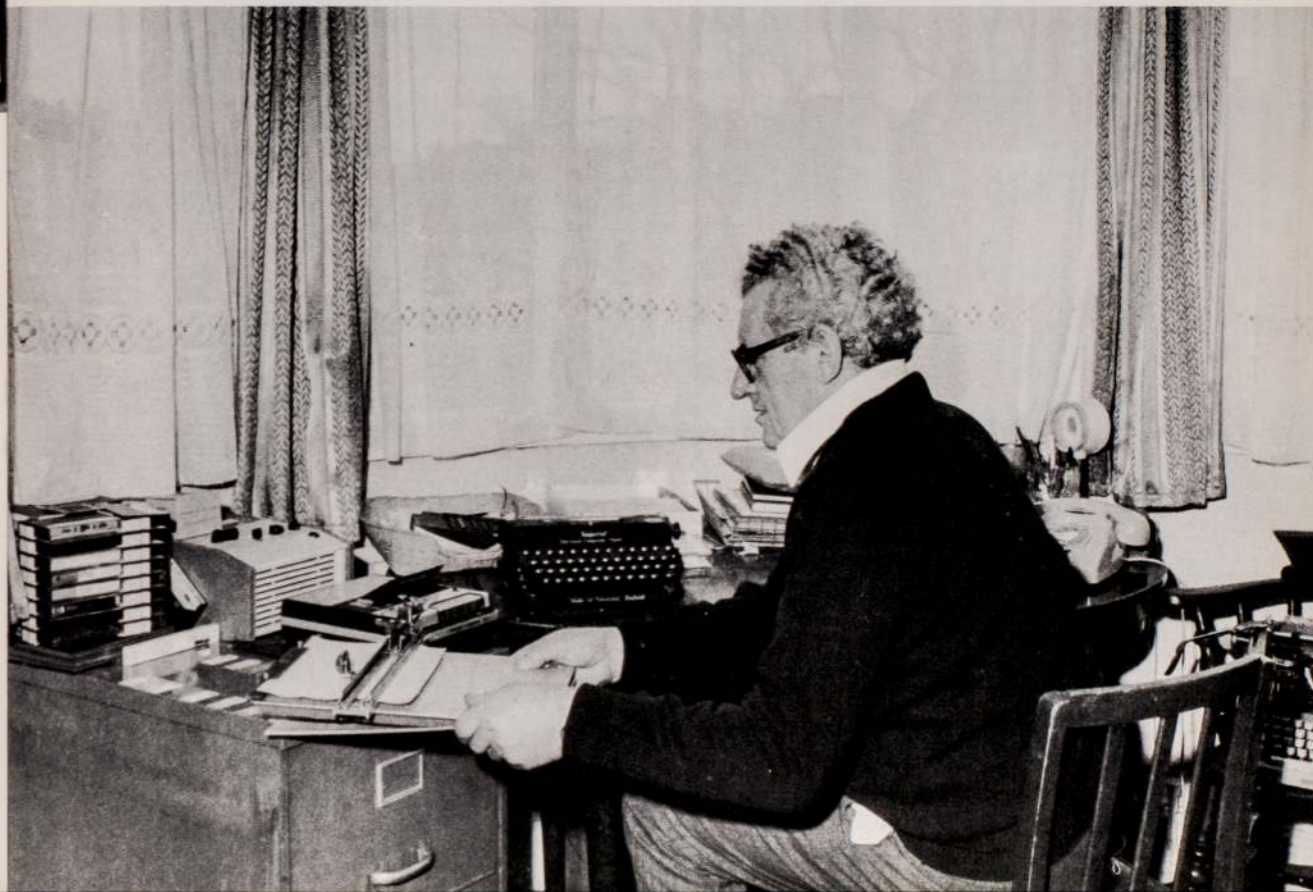
If the story has dealt, in some detail, with Frank's way of life before he lost his sight, it has been to discover the man and what drives him. He had an enormously varied background of experience. By 1975, when Frank left the Civil Service he had nine children, the youngest, Anne, being three years old. He was still only 49 years old and with a brain not seeking retirement just yet.

After attending a six month post graduate course in Management Sciences, at Derby, Frank was formally registered blind, in November, 1976 and it was only by coincidence that, through a neighbour, he joined St. Dunstan's shortly afterwards. This gave Frank the opportunity to learn typing and Braille. Frank had vowed that he would never learn Braille, but his interest in bridge overcame his reluctance. One evening, at Ian Fraser House, Blodwyn Simon made him sit down and read through a pack of cards; his appetite was whetted.

One can say quite literally that Frank has never lost his love of the 'management game' and the challenge it provides. The diploma he obtained at Derby entitled him to become a member of the British Institute of Management. This, in turn, led to an invitation to him to become a Fellow of the Institute, then to become a Fellow of the Institution of Sales Managers and, finally he was elected as a Fellow of the Institution of Industrial Managers. Frank is an external examiner for the latter, at Manchester Polytechnic. There is, indeed a management game organised by the *Scotsman* newspaper.

The game is concerned with managing a manufacturing company and the competitors must take decisions on the running of this company. The decisions are fed into a computer and the competitors whose company achieves the greatest success move into the next round of the 'game'. Subsequent rounds take the same form, but the time in which a decision has to be made shortens from one a fortnight initially, to one an hour in the final. Frank previously took part while he was with the Scottish

At work in his upstairs 'cockpit' office.





Office. He now heads a team from the Polytechnic, made up of himself and four of his students and, at the time of writing this article, they had just reached the semi-final.

It is illuminating to listen to Frank playing the game with his team. A talking calculator spits out percentages and Frank is in total command of all the facts, figures and the range of subjects, labour, machinery, advertising, marketing and manufacture upon which the business decisions must be made.

Frank is also very involved with 'Lifeline', of which he became Chairman of the Manchester branch, in 1978. "People think we are an anti-abortion pressure group. But in fact we are a group that says that for those facing an unintended pregnancy, there should be a counselling service, which is non-directional and a practical alternative to abortion for those who want it. If it is going to function at all, it must be a service which helps the client to make up her own mind. If she decides to have and keep the baby, then we have a scheme in which we will find her accommodation and a job. Most of all, we have a professional counsellor permanently on tap. Girls can and do come back for years after they have had their child to discuss their problems".

Besides attending national meetings once a quarter, Frank is also a member of the finance sub-committee which meets

every six or seven weeks. Because so many organisations are after a slice of the charitable cake, Lifeline decided to go out and earn in the market place. Frank came up with the idea of selling a product that was not only good, but also one for which there would be a continuing demand; the product is paint. All the orders, be they from individuals or organisations, go through Frank to the manufacturing company. Although the scheme has only been operating for a few months, it already takes up half of Frank's working week. All profit from sales, less postage and telephone bills, go to Lifeline. The office, or 'cockpit', is a bay window in an upstairs bedroom. One typewriter is permanently tabulated for the typing of invoices and all invoices, brochures and reply letters are printed on different sizes of paper, so that Frank can do most of the work by himself. Jo reads the daily correspondence and his youngest son, John, is paid for filing and posting.

Lifeline has also involved Frank in a university course. As Chairman Frank has to deal with counsellors and, in his usual way, he wanted to know about their job in depth. He attends three and a half hours of formal lectures a week, and has a further five hours on essays, tutorials and so on. This course in counselling should be completed next year. While he has been studying Frank has found one facet in which blindness has been a help. "Almost all the other students on the course are always quoting other opinions on various subjects. They spend so much time reading that they do not seem to have time to sit back and formulate their own opinions."

Golfer

However, Frank does not only pursue indoor activities. Despite a force nine gale, which had surely come from Siberia at least twice to make sure it was cold enough, we went out on the golf course to watch Frank indulge his interest. A sound beacon, made by his son-in-law, is placed several yards ahead between Frank and the hole, or behind the hole when he is putting, thus giving him a target to aim at. Unfortunately the beacon does have one drawback — it attracts attention. When he plays with his son, Mark, Frank prefers to have a club placed on the ground in line with the hole, or the best line of shot. He can then position the tee and himself in relation to the club. Frank has written to Jack Nicklaus, Gary



Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme presents the Robert Redfern Memorial Trophy to Frank Hamilton.

Player, Tony Jacklin and the Chairman of the R.G.A. at St. Andrews to ask if they would be patrons of an association for blind and partially sighted golfers. Golf is obviously a hobby which gives pleasure, exercise, companionship and a sense of achievement.

"I consider myself very lucky in my wife and family, because whatever I do, it is as part of a family. My father had a profound effect on my life. He was a simple man, who never made a drama out of life and he used his skills and abilities to help others." These characteristics have rubbed off on Frank through his work with Lifeline, his desire to teach and the seemingly matter-of-fact way in which he leads his life. "We tend to concentrate on our own changing roles, on the different things we are doing and we forget that the roles we are shedding are being taken on by others — our families. My wife, Jo, is very much involved in what I do and has had no training for it, and yet I

take for granted that she will cope — as she does very successfully, with every change in direction. I think that St. Dunstaners' wives are a very special breed of lady and that we owe our independence very much to them."

As we talked together in his drawing room, we listened to Anne and John practising their piano lessons; I felt the chess pieces that John had made for his father; his eldest son, Mark, popped his head round the door and the phone buzzed frequently with requests for paint, or members of the family checking in with their mother. It was a warm, busy and creative atmosphere; a way of life.

On 25th March, Frank was presented with the Robert Redfern Memorial Trophy whose citation reads: "For personal achievement in his first years as a St. Dunstaner." I have a feeling that Frank thinks that the award should have gone to his wife, Jo!

THE NORTH WEST REUNIONS

Manchester

The North West was a quiet place to be on the 15th and 17th May; the two Reunions being much smaller gatherings than usual. 31 St. Dunstaners were united at the Midland Hotel, in Manchester. It turned out to be a bit of an S.A.S. (Special Air Services) Reunion. Tom Page, of Morecambe, was attached to them, Norman Kershaw crewed the planes that dropped them, and he was escorted by Harry Pexton, an ex-SAS man, and instrumental in reuniting men of the original unit, in 1941.

These three men were no doubt, particularly uplifted by Mr. Delmar-Morgan's speech. After welcoming the members of staff, St. Dunstaners and especially their wives and escorts, he went on to give the latest status report on the organisation. There were 1056 St. Dunstaners in the UK of whom 209 were from the 1st War. "With the Middle East in turmoil and the threat of another major war certainly closer today than it was this time last year, it might be interesting to speculate on the part Britain might play. Despite numerous cutbacks in defence spending by successive governments, it is still encouraging to know, that with the highly topical invasion of the Iranian Embassy, we Brits are still capable of a spectacular coup". This drew warm applause. "With some ex-SAS men here, it would be appropriate to pay tribute to their courage and skill."

Mr. Delmar-Morgan went on to talk about

another highly topical piece of news at the time — Britain's negotiations with the Common Market. How refreshing it was to have a Thatcher 'non', instead of a Gaullist one. He read a letter sent to *The Daily Telegraph* by a Frenchman. "Did Mr. Heath not understand that the whole point of the Common Market was to screw 'le roast-beef' for as much cash as possible!"

"I haven't talked much about St. Dunstan's, but would like to end by saying that I am always inspired by the stories of St. Dunstaners' exploits." He mentioned Mr. Hughes, who had won four singing prizes, Mr. Sandiford on his recent marriage, and Mike Tetley on 'This Is Your Life'. "You fought for the survival of your country. The staff work for a common cause — St. Dunstan's. You should be grateful."

On behalf of St. Dunstaners, Mr. Frost thanked members of all the various departments. He was greatly pleased to see Mr. Wills back again, and looking so sprightly. Finally, he especially thanked Miss Broughton who had organised the gathering.

With a film screen blocking the exit from the dining hall, there was, as they say, a captive audience for the showing of St. Dunstan's film. This was well received. The remainder of a warm and sunny afternoon passed off with the usual dancing, raffle and tea.

visible; of the very pleasant and efficient Armenians; of Tashkent and its Moslem influence; Major Sandys' daughter discovered, during a visit to a church, that baptism has to be put down in people's passports. Because of their faith, this makes it very much harder for them to travel abroad. He described the 5000 bed hotels, where it took half an hour in an over-crowded, none too sweet a smelling lift, to reach the dining-room. Major Sandys concluded by thanking the Headquarters staff for laying the Reunion on.

Mr. Brian Lang responded for St. Dunstaners. "I would like to thank Major

Sandys and his wife for being here with the staff at our Liverpool Reunion. I would like to thank him for his very warm speech of welcome. May I take this opportunity to thank all the Council members of St. Dunstan's, and all the members of staff for all the good things they do for us. To everyone, thank you very much."

Two bouquets of flowers were presented; to Mrs. Anne Sandys, and to Mrs. Joy Harris, who had helped St. Dunstan's for many years. Again, the film was shown, and guests departed after an afternoon of dancing and exchanging conversation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Barbara Bell, Ben Rhydding, Ilkley

Every time I play the *Talking Review* I feel I must offer the sincerest possible vote of thanks to Mr. Stephen Jack for reading it so splendidly. At last I am doing so.

Since hearing my first talking book read by Mr. Jack he has been my No. 1 talking book reader. He has the wonderful ability to make characters live, investing them with personalities of their own and the action and plot of a story comes to life so successfully that I feel I am actually there, taking part in the story. He has this amazing flair for adopting accents and dialects so authentically, which adds so much to a book that is written in dialect. He alters the tone of his voice, darkening or lightening it depending on whether it is a man or a woman who is speaking, even altering the degree of the accent to indicate a person's social standing. All in all, each book read by Mr. Jack becomes a one-man dramatic performance, introducing us to a host of individual personalities.

Whenever I am talking to people about talking books his name always comes up when I mention the fact that the reader of a book can make or ruin it. The example I quote, (which Mr. Jack may remember) takes place in "The Chequer Board" by Neville Shute. The so-called, hero, a broad cockney is talking with a Devonshire landlord and a black American soldier. Mr.

Jack never fluffs his lines, slipping from one accent into another, one character into another as they converse so that one knows, immediately, who is speaking each line. With him, there is absolutely no need for the author to begin and end speeches with "so-and-so said" and "someone else" replied as each voice is clearly recognisable.

Mr. Jack, when you read this, (if the *Editor* agrees to print it) I hope you will not be embarrassed and that you will read it as enthusiastically as you would if it were concerning someone else! When I heard that you were to read the *Review* for us I knew we would be in for a treat each month and I was absolutely right. You read so clearly and fluently and with so much interest in what you are reading that it makes it a pleasure just to listen to you, even if some of the contents are less interesting than others. I enjoy, particularly, your little "asides" and personal remarks and occasional chuckle and the smile we can sometimes hear as you read. As in the talking books, your tone changes when you read something that may amuse, or interest, or surprise, or even sadden you and it makes it all so much more alive for the reader.

We are, indeed, lucky to have an actor of Mr. Jack's standing to read the *Review* and I, speaking for all readers I am sure, offer him a standing ovation and wish him a very long run on this particular platform.

From: Miss Mary Stevens, Gerrards Cross

I am writing to ask if it would be possible for you to put a note in the St. Dunstan's *Review* giving my new address?

81 Lower Road,
Chalfont St. Peter,
Gerrards Cross,
Bucks, SL9 9AS.

Tel: Gerrards Cross 82797

We are happy to include this for Miss Stevens' many St. Dunstaner friends.

— Editor

From: Brenda Rea, Redcar

I wish to thank St. Dunstaners and friends for the lovely flower tributes, the cards and letters of sympathy sent to me when I lost my husband, Loreto Rea, at Easter.

Liverpool

If anything, the temperature was even higher on Saturday than it had been in Manchester. The heat did not put off the 37 St. Dunstaners who attended. Indeed the St. George's Hotel was pleasantly air-conditioned.

Major Sandys represented the Council. After bringing their greetings, he went on to describe a visit he had made with his wife to Russia last autumn. Moscow was a depressing place. The people were glum, the plumbing even worse, though to be fair, nobody looked shabby or poverty stricken. He spoke of Georgia where the influence of the Greek Orthodox church is clearly

From: Sydney Scroggie, Kirkton of Strathmartine

At 23, 5 foot 5 inches, dark-haired and a graduate of St. Andrew's University, my not bad-looking daughter, Mary, has taken up guide-dog management at a local training-centre. Forfar is only some 10 miles distant, and has already provided us with a story of the quasi-mystical relationship between guide dog and blind owner. The two of them, black labrador and man, were playing chess in the pub when the dog made a brilliant move, check mating his master. There was a buzz of astonishment from onlookers; congratulations poured on the hairy victor, and the blind man frowned. "She's not as marvellous as all that," he said; "I beat her sometimes." Mary's father, a tin-legged St. Dunstan, is not a guide dog man, not a long-cane one either, preferring to charge recklessly around in search of adventures peculiar to this kind of blind progress. He has fallen into holes, bounced off stationary vehicles, collided with lamp-standards, knocked down pedestrians, but finds in the life indissociable from such mishaps a more joyous indulgence of his blindness than any subservience to alsatian, spaniel or rough-haired collie, or the solemn ritual of long-cane technique. A pretty young girl, fragrant and lissom, is very much to be preferred to either, in cases where guidance cannot be avoided. Besides, you cannot chat with a dog, hold a conversation, whatever it merits, with the smoothest and whitest long cane in St. Dunstan's. Meantime Mary, to the disconcertment of her admirers, is showing a tendency to walk on all-fours, growl, and when she chums her father on a walk, to insist on the wearing of harness.

From: C.D. Wills, Farnham

I was completely overwhelmed at the London (Central) Reunion on 31st May, when Mike Tetley, supported by George Eustace and Ernie Russell gave me a retirement present on behalf of St. Dunstaners.

I received a beautiful movie camera and a cheque of such proportions that I shall be able to put into practice the advice I have been preaching to retiring St. Dunstaners for years, that of acquiring a workshop and following an active hobby. I have had my eye on a suitable wooden building for sometime and am now looking forward to the pleasure of ordering it and fitting it up.

May I, therefore, through your columns, tender my warmest thanks to all St. Dunstaners everywhere for these most generous gifts and my appreciation of the kindnesses shown me throughout the years wherever I have been in St. Dunstan's. Anything I have been able to do for them and for the Organisation has been inspired by their cheerfulness, courage and example.

WATCH OUT FOR . . .

Jimmy Wright's film about mental health, "How to Survive in an Occupied Country", will be shown on Anglia TV on Sunday, 10th August, at 10.30 a.m.

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.

Archibald James Luxton, of Black Torrington, who joined St. Dunstan's on 4th June. Mr. Luxton served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery during the Second World War and was discharged in 1944. He is single.

Sidney Savory, of Richmond, who joined St. Dunstan's on 2nd June. Mr. Savory served as a Private in the Pioneer Corps during the Second World War, from 1939 until 1944, when he was discharged, after he was injured when an ammunition dump exploded. He is married with three adult children.

D. F. Robinson's Gardening Column

I am wondering how the garden will come along, because of the very long dry spell we had, after that prolonged period of heavy rain; not ideal for the garden. I got all my buckets and bowls ready in case I had to give the garden extra water; I even got myself prepared to use the bath water. Luckily, just as the bans on using water were about to be imposed, rain came along and soaked the soil, giving the bedding plants a nice start and fortifying the perennials, shrubs, vegetables and fruit. However, if water bans are imposed do remember that bath water is perfectly alright to use on the garden.

After a dry spell fork over the soil so that if any rain does fall it will get to the roots, as well as to the leaves. Rain water is very precious, so do try to save it, but do not store rain water without using it for too long or algae tends to form and will start to smell. If you are going away on holiday give all your plants, both inside and out, a good soaking. Cut away dead heads and harvest crops which are ripe and this will give the plants heart to produce more flowers and crops, ready for your return home.

Vegetables

Harvest vegetables as they mature and when the crops are over, clear the ground and fork it over lightly to make a start for the main digging in the autumn. Many salad items can be sown in these now bare spaces, and you can also sow winter and spring cabbage, turnips and onions. Onions and turnips are generally hardy enough to last the winter, except in very cold and exposed areas.

You should have the runner bean frame in place. Make sure it is well anchored and that the strings are attached for the beans to climb up. Never let the beans dry out and give them some liquid fertiliser now and again to give a really good crop.

Where you have the normal greenhouse tomatoes planted outdoors, do not let them grow too tall. Pinch out the main stem to get bushiness and only allow these side shoots to have one truss of flower for future fruit. These plants will need staking and tying up. When the fruit starts to form give them plenty of water and fertiliser.

Use a general fertiliser, in pellet form, when the soil is moist and rain is forecast. These pellets can easily be spread by hand. Protect the plants from aphids and use some soil fungicide and pesticide, which can be hoed in to protect the roots.

Thin out the fruit on apple and pear trees if there is a heavy set, in order to get a fair sized crop. Also large crops of small fruit take quite a lot out of the tree itself, as well as increasing the danger from pests and diseases, as the air cannot circulate as well as it should. Spray regularly and water generously.

The fruit from soft fruit bushes should be picked as it ripens and strawberries can be layered to give one maiden plant for next season. Now is a good time to order any new fruit trees and bushes, for next season, so they will arrive in time for planting in the autumn. Try to get the area for their planting well dug over and fork in some manure or compost.

Lawns

Mow the lawn regularly, but not quite so often in really dry weather. Fertiliser-cum-weed killer is good for the grass, but only use it in showery weather. If you do use weed killer, do keep all your pets off the grass until it has really sunk into the soil.

Trim the edges every so often to make the lawns look first class and to set off the flower beds with all their colour.

Cut off all dead heads and any leaves that are going brown. This will encourage further flowering and give a better look to the borders. A dose of general fertiliser over the borders will give everything a boost. Plant out any further annuals which you kept back in the frame, or reserve bed.

Pinch out the main growing point of the early chrysanthemums to induce side shoots to break, but do not let too many remain so that you have good sized blooms. Put in stakes and tie in the plants, in case strong winds try to destroy all your hard work.

If you want your roses to flower over a long period, cut away all dead flowers fairly well down the stem, to an outward facing bud, in order to get side shoots for new

Gardening — continued

flowers. Suckers appearing at the base of the bushes, below soil level, should be pulled out, or cut away as close as possible to the main roots. Spray regularly to protect against black spot and greenfly, which seem to be very fond of the rose bush. Some compost round the bases of bushes, after a good watering, will help them through very dry spells.

Use the hoe or sprinkler on the borders, even in normal weather, as some of the showers do not go in very far, but do make sure there are no restrictions on watering the garden, or you will have the authorities knocking at your front door. As with the fruit, now is a good time to get your orders in for roses, perennials and shrubs you want for next season. It only takes a stamp or a phone call to get catalogues arriving in the post.

Greenhouse

During July plants in the greenhouse will need a lot of watering and feeding. During warm weather keep the atmosphere moist by watering the floor and using a fine spray to water the leaves. Remember to use insecticides regularly as the insects will be doing their worst at this time. Cut away dead flowers and leaves and discard any plants that you have no further use for. Stake and tie up any tall growing plants, such as the chrysanthemums and carnations.

Keep the tomatoes well fed and watered. Pick the fruit regularly and try to keep the number of fruit trusses down to about six, especially if the plant is bearing a large crop. In some cases it is a good idea to tie in the heaviest trusses, or they may break away from the bush before they get a chance to ripen. Cut away some of the lower leaves and spray the flowers with water to get a better set.

Repot those old cyclamens which were kept from last year. Move early flowering plants, calceolaria, cineraria, primula and solanums, etc., to their final pots. Some annuals, schizanthus and stocks, can be sown now for colour in the house in the late winter and spring. I must remind you to give the greenhouse plenty of ventilation — so leave the windows and door open during the day and leave the windows half open on hot nights.

Forthcoming Events at Ian Fraser House

19th/20th July Ham Radio (2)
23rd/25th August Summer Bank Holiday

Drives

A new feature will take place on Tuesday evenings—a 'mystery drive'—this will be instead of the Tuesday afternoon drives. There will still be a drive on Friday afternoons.

The Dome

Every Tuesday night until further notice.

Race Meetings

(If there are enough people wanting to go)

Wednesday	9th July	Brighton
Thursday	10th July	Brighton
Tuesday	29th July	Goodwood
Wednesday	30th July	Goodwood
Thursday	31st July	Goodwood
Friday	1st August	Goodwood

MIDLAND CLUB NEWS

Only five members were able to attend our meeting in May and Eileen was unable to be with us as her husband was away in Ireland, after winning an eight day holiday through the Birmingham Evening Mail. Congratulations Syd, we hope you had a super time. We also congratulated Helen, our Chairman's (L. Kibbler) grand-daughter. She has just won the area championship for South Sandwell, in swimming the breast stroke.

We had a good meeting on Sunday, 8th June and a number of domino games were played. We were sorry that Bill Green was unable to come, but this was due to his wife, Hilda, having been in hospital. All the members were very sorry to hear this and sincerely hope that you are now on the mend, Hilda.

Once again the ladies made a lovely tea and Elizabeth made delicious cakes, which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. The Chairman thanked them in the usual manner.

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, 13th July and we look forward to welcoming new members.

JOAN CASHMORE,
Secretary

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS We warmly congratulate:

Ronald Marsh, of Bloxwich, Walsall, whose dog recently won third prize at Crufts, in the Staffordshire Bull Terrier Class.

Nick Surridge, son of St. Dunstaner, Frank Surridge, of Herne Bay, is a keen member of the Herne Bay Young Judo Club and aged ten and a half, came fourth in the recent European Schools Championships. He has also been to Belgium and Germany to compete.

MARRIAGES Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Brown, of Buckingham, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Janet, was married to Desmond Mee, on 19th April.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gallagher, of Blackpool, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Helen, was married to Terry West, on 29th April.

Mr. Raymond Sandiford, of Bolton, who was married to Mrs. Sally Rose, on 3rd May.

RUBY WEDDING Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. William Arnold, of East Morton, near Keighley, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 30th May.

BIRTHS Congratulations to:

Mr. Stanley Coe, of Eastcote, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Joanne, on 16th May, to his son, Barry, and his wife, Elaine.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mosley, of Solihull, on the birth of twin grand-daughters, Amy and Janet, on 17th January, to their daughter, Jane, and her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Taylor, of Wolverhampton, on the birth of their second grandchild, Matthew James, on 27th March, to their daughter, Yvonne, and her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Vowles, of Portsmouth, on the birth of their seventh

grandchild, Victoria Rae, to their daughter, Lesley, and her husband, Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Windley, of Scarborough, on the birth of their eleventh grandchild, Cheryl, on 22nd May, to their son, Stephen, and his wife, Denise.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mr. Reginald Parsons, of Cardiff, on the birth of two great grandchildren, a boy and a girl, both on 25th April.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgley, of Holywell Bay, Cornwall, on the birth of their first great grandchild, Louise Jean Helen, on 10th April.

DEATHS

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mr. Sidney Jones, of Manchester, on the death of his brother, who died in a road accident in Zimbabwe.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy McKay, of Brighton, on the death of Mrs. McKay's mother, on 18th April.

Mr. Eddie Quinn, of Telscombe Cliffs and his daughters Maureen, Patricia, Rosaleen and Dolores on the death of his wife, Ivy Rose, on 1st June.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Attfield, of South Brent, Devon, on the death of Mrs. Attfield's father on 20th May.

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.

William Dunlop, Royal Horse Artillery

William Dunlop, of Balcombe, died suddenly on 26th May. He was 67 years old.

Mr. Dunlop joined the Royal Horse Artillery in 1932 and although he left the Army in 1938, he was recalled at the outbreak of war. In 1942, Mr. Dunlop suffered gunshot wounds, lost an eye and was discharged from the Army, in 1951.

In Memory *continued*

His remaining sight finally failed in 1961 and he joined St. Dunstan's the same year. After he first left the Army, Mr. Dunlop joined the G.P.O., and he returned there after his discharge, working at their Renovation Centre at Cardiff. He retired after 34 years service and was proud to be awarded the Imperial Service Medal.

Mr. Dunlop's wife, Victorine, died in 1970, but happily in 1974, he re-married. He and his wife moved to Balcombe, where they both settled very happily, joining in many local activities and sharing a keen interest in gardening.

Mr. Dunlop leaves a widow, Ivy, and three children from his first marriage.

Frank Fawcett, Machine Gun Corps

F.W.E.L.E. Fawcett, of Stowmarket, died on the 17th May. He was 88 years old.

Mr. Fawcett enlisted in Canada early in the First World War, was commissioned and served in the trenches. His sight failed a few years after the war and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1925. He ran his own business for a time, but his great interest was local affairs and he devoted his long life to active membership of Stowmarket Council and the East Suffolk County Council, the Royal British Legion and Freemasonry and much valuable voluntary work for schools, hospitals, the Fire Service, etc. His first wife died in 1950 and he remarried in 1951.

Mrs. Phil Fawcett, who supported her husband in all his local activities, had very poor health for some years and died in 1975. Frank Fawcett's own health deteriorated gradually over several years, during which time he was looked after devotedly at home by his step-daughters, but recently he went into a local hospital for specialist care.

His father was once Vicar of the Stowmarket Parish Church and the funeral service was held there. It was organised by the Royal British Legion, Stowmarket Branch, of which he was President, and was attended by members of the family, the Mayor of Stowmarket, Freemasons, many other local friends and Miss Pam Barnard, representing St. Dunstan's.

He leaves a step-daughter, Mrs. Beryl McVea, other relatives and many good friends.

Arthur James, Royal Field Artillery

Arthur James, formerly of Walton-on-Thames, latterly resident in Pearson House, died on 21st May. He was 85 years old.

Mr. James served as a Gunner in the Royal Field Artillery, from 1912 until he was discharged in 1917, following serious injuries to one hand and one eye, while on active service. Mr. James' health deteriorated over the years and he joined St. Dunstan's in 1975.

Mr. James and his wife were married for over 56 years and enjoyed a close-knit family life with their children and grandchildren, Mr. James will be greatly missed by Matron Hallett and her staff, who admired his indomitable spirit.

He leaves a widow, Alice, and five children.

Harold Mallison, Durham Light Infantry

Harold Mallison, of Exeter, died while on holiday at Ian Fraser House, on 18th May. He was 82 years old.

Mr. Mallison served with the Durham Light Infantry during the First World War and suffered gunshot wounds. He was Senior Lecturer in Mathematics at Exeter University until he retired in 1963, the year he joined St. Dunstan's. After the death of his wife, Grace, in 1970, Mr. Mallison was cared for devotedly by his sister, who shared his interest in music and theatre. They were both instrumentalists and Mr. Mallison continued to play the piano in his retirement. He was a regular visitor to our Homes and will be greatly missed by both the staff and his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a brother and a sister.

Robert McQuillan, Royal Army Medical Corps

Robert McQuillan, of Liverpool, died on 20th May. He was 60 years old.

Mr. McQuillan served with the Royal Army Medical Corps from 1940 until he was discharged in November 1942, after he was wounded and had some loss of sight as a result. Mr. McQuillan was able to follow his career as a printer, until later in life when his sight deteriorated and he had to seek alternative employment as a packer. He retired in 1978 and joined St. Dunstan's in 1980, by which time he was seriously ill.

He leaves a widow, Eileen.