

# St Dunstans Review November 1980



## Message from the Chairman

### The Marquis of Normanby

On the 2nd October, St. Dunstan's Council regretfully accepted the resignation of the Marquis of Normanby, C.B.E., as a member of the Council, but at the same time agreed unanimously that he should be invited to become a Vice-President. All his friends will be delighted that he has accepted and in this way will continue his long association with St. Dunstan's.

Lord Normanby's position in St. Dunstan's is unique. He was wounded and taken prisoner early in the Second World War and, finding there were several blinded soldiers in the camp where he was, he decided to help them. He taught himself Braille and in turn taught the blinded men. He persuaded the Germans to bring all the blind to one camp and there he ran a most successful school, which had at one time between 20 and 30 members. The work of this group was encouraged and assisted by Lord Fraser, who was in touch with them throughout. Lord Normanby was made an Honorary Member of St. Dunstan's while still in Germany and, after repatriation with the men he had served so well, he was elected a member of our Council in 1944. He had previously been awarded the Military M.B.E. for his wonderful work in the German camps. In 1974 he was awarded the C.B.E. for his services to King's College Hospital.

Lord Normanby's personal care, inspiration and practical teaching did much to enable those St. Dunstaners who were pupils at his school in Germany nearly 40 years ago to lead happy and successful lives. All of us at St. Dunstan's share their admiration for the man who became their special wartime leader and friend and we greatly appreciate his contribution to the work of the Council during his very many years of peacetime service.

### Eric Boulter

I am pleased to be able to tell readers that Eric Boulter, C.B.E., has been elected to our Council. That means that we have another St. Dunstaner member and one with valuable experience of blinded people throughout the world. Much of his working life was spent with the American organisation now known as Helen Keller International Inc. and he has recently retired after some eight years as Director-General of the Royal National Institute for the Blind. His wide interests and contacts in many countries will help to maintain St. Dunstan's name overseas and we look forward to seeing him and Mary regularly.

*Jon Earnest-Dave*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**From: Frank Hamilton, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.**

About seven months ago, you mentioned in the *Review* that I was setting up an organisation to sell paint on behalf of a charity, Lifeline, and I thought my fellow St. Dunstaners would like to know what has transpired since then.

We began in January of this year and in the first eight months of venture, we have achieved sales of £7,850.00 and net profit of £1,252.42, or 16% on turnover. On behalf of the Trustees and of the clients whom we are privileged to help, I would like to take the opportunity of thanking everyone who has supported us.

Unfortunately, in these days of inflation, price rises are inevitable — but they do not always have to be passed on in full to the customer. Our prices are virtually unchanged from when we started, despite two price increases from the manufacturers. We have been able to do this by increasing the discount which we offer, from 45% to an average of 50%.

It makes a lot of sense to buy British and to buy the best — but only to pay half price for it, especially if you know that 16p of every pound that you spend goes to charity.

### BRIDGE

St. Dunstaners wishing to participate in the Bridge Instruction Weekend, at Ian Fraser House, on 13th — 14th

December, please contact Harry Meleson at Headquarters, 191 Old Marylebone Road. Individuals should arrange their own accommodation for the weekend with Miss Bridger, Welfare Department, Headquarters.

### FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S POSTBAG

**From: J. Blagrave-Ellis, Southampton**

Having been so long and comparatively recently away from England we are in some respects still lagging behind the times so far as what is now available in the way of radios, etc., and I have only recently come across the midget radios which can be put in any pocket and held in the palm of one's hand. Actually, I believe they have been available for some length of time and probably they are already familiar to most St. Dunstaners. I was pleasantly surprised both at the low price and the good reception given both with and without use of an earphone and I am sure that every St. Dunstaner would find one as valuable and in fact as indispensable as I do. But it may well be that as I indicated, I am well behind the times and these radios are well known to, and in use by, all St. Dunstaners already.

### TURN IT OFF!

Remember to turn off the cold water at the main stopcock and leave all cold taps open, if you go away from home this winter and want to avoid having burst water pipes.

## St Dunstons Review

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COVER PICTURE: A BBC Hulton Picture Library photograph, of wounded men from the First War, sets the scene for our remembrance feature on centre pages.



## DEAF BLIND REUNION

by  
Ron Ellis

*Wally Thomas aboard the police launch.*

The Muffies had a grand time at their mini Reunion, from 15th to 30th September. The weather gods must have known that it would be a busy time for us as the weather turned out to be a blue print of last year — lovely warm sunny days, which put us all in high spirits and raring to go.

A sherry, followed by a very nice welcoming dinner, started the Reunion on its way and we were very pleased to have Mrs. Avison and Mrs. Stilwell as our guests at the dinner and we hope that we shall be seeing more of them in the near future. Our thanks to the cook for a delicious meal.

The following morning we visited Littleington Gardens and after a lengthy browse round we made our way to the Plough and Harrow where we had a first class ploughman's lunch and a drop of the good stuff, you know, the real ale. Feeling well fortified we went off to Michelham Priory, where we were introduced to our guide who took us on a grand tour; our sincere thanks to him for the excellent way he told us about the history of the Priory and for answering all our questions.

Saturday was our big day out. At 8 o'clock sharp we set off for Wapping police station. Now don't get any ideas, for we have always been good boys, tch! tch! We were shown round the police station and introduced to three fine fellows, police constables Gordon, Wood and Parfitt, who took us on a superb trip on the Thames, in their police launch. To board the launch we had to go down what seemed to Wally and I like hundreds of metal steps, but with the strong arm of the law guiding us we made it

safely aboard. We nudged slowly out across the calm river into lovely sunshine and we all felt like bursting into song, you know the one 'Sailing Down The River On A Sunny Afternoon'.

During the trip the constables told us where we were and what bridges we were going under and about some of the experiences they have had while on duty in the police force, and some were pretty grisly. It certainly gave us some idea of what the men have to go through, it certainly is not just sailing down the river, it is hard and tough work. On the return journey Wally and I were given the honour of taking over the wheel, but not to worry, the strong hand of the pilot was hovering over our hands. The whole trip can be described in one word: superb. During the tour and boat trip our two dear friends were with us, Mrs. Phyl Bicknell, who has now retired from Scotland Yard and Peggy Prinsen, who still works there. Wally and I and our escorts thank them all for their kindness and understanding, they are all like their fellow comrades at Scotland Yard, a great lot of people and we wish them good luck.

On Sunday morning we visited Matron Hallett. We all look forward to this as it is always so nice to have a pow-wow with her and the staff, while having coffee and sherry and to walk round her lovely roses. Thank you Matron for a very pleasant morning. In the afternoon we went to Dial Post Craft Centre, which is about 12 miles north of Worthing. It is a pretty little village and the local crafts were displayed in the



*Ron Ellis dreaming dreams, — photo John Barrow.*

village hall and were being sold in aid of the hall's roof. We had a look round and of course made one or two purchases as the crafts were of high quality. Many thanks to the ladies there for their kindness and help. Now feeling a little weary, we returned to Ian Fraser House to put our feet up and to give our escorts' fingers a rest, for they had been flat out for the last three days.

Monday was our final day and we went to Bognor Regis. We spent a very interesting morning at LEC Refrigeration. We were introduced to Mr. Adrian Siegenthaler, M.B.I.M., who took us round the showroom and let us inspect the different types of freezers. Afterwards, Mr. Siegenthaler took us over the company airstrip, where two planes were in the hanger; one was a twin engine Piper, the executive, the other a single engine Piper, the private plane. After touching the planes we went to meet Mr. David Purley, son of Mr. C.R. Purley, Chairman and Joint Managing Director of LEC, who took us to a large workshop adjoining the hanger and proudly showed us his two racing cars. They were two beauties. Now I do not know much about these cars, but Wally and I intended to find out. By the time we had run our hands over them we looked like a couple of track side mechanics, but then came the great

moment. Mr. Purley asked us if we would like to sit in them. It was a dream come true: to sit in a car that will travel nearly 200 miles an hour. Great! Alas, I found out that to sit in them comfortably you have to have a figure like Twiggy! However, it was a wonderful feeling. Our sincere thanks to David and Mr. Greig Field for all the information, kindness and understanding they showed us; we feel that we have made some good friends.

That afternoon we had tea with the welfare staff, Miss Mosley, Miss Lord and Mr. Wills. It was great to meet them and have a pow-wow. We write letters to them, but there is nothing like meeting each other and it was good to see Mr. Wills looking so well. Wally and I and our escorts thank you for coming down to Brighton to see us.

A wonderful Reunion came to the end with a first class farewell dinner at the Eaton Restaurant, with Matrons Pass and Hallett, Mr. Wills, Dr. Stilwell and Mrs. Pugh and our guest this year was Miss Jean Allison. It was a real pleasure to see her again. Mr. Wills and Dr. Stilwell both gave a short speech and Wally voiced our sincere thanks and so ended another, not to be forgotten, Reunion. Our thanks too to Mrs. Pugh for all the hard work she has done and now for me it is nose to the grind stone on the vegetable patch.

## THE HANDLESS REUNION 1980

by Peggie Brett



*Tommy Gaygan operating the talking clock*

On September 18th Ian Fraser House extended its annual welcome to the Handy Andies, who, with the instinct of homing pigeons, arrived on the 5th floor in time for sherry, and the kind of dinner our catering department excels at providing.

Completing the party at one long flower-decked table were, Dr. and Mrs. Stilwell, Matron Pass, Mrs. Maw, Mrs. Pugh, Peter the orderly, and special guest – ex-Matron, Mrs. Blackford.

This year a new Handy Andy was with us. Venancio, sadly, lost hands and sight during the fighting in what was then Rhodesia. . .welcome, "Vince"!

As we enjoyed the good food and wine, and the pleasure of just being together, it was hard to believe another year had passed.

On Friday at 9.30 a.m. we left by coach for Petworth House. This great stone mansion towers above the ancient town of Petworth. It was originally a stronghold of the Percy family, but in 1682 it passed by marriage to the Dukes of Somerset. It was rebuilt between 1688 and 1696 by the 6th Duke. In 1750, it passed to his grandson, Charles Wyndham, grandfather of the first Lord Leconfield, but in 1947 the house, and 738 acres of parkland, landscaped by the famous Capability Brown, were given by

the third Lord Leconfield to the National Trust. Today, herds of deer still graze the park, indicating, by their choice of pasture each day, the warmest spots available.

Our guides through the ground floor rooms of the house were Mr. Webb, whose quietly informal manner made for easy listening, and Mr. Mason – for many years Master Carpenter to Petworth House – whose knowledge and love of the beautiful carvings and furniture inspired our own appreciation.

A ploughman's lunch at the Selsey Arms was followed by a leisurely drive through autumn sunshine, to wind up at the unique Chalkpits Industrial History Museum, Amberley.

Here, after a brief introductory film, we wandered once more into the past, coming across such things as a 19th century cobbler's shop, an authentic smithy, and a nostalgic collection of wirelasses, going back to those first crystal sets. . .very dating for those of us who clearly remembered using them!

By now we were ready to enjoy a picnic tea on the rustic tables and benches provided, but were slightly apprehensive when told that all the cakes had been baked, as a first attempt, by St. Dunstan's trainee-cook, Albert Pollitt! Fortunately our fears



*Above: Bill Griffiths co-operates in the first experiments to see if the handless St. Dunstaners can take part in archery.*

were groundless, the cakes being reminiscent of Mum's best. . .go up top, Albert!

Teatime was enlivened by an impromptu cabaret performed by a drowsy ginger cat, and a small, but exceedingly amorous, cockerel. Censorship forbids a detailed description of this entertainment, but it was certainly mind-broadening!

That evening, in the Winter Garden, we were happy, to relax, listening to the music of Cliff Gibbon's Trio, but occasionally brought to life by Cliff's irrepressible Norah!

### Scotland Yard

Saturday brought us to even more startling life, for our coach left for London at 7.30 a.m.! On arrival, the dear boys were admitted to the hallowed corridors of Scotland Yard, no less. Where they visited such departments as "Drugs", "Fingerprints" and the "Information Room", where, not only traffic control is handled, but all 999 emergency calls for

*Below: Ted Miller, Dick Brett, Norman French and Wally Lethbridge in informal technical discussion.*





During the discussion session on Monday, Tommy Gaygan talks with Mr. Weisblatt, St. Dunstan's Secretary. Also in the picture are David Bell and Bill Griffiths.

that busiest of all "patches" are dealt with. It seems that here, even our husbands' active tongues were silenced!

Warmest thanks must go to Mrs. Peggy Prinsen, the guide, and organiser of the arrangements for this visit, and also to Mrs. Bicknell—"Bicky"—whose long association with the Metropolitan Police enabled her to pull the necessary strings to bring it about.

A ploughman's lunch at the Cardinal public house, was followed by a smooth journey home with our old friend, Felix, at the wheel — and we never once got lost!

A pleasant dinner at the Plough, Rottingdean, rounded off the day...and our figures!

#### Bowls

Sunday morning brought a "Mr. and Mrs." bowls tournament—a knockout, in every sense! After some pretty nifty all round play, the final became a war of nerves — Gaygans v. Bretts, the rub of the green finally favouring the latter.

At 5 o'clock we embarked upon the "Dacre Special"—with Elizabeth herself in command. This year we found ourselves guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Bunn, at Hickstead. Drinks were served to us on the kind of lawn we dream of cultivating, and we were encouraged to explore the garden, who's old world beauty had gracefully accepted the more contemporary touches of swimming pool and barbetue area.

#### Sir Michael Ansell

Later, indoors, we were delighted by the arrival of Sir Michael Ansell. Mr. Bunn then gave us an interesting account of the creation and development of the Hickstead show jumping course, with many exchanges between himself and Sir Michael, who was evidently very much on home ground!

From Hickstead we drove to Tottington Manor Hotel for dinner, where the candle light was almost outdone by a spectacular



Gwen Obern speaking at the Reunion Dinner.

display of lightning beyond the leaded window panes.

Sir Michael was present, with us, and gave a heart-warming speech at the end of the meal. It was obvious he came, not only as our President, but also as our friend.

#### Discussions

On Monday both morning and afternoon were taken up, for the men, by domestic and technical discussions, and for the wives — freedom! The meetings were attended by Mr. Wills, Mr. Weisblatt, Mr. Castleton, Mr. French, Dr. Stilwell, Dr. Fletcher and Miss Moseley, all of whom, plus Mrs Elizabeth Dacre, joined us that night for our final dinner in the Golden Room at the Eaton Restaurant, Hove. As we sat, purring contentedly over coffee, Mr. Weisblatt rose to make a "short speech"—indeed he invited the Handy Andies to time him on their electronic watches! He then presented the bowls trophy — an engraved paper knife — to Dick and Peggie, and made way for the silver tongued Gwen Obern to reply to his speech.

Never at a loss, our Gwennie soon had us all chuckling at her quips and stories, from which, with true Welsh flair, she switched to

expressing our thanks to all concerned, with touching sincerity. Gwen then moved down the table to hand Mrs. Pugh a small gift of china, with our love.

It is impossible to name all who contributed to our comfort and enjoyment throughout the weekend, but, bless you all!

By now a score of such reunions lie behind us; let's hope the years ahead bring many more.

#### TAKE A YARD

by Peggie Brett

To Scotland Yard  
Our men were bidden,  
with simple trust —  
no secrets hidden —  
They welcomed them  
with open arms,  
their presence there  
caused no alarms.  
Top secret files  
lay all around —  
while here and there  
upon the ground  
were foot-prints —  
Practice trails to track,  
leading from here to there, and back!

No finger prints  
our boys provided,  
so straight away  
it was decided —  
"Why not TOE Prints?  
Just take a seat!"

(Hopefully they'd  
washed their feet!)  
Round the building  
they were whisked,  
Never challenged —  
stopped—or frisked.  
How did they win  
such perfect trust?  
For, say it now I  
really must —  
A shadier, shiftier,  
Bunch of Crooks  
had never graced  
their record books!

While we poor wives —  
so pure and sweet —  
were banned, and forced  
to walk the streets.  
Oh, woe was us,  
and branded, we,  
A danger to security!  
O.K.— if that's the  
game they'd play,  
to Oxford Street we'll  
wend our way.

No goods are safe  
if we can reach 'em —  
We'll go shop-lifting — that'll teach 'em!



## H M S DAEDALUS 1980

by Elspeth Grant  
and  
A First Year Rookie

Bill Shea throwing the Javelin —  
Royal Naval photograph

Once more from all corners of Great Britain and Northern Ireland St. Dunstaners descended on the peaceful Fleet Air Arm Station of HMS Daedalus. This year there were 50 St. Dunstaners including four who had never been to camp before. Waiting to greet them were members of the Fleet Air Arm Field Gun Crew, both past and present, who were to be their hosts and act as their 'guide dogs' for the week. Many old friends greeted each other delightedly. After finding their cabins and settling in we all met after supper in the P.O.'s Mess to hear, from Ben Mills, who were to be our fellow campers and also details of the very full programme of events laid on for our pleasure during the week. After this everyone adjourned to the Chief's Mess for a social evening to renew old friendships and make new ones.

Saturday dawned warm and clear and the walking race round two miles of the airfield was on, with our veteran Bob Young doing so well against younger competitors.

There was a good turnout and the results of the race were:—

### Handicap Result

First Bob Young  
Second Peter Spencer  
Third Charlie McConaghy

**Veteran's Cup** — Dennis Deacon Cup  
Charles Stafford

**Bridget Talbot Novice's Cup**  
Charlie Hague

**Fastest Loser's Cup**  
Ted Jinks

The actual results were as follows:—

Order of Finish	Actual Time	Allow-ance	Handi-cap	Position
T. Jinks	23.01	.55	22.06	7
A. Carter	23.40	Scratch	23.40	10
T. Tatchell	24.20	1.10	23.10	9
C. Stafford	24.10	2.25	21.56	5
C. McConaghy	25.12	3.40	21.32	3
J. Wright	25.20	3.00	22.20	8
R. Young	25.35	5.00	20.35	1
S. Tutton	26.30	4.30	22.00	6
P. Spencer	27.37	6.30	21.07	2
C. Hague	28.32	4.00	24.32	11
D. Howard	29.39	7.50	21.49	4
T. Wiggins	31.20	4.30	26.50	13
P. Stubbs	34.31	7.50	26.41	12

Saturday afternoon was free to do as one liked but Commander Raymond 'Bunny' Hales, of the Royal Naval Gliding Club, had set aside the whole day and Sunday afternoon for those St. Dunstaners who wanted to go gliding, an opportunity many grasped with enthusiasm.

In the evening there was a social and dance in the Chiefs' Mess and we had the pleasure of welcoming back the late Captain of HMS Daedalus and his wife, Captain and Mrs. Tony Bastick, and Tony Dodd, on behalf of the many St. Dunstaners to whom they had been so kind and hospitable over the past two years, presented them with a beautiful glass bowl engraved with the crests of St. Dunstan's, HMS Daedalus and the Field Gun Crew with the dedication 'To Captain and Mrs. Anthony Bastick with gratitude from the St. Dunstan's Campers'. Captain Bastick

immediately had it filled with champagne and went round every camper thanking them and giving them a 'swig'. It was a very happy evening.

On Sunday after breakfast everyone assembled on the lawn for the group photograph and with loud cries of 'cheese' we were snapped up.

Sunday church was taken by the Padre Rev. John Venus who ably stepped into the shoes of our own Padre Frank Spurway who was not really well enough to come to camp this year, however, he sent his love and assured us he would be with us in 1981.

After church in glorious sunshine we were entertained by Commander Craig and the officers on the lawn of the Wardroom. The afternoon was spent variously, gliding, visiting friends, swimming, playing bowls, walking, talking and dozing. There was also a new innovation of a visit to Gosport Archery Club where a marvellous afternoon's sport was held by experienced and novice archers showing what they could do against sighted archers to the latter's great astonishment. Medals were won by Bob Forshaw and Charlie McConaghy and the visit was voted an enormous success and it is hoped to make this a regular camp event.

### Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme

During the late afternoon we had the great pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme, who had driven over specially to see us, they wandered around the lawn speaking to everyone and then had tea with us in the Mess and afterwards listened to a performance of the St. Dunstan's Band—Joe Humphrey on accordion, Peter Spencer on piano, Ernie Cookson on saxophone and clarinet, Jerry Lynch on drums, Bob Forshaw on double bass and Jim Fraser on harmonica.

In the evening the P.O.s' Mess laid on a most successful evening of dancing to an excellent, if slightly noisy, band.

Monday at first looked promising weatherwise and a large party of campers, helpers, 'dogs' and their families set off for the Isle of Wight, however, half way across it got roughish and the waves came over the bow and then it rained pretty hard but spirits were high and Joe Humphrey and his accordion was accompanied by lusty singing and when we reached Cowes the hospitality of the British Legion warmed us

up inside too.

A party of fishermen also took to the Solent but catches were not heavy.

The evening was the occasion of the Dennis Deacon Memorial Concert when we were entertained by accomplished artistes to a feast of music and comedy. Those taking part were:—

Gordon Fellingham—accompanist

Leslie Adams —compere & comedian

Anne James —soprano

Gwenda Wilkin —piano  
accordionist

On Tuesday, as we did last year, we had a gale for the sports day though not as fierce and the sun did shine and the sportsmen were not deterred at all. Four teams took part and the team prize was won by Team 'B' captained by Danny McGoohan, with 106 points. Other members of his team were, J. Cope, P. Spencer, B. Forshaw, C. Hague and J. Lynch. It was a very close contest with only 2 points separating the four teams.

Other results were:—

### Doubly Handicapped Winner

Mick Sheehan with 31½ points

### Victor Ludorum Totally Blind

Joe Humphrey with 31 points

### Victor Ludorum Semi Sighted

Ted Jinks with 29 points

### Prize for the Best Beginner

Percy Stubbs with 15 points

So many competitors kicked three goals that the winner was drawn out of the 'hat' and was Charlie McConaghy.

### Fastest Peanut Eater

R. Brett

In the early evening the mystery car drive took place in pouring rain which meant the navigators got very damp getting out to look for the clues, but in record time this was won by George McKay with Mrs. Jean Firth as his driver and Lee Gilholm as his navigator. Later a large party went to Fareham to enjoy the hospitality of the Heathens Rugby Club and had a friendly and boisterous evening.

Wednesday started dull and because of the weather forecast on the Solent the fishing party was cancelled but a small party braved the elements and got over to the Isle of Wight for a tour round Osborne

House while others had outings with their friends.

In the evening a very successful dance was held at the Titchfield Community Centre where our hosts and hostesses made us very welcome. Our own band of Joe Humphrey, Bob Forshaw, Peter Spencer, Ernie Cookson and Jerry Lynch played with great success as they did at other times during the week.

On Thursday a large party went to the Hovercraft slipway and were taken for a spin on the Solent in a British Hovercraft Company craft. Later some campers visited the Field Gun Crew Mess and inspected some of the equipment used in the Field Gun competition and parties dispersed to HMS Collingwood and the British Legion in Lee-on-Solent for lunch, while others played bowls in the sunshine.

#### Prize Giving

The evening was a big night as we all gathered in the Chiefs' Mess for prize giving when Cdr. Craig came with Mrs. Craig and his guests to present the prizes which made a glittering array of silver and gold on a baize covered table. A vote of thanks was proposed by George Eustace to the Officers and Ships Company of HMS Daedalus and by Percy Stubbs – who made a charming speech – to the Mess Presidents, Trainers and Field Gunners and helpers. P.T.I. Stan Sherlock announced all the sports results adding that a new competition of 'fly fishing' had been won by Joe Humphrey with the catch of a 17lb blue bottle! The sea fishing was actually won by George Allen.

Mrs. Marjorie Taylor, President of the Gosport Archery Club, presented a beautiful shield with an archer in relief to St. Dunstan's, as a permanent trophy for Ian Fraser House. She said how enormously impressed the club had been with the standard of the archers, some of whom had never even held a bow. We were glad to welcome a party of the club members to share the evening with us. Bill Harris announced the walking results and congratulated the walkers, especially Percy Stubbs, who had finished the course in spite of only being one legged.

Ben Mills announced that P.O. Lesley Lutter had raised £15 for camp funds by offering to have his beard shaved off – a brave if foolhardy and generous

gesture – he did survive the ordeal! Also that Del Delaney, Frank Cosgrove and Barney Barnes had raised £26 by suffering and drinking a yard of Guinness each! How they suffer to help us. Mrs. Bastick had written to say how overwhelmed they both were with the beautiful bowl they had been given and which now held pride of place in their new home.

Later on there was a second and third showing of Jimmy Wright's marvellous film "To Live Again" about St. Dunstan's and next year the First Trainer 'Spider' Webb is going to show the film to the new 'dogs' before camp.

Friday was kind to us again and a large party took to the Solent and over to Cowes for the day while others played bowls, paid farewell visits, shopped for their families and prepared for the evening of farewell festivities and final dance during which Ben Mills assisted by Kevin Rixon, Paul Begg and Eirlys Brittain conducted his enormous raffle which had a vast array of marvellous prizes donated by more than generous campers and which also included several bottles of Plymouth Gin donated by Mr. Ian Coombs, the Chairman of Plymouth Gin. The sum of £249 was raised for camp funds, a really marvellous effort. We were glad this year to be able to welcome as our medical officer Eirlys Brittain's husband, Tom, as her son, Richard, could not come and we were delighted he settled down amongst us like a seasoned camper.

#### Departure

Early on Saturday the coaches and cars were already to leave for all points north, east, south and west and were cheered ashore by exhausted but vociferous 'dogs' after a successful and happy holiday.

May I, on behalf of all the men from St. Dunstan's, thank the 'dogs' for their wonderful service to us throughout the week, the helpers and all the local people who did so much to make it a week to remember, during the coming months. Finally, I feel a few words of thanks and appreciation to the members of the St. Dunstan's Band for their entertainment on several occasions during the week. They played so well after little time to practise. Also thanks to all St. Dunstaners who gave prizes for the raffles, which raised the total sum of £249.

Roll on 1981!

## 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.*

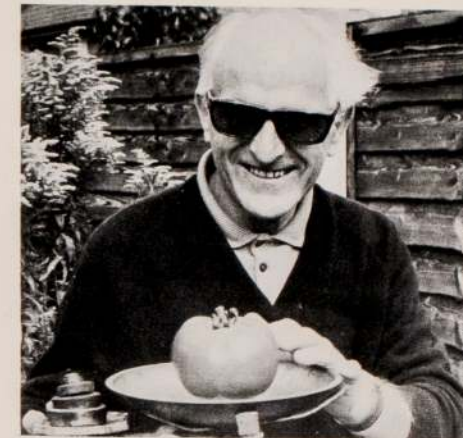
**Dr. Harold C.J. Ball**, of Ringwood, Hampshire, who joined St. Dunstan's on the 17th September. Dr. Ball served and was commissioned in the Dorset Regiment in the First World War; he later qualified as a doctor and worked until his retirement. He is a widower with an adult family.

**Lt. Col. James Noel Cowley, O.B.E.**, of Beenham, Berkshire, who joined St. Dunstan's on the 17th September. Colonel Cowley was commissioned into the 24th Lancers in 1932 and subsequently served until 1961, with the 10th Hussars and as Military Attaché in Berlin and elsewhere. He is married with one adult daughter.

**Wilfred Rouse**, of Abergavenny, who joined St. Dunstan's on 17th September. Mr Rouse served from 1926 until 1938 in the South Wales Borderers and then from 1939 until 1945 with the West Kent Regiment. He is married with one son.

#### REVISION WEEK FOR RADIO AMATEUR'S EXAMINATION

It is hoped to organise a refresher week for those amateur radio enthusiasts who intend to take the May 1981 Radio Amateur's exam. The week will take place at Ian Fraser House, commencing Sunday, 26th April. The week is not intended to be a course, but a final brushing up for the exam. Those attending, therefore, must have a prior, basic knowledge. The week can only be organised if there are sufficient numbers. It is an excellent chance to be able to ask questions, clear up any problems and attempt mock examination questions. Would anybody interested please contact the Secretary, by 30th November. His address is: E. John, 52 Broadway Avenue, Wallasey, Merseyside, L45 6TD.



*Mr. Clifford Carlton, of Morecambe, grows super tomatoes. This one weighs just over 1lb. The seed was saved from a Polish strain he got over four years ago — photo The Visitor, Morecambe.*

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

by Linda Adams

They came, they came from everywhere,  
They fought on land and sea and air,  
But I just lay without a care,  
For I was very small

Peace so carefree filled my day,  
Happy in my selfish way,  
In firm security I lay,  
Oblivious to all.

But unknown to my infant mind,  
Out there they fought to keep the kind  
Of freedom that for all mankind  
Is surely right for all.

Who knows the price they had to pay  
What right have we to turn away,  
Their toil gave life to us today,  
So listen when they call.

We had the chance of life anew,  
They gave us freedom as our due,  
What right have I, what right have you,  
To stay oblivious to all?

Linda Adams

#### MR. DENNIS WRIGHT

Mr. Dennis Wright, Estates Surveyor, Brighton area for the past thirty years, retired on 31st October. A number of St. Dunstaners have expressed a wish to contribute to a retirement gift. Please send contributions to Mr. W.C. Weisblatt, at Headquarters.

## TWO WARS REMEMBERED

by the late James Shaw  
and Arthur Simpson



*James Shaw.*

For the month of Remembrance we include two St. Dunstaners' recollections of their service in the First and Second Wars. The first is taken from the personal narrative of the late James Shaw, by permission of his widow, Ellen Shaw. He served with the 106th Siege Battery and, although written a few years after, his description of the mustard gas attack which damaged his eyes and ultimately cost him his sight, is so vivid that it might have been written at the time.

Memories of the Second World War and the forming of the S.A.S. Regiment are contributed by Arthur Simpson, of Doncaster.

As there is no chance of our gunners going into action, and seeing that the cellars were the safest places to be in, most of the men crowded into them. Everyone was anxious to be in the safest place and those who were previously outside could not be blamed for taking cover in the cellars in view of the persistent heavy gas shelling. At about 5.30 a.m. one of our gunners came rushing to the cellar entrance shouting for help as a shell had hit one of our guns and turned it completely over, the same shell had severely wounded two of our gunners. Without hesitation three or four of our men rushed across to the guns and in the torrent of shells attended to the wounded and got them away to the dressing station, which was about a quarter of a mile away. They then returned to the cellar and reported, as well as they could with gas masks on, that there were only two of our guns left in action, one having been lifted clean over by a big shell and another had been hit directly and part of the gun was hanging from one of the trees in the orchard, the orchard itself having been transformed into a shell strewn waste.

Those gunners who had been down to the dressing station had to get in as best they could, as the number of fellows already in was many more than there was comfortable room for, so they simply edged their way past the gas blanket and sat on the cellar steps. It was now about 6 o'clock a.m., and still the shelling was going on unabated. The whole atmosphere was simply choked full of gas, and the cellars too were far from being clear of the gas owing to the constant wafting of the blankets on the doorway and ventilators. The smell was a rather unusual one, as we had never actually been in a mustard gas bombardment before.

It certainly was an awful ordeal during the long early morning hours and with sleep pulling at one's eyes all the time. A few minutes past 6 a.m., an unusually heavy burst of gas shells fell exceedingly close to the cellars and farm buildings. In the midst of this heavy shelling there came a terrific crash on the side of the farmhouse kitchen, where the entrance to the cellars was Oh! What a crash! The shell had caught the side of the house with its full force and brought

down the whole brickwork. It seemed to fling every bit of the debris into the kitchen and the bricks, mortar, stones, dust, gas and flying steel poured into the cellar, tearing the gas blanket into threads. The shell burst temporarily deafened most of us and the poor fellows who were sitting on the cellar steps were either wounded by shell splinters, or seriously injured by the flying debris from the shattered wall.

What an awful ten minutes this was, first the tremendous crash and simultaneously the rush of gas laden air into the cellars; the noise of the "half-house volume" of debris crashing into the kitchen and cellar entrance, the shouts of the wounded and injured men, the knowledge that the gas blanket was in ribbons, the blinding shower of dust from the mortar and plasterwork, the rush of anxious helpers to the aid of the wounded and injured who lay moaning on the ground, the now very strong smell indeed of the gas and smarting skin of our faces and, coupled with all this, the shells were still raining around us, the crashes of the high explosives and the typical thud of the smaller gas shells exploding, all mixed with the whistling, whirling, wobbling, rushing sounds of other shells coming over. Yes, this truly was a test indeed for the very strongest of nerves.

All of us were anxious to be out of the cellar now, regardless of the heavy shelling all around us. Probably the safest place now was outside in the open, but the confusion created by the bursting of the big gas shell accounted largely for everyone staying in the cellars, which were absolutely full of gas. In the midst of this awful mess over came another big shell, crashed into the roof of the house, through two rooms above ground level and exploded in the room adjoining the kitchen, but as there was not a doorway giving immediate access to the kitchen, we did not get the full force of the explosion at the cellar entrance, yet we got sufficient to rock the cellars and to stir up the dust of the previous smash.

The wounds and injuries of our unfortunate chaps had now been dressed and attended to as far as our first-aid outfits would permit and the question was — should the wounded and injured be got away to the dressing station with all speed through the shelling, or should we wait a while to see if the gruelling bombardment would cease? The decision was — get the wounded away and the rush of volunteers for stretcher carrying was so great that a Sergeant had to select just sufficient from those immediately round him.

At 6.30 a.m. the shelling ceased, only just

*Gas-masked machine gunners in 1916 — photo BBC Hulton Library.*





after our stretcher cases had got on their way.

When the shelling was over we signallers got to work "all hands out on the lines", all the lines except one to Headquarters having been smashed. Two or more signallers were set to repair each of the several lines of communication and in less than an hour's time we had all lines O.K., and at liberty to have a wash in preparation for breakfast.

It was a very beautiful morning, the sun shone from an early hour and it was very warm. We quite naturally made a survey of all the farm buildings and the orchard where the guns were in position, also across the fields to the front, left and rear of the farm. Oh! What a picture everywhere presented. First the farm buildings were shattered in quite a number of places, chiefly the house over the cellars where most of our fellows had been sheltered; the road running in front of the farm had been hit in many places and huge holes yawned in its surface. The orchard where our guns were, was very much knocked about, trees uprooted and big shell holes potted all over the place, two of our guns had been hit direct, as mentioned previously, and were

out of action. We calculated that something like 1,000 shells of at least three different sizes had been fired at our position and probably of that number about 700 or 800 were gas shells.

We were not feeling very much the worse for our gruelling experiences, and I went to have a morning dip in the fresh spring water in the farm yard. A number of us were washing and we noticed severe smarting and burning sensations were commencing especially on the face and eyes and around our necks. We looked at each other as though through very dimmed glasses and severe irritation of the eyes, nose and throat began to afflict us all. We now realised that the game had been much more serious for us than we at first thought and our first-aid men said we had better get to the advanced dressing station as quickly as possible. Our eyesight was quickly fading, our throats and nostrils were as though scraped with emery paper, our strength seemed to dwindle away every minute.

With no conveyances to the dressing-station we set off in small groups, first we had just sufficient strength to walk straight, then severe sickness came on so that most of us nearly turned our stomachs out as we

Wounded French troops lie in a farm — photo BBC Hulton Library.



began to stumble along the road. My own sight had practically gone ere I had walked 200 yards along the road and it was the most awful experience imaginable to feel one's sight fading quickly, coupled with a half-dead feeling that almost reduced me to a crumbled heap in the roadway. How I got to the dressing-station I cannot now very well explain, but I do remember that a number of us went arm in arm stumbling about the roadway, finding the dressing station more out of sense of direction than by actually seeing the place; maybe we were not all so bad as each other and the better helped the worse.

We were not there many minutes before I found myself lying on a stretcher and labelled for Base Hospital. I was exceedingly ill and now almost completely blind, so that my interest in matters current faded and apart from faint recollections of being put into a motor Red Cross van and being rushed away to some railway siding, or station, to a Red Cross train, thence a journey to a Base Hospital, I remember very little.

It must have been 12th May, 1918 when I first realised I was at the Camiers Base



Blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park — photo BBC Hulton Library.

Hospital and it was a Sister or nurse whom I asked where I was, I also asked if I was likely to go to "Blighty" and I got a definite assurance that I was, and before long too.

## MEMORIES OF THE S.A.S.

by Arthur Simpson

In the report in the July *Review* of the Manchester Reunion there was a reference to members of the Special Air Services and in his speech, Mr. Delmar Morgan mentioned the last episode at the Iranian Embassy which the S.A.S. carried out on behalf of the Home Office.

I was the first S.A.S. paratrooper to enter St. Dunstan's after being wounded with this regiment on the Tunisian border, in January 1943. I will comment on the regiment, how it came into being, later in this article.

At the outbreak of the war in 1939, I joined the Sherwood Foresters as I lived then in Retford, Notts. I went to Bestwood Lodge, Notts, to do my training. One of the first men I met there was the late Clive Graham, the racing correspondent of the Daily Express (better known as The Scout). He was one of my room mates, and with me being very interested and taking part in sport and interested in horse racing we got on fine and he was one of the nicest men I

met. Later he went to O.T.C. to be an officer.

Early in 1940, the rest of us went to France and, of course, not long after came the evacuation from that country. I was evacuated from Dunkirk on Sunday, June 3rd, at 4 a.m. on the destroyer, *Wolfhound*. The ship was that full with troops that the top-deck was practically level with the water. When we disembarked at Dover we kept looking back and as troops got off we could see the ship gradually rising to its proper height.

Anyway, we were pleased to be back although we were called the Dunkirk Harriers. After being stationed at different places in England, the Sherwood Foresters went over the border to Scotland. While on coastal defence at Dunbar, an appeal went out for men to form a commando unit to act as invasion forces. The appeal was made by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, later Lord Keyes. He was known as the 'Father of the Commandos'.

I volunteered along with a lot more and finally about 500 of us assembled at



Arthur Simpson (left) proudly wears his commando hat and SAS wings.

Netherdale Mills, Galashiels, Scotland, and we were formed into the 11th Scottish Commandos. There I met Lord Keyes son, Geoffrey Keyes, also Lieutenant Mayne, better known as Paddy. We were formed into troops of 50 men and Paddy was in charge of my troop. He was the strongest man I ever saw. He could hold an Enfield Rifle with a 9" bayonet on the end with one hand, like a revolver.

We did a lot of training on the Isle of Arran and on the last day of December, 1940, we set off for the Middle East. On the way round Africa we had two very enjoyable days in Cape Town. Finally, we arrived in Egypt in February, 1941, after being at different places in the desert our Commando Unit moved to Cyprus. By this time we had been re-shuffled. Lt. Mayne went to take over another troop, No. 7, and I went to No. 10, but each troop still consisted of about 50 men and officers.

In June 1941, we were called upon to invade Syria, as the Vichy French Army were holding up the Australian contingent and some of the British Army at Latarny River. H.M.S. Halspur and H.M.S. Alex

called at the port of Famagusta, they took 300 Commandos to Haifa where we joined invasion barges. We landed behind enemy lines and silenced the guns at Latarny River and after three days of fierce fighting our mission was completed — we had a good few casualties.

The Australians and the rest of our Army then proceeded forward and the Syrian Campaign was completed in six weeks. We were awarded a battle honour for that campaign. The Commandos that were left all reorganised in Haifa and we marched to the docks to get on the ship for Cyprus and as our bagpipes led us down to the docks Australians and others cheered.

### Rommel Raid

After a short spell in Cyprus we sailed back to Egypt and after different spells up and down the word came round that there was another job coming up. Under Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Keyes, aged 24 and the youngest Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army at that time, 50 men, I being one of them, were picked out to raid Rommel's H.Q., but at that time of the raid I had to withdraw and go into hospital with a shrapnel wound to my left hand. Anyway, the rest went on and landed on the coast of Africa from the submarines *Torbay* and *Talisman*. In the action that followed Lt-Col. Geoffrey Keyes knocked on the door of what was Rommel's H.Q., along with Sgt. Jack Terry. Col. Keyes was killed and was posthumously awarded the V.C. Sgt. Terry escaped and after 40 days in the desert he turned up at H.Q., for this he was given the D.C.M. The rest of the troop were either killed or captured and only this year I again met Jack Terry at a Commando Reunion in London, after 38 years.

Also with Jack Terry on the Rommel raid was Brigadier-General, later Sir Robert, Laycock. At that time he was in charge of Lay Force — I knew him well as he was born two villages away from me at Wiseton in Notts.

After coming out of hospital I returned to my Unit at Amyria, Alexandria. When I got there I found they had moved down to Kabrit. I followed on and caught up with them and to my delight my former Officer, Paddy Mayne, was there. He had teamed up with Colonel David Sterling of the Scots Guards. By now Paddy was a Major. It was

now the last week of December, 1941. These two, together with a handful of men, most of them Commandos, formed the first Special Air Services Regiment and so launched the birth of a new regiment that is so famous today.

After a spell learning to drive jeeps and lorries we were recalled to Gerabub Oasis. From there we operated for a while and whilst there fitted an old wireless onto a lorry battery and heard the British heavy-weight championship between Len Harvey and Freddie Mills — this was from Tottenham Hotspurs Football Ground, on 6th June, 1942.

Shortly after that we had to pack up and evacuate again as the German were coming down to Tobruk. On our way we picked up a lot of our men, also making their way from there. On 20th June, Tobruk fell and on 6th July, 1942 — the day of my 24th birthday — we arrived in Cairo and pitched camp alongside the Pyramids.

### Back to Syria

In August, we returned again to Syria to quell what looked like another uprising of the Vichy French and while in one of the villages down there General de Gaulle came down to inspect some of his Free French Troops. One of our officer's asked me and another soldier if we would like to go along with him to see if we could see General de Gaulle. We stood a little way off the Free French Troops — de Gaulle came over, he saluted and we saluted back. He shook hands with the officer and nodded to me and my friend and smiled. He enquired what regiment we were. We told him we were members of the commandos and he thanked us for what we had done for him and the Free French.

de Gaulle was a tall man and when I looked at him he reminded me of someone who had, had his neck and head cut off and placed down onto his chest! We soon found out that he was a Frenchman in no uncertain manner and he was fighting for France. Of all the comments and faults that have been reported about him since I wish that we people who call ourselves British, would fight for Britain as he fought for France — we would have a much better country.

In the middle of September, a call came through for twelve men of the Commandos, who had done their land and sea opera-

tions, to go to Kabrit and do a parachute course. I was one who went — we were examined and those found to be fully fit went on to do a month's course.

The man in charge of parachute training was Lieutenant Ward. Before the war he had been with Sir Alan Cobham's Air Display and I had actually seen this man jumping from planes in my own village in 1933. One of his men, a Sgt. Avery, a top class P.T. instructor, a tough but very nice man took us on this parachute course and the first week he nearly killed us. After that everything went well and by the end of the month we had done 7 jumps — 5 by day and 2 night drops. I enjoyed the night jumps in a starlit sky looking down upon the Suez Canal and hoping that I wouldn't drop in it. This course was now complete, we then started another in the use of revolvers, machine guns and explosives and once this was over we had accomplished the unique feat of being able to operate by land, sea and air and so I was now an S.A.S. man.

### Behind Enemy Lines

By the end of October, our training over, we were ready to go up the desert again and forty men, under Colonel David Sterling, known as A Squadron, left Kabrit. The objective was to get behind the enemy lines and do all the sabotage possible and at the same time to connect up with the First Army. We were two men to a jeep, loaded with rations, water, mines, explosives, petrol and guns and we had to move fast as the enemy was retreating very fast in front of the Eighth Army.

Colonel Paddy Mayne, with his B Squadron was already well behind the enemy's lines knocking hell out of them. When we got back to Sirti (that was the last stronghold of the Germans before the final assault on Tripoli by the Eighth Army) we went well out into the desert and by-passed all this after making a halt well past the Mareth Line. By this time we were about 300 miles behind the enemy lines.

We then split up into three group — twelve men and six jeeps in each one and we set off in different directions across the desert sabotaging transport along the roads, especially the Tripoli to Homs road. After three or four nights of sabotage we lay up in a wadi to clean guns and repair jeeps. We put a man on guard, whose name incidentally was Ronald Guard. Unfor-



Princess Katherine, of Greece, photographed in 1943.

unately, for us he fell asleep and we were surrounded by heavy fire from the enemy. Although outnumbered we fought back, but eventually they brought up two mortar bombs and we had no answer to those. With our jeeps on fire and most of our group dead three of us had to surrender. We were searched and for no reason our sergeant was shot dead and shortly after that I was shot in the head. This resulted in my losing the left eye and having my right eye impaired, but I didn't lose consciousness. Eventually the enemy took me by ambulance to a hospital in Tripoli and there I was operated on by a German doctor. About January 20th, the Eighth Army captured Tripoli and I, who had been a prisoner of the Italians up to then, was released.

#### Chaplain's Visit

Whilst I was in hospital, Montgomery's padre came round and we had a chat. Twenty-one years later I met him again at an El Alamein Reunion at the Royal Albert Hall.

News came through that Colonel Sterling had been taken prisoner and I also heard on the radio that twelve S.A.S. men had connected up the Eighth Army with the

First. So one way and another what we had set out to do was accomplished.

After leaving Tripoli Hospital by air, I landed at Benghazi and from there I was put on a hospital ship and taken to Alexandria and then I went to a hospital near Port Said.

#### Regiment of Honour

Whilst there I received a letter from Lieutenant Colonel Carter, of the 1st S.A.S., authorising me to wear my parachute wings on my left breast as a regimental honour for the part I had played on the battlefield. Leaving there by hospital ship, I eventually arrived at Durban, South Africa. Now I went by train to a Military Hospital outside Johannesburg and spent six weeks there. With two other soldiers I left for Cape Town and there on July 6th, my 25th birthday, the three of us entered St. Dunstan's at Tembani. We were met by two wonderful people, the late Mrs. Chadwick Bates who was in charge, and Miss Hester Pease, the Matron. I spent four months convalescing there and during that time Princess Katherine and Princess Eugenie of the Greek Royal Family were very good to us St. Dunstaners, taking us out on many occasions. We also learnt typewriting and woodwork. In late November, about seven St. Dunstaners sailed for home on the Llandovery Castle. We landed at Bristol and then went by train to Shrewsbury, from there we went on to Tiger Hall, Church Stretton.

On December 31st, I finally arrived at my home outside Retford, Notts, and after my leave I returned to Tiger Hall, where I was discharged from the Army on March 4th, 1944, as an ex-Sherwood Forester. As the Commando and S.A.S. had made such a name it was decided that the S.A.S. should be made a regular regiment in the British Army.

A new life was about to unfold for me.

The motto of the 11th Commandos in NO QUARTER. The S.A.S., WHO DARES WINS. I am a Life Member of both associations.

#### Address Cards

A stock of address cards for cassette wallets are available from the Supplies Department. The cards are blank on both sides, except for the words "Articles For The Blind" written on each side. One corner of the card is cut off. These cards are available free of charge.

## HARROGATE BRIDGE WEEK

by Harry Meleson

Once again, on Saturday, 27th September, a party of 17, consisting of 12 St. Dunstaners, 3 stewards, my wife and Vi's sister, Renee, arrived at Harrogate for our usual week of bridge. We were also looking forward to meeting our old friends again. After a rest and a good dinner we were off to the Harrogate Bridge Club, where we competed for the St. Dunstan's Cup, which was won by Mrs. Monica Campbell and her team.

On Sunday we played the Harrogate District League. This match was won by us, the result being 64 to 30 match points. At the match against the Civil Service on Monday night the best result was obtained by George Hudson and Ike Pellington for St. Dunstan's.

#### Ripon

On Tuesday afternoon we went to the Ripon Bridge Club. The match was won by Bill Allen and Ron Freer. On Tuesday evening we played against the Central Electricity Generating Board, and shared top was won by Harry Meleson and Ralph Pacitti and Reg Goding and Fred Dickerson.

On Wednesday afternoon our venue was Bradford Bridge Club, to which we travelled by coach. We were welcomed by Mr. Kenneth Moss, the organiser, who showed us into the very well equipped bridge room. We commenced our game and during the interval we were given very generous refreshments. Unfortunately we lost this match. Nevertheless, we had a very enjoyable game.

Wednesday evening we went to Oakdale Golf Club. We were welcomed by Mr. Alan Hutchinson, the Bridge Captain. Alan Kempson was the Tournament Director for the evening, and organised the seating and play very well indeed. Good news here! St. Dunstan's won by a very large margin and an enjoyable evening was had by all.

Thursday was our Red Letter Day, when St. Dunstan's gives a luncheon to our many old friends in Harrogate. We arrived at the Drover's Inn with plenty of time to spare, enabling us to greet and welcome old and new friends at the bar, after which we went

into lunch, presided over by Mr. Wills, the retired Secretary of St. Dunstan's. After Grace Mr. Wills proposed a Silent Toast to the memory of Paul Nuyens. After lunch Mr. Wills thanked our Harrogate friends for their wonderful hospitality to us over the years. Mr. Wills also mentioned our many old friends who are no longer with us, not forgetting our very own Alf Fields who started this all 41 years ago. Mr. Wills then proposed a toast to the visitors. Mr. Meleson then rose and thanked St. Dunstan's for providing this luncheon and Mr. Wills for presiding this afternoon. He thanked the Drover's Inn management and staff for providing such a splendid meal and then called upon Mr. Norman Green to respond for the visitors. Mr. Green replied in his own inimitable manner. He did make the point that unless St. Dunstan's could muster more bridge players the guests will outnumber the St. Dunstaners in future years. So come on bridge players, what about it!!

The formal part of the afternoon being over some of the guests had a friendly game of bridge until it was time for us to depart back to Harrogate. That same evening we played our final game against I.C.I. Unfortunately we lost.

#### "At Home"

Friday dawned bright and clear and being our last day it gave us plenty of opportunity to do last minute shopping and prepare for our "At Home" that evening. This was to be held at a new venue - the Civil Service Club. Over 50 people arrived to take part in a 12 table bridge drive. After play had finished refreshments were served and prizes were presented to a number of people. This year we decided to try something different and finish the evening with a disco and sing-song, which was voted a great success. Everyone said they would like the same next year. At midnight a very jolly, albeit weary, party made their way back to the hotel.

On Saturday morning we made our way home, thus ending our bridge week in Harrogate.

## Ex-Prisoners of War Reunion by Ted Brown

The second Reunion was held at Ian Fraser House from 12th to 14th September and was a great success. The Reunion started with a meeting in the Winter Garden, where a committee was formed to organise future Reunions and consists of a Chairman, Bill Griffiths, a Secretary, Arthur Morris, and Treasurer, Ted Brown. At this meeting all ex-German P.O.W.'s were welcomed and will in future combine with us in our annual Reunions, which will come under the heading *a/l* St. Dunstan's ex-P.O.W.'s.

Friday afternoon was spent looking up old friends and making a lot more new ones; I know I did. That evening we held a dance in the annexe, which was very successful, and a five-piece band kept things going marvellously. At the beginning of the dance we were introduced to quite a number of guests, two high rate ex-P.O.W.'s Ted Coffey, and Arthur Morris, as well as Mrs. Dacre, Dr. Stilwell and Matron Pass and, from Headquarters, Mr. Weisblatt, Miss Mosley and Mr. Slade. Unfortunately, the Chairman and Mrs. Garnett-Orme were unable to attend but they sent us all their good wishes. We also had a pleasant surprise visit from Mrs. Avis Spurway.

### Fit for a King

The annexe was open for liquid refreshment which between the dances was very welcome. The buffet, laid on by the Ovingdean staff, was fit for a king and I cannot put into words how much everyone enjoyed it and appreciated the amount of work that must have been done.

We were entertained by Bill and Alice Griffiths while the band had a little light refreshment and everyone, both in and out of the bar, enjoyed it enormously. After the interval a raffle was held and there were nine excellent prizes, seven of which were donated by the P.O.W.'s and their friends. Like all dances this one came to the end after a good knees up and Auld Lang Syne. Then everyone took their weary, but happy bodies home.

The venue for Saturday night was the Royal British Legion, Marine Parade, Brighton. The ex-German P.O.W.'s and their wives, who had been at a Reunion in

Croydon the previous night, joined us at the Legion. We hired the top room at the Legion Club and the members of their committee were extremely helpful, even carrying those who could not quite make it up the stairs and to them we are more than grateful.

We had a professional organist playing for us and although there was not much room for dancing, people had a chance to eat, drink and meet all those who had been absent the previous evening. There was a wonderful buffet and very good raffle.

Bill and Alice again entertained us with several of their lovely songs, and after a few more drinks and more food several of the brave ones got up to dance and despite the smallness of the dance floor, everyone enjoyed themselves and like all good things, another splendid evening came to an end.

### Chapel Service

On Sunday morning a special service was held in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House. After the service everyone gathered into small groups to discuss what changes they wanted and ideas were exchanged, but unfortunately, some people had to make their way home, but the majority of people said how much they had enjoyed the Reunion.

The next P.O.W. Reunion will be on 13th February, until 15th February, 1981. On the first night there will be a social and dance in the annexe, at Ian Fraser House, with a band and buffet, similar to this year.

A dinner has been arranged for the Saturday night, at the Dudley Hotel, Hove and menus are being sent to me and the price will be between £7.50 — £10.00, per head. We will have a private room and bar.

On Sunday evening the Royal Engineers Band is going to play for us in the lounge at Ian Fraser House and if anyone wishes them to play something special for them, would they please let me know when booking. If you would like to come, please contact A. Morris, 43 Acres Avenue, Shelley, Ongar, Essex, telephone: 0277 362094, or Ted Brown, 20 Nelson Road, Hartford, Huntingdon, Cambridge, telephone: 0480 55912. We hope to hear from you by the beginning of December.

## READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

*Cat. No. 732*

### The New Year

By Pearl S. Buck.

Ready by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 7½ hours

Christopher Winters accounts himself the most fortunate of men. He is a highly respected member of the community, a partner in a successful old-established law firm, and, most importantly, enjoys a stable and ideally happy marriage with his talented and beautiful wife. He is currently running for State Governor with a very good chance of success. And the future? The White House is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Then one morning his idyllic world is shattered by the arrival of a letter from a twelve-year old boy in Korea who addresses him as "father". Sixteen years before he had been drafted to Korea. Newly married, homesick, lonely and frightened, he had formed a liaison with a beautiful Korean girl. Their child had been born a few months before repatriation.

What should he do with the letter? The easiest thing was simply to destroy it, forget all about it. The slightest breath of scandal now could ruin his bright political career.

He cannot bring himself to burn the letter Laura would have to be told. Whatever was going to be done about the boy, his son, must be their joint decision...

A sensitive and moving book which deals brilliantly with one long-term aspect of a cruel and bitter war.

*Cat. No. 89*

### The Man who was Magic

By Paul Gallico

Read by David Broomfield

Reading Time 7 hours

Adam arrives at the gates of the Magical City of Mageia seeking membership of the Guild of Master Magicians. His sole companion is Mopsy his talking dog — who has a very strong Scottish accent.

His medieval costume of soft leather attracts a great deal of attention and comment. All the resident magicians are, of course, properly dressed in top hat, white tie and tails.

Membership is by examination and standards are extremely high. When

Adam's turn comes he gives a spell-binding display of astonishing conjuring skills. His tricks are 'out of this world'.

The truth dawns on the other magicians. Adam's magic really is magic, the genuine article. There are dark murmurings. Although they are the world's greatest magicians, this unknown upstart could make monkeys out of them, take the bread out of their mouths, so to say.

A group of nasties with splendid names like Baldini the Brilliant, Dante the Dazzling and (my favourite) Malvolio the Magnificent, go into a huddle and decide that Adam must go — permanently.

Things begin to look pretty black for our hero, but thanks to his (real) magic and the resourcefulness and perspicacity of his locquacious canine mate, right finally triumphs...

A delightful book, a sort of adult fairy tale, which amply demonstrates Gallico's superb skill as a story-teller, and his versatility too come to that — he also wrote 'Scruffy' and 'The Poseidon Adventure', remember.

*Cat. No. 876*

### The Ringer

By Edgar Wallace

Read by John Webster.

Reading Time 7½ hours

This book was sent to me in error, I hadn't got it on my list. But, having been an Edgar Wallace addict some fifty years ago, the temptation to read it was quite irresistible.

It proved to be an unashamed nostalgia trip back to those vanished golden days when all fictional love was pure and wholesome, when nobody ever said a naughty word, and there existed a curious anachronistic breed known as 'gentlemen'. I wallowed and enjoyed every minute of it!

In the 1920's the publishers' catch-phrase was 'it is impossible not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace!' This may no longer be true in these sleazy and violent days, but Wallace must still rank as one of the all-time masters of this *genre*, and as truly great story-teller.

Well worth reading — and let the plot take care of itself.

## FISHY BUSINESS

by Fred Barratt

I am sure many St. Dunstaners have found themselves carrying the can for something they themselves were truly innocent of. It was while on holiday in the U.S.A. that I found myself quite innocently involved in such a situation.

Fishing was near the top of my list of intentions when I got to America, but I had not taken into account the great welcome the Americans had in store for me, especially as 4th July fell during my holiday period. Invitations to various peoples homes, and to places of national interest, the Arlington Cemetery, in Virginia, the White House and Smithsonian Museum, in Washington and Frenchman's Creek, in Pennsylvania, to name but a few, soon gobbled up the time.

### Licence

With half the holiday gone, we decided to get some fishing in. But there was a snag. The only licence we could get was for a whole year, and we only had two days. The cost of a whole year's fishing licence for just two days of fishing was not worth it.

Paul, our American escort who was involved with the social services, tried to get a short season licence — but no luck. He then contacted a person associated with blind welfare and asked if there were any concessions for a blind person to go fishing. Back he came bubbling over with excite-

ment. The message he brought back was this: "Go fishing — don't worry". In fact the authority he had spoken to really hoped that I would get caught fishing without a licence. He wanted me to get caught fishing without one!

### Prod the President

The position was explained to me. Apparently, a bill giving blind people fishing licences free had been submitted and it had passed through all its stages in the government and was, so I was told, laying on President Carter's desk awaiting his signature. If I was caught fishing without a licence it would give those promoting the bill the opportunity to spotlight their campaign on television and in the newspapers and thereby prod the President into dealing with the matter urgently.

I did eventually go fishing with Paul, who did have a licence for one day, but our catch was nothing to boast about and the second day's fishing was called off because of a severe thunderstorm, the likes of which I had never known. Three and half hours of thunder and lightning and (this is hard to believe) for all the time the storm lasted the sky was never, not for one second, free from lightning flashes. To quote Sir Alec Rose, "It seems as if there was another hand on the tiller", as far as my fishing in the U.S.A. was concerned.

*D. F. Robinson's*

## Gardening Column

We are now coming to the end of another season in the garden, but as usual there is still quite a bit to be done in order to make everything look tidy and ready for 1981. Get your lay-outs planned if you are thinking of cutting down the planting area, thus saving yourself the hard work of planting annuals each year, by putting in perennials and shrubs instead.

Cut away all the broken branches of shrubs and trees, fork all round them and consign the soft weeds to the compost heap, but keep the hard wood for bonfires, as they will be almost impossible to break down, even with a compost accelerator.

Seed catalogues will be along soon, so make up your mind as to what you want to grow under glass or in the flower beds in 1981. Try out some new items and do remember that all the annuals, whether hardy or half hardy can be started outside from seed if you have no frame or greenhouse. Start them in a warm corner a little later than you would if you were growing them in a greenhouse. You will probably get all the plants you need for the garden for the price of a packet of seed and they may do better than grown seedlings which often take a dislike to the new conditions of your garden.

## Gardening *continued*

Paths can be made and repaired now, before the really bad weather sets in. Also get the weeds and grass out from the cracks and joints in the paths and if the paving slabs are rather green with moss or algae, brush them over with some detergent and water.

### Vegetables

Get all the root crops up before the end of the month and store them in mounds outside, or in containers in the shed or garage. Tie a leaf or two of the cauliflowers over to act as a drain for the rain to run off, so that water will not collect at the heart of the plants and ruin them. Pick the sprouts regularly so that the younger and smaller ones can mature to a good size later on.

You can plant out some late sown cabbages and savoy as they should keep through one of our average winters. Broad beans and peas can be sown for early crops in the new season and often these early sown broad beans escape blackfly. However, I think only those of you in the south should risk these early sowings.

Keep the hoe going regularly and put all the weeds on the compost heap.

Dig over all the empty areas and get them ready for spring. Try to get a good tilth by raking over after digging, to get rid of all the large stones and clumps of roots. When you spread chalk (lime) on the vegetable beds, do be careful not to put any on the area where you want to grow potatoes. Do mark the places where you grow any of the cabbage family, so that you do not use that spot for three seasons as club root can very easily set in and it is difficult to eradicate.

### Fruit

The main pruning of fruit trees and bushes can be done now, as the fruit has been picked and the leaves have fallen. If any of the apple trees are growing skywards, cut the shoots fairly well down, and cut back any others which are extending sideways. This will make for a more compact tree. Thin out the centre a little, so light and air can get in. Leave plenty of space between the trees, so that it is easier for you to move around when you are picking the fruit, or spraying the trees, which should be done now. New fruit trees

and bushes can be planted now. Do check the apples and pears in store, as rot can easily spread through and whole batch.

Early in the month when there is no threat of frost, you can repair any bare patches of the lawn by putting down turves. Try to get all the large weeds out of the grass with a hand fork. If there is a lot of rain spike the lawn, so that water does not settle on top, but will drain away.

### Flowers

Keep hoeing the flower beds so that the top of the soil is in good tilth and to stop the weeds settling in. Give the beds a good dose of manure, or compost, in order to boost and protect the roots from really severe winter weather.

Cut away all dead and dying stalks from the perennials and if you have some annuals in I should clear them out now to cut down on next season's work when planting time comes.

Take up the dahlias if you want to have the tubers for next year. Cut away the top growth a little above tuber level and store them in dry peat in a frost free place, such as the garage or shed, or the floor of the greenhouse. Take up the gladioli and store them in the same way.

Peonies can be propagated by digging up the plants and pulling the stocks apart. Replant the pieces, but remember that they may stop flowering for a year or two. Many perennial clumps should be protected from frost by being covered with peat, manure, or compost.

Plant shrubs in their flowering positions but do put in a stake if the plants are a little on the tall side. Most bulbs can still be planted, as can spring flowering plants such as anemones, pansies, primroses, polyanthus, sweet williams, wallflowers and various types of iris, flag, English and Spanish, for example.

I hope you have prepared the ground for the roses, which will be arriving soon if you ordered them early. If the new roses arrive before you have got the beds ready, or it is very frosty weather, keep the new bushes in peat or soil filled containers in the shed or garage and plant them out as soon as the weather relents.

If you are growing plants or seedlings in the greenhouse keep the temperature well above freezing point. 45° F. is all right for

most plants, though seedlings should be kept nearer the heater. Any plants you want for Christmas should be given plenty of light during the day and put near the heater at night. Do not forget to water and feed the plants, but not as often as when they were growing rapidly in the summer, when there was plenty of sunlight.

Geraniums and regal pelargoniums can be kept flowering by removing all dead flower heads and leaves at once, and water and feed them occasionally, although it is better to keep them a little on the dry side.

Bulbs for indoors can still be potted up, but do not try to force them let them come along at their own pace.

## CLUB NEWS

### MIDLAND

Another very good meeting was held on Sunday, 7th September, despite Eddi and Bill being on holiday and Tommy not feeling too well. However, three or four exciting domino games were played.

Once again all the ladies put on a lovely tea which was very much enjoyed by all. The Chairman thanked them for the beautiful spread.

After tea we had another one of our very popular bring and buy sales. I hope everyone enjoyed all the lovely bargains that were for sale. The total amount collected was £36.25. My thanks, once again, to all the ladies who support this event.

I paid a visit to Bill and Hilda on Wednesday, 27th August and it was so nice to see Bill pottering about, although he gets very tired. Keep up the good work Bill. We look forward to seeing you both back at the Club soon.

I wish to make an apology to Mr. and Mrs. Bentley for the remark I made in the October issue of the *Review*. I did not mean it in any derogatory way at all.

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, 2nd November.

JOAN CASHMORE  
Secretary

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Tuberous plants, begonias, gloxinias and so on will be finishing now, so cut down the watering and dry them off. Keep them in their pots and put them under the staging until spring, when they can be started off again. Sprinkle some fungicide powder over the top of the tubers and the soil at the top of the pots to combat rotting.

If the weather allows you to, try to keep the greenhouse well ventilated. Unless there are hard frosts or strong winds keep one window open a little to give a movement of air and keep the door wide open on fine sunny days. An occasional dose of fungicide and insecticide will keep the place free from most troubles.

### Bowling Section

During the summer session we played twelve away matches which proved very successful. I know some members were disappointed that they could not take part in these matches, but this was due to their own fault because I was not notified of their visit to Ovingdean and their wish to take part in the bowling. It was printed in the *Review* to notify me or a member of the Club and give at least seven days' notice to allow us to cater for the amount of bowlers visiting these Clubs.

The winter season is harder still, as only eight bowlers can take part in a bowling match. If you do not want to be disappointed, please give me plenty of notice, so you may be included in the team. A small charge is collected to help towards the catering.

Our winter programme started on 7th October. The competition during the winter season will be T.B. Section to bowl within 1 yd. of the jack and the P.S. Section to bowl within 2ft. of the jack. This competition should improve the standard of bowling and will really help those who enjoy competing during the summer months in the various competitions.

W. Davies,  
Captain.

## FAMILY NEWS -

### GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bugbee*, of Harefield, on the birth of a grandson, Christopher, on 23rd September, to their son, Leslie, and his wife, Alex.

*Mr. Joseph Laverty*, of Downpatrick, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Catherine Anne, on 8th August, to his daughter, Maureen, and her husband, Charles.

*Mr. and Mrs. Stanislaw Maruniak*, of Leeds, on the birth of a grandson, David, on 30th May, to their daughter, Crystina, and her husband, Tony.

*Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Tatchell*, of Cardiff, on the birth of their second grandson, Philip James, to their daughter, Kay, and her husband, Les Sampson.

### MARRIAGES Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. Alan Duffy*, of Plymstock, are pleased to announce that their son, Graham, was married to Barbara Norman, on 4th October.

### RUBY WEDDINGS Many congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. John Carmichael*, of Wallingford, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 5th October.

*Mr. and Mrs. Edward King*, of Southend-on-Sea, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 28th September.

### PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS Congratulations to:

Hilary, daughter of the late *Mr. Robert Forster* and Mrs. Joy Forster, of Leeds whose dancing career we have followed over the years has now opened her own dancing school, where she teaches ballet and contemporary dance.

Robert John, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Edward John*, of Wallasey, who has passed his final examinations and is now a Junior House Surgeon at Norwich General Hospital.

Alex Nesbitt, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Alec Nesbitt*, of Teignmouth, Devon, who has

obtained his flying licence and won the Saqui Cup for being the best student of the year. Alex is now at Loughborough University studying to become a Public Administrator.

*Percy Stubbs*, of Norwich, whose wrought-iron work won first prize in the handicraft section of a local exhibition.

*The Reverend Father Frank Tierney*, of Whalley, Lancashire, who celebrated the 50th Anniversary of his ordination on 14th June. Father Tierney is now retired.

### DEATHS

#### We offer our sympathy to:

*Mr. Walter Bick*, of Leamington Spa, on the death of his wife, Edith, on 6th October.

*Mr. Derek Cribben*, of Leigh, on the sudden death of his sister a few weeks ago.

*Mrs. Ada Eustace*, wife of *Mr. George Eustace*, of Chessington, on the recent death of her sister.

*Mr. Sydney Scroggie*, of Kirkton of Strathmartine, whose wife died on the 22nd September; Barbara was Sister Ingram in the dispensary at Ovingdean and many Second World War St. Dunstaners will remember her with affection.

## 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.**

**Robert Ernest Bowers, King's Royal Rifle Corps.**

Robert Bowers, of Ipswich, died on 11th September at Pearson House. He was 81 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1974.

Mr. Bowers served as a Rifleman in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. during the First World War and suffered mustard gas injuries in 1918, while on active service in France.

Mr. Bowers was a bachelor and for many years lived with his sister Mrs. V. Salmon who cared for him devotedly. Unfortunately, earlier this year his health seriously deteriorated and after a long period of hospitalisation Mr. Bowers was admitted to Pearson House.

Mr. Bowers had been a keen gardener and kept chickens as a hobby. He was justifiably proud of his garden sheds and chicken coops, which he had built himself, and of the fine crops he raised from seed in his greenhouse. Latterly, Mr. Bowers retained a great interest in his greenhouse and enjoyed listening to music. Mr.

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Bowers always greatly enjoyed our Reunions and in fact left hospital for one day this year in order to attend.

He leaves two sisters.

**Arthur M. Hunt, Royal Air Force**

Arthur Hunt, of Melton Mowbray, died on the 6th September. He was 80 years old.

Mr. Hunt joined the Royal Air Force in 1918 and was injured whilst training. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1919 and trained as a shorthand-typist. He spent many years in the Civil Service, chiefly in London, until he retired and went to live in Melton Mowbray in 1950. His death at home was sudden and unexpected.

He leaves a sister, Miss Doris Hunt, with whom he had lived for many years.

**Walter Thomas Jermy, Royal Army Medical Corps.**

Walter Thomas Jermy, of Norwich, who was affectionately known as 'Wally' to his family and friends, died suddenly at Ian Fraser House on 15th September. He was 61 years old.

Mr. Jermy served as a Private in the Royal Army Medical Corps for four years during the Second World War. In civilian life he had been a coach trimmer, working on the upholstery of fine quality cars. Unfortunately, he was unable to continue as his eyesight was deteriorating and when he joined St. Dunstan's he was working in industry as a capstan lathe operator. However, his general health was deteriorating and he had to retire in April, 1979.

In his retirement Mr. Jermy's main hobby was cane work and some upholstery which he did in his own workshop. Mr. Jermy was a bachelor but, while his health permitted, was able to cope admirably with all his household chores and tended his garden which he loved. Although he had only been a St. Dunstaner for two years, Mr. Jermy enjoyed several visits to Ian Fraser House where he will be missed by Matron Pass, members of staff and numerous fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a brother, nephew and niece.

**William Lear, Devonshire Regiment.**

William Lear, of Plympton, died in a residential home on 2nd October. He was 88 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for 20 years.

At the outbreak of the First World War Mr. Lear joined the Devonshire Regiment as a Private and was discharged two years later following a period of service in India. In civilian life he worked for the Post Office, but was invalided out in 1929, when he retired on health grounds.

Mr. Lear and his wife, Annie, would have celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary in 1978, but unfortunately Mrs. Lear died in 1977.

Until he went into residential care Mr. Lear was devotedly cared for by his two sons, and his daughter-in-law. In earlier years Mr. Lear enjoyed a daily walk of some six to seven miles. He was a keen gardener and enjoyed frequent visits to our Brighton Homes and attending Reunions.

He leaves two sons, Joe and George.

**Wilfred Orange, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.**

Wilfred Orange, of Leeds, died on 2nd October. He was 68 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for 11 years.

Mr. Orange was in the Regular Army, enlisting as a Private in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, in 1934. Whilst on active service in Normandy during the Second World War he received gunshot wounds to his head and was discharged from the Army shortly afterwards.

In 1948, Mr. Orange undertook a period of industrial training and was employed by Remploy, of Leeds, where he was a highly valued and popular member of the staff. In 1975, Mr. Orange was presented with a clock to mark his 25 years of service and when he retired in 1977, the management and staff made presentations to him to commemorate his long record of continuous service.

Mr. Orange was devotedly cared for by his sister, Mrs. Betty Oxley. Only three months ago they moved to a bungalow, where Mr. Orange had been looking forward to spending the remaining years of his well earned retirement.

**Charles Alfred Tonge, Royal Air Force.**

Charles Tonge, of Manchester, died on 24th September, following several months of declining health, which he bore with great courage and cheerfulness. He was 65 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for 11 years.

Mr. Tonge joined the Royal Air Force in 1942 and saw active flying service during the Second World War. He was injured in 1944 and discharged, with the rank of Flight Sergeant early the following year. In civilian life Mr. Tonge was employed in industry until 1978, when he was forced to retire on health grounds. During his many years on inspection and sheet metal work, Mr. Tonge was a highly valued and popular member of staff.

His greatest pleasure was listening to classical music and he was accomplished at typing and Braille. For many years he remained totally independent, coping with the management of his home and the cooking as well as retaining a keen interest in his garden. He enjoyed frequent visits to Ian Fraser House, where his cheerfulness endeared him to Matron and her staff and many of his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Linda Smith.