

# St Dunstons Review

November 1981

## Message from the Chairman

### St. Dunstan's Annual General Meeting

On the 8th October, St. Dunstan's Annual General Meeting was held at Headquarters and I was pleased to report the recent appointment of two new members of our Council: Sir David Muirhead, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., who, after military service before and throughout the Second World War, joined the Diplomatic Service and held many important posts, finally becoming our Ambassador in Belgium before his retirement; and a new representative of the Scottish National Institution for the War Blinded – Captain T. Tomlinson, M.B.E., in place of Mr. T.C.W. Sturrock.

The meeting was well attended and the audience much enjoyed the showing of St. Dunstaner Jimmy Wright's film "Ability Is Where You Look For It", which is a compilation of his series of films on disability, which he made for the International Year of Disabled People.

We were very glad to welcome some longstanding friends, who are Governors and Members of St. Dunstan's, and we much appreciate the great interest they always take in our affairs.

### Doubly Handicapped St. Dunstaners' Reunion

This autumn's St. Dunstan's activities have included a very special Reunion:- the 21st Annual Reunion for Handless St. Dunstaners which became the First Reunion for all the Doubly Handicapped when our Deaf/Blind joined them for much of the weekend.

As you will read elsewhere in this *Review*, they had a splendid programme, including dinner at the R.A.F. Club and lunch in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, both of which had been arranged by Mrs. Dacre, with the generous co-operation of the Club authorities and the Royal Naval College personnel. My wife and I were very sorry not to be with them in London, but we much enjoyed meeting them all for dinner on their arrival at Ian Fraser House.

All St. Dunstaners have a feeling of affection and admiration for our doubly handicapped men and women and we are so glad they and their wives or escorts had this celebration weekend.

### A Naval Memory

The script of St. Dunstaner Esmond Knight's fine broadcast about the sinking of the *Bismark*, which is included in this *Review*, will stir old memories for many of us. His wonderfully evocative writing, which is so moving in itself, will also lead us to recall other events and feelings of wartime days. It makes most appropriate reading for November with its Festival of Remembrance and Armistice Day Parade, its memories, sadness and gratitude.

Ion Garnett-Orme



Ken Revis

### DOUBLE MARATHON

Ray Peart recently took part in two sponsored marathons. On the 13th September he completed the 13 mile Cheltenham Marathon in 1 hour 50 minutes; and on the 4th October, he completed the 26 mile Peoples' Marathon, Gloucester, in 5 hours 59 secs.

On both occasions he was accompanied by Mr. Les James. Ray was very grateful to 16 year old Caroline Langston of the Gloucester Athletics Club, who greatly assisted him in training for the two events. Ray is giving the money he has raised to a unit for blind children in the area.

### BRIDGE CONGRESS

The Bridge Congress and Instructional Weekend takes place at Ian Fraser House from December 4th-7th. Instruction is offered to wives of St. Dunstaners and it is hoped that they will be encouraged to take part. St. Dunstaners are urged to book early through Miss Bridger or Mrs Burn at Headquarters.

### KEN REVIS CLUB

Memories of Bomb Disposal days for *Ken Revis*, who lost his sight in an explosion whilst clearing mines on Brighton's West Pier, were revived when he returned to Preston Barracks recently.

Ken gave assistance to the newly formed 583 Explosive Ordnance Disposal Squadron, Royal Engineers, Territorial Army, and as a result, a club for all ranks of the squadron has been named the Ken Revis Club.

Ken knows the barracks well from his sighted service days. "It was just like walking into my own home", he said of the opening ceremony he attended. In John Barrow's photograph, he is seen examining a model in silver of a bomb disposal team in action.

Ken was involved in another important occasion when, as a member of the Institute of Arbitrators, he presided at his first hearing in a private room at the County Courts in Oxford, where he has been appointed an outside arbitrator.

### MYSTERY MUSIC-MAKER UNMASKED

The writer of the article The Music Makers last month, was Ken Revis, to whom we apologize for omitting his name.

### COPY DATE

Due to Post Office delays, we have found it necessary to advance the deadline for contributions to the *Review* to the 10th of the month. We would be grateful if contributors could submit their copy by this date in future.

## St Dunstans Review

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Cover Picture:  
*Remembrance in Australia; Pat Longden, a St. Dunstaner, and his grandson Peter, march through the streets of Melbourne in the Anzac Day Parade last April.*

Photo: Melbourne Herald.

## THE COMPOSITOR WILL CURSE US . . .

What is black, two inches cubed, costs £5.95p and was the subject of an article by Barrie Clement on the City page of the *Sunday Telegraph* the other week? You need more clues? Approximately 700,000 copies of books about it have been sold. It was the invention of a Hungarian professor.

Your have probably guessed by now that it is the Rubik Cube. If you haven't heard of it yet this is the basic description. The Cube is a puzzle and you have to arrange its 54 constituent cubes so that there is only one colour on each side. Good News!; Bad News! The good news is that it is simple to knock up your own tactile version. The bad news is that there is only one correct solution and 43,252,003,274,489,856,000 different permutations of the cubes. (We are sorry Mr. Jack! Can't you say 43 trillion or something?) If you have the right sort of brain you can do it in minutes. (We hear stories of school children who take 11 minutes). If you are ordinary types like us you own the blasted thing for months and are no nearer achieving the correct solution.

### How to:

If you are going to share it with sighted members of the family the coloured squares can be left on. If it is to be your toy exclusively, the coloured squares are easy to remove. You merely place a finger-nail under the edge and prise it up. A slow firm pull will bring the square off.

### Braille version:

The only equipment you need is a Stainsby Braille Writer and 12 mm width Dymo tape or Scotch labelling tape No. 761 Mat. The width is important. You cut the tape into a length that will fit exactly along the channel in which the "crab" of the Stainsby travels, so that the white plastic backing is uppermost, and hold it there while you Braille. You need 10 of each Braille character (9 workers and one spare in case of accidents) and leave at least two spaces between each character to make for easier handling and to have a good margin of sticky backing so that you get a good 'fix' on the cube. You place one character on each cube surface so that a different letter covers all the cubes on one surface. We used L G X C O and

W. Then have a stiff drink, break the cube by grasping say the top nine and twisting them horizontally and then do a couple of verticle twists.

### Non-braille version:

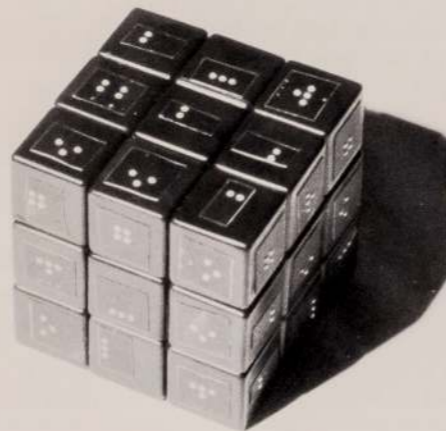
For this you will need to borrow the use of a Dymo-tape embossing machine which will take the 12 mm wide tape. It will only take about 10 minutes, the stationers where you buy the tape may well permit you to use one of theirs if you explain why you need it. Don't forget to leave space between the letters. We used C I V V O O L and a full-stop. You may find other letters more easy to recognize.

The cube is very pleasing to handle and just the thing to slip into your overcoat pocket to amuse yourself while your wife is in a non-smoking shop and you are outside having a smoke. If you have the Braille version with no colours we bet you start some conversations and that can't be bad.

One thing we ought to mention is that, because the cubes travel in several directions, there are times when the characters can appear lying horizontally. When you get the one perfect solution they will appear in the correct position.

*Robert and Joyce Pringle*

*The tactile rubic cube.*



## STAFF RETIREMENT

Miss Joy Cooch retired at the end of October, after 43 years' service as a member of the St. Dunstons staff. Joy joined the St. Dunstons Appeals Department in May 1938 and after 5 years, transferred to the staff of the recording studios of the Talking Book Service, where she has been on 'permanent loan' ever since.

She has been involved in selecting the books, organising the schedules and booking the studios for the readers, work which has brought her into contact with many people from all walks of life, including Radio, Television and Theatre.

Known affectionately to some of her colleagues as "The little white-haired old lady at the end of the corridor", she has made many friends amongst all those who have known her, and all will miss her happy, smiling face. We all join in sending her our best wishes for a very Joyful Retirement.

## SPONSORED SWIM

by Bob Thomas

St. Dunstaner, Ray Sheriff, took part in a sponsored swim at the Olympic Pool of the National Sports Stadium in Papendal near Arnhem, as part of the 1981 Annual Arnhem ceremonies. This being the International Year of the Disabled, it had been decided that the local Het Dorp (The Village) a community of some 400 persons with various disabilities, should benefit from the proceeds of the event. The target was to swim in 1 hour the 'metric mile' - 1500 metres, or 50 times the length of the pool. Ray achieved this in 43 minutes and continued to swim strongly for 65 lengths (1950 metres) in 57 minutes. He was greeted with prolonged applause when he reluctantly came out of the water. The Dutch spectators broke into 'Land of Hope and Glory', and Ray was presented with a clock made by a member of Het Dorp.

A similar ovation took place that evening at the Arnhem Veterans' Club, when the Chairman, Colonel Louis Dale, M.C. who also presided over the swimming events, referred to Ray's achievement. The local newspaper carried a full page feature the next day. Collections exceed £1,600.

Ray warmly thanks all St. Dunstaners who have supported and encouraged him in this event.

## BLINDNESS IN INDIA

by Elizabeth Davies

Tom ap Rhys, one of the first St. Dunstaners to have a Guide Dog, was my father. His lifestyle - the freedom for physical activity and his work as a physiotherapist until he was 70 - this I saw contrasted with a more restricted way of living.

It was in South India. Under Toc H auspices, I was visiting Pannikampatti, the village funded by U.K. branches in 1980. Our base was a big railway junction - Tinnchipalli - where there was a strong Toc H branch. An important railway executive, Mr. Charles Theodore, is chairman. I soon heard from him of the important work done for the blind in the area. His father-in-law, Dr. Joseph, is a famous eye-surgeon. He is now in his 80's and partially paralysed. Mrs. Priya Theodore kindly took me up to the Rehabilitation Centre for Blind women which he had set up in 1975.

We went through the training areas - weaving, spinning, basket-making, the making of brushes, mats, cutting up paper with guillotines to make envelopes, chalk making, the production of many objects from the stiff leaves of the palmyra palm. I saw the garden where they worked, the kitchen where they were trained. Here, they were first taught to locate the different stores - rice, peppercorn, garlic, spices - then to cut up vegetables, grind the spices and finally to cook. I greeted each woman by touch and word, sometimes being understood in English.

Then all the 30 or 40 women from the various training areas gathered in a big meeting room. They sat gracefully on the floor, looking beautiful in their vivid saris of every shade. Being asked to talk to them I spoke about my family and in particular about my father, blinded at 19 in the Somme. Sentence by sentence, my words were translated into Tamil. I described some of his activities, his training in St. Dunstons, his ways of coping. He was an extremely active, energetic man. Thanks to St. Dunstons, he had been trained as a race-walker. Then, with a series of 6 Guide Dogs, 1931-1979, he had had a fulfilling life as a physiotherapist. This was the contrast. For they, on the other hand, seemed so limited in their physical movements.

Somehow, quite informally by touch and description, I now began showing some women near the front how to do some simple yoga exercises. The upshot was that I found I had five, eager amused volunteers, and I gave them a sequence, quite practical to perform modestly in long skirts. They were excited and vocal at the freedom this involved. Everyone was calling out. I asked each of the volunteers to help teach four or five others. At this point, the local social worker for the blind, who spoke some English, arrived. I asked her to write down the names of the five leaders. She did intend, I could see, carrying on with this activity.

To my delight, I was now given presents of basketry and incense, and around my neck a garland was hung, a symbol of their affection. This garland one is supposed to remove immediately after the ritual, too indicate one's humility and unworthiness.

#### M.B.E.

In our May issue, we welcomed to St. Dunstan's Mr. A. E. V. Campion, of Ewell, Surrey, who joined us on 30th March. We omitted to mention, however, that Mr. Campion was awarded the MBE for his services to the Ministry of Information Benevolent Fund, of which he was General Secretary. We congratulate him, belatedly, on this award.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From: Ian Harris, Cheltenham.

I have with regret, to tell you my mother Mrs. Daisy Farnworth Harris passed away on 10th September, after a stroke. She was the widow of Frederick Charles Harris, a St. Dunstaner who died in March 1938. You may be interested to know that my parents met when my mother worked at St. Dunstan's Headquarters in Regents Park where she was a shorthand typist. I believe she worked for Mr. Ottawa for some of the time. Their debt to, and admiration for St. Dunstan's was considerable. I was given my Christian name as an acknowledgement to Sir Ian Fraser and his great work for the war blinded. I too am grateful for all St. Dunstan's have done for my parents during their lifetime.

I do feel humble after this experience of this visit to India, but also in recognition of all the work done quietly, hidden from the glare of publicity, by so many. It was a great privilege, later, to meet Dr. Joseph, the Founder. I had read of all the work he had done locally – a school for blind boys, a rehabilitation centre for men as well as his life's work in the operating theatre. The local Toc H branch, I was delighted to hear, has now made itself responsible for the direction of the Women's Centre.

In this year of the Disabled, this article is a thank-offering. I realise so well all that the Guide Dog movement has meant to my father and our family. I saw him change from depression to fulfilment. His courage, inventiveness and strong, caring personality were given such scope. We all learnt so much from him. The disabled can teach the general public an infinity of lessons.

## Welcome to St. Dunstans.



*On behalf of St. Dunstans, we welcome a St. Dunstaner recently admitted to membership and the Review hopes he will settle down happily as a member of our family.*

**Leonard Meadows** of Leamington Spa, joined St. Dunstan's on the 11th September. Mr. Meadows served as a Private in the Machine Gun Corps from 1915 to 1917. He is married and has one daughter and two sons.

#### MISS EDITH FLOWERS

It is with regret that we announce the death of Miss Edith Flowers, who passed away on the 14th September at the age of 103.

From 1918–1922, Miss Flowers worked as assistant nurse at West House, St. Dunstan's convalescent home in Brighton. She always remembered her friends there with much affection, and had particularly enjoyed the Christmas celebrations in which she took part. St. Dunstaners may remember the article in our *Review* of three years ago, in which we reported Miss Flowers' own special celebration—her 100th birthday.

## OBITUARY

#### DAVID SCOTT BLACKHALL.

David Scott Blackhall, well known as presenter of the BBC "In Touch" programme, died on September 14th. He was 71. When the BBC decided on a special programme for the blind, it happened that the producer Jocelyn Ferguson had already worked with David on a 15 minute talk. She invited him to be the presenter and he was associated with the programme from its inception.

David Scott Blackhall lost his sight after an operation for cataract when he was 45. He went back to his employment as a Housing Officer with a local authority but it was as a broadcaster, perhaps, that he found his greatest fulfilment. Through a remark on the "In Touch" programme, he became involved in hill-walking when he suggested listeners might be interested in making up a party of blind people to climb Ben Nevis. This was the beginning of the 'Milton Mountaineers', which, with David's

encouragement and support, has introduced many blind people to the pleasures of the hills.

He wrote an autobiographical work, "The Way I See It", which was published in 1970. He was also an accomplished poet. One of his verses begins:

"God grant that I may make a little mark  
Upon my parent's brow, the mother-earth  
May set my stone upon the mountain  
cairn . . ."

and concludes:

"A hundred years from now, a thousand  
years,  
If one should come whom sun and stars  
bewilder,  
Whose voice calls back at him, a lonely cry,  
Who fears the shadows, hears the Stranger  
walking . . .  
That he may sense the sunlit path, and find  
My little mark, my little stone, God grant."

*Miss A. M. "Jeff" Jeffreys, whose retirement after 37 years service we reported in our March issue, receives an inscribed carriage clock from Mr. William Weisblatt.*





*Bismarck steaming through choppy seas. —Photo: Imperial War Museum.*

## Death of the Hood

*The following is the abridged text of a broadcast given by Esmond Knight on the BBC on the 40th anniversary of the sinking of the Hood.*

40 years ago, on the 23rd May, 1941, we were standing at action stations on the bridge of the battleship, HMS *Prince of Wales*. We were waiting, and watching for something we expected to see at any moment. It was very cold in the bleak half light of that latitude in the North Atlantic. The wind was screaming through the halliards of the foremast just behind us. The battle ensigns were ironed out in the gale. We must soon be in action now, so there was plenty to think about. We just stood waiting in silence. Even our bridge comedian was gagged. Through the opening into the compass platform, I could see the Captain and the navigating officer, hands thrust deep in their duffle-coat pockets, dark silhouettes, gazing forward over the vast expanse of inhospitable sea, flecked with a million white horses.

We were battling into an awkward nor'wester. In company with the *Hood*, about a quarter of a mile away on our port beam, the green rollers breaking clean over her bows, up to her forward gun turrets. We were on a course, it was calculated, which would converge eventually on the new German battleship *Bismarck*. That was what we were waiting for; that was what we were watching for. The *Bismarck*—rumoured to be the most powerful fighting

ship ever built. To make matters more dangerous, we had lost our destroyer escort. They had had such a terrible battering in the last 24 hours, being often completely obliterated by green seas, that they had been forced to reduce speed. They were already out of sight, astern somewhere. So there we were, two plums of the home fleet. *Hood*, the pride of the Navy; and the *Prince of Wales*, the newest battleship, forging into the Atlantic without an escort. That was almost without precedent and extremely dangerous. For such ships could be very vulnerable to submarine attack, without destroyer protection. For myself, it was all hard to believe it was really happening; it must just be another piece of acting. But I was in fact, waiting to do my job which was flank marking for the *Hood*, by radio, on her first fall of shot, when we started shooting at this *Bismarck*. A very daunting prospect, indeed. For it was not acting, it was the real thing.

I had been ashore with one of my shipmates, George, to do a spot of bird watching on Flossa, one of the islands surrounding Scapa Flow. Apart from a wonderful variety of waders, sea birds, and flowers to enjoy, there was something mystical and timeless about those islands.

When we got back to the ship, we were told we were under two hour's notice, and the ship was being made ready for sea. There was great activity everywhere. Action so soon? What was up? Where were we going? Rumours were already buzzing through the ship, as they always are. This is where the lower deck lawyers really come into their own. "We're going on a Russian convoy, you know" "Actually, we're going over to the States" "If you must know, we're going down the Cape". But we should soon see. By tea-time, everything was lashed down, stowed away, the guns cleared away for action, and we were ready.

We were soon moving down the Flow, in company: *Hood*, *Prince of Wales*, and a large escort of destroyers. Soon we were gliding through the boom defences into the North Sea, the first pale glimmer of stars was appearing in a violet sky.

### Bismark spotted

It was time to go up and relieve George on his watch in the air defence position. Up I went and he told me what was really cooking. Earlier that day, there had been a signal from a reconnaissance aircraft, that *Bismarck*, in company with a Hipper class cruiser, and a large escort of destroyers and supply ships, had been spotted going into Bergen harbour. "We are on our way to stop them coming out" said George with his laconic smile. Before midnight, we altered course to the North West. There had been another signal to say *Bismarck* had left Bergen and was on her way to the Denmark Straits, to the North of Iceland, with the very probable intention of getting into the Atlantic and shooting up our convoys.

By dawn the next day, the weather had deteriorated. We were butting into a rough sea. There were rain squalls, with the white horses literally leaping right over our poor destroyer escort, making very heavy weather indeed. Later that day, mountain tops were spotted on the starboard bow. Our bridge comedian, and all ships had them, started to sing "from Greenland's icy mountains, to Africa's sunny shores". "Shut up—it's Iceland anyway you nit!"

By this time, it was known that the *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, two old county class cruisers, who had been patrolling in the Denmark Straits, had spotted the *Bismarck*

with her escort, now identified as the *Prinz Eugen*, a powerful 8 inch cruiser. They were practically through the Straits and making their way into the Atlantic. So by the time we had rounded the south west tip of Iceland, and steering north, we were racing towards each other at a combined speed of about 60 mph.

On the afternoon of May 23rd, visibility was so bad, that there was an actual possibility of passing the enemy without seeing them so we turned about and steamed in the opposite direction so as to keep the enemy between us and the *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*. But we were still many miles apart. As we were not yet at action stations, and I had completed my spell of watchkeeping, I thought I would go below, and try and get a bit of sleep. I lay down on my bed, but the vibration in the ship was so great with her exertions in that awkward sea, that sleep was impossible. So I picked up a little Temple Shakespeare that I had had at the Old Vic years before; a copy of Henry V. I plucked some comfort from those well-known passages and saw that the feelings of men before battle were just the same more than half a thousand years before.

### Anti-flash Gear

Then came the voice of the ship's tannoy saying that we should expect to get action stations at about 9.30 that evening and that all those off duty must go to the cinema flat and don anti-flash gear. So along I went to this part of the ship normally reserved for entertainment; we had been watching a Bing Crosby film only a few nights before. I drew on these rather sinister garments: long gauntlet gloves, and hoods with neck pieces, presumably designed to protect you from burns should you be careless enough to get near a cordite fire, or an exploding shell! However, I then went back to my cabin, and began to prepare for battle.

This was part of an old custom. I undressed completely; washed myself down from head to foot; and then got dressed in clean clothes all the way through. The idea was that if a fragment of shell should happen to burst into your guts, or your chest, or into the side of your face it wouldn't take any infected material with it. Anyway, that was the idea. I finished dressing. I sat in my chair sleeping fitfully, to be rudely awakened by

that strident, never-to-be-forgotten sound of a bugle sounding 'action stations'.

"The dreadful note of preparation". I fell out of my chair, snatched up my zeiss steel glasses, lifebelt, tin hat—anything I could get. I went back, pulled down the pictures and photos from the cabin wall, and a few things from off my desk. I wrapped them up in a blanket and stuffed them under my pillow on my bed. For when the main armament on a ship goes off, the shock that runs through the whole fabric is so strong that anything fragile would be shattered to pieces. On the bridge, there was a scene of good natured activity. Laughing and joking, testing telephone communications, and a snatch of song from our bridge comedian. And then George, suddenly pointing out at the side "Look Essy look—there's one!" I swung round and expected to see a German battleship or a periscope at least. . . And there she was, a great Northern Diver. A beautiful bird we had often talked about, and hoped we might see, if we ever got up into these waters. And there she was, bobbing about in the sea, only 50 yards away, looking about serenely, surveying this blustering display by man.

We stood to action stations for a long time, but nothing happened. Then a brief stand-easy was called and cups of very welcome hot cocoa were handed round.

One of the ship's boys sitting at his post as a lookout slumped forward, his cup falling and breaking on the deck below, only to jerk upright again, looking round anxiously. Then at last the voice of the Captain on the ship's tannoy, saying that we expected to fight the enemy within a quarter of an hour. He wished us good luck and good shooting and told us to do our stuff. Then the voice of the ship's Chaplain beseeching God's protection, God's blessing, asking Him to preserve us in the battle to come. "I hope God hears us" said George.

The First Lieutenant pulled out that lookout boy from his post, somebody put a bridge-coat on him, gave him a pair of binoculars, and told him to get up into the high tops on the foremast. "Keep a lookout to the North, and sing out if you see anything". "Just like Nelson's day, isn't it?" said our comedian.

So we went back to our places, scanning the horizon. It was now absolutely dead clear after rain. A broad band of yellow green light clear across the horizon ahead of us. And then, at last, we heard it. That tiny voice, just audible above the yelling of the wind. "Enemy in sight". We swung round and looked up. There was this diminutive figure pointing to the North. "Enemy in sight" it repeated. We swung back. Nothing in sight yet, nothing. And then at

last, the tops of two masts slowly pushed themselves above the horizon. More and more of them came into view; bridges, funnels, until slowly, arrogantly, these two ships revealed themselves in full, stark clarity—two clear cut shapes, dark and sinister on that clear horizon.

#### Target Green 8-0

"Target Green 8-0", shouted the lookout. The Director Towers swivelled round. The main armament followed round and trained on the enemy. "My God, she's colossal" said George, "she must be over 50,000 tons". And there she was at last—*Bismark*, the mystery ship, about whom we had spoken so much, but about whom so little was known. But, there she was—gigantic. Nobody knew what her potential might be. Nobody knew what her true displacement was. We were not to be kept in the dark for very long. As we drew closer, all eyes turned towards the *Hood*, waiting for the signal, which would give the order for the plan which had been arranged. As soon as *Bismark* was sighted *Hood* and the *Prince of Wales* were to part company and engage her from either side, thus forcing her to divide up her armament. But the signal was never made. The Admiral in *Hood* had evidently changed his mind. He was urging the ships forward. "Close the range, engage the enemy more closely". And on we went, closer and closer. Then, as I watched through my field glasses, I saw *Hood* fire her first salvo. Her forward guns were cocked up at an acute angle. A brilliant flash of orange light and a jet of black smoke shooting 100 feet up into the air. Then almost immediately we fired our first salvo. Now the effect of six 14 inch guns going off simultaneously is shattering. The ear blistering, cracking roar; that huge explosion of flame from the guns, which seems to burst right back into the bridge, followed by the pall of black cordite smoke which seems to envelope one completely.

My tin hat was wrenched off in the blast and went spinning in the air and over the side. But then soon the smoke was cleared and the vision ahead was absolutely free of obscurity. Nothing from *Bismark* yet. She was still sailing majestically across the horizon.

I had just time to observe *Hood's* first fall of shot—slightly short—and to the right.

Then I saw those brilliant orange flashes right along the side of the *Bismark*. This meant she had just fired her first broadside. This is a nasty moment, for you do not know whether the shells are directed at you or the other fellow. But somewhere under that grey ceiling of cloud, those shells were hurtling towards us in a great arc of plunging salvos fired at that range. Then we heard it,—that sound as if the approach of a hurricane, as the shells came nearer. Then that first broadside from *Bismark*, falling almost vertically, plunged into the sea just short of *Hood*, sending up vast towering columns of foam like huge phantoms, which collapse and fall and disappear into the sea. "That's a bit too close for comfort". On, on we go—nearer, nearer, range closing. Then comes the sound again. A hit, a hit on the *Hood*! A brilliant flash, and a dull thud across the water of the shell burst. Then a huge cordite fire burst into flame, great reaching flames, and black smoke coiling round the mainmast and drifting off her stern, like a black train. "My God, that's nasty. They'll have a job to put that out."

Then the *Hood* fires another salvo, quite unaffected by what was going on behind the bridge. They probably did not even know. Then the Admiral made his last signal, which was for both ships to turn to port, so to allow the after guns to bear on the enemy. As we were in that turn, there came the sound just once more.

#### The Unbelievable

Then the unbelievable happened. A vast explosion erupted in the *Hood*, like a monstrous, living blossom opening up almost in slow motion, sending a column of bright yellow smoke towering hundreds of feet into the sky. Great lumps of burning metal were flying in all directions. One piece, larger than the others, which could have been *Hood's* famous spotting bridge, went twisting into the air, like a leaf caught in the central blast of an autumn bonfire. The *Hood* had been blown apart like a child's firework. The for'ard part tilted up at an acute angle, the bows clean out of the water, and was already beginning to sink. As she did so, incredibly, as if in salute to her own funeral, she fired a last salvo, vertically into thin air. Then, the two parts of the ship canted up at opposite angles, slid beneath the surface of that boiling sea.

HMS Prince of Wales. —Photo: Imperial War Museum.



There was nothing left. She had vanished. There was nothing, only a few smoking remains. "Good God, the *Hood's* gone". It was unbelievable. It was appalling. Then we were already plunging through a few remnants of *Hood* still floating in the sea.

I turned to George feeling utterly sick. And in that moment, we staggered under a gigantic cascade of ice-cold water, as a shell from *Bismark*, falling very near the ship, swamped the whole bridge in solid sea water. Then I was dreaming . . . I was dreaming I was listening to the band in Regent's Park. Then, as sense came slowly pulsing back, I was conscious of a sort of stinging sensation in my face and in my chest and a heavy weight lying on top of me. An unpleasant, warm liquid, swilling about the face. Then, the deck below leapt up and hit me hard in the cheek bone, as a heavy explosion rocked the ship somewhere. Then I remembered. "Oh yes, I'm on the bridge of the *Prince of Wales* in the middle of a battle, and this weight on top of me must be a pile of dead men".

I let out a kind of groan, and somebody pulled me out by the boots. I staggered to my feet looking round stupidly trying to understand what had happened. I was told later, that the *Bismark*, having disposed of the *Hood*, had turned her devastating firepower onto us. A 15 inch shell had come right through the bridge killing nearly everybody except the Captain, navigating officer, George and a few others.

"You'd better get below to the sick bay, old boy," said George. I looked round towards him to say something, but I couldn't see him. I could not see anything at all. But I finally stumbled down those ladders I knew so well, and eventually found myself in the sick bay. "Hello" said the PMO "what have you been up to?" They cut the anti-flash gear off me, and I was soon lying in one of the sick bay cots. Under the heady atmosphere of anaesthetic and disinfectant and listening to the sick bay attendants going about their business. For, suddenly, there was a great deal to do. There had been many casualties, and dead men to be prepared for burial at sea.

Soon, I fell into a morphia-induced sleep. In that sleep came dreams of horror. I dreamt there had been a huge explosion in the sick bay. That the whole ship had been blown apart, and that the sea came gushing in, and that I was dying. Then I was sinking



Enacting a real experience, Esmond Knight plays the part of the Captain as the Bridge of the 'Prince of Wales' is hit in the film 'Sink the Bismark'.

—Photo: National Film Archive Stills Library.

into the black obscurity of the deep Atlantic. Then I awoke as my cot was violently shaken as we got off another salvo. So it was still going on out there. Not far away, in a different world. Then voices came in and told us what was going on out there. What was happening on the bridge in that world of dancing light and vivid action. While down here in the sick bay, it was muffled darkness. It was a different world, remote from it all.

Then the voices told us that the *Bismark*, having inflicted great damage on us, had broken off the action, and had disappeared into snow squalls. Then we heard how aircraft from *Victorious* had flown overhead on their way to seek out and find the enemy. How Churchill had issued an order to sink the *Bismark* after he had heard that the *Hood* itself had been sunk. How every ship within striking distance had been ordered to leave what she was doing and join in the hunt. Then we heard that *Prince of Wales* had broken off the chase. She had turned about and was going to Iceland. We were running out of oil. Then the



## THE CITY WALK

by David Castleton

Jimmy Wright, Ben Mills, and fellow competitors in the City Walk.

It is some years now since I last reported and photographed a St. Dunstan's team in the City of London race walk. As I recall there were about half a dozen teams of walkers and the race started in Wood Street, just off London Wall. On Saturday, October 3rd, I went to the City again to cover the entry of another St. Dunstan's team. It would be like old times, I told myself, as I hurried, a little late, from St. Paul's station.

I turned into Wood Street—could there be a football match on somewhere? The crowd was wall-to-wall. I edged my way in, apologising to those I elbowed or knocked with my camera. I was lucky, I found three of the four St. Dunstaners: Jimmy Wright, with his escort, Ben Mills, Gerry Jones, and John Simpson with Jock Carnochan. Peter Walker was somewhere else in that great crowd, and I failed to see him.

I discovered that the City walk had grown somewhat and that morning Wood Street was crowded with 2,000 entrants, representing 500 teams, together with their supporters. The race was started by Mr. Andrew Drysdale, President, Lloyds of London Branch, Royal British Legion, resplendent in tails and grey topper;—but perhaps the term 'walk' is better. The teams representing firms belonging to Lloyds of London included young and old, men and women—some in fancy dress. The walking purists would have winced but Mr. Jim Hutchin, PRO of the Lloyds Royal British Legion Branch, told me that the walk would raise something over £6,000 to buy medical and hospital equipment.

How did our St. Dunstaners get on? From their start well to the back of that 2,000, they forged through the field to respectable positions—earning presentation tankards and some beer to fill them.

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### Death of the Hood — continued

gentle voice of the PMO. He was leaning over my cot, saying "Afraid you'll have to lose that eye, old chap. What about the left one? Can you see anything out of it?" "Well actually I can't". "Well the eye man in Reykjavik will look after you".

Then we heard how all the big guns in the Home Fleet were beginning to close in on the *Bismark*. She had been mortally crippled by a torpedo launched from a Swordfish which had blasted away her rudders. She was out of control.

Now we were in the cold, still waters of the harbour in Iceland and somebody burst into the sickbay. "The *Bismark* has been sunk!" Wild cheering greeted that announcement. George came in to tell me

that the *Bismark* had gone down with her flag flying. But they had been unable to sink her by shell fire. So the *Dorchester* had been sent in to deliver the coup de grace with torpedoes fired at very close range. So that was the end. It was a heroic finish to one of the great tragedies of the sea. Toll of the brave: In the *Hood*, there were 3 survivors out of a ship's company of over 1,000; in the *Bismark*, just over 100 men saved out of a ship's company of 2,000. And all those ship-mates of mine, injured and killed in the *Prince of Wales*. So Churchill's order had been carried out. An eye for an eye. All those men dead in the terrible intensity of a major battle at sea. Oh, the fearful pity of it all.



## THE HANDLESS AND DEAF BLIND REUNION

by Peggie Brett

*Audrey and Tommy Gaygan with their Naval escort in the Painted Hall.*

Maybe, this being our 21st Reunion, something a bit special was to be expected. If so, we were in no way disappointed. To begin with, for the first time, the Handy-Andies were joined by the Muffled Drums—a mixture guaranteed to hit the jackpot! It was grand to welcome Wally and Joan Thomas, and Ron and Mabel Ellis into our ranks, and here's hoping they, too, approved the union.

Another new ingredient was the introduction of Mr. and Mrs. Conway, who, knowing little of what lay in store, appeared to take our unique gathering in their stride. Also present with us at our first dinner on the evening of Thursday September 24th, were Mr. and Mrs. Ion Garnett-Orme, Dr. and Mrs. Stilwell and our old friend, ex-Matron Blackford.

Sherry, followed by an excellent dinner in the 5th floor restaurant, Ian Fraser House, put us in the right mood to "Do our own Thing" to the music of Cliff Gibbons and his band in the Wintergarden. Here, a charming

touch of celebration was supplied by the lovely '21st' cake, decorated for us by Sandra, and later, when Gwen ceremoniously cut it, we were torn between regret and anticipation! At eleven p.m., a glance at our forthcoming list of events sent us hurrying to bed.

Friday morning passed in sport; Shooting and Bowls, organised as always by Jock Carnochan. What could be more harmless? . . . until a hefty wood chances to fall upon one's best corn! As a result of the morning's effort, Ted Miller carried off the shooting trophy, and Dickie Brett the bowls. Tommy Gaygan, hard on Dickie's heels in the latter, took the medal for runner-up.

Later in the day we all wound up in Eastbourne, where "Handies" and "Muffies" parted company for a time. The former were treated to a most delicious supper at the Queen's Hotel, followed by a very good show at the Hippodrome, where, by a mini-miracle wrought by Gwen Obern, we were able to meet the two stars—Ken



*Using different adaptations to the rifle, deaf and handless St. Dunstaners competed against each other in the shooting. Here, Ron Ellis uses a vibrator under his thumb to take careful aim. Photo: John Barrow.*

Goodwin and Edmund Hockridge, who chatted to us from a stage box after the final curtain.

Meanwhile, Wally, Joan, Ron and Mabel were being suitably wine and dined at the Queen's Hotel. A good time was had by all, and once more together, we returned home in merry mood in the old St. Dunstan's coach.

Saturday dawned wet and blustery but our morning was free, and as we drove off for London at 2pm, the sun came out to cheer us on our way. Arriving at Harewood Hotel we were able to change in comfort and enjoy a quiet drink before leaving for dinner at the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly. Our much loved friend Elizabeth Dacre, who had travelled up with us, had used her considerable charm to bring about this dinner, for which we award her yet another star in her crown! Also with us were Mrs. Bicknall, Mrs. Blackford, and the ever-active Mrs. Pugh.

On entering the club we were welcomed with drinks before being taken in to a

memorable meal in the company of Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Colahan, a member of St. Dunstan's Council, Air Chief Marshal Sir Alasdair and Lady Steedman, and Assistant Commissioner Wilf Gibson with Sergeant P. Mouncer, of the Metropolitan Police. Last but not least, we were joined by another distinguished guest, Group Captain Sir Douglas Bader, straight from a drenching round of Golf, for the weather had suffered a relapse. Over coffee and liqueurs he made a brief but humorous speech, begging us to forgive his early departure for home and, one hoped, for an over-due hot bath after such a soaking!

Further speeches followed and were duly replied to by Bill Griffiths who ended by presenting the Club with an oak coffee table, made by a St. Dunstaner, and bearing a suitably inscribed brass plate. By now it was time to return to the hotel, taking with us happy memories of good food and good company.

On Sunday we were to transfer allegiance





John Proctor, with Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre at the Nelson exhibit in the Maritime Museum.

from the Royal Air Force to the Royal Navy, for by 10.30 a.m. we were presenting our credentials at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Here, after splicing the main-brace in the company of various young submariner officers (specially surfaced for the occasion?) we accompanied them to Morning Service in the College Chapel. Shall we ever forget the singing of that marvellous choir of men and women as their voices rose to fill the lofty roof with music?

Our host for the visit was Rear Admiral J. Carlill, O.B.E., R.N., and the thoughtful and efficient organisation had been carried out by Commander M. K. Johnson and his lady assistant, Second Officer Patrick. Each two or three members of our party were entertained by their own particular officer, so we were able to relax and enjoy the whole thing in their charming company. In tribute to these young men, may I say that the word Duty never entered into our rela-

tionship; instead, the warmth of their friendship surrounded each one of us throughout.

A splendid lunch in the famous Painted Hall was followed by speeches delivered by Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Colahan, and David Bell, and these were duly replied to by Rear Admiral Carlill. The latter ended by making a touching comparison between the late Lord Nelson, undeterred by the loss of arm and eye and the present blind and handless or deaf St. Dunstaners. "Both", he declared "would be remembered—not for what they *might* have been, but for what they WERE."

On leaving the Royal Naval College we were driven the short distance to the National Maritime Museum and the Queen's House. Space will not permit a detailed account of the treasures in these historic buildings, but two exhibits impressed all who saw them;— one being the Gold Leaf Royal Barge, with its 22 oars; The other, the battle-torn remnants of Lord Nelson's uniform. What a contrast! But pride of place

must surely belong to the latter?

By this time we were all ready to doze a little, entrusting our homeward journey to Felix, with 'Bickie' standing by as navigator until clear of London.

In Brighton we were revived by yet another dinner, this time at the Royal Albion Hotel; The word Royal was by now in danger of becoming commonplace!

Monday, and the 'boys' came to earth. Both morning and afternoon they attended domestic and technical meetings in the presence of Mr. Weisblatt, Mr. Wills, Mr. Castleton, Mr. French, Dr. Fletcher, Miss Mosley and Dr. Stilwell. We 'girls' as usual, made the most of such unaccustomed freedom!

By evening, in best bibs and tuckers, we once again assembled at the Eaton Restaurant, Hove, for our farewell dinner. Here it was good to meet our retired Commandant Fawcett, and to catch up with his latest crop of funny stories! Dr. Fletcher also, trotted out a couple of medical yarns, and towards the end of the meal the indomitable Mrs. Dacre joined the party with Miss Mary Stanning. Can we ever find words to thank "Elizabeth" as Mrs. Dacre invited us to call her? So many wonderful visits have been due to her untiring efforts on our behalf, and still like greedy children we ask for more! Truly, she has been our fairy godmother!

So ended our 21st Reunion, and in keeping with the programme, it can only be described as a Right Royal One!

## DEAF/BLIND REUNION

by Ron Ellis

I am writing under the heading the Deaf/Blind Reunion for the last time, as the Muffies have now joined forces with the Hand Amputees, and what a jolly group they are! I am sure that we shall all enjoy future Reunions together. There are, to my mind, just two words that will describe the line up and the Reunion, and they are, "Just Grand".

The Reunion this year was held on the 24th September till the 29th, and at 7pm on the 24th, the Reunion was launched with a sherry followed by an excellent opening



Wally Lethbridge trying out the talking wristwatch, supplied by Dagenham Wholesale Supplies Ltd., Silenas Lane, Dagenham, Essex at £39.

Mrs. Loska describes to Josef the ornate gilding on the Royal Barge.





*Simultaneous translation for Wally Thomas as Dr. Fletcher speaks at the final dinner.*

dinner, for which our sincere thanks go to the cook and staff. There were many places of interest to visit this year, the big ones being visits to the R.A.F. Club in Piccadilly and the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. We were all given a marvellous welcome, and had the pleasure of meeting many distinguished persons and given excellent lunches. Our sincere thanks to all the officers and ladies for their kindness and understanding, and our sincere thanks too, for the beautiful service which was held for us in the chapel at the Royal Naval College; It was all superb. Very many thanks are due also to Mrs. Dacre for all her kind help in making these two visits possible, it is something none of us will ever forget.

After the visit to the College we made our way to the National Maritime Museum and the Queen's House, where there were loads of interesting things to have explained to us. Leaving Greenwich at 5pm we arrived at the Royal Albion Hotel, Brighton for dinner, which ended a perfect day and I must say gave our dear wives a much needed rest, for I am sure they must have been really fagged out, but as always, happy and ready for the next call.

Other activities included a visit to Eastbourne and Chichester where we had a nice browse around, this being for the

Deaf/Blind, while our friends the Hand Amputees went their own way for a while, and when we met up later, there was also bowling, archery and the rifle range. All in all, a very full programme.

Monday evening, feeling very happy with past events, we were all dressed up like millionaires, ready to take off for the farewell dinner which was held at the Eaton Restaurant, Hove, where as always an excellent dinner was served, which put the grand final touch to yet another Grand Reunion. It was great to meet up with our old friends. Mrs. Blackford and Mr. Fawcett during the dinner, and to talk over old times. There was just one little thing that made the Muffies a little sad;—the loss of our visit to Pearson House to meet Matron Hallett and our old friends there. We missed her so much at the farewell dinner. It was very nice too, to meet Matron Goodwin of Pearson House and have a little pow-wow; we all hope she is happy at Pearson House. Yes, a perfect ending to a perfect Reunion.

To Mr. Wills, the Welfare staff, Dr. Stillwell and Mrs. Pugh, a sincere thank you from the Muffies for such a grand get-together. To the Staff of Ian Fraser House, sincere thanks for making our stay a happy and comfortable one, and also our thanks to the transport drivers for the safe journeys.

*D.F. Robinson's*

## Gardening Column

We are now coming to the end of the year for colour in the garden, apart from a few shrubs. The next real show will be in early Spring from the bulbs which were either put in round about now or years ago and still giving of their best. Get all the borders and vegetable patch tidied up so as to be ready for instant use in 1982. Remember that weeds have a habit even when the soil looks clean and bare, so a bit of hoeing every so often will help to keep their seeds from germinating. Bindweed (*Convolvulus*) is a very very hard weed to get rid of as even a small piece of root left in the ground will start off growth again. The best eradicator is a weedkiller called Tumbleweed which can be obtained in a jelly formation with a brush in the lid. Use this brush to put some on the leaves, one or two leaves will be enough, and this will get rid of the weed permanently as it goes via the leaf to the root. Be careful not to get it on any of your other plants or it will do the same thing.

November 5th is a good time to get the bonfire going without any one grumbling about the smoke getting onto washing etc. Try and get it well away from buildings or wooden fencing plus ensuring the fire is out before retiring to bed. Keep the ashes as they are very good for the flower borders. It is a good time to remake paths or put down new ones plus getting fencing in hand.

### Vegetables

Carry on with the clearing and digging over of empty beds and put on compost or manure for the new season. Get rid of all the old refuse and consign to the compost heap or bonfire.

Any root crops which are still in place such as Beet, Carrots and Potatoes should be dug up and stored. Don't forget to dry them off before putting in store. Late cauliflowers should have the curds protected by tying in some of the leaves above the curd.

Where you have some hardy seedlings of such items as Cabbages, Savoys, etc., set them in their permanent quarters. Most of these will be alright unless we have really severe winter conditions. Seeds of Broad Beans and some types of Garden Peas can be sown now but set the seeds a little deeper than normal.

### Fruit

The best time to get all the planting of new Apple, Pear, Cherry trees in their permanent positions. Plant them a bit deeper than the mark of the stem which shows the depth they were planted in the nursery. Put in some sand and manure and ensure that the roots are spread out well. A stout stake put whilst planting will keep the trees stable and help to ward off the strong winds till they have had a chance to get their roots well settled in the ground. Give some water after planting.

Pruning of established trees should be continued. Keep them to a good shape, cut back some of the outer branches and thin out the centres to enable light and air to get in. Don't forget to put the grease bands on the main trunk about 18 inches above soil level. These bands will help to stop the insects getting into the tree and holes in the bark to lay their eggs and give you a good deal of trouble. It is also a good time to spray the main trunk and larger branches with an insecticide.

All new Currant and Gooseberry bushes can be planted and as with the other trees put in a bit deeper than nursery depth, plus spreading out roots. Shake the bushes a little when adding the soil so that it gets well into the roots. Water in a little, and a small stake will keep them steady, as with the trees.

### Lawns

It is a good time to rake over and then use a hard brush or beacon to get rid of as many weeds and moss as possible. Spike the whole area with your fork to a depth of about 4 inches. This will ensure better drainage during the winter rains and melting snow.

### Flowers

Clear all the borders of those summer annuals if there are any left, plus forking over to get rid of any lurking weeds, and to aerate the soil.

Where you have forgotten to lift the tuberous Begonias, Dahlias and Gladioli, get them out at once and dry the tubers off before storing in a frost free place in dry peat for the winter.

Get all those spring flowering bulbs in

their positions if not already done so but wait till a frost free period or when it has gone out of the soil. Anemones make a good show and are fine as a cut flower for the house. Plant them in clumps and don't be in too much of a hurry to dig over the plots if no flowers appear at the right time. They'll come along, as I have found out myself.

One can still put in those perennials for permanent show plus a few shrubs for next year's colour. Also put out all those spring flowering or perennials which you raised from seed.

Sweet Peas can be sown but only in the warmer parts of the country or in boxes in frames in the Northern areas, keeping the tops in place when you have really bad winter conditions.

#### Greenhouse

Try and keep the atmosphere pretty dry from now onwards and only open the windows on really sunny days. Frosts are in the air so ensure that the heaters are working satisfactorily and put the heat on if there is a threat of frost at night. They can be put off during the day, at least for the time being.

Many annuals can be started off from seed at the end of the month and remember that bottom heat will be needed for the seeds to germinate and also for the seedlings when transplanted in their growing quarters.

Those bulbs which were put in pots for early show of colour need to be kept in cool and dark conditions, so better in the shed until shoots appear, then they can be brought into the greenhouse and a little warmth.

Rooted cuttings which are growing rather straggly will need their growing points nipped out to make them bushier. Keep them just damp and don't overdo the watering.

Some of the annuals which you grew to give colour in the house and in the greenhouse will need their growing point and side shoots nipped off to make really sturdy plants. Give a liquid feed every so often.

Cyclamen will be showing signs of colour, so give regular doses of feed when watering. Pull out any leaves which are turning yellow or floppy. Seeds of Cyclamen for next season's show can be sown now and you will get really good plants.

Attend to any panes of glass which are a bit loose and not fitting properly. Ensure that all windows and doors are in good state and close properly. A good deal of heat from your heater will be lost and cold frosty air get in if these things are not right.

Once again I suggest that you give regular doses of insecticide and fungicide by using smokes, though insects and the like won't be so much of a nuisance at this time of the year.

"the valve set" housed in a monstrosity of brown bakelite. It was the time of ugly angular furniture and the standard lamp. Men wore hats (and raised them to ladies!) and children drove themselves into fits of petulant frustration with the yo-yo.

Cutforth refreshes our memories (those of us who have sufficiently long ones, that is) with the titles of the popular songs of the day, the shows and the stars who were in them.

There was a great burgeoning of literary talent, Priestley, Yeats, Waugh, Vera Britten, Wodehouse among them and the publication of "Ulysses" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" raised eyebrows, hackles and blood pressures in many quarters.

The author deals with the shifting political scene in his own idiosyncratic style. Ramsey Macdonald, he feels, was an unmitigated disaster, and describes the change-over from him to Baldwin as "... masterly inactivity giving place to total inertia".

For those who believe that nostalgia is not what it used to be, this is a splendid opportunity to take a brisk trot down memory lane, doubtless wiping away a furtive tear the while.

Cat. No. 1150

#### I Spied Spies

By A.W. Sansom

Read by Michael De Morgan

Reading Time 12- hours

The author was born and brought up in Cairo. An expert linguist, he spoke French, German, Italian and Greek. He was also fluent in fourteen Arabic dialects. In June 1940 he was commissioned in Field Security Forces and played a major part in security operations in Egypt until the mid-fifties.

The book is a stranger-than-fiction account of espionage and counter-espionage in the Middle East. Sansom made frequent sorties disguised as an Arab to gather information from friendly agents. The nomadic Bedouins were allowed freely to wander back and forth between enemy and Allied lines and made a steady living selling information to both sides.

Later the author was responsible for the safety of visiting VIP's including Churchill, Roosevelt, King Ibn Saud and many high-ranking Allied officers. There are some interesting comments on the foibles of the great.

He has some very scathing things to say about British security (which at times seems virtually to be non-existent) and cites one example of almost incredible ineptitude. A senior man in the Cairo office was notorious for his dissolute homosexual activities and almost maniacal violence during frequent drinking bouts. As he was an obvious serious security risk, Sansom urgently recommended not merely his recall to London, but his dismissal from the Service. No positive action was taken. The man was Donald Maclean who later with Burgess, defected to the Soviet Union.

A first-class read a "must" for the fans.

Cat. No. 1140

#### The Singer Not The Song

By Audrey Erskine Lindop

Read by Stephen Jack

Reading Time 14 hours

The little Mexican town of Quantana cowers beneath the oppressive domination of the bandit "Mallo" ("The Bad One"). Everyone, from the *Grand Senor* and the *Presidenti Municipale* to the poorest peasant, lives in fear of him. He collects his dues and makes the rules. To keep silent is to survive, to rebel means death.

The Church is empty. Mallo has decreed it. He hates the Catholic Church and recognises only his "religion of cruelty". Father Gomez is old and ill, broken by the uneven struggle.

He is replaced by a young Irishman Father Michael Keogh, a man of great personal courage, who wears his faith like a knight wears his armour. Arriving in Quantana he begins the daunting task of breaking Mallo's power and bringing the people back to the Faith and the dignity of free men.

It is a long and bitter struggle, during which the priest has many moments of self-doubt, a struggle which ends inevitably in violence and death...

An outstanding book with some superb character-drawing - Father Keogh, strong and resourceful, caring nothing for his own personal safety, fighting for his Faith and his people, and Mallo, who loves cats, a complex and austere man, a cold and merciless killer.

The book is beautifully read, or more correctly, perhaps, *performed*, by Stephen Jack.

Lloyds have published a Banking booklet in Braille and large print, entitled "Problems you can do without", which gives details of certain Bank services especially designed to assist the visually handicapped. For example - they supply a Template device, free of charge, which enables customers to write cheques unaided. Regular statements can be supplied in Braille, again at no extra charge. Also available in Braille and large print are Lloyds' 'Black Horse Guides', which give general financial advice.

For further details, please ask at any branch of Lloyds Bank, or write to:

Lloyds Bank Ltd., 38 King St., Twickenham, Middx. TW1 3SL.

## READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 3041

#### Later Than We Thought

By Rene Cutforth

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 4½ hours

This is a review of the 1930's seen through the sharply-observing eyes of the well-known writer and broadcaster. This was the decade which saw the rise of Hitler and the death of D.H. Lawrence, the invention of perspex and the birth of that wonder (horror?) television.

In the decade we had three kings and suffered the trauma of an abdication. It was the age of radio and the receivers progressed from the "cat's whisker" simplicity to

# CLUB NEWS

## BRIGHTON

### Entertainment Section

We are now starting the new season of the Entertainment Section and by the time this Report is in the *Review*, the Sir Arthur Pearson Tournaments should be under way.

This is just a reminder that our Annual Dinner Dance, at the Dudley Hotel is to be held on the 20th November, 1981. Although the Dances at Ian Fraser House are held on the second Saturday of each month, our Christmas Dance will be on the first Saturday, 5th December, 1981. Admission is by ticket only, £1 (including buffet).

I am pleased to say that Jeanne and Fred Kick, two of our Honorary Members, will be taking over the duties of Hon. Secretary of the Entertainment Section, and we hope that all Members will give them every support.

R. Osborne

### Bridge Results

#### Individual competition,

Played 5th September, 1981.

W. Phillips & R. Evans	71
V. Delaney & R. Fullard	71
J. Whitcombe & W. Burnett	66
W. Lethbridge & F. Griffie	63
G. Hudson & R. Palmer	54
P. McCormack & C. Walters	53

#### Pairs competition results,

played 13th September 1981.

N/S	W. Lethbridge & Partner	65.5%
	R. Fullard & Partner	54%
	Mrs. B. Simon & Partner	51.5%
	F. Griffie & Partner	40%
	B. Ingre & Partner	39%
E/W	W. Phillips & Partner	53%
	M. Clements & Partner	46.5%
	C. Walters & Partner	46%
	A. Dodgson & Partner	43%

### Harrogate Bridge Week

by H. Meleson

The 42nd St. Dunstan's Bridge Week at Harrogate took place this year from the 19th-26th September.

Our first match was played against the Harrogate Bridge Club for the St. Dunstan's

Cup, which they again won. Congratulations to Nora Mamby, Joan Brown, Jean Beaumont and Betty Patterson, who were the winning team.

We played a further eight matches during the week, resulting in 5 wins, 1 draw and 2 losses.

On Friday the 25th September St. Dunstan's gave their usual luncheon at the Drover's Inn, where we were hosts to the representatives of all the clubs we had played against during the week. After lunch the Loyal Toast was proposed by Harry Meleson, who then introduced Mr. C.D. Wills who, on behalf of St. Dunstan's welcomed the guests and also spoke nostalgically of some of our departed Harrogate friends. Mr. Norman Green of Harrogate then replied for the visitors.

That concluded the formal part of the afternoon and several people made up tables for rubber bridge. At 4.30 p.m. our coach arrived to take us back to the Hotel.

Later in the evening we gave our usual "At Home", the venue for this being the Civil Service Club. We started with a bridge drive, after which refreshments were served and the prizes presented to the winners. This was followed by a dance, which continued until midnight, when a very jolly party returned to their various destinations.

After a splendid week we awoke next morning to grey skies and heavy rain to make our way to the station for our return journey home.

## FAMILY NEWS

### WEDDINGS

Our Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. Max Ash* of Paignton, are delighted to announce the marriage of their eldest son David to Sheila Davies of Burnham-on-Sea, in May.

*Mr. Alfred Howell* of Colindale is pleased to announce the marriage of his daughter, Elaine, to Philip Cunliffe on 1st August.

*Mr. and Mrs. J. Mash* of Jersey, are pleased to announce the marriage of their eldest grandson, Paul James Mash, to Karen Hornby, at St. Martin's Church, Jersey on 1st August.

### WEDDINGS (continued)

Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. J. Osmond* of Burgess Hill, on the marriage of their son David, to Hazel Wheatley at St. Andrews Church, Burgess Hill on the 19th September.

*Peter Watson* of Brighton, who married June Greening at Maghull Methodist Church on September 19th.

### RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

*Mr. Samuel G. Stark* and his wife, Joyce, of Yatton, Bristol, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 11th October.

*Mr. and Mrs. Raymond J. Cowles* of Portsmouth, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 27th September.

### GOLDEN WEDDING

Congratulations to:

*Mr. William Tyson* and his wife, Minnie, of Bude, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 3rd October.

### GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to

*Mr. and Mrs. W. Arnold* of Keighley, on the birth of their tenth grandchild. A daughter, Katherine, was born on 19th September to their daughter Pauline and her husband Philip. The Arnolds now have five grandsons and five grand-daughters.

*Mr. and Mrs. Walter Durrant* of Norwich, on the birth of their second grandson, Michael, to their son Vernon and his wife Sandra on 22nd July.

*Mr. J. McDermott* of Manchester, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Laura Nicola, to his son, Peter and daughter-in-law, Moira, on 19th August.

*Mr. and Mrs. E.L. Stent* of Lancing, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Alison Victoria, to their daughter Lesley and her husband Andrew Cheatham, on 30th June.

### PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

We warmly congratulate:

*Mr. L. Curnow* of Liskeard, on receiving the British Legion Gold badge, for his work in establishing the local Royal British Legion Club, of which he is now President.

*Percy Stubbs* of Norwich on the success of his wrought iron work in a display organised by the Red Cross at the University of East Anglia. Nine of Percy's tall flower stands were quickly snapped up, and he received enough orders to keep him working for six months. He was interviewed on Radio Norfolk about his work. We congratulate him, too, on his success in the Hastings Blind Bowlers' Tournament, where he won the Bonnett Cup in the singles championship for the totally blind.

### DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

The family of *Mrs. Jessie Chamberlain*, widow of *Mr. Thomas William Chamberlain* of Reading, who died in July. *Mrs. Chamberlain* passed away in hospital on 16th September. Our sympathy is extended to her good friend *Mrs. B. Wagstaff*.

*Mr. and Mrs. Jim Costello* of Garstang on the tragic death of their grand-child. *Anna Louise*, a daughter of *Jim* and *Margaret*, died quite suddenly in mid-July, only six months old and was found to have been suffering from a severe heart condition.

*Mr. Cecil B. Headland* of Shepherds Bush, London, whose wife *Ellen Elizabeth*, passed away in hospital on 13th September. They had been married for 25 years. Our sympathy is extended to their daughter, *Mrs. R. Keech*, and all members of the family.

*Mr. Fred Lipscombe* of Exeter, on the unexpected death of his eldest sister, *Miss Alice Lipscombe*, following a stroke, on 30th September.

*Mrs. Ann Taylor*, wife of *George Taylor*, of Maidstone, on the death of her brother.

# In Memory

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

## **H. Earnshaw, 111 Field Regiment R.A.**

Harold Earnshaw of Horsford, Norwich, passed away suddenly at his home on 27th September. He was 61 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1945. Mr. Earnshaw served as a gunner in 111 Field Regiment R.A. from February 1938 to October 1945 and his blindness resulted from an accident whilst mixing lime in Italy in October 1944.

He commenced training at Church Stretton in July 1945 and was married in December of that year. He and his wife ran a small shop in Bolton for a couple of years and after the birth of their son Ian, and daughter, Brenda, our St. Dunstaner commenced work as a capstan operator at De Havillands, which later became Hawker Siddeley Dynamics Ltd. He was presented with a special gold watch on leaving the company in 1971 after 20 years of service. After moving to Tarleton, Lancashire in 1973, Mr. Earnshaw and his wife worked hard in their garden and greenhouse, also manufacturing and selling garden ornaments. Sadly however his health declined following a heart attack later that year but he continued with work for a few years as a hobby.

After moving to Horsford in 1979 Mr. Earnshaw enjoyed working in his garden and was also keen on woodwork and toymaking.

He leaves a widow, Winifred, and three children, Brenda and Ian who are both married, and Lee, who is 12 years old.

## **R.C.A. Jones, 5th Queen's Royal Regiment.**

Richard Charles Aubrey Jones of Cwmavon, Port Talbot, passed away on 17th September at Pearson House, where he had gone only days before, following several months of declining health. He was 57 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for 37 years.

Mr. Jones was a Private in the 5th Queen's Royal Regiment and his blindness resulted from a mine injury incurred whilst serving in Holland in October 1944. He trained as a furniture upholsterer, working for the Co-operative Society in Treforest, South Wales, in 1948. He then worked for several years for an engineering company in Cardiff until 1957, after which he went to Brighton for re-training. Mr. Jones then moved to Merthyr Tydfil with his family and worked in the press shop of a local firm until 1963.

In the following years he worked at home in his workshop doing upholstery, as well as various

other forms of hobby work, and he produced some excellent results.

After moving to Cwmavon in 1972, Mr. Jones was trained with his guide dog, Alex, and together they walked many miles each day until our St. Dunstaner's chronic asthmatic condition became so severe over the last few months of his life.

Mr. Jones leaves his wife, Betty, a son and two daughters.

## **T. Mara, Black Watch Regiment.**

Thomas James Mara (affectionately known as 'Tom') passed away at his home in Worthing on the 24th September. He was in his 63rd year and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1967.

Tom Mara enlisted as a Bandsman with the Black Watch Regiment at the age of 15 and, whilst on active service during the 2nd World War, was taken prisoner and remained in a Prisoner-of-War Camp in Germany for three years. He was discharged from the Army at the end of the war but his years in the camp had seriously affected his health, as well as his sight.

After a period of training, Mr. Mara produced a regular quota of basket-work for our Stores and when no longer able to continue, he retained this work as his hobby.

Mr. Mara and his wife, Anne, had only been married for two years and we extend our sympathy to his widow.

## **S.G. Miller, 2nd Battalion Black Watch; Scottish Rifles.**

Sydney George Miller of Birmingham passed away on the 13th September, at the age of 88.

Mr. Miller had served as a Sergeant with the 2nd Battalion Black Watch and Scottish Rifles from December 1914 to February 1921. He was wounded in Mesopotamia in 1917, losing the sight of one eye but was able to follow a career as a painter and decorator until he retired at the age of 70. With the failure of his remaining sight he became a St. Dunstaner in July, 1980.

Being a widower and having lost his only son, Mr. Miller managed to live on his own with help and care every day from his close relatives in Birmingham but unfortunately while at Ian Fraser House for a holiday in June, his health began to deteriorate and his death occurred in Brighton General Hospital. He leaves a sister and brother-in-law, and a niece.