



St Dunstons  
Review  
November 1982

## Message from the Chairman

### Our New Council Member

At our last Meeting, the Council appointed a new member: Admiral Sir Henry Leach, G.C.B., who is Chief of Naval Staff and First Sea Lord. He has kindly said that he will be delighted to help us and free to do so from early December. Sir Henry served throughout World War II and has held many important Naval posts in recent years; his interests include fishing and gardening.

St. Dunstan's is indeed fortunate that such a distinguished Naval Officer has joined the Council and I know how warmly St. Dunstaners will welcome him.

### Honour for Howard Simcocks

Elsewhere in the *Review* there is a very interesting item about Howard Simcocks, M.B.E. He is a well-known advocate in the Isle of Man and has also given very many years' public service as a member of the Manx Parliament, to the Royal British Legion and in other official capacities. I know his name is regarded with great respect and affection in the Island and it is good that the Lieutenant Governor has honoured him by his appointment as Captain of his native Parish.

We all send our warm congratulations to Howard and Sally and their family.

### Plans for the *Review*

Mr. Weisblatt, Mr. Castleton and I recently conferred about the publication of the *Review* in the New Year. It is always awkward getting all the material in from contributors over the holiday period and, of course, the printers have their break, too. We have therefore decided that, instead of publishing the *Review* with difficulty at the beginning of January and again at the beginning of February, 1983, we shall have a 'bumper' issue in the last week of January. This will contain full reports on Christmas activities, etc., and should make very good reading at a possibly dreary time of the year.

Jon Lamont-Dunn

### IN THE DOG CART

One day, Joe Prendergast of Leyland in Lancashire walked into a sports shop to try and interest the owner in some hobby items that he had made. During their conversation it transpired that the owner, Mr. John Harrison, had a Jack Russell terrier whose hind quarters were paralysed due to a slipped disc. John described to Joe an idea he had heard of from America; the result, after several trials and alterations, was a dog-cart. Joe fashioned the two-wheeled cart from wrought-iron. Two shafts are strapped to either side of the dog's body, with its hind quarters in the cart. Although Judy, the terrier, was unsure at first, she now races around at a rate of knots, 'pulled' by her two fore-paws. She chases balls, birds—and other dogs! As a result of Mr. Harrison speaking on local radio, Joe fixed up another client, but has had no feedback as yet.

### FOR SALE

Two Beyer M88 microphones, suitable for studio use, each going for £50 o.n.o. Please contact Ron Smith, tel. 0323 896666.

### REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

The Central Television 'Link' programme for disabled people is planning a special broadcast for Remembrance Sunday, November 14th. Reporter Kevin Mulhern will be talking to people disabled on Service and it is anticipated that St. Dunstan's will be represented. The programme will be broadcast on all Independent Television Channels except Granada from 10.00 am until 10.30 am.

### BEAT JACK FROST

Don't leave home this winter for a long break, or the Christmas holidays, and come back to find burst water pipes and your home saturated. Arrange for a friend or relative to keep a constant eye on your home. Alternatively, turn off the cold water at the main stopcock and leave all the cold taps open. Have a trial run before you go away, and if things do not seem right, get the advice of a friendly plumber, or contact your Area Surveyor. This is important, as insurance companies often accept no liability for properties which are left empty for more than a month at a time.

### REVIEW PUBLICATION DATES

Due to the difficulty of producing an up-to-date *Review* over the Christmas and New Year holidays, it has been decided not to publish an edition for January in future. Instead, it is planned to produce an expanded issue, dated January/February, which would be circulated during the last week in January.

Regular contributors are asked to submit their material for inclusion in this issue by the 5th January. We hope this deadline will permit accounts of Christmas activities to appear in the first issue of the New Year.

There will therefore be ten issues of the *Review* each year, dated January/February, March, April, May, June, July, August, October, November, December. The deadline for copy for issues other than the January/February will continue to be the 10th of the month preceding.

## St Dunstons Review

No. 745

10p MONTHLY  
NOVEMBER 1982

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Cover Picture. Rhinog Fach towers above Llyn Hywel. The St. Dunstaners' route was straight up! (See article on centre pages).

## "IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE – PLAY ON"

by Ray Hazan

It all started with the purchase of a 14-inch high pocket organ-cum-calculator costing £35. It then blossomed into a get-together of enthusiasts, when professionals gave talks, concerts, instruction and demonstrations of models costing up to £8,000. At this rate, one dare not predict the future!

It had become apparent that over the past year, many St. Dunstaners had purchased electronic organs, or were interested in purchasing, but were hesitant, due to the vast range of instruments available. At the suggestion of Alan Mitchell, and the hard work of Sid Jones, a four day get-together was organised at Ian Fraser House from the 3rd–6th September.

Many of the 24 people who turned up for the gathering did not as yet possess an instrument. For them, the weekend was an opportunity to assess the hobby and the various models available. Those who were already in possession of an electronic organ were keen exponents of the hobby.

### New language

Music is a whole new language; you can play according to your mood. It can lift your mood from depression to contentment. It relaxes, keeps you occupied and gives vent to a lot of imagination. The danger is to assume that, because you have an electronic organ with all its automatic functions, you are going to become an instant musician. The professionals who played and demonstrated to the group make it all look and sound very easy, but this camouflages many years of extremely hard and tiring practice. Indeed, the cacophony of sound emerging from the Winter Garden on the first morning showed that there was a long way to go for many people!

To help turn this cacophony from a disjointed sound into harmony, the group listened to a taped message from Roy Neal. Roy is a professional writer on the Organ and has produced an instructional tape and booklet. His message was entertaining, helpful and encouraging, and set the tone for the weekend. Disability was something

to be overcome, and he saw blindness as no handicap when playing on the keyboard.

Graham Watkins of Swankit Instruments, based in Henfield, Sussex, had kindly brought along three organs, upon which we were able to 'make a noise', and generally talk about the hobby to each other on the first day. Wersi, a German organ, can be purchased in kit form. Graham specialises in building the kit—a cheaper proposition than buying a factory-made model. (It should be pointed out that the cheapest kit starts at around £1,500.) Graham was of great help in discussing the various models and the advantages and disadvantages of one over another.

### Treat

On Friday afternoon we had the first of many treats. Douglas Reeve, accompanied by his wife, Joyce, came to give a talk and demonstration. Douglas was a 'boy wonder' between the wars, and has played on many famous theatre organs all over the country. He currently plays on the organ at the Dome. On the 7th September, Douglas gave his 1,500th performance at the Dome, during which he played a selection of Strauss Waltzes, for Sid Jones. We were treated to many amusing anecdotes—the dry humour of Rubenstein, ghosts in the Dome, and bombs in the air during the war: "Ladies and Gentlemen, you are advised that the local air raid warning has sounded, but Douglas Reeve will play on"! Then, by magic, we were transported to Vienna. Strauss, under the hands of Douglas Reeve, is a moment of beauty, a perfect illustration of the power of music. We were whisked smartly back to London, as Joyce, sitting in a wheelchair and accompanied by her husband on the piano, sang a selection from "My Fair Lady". We were greatly moved by the love the couple have both for each other and for music.

Careful planning by the organiser meant that Friday evening saw the party in the bar of the White Horse Hotel, Rottingdean, to listen to Bobby Pagan 'in concert'. There

cannot be many courses where a visit to the pub is an integral part of the programme! The atmosphere could not have been more different from the Viennese Waltzes of the afternoon, but such is the versatility of the organ that it will also fit the smoke-laden clamour of the saloon bar.

We were very fortunate to see Bobby in the Winter Garden the next morning, where, in quieter surroundings, he was able to tell us stories and give tips gleaned over many years of professional life on cinema and theatre organs. Bobby is very happy to give lessons to anyone visiting Brighton.

On Saturday afternoon, the theme was back to instruments rather than playing. Tony Back owns a shop on the Lewes Road and had recently returned from a concert and demonstration tour of the Far East. Despite a great demand on him to give concerts, he made the time to give a talk and to perform for us.

We were lucky to have an early go on two new introductions from Yamaha. The first is a game and instructional device. The organ will create a note or chord which the user must copy. He will score points if he is correct in both pitch and timing. For £279, one can purchase an organ which makes the player entirely superfluous: A card is inserted which is read by the instrument, which then plays the tune. In fact, the melody can be erased so that it provides the rhythm accompaniment only. You can then play the melody yourself. It may, of course, be used as a conventional organ with all the rhythms and voices. Tony concluded by giving a mini concert on a Yamaha costing about £680. In his hands, it sounded far more expensive!

### Agility and Agility

Klaus Wunderlich is probably the most celebrated electronic organist in the world. He plays on an £8,000 Wersi 'Helios'. On Saturday evening, we were given a concert on the 'Helios' by a professional concert player, teacher and editor of the *Electronic Organ Review*, Mick Leary. The clarity of tone, the faithfulness of reproduction of the various instruments, all coupled with the ability and agility of Mick, made it a remarkable evening. It seemed that no request was beyond his scope. The jokes might need a little working on, though!

It was hard not to go to bed with all the many varied sounds to which our ears had been subjected buzzing around in our heads. To change the tempo, a Church organ recital was given in Chapel by Mrs. Rosemary Barley. This was during the memorial service to Sir John Ellerman, who had done much, in his quiet, anonymous way, to help the cause of music in St. Dunstan's.

On both Sunday afternoon and Monday morning, Mick Leary and Graham Watkins came in to give some coaching and demonstration. This was an invaluable opportunity for both beginners and the more experienced players. We were also pleased to see Arthur and Sylvia Griffiths, Managing Directors of Aura Sound, Purley. They are the retailers for Wersi and other makes, and they very kindly lent us several different models to try out.

### Remarkable journey

On Sunday evening, we were given the most vivid illustration of the capabilities of the organ, coupled with a synthesizer. Tony Back took us on the most remarkable of journeys. We visited a host of countries through their music. We travelled across a great range of styles, from the classics to pop, from Church choirs to musicals, and from orchestral to Grappelli. It was very hard to comprehend that there was no 100 piece orchestra, hens, steam locomotive, nor choir of 30 in the lounge, such were the effects he created. Tony has a vivid imagination, and coupled with his musical ability, his singing and harmonica playing, this makes for a very comprehensive and enjoyable evening. All that was lacking were decent acoustical surroundings.

Prior to the final event—the Monday evening dance, at which the organ was featured—the group gathered to discuss the future. It was agreed that a kind invitation extended by the Music Makers to become a part of their group would be accepted. Alan Mitchell agreed to be the organists' representative on the committee. It was agreed that another get-together should be organised in the autumn of next year. A format was agreed for the recording of sheet music on to tape. The group is very grateful to Ken King, ex Royal Marine bandsman, and John Hollyman, who have kindly offered to do the recordings.

There is no doubt that the making of music can fulfill many of the needs of a St. Dunstaner, whether he is working or retired. As Mick Leary said, the organ is one of the few instruments which *helps* you to play. Put on the earphones, and you disturb no-one. The criterion is not how well you play for other people, but the satisfaction you yourself derive from the organ.

### Generosity

St. Dunstan's would not have such a marvellous start were it not for the generosity of our many helpers. We thank Douglas and Joyce Reeve, Bobby Pagan, Roy Neal, Ken King, John Hollyman, Rosemary Barley, Mick Leary, Arthur and Sylvia Griffiths, Colin Howe, Graham Watkins, and Tony Back, who gave up their week-end to bring us much pleasure. Should anyone wish to contact any of these experts, they should write or speak to Sid Jones or Ray Hazan.

We are most grateful to the staff at Ian Fraser House for helping the programme to move along so smoothly. Finally, our warmest thanks to the person who organised all the events, Sid Jones, who tells the following anecdote:

"My Irish cleaning lady asked me to record a music tape to be played at a wedding. I protested at the modesty of my playing. But I was brought crashing down from my pedestal when she replied, 'Don't worry, they'll all be drunk anyway!'"

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*With Remembrance in mind, we publish the following poem taken from a collection written by Miss Beatrice Jukes, aunt of Mrs. Stella Attfield of Paignton.*

### The Blinded Airman

Now that I am forever blind,  
No more this beauteous world to see,  
I do much consolation find  
In the deep thunder of the sea.  
The soft, persistent beat of rain,  
The fitful soughing of the wind,  
These, these can make me see again  
The things that I have left behind.  
The birds that charmed my ears of yore  
With joyous song from hill and wood,  
Now bring more rapture than before,  
To me in my dark solitude.  
All these do give my soul delight,  
And recompense me for my sight.

## A Moment to Spare

with Syd Scroggie

### All Aboard the Hispaniola.

When we had learned the Braille alphabet and read "The Diver", then worked our way through Cherry Kearton's "Animal Friendships", we St. Dunstaners next proceeded to a fully-contracted "Treasure Island", all this so long ago, we have forgotten what a masterpiece this last-named is. It has the supreme quality that in your maturity you can appreciate in it what in your boyhood you enjoyed. Here children can paddle, as a French divine said of the Lord's Prayer, and elephants swim. 'Doctors is swabs', said Captain Billy Bones, thus expressing once and for all the truth of the matter. 'How many brisk lads have I seen swinging in execution dock, and all for this hurry, hurry, hurry'. The ex-Bishop of Brechin quoted the book in his inaugural sermon. 'Them's as dies'll be the lucky ones'.

"Henry Esmond" and "Jane Eyre" were books ever at my mother's elbow; "Treasure Island" made a third. How often do other words of Billy Bones come to me. 'I've been places where it's hot as pitch, and men a-droppin' down with Yellow Jack'; those of Pew, type of the hypocritical rascal, who 'Lost the precious sight of his eyes in the service of his Majesty King George the Third, God bless him'. Stevenson has put words in our mouths for all occasions and for all time. 'Off Palm Key he got itt; Dr. Livesey's grim suggestion for 'itt; - 'A knife in the back as like as not'.

I came off the Shee of Ardtalnaig some years ago, a hill above Loch Tay, with me a young pal, Denis Fagan. At the farm, old Mrs. Forbes first looked at me, the greying head, the tin leg, then at the dark curls, the youthful face of Denis. Long John Silver came to her mind. 'It's a fine thing', she said, 'to be young and have ten toes'.

There is a plaque on a house in a certain Highland village. Here Stevenson wrote his book, and here a certain St. Dunstaner, just off Morrone, Ben A'an or Macdhuil, nods with something that transcends mere acknowledgement as he trudges by.

## Historic picture presented to RAF museum

A unique group of men visited the Royal Air Force Museum, Hendon, on October 6th, to attend the presentation of a painting. They were members of X troop, 11th Battalion, S.A.S., who took part in the first British parachute raid into enemy territory forty-one years ago.

Among the aircrew who carried them in Whitley bombers was our St. Dunstaner, Norman Kershaw, wireless operator air-gunner of Whitley 'T for Tommy'. The occasion was the culmination of a three-year project Norman had undertaken with the artist, Norman Hughes.

The target for the historic raid was the Tragino Aqueduct in Italy and, with only an old pre-war drawing and his own and others' memories, Norman briefed his artist to produce a 4 foot by 3 foot painting of 'T for Tommy' dropping equipment for the parachutists who had already left the aircraft. The result of their collaboration is a striking picture which was accepted on behalf of the RAF Museum by Mr. Jack Bruce, the Deputy Director.



A Whitley bomber dropping parachutists. Photo: Imperial War Museum.

"We've brought together quite a few historic figures this afternoon", said Mr. Bruce, welcoming to the Museum the participants in what he described as a unique, historic occasion, the first S.A.S. raid. "We feel immensely privileged now to have this painting which depicts that moment in time when the S.A.S. began". He concluded, "We are particularly grateful to Norman Kershaw for having inspired this".

Mr. Jack Bruce, Deputy Director of the R.A.F. Museum, receives the painting from Norman Kershaw.





Finishing the 2½ mile walk, Terry Bullingham is guided by Pam Wybrant and Commander Scott-Fox.

Friday the 6th August and a glorious day when, towards the evening, 46 St. Dunstaners from all points of the compass converged on HMS Daedalus for their annual reunion with the Fleet Air Arm Field Gun Crew, past and present. The coaches arrived and disgorged their passengers to loud cries of welcome from old friends and anxious enquiries from new 'dogs': "Are you George?" or "Where's Fred?" or "Tell me which is Charles." "Charles who? There are at least three" . . . ? and so on till all the 'dogs' had found their 'masters' and were steering them safely to their cabins to unpack, make friends and find out who was there.

I was met by the cry, "Who's Joe?" This came from two young chaps who I soon found were to be my 'dogs'; two brothers, Gary and Steve, who really helped to make my week. They soon had me in my cabin to meet once again Danny McGoohan and to meet for the first time a new friend, Tony Dodd.

After settling in, we all gathered in the P.O.'s Mess to hear the programme of events for the week and to be told who our fellow St. Dunstaners were.

Sadly, Elspeth had to announce that Ben Mills was so ill in hospital he would not be with us this year, and Charles Stafford arranged that we should all send him a card to let him know we were thinking of him. Sadly, Ben died peacefully the day after

## H.M.S. DAEDALUS 1982

By Joe Prendergast

Photos: H.M.S. Daedalus

camp finished, but David Bell and Jimmy Wright were able to visit him the day before he died, not knowing that it would be for the last time. I know that he will be sadly missed by all his many friends at St. Dunstan's.

Amongst the campers were six new ones eager to be initiated into the mysteries of Lee-on-Solent, among them a very new St. Dunstaner, Terry Bullingham, newly blinded in the Falklands and an ex-member of the ship's company at HMS Daedalus. In the evening we had a very cheerful get-together in the Chiefs' Mess to renew old friendships and make new ones.

### Good turn-out

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear and in spite of some heavy heads there was a good turn-out on the airfield for the two mile walk round the perimeter. To cheers of encouragement, 'dogs' and walkers set off to a flying start and, with some very clever handicapping by our veteran handicapper Bill Harris, the results of the race were:-

### HANDICAP RESULTS:

- 1st Ted John
- 2nd Stan Tutton
- 3rd Ted Brown (I thought he was a bowler!)



Instruction for Tim Kirk, 84, from Commander Hayles before they took off in a glider.

### DENNIS DEACON VETERAN'S CUP

Stan Tutton Well done, Stan

### BRIDGET TALBOT NOVICE'S CUP

Ted John

### FASTEST LOSER'S CUP

Ted Jinks.

Also taking part in the walk were our 84-year young veteran, Tim Kirk, who gallantly finished the course, and Brian Lang, who both somehow got omitted from the results. After walking round the airfield, many then took to flying over it when once again Commander 'Bunny' Hayles gave up his time to instruct St. Dunstaners in the art of gliding and at least one had the thrill of looping the loop. Tony Dodd remarked to me that I should meet his friend Bunny Hayles and fly with him. This I was able to do and what an experience, believe you me; it was great—that is, until Bunny said "OK Joe, you're on your own". I did manage to gain another 2,000 ft. in height and by then it was time to come out of the clouds, as it were, and return to the airfield

to let someone else have a go. It was great, thanks, Bunny.

On Saturday evening there was a dance and social in the Chief's Mess which went with a great swing. Another glorious day on Sunday and after church, when all denominations joined together, we all gathered on the lawns in front of the Ward Room and had our photographs taken to loud cries of "Cheese" (or in some cases I did hear the word "SEX") and then we were entertained in the warm sunshine by the Commander and Officers.

### Best catch

The afternoon was spent variously, swimming, gliding, bowling and visiting. A large party took off for the Gosport Archery Club for an afternoon with the Gosport Bowmen, where the mayor of Gosport visited us and met the archers before a wonderful afternoon of shooting took place. The Trophy was shared between TB & PS.; Charlie McConaghy, TB, with a score of 158 and Joe Prendergast, PS, with a score of 318 out of a possible 324. Charlie has taken the Trophy home to Ireland for the first six months and then it will come to

Lancashire.

The happy day was completed by a social evening in the PO's Mess, where we were entertained by a delightful family group and the Mess members.

Monday dawned bright and clear and as one party took off to fish on the Solent, another and larger party took off to cross the Solent to Cowes and a visit to old friends at the British Legion. Some took walks down to the beach, others went to explore the shops. on our way across, the mainbrace was spliced in right Naval fashion while we were entertained by Joe Humphrey on his accordian and we basked in the warm sunshine and gentle swell of the sea.

In the evening we were all entertained at the Dennis Deacon Memorial Concert by a team of artists led by our old friend Gordon Felmingham at the piano, with Joy Evans, soprano, Raymond Scally, tenor and Ronnie Twist, comedian and compere. Tuesday, as I had heard, was always a big day with sports ahead of us and the weather was just right, not too hot, with a gentle breeze to cool our exertions. The sports field was very professionally laid out and organised by CPTI Martyn Webb and his assistants and all went smoothly. There

*Percy Stubbs having some instruction in throwing a javelin.*



were three teams of competitors, A, B and C, and Team A, Captained by Danny McGoohan, won the team prize with 431 points. Other members of the team were: Johnny Cope, Ted Brown, Joe Humphrey, Peter Spencer, Ted John, Trevor Phillips, Ernie Cookson and Shirley Blackmore. Second was Team B, captained by David Hodgson, with 449 points and third Team C, captained by Percy Stubbs, with 496 points. Individual Results were:

#### **DOUBLY HANDICAPPED CUP**

**Percy Stubbs** with 65 points

#### **VICTOR LUDORUM TOTALLY BLIND**

**Johnny Cope** with 24 points

#### **VICTOR LUDORUM SEMI-SIGHTED**

**Trevor Tatchell** with 18 points

#### **PRIZE FOR BEST BEGINNER**

**Joe Prendergast** with 21 points

#### **PENALTY GOAL KICKING**

**Totally Blind** : Peter Spencer  
**Semi Sighted** Ted Brown

In the evening we were all transported to HMS Collingwood for a social evening in the Chief's Mess where we were right royally entertained. During the evening Jimmy Wright was presented with a cheque for £1,005 raised by Mrs. Hodge and the Mess members in aid of the four-masted barque, 'The Lord Nelson', which is being built to allow the disabled to sail before the mast. Jimmy Wright had last year shown his film about the barque at camp and it had made a great impression; later during the week PTI 'Budgie' Rodgers also presented a cheque for £180 for the same cause which he himself had raised by running in a marathon; both noble efforts. Also during the evening Johnny Cope & Trevor Tatchell organised a raffle and raised £112 for camp funds, to which they added a further £105 later in the week. After a wonderful convivial evening we returned, tired but happy, home to Daedalus to sleep the sleep of the just.



*Johnny Cope receives the T.B. Victor Ludorum Cup from Captain Arthur Wheeler.*

#### **Best catch**

Wednesday was a repeat of our trips on the Solent, fishing and just cruising to Cowes but on this trip we were joined by the Chairman of St. Dunstan's, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme and Mrs. Garnett-Orme and had another very happy day. The fishing was quiet but George Allen caught a total of 7lbs of fish and the best catch of the week with a 5lb dogfish which he later showed how to skin and prepare for the table.

After supper, 14 crews set off on the mystery car drive with difficult clues concealed in Braille and a time limit of 1½ hours to complete the route. The winning team by a short head was the crew of Joe Humphrey with his driver, Commander Dickie Firth and his 'dog' acting as Navigator, Wally Walters, and they duly received the Kath Riley Trophy with medals for the crew at the prize-giving ceremony on Thursday. Later in the evening we had an innovation—horse racing in the CPO Mess, when betting went on fast and furiously on Red Run, Green Goddess, Yellow Peril etc. as they galloped up the course at the toss of a giant dice. Later, our St. Dunstan's band took to the stage and entertained us and enticed the dancers on to the floor.

Thursday morning started off with a trip on the Hovercraft generously laid on once more by The British Hovercraft Corp, and

we cruised on the Solent. Later, a party went off to lunch at HMS Collingwood while bowling addicts continued their competition at Rowner Bowling Club, where they had been made most welcome each afternoon by the President, Mr. Green, and his wife and members of the Club. During the day, Terry Bullingham was being visited by some friends from Northern Ireland, whose Cessna plane caused consternation amongst the Flight Controllers on the airfield by landing there and had to be searched by security for bombs etc.—it did eventually get clearance! I should also mention that there were visits to HMS Antrim & HMS Fearless, both back from the Falklands and in Portsmouth Harbour.

#### **Highlight**

Then, the highlight of the week with Prize Giving; we were all agog to hear the results of the sports, car drive, bowls, archery and fishing, all of which had been a well-kept secret. The prizes were presented by Captain Wheeler, whom Charles Stafford introduced, together with Bill Harris who announced the results of the walking race & CPTI Martyn Webb who announced the sports results, CPO 'Spyda' Webb who

announced the archery, fishing and mystery car drive results and CPTI 'Budgie' Rodgers who announced the presentation of a new cup, 'The Ben Mills Cup' for the bowls pairs, which this year was won by George Hudson and Tom Whitley. An additional prize of a bottle of champagne to each of the winners was presented by Ben's daughter, Janet. 'Budgie' also welcomed President and Mrs. Green from Towner Bowling Club and we also had the pleasure of the company of Mrs. Bourke and members of the Gosport Bowmen. The Archery Shield was jointly won by Charles McConaghy and Joe Prendergast and Mrs. Bourke told us that next year the Gosport Bowmen were to present a further shield so that there would be one for both classes—TB & PS, a most generous gesture; thank you, G.B.

A gracious speech of thanks to the Officers and Ship's company of HMS Daedalus was made by Ted John, and Ted Brown proposed a vote of thanks to the Mess Presidents, Trainers, Field Gun Crew, 'dogs' and helpers.

Captain Wheeler spoke of his pleasure at having the St. Dunstaners on board and he later circulated amongst all the campers, chatting to old friends and meeting new ones.

#### Fort Brockenhurst

Friday and our last day came all too soon and the weather reflected our mood by a deluge of rain for the first time. However, this did nothing to dampen spirits and an interesting visit was made to Fort Brockenhurst on the outskirts of Gosport, a vast area now being restored and an interesting museum. The day was spent packing, swimming, shopping and visiting friends, but sadly it was too wet for bowlers. However, by evening it was clear again and we had our final evening and farewell dance in the Chief's Mess, when many old friends arrived to join us. During the evening Tim Kirk & Bill Miller presented Elspeth with a beautiful arrangement of flowers and an enormous 'box' of wine on behalf of the campers. In reply, she stressed how touched she was, though how utterly undeserved was the gift as, with the help of so many good people, she was really only a figure-head and a 'frontman' for them. Later, the raffle, to which many St. Dunstaners had brought generous gifts, was drawn and

raised the grand sum of £180 and our thanks go out to the Bar Staff of the Fleet Chiefs' Mess for arranging it all in Ben Mills' place and doing so well.

Saturday morning and by 8 a.m. or shortly after, peace reigned once more on the spacious grounds and there were only echoes of the laughter and fun which had prevailed during the past week as we all dispersed to savour our thoughts of a happy week while weary 'dogs' rubbed their eyes and wondered whether they had dreamt it all. Nevertheless, I feel sure that many of them will already be putting their names down to be 'dogs' again next year—these Field Gunners are gluttons for punishment!

### Tributes to Ben Mills

#### From: Diana Hoare.

As you know, the Lee-on-Solent Camp this year was much saddened by the news that our old friend Ben Mills, member of the Camp Committee and invaluable helper, was dying.

It must have been in the early 1950's, or even a little earlier, that Dennis Deacon brought Ben along to help him and Ben has been with us every year since then, soon becoming an important helper in his own right, and taking over Dennis' work when Dennis could no longer come.

As one of the three remaining helpers who have worked with Ben at all his Camps, I have many memories of him:— playing his bagpipes at the dances—and on the pier-head at Cowes on one occasion; helping to carry Jock Boyd safely down a long flight of steps on to the boat; running the raffles and the Car Rally; escorting Charlie Stafford on the race walk. We have lost an indefatigable helper and a great human being and none of us will ever forget him.

#### From: Elspeth Grant.

May I add a brief appreciation of the late Ben Mills, who died peacefully on the 15th August on the Sunday following the Camp at HMS *Daedalus*. He had been ill for some months and in hospital since the end of June, but I feel sure that he kept alive by sheer will-power until he had heard about this year's Camp, about which he was told



Mrs. Lovesey demonstrating an interferential machine to Bill Shea, Peter Spencer and Norman Hopkins.

### ST. DUNSTAN'S PHYSIOTHERAPY CONFERENCE 1982

#### by Peter Spencer

Friday October 1st, a little earlier in the month than in previous years, was the starting date of the 59th St. Dunstan's Physiotherapy Conference, held at Ian Fraser House.

34 St. Dunstan's physiotherapists, many with their wives, enjoyed a full and interesting programme covering the A.G.M., lectures and a demonstration of the new

pulse Short-wave and Interferential machines.

Friday evening was reserved for the gathering of the clans, where good fellowship, a drink or two and an excellent buffet meal blended perfectly; and surprise, surprise, even a music interlude, provided at great expense!

Saturday morning started as usual with

#### Tributes—contd.

by David Bell and Jimmy Wright the day before his death. I visited him a few days before Camp and he was full of interest and amazingly cheerful and forward-looking. Ben had devoted nearly 30 years to helping to run the Camp at HMS *Daedalus*, firstly with Avis Spurway and latterly with myself. He was devoted to St. Dunstan's and put an enormous amount of work into raising money for the Camp and also for its organisation and I, personally, am going to miss him for his cheerfulness, wisdom,

sense of fun and his fund of stories and anecdotes. A great many people will be the poorer for his going but the richer for having known him and we shall all miss him so much.

I was enormously touched that the St. D's campers, realising what a gap he had left and how much I relied upon him, presented me with a beautiful bouquet for my own inadequate efforts in carrying on without him. Thank you all. May the Camp be a continuing memorial to him.



Norman Perry, Barbara Bell and Joe Humphrey studying raised outline diagrams of the foot.

the A.G.M., followed by the coffee interval, and a somewhat unusual, but interesting, lecture on Reflexology, given by Mrs. Vukovic.

The first lecture in the afternoon was given by Mrs. Lovesey on the use and effect of Interferential therapy and, following a short interval for tea, members interested themselves in the new machines that were being demonstrated.

#### Excellent meal

The Saturday evening dinner in the Winter Garden was indeed a great success and our warmest thanks go to Paul James and his staff for a really excellent meal.

After-dinner speakers were in abundance and, of course, of excellent quality, starting with our Chairman, Bill Shea, welcoming our guests. This was followed by an interesting and amusing speech on behalf of the guests by the Treasurer of the Eastbourne Council, Mr. Michael Rogers, who had kindly accepted the invitation to deputise

for Dame Flora Robson, at short notice.

Des Coupe was next on his feet proposing a polished, off-the-cuff toast to St. Dunstan's. In reply, the Chairman of St. Dunstan's, Mr. Garnett-Orme, in a witty, complimentary way, rounded off the first part of the proceedings.

The enjoyment and companionship then continued in the Main Lounge. Bar facilities had been made available, and old friends of St. Dunstan's, Ernie Took and his band, provided the best of music for dancing.

Throughout the day we were fortunate to have with us the stalwarts, present and past, of H.Q. physio section, Mr. Norman French and Mr. Ron Priestley and their wives, and the ever-willing P.R.O., Mr. David Castleton.

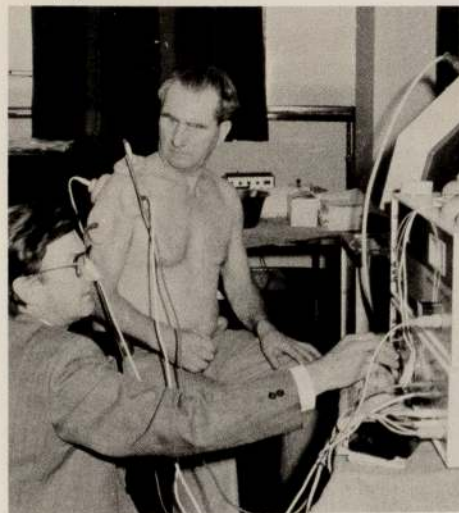
#### Successful Conference

For the majority, Sunday was the go-home day and hand-shakes, good wishes, see-you-again-next-year promises echoed around the House.

It was the end of another extremely successful St. Dunstan's Physiotherapy Conference.

Our thanks and appreciation are extended to Dr. Stilwell and Mr. Conway, and all other members of Staff, both at Ian Fraser House and St. Dunstan's H.Q., for their contribution to the success of this venture.

Joe Humphrey experiences interferential therapy under Mr. Dodd.



## JOURNEY TO COLOGNE

by Evelyn and John Cowan

We left home on Wednesday, May 12th to catch a Jet Foil from Dover to Ostend for the first part of our journey to Germany, where we were to be the guests of the Belgian Army, stationed in Cologne. The Jet Foil was wonderful, just like an aeroplane inside, the staff giving us lots of help, and food and drink served at our seats. We arrived at Ostend on a very warm morning to catch our train to Brussels, where our friend, Mr. Bowering, was waiting to take us to meet his wife, Pat, at his home in Enghien, where we would be staying until Friday.

At 8 a.m. Friday, we were to meet about 35 Belgian Ex-servicemen and their wives to catch a coach to Cologne. When we crossed the German border, we were met by Officers of the 20th Battalion, Logistics, and escorted to the barracks at Caserne S/LT Holm.

With the Burgomeister of Enghien, Mr. Crohain, we were taken to the Officers' Club for a welcome by Lt. Colonel P. Dejonckheere, who was pleased that we had come from England for this special day. It was 30 years since the Battalion had been formed, 20 years since their standard had been presented by King Baudouin, and 20 years since the Battalion had been adopted by the town of Enghien, and today the band was going to play the march of the Battalion, which had been lost for 20 years and which Lt. Colonel Dejonckheere had found.

After lunch at the Officers Club, we were taken to the parade ground to join the parade and take the salute. We then toured the barracks, which was a wonderful experience. Then, on to the mess for drinks and presentations. After about an hour, into a wine bar where, by arrangement with an Officer, we gave a pass word, "Blue Bonnet" which was for me and a few of my friends to be served with Glenfiddich instead of wine. After that, more food and wine, then thanks and farewells for a wonderful day. We climbed into the coach to go back to a hotel, all except my wife and I, Mr. Bowering and Henry, another Ex-serviceman; the Colonel had decided it would be best if we stayed at the Officers Club, as it would be easier for me.

Saturday, 15th, after breakfast, a trip was arranged to the town of Bruhl to visit a chateau, then on to lunch and drinks, then another visit to a smaller Chateau, then back to the barracks for dinner. In the evening the Colonel gave a dance with more food and much more drink—a very late night, or early morning, I think!

Sunday, 16th, quite a relaxing morning, enjoyed sitting in the grounds of the club, until lunch with the Colonel, after which speeches and final goodbyes were said. The Colonel said in English how pleased he was that, when John had promised to come in November, he had kept that promise. So we started back for Enghien. What a week to remember!

#### St. Dunstaner's Public Service

Our St. Dunstaner, Howard Simcocks, who was blinded in Italy during the Second World War, has been appointed Captain of the Parish of Malew by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man.

This honour, rather like the position of Lord Lieutenant of an English county, is the personal gift of the Lieutenant-Governor and it marks the end of Howard Simcocks' 26 years service in the Tynwald, the Manx Legislature.

He was elected to the House of Keys, the equivalent of the House of Commons, in November 1956. Eighteen years later he was elevated to the Legislative Council, the equivalent of our House of Lords. Only seven members appointed by the House of Keys serve on the Council, together with the Lieutenant Governor, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, the First Deemster and the Attorney-General.

In the 1972 Honours List, Mr. Simcocks was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire in recognition of his public services and his service to the Royal British Legion.

As Captain of the Parish he will retain some public duties, taking the Chair at meetings and presiding over social events.



## THE ASCENT OF RHINOG FACH

Story and Pictures: David Castleton

*Trevor Tatchell uses a crack in the rock face for hand- and foot-holds.*



The Cambrian Coast Line of British Rail has so far survived the economy closures and I hope it always will. The single line follows the estuary of the River Dovey to the sea and then, clinging to the cliff sides, turns North, across the long bridge that spans the Mawddach estuary to Barmouth. If ever a railway deserved the title 'scenic', this is it. The line continues up the coast to Harlech, Portmadoc and Pwllheli – my stop, by request, was Llanbedr, a tiny, one-platform halt with a small shelter.

As the station is some way from the village it was a pleasure to see an old friend, Bob Thomas, there to meet me and drive me to the Ty Mawr Hotel, the gathering point for the latest St. Dunstan's expedition into the Welsh hills.

Our group totalled thirteen: Mr. and Mrs. Eric Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Terry Bullingham, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fullard, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Tatchell, Peter Watson and staff members Jock Carnochan and myself, David Castleton. Tom Lukes and his son, Jonathan, joined us for the climb on Saturday. The Ty Mawr Hotel was a new and very welcoming venue for our weekend, chosen because it



*Bill Shea climbing the first rock face.*

At 1750 feet we reached Llyn Hywel, a lake with a welcoming sparkle in the sunshine. Rhinog Fach, its last 573 feet looming sheer above the lake, looked much less welcoming, in fact quite daunting. As we ate lunch, any welcome on the hillside disappeared completely as, with dramatic suddenness, mist came rolling in over the shoulders of the hills bringing an abrupt drop in temperature, a cool breeze and a reduction of visibility which varied for the rest of our time on the mountain from a few feet to a few yards. Sweaters and anoraks became the order of the day.

Mist or no mist, we were going to attack that steep face. Barry Ellis explained to the St. Dunstaners that on sections of the climb they would be using rock-climbing techniques to scale sheer sections. Each had a helmet and a safety harness to which the rope would be clipped, and they were briefed on the correct climbing procedure.

The first part of the ascent was over a scree of large boulders until a vertical rock face was reached. Here, escorts and photographer began scrambling climbs around the area while the St. Dunstaners went straight up, finding their own hand and footholds and belayed on the rope from a climber above. "Take up slack", came the call from the St. Dunstaner below. "Climb when you are ready", from above and then, "Climbing". The object is for the man at the top to keep taking up the slack in the rope created as the climber ascends towards him, so that a slip should only mean a fall of a foot or two before the rope tightens and supports the climber. For Bill Shea, on the

was near to our target mountain Rhinog Fach, 2,333 feet.

Barry Ellis, our climb leader, with members of his Rhinog Mountain Rescue Team, which includes Gwyneth, his wife, met us at the hotel on Saturday morning, together with old friends, Bob Thomas and Wally Cook. This was to be a real test for our experienced climbers, said Barry, and it was arranged that Terry Bullingham, still recovering from the injuries he received in the Falklands campaign, should turn back with Bob Fullard after lunch, before the final phase of the climb began.

Setting out from a farm where we left our transport, we began the approach to Rhinog Fach. The morning was warm, sunny and still, a contrast to last year's expedition to Tryfan, we thought gratefully, as we trudged upwards in shirtsleeves.

During the First World War this area had been mined for manganese and there were still traces, as Barry Ellis pointed out, of the work that had been done in this bleak area of country. Small mine-shafts could still be seen, the bedrock path had been worn away by cartwheels and, higher still, were the remains of a tramway and the 'barracks' where the miners had lived.



*Eric Bradshaw, Bill Shea and Trevor Tatchell, relive the great days of motor-cycling.*

*In thick mist, Tom Lukes reaches the top of the final gully on Rhinog Fach.*



opening section, the theory did not quite work out, as he found himself slipping some six feet before the rope tightened!

Trevor Tatchell found problems on the second rope. Here, the rock was cleft by a narrow crack and the technique was to put hands in the crack and push outwards on either side, thus obtaining a grip and jamming one foot at a time into the crack, climbing upwards. Soon he was heard enquiring—'I've got my right foot in, how do I get my left foot out?'. We knew he would put his foot in it somehow!

The final gully was near vertical and the going was rough, but one by one the St. Dunstaners emerged at the top, triumphant. The mist still swirled, making photography difficult, but nevertheless the group formed up—damp from the drizzle that accompanied the mist, but full of smiles.

#### **The Way Back**

The way back proved taxing as, because of the problems of navigating in the mist, Barry Ellis decided that the shorter route planned could be dangerous. The party headed off on a compass bearing which would intersect with a known path lower down. Before reaching the path there were more sections of large boulder scree which made footholds difficult for St. Dunstaners, despite the efforts of their sighted escorts.

At last we reached our transport, with feelings of thankfulness that we had been in the experienced care of the mountain rescue team in a situation which showed how quickly the weather can change on a mountain.

Bob Thomas was responsible for arranging a most interesting day on Sunday, which began on the Royal Aircraft Establishment airfield at Llanbedr. Under the guidance of Squadron Leader Peter Penny, we were introduced to the Jindiviks—small, pilotless, high speed radio-controlled target aircraft. Mostly jet engine and wings and painted with high visibility orange, they looked like something from a James Bond film, lined up in their hangar.

The work at Llanbedr is to provide targets for land, sea or air carried missiles—Jindiviks are sometimes themselves the targets, but more often they tow decoy targets so that they can be brought back to fly again. There are also a number of full-



*Bob Thomas shows a salvaged swivel gun to Terry Bullingham*

scale aircraft which are 'droned', that is, made controllable by radio from the ground.

St. Dunstaners from our party were allowed to touch the aircraft and Terry Bullingham was very much at home with a Sea Vixen on which he used to work.

After a picnic lunch just behind the dunes which line the coast, we moved to Dyffryn where we met Captain Davies, now retired after a lifetime at sea with Cunard. Captain Davies' interest is in the history of the area and he took the group to a pre-historic burial mound just on the hillside above Dyffryn. He explained how this mound had been constructed by the Silurian people, centuries before Christ. These people had come to Wales by sea and had cultivated land on the hillsides; Captain Davies pointed out to sighted members of the party the still remaining signs of their terraced fields on the hillside.

On then to Tal-y-bont and the opportunity to examine artifacts from a sunken Italian vessel of the 1600's, salvaged by local divers. Already, in a properly organised effort, cannon and other articles have been raised, restored and preserved. An

early breech-loading swivel gun and the ship's bell were among the most interesting items shown to St. Dunstaners by Bob Thomas and the leader of the divers, Mr. Tony Iles.

Almost next door to the 'Bronze Bell' shipwreck display is the Tal-y-bont Old Country Life Centre. Here, Pat and Keith Durrant welcomed our group. The ladies were fascinated by Pat's demonstration of spinning while the menfolk were soon in and out of some of the vintage cars and motorcycles on display. Trevor Tatchell it was who tried the vintage hipbath—fully clothed! The Old Country Life Centre is imaginatively presented with authentic settings for the exhibits and was a good finale to the day's programme.

Back at Ty Mawr Hotel, St. Dunstaners and their guests, Bob and Rowena Thomas, Barry and Gwyneth Ellis with their daughter, Sian, gathered for the final dinner. Trevor Tatchell spoke for St. Dunstaners to express thanks to all those who make the climbing week-ends possible and he presented a St. Dunstan's commemorative shield to Anne and Peter Smith, proprietors of the hotel.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From: **Ettie Simpson, Peacehaven.**

I would like to express my thanks through the *Review* to everyone who has sent me cards and letters of sympathy at the loss of my husband, John, and on behalf of my daughters and grandchildren. We never realised how many friends he had made in St. Dunstan's.

I would like to say a special thank you to Marie and Bernard Blacker and Joan and Bob Osborne for all their help at this time.

I hope everyone will understand that the messages were too numerous to reply to individually.

Everyone has been so kind to my family and self. Thanking you.

## ST. DUNSTAN'S GARDENERS' WEEK

By **Fred Barratt.**

If I were asked why St. Dunstan's Gardeners' Club is proving to be so successful and to grow as it does, my reply would be, by the members just being themselves. The gardeners, once just a few, and now nearing fifty, flooded into Ian Fraser House for their week, wiping away any doubts as to its success. They were joined by the oldest regular serving St. Dunstaner (so I am told) and by some of the youngest, all assured that the only qualification for membership was to be a St. Dunstaner and ALIVE! The Ladies' Section (my favourites) were joined by our Maggy (Margaret Bingham) who, in spite of being in a wheel chair, was soon involved with every aspect of the week.

After the first introductory meeting and an early lunch, we were off to school—Merrist Wood Horticultural College, where, under the leadership of Jeff Yates, and his fellow teachers, we were given talks and demonstrations on various shrubs, trees and plants. Then, after a cup and a cake, back to Ian Fraser House for an evening meal and to prepare for our evening visit to Peacehaven. There, the Peacehaven Gardeners' Club hosted us with a very good

talk with questions from a popular Mr. Tricky, who kept up an extremely interesting talk, spiced with some humorous banter from one St. Dunstaner with whom Mr. Tricky suggested forming a double act! Again, tea and refreshments of the highest standard were served. I gave a vote of thanks to Mr. Tricky in which I mentioned that he had cancelled his holidays to be present with us. I also mentioned the great work done by Mr. Jim Moore and George and Rose, Officers of Peacehaven Gardeners, in presenting such a good show to start our week.

### Sunshine all the way

Tuesday we spent at that well of garden knowledge, Wisley. What a day; sunshine all the way, with those who preferred drifting off on their own, or joining the main group, who were shown around by John Warwick—himself a fountain of knowledge. A delightful lunch, topped up with an equally delightful tea, made the whole day one that could be done all over again because it was so enjoyable.

Wednesday morning was set for discussing a proposed trip to Edinburgh, when ideas, plans and views were expressed on mode of travel and accommodation. Most members were interested in this project and I shall be keeping all informed as data comes to hand.

After a free afternoon, a coachful went to the Clayton and Keymer Royal British Legion who hosted the gardeners, thanks to the efforts of St. Dunstaner, Dick Hall. With the Legion Committee ably assisted by the fairer sex, a delightful setting and programme was arranged. First, a free drink all round, to loosen the vocal chords and some eats to exercise the jaw muscles, then the stage was set: with Dick Hall on the 'Pianna' and Bette Hall taking the lead, we launched into some real singing. In my eyes, the hall was full of servicemen from the last War in two shades of blue and khaki battle dress. The singing lifted us all back 40 years. For a little while we remembered those times and forgot the rest. It was a problem to decide if Winnie Edwards, Collis Walters or Danny McGoohan sang the loudest! A great night at Clayton and Keymer R.B.L., for which we thank you.

Things had gone so well up to then, that surely greater heights were not in sight?

Thursday proved the contrary. In the morning we were off in two coaches to visit the gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Turner of South-down Nurseries, where, after a cup of coffee from Mrs. Turner, ably assisted by her daughter, we were free to wander in her garden, either alone or in the keeping of Mick, her gardener, who was on hand to answer queries. A fabulous garden, with much thought and effort being put into it. Merely saying thanks to Mrs. Turner does not convey our true feelings for the kindnesses she has shown to us, not only this year, but also in the past. This thank you seems small compared with her very big effort.

On to The Swan in Arundel, where another very nice meal was enjoyed by all 65 of us and we thanked the manager and his very pretty staff for their attendance at the tables. An added surprise from the manager was a donation of a bottle of very good wine for our raffle.

From The Swan, fed and watered, we journeyed on to the herb Nurseries of Mrs. Tristan and Mrs. Whyting in Binstead. There again, amidst a multitude of sweet-smelling herbs and sages, etc., we were told that, as far as that nursery was concerned, our group was the largest number to visit them—and they hinted at the Guinness Book of Records. One can always judge the amount of interest being taken in a project by later action. Judging by the very large quantity of plants bought there, the interest must have been tremendous.

Then home to Ian Fraser House and our social evening in a very full Winter Garden. First, a little drop to oil the now aching joints and then the very pleasant task of introducing the Club's first president, Mr. Richard Dufton, the man people can thank for the invention or supply of the ball-pen. He gave us a little talk about being with the 30-odd St. Dunstaners who were in training at the earlier part of the War. Norman Cook and John MacDermott were two of this group who were present. Mr. Dufton then went personally to everyone at the meeting and had a little chat. The Director of Brighton Parks and Gardens, Mr. Griffin, was next to be introduced and he proceeded to give us a talk about Brighton's places of interest to the gardening world. It was a very good geographical talk and one member said that he was able to site himself at every place that was described. I did tell Mr. Griffin that the Club would be very much



*Richard Dufton and Fred Barratt greeting guests at the gardeners' social evening.*

like Oliver, and asking for more! Then on to the excellent buffet and the raffle. Full praise to Reg Newton and his helpers for doing such a good job, doubling our last effort. With Mr. Dufton picking the tickets in a manner more in keeping with Mr. Pastry, the prizes rolled out. Two bottles to Tom, one for Mr. Conway, a cuddly toy for Wally and a nightdress case for one great Club member. A night that could have gone on and on, but sadly had to finish.

The week ended with our last meeting to tidy up plans for next March, when we meet again, and a trip to a local nursery to purchase garden requisites in the charge of the ever-faithful worker, Reg Newton.

A great week and thank you, all Club members and escorts, for making it so.

*A prize for Joyce Briant in the draw.*





Stan Sosabowski on target.

He stood at full draw,  
Knuckles on stand,  
Thumb beneath jaw,  
Slight tremble of hand.

Releasing the string,  
He set arrow on wing  
"And - that's a red"  
Said Ted.

"Only a red?  
Then I'm going to bed!  
I only want golds",  
Curly said.

...With apologies to Curly Wagstaff and Ted Bradford (whose names just happen to scan)

The attitude expressed by my little poem was present in all the archers who came to Ovingdean for our shoot - even the beginners thought gold was a better colour than green! Although, thanks to our English weather, there were plenty of "Greens", even for the experienced bowmen.

21 Archers in all took part in the various competitions and special mention must be made of our three novices, Doug Howard, Eric Bradshaw, and Percy Blackmore, who

## ARCHERY REPORT

by Phil Duffee

Photos: John Barrow

*This article was held over from October for lack of space. A further Archery report will appear next month.*

took part in all the shoots and practice sessions, despite getting a bath on the field on Wednesday and freezing in the strong winds during most of the week.

On Sunday, June 20th, we were entertained by Cuckfield Bowmen, on their own ground, and they beat us by only 300, so watch out next time! Lunch was given to us by the ladies of the club, which we thoroughly enjoyed. The Press were present, and there was a very good write-up with three pictures in the Mid-Sussex Times. The reporter had, however, left out any mention of the excellent, stalwart, long-standing efforts of Laurie Austin in helping to get our sport off the ground and laying the foundation for Phil Van Buren to get us officially recognised by G.N.A.S. I know I speak for all of you when I say thank you very much to Laurie for his continuing hard work, week after week, to enthuse and encourage anyone bold enough to "Come and try it".

There are some new names in the honours list. The full results will have to wait for a later time. There were many surprised and delighted faces at the prize-giving buffet as the names were called out. The results had been kept very secret, not being revealed until the medalists were called out to be presented so charmingly with the trophies by Mrs. Conway.



Mrs. Phyllis Conway presents trophies to Norman Perry and George Hudson.

The winners only are:-

<b>George Hudson</b>	<b>Spurway Trophy</b>
<b>Fred Galway</b>	<b>Royal Insurance Trophy</b>
<b>Norman Perry</b>	<b>R.U.C. Pairs</b>
<b>and George Hudson</b>	

After some short speeches, the food and drink were set upon with renewed appetite.

Our thanks go to all the helpers and food providers.

We had a successful week and our thanks must go to all those who made it possible, including Phil Varden, John Grout, and all the Cuckfield crowd; Ted Bradford and his hat; Laurie Austin and Phil Van Buren, and Dr. Stilwell, whose co-operation made it an enjoyable week, despite the weather.

## Welcome to St. Dunstan's



*On behalf of St. Dunstan's, we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership and the Review hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

**John Walter Blatchford** of Benfleet joined St. Dunstan's on the 10th September. He is 94 years of age and was injured whilst on active service as a Corporal in the Dorset Regiment during the 1st World War. He is married, with one daughter.

**Robert Chalmers** of West Boldon, Tyne and Wear, joined St. Dunstan's on the 6th September. Mr. Chalmers served in the R.A.F. during the 2nd World War, and was a

Far East P.O.W. He is married, with two adult children.

**Harry John Croft** of Leigh-on-Sea joined St. Dunstan's on the 17th August. Mr. Croft served in the Royal Navy during the 1st World War. He is 81 years of age and married, with an adult son and daughter.

**Norman John Killick** of Weybridge joined St. Dunstan's on the 28th September. Mr. Killick served as a Rifleman with the London Irish Rifles and was wounded at Anzio during the 2nd World War. He is 59 years of age and married, with two adult sons.

**Augustus Albert Peacey** of Cheltenham joined St. Dunstan's on the 9th September. Mr. Peacey served as a Corporal in the 1/5th Gloucesters during the 1st World War. He is a widower, with one daughter.

## THE HANDLESS AND DEAF-BLIND REUNION

by Ted Miller

On the evening of Thursday 23rd September, the Handless and Deaf-Blind Reunion got off to its usual lively start with sherry, followed by an excellent dinner in the 5th floor restaurant of Ian Fraser House, which was attended by St. Dunstan's Chairman, Mr. Garnett-Orme, Mrs. Garnett-Orme, Mr. and Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Pugh and many other old friends. We were sorry that Dr. Stilwell could not be with us, owing to illness, but all wish him well and a speedy recovery. After our meal, we adjourned to the Winter Garden for a sing-song and get-together, the music being supplied by Ernie Took and his band, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

Our outing on Friday was a visit to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and accompanying us on our coach were Mrs. Dacre, Mrs. Blackford, and Mrs. Bicknell, three very welcome friends, and of course, I must not forget Mrs. Pugh. The weather was not very promising, but our spirits were high as we left Ian Fraser House at 10 o'clock. We had a little bit of a mystery tour around Guildford, but eventually arrived at our destination in time to be welcomed by Major-General G.H.W. Howlett, Commandant R.M.A. Sandhurst, and Sir David Muirhead, a member of St. Dunstan's Council, and his wife. After another excellent meal and very short speeches, Tommy Gaygan presented our hosts with an oak coffee table made by a St. Dunstanian, which was accepted with many thanks and a promise that it would receive a place of honour in the Officers' Mess.



Tommy Gaygan presents an oak coffee table to Col. M.J. Campbell-Lamerton, Commander, Old College.

We were then conducted to a lecture room where we were given a briefing on the evolution of Sandhurst and the training etc, that goes to make an officer. Sandhurst, of course, has produced many distinguished officers, including Churchill, Roberts, Allenby, Haig, Alexander, Auchinleck and Montgomery, to name just a few. The Academy occupies nearly 1,000 acres on the border of Surrey and Berkshire, and is one of the largest and most beautiful estates in the South of England.

Owing to the appalling weather, our hosts rearranged our entertainments to be held indoors in the drill hall, and after a very interesting talk on Military music by the Band Master, he then conducted the band, who played our different regimental marches, and for Gwen he played "Men of Harlech". It was all very stirring. The Edwardian physical training display which followed proved very entertaining and caused much laughter.

The last item on the itinerary for the day was a visit to the Royal Memorial Chapel, which we were told will accommodate 1,000 worshippers. It is a really beautiful chapel and a shrine to those officers who have devoted their lives to the service of their fellow men. The walls and columns display the names of the officers who were



Sandhurst's Edwardian physical training display included a 'drunk' who complicated the performance. Incidental music is provided by the band.

killed in the 1914-'18 War, and a Roll of Honour contains the names of nearly 20,000 Army officers of the armies of the Commonwealth who gave their lives in the Second World War. The chapel, too, has a magnificent organ and a beautiful silver font and such a lot of beautiful stained glass, it is impossible to write enough about it in these few short notes. Our thanks to all who made this such an enjoyable visit.

On Saturday morning we departed for a visit to "Whiligh" and Coopers Farm at Wadhurst. "Whiligh", the home of Mr. John Hardcastle, came into the Courthope family in the reign of Henry VIII and over the years has been enlarged in the late Georgian and Victorian periods. It is a most delightful house and the reception we received here was equally delightful—being "piped in" to the reception hall by our host's son.

Mr. Hardcastle had kindly lent his home to his friend, Mr. Michael Reid, past High Sheriff of East Sussex, who was our host proper, as Mr. Reid's house was not really suitable for us, being old, with very low ceilings and old oak beams etc. So we were very fortunate, as we had 2 very charming hosts with their families and friends to dine

and entertain us. Mr. Reid's mother-in-law, who was 84 that day, turned out to be the guest of honour and she was visibly touched as we all sang 'Happy Birthday' to her. No speeches here, but two tables were presented from St. Dunstan's to our hosts—the one to Mr. Reid was made by our handless St. Dunstanian, Dickie Brett, and there was a special brass plate added to this table to prove it. Wally Thomas, our deaf-blind friend, made the presentation with a very interesting speech of thanks—this, I think everyone will agree, is a remarkable achievement for someone totally blind and deaf. Congratulations, Wally.

After lunch, the weather still a bit suspect and the ground very wet, it was decided to cancel the Coopers Farm visit and instead we went by coach to Bewlbridge Reservoir. Built between 1972 and 1976, it is part of the Southern Water Authority's River Medway Scheme by which parts of Mid and North Kent are supplied with water. The Reservoir also provides a range of recreation opportunities for young and old alike. With a total water area at top level of 770 acres, it is the largest inland water in South East England. We were shown around by the Reservoir Manager and our thanks to him for a very interesting afternoon.



At the Eaton Restaurant, David and Sybil Bell chat with the proprietor, Mr. John Cutress. They have the Eighth Army magazine, "The New Crusader", which he had received that day. This included, in a "Memories" feature, a report of their wedding taken from a newspaper of 28th April, 1945. Both David and Mr. Cutress are old Desert Rats.

After a welcome 'cuppa' and cake and biscuits back at 'Whiligh', we said a reluctant farewell to our hosts and made tracks for home and supper at Ian Fraser House, before leaving for the Dome Theatre to see The Brighton Theatre Group in their presentation of "The White Horse Inn". Wally and Ron and their wives made their way to the Albion for dinner. Again, we have Mrs. Dacre to thank for making it possible for us to meet her friends and visit their homes.

Sunday was a rather quieter day, after the bowls session, which this year was won by Tommy Gaygan (a good day for the Gaygan family, as Mrs. Gaygan and Mrs. Ellis won the ladies' match). We did very little until we departed at 6.30 for supper and entertainment at Pickwick's Place in Peacehaven. There was plenty of talk which rather outdid the pianist, but it was a very congenial evening and everyone was on top form.

Monday—both morning and afternoon were taken up by domestic and technical discussions in the Winter Garden, attended by Mr. Weisblatt, Mr. Wills, Mr. Castleton, Mr. French, Dr. Fletcher, Miss Mosley, Dr. Stilwell and Mr. Dufton. So the wives made themselves scarce for the best part of the

day. The evening was spent in the Gold room at the Eaton Restaurant in Hove, our usual rendezvous for our farewell dinner, and as usual they did us proud. We had all our friends of St. Dunstan's with us and a special thanks to them all. They must surely know by now how we feel about them all.

For Mrs. Dacre, Peggy Brett had written and, by popular request, spoke the following verse:

*Elizabeth of Rottingdean,  
Without you we would not have seen  
So many homes, so many places,  
So many kind and friendly faces;  
Have been received with warmth and charm  
In castle, Manor House, and farm.  
You've cast your spells on our behalf.  
Bullied gently—with a laugh—  
The coldest heart melted before you!  
The deafest ear could not ignore you!  
We send our thanks for all you've been—  
Elizabeth of Rottingdean.*

Presentations were made to Mrs. Pugh and Mrs. Dacre from all the boys, Gwen and Winnie, and then the prizes were awarded for the Bowls Competition. So ended our 22nd Reunion.

#### FROM THE MUFFIES.

Wally and I wish to thank all those responsible for the grand Reunion with the Hand Amputees, which was held on the 23rd to the 27th September. Our two visits, one to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and the other to Whiligh, proved most interesting; our sincere thanks to the Officers at Sandhurst for their kindness and understanding and also to Mr. Hardcastle and Mr. Reid at Whiligh for their wonderful welcome and a special thank you to their families for the super lunch which they gave us. It was very nice to have our old friends with us this year, Mrs. Blackford and Miss Hallett. Our sincere thanks too, to Mrs. Dacre, for all her kind help. We were very sorry that Doctor Stilwell was not with us this year, as he has been a little off colour, let us hope he will soon be back to normal again.

As always, after a grand get-together, a grand lunch and the farewell dinner at the Eaton Restaurant. Once again, our sincere thanks to all.

Ron Ellis

#### A SECOND PAIR OF EYES by Tindall Leefe

Published by the author in Paperback  
£2.00 + 50p p&p from: 32 St. Albans  
Crescent, Woodford Green, Essex.

Harry Tindall Leefe was not much more than 12 months old when he received his name, on his adoption by a blind man and his sighted wife. 'A Second Pair of Eyes' could be described as a biography and an autobiography combined. Tindall Leefe sets out to tell the story of his father, Harry Leefe, blinded in the Battle of the Somme, and in doing so, reveals a large part of his own life as a sighted boy helping his blind father.

The book opens with Harry Leefe's own story of the action in which he was blinded and continues with Tindall's memories of his childhood, when, during a four year separation of his adoptive parents, the little boy became his father's eyes, guiding him, helping his gardening, choosing his shirts and ties when dressing.

There are further accounts in Harry Leefe's own words of his experiences as a blind prisoner of war and Tindall Leefe includes references to his father's meeting with Sir Arthur Pearson and his training at Regent's Park. Later, he sympathetically describes his father's efforts, some successful, and others not, to make his way as a blind man in business.

Describing an early studio portrait of father and son, which is reproduced on the front cover of the book, Tindall Leefe sees it as a symbol of a tragic situation in which father and son are inseparably linked in mutual dependence.

This book is a frank account of the stresses and demands on the family of a war-blinded man in helping him overcome his disability. It is also a tribute from someone exceptionally closely involved, to the courage and resource of a St. Dunstaner.

Tindall Leefe writes early in the book, "He showed a power of survival born of a determination not to be beaten—an unshakeable self-assurance . . . for he believed that fate had dealt him this blow early in life for a definite purpose, and that it was a destiny which contained its own special gifts and rewards."

**FREE TUBE TRAVEL IN LONDON: IMPORTANT CORRECTION.** This only applies to those living in the GREATER LONDON AREA. Contact your local town hall.

## READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

CAT No. 2622

**Midnight is a Place**

by Joan Aitken

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 9 hours

The year is 1840. Midnight Court is a ramshackle, decaying Manor House occupied by Sir Randolph Crosby, a 13-year-old boy, Lucas, the son of his dead partner, and the boy's tutor, Mr. Oakapple.

Sir Randolph is a drunken, loutish misanthrope, owner of the nearby Midnight Carpet Mill, where the working conditions among the terrifyingly dangerous machinery are appalling.

There then arrives on the scene a nine-year-old girl. She is French, with the most unlikely name of Ann-Marie Murgatroyd, and is the grand-daughter of the original owner of Midnight Mill, who, we are later informed, was swindled out of his property by the infamous Sir R.

Sir Randolph is up to his unsavoury neck in debt and, when threatened with bankruptcy by the tax gatherers, takes the rather drastic course of burning down the house, without bothering to tell the other occupants that he was doing so. The children and Mr. Oakapple just manage to escape with their lives.

The trio are now destitute. Lucas earns an honest crust down the sewers, a picker-up of un-considered trifles, whilst Ann-Marie collects cigar-butts from the gutter and reconstitutes them for sale. Mr. Oakapple, meantime, is in hospital virtually at death's edge, injured in a gallant but unavailing attempt to save Sir Randolph from his own funeral pyre.

But, naturally, it all comes right in the end for our heroic trio . . .

A most extraordinary book, a kind of pseudo-Victorian Gothic novel with the hardship and knavery laid on with a trowel. It's certainly got the right ingredients, a scoundrelly mill owner, a rightful heir cheated out of his inheritance, a rascally lawyer and a grasping landlady and the whole book is soggy with misery, poverty and social injustice — there's even the classic "trubble at t'mill" (speedily put down by sabre-brandishing Militia).

—contd.

But, stay . . . ! I was about half-way through before I realised that the whole thing was a glorious "spoof", a brilliant send-up. I was having my leg well and truly pulled by the artful Ms Aitken.

And I thoroughly enjoyed the experience!

## D. F. Robinson's Gardening Column

A good start to the Autumn, weather-wise, and it makes one wonder whether to tidy all the beds, though there may still be some colour around. However, don't be too slow to get the flower borders and vegetable patch cleared up and dug over before the weather changes for the worse, with strong gales, rain, and frost coming along.

Check over all the fencing to make certain it is all safe. Get all rearrangements in the garden started, but don't overdo these new schemes or you may get stuck if the weather breaks and leaves you in the lurch. Ensure that all the necessary jobs are done first. Keep all the house-plants away from the window sills as soon as night falls, so that they don't get too much of a change in temperature downwards. Also, cut down the doses of water and give no feeds, as growth is at a standstill. Keep the pots away from the sources of heat and certainly not on top of the radiators.

Start the bonfires on a dry, calm day, consigning the drier and woodier items to the bottom as a start and then the damper and leafier items to put on the top of the flames. Retain the ashes for use on flowers as they start colouring and also for items in the vegetable garden, such as the Beans.

### Vegetables

Really get going on the spare ground, digging over deeply and leaving rough for the frosts to break down. Spread some manure or compost around, plus lime in the areas to be used for the greens next season. Keep the soil hoed over between the growing crops. Ensure that the last of the Beet, Carrots and Parsnip are lifted before the end of the month. Heel over Broccoli and tie leaves over the crown to stop the rain getting into the centres. Spinach will grow better if you thin out every so often. Earth up Celery and Leeks and cover Parsnips with a bit of litter. Some early Peas and Broad Beans may be sown

out of doors but only in the South and South West; I would advise sowing only if you have some cloches or are sowing in pots or boxes in the greenhouse for those of you in the Midlands and Northwards.

Plant out some of those fairly well-grown Cabbage and Savoy seedlings, but here again, only without cover in the milder areas. Where you have a greenhouse and want early vegetables and salad items, sow French Beans in large pots and Lettuce, Radish, Mustard and Cress in small pots every so often, to get a continuation of a crop.

### Fruit

Try and get the pruning started as and when the weather allows. When some trees have got out of shape, cut away shoots and branches so as to get a good shape. This is especially so with the dwarf pyramids or you may find that they are no longer dwarfs. Keep the espaliers and cordons growing so that all shoots and branches are sideways and not forwards or backwards. Also, don't let them grow too tall. Where you wish to have some new trees this season, get them in now or next month, during frostless weather and when the ground is not saturated with heavy rain.

Towards the end of the month, get the winter spraying with a good insecticide-cum-fungicide, especially on the tree trunks where the pests will have their hide-outs for emergence next year. Also, tree bands will do a great deal of good. Carry on pruning Currants and Gooseberries plus Cherries which have had all the fruit gathered. Add manure or compost between the rows of Strawberries plus all the others. See that all the wires or strings along the rows of Raspberries, Loganberries etc. are in good state to tie the new shoots to them in the new season.

### Flowers

Get all the borders dug over and cleared of weeds. A good dose of manure or compost on the top will give the soil and perennial roots a good boost. Cut down the perennial border plants to soil level and in areas where you have hard winter weather give all the roots a cover of peat or build up the earth a bit.

Take up all the Dahlia tubers and Gladioli corms if it has not already been done, dry off and then store in containers in dry peat

or sand. Remember to put them in frost-free places.

Where you have some rather large clumps of Peonies taking up a lot of space, the roots can be lifted, pulled apart and re-planted at once, but don't expect too much in the way of flower the first year, as they may take some time to get settled down. Personally, I am not very keen on splitting Peonies, but some of the outer pieces can be cut away. One can still split up rather large clumps of Polyanthus for replanting at once.

Many items such as Anemones, Pansies, Primrose, Polyanthus, Sweet William, Wallflower, etc., can be planted from their seed beds to their flowering places. Flag Iris of all kinds can be planted out and Tulips still placed in position.

Plant out new Rose bushes when the weather is right and orders can still be sent along to growers for any new bushes you want and they will be sent to you when conditions are right for transport. Should they come along in bad weather, heel the pack in to a spare bed for the time being.

Prune back hard all your Roses if not already done, and don't forget to use gloves as, though Roses have a lovely scent, they can be very spiteful with their spikes. Cut away broken stems or branches on shrubs and trees and stake others which tend to be rather loose at their roots. Burn all these stems and branches plus Rose prunings as they will not break down on the compost heap.

### Greenhouse

If not keeping much growing, try and clean up the place as much as possible. Use a pretty dilute disinfectant where you have plants growing for Xmas and Spring show. However, if you only use the place for the germination of seeds in the Spring and growing Tomatoes, Cucumbers etc. later on, give the whole place a good clean up with Jeyes mixed in water and keep the house shut up after use for a week or so for the fumes to percolate to all the corners, crevices and cracks. Then open up on fine, sunny days, so that all the fumes have gone by the time it comes into use again. Ensure that all pots and trays are thoroughly cleaned.

When you have some plants growing plus cuttings just about rooting, try and keep temperature to a minimum of 45°F but if possible a bit higher. Open windows on

fine days but shut at night, especially when frosts or strong winds are forecast. Clear away dead leaves from plants such as Cyclamen, Calceolaria, Cineraria, Pelargoniums, etc. Tap the plants out of their pots and if the roots are very tight, put in, with some fresh compost, to larger pots. Water in, but keep moisture down to a minimum as they won't be growing very rapidly and give no feed till they are starting to come into flower.

Xmas and early spring flowering bulbs will be getting to the stage of being taken from their dark forcing areas to the staging in full light. You will be able to note the right stage by the amount of flower bulb plus leaf which is showing.

At this time of the year, keep the floor as dry as possible since moulds of all kinds can be very prevalent. Put a combined insecticide-cum-fungicide smoke in every so often as a precaution.

## CLUB NEWS

### BRIDGE

**Please note:** Ian Fraser House Congress is from 3rd-7th December and any St. Dunstaners, and wives, wanting to learn Bridge will be welcome in our beginners' classes.

### BRIGHTON

#### Bridge

As we come to the end of another club year, I am very pleased to report that the Bridge Section is thriving, with three new members who have moved into the area. Unfortunately, during the latter part of the year we lost one of our oldest and most respected members, Bruce Ingrey, a fine player and a gentleman who will be sadly missed.

We have had up to 8 tables for our pairs competition, and as many as 16 members for the Individuals. Also, the Bridge Drives are well attended. Indeed, we couldn't expect more support from you, our members, and we are extremely grateful, for without you there would be no Bridge Section. We are very conscious of this and that is why we always stress how important

every member is. Many sincere thanks to Mr. R. Goodlad and Mr. M. Douse, our stalwart supporters, and the partners and markers to whom we are also indebted; we all appreciate your help which is always forthcoming. Thank you all. Here's good luck to you all for next year's competitions.

*Bill Phillips  
Captain.*

#### Pairs Results for match played September 12th

N/S	1. R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	58.3
	2. W. Phillips & Dr. Goodlad	53.3
	3. W Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	
	4. J. Majchrowicz & Mr. Douse	
	5. F. Griffee & Mrs. Andrews	

E/W	1. W. Allen & Miss Sturdy	63.8
	2. R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti	52.5
	3. M. Tybinski & Mrs. McPherson	50.8
	4. A. Dodgson & Mrs. Dodgson	49.6
	5. E. Hannett & Mrs. Hannett	46.7
	6. P. McCormack & Mrs. Phillips	36.7

#### Individuals Results for competition played September 18th.

	1. Mrs. K. Pacitti	66.4
	2. Mr. J. Padley	65.4
	3. Mr. P. McCormack	62.7
	3. Mr. M. Tybinski	62.7
	4. Mr. F. Griffee	61.8
	5. Mr. W. Allen	60.9
	6. Mr. J. Whitcombe	60
	7. Mr. W. Phillips	58.2
	8. Mr. R. Pacitti	57.3
	9. Mr. W. Lethbridge	56.4
	10. Mr. R. Evans	48.2

#### Bowls

Once again, the curtain has fallen on another out-door bowling season. It seems to have been rather an in-and-out sort of affair, quite a number of matches being well patronised, whilst others were poorly supported.

The Committee had to swallow two rather bitter pills, by having to cancel matches with two of our very good friendly hosts, ie. Castle Green, Guildford, and East Preston Bowling Club. These cancellations were due entirely to us not being able to raise a team, mostly, I must admit, due to illness and members having other commitments, but we do hope we will be able to

fulfill these engagements next year.

Our AGM was held on Tuesday, 5th October, and the following were elected to serve in office:

Chairman	R. Osborne
Vice-Chairman	H. Preedy
Committee-men	R. Evans, D. Miller
Treasurer	Mrs. P. Burnett
Joint Sec.	Mrs. J. Osborne, Mrs. J. Kick

A very good meeting ensued and it was decided that the competition to be held at Ian Fraser House would be 8 ends of 2 woods, the best 15 scores to count at the end of the season. It was also decided that as transport fares are getting so expensive, the bowling competition would be held on Wednesday mornings instead of Tuesday afternoons, thus enabling members who wanted to stay on for the social club on Wednesday afternoons to do so, thus incurring just the one expense.

We will be pleased to welcome any member of the club who wishes to learn and participate in bowling activities and I can assure you that all the assistance we are capable of will be given.

*H. Preedy*

#### Entertainment Section

Our membership during the past months has been disappointingly low, and although we appreciate the difficulties incurred these days with the cost of fares and, dare one say, 'old age', we would urge you to support the club as often as you are able. During the summer we have enjoyed trips to Eastbourne to see "The Black and White Minstrel Show" and recently a most enjoyable trip to 'Broadlands' at Romsey, the home of the late Lord Mountbatten. We now commence our winter season with our Dances etc:

*November 6th*  
Dinner and Dance at the Dudley Hotel, Hove.  
*December 4th*  
Christmas Dance, Ian Fraser House.

Do please support these functions—contact me on Peacehaven 5977, or Joan Osborne on Brighton 32115.

*Jean Kick.*

## FAMILY NEWS

#### BIRTHS

##### Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. Randall Williams* of Leytonstone, on the birth of a daughter, Rowen Penelope, on September 14th.

#### WEDDINGS

##### Congratulations to:

*Mr. Walter Bick* of Southam, who was married to Sylvie Grace Tudor Hughes on the 20th September.

#### GRANDCHILDREN

##### Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Foster* of Barnsley, who are proud to announce the arrival of their first grandchild. A son, Benjamin Paul, was born on the 25th July to their daughter, Jane and her husband, Paul.

Mrs. J. Kempe, widow of the late *Mr. S.N. Kempe* of Camborne, on the arrival of her 25th grandchild, Candus Anne, born on the 30th September to Christopher and Sharon Kempe.

*Mr. and Mrs. J. Ormond* of Burgess Hill, on the arrival of their first grandchild. A girl, Emma Louise, was born on the 6th April to their son, Remmy, and his wife, Christine.

*Mr. and Mrs. C. Tibbit* of Capel-le-Ferne, on the arrival of a grandchild. A boy, Michael Alec, was born on the 28th July to their son, David and his wife, Janet.

*Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wood* of Brentwood, on the arrival of a grand-daughter, Sarah Jane, born on the 2nd October to their daughter, Marilyn and her husband, Andrew Wait.

#### GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

##### Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. G. Jones* of Cheriton, on the arrival of a great grandchild. A girl, Louise Sarah, was born on the 30th October, 1981, to their grand-daughter, Kim, and her husband, Denis Newell.

*Mr. J. Rowlands* of Bebbington, on the arrival of another great grandchild. On the 15th February, his grand-daughter presented him with a little girl, Alison Andrew.

*Mr. and Mrs. J. Sedgley* of Holywell Bay, who are delighted to announce the arrival of two new great grandchildren: a son, Richard John, born on August 27th to their grandson, Alan, and his wife, Christine; and a daughter, Gemma Ruth, born on July 27th to their grandson, Peter and his wife, Sylvia.

#### RUBY WEDDINGS

##### Congratulations to:

*William and Marion Wood* of Petersfield, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on the 17th October.

#### GOLDEN WEDDING

##### Congratulations to:

*Leslie and Rose Tanner* of Morden, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 15th October.

#### PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

##### Congratulations to:

*Mrs. Muriel Bryant* of Plymouth, who has once again won the first prize at the National Handicraft Exhibition for the Blind and has received a certificate.

Alan Ford, eldest son of *Mr. and Mrs. E. Ford* of Middlesborough, who was presented with his M.D. by H.R.H. Princess Anne at the Albert Hall on the 11th May this year. Alan studied at London University.

Andrew, youngest son of *Mr. and Mrs. E.H. Foster* of Barnsley, who obtained a Bachelor of Education Science degree with second class honours from Warwick University and has now taken up a post teaching Mathematics at Birkdale High School, Dewsbury.

*Mr. F. P. Surridge* of Herne Bay, on winning the Bexley Plate for Bowling in the competition held at Woodlands Park, Gravesend, on the 18th September.



## DEATHS

### We offer sympathy to:

Mrs. Rose Peacey, widow of the late *Mr. P. S. Peacey* of Saffron Walden, on the death of their son, George, who passed away on the 15th September.

*Mr. H. Pople* of Ross-on-Wye, on the death of his wife, Gladys Mary, who passed away on September 30th.

## In Memory

**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.**

### **A.A.H. Brown, 16th London Regiment.**

Albert Arthur Henry Brown of Reading passed away peacefully at his home on the 7th October, at the age of 97. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1917, and was one of our oldest surviving members.

Mr. Brown was wounded at Arras in 1917 whilst on active service as a Sergeant in the 16th London Regiment. Following a period of training in physiotherapy, Braille and typewriting, our St. Dunstaner set up in practice in Bath in 1920. In 1926 he moved with his wife, Elizabeth, and their four children, to Reading, where he remained as a highly respected and successful physiotherapist, continuing in practice until he retired at the age of 89.

Sadly, Mrs. Brown died in 1963 and from then on he was devotedly cared for by his housekeeper, Gertrude Clayton, and, for the past six years, by his daughter, Jean, who gave up her employment in order to care for our St. Dunstaner. In his youth, Mr. Brown possessed a fine singing voice. He was a member of the Rotary Club and, in latter years, enjoyed listening to his talking books for relaxation.

He leaves a daughter, Jean, and three sons.

### **R.A. Harmsworth, Royal Army Service Corps.**

Ronald Arthur Harmsworth of Aldershot passed away in hospital on the 20th September after a long illness borne with great fortitude. He was 66 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1948. Our St. Dunstaner was in the Regular Army, having enlisted in the R.A.S.C. in 1936. He served in the 2nd World War with the rank of Corporal, but was discharged in 1941 as his eyesight was failing.

On admission to St. Dunstan's, Mr. Harmsworth undertook a period of training in Braille, type-

writing and handicrafts, and as he had worked in the retail trade prior to enlisting in the Army, decided to become a shopkeeper. In 1949 he took over a confectionery shop which became a successful venture with the assistance of his wife, Claire, whom he married in 1939. He disposed of the business in 1954 and was re-trained for Telephony, and was a highly efficient operator until 1957, when he decided to go back to shopkeeping. His second venture into this field was even more successful and included a Post Office, but Mr. Harmsworth was forced to retire on health grounds in 1967, moving to Aldershot to live three years later.

In his leisure hours, Mr. Harmsworth was a very keen gardener, raising splendid crops of fruit and vegetables. With the assistance of his wife, his greatest hobby in later years was model-making and his two ships, the '*Victory*' and the '*Golden Hind*', were the subjects of articles and photographs in the *Review* in January and December last year.

Throughout his long illness, our St. Dunstaner was devotedly cared for by his wife, Claire, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy. Our condolences also to Mr. Harmsworth's brother, sister-in-law, and all members of the family.

### **J.A. Simpson, Royal Army Service Corps.**

John Arthur Simpson of Peacehaven, affectionately known as 'Johnny' to numerous St. Dunstaners and their wives, passed away in hospital on the 11th September. He was 53 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1951, having served as a Private in the R.A.S.C. during the 2nd World War.

Following a period of training, Mr. Simpson went into industry as a Capstan Operator and on Inspection from 1955, and he was a valued and efficient employee until 1977, when he had to retire on health grounds.

Mr. Simpson took a great interest in sporting activities throughout his life, and was a keen walker for many years, taking part in Marathon and Charity sponsored walks, for which he was the recipient of many medals and prizes. He was also a keen fisherman and bowler and a valued member of our Clubs in Brighton for both activities. He took part in the Cader Idris climb on several occasions and in more recent years became an excellent horseman. His horsemanship was the subject of a long article in the Brighton & Hove Gazette in 1979, which described how he had invented his own method of training with the use of a 'bleeper'. In that year, Mr. Simpson took part in the procession of Rottingdean Village Fair, riding his favourite horse, Simon. Our St. Dunstaner was also interested in music and was justly proud of having started the Whitehawk Drum and Trumpet Corps in 1977.

He leaves a widow, Esther Elizabeth, whom he married in St. Dunstan's Chapel in 1951, and six daughters.