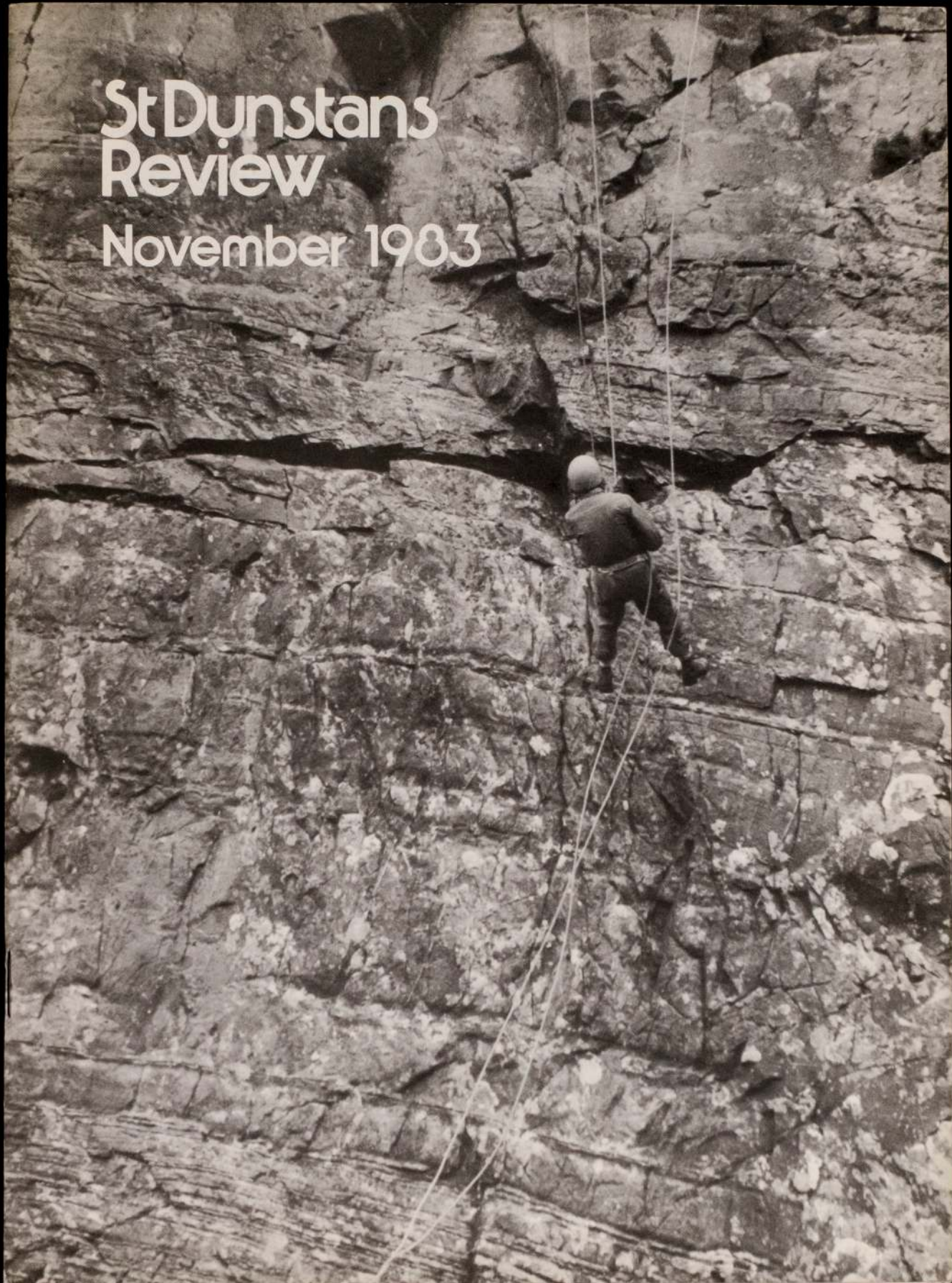


St Dunstons
Review
November 1983





**St. Dunstan's
President,
Sir Michael Ansell,
writes:**

RETIREMENT OF OUR CHAIRMAN

It is with great regret that I have to tell of the retirement of Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme; I could have said Mrs. Garnett-Orme as well, since she has worked on our behalf with as much dedication as her husband. We have been unbelievably lucky to have had their encouragement for 25 years, for eight of which he was Chairman, and we all wish them a long, happy and well-deserved retirement. He was a P.O.W. for five years, so obviously understood our problems all too well. No two persons could have been kinder or more hard working on our behalf. We thank them both sincerely.

We welcome Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach, who comes to us as only our fourth Chairman since 1915. He has had an extremely interesting and successful career in the Royal Navy which he joined as a cadet at the age of 13. He served in most parts of the world in many ships from frigates to battleships and these years were interspersed with numerous Staff appointments. In 1979 he was appointed First Sea Lord and in this capacity was at the helm during the Falklands Campaign.

He has a delightful wife and two daughters, who I know we will soon have the pleasure of meeting.

We should be proud that he has consented to be our Chairman, I know I am.

M. P. Ansell



Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach.

CHAIRMAN OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

**Sir Henry Leach
elected**

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 13th, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, C.B.E. announced his retirement from the Chairmanship of St. Dunstan's, the post he has held since 1975 when he succeeded the late Lord Fraser of Lonsdale. In his place the Executive Council has elected Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach, G.C.B. Sir Henry Leach, who is 59, joined St. Dunstan's Council

in October, 1982. Like most St. Dunstaners, he was involved throughout the Second World War and served in battleships, cruisers and destroyers. Sir Henry's post-war service led him through senior command appointments at sea and ashore. As Chief of Naval Staff and First Sea Lord he was ultimately responsible for the part played by the Navy in the Falklands Campaign. Sir Henry is married and has two daughters; he lives near Winchester.

Presentation fund to be opened

Many St. Dunstaners, having received Mr. Garnett-Orme's letter announcing his retirement, have asked that a presentation fund be organised. They feel that their colleagues would wish to express their appreciation of the great contribution made by Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme to the life of St.

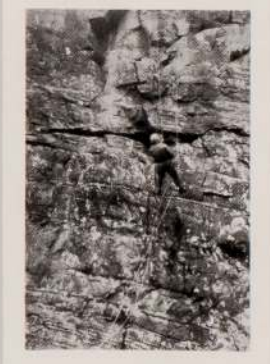
Dunstan's over a quarter of a century.

Anyone wishing to contribute may send their remittances to Mr. W. C. Weisblatt, who has gladly agreed to act as Treasurer. Cheques or Postal Orders, made out to St. Dunstan's, should be sent to him at Headquarters.

10p MONTHLY
NOVEMBER 1983

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Cover Picture: One of the St. Dunstaners taking part in the expedition to Wales is seen abseiling down a sheer rock-face. (See article on centre pages.)



The scene in 1943 when St. Dunstaners repatriated from German P.O.W. camps arrived at Church Stretton.

P.O.W. SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

40 years after the day they were repatriated, Tom Hart writes of the members of the St. Dunstan's school in a German P.O.W. camp.

Towards the end of October 1943, the Band of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry marched into Church Stretton, Shropshire, followed by a coach with about thirty Servicemen aboard who, ten days previously, had been held in Prisoner of War Camps throughout Germany. The majority of them had spent three and a half years in these camps having been captured at the time of Dunkirk. Many a story has been told of the thousands of troops that were evacuated from the shores of France, but little of those who, through circumstances of having to stay behind to hold or delay the enemy, or having been wounded and left behind in French or Belgian hospitals, had to spend many a long year behind barbed wire. Such was the fate of many of the chaps on board this

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coach, nearly all had seen action in the fall back to the coast, had been blinded and left behind to be taken care of by small units of the R.A.M.C. to be eventually swallowed up by the advancing enemy.

It was to be many months before these blinded servicemen were to be united in the one camp, some had to undergo a series of operations that kept them isolated in hospitals throughout Germany or the occupied countries, but a small group were together in one P.O.W. hospital. To keep them occupied and to pass the time away for them, other patients used to read to them. Among the readers was Lieutenant the Marquis of Normanby, who had been seriously wounded in the leg. He became very interested in the blind and, after finding the Braille alphabet in a French

dictionary, started to teach them Braille by pushing matches through paper to form the patterns. So started one of the most unique schools I suppose in the history of the War.

A tragic accident had to happen, however, before this school came into full fruition. In September 1941 the wounded men who had passed the International Commission of Medical Specialists were told that they were to be sent home. After many days of preparation they assembled together at various centres and, after leaving their scanty possessions for those who were to be left behind, were put on to trains en route for Rouen and then by Dieppe to Newhaven. Alas, this was not to happen; after arrival at Rouen and spending the night there expecting that in the morning the train would carry them on to Dieppe, imagine the feeling when we were told that repatriation had fallen through and we were to be returned to Germany.

Another two years had to elapse before repatriation finally came off and we returned to Britain via Sweden. In the meantime, however, Lord Normanby had persuaded the German officials to allow him to collect the eye injuries into one camp, where a famous Liverpool eye specialist was able to attend to their wounds. Major Charters did an excellent job under difficult circumstances and, when repatriation came off in 1943, volunteered to stay behind in case of any other injuries coming in.

School starts

A school was started in the camp and eventually about twenty-five blinded and partially sighted men were in attendance. Lord Normanby was the 'head' and saw that a strict curriculum was adhered to. Braille reading and writing were the main subjects, teachers of typewriting, music, book-keeping and other subjects were also

This photograph, taken by a German photographer at Stalag 9A/H Klosta Heina, shows pupils and staff of the Braille School. Lord Normanby is seated in the centre. St. Dunstaners in the picture include: Tom Hart, Leonard McGinnis (South Africa), Dennis Fleisig, Tom Wood (New Zealand), Fred Woodcock (Canada), Danny Parker, Pat Timiney, George Allen, Billy Denchars (Scottish National Institution), Len Cook, Ron Ellis, Alan Williams (Australia), Billy Burnett, Jimmy Legge and Bill Young.



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Lord Normanby and the late Captain Holloway arrive in England on repatriation. In the background are Lord and Lady Fraser.

recruited. Through the Red Cross a German ex-Officer who had been blinded in the First World War came to the camp to help with the teaching of Braille.

Under the influence of Lord Normanby and his staff, the Braille School became more efficient and the activities broadened. A band was formed and although only one or two had a knowledge of music, it was to the credit of our music teacher, the late Rud Brown, a New Zealander, that the majority of these men learnt an instrument and were able to take part. The students became competent in typing, thanks to Corporal Mountcastle (Monty) of the K.R.R.'s and were able to write their own letters home. Equipment started to come into the camp from St. Dunstan's and through the wonderful help of Dr. Cellander of the Swedish Y.M.C.A., musical instruments and typing paper and all other pieces of equipment arrived. One day he arrived with a piano on a lorry! Lord Normanby kept us busy, we had end of term exams and school

holidays with nowhere to go, but morale was high.

Ever since our disappointment over the cancelled repatriation in 1941 we always lived in the hope that one day it would eventually come off and every wild rumour was hailed as a scoop and celebrated with a special 'Brew Up'. Months went by of waiting and hoping, but then, as they say 'to those who wait' came the greatest scoop. Tom Wood, a blind New Zealander sitting outside in the sunshine, was approached by the German Commandant and after a few minutes chatter, the Commandant told Tom that there was great hope that he would be going home shortly.

This indeed was the greatest scoop of all. The camp rang with special celebrations and after days of nervous waiting, we were issued with labels and told that the train to take us home was at the station. Boarding the train, imagine our disappointment and fear when we were taken off again and told that we were on the wrong one. The scoop, however, turned out to be the best, for a couple of days later we were once again put on a train which eventually arrived at the Baltic port of Rugin and there we embarked on a Swedish ferry to sail out of captivity into a free country.

Many years have passed since then, forty to be exact. What have we done with ourselves? Thanks to our teachers and especially our headmaster Lord Normanby, a lot. Most of us have retired now, but we still meet and talk about the old days. We can still have a laugh at some of the incidents that happened; such as the time that Syd Doy smashed the door down when the Germans were counting us after an escape, when Billy Burnett got three days bread and water for throwing his boot at a German orderly, and what happened to George Allen when he got covered with sweet violets – perhaps you could ask him!

It has been proposed to arrange a reunion of St. Dunstaners who are members of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes in May or October 1984. Would anyone who is interested please inform Commander Conway at Ian Fraser House or Tom Page (by telephone, Braille letter or tape) of 54 Regent Park Avenue, Morecambe, Lancs. LA3 1AU, as soon as possible. (Tapes will be returned.)

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 3488

Doctor in the Nest

By Richard Gordon

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 7¼ hours

This is a jolly yarn about that irascible surgeon-extraordinary Sir Lancelot Spratt, surely one of Dr. Gordon's most enduring—and endearing—creations.

Sir Lancelot is the consultant at St. Sepulchre's, a tumbledown cash-starved Victorian hospital in the little town of Spratt's Bottom(!). The NHS plan to scrap the decrepit hospital. Sir Lancelot has other ideas and decides to fight the impending closure.

He sets about his self-appointed task with his usual vigour and flamboyance, twice falls foul of the law, and only abandons his campaign after a satisfactory compromise has been worked out.

The book is peopled with typical Gordon large-than-life characters, like the self-made Australian millionaire who talks incessantly in the obscenely-colourful patois of a sheep-station roustabout. Ron Cherrymore, all beads and corduroys and beard, has renounced his peerage to become a left-wing activist. There is even a Trade Union official who talks exactly like a Trade Union official, a couple of wife-swapping locums, and many many more...

Typical Gordon medical frolic, more or less the mixture as before, to be taken (not too seriously) once or twice a day in fairly small doses.

Cat. No. 1027

The Women in Shakespeare's Life

By Ivor Brown

Read by William Jack

Reading Time 7½ hours

The title is a little misleading. This is not, as might be supposed, an account of the Bard's sexual adventures.

The women of the title include his mother, Mary Arden, wife Ann, daughters Susannah and Judith, Mary Sydney, Duchess of Pembroke (was she the 'dark

lady of the the sonnets'?) and many more, the most illustrious being the Queen herself.

The author sets out to show that the women of Shakespeare's day were not merely the illiterate chattels of their menfolk, as some historians would have us believe. The Sovereign was not only a woman but academically brilliant and probably the best-educated person in Europe. Ladies close to the court were anxious to follow this august lead and they developed wide-ranging interests in art and letters. Mary Sydney was a notable scholar and linguist, and many brilliant women surrounded themselves with the leading poets and philosophers of the day.

Numeracy and literacy were by no means confined to the wealthy and the high-born. Girls were taught alongside their brothers in the 'petty schools', there were schools exclusively for girls and some co-educational establishments of 'grammar school' status. Indeed, it would be fair to say that the proportion of literate women during Elizabeth's reign was far higher than that which prevailed in Victorian times.

This pleasant and informative book does not confine itself to Elizabethan women but ranges widely to give us a vivid and colourful picture of the life and times of William Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CRAFTS BY WAR PENSIONERS

Fred Galway, of Cheshire, has recently had great success with the Grandmother Clock he made. When entered in a local competition it won first prize in the joinery section and a first class certificate in the open section. On the 28th and 29th September the clock was on show at the 'National Exhibition of War Pensioners' at Caxton Hall, which was organised by the D.H.S.S.

Geoffrey Andrew, of New Southgate, had his cane work and chair seating on show at the exhibition, for which he won first class certificates. Well done Fred and Geoffrey.



Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre and Council Members, Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris and Air Vice-Marshal Edward Colahan with St. Dunstaners and their wives and staff in the quadrangle of Eton College.

HANDLESS REUNION

Report and photographs:
David Castleton

The reunion of handless and deaf St. Dunstaners this year became, unfortunately, a reunion of handless St. Dunstaners as Wally Thomas and Ron Ellis were both unable to attend. Wally did manage to come to the final dinner, to receive a warm welcome from his fellow St. Dunstaners.

Three of the five days of the reunion were spent at the Castle Hotel, Windsor, because the programme arranged by Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre and Air Vice-Marshal Colahan took place in that area.

It was a reunion with a strong Royal Air Force flavour which was apparent as the party approached Windsor Castle for the first event. Instead of the expected red tunics of the guards it was the Air Force blue worn by members of the R.A.F. Regiment on duty at the gates.

Inside the Castle St. Dunstaners were the guests of an eminent R.A.F. officer,

Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Grandy, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., who is Constable and Governor of Windsor Castle. After tea with Sir John and Lady Grandy in their handsome apartments the party attended Evensong in St. George's Chapel.

The Chapel is the home of the Knights of the Garter and St. Dunstaners and escorts sat in the candle-lit choir stalls under the elaborately carved woodwork hung with banners and bearing plates engraved with the names and arms of present and previous knights. Although St. Dunstaners had to visualise the beauty around them, they could appreciate the excellent choral singing from the Chapel Choir.

Emerging into the courtyard St. Dunstaners found another surprise. For the first time in seven years the ceremony of beating retreat was being staged at the castle. It was the band of the famous Blues and Royals, marching and counter-marching against the warm, stone background of the Castle and above in the evening sky, as if on cue, Concorde, on its landing approach towards Heathrow Airport, made a dramatic entrance.

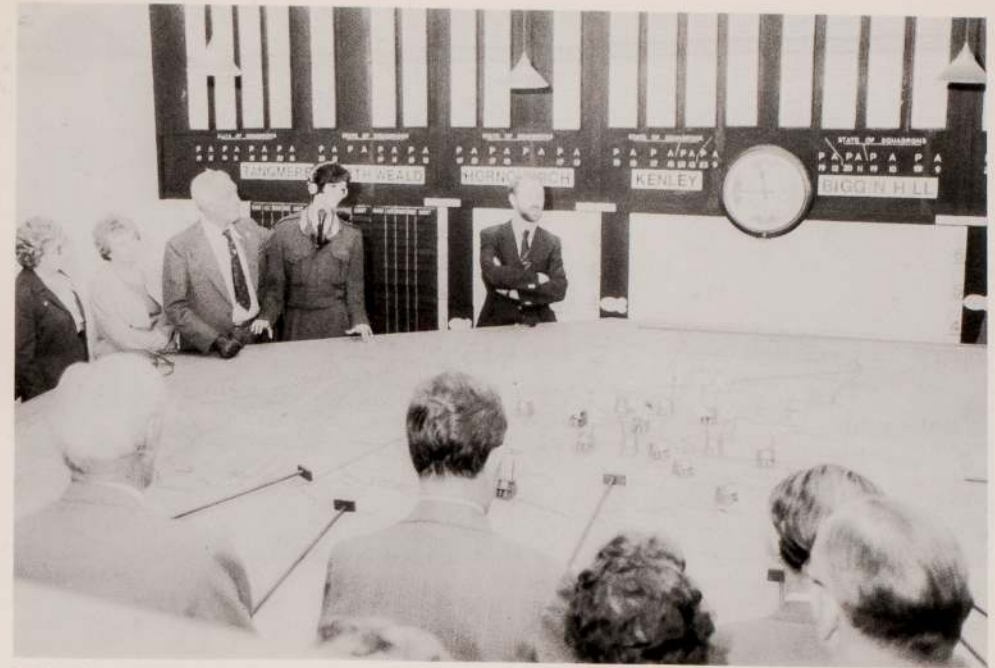
Dinner presentation

At dinner that evening in the Castle Hotel, Sir John and Lady Grandy were guests of honour. They were welcomed by Air Vice Marshal Colahan and then John Proctor made the presentation to Sir John of an inscribed coffee table made by St. Dunstaner Tommy McKay. "I am very proud to have that", said Sir John, "It is a wonderful souvenir. It is very moving for us and a source of profound admiration to see the courage and cheerfulness with which you and your wives face your handicap".

Then Sir John encapsulated 900 years of the history of Windsor Castle into a relatively few words which gave his audience an insight not only into the story of this Royal Castle but also the famous order of Knighthood, the Garter, which has its home there.

In a visit to the State Apartments the following day, the party went through the great hall, decorated with the shields of Knights of the Garter past and present. Sighted members could appreciate the splendid collection of furniture and paintings throughout the apartments and try to describe them to their companions.

Specially arranged for Ted and Iris Miller was a visit to the Queen's doll's house. Our



In the famous Battle of Britain Ops room.

doll's house experts were full of praise and envious of the miniature items of furniture, paintings and household equipment specially made for the house.

Outside once again – by luck or, as Air Vice Marshal Colahan suggested, by Elizabeth Dacre's magic wand – the party found Changing the Guard in full swing with the band of the R.A.F. Regiment.

For the rest of the day the R.A.F. took over. First at R.A.F. Uxbridge, through the good offices of Air Commodore G.Mcl. Bacon, A.O.C. Military Air Traffic Organisation, the group visited the scene of a very different air traffic organisation, No. 11 Group's operations room, deep in an underground bunker, from which the squadrons fighting the Battle of Britain were directed.

This has been restored with the original map table on which the movements of enemy and R.A.F. aircraft were plotted, the boards which indicated the state of readiness of squadrons on such famous airfields as Biggin Hill, Tangmere and Kenley.

Our St. Dunstaners were following, long after, in the footsteps of such distinguished visitors as King George VI and Winston

Churchill during the Second World War. The lecturer's most interesting account of events and description of the control room were supplemented by Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, who himself flew Spitfires and later in the war had control of a similar operations room.

More historic ground was trodden at Bentley Priory, headquarters of Fighter Command during World War Two. First, a guided tour in groups for St. Dunstaners and escorts which took them into the late Lord Dowding's office, among other rooms in this elegant building. Cocktails were served in the rotunda, decorated with drawings and paintings of famous fighter pilots like Douglas Bader and Stanford Tuck. It was here that R.A.F. veteran Bill Griffiths, after a most amusing speech, presented an inscribed coffee table to Air Vice-Marshal K.W. Hayr, C.B., C.B.E., A.F.C., A.O.C., No. 11 Group. In reply Air Vice-Marshal Hayr said how pleased he and his staff were to welcome St. Dunstaners to Bentley Priory.

It was a fairly tired but very happy party that drove back to Windsor, talking over their fascinating glimpses back into the history of the Second World War as it was



The band of the Blues and Royals beating retreat.

fought in the air, while David Bell insisted that he knew all the time that the W.A.A.F. he put his arm around in the Control Room was a dummy!

The 'away' programme of events at Windsor had begun with Evensong, it concluded on Sunday morning with Family Communion, this time in the Chapel of Eton College. To participate in this service was, for most of our party, a unique experience. The beauty of the Chapel – dating from the 1400's when Henry VI founded the College, its size and the sound of some 300 boys' voices, led by their choir, lustily singing familiar hymns, gave the occasion ingredients which could appeal to sighted and blind. What the sighted could also observe was the boys' traditional dress of black tail coats and striped trousers.

The visit to the most famous of English schools ended with cocktails as guests of Lord Charteris of Amisfield, Provost of Eton College. Here, David Bell made the presentation of another of Tommy McKay's tables to the Provost. David made his usual witty and well-researched speech so much so that Lord Charteris began his reply saying, "David Bell, you are dangerously well informed"! In more serious vein the Provost welcomed St. Dunstaners and their escorts and spoke of the history of the school and his own role.

After lunch the party returned to Ian Fraser House where entertainment had been arranged by Mrs. Anne Pugh. The band of the Royal Engineers Association played in the Lounge under the direction of Squadron Leader Warnes.

On Monday afternoon it was down to business when St. Dunstaners met with Mr. Weisblatt, Mr. French, Miss Mosley and Miss Lord from Headquarters and with Commander Simon Conway, Administrator of our Brighton Homes. These technical and welfare discussions are greatly helped by the presence of Dr. Fletcher from Roehampton, who always makes a point of attending the business day of the Handless Reunion.

Dr. Fletcher was also a most welcome guest at the final dinner held in the Eaton Restaurant, Hove. There too were Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, Mrs. Blackford, Miss Olive Hallet, Mr. Laurie Fawcett and staff members who had attended the afternoon's discussion.

After speeches by Mr. Weisblatt, Dr. Fletcher and Ted Miller, Peggy Brett made presentations on behalf of St. Dunstaners and their wives to Mrs. Dacre and Mrs. Pugh. In her short speech of thanks, Mrs. Dacre said she already had some ideas for the 1984 Reunion – but that will be another story.



George Cole, at the First Class Operators Club reunion meets some of his fellow members he had previously met only by radio. There are only 500 members, all morse experts, all over the world and some 190 were at the reunion. Bill's contacts in the picture came from Florida, Frankfurt, Newfoundland and South Carolina.

Curly Wagstaff being presented with the Ambassador for Peace Medal by the Korean Embassy's Defence Attache Captain Paek and his wife. The medal was presented on behalf of the Korean Veterans' Association whose headquarters is in Seoul.





Physiotherapy conference

by Norman Hopkins

The venue this year was the Regent Crest Hotel, London. There we celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the St. Dunstan's Physiotherapy Advisory Committee.

The conference was attended by forty St. Dunstaners with their wives or escorts and the weekend commenced with a "Get-Together" on Friday evening. This included an excellent buffet supper and bar which set the scene for an enjoyable reunion.

Orthopaedic Surgery

A lively A.G.M. got us started on Saturday morning and after a coffee break, we were into our first lecture by Mr. E.L. Trickey, F.R.C.S. His subject, appropriately, was 'Orthopaedic Surgery over Sixty Years'. This proved to be most interesting, showing how treatments have developed over the years, bringing us up to date with modern techniques in joint replacements and the sophisticated use of micro-surgery.

We met up with our wives for lunch at 1 p.m. and by 2.15 we were ready for our second lecture. This, given by Mr. J. Challoner, M.C.S.P., was on 'Exercise Routines for the Spine'. He dealt concisely with the subject and promoted great interest in the new McKenzie spinal extension procedures. Following this, Messrs. M.S. Spencer (Banbury) gave a

demonstration of their interferential therapy equipment which concluded the day's programme.

An excellent leaflet, "An Ideal Occupation", issued by the Public Relations Dept., was available in the foyer. The history, accompanied by photographs, gives the background to and tells the story of the growth of St. Dunstan's physiotherapists.

Our evening celebration was to be dinner followed by dancing, and we started to assemble from six-thirty onwards. Dinner commenced with Charles Campkin saying Grace and a pleasant evening was launched. The guests at dinner included Mr. and Mrs. Garnet-Orme, Mrs. J. Williams and Mr. Barber of the C.S.P., Mr. P. Cox of A.B.P.C. and wife, Mr. D. Wood of Sir Percy Way Memorial library, and friend, and last but not least our guest of honour, Mr. Stephen Jack.

The meal proceeded with plenty of talk and laughter as is usual amongst old friends. After proposing a toast to H.M. the Queen, Mr. Garnet-Orme introduced our chairman, Bill Shea. Bill, after welcoming the guests, gave a brief history of the foundation of our Advisory Committee in 1923, under the guidance of the late Lord Fraser, who like our Founder Sir Arthur Pearson before him, fought constantly for

recognition and finally State Registration for blind physiotherapists.

Stephen Jack

The guest of honour, Mr. Stephen Jack, whose voice is well known to St. Dunstaners from the Talking Books and *Review*, was introduced by Mr. Garnet-Orme. He spoke of his early days as an actor and then how he became greatly interested in dialects. Later he put these talents to good use by his services to the blind. P.A.C. Vice-Chairman Des Coupe concluded the speeches by ably proposing the vote of thanks to St. Dunstans.

The diamond anniversary conference seems to have been enjoyed greatly and our thanks must be given to all concerned in its organisation and in particular to our secretary, Norman French. The high standard of the lectures was evident and much appreciated.

Right: Chairman, Bill Shea, discusses interferential equipment with the representative from Spencer's.

Below: Bob Owen and Roy French from South Africa, Bob Lloyd and Norman Perry at the Jubilee Dinner with their wives.





Abseiling

by John Carnochan, Sports Officer

Photos: Bob Thomas

This year's visit to the Snowdonia National Park area was just a wee bit different from last year, when the object was to climb mountains by the most direct route. This year it was descend by the most direct route, i.e. straight down, the technique being termed abseiling, a most exciting experience. Our party numbered two more than in previous years, and consisted of the following St. Dunstaners accompanied by their escorts: R. Sheriff, T. Tatchell, W. Shea, R. Peart, E. Bradshaw, T. Bullingham, M. Tetley and T. Lukes. Unfortunately a few days before we were due to assemble at the Ty Mawr Hotel at Llanbedr, I received a letter from Tom Lukes to say he would have to opt out this time as ironically Tom, who is one of our stalwart supporters and a very keen climber, had fallen down the stairs at his home and fractured a few ribs. We did miss you Tom and trust you are now fully recovered.

Having settled in at the hotel and enjoyed a nice hot meal after the long nine hour drive, Barry Ellis, the climb master and organiser for the weekend, arrived to brief us on the following days activity. Saturday morning saw us up bright and early to the steady patter of rain on the leaves outside. After a hearty breakfast we set off in the minibus to the start of the climb which would take us to the "drop off" point for abseiling. The ascent was fairly gradual and adjacent to the Rhinog Fach, which we had climbed the previous year, only this time we did not go so high. After about three hours we reached the summit of our destination, where we had our packed lunches and the Rhinog Mountain Rescue Unit busied themselves preparing the equipment for the fast descent; the procedure being to secure the rope you had to descend on to a large rock and drop it over the edge of the cliff face.



Bill Shea begins the descent.

Whilst this was being done the other members of the team were preparing the first St. Dunstaner, Trevor Tatchell, who up till now was serenading the rest of the party with vocal renderings of "Climb Every Mountain". When told he was going first, somehow his throat seemed to dry up. I think someone put alum instead of sugar in his tea. However, Trevor was rigged up in a seat-type sling, to which was secured a 'caribini', a steel metal link with a split collar, that was sealed with a screw up collar. Attached to the 'caribini' was a figure of eight shaped piece of linkage through which the descending rope was passed, the object being to hold the rope above the linkage with one hand and with the other hand, by keeping the rope below the linkage close to the body, you locked the run. By moving the lower hand with the rope outwards to the right and letting the rope slip through both hands you were able to descend quite fast by bouncing off the cliff face with your feet and the movement of the lower hand from six to three o'clock governed your speed of descent. This is the general principle.

So one by one our St. Dunstaners were prepared, and as they walked backwards to the edge to get the feel of the movement, they suddenly disappeared over the edge

of an approximately 100 foot sheer drop. For once in my life I wanted to be a St. Dunstaner, then I wouldn't be able to see where I was going, but once over the edge one very quickly got the idea and it was all over too quickly. Had the weather been kinder it would have been more exciting as the face was quite slippery and one's hands got a bit cold waiting, but they soon warmed up with the rope sliding through. At this point one must reiterate the advice continually handed out to all those who go to places like Snowdonia, and that is: have the correct type of equipment, the right clothing, food, compass, means of attracting attention, whistle, crash helmet, first aid equipment, if possible radio equipment and finally leave a note with the local rescue unit or police that you are going and where and what time you expect to be back. I am sure Ray Peart will remember these golden rules, particularly the wearing of a crash helmet because during his descent a large lump of rock was dislodged by the rope he was coming down and glanced off the front of his helmet. I think this speeded up his descent as Ray seemed to get down faster than most of us. Having completed the abseiling we made up the equipment for the walk back to base where we had left our minibus, where we



Trevor Tatchell, Bill Shea, Ray Peart, Mike Tetley and Ray Sheriff with their escorts.

Abseiling — continued

bade farewell to the Rhinog Rescue Team, who were responsible for our safety and instruction, and returned to the Ty Mawr for a welcome hot bath and change for the evening meal.

Sunday saw the inclusion of wives and escorts for the environmental tours, firstly to the local privately owned slate caverns where our guide gave us a very interesting and entertaining tour of the caverns. Although no longer of any commercial use, they were still used to conceal explosives during the last war. From the slate caverns we continued on to the Rhinog Mountain Rescue Hut at Llanbedr where we were given a most instructive talk of the use of mountain rescue equipment and the procedures involved from the word go. It is interesting to note that like the Life Boat Service, people who engage themselves in mountain rescue are pure volunteers and receive no remuneration for their services and are usually recruited for their local knowledge and expertise in the use of the type of equipment involved.

Finally we finished our tours with a second visit to the Talybont Old Country Life Centre run by Pat and Keith Durrant. We were introduced to their latest acquisitions which had just arrived the previous evening; a steam tractor and steam roller both in perfect working order. As always Keith seems to derive great

pleasure in allowing our St. Dunstaners to handle and indeed ride in anything that moves, the latest addition to his motor cycle cavalcade was an old war dept. Norton 16H with side-car and Trevor Tatchell with Bill Shea, one in the sidecar and one riding pillion, with Keith driving did a few circuits of the Talybont car-park, much to the amusement of the other visitors. Nothing seems to be too much trouble for Pat and Keith when we visit them.

So it was back to the Ty Mawr for a clean up and prepare ourselves for the farewell dinner with our guests, Rowena and Bob Thomas and Gwyneth and Barry Ellis, our organisers and mentors of the weekend. After dinner Trevor, our Welsh orator, gave a vote of thanks to all those responsible for our welfare throughout the weekend. In replying, Barry Ellis promised us that next year's programme would be that little more demanding again, as it seems to be each year. Next year will include pony trekking, two man canoeing and assimilating our own mountain rescue by using all the equipment normally involved and of course some more abseiling. All I can add to that is "Keep Fit"!

We missed our resident photographer this year, David Castleton, but feel sure that Bob Thomas, his deputy, has provided us with some good pictures, despite the bad visibility. Finally, thank you all for your attendance and enthusiasm.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

I SANK THE GRAF SPEE

In my teens I spent much time browsing in "*Jane's Fighting Ships*;" the size of the book, its glossy paper, its photographs of battleships, cruisers and destroyers fascinated me, and the idea that a 16-inch gun could hurl a ton of shell as far as the horizon seemed to me a most marvellous thing. We did not have "*Jane's*" at home, bound editions of "*Punch*," yes, a treatise on Hatha Yoga, H. G. Wells' "*Short History of the World*," the plays of Shaw in tattered paperback, in shabby buckram the works of Jack London, but for "*Jane's*" I had to go to Dundee Central Library, there in the silence of its reading-room, sun slanting through the windows, to immerse myself in the fleets of the world. There were other things in the library which attracted my attention, "*The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*" by T. E. Lawrence, vast folios of Rembrandt's paintings, the Newgate Calendar, but it was swashbuckling Italian cruisers which were my chief delight, queer-looking Russian battleships, Japanese naval units bristling with guns, the *Barhams* and *Malayas* of our own then predominant fleet.

Bernard Shaw, it is said, could often be seen in the British Museum dividing his attention between "*Das Kapital*" and the "*Ring*;" for myself, in correspondingly erudite surroundings, I stared at *Hood*, *Repulse* and *Renown*, the invincible might they embodied, with all the awe of seventeen years of age. Dundee Central Library is housed in a Victorian Building called the Albert Institute. A florid Staircase curves up to its main door, its architecture is as much decorative as functional, and it has been immortalized by a worthy now famous all over the world for his eccentric scansion, strained rhymes and conventionalized half-wittedness. "The Albert Institute," he says, "where the do'os flee in and oot." Hugh McDiarmid said, "It is not that McGonigall is a bad poet, but that he is not a poet at all." The likes of McGonigall congregated in Dundee Central Library, mostly because it was warm, and

as I studied the outlines of the French submarine *Surcoef* I would be aware that on my left side sat a ragged man with a stubbly face copying drawings from Gray's "*Anatomy*," on my right side someone who mumbled and slavered and at the same time made copious notes from "*Encyclopaedia Britannica*," the edition on India paper with limp leather covers.

Outside, the life of Dundee went on, trams screeched in Reform Street, a bobby strolled around in his helmet, the smell of Keiller's jam, a kestrel hovering above the Royal Insurance office; inside, there was the musty smell of antique volumes, the whispers of librarians, coughs, and a general atmosphere of learning in the tertiary stages of its decline. One day, the war was on now, my eye was caught by photographs in "*Jane's*" of the German pocket-battleships *Von Scheer*, *Graf Spee* and *Deutschland*. They all had 11-inch guns, I noted, a speed of God knows how many knots, and could destroy the seaborne trade of Britain between them if it came to the bit. What a privilege, I thought, to be sunk by ships such as these. That evening I returned home, ate my soya-link sausage, then started twiddling the knobs of our 5-valve Philips receiver. Perhaps I could pick up some jazz from Schenectady, signals from New Zealand, but it was an English-language broadcast from Montevideo which caught my attention. "Harassed by three British cruisers," it said, "A German pocket-battleship has taken refuge in the River Plate. It is thought to be the *Graf Spee*." Not often can a student of "*Jane's Fighting Ships*" have been vouchsafed such a scoop. Three hours before the 9 o'clock news, when this information was broadcast to the nation, the Dundee "*Courier*" had been told the facts by me. Subsequently Captain Langsdorf scuttled his ship, a civilization tottered, but the pigeons of the Albert Institute, quite unconcerned, just continued in the words of McGonigall to "Flee in and oot."



Ways of Life

The Ostrich and the Suit of Armour

Jim Fraser talks to Ray Hazan

photos: Lois Stringer

You cannot imagine, you must be there, to know the depths to which human depravity can descend. Those who were prisoners of the Japanese know. If any of these men can forgive, or understand, it is because the Japanese did exactly the same to their own 'miscreants'. But it is difficult to comprehend any philosophy which practises starvation and degradation of both body and soul. Some of the physical effects of those experiences are only just coming to the surface. An increasing number of new beneficiaries are ex Far East prisoners of war (FEPOW'S). Some 10 per cent of all St. Dunstaners fall into this category.

Many have a degree of guiding vision, which can, at times, be more complicated and frustrating than being totally blind. One, who joined St. Dunstan's very early on, is Jim Fraser of Coxheath, near Maidstone. Jim was born in Edinburgh, but left at the age of 5, when his father's business took him to England. He graduated from technical college, the Colchester School of Art, shortly before the war. His first job was in a newsagents, who had their own printing works at the back of the shop. When the owner died, Jim was left to run the entire printing side of the business, from taking the orders, to setting up the type, cutting the paper, pulling the proofs, and all for the princely sum of about a pound a week.

Jim had always wanted to join the RAF. He would have been a boy entrant had circumstances permitted. The declaration of war presented him with his opportunity, but he was turned down on his first application for being too young. 9 months later, in 1940, in his 18th year Jim was finally accepted into the RAF as a flight mechanic (airframe). After several months experience and a conversion course, he became a Group One trained fitter, and was posted to Singapore. "The annoying thing was that I arrived in Singapore, and was set to work, not on aircraft, but sorting mail!"

"The name Singapore had always fascinated me, and the thought of a 4 year posting there sounded very attractive. But the Japs were not there then. When they did arrive, we clanged our way down to the docks in the station fire engine, and were able to board a boat for Java. The boat was bombed for 6 solid hours as it reached the port of Batavia. We subsequently discovered that this was the barrage prior to the invasion of Sumatra; it was Friday 13th February, a bit of an omen really." After a period of aimless wandering in the hills, the party discovered that the Dutch had capitulated. This effectively cut any chances or thought of escape. Jim subsequently spent 12 months in jail in Batavia where he was made to carry out various menial tasks. He

was then shipped out to the island of Ambon where, for 18 months, he worked as a coolie extending a runway. "We walked 4 miles to our place of work. In temperatures of 120 degrees in the shade, we carried baskets of sand slung on a bamboo pole between two men. And always there was the glare of the sun off the silvery sand. We then had the 4 mile walk back again, to a handful of rice and watery soup."

As the number of sick mounted, so they were shipped back to Java. Jim reported for one such trip, but the Japanese doctor ordered him to be taken on his stretcher, into a hut. Jim thought it was to be in the shade. The doctor, however, had other ideas. He wanted them to die on the island, not on the ship.

Blank vision

One day, just before his 21st birthday, Jim was standing on roll call. "I noticed a guard appear from nowhere, and disappear again, and realised I had a big blank spot in my vision." Shortly after that, his legs started collapsing underneath him without warning. He then became totally paralysed. "Out of 3 of us, I was the most favoured to use the rough coffin lying outside the hut ready. I don't really know what kept me going. Perhaps the thought that they did not know what was happening to me; you have to struggle, to fight. The English medical orderlies were fantastic chaps. They did all they could for us. As for the stories about the harsh treatment of prisoners, you can believe all you have read. What was strange was that you could be severely punished, but then patted on the head, given a packet of cigarettes, and told not to do it again. But woe betide you if you did!"

When Jim did finally reach Java again, he heard that the first hospital ship which he was to have been on, had been lost with all hands, torpedoed by an American submarine.

Jim spent the remainder of the war in Cycle camp. "One day, the guards suddenly started saluting us. Food became a little more plentiful, and there were clothes and footwear. These were followed by a parachute drop of Canadian journalists to film conditions. Then Lady Mountbatten arrived. She said, 'I promise you will be away from here by the end of the week'. I

was on a Dakota for Singapore 2 hours later." Jim finally arrived in Liverpool in November 1945, having made his way by plane and boat from the Far East.

Jim himself discovered a very remarkable story when his parents came to see him, all 6 stone and close cropped hair, in hospital at RAF Cosford. By some fluke of the airwaves, Jim's father had been picking up on his wireless, transmissions from an unknown source. These transmissions gave the name and addresses of Japanese POW's. His father would religiously write to the address given, and this was often the first news the relatives would have that their loved ones were still alive. Jim left hospital after 6 months with some peripheral vision, and having met the nurse who was to become his wife.

On leaving hospital, Jim went back to the same technical college he had attended in Colchester before the war. For the next year he worked in a display studio, designing and building shop window displays and display stands. But an eye specialist advised him to give up this work. "St. Dunstan's had written to me while I was in the RAF, saying I could go to them for training. At the time, I thought that I wasn't really blind, and that I would have a go by myself. But in the end, I had to succumb." Within 3 weeks of the specialist writing to St. Dunstan's, Jim was down at Ovingdean on telephony training. The year was 1950. It was a long course for Jim as the disease of beriberi leaves the fingers with much reduced sensitivity. He had to work hard to pass his braille reading test. But it was a very active period. Over 50 trainees meant companionship, competition and encouragement. Jim took piano lessons and wove a carpet on a loom, amongst other things. In July 1952, Jim embarked on 17 years service on the switchboard at the Ministry of Labour in Orpington. In 1969 he moved to Maidstone and spent 11 years at the Westminster Bank, until his retirement. Jim recalls that one day, 3 months after he had started at the Westminster, the manager came into his room and slapped a letter on the desk. Jim explained that he was not able to read it. So the manager read about how satisfied he was with Jim's work and that his salary was being raised by one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Jim loves nothing more than the challenge of designing and creating. A vital par-



Nancy and Jim Fraser with the bird table he made.

A cardboard suit of armour that looks like the real thing.



participant in that love has been his wife Nancy, whom he married in 1949. Jim sat in a most beautifully tended garden with its lawns, trees, flower beds and an elaborate bird table, complete with steps and perch, made by Jim himself. Nancy does the planting and directing, while Jim does the spade work. He can really let his creativity rip on stage. Jim first 'trod the boards' at concert parties in POW camp. Since the war, he has always been a member of his local amateur dramatic group. He normally plays small character parts because of the problem of learning lines both for auditions and rehearsals. His main love is backstage. One year, they wanted an ostrich for "Just the Ticket". The body was roughly shaped out of wood. This was covered in wire mesh, which, in turn, was layered with paper mache and plaster. Nancy dyed turkey feathers blue black, dried and individually teased each one before attaching it to the body. When the play was adjudicated, the first thing the judge mentioned was the ostrich. Jim also proudly displayed a suit of armour he had created out of cardboard. The visor even makes a metallic clunk when raised and allowed to fall. It is this attention to details which shows the mark of a true professional. To assist in the finer details of this work, Jim uses two low vision aids. One is a large magnifying glass on a stand,



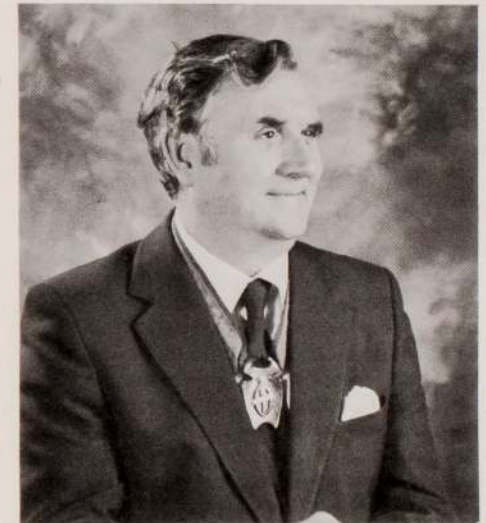
By using low-vision aids in his workshop, Jim is able to keep up his love of design and to complete the work himself.

and the other is like a small pair of opera glasses on a spectacle frame. Gone are the days when one was taught as if totally blind. The teaching now is that you use any sight you might have.

Jim pays frequent visits to Ian Fraser House. He has played the harmonica since a small boy. He joins in the music makers week, and in occasional activities organised by his local drama group. He recently attended the two week picture framing course, and now has various orders to fulfill. Through the *Review* he became interested in archery, and now has his own equipment. When time permits, he participates with the local Allington Archery Club, who shoot in the fine grounds of that castle.

Jim had little opportunity to adjust to blindness. In POW camp he thought the problem only temporary, and that it would be solved by the eating of proper food. When the crunch did come, he was used to his condition. "I can forgive what they did to me, but I cannot forget what happened to my friends and colleagues, especially those who did not return. Had Red Cross parcels been allowed through, many would have been saved. I would love to have been a commercial artist. But I enjoyed my work at the bank. The telephonist is the shop window, the first person people talk to." I feel there are more creations to come yet.

This is a preview of an excellent photographic portrait in colour of Bob Osborne, by Mr. John Hughes of Rottingdean. It will be unveiled at the Brighton Club's Dinner/Dance on November 10th to honour Bob's work for the Club since its inception in 1953. He has been chairman for the past six years.



Music Makers Week

by Joe Humphrey



Bob Pringle on Trombone.

The superlative success of the Annual week of Music-Making was epitomised in the happy and relaxed atmosphere of the party on the last night. Not only did everybody get it together with their instruments, but they enjoyed themselves too. It was the climax of a week of hard work with tons of practice and above all each member tried to help the others in some way and it worked.

Harry Leader

Mornings were usually filled with practice sessions under the capable guidance of Harry Leader, the famous band-leader of 'Music Maestro Please' fame. Harry brought his International Award, which he had received from America for his services to music. It is a bronze plaque and names the many musical authorities which jointly present the Award and it is in fact rarely given. We were very lucky to have the interest and services of such a talented musician to benefit our sometimes feeble efforts.

During the week we had some interesting outings. To the Bandstand at Eastbourne for the Royal Artillery Band Concert – much of the music had an Italian flavour – 'La Traviata', 'Santa Lucia' (tenor solo) as also was 'Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes'. The programme included selections from 'My Fair Lady' and concluded with the 'Regimental Slow March'.

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Two nights were spent at the 'King and Queen', one night to hear the 'Geoff Simpkins Quartet', a group of very accomplished musicians playing superbly, but it was thought that their standards were too ambitious for us. The next night the Panama Jazz Club played there and we all enjoyed it immensely – a great show.

This year was marred only by the absence of our Chairman, Peter Spencer, who is ill and was sadly missed for his expertise on the keyboard and his jovial nature. Mrs. Pugh was lucky in obtaining the services of a well-known blind pianist in Brighton, Billy Jones, who in size and talent filled the gap more than adequately.

On Thursday night we all went to the 'Rosie O'Grady' to see Billy's weekly show, augmented by St. Dunstan's Music-Makers. The Patrons were so delighted they wanted to pass the hat round for us – but Billy Jones is a star, he sings and plays well and his programme is interesting and amusing.

'Have a go'

There were two meetings and Ernie Cookson was elected as Deputy Chairman in Peter's absence and among other things it was decided not to form a Music Society, but to aim for improving our ability to make music and to give everyone a fair crack of the whip trying to encourage all members



Bob Forshaw playing with Billy Jones at the 'Rosie O'Grady'.

to "Have a Go" at the Sunday night concert and again at the farewell party. This year it was particularly noticeable that the standard had improved in six days.

We were pleased to have Ernie Took (piano) and Arthur Sulman (tenor sax) from the Monday night 'Dance Outfit' in the Lounge – Arthur of the wide smile and the smoking saxophone – when he plays he tucks his cigarette into the top of his instrument and the whole thing looks as if it is going up in smoke! Thanks too to Bob Pringle for helping out with the piano and trombone.

Ernie also came to the party, as did Billy Jones, the latter giving us pure magic with his *Strangers in the Night*, very capably backed by Bob Forshaw (a tower of strength Bob) on bass fiddle and Gerry Lynch on drums. John Gale (trumpet) and Ernie Cookson (sax) both blew hard and fitted nicely into the front line. Our own George Formby (Trevor Phillips) must gain a mention for his spot in the Sunday night concert.

Thanks must be expressed to the Staff at Ovingdean, especially to Mr. Conway, Mrs. Pugh and Mrs. Otton.

Music Makers Library

Peter Spencer (Piano) C90
Peter Spencer (Piano) C60
Jim Wightman (Organ) C90
Vernon Adcocks Lesson (4 Tunes) C60
First Organ Lesson C60
Music Makers 1983 C90

For copies send C60 or C90 blank tapes in a plastic wallet with request to: J. Humphrey, 381 Holywood Road, Belfast, BT4 2LR.

NEW PENSIONS AND ADMISSIONS OFFICER

Mr. Keith Martin, O.B.E. took up the post of Pensions and Admissions Officer on the 5th September, 1983. Mr. Martin flew with the Fleet Air Arm during World War II, and subsequently transferred to the R.A.F. As well as dealing with pension matters, he will oversee all new admissions to St. Dunstan's. He may be contacted at Headquarters. We wish him a long and successful stay with us.

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Not content with flying 'tandem', Jimmy Wright successfully parakited solo on 30th September in aid of the Royal School for the Blind, Leatherhead. In honour of this feat Jimmy has been made President of the British Association of Parascending Clubs.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Mrs. Ivy Carr, High Wycombe widow of the late Bill Carr

I would like to send my heartfelt thanks to all our friends of St. Dunstan's for the many expressions of sympathy I have received at a time when it is deeply appreciated.

I would also like to thank Mr. Ion Garnet-Orme and all the staff at Headquarters for their kindness and help which they have extended to me at this sad time.

From Mrs. Marjorie Corbett

My father, Truman Gamblin of Norton, New Brunswick, Canada, passed away on the 8th January, 1983, at the Kiwaris Nursing Home, Sussex, where he had been a guest for the last few months. He would have been 96 on the 12th January. Truman lost his sight at Vimy Ridge on Easter Sunday 1917. Following hospitalisation and several operations he attended St. Dunstan's training in typing, joinery, bag and rug making. He returned to Canada late 1918. When his wife passed away on 4th December, 1963, his daughter and son-in-law cared for him.

Obituary

Miss M. T. H. Jones

Miss M.T.H. Jones passed away on 30th August. Miss Jones joined St. Dunstan's in 1937 and was our welfare visitor of Sussex for twenty-five years. Miss Jones was a very good friend to many St. Dunstaners and all she did for them was very much appreciated. On her retirement in 1962 Miss Jones wrote to the *Review*, "The future will be enriched with many very happy memories of my twenty-five years among you all". We send our deepest sympathy to family and friends.

D. F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

We are now getting to the end of autumn and most of the perennials and shrubs will be going to their winter rest and all annuals should be finished and taken out of the soil. Clear everything up and get the leaves on to the compost heap. I only hope that the winter won't be as wet and windy as last season. Do try to get on with the main digging over and get compost and manure on the soil at the same time. Where you have some really wet spots on the flower beds and vegetable plot, try and dig down a bit and add some rubble and coarse sand which will provide extra drainage. Try and get all the hard wood prunings on the bonfire and also some of the thicker vegetable stems. These will burn for some time if a good start had been made with dry wood and some papers. Keep the ash and put on the areas where the beans and garden peas are to be grown next season.

Vegetables

Get all the empty beds dug over so that the frost can get at the soil and make it easier to use later on. Get some compost and manure spread about plus lime with an extra amount on the areas to be used for greens. Ensure that you have got all the root items out by now. Clear away all the yellow leaves on the sprout plants, which are generally at the bottom, and this will give you a better crop and certainly make the smaller buttons get to a better size. If you are a bit doubtful about this, take them off and use them in the house as they are very nice and sweet, though maybe a little more difficult to pick than the normal size. A few more scatterings of slug bait between the rows of spring cabbage and the sprouts, will keep them at bay since they seem to be on the rampage for twelve months in the year.

Some broad bean and pea seeds can be sown for early crops, but do it in a sheltered warm spot. I really think that you in the North would be better to wait for the normal time in the early spring. Lettuces can be grown from seed in the greenhouse or frames but these frames should be in a good warm spot. Put the top on during the night if there are frosts forecast.

Get all the new plantings and transplantings done by the end of the month. Carry on with the main pruning. Brush some special sealer where you have cut away thick branches, as disease may enter through these large gashes. Various currants and gooseberries can be planted and any pruning done. Spread some manure between the rows of strawberries which should give you better crops and certainly larger size fruit.

Lawns and Paths

Not much can be done with the lawns except a good raking over on fine days after any frost has gone. Some spiking with the fork will be a benefit to let the air into the roots of the grass and also make drainage ways at those places where there are very wet patches. Don't forget to get an early booking for the overhaul and sharpening of the blades. Try and get all the rough patches in the paths seen to and fill in the holes. Where you have a gravel path, rake in some new gravel and roll in. Put in some new concrete slabs in very badly cracked areas and others which are breaking up. Second-hand slabs are often available from the local Council's yard.

Flowers

Get the borders well dug over and see that all the weeds are taken out and put on the bonfire or consigned to the bottom of the compost heap. Cut away all the blooms which are past their best and give some support to the taller shrubs, especially in the windy areas. Get all those dahlia tubers up and any gladioli which were missed earlier. Dry them off a bit, then store them in boxes of peat somewhere which is frost free. Don't forget to label the dahlias, giving details of colour, etc.

Some of the border perennials can be thinned out by cutting away the outer portions of the root cluster. Then give a protective covering with manure or compost over the portion which is left, since this messing about may leave the roots very liable to damage by frosts. Peonies can be split up in order to get some outer pieces to propagate more plants, though this may affect the flowering for some time and certainly this is so for the new pieces which may take several years to get to a size for flowering.

Roses can be planted or existing items re-planted in newer beds. Give the roots of these re-plantings a trimming, cutting

Gardening Notes — continued

away the large outcrops. Do make the planting hole for all roses wide enough to take the roots comfortably and set them a bit deeper than the soil mark on the new bushes. In heavy soils it would be a good thing to add some coarse sand and peat to give the new items a good start. Some of the very strong spreading shoots on existing roses should be cut back a little, so that any very stormy windy weather doesn't have the effect of losing them at root level. Leave the main pruning till early spring.

Greenhouse

The whole place should be spick and span now for the onset of winter. Keep the temperature at about 45 degrees all the time, especially at night, where you have growing plants, though I don't think that 40 degrees would do any harm unless you have some exotic items. However, to save the costs of extra heating on these, it might be a good idea to take them into the house when the real winter weather comes along. Give ventilation during the day, but I would be inclined to keep those windows shut at night, unless there are very mild nights, and don't forget to open the ventilators on the opposite side from where the wind is blowing.

Use some smokes every so often to combat any pests and diseases. Remove dead and dying leaves from growing plants such as primulas, calceolaria, cineraria, geraniums, etc. Keep watering down to a minimum but some feed can be added to the water when you are using it. Many plants which are growing rapidly may need to be shifted to larger pots, but better kept in their present containers unless the roots are protruding from the bottom. Those you do re-pot should be moved to the warmer part of the greenhouse so that they can settle in quickly.

Bulbs of all kinds can still be potted up but they won't come into flower till spring. Use the largest size of bulb or you may only get the leaves or poor flowers. Keep the pots in the coolest part of the greenhouse and in the dark under the staging. Give them a good watering and then not again till there is some good growth in the shape of buds showing out of the bulbs. It might be a good idea to give a covering to keep the light out.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Entertainment Section

We have had quite a good year, and are looking forward to the Dinner and Dance at Butlin's on November 10th. If you have not already booked for this, please let us know soon.

On Wednesday, August 3rd, a party of 26 boarded the coach to take us to the Barngate Vineyards, near Uckfield, and overlooking Ashdown Forest. We sampled their sparkling wine on arrival, and then were taken around the processing plant — the vineyard was out of bounds as the grapes were nearly ready for harvesting.

A charming young lady made it all so interesting then offered us a taste of different wines. After this pleasant experience, we made our way back to the Plough Inn, at Rottingdean, where we enjoyed an evening meal.

Don't forget to look at the notice board in the Annexe Lounge for future outings.

Phyllis O'Kelly

Bridge Section Sept. 15th Pairs

| | |
|----------------|------|
| J. Padley | 68.2 |
| J. Whitcombe | 61.4 |
| R. Pacitti | 60.2 |
| R. Evans | 51.1 |
| K. Pacitti | 50.0 |
| P. Surrudge | 49.0 |
| W. Phillips | 49.0 |
| J. Majchrowicz | 47.8 |
| F. Griffee | 46.6 |
| V. Delaney | 43.2 |
| H. Tybinski | 42.0 |
| P. McCormack | 32.0 |

Will readers please note that there will be a Buffet Dance on 26th November for the Bridge Club. Bridge Players, non-Bridge Players and guests are more than welcome. There will be no charge.

Bill Phillips

GARDENING CLUB

Due to the lack of space we are holding over the Edinburgh Gardening Week report to be published in December.

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Yvonne de Jonquieres, who has obtained her BA in Education and Certificate of Teaching from Brighton Polytechnic. Yvonne is the daughter of Mrs. Sylvia Beard, of West Worthing, widow of Mr. Claude Frederick Beard.

Peter Thurlow, grandson of Mr. Geoffrey Andrew, of New Southgate, who achieved excellent 'O' level results, 7 'A's and 2 'B's. Peter hopes to go on to university and to study veterinary surgery.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Blackmore, of Cardiff, who are delighted to announce the arrival of a grandson, Simon James, born to their daughter, Nesta, and her husband on March 29th.

Mrs. Constance Belton, widow of Mr. John Belton, of Teignmouth, on the birth of Russell, a third grandson, on the 7th May to their daughter Valerie and her husband Nigel Berryman.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cowing, of Oakley, on the birth of the fourth grandchild, Christopher William, born to their son Paul and his wife Sylvia on June 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Higgs, of Binfield, Berks, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Stacey Jay, to Alvin and Diane Higgs on the 26th September.

Mrs. Margaret Richards, widow of Mr. Reginald Richards, of Northampton, who is happy to announce the birth of a second grand-daughter, born on the 6th September to her son Timothy and his wife Hanneka.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor, of Leyland, Preston, who are pleased to announce the birth of a grandson, John Niall, born on the 19th September to their son Paul and his wife Rosemary.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Duffy, of Plymouth, who are delighted to announce the marriage of their only daughter Pauline to John Wills, at St. James' Church, Plymouth, on Friday, September 23rd.

Mrs. Dorothy Hoare, of Gillingham, Dorset, widow of Mr. Henry Hoare, whose grand-daughter, Tracy Anne Staples, married Steven Hannum on 1st October at Marnhull Church. Also to Tracy's twin sister, Susan Staples, who has just opened her own Montessori Infants' School at Motcombe Park.

Mr. Ray Sheriff and Betty John of Brighton, who were married on the 30th September.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to:

Mr. Walter Bick and his wife Sylvia Grace, of Southam, who celebrated their 1st wedding anniversary on the 20th September.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cowing, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 18th.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Belsham, of Broadway, Worcestershire, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 16th September.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harding of Bagborough, near Taunton, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 25th September.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, of Darlington, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on the 20th September.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. D.T. Baxter and family on the death of Mrs. Alice Baxter, of Norbury, widow of *Mr. Egbert Baxter*. Mrs. Baxter passed away in a residential home on the 25th August aged 84.

All members of the Bramson family on the death of Mrs. Lucy Mary Bramson, widow of *William Arthur Bransom*, of Brighton. Mrs. Bramson passed away on the 17th September, aged 82.

Mr. Cecil Pennells, of Brighton, on the death of his sister after a long illness.

The family of Mrs. Winifred Simpson, of Chelmsford, who passed away on the 9th September, aged 79. She was the widow of our St. Dunstaner *Harry Simpson*.

Mr. George Walter Viner, of Bristol, whose dear wife, Florence May, passed away on the 7th September.

Mr. Joshua Williams, of Swansea, who mourns the death of his second brother Sidney, who passed away at the age of 71.

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.

M. Britton, 3rd Battalion, Lincolnshire Regiment
Mark Britton, of Birmingham, passed away on 6th September at the age of 89.

Mr. Britton served with the 3rd Battalion, Lincolns during the First World War and it was whilst serving in France in 1915 that he was seriously wounded and lost his right eye. Following his discharge from the Army he was able to work as a miner and it was with the deterioration of his remaining sight that he became a St. Dunstaner in 1974.

For the past four years Mr. Britton, a widower, had lived at Pocklington Place in Birmingham. He was able to enjoy a few holidays at Brighton before his health began to decline.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his two daughters, Maisie and Irene, and all family and friends.

H.G. Ivens, Wiltshire

Lieut. Harry Guest Ivens, of Westcliff-on-Sea, passed away on the 7th September, 1983, aged

88. He had been a St. Dunstaner since April 1980.

Our St. Dunstaner enlisted in the Wiltshire Regiment at the outbreak of World War 1, serving in France, the Dardanelles and then Salonika. He was returned to the U.K. as Acting C.Q.M.S., took a commission in the Warwickshire Regiment and was then sent to France again where he was wounded and received a gunshot wound to his left eye.

Prior to enlistment, Mr. Ivens was a Progress Chaser with the old Ariel Motor Cycle Company. Following discharge from the Service in 1919, he had similar employment with the Handley Page Co. throughout World War 2 and then joined the Civil Service for ten years until his retirement at 65 years of age.

Mr. Ivens resided for a number of years in the private hotel where he passed away peacefully. He was a widower and we send our condolences to his two sons and their families and several close friends in the Westcliff-on-Sea area.

J.W. Swann, 44th R.T.R.

John William Swann of Cosby, Leicestershire, who passed away on the 12th September, aged 57.

John served as a Trooper with the 44th R.T.R. having enlisted in 1943. It was whilst serving in Arnhem that he was seriously injured, losing the sight of both eyes, his left arm and suffering serious damage to his right hand and severe facial burns. He became a St. Dunstaner in 1944.

Following his training at Brighton, John worked as a shop-keeper in Leicestershire for a year before becoming a very successful poultry keeper from 1950 to 1964 when he turned his interests to his garden and the breeding of canaries and budgerigars.

Despite his serious disabilities, John was always cheerful and ready to help other people. He was particularly concerned with the welfare of elderly people and helped to organise many outings and events for local pensioners. He was also a keen fund raiser for the Forget Me Not Club playing a full part in his village community and serving on a number of committees.

John was an inspiration to all who knew him and will be very sadly missed. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his brother Leslie, sister Janet, and all relatives and friends.

T. H. Wilding, Royal Navy

Thomas Henry Wilding of Bath passed away suddenly at home on the 21st August, aged 63. He had been a St. Dunstaner for eighteen months.

Mr. Wilding enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1934 and served for nearly twenty years before being invalided out. He subsequently trained at Bath Technical College and worked in industry until 1977 when he was made redundant. He retained his interest in the sea and kept his own boat.

Mr. Wilding was a widower and is survived by his son and daughter to whom we extend our condolences.