



**St Dunstons
Review
October 1984**

From the Chairman

We are coming to the end of my first year as your Chairman. It is a good time to take stock.

I think St. Dunstan's is on course. But stated baldly like that it could smack of complacency – a bad thing so let me expand a little.

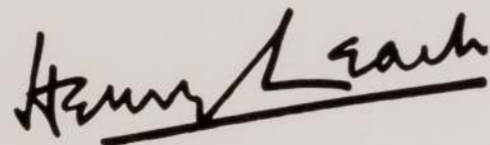
Our Family of St. Dunstan's can be broadly divided into four groups though of course we all work together as a single entity. Those from World War I (average age 86), though still marvellously resourceful and independent, are understandably in increasing need of support. They deserve more than our admiration and respect. I believe that they get it in full measure.

Then there are those from World War II (average age 67), at or just past retirement and often still adapting (like me) to being on less 'active service'. They continue to get around vigorously and to achieve the most astonishing things. It is up to St. Dunstan's to help them as much as possible in their various activities and I think we do.

These two groups form the bulk of our numbers and comprise people whose experience of blindness stretches over long years. Linking them are our 700 or so widows, also very much part of the Family, who give such sterling help. It is right that we recognise this and continue to help them too.

Finally there is a fourth group, more varied in age and experience, who have been blinded since World War II in operations such as Korea, Indonesia, Kenya, Cyprus, Vietnam, Northern Ireland, Malaya, Suez, Aden and the Falklands. Most of these are younger men in, thank God, smaller numbers. The most recent among them are still doing their basic training and rehabilitation and we shall try to help place them in worthwhile posts on completion. To this generation electronics, the micro-chip and computer technology are commonplace; their capabilities and outlook may vary accordingly.

What conclusions do I draw from this brief and superficial survey of St. Dunstaners – men and women – and their needs? They can be summed up in two words: Caring and Flexibility. This is *what* we are striving to achieve. In next month's *Review* I will tell you something about *how* we hope to achieve it.



NEW HQ ADDRESS

We have still been receiving mail addressed to the old address in Marylebone Road. Please will all correspondents note that we moved on August 11th to new Headquarters, and although it is next door, our address has changed to:

St. Dunstan's
P.O. Box 4XB
12-14 Harcourt Street
London W1A 4XB

Our telephone number remains 01-723 5021.

SPORTS BOOKS

There has been some confusion about where to purchase the two new sports books which were reviewed in the July issue. The first one, 'Bowling with Bryant' can be obtained from Willow Books, Collins, 8 Grafton St., London W1. Applications for the other book 'Sports and Recreation Provision for Disabled People' should be sent to: Book Services, Disabled Living Foundation, 346 Kensington High St., London W14. We apologise for omitting the relevant information concerning the first book.

NATIONAL METRO SPORTS 1984

Six members of St. Dunstan's took part in the 1984 National Metro Sports Competitions for the Visually Handicapped on Saturday, July 28th, at the New River Sports Centre, home of the Haringey Athletic Club, Wood Green.

Peter Walker participated in several partially sighted events, coming second in

the Shot with a throw of 8.18 metres; and in the Discus, fifth with a throw of 21.82 metres.

Five St. Dunstaners took part in the 3 Km Walk for the Totally Blind. Mike Tetley came third in 21 min. 49.2 secs.; fourth Stan Tutton in 22 min. 23.9 secs.; fifth Jimmy Wright in 24 min. 55.4 secs.; sixth Charles Stafford in 25 min. 18.9 secs.; and Terry Bullingham, 25 min. 37.4 secs.

Mike Brace, the UK Totally Blind Race Walking Champion, who founded the National Metro Sports in 1977, was the overall winner of the race in a time of 19 min. 10 secs., winning the Bill Harris Cup for the sixth time.

It was good to see St. Dunstan's well represented in the National Sports Competitions once again, and in particular, to have Terry Bullingham with us for the first time. What about some more of you young chaps taking part next time round . . . now's the time to start a spot of training, it would be marvellous to have double the number in the 1985 National Sports.

Jimmy Wright

'TO LIVE AGAIN' – AGAIN

It is likely that St. Dunstan's film 'To Live Again' will receive its third national TV network showing on Remembrance Sunday, November 11th at 10.15 p.m. on Channel Four, the national commercial channel. T.V. authorities suggest checking your *TV Times* for final confirmation nearer the date.

St Dunstons Review

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Cover Picture:

HMS Albion one of Her Majesty's Ships commanded by Sir Henry Leach. See article on centre pages.



Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme gives the Address in the Chapel.

Lawrence Fawcett Service of Thanksgiving

The Chapel at Ian Fraser House was crowded to the doors on Thursday September 6th, for the Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of Lawrence Fawcett. Mrs. Elizabeth Fawcett chose all the items of the Service and it proved to be a simple but moving occasion and one most fitting for the memory of our late Commandant. The Service was conducted by our Chaplain, The Reverend G. E. Meek.

Among the congregation of family, friends, St. Dunstaners, members of staff and retired staff, were Mrs. Fawcett, her son, James, who had travelled from Durban and who read the Lesson from the Revelation of St. John, Chapter 21 verses 1-7. Sue Fokes, daughter, attended with her husband, Brian and their two sons, Nicholas and Peter.

St. Dunstan's Chairman, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach and Lady Leach and Mr. and Mrs. Ion Garnett-Orme, were in the

congregation with Mr. William Weisblatt, Secretary and former Secretary, Mr. Douglas Wills. From the Brighton Homes: Commander Simon Conway, Major Arthur Neve and Matron Penny Goodwin attended. Former Matrons, Mrs. Elizabeth Blackford, Miss Olive Hallett, Mrs. Mary Avison, with Miss Yvonne Guilbert, were just a few among Commandant Fawcett's retired staff who were there to honour his memory.

Mr. Garnett-Orme, formerly Chairman, now a Vice-President of St. Dunstan's, gave the Address. He said that there was no more fitting place to give thanks for the life of Lawrence Fawcett than in this beautiful Chapel, 'Lawrie's life was one of service to others and complete dedication to his work both during his war service with the Fleet Air Arm and for some 33 years afterwards in his service to St. Dunstan's'.

Mr. Garnett-Orme recalled the circumstances of Lawrence Fawcett's coming to St. Dunstan's through Mrs. Avis Spurway's recommendation after his work as a Naval Officer for the first post-war camp for St. Dunstaners. He also spoke of the great work load shouldered by Commandant during the years of re-building of the Brighton Homes and the toll it took of his health.

Tremendous kindness

'I was most fortunate in working with 'Comm' as we all called him for more than 20 years and I shall always be grateful for his tremendous kindness and marvellous sense of humour which lightened every problem and which so endeared him to us all.

'He was a wonderful friend and his help and wise advice were always so readily given whenever asked for. He had a happy family life and without Elizabeth's unselfish support his work for St. Dunstan's would not have been possible. I remember him telling me that until he retired he never had a Christmas Dinner at home; or at any rate not on the right day! He will be very much missed by all who knew him and our thoughts and deep sympathies go out to Elizabeth, James and Sue, his two grandsons and all members of his family'.

The final hymn was 'The Day Thou gavest Lord is ended' chosen by Mrs. Fawcett because, she said, 'We used to sing it when we were at school together and I remember us rushing out afterwards so pleased that school was over for the day'.

A Tribute to Lawrence Fawcett, M.B.E.

by C. D. Wills, O.B.E.

St. Dunstaners the world over, who undertook their training at the Brighton Homes or visited them between 1946 and 1979, to participate in the diverse activities provided, will have learned with great sorrow of the death of Lawrence Fawcett, Commandant for 33 years.

Affectionately known as 'Comm', his first contact with St. Dunstan's occurred while he was serving as a Lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm in charge of the Royal Naval establishment, Seafield Park. It was in organising Mrs. Avis Spurway's first post-war camp in 1945, that his gift for meticulous organisation and administration became apparent to her and resulted a year later in his appointment as Commandant, first of West House then, in 1948, of all the Brighton Homes.

Under his control the St. Dunstan's system of training and rehabilitation was adapted and developed to meet post-war conditions of employment and many St. Dunstaners will acknowledge that it was 'Comm's' firm, but understanding and kindly guidance to which they owe success in their chosen careers. Under his Chairmanship, the Training Committees considered the progress and assessed the ability and aptitudes of each trainee with great care and rarely did a round peg end up in a square hole.

Apart from this very vital aspect of his work, the Brighton Homes, by their very nature, attracted a great deal of public attention and 'Comm' was well aware of the need to present St. Dunstan's in the best possible light. His personality, sense of humour and the 'way he had' with people enabled him to develop a mass of local contacts so that whatever need arose he was able to solve it to St. Dunstan's advantage through one or other source of help. Hosting visits from V.I.P's was a frequent task, whether it was the Queen, members of the Royal Family, Ministers or visitors from overseas, the arrangements to welcome them were always perfectly planned and carried out and never failed to impress the guests that St. Dunstan's knew its job.

Superimposed on the basic work of administration there were no less than three phases of major renovation and rebuilding of the main Homes during these

33 years. Starting with West House in 1951, renamed Pearson House in 1957 in honour of the Founder and followed in 1970 by its complete rebuilding and extension and, in 1973, by the renovation and extension of Ian Fraser House, an immense amount of organising was demanded of 'Comm' to keep the services for St. Dunstaners functioning satisfactorily while the work went on. This involved in the latter two cases the complete conversion of Northgate House from a children's home into a nursing home and, when Pearson House was reopened in 1973, the transfer there of all the facilities for training from Ian Fraser House.

The renovation and extension of Ian Fraser House was a particularly trying and difficult time for 'Comm', coming as it did during a period of labour problems and material shortages. When the Clerk of Works resigned he found himself saddled with the task of supervising the building work, chasing up defaulting suppliers and pressing the architects and consulting engineers to get things done. A less capable and determined individual might have given in but his Yorkshire steadfastness and the support of his loyal staff saw the job done and Ian Fraser House re-opened in 1975. Naturally it was hardly feasible to fully appreciate, when contemplating the modern accommodation, new furnishings, swimming pool, indoor bowling green and workshops giving such excellent facilities for recreation and training, the massive effort that resulted in the achievement of this outstanding contribution to the life and spirit of St. Dunstan's and this was recognised when Lawrence Fawcett was appointed a Member of the British Empire in the New Year Honours for 1977.

St. Dunstaners and Staff and many retired staff join in offering deep sympathy to his wife, Elizabeth, their son, James and daughter, Sue, in their great loss.

The Chairman writes:

Over the post-war years Lawrie Fawcett became the personification of St. Dunstan's in Brighton, as Commandant of our Homes there. His dedication to his work for St. Dunstaners was total and will always be remembered with great gratitude.



At the Newcastle Reunion Jim Conroy was celebrating his birthday; to complete his day he met Eileen Williams for the first time since training days at Brighton, just after the war.

REUNIONS

NEWCASTLE

The Newcastle Reunion is a small one – this year there were 16 St. Dunstaners with their wives or escorts – but what it may lack in numbers it makes up for in the warmth and friendliness we all expect in the North East.

Sir David Muirhead presided over lunch at the Royal Station Hotel and told St. Dunstaners he was delighted and honoured to come to Newcastle to bring greetings and good wishes from the Chairman and all the members of the Council. He explained that a family bereavement had prevented Lady Muirhead from being with him.

'At this meeting all three of our fighting services are represented, with the added presence of the Merchant Navy on whom these islands depend so much. In a welcome to you all today, if I may be permitted a personal note, I welcome particularly two St. Dunstaners. I remember very well during the war in Belgium in 1940, before the events at Dunkirk, the comforting sound of

the heavy machine guns of the Northumberland Fusiliers as they came to the relief of our hard-pressed battalion in close support of my platoon. Later I was knocked into shape in the West Highlands of Scotland at a Special Forces Training School by very tough members of the Lovat Scouts.'

Sir David said that the commemoration of the Normandy landings attended by the Allied Leaders but especially by St. Dunstaners, reminded us that 40 years have gone by. 'Yet it seems only yesterday when we were in Europe.'

Saying that military life had its lighter moments Sir David recalled a story told by King Hussein of Jordan of his days at Sandhurst, when the Guards Drill Sergeant said to him, 'King Hussein, Sir, you are the most idle King Cadet it has ever been my misfortune to drill!'

'Because we went to war when we did we've had general peace for a very long time, but the comradeship of war has con-

tinued during these many years and it shows up splendidly at a reunion like this.'

Mrs. Inman then read Mr. Pawson's message: 'I am dictating a message on behalf of all of us who are not in attendance. We are all aware that reunions are another indication of the way in which St. Dunstan's takes care of us all, not necessarily for protection but to enable us to live our lives more fully.'

He wrote that this care was epitomised by the fact that Sir David Muirhead, Member of Council, and members of Headquarter's staff, had made journeys to meet St. Dunstaners that day. 'Those present may make their individual approach to them. On behalf of absent men I thank them for their efforts.' Here Mrs. Inman interjected her own comment, 'This gets embarrassing', as she continued with Mr. Pawson's message: 'In particular I thank Mrs. Inman without whose work this event could not have taken place. So, ladies and gentlemen I ask you to applaud the efforts of those concerned with your reunion, both present and behind the scenes, for this occasion and for their help throughout the year.'

Sir David's references to the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and to the Lovat Scouts brought short speeches from Francis Howe and Sydney Scroggie. Francis said he was proud to be a member of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and that

he had been to every reunion at the Royal Station Hotel and thanked Council Members and staff for coming north to attend them. Sydney Scroggie told this story of a mother's reply when asked what her sons were doing in the war, 'She said, "One is in the Navy, one is in the Air Force, one is in the Army and the other is in the Lovat Scouts"!''

The Reunion concluded with tea and a prize draw.

LONDON

The last regional reunion of 1984 took place on July 21st at the Hotel Russell. This was the London (Central) Reunion at which London St. Dunstaners were joined by those from the home counties north of the Thames plus a few from places further afield. Notable among the guests was Mrs. Avis Spurway, on a visit home from India. In all 61 St. Dunstaners came to the reunion with their escorts and guests making a total company of 144.

The presiding Member of Council was Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris. In welcoming St. Dunstaners to the reunion he explained that he was deputising for our President, Sir Michael Ansell, who had been seriously ill. 'I'm glad to say he is recovered and is now on his way to full health.' His audience

St. Dunstaner, Peter Mathews, formerly our Estates Manager chats to Sir Douglas Morris at the London Reunion.





Joe Humphrey, David Bell, Mike Tetley and Bill Shea.

enthusiastically endorsed his suggestion to send a message of good wishes to Sir Michael from the reunion.

Reporting on some of the important events of the year, including the retirement of Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme and the appointment as Chairman of Sir Henry Leach, Sir Douglas Morris paid tribute to the late Lawrence Fawcett. 'He was a tradition in St. Dunstan's; he gave his utmost from the very start of his career, from when he met St. Dunstaners at their first reunion when they were entertained by the Navy.' Sir Douglas said that, as a result of a recommendation to Lord Fraser by Mrs. Avis Spurway, Lawrence Fawcett eventually took over the responsibility of managing the two Brighton Homes, 'A very great responsibility, particularly at the time the rebuilding and reconstruction was going on. He was a very human man, a man who knew many of you intimately. I am sure many of you will have shared his sense of humour and it is a sad loss.'

Sir Douglas turned to the importance of informing the sighted world how St. Dunstaners manage to do things. It was also important, he said, to indicate the dependence St. Dunstaners have on their wives. Thinking of all this, he said, 'I began, slowly, to appreciate, and I am sure you appreciate far more, the extent to which your wives manage your lives and I would personally like to pay a tribute here to those wives who look after you'.

Mr. Alf Lockhart responded on behalf of St. Dunstan's. He thanked Sir Douglas Morris for coming to the reunion and, referring

to all Members of Council, expressed St. Dunstaners' appreciation of the work they do, 'That they do an excellent job is reflected in the results they have achieved for our comfort and welfare. Although, alas, there are still a number of young men who have lost their sight in the service of their country still coming to St. Dunstan's for training, the majority of us have either retired or are contemplating retirement, St. Dunstan's can help these, too. We have hobby training and, apart from the usual handicrafts there are various clubs and activities which one can join. Anybody, everybody is helped to join these clubs, the only qualification is that you are a St. Dunstaner.'

Mr. Lockhart paid tribute to the Welfare Staff, particularly Miss Davis and Miss Newbold, who had arranged the reunion. He congratulated the hotel staff on their expertise and professionalism. 'Finally I, too, must pay a tribute to the wives of St. Dunstaners. These ladies whose patience and understanding and active support help us to cope with our various problems in everyday life. St. Dunstaners' wives stand in a class of their own. Ladies, I salute you. God bless you all.'

There was dancing in the afternoon to Bill Rickard's Band - Bill's swinging violin playing has been a feature of many London Reunions - while the less energetic could retreat to an adjoining reception area to sit and chat. After tea the departing guests stepped out into a sun-drenched Russell Square, keeping up the London Reunion's traditional heat-wave weather.

International Dolls' House Exhibition

Ted and Iris Miller's success

In the July *Review* we mentioned Ted and Iris Miller, of Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, who were invited to exhibit two of their dolls' houses in the International Dolls' House Exhibition at Longleat, Wiltshire in October. Ted, who was blinded and lost both hands in the last war, describes to Iris exactly what to do and she then makes the houses. They decided to lend Warwick House, a stately and intricately designed mansion, plus a thatched Tudor cottage. There were 102 houses overall on show, with architecture spanning from a Regency Gothic Folly (around 1800), through Victorian, Edwardian and stockbroker Tudor (1930's) to the present day.

Ted and Iris were very excited to meet Princess Anne at the official opening of the Exhibition. 'She thanked us for putting our houses in, she was very nice and talked for quite a while'. Lord Christopher Thynne

introduced them to his father, the Marquis of Bath, and his stepmother, and also to the Lord Lieutenant of the County, 'In fact they all made quite a fuss of us and said how much they all admired our houses', said Iris. Vivien Greene, wife of the author Graham Greene, and considered the best authority on dolls' houses (she owns a dolls' house museum in Oxford) mentioned them in the introduction of the catalogue as follows: 'Most especially there is one (house) that commands admiration and awe, that most lovely mansion built by the combined efforts of husband and wife, imagination and craftsmanship paired to produce Warwick House'.

Subsequently being featured in the *Daily Telegraph* and being visited by a reporter from the *Leamington Spa Courier*, Ted and Iris must be feeling like celebrities now, and well they deserve it too. Congratulations to them both.

Two young visitors to the Exhibition at Longleat, Hannah and Bridget Deacon, admire Warwick House, the work of Ted and Iris Miller. — Photo: Daily Telegraph.





The St. Dunstan's group outside Headquarters. (Left to right) Bill and Joan Shea, Jennie and David Hodgson, Gwen Obern, Ira Lloyd, and Irene Newbold.

Royal Garden Party

Three St. Dunstaners, Gwen Obern escorted by her friend Ira Lloyd, Bill Shea and his wife, Joan, and David Hodgson with his wife, Jennie, attended the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on July 17th. Miss Irene Newbold, one of St. Dunstan's long serving Welfare Visitors, was also in the party.

For Gwen Obern the occasion was particularly memorable as she had the good fortune to meet Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. Air Marshal Sir Roy Austen-Smith, Gentleman Usher, showed her to a place near the steps and she was introduced to Sir Martin Gilliat, Secretary to the Queen Mother and to the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Maclean.

'I was shaking like a leaf before the Queen came', said Gwen. 'I've never experienced anything like it in my life. Yeomen of the Guard in their full dress of red and black made a half circle round the Queen, the

Queen Mother and Prince Charles. The band struck up the National Anthem and, when the Queen Mother came down the steps, I was the first to be presented to her by the Lord Chamberlain. After I'd curtsied, she clasped my hand with both hands. It was so moving. She asked about my accident and where I came from. I said, "Aberdare". I told her what a great pleasure it was to be there. I'll never forget it ever.'

So that she looked her best for the Garden Party, Gwen's make-up was done by a representative from Charles of the Ritz, Gina Ghillyer. Afterwards there was still another thrill for Gwen when she received a letter from the Prince of Wales saying he hoped she had enjoyed the Garden Party and sending good wishes. Definitely a memorable time was had by all; 'Well worth going to', said Bill Shea, and as David Hodgson put it, with emphasis, 'It is just simply: an occasion you will never forget'.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S POSTBAG

From Mr. G.F. Pennington, Barry, S. Glamorgan

Some while ago as a result of reading the *Review*, I wrote seeking to be considered for a place on the R.Y.A. Seamanship Foundation Sailing Course No. 10.

I was accepted and told to proceed to Falmouth, Cornwall, and to report to the R.C.S.C. where I would be assigned to a Skipper, in my case a Mr. Allen Hallett, and to a yacht, in my case the *Galahad* R.N.E.C., an eight-berth 38' Contessa, which turned out to be one of the sailing boats owned by the Royal Navy Engineering College, and skippered by one of the lecturers. The jimmy was a certain Acting Sub-Lieut. Keith Howorth, an excellent and most capable young man, who was waiting for the result of his Degree Examinations which I have since learned he has passed First Class with three Credits ... I could not be more pleased if he were my own son. While we can produce such young men as this, I cannot hold any fears for the future, bleak as it may sometimes seem.

I just thought you might like to know how even in their off-duty periods these young men are still prepared to be of service, and show a compassion and understanding, not always evident in civvy street.

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death of Herbert Arthur Mason, of Brighton, who served St. Dunstan's for nearly 40 years. He was employed in 1927, as House Steward at West House, later Pearson House where, as well as his duties, he gave his time to play readings and to Sports events. After his retirement in 1966, he frequently acted as an escort for St. Dunstaners. He will be sadly missed by all and we offer sympathy to his daughter, Mrs V. J. Chidson and other members of his family.

Another former staff member at Pearson House, Joe Hepple, died on September 5th. He joined in 1974 and retired in 1982. During that time he was employed as Senior House Steward and proved a very valuable member of staff with endless patience. He was popular with St. Dunstaners and staff and he will be sadly missed by his family and many friends.

THE LATE TOM EALES

We were all saddened to learn of Tom Eales' death on July 4th 1984, after a short illness. He was 54.

Tom first came to Ovingdean as an Orderly in March 1952, becoming the Dining Room Steward in 1965. He was splendid in the Dining Room - an excellent Maitre d'Hotel - helpful and efficient with a wonderful memory for St. Dunstaners' special likes and dislikes.

Tom had a great sense of musical appreciation, his record programmes and musical quizzes, presented in his flamboyant style, were always very popular. Many St. Dunstaners have been grateful to him for collections of music of all kinds.

Mr. Ken Laycock wishes to thank all the St. Dunstaners and his friends on the staff at Headquarters, Ian Fraser House and Pearson House for their kind messages of sympathy and floral tributes on the death of his friend, Tom Eales.

GEORGE TORRIE ATTENDS SIR CASPAR JOHN'S FUNERAL

The funeral of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Caspar John, G.C.B., took place on July 17th at the St. Pol-de-Leon Parish Church in Paul, Cornwall. He was remembered for his eminent career in the Navy as a very distinguished sailor, a naval aviation specialist and the first aviator to become Admiral of the Fleet; 'A man of great courage and huge determination, of great colour and individuality, and who longed and sought for peace' was the remark of Rev. G. Harper, who conducted the service.

Mr. Torrie, of Penzance, who knew him personally for many years, attended the funeral and recalls with affection the memories of days in Mousehole when Sir Caspar John shared a drink with his friends in the local pub - a particular day, one Trafalgar Day in the 1940's, when a soccer team from Bodmin were playing the Mousehole team and everyone left the pub to go and watch the match, including Sir Caspar. 'The old boy stood on the touchline cheering the Mousehole team, who won 5-2, chuckled George. After the match Sir Caspar, in a fit of caprice, drove the boys down to Plymouth in his old London taxi-cab for a drink or two.

D. F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

We are now at the end of the real growing year and frosts may come along any time now, especially in the north, so see that the heaters for the greenhouse are in good working order. Test them for a night or so to make absolutely certain. I hope that we have had some good breaks in the very dry weather in order to build up reserves in the reservoirs for next year. Luckily we have had some very heavy storms of rain whilst I wrote these notes and all the plants have got their feet wet for a change, but hoses are still banned. Not so bad as in the south-west! All flowers, vegetables and fruit which were looking well earlier on, may not give us the crops we needed. Those of you who have not got a container for any rain that comes down, should get one at once, anchored at the down pipe from the roof of the shed or garage.

Vegetables

More or less at the end of the season here, though in the south you may still sow a few lettuce and radish seeds in a warm spot and cover them with a sheet of plastic if frosts are forecast. The same goes for sowing of early peas and broad beans. It has often been said that these early beans never get black fly but I'm not so sure. Get those spring cabbages set out in their cropping quarters and make certain you have lifted all the main crops of beet, carrots, onions and potatoes. Keep all these items in frost free places: beet and carrots in peat or sand, onions hung up, and potatoes put in hessian or good paper sacks.

New rhubarb roots can be planted now. Make sure that you have dug the bed thoroughly to a good depth and added farm-yard manure or compost at the bottom for the roots to settle on. Water well and add some more compost on the top to protect against the winter weather. Get all the empty beds forked over and add some lime (an extra dose to the area where the cabbage family are to be grown, but practically none for the potatoes). Spread some manure or compost over the top and this can be dug in when the main digging is to be done.

Fruit

Get the places ready where you are to set new trees by digging fairly deep and adding some manure or compost so that the new roots will settle down well with a bit of food for them to start on. Where some of your present trees have roots coming up to the top of the soil it might be a good thing to dig up and replant, cutting back some of the protruding roots. Other trees could do with a boost in the shape of extra soil round the main trunk and a little way out, plus manure or compost. Remember to put fresh grease bands about 18 inches above ground level on the main trunk to stop insects climbing up and using crevices for multiplying in the new season.

Gather all those apples and pears which have not been picked, if there are any left after the very dry summer. Prune gooseberries and currants, cutting back severely on all this year's fruiting shoots, so that there will be plenty of strong growth for 1985. Cut away loganberry growth which has borne fruit, plus all canes on raspberries, leaving only three or four new canes for the following year.

Lawns

Put the mower away towards the end of the month and let the grass grow on its own. Put the last of the fertiliser cum weed killer down before the end of the month. Spike the whole lawn, especially where you have rather heavy and bad draining soil. Get the mower cleaned up and covered over in the shed. A little lubricating oil on the moving parts will do a heap of good. Book in for servicing early in the new year.

Flowers

Clear up all the beds for the winter, getting rid of the last of annual bedding plants. Fork over lightly and use the hoe to get rid of any weeds which are still growing. Take out those older clumps of perennials for division and plant the outer portions in new positions. Remember to keep the tall items at the back of the border, and do water in well after planting. Get all the polyanthus

and primulas into their spring flowering places. It is better to get them in rather shady positions, since they tend to do better in moist soil. Lift all the dahlias and gladioli and clean them up before storing them in peat or dry sand, in frost free places, for the winter.

Some of the fibrous rooted begonias can be dug up with a ball of soil for putting into pots for a winter show and they will even last right through till spring. Cut back the roses a little, especially the very tall items, but leave the main pruning till late spring. Put some compost round the roots in order to give them a good start for the new season. Do ensure that you have ordered all the spring flowering bulbs and get them in at once when they arrive, provided there is no frost about. Anemones in small clusters make a fine show when put in at the base of trees, in the border, or other fairly shady spots.

Greenhouse

All damping down must be stopped now and shading taken off the outside of windows. It is quite easy to take it off provided

you wait for a dry day and use a duster to wipe off. Where you have various items growing here, ensure that the heater is alright and set it on when frost is forecast. Keep all the windows closed unless there are some really fine warm sunny days, when even the heater can be turned off. Don't give too much water to plants, and keep drops off the leaves.

Where you have some seedlings such as schizanthus coming along for Xmas or New Year in pots, it might be a good idea to stop them in order to make the whole plant bushy and completely covered with blooms. This is the last period to get those bulbs potted up for the Xmas or New Year show. Do remember to keep them in cool conditions till there is sign of the flower buds coming out of the bulb and then increase the heat and strong light. Disbud the pot carnations and chrysanthemums in order to get good quality and sizeable blooms. Stake them well and tie in so that you get good straight stems and no breakages. Sweet peas can be started in small pots so that you can get them set out early next year.

Follow our Leader: A Trip to Norway

by Paul Baker

Our first land-fall was Trondheim, and I rather think that the trolls had it in for us: it was wet. However, one item in that land is time saving, a home and garden in one – a turfed roof on which flowers or fruit bushes also grow, and any salesman trying to sell you a Flymo, no dice; up you send the sheep or goat, and there it remains until mission achieved, manuring the goodies into the bargain.

Next a Fjord, and awaiting us a Russian ship which, as is their usual itinerary, not on schedule. Do not travel Russian – I am reliably informed that not only might you fall for the seductive hostess, who is a fully paid KGB agent, but also if you happen to have said 'Will meet you...' to a friend at some port it is dubious that you will be on time. Here it sat, on the only mooring, and after a polite toot on our horn, the Commodore, with an apish grin, rather kept his finger down! And from this Fjord, lovely as it is (I wanted my wife to see more, and especially the next spot), we arrived at the

North Cape and here, yes, another con-founded Russian, and only one landing stage. However, unlike for our poor Chairman and his wife and others, it was glorious and the sun did its stuff; it never went down. Of course my wife had to send a card or two and I sat outside. I can imagine now what it is like to feel like an Eskimo. Alas, despite walking around for some while finding an odd plaque or statue we found none of the Battle of the North Cape, and neither did our Commodore who kindly took me around the bridge, for he, a man of the sea, also wanted to see the Plaque.

Thence to the Lofoten Islands. The *Sea Princess* was the biggest and finest ship yet in the harbour, so the local town was bedecked with flowers and flags; we might have been royalty. Our day's journey here took us around, with a guide who was so chuffed that he and his wife had prepared maps for us all. At luncheon we had whale and shark and believe it or not, they were superb. The islands are worth visiting soon

before they are on too many tourist maps. We had on board some members of the R.S.P.B. (to which my wife and I belong), with one of their chaps from Sandy, and also Robert Dougall whom I had the pleasure of meeting, and both gave fascinating talks on bird life in that part of the world, and also East Anglia where Robert lives.

Another Fjord

And so into another Fjord to drop off some for a day trip, and then us to where there was a glacier to be seen, a lovely blue; the weather was now unkind again after the sun of previous days. However, ashore we went to see the glacier; it claimed our senior nurse as a victim, but as a reward for helping her back, a local farmer got two bottles of Scotch: stingy? No, worth £50 out there, and if anyone has a vast thirst, hard luck; beer is £3 per bottle. We spent a fair amount of time on the bridge, somehow all managed to do their jobs, with our Commodore giving much entertainment and information; sadly though, when we were at dinner was the only time reindeer were seen, and worse than that, whales. We had become very excited about this and rather as in Moby Dick, 'There she blows . . . Poof, Poof!' The comedian on the ship, Mike Goddard, took anything up and as he could not understand why all the excitement and the 'Poofs', said, 'Well there are quite enough in the restaurant'.

And then to Bergen where we went into the hinterland through a mass of tunnels, some 50 in all, and anyone who has doubt about females driving, you should have had our coach driver, she was superb. Again a wonderful fish luncheon and an odd occasion of a walk under a waterfall: it is strange hearing the water thundering past one. And so it was goodbye to Norway and what made it nice for me was hugging our delightful little guide. And why not, they are grand folk, only they have a fascinating curiosity for words (and their English is excellent) like when one pilot, pointing to a house on a mountainside announced 'Peoples are living . . . sorry, there are living peoples in that house' rather as if one thought absurdly, 'Is this not normal'?

And so to Amsterdam where we walked around, finding all the 'naughty' places

which abound and the Chinese Sector, before taking a trip down the canals which was interesting, with plenty of bird-life, but not too many windmills now. By now the dock strike was on, and we ended up in Cherbourg, rather more weary than we had hoped. Home much later, but it was lovely, the air grand, the company wonderful, and who knows maybe we shall meet Dr. Ball in the Mediterranean.

FIFTY-FIVE GRANDMOTHERS

The *Review* has several times reported on the craftsmanship of Tommy McKay, who, among other things, makes grandmother clocks in his Brighton workshop. As well as being blinded by a mine while serving with the Royal Engineers during the Second World War, Tommy lost a leg.

Despite all this Tommy works regularly and has a string of satisfied customers to vouch for his skill. Not least fifty-four proud owners of his grandmother clocks not only in the United Kingdom but overseas as well.

Clock number fifty-five is to be presented to a school near Barnstaple, West Buckland, where, in June, Tommy addressed the 450 boys. Afterwards he received a pottery plate designed and made by the Art Master. His clock is a gesture in return. It is the first he has made with a battery powered electrical movement instead of the more conventional spring mechanism.

GERRY HOLES IN ONE

Congratulations to Gerry Brereton! The following article appeared in *The Sun* newspaper on August 13th.

'Golfer Brereton scored a hole in one yesterday . . . although he is almost blind.

Gerry, who lost his sight 40 years ago, can only see four feet ahead but plays regularly and has an 18 handicap. Pals at Betchworth Park Club, near Dorking, line up the ball for him and tap the flag to guide his putts. Gerry, of East Molesey, Surrey, scored his golfing great with a three iron — on the 170-yard second hole. Then he bought the traditional round of drinks to celebrate.'

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

ACCIDENTALLY DONE ON PURPOSE

Weekending in the hills before the War, where the crags of Glen Clova invited first ascents, I used to read by candlelight in the tent Freud's "Psychopathology of Everyday Life." Rock-climbing is not without hazards, even potentially fatal ones, so it's not surprising that I paid particular attention to the Viennese psychologist's theory regarding accidents. What has every appearance of a pure accident, says Freud, is in many instances contrived subconsciously by its victim, the severity of the accident being in some kind of ratio to deep-seated feelings of guilt of which the accident is a form of expiation. The Ming pot you drop, the Rolls you drive into a wall, the mansion you inadvertently set fire to, are all in the nature of sacrifices with a view to placating something or another which is perturbing your soul, rendering you less efficient in the business of living.

Such sacrifice may extend to that of your very life, for only what is most precious to you is valid in this connection, and there is reason to suppose, if Freud is right, that a certain Scottish climber who fell to his death, taking his girl-friend with him, was subconsciously actuated so to do through an otherwise irresolvable conflict in him as between allegiance to girl-friend or mother.

The classical symptom of guilt of the deep-seated kind is depression, and it was a mildly depressed frame of mind in the summer of 1941, glorious sunshine in Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire, that I found myself wandering aimlessly around in the village. There was a church bazaar on, and pausing by a stall I was suddenly taken, and taken in the most extraordinarily compulsive way, with a plate on display. Never, I thought, had potter's wheel produced a more beautiful piece, the perfect proportions, the primitive pattern of brown daubs. Buying the plate I took it up to my lodgings, there to set it up and gaze at it for a long

time in the ecstasy of possessing so lovely a thing.

Freud would see it as significant that in returning to my lodgings some hours later I completely forgot my plate, then in getting into bed did something I have never done before, changed into pyjamas but kept on my bonnet till the last. Leaves murmured on trees outside, the light was dim, putting my head on the pillow I took off my bonnet and spun it carelessly to the other side of the bedroom. It struck the plate, set up as this was at the back of the dresser, knocked it on to the floor, and when I got up to see what had happened I found the plate scattered in a hundred fragments.

My wife Margaret, who has heard this story ad nauseam, says Freud must be wrong, for how could anyone, even if subconsciously bent on some such sacrifice, be so accurate with so nonchalant and inadvertent a throw. Patagonian savages, I tell her, can unerringly knock down a bird on the wing with a flung stone, and such is the precision of our internal computer that when thought does not interfere with it there is no bar to the accuracy with which it can direct, eye, hand and arm. In a state of nature, and this includes subconsciously directed actions, there is no possibility of error. The distance of the plate from the bed, its exact position relative to me, the force required to project my bonnet, the appropriate parabolic arc; all these things had been programmed into my internal computer as previously I gazed in ecstasy at the most marvellous possession I had ever acquired in my life.

The plate, however, would seem to have been doomed from the moment my eye fell on it in that church bazaar. Let it be said that my depression lifted thereafter, and that with regard to the war against Hitler I became in my role of platoon commander a more effective participant.

A Dedicated Naval Officer

Sir Henry Leach talks to David Castleton

But for a design fault in the Cruiser, H.M.S. *Mauritius*, the course of St. Dunstan's recent history might have been different. This came out in an interview our Chairman, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach gave to the *Review* for publication as he completes his first year at the head of St. Dunstan's.

In 1941, he was a Midshipman serving in *Mauritius*, 'She was a brand new ship, one of the earliest to have degaussing against magnetic mines built into her as an integral part of her construction. The firemain, that is the pipe system that runs the whole way round the ship at all deck levels fed by pumps which suck in sea water for fighting fires, had been made of copper. The combination of having the copper pipes filled with sea water while the degaussing was running reduced the copper of the firemain to copper sulphate and massive leaks occurred'.

Young Henry Leach.



So *Mauritius* ended up in Singapore in the graving dock for re-fitting. She was there when the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* set out on their last voyage, to be sunk in action with the Japanese. 'If we had not been in that condition we would undoubtedly have gone with them which, frankly, would not have affected the outcome of the battle and we would have been sunk as well. So I might not have been here today'.

Those who lived through the Second World War will remember the sense of shock and bereavement brought by the news of the loss of these great ships. For the young Henry Leach the loss was a personal one. His father, Captain John Leach, M.V.O., D.S.O., was in command of the *Prince of Wales*. 'It was a great sadness to me. I was very fond of my father. We were very close; I think, perhaps, beyond the normal affinity of father and son. We always got on well together – possibly because he was away a good deal of the time! Just as I, as a young Midshipman, was getting stuck into the Navy, he was cut off in his prime. He was a great man, I think he would have gone a long way. He was both loved and respected throughout the Navy'.

Although there was no family naval tradition, John Leach was determined his son should follow him into the Service, 'Although we were very close, he was not good at discussing things on which he had already made up his mind and knew he was right. He never discussed this with me. It fell, of course, to my mother, to whom I was also devoted, to control as well as look after my brother and myself during holidays. When father came back from a foreign commission he would normally be regaled with the worst of my misdoings during his absence. To which his invariable response was, "Oh well, it will be all right when he's in the Navy". On one occasion my mother rounded on him, "It's all very fine your going on about when he's in the Navy but have you ever discussed it with the boy?"

'One winter's night which I can well recall, I wasn't even 11, he came up to say

goodnight. He didn't talk about anything else. He switched out the light and left the room, shut the door and then he just cracked the door open and, speaking rather fast, said "I take it you've no objection to joining the Navy?", slammed the door shut without waiting for an answer, stumped off downstairs, turned to my mother and said, "I've discussed it with the boy and it's all fixed"'.

The matter was never raised again and, until he was 13½ and went to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, Henry's time was divided between Prep School and his home outside Bovey Tracey on the edge of Dartmoor. 'You walked 200 yards or so up a very steep hill behind the house and you were on the moor. You looked in one direction 16 or 17 miles out towards Torquay and in the other the same distance towards Exeter. It was a most wonderful spot right out in the country'.

At Dartmouth John Leach's decision for his son might not have seemed too well founded although subsequently he was to be proved triumphantly right. 'You got at Dartmouth what I think was very much the same as any other Public School education. You were subjected to a form of discipline which may have been somewhat different. You wore uniform and you were a Cadet. There wasn't bullying in the general sense of the term. You were bossed around by the Cadet Captains. I was never a Cadet Captain. I was not a very well disciplined Cadet and to be frank I didn't enjoy my Dartmouth time. I got bored at Dartmouth and it's a terrible thing to be bored. I was dead keen on the Navy and the one thing, paradoxically, that you were taught about hardly at all, was the Navy'.

Relief came in the last two terms at Dartmouth. Normally the Cadets would have spent two terms aboard the Training Ship on leaving the College. The coming of war meant that the work that would have been done at sea had to be covered at the College under the heading Special Subjects. 'Almost overnight I realised that this was what I had been lacking. So I worked and I worked hard. I hadn't bothered about the



other stuff and I was bone idle. I didn't find learning about professional naval things difficult and I scooped the Special Subjects prize. If it doesn't sound boastful, I never looked back. I was then dedicated, albeit young, I was a dedicated Naval Officer'.

Life for a Midshipman in war-time was somewhat different from the days of peace: 'In theory, when you joined the Fleet as a Midshipman you were very much under training. In practice, because it was war-time, you were required to fill a complement billet. So I spent the best part of a year in *Mauritius* keeping watch in the main armament 6" director – that's the control tower high up above the bridge – because that happened to be my station. As a result you were keeping watch four hours on and eight hours off and there wasn't much time for the "Schoolies" and others to get at you and teach the theory part of your syllabus'.

Could it be an advantage to learn more on the job than in theory? 'I think you have to have enough theory to know and have an understanding of what it's all about but I think theory can be overdone. It can be almost oppressive if overdone. So, yes, I am a supporter of learning on the job, though, of course, things are immeasurably more complicated now and it's not easy to learn on the job because you can't get at the equipment to the same extent'.

After three month's service in the destroyer *Sardonyx* and his 'passing-out' examination as a Midshipman where he got a First Class certificate, 'I came ashore to do Subs' courses during which I did a torpedo course and slept in St. Dunstan's and worked in Roedean'.

Now Sub-Lieutenant Henry Leach joined the *Duke of York* as a Sub of the Gunroom. The time was coming to choose a specialisation: 'I had always tacitly assumed that because my father was a gunnery officer, I would be one. It wasn't unreasonable to assume that the purpose of a warship was to carry guns, weapons. You could argue this point a bit, but, broadly speaking, it was still the era of the big gun and that was how you hit the enemy, as a generalisation. That, coupled with the fact I'd have been almost run out of the house if I had not, made me choose gunnery'.

A Cracking Good Ship

The Captain of the *Duke of York*, calculating that Henry Leach was soon due for his second stripe, sent for him, 'What would you like to do? You can either stay on here and take over a division of sailors and a turret or leave and go as Number Two to a Fleet Destroyer'. 'She was a cracking good ship, *Duke of York*, with a wonderful team of people so I opted to stay and took over the turret and the division. But the second stripe didn't come through. I'd been relieved in the Gunroom and all my friends were itching to ask how I, as a Sub-Lieutenant, was living in the Wardroom. They were convinced I had done some terrible thing and been moved from the Gunroom under Admiralty Warning or Official Report – it took a lot of explaining away. I suppose I was a bit young for my new job but, of course, you did everything young in war-time.

He was still only 20 on Boxing Day 1943 when the *Duke of York*, steaming in Arctic waters, engaged the *Scharnhorst* in the Battle of North Cape, described by Sir Henry in the August *Review*. He was in charge of the forward 14" turret when an incident he did not mention in that account, occurred: his number three gun misfired. Normal drill laid down that half an hour must elapse before the breech was opened: 'It wasn't a drill concocted lightly. If you got it wrong you would have an explosion. So you didn't muck around. Half

an hour undoubtedly contained some additional safety factor and was designed, really, for peace-time purposes. Now, nobody would ever say that in war-time you dispense with the Naval Magazine and Explosive Regulations but when you have 25% of that turret's output stopped for half an hour of action and, furthermore, the after turret would not bear because we were chasing the enemy, this is quite a thing'.

He ordered the breech opened in five minutes, 'I got away with it. You could, I suppose, say it was more youthful enthusiasm than mature sense. In retrospect, if I were confronted with the same situation today I would do the same again. There is nothing magical about the five minutes or so because if there was a slow cook-off, that's to say ignition had occurred but the charge was smouldering, there would be time for it to ignite fully within five minutes. It was a risk and not too calculated either'.

So number three gun resumed firing and the action ended with the dramatic sinking of the *Scharnhorst*. What could have been a life and death decision in the forward turret had helped maintain *Duke of York's* fire power. The first of many such decisions over a lifetime of service.

Decision Taking

Do some people have the gift of decisiveness? 'I think, probably there is something in you or not. However much there may be in you I think that you can train yourself and others will help to train you in that direction so as to improve what is inbred so to speak. In the Navy a substantial part of your training had been directed at using your initiative – you hoped with reasonable intelligence, reasonable responsibility – when things did not go quite according to plan. Because in real life, time and time again, things will *not* go according to plan.

'I think that for any executive capacity you have to be able to take decisions. You don't do this too lightly, you have to take the right decisions. If you are constantly taking wrong decisions then you are an absolute menace. If you know your job, decision taking is not difficult. If you don't know your job it becomes more in the nature of pin-work, but you won't get very far if you don't know your job. Actually

anyone holding an executive position draws his salary almost entirely to take decisions, of which a substantial percentage have got to be right. If too many go the other way then he is out of the job'.

Sir Henry's war service ended in the Destroyer *Javelin* in the Mediterranean as a young Lieutenant. In the post-war years he had many different commands, his first a Battle class Destroyer, *Dunkirk* and he finds it difficult to find a preference for a particular ship or class of ship, 'It's like comparing apples and oranges. You can't really draw a true comparison. When I was a Captain 'D', that is to say I was a Squadron Commander, I had four other ships under me and I drove my own, *Galatea*, and that was really super, that was the best of the lot in many ways'.

Commando Carrier

His last command as a Captain was a contrast: the Commando Carrier, *Albion*, an aircraft carrier of around 28,000 tons, 'I didn't particularly want to go there because I thought it was all too big and impersonal. I would have much preferred to have gone back as a Captain 'D' again which was great. I was dead wrong. I found very quickly *Albion* was a super ship. There was a lot of people: you had the ship's company – 800; then you had the helicopter squadron, something like 18 Wessex helicopters with maintenance back-up and pilots – another 600; and you had what I used to describe as the main armament which was the Royal Marine Commandos – another 800, and they were quite separate. The helicopters belonged to the ship and I learned to fly unofficially'.

The *Albion* was the last individual ship he commanded. As a Rear-Admiral he spent three years in Whitehall as Assistant Chief of Naval Staff (Policy) before going back to sea as a Flotilla Commander. Now he was commanding a number of squadrons but no single ship, flying his flag in no less than eight ships during his first two months.

War-time service in Northern convoys, in the Mediterranean, and the Far East must have brought many occasions which brought feelings of vulnerability – even of fear? 'I think this is a very personal thing. I've been frightened on a number of occasions. There have been times when I've

thought, "Well, I wonder if we'll get back out of this lot", and there have been occasions when it was bordering on the inconceivable to me – and this is not in the war scenario – that one would be able to extricate one's ship from that predicament'.

One such incident Sir Henry remembered was in *Dunkirk* during a visit to Heraklion in Crete. 'We arrived about seven o'clock in the morning and they invited us to go straight in and alongside. I learned one good lesson there. In the light of experience I would always do my utmost to turn and be ready to go out'. Conditions were flat calm when he and his officers made the usual round of calls and in the evening they entertained former members of the Greek Resistance Movement in the Wardroom. During the party the weather blew up so much that within two hours the *Dunkirk* came from normal to immediate notice for steam.

Captain Leach cancelled a dinner party ashore, 'By 9.30 it was blowing so strongly that green seas were coming over the jetty. I was actually soaked to the skin on my own bridge, the open bridge of a Destroyer, a big ship, two and a half to three thousand tons, quietly minding my own business in harbour, alongside the jetty'. By the early hours of the morning only two hawsers were preventing *Dunkirk* being driven from the jetty and on to the rocks on the shore, the remainder had parted. 'It was a question of whether we could get out and I didn't think we could. I had discussed this with the Harbour Master at the reception, asking did he think it would be possible under these conditions to make a sternboard, to take the ship out astern and he said "No, I don't think it would"'.

Give it a Run

'Frankly nor did I. Eventually I decided if we stayed we'd had it and if we went we wouldn't have much chance. So I decided to give it a run. I let go the after hawser and forced her round as far as I could with the head rope still secured to the jetty, until I parted it. I cleared everyone off the fo'c's'le and I rang on revolutions for 26 knots. I made a dart for it and we got through the narrow hole and out into the open sea. I had every doubt in the world that night but it was the only chance. I had a lot of power

and used it and there were a lot of very relieved officers and men – and none more than me’.

As First Sea Lord decisions were on a different scale, ‘If you take the wrong decision in one of a pair of Frigates, say, chasing a Submarine, the result will probably be that you won’t get the Submarine and the Submarine will probably get you. If you get a decision wrong at a higher plane, if, for example, you decide that it’s too far away, it’s too expensive, it’s politically undesirable, then you don’t embark on something like the Falklands campaign. So, O.K. the Falklands have been clobbered by the Argies and that’s it. That would be the alternative. In that particular case it wasn’t my decision – it was the Prime Minister’s decision, the Cabinet’s decision’.

First Intelligence Reports

Only a week or two before the event Sir Henry saw the first Intelligence Reports indicating that an invasion was likely: ‘No way could you stop that. You couldn’t deter it, still less could you intervene, so that trick had been lost. Really the Government of the United Kingdom was faced with the decision to do something about it or not and my strong advice to those concerned was that we could do something about it and we *should*. My terms of reference, so to speak, stopped at the level of could we? But, perhaps being that way inclined I stuck my neck out a little further and strongly advised we should.’

‘Why? Simply because I think we had, as a country, gone quite a long way down the road of acquiring a reputation of telling everyone how to conduct their business, but when it actually came to doing anything, well, maybe, we weren’t so good at that. There were the Falkland Islands, they were recognised as British Sovereign Territory, they had some 1800 inhabitants who were British Citizens. If we had decided that we weren’t going to do anything about it then you and I would be living in a very different world today – a world in which Great Britain’s word would have counted for nine-tenths of nothing.’

‘As it is, because of what was done, and done, let’s face it, eminently successfully, it was a shot in the arm for NATO, a shot in the arm for the whole free world. Aggression does not pay’.

The Falklands War also provided a shot in the arm for another campaign Sir Henry had been waging against the proposed drastic cuts in the Navy in the 1981 Defence Review: ‘I accept that it was right, necessary and inescapable that defence had to contribute to the saving in public expenditure for the sake of the national economy. There’s no point in having a splendid defence of a bankrupt country. Whether the amount that it had to contribute was properly judged is another matter’.

Ridiculous Cut

‘It was ridiculous to cut the Navy by more than twice the Army and more than seven times the Air Force and thereby unbalance the whole defence structure, destroying a significant measure of your flexibility. It’s no good people saying there won’t be this again or it won’t happen like it did in so and so. They don’t know.’

‘Now, down in the deep South Atlantic, where we had not even bothered to apply deterrence, where we only had a trip-wire in the form of HMS *Endurance* and the Royal Marines ashore, it was a public and international demonstration that we couldn’t have cared less what happened down there. Then came the Defence Review slashing the Navy and clearly indicating that we didn’t bother about the sea except round the shores of little old England. You couldn’t really blame the Argentine politicians for doing what they did.’

‘I had found myself in the position of saying, “You must not do this, because . . .” and even on occasions’ “If you do this ludicrous thing you will find that . . . etc., etc.” Then, without my saying anything at all, a very considerable amount of that advice was borne out by actual events in the Falklands War. This is the pity of it and this is the reality of politico-military life I’m afraid. It took a short, sharp war with loss of life, maiming and blindness as well as loss of ships to drive home to those who were in a position of ultimate responsibility but minimal professional knowledge that what had been said by the professionals was not just being greedy and up for grabs but was based on hard, practical experience’.

Sir Henry ceased active service in the Navy in 1982. ‘No, I didn’t look forward to this, I knew it would be difficult, I knew I would miss a great deal and, in the main,



With Lady Mary in their garden.

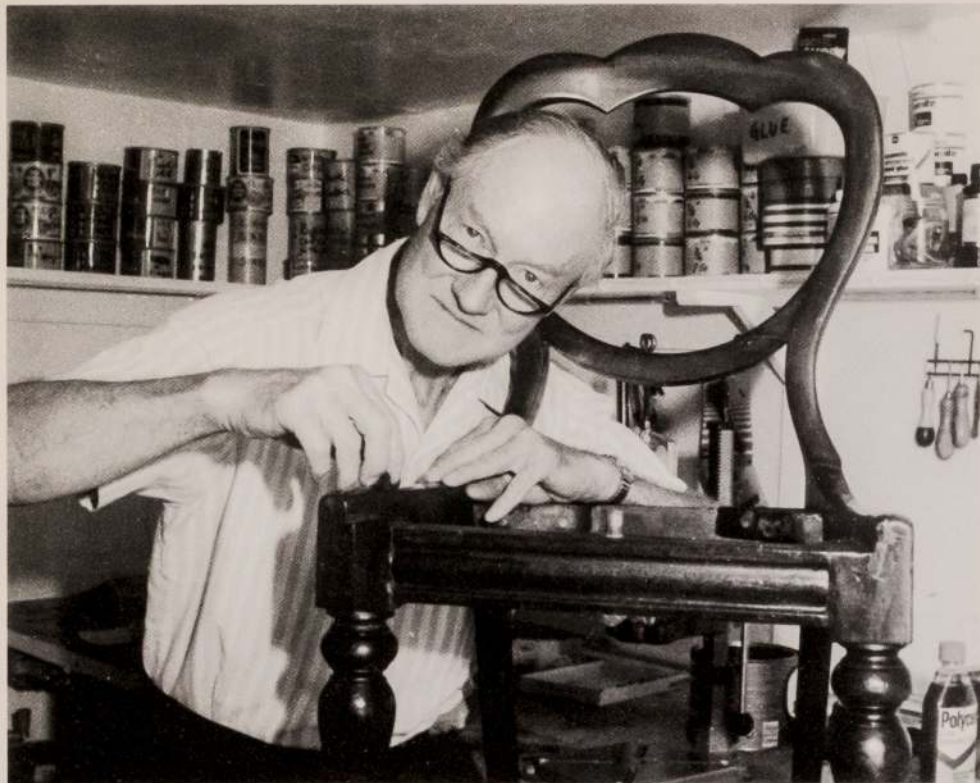
I’m talking about people because that’s what it’s all about. But it happened and the day I pulled out was a particularly sad one for me. I had a terrific send-off from The Zoo, as I affectionately termed the Ministry of Defence. Then I went home and it was all very flat. But I was lucky: I have a nice home, a wife to whom I am devoted and two charming girls who have fled the nest. I was actually quite busy for the next week or so doing things with the media which I was then able to deal with, whereas previously I had been politically denied that access’.

Christmas and a two month holiday with Lady Leach in South Africa in a motor caravan, as long a time as they had ever had together, ‘was a very good de-tuner to get Whitehall out of the system’. Sir Henry had long decided not to join the rat-race, as he put it, that is, another time consuming job in commerce or industry, ‘I’d already committed myself to St. Dunstan’s and had joined the Council, without any mention of the prospect of taking over as Chairman. I had promised one of my predecessors that I would relieve him as President of the Royal Naval Benevolent Society.’

‘I had a whole range of interests that I’d never found time to pursue so there were all sorts of other things I hoped that I would take up. My resettlement course, for instance, I did in woodwork. I’m going in for repairing furniture rather than making it; with repairs each case is to an extent different and you are using the mind as well as the hand. I’ve got a big garden and I’m busy pulling out weeds’.

In addition Sir Henry is Governor of a Public School, member of its Preparatory School Sub-Committee and has just become President of the Sea Cadet Association. Retirement may represent a change of gear but it surely will not be a rustication.

Looking back over a distinguished Naval career which part was most rewarding? ‘When I was C. in C. of the Fleet at Northwood people used to say, “How are you enjoying the finest job in the Navy?” and I would say, “I am enjoying this super job but you are wrong in describing it as the finest. It is the third finest. The finest job in the Navy is when you are commanding your own ship. Everything about that unit is



Working on the repair of a chair.

yours. Everything it does is *your* fault, ultimately *you* carry the can. It's possessive. Everybody knows it and that's how the system works. The next stage is when you are a Flotilla Commander where no one ship is possessively yours, yet the whole of the Flotilla is yours and because you are at sea in one or other ship and you are living amongst your sailors the entire time you get to know them very well.

'In a way my time as First Sea Lord was the most rewarding. Now that's boasting some and by it I mean I think it would be generally accepted that I had probably a tougher, rougher run than most. I did not achieve by any means a total success. Indeed you could say I lost a lot for the Navy. At the risk of seeming boastful or complacent I think I reduced the extent of that loss to proportions which, shall I say, I am not ashamed of and I don't think anyone could have done more'.

TORQUAY BOWLING

We had a wonderful week, surrounded by our usual friends and a sprinkling of local people and holidaymakers, who could not believe their eyes at the high standard of bowling attained by both blind and partially sighted bowlers.

We received a tremendous lot of help from the local bowling club, who opened their clubhouse and put it to our use for refreshments, wonderful people, and we finished off the week keeping the flag flying, with two winners and three runners-up. I should like to thank Mr. Conway for the use of the coach and driver, they are such a tremendous help on these occasions. My special thanks to all the wives and helpers who instantly gave their help and encouragement, to Mr. and Mrs. Len Bridge and Keith, the driver, who excelled themselves, always on hand to help. Thank you all once again.

M. Golding

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



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

Squadron Leader **John Elias Vincent Davies** of Huntingdon, joined St. Dunstan's on 18th July. Mr. Davies served in the R.A.F. during the Second World War and was injured in June 1981 in a car accident while on duty in a retired Officer's post with the Cambridge University Air Squadron. He is married with a grown up family.

Mr. Andrew Dugdale, of Penrith, Cumbria, joined St. Dunstan's on July 30th. Mr. Dugdale is married. He first served in the Royal Corps of Signals and later in the Paratroops in France, where he was wounded, and Palestine.

Norman Lacy, of Cromer, Norfolk, joined St. Dunstan's on 11th July. Mr. Lacy served in the Second World War as a Sergeant in the Royal Artillery in Egypt and Persia, where he was wounded. He is married.

Mrs. Elsie Tucker, of Treforest, Pontypridd, joined St. Dunstan's on 16th July. Mrs. Tucker is married. She was a munitions worker at the Royal Ordnance Factory at Bridgend and was wounded in an explosion in December 1940.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 4430

The Detling Murders

By Julian Symonds

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 6½ hours

London in the 1890's. Parliament has thrown out yet another Irish Bill. This is a bitter disappointment to Bernard Ross, Liberal MP and a strong and eloquent advocate of Home Rule. His father-in-law, the cantankerous Sir Arthur Detling, holds very different views as a hard-line Tory.

Ross is visited in his home by three Irish-Americans, all known revolutionaries. Det. Insp. Moss shows a keen interest in the meeting, especially since the MP has spent many years in the USA.

Then a seedy little painter and part-time police informer is found stabbed to death in his studio. In his pocket there is a piece of paper bearing Ross's name and address. Can the MP be working for the Irish Republican Brotherhood?

A somewhat convoluted plot with little by-plots scurrying in all directions and a denouement more than a little implausible. Still, it's readable.

Cat. No. 4439

Has Anybody Here Been Raped and Speaks English?

By Edward Behr

Read by Robin Holmes

Reading Time 14½ hours

Upon leaving St. Paul's School the author went straight into the Indian Army. By this time the war was over and he and his Gawalali troops were sent to Indonesia as the occupying force. Here they were involved in the bitter and bloody struggle for independence.

From there they were posted to Peshawar where once again Behr saw action during the savage communal riots.

Indeed he seems to have been destined to become involved in 'struggles for independence'. As a foreign Correspondent of Time and Life Magazines he reported the carnage of the Algerian war. He was present at the Indo-Chinese troubles of 1963 and the entry of American troops into Lebanon — where he met the traitor Philbey. He was the only western correspondent to be granted an interview with Chairman Mau.

It's all been done before, of course, — the memoirs of a Foreign Correspondent, and you might feel that having 'read one, you've read the lot', but this is an exceptional example of the genre.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Mrs. Anne C. Pugh, Brighton

I wish to thank all St. Dunstaners and staff for all the lovely cards and most generous gift of money which you donated to my retirement. This I have put towards a three piece suite, so I am constantly being reminded of you all and the warmth of your friendship which I shall always remember.

From Mrs. P. David, Bettws, Nr. Bridgend, widow of the late Mr. Arthur David.

I wish to thank you for the help which I have received from St. Dunstan's for the years while Arthur was with us. Miss Newbold has been such a good friend to us and Arthur always looked so forward to her visits, which kept my strength up while looking after Arthur. I don't know what I would have done without her and would like you please to put this in the *Review* and to say how much we owe to her.

From Mr. David Hodgson, Ferry Hill, Co. Durham.

I wish to thank my friends – March Handicap Bowlers – for their kind thoughts during my recent illness. Their letters, cards and telephone calls meant a great deal to both myself and my wife at a time of great stress. I would also like to thank them for their gift of shrubs for my new garden. I cannot mention them all by name but I will mention Kate Stubbs. Kate delivered the shrubs and with great determination attacked the soil! I now have strict instructions as to the design of the garden and a firm completion date has been set (before her next visit!!!).

In conclusion, Jennie and I send our sincere best wishes to St. Dunstan's bowlers, one and all, for the November handicap.

From Mr. Sydney Scroggie, Kirkton of Strathmartine, Angus.

Discerning readers of the correspondence column in the August *Review* will have noticed that whether God's alleged rainbow appeared for Abraham's benefit or Noah's is irrelevant as regards the assertion that, except in the poetic imagination of the writer of Genesis, there was a connection between what is a universal natural

phenomenon, one long pre-dating the very existence of Man on this planet, and an arrangement with God that a particular rainbow is here roped in to signalise. Nothing could better indicate the fallibility of Man in attempting to detail his relationship with the Divinity than this preposterous story, but at the same time nothing could better exemplify the imaginative faculty whereby he sought to render the ungraspable in terms of fable and myth. Again, a purely local flood in Mesopotamia is exaggerated to a point where it inundates the entire planet; a pair of duck-billed platypuses from Australia, a condor and his mate from the Andes, two polar bears, male and female, are somehow collected and got into the Ark; and yet for all these absurdities there is a core of significance in the story of relevance to Man's moral development which could better thus be made manifest than in a 100 pages of theology. Like the transformation scene in old-fashioned pantos a rainbow is clapped on at the end, the soggy planet dries out, and Mankind, his guilt thus expurgated, proceeds to the next stage in his gradual approximation to the Divine nature. It is good stuff, but I'm sure God would be disappointed in us, in this scientific age, to learn we still supposed it happened as Genesis says. To realise that a fox never in fact eyed an inaccessible bunch of fruit, as Aesop asserts it did, is in no way to discredit the concept of sour grapes, thus fabulously given its classical exposition. The hand of God is certainly in the Bible, but it is a hand, in innumerable instances, rendered shaky by his amanuenses, taking a form perhaps two or three removes from the Divine intention. The rainbow which at this moment shines near this house must remind the scientist quite as much of pterodactyls in a pre-human world better ruled by its God than that of today, as it does of a dove with a twig in its bill.

As to the gold, myrrh and frankincense, stoutly defended by one of your correspondents as symbols of the Christ child's eventual career; it is quite impossible that three itinerant Persians, Zoroastrians as they must have been, could have had fore-

knowledge of anything whatsoever, least of all foreknowledge deriving from a religious culture alien to their own; that of the Jews. To suppose the future can be foretold, embodied in symbols like the supposed gifts to the infant Jesus, is to reveal a naivety equalled only by students of 'Your Lucky Stars' in the Dundee *Courier* or Aunt Kate's *Dream Book*. The future can't be foretold, and that's that, and it can't be foretold, as God well knows, because it isn't pre-ordained; depending upon free will and not predestination. This is what the revelation of Jesus stood for, at least in part, and this is why it is reasonable to suppose that it was the stock-in-trade of the astrologer, gold, myrrh and frankincense now rendered useless, represented by the myth as being abandoned at a Bethlehem manger.

Now let me revert to the Gadarene swine, a story quite implausibly interpreted by another of your correspondents. In the first place we now know there aren't any such things as devils, whether singular or plural, which enter into people disturbing their personalities either to emotional disequilibrium or madness. The causes of these things, whatever they may be, are inherent in the sufferers themselves, so there are no usurping devils which can be cast out. The New Testament view was that of a less informed age, and a reasonable supposition it was in the want of sound knowledge, but now we know that whatever the cure for schizophrenia may be, it's not a matter of removing some malignant, external force from the personality so much as reintroducing a balance into the mind of the sufferer. It was therefore impossible for a legion of devils to be conjured out of the madman and introduced into a herd of pigs because there could have been no such devils to be exorcised and accommodated. My hypothesis, therefore, stands as yet untoppled, that two stories probably got mixed up into one, Jesus curing a madman and a herd of pigs driven crazy by ergot, rushing down into water and drowning.

The dogmatism of an interpretationist, namely myself, is here seen in head-on collision with the dogmatism of literalists as regards Scripture, and let me put a question to my friends and antagonists in the opposite camp. Which is easier to prove: that critics of the Bible are wrong, or that advocates for its universal inviolability are

right? It's harder, I suggest, for the latter to make out a good case for themselves, for they start from an assumption no longer tenable; that the Bible can't be wrong. Actually it is the critic in the long run who will increase, not diminish as bigotry must, the stature of one of the greatest collections of books handed down to us.

From Mr. W.S. Cross, Bromborough, Merseyside.

I was not at all impressed by the article 'A Moment to Spare'. I could not help feeling that should the writer have further moments to spare, and contemplates airing his thoughts about Biblical stories, he would do well to study his subjects thoroughly before making arrogant assertions.

Answering the question 'What was Manna anyway?'. It is not a question of 'What was Manna' but what is Manna. Manna is the same today as it was hundreds of years ago. Manna is the sweet exudation of edible coagulated saccharine juice of the Manna Ash or Flowering Ash. A species of the genus Tamarisk (*Tamarix*). Various species, trees or shrubs of the genus Tamarisk are to be found in Southern Europe, South East Asia, in the Mediterranean Region and parts of Tropical Africa. More surprisingly, one species can be found growing wild upon the coasts of England. This one grows 6ft. to 20ft. in height. It has minute scalelike foliage and dense spikes of white and rosy flowers towards the end of summer. It is called Tamarisk Gallica. Hebrew, Jewish, or Persian manna, or manna of Mount Sinai, is the same exudation of an Arabian species also called the Tamarisk Gallica. The food of the Israelites in the wilderness (Exodus 16: 14-36) was probably the exudation from the Tamarisk *Manifera*. It was Manna.

My own experience, for what it is worth, happened in West Africa in 1942. The end of the hot season comes very quickly and indeed it came overnight on this occasion. After a sweltering hot day, the temperature fell rapidly as the sun went down. Since the night was colder than it had been for the past six months, we expected the lesser rains to be upon us in a couple of days. However, the next morning, everywhere seemed to be covered in snow and our native camp boys were running about gathering it up as quickly as they could and

Letters to the Editor *continued*

some pushed it into their mouths and ate it. I called to my boy and asked him what all the fuss was about. He told me that it was 'Manna'. As the sun rose the Manna melted and disappeared. By now my curiosity was aroused so I sent for my head boy to find out more about this strange phenomenon. He told me that the trees which were heavy with fruit yesterday, had burst during the night because of the sudden drop in temperature and in bursting, had sent the feathery snow-like contents high into the sky which had then fallen down covering everything in the open. It would not keep for very long so the natives boiled it and made a sort of paste to make it last a little longer. Manna would not come again for another year. There is a lot to learn from the Bible but one can only learn by keeping an open mind and searching diligently to sort out facts from fiction.

From Mr. Philip Wood, Crewe, Cheshire

Mr Gilbert claims to have been 'flabbergasted' by Syd Scroggie's article. I must confess that my own flabber was fairly comprehensively gasted by Mr. Gilbert being terribly dogmatic about Mr. Scroggie being terribly dogmatic! The pot calling the kettle black? In his diatribe, delivered with all the delicate subtlety of a demented drop-hammer, he asks sarcastically (and, I thought, just a touch pettishly) 'Was he there at the time?', and strives to convey the impression that *he* most certainly was!

Actually Syd Scroggie is in illustrious company. For no less a personage than a bishop (and a professor to boot) recently put the cat among the ecclesiastical pigeons by calling into question some of the more fanciful bits in the Bible, thereby transgressing the 11th commandment 'Thou shalt not rock the boat.' Not once in his long letter does Mr. Gilbert use terms like 'in my opinion' or 'I believe' but doggedly presents those opinions and beliefs as Absolute Truth, which in my opinion (!) is patently absurd. Faith and truth are *not* synonymous terms. Indeed, they are poles apart. Faith is simply adherence to a dogma for whose validity and credence there is not a single shred of supportive evidence. Or put into scientific terminology, Faith remains just a theory and for lack of any evidence cannot be elevated to a law . . . which is Truth. / may have a faith so strong

that I believe (or 'know') that I can walk off my roof and remain unscathed. The truth is that almost certainly I will break my silly neck!

If Mr. Gilbert had claimed (however dogmatically) that the Bible contains some of the most beautiful passages in our beautiful language, then I am right there in the front row applauding like crazy! But when he attempts to pass it off as The Great and Only Truth I am very sorely tempted to reply in my coarse and vulgar way, 'Come off it mate!'

From Mr. Alf Bradley, Rosliston, Staffordshire.

Through 'Letters to the Editor', may I say how delighted I was to read those written by John Gilbert and Janet Cruse, which appeared in the August issue of the *Review*, in response to a previous article, 'A Moment to Spare' by Syd Scroggie.

It must be about a year ago that I too replied to Syd, as he had taken up the subject of Evolution versus the Biblical account of Creation (this having been an ongoing controversy in the Dundee *Courier*.) On that occasion I wrote to Syd, and the *Review*, also sending Mrs. Scroggie a print book which I had transcribed from a braille copy when I found it to be out of ink print. The original book contained so much material of great value, that I tried to do the sighted public a small service by having some of the extracts re-circulated. As the first chapter is entitled 'Beginnings', it might help Syd if he heard a few extracts. Here I should like to suggest to the Editor that he might make the appropriate arrangements to have the book put on to cassette, so making it available to the non-braille-reading visually handicapped.* The book is called 'Through the Dark Glass' and is published by the New Horizon book publishers, of Bognor Regis.

Thank you again John and Janet for that breath of Spiritual fellowship, and thank God for your love of His everlasting word. I shall of course write to you both, AND . . . (of course) send you each a copy of the book to have someone read a little to you, and then put it on a strategic bookshelf.

*Editor. A recorded version of 'Through the Dark Glass' could be made available if the demand is sufficient. Please write to me if you are interested.

From Mr. N. Walton, Southfields, London. I enjoyed the limericks very much. Please could we have some more?

From Mrs. Freda Smith of Whitwick, Leicestershire, widow of the late Jim Smith.

I would like to send my heartfelt thanks to all our friends of St. Dunstan's for the numerous expressions of sympathy I received. My special thanks also to Miss Newbold and Mr. Booth, also to Sir Henry Leach, Miss Mosley and all the staff of St. Dunstan's for their kindness and help which they gave to me at this sad time. Thanking you all once again.

From Mrs. Joy Forster, Leeds, widow of the late Bob Forster.

I felt I must write to say how much I appreciate all the help I receive from our lovely family of St. Dunstan's.

I have just finished reading the *Review* which keeps us all in touch and, as always, there were so many people mentioned in it who were at Church Stretton when I was there as a V.A.D. Bill Shea, one of the group to whom I often read, Tony Smith whose friend was 'Tiny' Brown, Norman Perry, Tommy Bice - I remember those sticks waving merrily in the air - Eric Bradshaw, George Shed, David Bell, Jimmy Wright, Barbara Bell, Tom Hart, Granville Waterworth, the late Peter Spencer, who kept his

STIRLING LINES, SPECIAL AIR SERVICE

by Arthur Simpson

In February this year my wife and I received a letter of invitation to attend an open day for the re-naming of the S.A.S. Camp at Hereford, this being the regiment I helped to form during 1941/42. It was then known as the 1st Special Air Service Regiment and there were two squadrons, A and B. I was in A squadron and this was led by Colonel Stirling. B squadron was led by the late great Paddy Mayne. Saturday June 30th was the date chosen for the occasion, so on Friday 29th we travelled by train to Hereford. After booking in at our hotel the afternoon was spent in the centre of Hereford, and in the evening we joined S.A.S. friends for drinks.

On Saturday morning we arrived at the camp then known as 'The Bradbury Lines'.

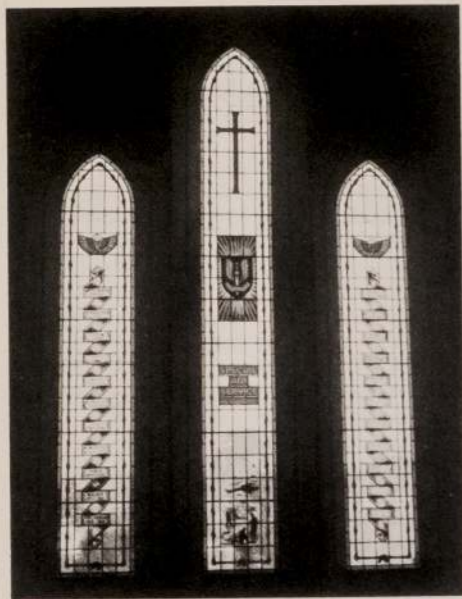
dining room table companions lively - I was the V.A.D. in charge of that table - and Bob and Joan Osborne. I do hope Joan's health is improving.

There was a letter from Janet Cruse, her husband John and my Bob were good friends, both came from Tyneside. I was most touched to read that Sir Henry Leach in a reunion speech referred particularly to St. Dunstan's widows. It is lovely to know that we are appreciated as wives and not forgotten now that our dear husbands are no longer with us. Like Joan Cashmore I was very lucky to have Bob with me for nearly 35 years. He was blinded in Burma and it was a close thing between blindness and death, another inch one way and I should not have been able to open the door to him when he arrived at Denehurst to begin his training and our happiness together.

In conclusion may I tell you that the money I received from relations, friends, neighbours and various associations for a Guide Dog in Bob's memory has bought a golden retriever named Dona. She is quite beautiful. I have a framed photograph of her given to me by the Guide Dogs Association inscribed 'In Memory of Bob Forster, with gratitude'. I hope she gives many happy years of mobility and friendship to someone. Incidentally, I was Joy Lomas, Red Cross V.A.D. and a lounge Sister at Denehurst, Church Stretton.

We were checked in at the gate where security is very strict, and given a programme of the day's events. We made our way to get a seat ready for the opening ceremony which was due to take place at 11.30 a.m. By this time the crowd was estimated to be about 3000, made up of S.A.S. members, families and friends. The band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance and entertained us with music until the Commanding Officer of the Camp mounted the rostrum to give his speech of welcome and to introduce David Stirling, who started the 1st S.A.S. in the desert in 1941.

In Colonel Stirling's address he said how very pleased he was to see us all, and the size of the crowd exceeded all expectation. He proceeded to give a run-down of how



Stained-glass window dedicated to the Special Air Service Regiment in St. Martin's Church, Hereford.

the regiment was first formed and he named Jock Lewes, Johnny Cooper, Paddy Mayne and Bob Bennet. These were his first recruits and he mentioned that it was practically 43 years to the month since the regiment had been formed. After that he went on to say how he thought of all those who had given their lives and of those who had been disabled, and he thought of the S.A.S. as one big happy family. He finished his speech by quoting what Lieutenant General M.C. Dempsey had said about the S.A.S.: 'In my military career and in my time I have commanded many units, but I have never met a unit in which I had such confidence as I have in yours and I mean that'. Colonel Stirling then said he had much pleasure in re-naming the camp, 'Stirling Lines'. He then pulled a cord and unveiled a plaque on the wall to this effect. After the ceremony my wife took me to meet Colonel Stirling and that was the first time since January 1943 that we had met. The last time we had been together was when we were on a raid, I got wounded and taken prisoner, and he was taken prisoner a week later. I also met Sir Fitzroy Maclean and Major Roy Farron, who had also been on the raid with me, my former Sergeant-Major Bob Bennet and Sergeant Jack Terry

of the Rommel Headquarters Raid, and of course many others that I had served with in the desert.

After lunch in the Sergeants' Mess, we were entertained by events taking place in the area, including a number of parachute jumps and a display by the Police Dogs. We listened to the Guards band for a while but then my wife wanted to see what was in the tents; one had things to sell and another showed survival kits etc., another had parachutes and equipment. Plenty of refreshments were taken as it was a very hot day. We were able to see most things on the camp such as the Medical and Dental Centre, the boat section, the gym with all its sports facilities and skiing equipment, and the cinema. Men of the unit were on hand to answer any questions and to help in any way they could. We were told that out of 100 men applying to join the regiment, maybe only 12 would be suitable: it requires a very high standard of soldier.

7.15 p.m. in the evening found us sitting again, this time to watch Beating Retreat by the Coldstream Guards, half an hour of splendid music and marching. Now it was

spent sitting in the sunshine talking to friends.

Stained Glass Window

On Sunday afternoon we went to St. Martin's Church where there is a stained glass window dedicated to the S.A.S. Regiment. King Hussein of Jordan made a gift of money to the S.A.S. appeal fund and this helped to pay for the window. I couldn't see it myself so my wife read me the dates on it and described it to me. We then visited the churchyard and here we found on a wall a plaque to the S.A.S. man who died on Mount Everest, and then 21 plaques bearing the names of those who died in the Falklands War. Among these was one for Paul Lightfoot, grandson of our St. Dunstan, Mr. Percy Stubbs. There is also a plot of land for the burial of S.A.S. men, and here we found the grave of one of the Sergeants who had taken part in the raid on the Iranian Embassy in London; he had been tragically killed in a road accident.

To me it was a wonderful weekend, renewing friendships, hearing news of others who couldn't be present, and getting a feel of how the regiment that I was proud to be in at the start, now operates.

Marathon Runner

In the June *Review* we mentioned Gerry Jones' excellent running time in the London marathon. We didn't realise that Mr. William Tyson, of Saltdean, Brighton, also ran in the marathon with a time of approximately five hours 18 minutes – definitely not bad going at the age of 75! And that's just a drop in his ocean, so to speak.

Mr. Tyson, who joined St. Dunstan's in 1981, was a Petty Officer in the Royal Navy during the war and began losing his sight in Sudan in the 1940's, after a vaccination. He is now a life member of the Amateur Athletic Association with a very 'active history' to his credit since he first started running marathons in the 1920's. He has run the London to Brighton race ten times and the Manx T.T. course, which is 40 miles, longer than a conventional marathon and involves a lot of hill climbing, six times. He always takes his running gear with him on holiday and whilst running in Turkey in 1973 along a coast road by the Syrian border, he was savaged by wild dogs and had to have rabies injections. But that isn't enough to deter our Mr. Tyson. In 1981 he ran the New York marathon and received a medal for finishing.

We are very proud and wish him lots more successful running in the future!

Archery Medal

Congratulations are certainly due to Dr. Stan Sosabowski on being awarded the Grand National Archery Society Handicap Improvement Medal, the first time in history for a St. Dunstan.

The award is the property of the GNAS and is given each year to the most improved archer in a club. Results are gathered over 12 shoots, although because St. Dunstaners only compete for one week in June, the GNAS has made an exception. This year Dr. Sosabowski, totally blind but with a handicap improvement of 11 places (99-88), had the honour of receiving the medal. The inclusion of St. Dunstan's Archery Club in the GNAS Medal Scheme and the acceptance of our new handicap system means that, for the first time, St. Dunstan's archers can compete against any sighted archery club in the world.

We trust Dr. Sosabowski will wear the medal proudly and we wish the best of luck to all our contenders in years to come.

CLUB NEWS

ARCHERY

N.S.V.H. Games, Manchester

Saturday, July 14th turned out to be an ideal day weather-wise for an archery shoot, though it started out with a few light showers the air was warm and calm. The venue for the fourth annual shoot was the usual one at Bruntwood Hall, Cheadle, and the host club, the Bowmen of Bruntwood, made sure that everything went smoothly. The judge for the day was Wilfred Francis who greeted us all in his quiet friendly manner and made us feel at home. Miss Kath Dean, the tournament organizer, did a grand job seeing that everything went according to plan and David Holmes, the Club President, saw to it that we were provided with an excellent lunch and a steady supply of tea throughout the shoot.

The round to be shot was a modified short metric, that is, three dozen arrows at 50m and three dozen at 30m using a 122cm face, with a ten zone scoring to give a maximum of 720. The Novice Section, in which there were no St. Dunstaners taking part, was shot over a round of three dozen at 30m and two dozen at 20m. The Senior Group started at a steady rate of scoring and at the end of the 50m distance there was no clear leader and any one of the five could win. The excellent lunch taken during the change of distance obviously suited Fred Galway the most, or maybe he used some of the chicken feathers left over from the making of sandwiches, for, when the shoot recommenced he was quickly on Gold and slowly forged ahead to come out a clear winner. The final scores were as follows:

Fred Galway, S.D.A.C.	432
Roger Evans, Swansea	382
Dave Andrews, Bristol	370
Norman Perry, S.D.A.C.	345
Sid Jones, S.D.A.C.	303

Unfortunately many of the regulars who come to this shoot were not able to be present for various reasons, but it was heartening to see so many new archers, and the standard that is being demonstrated indicates that a great deal of practice will be needed to succeed in future tournaments.

Norman Perry

BRIGHTON

Entertainment Section

We are very pleased to welcome Joan and Bob Osborne back, after a long period of ill health.

The new year of competitions has begun, please enter for as many as you can.

The annual dinner and dance arranged for November 8th, at Butlins, Saltdean, will cost members £6.50 and non-members £11.00. We do look forward to seeing many friends. Tickets may be obtained from Bob Osborne (tel. Brighton 32115) or Bob Cunningham (tel. Brighton 309592).

Our good wishes to Pat and Bob Cunningham, we do hope you will soon be back with us.

Phyllis O'Kelly

Bowling

On July 29th we paid our annual visit to the Woolston Bowling Club. This is a fixture we very much enjoy and nine bowlers participated.

We stopped on our way to Woolston for a very enjoyable lunch. It was a beautiful sunny day and we were warmly greeted by our friends on arrival.

We all enjoyed a good afternoon's bowling — the end result being a draw!

Harry Preedy who was Captain for the day gave a vote of thanks to our hosts and congratulated the ladies of Woolston on an excellent tea.

Thank you Harry for standing in for Bob.

We continued our bowling season by paying a visit to Hove & Kingsway Bowling Club on August 10th. Unfortunately, owing to illness and holidays, we only had six bowlers on this occasion. However we enjoyed a splendid afternoon's bowling. The Padre did not participate this year and therefore the Hove Bowling Club must have missed his divine inspiration as St. Dunstan's took the honours this time!

We welcome back Joan and Bob Osborne to the fold and hope it is not too long before Joan is fit once more.

A. Miller

Bridge

Individuals — July 21st

R. Fullard	64.3
J. Padley	54.8
J. Majchrowicz	50.0
H. Ward	50.0
P. McCormack	50.0
W. Phillips	45.3
R. Evans	45.3
W. Lethbridge	40.4

Pairs — September 2nd

N/S	
1st. R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	68.3
2nd W. Burnett & Dr. J. Goodlad	60.8
3rd W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	46.7
4th Mrs. Douse & Miss Stenning	24.2

E/W

1st. R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti	57.5
2nd W. Allen & Mr. Douse	53.5
3rd J. Padley & Mrs. Padley	49.2
4th J. Majchrowicz & Miss Sturdy	40.0

FAMILY NEWS

GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cookson, of Selsey in Sussex, on the birth of their grandson, Thomas Ralph William, born on July 4th to their daughter Barbara and her husband Ralph de Plater of Brisbane, Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Arthur Craddock, of Warrington, who are pleased to announce the birth of another grandchild, Mark Gregson, born to their son Peter and his wife on June 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Foster of Barnsley, on the birth of their grandson, Adam, born on June 26th to their son John and his wife Kay.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hoyle, of Oldham, who are pleased to announce the birth of their eighth grandchild, Thomas Clifford, to their son Brian and his wife Mary, on June 19th.

Mr. Patric Sheehan, of Redbridge, on the birth of his grand-daughter, Nichola Rene, on May 19th to his son Kevin and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spence, of Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, who are proud to announce the birth of their grandson, Lee Andrew, born on June 25th 1983, to their son Derek and his wife Shirley.

Mr. Patrick Sutton, of Bray, Co. Wicklow, on the birth of his grand-daughter, Elaine Stephanie, born to his son Kevin and his wife Doreen, on June 2nd.

Mr. Tony Warren, of Pearson House, and Mrs. Warren of Meppershall, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Haley Jane, born on July 29th to their daughter Angie and her husband Clive Walker.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Goodhead, of Sheffield, who are pleased to announce the birth of their first great grandchild, Lia, born on April 30th to their grandson and his wife, David and Debbie.

Mr. and Mrs. S.C. Moseley of Carleton, Poulton-le-Fylde, who are delighted to announce the arrival of a great grandson, Alan Martin, to their grand-daughter Deborah Jill, and her husband Andrew Melville Grimshaw, on April 6th.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILD Congratulations to:

Mrs. A.H. Nobbs, widow of *the late Mr. Bertram Nobbs*, on the safe arrival of her eighth great-great-grandchild. Mrs. Nobbs has 23 great grandchildren and 14 grandchildren.

WEDDINGS Congratulations to:

Colin Timothy, son of *Mr. and Mrs. John Beattie*, of Mobberley, on his marriage to Karen Anderson at Wilfred Church, Mobberley, on August 11th.

Anne, grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. Victor Dale*, of High Salvington, on her marriage at Findon Church on August 4th.

John, only son of *Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dickerson*, of Bristol, on his marriage to Marion Oswin on August 16th in Birmingham.

Andrew Eric Foster, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Eric Foster*, of Barnsley, on his marriage to Sheila Marsden on May 26th.

Robin Spence, son of *Mr. and Mrs. John Spence*, of Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, on his marriage to Sandra Eagleson on July 9th at Aughnacloy, Co. Tyrone.

Lorna Ann, grand-daughter of *Mrs. Ada Walker* and the late *Mr. Charles Walker*, of Beckenham, on her marriage to Edward Reed on July 13th at Bracknell.

PEARL WEDDINGS Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. John Gale, of South Moulsecombe, who celebrated their Pearl Wedding Anniversary on August 4th.

RUBY WEDDINGS Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. James Blackwell, of Chippenham, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Coupland of Hessele, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on May 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg Goding, of Hillhead, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mosley, of Solihull, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 10th.

Rev. Geoffrey and Mrs. Treglown, of Cheltenham, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 4th.

GOLDEN WEDDING Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Kingsnorth, of Woodingdean, Brighton, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on August 4th.

Family News — continued

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Paul Gray, grandson of *Mrs. Christina Gray and the late Mr. David Gray*, of Billericay, who obtained a degree in Mathematics from Christ's College, Cambridge.

Andrew, only son of *Mr. L.H. Hassam*, of Warminster, for obtaining his Ph.D. in English Language.

Simon, grandson of *Mr. G.E. Jessery*, of Reading, who graduated from Southampton University with a B.Sc. (Honours) degree.

Kay Beverley Lamb, grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. S.C. Moseley* of Carleton, Poulton-le-Fylde, on gaining her B.Sc. Degree in Computer Sciences, and to her husband, Ian Lamb, who, having obtained his degree last year, is now practising as a computer analyst.

John, grandson of *Mrs. Eileen Owens and the late Pat Owens*, of New Milton, Hants, who graduated in July from Birmingham University with a Bachelor of Commerce degree, achieving Honours Class II (division 1). He will soon be starting a training contract as a chartered accountant.

Jamie, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Scroggie*, who received his MA Honours Degree in English Literature at Dundee University.

Steven Mark, grandson of *Mrs. Constance Smith and the late Mr. J.H. Smith*, of Birmingham, who recently passed his medical finals at Guy's Hospital.

Mrs. F. Smith, of Rotherfield, Sussex, daughter of *the late Mr. Frank P. Best*, on being awarded an M.B.E. for nearly 25 years service to the Women's Royal Voluntary Service.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. W. C. Carlton, of Morecambe, whose wife, Constance, passed away on August 28th.

Mrs. Patricia Harris, wife of *John Harris M.C.S.P.*, of Caversham, whose mother passed away recently.

The family of *Mrs. Constance Stock*, of Shirley, Southampton. Mrs. Stock, widow of *the late Mr. Charles Henry Stock*, passed away in hospital on July 14th, aged 85.

Mr. George Torrie, of Perranuthnoe, Cornwall,, whose sister, Mrs. Hilda Mudron, died in Penzance Hospital on August 18th.

In Memory

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

H.C. Cramphorn, R.A.F.

Howard Charles Cramphorn passed away at Pearson House on August 10th, aged 87. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1972.

Mr. Cramphorn enlisted in the Army in 1914 but ended his service in the R.A.F. with the rank of Sergeant. He was wounded in the head at Arras in 1917 and took his discharge in 1919. Before his retirement to Eastbourne Mr. Cramphorn was a Store Manager. His health gradually failed and he became a permanent resident at Pearson House in 1977. He will be sadly missed by his fellow St. Dunstaners, Matron and all the staff.

He was a widower but leaves a son and family.

G. Eustace, R.A.F.

George Eustace of Chessington passed away in hospital on August 14th, aged 73.

Mr. Eustace enlisted in the RAF in 1940 and was invalided out in 1943. He trained in telephony following his admission to St. Dunstan's in 1944 and spent 22 years of his working career with SEE Board where he was a popular member of staff. Owing to poor health he retired early in 1969 but both he and his wife remained active members of the Surrey Blind Association and their local blind club, as they had been for many years. He was also a keen gardener.

He leaves a widow, Ada, their son and two grandchildren.