



**St Dunstons
Review
December 1984**



From the Chairman

Another year draws to an end. 1984. Mid-point of the Eighties. Title of George Orwell's prophetic book. Stepping stone for the future. A successful year for St. Dunstan's and an eventful one.

The Headquarters has moved from the old, rambling maternity hospital at 191 to new, compact, more effective offices next door. Repairs and alterations at Ian Fraser House are progressing well and I am confident that the whole building will again be in use by the early summer. We are installing a large, comfortable bar at IFH for the first time; it will be open by Christmas. To mark the 10th Anniversary of Lord Fraser's death we have placed a handsome teak seat, suitably inscribed, in Queen Mary's Rose Garden in Regent's Park where Lord and Lady Fraser so frequently walked.

Gerry Jones completed the London Marathon in under three and a half hours. Led by Joe Prendergast our archers gave impressive demonstrations on all three days of the Game Fair at Broadlands. At Bowls Percy Stubbs and Ted Brown have been selected for England to compete in the Visually Handicapped World Championships in Australia next year. At golf two St. Dunstaners, Gerry Brereton and Jack Kerfoot holed out in one! Two St. Dunstaners have celebrated their 97th birthdays; 27 have hit or passed 90; 97 have passed on to a better world and 46 newcomers have joined the family.

None of which paints a picture of stick-in-the-mud stagnation in my mind, nor I hope in yours. We must keep moving – and we do.

Now Christmas is approaching. Mary and I wish you all, and your families, a very happy one.

Henry Leach

THE CHAIRMAN WRITES:

Mr. A. G. Cross, F.R.C.S., is retiring as St. Dunstan's Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon after more than 45 years of service.

In February 1939, he was invited to become Junior Medical Officer of St. Dunstan's in the event of war. He accepted and, when it became obvious that war was imminent, he was asked to report to St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean, on Saturday September 2nd. This was an invitation he had to decline as he was due to be married that day! In fact war was declared the following day and Alex Cross spent his honeymoon at St. Dunstan's.

In 1946, he was appointed Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon to St. Dunstan's and took over much of the work carried on by Mr. Robert Davenport, F.R.C.S. Following Mr. Davenport's death in 1961, Alex Cross became St. Dunstan's Senior Consultant in eye matters and retained this post until his retirement this year.

The second generation of St. Dunstaners passed through his hands and he will have known many of them for over 40 years. He has given quite remarkable service to St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners and on behalf of the great number of war-blinded men and women who have been in his care and on behalf of the Council of St. Dunstan's I offer grateful thanks and wish him and his wife a happy and well-earned retirement.

Mr. Cross is succeeded as Senior Consultant to St. Dunstan's by Mr. Rolf Blach, F.R.C.S., who has been his colleague for some 17 years. Mr. Robert Cooling, F.R.C.S.,

has now joined St. Dunstan's as Consultant Ophthalmic Surgeon.

EL ALAMEIN REUNION

The 41st El Alamein Reunion took place in Blackpool on October 23rd. Four St. Dunstaners attended: Bill Chitty, Frank Brooks, Albert Steer and Bill Arnold.

It was a memorable occasion as Field Marshal Rommel's son and Field Marshal Montgomery's son were there. Sunday was a bright and clear day until after the parade, it suddenly poured down. Frank Brooks and Bill Arnold had the pleasure of being introduced to Earl Kitchener of Khartoum on Saturday evening.

Bill Arnold

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Warmest Christmas greetings and every good wish for the coming year. *Pat Collins.*

The staff of the *Review*, visiting staff and all other departments at Headquarters, Ian Fraser House and Pearson House send warm greetings for Christmas and the New Year to St. Dunstaners and our other readers.

SAPPER MAGAZINE

If there are sufficient people requiring this bi-monthly magazine put on tape, it shall be done! Please contact Ray Hazan at HQ if you are interested.

REQUEST

Would any St. Dunstaners who had weaving looms on loan, and are not using them, return them to the Handicrafts Dept. at I.F.H.

As we go to press we are sad to report the death, on 17th November, of F. D. 'Steve' Opperman, husband of Natalie Opperman, Chairman of St. Dunstan's (South Africa).

St Dunstons Review

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Cover Picture:
Leeds Castle, visited by our lady St. Dunstaners during their reunion.



Alf Dodgson and Ray Sheriff with Steve Lane.

MILLION YARD SWIMMERS

A million yards of water represents a lot of swimming. Put another way, if there were a canal stretching from London to Inverness, two St. Dunstaners, Ray Sheriff and Alf Dodgson would have just swum it – and a bit more.

Both have succeeded in the Amateur Swimming Association's challenge to swim a million yards in less than five years, and they have done it in St. Dunstan's pool at Ian Fraser House. Ray was the first to complete in July this year, having started only two years and two months before in May 1982, Alf finished on October 31st, having started in June 1982.

Something to aim for

Steve Lane, in charge of the pool at Ovingdean believes they may have achieved their million yard targets in the shortest time ever, 'This is a very good scheme,' he said, 'It encourages people to swim regularly by giving them something to aim for.'

Alf Dodgson said that, although he was glad he had finally reached this target, he

would continue swimming. 'To have this regular exercise and the million yards to aim for has helped me to cope after the loss of my wife.' For Ray Sheriff, who received an inscribed St. Dunstan's shield as first man to achieve the million yards in our pool, swimming has been part of his life, 'I've been swimming since I was three. I lived in Bournemouth and by the time I was 12 I was swimming round the pier with other boys. I swam for Bournemouth schoolboys and, later, for the Third Paras.'

Ray, who also holds the Bronze and Silver personal survival badges, has no future swimming targets, 'I'm going to take it easy, swim for pleasure, go walking. I usually do an 18 to 20 mile walk each week – and hope to take part in the annual climbing weekend.'

While recording Ray's first in our pool we also recall that, as far as swimming a million yards goes it is ladies first in St. Dunstan's for Vi Delaney achieved this landmark in 1977 in three years. Inspired by these examples other St. Dunstaners are swimming regularly towards that magic million – we wish them good luck.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Capt. Ken Revis, Oxford

I was really delighted to read in the July Review of the splendid and courageous trip to India made by Robert Nobbs and Priscilla. Congratulations to them both.

It did bring back so many happy memories to Jo and me, for it was close on 40 years ago that we looked after and trained 60 or more war blinded Indian soldiers at St. Dunstan's in the Cicero's Bodyguard Lines in Dehra Dun during the last days of the 'Raj'. How marvellous that the St. Dunstan's badge was still displayed. And what a lovely place is the Hill Station Mussourie, which was visible from Dehra Dun and where we spent such cool and relaxing weekends.

Yuletide

by the late John Cruse

The festive mood in Yuletide garb
Of joy and laughtered peal,
Disdains accumulated age
And flings a gaysome reel.

Around the Christmas tree ablaze
And fairy pinnacled,
Each face reflects its conscious glow
Of season miracled.

Soft wisping snow frames robin's vest,
Holly's intriguing curls,
Hung mistletoe allows a kiss
Under its glist'ning pearls.

On wings of peace the carols soar,
Reminding us again,
Of manger crib, of Infant birth,
The Star of Bethlehem.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE WIN PUTT

St. Dunstaners who remember Win Putt, Matron Payne's secretary in the immediate post-war Ovingdean days, will think of a kindly personality, a generous heart, and a most fetching chuckle based on a capacity to see the funny side of things, even when these bore hardly on Win herself.

My acquaintance with Win wasn't confined to St. Dunstan's and Ovingdean; she spent several holidays with us here in Strathmartine: and the two of us would walk down the Knapp Road from Tullybaccart to Abernyte together, the cuckoo calling on Ballo Hill, the burn rushing in the Den of the Littleton, and Win always somewhat incongruous in these rustic surroundings with her smart London clothes. It looked as if Bond Street had somehow got confused with the rutted approach to Whistlencott cottage, the mud around Abernyte farm.

Latterly she suffered badly from rheumatoid arthritis, and had given up playing the piano for local dancing classes, and it was the intention of Margaret and me to visit her at her lonely Harrow flat when we were in London this month. This Win knew, for we corresponded regularly, and it was to confirm this engagement, suggest what shape it might take, that I phoned Win some days prior to our arrival in London.

But I got N.U. tone, and when I made enquiries of the exchange, got the information that Win's number was now a ceased line. We suspected the worst, for Win's last letter hadn't been too reassuring, and sure enough we got word from a Putt nephew in the course of time that his auntie had died, as a matter of fact on the day after my birthday, the 19th October. She was 74, nine years older than myself, and to the end the same wistful charm remained that St. Dunstaners remember from the days when larks twittered over the Sussex downs and seas thundered on the concrete blocks of the Ovingdean undercliff.

Win lived at Saltdean in those days, and I always remember one summer night when we were strolling in these parts with the residual heat of the day still lingering in the darkness, the scent of flowers in the air, and the noise of restless waters surging below. A nightingale started to sing, its phrases detached, introspective and infinitely melodious, and in this we observed a phenomenon which went back beyond St. Dunstan's and the War, beyond our ultimate ancestors, beyond the existence of Man himself, to the very beginning of Time. Win has now merged with all this, and as for myself, I've never heard a nightingale since.

Sydney Scroggie

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

by Walter Cross

It was surely the strangest church parade in the history of the R.A.F. That is if you could call it a parade.

At the hour of transition between dawn and day three airmen in khaki-drill moved among the silent tents of Robumba, a remote clearing hacked out of the Sierra Leone jungle. Gently they pulled back the mosquito-nets and shook their sleeping comrades: 'Christmas morning. Coming to church, chum?'

Sometimes the answer was a snore. Sometimes a snarl. After all, Christmas morning in Robumba was like any other morning except that you could lie in a little longer. As for church parade – well, where was the church? Certainly not in Robumba.

But half an hour later 15 men gathered in the dining room – a long, low hut that always smelt of the last meal. Not that there would be much of a smell from breakfast. Hard tack and pea-nuts, but the tea was strong and sweet. Some of the men were still smoking the cigarette lit over the last mug of tea when they came out into the clearing.

There was no roll call. No division into denomination. No word of command. Fifteen men stood together in the clearing and someone said: 'Shall we go?'

The church parade from Robumba was ready to move off. In search of a church.

The jungle is never neutral. It is always against you. The 15 men became three groups of five. Divided they were not so vulnerable to the dangers of the undergrowth and above in the trees. Along in the path the trees became bigger and their huge leaves hung still in the suffocating air like macabre Christmas decorations.

The tangled path led the men to a mangrove swamp. In the turgid waters a crocodile played with its young in a frenzied frolic of lashing tails and snapping jaws. Flamingoes with exquisite flame-coloured plumage paddled with elegant sociability. Above vultures hovered with horrible anticipation . . .

The path skirted the swamp and turned abruptly to the north. Somewhere along



Walter Cross with patient outside the medical tent.

The beginning of the bush and jungle.



this path, the airmen had been told, was a church. How far along the path was anybody's guess.

Often they lost their course. Sometimes they had to kick and hack their own path. Once the trees parted and a drill – a simian creature peculiar to Sierra Leone – gazed inquisitively at the 15 men in sweat-soaked shirts. Then, himself observed, he loped angrily away into the forest. The airmen laughed and called after him.

In the trees the monkeys answered with falsetto insults. On the ground lizards with scintillating bodies darted impetuously for the protection of leaves and twigs.

Suddenly the jungle became vibrant with danger. Someone shouted, 'Cucumber!' Only one other thing shared the smell of cucumber and that was the snake. Men immobilized by fear looked at each other without word. A tightening at the nostril and the throat betrayed their tension. The

sweat on their faces turned into little rivers of ice.

Then it came across their path – a mamba. Incurious and intent only upon its own progress it slithered with sinuous, sinister ease and disappeared into the devouring undergrowth.

Fifteen hearts began to beat in more normal rhythm.

One man wondered if the snake was not an omen. A warning not to go on. But snakes were now familiar things, and the men from Robumba had come far. Four miles in the jungle can be a long way. And someone began to doubt. Would they find a church? But they had come far and would go further. Christmas morning was not a time for doubting and to retreat now would have been a denial of their faith. For each of these men had a purpose in seeking a church. Theirs was to be no idle act of worship. They wanted to pray for their families and homes and to give thanks for their own survival. Five months before, these men had been rescued from the North Atlantic after their troopship had been torpedoed. They had watched helplessly as scores of their comrades had perished. Rescue had brought them from the chill northern waters to the steaming heat of the African jungle. That was the unaccountable way of things in war. But the 15 men were not thinking of extremes or of paradoxes on Christmas morning. . . .

A moment's thought of home charged the spirit and they thrust their way through the undergrowth and across the little bald patches of earth where nothing grew, careful to avoid the incredible towers built by industrious ants and the tentacles of plants that would sting to leave nauseating, suppurating sores. Giant land crabs with grotesque heads and claws of lovely colours – strange, kleptomaniac creatures of the forest – crawled ponderously across their path. Butterflies, beautiful and care-free, swam in the air and the birds of the forest sang soprano in a savage symphony.

Seven miles and three hours from Robumba the path broadened. The sky became a hazy-blue ceiling. The trees became smaller and the sounds of the jungle subdued. There was light and the air was fresh. With these changes came the sixth sense that habitation was near. In the jungle it is something you feel before you see or smell it.

For a moment they knew the exhilaration and exhaustion of achievement. They stood on the fringe of the clearing and gratefully watched the wisps of smoke curling from the roofs of the huts into the sky. They heard the cry of the weaverbirds from their 'hanging-basket' nets in the palm tree fronds. Then they saw it. The church. The mud of the jungle had been baked to make its walls and the walls had been baked again in the African sun. The roof was a thatch woven from the great leaves of the palm tree. Above the door was a simple wooden cross.

From inside the church came the murmur of prayer and 15 men with sweat-soaked shirts gathered in the doorway. The congregation turned to gaze at them with unashamed curiosity. The minister came from the altar. His voice was gentle; his smile a welcome. In his native tongue of the Timmini he told his people to be at peace and to greet their brothers.



A native village near Freetown on the Atlantic coast.

African villagers at a sacred pool.



ON CHRISTMAS DAY – continued

'Boa,' said the people. 'Greetings.'
'Boa, bisier,' said the airmen. 'Greetings and thank you.'

In the aisle the friendly forest finches hopped and sang their own shrill salute to Christmas morning. Through the unglazed windows the sun sent shafts of light on to the whitewashed walls. The altar table was unadorned except for two tall candlesticks fashioned in brass.

The 15 men from Robumba knelt in prayer with the people of the forest. When the prayer became private they prayed in silence for their families and their homes and gave thanks for their own survival. . . .

A young man with woolly hair moved to the harmonium – an ancient instrument, its woodwork scarred by the ants. But its tone was still mighty in that little church and the organist knew every dead note. With the swelling of the music, the congregation stood to sing.

If the organist syncopated the music, what did it matter? If the congregation sang to their own tune, what did it matter? If some people did not know the words, what did it matter? All that mattered was that you wanted to sing. And how the people in the little church sang on that Christmas Day in the morning! Oh, how they sang! The voice of Africa and the voice of Europe joined



Near the village of Bo.

together in one discordant, tumultuous, jubilant hymn of praise!

Christians awake! Salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the World was born!

The church parade from Robumba had completed its self-imposed detail.

About the author

Walter Cross, a Corporal in the R.A.F., was wounded when his ship was torpedoed en route to Africa in 1941, and joined *St. Dunstan's* in 1983. He used to work as a freelance writer.

More on the Special Air Service

by Norman Kershaw

It is always of personal interest to hear items about the Paras and the S.A.S., as in the article by Arthur Simpson in the *October Review*. I recall Arthur's story of his service in the Middle East and his missing the trip with Admiral Keys' son against Rommel's Headquarters, and his training with the Parachute School in Egypt. Prior to the Second World War there had been 10 Special Air Service Units – mobile units transported by aircraft, mainly in the Middle East, landing on special airstrips near trouble spots. The only dropping from our aircraft had been from the open rear of the aircraft at the Farnborough Air Show, allowing the slip stream to pull them out.

The last ship from Dunkirk was kicked out of France on June 12th 1940. On June 19th Churchill asked the Chief of Staff to consider the feasibility of using airborne forces

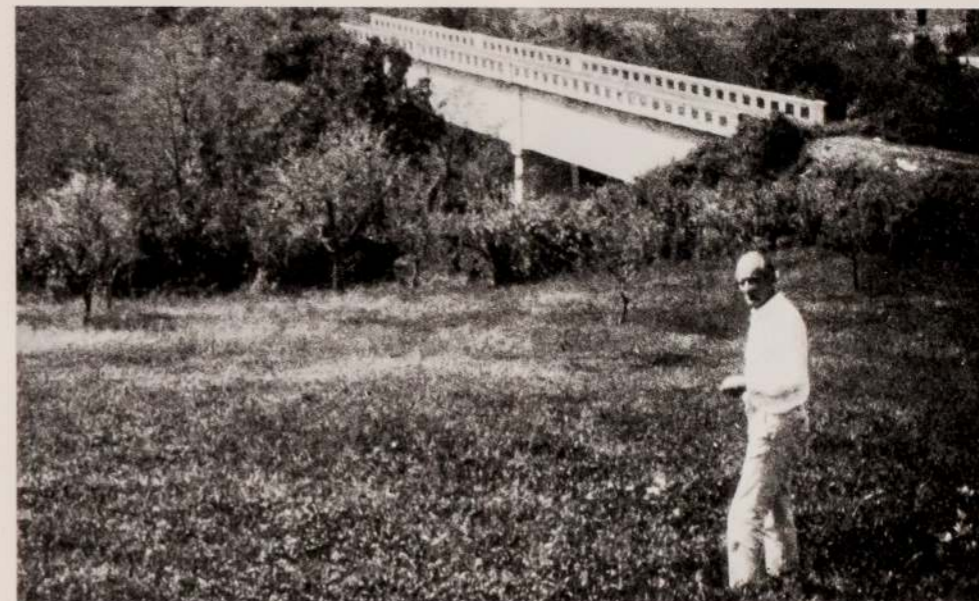
to spearhead the invasion of Europe. Obsolete Mark One and Two Whitley aircraft from our training unit at Abingdon were sent early July to Ringway Airport at Manchester. Volunteers from the Army were sent to Manchester as were civilians later on, for the S.O.E. Sir Alan Cobham and, I think, Irving of the Parachute people, did the early experiments dropping rubber dummies through the floor of the Whitleys and then used volunteers. A barrage balloon was also used extensively to do the practice drops in Tatton Park, near Knutsford.

My pilot and I were one of the crews picked for low flying experience with these 78-foot wing span aircraft at low level by night. Wing Commander J. B. (Willie) Tate was our C.O. for this experiment and the first operation of our forces by Paras. The

unit was named No. 11 Special Air Service Unit, and these 1100 men were to become the nucleus of the Parachute Regiment, S.A.S. and S.O.E. Wing Commander Sir Nigel Norman, who later formed the Parachute School in the Middle East, flew in our front gun turret as an observer for the No. 1 Parachute School at Ringway. We landed in Malta after the raid in Southern Italy, on the morning of February 11th 1941 about 2.30 a.m., and were awakened about 9.00 a.m. to be informed we were either to fly to the Middle East to train and operate a unit there, or, as it turned out, to fly back to England that night as there was a build-up of possible invasion-craft in the Channel ports. Our C.O. at 4 Group, Group Captain Whitworth, became C.O. of the Dam Busters Drome 617 Squadron. Wing Commander Tate followed Gibson and Cheshire as its C.O. He sank the *Tirpitz*. My pilot and I were later shot down on a daylight attack of the *Scharnhorst*, which our Chairman had a hand in sinking, off Norway. My pilot, Group Captain Walter Williams, O.B.E., D.F.C., carried on the tradition we started and commanded the helicopters so successfully in Malayan troubles after the war.

I believe Wing Commander Sir Nigel Norman was killed later during a drop in the Italian invasion. Of the 35 men dropped on that first raid, only Sgt. Picchi was killed, an

Chris Lea and the Tragino Aqueduct.



Italian national, he was the Commercial Manager from the Savoy Hotel. Both Flight Lieut. Lucky and Sgt. Nastri got away with it. We meet every February, also Tom Winters of the S.O.E. who trained with us. The comradeship of those days is still as strong as ever. There were casualties in those early days yet no one ever backed out after such tragedy. It takes cold courage under such circumstances. It is a different thing to have to jump to save one's life.

This summer a nostalgic journey was made by Captain Chris Lea, M.C., member of X Troop No. 11 S.A.S. Unit, to the scene of that first ever raid by Paras, on the Tragino Aqueduct in Southern Italy, February 10th 1941. Whilst there, he photographed the aqueduct and some of these show damage on the central pillar and span, caused by X Troop. It also shows the earth bulldozed by our forces to cover the gaps of the two extreme pillars and spans, which were destroyed by the retreating Germans. It was truly a combined services project. Lieut. Hoad, a Fleet Air Arm Pilot who had been loaned to us during those desperate days of Dunkirk, was one of the six pilots who dropped the Paras, and Admiral Keys was in overall command. The submarine *Triumph* was to have brought them out if X Troop had made it to the coast.



Aboard the ferry crossing Barmouth Harbour.

Welsh Weekend

by David Castleton

It was a low key Welsh weekend this year but no less enjoyable for that. A hitch over dates meant that the Rhinog Mountain Rescue Team were not available to help St. Dunstaners through what had been planned as a strenuous and adventurous weekend.

However, one member, Maurice Giffin was at hand with our old friend Bob Thomas, to lead us on an 8½ mile walk into the hills which rise from the shores of Cardigan Bay. Again clashes of dates had reduced the number of St. Dunstaners in the group from the expected seven to three: Eric Bradshaw, Bill Shea and Trevor Tatchell.

From the village of Tal-y-Bont we set off along a track through a wooded valley beside a stream. Once into the hills we found ourselves on an historic track – once a drover's road dating back to the Romans. We passed an iron-age fort on a rocky promontory and a little later an inn, well

after closing time, as all that was left were the thick foundations of the building which had once, many years ago, offered shelter and sustenance to the cattle men on their long journey towards England. Our aim was to reach Bodlyn, a lake in a circle of hills which has been enlarged and deepened by building a dam. The water from this lake supplies Barmouth and surrounding villages and proved adequate even in this dry summer with a population multiplied by the thousands of holidaymakers in the camps and caravan sites along the coast.

We met some of the inhabitants of this part of the countryside – the inevitable sheep but more interestingly there were glimpses of golden plover, and a buzzard being harried from his hunting area by a peregrine falcon. One interesting group of wild life we did not see: the lake has fish which are descendants of the salmon trapped in the high waters with the end of the ice-age. No longer able to migrate to the

sea these fish live in the depths of the lake but come into the shallow water near the shores to spawn each November. They are known as red bellies for the rich colouring on their undersides and Maurice and Bob remembered how at one time local lads would come up to net them in the shallows as they spawned. Fortunately the fish seem to have survived these depredations.

By the lake was one of those sad monuments one finds sometimes in the hills – a slate tablet inscribed to the memory of a 21 year old man who had fallen to his death from the crags above. It was as the party approached this place that, trying to quickly reload my camera, I dropped a cassette of exposed film. Completing the operation I went to retrieve the fallen cassette to find it had rolled through a small hole under a large immovable rock and seemed totally inaccessible. All the Welsh instincts for mining asserted themselves in Bob Thomas – he lifted a smaller rock nearby and, groping into the earth retrieved the cassette, saving the pictures illustrating this report!

Return Journey

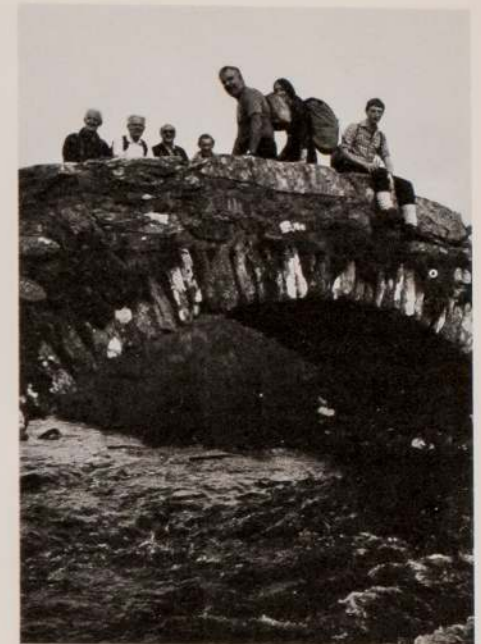
The return journey through a typical Welsh cwm took us over a medieval bridge some 500 years old and back to Tal-y-Bont.

On Sunday the group was back in Tal-y-Bont to visit old friends Pat and Keith Durrant at their transport and country life museum. Eric, Bill and Trevor were driven in a 1930's Rover saloon and afterwards their wives Gweneth, Joan and Beryl followed suit. The ladies, however, declined to emulate their husbands on the pillion of a Triumph Speed Twin motor cycle.

Pat Durrant, who had accompanied the walking party on Saturday, demonstrated her spinning wheel and showed some 'wool' spun from dog's hair.

After lunch a trip on the ferry across the harbour at Barmouth took the party to the Fairbourne Light Railway and a trip along the shore in a train drawn by a 15" gauge steam locomotive.

Back to the Ty Mawr Hotel for the traditional final dinner. Bob and Rowena Thomas were unable to be there but Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Giffin and Pat and Keith Durrant were guests of the St. Dunstan's group for an enjoyable evening under the chairmanship of Jock Carnochan.



A breather for the group on a 500 year-old bridge.

Bill Shea enjoys a ride behind Keith Durrant on his Triumph Speed Twin motorcycle.





Mike Tetley at the helm, feeling the wind in the main sail, which is partly reefed.

Blind Sailors at Falmouth

by Mike Tetley

'Look sharp', 'Come and let me show you the ropes', 'See clearly, think clearly and move', 'Watch what you are doing'. Though these commands have a direct reference to the use of sight, a totally blind sailor is not hurt or offended by such commands. He is probably quite pleased that the sighted instructors are prepared to use such phrases because it means that he is accepted as just another member of the crew. It is indeed fortunate that sight is not the paramount sense, in fact by some it is only rated as the third sense for, utilising hearing and touch, most manoeuvres on board ship can be performed if not in a direct way as a sighted person would but in a slightly different way, nevertheless achieving the same ends. In general the blind have to be more methodical and tidy or they would end up in a hopeless muddle. Ex-servicemen will know the necessity of being methodical at night if they have undergone instruction dismantling equipment blindfolded and then having to re-assemble it so that it could be done without light. To a blind ex-serviceman a boat is just

another piece of equipment. It was when I was being familiarised with the ropes for reefing the mainsail that it suddenly dawned on me that here I was actually being 'Shown the ropes' and this was the origin of the phrase.

July 8th saw thirty blind students ranging in age from 18 to 62 of both sexes, gathering at the R.C.Y.C., (Royal Cornish Yacht Club), at Falmouth for a week's course in cruiser sailing. Twelve students participated in a "Beginners Seamanship Course, a further twelve were being instructed in the Advanced Course, and the remainder who had already participated in both courses enjoyed crewing to the Brittany coast. This was the tenth Beginners Course, organised by the Seamanship Foundation directed by Douglas Hurdall, a former artillery officer. Many yachtsmen must wonder if they would be too apprehensive to have a blind member in their crew. The week's course showed that 15 skippers were prepared to take two blind students each and it can be reported that there were no mishaps. The boats included a Rustler

31, a Nicholson 35, a Southerby 105, a Hal-matic 30, a Moody 33, a Westerly Centaur, a Holman 32, a Sovereign and others.

The R.C.Y.C under Commodore Pool kindly extended the facilities of the club to the students. A room was set aside for the display of tactile models. There were two model boats, one five feet long on which the rigging was easy to feel. The students were shown the principles of tacking by means of a model yacht sailing into a headwind generated by an electric fan. Other exhibits were a relief map of Falmouth harbour, model sails and winches and an audio compass. The audio compass was devised by Derek Fawcett by adapting the 'Autohelm 2,000' manufactured by his firm Nautrec. The compass is set so that it is silent when the yacht is on course. If the helmsmen strays it transmits a high or low note according to the direction. The further off course the more rapid the note.

Two students were allotted to a skipper with two instructors. All were very safety conscious and insisted on harness being worn at all times outside the cockpit. The instructors used two basic methods. Firstly those that took you over the boat naming every single part and then taught you to sail, possibly a more scientific approach, and secondly, others instructed you in sea-lore so that in time the student imbibed the art of sailing. It was a fortunate student who was exposed to both these techniques.

The origin of 'port and starboard' was of particular interest. In the old days the rudder was not placed centrally in the stern as features like the mast and the cockpit obscured vision of what lay directly ahead. The 'steerboard' as the rudder was formerly called was altered in time to the 'Starboard' and it was placed on the right hand side of the stern. This allowed a clearer view of the sea ahead and when two boats approached each other the two helmsmen could easily judge how close the vessels were. It was also internationally agreed that starboard was to display a green light at night and this led to the phrase 'Green to green all serene'.

The left hand side of the boat was formerly known as 'Larboard'. In noisy conditions 'starboard' and 'larboard' were sometimes confused so the word port was introduced for the following reason: when boats docked it was more convenient to have the steerboard further away from the land or jetty so the left hand side of the boat

became known as the port side.

Instruction was given in tying knots, raising and reefing the sails, in the techniques of anchoring and rafting, in rowing, as well as in the domestic chores of cooking and cleaning. The first few days were spent cruising in the harbour learning to tack and use the audio compass. This was not as easy as it first appeared. The wind was gusting to force seven and eight, there was a great deal of noise at times from the wind, the sea and the sails flapping, and with the boat heeling over at 60 degrees until the decks were awash, it was difficult at times to steer a straight course.

The last two days were spent sailing up the coast to Fowey where all the boats from all the courses met and we rafted together to buoys in the harbour going ashore in a little motor boat which acted as the harbour taxi. The Fowey Yacht Club enabled us to have a pleasant evening ashore and after a night's sleep on the boats we all sailed back to Falmouth.

It was a most interesting course and all the blind students were aware how essential it was to have someone with sight to keep a sharp look out and we are all most grateful for the skippers and instructors for giving up a week of their own annual holiday so that we could learn to pull our weight in a crew and learn a little about the sea and the wind.



A Week-end of Remembrance

by John Gilbert

It was the first time I had participated in the Remembrance celebrations, and am glad of the opportunity to write about the occasion.

The Saturday afternoon performance at the Royal Albert Hall was very moving but also enjoyable. The moving occasions were, of course, the wonderful Chelsea Pensioners walking proudly to the platform, and, for the first time, two of our own St. Dunstaners – Bob Young and Nick Henman – who 'did us proud'. The displays were, as ever, magnificent with, for me anyway, the highlight being the thought of the 'button boy' standing there at the top of the mast some 90 feet above the stage.

Remembrance Sunday dawned somewhat dull and overcast, but that did in no way deter the sense of pride in participating in the Cenotaph parade. St. D's mustered about 75 blind personnel, with 40 sighted escorts. The reception given by the apparently larger than ever public to the St. Dunstan's contingent was splendid. We were headed by our Chairman, Sir Henry Leach, who was flanked by Bob Young and Nick Henman. The standard of marching was quite admirable and one of the many moving events of the parade was at the end as we marched back onto Horse Guards, where we were greeted with much applause by many other groups who had already finished their part in the parade. That in itself illustrated for me the very high esteem in which St. Dunstan's is held by our comrades in other organisations.

We then returned to the Russell Hotel to rejoin the wives and other non ex-service escorts who were unable to march with us. Lunch was a splendid time of togetherness and the total number who sat down was about 135. The Chairman made a short speech after lunch.

He complimented St. Dunstaners on the good turn out on Parade, saying that he and Lady Leach were glad to be able to be with them, 'And it will not have escaped your notice what applause and admiration you excited from those of the public lining the route', he said. 'And only last night for the

first time ever – Bob Young and Nick Henman took part in the traditional Remembrance Day ceremony in the Albert Hall. I am sure I speak for all St. Dunstaners when I say how proud we were to have them there'.

Sir Henry went on: 'Today we remember with pride, gratitude and sadness all those who made the ultimate sacrifice and gave their lives in two World Wars and since. We also remember with equal pride and gratitude those who were wounded – often seriously, and many in this room now – but who fought on in different circumstances to overcome their disabilities with astonishing success.

'We look at them, not with sadness but with admiration. And the same goes for their partners, whether wives or husbands, who have never eased up in their staunch and invaluable support.

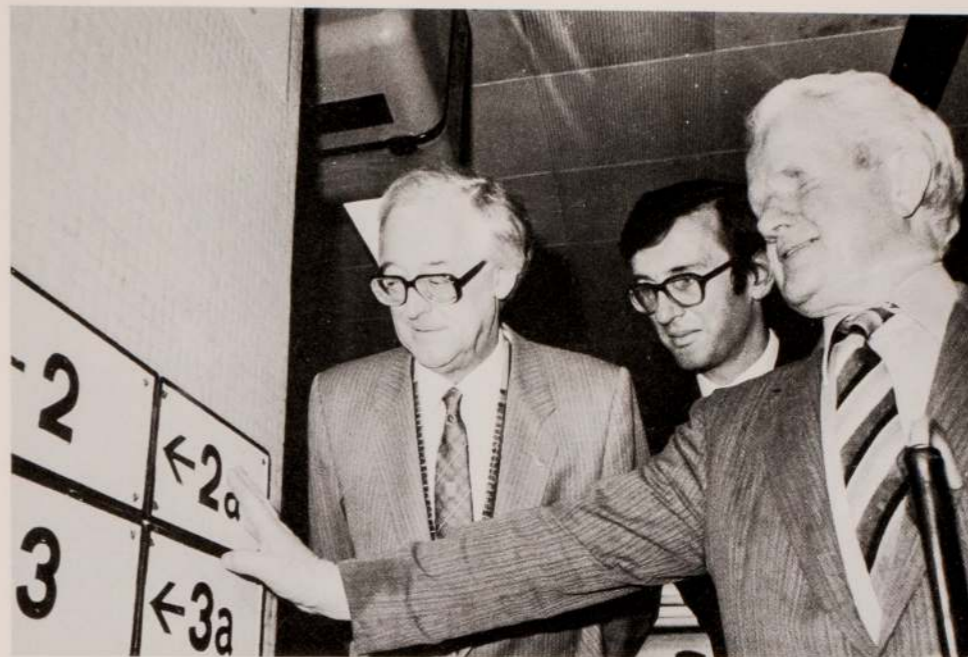
'And today we also remember war so that we can strive to prevent it happening again. I can do no better than quote Kipling's "Hymn before battle":

*'From panic, pride and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again'.*

Sir Henry thanked Mr. Stevens for all the arrangements, Mr. Smith for his help with the Parade and, 'yet again to a splendid, loyal team from *Daedalus* who do so much for us in their own limited spare time'.

After lunch Sir Henry restored an old tradition, that of exposing himself to spontaneous questions from those gathered. Most of the questions were concerned with the facilities and staffing at Ian Fraser House, with others on various other aspects such as escorts for Club activities, etc. The Chairman made the point that he would welcome any other questions from St. Dunstaners not present if they wished to write to him.

I feel the whole weekend was summed up in Sir Henry's prayer of thanks before lunch, when he said, 'For fellowship in freedom, and for those who made it possible, we give thanks to God'.



SPECIAL SIGNS FOR BLIND TRAVELLERS

Raised platform number signs which can easily be read by touch were unveiled in New Street Station in Birmingham recently. The idea was sponsored by the Birmingham Rotary Club and organisers are hoping that stations all over the country will follow suit. St. Dunstaner, Mr. Walter Thornton, of Birmingham, who has many

years experience in the field of mobility and rehabilitation for the Blind and is now chairman of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, is seen here 'reading' one of the new platform signs, watched by Rotary President Mr. Don Smith (left) and British Rail area manager Mr. Iain King. *Photo — Birmingham Post and Mail.*

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



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

John Wilson, of Exeter, joined St. Dunstan's on October 26th.

Mr. Wilson served as a Private in the North Staffs Regiment from August 1916 to June 1919. He was wounded at Rheims in 1917 when he lost his right eye. He is 86 years of age and is married.

NUGGETS EDITOR IS EIGHTY

Miss Elsie Westmore celebrated her 80th birthday on October 8th. Readers of *Nuggets*, our braille magazine, may know that she still edits this publication for St. Dunstan's.

In December 1964 she retired after 37 years service, 26 of them as Editor of *St. Dunstan's Review*. She also worked for Lord Fraser reading and recording news and comments which kept him up to date with affairs.

We are sure all St. Dunstaners, whether readers of *Nuggets* or not, will wish to join in this belated greeting and send warm wishes and thanks to 'Westie' for all her work for St. Dunstan's.

St. Dunstan's Ladies in Kent

1984 Reunion

by Margaret Bingham

Photos: David Castleton

Winnie Edwards (right) with her escort Joyce Briant at Leeds Castle.



It was only by the raucous screaming of gulls in the early morning that we were able to realise we were near the sea and that Folkestone is a seaside resort. But the sea and sand had no attraction for us as we sat down to dinner at the Burlington Hotel for another weekend Reunion.

Sixteen of us attended, including our new member Elsie Tucker, and with our escorts and members of Headquarters staff, Mr. Wills, Miss Mosley, Mr. Castleton and Miss Lord, we made a jolly and talkative party. Guests of honour were Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, a member of Council, and Lady Morris and they had some lively chats with us girls. An excellent dinner, charming waitresses – a right good start to our Reunion.

On the Saturday we made an early start to Canterbury as we had a very full day ahead of us. At the Cathedral we were split into three parties as we were such a large group and so all were able to hear the commentary. The history was most interesting and the guides knew all the facts perfectly. We were told of the kings buried there, of the Black Prince, and taken to the spot where Thomas Beckett was murdered. We felt the headless effigies surrounding

the tomb of the Black Prince, part of the desecration ordered by Henry VIII, and the designs carved (with axes) in the original stone pillars in the crypt. The stained glass windows were magnificent and one depicted the 1939-45 war and prisoners leaving prison camps. So awe-inspiring! Back to the hotel and a rest before dinner.

Another early start on the Sunday and this time it was to Leeds Castle. The grounds were beautifully kept and the sunlight through the trees made a pleasing dappling effect on a pool adjacent to the driveway. The rusts and yellows of the leaves made a colourful back-drop to the castle and the numerous swans, ducks and pheasants – to name but a few – roamed freely in the parkland. The castle stands on two islands in the middle of a lake and it has been called the most beautiful castle in the world with its turrets and fairytale appearance. We were lucky to have quite a bit of sunshine on these two days so we were able to appreciate our surroundings all the more. One good point about the castle was that disabled people were catered for with ramps for awkward steps and there was even a small lift to one flight. The guide gave us the history of the place and we



'A jolly and talkative party' — in the hotel lounge Sadie Stokes amuses a group including Joyce Briant, Vi Delaney, Irene Bushell, Carol Jackson, Gwen Obern, Ira Lloyd, Douglas Wills and Cynthia Mosley.

Margaret and John Bingham outside the Cathedral precinct with Vi Delaney and Irene Bushell.



Barbara Bell and Joan Clark at Canterbury's famous leaning shop, now used by King's School.





Elsie Tucker and her husband talking with Sir Henry Leach. She was attending her first Women's Reunion.

On behalf of the lady St. Dunstaners, Beryl Sleigh presents a basket of flowers to Lady Leach.



Dorothy Martin with her husband, with Penny Lord as escort, entering Leeds Castle. Also in the picture are Elsie and her sister Ella Aldred.

were taken through various rooms including the Queen's bedchamber. It had two beds in it, one very large beside which was a raised chair from which she gave her audiences and could look down on her subjects. The other bed which was much smaller, like a crib, canopied, she slept in. We had a very good lunch in what was a restored tithe barn accompanied by music from the sparrows on the beams, then we went into the shop or visited the aviaries until it was time to return to Folkestone.

Our last evening was special as our new Chairman Sir Henry Leach and Lady Mary were our guests. An excellent meal (as all the meals had been) followed by the loyal toast, then Sir Henry gave a speech saying: 'Ladies and Gentlemen. May I start by saying how very glad Mary and I are to be with you this evening for what I hope has been as happy an occasion for you as it has for us. The occasion itself seems to mean different things to different people. I have heard it variously described as 'Our Girls' Annual' or 'The Ladies Reunion.' But I see from the official programmes that the title should be 'Women St. Dunstaners' Weekend' - which I must say seems a little stiff and reminds me of that famous maiden speech in the House of Commons by a certain MP who prominently backed the suf-

fragettes in their early days. "There is," he thundered, "little difference between Man and Woman." He paused for effect; there was none - only a frigid silence. Then from the gallery came a still, small male voice: "Thank God for that little difference."

'More seriously for a moment, I am sure I speak for all men present when I say with absolute sincerity that none of us - and especially myself - would be where we are without the unfailing, staunch support, so often taken for granted, of our wives. And for those who never made that wonderful trip to the altar, the same goes in terms of friendship. I would echo that still, small voice from the gallery and say: "Thank God for that warm hearted companionship".' Sir Henry concluded by wishing everyone a safe and comfortable journey home the following day and said he was looking forward to their next meeting.

Gwen replied in her usual light-hearted manner - and so a very delightful evening ended. Our thanks to all the staff at the Hotel for being so kind and helpful, to our coach driver for his help (what a nice man he was) and also to Mr. Wills, Miss Mosley, Miss Lord and David Castleton, and a personal thank you from me to all who helped with my wheelchair.



Seeing by touch at Leeds Castle –

Top: Sadie Stokes with an ancient Egyptian figure which once held a mummified cat. Below left: Marjorie Ball examines a small sculpture of a First War V.A.D. Below right: Margaret Patterson, with Catherine Carver, feels the carved newel post dating from medieval times.



A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

The practice in Scotland is, or used to be, to call a man after the estate he owns, the farm he cultivates, or even the house he lives in, and this is how Jimmy Stewart, a small, bald, red-faced, pipe-puffing son of Atholl came to be called Shinagag – this from time immemorial being the name of the isolated house on the upper waters of the Girona, the Ben a' Ghloes towering above, from which Jimmy tended a hirsel of 1,300 black-faced ewes.

Following the stony track from Monzie, curlews, peewits and oystercatchers calling above the green pastures, the thunder of a waterfall nearby, the breeze rustling in the branches of a line of sycamores growing at the highest altitude of any in these islands, a friend of mine noted a degree of untidiness, even squalor, in the precincts of Jimmy's dwelling: blistering paintwork, grimy, cracked windowpanes, nettles, dockens, discarded household rubbish, empty beer cans prominent amongst this, and a great heap of coal stacked higgledy-piggledy between steading and house. 'This', observed Les, 'is obviously a bachelor establishment', and in fact Jimmy never married, though it was wonderful to see how a certain primitive savagery in his character turned to rude gallantry whenever there was a girl or woman around. For Jimmy's place, situated as it was in the wilds of Atholl, was much frequented by the climbing fraternity, and never was the little man more delighted than when these numbered one of the opposite sex.

Always accompanied by his battered old van, his pipe, his dogs and his lambing stick, Jimmy subsequently moved to other places in the course of time: Barnamuic in Appin, Monachyle in the Braes of Balquhiddy, Claggan on Loch Tay side, Kerromore in mid-Glen Lyon, but always he carried his old soubriquet with him, so that it was 'Shinagag' he was called whether amongst the bog-myrtle of the West or the

cat-heather around Ben Lawers and Stobinion. In fact, he regretted quitting Shinagag house, for he had been very happy there, and it was only a quarrel with a clerk in the Lude Estate-office, 'A lad', Jimmy venomously used to say 'with letters after his name', which drove him thence, after which his pride would not suffer him to return. Wherever he went he took his old Shinagag practices with him: the Tilly lamp hung from a bulbless electric-light flex, the sack of potatoes wedged itself between wall and w.c., dog's bones lay under the dresser, bread sat on the mantelpiece, there were onion-peelings on the muddy old rug, the sofa propped itself up on books, and each Hogmanay night, the climax of the ceilidh, Jimmy lay down and fired both barrels of his shotgun up the chimney, thus removing the soot of the previous 12 months. He lived like an animal, prowled around like an animal, and like an animal he could fling himself on his ragged bed, fall instantly asleep, then spring up again as instantly, awake, as instantly, refreshed. The smells of his house wherever this was, were of dogs, woodsmoke, paraffin, tottling broth, whisky and stale black tobacco fumes clinging to all. Everyone loved Wee Shinagag, he was so much himself, and it was said with truth both that he had a heart of corn and that he would give you the shirt off his back.

Finally he moved to Dalchairloch in the remotest recesses of Glen Lyon, and here it was, amongst the baa-ing of his ewes and the barking of his dogs that Shinagag met his end. 'He was lying face down on his bed when I found him', said the over-shepherd on the estate, 'and he had a hole in the back of his head big enough so you could put your fist in it'. Everybody knows who murdered Jimmy, but it can't be proved, and the carrion crows, croaking over lonely Dalchairloch, wheel in a grey sky and keep their grim counsel.

Electronic Organ Week

by Jerry Lynch

The Electronic Organ Week was held at Ian Fraser House from November 19th to 25th. On behalf of all the members of the Organ Club, I would like to offer sincere thanks to all the people who entertained us.

To open the proceedings Douglas Reeves entertained us in the morning and we also found his musical stories most enjoyable. Then followed a marvellous week starting off with an evening out at the Roebuck, Laughton, where we were entertained by Tony Back and Denis on the drums – an excellent evening. Tony was demonstrating the latest Technics organ. Up till recently the electronic organ has recreated the sound of the various instruments synthetically. The latest technique is to record the actual instrument, be it string, brass, woodwind or percussion, in digital format. This digital information is then stored on a computer within the organ. When you press the key you are therefore recreating the 'real' sound of the instrument – that's the theory anyway!

This was followed on Saturday by Graham Watkins who brought a singing group called *Flair* to entertain us in the lounge. This small group of keen young ladies not only sang but performed a series of routines including tap-dancing. In addition, we were given an excellent recital by a very fine young organist called Andrea, only 16, but a very accomplished musician. She is a pupil of a great friend of the club, Mick Leary. He gave us an excellent demonstration on the new Dr. Bohm organ which is described later on. It was good to see him back again.

On Sunday we had another marvellous afternoon show by John Mann, of Saltdean, a brilliant organist known throughout the world. He was playing a Dutch Eminent Organ, designed some 10 years ago and one of the largest transportable organs. But the sounds which emanated from it, were both clear and soothing to the ear and in many ways compared more favourably than with modern techniques. In the evening we went to the Conservative Club in Newhaven, where Clive Allen entertained

us on the organ and we had a rousing sing-song. On Monday we joined the usual dance in the lounge and enjoyed a very nice evening with Ernie Took and his band.

The whole of Tuesday was superb, with Tim Flint, a young man 20 years old, but with a fabulous knowledge and playing ability on the electric organ. Excellent instructions and coaching morning and afternoon, and then in the evening a marvellous concert in the lounge with range of music to suit all tastes.

To add to all this entertainment, three visits were made to local churches where the organs were the main attraction. We also paid a visit to the Royal Pavilion, where a guide gave us a full and interesting tour, allowing us to touch as many items as possible. Our guide vividly described the lifestyle of the Prince Regent who created this, 'folly'? The interior reflects the Orient with its bamboo furniture, real and artificial, its lacquered woodwork, and its cast-iron pillars shaped in the form of palm trees. Whenever in residence George IV employed 100 servants and the theme was 'Good Living'. Not surprisingly, he died at an early age weighing 20 stone.

Then followed a visit to Graham Watkins' home at Henfield where he very kindly demonstrated the Dr. Bohm electric organ, new on the market this year and at a very competitive price. Graham constructs these organs from kits. It takes him about 20 hours. The five circuit boards have the pictures of the various components stamped on them. It is a matter of matching up the label components with the picture on the board and soldering them in. Again, the Dr. Bohm organ uses the new digital recording technique. In its portable version it resembles a slightly larger suitcase which can easily be carried on the back seat of a car. Within the organ is a sophisticated percussion rhythm unit and amplifier.

The proceedings ended on Wednesday evening with a very enjoyable get together at Ian Fraser House. Could I conclude with very sincere thanks once again to all entertainers and members of staff.



Tom Page, Joe Carney and Jim Mash at the Buffaloes Weekend. Photo — John Barrow.

BUFFALOES WEEKEND by Tom Page

The first weekend reunion of St. Dunstaners belonging to the Royal and Ancient Order of Buffaloes, which took place at Ian Fraser House from October 12th to 15th, was pronounced a great success by the 14 St. Dunstaners who attended.

Three Lodge meetings were held with members of local visiting Lodges who came with their Dispensations, enabling the meetings to be held at St. Dunstan's. Two of the Lodges had their origins in St. Dunstan's and among their members were St. Dunstaners living in the Brighton area.

On Friday evening the Sir Arthur Pearson Lodge came, on Sunday morning Queen Alexandra Lodge and on Monday evening St. Dunstan's Lodge, Grand Council Banner. The Lodge members were well recompensed for their trouble in coming out to Ian Fraser House by donations for their Benevolent Funds contributed by St. Dunstaners attending the weekend.

On Saturday members enjoyed a dance in the annexe with a pay bar, and all are looking forward to their next opportunity of meeting together. I would like to thank Commander Conway, and all staff at Ian Fraser House and HQ for the arrangements made for the weekend.

GAME FOR A LAUGH

Three youths saved Arthur Scargill from drowning. He was naturally deeply grateful.

'You saved my life, boys' he said 'and your bravery will not go unrewarded. I am a very powerful, very important man. In a couple of years I shall be King of this place. so, anything, anything in the world you want – just ask and it's yours.

'Well,' said the first, 'I have always wanted to go to sea.'

'Nothing easier', said A.S. 'I'll send you on a short course and then you can be the captain of the *Queen Mary*. There's not much to do. You just stand on deck and everybody else does the work.' He turned to the next lad. 'And what about you?'

'I'd like to fly, Sir.'

'No bother. I'll send you on a short course and you can be captain of the *Concorde*. It's easy enough. All the electronic gadgets fly the thing.'

The third boy was looking distinctly worried. 'And what about you, lad?'

'Please, I'd like a military funeral!'

'What-What on earth –!'

'Well, me dad's a miner. He'll kill me when he finds out what I've done!

Phillip Wood

READING TIME by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 599

A Suspension of Mercy

by Patricia Highsmith

Read by Michael de Morgan

Reading Time 8½ hours

Sydney and Alicia Bartoldy, married for 18 months, live in a cottage in a remote part of Suffolk. Sydney is a struggling writer and Alicia a painter. Theirs is a modern marriage, that is, teetering on the brink of disintegration.

Alicia tells her husband that she intends to go away for a short while to paint, – and to think. They part quite amicably and as part of the pact agree not to try and communicate, indeed Alicia leaves no forwarding address. Alone, Sydney allows his artistic imagination to run riot, indulging in fantasies about killing his wife. He even goes to the bizarre length of taking a rolled-up carpet (representing Alicia's body) in his car to the woods and burying it there under cover of darkness. He is seen by his neighbour, Mrs. Lillybanks.

Soon the locals begin to talk and the police become interested in Sydney. When he is taken in for questioning, his picture and headlines appear in the national press – 'Writer quizzed about wife's disappearance.' Alicia must see the papers but there is still no word from her. Then Alicia's body is found at the foot of a cliff in Sussex. Accident? Suicide? Or murder?

An absorbing and very well constructed story – as one might expect from the creator of the atrocious Tom Ripley!

Cat. No. 4376

An Unsuitable Attachment

by Barbara Pym

Read by Gretel Davies

Reading Time 8½ hours

I have often felt that the works of B. Pym might serve as an admirable antidote to the hassle and pressures of modern living. All life centres around the Parish, there are never any major crises, all the characters go their gently uncomplicated way, and there is not even the suspicion of a mugging, burglary – or a swear word.

This time the parish is 'unfashionable' North London living. The vicar's sister-in-law, Penelope, is 25, a kind of 'Pre-Raphaelite beatnik' and unashamedly looking for a husband. The local librarian is

Yansie Broome, who has a very gentle mama – 'You do not make tea at half-past six like the working-class.'

Enter Rupert Stonebird, social anthropologist, unmarried, and of course extremely handsome. Penelope is immediately interested in him as a possible husband and begins to look upon Yansie as a serious rival – which she most certainly is not.

And why not, may you be tempted to ask? Because there is now a new assistant at the library, John Challow by name. He is a bright lad but several years Yansie's junior and his background is less 'top drawer' and his shoes are a little too pointed.

An unsuitable attachment? . . . if indeed there is going to be any attachment at all.

REMAINING POST CODE SUGGESTIONS

Whoops, I'm All For Exhilarating Beer

Chris Bowker, Sherborne, Dorset

Which I Ate Four Xed Buns

J. L. Douglas, Ruislip, Middx.

With One Accord Four X's Bow

Miss A. W. Mason, Embley, Hants

Where I Ate Four Xcellent Breakfasts

Where I acquired Four Xercise Bikes

Why I Added Four Xtra Beds

Where I Aimed Four Xpert Braillists

John Gilbert, Wimborne, Dorset

Where I ask For Extra Bread

Fred Barratt, Haverfordwest, Wales

Will One Attack Four Exploding Bombs

L. Kibbler, Warley, West Midlands

Will One Ask For Extra Beer?

Anonymous

Would one ask for eggs and bacon.

Mrs. L. Thompson, Tenerife, Canary Islands

LIMERICKS by D. S. Frape

There was a young man from Wembley,
Who thought he would join an assembly.
But the crowd threw him out,
With a punch and a clout.
Now he walks around town feeling trembly.

St. Dunstan's a house for all seasons,
And may I say without rhyme or good reasons.

That I like working here,

Even though there's no beer.

Still there's plenty of coffee and teas-on.

HAM RADIO WEEKEND

by Alf Lockhart, Shortwave Listener

St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society held its Autumn meeting at Ian Fraser House on September 21st-23rd. I am pleased to be able to report that the attendance at this meeting was a vast improvement compared with the summer meeting. Owing to the difficulties caused by the reconstruction programme, Commander Conway, put the fourth floor Conference Room at our disposal for use as both Radio Shack and Meeting Room, and we are much obliged to him for so doing.

Because of the state of flux in the building at present, a lot of Club business had to be left in abeyance, but there are several bits of good news. Firstly, Bob Davis has to be congratulated on his return to health after his recent illness, and secondly upon his passing the Morse Test and obtaining his 'A' licence. Double congratulations from us all. Bob's new call-sign is now G4 ZIK.

The Hon. Secretary then told us of our affiliation to the Royal Corps of Signals A.R.S. Apparently, our Guest Speaker at the previous meeting, Capt. Jack Cooper G3 DPS, noticed our certificates of affiliation to R.N.A.R.S., R.A.F.A.R.S and the R.S.G.B. and found the Army to be conspicuous by its absence. He thereupon used his influence and good offices on our behalf, and now we are Life Members of the Royal Corps of Signals A.R.S. Thank you Jack G3 DPS.

The Secretary received a communication from the Licensing authorities concerning the Schedule which came into effect on September 10th 1984. This, of course was in letterpress. It is hoped we can put it on tape library in due course. We were told that it is now possible to obtain Braille copies of the list of County Prefixes, and also the Braille lists of Repeater Frequencies. Anybody wishing to acquire these lists, should contact: Mr. Harris, Customer Liaison Office, RNIB, 24 Gt. Portland Street, London.

Our friend of long standing, Louis Varney G5 RV, paid us a visit intending to give some of his expert advice on our Aerial problem. There were so many variables and uncertainties to be taken into account

that nothing positive could be decided, and that was yet another matter left in abeyance. Alf Lee also paid us a visit in order to loan us his two metre rig operational. Thanks Louis, and thanks Alf, your help is invaluable, and always very welcome.

The Secretary reminded the meeting of the G3 MOW Trophy. Those of you who have not already put forward your nomination for this award, will soon receive a voting slip on which to enter your candidate. Please make an effort to complete the form and return it to H.Q., Braille or Letterpress, we can cope. The date of the next meeting is not available, but as soon as it is known it will appear in the *Review*.

In the afternoon we were treated to a really intriguing and fascinating talk by the Guest Speaker, Chris Page G4 BUE. He spoke on the subject of QRP, or Low Power Operating. The QRP Club of Great Britain, which is a member of the International QRP Club, operates on a very low output, five watts or less. They can, and do, of course, operate on a much higher output, but nothing over five watts counts in any of the Club activities, or to any of the club awards. One of the most interesting facets of this club, is the construction, by the members, of Low Power Transmitters and Receivers. Chris Page brought with him some of the Low Power Transmitters and Transceivers he had made as Club projects. The remarkable thing about these sets was the small size and the low cost involved. Chris allowed us to handle and examine his sets. We found them to be extremely robust, and exceedingly small. I can remember that most sets were of match-box and cigarette size. One of these sets, made by Chris, had to be capable of transmitting 1000 miles for each cubic inch of size, thus a set of about four cubic inches would need to be able to make a contact with a station in the USA, or somewhere equally distant, to be considered a success. I'm happy to say that Chris was successful in this project. I cannot really do justice to Chris Page's talk, it was one of those occasions when one needed to be present in order to get the full enjoyment

Ham Weekend – continued

of the occasion. Perhaps Bob's recording for the *Rag-chew* will bring the talk to life. If any members would like to know more about Low Power Operating they can contact the QRP Club Membership Secretary, Fred Garrett G4 HOM, 47 Tilshead Close, Druids Heath, Birmingham, B14 5LT.

Sunday morning was given over to Alan Reynolds G3 VRI, who gave us a demonstration of the uses his 'Braillewriter' could be put to. This was of particular interest to many of the members, and Alan proved to be a very able demonstrator, and showed the capabilities of the computer to their best advantage. The function of the computer was: You fed in Grade Two Braille via a braille keyboard, and could retrieve any of this in either sound or print. Full details of the Braillewriter can be obtained from HQ.

After the serious part of the demonstration ended we played about a bit. We tried to teach the little man in the Voice-box to speak in regional accents. We discovered its Welsh accent is better than George Coles, but its Liverpool accent was beautiful. The results ranged from the humorous to the hilarious and I think an unexpurgated edition of Bob's recordings, if indeed he took one, would be worth a fortune.

Don't forget to book your accommodation as soon as the date of the next meeting becomes available, as the accommodation at Ian Fraser House is very limited.

Members might like to recall the item in last month's Review reporting John Booth's book 'The Day War Broke Out' is dedicated to our late member, Roy Haslam G4KJM. Copies at £2.95 + 50p post/packing are available from H.Q.

PROMINENT BOWMEN HONOUR ST. DUNSTAN'S ARCHERS

St. Dunstan's Archery Club has been honoured by two famous people in the world of archery agreeing to become their Patron and President.

Lord Guernsey is to be Patron and Mr. Anthony Wood, a Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Bowyers, is to become President.

Lord Guernsey is the heir of the Earl of Aylesford. He is a well known archer and a Woodman of Arden. Mr. Wood is a member of the Royal Toxophilite Society, a British International Target Archer. He was also Captain of the Antient Scorton Arrow.

CHANCE REUNION

Some years ago George Reed, of Farnham, was a professional ventriloquist. Whilst on an annual cruise with his wife this year on the *Sea Princess*, he found one of the entertainers on the ship to be John Bouchier, an internationally famous ventriloquist whom George used to work with and whom he had not seen for 25 years. They are both members of the International Brotherhood of Ventriloquists.

D. F. Robinson's

GARDENING NOTES

As this is the last lot of notes for 1984 may I wish you all the best for 1985 and a Happy Christmas with plenty of the presents you hoped for. It is good to know that water restrictions have been lifted, although one doesn't need much in the way of water for the garden we still like plenty in the house. In case of a shortage next year, it might be a good thing to get a 50 gallon water drum and fix it to a down pipe from the garage or shed.

Get all flower seeds ordered as soon as possible if not sent for already. Get in all the peat, compost, fertilisers and pesticides. Check over all tools and replace any that are in poor condition, unless you know someone who can repair them cheaply. Get on with repairs to sheds and frames, and those of you who grow many pot plants, ensure there are plenty of good pots and seed boxes for the starting of seeds. Clear leaves from all parts of the garden and put them on the compost heap, as they break down very quickly and make fine compost.

House plants

You may have some pot plants given to you as Christmas presents, so give them good treatment. Check them over and cut away any broken leaves or stems. Make sure that they have enough moisture, if not, give a bit more so they are tepid. Don't set them right up against heating and place near good light.

Cyclamen and African violets should be

watered from the bottom as tubers of the cyclamen rot easily if water gets onto them at the place where flowers and leaves appear. The centre of African violets also rot easily if wet. It is best to soak the pots every so often in a basin of water and drain in the sink before putting back in the plant container. Keep plants away from windows especially in very frosty weather, but not on the main source of heat.

Flowers

Dig over areas which are vacant and ready for putting in new border perennials and annuals for the summer show. It might be a good idea to add some peat beforehand as this will put a bit of body in light soils and break up heavy soils. Check over some of the shrubs after gales and cut away any broken pieces. Put in some canes and tie them in firm. It might also be a good thing to add a bit more soil round the roots, trodden in firmly. The same goes for your roses.

Carnations, pansies and pinks tend to lift up after severe frosts, so press down after you have added some extra soil. This may even happen with the primula family. Get your orders in for annual bedding plants and tuberous begonias, especially if there have been some poor tubers from this year's crop. Most of the spring flowering bulbs should be alright but some items which are near the surface such as crocus and anemone could do with a bit more covering of peat or soil.

Vegetables

Hoe the ground between growing crops, such as spring cabbage, and even lift the cloches to keep the crops clear of weeds, which seem to grow at any time of the season. Dig over all empty areas, putting compost on the top before starting off. Where you have very heavy clay soil, plenty of peat and compost dug in will help to lighten it. Gypsum is a very good additive to open up heavy soil as I have found out on my garden which had been left to its own devices before I took over. An extra dose of manure or compost where you want to grow potatoes, beans and peas, will ensure a better crop. Cabbages do better in well limed areas, and it will help to keep down club root quite a bit.

Check over potatoes and carrots in store plus onions which you have hung up and throw out any going rotten. Get trays ready

for setting out the new season's potatoes, which will be in shops soon, so they can sprout. A few broad beans and early peas can be sown on days free of frost, in warm and sunny areas.

Fruit

Carry on pruning fruit trees when there is no frost about until the end of the month. Spray tree trunks with insecticide, or put on sticky bands which will last longer, as rain will probably wash off the insecticide or dilute it too much to be of any use.

Don't plant any trees now but get the area where you are going to plant well dug over and add some compost or manure to give the new trees a very good start in the spring. Order ones you want and they will come along at the right time. Any currants or gooseberries that have not already been pruned can be done now and remove any suckers appearing about ground level from the stools of raspberries.

Greenhouse

Keep temperature between 40°F-45°F where you have plants growing. Feed very seldom but don't let them dry out completely. Give plenty of ventilation during the day especially when there is plenty of sun about. Potted bulbs of freesias, hyacinths and narcissi can be brought on a bit quicker by bringing out of the cold and dark places where they were stored after potting up. Give a little heat but not too much and as soon as some buds are showing with colour they can be taken into the house but in not too warm a position. They will then need a good deal more water. Cyclamen will also be showing good growth with plenty of buds and getting to the stage of being good house plants but don't take them into really warm rooms and give them plenty of light.

Pelargoniums will need to be moved to their final pots and placed near the glass. Remember to cut back those chrysanthemums in order to get cuttings for next year's plants. As soon as you have enough get rid of the main plants. Ensure that all propagating equipment is clean and ready for use as it won't be long when you want to start plants from seed. Tubers of all kinds should be started into growth for an early show. As well as using the main tubers, dahlias will give good cuttings for extra plants.

BILL TYSON RUNS AGAIN

Our very active runner, Mr. William Tyson of Saltdean, Brighton, whom we mentioned in the October *Review*, has done it again! On October 12th Mr. Tyson celebrated his 76th birthday by running the 42 kilometres from Marathon to Athens over the traditional route run by Philippides in 490B.C., announcing the victory of the Greeks over the invading Persians.

The run, known as the Greek International Peace Marathon, finishes at the old

1896 Olympic Stadium. It was a very hot and windy day and there were no fast times. With about 12 kilometres to go, Bill began to suffer agony from sore feet and severe cramp in both legs, and he had a heavy fall in the dense Athens traffic. However he managed to complete the course in the given time, and received a diploma, and a finisher's medal. His wife escorted him to Marathon, and was at the stadium to greet him.

CLUB NEWS

BOWLING

Following the report in the November issue of the *Review*, we are able to publish the tournament results as follows, and offer congratulations to all bowlers on their achievements.

HASTINGS

Totally Blind – Individuals

Winner: P. Stubbs

Totally Blind – Pairs

Winners: P. Stubbs & J. Cope

Partially Sighted – Individuals

Winner: T. Whitley

(It is the first time Mr. Whitley has won a trophy.)

LOWESTOFT

Totally Blind – 4 woods

Winner: J. Cope
Runner-up: P. Stubbs

Open (Totally Blind & Partially Sighted) – 2 woods

Semi-finalist: P. Stubbs

Open – 4 woods

Semi-finalist: J. Cope

J. Cope won the Cup for the Best All-Round Blind Bowler.

England vs. Wales at Oxford

Four St. Dunstaners took part.

Totally Blind: P. Stubbs & J. Cope

Partially Sighted: T. Brown & R. Freer

England won, and P. Stubbs and T. Brown were subsequently selected to play for England in the 1985 World Championships in Australia, with J. Cope as travelling reserve.

Another St. Dunstaner, Ron Freer, has been selected as non-travelling reserve.

BRIGHTON

Bowling

On Friday October 12th our Indoor Bowling Season commenced with a visit from East Preston Bowling Club for the afternoon. The members were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Dacre and we proceeded to have a fine afternoon's bowling. The match was played in two groups of four – St. Dunstan's team winning one group and our guests the other. Therefore, honours were shared.

Both Captains in their vote of thanks congratulated the ladies on a splendid tea which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. During the speeches congratulations flowed from both Captains regarding each other's bowling techniques and it was a case of mutual admiration!

On Wednesday October 24th we commenced our competition for the Sir Michael Ansell Cup. This will take place every Wednesday over the next 16 weeks except during the St. Dunstan's Bowling Championships and the Christmas period. Good luck to all bowlers!

A. Miller

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON – continued

Bridge

Individuals – October 13th.

W. Lethbridge	61.4
Miss Sturdy	56.8
J. Huk	56.8
R. Fullard	53.4
R. Pacitti	53.4
W. Phillips	51.1
R. Evans	50.0
W. Burnett	48.9
Mrs. V. Delaney	45.5
J. Majchrowicz	42.0
Mr. Goodlad	40.9
J. Padley	39.8

Individuals –

Overall Result 1983/84 Season

R. Fullard	290.9
R. Evans	281.4
J. Majchrowicz	273.9
J. Padley	272.2
R. Pacitti	270.9
W. Phillips	266.8
P. McCormack	264.7
W. Lethbridge	263.6
J. Whitcombe	254.6
J. Huk played four rounds	204.1

Six others played in fewer than four rounds.

Entertainment Section

We have completed one year of competitions and have commenced another. The dates for your diary are Saturday December 8th, a Christmas Dance in the Annexe, and the Christmas Party on December 19th when we hope to meet many old and new friends. Will you please give your names to either Bob Cunningham or Bob Osborne, this will help with the catering arrangements.

It is with great sorrow that we have to report the deaths of Mary Crabtree and Harold Gosney, and we extend our sympathy to their families.

On October 15th a small party of members enjoyed a very nice lunch at Brighton Technical College. Our thanks to Commander Conway for the transport.

Phyllis O'Kelly

1984 TOURNAMENT PRIZE-WINNERS

Joe Walch Memorial Trophy 5's v 3's

Gents	
Winner	Theo Giles
Runner-up	Joe Walton
Beaten	Bill Phillips
Semi-finalists	Bob Evans
Ladies	
Winner	H. Webster
Runner-up	P. O'Kelly
Beaten	J. Walters
Semi-finalists	J. Osborne

Cribbage

Gents	
Winner	Theo Giles
Runner-up	Alf Dodgson
Beaten	Joe Walton
Semi-finalists	Bill Phillips
Ladies	
Winner	H. Webster
Runner-up	M. Crabtree
Beaten	J. Osborne
Semi-finalists	J. Killingbeck

Darts

Gents	
Winner	Harry Preedy
Runner-up	Bill Phillips
Beaten	Bob Osborne
Semi-finalists	Ralph Pacitti
Ladies	
Winner	E. Simpson
Runner-up	J. Walters
Beaten	P. O'Kelly
Semi-finalists	J. Osborne

Domino Aggregate

Gents		
Winner	Theo Giles	37
2nd	Bill Phillips	36
3rd	Bob Cunningham	21
4th	Bernard Blacker	21
Ladies		
Winner	M. Crabtree	35
2nd	H. Webster	33
3rd	E. Simpson	32
4th	P. O'Kelly	28

CLUB NEWS - continued

Whist Aggregate

Gents		
Winner	Bill Phillips	686
2nd	Bob Evans	655
3rd	Harry Preedy	654
4th	Alf Dodgson	636

Ladies		
Winner	M. Crabtree	692
2nd	H. Webster	671
3rd	L. Evans	659
4th	P. O'Kelly	649

FAMILY NEWS

100th BIRTHDAY Congratulations to:

Mrs. F. Martin, widow of the late *Frederick Martin*, of Aberdeen, who celebrated her 100th birthday on October 21st. The occasion was marked by the gift of a gold watch from St. Dunstan's and a floral arrangement.

WEDDING Congratulations to:

Tyrone, eldest son of *Mr. P. McCormack*, of Sidmouth, on his marriage to Lynn Sanders, of Roland's Castle, on October 27th.

SILVER WEDDINGS Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. R. Brett, of Saltdean, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on October 22nd.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pye, of Preston, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary on November 7th.

PEARL WEDDING Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. H. Croft, of Leigh-on-Sea, who celebrated their Pearl Wedding Anniversary on October 30th.

RUBY WEDDINGS Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. David Juner, of Stoney Stanton, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on October 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Hart, of Sandwich, who are looking forward to celebrating their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on December 22nd.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS Congratulations to:

Mr. Eric Bradshaw, of Northampton, who is busy rehearsing for the latest production by his drama group - 'The Crucible', which will be staged in January and in which he is playing the part of an 83 year old man, Giles Cory.

Mr. Tom Daborn, of Barnstaple, who was installed as Worshipful Master of Lyn Masonic Lodge in Lynton, on October 10th and came through without a mistake. Mr. Daborn's son, John, made a speech at the dinner which followed, which also made him very proud.

Keith Holden, son of *Mr. and Mrs. H. Holden*, of Hindley, Wigan, who was recently voted Ambulanceman of the Year in the Wigan area.

BIRTH Congratulations to:

C. P. O. and Mrs. T. Bullingham, of Brighton, on the birth of their daughter, Jennifer, on October 23rd at the Royal Sussex County Hospital, Brighton.

GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. H. Barker, of Westward Ho! on the birth of their grand-daughter, Abigail Rose, born to their son, John Barker and his wife, Shirley, on October 13th.

Mrs. B. M. Birchall, widow of the late *Mr. J. W. Birchall*, of Blackpool, on the birth of another grand-daughter, Clare, born on September 28th to her daughter Suzan, and husband Colin.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Cook, of Swindon, on the birth of their grandson, Robert James, born on August 12th to their son John, and daughter-in-law, Susan.

Mr. H. Gallagher, of Blackpool, on the birth of a grandson, Christopher, born on August 11th, to his daughter Helen and her husband Derry.

Mrs. E. Shirlaw, widow of the late *Mr. J. Shirlaw*, of Charing, Kent, on the birth of her grandson, Thomas, a second son born to her son and daughter-in-law on July 20th.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mrs. Phyll Harding, widow of the late *Bill Harding*, of Finchley, London, who is pleased to announce the birth of her third great grandson, Thomas Michael, born on May 31st, to her grandson John, and his wife Maria.

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. J. Ball, *Dorset Regiment*
Harold Charles James Ball, of Ringwood, passed away peacefully at his home on October 21st, aged 86. He had been a St. Dunstaner for four years.

Dr. Ball served and was commissioned in the Dorset Regiment in the First World War and he was the victim of a mustard gas attack whilst on active service in 1917. Although this affected his sight which greatly deteriorated over the years, he qualified as a doctor following his discharge from the Army and worked until retirement age. His career included medical missionary work in the Far East.

Our St. Dunstaner led an extremely full life and travelled all over the world, particularly in his retirement years. As recently as March this year he visited China which turned out to be an eventful trip as the plane on which he was travelling with two friends was 'hijacked' on the journey from Hong Kong to Peking although, thankfully, the terrorist gave himself up. He also taught himself to be an excellent typist, played chess from childhood and was a crossword compiler. Dr. Ball always greatly enjoyed attending our reunions.

DEATHS We offer sympathy to:

Mr. J. Beattie, of Knutsford, whose wife, Nora, passed away on October 15th.

The family of *Mrs. Mary Crabtree*, of Lanc-ing, who died on October 26th after a short illness. She was the widow of *Mr. Herbert Crabtree*, who was one of the telephonists at Headquarters from 1935 to 1960.

Mrs. Charlotte Howe, wife of *Mr. Frank Howe*, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whose sister, Mrs. Jennie Brewis, died peacefully in her home on October 1st.

Mr. J. Legge, of Bristol, whose older brother, Alexander, of Banffshire in Scotland, died suddenly on October 26th.

Mr. A. A. Skuce, of Bexhill-on-Sea, whose sister, Mrs. A. McNaughton, passed away suddenly on October 31st.

Mr. R. Thorne, of Derby, whose brother passed away on October 11th.

He leaves a son, three daughters, grandchildren and other members of the family, as well as a large circle of friends throughout the world.

A. F. Boldero, *Royal Norfolk Regiment*
Arthur Franklin Boldero, of Norwich, passed away at Pearson House on October 15th, aged 79 years.

Mr. Boldero enlisted in the Royal Norfolk Regiment in June 1921 and was wounded in Calcutta in 1944, coming to St. Dunstan's in 1946, shortly before his discharge, with the rank of Major. After training in London he and his wife moved to Sprowston, Norwich in 1948 where he took up a position with the Norwich Institute for the Blind as a Welfare Officer and also became editor of their House Magazine. He retired in 1967. Both Mr. and Mrs. Boldero had serious health problems over many years but in spite of this our St. Dunstaner maintained a wonderfully cheerful, courageous and independent attitude towards life. He enjoyed our local Reunions and had many friends both in St. Dunstan's and locally.

He leaves his wife, Gertrude, who is herself in hospital, and relatives and friends.

In Memory – continued

J. Burgan, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and Machine Gun Corps

John Burgan passed away in hospital on October 15th, at the age of 88.

He served in the K.O.Y.L.I. and M.G.C. from 1915, was wounded in July 1917, taken Prisoner of War and repatriated in 1918. In spite of his impaired vision he was able to return to his pre-war employment for a good number of years and this was followed by a period in insurance until, following an accident, Mr. Burgan retired at the age of 63. With the deterioration of his sight he became a St. Dunstaner in 1970. His wife had died a year earlier but he shared a home with his single daughter, Sheila, and together they enjoyed their annual holidays and came regularly to our Reunions.

He leaves his daughter Sheila, and his son and family.

E. V. Glazebrook, Hampshire Regiment

Edward Victor Glazebrook of Burnham-on-Sea passed away at home on October 12, aged 92.

Mr. Glazebrook enlisted in the Hampshire Regiment at the outbreak of the First World War and served in Serbia. He was wounded in 1916 and discharged the same year. In the Second World War he served with the Admiralty as a non-combatant. His sight failed gradually and he became a St. Dunstaner in 1978.

He was unmarried and had lived in the home of his sister-in-law, Iris, for many years.

H. Gosney, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers

Harry Gosney of Rottingdean passed away in hospital on October 14th, aged 81. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1969.

Harry Gosney was a regular soldier for 16 years between the wars and served in the Middle East and Abyssinia with the R.A.O.C. At the outbreak of the Second World War he enlisted in the R.E. but quickly transferred back to the R.A.O.C. In 1940 he was injured in France and in the following year transferred to R.E.M.E. until 1948, with the rank of Staff Sergeant. From 1949 to 1951 he served with the First Base Ordnance Depot in Brisbane. A civilian job followed until 1956 when one eye was removed and he was registered as blind.

After the death of his first wife he returned to England in 1979 and in 1980 married again. He leaves his widow, Edith, his children and all members of his family in England and Australia.

D. Hodgson, Royal Signals

David Hodgson passed away at his home on October 5th, aged 69.

He served with the Royal Signals from 1940 and suffered serious injuries in Germany in 1945 which not only resulted in loss of vision but also the loss of his right arm below the elbow and

damage to his right leg. Nevertheless he was able to follow employment for some years and until 1956 worked at the D.L.I. Depot at Branspeth Camp in Durham. He became a St. Dunstaner in 1974 after which he took a period of hobby training at Ian Fraser House and woodwork instruction at Headquarters but he mostly occupied himself at home by helping to look after greyhounds belonging to his son-in-law which were raced with considerable success. His greatest interest however was bowling and he became one of the keenest members of our bowling team, taking part in various tournaments including Weston-Super-Mare and the Nationals, winning several trophies.

He leaves his devoted wife, Jenny, and their daughter, Norma, and her family.

M. Rockshire, Royal Army Service Corps.

Maurice Rockshire of Chingford, affectionately known as 'Rocky', passed away peacefully in Pearson House on October 17th. He was 91 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1971.

He served as a Private in the Royal Army Service Corps throughout the First World War. His sight deteriorated severely over the years and when he became a St. Dunstaner at the age of 78, he was suffering with crippling arthritis and deafness. Within a few years, Mr. Rockshire became virtually immobile and, although his general health was deteriorating, remained remarkably cheerful and alert, qualities which endeared him to Matron Goodwin and her staff.

In early years, our St. Dunstaner was an Insurance Agent, and in his leisure hours he enjoyed listening to his talking book and to music.

He leaves a widow, Edith, to whom he was married for 46 years and who cared for him devotedly, and a daughter and two sons.

J. Sedgley, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry

John Sedgley, of Cubert, near Newquay, passed away on November 4th, just a few days before his 87th birthday.

Mr. Sedgley was a victim of a mustard gas attack towards the end of the First World War whilst serving as a Private with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. As a result he was completely blind for several weeks and hospitalised for five months. Fortunately, Mr. Sedgley's vision returned and he was employed as a linen buyer for a large firm of drapers in Newquay until retirement age.

From 1940, his vision gradually deteriorated again and he was ultimately admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1963. He was a passionate gardener in earlier years and raised splendid crops of fruit and vegetables as well as many varieties of plants in his greenhouse. Mr. Sedgley and his wife, Violet, celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary in May last year and received a congratulatory telegram from the Queen.

He leaves his wife, son, two daughters and members of a close-knit family.