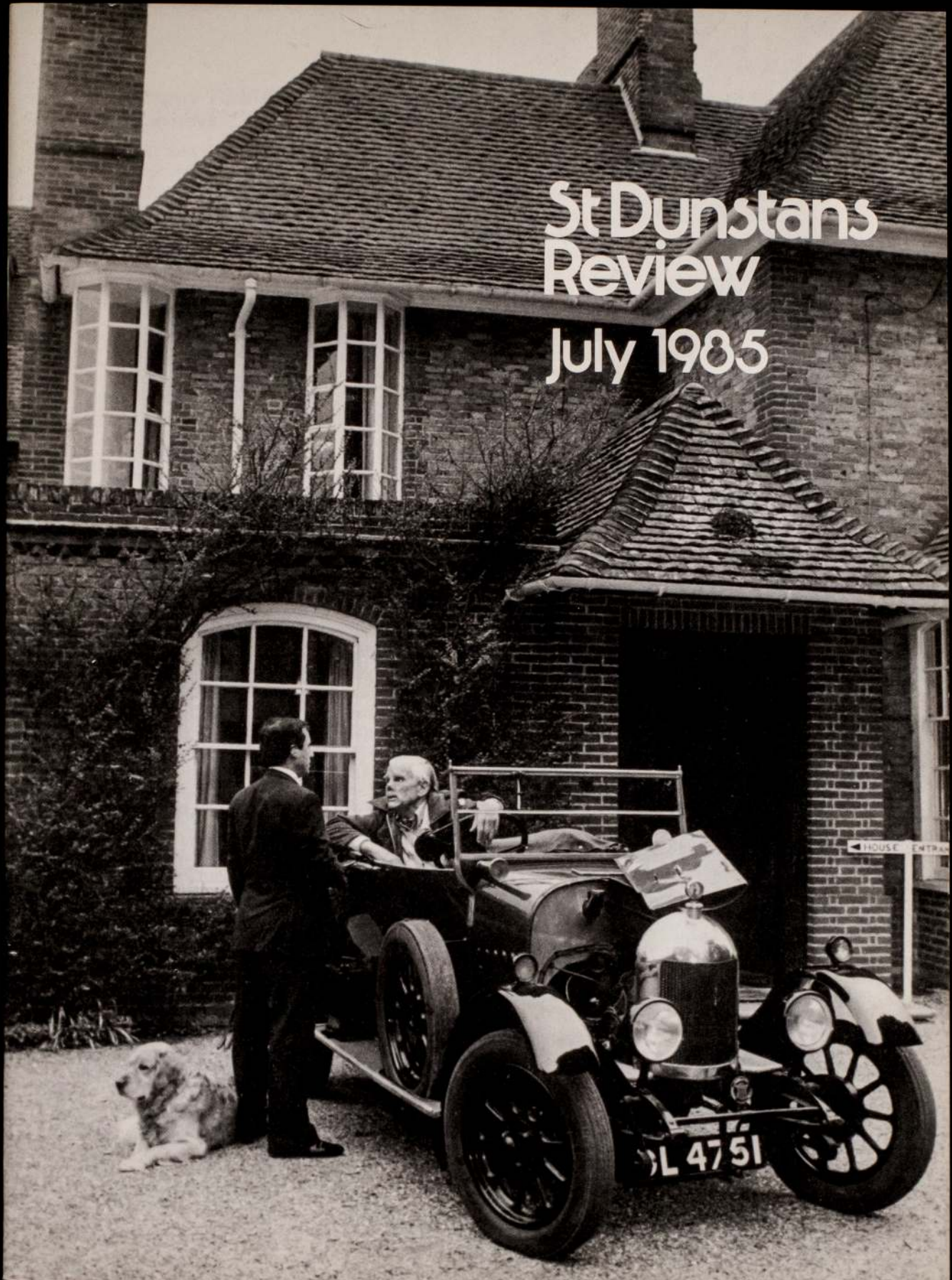


# St Dunstons Review July 1985





# From the Chairman

In the middle of last month a Memorial Service for those lost in the Falklands War was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was a poignant reminder of our ability still to pull ourselves together as a country and cross the world to defeat unwarranted aggression. And of the heavy price to be paid for inadequate deterrence stemming from cheeseparing Defence cuts leading ultimately to the inevitability of war.

By the spring of 1982 the UK had established a reputation for readily proffering advice on international affairs. But there was growing scepticism over her ability to back her words by deeds – if necessary. Furthermore, from the ill-conceived Defence Review of the previous year it was entirely reasonable to conclude that Britain was no longer interested in the South Atlantic in general and in maritime affairs in particular. Thus when the Argentines invaded the Falkland Islands and their dependencies in April 1982 the World watched with uneasy resignation. It is probably fair to say that half the World thought we *couldn't* and the other half thought we *wouldn't*. As you know, we *did*.

The Falklands lay some 8000 miles from the UK base, could be reached from that base only by sea, and the passage time was nearly three weeks. To repossess the islands involved an opposed assault landing. Normally such an undertaking is judged feasible only if at least local air superiority has been gained and our ground forces outnumber those of the enemy by three to one. Neither of these criteria was met, yet the operation *had to* succeed – or today you and I would be living in a very different country.

All three Services played crucial parts. Without the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy the operation would not have been possible. Without the Army and the Royal Marines the islands could not have been retaken. Without the R.A.F. the enormously long supply line could not have been halved.

On 14th June the Union Flag again flew over Port Stanley.

There were of course losses: in men, in ships and in material. Infinitely sad yet in the circumstances at the time astonishingly light. There were mistakes, perhaps especially over relationships with the media. And there were lessons – mostly old ones – to be learned or re-learned. But once again Right triumphed over local Might. Once again our countrymen and women, from 18 to 80, in or out of the Services, rallied when the call came and pulled out all the stops. The 'B' was put back into Britain in a big way.

It was in fact in a much bigger way than most people realised. It united the United Kingdom. It strongly influenced Europe, America and NATO. It reperussed throughout the free World.

Today, just three years later, we look in the mirror again. We see the Teachers rotting up the education of our young people on whom the future of our country depends. We see our football fans in Brussels about whose conduct the less said the better. We see hippies at Stonehenge and CND at Greenham Common pursuing their silly, short-sighted pranks. Must we really have another sharp war with all its death and mutilation and grief to pull ourselves together?

*Henry Leach*

## Happy 70th Anniversary St. Dunstan's Review!

The first issue of *St. Dunstan's 'Revue'*, as it was then called, appeared in July 1915. The appearance and content of the magazine have changed over the years along with the interests and whereabouts of St. Dunstaners, but the initial purpose of the magazine, namely to keep St. Dunstaners in touch with one another's experiences, struggles and victories, has remained the same. The first issue started off in a light-hearted vein, as per the Editorial:

*ST. DUNSTAN'S as you all know is a hostel for blinded soldiers and sailors. What then could be more desirable than a magazine for their benefit which is useless to them? Nobody wants it, and so I consider it my duty to bring one out.*

*It is not an advertisement of cheap wit, nor is it meant to make you laugh at the expense of others. It merely chronicles a few of the actual happenings at St. Dunstan's. You will, I am sure, agree with me in saying that when one sees such a large number and such a quaint assortment of people as one does here, their doings and sayings should not be allowed to sink unrecorded into utter oblivion.*

*It is hoped that none of our articles will be considered impertinent or personal, but everyone here is so jolly and full of fun that they cannot help being amused by all who come and go, and even those who stay.*

Issues appeared sporadically after that until June 1916 when it became the *St. Dunstan's Review* – a regular record of work and sport, and St. Dunstaners gradually increased their response by sending various reminiscences and stories of the training and happenings at Regent's Park, often amusing, like the following piece which comes from an article entitled 'Bumps and Bruises at St. Dunstan's' (June 1916):

*A little tale was told me the other day by two of our most adventurous pals of how a few steps were the cause of their downfall. They ventured rather wide afield, and everything ran smoothly until they arrived at what they thought was the kerb, and at once, after making sure that all was clear of traffic, they stepped off and went on, and found themselves flying through air at a good speed which would fill our aviators with envy, and for a minute both of these unfortunate men wondered where they were destined to end after this splendid attempt at taking a short cut. Fortunately for them a trustful servant of the LAW was waiting for them, and a burly London copper with out-stretched arms caught them in his fatherly embrace, and at once asked, "Where are yer goin' ter?" Our men, although pretty near winded, in their usual manner saw the funny side of this fall, and retorted, "We'll tell yer when we arrive, guv'nor."*

At this time many St. Dunstaners had finished their training and had left St. Dunstan's to follow various occupations such as boot repairing, poultry farming, mat, net and basket-making, and massage – training of the latter first beginning in 1916. *The Review* became an indispensable 'grapevine' for communicating the experience and progress to St. Dunstaners still at Regent's Park of the 'Old Boys' in their work and daily life, how they were coping 'out there.' The magazine, costing 6d., now regularly had 32 pages, as the news and views came flying in thick and fast. In Sep-

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Cover Picture: Ray Hazan talks to Ken Revis, seated in the late Lord Nuffield's Morris Minor at Nuffield Place. See Page 16.



tember 1916, 1000 copies were printed and these were sold out within a week. As more 'Old Boys' wrote to the *Review* of the success in their enterprises, morale increased tremendously and the tone of the magazine became more responsible, nevertheless retaining its sense of humour. Full of articles on special occasions taking place at St. Dunstan's, of activities and sports events, the After-care notes, essays, jokes and limericks, it began to fulfil a definite role of communication for and between St. Dunstan's – both for the newcomer learning the ropes and the 'Old Boys' catching up on news of their friends. The sense of 'brotherhood' in the organisation had come alive, as one St. Dunstan's summarised it: *'We have proved our manhood in the past by fighting for our country in its hour of need, let us prove it in the future in the highest and truest sense of the word, by assisting each other as much as possible at the cross-roads to take the one that will lead to a life of prosperity and peace . . . thus proving to the world that the blind competitor is a serious factor . . .'* (Sept 1916)

### TRIBUTE TO MRS. DORIS CHURCHILL EATON

*Mrs. Doris Churchill Eaton, a St. Dunstan's helper for many years, passed away peacefully in hospital on May 14th, aged 87. Her husband, Mr. Harry Eaton, of Sale, Cheshire, has sent us this appreciation of her life and work.*

In 1919 Mrs. Churchill Eaton joined the W.A.A.C. where she first obtained some knowledge of medical administration. In 1926 she enrolled as a nursing member of the British Red Cross Society in Detachment 100 in the County of Cheshire, and in 1938 as a Grade 1 instructor, gave a course of six public lectures in view of the imminence of war gases and the need for First Aid. During the 2nd World War she made use of her knowledge of medicine and First Aid in the Postal Censorship in Manchester.

Throughout her long life she had much to do with sports activities for St. Dunstan's, and took teams of their blinded to many parts of the country, including the areas of Manchester, Midlands, Regents Park, the Serpentine, and many parts of the South of England. She served St. Dunstan's with great affection.

### Additions to Cassette Library

- G28. C90. R. Smith. Sounds of East Sussex – 1984.
- G29. 2 x C90's. An introduction to computing (BBC Micro).
- SD40. C90. Visit by tape recordists to the Museum of Mechanical Music.
- G41. C90. Variety Singers at IFH – June 1984.

### 1985 EX-POW REUNION

All Ex-Prisoners of War are kindly invited to attend the 10th Anniversary Ex-POW Reunion concert being held in Fairfield Hall, Croydon at 7.45 p.m. on Saturday, September 28th. For this special occasion, Jimmy Howe will be entertaining guests, along with several other highlights promising a superb evening of nostalgic entertainment. The concert begins with the Parade of Association Standards and Chelsea Pensioners and ends with the Act of Remembrance, followed by the Reunion dance, with bar extension till midnight. For booking and travel information please contact Mr. F. E. Walter, BEM, 48 Essendene Road, Caterham, Surrey, CR3 5PA.

There will be a meeting of the National Ex-POW Association at 5.30 p.m. and all Ex-POW's are welcome to attend. Concert tickets: £4.00 – £5.50; Reunion dance: £2.00

### SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS

This year 3,219 Derby Sweepstake tickets were sold and the total prize money, less the cost of printing the tickets, amounted to £564.37.

There were only 14 runners this year and the payout was as follows:

- 1st Prize £282.00 – R. Chapman – Slip Anchor, Ticket No. 2503.
- 2nd Prize £112.00 – B. Purcell – Law Society, Ticket No. 1886.
- 3rd Prize £56.00 – F. S. Brooke – Damister, Ticket No. 1055.

The rest of the prize money was divided equally between all those who held tickets for the remaining 11 horses.

## HOLLAND 1985

By  
G. Waterworth



*Granville Waterworth with the Lady Burgemeester of Utrecht.*

On May 2nd, my wife and I travelled with a party of 53 members of the 49th 'RECCE' Regiment, including their wives, to Holland. We spent our first night at Waregem, near Ghent, Belgium. Next day some of our party visited Waterloo but most of the women preferred shopping in Brussels.

In the afternoon we left for Zeist, near Utrecht, where we stayed at Oud London Hotel for three nights. That evening we invited 27 members of the Utrecht Liberation Committee. Among them was the Lady Burgemeester whom I had met before. During the evening the men were presented with Utrecht ties and the ladies with scarves.

On Saturday we were to visit the Royal Palace at Soestdijk for a reception by H.R.H. Prince Bernhard, but he was taken ill the day before. An hour before he was taken into hospital he had signed photographs for the men. Instead we went on a trip by boat round the canals of Amsterdam. In the afternoon there was a Remembrance Day ceremony at the Dam (National Monument) where Queen Beatrix laid a wreath. As well as top brass of Canada, our Major Judge and Captain Ken Baker placed a wreath on behalf of the 49th Recce Regiment. There was also a Fly Past. Later, at 8.00 p.m., we attended a

service in a church in Puiplijk where the choir sang in English, 'He's got the Whole World in his Hands', and we all finished with 'Land of Hope and Glory.' Afterwards wreaths were placed on the 49th Recce graves in the church yard. The local bands played British, Canadian, Belgian and Dutch National Anthems while the local children place flowers. It was all very moving.

On Sunday morning we left for Utrecht for a wreath-laying ceremony at the Central War Memorial by Mr. Ben Hull and the Royal British Legion. It was my honour to recite the address, 'They shall not Grow Old', followed by the one minute silence. We enjoyed a reception and buffet at the music centre, Vredenburg Square, also a Liberation Concert by the Utrecht Symphony Orchestra. Here the men were presented with bronze paper weights on which was depicted a figure of a polar bear looking back over 40 years. On the obverse side it has the Utrecht crest and 'Thank you Polar Bears 1945-1985.' In the evening we were wine and dined by the Dutch Marines at their barracks and the day was finally rounded off by a firework display at Lepenburg where the final display was '40 years' in fireworks.

It was warm and sunny on Monday



morning when we set off for the Paushuize (Pope's Palace) which was built for the Dutch Pope in the 17th Century and where the present Pope stayed during his recent visit to Holland. Here we were received by The Queen's Commissioner, Mr. P. Van Dyke, who after a short speech, presented the men with a coin commemorating our visit. After coffee and cakes we left for Het-Loo Palace in Apeldoorn where more than 2000 Canadian, British and Dutch mustered for a parade through Apeldoorn, and the ladies were taken by coach to reserved seats to watch the parade. We, the 49th Recce Regiment (Polar Bears Division), led the British section, marching behind a jeep carrying the Union Jack. Later that day I was mentioned in the Apeldoorn Journal, where it said, 'Mr. Waterworth, blind war veteran, blinded in Holland, was escorted in the parade through Apeldoorn.' After the parade we were taken to our Dutch host families in Loenen.

On Tuesday we went on a boat trip from

Hardervijk on water enclosed by land reclaimed from the sea, we had lunch on board and saw herons and storks. On the coach back to Loenen where we changed, complete with medals, for a short wreath-laying ceremony at the Liberation Monument in Loenen, where I again recited a prayer for the fallen. After the ceremony we went inside the De Brink for drinks and entertainment by a choir singing in English, and finishing with Auld Lang Syne, which they had learned especially for us, not knowing what the words meant. We then took our Dutch hosts to dinner at Den Eikenboom Hotel.

Wednesday meant that we must bid farewell to our host families. Our return journey took us back through Belgium making a couple of shopping stops on the way. In the evening at our hotel in Ghent, during the evening meal we celebrated three birthdays, one being the Captain's. We shopped in Ghent and then set off on our last day and on the way to the docks at Zeebrugge, we presented our driver with a regimental tie for taking us safely around Belgium, Holland and back to London.

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## READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

*Cat. No. 3672*

### **The Wilt Alternative**

By Tom Sharpe

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 9½ hrs.

Henry Wilt is Director of Liberal Studies at the local 'Tech'. As a person he is by turn eccentric, outrageous and downright maniacal. His wife is 'into alternatives' – food medicine, compost and every other conceivable alternative. They have quads, all girls, whose language and general behaviour would by comparison make the girls of St. Trinians seem like novices in a convent.

The Wilts let their top-floor flat to the beautiful Irmgard Muller but it soon becomes clear that Fraulein Muller is not all she seems. Through her the Wilts are involved with a gang of terrorists and end up as hostages in their own house which is surrounded by hordes of trigger-happy police and soldiers . . .

It is a fact of life nowadays that we have to put up with a certain amount of sex and bad language in our reading. This book goes far, far beyond the bounds of decency. The writer is clearly obsessed with foul language (often put into the mouths of child characters), obscenity and gross indecency. This is a great pity. To my mind it renders

totally unacceptable what would otherwise have been a comic novel of epic proportions.

*Cat. No. 2822.*

### **The Low Roads.**

By Gilbert Phelps.

Read by Stephen Jack.

Reading Time 9½ hrs.

The book is written in the first person. The narrator is a cartoonist, but work is not easy to come by. He is in debt and his marriage with Marcia is dead.

One morning he receives a letter from a prestigious London newspaper offering him a lucrative contract. He considers this for only a moment, then tears up the letter. He puts on his oldest clothes and goes out to the garage. Without a passing glance at his beautiful new car (in respect of which he is behind with his payment) he wheels out a dilapidated cycle and rides away.

The book deals with his life as a tramp and his search for some kind of meaning to life. It tells of the dirt and smells and the hunger, of the people he meets, the 'junkies' and the 'winos'; of Mary, the social worker and, most extraordinary of all, Sam the visionary, with his endless search for his 'voices'.

A curiously compelling book with the feeling of disturbing authenticity. It seems to pose, without answering, the question . . . Who are the *real* 'misfits of society', they – or we.

*Cat. No. 4297.*

### **A Touch of the Memoirs.**

By Donald Sinden.

Read by Garard Green.

Reading Time 10½ hrs.

As a boy in Ditchling, Sussex, Sinden contracted asthma which meant frequent absences from school. As a result he left in 1939 at the age of 15, 'scholastically backward', as he puts it. He was apprenticed to a firm of joiners.

He was unfit for military service and

when his cousin was called up into the RAF in 1941 and asked Donald to take over his part in a local amateur dramatic society production. He refused as he had not the slightest interest in the theatre, but later relented and agreed to take the role. Thus he was a joiner by day and an actor by night, but his workmates never did find out what he got up to in the evenings.

Then came 'walk-on' and 'bit' parts and so began the long arduous, often dispiriting path to the mythical 'overnight success'.

His big break came when he was cast (against all odds) with Jack Hawkins in *The Cruel Sea*. On the strength of this he was offered a role in an MGM film, shot in Africa, where he appeared with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner and Grace Kelly. The director was the legendary John Ford, 'the most dislikeable man I ever met in my life' says Sinden.

This is by no means the usual 'showbiz' (horrible word!) riot of name-dropping. It is a warm and very human book, sometimes touching, often very funny, a tale of the theatre told with compassion and affection.

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## 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.*

**Douglas Newcombe Carnell Sara**, of Shaftesbury, joined St. Dunstan's in May.

Mr. Sara served as a Lance Corporal in the Royal Engineers from 1915 to 1918 and suffered eye damage in a gas attack at Ypres in 1917. After the war he served in the Merchant Navy for a short time and was then a Civil Servant with the Inland Revenue for many years. He subsequently farmed, retiring in 1972. Mr. Sara is a widower and 88 years of age.





*At Ipswich Sir David and Lady Muirhead chat with Bill and Sally Slade.*

## REUNIONS

### Ipswich, 16th May

A lovely sunny day welcomed St. Dunstaners and other guests attending the Ipswich reunion, at the Ipswich Moat House Hotel. Sir David Muirhead, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., accompanied by Lady Muirhead, was presiding, and when all 17 St. Dunstaners (unfortunately, two were not able to make it on the day), and their wives or escorts had arrived, Mr. W. Saxby, of Brockley, kindly said Grace and everyone sat down to a pleasant lunch, graciously served by the waitressing staff, of assorted cold starters, chicken with vegetables, and fruit salad and ice cream to finish.

After coffee, Sir David Muirhead took the chair and greeted guests on behalf of the Council. He mentioned the two new Council Members, whom the Chairman had welcomed in the June *Review*. Referring to the recent ceremonies marking the 40th Anniversary of D-Day, he said that it had crossed his mind, because he served in South East Asia during the war, that very little comment was made on those who had served there and in the Far East, and that what they suffered and are still suffering, should not be forgotten.

He then welcomed three St. Dunstaners who were attending their first reunion: Jack Davis, of Huntingdon, Norman Lacy, of Cromer, and Bob Oakes, of Clacton on Sea, saying, 'You will see from this sort of reunion that this is a worldwide brotherhood, and sisterhood.' He cited the number of St. Dunstaners in the UK in September last year: 95, 1st World War, and 769, 2nd World War and after; and overseas: 46, 1st World War, and 426, 2nd World War and after.

Looking forward to the 'great occasion' of The Queen's visit on July 19th, he hoped that no one attending it would make the startling statement made to H.M., when The Queen was touring Australia some years ago. 'She was inspecting a gathering of veterans of the 1st and 2nd World Wars, and going down the ranks she came across an enormous, very good-looking man from Fiji, covered in medals, one of which was the Victoria Cross. She stopped to talk to him, looking up, as you know she's not very tall and this man was six foot eight. She asked him what he thought about the forthcoming independence of Fiji itself.

And he looked at her and said, "If you ask me if I agree, I say no, Missy." And she looked at him, rather surprised, and said, "Oh, why not?" He said, "Well, when independence come, all talk, talk, talk, and all foul up." And he didn't say "Foul" either! Ladies and Gentlemen,' Sir David went on to conclude, 'all talk, talk, talk, I've talked quite long enough. Delighted, honoured and privileged my wife and I are to be with you today, and again, the very best wishes from the Council.'

Mr. W. H. Slade, of King's Lynn, replied to Sir David's speech, and said he would 'willingly' give a vote of thanks to St. Dunstan's. 'Under their authority we have gained and benefited so much, all of us.' He then thanked Sir David, and 'friends from Head Office, for without them there wouldn't be the reunion that we know.' St. Dunstaners then had an opportunity to catch up on news between friends, until tea and the raffle, organised by Miss Newbold. A small but very enjoyable reunion!

### Birmingham, 18th May

As the Chairman mentioned in his speech, guests had to contend with a warm day, the Lord Mayor's Show and the Cup Final. But for 37 St. Dunstaners, one of whom was from the First War, the business of meeting up with friends came first.

The Chairman was warmly applauded on several occasions, and none more so than when he welcomed Mr. McDonald of Leicester, attending his first reunion. Sir

Henry went on to describe the Service of Commemoration held in Westminster Abbey earlier in the month, 40 years after the end of World War II. "A young nurse from Westminster Hospital read a lesson and did so quite beautifully; the Archbishop of Canterbury preached an excellent sermon. There were bishops, or their equivalents attending from both the Allied and Axis countries. The whole service was

*James and Mabel McDonald from Leicester were attending their first reunion at Birmingham.*





most impressive and very moving”.

The Chairman then brought people up to date with arrangements for The Queen's visit, promising that all who had applied to attend, would be accommodated one way or another. He finished by wishing everyone a happy afternoon.

Alan Reynolds of Shrewsbury, then gave the response. He felt honoured and happy firstly, to welcome Sir Henry and Lady Leach to Birmingham, and went on to thank him, the members of Council and all staff for the work they do. He paid special tribute to Miss Newbold for organising the day, and for visiting the “boys”, especially when the circumstances can be difficult. A reference to the passage of time prompted the story of a lady reaching her one hundredth birthday. On being asked by a reporter about how she felt embarking upon her second century, she replied, “I feel a lot steadier on my legs at the start of my second century, than I did upon my first!”

Alan drew warm applause when he expressed the appreciation of many St. Dunstaners to the Council for their decision to open the new wing at Ian Fraser House. “At last, this time has arrived. I am sure that for many St. Dunstaners, this is an occasion we are very pleased with, and we

## London, 1st June

On yet another brilliantly sunny Saturday the London, Kent and Surrey, Reunion took place at the Hotel Russell. June 1st fulfilled the legendary promise of ‘flaming June’ – whether the promise should prove to be a false one did not matter to the 31 St. Dunstaners and their escorts arriving to be greeted by Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Colahan, Member of Council, and Mrs. Colahan.

Altogether 74 people including escorts, staff and guests sat down to an excellent lunch. Afterwards Air Vice-Marshal Colahan rose to welcome them on behalf of the Council: ‘It's a great honour for me to come today to give you greetings from the Chairman, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach, and the Council of St. Dunstan's. It is my pleasure to assure you that the Council is in good strength these days. We have

would like to express our thanks”.

As usual, between lunch and tea, there was much conversation and news to catch up on. Arthur Whittington of Loughborough, told me that he was so taken up with bowling after a visit to Brighton, that he decided to try and set up a local club. He paid visits to the Leicester Blind Bowling Club, spoke to social services, organised meetings with potential members, and finally went ahead with booking indoor and outdoor rinks. He was relieved and happy when the Mayor of Loughborough made a contribution from his charity appeal. The Loughborough Visually Handicapped Bowling Club plays its first match in the very near future. All congratulations to Arthur on his efforts.

The dolls houses made by Ted and Iris Miller can be likened to rolling stones. As the latter gather moss, so Ted's houses gather fame! A camera from a Central TV magazine programme came to his house and spent 2 hours filming houses constructed in the past, and one currently being built. The programme was due to go out the week following the reunion.

Add these two very different activities to the rich melange of people, hobbies, ideas and interests, and you have a St. Dunstan's reunion!

just recruited two vigorous younger members and you can look forward with every confidence to receiving the same support and assistance in the years ahead as you have in the past.

‘This is quite a year for St. Dunstan's. We have now settled down in our new Headquarters. We have also opened the married couples' wing at Ian Fraser House. The event of the year, of course, will be on July 19th when Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh visit IFH and Her Majesty will formally open the refurbished wing and they will both look round.’

Air Vice-Marshal Colahan concluded with some definitions: ‘The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds, the pessimist fears that this is true. A pessimist thinks that all women are bad,



*Reg Botly, the only First War St. Dunstaner at the London Reunion, chatting with Mr. Wills.*

an optimist hopes they are. An optimist is a girl who mistakes a bulge for a curve! Thank you for listening to me.’

Don Planner, of Sittingbourne, gave the vote of thanks. Commenting that it was a pleasure to be asked, he went on, ‘I've only been with St. Dunstan's for the last ten years. I came back from West Germany to the Cambridge Hospital in Aldershot and I was introduced to the name of St. Dunstan's. I thought, “What the hell is St. Dunstan's?” After my initiation to Ian Fraser House for my rehabilitation, I realised exactly what St. Dunstan's was: an organisation staffed by dedicated people who are at hand to help us in any way possible.

‘I hate to single people out, because an organisation such as this must run as a team, but I would like to say, on your behalf, thank you to Miss Stewart and Miss Lord for this reunion today and I sure you will all agree that the luncheon put on by the hotel staff has been even better than last year. Thank you very much.’

Although the numbers at the reunion were much smaller than usual there were plenty of couples on the dance floor after lunch. Others enjoyed the jokes and exchanges of news with friends not seen since last year.

*A vote of thanks is given by Don Planner, a post-Second War St. Dunstaner.*





# HEDGES

By Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach

Hedges are important. They flank roads, mark boundaries, get the partridges up, provide shelter, lend privacy, harbour gnats. No other type of flora can boast so much. They reward the tidy by their compact symmetry. They distress the meticulous by their exuberant growth. But – and there's the rub – tall or short, thick or thin, immaculate or ragged, deciduous or evergreen, once a year at least they all need trimming.

Trimming. Such a peaceful, gentle, easy word. It conjures visions of a leisurely snip here, a judicious shortening there, and utter perfection resulting. Almost like dead-heading the roses or clipping the lavender. Oh Fairy Godmother would that it were so! But life – at least life with hedges – is not like that.

In former times when horticultural help was less haphazard, our forebears appreciated the significance of hedges. The garden of every house of substance was liberally endowed with them. Sometimes they were there for a clear purpose. Sometimes, in the grander environments, the precise motive seemed more obscure – almost as if they had been put in to give the gardeners something to do. If so, the achievement of success was absolute. The Victorians were adept at the artifice of the hedge. They perfected a technique of not just an hedge but a *double* hedge. This increased the task of trimming by a factor. Not only both sides of both hedges but both tops and the inter-

vening jungle (originally known as the Walk and a further ingenious call on labour.) Or there were those dear little things of box partitioning the herb garden. 18 inches high at most, they were a recipe for critical appraisal by head gardeners with lumbago and passing dogs.

## Butterflies and cobras

Then there is topiary. Here is scope for the wildest excesses of the imagination. Exquisite twists and twirls may cavort with abandon under the supercilious frown of a peacock or the sympathetic waddle of a duck, the cheekiness of a squirrel or even the disdain of a tortoise. 'Jenkins', Lady Maud had declared back in '02, 'we must have a king cobra poised to strike at the west end of the yew hedge in the sunken rose garden; it will remind my husband of his time in India. Oh! And a couple of butterflies at the other end to balance it up. 'Very well, Madam,' the dutiful Jenkins had replied, stifling his doubts on whether cobras struck butterflies and whether the balance was quite fair. So, more than three quarters of a century later, a kind of totem pole in yew, peers (totem poles can actually do this) incredulously at two rather flea-bitten bats and another six hours' trimming is added to the annual score card.

The variety of hedges is surely wide enough to suit all tastes. The handsome

yew with its tough wood is calculated to distort the blade of your secateurs or blunt the teeth of your saw in a matter of minutes. The wispy box will bow to your every whim, as indeed it will to your ladder and even to your clippers, springing cheerfully back into place when the ladder has wobbled deep into its depths or the masterly swoop of your blade has ineffectually passed. Beech, cupressus, thuya, macrocarpa, thorn, privet and lonicera all deserve a mention but such is their co-operation that little more need be said. Berberis, on the other hand, is unique in the degree of pain it can inflict; some other hedges have thorns, berberis goes in for spears and is well versed in their use. Finally there is that last resort, the tapestry hedge. Held together by old stumps and rusty wire it is a fascinating amalgam of ivy, old man's beard, snow-berry, goose grass, birds nests and dust. At the first swoosh of your blade a pall of dust clogs the eyes and nostrils, a swarm of white flies transfers to your lacerated arms and neck, and vicious brambles do the rest. Assuredly tapestry hedges are for the connoisseur.

## Getting down to it seriously

Enthusiastic perfectionists may cut their hedges several times a year. Indeed they will probably select a variety that demands this treatment. But even for the indolent procrastinator there comes a deadline around the back end of July or beginning of August when he knows he must . . . trim his hedges. So he turns to with determined reluctance. Quickly he finds (he knew it well already but the annual fantasy prevails that this year will be different) that hedge-clipping days are of two sorts: good and not so good. The good take but a moment to describe. You swish along the flanks of your shoulder-high yew and impressive swathes of this year's growth are easily shed onto the geraniums beneath. A mere extension of the arms enables you to achieve with professional nonchalance that symmetrical slope, straight edge and right angle corner which attract from expert friends the grudging soubriquet 'well kept.' That's the good day. It is of strictly limited duration (an hour or so) and even more limited frequency (like once a year). Now for reality –

let me describe a typical normal day.

The night before, I go to bed with the firm intention of getting up early, around six o'clock, and putting in a good couple of hours in the cool of the morning before hunger dictates breakfast. In fact the alarm clock doesn't go off and it is nearly 8.30 before I finally expel the sleep from my garden-weary eyes and get up. An hour later I am on the job. Thank God for efficiency and fore-thought. My neatly rolled up very, very long electric lead unwinds without a hitch. The hedge trimmer, carefully stripped and serviced last winter, springs into purring life at the first touch. The weather is kind that is to say it is dry and still. The gigantic steps I have inveigled my neighbour into lending me stand rock firm and enable me to reach all. 'There's not so much to this hedgecutting lark after all', I muse.

## A slight mishap

My wife does the topiary – the birds and beasts that surmount our yew thickets at curiously frequent intervals. She applies her skill with a steady hand and a clear eye. But she is adamant that this task should be done by hand. This is, of course, a false perspective, as I am continually asserting. Precision work with an electric trimmer wielded by a practised arm can do the job just as well in a fraction of the time. My wife does so many things and I love her very dearly so I think I should give her a helping hand. Exuding bonhomie I approach the broody hen she has been carefully shaping up over recent years. Comfortable, cosy bird – rather like a feathered nanny – it takes but a few strokes of my dexterous blade to smooth her back, round off her wings and now for her beak when . . . ah! The ladder tilts, my cutting arm thrusts forward, desperately I strive to regain my balance and relinquish my pressure on the switch but . . . *me miserum* the beak, indeed the whole head, has gone. How can I possibly explain this to my wife? Courage! Initiative! No head? Try the other end. Skilfully I round off the . . . er . . . neck to look like a tail; and shape up the tail to look like a beak; and just a touch to the midships parts to make them compatible with the reversal of direction.



### Hedges *continued*

Next, to tackle an area rather neglected last year. Vigorous elders have topped the yew and achieved an ugly intrusion. Saw work, this, and I crouch to the task bravely ignoring the protestations of a low-growing branch of nearby holly which pricks and pricks in complaint. Half way through my cut I reckon enough is enough and round on the offending holly branch to exterminate it. Only to find I have been sitting on a stinging nettle.

I complete the cut and turn to the next elder stem. A tricky one involving an acutely uncomfortable posture. Bracing my feet I set to. After a few strokes the distortion of my right foot becomes sharp; the laces of my boot are cutting into my ankle. I shift position slightly and make a few more saw strokes. The pain in my ankle increases to intolerable proportions. Dropping the saw I stoop to ease the cutting lace. As I do so a wasp, having liberally dispensed its displeasure around my ankle, wings off with a smug buzz. I do not like wasp stings; the bits of me afflicted swell to formidable

proportions in a matter of minutes. Rushing indoors I fling open the medicine cupboard and frantically scrabble for Wasp-peeze. Success at last, I shake and squirt—two squirts in fact, then the aerosol peters out. I am left with my reversible hen, a rapidly swelling ankle and a well established wasps' nest in my uncut hedge. My wife doesn't care much for the revamped hen: 'More like a cock' she remarks bitterly. Mmmmm.

### One last attempt

I try a fresh site, a nice open bit of easy hedge requiring neither steps nor ladder. Bliss and I get on splendidly. Except . . . what is that ominous faltering of the machine? Finger getting tired on the switch. Press harder. Another falter. Don't say the beastly thing is going to fail me now. It stops completely. At best it is a loosened connection on the plug. At worst . . . the mind boggles. It is now late evening. I am hot, tired, sore, thirsty, dirty. I need a bath, a long strong drink and my supper. Damn all hedges until tomorrow.

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## D. F. Robinson's

# GARDENING NOTES

I only hope that by the time you get these notes, the warm sun prophesied, has arrived. As I try to get these written, the conditions are more like the dying days of winter, with no sun at all.

Despite all the hazards I have most vegetables in their places and some items such as fuchsias and geraniums in troughs outside, and hope they will survive satisfactorily. Apples and pears are a little late in flowering, which may be a good thing, and I have managed to get some spraying against insects done, though normally it would have been a bit too late. Spring flowering bulbs have come in late so have given us a bit of colour in rather a blank period

before the summer flowering plants give their show, but it has given us extra work at the wrong time.

### Vegetables

Keep soil open by using the hoe, which will also stop weeds. A scattering of general fertiliser in pellet form, such as *Growmore*, will give all vegetables a boost. Pests of all kinds will be trying to take over plants, so keep them at bay by spraying regularly. Remember not to harvest crops for a few days after using deterrents and give them a good washing in the sink before using in the house or putting down in the freezer.

Give plenty of water in dry spells with a hose or sprinkler. Gather all crops as they ripen and put all halums and stems onto the compost heap. It might even be a good thing to burn cabbage stalks as they take such a long time to break down on the compost heap. Carry on sowing a few seeds of lettuce and radish to ensure regular crops for salad.

Give extra water and a dose of fertiliser to runner beans as they are very hungry things, and see that tendrils are climbing the strings, or staked, instead of wandering all over the place. Pick some early beans as a special item for dinner, and it will give a boost to the ones coming along. Potatoes will be growing well, so make a final earthing up. A few extra french beans sowed on a spare piece of ground will give a good quick crop without much trouble. Feed tomatoes regularly, and with plenty of liquid feeds. Stop the main stem and some side shoots in order to have good crops.

### Fruit

You will now know how many apples and pears are coming your way this year. If you have a very heavy set, thin them out in order to get better size and quality. Some branches will no doubt be hanging rather dangerously towards the ground and may break, so give some kind of support. Remember to give plenty of water at root level to ensure a good crop with little or no dropping of fruit.

### Lawns

Keep the mower going regularly but raise blades a little in dry weather. It may also be a good idea to give the lawn a good watering with the sprinkler, moving it around if you have a large area of grass. Where grass is rather poor in growth and colour, a dose of lawn fertiliser, when ground is moist, will help to rectify this.

### Flowers

Keep borders in good trim with a hoe to combat weeds, and open up soil so rain can get down to roots. A scattering of fertiliser in the form of pellets will be of benefit and will last for a longer period. Do remember to keep flowers tidy. Cutting off dead heads

will also make for pushing forward of more side shoots to give more buds. Stake up tall border plants such as dahlias, delphinium, fuchsia, lupin and chrysanthemum. As regards the latter items, pick off side buds to get large flower heads. Use the sprayer regularly to get rid of insect pests.

Roses will be in their best period of flower. Cut off dead heads to keep this going. A sprinkling of a special rose fertiliser will give an added boost. In addition to aphids, black spot may be rampant, even though some varieties of plant are not prone to this disease. Pick off all affected leaves and put them in the dustbin or burn them. Spray with modern fungicides to get rid of the disease, at least for this season.

### Greenhouse

Give plenty of ventilation during the day by opening all windows, and even the door, during really hot spells. It might be a good thing to get some plastic netting on a frame in front of the door in case there are pets about. Close doors at night but leave windows fairly wide open. Plenty of moisture will be needed so an additional damping down of the floor will help. Water plants well but don't overdo it or you may have problems. Most potted plants will also need regular liquid feeds. Cyclamen and primulas will need to be moved to their final flowering pots with fresh compost. They don't need full sun so keep them in fairly shaded areas of the greenhouse.

Tomatoes should be cropping well, so pick fruit as soon as they are ripe. This will give other fruit a chance to grow to a good size. When the plants reach over the top of the greenhouse, it might be a good idea to stop main growth. A spray of water over the young flowers will make them set better, and do give plenty of water and fertiliser. Cucumbers should be picked regularly and don't let too many set or the quality and size will depreciate. They also need regular watering and feeding. As usual at this time of the year insects and diseases are everywhere, so get a spray going or light a combined smoke in the greenhouse early in the evening, but do shut off all ventilation till morning, when all should be opened up to make it safe for you to go inside and work there.





Ken examines the wardrobe/workshop.

## NUFFIELD PLACE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

By Ray Hazan  
Photos: Carolyn Howell

The hood of the open two seater is down. The eleven and a half horse-power Hotchkis engine throbs under the bonnet. The temperature gauge on top of the radiator shows higher than normal, but is not in the danger zone yet. Ahead, lie 1200 miles from Cape Town to Durban, in an international rally. The year is 1968, the car, a Bull-nose Morris, dating back to 1926, the driver/owner is Bob May and the co-driver is St. Dunstaner, Ken Revis.

Both Ken and the car are involved in the opening of Lord Nuffield's home to the public. The house will be open on the first and third Sunday in each month between May and September.

William Morris had no formal engineering training. He started in a bicycle repair shop and finished with a vast car and tractor empire. Lord Nuffield was a great supporter of his fellow human beings. He left

some £28 million to many charities and institutions.

Lord Nuffield paid frequent visits to Australia. It was on one of these sea voyages that he met Lord Fraser. This in turn led to a job for a keen young man with an interest in cars - Ken Revis.

Ken was interviewed by Sir Miles Thomas, who told him to "look around and see what you can find". Ken subsequently qualified as a solicitor and lectured the company on factory law, retiring as a public relations executive. Ken was heavily involved in the setting up of the British Leyland motor museum, hence his interest and access to historic cars.

Nuffield Place is situated 5 miles north west of Henley on the Henley-Oxford road. The house was built in 1914 and lived in by Lord Nuffield from 1933, until his death in 1963. It is a modest 7 or 8 bedroom house set in pleasant gardens. Only a bachelor like him could have a wardrobe in his bedroom which opens into a work bench and tool kit. On the bookshelf is Lord Fraser's book, "My Story of St. Dunstan's". In each room, on these open days, there are neighbours and friends who will most willingly help the visitor.

William Morris did not lavish luxury upon himself. Nevertheless, his home is well worth the visit. Tea and home made cakes are available. And what could be more fascinating than to have a vintage car explained from the valves to the running boards by an enthusiast and fellow St. Dunstaner, and one who had the pride and honour of knowing and working with the late Lord Nuffield.

### Top Dog

Mike Tetley of St. Albans has recently returned from a mountaineering expedition with the Milton Climbers. Together with his guide dog Mark, a 4 year old labrador/retriever, Mike scaled Scafell Pike. This means that he and Mark have now climbed the 3 highest UK peaks - Snowdon, Ben Nevis and Scafell Pike. Mike hastens to add that Mark runs free during these expeditions and is not responsible for guiding his owner to the top.

### A Teenager With Talent

St. Dunstaners, on the whole, seem to have rather special children and grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Forbes-Stewart, of Sprowston, Norwich, have written to us of their daughter, Teresa, aged 15, who last year was promoted to a Cadet Corporal in the Cadet Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, in Old Cotton.

Since Teresa joined, she has passed examinations in First Aid, Home Nursing, Child Care, Animal Care, Homecraft, Firefighting, Rambling, Accident Prevention, Camping, and Casualty Make-Up and Simulation, and is keen to obtain her Grand Prior Badge and Certificate, the highest and most coveted award in the

Brigade. She is also a supporter of all the 'fringe' activities, such as the County Cadet Camp; and is a member of the First Aid and Nursing Competition team, which under her leadership in 1984/5 has won the County Cup and the Home Nursing Cup. She regularly supports fund-raising activities and helps the Adult Division in First Aid duties at sporting events over weekends.

Mrs. C. E. Pulford, the Divisional Superintendent, has written in her testimonial: 'It is heartening to know of youngsters such as Teresa who are willing to use their spare time and energy in the service of others.' Keep up the good work Teresa!

## CLUB NEWS

### BRIGHTON - Bowling

#### Weston Super Mare

Once again the magical second week in May arrived which all bowlers look forward to very much, as it is the first outside bowling tournament (always held at Weston Super Mare), and especially as it is held in the lovely setting of Ashcombe Park.

We left IFH about midday, full of enthusiasm and confidence, a smaller party than usual. We stopped on the way for lunch, and after a reasonably quiet journey, arrived in good time to have a bath and brush-up before dinner. After sitting for such a long time a good walk was the order of the evening and then a drink before turning in for an early night to get a good rest before the practice roll-up in the morning. Tea and biscuits were served in the club house in the afternoon where old friends met each other and new friendships started, especially with the new competitors.

Monday morning came and so did the wet, cold weather, but I can assure you it didn't dampen our spirits one bit. The only thing wrong was the way it happened at the beginning, which upset the programme for the rest of the week. But by Wednesday

evening the weather changed and the last two days were scorchers, and so was the bowling, with the result that St. Dunstan's team came away with seven trophies - I might add, another wonderful achievement. So congratulations to you all and may you have the same success in the Nationals at Great Yarmouth. We arrived back at IFH at lunch time on Cup Final day, thanks to a very good journey with Tom Murray.

Now I would like, on behalf of all the St. Dunstaners, to thank all the wives, friends and helpers for all the very hard work they put in during the week, without them these competitions wouldn't be possible. I would like to thank Commander Conway and his staff for all the facilities which were made available to us all, before, during and after we returned from Weston. I must say it was very nice indeed to try out the new married quarters. I give you ten out of ten for a wonderful effort. I would also like to thank the catering staff for looking after us so well, and we are looking forward to seeing you all in the very near future. Last but not least, I



would like to thank the transport department who are always very helpful when the need arises – thanks.

May I finish this report by thanking Mr. Weisblatt and HQ for the help that is given when we go bowling, and I can assure you all that we appreciate it very much, and as you see, we didn't do too badly, did we?

*Ted Brown*

## Bridge

### Pairs – May 12th

Mrs. V. Delaney & Mr. Douse	65.0
M. Tybinski & Mrs. Beavis	57.5
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	56.2
W. Phillips & Mrs. Tebbit	55.7
R. Palmer & Miss Stenning	53.8
J. Majchrowicz & Miss Sturdy	50.7
W. Lethbridge & Mrs. McPherson	49.3
R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti	44.3
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	35.0
J. Padley & Mrs. Padley	32.5

### Individuals – May 25th

W. Lethbridge	64.7
R. Pacitti	52.5
Mrs. V. Barker	52.5
R. Evans	52.3
J. Majchrowicz	50.0
Miss C. Sturdy	48.9
M. Douse	48.9
R. Fullard	45.5
J. Whitcombe	44.3
J. Huk	44.3
Mrs. K. Pacitti	44.3
Mrs. J. Douse	31.8

Two new additional fixtures have been arranged, both in November. On Sunday, November 10th we are entertaining our old friends, Horsham Bridge Club, at Ovingdean, and on November 17th we shall play the pairs competition round, in replacement of the one lost in February.

Will everyone wishing to take part in either fixture, especially against Horsham which is limited to 12, please inform the escort office at Ovingdean, in good time.

# FAMILY NEWS

## PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

### Congratulations to:

Guy, grandson of *Mr. and Mrs. T. Hart*, of Sandwich, on winning a computer calculator as 3rd prize in the Leeds Permanent Building Society Competition (last year he won 1st prize in a National Leggo Competition), and to Lisa, their grand-daughter, who carried her company's flag at the Girl Guides' 75th Anniversary at Crystal Palace, which took place in very wintry conditions.

Marcus Middleton, grandson of Mrs. D. Jacobs and the late *Mr. S. H. Jacobs*, of Wallasey, on completing his training in communications at *HMS Mercury* in the Royal Navy, where he received the Captain's prize for special achievement. Marcus, aged 17, has now joined the *HMS Achilles*, a Leander Class frigate in Plymouth.

Andrew, grandson of *Mr. F. W. Riley*, of Ripon, on passing out of Cranwell, in May, as a pilot officer in the R.A.F.

Mrs. June Shepherd, wife of *Mr. Jimmy Shepherd*, of Reading, on being jointly awarded with Mr. T. Wardle, Pangbourne's Jubilee Trophy for worthy service to the community. Mrs. Shepherd has been working in the local branch of the British Legion for the past 35 years, has carried their Standard for the last 30 years, and regularly organises the annual Poppy Appeal.

Sally Walton, grand-daughter of *Mr. C. Bargery*, of Aylesbury, who has now passed

her course on Intensive Care of the Neonates (newborn babies), and is not only a Registered Midwife, but also a Registered Special Care Nurse.

## WEDDINGS

### Congratulations to:

Susan Ann Trezise Smith, grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Scott*, of Belfast, on her marriage to Michael Acey on April 27th.

## DIAMOND WEDDING

### Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark*, of Blackpool, on the occasion of their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on May 30th.

## GOLDEN WEDDING

### Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. R. Chapman*, of Cambridge, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on June 8th.

## GRANDCHILDREN

### Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglass*, of Ruislip, on the birth of their grandchild, Robin Andrew, a third child born to their son, Frank, and his wife, Penny, on April 21st.

*Mr. and Mrs. W. Durrant*, of Norwich, who are pleased to announce the birth of their first grand-daughter, Rebecca, born on April 10th to their son and daughter-in-law, David and Victoria Durrant, and then another grandchild, Louise, born on May 17th to their son, Vernon, and his wife, Sandra.

*Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mead*, of Rothwell, who are pleased to announce the birth of their

first grandson, Jonathan James, born on April 10th to their son, Raymond, and his wife, Teresa.

*Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Osborne*, of Saltdean, on the birth of another grand-daughter, born on May 10th to their son, Graham, and his wife, Avril.

*Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Smith*, of Worcester, on the birth of another grandchild, Carla Marie, born on February 23rd to their son, Dave, and his wife, Lin.

Mrs. Ella White, widow of the late *Mr. W. White*, of Fordingbridge, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Rebecca Jane, on February 20th to her son, Martyn, and his wife, Rosemary.

### Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Davies*, of Church Stretton, who are pleased to announce the birth of a great grand-daughter, Kate Jane, born on April 4th to their grand-daughter, Lynn.

Mrs. Dorothy Wardle, widow of the late *Mr. G. W. Wardle*, of Brixworth, Northampton, who is pleased to announce the birth of two more great grandchildren. She now has six great grandchildren.

## DEATHS

### We offer sympathy to:

Mrs. Violet Fox, sister of *Mr. A. Hurley*, of Wickford, on the death of her husband, Mr. W. Fox, on May 13th.

*Professor A. J. M. Milne*, of Durham City, who mourns the death of his wife, Anita, on May 17th.

*Mr. J. D. White*, of Chilwell, who mourns the death of his wife, Elsie, on May 9th after a long illness.



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## 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. Farnen, 2/8 Lancashire Fusiliers**

Herbert Farnen, of Manchester, affectionately known as 'Bert', passed away suddenly in hospital on May 17th, aged 70. For the past few years, his health had given cause for concern but he bore his disabilities with great courage and spirit to the end.

Mr. Farnen was a C.S.M. in the 2/8 Lancashire Fusiliers and served during the 2nd World War from the onset until 1945, when he was severely wounded in a hand grenade explosion. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's soon afterwards and went direct to Church Stretton for industrial training and tuition in braille, typing and handicrafts. He retired from industry in 1955, on health grounds.

He leaves his widow, Helen, to whom he was married for almost 46 years, their daughter, three sons and members of the family.

### **T. J. Flaherty, Lancashire Fusiliers**

Thomas Joseph Flaherty, formerly of Bacup, Lancashire, passed away on May 24th in Pearson House where he had been residing since 1977. He was 70 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1968.

Mr. Flaherty served with the rank of Sergeant in the Lancashire Fusiliers during the 2nd World War, having enlisted just before the onset of hostilities. He was demobilised in February 1946 and was able to continue with his pre-war employment as a clerk in the Civil Service for only a year, as his sight was failing. By the time he was admitted to St. Dunstan's, his sight had seriously deteriorated and he was unfortunately chronically ill, an additional sorrow being the loss of his dear wife, Annie, in 1977, after 41 happy years together.

For relaxation, Mr. Flaherty greatly enjoyed listening to light classical music. He bore his severe disabilities with remarkable courage and cheerfulness and will be greatly missed by Matron Goodwin and all her staff.

He leaves two daughters, grandchildren and members of the family.

### **D. Juner, 5th Parachute Brigade**

David Juner, of Stoney Stanton, passed away suddenly and unexpectedly on May 17th, aged 66. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1945.

Mr. Juner served as a Private in the 5th Parachute Brigade during the 2nd World War and lost his sight in Singapore in 1945. The following year he went to Church Stretton for training in telephony, typing, braille and handicrafts. However, he preferred an open-air life and three years later took over a smallholding where he raised poultry, subsequently moving to Leicester in 1957, where he became interested in pig-breeding. He retired after moving to Stoney Stanton in 1970, and his allotment, garden and greenhouse remained his hobby occupation. Mr. and Mrs. Juner celebrated their Ruby Wedding in October 1984.

### **R. Sandiford, North Staffordshire Regiment**

Raymond Sandiford, of Bolton, passed away in hospital on May 3rd, aged 75. Over the past three years, his health progressively deteriorated but he bore his disabilities with remarkable courage and cheerfulness, with loving care and support from his wife, Sally, and all members of the family.

Mr. Sandiford served during the 2nd World War as a Private in the North Staffordshire Regiment and was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1972. Although a painter and decorator in civilian life, he mastered typewriting and handicrafts with great efficiency and for some time supplied our stores with a quota of rugs, string bags, etc., all of a very high standard.

Unfortunately, his first wife, May, to whom he was married for 35 years, passed away in 1974. Mr. Sandiford remarried six years later but, regrettably, passed away on his 5th Wedding Anniversary. In earlier years he enjoyed gardening and his greenhouse in his leisure hours and always greatly looked forward to visits at Ian Fraser House.

He leaves his widow, Sally, his daughter, Anne, two stepchildren, and members of the family.