

**St Dunstans
Review
December
1985**



From the Chairman

We have recently been taking stock of our contribution to research. St. Dunstan's has always played a full part in efforts to reduce the handicap of blindness — in projects like the Talking Book, Optacon and Kurzweil reading machines and the mobility aids, especially Professor Kay's sonic 'torch' and subsequent sonic 'specs', the binaural sensor.

Now at Nottingham, a simplified version of the binaural sensor, the Sonic Pathfinder, has reached field trials stage and we are giving substantial support to this operation, financing the production of equipment and other expenses of the trials which will last about 12 months. We are making a considerable contribution to Medical Research at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in partnership with the R.N.I.B. and the British Council for the Prevention of Blindness, into the causes of degeneration of sight. St. Dunstan's is contributing nearly half of the cost of the project to cover the next three year period of research. We are supporting another medical research project into blindness at Bristol University. Also in Bristol we have contributed to the setting up of a corneal transplant service.

In addition we endeavour to support the activities which help or serve St. Dunstaners: we have contributed to a resource centre for a provincial blind association; to a research project into the use of braille and a system for giving blind/deaf people direct access to the telephone. Among other things, we help a number of tape recording services for the blind and the Talking Newspaper Association and we assist sporting activities of various kinds for blind people.

* * * *

Christmas will soon be here. Mary and I send our best wishes to you all for a very happy one and hope that as many of you as possible will be able to enjoy it with your families.

Henry Leach

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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.

NEW TAPE TO HELP THE BLIND USE THE TELEPHONE

British Telecom have recently issued a cassette tape describing the layout of the new payphones — the 'blue' phone and the Phonecard phone, as described in the March *Review* by Ray Hazan — and how to operate them. A blind broadcaster, Peter White, helped to produce the tape by using the new phones and describing his actions. This 20-minute tape is available from the Cassette Library, Ref. G32.

CHEAPER FLIGHTS TO ISLE OF MAN

On production of a Blind Registration Certificate, Manx Airlines, like most internal U.K. airlines, will offer two tickets for the price of one or a half-price ticket to any blind person travelling alone. Flights to the Isle of Man go from Manchester, Liverpool, Blackpool, London Heathrow and, in summer only, from Birmingham.

NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE

On New Year's Eve there will be a Fancy Dress Dance at Ian Fraser House, so will people visiting over that period please bring a suitable costume to wear on the occasion. Let's make it a really happy one!

ST. DUNSTAN'S BROOCH

There has been a substantial response for the St. Dunstan's brooch and an order has been placed with the manufacturing jewellers. There is an unfortunate possibility that they might not be ready in time for Christmas, however we are pressing the manufacturers for as early delivery as possible and hope they may be ready in time.

MIDLAND BANK'S NEW SERVICE

Midland Bank is now providing, free of charge, large print bank statements for visually handicapped customers. Customers need only inform their own branch they would like their statements in large print. Midland already provides a free range of special services including bank statements, Midland Access and Gold MasterCard statements in braille, booklets on Midland's services in braille or large print and a cheque template.

TV CONCERT

The concert promoted by Jimmy Wright in aid of the Royal School for the Blind is to be shown on ITV on Boxing Night at 11.20 p.m. Jazz trumpeter, Dizzie Gillespie, Robert Farnon and Marion Montgomery appear with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

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Cover: Lord Normanby receives the P.O.W. plaque from Tom Hart. Photo: UP Group.

POW BRAILLE SCHOOL REUNION

By Tom Hart

Lord and Lady Normanby entertained 12 members of the Braille School and their wives and escorts to dinner at the Cafe Royal on Thursday, October 10th.

The guests included Lord and Lady Normanby's eldest son, Lord Mulgrave (the author Constantine Phipps), and three of their daughters, Evelyn, Peronel and Henrietta, as well as Sir Henry and Lady Leach and Mr. and Mrs. Weisblatt. Mr. Teddy Nash-Larkham and his friend, Mrs. Curzon, were also guests. Teddy, whilst in Germany, was a member of the Braille School and organised the St. Dunstan's Band in the camp, but did not enter St. Dunstan's on his return to England.

In his after-dinner speech, Lord Normanby reminisced on how, after finding the braille alphabet in the back of an old dictionary, he started to teach braille to the blind chaps who were with him in the hospital at Obermasfeldt. This was done by poking used matchsticks through a piece of cardboard. Jimmy Shepherd, Dougie Parmenter and Freddie Wareham were amongst his first pupils.

After the failure of the Repatriation Scheme in 1941 and the return to Germany to a new camp at Klosta Heina, the Braille School started to take shape by the inclusion of other blinded prisoners being sent there for training and to see the eye specialist, Dr. Major Charters.

Lord Normanby paid tribute to the help he received from Dr. Adolf, a blinded German officer from the First World War who was seconded to the camp through the Red Cross, and from Dr. Celender of the Swedish Red Cross who brought in so much material including a piano. He also mentioned Len Mountcastle who is the only other surviving teacher of the school, and who sent a message of goodwill to the Reunion Dinner.

Lord Normanby went on to say that it was only by bluffing the Germans that he

was head of all the blind organisations in Britain that he was allowed to stay on at the school. He also mentioned the anxiety felt by St. Dunstan's back in England as to the standard of braille taught by a chap who had himself only learned it from a dictionary. These anxieties were soon dispelled by the very high standards shown on the return to the UK by the members of the school, although experts at Church Stretton were very surprised indeed to learn that Lord Normanby had become such a competent teacher despite that fact that he only read braille by sight and, preferably, upside down!

In his reply, on behalf of the School members, Tom Hart thanked their hosts, not only for the lovely dinner but for giving them the opportunity of meeting again at a Reunion after a period of nine years. A plaque, which bore the badge of St. Dunstan's Ex-Prisoners of War, was then presented to Lord Normanby, and a bouquet of flowers was presented to Lady Normanby by Mrs. Doris Legge with a pretty little speech to show our affection. All those present took away with them memories of a very happy occasion.

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.

Thomas Percy Richards, of Birmingham, joined St. Dunstan's on October 18th.

Mr. Richards served in the Royal Military Police from 1936 until 1954. He is married with five adult children.

Puddleghum's Summer

By Shirley Gillberry

'Here', said Jock Carnochan, 'is the house you will regard as your home when out on mobility instruction. You will start your training walks here and return here at the end'. He told me that it was a small Victorian terrace house with a crumbling gatepost. It rejoiced in the name of 'Puddleghum's Rest'.

Puddleghum, whoever he or she might be is undoubtedly a pessimist. He would have derived morbid satisfaction from the weather conditions that prevailed in Brighton during June. I, being an optimist, had packed suntan oil, sundresses and cool teeshirts for my month long stay at Ovingdean. How could it fail to be perfect weather for long cane mobility training?

In the event my training took place in exceptionally cold, blustery and rainy weather and instead of acquiring a golden tan I acquired a bright orange kagul to keep the wind and rain off me! Despite the adverse weather conditions my training with the long cane proved successful and my confidence was high when I passed my final test. I was able to orientate myself from the 'drop off' Jock presented me with on our last afternoon and I discovered where he had dropped me from various environmental clues and returned safely to Puddleghum's Rest.

Puddleghum had no hand in my braille tuition which proceeded very successfully. I am now in possession of my first braille novel to continue practising reading. The final session of my braille tuition will include writing as well as reading.



Shirley on mobility training.

Other training activities included more handicrafts with Lenie when I began to acquire some expertise in cane tray making. I hope at some future time to continue this and perhaps graduate to making baskets.

Of course, Puddleghum could not sabotage all outdoor activities and it was possible to get out for some pleasant walks in the locality. Swimming in the heated pool was a regular source of exercise on wet days and sometimes on fine ones too. Two theatre visits and one or two pub drives added to the enjoyment.

When I first went to Ian Fraser House it was a strange environment and presented some orientation problems for me. Not so in June. It was a pleasure to return to a known environment, to meet up again with old friends and of course, to make new ones. Puddleghum certainly failed to dampen my enjoyment and I look forward to another visit soon. Maybe Puddleghum will take a winter holiday to the Bahamas and I shall have a winter heatwave for my next visit!



Brenda Hayward coaching Don Planner.

Alan Mitchell at the keyboard.



ELECTRONIC ORGAN WEEK

By Stan Coe
Photos: Lois Stringer

Once more we gathered at Ian Fraser House to enjoy what was to be six very intriguing days of listening to and tuition of the electronic organ. We were all, that is 16 St. Dunstaners and their escorts, assembled in the Winter Garden on Thursday afternoon to enjoy the wonderful playing on the organ, accompanied by repartee, of our dear friend, Douglas Reeve. This was a great beginning to what was to follow. After dinner on the same evening we were joined in the lounge by everyone in the house to hear a musical feast by the well known Tony Back who gave us a happy evening demonstrating his many skills at the keyboard. He also introduced to us a

young up-and-coming musician who gave us an example of what we could expect on some future date from this young man.

On the following morning immediately after coffee, we gathered in the Winter Garden to enjoy a sing-along of many old favourites in the capable hands of Harold Smith. By 7.15 on the same evening a happy party boarded the coach to go to the Roebuck Hotel where we enjoyed a scrumptious dinner while being entertained by a group which included the inevitable electronic organ. This was, as usual, an evening that all of us will remember for the pleasure it gave.

An Instructive Weekend

The following two days, being Saturday and Sunday, proved to be one of the highlights of the whole week, for it was on these days we were given some wonderful instructions through our introduction to Brenda Hayward's Musical Ladder — an easy way in which to embellish a simple piece of music into a full and interesting harmonious arrangement. With her small team she managed to put into our hands a key that could open a vista of music that we had not hitherto heard. We were entertained on Saturday evening by Dickie Lord who not only played beautifully for us, but kept us interested with tales of his playing since first 'rising up' out of the floor! Our usual visit to the Newhaven Conservative Club took place on Sunday evening when Clive Allen played for a sing-song and dance for our pleasure.

On Monday, after lunch, we paid a visit to the Mechanical Music Collection in Chichester. This was in a beautiful old church, converted into a magnificent Hall of Music in which has been installed many varieties of interesting musical instruments over the decades. Truly a magical musical tour. On the same evening we had our usual weekly dance when some of the people tripped the light fantastic to the tempo of Ernie Took and his group.

On the Tuesday morning the whole assembly of organ enthusiasts gathered in the Blue Room where we heard the sad news that Alan Mitchell wished to retire from the Chairmanship, having given

excellent service to the organ cause, and after persuading him to retain a seat on the committee, our new Chairman, Mr. Jim Padley, was voted in, with one other, making three on a new founded committee.

A Dynamic end to the week

The Organ Week finished off on a resounding note when 30 or more music lovers witnessed a dynamic example of virtuosity on the key-board by a young man called Steve Thorpe. It is quite obvious that this is a name for the future, because his hands were like five-fingered miracles that dazzled and radiated to the assembled gathering, rendering all of us speechless and yet making us wish the evening would never end, but all good things must terminate and one could not have finished a remarkable week on a greater crescendo than this.

Brenda Hayward answers a question from Sid Jones.



Work and Welfare – The fulfilment of an aim

By David Castleton

The end of 1985, St. Dunstan's 70th year, approaches. Much has been written in the *Review* about the Official Opening of the New South Wing of Ian Fraser House by Her Majesty The Queen, accompanied by His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh.

One important aspect of the design of the new accommodation is the facility to link units to form flats should the need arise in future years to provide sheltered accommodation for couples unable to fend for themselves in old age. In St. Dunstan's anniversary year this detail is significant because it exemplifies the caring work and forward-looking approach of the organisation.

Basic Work

In an eventful lifetime St. Dunstan's has made many important contributions to progress in the blind world and it has enjoyed charismatic leadership, but behind the headlines its basic work of welfare for war-blinded men and women and their families has continued.

When Sir Arthur Pearson founded the organisation in 1915, he called it the 'Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel.' The choice of the word 'hostel' rather than home indicated Pearson's aim: to restore the blinded ex-servicemen to a useful life in the community.

At first the pre-occupations were rehabilitation, vocational training and settlement in occupations – mostly craft-work at home. However it soon became clear that more than this was required to ensure the achievement of Pearson's aims in the long term. In 1916 an After-care Department was set up and in 1917, Ian Fraser, later Lord Fraser, took over its control. This represented a new departure in the world of blind welfare – an organisation of home visiting over the entire country.

In his book 'My Story of St. Dunstan's' Lord Fraser wrote, 'What was needed was an entirely new organisation to give every kind of help, economic and domestic, to the men who had left'. Part of this task was to build up a team of home visitors, 'These social visitors, who were women of experience and personality, reported to us on the health, progress and general welfare of each man so that we quickly learned of any cases of sickness or need.'

Right from the beginning it was often found necessary for the Settlement Department, as well as establishing a St. Dunstaner in some kind of remunerative work, to also find him a new home. It might be that a man's original home was situated where prospects for a business were poor or that the house did not lend itself to the provision of a suitable workshop. The Estate Department as we know it today developed from those beginnings to bring professional expertise to the acquisition and disposal of properties and to advising and assisting St. Dunstaners in the maintenance of their homes.

Officially St. Dunstan's

In 1923 the activities of training and after-care were formally linked when St. Dunstan's was incorporated under the Companies Act. Two separate charities were merged to form the new St. Dunstan's – The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee and The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' After-care Organisation. Of course, almost from the very beginning the public had known them as St. Dunstan's – from 1923 it was official.

Writing in the Annual Report about the establishment of the After-care Organisation, Sir Arthur Pearson had envisaged the day when training would cease. In fact, although the demand for training diminished it did not cease altogether between the wars, just as it has continued since the

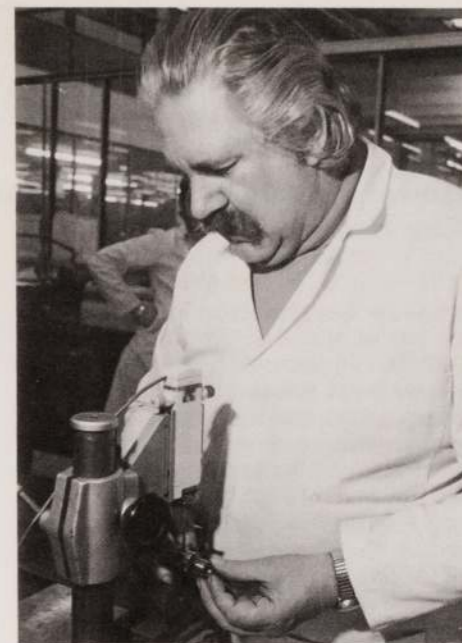
Second War. In 1928 training was transferred to Brighton, leaving administration and after-care at Headquarters in London.

Over the years experience was gained and new demands developed. The advent of the Second War brought in a new generation of St. Dunstaners and a new vocabulary. After-care became Welfare, Massage became Physiotherapy. St. Dunstan's departments adopted these new titles. Opportunities for employment widened, particularly in industry. Often ingenious devices were required to permit a blind worker to carry out his work easily and efficiently. Here the Research Department would be called in to assess and find an answer to the problem. Some of our Research Department's gadgets have been so successful that they have been taken up for sighted workers to speed their production!

The first St. Dunstaners going into industrial work during the Second War were, in fact, men whose blindness dated from the First War. As experienced blind men, they were the pioneers. They were followed by Second War men who worked on lathes and other machines, on assembly work and as inspectors of components.

As new machines and techniques have developed our industrial representatives have had to be ready to meet employers to explore new ways of using the services of a St. Dunstaner within the factory – organising re-training at St. Dunstan's if necessary. Modern equipment has been adapted for operation by blind workers. It is not possible to say how many St. Dunstaners have worked in open employment but in 1957, when placements might be expected to have been at their highest, these figures were published in the Annual Report:

There were 785 Second War St. Dunstaners living in the U.K. 221 (29%) were working in factories, 96 (12%) were telephonists, 63 (8%) were physiotherapists, 63 (8%) were shopkeepers, 54 (7%) were poultry farmers, 53 (7%) were engaged in professional, executive and office occupations, 98 (12%) were homecraft workers and 115 (14%) were unable to work for reasons of health. There were 22 in training. 70% of these Second War St. Dunstaners



Alan Budd, a post-war St. Dunstaner, checks aviation components on modern measuring equipment.

were in open employment alongside sighted workers and, of course, there would have been a goodly number of First War men still similarly employed at that time.

The years since the Second World War have brought opportunities to establish war-blinded men and women in the ordinary working life of the community to an extent that Sir Arthur Pearson and Ian Fraser could not have dreamed when the After-care and Settlement Departments were set up during the First War.

Now, with St. Dunstaners reaching retirement, most of them after active working lives, the accent is more and more on Welfare. The successors of Ian Fraser's team of 'women of experience and personality' are continuing their work under their area superintendents in fulfilment of another of Pearson's and Fraser's aims formulated in 1919: 'The organisation is a permanent one and . . . plans have been made to endow it financially and put it on such a basis that it will always be able to look after the welfare of the men who were blinded in the war as long as any of them are alive and need its assistance.'

TO THE RIGHT OF GENGHIS KHAN

Howard Simcocks, M.B.E. talks to Ray Hazan

It was not Genghis Khan who conquered the Isle of Man, but his forerunners the Vikings. These sailors were not only involved with foraging expeditions to the nearby coastlines of Scotland and Wales, but were concerned with the protection of their own coast. They divided the island like the slices of a cake into six 'sheadings' or ships, each with an area of coastline to defend. In turn, these portions were subdivided into originally 16 and now 17 parishes, each with its 'Captain', again, involved with protection of the shore. Each Captain paid fealty to the central head of the island. Today, 1,000 years later, the island rests upon the same structure while being a Crown possession surrounded by the United Kingdom.

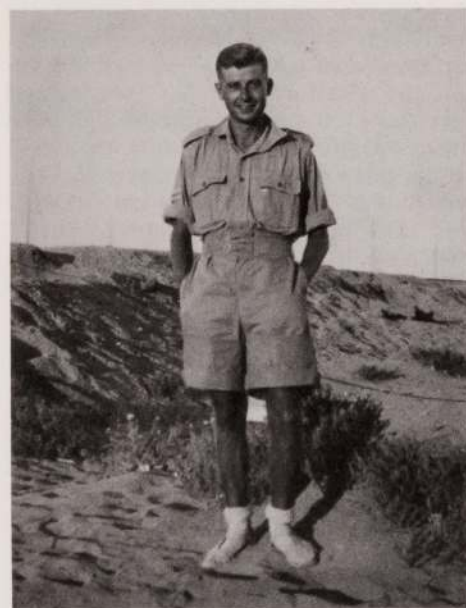
One man who has played a major role in the modern day legislative process of the island is St. Dunstaner, Howard Simcocks. He was born on the island, in the village of Ballasalla in 1915, and educated at King William's College, a public school on the island. 'I had passed my intermediate exams, and was working for my finals in accountancy, when the Germans marched into Poland. Like my brother and all my friends, I joined the local territorial unit which was a light ack-ack Bofors battery. After initial training at Aintree, where, not surprisingly, we were housed in loose boxes, we spent most of 1940, during the Battle of Britain, hopping backwards and forwards along the south coast.' On 31st December, 1940, Howard arrived in Port Said, Egypt.

Three batteries made up his local Regiment. His brother and two brothers-in-law went with one to Crete, where they were all taken prisoner. Howard spent time in the Delta area, and a year in the Western desert with the 7th Armoured Div. 'It was a great time', he said. After join-

ing another light ack-ack regiment in Palestine, made up of converted infantry from the East End of London, Howard found himself in Salerno, Italy, in 1943. 'I never totally agreed with Churchill's talk about "hitting at the soft underbelly of the Axis". Italy is full of rivers running east and west. Each crossing involved casualties. No sooner were you over one, when there was the next ahead. As there was little Luftwaffe activity at this time, our regimental role became that of smoke purveyors.'

During the battle of Monte Casino, Howard called forward one of his jeeps to talk to the driver. As the jeep drew up, one of its front wheels went over a wooden box mine. The driver was killed instantly. Howard was knocked over backwards, but

Young Howard Simcocks in the Western Desert.



remained conscious. He suffered total blindness, and numerous bits and pieces of wood and metal in his body. His left hand has lost much of its feeling. By coincidence, one of the doctors who treated him initially in Italy was a contemporary of his at school. He was dosed with a great deal of a new drug called penicillin, which he felt was largely responsible for his survival.

On arrival at the First Aid Post, Howard had surmised that he was blind. 'After that, I didn't give it much thought really. I'm a pretty phlegmatic person, fortunately. I just take things as they come.' It was Mr. Davenport, an ophthalmic specialist who gave up his private practice in London to serve St. Dunstan's, who first told Howard 'officially' that he would never see again.

St. Dunstan's

Howard spent some time at Stoke Mandeville and completed his course at Church Stretton in July, 1945. 'My first wife Mary let me get on with things, so I taught myself to get about and be relatively independent. I learned to type, but Mr. Killingbeck, M.B.E., found it impossible to teach me braille. I could, and can still write it, but I haven't got the sensitivity in my fingers to read it.'

His attempts to return to accountancy were thwarted, so Howard went to the Isle of Man Bank to seek a job in their Trustee and Executorship Department. 'The General Manager said, "I don't feel there is enough work in that department, but it is only a short stage from advocacy, why don't you try for that?"'

It was suggested to Howard that a retired former Attorney General of the Isle of Man, Ramsey Moore, would be willing to take him on as his student. Howard owes much to this man. Ramsey Moore's indecipherable notes were brailled out, not to read back, but to help store them 'to memory'. Howard spent five half days a week in his former CO's office. 'I had no hobbies at that time. My marriage was breaking up, so I had plenty of opportunity to sit and contemplate law. I qualified in December, 1947, which was when my assistant joined me.'

Howard's assistant, Miss Helen Kinvig,

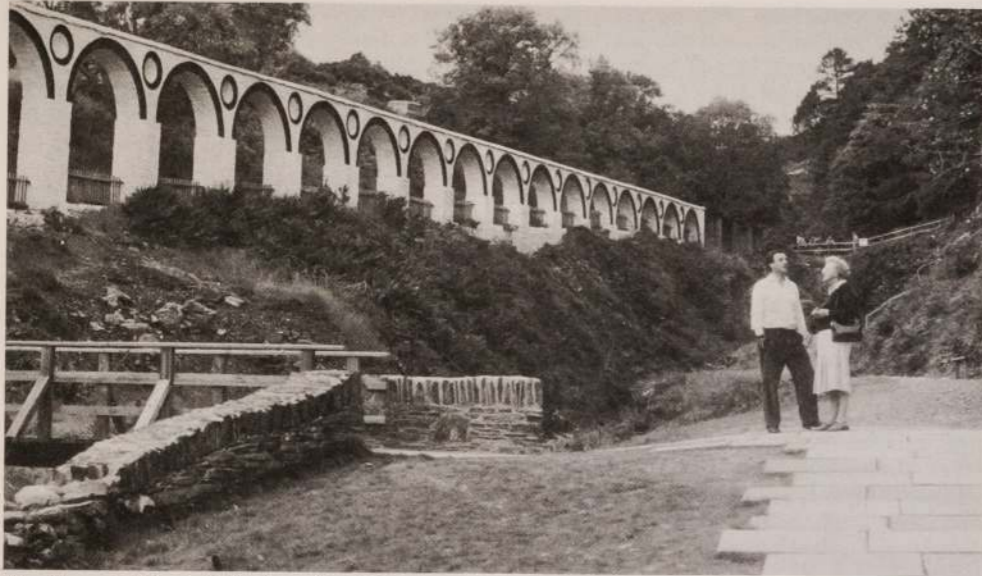
deserves special mention, for she was, and still is, Howard's hands and eyes, carrying out his research, reading and typing his work. For the first year, the firm paid her 30 shillings a week, but thereafter, Howard was told he had to support her wages out of his £5 a week. He was earning this princely sum when in August, 1948, he was called to the Bar. Unlike England, an Advocate in the Isle of Man is both barrister and solicitor. In February 1949, Howard was offered the chance of a partnership with Stanley Allen who later left for Africa. Howard and Miss Kinvig carried on the practice for many years.

'I never had any difficulty practising in court. Since, as a solicitor, I had to interview clients as well as represent them in court, I felt thoroughly steeped in the case. Miss Kinvig would have my notes and key me in if necessary. We, of course, did a lot of preparatory reading and rehearsing beforehand. Poor girl, she hated reading cases!'

In 1950 a V.A.D. Sally Barton, sister of St. Dunstaner Ted Barton, was asked to escort Howard to a reunion. They were married a year later and now have two daughters. Despite a busy practice and new family, Howard felt that he did not have enough to occupy him. He mentioned this to Lord Fraser and received the brief reply, 'Go into politics!'. The final prompting was his disagreement with the way in which local taxes were being spent. 'I make no bones about the fact that I am a right winger — well to the right of Genghis Khan!' So in 1955 he stood for election in the local parish council elections and received the top vote. 'I would get these long verbose reports, but by reading the recommendations and listening to them talking their heads off, I soon got the hang of it.'

Representative in Parliament

A year later, Howard was asked if he would be prepared to stand as the local representative in the House of Keys, the island's parliament. 'I heard that my opponents were saying that as a blind man I would not be able to attract the Speaker's attention, and so my constituency would be deprived of a voice. But I was able to publish a statement by the Secretary of the



Ray Hazan talking to Sally Simcocks while seeing a viaduct on the island. Photo: Lois Stringer.

House that he and I would have an understanding, if I were elected, that he would attract the Speaker's attention for me. I was elected to the House the same day as Eisenhower was elected for a 2nd term. Howard subsequently served for 18 years. 'We were 24 people meeting one half day a week, plus a whole day a month. We were more than a local authority, but well short of a sovereign parliament. We were responsible for finance, health, social security, roads, etc.' In 1961, Howard was responsible for most of the Bills which went through the House. He has a photographic memory and finds being thoroughly conversant in the subject and a certain amount of prompting at the right time enabled him to cope. This was no mean achievement.

In 1974, he was promoted to the Legislative Council, as well as at the time being Chairman of the Water Authority and running the Isle of Man Gas Company, amongst other things. He is proud of the fact that whilst in the Legislature, he was responsible for the building of a dam at Sulby. 'I was inspired by radio programmes about Rutland water. We have created a 75-acre reservoir holding 1,000,000,000 gallons of water. We had

people in to help us with a tree planting programme, which will encourage wild life. It is all just beginning to take off. Next, we hope to generate electricity from the water.'

In 1982, after eight years as a Legislature Councillor, and now 67, Howard decided to gradually sell off his partnership and 'retire'. But this still means going into the office five days a week. He is technically a consultant, but pursues the same work as before. He is also principally involved as Captain of his parish. This is a very loose Manx equivalent of being the Lord Lieutenant of a county in England. As the airport is in his parish, he has to be on hand to greet any dignitaries arriving on the island. At the time of the interview, he was about to call a meeting to discuss local concern with pollution of the environment.

One of his jobs as Captain is to pledge allegiance to the Lord of Man on Tynwald Day, July 5th. The word Tynwald has its origins in Scandinavia and means a tribal gathering. Today, the captains of the parishes join in this ceremony with the Manx Parliament at a mound of grass steps made up of 'sods from all the parishes'. The 1,000th meeting of the Tyn-

wald took place in 1979, when The Queen was present.

When Howard first consulted Lord Fraser about becoming an advocate, he was warned that he would only be able to practise in the Isle of Man. 'But', said Howard 'I was born here. I know the island. I know the people. They tend to be insular and a little introverted. I regret the abolition of the birch — there rides Genghis Khan again! The crime rate has gone up. I have enjoyed my work immensely. It has been infinitely variable, from complicated Trusteeships to cases of wife battering. I have never felt deprived by blindness. I do not regard myself as a blind person. Mind you, not many people have a wife like Sally.'

To read through the list of positions Howard has held, which also include President of the Island County of the Royal British Legion, is truly impressive. He has devoted the past 37 years to the service of the island and its people. He has never wanted power or financial reward. But one wonders if his achievements as both



an advocate and a blind person have been fully recognised. His soft tones belie the inner strength of a true Genghis Khan.

COOKERY CORNER

Recipe for a **fruit cake** sent in by Tom and Betty Page of Morecambe.

Ingredients:

- 1 cup water.
- 1 cup dried fruit.
- 1 cup sugar.
- 4 oz margarine.
- 1 egg.
- 2 cups self raising flour.

Put into a pan:

- One cup of sugar.
- One cup of dried fruit.
- One cup water.
- 4 oz margarine.

Put the pan on cooker and heat until margarine has melted. Leave to cool for 30 mins then add one beaten egg, 2 cups of self raising flour. Mix well and pour the mixture into two, 7 inch long tins lined with greaseproof paper.

Pre-heat oven to 425F (gas mark 7.) Place tins in oven turning it down to 325F (gas mark 3) for 45 minutes.

ARCHERY RECORD SET

Six days of indoor archery at Worthing in October saw our archers surpassing their previous best performances, reports coach, Ted Bradford.

In the Holiday Shoot, which was a Portsmouth round — 5 dozen arrows on a 60cm face at 20 yards — Walford Davies set a record for a St. Dunstan's archer using a recurve bow, scoring 100 out of a maximum of 120 with a dozen arrows. His total actual score was 431 out of 500.

On handicap the winner of the shoot was Johnnie Cope. His score of 171 was a tremendous improvement on his previous best of 69 over a Portsmouth round.

Charlie McConaghy was another archer making a great improvement, scoring 315 at Worthing against his previous best of 161.

Our archers beat sighted opponents, Cuckmere Bowmen, on handicap. Ted Bradford said it will be harder next time as St. Dunstaners' handicaps will be shortened by their improved scores. 'It was a most rewarding week for archers and coaches,' he said.

ARE KEYBOARDS OUT?

By Ray Hazan

What starts off as science-fiction invariably becomes science-fact. Show me a film where man does not have a 'normal' conversation with an intelligent computer. Well, the first stage has arrived - the Kurzweil System 3000. This is probably the first large capacity speech recognition system on the market; a comprehension of 1000 words today, 15,000 by the end of next year. What all this means is that instead of having to type letters or instructions to a computer on a keyboard, you simply talk to it.

I saw the unit demonstrated at a symposium on 'Artificial Intelligence' held at Kensington Town Hall at the end of October. Kurzweil, the manufacturers, were the first to produce a reading machine for the blind, which converts print to speech; they seem to have produced another first!

The unit measures approximately 14 x 14 x 8 inches and plugs into an IBM compatible system. The 3000 system can understand up to 1000 programmable letters, words, or control commands. One word could represent a whole phrase. The major hurdle in the development of these systems, is that everyone has a different voice as well as finger print. To achieve maximum efficiency, a machine has to be 'trained' to understand each separate user. In the case of the Kurzweil, you need to speak about 200 words initially for the machine to be trained to your voice. Different operator recognition programmes can be loaded so that you do not have to go through the training routine each time. I used a head mounted boom microphone, and would say it understood 75% without being trained at all to my voice. Trained operators can achieve a success rate in the very high 90's.

Early next year, I am informed, additional 1000 word recognition boards will be available to be added to the 3000 system. The current cost of the unit is £5,500.

The full speech recognition word processor, the Kurzweil Voicewriter, with a recognition capacity of 15,000 words is

ready in the laboratory, but is too big for the office at the moment. It will have the capability to 'learn' the operator's voice, presumably obviating the need for any voice training. The average person's vocabulary is 10,000 words, so I wonder if there is not a bit of overkill there somewhere. Surely 5000 words would cover most word processing?

Theoretically, the combination of voice input with voice output should prove of tremendous benefit to the visually as well as manually handicapped. Watch, or should it be, listen to this space!

IT HAPPENED TO ME

The first Christmas of the Second World War found me with the Canadian Forces in Camp Borden, Ontario, Canada. A notice was posted to the effect that soldiers without any family connections in Canada could receive a Christmas parcel from an Ontario welfare society by stating their name and number below. I promptly did so.

On the strength of all the good things to come, in a land of plenty, which at that time had no rationing, I borrowed from my comrades, cigarettes, chocolates and tinned luxuries of all descriptions.

In due course the Christmas 'hamper' arrived. Surrounded by a demanding crowd of creditors I eagerly opened the parcel. It was from some religious order or other, and contained the following:

One scribbling pad
One pencil
One bar of chocolate
One packet of peanuts
One packet of chewing gum
One TOILET ROLL

A. W.

LOST PROPERTY

After the Cenotaph Parade, a packet of cigarettes, a lighter and a cuff-link were found in the Hotel Russell. Apply to the Editor.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2105

A Cackhanded War

By Edward Blishen

Read by Anthony Parker

Reading Time 11½ hours

In 1940, being of military age, the author registered as a conscientious objector and was directed to work on the land. His workmates were an odd assortment of Jehovah's Witnesses, Christadelphians, 'lunatic Puritans and half-baked cranks'. The book takes the reader through to the end of the war and his 'liberation'.

Blishen's prose is full of imagery and high-flown similes, but to me one drainage ditch is very much like another, and rhapsodising about the subtle colours in a handful of seed is not, I must confess, really my scene.

Curiously, there is little or no mention of the 'real war' outside. It was as if Blishen and the other 'conchie' (his word) were cocooned in a small private world of their own, digging, hedging and ditching, fetching and carrying while the 'shooting war' completely passed them by.

The people in the book are, by definition, a very odd mixture, but I found their conversation (and there's plenty of it) more like lines from a stage play and the 'characters' never emerged as real people.

Cat. No. 4289.

The Stepsisters.

By Pamela Street.

Read by John Richmond.

Reading Time 5½ hrs.

The stepsisters are Lorna in her late forties, and Grace, five years her junior. Lorna is married to Peter. They have two children and live in a large comfortable house in Hampstead.

Grace lives with her father in a remote country cottage, a life which she detests. She has been a problem since childhood

and now, an ageing spinster, she is embittered, violent tempered, disruptive and fiercely jealous of her stepsister.

When the father dies the problem of Grace becomes instantly acute. She confidently expects Lorna to take her to live with them in Hampstead but her behaviour makes this out of the question. Tentative arrangements are made for her to go into a private residential home. Lorna goes down to the cottage to discuss this with her stepsister. There is a violent quarrel and Lorna walks out. When she returns some hours later she finds that Grace has killed herself.

Lorna becomes increasingly obsessed with guilt and her physical and mental health deteriorates inexorably until finally she is admitted into a psychiatric hospital. . .

Not a happy story, but the tension and conflict between two totally different personalities is superbly portrayed. A brilliant study in flawed human relationships.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Bert Wood, Brentwood.

Ian Fraser House revisited. This was how I felt on passing through the glass door roundabout, the first time for some years. Together with my wife, Emily, and friends, Eric and Gwen Bradshaw, we all enjoyed a very pleasant week and were delighted to find that. . .

Ian Fraser House is buzzing like a hive of busy bee's,

With chatter and laughter, and lots of bon ami,

The married quarters are the best, five star and a bit,

The food and staff are very good, and the bar is quite a hit.

So I must go back to the sea again, to Brighton's rocky shore,

To the house on the hill, where glasses are filled,

And friends ask, what's yours? What's yours? Wasshshores?

WARSAW - A CITY OF CONTRASTS

A brief visit to Poland, September 1985

By Dr. Stan Sosabowski

A cynic once said that you visit the country of your long lost youth only twice. For the first time you do not see very much because you look through the tears. The second time you see everything and you do not go for the third time. I have disproved this saying by going to Warsaw for the third time. The purpose of my visit was threefold. Firstly September 21st was exactly 50 years to the day when 132 young people crossed the threshold of the faculty of Warsaw University as apprentices to the healing art. Amongst them were 32 officer cadets in the Medical Military Academy. I was one of them and there were 100 civilians, and amongst them 12 glamorous young ladies. This was going to be the Golden Jubilee of our lives in the medical profession.

Secondly there were going to be private unofficial ceremonies of ex-paratroopers of the 1st Polish Parachute Brigade Group at their Monument in the Military Cemetery in Warsaw on the 41st Anniversary of the Battle of Arnhem and Driel. I had the great honour to be asked to represent my late father, Major General S. Sosabowski. Thirdly I proposed also to meet as many members as possible of my commando units with whom I fought behind the enemy lines during the last war.

Here I was, flying in a Soviet-built Ilyushin plane on the way to Warsaw. The plane was fully loaded with over a 100 people and myself in the company of my professional colleague, Roman, and his charming Welsh wife, Margaret. My dear Anna was not with me this time. She said 'I don't want to cramp your style. Go by yourself and try to be not so good!' I said that I wished I were 20 years younger! To tell the truth I think that Anna could not face the old country she left so many years ago. Two hours and five minutes and the plane made a circle approaching Warsaw

- a beautiful sunny day - the broad silver river crossing the modern city surrounded by the deep green of the pine forests. A beautiful sight but not exactly the whole truth.

The main airport building is the size of Luton. There was a powerful smell of cheap cigarettes and unwashed human bodies. At the passport control I was met by my great friend and colleague from the Military Academy, Professor Andrew. He and his wife were going to be my hosts. During the last few years he has often been our guest in Britain. He, as a professor of Radiology, held a University chair in one of the newly established states in Africa and often travelled to Africa via Britain. Without any problems we passed through customs and by the exit we were met by the reception committee.

Old friends re-united

Here is my life-long friend and, during the war, my Commanding Officer, Doctor Joseph, Ph.D., a prominent scholar and an erect soldierly figure despite his 82 years. 12 years of those were spent in a Warsaw prison soon after the Armistice, supposedly for anti-state activities. Then there is a platinum blonde, Sophie, whose brother was shot on a street in Warsaw, and she took the baby boy, Jack, straight from under the noses of the Gestapo who were arresting his father and mother. There is George, my great friend and surgeon officer of my unit. There is Doctor Janinn with a single beautiful rose in her hand. She is a well known eye specialist. Finally, Eileen, who lost one eye in the Warsaw uprising as well as her fiancé - she is as cheerful as always and a chain smoker!

Andrew and I, accompanied by a few others, entered his car. This is the kind of



Marching towards the Para Monument.

limousine I would not be ashamed to possess myself. On his final return to Poland he bought the car in West Germany. The car runs on diesel fuel - just as well, as petrol is only on coupons: five gallons per month per car. Warsaw has been completely rebuilt after practically 100% destruction in 1944. Now it has straight streets, very light traffic and red trams in the centre of the streets. Unfortunately all spoilt by garbage and litter everywhere. Immobile old cars are parked on the pavement: the law forbids parking on the road!

We arrive at the northern residential district of Warsaw, the garden city inhabited by the professional intelligentsia; the area is kept very clean and villas are owned privately. Here, in a two-story detached house with a garage, lives a solicitor, a colleague from my old school, in an apartment on the ground floor, and Andrew lives in a flat on the first floor. By Warsaw standards, this is extremely spacious. Three large rooms, kitchen and bathroom and large attic. The flat is furnished with restored Victorian antiques and on the wall there are hand sketches by

Polish artists. For this comfortable way of life, he had to pay a high price - loss of health due to attacks of malaria. I met his delightful wife, Christine, also a doctor of medicine. She is really charming. I felt at home at once. They have two children: a daughter, Maria, who lives with her husband in Brussels, and a son, Peter, with a degree in sociology, but doing very well indeed restoring antiques. His father bought him all the necessary tools and instruments.

Saturday, September 21st is the day of our medical reunion, our Golden Jubilee. At 8 a.m. we met outside the Church at the University Hospital called 'Jesus the Child'. I looked around me - there were about 40 people. They all come to me to introduce themselves which I find very useful and we all talk to one another as if the chasm of 50 years does not exist.

Solemn Mass is celebrated and with the usual hymn for the deliverance of the country. We march in procession across the hospital grounds towards the surgical clinic. Here there are the commemorative tablets with the names of our professors

and colleagues who lost their lives on active service as well as in concentration camps. The bunches of flowers are laid at the foot of the tablets. There is a minute of silence.

We march towards the Institute of Pathology, one of the few buildings not destroyed by the war. I remember it well, the old marble stairs and the lecture room with tier upon tier of benches and down below the platform with the desk for the professor and the slab for the specimens. Standing, we sing the old University hymn, 'Gaudeamus igitur,' 'Let us rejoice that we are still young' (this is my own translation!).

Now followed the official part of our reunion. The Hon. Secretary proposed a Chairman and this is accepted and now one after the other we introduce ourselves saying a few words about our past and present. I am in very illustrious company: professors, assistant professors and scientists, not only known in Poland but also in the rest of Europe. There are actually 39 of us, eight ladies and six

ex-members of the Military Academy. Telegrams of greetings are read and then a special historically important note-book was produced, the property of the great Professor of Pathology, our own teacher, who taught us not only before the war but during the war at a secret university.

During the German occupation, secondary schools, as well as higher schools, including the universities were shut for good. Nevertheless, secret teaching and learning took place. Professors and their assistants taught and examined secretly and that enabled many of us to complete our studies during the years of occupation. Many professors and students paid the supreme sacrifice by being arrested and sent to concentration camps where they did not survive.

This green note-book, written in the long hand of the late Professor, containing all names of those who passed their exams during the war, is now presented to the present Professor of Pathology for safe-keeping.

Now we are all presented with the copy

A moment of silence after laying of the wreaths — the monument for the fallen from the 1st Parachute Brigade and S.O.E.



A moment of silence after the wreath-laying at the grave of the 1st Commander of the 1st Airborne Polish Brigade in Great Britain, Major General Sosabowski.

of the solemn oath we took 50 years ago, before entering the Medical Faculty. This is the only original copy which has survived and it was xeroxed for all of us. Around midday, the official part was closed with a group photograph of all the participants standing on the famous marble staircase. We then all took tea instead of luncheon. Some people went to see the newly rebuilt Royal Castle of Warsaw. I did not go. I remember it as it was many years ago, in its old splendour. I did not want to spoil my impressions.

At 4 p.m. we met again in the Medical Club. This club is situated in a very select part of the city with parks and foreign Embassies and Legations. The rooms were furnished with antique furniture and thick carpets and white linen on the tables, with six people at each table. I found myself with three ladies, Janeen, Dana and Hannah, and two consultant professors, Val and Andy. The food as I was told, not being an expert myself, was quite good and served with courtesy. The party went on until 9 p.m., mostly talking 'shop'. Interesting points: the medical pro-

fession was underpaid; medicine controlled by the State; shortage of everything - drugs, surgical instruments, X-ray apparatus and so on; to earn a living you must really have two jobs; the pay of a professor is on the level of a miner working on the coal face (although exceptional and famous medical men can earn astronomical fees privately); the general health of the nation is reasonable - coronary heart disease is not a problem as meat, fat and sugar are strictly rationed, but there is a reasonably sufficient diet of starches, potatoes, fruit and vegetables and dairy produce. The very serious problem is the consumption of alcohol and the smoking of cigarettes. Diseases of the liver and bronchial carcinoma are quite common.

The party ended to our great regret around about 9 p.m. I doubt very much that we shall see a 2nd Golden Jubilee! Of course, this was a complete success. Many thanks to our Hon. Secretary, Dr. Joseph H., a prominent physician in the field of Aviation Medicine.

On Sunday, September 22nd, Christine and I travelled to the Warsaw Military

Cemetery in the North West suburb of the city. Here rest people who lost their lives not only in the last war but also during the 1st World War and in the victorious campaign of 1920.

We met outside the gate, the ex-members of the 1st Independent Polish Parachute Brigade Group. Those who returned from Britain to their native Poland and survived until now. I recollect there must have been about 30-40, all proudly wearing their red neck-ties with the airborne eagle. In contrast to these somewhat long-in-the-tooth gentlemen, there is a sprinkling of very young faces. These are Boy Scouts and Girl Guides also wearing red ties and berets, since their Scout Troops are named after the Polish Parachute Brigade as well as after the Red Devils.

The Procession is formed and I am guided somewhat reluctantly to the head, escorted in case I escape, by two ex-officers of my late father. In front of us are scouts and guides with bunches of red and white flowers, the Polish colours. We march along this cemetery path towards the monument. I am told that four uniformed gents without their caps,

belonging to the Polish Corps of Internal Security are watching us from a safe distance. We approach the Monument.

This is in the shape of a vertical rectangular slab, eight feet tall, placed on a square plinth with stone steps leading to it, and on the top of the slab, a stone parachute eagle holding a golden wreath in its talons, with the inscription, 'For You My Country'. Inscribed on the left 'To the soldiers of the 1st Polish Parachute Brigade Group and special operation executives who gave their lives in the 2nd World War in 1940-1945'. Now follows the list of names engraved on the stone and at the end it is signed, 'Comrades in Arms'.

Official wreaths are laid and amongst them I lay my bunch of red and white carnations. And now follows the solemn pledge of the Girl Guides and presentation of the badges. Each Girl Guide is facing the Monument, says her promise and a sponsor, a person of good conduct and distinction, possibly an old scout, places his and her hand on the shoulder of the promising Guide, sponsoring her, and finally presents her with her badge of the Girl Guides. This is in the form of a cross, the highest military decoration.

Memorial cross to the victims of Katyn — 1940.



We march from here back to the exit, on the right-hand side we pass a number of graves of the paratroopers and Polish air men who were executed after the war. These people were rehabilitated years afterwards, but unfortunately they could not be resurrected. We pass by the memorial to the victims of Katyn. This is in the shape of a massive stone cross with the short inscription which reads: 'To the victims of Hitler's atrocities in Katyn in 1941'.

The History of Katyn

Early in the winter of 1941, the Supreme German Commander announced that their Armed Forces advancing into Western Russia discovered the mass graves of Polish officers. These graves were disguised by a newly planted pine forest. Immediately the Red Cross Commission, headed by the Swedish Crown Prince Bernadotte, examined the gruesome findings. They discovered 14,000 corpses of Polish officers shot through the head and according to the pathologist, these people must have died sometime in early 1940. These officers were taken as prisoners by the Red Army soon after September 15th, 1939, when, according to the Ribbentrop/Molotov Treaty, the Soviet Army occupied the eastern part of Poland.

During the last war 20 million people died. Nevertheless, who was responsible for the death of these officers was never officially established! Although one would have thought an accusing finger pointed in one direction only. Since the memorial cross was erected some unknown hand changed the date on the stone from 1941 to 1940. A bunch of flowers was laid at the foot of the cross.

The final place of call was my family tomb where the ashes of my late father were interred in 1967. According to his wish, I, in the company of his ex-officers, brought his remains from England to his last resting place. A bunch of flowers was laid followed by a moment of silence.

The official part ended and we all drove to the square in the old city, to a very trendy cafe-bar called 'Crocodile', taking tea or coffee, and we all took part in con-

suming numerous cakes! Here photographs were signed, addresses exchanged and lively conversation carried on.

The remaining few days in Warsaw were spent in meeting my old friends, remembering old, forgotten stories and being very nostalgic. As I said, Warsaw is a city of many contrasts. The new city with very old memories, a city quiet at present but with great unrest underneath. People are waiting and hoping for something to happen. Altogether a rather disturbing impression for us, used to the peace and relative tranquility in the West. We have perhaps forgotten that freedom has to be won.

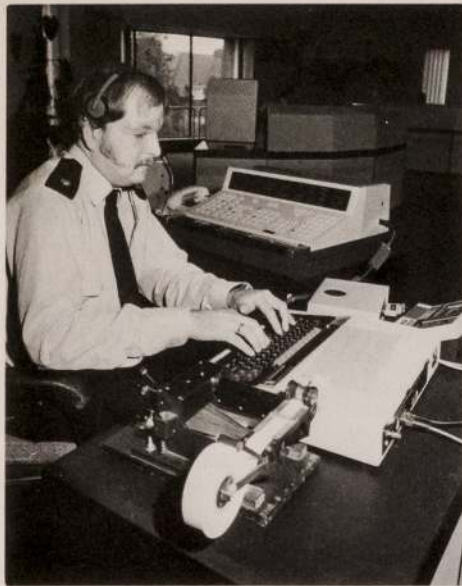
Home Again

Soon it was time to go home. With the greatest regret I said goodbye to Christine, and faithful Andrew took me to the airport. Here, at the entrance, I was met by a charming young girl in her British Airways uniform. She took me, to my great delight, under her wing and led me to the V.I.P. Lounge, organised all formalities, passport and customs control. I did not even face the customs official. In the interval I was served with a cup of tea and then led to a good old Boeing 737 of British Airways. Thank God for British Airways! I learned afterwards that Anna advised London that I would be flying on my own and they telephoned Warsaw and this wonderful reception was organised.

I arrived home safely, tired and somewhat emotionally exhausted. You could say this was an experience one does not forget easily.

CAN ANYONE HELP?

Tom Taylor, of 169 Fox Lane, Leyland, Preston, Lancs., PR5 1HE, is looking for a letterpress version of Lord Fraser's book, 'My Story of St. Dunstan's.' He would be most grateful if someone could come up with a copy or any information on where he could purchase one.



Des Chandler types a coded question into the BBC Micro computer which stores his directory of extension numbers. However, he still uses his braille shorthand machine for messages.



A close-up of the tactile indicator which reproduces the positions of the relevant light signals on the main board.

Talking Computer helps busy Telephonist

Story and Pictures: David Castleton

A St. Dunstan's telephonist is using a computer with speech output to assist him on his busy switchboard in the operations room at Sussex Police Headquarters. Des Chandler was blinded in 1978 while serving with the Rhodesian Corps of Engineers. He was clearing mines in an area where rains had washed the soil away and moved the mines, 'I was breeching a mine - prodding the ground to find the mine - when it blew up.'

Des spent some ten weeks in hospital and, when he was fit enough, came to England and St. Dunstan's for training. He learned to operate a lathe and, in 1979, returned to Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, to work for an engineering company. After 4½ years the company had to make cuts, 'I was put on half-time work and on half pay.'

He and his wife, Elizabeth, had married in 1982 and they have a son, David, 'I wasn't sure what the prospects were and

decided to come back to England, partly for the education of my son.'

So Des came back to St. Dunstan's for a braille course, refresher typing and then a telephony course. An opportunity arose at the Lewes headquarters of the Sussex Police but their board is a Philips EBX 8000, which uses an optical system of light signals. This meant an expensive piece of equipment would be needed to give tactile information to Des. Mr. Len Wiggins learned that such a tactile indicator had been made by Philips for the Metropolitan Police. Following up this lead, he discovered that the blind operator for whom the indicator had been made had not taken up the job. Very generously the 'Met' allowed the indicator to be installed at Lewes and Des was in business.

It fits neatly in front of the main keyboard and reproduces the layout buttons but in tactiles. Des took just a couple of

days to learn to use the board and tactile attachment, 'It was quite difficult to get used to not having tactiles on the buttons,' he explained.

He has 400 extensions and 600 people in the staff to keep track of, many of them changing frequently. To give him a means of easily keeping his directory up to date and speedy retrieval of the information St. Dunstan's have provided a BBC micro computer with speech output.

Elizabeth helped him by feeding the information into the computer, 'Peter Jones gave us a four-hour crash course - after losing the information several times we got it right.' Des devised the code himself, the first three letters of a name with an abbreviation of police rank, 'We have anything up to 30-40 changes a week. If you had to do it in braille it would be impossible. Every week when I am on late shift, when it's quiet in the evening, I feed the changes into the computer from my braille notes.' The longest retrieval time for information from the computer is four seconds. 'You've got to tune in to the voice output,' Des explained, while his sighted partner, Julie, who works the

opposite shifts, commented, 'It's double dutch to me.'

'You've got to be "switched on" for people who want information,' said Des, 'I'm building up braille notes to cover enquiries. You learn something new every day. They may ask who runs the police choir or for the mounted police - they're in Brighton. 999 calls go straight through but callers who dial the police station number in emergencies need to be questioned carefully and passed through to the appropriate desk urgently.'

Des has been working this busy board, now, for over three months. The shifts are 8 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. and 12 noon to 8.30 p.m., 'I like the challenge. You're on watch all the time. You've got to know what you're doing, every call that comes in is different.'

'The atmosphere is very good here in the ops room despite working under a lot of pressure. They're a good crowd of people. They look after me very well.' Summing up Des' contribution to the working of Sussex Police Headquarters, his boss, Superintendent Fred Weller, simply says, 'Des is a Godsend to us.'

Keeping up with Modern Equipment

By Michael G. D. Pirrie L.L.B., Barrister at Law

When I was a schoolboy learning Latin I was taught that the verb 'ignoro' had an active voice but could have a passive meaning. In other words one could be ignorant of something or one could deliberately ignore it. Later, when I was a soldier I was taught that 'any darn fool can make himself uncomfortable.' In consequence of this last lesson my troop sergeant and myself spent much time gathering odd bits of wood and discarded pieces of equipment so that my armoured cars rarely needed camouflage since they resembled refuse carts more than fighting vehicles. Much as this disturbed my superior officers my troop always had fires at night and full tool kits. Since we were operating in the desert at the time it might have been thought that there would be

local competition but in fact while I was teaching Arab officers astral and sun compass navigation my troop sergeant would be perfecting his foraging skills under instruction from the Arab N.C.O.s. This happy coalition of intelligent self interests was bought to an untimely end but not before my sergeant had gained a great number of tools and equipment which were sold to the less careful members of the regiment for the benefit of our beer kitty. In fact in my desert wanderings I had found a crashed bomber and in addition to our normal armament we also had two heavy machine guns which had been lovingly cleaned and oiled and since they were surplus to our requirements but compatible with our own smaller guns they represented a troop asset of some

magnitude. I was working on the problem of recalibration when I was interrupted.

Now as a barrister I apply these two lessons for different purposes. In law, to fail to foresee the consequences of one's own actions is negligence but to deliberately close one's mind to those consequences is recklessness and the law considers the latter to be more culpable and it is treated accordingly. There is therefore a practical use for the difference between the active and the passive sense of 'ignore.' I also have to spend a great deal of my time in court listening to the testimony of witnesses, arguments of my fellow barristers and the summings up or decisions of the judges. All of these have to be noted, analysed and transcribed. I regret that braille is not really a practical medium for this work although I use it for my personal notes and my own speeches. In consequence, I use tape and the B.I.T. Talkman, the smallest standard cassette recorder available with a variable speed. I use the variable speed so that I record at half normal speed to save tape and transcribe at about normal speed to save time. (Most evidence is given far slower than my usual typing speed.) This means that I possess a large number of our leading lawyers and judges all giving passable imitations of Donald Duck which I had grown quite used to interpreting without too much loss of time. Now, however, Tandy have produced a Variable Pitch control so that

recordings can be played back at more than the recording speed without voice distortion. I shall miss the Lord Chief Justice being Donald Duck but sacrifices have to be made in the name of progress and I would be making my life more uncomfortable if I ignored modern developments.

I am also pleased to report that I am now experimenting with an acoustic screen which replaces the Visual Display Unit on a personal computer and means that all the advantages of computers and word processing are available to me with audible editing and sorting of the text produced on a QWERTY keyboard. An additional advantage is that if, like me you have sensory or mechanical loss in one or both hands, the computer can be programmed to compensate for this and correct my more common errors.

I would also be making my life more uncomfortable if I had not informed myself of the assistance available from the Manpower Services Commission. (M.S.C.) Basically they will supply on permanent free loan any equipment which a disabled person could use to his commercial advantage. I can give more advice to any St. Dunstaner who can contact me in the evening since the possibilities are obviously far reaching. It is surely cheaper to borrow the equipment than to borrow the money to buy the equipment.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

Wartime in the Rockies

While you other chaps were engaged in heroic combat with the foe in Italy and Burma, bombing Germany, keeping the Med open, escorting Atlantic convoys, or depth-charging U-boats on the way to Murmansk, myself and my regiment were having a fine time of it in Canada. There wasn't any rationing there; the blackout had never been heard of; and since we

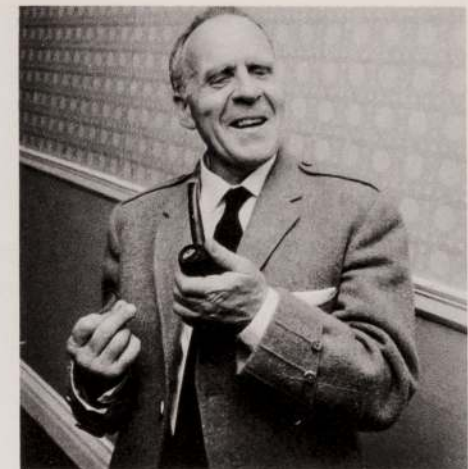
were almost all Scotsmen there were plenty of relatives to look up. One good thing about the Highland clearances is that Highland Scots have all kinds of contacts over there. Lowland Scots like myself are equally well catered for by the fact that so many of our forefathers had to emigrate to Canada through economic necessity.

So the Lovat Scouts embarked in the Mauretania, set course for New York, and according to Lord Haw-Haw, always abreast of affairs, were torpedoed and lost to a man off the American seaboard. In fact, we disembarked without incident, entrained at Grand Central Station, and four days later were pulling out of Edson, Alberta, on the last stage of our journey to the Canadian Rockies. Security was so tight that we were previously aware of our destination, a Canadian soldier having told us in a Bangor pub.

Peaks and glaciers

What a sight it is when you first catch a glimpse of those peaks and glaciers, all snow covered in winter as we saw them, stretching as far as the eye could see to the north, as far again to the south. Under the vertical precipice of Roche Miette there's a gap where the Athabaska River bursts through; into this gap goes the train; and it was in a temperature of 20 below zero that the Scouts disentrained at Jasper, struck up a march on the pipes, and proceeded to their billets three miles away, their boots squeaking in four inches of snow. Steam hissed, couplings clanked, and they were watched by an inscrutable totem-pole as they receded in the direction of frozen Lac Beaufer. The bears were hibernating at this season, but Canada jays chattered on lodgepole pines, mule deer surreptitiously shifted, and in the illimitable forest of spruce and fir we heard a coyote howl. Pyramid Mountain rose into the evening sky, a tower of bare, red rock; Whistlers was covered with snow; and down to the south, 11,000 feet of it, Mt. Edith Cavell turned pink in the last of the January sun.

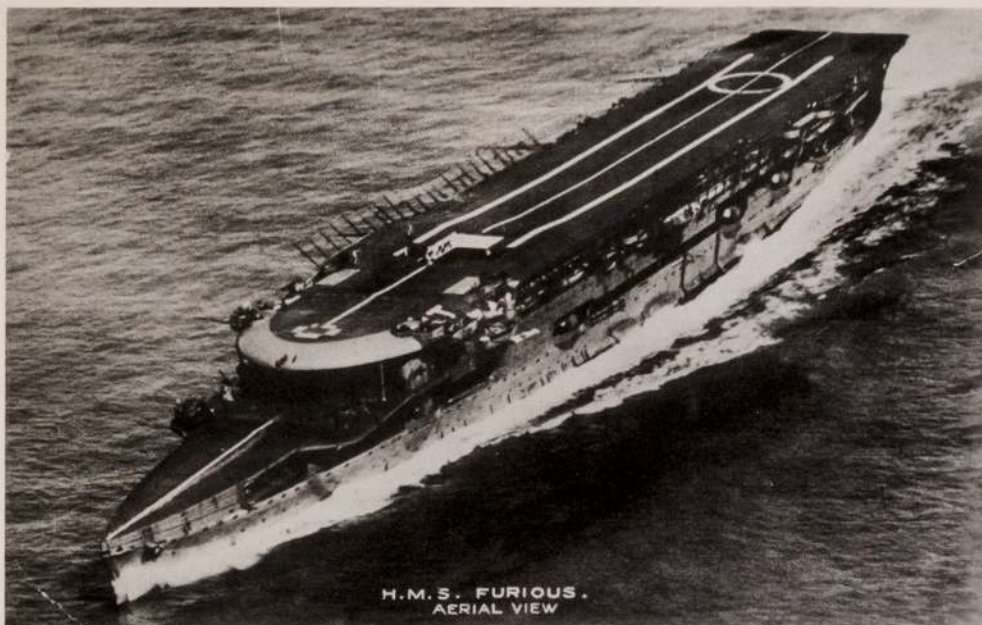
The presence of a Scottish regiment of infantry for five months was the greatest thing that ever happened in Jasper. Everybody opened their doors to us, there was a Burns supper laid on in our honour, and the plainest girl had a host of importunate suitors. We worked hard at ski-ing and so forth, digging snow holes at 10,000 feet, and climbing peaks, but we had no illusions as to the cushiness of this assignment. The thunder of the guns was 6,000 miles away, no Jerry bombers



droned in the sky, and as we sat on red-topped stools drinking coffee during time off in the village, we coined a name for ourselves which showed that we knew what we were, the Drugstore Commandos.

I returned to Jasper with my wife Margaret in the summer of '83. The forest shimmered with heat, the rocks of Pyramid Mountain were warm in the sun, and instead of being covered with ice and snow, the waters of Maligne Lake reflected the glaciers which feed it, the 10,000-foot peaks which range around it. We had a commission to discharge, Margaret and I, from an old Lovat Scout. Back in the old days Ian Ross of D Squadron fell into a crevasse on a glacier, to hang upside down, held by his skis. His false teeth shot out, and disappeared in the green depths of the crevasse, 500 feet below. Now glaciers move slowly, but sooner or later they give up their contents, melted out at the snout. After 40 years much military material is thus making its appearance. 'Go to the Athabaska glacier,' said Ian, 'stand at the snout, and see if you can get my teeth when they come out.'

Mt. Athabaska rose above Margaret and me, a mass of ice and red rock in the sunshine; the glacier wound up to its ice-fall five miles away; Snow Dome was a dazzling hemisphere to the right; but of Ian's dentures there was no sign, only a huge melting wall of dirty old ice.



ADMIRAL'S INSPECTION HMS Furious, 1936

By John Alton

This is an event which is probably not recorded fully in the history of the Royal Navy, or for that matter in the histories of the Royal Air Force or the Fleet Air Arm and perhaps not mentioned in that of *H.M.S. Furious* itself.

There were three sister ships, aircraft carriers, built by converting three Baltic Class cruisers, soon after World War I. They were named *Courageous*, *Furious* and *Glorious*. The *Furious* was regarded as the ugly sister of the three. She was flat topped with no superstructure above the level of the flight deck. Her control bridges were just below the level of the flight deck and well forward situated on port and starboard sides. Exhaust fumes from the oil burners were conveyed by ducts to grills in the after part of the flight deck, and during flying operations diverted through side ducts near the Quarter Deck. Her sister ships had the conventional island containing funnel, control bridge etc. on

the starboard side. The *Furious* had the advantage of having a Lower Flying Off Deck, seldom used.

H.M.S. Furious had a rather mixed armament consisting of eight 5.5" BL guns, three 4" HA/QF guns, three Mk "M" eight barreled Pom Poms, four single Pom Poms, and two .5" Vickers MGs. The 2pdr Pom Poms had a variable fuse setting on the feed blocks which was very useful. She was the home of three squadrons, 801 Fleet Fighter, Hawker Osprey, and Nimrod aircraft; 811 Torpedo Bomber, Blackburn Baffins; 822 Torpedo Bombers, Fairey III Fs. The Ships Company consisted of about 1,400 officers and men. The squadrons were manned by RAF personnel with a mixed aircrew and some Naval ratings such as mess cooks and deckhands, with the odd Royal Marine as officer's batman. For technical matters we came under the Air Ministry, for operations we came under the Admiralty, for

discipline we suffered under both.

The ship had recommissioned in December 1935 after some delay due to the Abyssinia crisis; The RAF personnel joined the ship from Eastleigh in January. We had a good "Workup" with a Spring Cruise to the Mediterranean and a Summer Cruise around Scotland, via North Sea, the Orkneys, the North Channel, the Irish Sea, and St. George's Channel. We anchored off Torquay with other units of the Home Fleet awaiting inspection by Rear Admiral Bertram Ramsay, Rear Admiral Aircraft Carriers, who was flying his flag in *H.M.S. Courageous*.

Ready for the Occasion

The great day had at last arrived after many weeks of preparation. The Royal Marines had been polishing, burnishing, blancoing, and scrubbing. The sailors had been scrubbing, polishing and cleaning; removing brass plates and painting behind them with red lead primer, and putting them back. We had concentrated on the aircraft and maintenance equipment; washing down engines and painting exhaust stubbs silver on the outside and red just inside. Hangar decks were black-leaded and burnished and picketing points painted white. Tool boxes were painted, cleaned inside, and all tools cleaned and checked. All boxes were numbered and secured.

'Clear Lower Deck' was sounded, and 'Hands to Divisions' piped. We 'fell-in' in our allotted positions on the Flight Deck facing inwards. The RAF and Royal Marines on the Starboard side, RM Band on the after lift, and Stokers, Seamen, and ERA's on the Port side. We were checked and inspected as usual. Our C/O (801) was S/Ldr Reynolds noted for his unusual decoration, The Order of St. Michael (Spanish), which he was awarded after the rescue of the crew of a Spanish flying boat in the Atlantic some years earlier. The Flight Commanders were F/Lt Fairclough and Lt Hugh Bramwell, RN.

The Admiral's Barge in those days was a rather wonderful creation. It had a steam engine amidships with a conspicuous brass funnel, and plenty of brasswork and blancoed canvass gleaming white. Sailors

with spotlessly white boathooks stood at attention each side of the cabin. The Admiral stood in the stern sheets. It was all very awe inspiring.

We had the tip quietly from the C/O that the Admiral's Barge was leaving the *Courageous*. The distance was over a mile and probably two. It seemed to take a very long time getting over to us in a calm sea and brilliant sunshine. The forward lift was down, and the Royal Marine band was positioned on the after lift. The drill was that when the warning bell on the forward lift started ringing the side drummers would give a roll on the drums and the bass drummer would raise his drum sticks and watch for the Admiral's cocked hat to appear, then bring them down hard on the bass drum. This was the signal for all divisions to spring smartly to attention.

A long time seemed to pass, but eventually the lift bells started ringing. The side drums rolled and the bass drummer raised his drum sticks, but alas, no Admiral appeared. The Commander and the Master-at-arms came up on the lift and marched quickly past each division with the curt order to 'Call the Roll and render Absentee Reports'. This was done and we had the impression that someone must have fallen overboard.

An unfortunate mishap

A very long period of time seemed to pass away, probably an hour or more; then the lift bell rang again. The side drums rolled and the bass drummer raised his drum sticks ready for the beat, but there was still no Admiral. Instead there was the Captain (Captain Dowding) standing on a raised platform and accompanied by the Commander, Surgeon Commander, Engineer Commander, Shipwright, and Master-at-arms.

Divisions were closed in around the forward lift and then the Captain started. For over 28 years I have served in the Royal Navy and with this, my first command of a capital ship, an incident has occurred which is beyond all comprehension. As the Admiral's Barge was laying alongside my ship, some miscreant, presumably a member of the Royal Air Force, emptied a drum full of dirty oil and cotton waste

down a hangar scupper; all over the Admiral's Barge, and all over the Admiral! The Captain spoke for what seemed a very long time. He asked that the culprit responsible step forward now when his punishment would be somewhat less severe than if he had to smell him out. He mentioned that hanging from the yard-arm had been abolished but that salutary and even more painful punishments still existed in the Royal Navy to deal with such offences.

As the seriousness of the situation dawned on all of us, we froze. No one, officer or other rank, dared flex a muscle. We were paraded at Divisions when the incident occurred so we felt we were in the clear. On the other hand almost everyone had at some time or other emptied waste oil down the scuppers, contrary to Standing Orders. Hangar scuppers are there to drain water away when the fire sprays are used. The scupper grills had been bolted down during the last docking of the ship to prevent cotton waste and other contentious matter being disposed of by that means. A 'Gash' chute was available aft on the battery deck for the disposal of all garbage, and waste material. It was a long way away from the hangars.

After what seemed a very lengthy pause and complete silence we were marched back to our Division Stations and the Captain's party, less the Commander, went down on the lift. The Commander took up a position about the centre of the flight deck and summoned the Division Commanders to him. He informed them that the Admiral's Inspection was postponed and that further instructions would be issued in due course. Divisions would be dismissed when Secure was sounded. Division Commanders then returned to their divisions and after about half an hour 'Secure' was sounded and 'Hands to tea and shift night clothing' was piped.

We were all very glad to get below and discuss the incident. The general conclusion arrived at was that the scupper in question must have been blocked for a very long time, and that it was an 'Act of God' that it came unblocked at the critical moment. Probably helped by the touch of a boat-hook. The only people in the hangars at the critical time were the Royal

Marine security and fire patrol picquets and they saw nobody enter or leave during Divisions. The issue of Ship's Routine Orders was eagerly awaited and these appeared on the notice boards about 19.00hrs. Admiral's Inspection would take place at 10.00hrs on the morrow.

The great day arrived once again and this time the Admiral came aboard safely. The routine inspection of the Ship's Company went off without a hitch, but after inspecting Divisions the platform was produced and the Admiral mounted it. Divisions were then closed in around him and he made a speech, not a long one, but very much to the point. He gave us to understand that he was inspecting the scruffiest, most slovenly, and undisciplined ship it had ever been his painful duty to inspect. *H.M.S. Furious* would be withdrawn from the Home Fleet and he would remain aboard and take her to sea on Exercises to 'Work her up' to a standard of proficiency which would qualify her to be accepted back in the Home Fleet. The Exercises to commence immediately. We were then returned to our division stations and dismissed.

Test of Endurance

We were on our way down to the mess-deck to change when 'Officer's Call three Gs' was sounded and 'Side and cable party muster on the fo'c'sle sweepers in the cable locker flats, hands to stations for leaving harbour. All hands not in the rig of the day off the upper deck.' was piped. Then began our ordeal when the Admiral tested us to the limit of our endurance. He remained aboard with us for five days and nights during which the ship and its complement went through every conceivable exercise. Action Stations, Fire Stations, Collision Stations, Night Encounter, Darken Ship, Abandon Ship Stations, Rang-up Aircraft, Arm Aircraft, Bomb-up Aircraft, Strike Down Aircraft, Dummy Torpedo Attack using oil drums instead of torpedos. The aircraft did more flying in those five days and nights than they had done in the past six months. It was a super-human effort but everything went off efficiently and without a casualty, which was a miracle.

Finally we had another inspection by the Admiral at Divisions where we were closed in around the platform again and the Admiral gave us another speech. He complimented all officers and all hands on the success of the exercises, and said that the ship was now proved to be proficient to the required standard to take her place in the Home Fleet.

Looking back on this experience I would venture to say that Rear Admiral Bertram Ramsay was a man with a sense of

humour, determined, resourceful, efficient, and with the will to get things done. A short time before his inspection of *H.M.S. Furious* he had suffered the indignity of being ditched in the drink when his Walrus landed near the *Courageous* with its undercarriage down. Fortunately the pilot concerned was a Naval officer. A few weeks prior to that an RAF pilot had landed his Walrus on an aerodrome with the undercarriage up. Fortunately it was on wet grass, and damage was minimal.

D. F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

May I wish all gardeners and their wives a Happy Christmas and a really good 1986, both in the garden and in all other spheres of life.

At this time of year there is little or nothing growing outside or under glass, so it's a good time to check over all garden tools, giving some a coating of vaseline to keep them good for the new season, or replacing some.

Check over the roof of the shed, as strong winds can easily lift the roofing felt if not too secure. This happened to mine earlier in the year, so I got it done properly by experts.

Greenhouse

Where you do have growing plants breaking into flower, keep the temperature around 45°F which means that heat must be put on for the night and even during the day in very frosty conditions. Keep all plants as near the glass as possible so that they get maximum light. Give some ventilation during the day by opening the ventilators.

Just keep the soil in pots from drying out, watering when absolutely necessary, feeding every so often, more especially those in flower and with good buds ready to open. Take one or two items such as calceolaria, cineraria, and cyclamen into the house for indoor colour. Freesias, roman hyacinth and narcissus can be gently forced into bloom by getting them out of the starting quarters near source of heat. Give a bit more water.

Chrysanthemums can be kept going

until you have enough cuttings and then throw out the plants. Regal pelargoniums will have to be checked over and given careful treatment especially the earlier flowering types. Keep the floor and the staging dry to stop any infectious mould. It would also be good to light some smokes against pests and diseases every so often to keep the place free of everything. Do get all seeds and pricking on trays clean and ready for the new season. Some seed compost in bags on the floor would help to make it a bit warm before using. Some pots should be clean, ready for use early in 1986.

Vegetables

Try and get all empty beds dug over, but do put some compost and lime on before you start working. Leave rough for frosts to break down, especially if you have heavy clay soils. Where you have celery and parsnips growing it would be better to protect them from severe conditions with litter or some compost. Rhubarb should be covered if you are going to force for early shoots.

Get trays ready, in positions away from frosts, for the early potato seeds. Check over all potatoes and onions regularly, as some which may be going off slightly may spread among the whole lot.

Fruit

Get on with pruning of apples and pears but choose days free from frost. It is too late to plant new trees now, but you can

get planting positions dug over well for spring planting. All currant and gooseberry bushes can be pruned, if not already done. Remove all the suckers from raspberries, leaving only a few good young canes for the new season, but no pruning of these till good growth has been made in the spring.

Spraying of all trees and bushes can be carried out when weather is dry and free of frost and snow. Where you forgot to put sticky anti-pest bands in place, give the main trunk and other stems a good solid spray from soil level upwards to stop any pests laying their eggs higher up, in young twigs and branches.

Lawns

Nothing much can be done here except opening up the soil to improve drainage by spiking it all over with a fork. Do ensure that you have got the lawnmower down to the local agent, if not already done, to get a full check-up and have the blades sharpened for the spring.

Flowers

As with the vegetable patch, all empty spaces should be dug over and manured to make good soil for planting new items in the New Year, both perennials and

annuals. Use the hoe round growing plants such as shrubs, and it will stop weed seeds from setting. Where you have carnations, pansies, pinks and so on, ensure they are firmed into place after strong frosts, as it may lift the roots - always a tendency in these items which are shallow rooted.

Beds of anemones and other small bulbs need protection in severe conditions, so give them a covering of compost, and additional base feed will help roots to build up for a good show. Firm in tall growing perennials, plus roses, and add some stakes to tie them in against some of the winter storms. Even a little pruning will be a good thing. It would be wise not to plant any new rose bushes now but to wait till spring when the soil is warmer and roots will settle in quickly. But get areas for planting dug over.

Where you have some frames with young plants growing, do give extra covering in really hard frosty conditions and snow. Don't overwater these small plants which would be better almost dry, since frost will not penetrate so easily and kill them off. Make a list of plants you want for 1986, and also of seeds of annuals - so get catalogues and order at once, if you haven't already done so.

their hospitality and also the ladies for a fine tea. We look forward to their visit to us in the spring.

A. Miller

Bridge

Pairs - October 13th

W. Allen & Miss Sturdy	60.4
J. Padley & Mr. Douse	59.7
R. Goding & Miss Stenning	58.4
R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti	52.8
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	51.4
G. Hudson & Mrs. Buller-King	46.5
W. Lethbridge & Mrs. McPherson	42.4
J. Lynch & Mrs. Clements	28.5

Individuals - October 19th

J. Majchrowicz	61.1
W. Allen	58.3
G. Hudson	57.0
R. Pacitti	55.6
Mrs. V. Delaney	55.6
W. Lethbridge	54.2
P. Surridge	52.8
R. Fullard	51.4
J. Lynch	48.6
Miss Sturdy	48.6
J. Padley	47.1
W. Phillips	44.4
Mrs. Lynch	44.4
R. Palmer	41.7
R. Evans	40.2
Mrs. Pacitti	39.0

Individuals - 1985 Season Competition

R. Pacitti	296.0
R. Evans	289.6
W. Lethbridge	286.6
W. Phillips	280.4
J. Majchrowicz	274.5
J. Padley	266.4
R. Fullard	263.6
J. Huk	248.2

Four out of five rounds

G. Hudson	207.9
A. Dodgson	178.7

Another ten players took part in less than four rounds.

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Alan, son of *Mr. and Mrs. H. King*, of Dunstable, on being appointed Manager of the Midland Bank in Reigate.

Mr. M.V. Pilbeam, from Zimbabwe, who came over to study at Aberdeen University. He obtained his BA degree in History and Economic History and is now going to study for a postgraduate law degree.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Lt. Cdr. D.G. Morris, of Ashted, on his marriage to Julie Lane Reddell on October 19th at St. Dunstan's Church, Cheam.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. W.M. Robinson, of Cheshire, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary which they celebrated on September 15th whilst visiting Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Waterworth, of Coventry, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on November 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. J. Webb, of Tunbridge Wells, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on November 10th.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mash, of St. Peter, Jersey, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on November 25th.

GRANDCHILD

Congratulations to:

Mr. E.G. Humphreys, of Walsall, on the birth of his grand-daughter, Natalie Jane, born on August 21st to his daughter and son-in-law, Hazel and Ian Myett.

GREAT GRANDCHILD

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. G. Andrew, of New Southgate, on the birth of their second great grandson, Matthew David, born on October 9th to their grand-daughter, Heather, and her husband, David Corbett.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Bowling

Due to unforeseen circumstances we were late in arriving at Old Woking for our last outdoor bowling match on October 5th. This is a match we always look forward to and this year was no exception. Harry Preedy is very popular with the ladies - perhaps it is the way he calls them 'Darling'! We played in four groups of three and a very friendly atmosphere prevailed.

We were once again entertained by John the accordionist who never fails to be there when St. Dunstan's Bowling Club visit Old Woking - thank you for your kindness John.

Bob Osborne thanked Old Woking for

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. Frank Hamilton, of Menai Bridge, whose brother passed away recently in a London hospital, aged 61.

Mrs. E. Williams and her mother, Mrs. H. Farnen, wife of the late *Mr. H. Farnen*, of Manchester, who mourn the death of Mrs. Farnen's mother. She passed away in hospital in Scotland on October 21st, aged 89.

Ruth Price, daughter of the late *Rev. D.S.J. Pettit* (see this page for his obituary), who was involved in a car accident with her husband while they were travelling back home from Pearson House after her father's death. Her husband, John Price, was killed and Ruth suffered injuries which, at the time of writing, still keep her in Eastbourne District General Hospital, although she is slowly making headway. We offer our deepest sympathy to her on her terrible loss.

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.

S. Firrell, *Royal Sussex Regiment*

Sidney Firrell, of Hastings, passed away in hospital on July 3rd, aged 91, following a long period of ill-health borne with great fortitude. He became a St. Dunstaner in February 1981.

Mr. Firrell served as a Lance Corporal in the Royal Sussex Regiment during the 1st World War and was injured in an explosion in 1916 whilst on active service on the Somme. In earlier years he had been a keen bowls player, actively involved in his local club and known to many St. Dunstaners. He also greatly enjoyed attending our reunions.

He leaves his widow, Yanka, to whom he was married for 45 years and who cared for him devotedly. Condolences too, to their daughter, Jeanette, his son, Derrick, and daughter, Christine, and their families.

Reverend D.S.J. Pettit, *Royal Field Artillery*

Denis Pettit passed away at Pearson House on October 8th, aged 88.

Rev. Pettit served with the Royal Field Artillery from June 1915, and his sight failed following an attack of malaria while he was serving in Salonika. He was discharged from the Army in September 1919, came to St. Dunstan's in May 1921, and after training as a shorthand typist he commenced work with True-Form in Northampton and stayed with them for 18 years. It was during this period of his life that Rev. Pettit became Chairman and

Leader of his local branch of Toc H, a position he held for some seven years.

Even while working Rev. Pettit studied in his spare time for London University Matriculation and then, in 1941, was accepted as a student at Lincoln Theological College. He was Ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough in June 1943, and became Curate at St. James Church, Duston, Northampton. Four years later he was inducted as Vicar in Spratton, Northampton, on December 6th, 1947. He retired from full time duties within the ministry in September 1968, when the Rural Dean wrote in the Brixworth Deanery magazine expressing gratitude for Rev. Pettit's splendid example and for his friendship. Rev. Pettit and his wife then moved back to Duston where he assisted the Vicar by taking some services and visiting the sick. Rev. Pettit was a regular visitor to Ian Fraser House and, on odd occasions in the past, he had acted as our Chaplain. He was proud to be asked to assist at the Service of Thanksgiving for the late Lady Fraser which was held in our Chapel in May 1978.

Sadly Mrs. Pettit passed away in 1982 but Rev. Pettit managed to look after himself at home, with valuable assistance from his daughter and kind neighbours, until last year when his health began to fail and he went to Pearson House.

He leaves his daughter, Ruth Price, and grandson, Anthony, and family.