



St Dunstons
Review
November 1986



From the Chairman

A good deal of further building work is still going on and I thought you would like to know how we stand.

At Pearson House, having overcome the initial problems with asbestos, we have faced unexpected defects in the roof on the residential part of the building. Phase one of the project — work in the residential area — is now well under way and we expect this to be completed by the end of January 1987. Then we will turn to phase two: upgrading accommodation and facilities in the medical wing.

At Broadhurst Gardens the alterations and improvements are virtually complete and our London hostel will be in commission before the end of this month.

At Ian Fraser House it has been decided to go ahead with the installation of a lift in the Annexe. Our architects propose an external lift which would be entered from the corridor outside the gymnasium. This is subject to obtaining permission and we look for completion of this project by Easter 1987.

Henry Leach

St Dunstans Review

12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB

No. 785

MEMORIAL SERVICE

A memorial service for the late Mr. Douglas Wills, O.B.E., will be held in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House, at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday, December 4th.

Those who would like to attend should write to Mr. William Weisblatt at Headquarters as soon as possible. Space is limited and a ballot for places and accommodation may be necessary.

1987 CRUISER SAILING COURSES FOR THE BLIND

The 13th annual cruiser sailing courses for the blind, organised by the RYA Seaman's Foundation, will be run from the Hayling Island Yacht Club from Sunday, July 5th, to Saturday, July 11th, 1987. Three concurrent courses, for 12 students each, will be held at Beginners, Advanced and 'French Cruise' levels. Cost to students will be £60 per head and an additional booking fee of £5, payable on application and non-returnable (except to those not selected) will be charged this year.

Application forms are available from the Senior Leisure Officer, RNIB, 224 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6AA. Telephone: 01-388 1266. Completed forms should be returned as soon as possible and, in any case, not later than January 16th, 1987.

WINTER PRECAUTIONS

If you're going away please make sure that you either leave central heating on low, about 50, for a weekend, or have property drained down if you're going away for any length of time. There is nothing more depressing than coming back to a flooded house. It's worth calling in a plumber to have the job done properly. So, take care and don't forget!

ST. DUNSTAN'S ARCHERS WIN AGAIN

On September 2nd, St. Dunstan's archers continued their winning way against another team from the Services when they beat a team representing the Army on handicap adjusted scores: St. Dunstan's 7343, Army 6830.

Top scorer in the competition held at Ian Fraser House was Charlie McConaghy with 1508, and he was followed by Sergeant John Roberts, 1483; George Hudson 1475 and Tommy Gaygan 1472.

At a luncheon presided over by Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre and Commander Simon Conway, Major Trevor Braybrook, Secretary of the Army Archery Society, presented a trophy which, he said, the Army had every intention of winning back!

10p MONTHLY

Free to St. Dunstaners

NOVEMBER 1986

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Cover Picture: Ernie Hannant in St. John's Church, Boxmoor, where he has been singing in the choir for 70 years — see story on page 29. Photo: Carolyn Howell.

HMS Daedalus Camp

August 8th – 16th

By Stan Slater Photos: HMS Daedalus

We arrived at Lee-on-Solent into Daedalus Camp to quite a pleasant sunny evening. There was an initial feeling of slight disappointment when we realised that there were fewer 'dogs' than usual, but that feeling soon passed as other helpers proved so efficient, able to step into the breach and make our stay just as enjoyable as it always is. I am sure all St. Dunstaners who met her will join with me in extending a very hearty thanks and welcome to a new helper, Anne Gurney, who proved herself so wonderfully efficient, always able to rise to any difficulty and with her youthful good humour and sense of fun she made our stay that little more enjoy-

Charlie Hague leashed to his 'dog', Jane Fleetwood, with Kevin Rix showing the flag.



able. It was particularly gratifying to see Diana back on her feet and once again joining us after her spell in hospital, which of course brought a sad little note to last year's camp.

After settling ourselves in our cabins and supper, we adjourned to the P.O.'s Mess to hear from Elneth the programme for the weekend and, of course, to find out who our fellow campers were. There were 47 in number including eight new campers. The evening, as is our custom, was spent in what has now become the Warrant Officers and Chief's Mess, formerly the Fleet and C.P.O.'s Mess. We were greeted by the new Mess President, Jim Moulson, and then the evening took its usual happy tone with pleasant conversation and the odd drink or two, swapping news of what has occurred to us in the past year.

Saturday was a perfect morning for the airfield walk, and a goodly crowd assembled at the start to be cheered on their way. With several of the new campers being unknown and somewhat in the nature of dark horses the interest in the results were intense, and with Bill Reed's experienced handicapping, the results proved most satisfactory and were as follows:

Denny Deacon Veteran's Cup Stan Tutton
Bridget Talbot Novice Cup John Selwyn-Davies
Handicap: Gold Medal John Gilbert
Silver Medal Norman Walton
Bronze Medal Colwyn Lloyd

The full results:

Name	Actual Time	Handicap Allowance	Adjusted Time	Position Placed
J. Gilbert	24.51	5 mins	19.51	1
N. Walton	26.27	5 mins	21.27	2
C. Lloyd	26.31	5 mins	21.31	3
T. Bullingham	24.25	2 mins	22.25	4
S. Tutton	23.57	1.30	22.27	5
M. Lewis	26.47	3.30	23.17	6
J. Kibbler	26.50	3.30	23.20	7
C. Hague	26.54	3.30	23.24	8
T. Tatchell	23.32	-	23.32	9

B. Lang	33.29	6 mins	27.29	10
J.S. Davies	33.33	5 mins	28.33	11
J. Cowan	44.00	5 mins	39.00	12
E. Hamant	44.00	5 mins	39.00	12
F. Sunderland	45.00	5 mins	40.00	13

After the usual obligatory cuppa, many made their way to the airfield where gliders were taking to the air, an experience I have undertaken myself in previous years and a very pleasurable one it is too, particularly if you can get a running commentary from the pilot. It must be a wonderful sight for the sighted to glide noiselessly at 1500 feet and see the ground below without any of the noise which you get from an engined aircraft.

The evening found us once more in the Warrant Officers Mess where it was very pleasant indeed to meet many old friends from former field gun crews and their wives and families and to enjoy a period of idle chatter and pleasant reminiscing, and of course to attend to the more serious business of having a drink. It was here that Anne Gurney first was introduced to a drink which she now loves, in extreme moderation of course, of champagne and brandy.

On Sunday morning, after a short half an hour's lie-in and breakfast we made our way to All Saints Church for the traditional united service, taken by the Padre, the Rev. Peter Ainsley, and ably assisted by the Church of Scotland Padre, the Rev. Scott Rea. The hymns were sung with the usual gusto and enthusiasm, inspiring all those present who had not heard us before. Unfortunately, joy is always tinged with a little note of sadness for it was at this point in the service that prayers were said for six of our camping friends who had died since our last camp: Monty Golding, Tim Kirk, Mickie Burns, George Reed, Charles Stafford and my particular friend, Jim Rignall, who had very sadly died the evening before.

After the service, in really beautiful weather we adjourned to the lawn of the Ward Room where, after the usual difficulty in getting us all to line up and look pretty for the camp photograph, we were entertained by Captain Roger Moylan Jones, Commander Ron Edmonds and their officers. In the afternoon the bowlers took off for their bowling green and

others for the gliding, where no doubt the peace and purity of the sea air helped to repair the 'damage' of the wonderful hospitality we had so recently received.

The archers were met by the Gosport Bowmen on the airfield as their club was undergoing refurbishing. As a result many more were able to watch the skill which never ceases to amaze those who see blind archers in action for the first time, and many of the spectators were able to feel and see how much strength has to be put into it as well as accuracy. The ladies of the Gosport Bowmen had brought with them a delicious tea which was enjoyed by all. Sadly, Mrs. Bourke, the President of the Gosport Bowmen, known affectionately I believe as 'Maid Marion' was unable to be present as she had had a motor accident and was badly bruised with some broken fingers. However, it is pleasing to be able to report that she was able to join us for the final dance on Friday evening. Nevertheless, I'm sure we will all wish her a speedy and full recovery.

The successful archers received medals presented by the Gosport Bowmen who had also very generously donated this year a third archery shield for novices.

The winners of the medals were:

Totally Blind:	Johnny Cope	52
Semi-sighted:	George Hudson	284
	Jerry Lynch	208
	Bob Forshaw	185
Novices:	Harry Walden	97
	Trevor Tatchell	96
	Norman Walton	88

The archery shields were won by:

Totally Blind:	Johnny Cope
Semi-sighted:	George Hudson
Novices:	Harry Walden

In the evening we were welcomed in the P.O. Mess by the President P.O. Eric Vassie, his Mess Manager P.O. Chris Holder and Social Secretary Dave Whymark, who all had gone to considerable trouble to give us a wonderful evening with a well-organised and cheerful disco, playing tunes which were familiar to us, and also a tremendous raffle in which we all received free tickets with a most marvellous number of prizes. The final prize, a bottle of wine, was in fact auctioned on behalf of camp funds and was bought by the P.O.'s

Mess at a very generous sum of £30. This was presented to Elspeth who suggested that it should be placed with the other trophies in the trophy case. This was in fact done with a label on the bottle advising that further supplies of the 'plonk' were obtainable at the Mess bar for the sum of £2!

Monday and our traditional Solent cruise, in the comfort of the Red Funnel Ferry. On our arrival at Cowes, we were met by the wonderful hospitality of the Royal British Legion Club. At Cowes, it was found that ten of the party had, for some reason best known to themselves, stayed on the ferry and landed up in East Cowes, where I believe Bill Reed's grandson acted as guide and mentor and brought them safely home. The amazing thing is that eight of them were sighted, poor loves, it would seem that next year we will have to get some 'dogs' to avert any further untoward accidents!

Meanwhile back on the Solent the intrepid fishermen in much smaller boats than ours were intent on seeing what reluctant fish they could catch from the deep, and I believe they had considerable success. This was some consolation for last year when they lost so much time owing to gales and bad weather in general. The catch included conger, eel, plaice, bream, pouting and even a sting-ray. Bob Forshaw succeeded in winning both the medal for the largest catch of the day and the total catch of the week with 26½ lbs of fish including a conger weighing 13½ lbs — that must have taken some landing I would think. Danny McGoohan was second with 15 lbs 2 oz, and Ernie Cookson third with 14½ lbs.

And so back to the Warrant Officers and C.P.O.'s Mess where we were entertained with some fine organ playing by a very delightful and skilled lady organist and we were able to sing, dance and thoroughly enjoy the rest of a fine evening, bringing to a close what had been for us all a very enjoyable day.

The Sports Morning on Tuesday was as usual well supported by the St. Dunstan's campers. 24 St. Dunstaners took part aided and abetted by friends and supporters. The weather, unfortunately, at this stage was rather dull and doubtful,

although there was some improvement later. Competitors were formed into four evenly balanced teams of six, each team was invited to choose a 'dog' to join them (this however, according to C.P.T.I. Martyn Webb, made no difference to the final results as his 'lads' were useless — I think this must be taken with a pinch of salt). The teams then entered into battle with a considerable amount of one-up-manship, gamesmanship and muttered insults, all of which is of course part of the fun. As they went from discipline to discipline the standard improved and the determination to do better than their competitors increased. It would seem that the goal kicking went rather well; there was a certain amount of absence of direction-finding and according to Martyn a little more practice for next year would be more than advantageous!

The sling ball too gave rise to a certain degree of excitement, the sling not always being struck exactly in the direction desired; this however, was improved upon by Stan Tutton who devised a new method of operation, the plan apparently consisted of ejecting one's hat at the same time as releasing the ball. Trevor Tatchell, before he made his successful last throw, almost managed to decapitate the opposition. Colwyn Lloyd's world-shattering throw of 56 inches had to be seen to be believed and Norman Walton's tremendous throw of six inches was somewhat compensated for the fact that he did get a long, long roll, whilst Ted John's tremendous effort which laid him flat on his back, was undoubtedly much appreciated by the spectators, but these of course were the earlier efforts and they soon got down to work and things improved tremendously. The final throws were indeed very commendable.

Thus did the teams do battle, *McGoohan's Gang*, *Tatchell's Tearaways*, *Cope's Crusaders* and *Bill's Boys*.

Results:

- 1st Tearaways (Trevor Tatchell, Capt.; Joe Kibbler, Jerry Lynch, John Gilbert, Tom Whitley, George Hudson, and 'dog' C.P.O. John Arscott)
- 2nd Cope's Crusaders
- 3rd McGoohan's Gang
- 4th Bill's Boys

Prizes

- Best Beginner John Gilbert
- Doubly Handicapped Stan Tutton
- Most Penalty Kicks (S-S) Trevor Tatchell
- Most Penalty Kicks (T-B) John Gilbert
- Victor Ludorum (S-S) Colwyn Lloyd
- Victor Ludorum (T-B) John Gilbert

A very splendid day of activity, with some quite surprising results.

During the afternoon the bowlers were once again in action and there were parties for the swimming pool at *HMS Collingwood* and some also went to the beach at Lee. In the evening two large coaches took off for *HMS Collingwood* where we were entertained in the W.O. and C.P.O. Mess, which since last year had been completely refurbished and our 'dogs' said that it looked absolutely splendid. We were given a warm welcome by the Vice President Mick Crook and an excellent disco played for dancing. During the evening Johnny Cope and Cabin 12 organised a raffle assisted by Kevin Rix and Liz Walker who had assembled a team of extremely persuasive ladies to sell tickets, and they raised a magnificent sum of £200 for the camp funds.

Wednesday was another great day: the fishermen went off early for the Solent and another splendid day's sport; another party paid a visit to the Royal Ordnance Museum (a favourite trip last year); and the bowlers, not to be outdone, also took off once again for another session of bowling. During the afternoon a visit to the Bass Brewery at Alton had been arranged (don't know how I missed that one!) and a coach load went off to sample the wares — no doubt a most interesting, enjoyable and educational visit.

After supper a sizeable crowd gathered to send off those intrepid adventurers taking part in Peter Westbrooke's Mystery Car Drive and some 15 cars and their crews set off at two minute intervals to search Hampshire for clues and bring the answers back to camp. The clues had been cleverly written out in rhyme by Peter and there was the usual high standard of braille reading needed to bring the drivers safely back to base. The winner of the Kath Riley Trophy was a newcomer to the sport, Norman Walton, whose driver was



John Gilbert with the Victor Ludorum Cup for the Totally Blind.

1st Officer Jenny Moys, P.R.O. at *Daedalus*, and their navigator was Mrs. Marion Moulson, wife of the WO/CPO Mess President. There was one small complaint — one of the clues had inadvertently been removed after the braille clues had been printed, so of course no one was able to find it. The evening was completed with a sing-song in the Mess which continued until the small hours of the morning.

On Thursday morning a few stalwart and determined St. Dunstaners mustered for the Captain's Walk which undoubtedly stimulated their appetites for the delicious scones baked for them by the Captain's wife, Mary, at Ross House. Meanwhile another party visited the Coast Guard Station and had a very fascinating time learning about the problems on the south coast shipping lanes. A large party attended *HMS Collingwood* where we were most lavishly entertained in the WO/CPO's Mess to a most excellent luncheon and of course lots of drinks.

The evening was undoubtedly the highlight of the week when at a ceremony held in the WO/CPO's Mess prizes won during the week were presented by Captain Roger Moylan Jones. The usual buzz of



Terry Bullingham being presented with a braille translation of his early naval record by W.O. Jim Moulson.

conversation and speculation ran round the hall as those assembled awaited the results announced by C.P.T.I. Martyn Webb, the glittering array of prizes, medals and cups on the table for presentation. There were tremendous cheers and applause greeting each of the winners. It was announced that an anonymous donor had presented a cup to be called the Charles Stafford Memorial Cup for the fastest loser in the walking race – the first recipient of this was Trevor Tatchell. The winners of the Ben Mills Cup for bowling were Percy Stubbs for the totally blind and George Hudson for the semi-sighted. The runners up were Alan Duffy and Ernie Hammond, two newcomers to camp. A special award was made to Charlie Hague from the Amateur Swimming Association for the magnificent achievement of swimming a million yards during the last three years, congratulations Charlie, and thanks for all you do for swimming and sports for the blind up north.

Then the St. Dunstan's campers

unleashed the most pleasant surprise of all to the one person whom we owe so much to and admire, I mean of course, Elspeth, when Terry Bullingham presented on our behalf a quite beautiful decanter engraved with a St. Dunstan's campers 1986, there were also six glasses and a tray. Terry told of how he first met Elspeth on the day she picked him up from Haslar Hospital to bring him to his first camp, some four years ago. Elspeth then thanked us all and she has asked me in this report to convey to you all how thrilled she is that we have presented her with this token of our high regard.

The end of the evening seems to have been sprinkled with surprise awards and presentations for exploits. Jim Moulson, the WO/CPO Mess President, sprung a complete surprise presentation on Terry. He had found in the archives Terry's service record and had had them translated into braille, mounted in a frame with Terry's photograph, looking (I am

assured) remarkably like a yesteryear Teddy Boy at the time he joined the Navy. Terry was then made to read out his not entirely complimentary record, which he did with good speed, a credit to his diligence and hard work since he was blinded. Obviously this caused a great deal of laughter and applause. Finally, Ted John made a gracious and competent speech of thanks to the Captain and ship's company of *HMS Daedalus* for their tremendous hospitality and the kindness which is always extended to us. Then John Gilbert proposed a vote of thanks to the Mess President, trainers, Field Gun crew and 'dogs' for all they had done for us, thereby bringing to a conclusion another memorable prize giving evening. The evening was rounded off by dancing to our own St. Dunstan's Music Makers and a very happy and convivial end to the day. During the evening, very quietly and with no ceremony, former Field Gunner Tigger Goodwin slipped a cheque for £100 into Elspeth's hands, collected by his customers at the King's Head in Gosport. Let us record our thanks to Tigger and the generosity of his customers for so generous a donation to the camp funds.

Friday dawned and another camp had come to its last day. The usual last visits to friends, bits of shopping and the bulk of our packing to be done. In spite of all this there was still time to visit *HMS Alliance* and *HMS Dolphin* and the Submariner's Museum which was a tremendous success, although it felt a little hairy walking through the submarine with its narrow gangways and all that machinery packed into such a small space. There was only one tiny accident which wasn't very serious (sorry about your head Fred). After that we were entertained in the WO/CPO's Mess there and an excellent collection of sandwiches and a couple of glasses of beer finished off a very happy morning and lunch time.

Of course, everyone was anxious to get a last go as it were at their favourite activity: the bowlers bowled, the swimmers had a final swim and amidst all this there was the exchange of addresses, phone numbers and usual promises to meet up in the year ahead. We had our final get together in the evening. Tomo had arranged his

mammoth raffle: there were some wonderful prizes and a great sum of £300 plus was raised for camp funds.

There was one further extremely interesting trip which was undertaken by a party of St. Dunstaners and helpers, namely the visit to the *STS Lord Nelson*. In connection with this, Jimmy Wright kindly recorded for me an interview which unfortunately, because of space I am unable to use in full. I have extracted the following salient points which I feel will be of interest to all St. Dunstaners. Jimmy's first introduction to the Jubilee Sailing Trust was when he read in the National Press that this Registered Charity was endeavouring to raise some £2 million in order to build a sailing ship which could be crewed by disabled and able-bodied people. The ship is the first square rigger built this century and is some 441 feet in length and is believed to have a displacement of some 400 tons. The complement will be 20 disabled and 20 able-bodied crew. Although originally, Jimmy had a much more ambitious scheme in mind, at a meeting of the charity, he did produce a little fund-raising film featuring Clare Francis. Tony Dodd was one of the disabled people who were featured in the film. The film was shown at *Daedalus* and at *Collingwood* who raised a £1000 for the charity and who are going to be involved in some way in the maintenance of the ship after she is commissioned.

Petty Officer Sue Sutcliffe thought it would be a good idea if a few St. Dunstaners and helpers were to go aboard and look over the ship. It was very fortunate they had Harry Wheeler with them who has in fact sailed on square riggers many years ago, so that the visit was enhanced not only by the interesting tales Harry had to tell about his sailing days, but also of course, his ability to explain what to us all, these days, are the mysterious pieces of equipment built into a sailing ship of this size. It is gratifying to know that Jane Fleetwood has made a useful contact with the Medical Adviser who is going to sail on the ship for the Trust and she will be the link with Clare to keep us in touch and hopefully, arrange a further visit when the ship is commissioned.

The next morning 47 weary, bleary-

eyed, but nevertheless contented, campers sleepily boarded their buses for home cheered on by their 'dogs' with Roger and Mary Moylan Jones joining in the goodbyes. So for another year that happy comradeship, which has to be experienced to be understood, has come to an end but will remain with us to help sustain us through the ensuing year.

IDLE THOUGHTS ON DAEDALUS 1986

A poem by Fred Sunderland

The day has dawned, it's August 8
I've packed my case, I mustn't be late.

We speed down to the London HQ,
It's not just me, there's quite a few.

Eagerly we board the bus,
for the trip down to Camp Daedalus.

We arrive and meet the Field Gun Crew
I'm in Cabin 7, with the 'terrible two'.

The 'dog' we've got says his name's Scott,
I can't resist, it's out, too late,
As I turn and ask, 'Is yer first name Great?'

Now it's Saturday morning, I'm down for
the walk,
There isn't time to stand and talk.
We're given a 'GO' and set off fast,
What happened to me? Oh, I came in last.

On Sunday in church we sing 'Bread of
Heaven',
And some 'shaggy dog' calls me Fred of
Devon.

I meet Bill Reed, a friend indeed
And his wife, Bridget, but she's no fidget,
Liz is whiz,
And Jane's not plain,
And Elspeth Grant
Long may she reign.

There's archery, bowls and lots of
swimmin
And dancing around with all those
wimmin.

The week has gaily gone its way, once
again it's Saturday,
Goodbyes to friends, Oh, and all that beer,
I think I'll come again next year.

ST. DUNSTAN'S ARCHER CREATES A MEMORABLE IMPRESSION

The following letter was published in the *Daily Mirror*, written by a certain Mr. Bill Jackson from Normandy, Guildford.

'We spent a Saturday at the Royal Military College, Camberley, open day and horse show. Not a cloud in the sky, all the big jumping names and the St. Dunstan's Archery Club. Tom (Gaygan) was being instructed in the sport and when he shot an arrow at 12 o'clock of the target was told he had dropped his elbow. He then promptly shot two bulls eyes. He is totally blind and lost both hands at Alamein. Thank you Tom, you made my day. At 77, I get a few aches but I won't grumble any more.'

SOMEONE CARED, SOMEONE ENCOURAGED

By Priscilla Nobbs

When Robert died in July last year, Claire, wife of one of our OCU links, (Robert and I were associates of the Officers Christian Union regularly praying for serving officers) wrote saying she was sure I had a lot to share and after I was over the initial shock, perhaps I could speak at the Ladies Fellowship she helped to run at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers European - NATO Headquarters in Belgium) and have a holiday at the same time. This gave me something to look forward to.

In February 1986, by a strange chain of events, I met Julia, a good friend of Claire's, who suggested driving out together. 'What, all the way to SHAPE?', I

exclaimed. 'Why yes, my husband used to be based there, our best man's there now and I'd love to see Claire again - and if you don't mind going in the middle of the night we can get a cheaper ferry.' So we did, getting up at 4.30 a.m. for an early Dover to Calais ferry on May 13th. This gave us just 60 hours on foreign soil.

By this time I'd been given my title for the meeting: 'St. Dunstan's!' I was quite surprised, then thrilled; it gave a definite framework for my talk, but what did I really know about its beginnings? Robert was a post-war St. Dunstaner (we were both born during the Second World War). I started to re-read Lord Fraser's 'My Story of St. Dunstan's' at a rate of knots, and was fascinated... So it all depended on that one blind man, Sir Arthur Pearson who cared and encouraged at just the right time, who had the vision of a hostel where newly blinded men could 'learn to be blind', and the first blinded soldier came from Belgium, just where I was going - to Mons where so many had fought and died, Mons, with names like 'Rue des Résistants'; Mons, where perhaps many St. Dunstaners had seen for the last time.

The drive to Mons via Dunkirk and Lille took 2 1/4 hours. I map read whilst Julia concentrated on driving on the right. We arrived to find everybody out but a welcome note left by Claire! We didn't mind - the garden, full of spring flowers and trees in blossom, looked beautiful. We stretched out with the warm sun on our faces and fell asleep.

The next morning, May 14th, Claire drove us into SHAPE for the monthly meeting of the Friends of the International Anglican Communion. The Communion Service was taken by the Chaplain and after coffee I was given 45 minutes to talk. Once started it wasn't so bad after all (I'd woken up terrified in the middle of the night: would I be boring? Would I break down?), I needn't have worried, they were such a responsive audience, warming to Lord Fraser's 'I fell in love with Irene Mace' (everyone likes a good romance), laughing at anecdotes culled from the *Review* and then listening more specifically to the story of Robert, a lad from Norfolk... Time for questions: 'How many St. Dunstaners are there now?'

Relief, good thing I'd rung Headquarters for that information, you can't remember everything in a talk. I found the individual feedback thrilling: 'My nursing friend from the forces went to Sussexdown, Storrington (the Royal Air Force Association Home where Robert lived before we were married). Did you know her?' We did. 'We were based at Daedalus - never knew there was a St. Dunstan's week.' 'Our Squadron won the Dacre Trophy and Mrs. Dacre came with a St. Dunstaner.' Many print and a braille copy of Robert's booklet 'A Higher Plane' were taken. There was more time to chat over a 'bring and share' lunch and in particular to sympathise with one person also grieving over the death from multiple sclerosis at an early age of a close relative. Then back to relax in Claire's lovely garden and Julia and Claire continued to catch up with news.

The next day Claire and I wandered round the cobbled streets of Mons and had a lovely lunch in a French restaurant before we all went off to meet Claire's mother off the bus which stops outside SHAPE. She'd come that morning by coach and hovercraft from England. 'Force 10 gales,' she said, 'Thought they'd cancel it.' We laughed, then the thought struck us - Julia and I were about to return that way and Julia is not a good sailor. It was all right though - after a meal at Calais the 9.30 p.m. ferry set off and only rocked slightly. I watched the land fading into the twilight and thought of all the Second World War St. Dunstaners who'd arrived and departed around that coast. I thought too of Robert and all those who'd cared for and encouraged us at just the right time, the C.P.O. who said 'We won't give up,' the O.C.U. who'd prayed for us, and many others... and then again of St. Dunstan's - all stemming from that one man who'd had the foresight to train up Lord Fraser who in turn could care for and encourage others - 'Thank you Sir Arthur, thank you Lord Fraser.'

As we drove over Westminster Bridge, Big Ben was nearing midnight; Julia, thrilled with all her renewed contacts, had done a magnificent job driving, a hurdle was over for me, and a new day was starting.

GRADUATION

By Randall Williams

At the end of 1985 I completed my sixth year as an Open University undergraduate. Examination success this time would mean graduation . . . failure, and I could not be sure when I would feel able to resume study, as the upheaval of moving house was in the offing, and I had an unavoidable preoccupation — our two loveable but energetic pre-school children! So it was with no little sense of relief and pleasure that I subsequently heard that I had been successful!

In 1967 my career in the Royal Navy had been cut short by an accident which had cost me my sight. Three years later, however, I began as a theological student at Cambridge. I studied for the Cambridge University Diploma of Religious Knowledge and this entailed gaining passes in each of six papers. So, I did not begin OU studies un-acquainted with the academic pursuit. Although I should point out that entry qualifications are not a requirement of the Open University.

What about my study technique? Fortunately my Cambridge College already had a library of recorded lectures, so in many instances I was able to concentrate on a lecture in the privacy of my own study bedroom. I made Braille notes but the difficulty I began to find with notes in this medium was the ability to review them, in the limited time available, before an examination. Variable-speed tape recorders were not available when I was at Cambridge but later, as an Open University undergraduate, such a machine was the answer to my erstwhile problem.

Not uncommonly my path to graduation was not a smooth one. During my time as an undergraduate I became both a husband and a father and learned that there is a balance to be struck between attending to family responsibilities and time spent studying. At the end of my first year, as an undergraduate, I failed my final exam. I tried not to be too discouraged. The year had been a difficult one. I would begin a new course and try again. Then there was the time when, owing to circum-

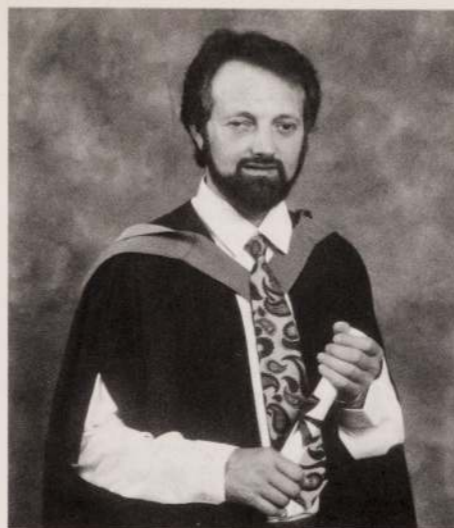
stances, I withdrew from a course half way through the year. Nevertheless, persistence bears fruit and eventually I was awarded the BA degree. The courses I had studied were: Arts Foundation; Social Science Foundation; Decision-Making in Britain; Social Psychology; Issues in Crime and Society and lastly, Soviet Politics.

I found that studying at home was not the only activity of an OU graduate. In addition there were summer schools, day schools, evening tutorials and once I had a survey to complete. For this I recall going with my wife to a local hospital and a high street store with a staff questionnaire.

I know that I am not alone when I say that my graduation ceremony was a moving and memorable experience. The one which I attended was held at the Wembley Conference Centre during the summer. Unfortunately some of those whom I had invited were not able to be present, but I was pleased that my wife, daughter and sister-in-law were able to share the occasion with me.

As we approached the Conference Centre several graduates in their academic dress, stood conversing outside. Inside we went to the robing room then, suitably attired. I left my guests to find their places whilst I was met by a marshal who escorted me to my seat in the conference hall. He presented me with the ceremony programme and a booklet listing the 1985 graduates. I was on the front row, part of which had been reserved for graduates with disabilities. Introductory music was being played by the Birmingham School of Music Brass Ensemble. We, the congregation, rose as the procession of administration and academic staffs with representatives of the University followed by the University Mace and the Vice Chancellor appeared and took their positions on the rostrum.

Universities in Britain are constituted by individual charter which empowers them to grant degrees. The Open University's Royal Charter was presented in 1969. The University Mace is the symbol of



authority and is carried before the Presiding Officer. The Mace has the University's symbol at its head and the coat of arms at its base. The dignity of the ceremony is enhanced by the colourful variety of academic dress, the unifying feature being the Open University's colours of blue and gold.

The Vice Chancellor, Dr John Horlock, declared the Congregation open. During the first part of the ceremony honorary degrees were conferred upon Lord Gregson of Stockport and Sir Randolph Quirk, President of the British Academy. Each addressed the Congregation. Lord Gregson has spent a notable career in industry, and Professor Quirk is a distinguished academic, especially of linguistics.

During the second part of the ceremony the 1985 Open University graduates, those mostly from the London Region, were presented to the Vice Chancellor by Dr Dey, the London Regional Director — the Congregation applauding as each graduate was presented. The graduates were called in alphabetical order. Eventually it was my turn. A marshal came alongside and escorted me to the rostrum. The Vice Chancellor descended the front steps, shook my hand and gave me a few words of congratulation. Then I turned and walked to my seat guided by the marshal as the Congregation applauded and

the next graduate was called.

When all the graduates had been presented, the Pro Vice Chancellor Mr David Grugeon, addressed the graduates. He said that this ceremony, together with the other degree ceremonies, was one of the most important events in the University's calendar. Firstly it was a celebration, an occasion to mark the successful completion of a course of study that must be the hardest way yet devised to earn a degree. Secondly it placed ourselves, as graduates, into the continuum of all graduates, those who have gone before and those yet to come, graduates of the Open University and of all others. And, thirdly, it was a sign of the continuing growth and health of the University. We must have shared the common experience of all scholars; of near despair when new concepts seemed quite baffling, followed by exhilaration when we had seen things fall into place.

However, it was not just the students who shared a common bond, families and friends also, knew what it was like to live with an Open University student. Husbands, wives, parents or children, all knew the strain of living with a hermit! They had to be content when they saw a member of the family who was using up every minute of spare time and considerable sums of money possibly without tangible reward to the rest of the family at least, in the short term. Indeed, families and friends were to be congratulated too for, without their support, the Open University would be in considerable jeopardy.

By carrying with us titles of being graduates of the Open University, we had become examples of what it meant to have achieved a degree by the route of independent distance-learning; and advocates of the ideal of a University which remains as Lord Crowther, the Open University's first Chancellor, put it: 'Open to all, open to people, to places, to methods, to ideas'.

He went on to mention the thousands of applicants who, each year, could not be offered a place. He commended the OU's National Graduates' Association soon to be established. During the first ten years the OU had witnessed incredible growth and the establishment of a reputation, and a recognition of the important contribution which the Open University

could make to the development of individuals within society and the education system. Reduced funding was mentioned as having a serious effect on the University's programme and academic staff. The Open University had to do more than cut back, it would need to cut back even further in order that the balance of money could be kept for new developments, and even under the most difficult of circumstances the OU had to be prepared to take chances, being willing to make mistakes.

Added to the undergraduates, the Open University now had 50,000 studying in other ways, and the University was required by Government to run this non-degree part of its teaching as a self-financing operation. Hence an inhibiting factor to growth was the capital required to set up courses before income from fees was returned.

In conclusion he said that the standard of our degrees was such as to enable us to feel justly proud. It was the responsibility of the staff of the University, he said, to maintain its health, vigour and excitement. So we were given the final rounding remark: 'Well-earned congratulations and every good wish for the future.' Then the Vice Chancellor declared the Congregation closed. We stood for the National Anthem, and the procession left.

Besides the opportunities of the academic enrichment within the Open University, there are its cultural and social aspects too. Whilst an undergraduate I attended the OUSA (Open University Students' Association) Annual Conference as a regional rep. With OU Arts students I visited the home of William Morris and the Oxford Union Building. And at the present time I am the Treasurer of the Open University Christian Fellowship ably assisted by my wife, Danna.

Finally, I would like to express my appreciation to the Open University for its attention to students with disabilities and facilities which it makes available to them; to the Royal National Institute for the Blind Students' Tape Library who supplied me with much study material on tape and whom I always found most helpful; and last but not least, to my family, friends and St Dunstan's for their encouragement and support.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



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

Leonard Ernest Clee, of Ladywood, Birmingham, joined St. Dunstan's on August 27th.

Mr. Clee served in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers during the Second World War, and was wounded in the Middle East in 1942 when he lost his left eye. After the war, Mr. Clee worked as a chargehand mechanic with the Midland Red Bus Company until he retired seven years ago.

Mr. Clee is married, and he and his wife, Violet, have an adult son.

Thomas Gann, of Barkingside, Essex, joined St. Dunstan's on September 3rd.

Mr. Gann is 75 years of age and served in the Royal Army Service Corps from 1940 until 1941 when he suffered shock from an ammunition explosion while driving in a convoy.

He is married with one adult son.

John Charles Lowe, of Guildford, joined St. Dunstan's on September 3rd.

Mr. Lowe is 76 years of age. He first enlisted in 1930 in the Royal Artillery and remained on the Reserve in 1934. He became a Driver in the Royal Army Service Corps from the onset of the Second World War until his discharge at the end of 1945, and served in India (Lucknow) where he was in charge of horses. Whilst in action in Germany in December 1944, he was wounded by a land-mine explosion whilst rescuing a comrade and was subsequently awarded the Military Medal for his bravery. At that time, Mr. Lowe suffered severe injuries including the amputation of one leg.

He is a widower and has one married daughter with whom he lives.

Jack Roberts, of Swarcliff, Leeds, joined St. Dunstan's on September 8th.

Mr. Roberts served in the Royal Artillery as a Sergeant during the Second World War, and lost the vision in his left

eye after being wounded by a grenade in Italy. After his discharge from the Army, Mr. Roberts worked as a driver for Shell Mex and later for his local council.

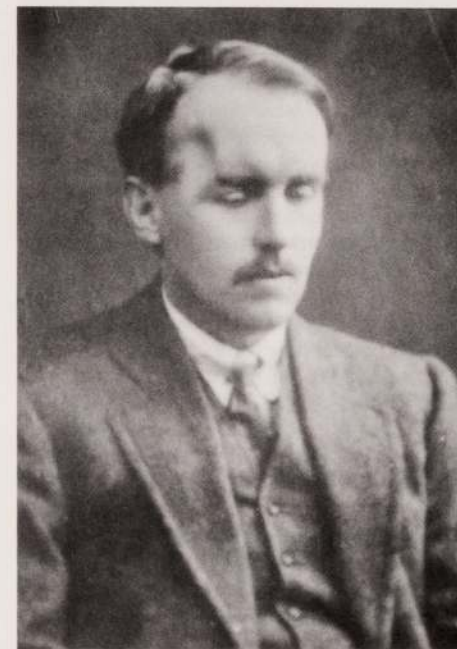
He is married and has an adult son.

ANNIVERSARY OF ONLY VC AWARDED TO A ST. DUNSTANER

The following articles are included to mark the 70th Anniversary of the ending of the Battle of the Somme. The second part of Leo Neasham's article will appear next month.

In this month, on November 8th 1917, Captain Angus Buchanan, a St. Dunstaner, was decorated by King George V at a special investiture in Durdham Down, Bristol, with the award of the Russian Order of St. Vladimir, 4th Class with Swords. In September 1916, the London Gazette carried the citation of the award of the Victoria Cross for his 'most conspicuous bravery' during action at the Falauyah Lines on April 5th 1916.

Capt. Angus Buchanan. Photo kindly lent by W. Alister-Williams.



The citation reads as follows: 'During an attack an Officer was lying out in the open severely wounded about 150 yards from cover. Two men went to his assistance and one of them was hit at once. Captain Buchanan, on seeing this, immediately went out and with the help of the other man, carried the wounded man to cover under heavy machine gun fire. He then returned and brought in the wounded man, again under heavy fire.'

Captain Buchanan was recalled to be the only VC holder blinded during the Great War, by Lord Fraser in his book 'Whereas I was Blind.' He served with the 4th Battalion South Wales Borderers and already in June 1916, by then a Lieutenant, was awarded the MC for his service in Gallipoli. During the same battle where his bravery earned him the VC, he was badly wounded later in the day, and sent to India to recover. He soon returned to his battalion in Mesopotamia and was mentioned in Despatches for his gallantry in action. On February 13th, 1917 he was wounded yet again, this time in the head causing him to lose the sight of both eyes.

He came to St. Dunstan's and learned braille and then in 1919 returned to Jesus College, where he had obtained a scholarship prior to the war, to study law and obtain his degree. (All the time he was at Oxford he actively took part in rowing for the college, despite his blindness.) He was then articled to an Oxford law firm and in February, 1929 was admitted as a solicitor, returning to Coleford to go into partnership. An active man, he enjoyed walking and fishing and became Chairman of the Forest of Dean Golf Club.

Sadly, his health gradually deteriorated and Captain Buchanan, who never married, died on March 1st 1944 and is buried at Coleford Cemetery.

ESCAPE

By Leo Neasham

It was way back in 1916, a long while ago you may say. There is no calendar of the experiences in a man's life, as there is a calendar of his years. The Battle of the Somme had been raging for over three months during which time I had seen action in Mont Bon, July 1st, and Delville Wood on July 12th. The terrible slaughter by the gods of war of those days had reduced the battalion to a mere trickle of its normal strength, 75% of the lads had not returned with us. For a few weeks various activities were a part of life's militarism, and drafts of young men were sent to join us to rebuild those broken ranks and bring the battalion up to its full strength. It was then that we marched some 100 miles or so.

Each battalion boasted a band to precede the column and lead the en avant in maintaining step. It consisted of about 50 lads, who were non-combatant and remained at battalion headquarters, wherever that may be, when we were holding the line. During an attack they became stretcher bearers. On marches they played popular tunes, and the lads would try to cheer up their miserable existence by singing.

About this time, an ecclesiastical dignitary — we were told it was the Archbishop of Canterbury — decided that these bands should play hymn tunes that could be measured in correct time to marching feet, and thus enable the high morale of the troops to be maintained. Such hymns as 'Onward Christian Soldiers', 'Oh Jesus I have promised' and others, too numerous to mention. Certainly, the marching feet seemed firmer and the heavy equipment lighter. The lads gave voice to these familiar honours; they composed their own words, and each repeated tune encouraged another verse of castigation and vituperation on the enemy. Such interpretation of the beautiful poetry, those lovely hymns, must, surely, have shamed the cassock.

And now for the business of war, for that was our real business. On September 26th we moved into the line for the attack on Thiep Val. History, more than I ever could, recorded this terrible event. And we were withdrawn after two or three days, with the vast proportion of the lads never to join us again to share this Armageddon. We were informed that during the first few days of October, the Germans had been frantically digging, or repairing, redoute, a semi-circular earth-work without flanking defences, thus bringing their front line too dangerously near to ours. I was included in the two bayonet teams of ten men each, led, as all attacks I had known on the Somme, by a Lance-Corporal, often given a second stripe making him Acting Corporal, just because it may prove necessary to send in replacements for casualties, or maybe, as carriers of hand grenades. This ridiculousness, because the Officer's little red book clearly states that ten men can be commanded by a Lance-Corporal, or Senior Private, but more than ten, it must be a Corporal.

Instructions were to go through the night in battle order. Any personal goods we may possess (you would know that was very little) were to be placed in the packs — a bag-like monstrosity, carrying anything you may own, and strapped on your back. These packs were to be marked with your identity name and number and handed in at a dug-out on route until you returned.

It was interesting to find the Regimental Sergeant-Major standing at the entrance to this hell-hole, as the packs were being handed in. I had not seen him close at hand before, although I could recognise him from the one who performed in front of the parade and gave us our movement orders. In the half light of early dawn, he seemed a very good-looking man, of about 45 years, and greeted me with a warm smile. He did not speak and so I could not speak to him, but I can always

see him now — a kindly, sympathetic expression on his warm countenance. He must have been realising that we lads were moving away from him to the unknown, as he said very calmly, 'Good luck lads.' I never saw him again in person, but I've seen visions of that moment many times in the years that have passed.

And so we trudge on for the business on hand, which was to break into separate teams, one moving to the left, the other to the right. To approach this Swobbern redoute, as it was called, as full dawn breaks, and jump into this so-described trench from each end, clear out the few German occupants, and hold on until the lads occupying our own front lines could move over and relieve us. Now this excursion was undoubtedly the brain-child of the Sam Brown gang, who would think it out from the comfort of the spacious lounges in their delightful chateau way back 10 miles or so. Maybe our Colonel would be there, if we had a Colonel, I'd not heard of him and certainly never seen him.

When battalion orders appeared posted on a board in the trenches they end with an indecipherable signature followed by rank Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding. But of course, it was all to be so unlike that design exercise. Dawn was now fast approaching. Having crawled some distance in the sea of mud, it seemed wise to find some cover, for a most advanced shell-hole possible, large enough to give hiding to the team. We parted from the other team and followed Ginger, our Corporal into the shell-hole he had selected. It was always full of water, but we could lie on the side and recover our energy sufficiently at least to think. We were about three feet from the periphery of the redoute. We could hear voices of the enemy, a guttural sort of sound, rumbling noise, all around us. We could discern the bodies of the lads lost in the last attack, their pink faces looking upwards. Strange how men fall on their backs, seldom otherwise. They'd not been lying there very long, which was evident from the pinkness of their faces. In about two weeks they would turn green, and after five or six weeks would be black. It was always possible to tell how long ago it

was that they had died. Many, I noticed, were Lancashire Fusiliers.

And so it became necessary to make a dash for our objective. There were no trenches as such, just an enormous bog or morass of deep sticky mud, churned into wet heaps by shelling, and affording little or no protection. However we were there. But it was impossible to follow our intended assault. Ginger took up a position in the centre of the team. The bombers passed their Mills hand-grenades to us first two. The Germans seemed to be buzzing about, at odd moments blue uniforms could be seen, an occasional helmet, and several times the round pillar-box cap they wore. It was an eerie sort of silence just then, no shelling or even rifle-fire. The Jerries had left the flanks of this position and congregated in the centre. We moved along a yard or two and I had hoped to get a little nearer to them. We thought better we first two crawled up behind them and showed the bayonets. Ginger said, 'Try a couple of Mills hand-grenades.' That was a mistaken decision. They were ready, as we were to learn in the next few minutes.

Their hand-grenades were coming over like rain. The lads behind were catching them and hurling them back as we'd often done before. The grenades had a five-second fuse, and if the distance is not too far they can be thrown back, by those who can catch them. It was important to keep heads down. Whilst we wondered what next to do, I don't know, perhaps a half an hour or so had passed away, with each side exchanging hand-grenades — suddenly I noticed, I suppose the others had also, a sniper had climbed out onto the periphery of this redoute, lying down very flat and still. He was about three yards away from me. At that moment a young officer came up. How he had organised himself sufficiently to be interested in this affair I could not imagine, a bravado so unusual without a bravura. I hadn't much time to look at him, but I'd seen him before. He had joined us from England about two days prior to this, I'd heard his name but I am unsure of it now — think it was Preston, or Penrose, something similiar. He had replaced a nice lad, 2nd Lieutenant called Williams whom we had lost at Thiep Val.

Anyhow, there he was, looking very smart in a new light-fawn double-breasted trench coat, complete with epaulettes and rank badges, a new highly-polished green steel helmet with rank star emblazoned on the side. He came and positioned himself beside me, holding a new revolver in his left hand. This seemed unusual but perhaps he was ambidextrous. It was sad- dening to see him there. Maybe his collar-and-tie friends or acquaintances had made him be Orderly Officer for the day as he was a new boy. But who knows, this may be the reason we as some of his platoon were sent on this mission of murder. One of the rules of the game, as defined in the said little red book states clearly that under no circumstances is it permitted to address an officer, unless first addressed by him. I so much wanted to tell him to keep down, to avoid revealing himself to the sniper. He was so vulnerable in this well-dressed state, but I dare not speak because he hadn't spoken to me! He could have shot me for insubor- dination! That revolver, in a shaking hand, looked dangerous.

It seemed important to have a peep at Mr. Sniper. Removing my tin hat, for that was how we described the shrapnel hel- met, my face pressed to a little heap of wet mud, the sniper was clearly visible, from such a short distance. As he lifted his face to reload the rifle, I saw a good-looking young man. He had removed his head- dress to reveal the fair hair of the Aryan race, quite a good camouflage in this mud. Lads passed the word down, 'keep bum- ming, we'll try and get him.' At this the Second-Lieutenant in his nervous excite- ment decided to have a look. With his tin hat still on his head, he stretched up to see further whom the lads referred to. Bang! He rolled back into the trench, out- stretched in the mud. The lads gathered him up under the arms and dragged him away. He was occupying six feet of our standing room, limited standing too it was, and we hadn't space. We didn't want to walk on him. We had walked on several German dead, we hated that, despite the horror of the occasion, it was something we preferred to avoid.

In the years that have passed, I've often relived that moment. It seemed so tragic.

A young life, full of promise, some proud mother's son lost to the world because of a ridiculous order preventing me from warning him. Strange, that in Vera Brit- ten's *Testament of Youth* it is reported that her lover was lost in a very similar manner and could have been saved in that instance, those under his leadership could have warned him. No doubt similar inci- dences have occurred many times over. Can we never learn to listen to experi- ence? Is a superior position always indicative of superior knowledge?

To return to the moment, I was bending down trying to extract the pin from a gre- nade. The finger ring had broken and it needed a thumb and finger grip. All's well. I raised my arm in the usual bowling posi- tion. My head must have come forward. Mr. Sniper was onto it, aimed at my tem- ple, missed, and the bullet went through my arm. The hand-grenade fell. The lad behind pushed me into the mud, picked up the grenade and threw it into the air. It exploded just above us. A very brave act, but those sort of heroics are not recog- nised, unless the officer says so, and our poor lad, he will not say anything to any- body any more.

Now to scramble up. The tin hat had moved over my face, and so a full mouth of this wet mud seemed to be all. Playing around trying to get the mud from my mouth and do something about the arm, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Sniper rolling over on his back. Somebody had got him. Almost immediately an explosion in my face. What now? Perhaps it's mud. No, mud wouldn't hurt so much. I can't see. Whilst trying to gather myself together as it were, Ginger caught me with both hands on the shoulder, 'Rifle? Leave it.' Turning me around he said, 'Go that way, keep in the shallow trench and don't stop.' And so I wandered away. Where was I going? We had come up in the dark of night. I knew not where our own lines were. Carry on I must.

How difficult it always had been to walk in this morass. Now it seemed impossible, especially as I was unable to see the way. Trying to lift the feet, falling down and struggling up again. Yes, I must go on. I must not faint. No, that would court disas- ter. No sound of passersby or voices,

wherever am I? But I must go on. At some moments I could sense a slight shadow of vision. Well, that's something. But it soon faded. It didn't last. How long did I wander there? Seemed no means of telling.

Suddenly the quietness was broken by violent shelling. The Jerries had decided to prevent if possible, the movement in of our supporting troops. They probably thought the whole British Army was attacking, not 20 teenagers! The spray of shrapnel caught me in the leg, fall over into the mud. Oh yes, the right leg was badly shattered. I wasn't able to move. If I lie still a while, perhaps I can stand up again. Wish I had my equipment here. There was some water in that bottle. I must try to think clearly. I thought of my mother, however would she take this? But she will not know, and I hope she never will. I think I can see my mother, in con- versation with a lady to whom I have not spoken. They haven't seen me, they fail to notice me at all. I seem to recognise the little lady, perhaps it's the mother of the Second Lieutenant! No, it cannot be. She's surely no more than 18. Very pretty, and petite, and with lovely dark hair. They move away without even speaking to me.

I was beginning to abandon all hope. Then I overheard the speech of somebody near, yes, it was guttural German. I called out with the loudest voice I could muster. The speech was near, the voices were clearly audible, the language I failed to understand. The voices were coming from more than one person, it seemed a group holding short discussions. Then the voices died away, perhaps they had moved on. No, I hear them again. They have returned. Speaking in short staccato sen- tences. Perhaps I'm a little mentally unbalanced. What was I expecting to hap- pen? The various wounds were causing me distress.

In a few moments some object was thrown near to me. One of them bundled me over onto what appeared to be a stretcher. It was lifted from all corners, and I was moving. There were four of them, because the voices came from the four corners. They must be German pris- oners, heutenbergers. I wondered whether they should pick me up. Probably they had been driven out of the redoute

and sent back by the lads. What a journey! Sometimes I thought I would roll off. Often they dropped the thing, and rested during some shelling. The journey seemed interminable. How long I know not. Time had no meaning. I must have been floating between states of conscious- ness and unconsciousness. I imagined I heard English voices... yes, there were English easily identifiable by soldierly lan- guage. Yes, they were shouting. Such a babble! As to be almost inaudible amongst the distant rumble of exploding shells.

My rescuers dropped me again, which proved to be the last time. English voices came from all around me. I was gently lifted again and conveyed to a dug-out, or similar enclosure. How I wished I could have seen or known my rescuers. That was not to be. I so much wanted to touch their hands, to thank them. But that would be fraternisation with the enemy, an offence punishable by death. All I could do was be grateful, as I have been throughout the long years that have passed. They had saved my life, when their real purpose should have been to destroy it. They must have been exhausted. I was conscious that they were being shouted at, and I suppose, rounded up or marched off, into a prison camp. Even so long after, I sometimes wonder if it actually did happen, or was it a dream?

At that moment I did not actually know where I was, but I soon learned it was a casualty clearing station outside Albert. They had carried me over that awful mud for near three miles. The medical order- lies who had brought me into this enclosure were instructed by a kindly voice that bade them rip open the trouser leg and sleeve. Rough dressings were applied, the attendant presumably a medi- cal officer or doctor spoke very softly. I asked him if he could bathe my eyes and somehow relieve the pain. He regretted that he could not touch that and called for 'the man' to be taken to casualty hospital. Two lads conveyed me to a sort of motor- vehicle, I suppose it was. One stayed with me, the other I presume was the driver. For a period of a half hour or so we jour- neyed to the hospital. I asked what time it was, and was told that it was 7.30 and dark. The way back had taken twelve hours.



Reg Page recording an item being read for the East Sussex Cassette. All photos by David Castleton.

Ways of Life — A Ten Year Record

Reg Page talks to David Castleton

The *East Sussex Cassette* issues two tape magazines each month — amounting to some 1700 to 1800 cassettes. Apart from a team who read the items for recording, the whole project is run by one man and his wife, Reg and Audrey Page, who now live in Bexhill.

Reg is a St. Dunstaner, having been wounded in the battle for Caen soon after D Day, while serving with the 4th Dorsetshire Regiment. This month is the tenth anniversary of the first issue of the *East Sussex Cassette* in 1976.

'It was one of these things that grows on you' explained Reg. 'I was helping, for twelve months, to get the *Heathfield Talking Newspaper* started. When they were off the ground the Guide Dog rep. came to me and said, "Now that you've left the *Heathfield Talking Newspaper* can you possibly help the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association and do a recording?"

Reg recorded their yearly and monthly magazines until they were able to take it over at their headquarters. After the Guide Dogs took over their own magazine I was more or less redundant so in November, 1976 I began to record a Christmas programme, for nobody in particular. It was good enough to send out, I thought, so I sent it to about 23 local blind people.

The response was fantastic — people said you'll never keep this standard up and others said can we look forward to some more. This got me thinking — why shouldn't I? I'm interested in doing recordings and if I can help these people then I would like to.'

The 23 listeners more than doubled to 50 in the next month. In those days Reg lived in Cross-in-Hand, his equipment consisted of two ordinary tape recorders. His copies were made on these machines for the first year of his project: 'At the Lil-

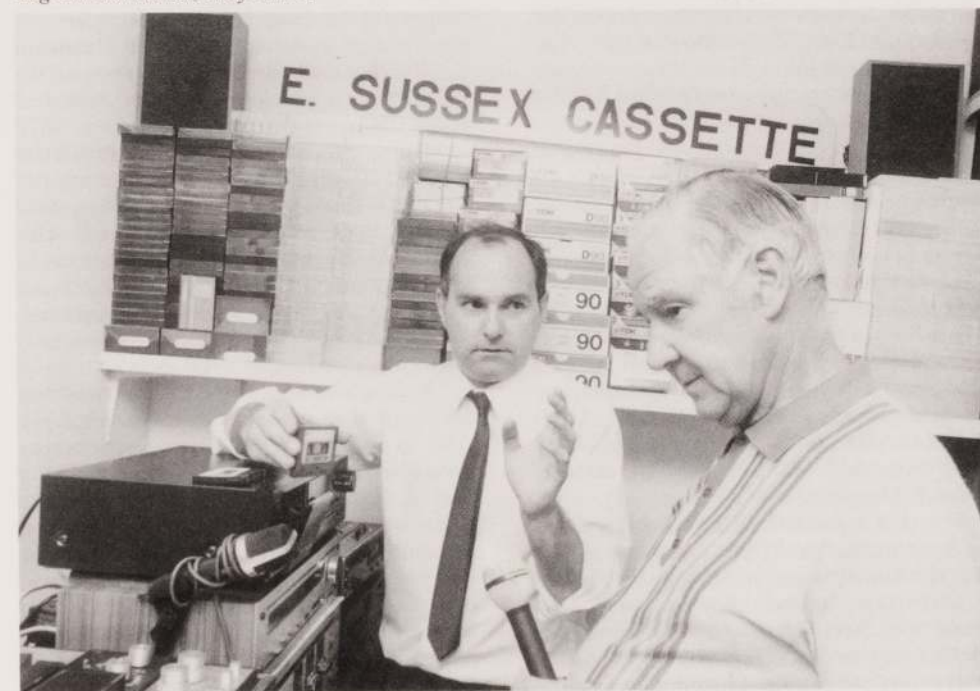
acs we had so much to do. We had a big house and nearly two acres of ground to look after and when it got near the end of the month I hadn't even started copying. I used these two tape recorders and I'd put the alarm on, go to bed and get up about every two hours to switch off, put some more tapes on and then back to bed again. So people weren't going to be disappointed and would get their tapes on time through their letter boxes.'

After twelve months of this Reg decided he must have a fast copier. 'In the second year I thought, well, I don't spend a lot of money on myself, I'll buy myself a fast copier because I enjoy what I'm doing and this to me was a treat to have a fast copier.' This was when Tony Packer came to deliver Reg's first Wollensak copier. 'He's been my engineer and adviser ever since. His advice is second to none and he has guided me so much with my recordings. I had never been trained to do recording, I'd never been trained to operate a machine until I met Tony. He has been wonderful to us, he really has.'

The *East Sussex Cassette* title came as a

result of the rapid growth of the project: 'One morning I had a telephone call. It was the Postmaster at Heathfield and he said, "Mr. Page, we are noticing that you are sending a lot of wallets through the post which are marked articles for the blind. Did you know you must be registered to do this?" I went down to see him and we had a chat about what I was intending to do and he asked how many of these I would be sending out. I said, "About 100 if that's all right with you." That would be all right he said but if it went over 100 to let him know. Well, within a month I was back again saying I was well over the 100 and he explained that I must register. "They're all going through the post as Reg Page and we can't have that. We must have an organisation. Can you give me a name?" I thought, well, I'm living in East Sussex and I'm doing a cassette, "Can I call it *East Sussex Cassette*?" He said "We'll call it what you like, and when you get the real name let me know." Well, *East Sussex Cassette* caught on so well that we never did change it — and that was decided in two seconds!'

Reg with his adviser, Tony Packer.



From early on Reg was careful that his magazine should not stray into local news. He has a national circulation and leaves local affairs to the many Talking Newspapers. His tape begins with a chapter from a book — the first was a James Herriot story and he still publishes the work of this author: 'My wife, who is secretary, wrote to the publisher to clear copyright permission. We wrote to Decca who said no, we can't do that. So, not taking no for an answer, we wrote to James Herriot himself, explaining what we were doing and he gave us his blessing and said we could read as many of his books as we wished. So we are still reading them ten years later.'

Reg and Audrey select items from periodicals, and overseas news from the national press. A team of some 14 sighted readers record these items for the general interest magazine under the title 'Come With Us' and for another cassette they simply call 'Church Magazine.'

'We used to finish our magazine with a little prayer or talk of a religious nature and we called it 'Thought for the Month.' People wrote and said could we have a little longer of that? So we lengthened it up to 15 or 20 minutes but then other people wrote saying we'd cut other things out so I thought I've pleased one and upset the other. We'll cut that out and have a separate church magazine and this has been a terrific winner.'

Outings with Listeners

Reg and Audrey have always enjoyed a personal contact with their blind listeners. Four or five times a year they organise a visit to the Tunbridge Wells Salvation Army for about 50 people. 'The Salvation Army pay all expenses and they give all our people a lovely tea.' The Salvation Army entertain their visitors with a concert which Reg records and this and other contributions from the Army are used in Church Magazine.

'On side one of the Church Magazine, we have a church service recording from the Methodist Church, Hailsham, Sussex — featuring the minister, organist and choir, who combine choir practice with a special service for the *East Sussex Cassette*, with our blind listeners foremost in mind.

Several months ago we received from them an invitation to take along as many blind people as possible, for an afternoon of hymn singing, followed by afternoon tea. This attracted many of our listeners throughout E. Sussex, and even some from Kent — the church was full to capacity. This being a very memorable and emotional occasion for all concerned. We are so very grateful to the ministers and members of this church, who have loyally supported us over the past ten years.

A second minister from Hastings, Dr. the Rev. Owen Brandon, who is himself very disabled, and now retired, heard of our work and kindly offered his services. Over the years his wonderful talks have been a great inspiration, comfort and support to all of our listeners who receive the Church Magazine. He also invited our local listeners to visit his church at St. Leonards-on-Sea, a church of great interest and individuality. Church members and helpers, acting as guides and escorts took small groups of our listeners around the church, explaining the many unique structural features. This was followed by a very welcome cup of tea and biscuits, provided by Mrs. Brandon and the lady helpers of the church. We give our sincere thanks and gratitude to Owen Brandon for his devoted work over the years. We consider it an honour to have met and worked with him.'

Producing two tape magazines with the large circulation they have, means a lot of work for just two people so Reg and Audrey have to be well organised: 'The first fortnight of each month we are looking for good material for both our tapes. The third and fourth week of every month we are compiling the master tape and doing the copying.'

Their readers' recordings are compiled on Reg's super seven series Ferrograph. 'This is an open reel or reel-to-reel tape. We have a digital counter on the machine and we keep the material going until the digits reach 1400. Now, we mustn't go past this number because if we do the cassette will not be long enough. We turn the tape over and record all the way back to zero again.'

Unfortunately the exact length of C90 tape cassettes can vary. This is an annoy-

ing problem,' says Reg, which he overcomes by leaving routine announcements to the end, 'We may say next month we've got so-and-so coming on and if the tape is short the listeners haven't lost anything — because they will hear the items next month.'

'The master is on open reel and we transfer it on to cassette. Now I take an evening off and I play it to myself and pull it to pieces wherever I think I should. Next day, I put it right, recording from cassette to cassette and then that becomes the master tape.'

Magic Mixer

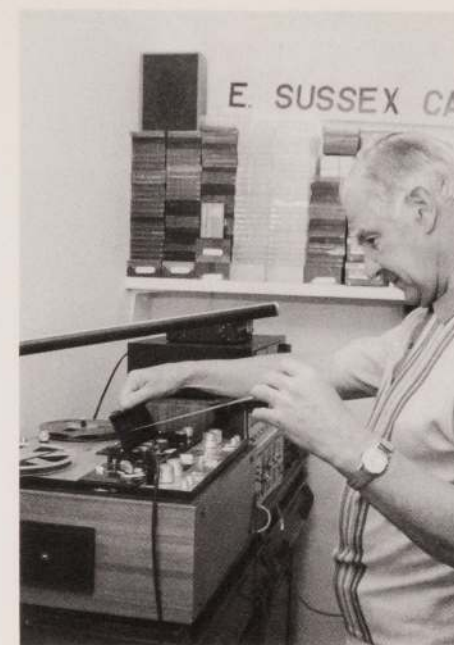
Reg has an excellent mixer-unit for compiling his masters. It enables him to use taped material sent in by his readers — ironing out inconsistencies in the recordings. 'We often get a person sending a tape in to us saying, "Well, I hope you can use it because I shall never get this one again." We put it through this magic mixer and they write back and say, "Well, surely, I didn't recognise my own voice, it was so clear.'

Finally comes the hardest part the copying. Reg has two Wollensak master machines with three slave units. Working on his own, Reg uses only one master unit — giving, in all, 11 copying positions. 'Unless somebody comes in and says they want to help. Then they can use the other master to do another two copies.'

Reg and Audrey give a great deal of their time to the *East Sussex Cassette*. 'I'd say I give the full month. My wife does all the book work, the clerical side of it and over and above that, the masses of broken tapes that are returned each month. It's nothing to get 50 tapes back in one month. These would cost us £1 each, so she pulls back £50 each month for us to keep going. She works very hard really.'

The Pages finance the *East Sussex Cassette* themselves. 'The better off listeners say you are not paying for my tapes and my wallet. Others send a donation each year — and between us, well, we manage.'

The first big public assistance in their ten years of operation has come from the Young Farmers Club of Hailsham. 'Knowing our tenth anniversary was coming up



Reg gets the master tape ready.

the Young Farmers got together and I am not sure how much money they have raised but already they have supplied us with a brand new, right up to date, cassette recorder with a microphone to suit that recorder. They've given us about 125 TDK tapes and a most beautiful electronic typewriter for Audrey. We're very proud now that we have this lovely equipment. It is a gigantic step forward for the *East Sussex Cassette* and it is wonderful that these young people do such good work.'

For ten years the Pages have been bringing interest and entertainment into the lives of blind men and women. 'We get a tremendous amount of correspondence which keeps Audrey busy and I'm sure that new typewriter will be working as hard as we are, because there is so much letter-writing to do. The listeners have little queries and they give suggestions and there's so much to it that it's very, very enjoyable and, really, I feel that I've got a family around me. Any sounds I like, I want to put on to recording and it's such a joy to get people's reactions. This is really the reward — the people's reactions. Now we have moved to Bexhill there are a num-



Making copies on the Wollensak fast copiers.

ber of people who knock on the door or phone and say, "Welcome to Bexhill." It's a lovely thought, very kind. It's lovely doing my job, you know, I really do enjoy it.'

Here are some of the comments that

prove so rewarding:

What a lovely ten years we have had from the East Sussex Cassette — a very big 'thank you' for all the wonderful magazines on tape over the years.'

Ron and May, Doncaster

Thank you very much for the tapes. I really do enjoy having them. As I live on my own they give me many happy hours of listening.

Sylvia Thompson, Worthing

We are really grateful and trust you may continue to provide enjoyment to people like my wife for a long time to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Moate, Eastbourne

We are grateful for your decade of dedication and hard labour — but we know you are one of the saints at St. Dunstan's.

Stan Harding, Bexhill-on-Sea

It must be a great blessing to know that you give so many people so much pleasure and I'm looking forward to the next ten years.

Ruth Warwick, Newick

AMATEUR RADIO WEEKEND

September 19th — 21st

By Ted John

Most of the members attending the meetings at Ian Fraser House arrived at Ovingdean on Friday 19th in glorious sunshine — something that had been missing for some time! On this occasion, too, there was what is known in the fraternity as a 'lift' on. To the uninitiated, this means that communications normally limited to 'line of sight' went over the top, as a result of which contacts were made with French stations and others in Devon and Cornwall. This set the beginning of what turned out to be a most enjoyable and rewarding weekend.

On Saturday morning, members met to discuss the Society's activities and hopes for the future. Suggestions were put for-

ward for visits in 1987 to the Radio Establishment at Warminster, the Science Museum in London (which has its own radio society), and the Radio Museum at Arraton Manor on the Isle of Wight. The possibility of a day trip to France was also under consideration. The meetings of the Society in 1987 have been confirmed for the following dates: March 28th (AGM), July 25th and October 17th. In view of the popularity of the new married quarters, all those intending to be present should reserve their accommodation with Mrs. Tina Coyne at HQ as soon as possible. It is anticipated that an outing will take place at either the July and/or October meeting. This will depend entirely on the

response. Those interested should contact the Chairman, Ted John.

Guests arrived for pre-lunch drinks, and a total of 40 persons were entertained to a superb lunch in the Winter Garden. Many compliments were paid to the chef and to all those who helped to make the occasion so memorable. After luncheon, the Society paid tribute to Mr. Norman French, who retired from St. Dunstan's in July, although he is still devoting some of his time to Headquarters. Norman was made an Honorary Life Member of the Society in 1976 as a mark of respect and gratitude, and was awarded the G3 MOW Memorial Trophy for 1978 for being the person who had done the most for the Society in that year. It did not, of course, finish there.

In his speech, the Chairman said that the name of Norman French was a household word amongst St. Dunstaners and elsewhere, and everyone in the St. Dunstan's amateur radio fraternity had benefited from his guidance and assistance in every respect. Whenever a problem arose, the first thing that Norman says is 'Can I help you?', and this is a wonderful attitude towards one's job, although in Norman's case it is truly a calling. Norman has always encouraged us

Ted John presenting a gift, on behalf of the Amateur Radio Society, to Norman French.



Norman French speaking afterwards.

both as a Society and individuals in our hobby and endeavours. As a token of gratitude for all he had done to nurture and stimulate an interest in amateur radio, the Society presented him with a beautiful crystal decanter on which the Society's badge is engraved, and a substantial cheque to buy something he needs and will use. Norman and Marie were also presented with the necessary ingredients to have a drink together! The Society was privileged to have his company and support and hoped that he would have and enjoy a long and happy retirement. Norman responded in his inimitable fashion and gave an assurance that he would put all his gifts to very good use — particularly the liquid ones!

After the ceremony, which was a most delightful occasion, everyone assembled in the annexe for a lecture on 'Police Communications Today' by ex-Superintendent Mike Welch of the Sussex Police, who was now Network Manager of Communications for that Force. What he had to tell created a great deal of interest as it was not often one had the opportunity of hearing about particular aspects of police work at 'close quarters'. It was most enlightening, too, to learn of the pioneering spirit of the Sussex Police, which has



George Cole operating in morse.

led the field in innovations which are now in practice in other police forces through-

out the country. It was good to be in his company, and expressions of appreciation were passed to him for giving up his time and taking the trouble to visit us. Mike was accompanied by Des Chandler, a St. Dunstaner who works on the switchboard at Police Headquarters at Lewes, and of whom Mike spoke very highly for the efficient manner in which he carried out his duties. Very commendable to receive such praise.

During the weekend, communication was established with countries not previously contacted and George Cole spent some very happy hours with his morse putting the name of the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society on the air. It was a most pleasant weekend and gave much pleasure to us all.

The Society is most appreciative of all the co-operation and assistance received from Commander Conway and all his staff, which contributed to the success of the weekend.

St. Dunstan's Bowlers play National and International Matches

By Ted Brown

Hastings

As we arrived in Hastings on a beautiful August Bank Holiday afternoon, we all thought we were going to have a good week's weather, but not a bit of it. We got our first surprise though when we arrived at our hotel to find it had been taken over by a family from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia; they were quite charming and everyone seemed to get on well together. After dinner we went out for a walk in the lovely evening air and called in at a club to have a couple of drinks. Then things seemed to change, yes, it was raining fast, and not having any macs or brollies with us we had to go back by taxi.

Sunday morning soon put us in a good mood, yes the sun was shining, and did so all day. The tournament started off well,

late but well. It was opened by the Mayoress of Hastings and she was quite a live wire. She wished everybody a good and happy tournament. The triples were the first to get off, and this trophy was won by the St. Dunstan's triples. As from Monday morning the tail end of Hurricane Charlie took over — we were never out of our wet suits right up until Friday morning. We have never played in such wind and rain, and at one stage it had to be called off two hours before the end of the day, and believe me, it's the first time I've been held down by my wet top to bowl! It was atrocious. The times our hats went flying almost into space — it's a good job we thought it was funny, or we could have packed up and returned home, but every-

one stuck to it and I must congratulate everyone on the skill shown under those dreadful conditions, and for their perseverance. The four bowlers between them got two trophies and two prizes, and that can't be bad. Well done everyone.

The evenings were rather quiet as they were governed by the weather; we had been out in it all day, and we didn't think it a good thing to go out in it when it wasn't necessary. Trophies were evenly distributed among the various clubs that took part, and quite a number of new bowlers won this time which is very good for the tournaments. After the prize-giving ceremony my wife and I had to leave Hastings immediately to get home in time for cutting the grass and packing another suitcase for the next tournament — more about that later. The remainder of our bowlers and wives were joined by another group and taken to Lowestoft on the Saturday morning.

I would like to go back to the Hastings tournament for just a few minutes as I think it's important that you should all know something. All the year round our wives look after us in the home and whenever we go out anywhere, and I'm sure St. Dunstan's wives are all the same, but I think we bowlers have something else besides that. Our wives dedicate their time while we are away bowling by helping us on the green whenever we are playing, which can be all day on numerous occasions. The point I would like to make here is this: if they hadn't been on the greens helping some, marking others and giving help to bowlers who hadn't any help at all; if they hadn't been at Hastings this year it would be the truth if I said — without them the tournament would have been called off, because there was no more help available. Congratulations ladies, you deserve it.

Lowestoft

It is very seldom during any bowling season that you go through the year and finish up with weather worse than when you started, but I'm sad to relate that this is true of 1986. Apparently this year they had most of the seasons in one week: cold rain, wind, and one day it was so cold and hailed so hard the markers walked off so

the bowlers had to follow. I don't think I've ever bowled in hailstorms, and I'm pleased really I wasn't there. But apart from all that there were 80 competitors taking part this year, and I don't think it will ever lose its popularity as it is so friendly and relaxed, and the social side in the evenings is first class.

Regarding the bowling, this is the only tournament where the totally blind bowlers have only the one competition, and that is their singles. All the others such as the two wood pairs, the two wood triples and the four wood singles are all open competitions, but what I know of the totally blind bowlers they hold their own in most of them and do very well, I admire them more than any others. When I was told that 80 bowlers were there, I said to myself, 'It's a good job 80 didn't turn up at Hastings or we would still be playing!' They have it well organised now, after putting the wrongs right when it mattered, and now things go with a swing, or sometimes, with the wind.

The reception is held in the Victoria Hotel which is quite close to the bowling greens, and apart from the presentation of prizes it is very unusual — instead of getting a replica of the trophy, you are given a handsome present which you can use at your leisure. At the end of the speeches a representative from every club says a few words to all those gathered in the ballroom, and to hear the different ways that people can say thank you and mean it is marvellous. And for those who have any energy left there is dancing of different sorts and, of course, a farewell drink with your special friends. The trophies for the first time were won by more different clubs this year than ever before: Greenwich, Norwich, Carlisle, Blackpool, St. Dunstan's and West Suffolk. I'm sure everyone will have gone home satisfied, even the losers because it's participation that counts, and if you win it is an added bonus.

This is especially for those who take up bowling from now on. Please make yourselves known to Jock Carnochan, and he will, I'm sure, put you in touch with any of the regular bowlers. Or better still, join the Brighton Sports and Social Club, they have a bowling section in that and I'm sure

will make you feel at home. It's great fun and can relax you quicker than most things, come on chaps, HAVE A GO.

International Bowling against Wales in Penarth

Composing oneself ready for an international bowls tournament is hard enough in itself, but when you have just had a battering from gale force winds and two days later you are on your way to play for your country, it isn't funny when you set off from home in the pouring rain, and we did just that on September 1st. By the time we arrived it had gone off a little but had turned very cold. However, as soon as all the team arrived at the hotel and was settled in, we had a team meeting, and a practice was on. So after a very light lunch and pint, we made our way to the green where, to my horror, the groundsman had put 6-foot lengths of canvas level with the back of the mat which meant that when you delivered your bowl, it went the first five feet on the canvas, and believe me it was anybody's guess as to the green you got at the other end. It certainly made a difference for the first few ends, but as the rain eased off the bowling got better I'm glad to say, and at the end of the afternoon everyone seemed to be satisfied, including the manager. On returning to the hotel, we showered and changed, then made our way to the bar for a pre-dinner drink, which I can assure you was more than welcome. Tales were exchanged by various members of the party during and after dinner, and we had one or two surprise visitors which made the time go very quickly.

We left early the next morning to arrive at the Welsh Leisure Centre, Sophia Gardens, Cardiff. And what a place! For fit people it's ideal, but not for visually handicapped: there are more stairs, door twists and turns than in any one of the mazes in Blackpool. And it's the first building I've been in where you have to go up to the second floor to get to the first, and as the lift only went to the second floor you had to go down to the floor below that to get to the third. It's because of the amount of badminton, squash and basket-ball courts, and a large swimming pool. Half of them seemed to be at the same end as our

rooms, but we managed it quite well after the first evening. We met quite a number of our Welsh friends from two years ago, and some that we had met at Swansea in May this year, and they send their best wishes to all their friends here in England.

The tournament went off very well indeed, except for the start when it was suddenly too cold and it rained a little, but after that it took pity on us all, the sun came out and you couldn't believe it was the same place. It turned glorious right to the end, in fact one or two of us got a little sun tan just to cover up the rust we acquired before. The Mayoress of Penarth opened the tournament, and closed it with the presentation of trophies to both teams.

I'm sorry I almost forgot to tell you that England won by four matches and the shots were, for those who are interested: England — 483, Wales — 408. A very good win this time. I can also tell you that only two players got maximum points in the whole tournament — Joan Howard and myself, Ted Brown. We happened to be mixed pairs partners, and I must say everyone did very well. But what a relief when it was all over. We had to change rather quickly into our greys and blazers, board the bus where both teams and officials went to a civic reception in Cardiff's city hall, a magnificent building and just as impressive inside. The meal was absolutely marvellous, they treated us like heroes and I do believe that a great deal more will be done in Wales for the visually handicapped bowlers in the future.

Now that the outside bowling is over for this season, I would like to congratulate all the bowlers that took part in the tournaments this year, and don't forget lads, win or lose, keep plugging away and you will get there in the end. I would also like to thank the committee of the St. Dunstan's national club, and especially Mrs. Joan Osborne for standing in as Secretary and Treasurer since last November. Believe me, without her help and efficiency I doubt if we would have got half the things done this year, so if I forgot you in my last report Joan, I'm terribly sorry dear, it wasn't intentional. Looking forward to seeing you all in the 1986 St. Dunstan's indoor championships.



The medal presented to Ernie for '70 years loyal service to St. John's Boxmoor Choir' — these words are inscribed on the reverse. Photos: Carolyn Howell.

70 YEARS A CHOIRBOY

St. Dunstaner, Ernie Hannant, of Hemel Hempstead, joined the choir of St. John's Church, Boxmoor, close to his eighth birthday in December 1915, and has been singing ever since.

His years of loyalty were honoured at a surprise presentation in his church, after a service one morning in December 1985 when the Vicar read out numerous letters of congratulations including one from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then the congregation rose to give him a standing ovation.

'I was overcome. All I could say was thank you and God Bless you, I was almost in tears' said Mr. Hannant, who was also presented with an inscribed medal for faithful service from the Royal School of Music and a lamp from his fellow singers. 'I have enjoyed my 70 years and am still enjoying it, I love singing,' he says. He remembers that choirboys were paid 1/2d a service in the days when he started, and in the many years that followed he has seen five vicars and countless choirmasters come and go.



Mr. Hannant, now 78, served abroad with the R.A.F. during the Second World War but still sang with choirs and joined the St. John's Choristers whenever he came home on leave. In 1944 he suffered a head injury in Egypt, and as a result has hardly any vision at all, but his memory is so good that it has not been detrimental to his singing.

15 members of his family, including his wife, Gwendoline, attended the event and he made the front cover of his local paper, the *Hemel Hempstead Gazette* and featured in other local papers and the *Church Times* as well. He was also interviewed by the local Chiltern Radio who, he says, are fully expecting to attend the future anniversary of his '100 years in the choir!' Besides singing, Mr. Hannant enjoys several other hobbies including bowling and bridge and has done typing and cookery courses at IFH. For the last two years he has attended the Daedulus Camp holiday and was very pleased this year to enjoy the opportunity of a trip in a glider and also being winched up by a helicopter in a 'helicopter rescue' demonstration!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Michael Campion, Southall, Middx. I refer to your In Memory columns on the back page of the *St. Dunstan's Review*, July 1986.

Thank you for your comments about my late father, A.E.V. Campion. For the record, we would like to say that my father was awarded his M.B.E. for services to the (then) Ministry of Labour and National Service where he had been Honorary General Secretary, Ministry of Labour Benevolent Fund, for 20 years. He did not receive his award for services to the Labour Party, as quoted in your memorandum.

From Mrs. 'Bun' Reed, Farnham

To all at St. Dunstan's, I thought I must write to say a big thank you to all those who have given such great service to myself and my late husband, George Reed, over the past years, thank you. And thank you for many reunions that we have attended over the years where we have been re-acquainted with old friends and made new friends. I would also like to express gratitude and appreciation to all St. Dunstaners and staff who have written to me expressing their sympathy over the loss of my husband. God Bless St. Dunstan's. Thanking you all.

From Mrs. H.F. Ritchie (Verna Johnson), Canadian Red Cross, Ontario

Have been going to write this letter for several months to let you know how my husband and I enjoyed our spring holiday in England.

Being a former V.A.D. and handicraft teacher in Church Stretton, I wanted my husband to see the village where I was stationed. My husband, a veteran with the Toronto Scottish Regiment had never really seen the nice parts of England and this was his first trip back in 40 years.

We spent a few days with Peggy & Eric Foster in Barnsley and they really showed us around Yorkshire (I'd never been in that part of England before). Then we took off for Edinburgh as Herb spent all his leaves there as a Scottish family had

practically adopted him. The city has changed but we had a look round and had two day trips, one to Sterling and one to St. Andrews. Had to see the famous golf course (we play golf) but did not get the chance to play it. Then on to Chester. I'd been there several times but Herb had not, so wanted him to see the old Roman town. So we walked the wall as all good visitors do.

Then on to Church Stretton where Peggy and Eric joined us for the day. We found the village very changed, the station is gone, a fire hall was built where the training centre used to be. The countryside was just as lovely as ever and the village has some lovely new homes. We stayed at the Longmynd Hotel and it also has changed. They have covered the verandah in and there is now a bar there. Also an outdoor heated swimming pool. Herb has heard me talk about the village so often that now he can understand why. We did most of our travelling by British Rail and really made good use of it.

Then we went to North Devon to visit Em and Tom Daborn and their children and grandchildren. Had never been in that part either so we really enjoyed the visit. Em and Tom are super hosts. They have been out to Canada several times and have relatives living in Toronto and nearby. Then we went to London and had planned to stay for several days but found the city so changed and so expensive that we left for Brighton. London is not London anymore.

We went to visit St. D's in Brighton as I wanted Herb to see the centre. He was surprised to find Wally Thomas working in the handicraft room. (Wally had worked with me in handicrafts in Stretton). He was really surprised to see us. Also had a visit with Gordon Smith another friend from Stretton days. The Staff there were so kind to us and we do thank them. We also visited Pearson House and Matron Goodwin was kind enough to have a short visit with us (on her day off). Then we were off to Bedford to visit another friend. Then back to Barnsley and Peggy and Eric took

us back to Manchester airport for our trip home. The day before we were to leave the staff at the airport went on strike but thank goodness it was just a one day strike.

It was lovely to see so much of the countryside. Very green, lots and lots of sheep (we don't seem to have many sheep in Ontario). Herb had been stationed in Hove before going to the continent so we had to have a look around to see if he could remember the area. He could not remember the name of the pub the boys used to visit but could remember the owner's name "Mr. Smith".

When we got home we had a visit with Eleanor and Joe Johnson and also Virginia Pearson Pincombe. They were glad to see our pictures and hear all the news of friends in England. Eleanor and Joe are in England right now and Virginia in Scotland and Ireland. Will be anxious to hear all about their holidays too.

I enjoy getting the *Review* and getting news of friends. I pass it on to Eleanor when I've read it. Want to send congratulations to Colin Beaumont-Edmonds and Michael Norman in South Africa. They were both in Church Stretton while I was there.

Please thank Matron Goodwin and the staff at Brighton for making our visit so pleasant. My best to all St. Dunstaners and thank you England for a lovely holiday.

From Harry Wheeler, Ian Fraser House.

On September 7th I celebrated my 90th birthday and I am in a quandary regarding how to thank all St. Dunstaners who so kindly sent me a card and good wishes. It has been impossible to thank all concerned and I wonder whether I could, through the *Review*, convey my heartfelt thanks to all who so kindly and generously sent their greetings.

From Eric Ward-Rowe, Poulton-le-Fylde

As Chairman of Disabled '86 I recently visited Brussels and the Commission of the European Communities where I talked especially to the Head of Bureau for Action in Favour of Disabled People, who made it clear that 'the needs of dis-

abled people — whether physically or mentally disabled — are a declared priority in the social policy of the European Community, and will remain the case in the future'.

European action for the disabled covers all aspects of these needs — education, health and welfare, vocational training, employment, housing, mobility — 'indeed, everything that contributes to a full, active and independent life'.

The Community acts in three different ways:—

- (1) Politically — By introducing guidelines for national policies covering the needs of disabled people. This year the Council adopted a Recommendation on the Employment of Disabled people, and next year the European Commission will introduce guidelines on mobility, access and housing problems, to be followed by European guidelines on social security and benefits.
- (2) Actively — By promoting co-operation and information. The Commission's "Handynet" project, for example, is aimed to set up a network of national and regional data bases — such as Disabled '86 seeks to set up in this country — on disability problems throughout the European Community.
- (3) Financially — above all through the European Social Fund.

I was told in Brussels: 'The Fundamental value of the European initiative and of the European institutions is that it is independent of the limitations of local and national policies, and of short-term government strategies. It can insist on long-term effective policies which do not sacrifice the needs and status of citizens who are underprivileged, through no fault of their own, simply because of specific disabilities.'

From Jimmy Wright, Shepperton

I am at long last able to give you a total figure raised by the eleven runners who took part in the 1986 London Marathon and were sponsored in aid of the Royal School for the Blind Development Appeal, Leatherhead. The total amount raised was £3347.75 and Gerry Jones who was escorted by P.C. Maurice Saddington,

Letters continued

contributed £747.00 towards this splendid amount.

It's interesting to note that two World War II veterans were among the team: Peter Neilson of the Runnymede Runners, who has run for the Royal School on previous occasions, and who was an Air

Gunner with the RAF Bomber Command; and Dr. Lesley Glazkh, a Polish doctor, who served with the Polish Army contingent, ran for the Royal School for the first time this year.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking those St. Dunstaners who kindly sponsored Gerry Jones.

TRIBUTES

Miss J. Outing

It is with sadness we report the death of Miss J. Outing, Welfare Superintendent (Southern Area) at St. Dunstan's for nine years, who passed away on September 3rd.

Miss Outing left St. Dunstan's in 1957 to join a Religious Order, the Monastery of the Visitation in Partridge Green, where she was known as Sister Joanna. While at St. Dunstan's she was considered a firm friend and capable adviser, and we offer sympathy to her Sisters in the Order.

Canadian St. Dunstaner

S.H. Emmerson

We regret to announce the death of Sidney Herrell Emmerson, a Canadian St. Dunstaner, on May 22nd, aged 91.

Mr. Emmerson arrived in Canada from England at the age of 17 and joined the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles, proceeding to France in September 1915. He was wounded in March 1916, invalided to England and returned to France after five months. He then served with the Canadian Light Horse and was present at the battle of the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Passendale and Amiens. Mr. Emmerson suffered mustard gas wounds on November 10th 1918. Upon returning to Canada he joined the R.N.W.M.P. in 1919. He served in the Force until retiring with the rank of Sergeant in 1944.

He was predeceased by his wife and two sons, and leaves his daughter, Gwendolin Down and her family to whom we offer sympathy.

FREE TAPE RECORDED LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

The Free Tape Recorded Library for the Blind, based in Maidenhead, Berkshire, have informed us that St. Dunstaners who would like to make use of this facility, would be most welcome.

The list of programmes, available on compact cassette, include: *Interviews* with famous people and with people not so famous and cover many subjects, factual, fictitious and literary, for example — H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, Daphne du Maurier, an unknown hippie, clairvoyant, Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, Richard Dufton (member of St. Dunstan's council), Sir Brian Horrocks, the Loch Ness Monster — to name but a few; *Music* tapes, mostly classical but also include film and theatre music; *Visits* to all sorts of places — Lourdes, Tate & Lyle, USA Holidays, Tutankhamen Exhibition, Benskins Brewery and ancient maltings, Holloway Prison, Brownsea Island, Majorca, Far East, New Scotland Yard — just too many to mention!; *Books* also include a variety of subjects, fiction and non-fiction; *The Forces and Miscellaneous* — Akrotiri (RAF), Blitz, Handley Page Story, Jousting in the Tower of London, The Origin of Surnames, and so on and so on; and then there are also tapes available on *Plays, Railway & Preservation Societies, Services for the Blind, Ships and Wildlife* — the list is quite exhausting!

For the full list (the organisation prefer it if you can quote title and number of at least 25 choices when ordering) and details, please write to Ron Hall, B.E.M., Producer, Free Tape Recorded Library for the Blind, 26 Laggan Road, Maidenhead, Berkshire, SL6 7JZ. Telephone: (0628) 20014.

READING TIME by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 4498

The Dreamer Of The Vine

By Liz Greene

Read by William Abney

Reading Time 12 hours

He was born in 1502 and christened Michel de Notre Dame. The baptism was a matter of expediency. The family were Jewish and the King of France had decreed that all Jews must accept the Only True Faith — or die.

Michel was an outstandingly brilliant child and studied medicine and astrology, first with his grandfather and then at Avignon. At nineteen he qualified as a doctor. France was ravaged by the plague and he was credited with many cures. While still in his early twenties he was awarded the chair of medicine at his university.

GARDENERS' VISIT TO THE COTSWOLDS

By Joe Humphrey

The apprehension with which 70 people viewed the prospect of a week spent visiting different English gardens at the back end of the worst summer for years, having made a firm commitment ten months beforehand, was, to say the least, daunting. Jumpers, raincoats and warm headgear were packed and lo and behold, the angel who arranges the weather must surely have been a St. Dunstaner! Not only was an anti-cyclone forecast but it arrived and persisted to give us the hottest sunshine and clearest nights of the whole year.

St. Dunstan's Gardening Club descended on the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester from all quarters during the third week in September, to be introduced to the pleasant halls of residence and their social rendezvous, the four centuries-old tithebarn with its beautifully vaulted roof, modern furnishings, and huge, inviting log fire, all obviously steeped in history.

The first morning we met our principal guide for the week, College lecturer, Mr. Ray Churchill, who is not only a tremen-

He stayed only a short time at the university. He travelled the length and breadth of France, curing the sick and achieving great eminence as the greatest astrologer and prophet in the world.

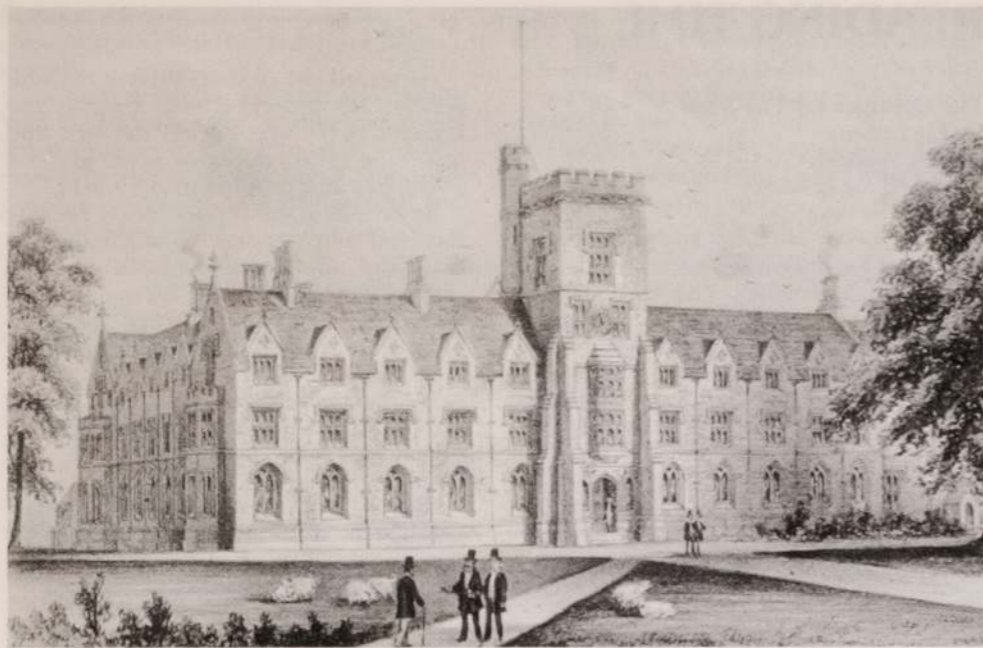
As a result of this reputation he became involved, much against his will, in the violent and dangerous politics of 16th century France. Skilfully he managed to walk the delicate tightrope between powerful warring factions fighting for the crown.

He died peacefully in his bed, an old man, leaving behind an awesome reputation as one of the greatest prophets of all time.

This is a most readable book, the 'fictionalised autobiography' of a truly remarkable 16th century French savant who became known as Nostradamus.

dous mine of information, but imparts it all endlessly in the most interesting manner interspersed with amusing anecdotes, like the blacksmith who insisted on himself erecting the weather vane he had made for the steeple of a new church. Having done it he fell to his death, partly because he had taken a few stiff drinks to enable his nerves to withstand the rigour of the climb. He was buried where he fell in the churchyard and upon his tombstone appears the letter 'O' twice — purported to be the last words which passed his lips.

On our first visit to Pusey House, near the village of Pusey in Berkshire, we met the delightful gardener whose name is Mr. Cotton. He told us about the lovely rainbow border through the centre of which visitors walk on entering, and the 20 acres of landscaped garden giving a beautiful vista of the downs, in the foreground of which are two acres of lake, containing carp. There is an attractive walled garden known as Lady Emily's Garden. On the way to Pusey we crossed the River Thames near the first lock from the source where a



A reproduction of a hand-coloured print — circa 1865 — of the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

statue of old Father Thames can be seen in the lock-keeper's garden.

The next day was the highlight of the week for most of us when we visited Blenheim Palace. We were privileged to gain admission before the general public and were impressed by the extra-ordinary beauty of the house and its decor, and also by the lucid stories of the history given by the guide. We saw the bedroom where Winston Churchill was born and the Temple of Diana where he proposed to his future bride — he afterwards referred to these events as the two great decisions of his life which were made at Blenheim. One of the loveliest rooms of all is the 183-foot long library, its pastel coloured ceiling enhancing the polished bookcases of leather volumes, lovely pipe organ beautifully decorated with marquetry and most comfortably furnished. The present Duke is in residence and the house smelled as if it was 'lived in'. Outside the house was even more interesting — an extensive water garden with its fountains and lakes (the largest lake in any private house) and the cascades, all orchestrated by Capability Brown. Some of us took a

trip in the motor launch which was enjoyable in the heat of the afternoon sun.

Sunday afternoon we went to Rodmarton Manor at the invitation of the owner, Mrs. Biddulph, who gave us home-made afternoon tea in the open with scones and jam and cakes. She is a most active lady who works for 12 hours every day in the garden, which was extensive, unusual and well-kept and complemented the very lovely manor house where she lives. One of the features of this garden was the number of large concrete mushrooms, mellow with age and covered in moss.

Weston Birt Arboretum was our objective on Monday, another hot, sunny day and we were all enthralled listening to Mary Burton, the guide, telling us about the different trees there. One, Dawn Redwood, had been known only as an extinct species a hundred million years ago and was rediscovered in a remote Chinese forest during the Second World War. In 1948 the seeds were distributed and the handsome specimen there is now nearly 40 years old. In spite of being a conifer it loses its soft, pale green leaves in wintertime and since its rediscovery was so recent, its

ultimate height is not known, previous information having only been recorded from fossils. On the way home we stopped at a view point at Frocester and were surprised that the extent of the Severn Valley was partly obliterated by the heat haze. Nevertheless the sheer drop at the edge of the Cotswolds and the expanse of the valley were breathtaking.

Tuesday was an early start and a long drive to Savill Gardens, Windsor Great Park, and what a worthwhile trip this was. The gardens were immaculate, not a weed in sight, everything labelled and tidy, even the ducks and black swans looked artificial. Many many clumps of different varieties of agapanthus were in full flower in the borders and the shapes and colours of the trees were fascinating. By this time the legs were aching and on the coachride home along the M4 nearly everyone was asleep whereas the journey there, along the Thames Valley, ably described by Mr. Churchill had kept us all awake.

Wednesday took us to Oxford on a picturesque route which included the village of Shrivvenham with its many thatched cottages, to the Oxford University Botanic Garden which, like the others, was very well-kept and interesting but much older than the others. It is in fact the oldest herbal garden in the world, cultivated in the 17th Century for the Department of Medicine, and opposite Magdalen College Tower. This was the only day the sun wasn't shining so many of the party adjourned to the High Street where they warmed up in shops, cafes and other hostels until pick-up time.

Most evenings members joined in with various entertainments laid on for other groups holidaying in the college or relaxed in the tithebarn bar where our own pianist, Dick Hall, entertained, assisted by his wife, Bett, who led sing-songs and gave a realistic rendering of *Salome* with actions.

On the last evening Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and the Residence Manager, Mr. Diamond-Brown, were thanked and presentations made. David Bell made the usual witty speech, assuming the Churchillian voice, he said 'Never in the fields and woods of rural England has so much been shown to so many by so few.'

All the committee were involved in the organisation but the bulk of the work was carried out by Tom Hart who is to be congratulated on the success of the week. Treasurer, John Walbrugh, and Elizabeth and Reg Newton and his secretary, Ricky have also to be thanked for their effort.

Cirencester Royal Agricultural College is the oldest Agricultural College in the world and completely private and independent and it was a very interesting experience to have been there and to have seen so much of the countryside in such splendid weather. In the words of Mr. Cotton of Pusey House, it was 'jess boodiful!'

Next year's dates for the Gardening Club Weeks are:

May 11th — 15th and 18th — 22nd

September 7th — 11th and 14th — 18th

Note: There is now a tape in the library about the Weston Birt Arboretum, compiled by the Bristol University. C90. Ref G37.

D.F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

We are now coming to the rather dreary months in the garden with little or no life apart from a few vegetable items and later on, colour from bulbs in the flower beds.

Clear the garden where all annuals and perennials have finished and put remnants on the compost heap. It might be a good thing to fork over empty beds, and in heavy soil areas spread some manure or compost but leave the manuring till spring in light soil areas. When there have been strong frosts don't get on the soil or lawn.

Try and form ideas in your mind for resetting the garden and get them carried out in the next few months. It might be a good idea to get a local expert along and put your suggestions to him, asking the price to get it done, since you may find it a bit difficult to carry it out yourself. Get all new paths laid, and old ones freed of weeds and make blocks solid by joining together with some cement when there is no frost about. Get the mower in for a full service before the main body of gardeners do.

Vegetables

Get all empty places well dug over and where you are to grow members of the cabbage family, spread a good dose of lime to prevent club root. Where you have heavy soils leave it rough so that frosts can break it down for your spring forking over and the planting out of seedlings and seeds.

Ensure that all root crops are dug up and stored for the winter, to possibly keep for the early parts of the year. Heel over broccoli and tie some leaves over cauliflower heads to protect them from frost during the winter. Where you have brussel sprouts growing rather tall, stake against strong winds, especially in windy areas. You can plant out some savoys to give you good heads in the New Year. Ensure that seed potatoes bought earlier are in a fairly light conditions and away from frost. If you have a frame, lettuce can be sown but give extra protection in cold weather or even put in a small oil lamp during the night.

Fruit

This is the last month for planting fruit trees before the spring but do make sure that soil is not frost bound or snowed on. In the north, put off planting till spring. New fruit bushes can be set in their fruiting places but it would be better to leave till spring, especially in the north since they are not quite as hardy as trees. At the end of the month some light pruning can be done but leave the main cutting back till next month or New Year, when the weather is suitable.

Flowers

Carry on getting all empty beds dug over for frosts to break down and give a good dose of manure for the new plants next season. You can still break up clumps of perennials, using outside pieces with good roots for planting in other parts of the garden. It will be better to set them towards the back of the beds, so there will be plenty of room for annuals in late spring or early summer.

Where you have large clumps of peonies, dig them up and pull apart into smaller pieces for planting in other parts of the garden. Do make sure that all pieces

have a good root system. It might be a good thing to cover new plantings with peat to protect them from very bad winter conditions. The following can still be planted for spring colour: primrose, polyanthus (in shady and moist conditions), sweet william, wallflower and anemone. It is a bit late to put in spring flowering bulbs but if you do they will be a bit late, though it is the best time to put in tulips now. Don't prune hydrangeas — leave all flowering heads in place, as these will protect the young shoots and flower buds for next season. Prune in late spring.

Greenhouse

Keep the temperature up to about 45°F, particularly where you have growing plants and tubers being kept for next year's flowering. These tubers should be kept dry but give the other items some water and occasional feed. Ensure that all dead leaves are taken off and there is no moisture on the staging or the floor. Keep all ventilators shut at night and only half open when the sun is about with little or no wind. Normally there are few pests about but diseases, such as mildew, are on the go all the time so set off the combined smokes once or twice per month.

Items which are to give colour in early spring and are in small pots could be potted up a bit, including calceolaria, cineraria and azalea. These obviously will need more water and feed but don't overdo it. Try and get the azaleas watered with rain water since tap water often contains rather a lot of lime which these plants do not like. If you can't get rain water, give them a dose of *Sequestrene* which will counteract lime etc. in tap water. This is readily available at most garden shops, though a bit on the pricey side.

Spring flowering bulbs can still be planted in pots for a show indoors. Keep house plants away from window ledges at night in case frosts come along but replace during the day where they can get maximum light for good growing. Water regularly and also give them a feed but not as much as during the summer. Remember to water cyclamen and african violets by putting in containers of water for an hour or so. It might be a good thing to make the water tepid.

National Bridge Club at Harrogate

By Bill Allen

We were all distressed when Norman Smith took ill and finished up in hospital. Nevertheless Norman, we shall be looking forward to seeing you in the future — you know where and when. I should like to thank our remaining two helpers who struggled on despite Norman's absence: Ian Dickson who was always in control and Stan Medcraft for his patience and unintentional dry humour.

We had our usual Fours Competition at the Harrogate Bridge Club on Saturday evening and I should like to thank Alex Flett and Janet Eyre for arranging a splendid evening — the result was a foregone conclusion — and I think I was a naughty boy that night! On Sunday I put on my best suit and white shirt as we were guests of Ripon. The atmosphere at the hotel always seems so splendid. Thank you Margaret for the end of a marvellous evening and to all members for their generosity.

On Monday evening we were guests of the Civil Service. Thank you Ernie and Trudy for all your efforts on our behalf. I have always admired you Ernie for your encouragement, and I am not talking about bridge — the result is not worth mentioning.

On Tuesday evening we went to Bradford, an evening I have always looked forward to with zest — I cannot explain why, but I do enjoy the bridge there. I had been going 20 years before we had our first success, hats off, it happened again and this definitely made my week. I should like to thank the Chairman, Mr. Blundell, and all members for a superb evening. Mr. Blundell wrote an interesting piece for the *Bradford Telegraph & Argus* in which he explains how St. Dunstaners play bridge. We reproduce part of the article below, per kind permission of the Editor, for those of you who don't know yet how we do it:

'Using braille cards makes a lot of the game very normal. Every player knows his own hand so the bidding is unchanged. The play differs slightly as the players have to be told what is being played from the other hands. When tabling dummy, the 13

cards are called. The St. Dunstan's players memorise them. As the game proceeds every player calls the card he is putting on each trick.

'Occasionally, in the middle of play, there is a review of dummy. This doesn't happen very often, usually when the lower spot cards have become a significant factor in the play. These methods call for a good memory and considerable mental concentration but the St. Dunstan's players take it all in their stride. Playing in these matches over the years, I have often pondered on the results the average player would get if he could concentrate on card reading to the extent that is routine for St. Dunstan's players. We would probably improve our game by 100%.'

On Wednesday we had our usual mid-day session at Hal's Bar where we are always made very welcome. In the evening we were guests of the C.E.G.B. Thank you Ted Latham (Secretary) and all members for a very enjoyable time and as usual, for your generosity. It was nice to hear your voice again, Alec. After our success last year we reverted to our usual result — we lost.

On Thursday evening we thank all at Oakdale for another pleasant evening and I hope we made a few of you laugh. I can truthfully say I am pleased that Oakdale beat us this year, I cannot recall when they did so before — well done, Oakdale.

Friday, our big day — we left at 11.30 for the Drover's Inn where our host, who had returned after five years, was as jovial and merry as we could wish. After a few drinks and chatting with our guests, we sat down to a splendid meal — I can say this with safety — I heard many remarks in full agreement on behalf of our party. This was followed by Bob Evans making an address, this was exceptional, I have never heard better, you surpassed yourself Bob. Cedrick replied, what a handicap, nevertheless it was rendered with his usual wit and rapid fire chatter — what a gift. At 5 o'clock we returned to our hotel and prepared for the evening.

We must thank the Civil Service Club

for making their premises available. We commenced with a bridge drive for which Ian Dickson provides some exceptionally good prizes and these can only be won by the guests, so you can readily understand that the bridge is keen. At this point of the proceedings Bill Phillips, Captain of the National Bridge Club, made a closing address. This was followed by a dance and of course the bar was close. Cedrick was crooning down the mike — if Bing was listening he would have been green with envy, maybe he was! And so, Harrogate, we thank you all for another marvellous week and of course, Cedrick for all your preparations in advance and the sacrifices you made during the week. I offer no apologies.

CLUB NEWS

Bridge

Pairs — September 21st

W. Allen & Mrs. A. Clements	63.5
P. Surridge & Mrs. V. McPherson	59.4
W. Lethbridge & Mr. R. Goodlad	55.2
R. Evans & Dr. J. Goodlad	51.0
W. Phillips & Mrs. Phillips	39.6
W. Burnett & Miss Sturdy	31.3

Individuals — September 27th

Miss Sturdy	69.0
Mrs. Tebbit	59.6
W. Phillips	54.8
W. Allen	50.0
R. Evans	50.0
J. Padley	45.2
Mrs. F. Andrews	45.2
Mrs. A. Clements	26.2

Entertainment Section

Another year of competitions is over, and we would like the names of members wishing to take part in this next year 1986/87.

Any members who visit Ian Fraser House, are very welcome to join us on Wednesdays at 2.30, to take part in whatever we are doing.

Phyllis O'Kelly

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Lucy, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. G.T. Parr*, of Mark, Somerset, who got through to the S.W. Region finals of the Junior Cook of the Year Competition. Also to their son, Stephen, who has been studying Electronics at Bristol Polytechnic and has passed his Final Examinations with Distinction.

Jamie, aged 9, son of *Mr. and Mrs. D. Planer*, of Sittingbourne, who has gained his Junior Tap Dancing Certificate with commendation. He came top of his class and is the only boy amongst 31 girls.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Reg Goding, of Gosport, who married Eileen Hall on September 26th.

Ruth Jane Higson, grand-daughter of Mrs. E.M. Sida and the late *Mr. H. Sida*, of Rowlands Castle, Hants, on her marriage to Graham Stewart Rowe on August 30th.

Susan, daughter of Mrs. Joan Hill-Brown and the late *Arthur (Tiny) Hill-Brown*, of Swanage, on her marriage to Nick Goulding on September 27th.

Professor A.J.M. Milne, of Durham, on his marriage to Susan Elkan on October 4th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J.H.V. Davies, of Braunton, Devon, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hamilton, of Shrewsbury, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Perfect, of Yealmpton, Devon, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Taylor, of Preston, Lancs, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 14th.



Fred and Dorothy Livermore on their Diamond Wedding Anniversary (announced in the October Review) which they celebrated on August 20th with a champagne party at Newent House, a home for the elderly where Dorothy lives. The couple met on a crowded dance floor in Jersey in 1924, and it was 'love at first sight', said Fred. They married two years later, but were separated for eight years during the war when Fred's military career took him around the world — but that's another story. Congratulations to them both.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Butler, of Southampton, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on October 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. J.E. Cooper, of Southsea, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on September 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. J.T. Madden, of Newbury, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on September 22nd.

DIAMOND WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. T. Tonge, of Manchester, on the special occasion of their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on September 11th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cookson, of Selsey, on the birth of their two grandchildren: Zoë Leigh, born on March 2nd in Brisbane, Australia, to Barbara and Ralph de Plata; and Thomas Robert, born on May 8th in Guildford to Kirsten and Robert Cave.

Mr. and Mrs. R.W.H. Lavery, of Minehead, on the safe arrival of their grand-daughter, Sophie, born on September 14th to their daughter, Joanna, and her husband, Anthony King.

Mrs. M. Ould, widow of the late *Mr. E.E.H. Ould*, of Southwick, on the birth of her third grand-daughter, Sarah Jane, born on June 2nd to Rosemary and Peter Leeks.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Temple, of Orpington, on the birth of their grandson, Ross, born on

Grandchildren *continued*

August 23rd to their son and daughter-in-law, John and Dorothy Temple.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. C.E.V. Dale, of Worthing, who is happy to announce the arrival of a great granddaughter, Sophia Jane, born on September 6th to his grand-daughter, Anne, and her husband, Michael Sutcliffe.

Mr. and Mrs. J.L. Edwards, of Coventry, on the birth of their great grandson, Shamus Ian, born on September 16th to their

grand-daughter, Sharon, and her husband, Michael Dunning.

DEATH

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. H. Holden, of Huddersfield, who mourns the death of his wife, Emma, on September 28th.

Mrs. Jean Miller, wife of *Mr. A. Miller*, of Saltdean, whose mother passed away on July 12th, aged 93.

Mr. A.J. Wallage, of Rottingdean, whose brother passed away in September.

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.G. Latcham, *Somerset Light Infantry*

Sydney George Latcham, of Bath, passed away peacefully on September 12th in the residential house where he was living. He was a widower, aged 90, and had been a St. Dunstaner since September 1984.

He served as a Private in the Somerset Light Infantry during the First World War, having enlisted at the age of 19. In 1916, whilst on active service in France, he suffered gunshot wounds which resulted in the loss of one eye and the amputation of a leg, and was discharged from the Army at the end of 1917. Mr. Latcham was a Railway Clerk in civilian life and, from the outset, bore his disabilities without complaint and with remarkable cheerfulness.

Mr. Latcham was a keen listener of talking books, his radio and, in particular, classical music. In earlier years, he was involved with the Bath Choral Society and, latterly, continued to attend their concerts whenever possible. His only brother died six years ago followed by the loss of his wife after a long and happy marriage.

He leaves his sister-in-law, Mrs. Eve Latcham, with whom he remained closely in touch, and his nephew and nieces who visited him regu-

larly and will be greatly missed by them all.

A.J. Clark, *Royal Army Medical Corps*

Alfred James Clark, formerly of Hanwell and resident at Pearson House for the past three years, passed away on October 1st, a few days before his 83rd birthday. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1977.

During the Second World War, he served as a Private in the R.A.M.C. and was discharged in June 1946 when he returned to his civilian employment with the local Council until retirement. Sadly, his wife, Kathleen, died in 1980 after almost 40 years of happy marriage. He missed her greatly and for three years managed to live independently in his Hanwell home with the loving support of his family. However, his health was deteriorating and he became a permanent resident in our Home in July 1983. Mr. Clark and his wife had no children. He greatly enjoyed his holidays at Ian Fraser House throughout his membership, and his greatest interests were talking books and listening to the radio.

He will be greatly missed by Matron Goodwin and all the staff at Pearson House, and leaves members of his close-knit family.