

**St Dunstans
Review
December 1986**

From the Chairman

I always like to think of St. Dunstan's as a dynamic organisation embracing a great deal of get-up-and-go and continually on the move to meet the changing circumstances and needs of St. Dunstaners. But as the year draws to its close it is a time for us to pause and reflect, to take stock of what has been done during the past 12 months. It is quite a lot.

We have had a number of changes of people from our President downwards. These have all been covered in the monthly *Reviews* and I will not repeat them here. But I should like to say how grateful I am to those who have stayed on past their retirement point in a part-time capacity and to their successors for picking up the reins so quickly and so well.

A word of commendation to Commander Simon Conway, Major Arthur Neve and their staff at Ian Fraser House. In the first full year of operation in its new role it has been a conspicuous success. All concerned have done well in shaping up the new arrangements and tackling the numerous teething problems quickly and effectively.

A word of commiseration to Matron, staff and St. Dunstaners at Pearson House. I fully realise the disruption, discomfort and inconvenience you have all endured so patiently during the repairs and improvements. The work will not be completed until towards the end of next year and I can only exhort you to stick it out with the promise of 'jam tomorrow'.

A word of congratulation to those many St. Dunstaners who were involved in remarkable achievements throughout 1986. The organisers of Talking Magazines, the skill in devising computer programmes, technical advances in Mobility Aids, the ascent of Tryfan, international achievements by our Bowlers, astonishing demonstrations at Buckingham Palace and the Game Fair by our Archers, and running in the London Marathon.

Then there are those other hundreds of St. Dunstaners, men and women, who have not hit the headlines nor attracted glamour — the 'ordinary St. Dunstaners' if I may use the phrase for such *extraordinary* people — who have simply lived their lives as if everything was dead easy (which it is not) and never a word of complaint. I think they too deserve a gentle pat on the back and a quiet 'well done'.

Soon it will be Christmas again. I hope you and your families have a very happy one and Mary and I send you all our best wishes.

Henry Leach

WINTER STORY-WRITING COMPETITION

Winter is fast on its way but it's warm indoors, time to write a short story once again, let's hear yours! The theme for our story-writing competition this year is: **'Your most memorable experience'**. Three independent judges, to be named in a future issue, will assess the entries and prizes will be awarded to the two best storytellers. The winning entries will also be published in the *Review*.

To remind you, the rules are as follows:

- 1 The competition is open to St. Dunstaners, their wives or husbands, and to widows.
- 2 One entry only from each person, from 500-1,000 words, must be original and not previously published. (With double line spacing, there are about 400 words on an A4 page.)
- 3 Entries to be submitted under nom-de-plume addressed to the Editor. In a separate sealed envelope addressed to 'Writing Competition, *St. Dunstan's Review* at Headquarters', please write your nom-de-plume, the title of your story, your actual identity and full address. These envelopes will not be opened until the judges have chosen the winning stories.
- 4 Entries should reach the Editor by the **end of March 1987** and be typed in double line spacing.
- 5 First prize: £30. Second prize: £15.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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

BICENTENNIAL

The Bicentennial of the Royal Corps of Engineers will be taking place in July, 1987 in Earls Court, London, probably on the 8th but this is still to be confirmed. Will all Royal Engineers who wish to attend please apply through Pat Carlton, HQ.

SKIING 1987

There are still places available on the skiing trip to France, March 22nd — 29th, 1987. Would anyone interested please contact Ray Hazan without delay.

TEMBANI REMINDER

We have so far received the names of six St. Dunstaners, all expressing an earnest desire to attend a Tembani reunion. For this occasion to take place we'll need more support — so, St. Dunstaners who were at Tembani and would like to meet old friends once more, please let us know! Write to the Editor of the *Review*, HQ.

LADIES REUNION

We are sorry that the Ladies Reunion report is held over as problems at our photographic processors have delayed the prints.

St Dunstons Review

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Free to St. Dunstaners

DECEMBER 1986

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Cover picture: A killer whale carved by St. Dunstaner, Bill Brocklehurst.

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.

Ernest Axtell-Axtell, of Ripon joined St. Dunstan's on October 7th.

Mr. Axtell-Axtell served in the Royal Engineers from 1956 to 1965, and went with them to Aden, Gibraltar, Germany and Christmas Island. He then worked as a steel erector fitter until 1981, and is a founder member of the British Nuclear Test Veterans' Association.

Eric White, of Osset, West Yorkshire, joined St. Dunstan's on October 23rd.

Mr. White served in the Royal Navy during the Second World War, and was a Far East Prisoner of War. After the war he worked in industry until 1975, and has been retired since then.

Mr. White and his wife, Kathleen, have two adult children.

CHAPLAIN AT BRIGHTON

On Sunday, October 5th, after conducting his last service in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House, the Reverend George Meek retired and thus ended a period of seven years as Chaplain to St. Dunstan's at Brighton. He had taken over this post in October, 1979, and in the intervening years had officiated at hundreds of services in the Chapel. He had also, sadly, been present at many funerals as well as carrying out his other important role of comforting the sick and the bereaved. All his many friends will wish him and Mrs. Meek a long and happy retirement.

The new Chaplain is the Reverend Michael Bootes, O.G.S., the Vicar of Ovingdean, who is already known to St. Dunstaners who live in the area. We wish him a happy and rewarding tenure of office.

W.C.W.

REVIEW CONTRIBUTORS PLEASE NOTE

If you wish to submit any material during 1987 for publication in the *Review*, please note the copy deadlines, as follows:

<i>Review</i>	<i>Copy in by:</i>
March	February 5th
April	March 5th
May	April 30th
June	May 31st
July	June 4th
August	July 2nd
October	September 3rd
November	October 1st
December	November 5th

MARATHON FUND RAISER

Ray Sheriff, of Rottingdean, raised the magnificent sum of £359.60 for the British Heart Foundation when he successfully completed the Rottingdean Windmill Walk on July 6th this year. The route covers 43 kilometres (nearly 27 miles) — marathon distance across country!

'My time was 8 hours 6 minutes,' Ray told the *Review*, 'This was a half-hour improvement on my last year's effort and I was much less fatigued.' He thanks staff at HQ and Ian Fraser House for their support, 'Also thanks to my St. Dunstan's friends for their very generous donations.'

Ray is keeping in training and is planning to compete in the famous Seven Sisters Walk next March — another cross-country marathon.

ISIS LARGE PRINT BOOKS

ISIS is a publishing company who have developed a wide range of large print books — fiction and non-fiction — with elderly people in mind. Any visually handicapped St. Dunstaners, wives or widows who would be interested in obtaining the full catalogue and order form, should write to ISIS Large Print Books, 55 St. Thomas' Street, Oxford, OX1 1JG. Telephone: 0865 250333.

FROM MUSIC MAKERS TO ST. DUNSTAN'S BAND

From October 6th to the 11th the Music Makers, now restyled the St. Dunstan's Band, had a really splendid time at Ian Fraser House thanks to the hospitality of St. Dunstan's and the inspired arrangements for the week made by Sheila.

Messrs Cookson, Forshaw, Gale, Lynch, Miller and Revis supported as always by the tireless Ernie Took on piano, had a super week playing with or listening to other groups. It was generally classic jazz, either in the house or at other venues.

The Monday dance turned out to be a rousing evening with Ernie, Johnnie, Bob and Gerry sitting in with Ernie Took, Arthur on Tenor, and Lou on percussion. We were treated to some high decibel modern jazz by Ronnie Scott and his quintet on the following evening at the Gardner Arts Centre, Sussex University. Tony Ross, one of our old friends, poured out melody and rhythm on piano at The Star on Wednesday evening and on Thursday Peter Baxter, Trombone, brought an absolutely gorgeous group which had us all shouting for more. Peter was supported by guitar, banjo, clarinet and drums and this time Bob, Johnnie, Gerry and Ken joined in.

On Friday Red Ball provided one of their really lovely dinners in the Winter Garden. Our Chairman, Ernie Cookson, welcomed the guests and we were delighted to have Major Neve with us that evening. Ernie Cookson, Ernie Took, Lou Wilson, Johnnie and Bob played their hearts out for dancing later and everybody agreed that it really was a lovely party in spite of the fire alarm going off when the band was at full blast and didn't they take some stopping! The lull however, only lasted a few minutes thank goodness.

'That was the week that was' except for a final jazz up on Saturday night when the Stomping Four, made up to five by Bob, gave us some out-of-this-world jazz — classic again. The leader was on drums, with piano, trumpet and tenor and again we were howling for more from this superb group until about 10.15 p.m.

What a surfeit of musical riches we had and we do sincerely hope that anyone else interested in music will join us. Bill Claydon, another Kneller Hall man, has just done so and we do welcome him.

Truly a wonderful six days.

K.C.R.

NORMANDY MEDAL

The Normandy Veterans Association have produced a medal as a tribute to those who took part in the famous Normandy Campaign of the Second World War. This commemorative medal is available exclusively to veterans of the campaign or their next of kin.

The cost of the full-size medal is £22, which includes a £1 donation to the newly formed Normandy Veterans Charitable Fund, and miniature medals are £7.50 each. These prices include surface mail to anywhere in the world. For the brochure and application form, write to Award Productions Ltd., P.O. Box 30, Haslemere, Surrey, GU26 6UT. Telephone: 042873 7267.

COOKERY CORNER

Recipe from Tom Page

VIENNESE BISCUITS

Ingredients

6 oz	self-raising flour
6 oz	margarine
3 oz	castor sugar
¼ tsp	vanilla essence

Mix flour and sugar together. Rub in margarine, then add vanilla essence. Roll and cut into shapes. Bake 20-25 minutes at 350°F or Gas 4.

Wood Carver Extraordinary

by David Castleton

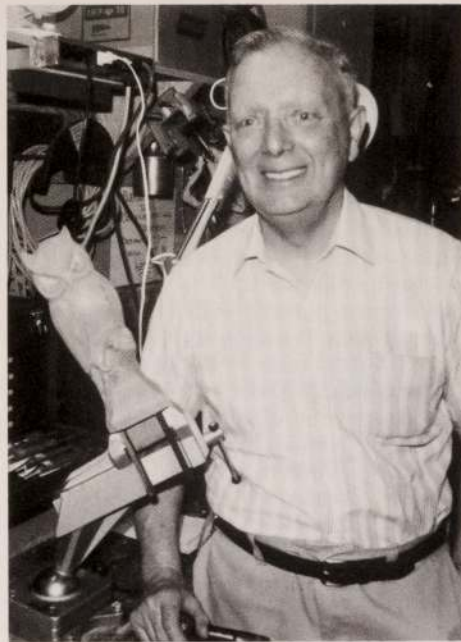
Photos: Art Foulser

Bill Brocklehurst lives in Comox, British Columbia, Canada, where he is recognised as a woodcarver of great talent and as a teacher of his craft. He has established his reputation and standing in just 13 years since he emigrated to Canada in 1973.

What is more, Brock, as he is known to his friends, is a St. Dunstaner having lost his sight as a result of a bomb blast in the Second World War when he served with the Army Dental Corps.

Brock specialises in carvings of animals and, in Comox, that is not surprising: 'Killer whales go past our headland and sometimes even come into the harbour here. We also have lots of seals and otters. The Canadian Air Force base regularly has to remove beavers because of the damage they do there. The beavers are removed from the base when they dam waterways and streams which then flood the base and runways. We have lots of deer and the occasional bears and cougars wandering around — even in the streets. They are usually tranquillised and taken back into the wilds. It is quite different from home.'

Brock mentioned the killer whale and for the *Review* he made a carving of this handsome animal. Our photographs illustrate the various stages in the production of one of his exquisite studies of animals in motion.



In his workshop Bill Brocklehurst is seen beside a carving of an owl.

He works from templates: 'Stage one is to select a suitable piece of material and mark on the wood the outline of the carving. Next, I have it cut on the bandsaw. This is the one job I have done for me.'

'After scribing the lines so I can feel, the next stage is to reduce the carving to the right dimensions of the finished work, allowing for vice holds which are removed last of all.'

'I now do the fine detail carving, sanding etc. and also staining for the finishing. Depending on the wood I use a wax or resin finish and then all that remains is to buff the final finish on the work.'

Most of the wood Brock uses is taken from the beaches: 'This I store while it is dry. You have to be careful about the sea salt so I make sure all tools used are well cleaned and touched up again so they are really sharp again after use. Other hardwoods I buy by the pound weight — some South American hard woods are nearly \$20 a pound! I can identify most by smell or touch. The woods for the killer whale are yellow cedar for the whale and red cedar for the base.'

Brock has a good memory for the shapes of his various carvings which he supplements by the use of templates. Finishing a wood-carving like the killer whale in two colours must present some problems?

'There is a groove between the light and dark areas of the whale. This is burnt into the wood with a wood-burning pen which has a number of tips so one can burn in many designs. The application of the stain is easy, one waxes the light part, applies the stain and then removes the wax which has kept the white part clear. The final finish is gloss resin. Very hard and durable, it gets better with dusting and handling.'

He has over \$18,000 in tools, from the burrs used for roughing out to large and small chisels, including palm chisels. 'I have some real Indian-made chisels but I mostly use Japanese knives and chisels which are really good.'

Well-equipped workshop

In the Senior Citizens Centre in Comox, Brock has a well-equipped workshop where he teaches cabinet-making and woodcarving to senior citizens and others. His pupils include people who are out of work and he takes pride in the fact that some are now earning from their craft. 'One young man, two years ago, was out of work with a family to support. He proved to be a real pleasure to teach and is with me still, learning the tricks and finer points of carving and finishing. Like me he is now in a situation that he has a long back order list and sells all he can produce. Seeing and appreciating the change this has made in his life and the life of his family makes teaching well worthwhile.'

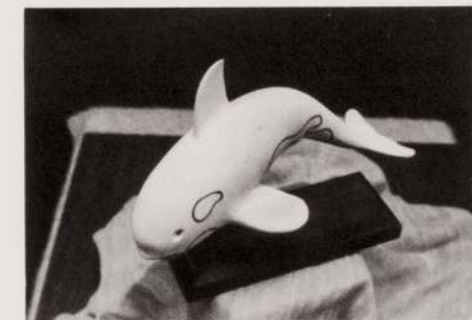
Brock makes no charge for his lessons and provides all the materials and tools except for the expensive hardwoods.

The killer whale that is the star of this article arrived on the *Review* Editor's desk, to his surprise and delight, along with Brock's detailed description of his methods of work. It is a piece of craftsmanship which appeals to the sense of touch as well as to the eye. Perhaps this should not be surprising as it has been created through the sense of touch of a truly remarkable St. Dunstaner.



Above: Brock's workshop at the Senior Citizens' Centre.

Below: Stages in the production of the killer whale carving pictured on our front cover.





45 YEARS AFTER

The World Reunion of the Polish Airborne Forces in Fife

By Dr. S.J. Sosabowski, M.D.

Marching to lay a wreath.

We arrived from London by coach on September 26th, Anna and I, in the company of 44 members and their wives of the 1st Polish Independent Parachute Brigade Group. There we were in the ancient Kingdom of Fife, at the Lundin Links Hotel, outside Leven. It was well after 8 p.m. and the hotel was already swarming with more than 300 ex-paratroopers and their wives. These came not only from different parts of the United Kingdom but also from France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, Australia, Canada, the USA and even Israel. And, of course, the four delegates from Poland. The delegation was headed by Major George Dyrda who, as a young officer was my father's adjutant. I met all these Polish visitors a year ago during my stay in Warsaw.

Our presence in Scotland was to commemorate the formation of the Brigade practically 45 years ago to the day, on September 23rd 1941. On this day the Polish Prime Minister and the Commander in Chief of the Polish Armed Forces, General Wladyslaw (W pronounced as V) Sikorski gave my late father a command to form the Polish Parachute Brigade in Leven in the county of Fife.

After supper and a brief welcome to Scotland we were driven to our billets. Some of us were staying in the hotel, in the neighbouring guest houses, some in Leven. The Caledonian Hotel in Leven where we and others were to have stayed was unfortunately burnt down, I do hope

by accident. But on the other hand, Anna and I and a few others were billeted at No. 6 Church Road, Leven, in a house where, 45 years ago, my father used to live and from which he used to organise his work. How very thoughtful of the organisers!

The next day, Saturday, business started with the A.G.M. at the above mentioned hotel. In the chair was T.S. Roy, the local Chairman of the P.A.A., Major Jan Lorys and his officers of the Committee were elected to serve for another year. Then after luncheon in the hotel, the cavalcade of vehicles was formed, headed by the Police. This was a sentimental trip through all the old familiar places around the county. First stop Largo House — or rather its ruins. 45 years ago it was a beautiful residence built in the style of the late Italian neo classic at the beginning of the 18th Century surrounded by formal gardens, unfortunately now only an empty shell. During the war around this beautiful house was constructed a 'monkey grove' — a colloquial name used by the paratroopers. It was actually a centre for the physical re-education and toughening up for the future combats.

Captain Mazurek was the chief instructor and came with the Polish delegation and reminded us of different instruments of torture. There was a tower for controlled parachute drops — different ropes for jumping, carrying, pushing, stretching etc., very narrow bridges across the stream, jumps and possible man-traps.

The present owner of the property and his wife were waiting outside the ruin of his home. He welcomed us and in his reply Major Lorys gave him a photograph of his home in its splendour of 45 years ago. It was really very funny when Major Lorys said, 'This is a photograph of your house before our paratroops came here!' The owner's wife was presented with a bouquet of flowers by Mrs. Lorys. The whole ceremony was photographed by Scottish Television and shown the same night on the box. From there we were driven on a narrow road towards the sea, passing on the left hand side the large field near Largo Bay where our paratroopers used to jump from the balloon and where hopefully tomorrow the Red Devils were going to jump from a helicopter. Continuing our tour we arrived at the fishing harbour of Pittenween — a very picturesque place with trawlers riding at anchor, being of course the Sabbath. Here in this small town some of our colleagues were billeted during the war.

Another hour of driving and we were in Falkland in front of the Palace — really a castle, built by the Stuart Kings, of heavy stone, with narrow slits for the windows and strong towers. We entered one of the towers by narrow winding steps to the corridor. There are thick carpets and beautiful tapestries on the walls leading to

the Roman Catholic Chapel. The whole castle has been restored to its original style by the Scottish National Trust. Before entering the Chapel, on the left hand side hangs an icon of the Virgin Mary. The icon was made out of copper and steel by the engineers of the 3rd Polish Airborne Battalion who were billeted round the castle. Its original image people believe has miraculous powers. It hangs in the city of Vilno. This unhappy town is unfortunately now in the hands of the Soviet Union. The Falkland Palace icon used to hang in front of the altar of the Chapel and as the Chapel has been restored to the original Stuart style the icon was moved to its present place. I think for the better. It can be examined at close quarters.

After short prayers conducted by the priest we went back to Leven, passing by a town called Cupar where in June 1944 the Brigade was presented with the colours by the President of Poland. The colours were embroidered by the women of Poland and brought to Britain by special courier across occupied Europe.

The long day was ended with dinner at the Centre, Commercial Road, Leven. At the end of the meal a welcome speech was given by our Chairman, and by Jan Rudolphie, the head of the official Dutch delegation. On my way I met my brother

The procession marches towards the monument.





St. Dunstaner, Eddy Hordyniec and his English wife. I had met these charming people previously many times during my stays at Ian Fraser House. Eddy Hordyniec served under my father and was wounded during the operation at Arnhem and lost his sight and now was billeted with the Manchester Group at Kirkcaldy. This, I think, is where he was during the war.

At 9 a.m. on Sunday morning a motor cavalcade headed by the Police is formed in front of the Lundin Links Hotel. We drive along the familiar road towards Largo Bay. We turn off the main road through the woods and stop at the very large field facing the sea. This is where, hopefully, in a few moments the parachute drop is going to take place. A wind of gale force 7-8 is bending the trees and the sea is white with foam. We leave our transport. In the opinion of those who know, the parachute drop is out of the question.

In the centre of the field stands, in his dress uniform, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, Sir John Gilmour, Bart., D.S.O., Captain of the Royal Company of Archers, Honorary Colonel of the Scottish Yeomanry. Sir John is attended by the Officer of the Parachute Regiment. We are introduced to Sir John. Apparently his father knew my father.

We hear in the distance the bagpipes and out of the wood marches a small detachment of the Red Devils led by two pipers and a corporal. They come to attention in front of our crowd and are inspected by Sir John and Major Lorys.

Over our head there appears an R.A.F. helicopter discharging red fumes out of the exhaust pipe. The aircraft lands in the centre of the field, guided by a traffic controller in a green overall with a bat in his hand. The door opens and eight para-

troopers jump to the ground, only a foot or two, dressed in red paratroopers' outfits. They take off their white helmets and parachutes and place them on the ground and then march smartly towards us and stand in formation. Sir John and Major Lorys shake their hands. This is the end. Paratroopers run in one direction and disappear into the woods. The detachment of accompanying pipers march off. The helicopter picks up the useless parachutes and disappears into the stormy sky.

We return to Leven where we disembark on to the front of the Parade. Here the procession is formed headed, of course, by pipers, regimental colours and standards. These are followed by the wreath bearers, amongst them Anna and I, and behind us the rest of the procession. We march very smartly to the sound of the pipes along the parade towards the Memorial to the Scottish and Polish friendship. We stop in formation facing it. This is a simple granite obelisk with a bronze plate bearing a short inscription and date, 1962. The Memorial is surrounded by a colourful display of flower beds.

His Worship Robert Gough J.P., Convenor, Fife Regional Council, wearing his splendid chain of office, makes a speech of welcome and is followed by Major General Urquhart C.B.E, with a few soldierly words, nevertheless very warm. To my greatest surprise he says 'Amongst you is the son of my great friend. I want to see Dr. Sosabowski soon.' Major Lorys replies to his speech. The ceremony is ended by laying of the wreaths and the national anthems of Britain and Poland are played and there is a minute's silence and the last post is sounded.

The procession forms again and quick marches off at 140 paces a minute towards the Roman Catholic Church. After ten

minutes I give up and leave the procession and walk slowly with dignity on the pavement. One is not as young as one used to be!

We arrive at the Roman Catholic Church and to my astonishment I am guided to the second pew to be seated behind His Worship and the Chief Constable of Fife. On our right are Major Lorys and General Urquhart who stretches out his large hand towards me and says 'Sosabowski, how nice to see you.' I always thought the General was rather reserved, a typical example of a dour Scot — obviously I was mistaken.

The Solemn Mass is said by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, the Most Reverend Keith O'Brien. The Mass is said in English and some part in Polish by an assisting priest.

After the mass we return leisurely to our quarters to change for the banquet. The reception is organised by the Convenor and his Regional Council, in the Centre. By the entrance each guest's invitation is scrutinised by an official. (No free nosh for the uninvited!) Again to our amazement we are led separately to the side room where we are introduced to His Grace the Archbishop, the Chief Constable of Fife, His Worship the Convenor and Jan Rudolphie. We spend a few pleas-

ant moments in conversation sipping sherry. General Urquhart reminds me how, in 1979 in the town of Driel, in front of the Polish Monument he helped me to lay the wreath.

A single piper enters our room and we are led by him to the high table — a great honour. During the repast I sit by Mr. Rudolphie who tells me that he is a Dutch Civil Servant, I think of a very high rank, sent to our reunion to represent the Dutch Government. He resides in Oosterbeek. He is responsible for organising the yearly pilgrimage to Arnhem and co-ordinates the events connected with the Allied Airborne Forces and the Dutch. His English is excellent. Dinner ends with affectionate and humorous speeches by the Convenor and replied by Major Lorys.

After dinner there is a concert with bagpipes, Scottish dancing and Polish dances. Unfortunately we have to leave at 6 p.m. In an hour we ought to be in the coach on the way to London.

Those two days were unforgettable. Full of emotion and memories but unfortunately, somewhat tiring. Everything was perfect, especially the very warm welcome by the Scots. Strangers were shaking your hand in the street and waving and smiling. You felt you were at home. Long live Scotland!

Laying wreaths at the memorial.



HANDLESS REUNION

September 25th-29th

by Ted Miller

Arriving at Ian Fraser House on Thursday evening, the 25th, for our annual reunion, we made our way to the Club Room for a buffet supper and family gathering. Our party included Commander Conway, Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Colahan, Mrs. Dacre and her good friend, Mary Stenning.

After a short discussion on the coming events etc., and expressing our regrets that Dickie Brett and John Proctor would not be joining us, as both their wives were ill, we spent the rest of the evening drinking, eating and getting up to date with all we had been doing during the past year.

Friday morning was free, but after a very good lunch, we departed by coach for tea at Lambeth Palace with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Runcie. We were met at the Palace by Miss Mary Crier, one of the Archbishop's staff, who informed us that unfortunately the Archbishop had been called away, but we were amply rewarded by the appearance of Mr. Terry Waite, the Archbishop's Assistant for Anglican Communion Affairs later in the afternoon. Miss Crier told us some of the history of the Palace, and soon made us feel very much at home with her bright and friendly manner. We were entertained in a beautiful, large drawing room where we were to have a splendid tea, which, after our journey up to London was greatly appreciated by us all. During the meal we were introduced to Mrs. Runcie, Bishop Robert Gordon (Bishop to the Forces) and Mr. Terry Waite, who all chatted to us individually.

Later Mrs. Runcie, who is a well-known concert pianist, played a short programme of music for us, which I'm sure everyone enjoyed. A gift of a table was then made by me to Mrs. Runcie, and a tray was given to Miss Mary Crier by Gwennie Obern. After expressing our thanks for a delightful afternoon, we made our farewells, and returned to our

coach for our next engagement, this time to the Cavalry and Guards Club in Piccadilly for a cocktail party.

On arriving at the Club we were met by our host, Lieutenant-General Sir Maurice Johnston, K.C.B., O.B.E., a member of St. Dunstan's Council, and Lady Johnston. Inside the Club Sir Henry Leach, the Chairman of St. Dunstan's, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Delmar-Morgan were waiting to meet us. (Mr. Michael Delmar-Morgan is Vice-Chairman of St. Dunstan's.)

After more wining and dining and small talk, David Bell introduced Tommy Gaygan who was to make the presentation of a table to the Club as a reminder of our visit. Then there was more laughter and a good few club jokes before our visit came to an end. The journey home, too, was very enjoyable and we had a good sing-song all the way.

Saturday was another lovely day, and after a good breakfast we departed at 9.30 a.m. for Arundel Castle where we were to be hosted by His Grace The Duke of Norfolk and the Duchess. This turned out to be a really grand day. The castle looked magnificent in the morning sunshine as we arrived in Arundel, and there we were met by Mr. Colman, the castle's Catering Officer, who took us inside the castle where coffee and biscuits were served before meeting The Duke and Duchess, who were to take us round the castle personally.

This turned out to be a two-hour tour and it was so entertaining it must surely have been one of the highlights of our weekend. More charming hosts we could not have wished to be with. Our thanks to Mrs. Dacre for making so many of these trips possible for us.

After a splendid lunch and plenty of talk, presentations were again in order, and this time Winnie Edwards made the presentation of a table to the Duke of Nor-



Winnie Edwards presents a table to the Duke of Norfolk.

folk and Mrs. Dacre who is herself an accomplished needlewoman made and presented an embroidered bag to the Duchess to keep her pins, needles and cottons in. The Duke thanked us for the table and expressed the wish that we would come again in the not too distant future.

We took leave about 3 o'clock and arrived back at Ian Fraser House in time for a very welcome cup of tea. As nothing was arranged for the evening we all got together and had a dinner at a very nice restaurant in Rottingdean to complete a perfect day.

On Sunday morning we departed for Brighton College for a Service in the School Chapel and coffee or sherry in the school hall with the Headmaster and boys and girls. The Rev. David Grigor conducted the Service with a bit of help from St. Dunstan's own chaplain, the Rev. Meek, and St. Dunstaner Mark Kingsnorth read the lesson from braille notes. Bill Griffiths, ex-F.E.P.O.W., sang 'The Captives Song' which was very moving. David Bell, who is the chairman of our Handleless Group, gave a talk on the founding and growth of St. Dunstan's. The Headmaster, Mr. William Blackshaw, was presented with a table from St. Dunstan's. Perhaps I should mention here, that all these tables were made by Tommy McKay who is himself a St. Dunstaner.

Sunday afternoon was free, so while Tommy Gaygan and I sat in the grounds enjoying the autumn sunshine, Audrey and my wife took the opportunity to visit Peggie Brett in the nursing home; they said they found her looking frail but very cheerful and she sent her love to all the boys and Gwen and Winnie too.

In the evening we were entertained by the Clayton & Keymer Royal British Legion Branch Club in Hassocks. The ladies of the club must have been very busy as they provided us with plenty of good food and drinks. Our thanks to them all and to the entertainers. A gift of a St. Dunstan's plaque was presented to the Legion by Air Vice-Marshal Colahan and accepted by Mr. George Watson, the President of the Club. Our thanks to Mr. Percy Staines, the Club Secretary, and Mrs. Longhurst, who is President of the Womens Section.

On Monday morning, reunion members met in the Winter Garden for a short get-together before the afternoon session when staff from Headquarters meet us for discussions on domestic matters etc. At this meeting we met our friend, Dr. Fletcher from the Limb Fitting Centre in Roehampton, who always attends our reunion on the Monday to keep us informed of any new developments in limbs and gadgets etc. We are always pleased to see the staff, which included Mr. Weisblatt, Miss Mosley, Miss Lord, Norman French, David Castleton and Commander Conway. We missed Mr. Wills who always attended our reunion since it was started more than 25 years ago. He had been such a good friend to us all.

In the evening our Farewell Dinner was held in the Winter Garden and it was quite a grand occasion. Our principal speakers were Mr. Raymond Baxter of BBC's 'Tomorrow's World', and Mr. William Blackshaw, the Headmaster of Brighton College. Our other special guests were Mrs. Blackshaw, the Rev. and Mrs. Grigson, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. George Watson, plus two guests from the Royal British Legion, and Dr. Fletcher. The evening started with a few words from our Chairman, David Bell, who called for a few minutes silence in memory of Mr. D. Wills.

Handless Reunion *continued*

After an excellent dinner, Mr. Raymond Baxter kept us all amused with a very witty and interesting talk accompanied with plenty of funny stories, some clean, some not so clean — but all very enjoyable. Then David Bell followed with a few words asking Tommy Gaygan to present a special gift to Norman French, who has been such a help to us over the years, and although now retired, is to continue to help the handless men and women whenever he can. Norman thanked us all for his gift and said how much he appreciated it. Marie, his wife, also received a gift from us all. Small posies were given to our special friends, Anne Colahan and Mary Stenning, and one was presented to the Headmaster's wife, Mrs. Blackshaw.

Also during these presentations, Mrs. Dacre received a very special St. Dunstan's brooch, which, she said, she now feels she is entitled to wear, because she really is

one of us, as indeed she is. The speeches were wound up with one from Mr. Blackshaw, who said it was going to be rather difficult to follow the one by Raymond Baxter, but he didn't do at all bad.

Mr. Ken Lyon then played the piano and asked us to sing a little song written for us by Peggie Brett to the tune of 'The Ovaltines' which starts like this:

'We are the Handy Andies, happy girls and boys,

Met together as our habit once a year to yak and rabbit.

We are the Handy Andies glad to have a "Do" . . .

I should like to add a special 'thank you' to Air Vice-Marshal Colahan and his wife, Ann, for the help they gave us throughout the whole of our reunion, and a thank you, too, to all the staff and the drivers at Ian Fraser House for making this a most enjoyable reunion. Even the weather was kind to us!

Raymond Baxter with Gwen Obern and Bill Griffiths.



Norman French receives a gift on behalf of the handless St. Dunstaners from Audrey and Tommy Gaygan.

READING TIME by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 3759

Assault & Matrimony

By James Anderson

Read by Garard Green

Reading time 8¼ Hrs.

'It was on Wednesday morning that Sylvia decided to murder her husband. What she didn't know was that on Tuesday morning her husband, Edgar, had decided to murder her.' These are the intriguing opening lines of this lovely comic book.

Sylvia and Edgar are a charming cultured couple. Outwardly all lovey-dovey, they secretly hate each other's innards. Their large house 'The Firs' belongs to Sylvia, it has been in her family for generations. She dearly loves the old house while Edgar in his heart of hearts hates every brick and square metre of plaster in the dreary old dump.

A similar house next door, 'The Elms' is owned by Sylvia's cousin Charles. One day he drops his bombshell. He has been offered twice its market value by a weird off-beat sect. Sylvia is appalled at the pro-

spect of having 'funny' neighbours. If only she could buy the property and so keep them out? Quite out of the question . . . but is it? Just suppose Edgar were to die? With all that lovely insurance money she could easily afford it . . . and get rid of her boring old husband at the same time . . .

But Edgar had already had one or two crafty thoughts on the subject. Just suppose Sylvia were to snuff it? . . . He could flog this dump at an inflated price to the sect and all the antique furniture Sylvia had collected, and live the life of Riley — and get rid of his boring old wife at the same time . . . so, each decides to murder the other.

They prove singularly inept at the business and after many outrageously bizarre attempts they both remain in remarkably good health.

Their final fling occurs when they are visiting Charles at his Cornish cottage. Both their attempts go spectacularly wrong and there is a most unexpected denouement . . .

One of the funniest books I have read for some time.

What can a Computer do for me?

by Phil Duffee

If you do not write lots of letters, serve on a busy committee, help to run your local newspaper, Scout troop, Duke of Edinburgh Award scheme, write reports or run a small business; if you are not taking an Open University course in Eskimo Finger-Twiddling or Chinese Flower-Drying, writing your Magnum Opus (or minimum opus if it come to that!), or watching your investments avidly so that you know when to sell your 50,000 shares in T.S.B; if you do not have such a busy social life that you are forever wondering whether you should be at Lord Braithwaite's or Mr. Doolittle's this weekend; or do not have a record collection so big that you can no longer keep track of it (or bus tickets if that's your fancy) — then the answer to the question at the top of this article is: Nothing!

But if you are involved in any, all, or any combination of the above, or anything like the things mentioned, then the answer to the question is; probably a great deal!

Here at Ovingdean we can offer you tuition in basic and more advanced Word-Processing, Spread-Sheet handling, Data Storage and retrieval, be it your long Greetings card list or your Record and Tape catalogue (or even your plane numbers, eh George?). There is even a program in the offing that will help a radio-ham keep a track of his log and get it printed!

Until recently there were only a few programs available to blind users of home computers, some of which were mentioned in the recent *Review* article about Peter Jones. There was one other which had been compiled by Dr Tom Vincent, then of the Open University, a Talking Word-Processor which we are still using. You will remember that Bill Shea reported on the 4-day course he and I attended at the London Polytechnic, using this program exclusively. In addition to these are the programs written by Vivian Daniels, a blind user of computers. His programs consist of a database, a talk-

ing word-processor program and a suite of programs called *Workspace* which offer a memo-pad, a phone directory, a disc reader and a Basic program writer and reader.

All the above are very suitable for the beginner or those who do not aspire to write a book, run a business or catalogue enormous files. There is also a very good package of programs sold commercially on one disc which can be used by the partially sighted to run a small business. It is called *Mini-Office* and consists of a word-processor, a database, a spreadsheet and a graphics program which will display your figures as a bar-chart or a pie-chart and other useful ways of displaying figures. This particular suite of programs was top of the poll for two years in the computer world and there is now an expanded version called *Mini-Office II*.

However, the situation has changed dramatically for the blind user in the past months due to a suite of programs written by Paul Blenkhorn of Birmingham University. The new programs now make it possible for a blind person to use commercial software not written specially for us. What Paul Blenkhorn did was to write a program which is based on some work done by Alan Hadley, (a programmer for a well-known food-processing firm) for Peter Jones. This acts as the front end of commercial software (such as the very popular word-processor called *Wordwise-Plus*) and, using a speech synthesiser, enables the blind user to get the text read to him at any stage in its production. Thus making it possible to create, edit, save and print almost anything that a sighted person could do, the exception being graphics, bar-charts and the like.

A Spreadsheet, such as *Inter-sheet* from *Computer Concepts*, at the most basic level would make it possible to keep track of your investments or care for your bank accounts. At the more advanced level you would be able to process the accounts of a

small business and, by using a link between *Inter-Sheet* and *Wordwise-Plus*, get your invoices printed and labelled.

By using a connecting unit (called an 'interface') it is now possible to receive *Prestel*, *Ceefax* and *Oracle* directly into the computer and then get it read to you. You would then be able to select material that you wish to keep, print it out or save it on disc. You could read the material again at anytime you like merely by loading the file into the computer and switching in your voice synthesiser. Using a Modem (a device which links your computer to the telephone line) it is easy to contact other people who are computerate (Why not? It's better than the vogue word 'computer-literate'!) via the electronic mail systems.

The most popular programs among blind users are those used for word-processing, whether it be writing letters, using the *Textedit* program written for Peter Jones, or your 'History of the World', using the advanced *Wordwise-Plus*. One can see why this is, when all my students say how much they appreciate the independence the computer gives them to compose, correct, alter and then print a letter with no outside help at all. And, of course, this would also be true if you were preparing your thesis for the Open University course you are currently doing, or the short story that you hope will win the Hemingway prize.

There are other goodies, such as a *Pocket Braille* which would enable you to take notes at a lecture or meeting. A *Micro-writer* (used with only one hand) which would do the same but in ordinary script. Both these devices link with the *Beeb* and produce either printed text or speech or both. There is also a lap-held computer, battery-powered so that it is mobile, having its own built-in *Texteditor*, capable of driving printer and a speech synthesiser. This too will link with the *Beeb*. All of these are available now but do have specialised uses so would probably not be of interest to the average beginner.

What I do recommend is that if you wish to use a computer then you should book a week or a fortnight here at Ovingdean, on our *Introductory Computer Course*. Come and be shown the basics of computer-handling and see for yourself how

handy it can be. If you have some special need we can probably find the program for you. You too might find that you are computerate even if you are 92. So long as you can type well and accurately you will be surprised at what you can do. If your typing is suspect it would be better if you have a typing refresher first before taking the computer course as you would lose a lot of time while you use the computer as a practice machine.

There is a machine extant which can read text from five different typefaces and enter it into a computer, thus making it possible to read it using the speech synthesiser. However it will not do so if the type is anything less than perfect. The other snag is that it costs £1000! If you try it with handwriting it makes a printer's pie. Which is just as well, for if it is ever perfected you would not need me, just a computer, a voice box and a book of instructions!

While I'm still here, would you please drop me a line if you are computerate, tell me what sort of equipment you have, what software you use and what you are doing it for. I can then get a reference list out should anyone want to have a chat about a specific item before buying. If you have found snags with hardware or software please include that too. Someone may have found a solution to the problem already, after all, why re-invent the wheel! I look forward to hearing from you, and, maybe, seeing you here at the *Chip Shop*.

ORANGE BADGE SCHEME — VEHICLE PARKING

The Department of Transport is reviewing all aspects of the Orange Badge Scheme and has welcomed comments on possible changes before decisions are taken. St. Dunstan's is amongst those who have strongly opposed the suggestion that blind people should only be eligible for a badge if they also have limited walking ability. The outcome cannot be predicted but we have been assured that our views will be carefully considered.



Mike Tetley presents a gift from Australia to Arthur Neve. The Australian R.A.F. plaque, intended for the bar at Ian Fraser House was sent by Australian physiotherapist, Colin Johnston.

1986 PHYSIOTHERAPY CONFERENCE

Story and Pictures: David Castleton

St. Dunstan's Annual Physiotherapy Conference is a nicely judged combination of business and pleasure. For the first mentioned, the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee never fails to provide an interesting panel of speakers to address the conference on professional subjects while, for the second, the physiotherapists themselves create an atmosphere of good fellowship at the social events that form part of the programme.

The weekend conference began on October 3rd in the annexe of Ian Fraser House with Meeting and Greeting Time — a buffet supper with music for dancing and listening. One old friend warmly welcomed was Jeff Bond, making another visit from his home in Cambridge, Ontario, Canada.

At the Annual General Meeting on October 4th, under the chairmanship of Des Coupe, the annual report of the P.A.C. was adopted unanimously. Three mem-

bers of the Committee were due to retire and the A.G.M., at the suggestion of the Committee, agreed that membership be reduced from six to five. After 35 years membership, Bill Shea felt the time had come to stand down from the committee and his decision was reluctantly accepted by his colleagues with a formal tribute to his work for fellow physiotherapists over the years.

Des Coupe and Mike Tetley were returned to the Committee unopposed and at a subsequent, brief meeting of the P.A.C., were re-elected as Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively.

David Teager, Chairman of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy and Principal of the North London School of Physiotherapy, was the first of the visiting speakers. He gave an interesting account of the steps being taken by the C.S.P., under his leadership, to enhance the professional status of physiotherapists.

Judging from the questions and discussion after his talk, this item could have been scheduled for the whole day!

He was followed by David Laycock, Director of the Computer Centre for the Disabled at the Central London Polytechnic. His theme was 'The Application of Computers in the Blind World and in Physiotherapy.' His lively talk aroused great interest. Later in the afternoon, physiotherapists were able to listen to the spoken output from a speech synthesiser linked to a BBC computer and discuss ways in which such equipment could be used in their practices. For example, to keep patients' records, an appointment diary and address lists, all of which would make the blind practitioner less reliant on sighted help.

The speaker after lunch was Dr. Jean Monro, a specialist in allergy and environmental medicine, whose talk attracted the presence of many wives, who joined husbands for this session.

Brian Johnston, O.B.E., M.C., was guest of honour at the Annual Dinner. As one who served with the Grenadier Guards throughout the European campaigns from Normandy through the Netherlands and into Germany, he was much at home in the company of St. Dunstaners. However, their interest was in his peace-time years as cricket commentator for the BBC. In his talk after dinner, Mr. Johnston made it clear that he and his fellow commentators are very much aware of the many blind people in their audience. He spoke of his own connections with the blind world through his interest in helping the school for blind children at Dorton House, near Sevenoaks in Kent.

Talking of his days in the commentary box, he recalled some of his own 'gaffes' to the amusement of his audience. They included one on a royal occasion — the marriage of His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales and Her Royal Highness The Princess Diana. In the course of his commentary from a position outside St. Paul's Cathedral, he described the arrival of Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh in an open carriage and went on: '... Now they are going up the steps into the pavilion.'

Before introducing Brian Johnston, Des



Brian Johnston speaking at the Annual Dinner.

Coupe had welcomed the guests, who included Sir Henry and Lady Leach, Mr. and Mrs. Ion Garnett-Orme, Mr. and Mrs. Alston of the Association of Blind Physiotherapists, Mr. and Mrs. Norman French, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Smeed.

All the company joined in generous applause as, after some well-chosen words, Des Coupe, made a presentation on behalf of physiotherapists to Norman French on his retirement from the post of Secretary to the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee.

Des Coupe making a presentation to Norman French.





Jimmy Wright Flies High

Story and Pictures: David Castleton

'It was a super flight; very smooth with no hair-raising parts on take-off.' This was Jimmy Wright's nonchalant verdict on his record-breaking parascent to a height of 1,100 feet.

Parascending means flying on a parachute that is launched, like a kite, from the ground towed by a fairly fast moving vehicle. On October 2nd, at Southmere Park, Thamesmead in South East London, Jimmy Wright was making his attempt to break his own height record, for a blind person, of 600 feet.

Brian Tripp and his Landbeach Parascending Team provided the special 'wing' parachute, an oblong design some 30 feet across, and the expertise.

Jimmy was to take off into wind and climb as high as possible before casting off to steer his navigable parachute in a wide circle back to the field to make his landing into the wind. Fortunately conditions were ideal — a warm, sunny day with a light breeze. After interviews with local press and radio reporters, Jimmy was harnessed to his parachute and received his final briefing from Brian Tripp.

There was the radio intercom to check — already tested in the air by a sighted member of the team. This item was essential, as Jimmy, flying blind, had to be talked down by radio. An extra precaution was the provision of public address loudspeakers to 'shout' him down if the radio link failed.

At Brian Tripp's signal the towing Land Rover sped away, bumping over the grass, the tow line tightened and within two or three running steps Jimmy was airborne, rising like a lift until he became a tiny figure in the sky. He cast off, signalling his intention to the vehicle below by opening his legs wide — the only sign visible from the ground at that height.



By now Brian Tripp was talking to him. 'Turn to the right, Jimmy — that's nice — now straighten'. Slowly the parachute lost height as it circled back over the field, Jimmy controlling it by pulling on cords in his left and right hands, for a soft landing.

He had broken the record and made another contribution to his campaign to raise funds for the Julie Andrews Appeal to fight arterial disease. His particular project is to raise funds for an arterial scanner for St. Peter's Hospital, Chertsey where, two years ago, he underwent an operation to replace the aorta. His surgeon, Mr. Martin Thomas, M.S., F.R.C.S. was among those well-wishers who cheered him on.

Jimmy is President of the British Association of Parascending Clubs, 'I would like parascending to become a sport for the disabled,' he said.

Certainly his own flight demonstrated how a blind person could enjoy the experience of flying high and riding the wind. 'Take-off is crucial, keeping the parachute straight. In practice flights I had difficulty in finding the cast-off cord but Brian Tripp modified this and I was able to cast off more quickly. Once you get to the maximum height, the sooner you cast off, the longer time you have in the air.'

Readers will recall that Jimmy was a film cameraman with the R.A.F. Film Unit and was blinded and badly burned in a crash. In an earlier incident he had to parachute to safety from a crashing plane. Despite these experiences he enjoys parascending and the radio technique he uses could be applied to parachuting from the air, he says, 'Perhaps one day, we will be able to get the British Parachute Association to let blind people jump.'

Jimmy thanks all those St. Dunstaners who have supported him, his friends at HMS *Daedalus* and the Lee-on-Solent Coastguards.



RETURN

Leo Neasham, Part 2

Two bumps on the side-supports of the stretcher under the shoulders and near the feet brought me back to awareness — it seems to resemble a tressle-like formation, presumably to lift me from the floor and to avoid the need for the medical examiners to bend down so low.

'Stick it mate! Don't worry. You'll be all right. Wish we were coming with you, to get out of this bloody lot. Remember us to Blighty.'

Another voice, with echoes of Dorset or perhaps Devon. 'Anything you want mate?' 'A little water please.' 'I'll get it. Be careful, you'll spill the bloody lot. Lift up your head a bit.'

Another voice, female this time, coming from behind me. I felt the softness of a female hand on my forehead, perhaps looking at the eyes. It was understandable that this lady would avoid coming too near me, because of the abundance of lice that were enjoying themselves chasing each other over my birthday suit, avoiding the wet mud which now must be fairly soaked. 'Admit this man, Sergeant. Remove all his clothing. See that he is well-covered with blankets. Try to wash his face, but do not touch the eyes.' 'Yes Sister.' Oh, from now on I know who it is.

With this painful operation concluded I tried to settle into a restive mood. 'Alright mate?' Dorset again. 'Yes, thank you. What hospital is this?' 'This ain't no bloody hospital. It's a bloody big tent.' I suppose he meant a marquee. Interesting to imagine it, with a large red cross emblazoned on the side. It's hardly feasible that it would be covered with red blood, as he so aptly described it.

'I'm off duty tonight.'

'Oh, that's good.'

'I'm going into the town to get some bloody booze. I'll take my billy can and fill it for you.'

'Is drinking allowed in here?'

'No, but I'll put it in a mug and bring it for you. It'll be all right. The old cow won't be

here again tonight.'

'Who's that?'

'The Sister. She ranks as a Captain in the nursing service. You need to be careful when she's about. Women in power!'

'You're very kind, but I don't want any beer, I don't drink it.'

'Righto. I'll see you. All the things out of your pockets are in this bag. Feel it . . . all right? I'll hang it on the end here.'

'I had a five franc note — is it there?'

'Some b***** has had that.'

'Thank you. Don't worry about it.' Interesting. Royal Army Medical Corps. RAMC on their epaulettes. Rob All My Comrades we would say. And so they did. But of course I must accept it. I suppose in truth so must men of each other wherever they are. Anyhow that was exactly what happened. I am afraid the RAMC meant that on that occasion.

During the march I mentioned we suffered the indignity of a pay parade. Now this was really something. Having been herded into a stubble field we were formed into a three-sided square. This gregarious interlude, for whimsical it was, gave full vent to the company Sergeant-Major's dissertation, which was actually a frivolous amusement for us, as he spluttered out his attempts in encouraging our bodily movements. The vaudeville emphasised his weaknesses, as he contorted his face, showed his teeth and barked like a mad alsatian dog.

'Your equipment will be off.' He means, removed.

'Rifle on it. Behind him in a straight line. I said straight line. Forget about the shape of your mother. No mother would want to know any of you bloody lot.'

At that moment a GS wagon, General Service, was backed in. The old horse was released from the shafts and staked down on a leading rein, given a nose-bag of hay with which to amuse himself. Inside sat the Quarter-Master Sergeant with a long sheet of paper which it could be supposed

carried a list of names. The young officer who jumped out remained standing. The Sergeant-Major's face went red as he yelled 'Attention.' He marched across to the 2nd-Lieut. to announce all present.

'Allow your men to stand at ease, Sergeant-Major. There can be no excuse for causing them unnecessary discomfort.'

He marched back with his face now turning a deep purple. 'When I call your name you must spring smartly to attention, march towards the officer, all three paces in front, and salute. When he hands you your pay, step smartly three paces, take it in your left hand (if you know which is your left hand), step back three paces, salute, about turn, march smartly back to your place.'

And so this carousel continued its merry-go-round until all names had been called and the GS wagon rode away. I was the proud possessor of a five-franc note — roughly about two shillings in exchange value in England at that time, (though now it's 10p). The lads soon lost theirs in gambling. Now I've lost mine, and I so much wanted to give it to Dorset. Soft footsteps. No speech. I feel a warmth near my cheek, smell paraffin or is it acetanilide. Perhaps a light being carried. A firm voice, 'Base.'

A female voice, 'Attend to the dressing Sergeant. Soft pads on the eyes with tight bandage.'

'Yes Sister.' All this completed in a few minutes. The eyes less painful, probably because I cannot now move the eyelids up and down. I am lifted again. 'You're going with the train mate. Inside no talking. Remain silent and you'll be all right.'

It seems I was on the floor. I could feel the sides of this smelly place and supposed it a cattle truck. Soon I sensed movement and the rumbling sound of train wheels. I know not how long this journey was and have no memory of it. I revived when being lifted and carried to a kind of motor vehicle, thence to a soft bed which covered my painful shoulders and buttocks, after so many hours on the canvas of a stretcher. A young female voice, 'I want to wash you and I'll be as gentle as possible. I must try to remove some of the dirt before the medical officers visit you.' 'Thank you. Are you a nurse?'

'Yes.'

'Where am I?'

'At Boulogne. In hospital. You must remain quite still. After I've completed the dressings, nurse will bring you some food.'

It was so peaceful there. It did not seem that anywhere could ever be peaceful again. Nobody's speaking. Perhaps it's night. I wondered how the lads had fared in the redoute. What had happened to the Germans? Did Dorset have his booze?

'Up you go lad.'

'What's happening?'

'Oh, you're going for a ride. Not far.'

The conveyance was hand-propelled, and I could discern the discussions of several men. The soft hands of a female, presumably a nurse, removed all the dressings without speaking. The male voices nearer, presumably doctors. Not much conversation, I could not decide how many constituted this group. Occasional touches by male hands around my various wounds.

A loud voice, 'Anything else? Flesh wound on the abdomen . . . Nothing can be done. That leg and an arm, they must come off. What about you?'

A younger sounding voice this time, 'Well sir I've considered both eyes. The left one is completely destroyed, the right one indicates possible vision, if an early operation could produce some improvement. I would like this case to be sent to the 3rd London General for consultation by Sir Hubert Parsons.' Heavy voice again, 'Those amputations are urgent. If I'm to do them I must do them now, because I'm going on leave at noon.'

'Yes sir, but I'd submit that if we'd send this case for Sir Hubert's special attention, the amputations could then be done by London.'

'All right, have it your way. Make sure that all the information is clearly stated on the patient's identity label. You may perhaps get him away tonight.'

And so they left me to my thinking, my trepidation, tremulous agitation, apprehensions of the possibility of losing a leg and an arm. But I must not fall to . . . I must have confidence and gratitude, that the voice of hope had rescued me with mightier dominance, in hours to pass, to the care of a famous ophthalmic surgeon.

Could anything be more wonderful? Did I realise the magnitude of such happiness? Of course not. It was years later, after visiting opticians that I noticed shelves of the great teaching volumes of this man, that I could forever count the blessing of this moment.

I remembered the steep hill from the docks, the little motorised perambulator I was in, (having first been strapped to the stretcher against the momentum of the ship) danced wildly on its solid tyres as it proceeded to descend. Suddenly it overturned. Fortunately I fell to the left, minimising the painful discomfort of the wounded leg and arm. The strap around me held firmly. Much shouting and soldierly language, then all's well till the hospital ship. We were quiet, peaceful and reasonably comfortable. The only noise came from the throbbing of the engines.

Soft female voice enquiring. Me, 'Something to drink please.'
'I have some beer, we'll send you some.'
'No thank you, I don't drink it.'
'Some water then, but don't take too much in case you're sick.'
'Here you are, son. Sister sent this. I'll hold it. This bloody ship is pitching.'
'We're not going straight over?'
'Submarines, subs about. Captain, he's taking a zig-zag course up the Channel. It'll mean twelve hours instead of two. All right lad?

I was brought ashore and laid somewhere on the dockside. There was much movement of feet. Some while after I heard a train moving out. A strange voice, 'Why is this man left here?'
'Oh he's for the London train.'
'Cannot he be taken to the waiting room?'
'Well the door's a bit small and narrow to get this stretcher through to the third class waiting room. Anyhow there isn't a fire there.'
'In the first class waiting room there's a lovely fire. It would be warm for him there.'
'No Mister, he can't go in there. He's not an officer.'

Another voice, suggesting a sanctimonious air, 'I'm from the local church, from your label I see you are of the Church of England.'
'Yes I am.'

'Have you been confirmed?'

'No I haven't.'

'Then you are an impostor.' And he walked away without further speaking. I thought, what a terrible thing for a church leader to utter, a malediction with thunders of the vatican, however could he sink so low? After the terrible days on the Somme, the uncertainties of yesterday, the predicament I was in at the moment; it brought a stinging truth to how the lads felt in the trenches, that the British did not want us to come back, that the war should go on — they continue with their high wages and high living, making munitions. I was back in my homeland, and in the first few minutes, a church leader, a supposed Christian teacher had shut the gates of mercy and designated me an outcast. I resolved never to enter a church again.

I was overwhelmed by a mixture of sadness and bitterness, and scarcely realised another speaker near to me. Introducing himself as Steve, 'My name is Steventon,' I think that was correct. 'You may call me Steve, don't worry to remember names. I am the Secretary of the London Society of East Anglians. I see you're a Norfolk Regiment, do you live in Norfolk?'

'Yes, Norwich.'

'Oh, that's wonderful. You are awaiting the London train, for the 3rd London General Hospital. I know it well. It's in Wandsworth. I will come to see you when I return to London in a few days. Have you any parents or relatives?'

'Yes.'

'Would you like me to write to them?'

'Yes, it would be very kind. Write to my mother. Don't give details of the eyes, only mention the leg and arm, if you wish.'

'Give me the address, I will write at once.'
'Thank you, it will make me very happy. You could contact my father in Aldershot, he's serving with the King's Dragoon Guards on remounts. If he's abroad, his friend in the office, Lieutenant J. Burby, may help.'

'Your train will be in soon. Don't get concerned, and I will visit you.'

I was lifted and carried, I suppose into the train. Door bangs, the train moves. 'All right lad? I'm the guard. You'll be all right. I shall be in and out all the while.' A Londoner I thought. He spoke very kindly, as

he came in banging the door, after stopping the train and restarting en route. And so, after much carrying, buffeting and conveying eventually I was again in a hospital bed with the necessary nursing service, very quiet and cared for, during a spell of two or three days.

Then nurse says very quietly, 'I'll remove your dressings on the eyes, Sir Hubert Parsons is in the ward and will come to examine you.' And so the great man came to me silently examining the eyes. I confess to feeling nervously excited. After a few breathtaking moments, which I found difficult to control, he spoke in a soft deep tone of voice, 'I'm sorry lad, you'll lose the left one. I cannot do anything for that. The right seems more hopeful, and I will try to save that, I'm not promising anything, and if not more, you will have some sight in it.' I went from dejection to elation. A few days later a surgeon, of whom I had no knowledge, speaking with a rough voice, said, 'I'll have you in and clean up those wounds of yours. I think I can save the leg, it may be stiff, you won't be able to walk. The arm should be useable but the use of your hand shall be limited to the thumb and forefinger. You're a very lucky lad.' And so, torture became a delight as darkness heralded a new dawn.

In the months that followed I was overjoyed at welcoming several visitors. Burby came and informed me he had contacted my father who would be visiting as soon as he returned from abroad. Steve came frequently during my stay in London hospital. He was always a joy, so cheerful,

full of optimism and encouragement. Of course my father, almost always anyway, came weekly, unless he was away taking drafts of horses to the front. He had to wear a Corporal's tunic as commissioned officers could not be permitted to propel a wounded soldier in an invalid chair into the grounds of the hospital. Sister Sharp would often remark on how many visitors I had. Hospital life I found was very disciplined, but very happy. In February 1919, after two years and four months, I was released from hospital and discharged from the Army.

40 years on in 1959, the abdominal wound that had been ignored in the beginning, gave trouble, revealing that the schrapnel had secreted itself in the bladder. A surgeon in a private operation and with great skill, removed this, at the same time extracting the largest of the seven pieces of schrapnel from the leg, allowing for full movement and releasing from many years the painful stiffness. A minor operation on the arm cleared the bullet wound and full movement of the fingers returned. In the same year an ophthalmic surgeon did another private operation, extracting the schrapnel splinters that had worked through from the back of the right eye, though too late to improve the vision, freed the eye from discomforting unhappiness and distress that had been a major concern for so long. The offending metal responsible for destroying the left eye remains to this day firmly embedded in the cheekbone.

Leo Neasham, with escort Mrs. Doreen Harris, at the Birmingham Reunion this year.



HMS HOOD ASSOCIATION & HMS ELECTRA

by Charlie Mantle, Ex-Leading Stoker, HMS Electra

*'Through thirteen miles of quaking air
The shells screamed on their track,
The Bismark showed a blazing wound
And hurled her fury back.
She hurled her fury at the Hood
And split her to the keel
And fourteen hundred men went down
Within that tomb of steel.'*

The *HMS Hood* Association was formed ten years ago — the naval personnel had all served aboard her during the years 1923 — early 1941. They got together to keep the memory of *Hood* alive.

In May 1941 *HMS Electra* was lying at Scapa Flow when the order came 'Prepare for sea at the double.' The news came through the grapevine that *HMS Sheffield* had spotted the *Bismark* heading north-west from the coast of Norway. We found out we were escorting *HMS Hood* and *Prince of Wales*, and we proceeded north and then westerly. The *Sheffield* was still shadowing the *Bismark*. It was May 24th 1941. I was on the morning watch. We were

steaming at a normal 20 knots when the telegraph rang 'Full speed ahead.' The blow pipe whistled that the *Hood* had been sunk and that we were proceeding to the spot to see if there were any survivors.

When we arrived there was nothing but 40 square yards of match wood, a young mid-shipman sitting on a small table top and two sailors struggling in the sea. Lowering the whaler we picked them up. Throwing the nets over the side we got them aboard and rushed them fore'ard. We laid them onto tables in the Seamen's Mess, stripped them off, covered them in blankets and massaged them all over to try and get the circulation going, brews coming fast and furious, also the old rum from here and there. We proceeded direct to Reyjavik, Iceland, and hospital for the survivors. *HMS Electra* then went looking for *Prince of Wales* which had been hit, and escorted her to Rosyth. Seeing that we had picked up the three survivors, the *HMS Hood* Association made the eight out of ten survivors of *Electra* associate members.

HMS Hood survivors with members of HMS Electra at the Annual Dinner in HMS Nelson this year.



British Battle Cruiser Hood, September 1933. Photo: Imperial War Museum.

A dinner and dance was held recently at the Victory Club, *HMS Nelson*. Seven survivors from *HMS Electra* attended, and we stayed at the Royal Seamen's Club. The *Hood* chaps made us very welcome, especially the two *Hood* survivors — the Middy having been killed in a car crash after the war. Bob Tilburn is President of the Association and Ted Briggs who was a boy seaman at the time of rescue, ended up Lt. T. Briggs (Yeoman) serving his full time. Lt. Briggs requested to sit at *Electra's* table. The guests of honour were Port Admiral, Rear Admiral A. Wheatley and his wife, and, also from *HMS Nelson*, Commodore C.J. Howard and his wife. It was the first time after 45 years that we had met.

The following morning we went to the naval dockyard where we paraded and then marched behind a naval cadet band to St. Ann's Church for the memorial service. The church was packed. A naval Chaplain held the service for *HMS Hood* and after that service he held one for *HMS Electra*. It was very moving. Marching back to the dockyard gates, we dismissed and proceeded to the Royal Seamen's Home for a quiet drink and farewell handshakes and then homeward bound with my escort. Hope to meet again next year.

Just after war was declared, the *Electra* witnessed the sinking of *SS Athenia*, sailing to America with women and children on board. It sunk just off the west coast of Ireland. We picked up many survivors covered in thick crude oil, and we had to wash them down with shale oil. That's when I learnt a sneaker was a plimsol. The owners, MacDonald Shipping Line, presented all the crew of *Electra* with gold plated cigarette cases with the *SS Athenia* going down inscribed upon them. Our sister ship, *HMS Escort* received silver mugs. Sorry to say my cigarette case is on the bottom of the Java sea.

The *Electra* escorted *HMS King George V* from the Tyne to Rosyth to be commissioned, and a few months later escorted the *Prince of Wales* from Birkenhead to be commissioned. Somehow we seemed to be attached to her. *Electra* was Capt. D of the 'E' class destroyers, since the *Exmouth* went down in 1939. We also did the first Russian convoy consisting of 15 cargo ships, 2 destroyers, 3 corvetts and four trawlers, coal piled to the top of their stacks; and also a tanker and *SS Lancastria* with 600 RAF personnel aboard. Lord Beaverbrook was out there aboard *HMS London*, when we arrived at Archangel. The

two destroyers ran overnight with RAF personnel to Murmansk to help out with the defence of Leningrad. We arrived home, then down smoke to Victoria and Albert Docks for a refit. It suited most of the men because 90 percent were Londoners, or from around the provinces.

When we put to sea after six weeks, back to Rosyth to escort the *Prince of Wales* to the far east with our sister ship, *HMS Express*. We arrived on December 4th 1941. On December 10th the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were sunk off Quantan in the China sea. We picked up 810 survivors — 700 off the *Repulse*, many very badly burnt by superheated steam, just over 100 from the *Prince*; and the rest from the *Prince* were saved by *Express*, *Stronghold* and *Aussie HMS Vampire*.

On February 27th 1942, we were sunk by gunfire in the battle of the Java sea. After many hours in the sea on a raft, during the early hours a submarine surfaced near enough alongside. It was American, SS 38, a First War one. The Captain was Lt. Hank Munson who went on to sink the second highest tonnage of the war — 200,000 tons. It was the biggest rescue by a sub during the war — there were 54 of us. We had lost over two thirds of our ship's company. The sub's claxon went off, frightened the life out of us and we crash-dived to lay on the sea bed for about 20 hours being depth charged. Finally we blew our tanks and proceeded to Sourabaya.

While on the sea bed, those who could had to lay on their stomachs to consume as little air as possible. Those of us badly wounded lay in our bunks. One man died, he was our Oerliken Gunner. Actually he was one of three who got the raft overboard that saved our lives. We arrived in Sourabaya on March 3rd, three days before the Japs landed. Those of us who were wounded were taken to hospital, 18 in all; the rest escaped to Australia from Jillijap. Those in hospital became Jap POW's. There are now three of us left — one very ill — so that left Lofty Skerrett and myself with five shipmates for the *Hood* dinner, dance and memorial service. Ironically, three of us were in the ship's water polo team. Lofty and I were mere sprogs — we were on a Fleet Reserve ship, our shipmates are in their eighties!

AN UNFORGETTABLE HOLIDAY

St. Dunstaner, Reg Goding of Gosport, was recently married to Eileen Hall and then both embarked on a trip which was, as Reg says, 'fantastic — from start to finish.'

The adventure began early on the morning of September 26th, on the occasion of Eileen and Reg's marriage, which was held in Southampton and attended by members of the family — Reg has two daughters and grandchildren, Eileen has three sons and grandchildren — and several close friends. A splendid wedding breakfast was held at the Polygon Hotel after the ceremony, but Reg and Eileen had no time to linger — they boarded the *Queen Elizabeth II* at midday, she sailed at 2pm and they were off on a 'trip of a lifetime.' Crossing the Atlantic en route to New York took 5 days — 'We had a marvellous time,' says Reg, 'despite a terrific storm which caused a 200 mile detour. It was very rough, but fortunately neither of us was seasick, and the entertainments carried on right through the worst of the weather!' The amenities on the ship were excellent, there was even a bridge club — which Reg took full advantage of — and the food was 'out of this world' says Eileen.

Due to the storm, the QEII docked very late at night in New York and this caused a change in the first night's accommodation to the Hilton Hotel, although the rest of



the week was spent at the Waldorf Astoria. Every day was spent sightseeing — 'We went up to the 102nd floor of the Empire State building' said Reg, 'and we have a T-shirt to prove it!' Another marvellous view of New York was from the 'crown' of the Statue of Liberty and different aspects of the city were gained from trips around 42nd Street, 5th Avenue, Broadway, Central Park and even down on the subways. Sunday brought a special visit to a Baptist church in Harlem, joining in with the gospel singing and, by way of contrast, a visit to the Hard Rock Café where they resisted the temptation to join in with the disco dancing!

At the end of the week it was time to return home, but the best was yet to come — the flight back to England on Concorde. At supersonic speeds the 'plane made the trip in just 3 hours — it had taken 5 days on the QEII — but the service was just as special, champagne and cocktails were 'on the house'. Reg took the opportunity to visit the flight deck and the crew explained the layout and functions of the equipment in detail. 'The crew knew that we were recently married' said Eileen, 'and they presented us with a bottle of champagne and a card.'

Reg and Eileen agreed that the holiday was unforgettable — 'All in all, we had an absolutely wonderful time.'

We send them our warmest congratulations and wish them as much happiness in the years to come.



THE GHOST OF CROXLEY

By Bob Lloyd

Truth really is stranger than fiction. This is a true story about Croxley House, Croxley Green, Hertfordshire. Croxley House is a lovely Georgian house, set in about 10 acres of land. It is completely surrounded by a high wall and stands at the far end of Croxley Green away from most of the other houses, or at least it did when I was there in 1945. Perhaps by now there has been much more development in the area, as the village is so conveniently placed for commuting to London. In 1945 it was quite a lonely house and a very beautiful one, with many trees, a large walled-in garden, a rose garden, stables and outbuildings, with a pond and fountain just outside the main front door.

The house was taken over by St. Dunstan's during the war as a home for physiotherapy students. There were about 10 of us living there at the time. The Matron was Miss Feilden, and we had several V.A.D.'s looking after us. The rooms in the house were spacious and there was a large cellar which looked more like a crypt. It had several pillars joining together to make arches and support the floors above. Inspection of the cellar revealed that at some time a door had been bricked up. This door was in a wall facing a monastery situated on the other side of the road. We understood that Croxley House had been a convent many years ago, and perhaps this door had opened onto an underground passage leading to the monastery. Who knows what went on in those days! The religious motifs and inscriptions on the tiles surrounding the fireplaces in the rooms would indeed suggest that the house had had religious connections.

Each morning, we were taken by army ambulance to the School of Physiotherapy in Great Portland Street, returning home late each evening. After being fed, we set-

tled down each night to long hours of study, sometimes until the early hours of the morning. All bedrooms were situated on the first floor. They were large rooms, and Eric Foster and I shared one such room. His bed was on one side of the room and mine on the other, mine being just adjacent to the door, and by the door was the main light-switch. I mention this because it figures in the story.

One night, when I was fast asleep, I was awakened by a tugging on my bed-clothes. I was a little surprised at first, but the tugging persisted so I called out, 'Is that you, Eric?' thinking that perhaps Eric Foster had lost his way to the door en route to the bathroom. There was no answer. I sat up and switched on the light, but there was no one there. I thought it perhaps was just a dream, so I switched off the light and settled down to sleep. I went to sleep only to be awakened shortly afterwards by the feeling that two hands were slowly moving up my legs, starting from my feet and reaching up to the thighs. I sat up in bed and swung my arm as if to ward off anything that could be there, and then quickly switched on the light. Again, there was nothing there. I sat up for quite a time with the light on. I hadn't wakened Eric and I could hear him breathing heavily on the other side of the room. Eventually I settled down to sleep.

The next morning at breakfast, I mentioned this incident to Matron and the other fellows, expecting loud laughter and sarcastic remarks that I must have had too much to drink the night before, but much to my surprise Eric piped up saying that he had had a similar experience a few days before. He didn't mention it at the time, but kept it to himself until he heard of my experience. I now felt that it hadn't been a dream or imagination, and that I had felt the tugging on the bedclothes and

the hands on my legs. Matron was most interested in this experience. Shortly afterwards the ambulance came to take us to school.

The next day was a Saturday. Some time during that day, an unpleasant odour permeated our bedroom. I went around the room trying to pin-point the source of the smell but I couldn't track it down. It was just a horrible odour. Nothing that I could accurately describe. We mentioned it to Matron and workmen were called in. They inspected the chimney to see if it contained a dead bird, but there was nothing. They pulled up the floor boards. They found nothing. They replaced the floor boards and we never had that smell again, and neither were we awakened by ghostly hands tugging at the bedclothes or sliding up my legs.

What was it? It wasn't imagination and neither did we imagine the smell which the workmen came to investigate. When they lifted up those floor boards, did they release an imprisoned spirit? Can anyone tell me what might have happened in our bedroom, perhaps many years ago? Scratched on the window near my bed was the date '1786'. Could a nun have inscribed this to commemorate a special event in her life? Perhaps there had been 'high jinks' in Croxley House in those days, and perhaps something had been buried under the floor boards, and it fell to us to release it. Who knows. Truth IS stranger than fiction.

30-STONE MAN ROBS ST. DUNSTANER ON BUS

Mr. Melville 'Clem' Clements, aged 73, of Rottingdean, was enjoying a bus-ride into Brighton for a quiet drink with friends when someone sat down beside him. They were chatting briefly and Mr. Clements began to feel something tugging at his coat. He asked the man next to him if he had a dog to which he replied, 'Yes, a Jack Russell.' 'Oh, what colour?' asked Clem. 'Brown and white,' said the man.

Then, suddenly, 'The next thing I knew there was an arm around my neck and a hand in my pocket, getting every single

penny out — I had about £2 or £3 in coins. I was flabbergasted,' says Clem. 'I shouted to the bus driver to stop, I had been robbed, but he must have been a bit nervous and carried on to the aquarium on the pier. I asked the man if I could have my money back, and he called me a liar. At the stop I said to the driver "We must do something about this chap," so he took our names and addresses, and the man gave me back some of my money!'

'When I caught the bus back home it was the same driver and he then told me there was no dog, and how big the thief was — 30 stone! I didn't realise, I had thought of diving on him, it's a good job he didn't sit on me! The police came round later asking questions and I said he sounded Irish so they managed to trace him. I'd suggest to other blind people to be very careful travelling around on their own after this,' says Clem.

The thief, Paddy Keenan, was jailed for a total of nine months (which included a previous sentence) and had 33 previous convictions of theft, burglary and deception. He was due to appear in Hove, but was transferred to a Brighton court as police could not get him into a transit van because of his size!

ST. DUNSTANER RECEIVES SILVER MEDALLION

St. Dunstaner, Mr. Herbert Martyn, of Winchmore Hill, was recently presented with a silver medallion from the Southgate branch of the Royal British Legion in commemoration of the Battle of the Somme on July 1st 1916. Mr. Martyn, who was in the Royal Army Medical Corps, is the only survivor in the Southgate branch and was naturally rather overwhelmed to receive it and feels 'very honoured', he says.

The medal depicts poppies on the one side with the words, 'We will remember', and on the reverse, a rifle and tin hat. It is quite large, about two inches in diameter and in a beautiful case. He says they will also be sending him a plaque to put on the wall.

LATEST NEWS ON TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT

British Telecom Action for Disabled Customers have recently published their second annual report and their latest guide to equipment and services for disabled customers.

The guide lists details of the range of latest equipment developed for people with hearing, speech, visual or mobility impairment, including a section on the new public payphones. Some of the many innovations include the Tremolo, a new low cost telephone which has been installed with inductive coupling for hearing aid users — this cuts out all background noise. All public payphones now also incorporate the inductive coupler, and where the hearing aid symbol is displayed there will be an accompanying tape explaining how to make a call on the new phones. A phonecard is currently being developed to enable blind people to

The Monarch switchboard system with voice synthesis unit attached.



The inductive coupler which fits into the earpiece for hearing-aid users.

identify the correct edge for insertion, a small notch being the possible solution. For mobility impairment, a range of different models, phone-holders and adjustable phone-rests are available to suit your particular need. And in the field of telephony, most switchboards can now be modified to make them operable by blind or visually handicapped people. Equipment includes tactile indicators, meters with braille markings and voice synthesis units.

For the free BT Report and Accounts Cassette or the tape telling you how to use the new public payphones, contact Room B4036, BT Centre, 81 Newgate Street, London EC1A 7AJ, or telephone 0345-581 456 (you can ring this number from anywhere in the UK for the cost of a local call). If you would like to investigate the whole range of equipment in the BT Guide to Equipment and Services for Disabled Customers, send two blank C90 cassettes and a stamped addressed label to Tape Recording Service, 48 Fairfax Road, Farnborough, Hants GU14 8JP.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

They keep popping up

The highest hill in Kintyre, a peninsula on the west coast of Argyll, is Ben an Tuirc, Boat Mountain, and in its shadow, the waters of Kilbrannan Sound washing its pier, the jagged peaks of Arran beyond, is the village of Carradale. With this village of Carradale, as I became aware only recently, I have a personal connection going back to the hills of Romagna, the sounds of schmeisser and spandau, and the very April days the boys carried me off the battlefield, blown up by a Jerry schu-mine.

It was an elder of my brother's kirk who bumped into Mrs. Isobel Taylor in Carradale. 'Tell your minister's brother,' she said to him, 'you've been speaking to the nursing sister who patched him up the day he got wounded.' I remembered this Isobel very well, hazy though my recollections are of those early blind days, not least because it came out at the time that she was a sister of a chap I went to school with, now apparently retired to the remote Hebridean island of Benbecula. Busy as she was in that 8th Army field surgical unit of hers Isobel Burgess, as she was then, took the time to write a letter to my mother. Sydney was certainly bashed up a bit, she said, but he'd be all right; and this letter is still preserved in the archives here at Roseangle, a precious memorabilium not only of my wartime experience but also of such caring acts as this of Isobel's which transcend war in their embodiment of values whose extinction could only be synonymous with the end of civilisation itself.

We climbed Ben an Tuirc this spring, my wife Margaret and I, crossed the Kilbrannan Sound by the ferry from Claonaig to Lochranza in Arran, and fraternised with the local population in the bar of the Carradale Hotel, but Isobel and her husband were away on holiday, so that the chat round her fire has had to be deferred, in which the former nursing sister and the ex-Lovat Scout will go over events now 40 years and more in the past.

I will be able to tell her that they flew me down to the 92nd British General Hospital in Naples when she'd finished with me, and here a number of people come to mind who have kept surfacing in my life ever since. Only the other day Margaret and I had coffee in this Crieff home with a visitor of mine in those Naples hospital days; last year we took lunch with another in Edinburgh; and when one May McFarlane dropped in on me here at Roseangle some years ago I found myself talking with a fellow patient from those sunny Italian days, one who had been in to have her appendix done while I lay swathed in bandages in a neighbouring ward. She left me mulling over something I said in that Naples ward which had impressed May at the time and has given me food for thought since. 'I can do without my eyes,' I said to her; 'but I can't do without my mountains;' and the rest of my life, it seems to me, represents a resolution of what at the time was seen as an insoluble quandary.

The St. Dunstaner Ken McIntyre, a fellow patient in Naples, visited Roseangle on one occasion with his wife, known to us 92nd men as Sister Sharp; an ex-Navy man, Johnny Mudd, now high up with Lucas, was one of my pals in those Naples days, and we see Johnny and his wife, Ray, here from time to time. When a big hand fell on my shoulder some years ago, we were drinking in a bar at the time, it was that of Frank Walton, known to the boys in the 92nd because of his hairiness, bulk and loud, aggressive style as the Beast of Belsen. One of my visitors in these Naples days I'll never see again, a girl who went to school with me called Sheila McLeod. Sheila, an A.T.S. girl, kissed me on leaving, got on to a Dakota next day for the U.K., and was never seen again, she and her fellow A.T.S. girls going down in the Mediterranean, crashing in the Alps, who knows, on just another administrative write-off of names in the catalogue of unnecessary wartime disasters.

TRIBUTE TO GARDENING CLUB MEMBERS

Following the visit of the Gardening Club to the Royal College of Agriculture, Cirencester, Lecturer, Ray Churchill wrote to Tom Hart.

Thank you for your kind letter and good wishes to myself and my wife.

I saw my role as your courier as a challenge and I voluntarily took it on (not without some trepidation). We had good weather, which helped greatly, but I would say without hesitation that I enjoyed every minute of the company of St. Dunstan's Gardening Club. There was never a dull moment, and what a great organisation you are, united in your love of gardening and regard for one another, both qualities which seem to be lacking in the new generation. My kind regards to everyone whom I came to regard as friends in such a short space of time.

My good wishes to yourself, your wife and all St. Dunstan's Gardening Club. May you have happy holidays in the future and success and enjoyment in your gardening interest.

JOIN THE CREW ON A SAILING VOYAGE

The Jubilee Sailing Trust are offering voyages in the new, purpose-built, 400-ton barque *Lord Nelson* for voyage crews equally comprised of physically handicapped and able-bodied people, aged from 16 to 70. The voyages last from a weekend to 14 days, including visits to foreign ports.

The *Lord Nelson* has been designed with as many built in facilities as possible to help physically handicapped crew perform useful duties alongside their able bodied shipmates, without taking away the element of challenge. Prices range from £65 for short trips, to £560 for 14 days. For the full voyage programme and price details, application forms and brochures write to the Jubilee Sailing Trust, Atlantic Road, Eastern Docks, Southampton, SO1 1GD. Telephone: 0703 631388.

KEN REVIS REJOINS CRIME PREVENTION PANEL

Ken Revis was recently approached by the Chairman of the Oxford Crime Prevention Panel requesting him to resume as a Member of this committee, which is concerned with security measures for prevention of crime, for example, in cars, houses, organising neighbourhood watches etc.

Ken was previously a member of the panel and was their Chairman for 10 years, but due to pressure from work, he reluctantly had to give it up some years ago. He now feels willing to become a Member once again, he says, as it can be more conveniently arranged into his programme.

D.F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

May I start by wishing you and your families a happy Christmas and pleasant New Year for 1987.

There is very little to be done in the garden and greenhouse at this time of year, apart from forking over empty spaces in all the beds. However, don't do anything after heavy frosts or snow. It's a good time to go through seed and plant catalogues and get your orders in at once if you have not already done so. Check over garden tools, replace any that are getting the worse for wear and settle down to all repair work.

Vegetables

Carry on with preparation of beds for spring sowing and planting. See that all beds are given a dose of manure plus lime — lime especially where you are to grow members of the cabbage family. It may also be advisable to rake in some basic fertilisers so plants get a good start in the spring. Where you have heavy clay soil, break it up by digging deeply and adding some peat. The frost will break up larger lumps on the surface, but don't expect the

soil to be in prime surface for a year or two, though you will have quite good results at first.

Work out areas for various items in the vegetable patch and keep each labelled so that you won't put the same in each area for three years, as this will certainly cut down the trouble with the cabbage family of developing club root. It may be a good thing to add more lime to areas where you are growing the cabbage family, as it is quite a deterrent.

Lawns

Use a rake every so often to get rid of any dead roots, and a light forking to keep the soil open so that roots can breathe. Also give good drainage, especially on heavy soils which tend to get flooded. Do get the lawn mower serviced so you can get your mowing done early in the season next year.

Fruit

Carry on pruning all fruit, particularly apples and pears, but only when there is no frost or snow about. Where you have had to cut out rather thick branches, paint over cuts with a special solution which is healing and has some anti-disease stuff in it. I have found *Anthrex* very good and it is readily available in most garden shops.

Spray trunks of trees with a good insecticide to stop climbing insects going into the branches and infesting dormant fruit buds and other young growth. Cease all planting till early spring, but places can be dug over, adding manure plus peat, so the positions are ready at once.

Flowers

Not much to be done here except keeping them clean and clear of any dead material and giving some cover to perennials, shrubs etc. in very frosty and wintry conditions. Some perennials may be lifted a little from their positions due to frost, so go around and press into place again and add a bit more top soil — particularly with carnations, pinks and pansies which tend to be surface rooting.

Forking over empty places will be a good thing, but do make sure that you don't lift bulbs. If you do, get them planted in position again, put some extra soil on

top and then tread in lightly. It might also be a good thing to sprinkle some fertiliser like *Growmore* which will cover all the needs of plants, especially bulbs.

Greenhouse

Try and keep temperature at about 45°F which is the norm during the day when the sun is out and the windows open, but you will have to have some source of heat from early evening onward, with the windows closed. Light smokes against mites and disease a couple of times during the month and try to keep floors and staging free from moisture when you are doing watering and feeding of pot plants.

Keep all flowering and growing plants in good trim by taking off old leaves and dying flowers, plus give a feed every so often. Some items may look a bit tight in their present pots but it would be unwise to repot at this slow growth period. Hyacinth and narcissus which were put in earlier and placed on the floor in the darkest part of the greenhouse will be showing good growth and some flower buds, so bring them into the light on the top of the staging near the source of heat to bring them on quickly and give them more water. Cut back late flowering chrysanthemums when they have finished so they will give young shoots for cutting later on.

Houseplants

Keep all plants away from windows during the night and early evening. Give small amounts of water so they don't dry off and it would be better not to feed for some time. Some small items such as cyclamen and African violets are best watered from the bottom by placing them in bowls of water for a couple of hours so they can pick up all that they want.

Remove all dead and dying flowers plus poor leaves on all plants. Do remember to use rain water on azaleas — you can pick this up by putting a bowl out of doors during raining periods. Hyacinth and narcissus bulbs will be showing their buds by now, so bring the containers into good light, warm places and add some tepid water to get them to flower quickly about Christmas and New Year. Other items such as crocus will be coming, and tulips.

Game for a laugh

The 'Awkward Squad' of National Servicemen was even more dumb than any which had previously paraded on the parade-square. The Sergeant-Instructor, who had been a lion tamer in civvy street, could do nothing with them, and was compelled to turn them over to the Regimental Sergeant-Major.

Now this individual, standing six foot six, weighing 17 stone, with a barrel-organ chest loaded with campaign ribbons, beamed ingratiatingly from a mouth which stretched from one cauliflower ear to the other. He beckoned them towards him with a disarming smile; and the awkward squad approached like a herd of timid deer.

'Please be seated, gentlemen,' said the Sergeant-Major in a gentle voice: 'You may unfasten the neck bands of your tunics and smoke if you wish, for I'm about to tell you a little story from my past. When I was a little boy I was passionately fond of playing with soldiers. Now, for a Christmas present, my mammy bought me a whole box of wooden soldiers for my very own. We had just come out of the shop, and I was hugging the box to my little chest, when I espied another little boy — very ragged and poor — crying pitifully as he gazed longingly at the display of soldiers in the window.

'On a rash impulse of generosity,' went on the Sergeant-Major, 'I offered the box to the poor ragged little chap, and went home with my head held high, very proud of what I had done. Once in the house, however, I burst out crying, and my mammy clasped me to her bosom and wiped my pretty blue eyes.

"There, there, son," she sympathised, "don't cry my little darling — one day you'll have some real soldiers to play with..."

Then suddenly, in a thunder-clap roar which caused many of the seated men to topple over on to their backs, he bellowed: 'Now, yer bloody wooden-headed, chicken-hearted, knock-kneed, bleedin' bunch of perishin' imbeciles — THIS IS THE DAY!'

And another...

Six-year old: 'Do you believe in Santa Claus?'

Seven-year old: 'Naw' it's like the devil — it's yer father all the time.'

A.W.

CLUB NEWS

Bridge

Individuals — October 18th

R. Evans	69.3
Mrs. Buller-King	56.8
R. Palmer	54.5
R. Pacitti	52.3
W. Phillips	51.1
W. Allen	48.9
Mrs. Phillips	48.9
Mr. P. McMillan	47.7
R. Goding	46.6
Miss Stenning	44.3
Mrs. Pacitti	42.1
Mrs. A. Clements	37.5

Individuals — 1985/86 Overall

R. Evans	290.2
R. Goding	281.2
W. Phillips	275.4
R. Pacitti	274.3
W. Lethbridge	245.4
J. Padley	213.8 (4 rounds)
W. Allen	153.5 (3 rounds)
11 others played in 2 rounds or less.	

Horsham — October 5th

We entertained Horsham Bridge Club for a Return Match of 6 pairs a side but there were only 7 St. Dunstaners available this weekend and the number was made up by 5 of our markers with Mrs. Phillips acting as a marker at one table. We were very pleased to see our friends again at Ovingdean and a very pleasant afternoon's bridge was enjoyed by all. The visitors were in near irresistible form and won by 113 to 58.

Our pairs at Horsham:

W. Lethbridge & Mrs. McPherson
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller King
J. Whitcombe & Miss Sturdy
W. Phillips & R. Evans
R. Fullard & Mrs. A. Clements
R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti

Pairs — October 12th

W. Phillips & Dr. J. Goodlad	59.4
Mrs. Douse & Miss Stenning	59.4
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	55.2
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	55.2
G. Hudson & Mrs. A. Clements	35.4
Mr. & Mrs. J. Padley	35.4

Pairs Competition 1985/6

W. Lethbridge	304.6
R. Pacitti	296.6
R. Evans	280.5
A. Dodgson	251.1
G. Hudson	251.1
W. Phillips	241.3

3 rounds only:

W. Allen	182.7
Mrs. Vi Delaney	177.7
J. Padley	104.7
6 others played in 2 or fewer rounds.	

Entertainment Section

We plan to have the Christmas Dance at IFH on Saturday, December 20th. It would be appreciated if you could let Mrs. Osborne know if you are coming, so that she can arrange for the buffet.

The individual competition winners for 1985/86 are as follows:

Whist

Ladies		Gents	
J. Osborne	657	J. Padley	691
J. Walters	654	T. Giles	654
P. O'Kelly	651	H. Preedy	643
P. Padley	641	E. Allchin	641

Dominoes

	Ladies	Gents
1st	J. Osborne	H. Preedy & T. Giles
2nd	P. Padley & T. Mugan	
3rd		B. Osborne
4th	D. Allchin	E. Allchin

5's & 3's

	Ladies	Gents
1st	T. Mugan	H. Preedy
2nd	J. Osborne	T. Giles
Beaten	A. Waters	R. Evans
Semi-fin.	P. O'Kelly	J. Padley

Darts

	Ladies	Gents
1st	P. Padley	A. Dodgson
2nd	M. Blacker	B. Osborne
Beaten	K. Pacitti	T. Giles
Semi-fin.	A. Waters	J. Padley

Cribbage

	Ladies	Gents
1st	P. O'Kelly	A. Dodgson
2nd	J. Osborne	R. Pacitti
Beaten	—	J. Padley
Semi-fin.	—	T. Mugan
<i>Phyllis O'Kelly</i>		

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Neville, son of *Mr. and Mrs. P. Logan*, of Midsomer Norton, who rescued a 90-year old widow from her blazing third-floor flat on Weymouth seafront. Neville, who is a sailor, broke in through a ground-floor window and, followed by an electrician who had been working next door, bravely ran up the stairs, threw a rug over the fire and carried the widow to safety.

Shelley, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. J. Lynch*, of Selsey, who has been appointed Quality Assurance Technology Planning and Development Manager for the Royal Bank of Canada in Toronto, Ontario.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Margaret Bingham and her husband, John, who celebrated their 10th Wedding Anniversary on September 30th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. A. Carter, of Bolton, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on October 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Humphrey, of Belfast, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on October 19th which they celebrated while staying at Ian Fraser House.

Mr. and Mrs. A.D. Moore, of Oxhey, Herts, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on November 2nd.

SILVER WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. C.R. Saunderson, of Withernsea, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on October 21st.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. D.P.H.J. Matthews, of Rickmansworth, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on September 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Whitley, of Totton, near Southampton, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on October 17th. Their family gave them a surprise party.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. A.G. Bradley, of Northwood, on the arrival of twins, Sarah Anne and Heather May, born on October 20th to their daughter-in-law, Lillian, and son, Philip. They now have 11 grandchildren.

Mrs. O. Hopkins, widow of the late *Mr. J.D. Hopkins*, of Plympton, on the birth of her

grandchild, Joanne, born on September 30th to her daughter, Marilyn, and husband, John Small.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lockhart, of Dagenham, on the birth of their grand-daughter, born on November 5th to their son, Alfred, and daughter-in-law, Barbara, who live in Stanmore.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Phillips, of Steyning, on the birth of their second grandchild, Douglas John, born on October 7th to Prue and Nick Crowley in Leicester.

Mr. and Mrs. E.P.M. Surridge, of Norwich, on the birth of their two grandchildren: Mark, born on October 5th to their daughter, Karen, and her husband, Colin McMullen; and Nina Louise, born on October 16th to their son and daughter-in-law, Kenneth and Margaret.

Mr. and Mrs. J.F. White, of Rosliston, on the birth of another grandchild, Amy Louise, born on July 5th to their daughter and son-in-law, Caroline and Anthony Butter.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mrs. Dorothy Fleisig, wife of *Mr. D.D. Fleisig*, of Sevenoaks, whose mother died suddenly in June, aged 86.

Mr. B. Jubb, of Bromley, whose brother died in August in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. S.C. Moseley, of Blackpool, whose younger son, Brian, passed away on September 1st, aged 51, in Derriford Hospital, Plymouth, after a long and painful illness so courageously borne. He leaves his widow, Sylvia.

Mrs. M. Spink, widow of the late *Mr. J. Spink*, of Croxley Green, whose sister died in Austria on August 21st.

Mrs. H.M. Webster, widow of the late *Mr. S. Webster*, of Saltdean, whose daughter-in-law, Maureen Webster, passed away on October 13th.

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.

G. Ball, 34th London Regiment

George Ball, of Birmingham, passed away on October 11th, aged 87. As a result of his war injuries, his health had been deteriorating over many years and since 1980 he resided in Pocklington sheltered accommodation in order to receive the care and attention required. Nevertheless, despite his health problems, he remained remarkably cheerful and was always happy to see the St. Dunstan's visitor and members of his family who called regularly.

Mr. Ball served as a Private in the 34th London Regiment during the First World War and was the victim of a mustard gas attack in 1918 whilst on active service at La Bassée. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1978 by which time he was extremely frail. Nevertheless, his daughters cared for him devotedly over many years until the time came when he required more specialist care. Sadly, one of his three daughters died in 1980 which was a great loss as she had been his constant companion since the death of his wife many years ago.

He leaves his two surviving daughters, Doreen and Marjorie, and members of his devoted family.

E. Bedford Royal Marines

Edwin Bedford, formerly of Peacehaven and resident at Ian Fraser House since 1982, passed away peacefully in his sleep on October 5th, following a serious illness which he bore with great fortitude. He was 63 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for 40 years.

In 1942, when he was 19 years old, Mr. Bedford enlisted in the Royal Marines and two years later suffered multiple gunshot wounds whilst on active service in France, and was discharged in 1945.

On admission to St. Dunstan's, he trained as an upholsterer and was employed in this capacity until 1952 when he retrained for industry, in which he worked for some years. However, he was forced to retire on health grounds and, being expert in joinery, he undertook work for our stores from his own workshop at home until 1979 when quota work was discontinued. Mr. Bedford was a widower, his second wife having died, sadly, in 1981.

He leaves two sons from his first marriage, Robert Alan and Edwin Stuart, his step-daughter, Carol, grandchildren and members of the family. He will also be greatly missed by his many friends at IFH and all members of staff.

F.A. Hamilton, *Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve*
Francis Anthony Hamilton, D.M.S., F.B.I.M., F.I.L.M., F.Inst., S.M., of Anglesey passed away on October 1st, aged 60, following a brief but serious illness borne with great courage.

Frank joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve at the age of 18 and served during the Second World War with the rank of Leading Writer. He became a St. Dunstaner in 1976.

He was a highly intelligent and dynamic man with a passion and natural aptitude for business management. Until 1975 he was a Principal Grade Civil Servant working on the management side of the Peterhead project for bringing North Sea oil ashore. He had to leave the Service due to an industrial injury, but in earlier years had been a Technical Librarian and had held highly responsible posts involving selection and training of employees. Frank was also an Associate Member of the Institute of Plastics and on the board of his company for several years, during which time he travelled extensively in Canada and Western Europe.

Following the loss of his sight, he took a Diploma in Business Management and for a while held a post as lecturer at Derby College of Art and Technology. Subsequently, he took a course at Manchester University to attain a Certificate in Counselling which assisted him in his many voluntary activities for the disabled and, in particular, for the charity *Lifeline* of which he was a Regional Director. Latterly he devoted a great deal of time to raising funds and organising sporting activities for the disabled, particularly the blind, and took part in several golfing tournaments at home and abroad, and sponsored walks for the charities he supported. He was also a keen bowler, gardener, chess and bridge player, as well as being very interested in micro-technology. In 1984 Frank was invited onto the Board of Management of Henshaw's Society for the Blind.

He was a devoted father to his five sons and four daughters, all of whom have achieved their own significant academic successes. He leaves his widow, Jo, with whom he shared 38 happy years, their nine children and many grandchildren who will miss him greatly.

A.E. Nicholson, Royal Artillery

Albert Edward Nicholson, of Durham, passed away in hospital on October 4th after a short illness, aged 72. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1982.

In Memory *continued*

In 1934, when he was 19, Ed Nicholson enlisted in the Royal Artillery. He was posted to Egypt and India and, whilst on active service as a Gunner during the Second World War, received serious injuries in an explosion resulting in the amputation of one arm, multiple fractures and the loss of one eye. Subsequently, despite his injuries, he was able to follow employment, at first in the pits and later in the Post Office, retiring on health grounds when he was 60.

As Mrs. Nicholson is severely handicapped, Mr. Nicholson helped considerably around the house. He was a keen gardener and a popular member of several organisations, including his local ex-Servicemen's Club. In February Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary with a family party.

He leaves his widow, Belle, his son and daughter-in-law who have been a tower of strength at all times, and three grandchildren.

C. Pilgrim, Army Catering Corps

Charles Pilgrim, formerly of Saltdean but resident in our Brighton homes since 1980, passed away peacefully in his sleep at Pearson House on October 12th, aged 71. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1947.

During the Second World War, Mr. Pilgrim served as a Corporal in the Army Catering Corps and was discharged in 1946. He subsequently trained at St. Dunstan's for industrial employment and mastered braille, typewriting and handicrafts with great efficiency. Having worked as a grocery shop assistant prior to the war, he took over his own confectionery and tobacco business which he ran successfully with the help of his wife. However, in 1955, he gave up shopkeeping and returned to industry, working as a capstan lathe operator until 1958 when he retired on health grounds. On moving to Eltham in 1962, Mr. Pilgrim, who was a skilled joiner, commenced making items for our stores which were of an extremely high standard, until quota work was discontinued in 1979.

For many years, Charlie, as he was affectionately known, had an allotment and was a keen gardener and greenhouse man. He raised splendid crops of vegetables as well as flowers, and D.F. Robinson once expressed the opinion that his garden was one of the finest he had ever seen. Sadly his wife, Elsie, passed away in 1976, after almost 40 happy years together. Mr. Pilgrim enjoyed frequent visits to our Brighton homes and six years ago became a permanent resident. He will be greatly missed by many fellow St. Dunstaners and our staff at Ian Fraser and Pearson House.

He leaves a son, Anthony, and daughter, Anita, and members of the family.

E.T. Pratt, South Staffordshire Regiment

Eric Trevor Pratt, of Woodhall Spa, passed away at his home on October 8th. He was 60 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1944.

During the Second World War, Mr. Pratt enlisted in the South Staffordshire Regiment when he was 18 years of age. A year later, he was totally blinded when some gelignite exploded whilst he was on night operations near Dover. When he came to St. Dunstan's, he undertook training in braille, typing and shorthand and became a highly efficient telephonist. He remained in employment until 1965 when he suffered a severe stroke and had to retire on health grounds. Nevertheless, despite his disabilities, he had many interests in retirement, in particular gardening and his greenhouse, and specialised in growing fuschias and tomatoes. He kept poultry and doves, and in later years studied organ-playing which gave him much pleasure.

Mr. Pratt was unmarried, but leaves his mother, Mrs. Laurina Smith, who cared for him devotedly and who will miss him greatly, his sister, three brothers and members of the family.

H. Williamson, Royal Artillery

Harold Williamson passed away suddenly and peacefully on October 15th in Pearson House, aged 75.

It was while serving in the Royal Artillery from 1940 to 1942 that his sight began to fail but even so, Mr. Williamson was able to follow industrial employment for a number of years. He first came to our Borderline category in 1966 and after a period of training was able to continue working in industry for a further three years. During this time he became a full St. Dunstaner, having lost his remaining vision, and because of his ophthalmic problems and gradually declining health he was obliged to spend many periods in hospital and eventually this also led to his retirement.

Mr. Williamson came into our care at Brighton in 1983 and sadly this meant that he and his wife could not enjoy their Golden Wedding Anniversary together last June but he looked forward to visits from her and other members of the family as often as this was possible. He will also be sadly missed by Matron Goodwin and her staff.

He leaves his widow, Eileen, three sons and their families.