

St Dunstons Review August 1987



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Cover picture: The St. Dunstan's jazz band which played at a hospital fete in Worthing recently. From left to right: Ernie Cookson, sax; Johnnie Gale, trumpet; Jerry Lynch, drums; Ken Revis, vocals; Bob Forshaw, bass. Standing behind them are Ernie Took and Peter Baxter, sighted professional musicians who give help and encouragement to the band.

From the Chairman

Elsewhere in this issue our President reports on his recent visit to Pocklington Place, a Warden Controlled Home in Birmingham. It is therefore timely to set out our policy concerning such accommodation — both now and in the future.

At present we keep ourselves up to date on and maintain contact with a number of such establishments throughout the country. To many we have an entrée for St. Dunstaners at quite short notice. We do not, in the foreseeable future, intend to acquire these sort of premises for our own. The main reason for this is that almost certainly wherever we got such a building it would be in the wrong place for the majority of likely users. As one gets older two things assume increasing importance: good health and good friends. Few will wish to uproot themselves from the environment they have come to know and like unless there is a compelling reason. So for the moment we 'watch and wait', ever ready to help St. Dunstaners who desire a move in this direction.

In the more distant future I foresee a progressive adjustment to the use of the South Wing at Ian Fraser House, currently used primarily for holidays. Some years ahead I believe we shall find that St. Dunstaners and their wives (who will be that much older) will be less inclined to make the long haul to Brighton for a holiday. On the other hand I think the wives of our people may reach a stage when, even in a bungalow, their physical state makes it difficult for them to cope on their own and there are no close relatives in the vicinity. At this stage I envisage the adaptation (without major reconstruction) of the existing double rooms in the South Wing, floor by floor, to what I prefer to call 'Warden Assisted Accommodation'. Couples who avail themselves of this facility would be encouraged to maintain the maximum degree of independence within their ability (providing *their own* breakfast, tea and late night snack) but the main meals of lunch and supper would be available centrally in the dining hall. In addition, professional assistance would always be on call in the background though remaining unobtrusive until needed.

I hope this will be a comfort to those of you who may, understandably, have some anxiety about the future.

H.M. THE QUEEN

On the occasion of Her Majesty The Queen's Official Birthday, our Chairman, Sir Henry Leach, sent this message of congratulations.

On behalf of St. Dunstan's blinded ex-Servicemen and women throughout the world, I should be grateful if you would kindly give Her Majesty The Queen our most loyal greetings and very best wishes on her birthday on Saturday, June 13th.

Sir Robert Fellowes, LVO, Assistant Private Secretary to Her Majesty The Queen, replied on her behalf.

I am commanded by The Queen to thank you and St. Dunstan's blinded ex-Servicemen and women for your kind and loyal message of greetings sent on the occasion of the celebration of Her Majesty's Official Birthday. The Queen received this message with pleasure and sends her very best wishes to all concerned.

FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

We expect to receive a small allocation of tickets for the afternoon and evening Presentation of the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, November 7th.

St. Dunstaners are invited to apply before September 12th to Mr. K. Martin at HQ, for two tickets per St. Dunstaner. Please state any preference for afternoon or evening Presentation. Priority will be given to those who have not attended a previous Presentation and a ballot will be held. Those successful will be assisted with both the cost of travel and overnight accommodation in London, if necessary.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

We are sure all St. Dunstaners will wish to join the *Review* in wishing Mrs. Avis Spurway, M.B.E., many happy returns on the occasion of her 90th birthday which she celebrates on August 3rd.

WHO'S WHO AT ST. DUNSTAN'S HEADQUARTERS

It has been suggested that we supply a list of names to contact at Headquarters, in whichever area help or advice is needed. In future we plan to publish revised lists annually with the separate sheet of the year's events.

Castleton, Mr. David — Public Relations Officer; Editor, *St. Dunstan's Review*.

Cheong, Mr. Louis — Estate Department — insurance.

Dickson, Mr. Ian — Manager, Ansell House, Broadhurst Gardens

French, Mr. Norman — Research Engineer (Wednesdays only).

Frost, Mr. Gerard — Chief Accountant.

Hazan, Captain Ray — Assistant Public Relations Officer.

Higson, Miss Angela — Supplies Officer.

Johnson, Mrs. Alison — Homes Bookings.

Kent, Miss Georgeta — Secretary to Mr. Weisblatt.

Lloyd, Mr. Trevor — Estates Manager.

Lord, Miss Penny — Southern Area Welfare Superintendent.

Martin, Group-Captain Keith — Pensions and Admissions Officer.

Money-Kyrle, Mrs. Elizabeth — Secretary to Sir Henry Leach.

Mosley, Miss Cynthia — Northern Area Welfare Superintendent.

Newman, Mr. John — Supervisor, Woodwork Courses.

Rous, Mr. Ernie — Head of Reception Staff and Transport.

Weisblatt, Mr. William — Secretary of St. Dunstan's.

SPECIAL P.O.W. LUNCH

A lunch in honour of Sir Edward 'Weary' Dunlop, the celebrated Australian surgeon who did so much for Far East P.O.W.'s will be held at Headquarters on Tuesday, October 6th. Space is limited but St. Dunstan's P.O.W.'s who wish to attend should apply to Mr. William Weisblatt no later than the end of August.



Going down: Ray Sheriff abseiling.

Going up: Gerry Jones scaling Barmouth Slabs.



High Winds in Wales

by David Castleton

It was a wind such as I had never experienced before. We leaned at impossible angles to try to prevent it blowing us off our course. The wind tore at our clothes, filled our nostrils and mouths so that to breathe we had to turn our heads away from the direction it was blowing. Gerry Jones is lightly built and it was a good thing that he had Colin Jones as his escort. Colin is a very solid citizen but even so they were buffeted as gusts reached 90 miles per hour, as we learned afterwards from the local meteorological office. This ballast system worked in reverse for our second pair — here it was a light-weight escort, Jock Carnochan, held to earth by a sturdy St. Dunstaner, Ray Sheriff. Vi Delaney and her sister, Rene, climbed a good way up the hill but wisely stopped short of the higher and most exposed section.

This was St. Dunstan's annual expedition to the Welsh hills and we were climbing Arran Fawddwy, 2,900 feet. We were a smaller party than usual because some of our experienced climbers were elsewhere engaged in other sports. Eric Bradshaw was busy winning the Dacre Trophy for archery and 'Johnnie' Cope was winning the totally blind bowling championship for the third year in succession at the national tournament in Margate. Another regular, Tom Lukes, was not too well that week-end and had to cry off. That left Ray and Gerry, and the intrepid Vi Delaney.

Our friends, Barry Ellis and the members of his Rhinog Mountain Rescue Team understood the reasons for our depleted party and, as usual, spared no efforts to provide a varied and exciting programme, even organising at short notice a session of rock-climbing and abseiling on Barmouth Slabs on the Sunday.



At the memorial cairn: Barry Ellis, Gerry Jones, Colin Jones, Pat Durrant, Ray Sheriff and, on the right in the background, Gwyneth Ellis.

It was raining as we took breakfast at the *Red Lion* but by the time our escorts arrived and we gathered in the car park, the weather had relented and Barry Ellis decided the climb was on. Not a tough one like Tryfan he assured us but, 'It will be a bit blowy up there.' That turned out to be the understatement of the year. In fact, for reasons of safety, Barry decided we should stop just short of the summit as the last part of the climb was up an unguarded ridge. Jock and Ray had already been glad of a sheep fence that protected a lower ridge so all could understand the wisdom of the decision.

Our team photo was taken beside a memorial cairn to a member of an R.A.F. mountain rescue team who had died, struck by lightning, at this spot. A small collecting tin for donations and a 'visitors book' to sign are kept in the cairn and the St. Dunstan's team was duly recorded for posterity. We went down, still struggling with the wind, until we reached more sheltered levels and rejoined the rest of the group. In fact we all agreed that the wind had made the day, turning what would have been a strenuous hill-walk into an adventure.

Barry and Gwyneth Ellis had an important family engagement on Sunday but Colin Jones and a team of helpers took on

the task of organising our rock-climbing and abseiling at Barmouth. The Slabs, vertical rock faces some 100-plus feet high, are popular for beginners at the arts of rock-climbing and abseiling and there were many groups there that morning. The crags echoed with the exhortations of the instructors and the commands, 'Take up slack'; 'Ready to climb' and so on. Our favourite rock face was already well occupied so we worked on one higher up but with shorter lengths to climb. Nevertheless it provided good sport for everyone and, although the wind persisted making it chilly work, once again the rain held off.

On Sunday afternoon, a few of us visited Mrs. Rowena Thomas. Her husband, Bob, who died last year, was never far from our thoughts during this week-end. His was the inspiration that began our expeditions. He was present on all our previous climbs and was sorely missed this time and will always be by those to whom he gave such staunch friendship. Understandably, Rowena did not feel she could come to our dinner party at the *Red Lion*, although we would have wished to have her with us. Our other good friends joined us as St. Dunstan's guests: Gwyneth and Barry Ellis, Colin Jones and his wife and Pat Durrant. Wally Cook, who has been with us on

Ray Sheriff on Arran Fawddwy — Windy Ridge

The annual St. Dunstan's climbing weekend took place from June 5th-9th. As per usual the occasion proved enjoyable and successful, with probably two avoidable exceptions, namely, depleted numbers and secondly, inclement weather, especially during the climb.



With Colin Jones in attendance, Vi Delaney successfully climbs the slabs.

High Winds — continued

every climb, was expecting a new grandchild and was unable to be with us. As usual, Chris and Etrys Rowlands and their staff put on an excellent meal. Indeed we are fed like the proverbial fighting cocks during our stays at what has become a home from home for us all in Dinas Mawddwy.

On Monday, the weather finally prevailed. The wind over the Mawddach Estuary was too strong to allow us to take part in the canoeing Keith and Pat Durrant were planning for us. Some sight-seeing and a short afternoon walk for some filled our last day. Next year Barry's target is an ascent of Snowdon by a fairly tough route but we will come down by way of the mountain railway — that will be a relief for Ray Sheriff, whose descents are usually eventful!

Unfortunately, some of our stalwart climbers were absent without leave, i.e. Bill Shea, who I understand went 'down under', so had to forego the going up; Trevor Tatchell, for personal reasons; and finally, Tom Lukes, who sadly had to visit the M.O. Happily he is okay now, sure he will be fit for next year. So, the small contingent this year consisted of: first timer, Gerry Jones, well known in our organisation for his London Marathon running, also a skier — I had a most memorable ski trip with him a few years back; once again the game sisters from Liverpool; members of staff, Jock Carnochan, chauffeur, escort and general admin.; most important, my personal escort — brave fellow; then my wife, Betty, chauffeur-nursemaid; and finally, last but by no means least, our camera man, David Castleton. We all know what a decent chap David is, but I refuse to heed his orders whilst climbing, as so often he shouts, 'Move your head over to the right!' As so often he is facing me, he should of course say, 'Left', so consequently I crash me head a lot.

Good Food

Our rendezvous again this year proved to be the *Red Lion* in the village of Dinas Mawddy, N. Wales. We were once again welcomed by the inn keepers, Chris and Etrys Rowlands. Chris' first words to me were: 'Not to worry, Ray, we've got lots of good food and plenty of booze.' The quality and quantity of the food at the *Red Lion* has always proved of the highest standard, not forgetting the very friendly and efficient service of the staff.

Saturday is the day normally set aside for a reasonably demanding climb, weather permitting. So, it didn't appear too optimistic during breakfast, rather wet and windy. However, by the time Barry Ellis appeared with his team from the Rhinog Mountain Rescue Unit, the rain had ceased and a glimpse of sunshine was felt. We are so lucky to have such a friendly, helpful bunch of experts to make such a

weekend possible. It is always comforting to know that Barry's boss, Gwyneth, and Pat Durrant are always near at hand to administer the odd plaster, stitch or splint — reckon they would produce a stretcher if need be. Then we have the big, big fellow, Colin Jones, no fear when he's around. Fortunately, Gerry Jones had him for an escort and as it turned out, a very necessary anchor-man. Then we have the quiet, calm and friendly character of Wally Cook, well experienced at manoeuvring Bill Shea around the Welsh hills. There are many others who give their weekend to lend a hand, the youngsters who carry ropes and other equipment.

Discomfort

The hill that Barry had selected for our pleasures is called Arran Fawddwy, height 2900 feet. Jock drove our small contingent to the starting point. We had two or three miles to cover before approaching the higher slopes of Arran Fawddwy. It proved pretty easy going, the only discomfort being lots of mud. After an hour or so we noticed that the wind had grown much stronger, and so the progress became much slower, we had to back off quite often and kneel down to avoid being blown over. As we approached rocks along the top of the hill we were practically blown to a stop. Jock and I were compelled to interlink arms to avoid being parted, even shouting made little impression. I think that Jock was thankful I was carrying surplus blubber to stop him from taking off.

David Castleton was having great trouble trying to cope with his camera; the only way he could hope to take a shot was to be secured by a second person and even then it proved difficult to steady his camera. Guess his shots will either prove the green grass or the dark clouds.

As we took refuge among the rocks just 40 yards from the final ridge, Barry decided that it would be too risky to attempt the last few paces. I know that Jock and I were quite willing to turn about and make for shelter down below. I also know that Gerry found the exercise sufficiently demanding and that it well



Plenty of help for Ray Sheriff, as he crosses a stream. He usually gets his feet wet!

justified his travelling from Cornwall to North Wales. I think we all four agree that the 'wind' fully justified that particular climb; without it, it would have proved fairly easy going. It is possible that one might suspect over-exaggeration when describing the force of the wind during the climb. The following day Barry Ellis confirmed with the Met. Office and learned that it was gusting at over 90 m.p.h.

On Sunday morning our helpers rose early to meet us on the Barmouth Slabs, an area where you have sheer rock face and which is visited by all manner of groups to do rock scaling, abseiling etc. The ladies present took part in this enjoyable pursuit — all did equally as well as us fellahs. I think we were working from a lesser height than on previous years, around 30 feet.

On Sunday evening, by courtesy of St. Dunstan's, our mentors are (so rightly) invited to dinner. This occasion is always a super do. The *Red Lion* management and staff really do us proud. After dinner, Jock Carnochan, on behalf of St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's, proposed a vote of thanks to all concerned for all their help, time and friendship. Betty and I thoroughly enjoyed all aspects of the weekend, and duly thank St. Dunstan's for including this outdoor pursuit on their annual programme.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION WINNERS

After meeting for discussion towards the end of June, the three judges, Gillian Hosken, John Hosken and Air Vice-Marshal Colahan, decided on the winner and the runner-up. First was a story entitled 'Before the Thaw' by Mr. E.C. Bunting, of Scarborough, and second, 'Shadows in the Mist' by Captain K.R. Gray, of Bowdon, Cheshire. The judges agreed that 'Before the Thaw' was a 'well constructed story, sensitive and professionally written'. We publish the winning story below, and in a future edition of the *Review* we will publish 'Shadows in the Mist' together with the judges' comments. The judges said how much they enjoyed reading all the stories and had pertinent remarks to make about all of them — these will be communicated to the authors through a letter from the Editor in due course.

BEFORE THE THAW

by 'Maurice Dancer'

'It's cold out ain't it?' The Aldershot taxi driver was stating the obvious for it was a particularly raw day, but he had no idea how much 'out in the cold' his passenger was feeling just then. Scarcely more than an hour earlier, Maurice Dancer, the young man on the back seat had attended a medical discharge board where one of the vague figures on the other side of the table had confirmed his apprehension that the Army required blind soldiers as steeple-jacks need vertigo. Nor had he warmed to the couple in the other room; their function apparently was to advise on his future employment, but it seemed to Maurice they were as much in the dark as he was. After a few questions, the one on the left had spoken briefly into a telephone and then told Maurice: 'I've made an appointment for you to see Mr. Jones, the D.R.O., tomorrow, the time and address are on this paper.'

As the taxi neared the married quarters, Maurice was wondering what possible help a dining-room orderly could be to him, and intended to ask his wife what she

thought; but the news she greeted him with immediately the car stopped by the door, banished all such queries from his head.

Margaret, heavily pregnant, told him her labour pains had started in earnest during his absence, she had phoned the hospital she said, and was to go in right away. She also thought it fortunate that the taxi was already there.

Maurice didn't accompany her; weeks before, when he himself had been in hospital in fact, he had been told in no uncertain terms that expectant fathers were unwelcome in maternity. So he spoke a hasty, 'Goodbye and good luck', trying to sound confident and reassuring, but went into the lounge reflecting that it was just as well he was obliged to stay behind; Margaret was off to bring their first child into the world but he'd be no help in the delivery room; after his experiences earlier in the day he was convinced he was no use for anything any more; the vigorous and self-confident soldier of two months ago was now nothing more than a scrap of life's refuse, devoid of prospects or utility; the world the baby would enter, thought Maurice, was a bleak and dismal place indeed.

In the evening and during the night the snow came; even with the electric fire at its maximum setting the quarter was like an ice-box; Maurice lay under the blankets almost fully clothed but still his teeth chattered and his flesh shivered uncontrollably. Sleep was impossible, his brain seethed with miserable and morbid thoughts; he had visions of a hopeless future, and not his future alone, henceforth Margaret and the baby would be saddled with his handicap, from now on they would all be out in the cold.

It seemed to Maurice that no night had ever been so reluctant to make way for dawn, but at long last he heard sounds of activity next door and left his uneasy bed and went downstairs. Deciding to leave the fumble of breakfast preparation until later, he left his own lodging and made his way to his neighbour's quarter. Here the soldier's wife who answered his knock was happy enough to find the hospital number for him and also to read the paper with the details of his meeting with Mr.

Jones. The flat voice from the maternity unit grudgingly said Margaret was tired but well after making him the father of a fine and healthy baby girl; he could visit them at noon; no! he couldn't come sooner than that.

Patience, it must be said, was not Maurice's long suit, but at least the waiting time could be spent in part with Mr. Jones. Perhaps one must question his intelligence in addition, because he was somewhat surprised to learn the letters D.R.O. meant 'Disablement Resettlement Officer'; and not dining room orderly after all. Maurice spent a considerable period with Mr. Jones, answering his questions and chatting of this and that, but unfortunately if the truth be told, by the time Maurice had left the employment-exchange and reached Margaret's bed-side, he had only formed the impression that Jones was a pleasant enough

man but had little help to offer.

He kissed his wife and told her how pleased and proud of her he was, he was too, the relief of finding her safe after her ordeal warmed him like a glass of fine cognac. Moreover, when he held his daughter in his arms for the very first time, somehow the frosty clutching fingers of despair which had gripped him so tightly during the night, strangely began to relax their hold.

Then he told Margaret of his interview: 'Mr. Jones said he would write to somebody at a place called St. Dunstan's, I'm sure he's trying to help, but I can't see how these St. Dunstan's people or anyone else can do anything to help a person like me, can you?'

As I say, young Maurice had a lot to learn; here in the warm it's difficult to remember that I once thought the world so inhospitable.

SKIING 1988

I am organising a return trip to 'Le Chardon Bleu', France, most likely from 20th to 27th March. The cost will be around £270 for flight and accommodation (half board), and £80 for lift pass, ski and boot hire. It is emphasised that it is a strenuous week, requiring fitness. There is no alternative entertainment if you do not ski. St. Dunstaners, their families and friends are welcome to apply. Please contact Ray Hazan at H.Q. for further details.

TOTAL BAN ON CORDLESS PHONES

All cordless phones on sale in Britain operating above 853 MHz are now illegal — even those which have been officially approved for use in the UK and carry a green circle — following a government move to end the legal anomaly, which had made the use of unapproved phones illegal but kept their sale within the law. Unfortunately not one 'legal' model is currently available in Britain, which has rather puzzled companies who make cordless phones. It is hoped that some kind of correction notice to the amendment will follow, but apparently there are difficulties. So, until then, don't buy any!

PSION ORGANISER

This pocket-sized device can be used on its own or with other devices as a portable communicator for the visually impaired, storing hundreds of messages in its memory, or as a miniature keyboard. The machine was designed to be used as an electronic diary and address book, and can also be used as a calculator. It can also be programmed. The following programs are available at the moment: auto-repeat control program, talking message program (needs RS232 interface and speech synthesizer), miniature keyboard program and outside control program. The latter two programs also need the RS232 interface. The Psion organiser is £86 plus VAT including postage and packing in the UK. The RS232 interface is £42 and datapaks (for making copies) are available up to 64K (approx. 12,000 words). Datapak prices start at £11.25 for 8K or £20 for an 8K datapak with any combination of the above programs. A clamp for holding the Psion to a table or wheelchair is also available.

For details, or a free trial, contact the Foundation for Communication for the Disabled, 25 High Street, Woking, Surrey, GU21 1BW. Tel: 04862 27848.

BRAILLE REFORM

by Terry Bullingham

The next International Conference on English Literary Braille is scheduled for September 1988 at Westfield College, London. Countries to be represented are: Australia, Canada, Hong Kong, New Zealand, South Africa, United Kingdom, and the United States of America. The United Kingdom will be advocating proposals for a two-tier braille system: an advanced code suitable for academic use, and a standard code for general use.

The interests of the braille readership of the United Kingdom will be represented by delegates for the Braille Authority of the UK. The composition of the 'Authority' is currently:

Affiliated Organisation	Representatives
Association of Blind and Partially Sighted Teachers & Students	2
Association for the Education and Welfare of the Visually Handicapped	2
Association of Visually Handicapped Office Workers	1
Association of Visually Handicapped Telephonists	1
Braille Chess Association	1
British Computer Association of the Blind	2
National Deaf Blind Helpers' League	1
National Federation of the Blind	3
National League of the Blind and Disabled	3
National Library for the Blind	3
Royal National Institute for the Blind	2
Scottish Braille Press	2
Scottish National Federation for the Welfare of the Blind	1
St. Dunstan's	2
Torch Trust	1

In addition to the above, there are three co-opted members, selected on the basis of their individual contributions to braille. All representatives are visually handicapped. (Applications for affiliation

are currently under consideration from the Blind Centre for Northern Ireland and the Blind Lawyers' Association).

The 'Authority' is currently considering a proposal for a new standard code that is radically different from the familiar Grade 2 system. The principal motivation for the introduction of a new standard code is that such a code will possess fewer contractions (100) than Grade 2 (with little significant space-saving disadvantage), thus lessening the learning task associated with the 189 contractions and abbreviations of Grade 2. The design and development of this code is taking full account of readability and reading speed. It is forecast that easier access to braille will be facilitated for the 'elderly' blind, this group representing the largest proportion of the visually handicapped population in Britain today.

The 'Authority' is particularly anxious that the opinion of the braille-reading public receives full consideration. The study conferences and the nationally circulated questionnaire of 1986 were an attempt to canvass opinion. Some 6,000 copies of the questionnaire were distributed (the majority with braille periodicals) and 1,500 completed copies were received. An analysis is currently in progress and the results will be published when this is complete. It is the intention of the 'Authority' to seek further public opinion prior to the International Conference. Some of the contemporary thought underlying braille revision is outlined in the publication, 'Essays in Code Design' (March 1986), available from RNIB, Customer Liaison.

When considering the potential contentions and ramifications that a radical departure from the Grade 2 system represents, it is of paramount importance that interested St. Dunstaners have every opportunity to make their views known. St. Dunstan's is represented on the 'Authority' by Robert Fullard and myself.

We will both be pleased to receive your opinions, via HQ, in braille, print or cassette. Some St. Dunstaners may be members of other affiliated organisations and these additional avenues of communication should be utilised to the full to ensure maximum feedback. I intend, through these pages, to ensure that everyone is made aware of venues for public debate and future developments.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 805

The Big Shot

By James Lee

Read by John Curle

Reading time 6¼ hrs.

Mr. Edward Albert Catchpole is a worried, not to say, embittered man, grown grey in the thankless service as manager of Muggleton United, struggling perpetually near the foot of Division Four. Mr. C. is told in no uncertain terms that something will have to be done or else . . .

A part-time football scout tells him of a 20-year old giant playing for East Geekie, an obscure non-league club near Glasgow. He is 'as strong as a bull but without the intelligence,' Sandy MacSporran by name. When Mr. Catchpole arrives at the club and announces his intention of signing up Sandy, everybody falls about laughing. He is, they say, the worst centre-forward in the world. The desperate Mr. Catchpole says he can't be, that's the one he's trying to get rid of.

It takes MacSporran five days to get from Glasgow to Muggleton because he keeps getting lost. When he turns out for 'The Mugs' he makes his mark on the first game. Two players are carried off on stretchers — and they are his team-mates. He has a kick like Bobby Charlton but is much more likely to demolish the corner flag or decapitate an innocent bystander.

At last . . . the F.A. Cup, when the lowly are used as chopping blocks by the great.

'The Mugs' are drawn against the mighty Manchester United. Speculation as to how many goals Man. United will score — ten . . . 12 . . . 15? But football miracles can happen — well, in books anyway.

A very, very funny book, a kind of comic send-up of Roy of the Rovers.

Cat. No. 130

Choice of Straws

By E. R. Braithwaite

Read by Dwight Whyllie

Reading Time 6½ hours

Dave and Jack Bennett are 18, identical twins, living in a London suburb. In spite of the example set by their racially tolerant parents, the boys have an unreasoning hatred of the black minority. The idea of a good sport is to find and 'rough up' a lone black man 'just for a giggle.'

One night they lie in wait for a West Indian to leave an East End pub and go into the attack. But the man is strong and fights back. During a desperate struggle Dave stabs him to death. The boys are appalled and panic-stricken by what they have done. Dave, always the stronger, insists they split up. Jack must return home immediately, he will follow in due course. But he never comes. The following morning the police arrive. Dave has died in a burnt-out car. The other victim, a doctor, was driving at the time.

Later at the police station, Jack comes face to face with the doctor's sister. She is very pretty, coolly self-possessed, obviously well-educated — and black. All his paranoid racial hatred becomes focussed on this girl. They were responsible for his brother's death. She was one of them. He would make her pay for Dave's death . . .

A beautifully crafted story, compelling and disturbing.

APOLOGY

In the report of the Ipswich reunion in the June *Review*, Mr. Dennis Cadman was wrongly named as Mr. 'Charles' Cadman. We apologise to Mr. Cadman for this error.



Mr. and Mrs. Colin Beaumont-Edmonds with David and Emily Taylor, who met and married at Pocklington Place.

POCKLINGTON PLACE

Our President, Mr. Colin Beaumont-Edmonds and his wife, Joyce, visited St. Dunstaners and their wives who live at Pocklington Place, Birmingham on May 8th. They were shown over the purpose-built residential accommodation for elderly blind and partially sighted persons by Mr. Trevor Horne, the Superintendent. Pocklington Place offers full residential care for 33 people and there are 33 single and 7 double flats giving accommodation to 47 men and women who have retired or are nearing retirement. The double flats are intended for couples, one of whom may be sighted. There is a shop and hair-dressing salon for residents and members of staff within the building.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont-Edmonds first visited the Occupational Therapy section. They walked through the lounge to the residential area where they met St. Dunstaner, Bill Underwood, who has been living at Pocklington for three years. They also talked with Mrs Beryl Meadows, who

is the widow of our St. Dunstaner Leonard Meadows, and Leo Neasham, whose article on his expressions in the First World War appeared in the *Review* recently.

In the flats our President met David Taylor and his wife, Emily, who met and married at Pocklington and Mrs. Florrie Beddoes, whose husband, Dennis, was away at Ian Fraser House at the time. Like the Taylors, the Beddoes also met and married at Pocklington. The flats have built-in cupboards and wardrobes but are otherwise unfurnished except for carpeting, a refrigerator and a cooker. Single flats have a bed-sitting room, kitchen, bathroom, hall and balcony, while double flats have an additional room. Hot water and central heating are included in the charge for the flats; electricity is metered and residents are responsible for their own bills. This is part of the policy of the Pocklington Trustees that residents in the flats live their own lives without interference. There are emergency call-bells and a care assistant is always ready to help in



Pocklington Place.

In the handicrafts room with Instructress, Terry Gaymer, Superintendent, Mr. Trevor Horne, and residents, Mrs. Gardener and Mrs. Adams.



small ways, for example if a blind couple need something read for them. She only calls if a card is hung outside the door.

'The Gift of Thomas Pocklington' was set up in 1958 in the terms of the Will of Thomas Pocklington, who died in 1935. He was a watchmaker and silversmith until he developed an eye condition which made him blind for three months. When he regained his sight he turned to property development and amassed a sizeable fortune. His Will directed that the fund should be accumulated for 21 years and devoted to the care of the blind. After

Holiday to New Zealand and Australia

by Colin Beaumont-Edmonds

The afternoon of Sunday, March 8th, was cool, and a fresh, light fall of snow lay on the ground; Joyce and I however, were thinking of the lovely warm sunshine to which the Air New Zealand plane would soon be taking us. Passing over the snows of Greenland and Canada, it was dark by the time we reached Los Angeles, after 6 p.m., and an hour and a half later we were on our way to Honolulu for another short stop. Then on again to Nadi in Fiji, arriving at 5 a.m. on Tuesday; we had had no Monday, having lost it by crossing the date line.

Dawn was breaking, and it was hot and humid. It was a lovely hotel with all the public rooms open to the fresh air on one or two sides, and the covered pathways to the accommodation blocks passed through gardens of lush bushes, shrubs and flowers. Our room looked out over the sea, and from time to time one saw security men pass by, men of over six feet and wearing cool cotton shirts. Fijians are such happy people and we soon learned to reply to their friendly greeting of 'Ola'. During meals attractive birds, like a slim thrush with a long yellow beak, yellow head, would fly into the dining room and peck crumbs off the floor and even off the

that time the fund was sufficient to establish homes in Northwood, Roehampton, London, Plympton and Birmingham.

Colin Beaumont-Edmonds has visited the last two named and has this to say of their work: 'We were most impressed with the Trust. It is wonderful that someone who lost his sight and regained it should have been moved to do so much for blind people. Like St. Dunstan's they are encouraging their residents to be independent. It is no wonder that our St. Dunstaners are so happy there — they have given them their own front door.'

tables. We had a lazy day catching up on lost sleep; Joyce had a swim in the pool, while I relaxed in the reclining chair, and chatted to Willie, the Fijian pool attendant, who had been trained to look after blind and physically handicapped people, and to teach them swimming and trampolining work. Our plane for Auckland left at five in the morning, so we had to be up at 2 a.m., and had our breakfast during the flight.

Bob Sadler, who is now President of St. Dunstan's New Zealand, and his wife, Thelma, met us at the airport, and gave us a lovely welcome back to their home, and looked after us until the afternoon, when they drove us to our hotel. Having a fairly large garden with lawns, rose beds, herbaceous borders, as well as a vegetable plot and an area of fruit trees, it was quite easy to see how Bob filled up his time when not carrying out the duties of captain of the local bowls club.

During the week we were in Auckland we tried to see as much of the city as we could, visiting the Kelly Tarleton Underwater World, built underground, where the old disused sewage tanks used to be, and displaying all sorts and sizes of sea creatures from sea snails to sharks.

Some years ago we came across a family photograph which was simply marked 'Stoker Fred', and to our surprise it had been printed in Auckland about 1870. Last year my brother decided to find out with the help of the relevant agencies, whether we really had a branch of the family in New Zealand. Just before Christmas we had a letter from a family who were delighted to have had their ancestry traced back to the UK, and Joyce and I had a very happy day out with our newly found relatives, and to see the family likeness was easily recognisable.

It was a pity that we hadn't time to visit the Sarento Restaurant for originally it had been the club house of the Munga Kieke Golf Club, but immediately after the Second World War it moved to a new site, and the house became St. Dunstan's Rehabilitation and Training Centre. The affairs of St. Dunstan's are now managed by the Blinded Servicemen's Trust Board, and the name of St. Dunstan's appears prominently alongside that of the Ex-Servicemen's Limbless Rehabilitation Centre.

Reunion in Christchurch

The reunion was to be held at Christchurch, in the South Island, about an hour's flight from Auckland. Bob and Thelma, who had gone a few days earlier so as to visit their daughter and grandchild, were there to meet us and take us to the hotel. We had a day in hand before the reunion, and spent the next morning walking through the Hagley Botanical Gardens close to the centre of the city; not only were there many lovely flower beds, but one was laid out as an old English herbaceous border with beautiful autumnal flowers in bloom, but the whole area was so spacious with a wonderful variety of trees set out so that their leaves and shape could be appreciated to the full.

Although there are 47 St. Dunstaners in New Zealand, only 18 were able to attend along with their wives and four widows. Unfortunately the Mayor of Christchurch was out of the country, so Councillor Carter, the Deputy Mayor, and his wife presided over the civic reception on the

first evening. This gave me the opportunity to present a St. Dunstan's plaque to him, and he assured me that it would be placed amongst the other treasures displayed in the Mayor's Parlour. On the Saturday night we were all invited to spend the evening at the R.S.A. Centre, where we met the members and enjoyed listening and dancing to their own band, comprising ten of their own members, men and women, playing music in the style of the 20's and 30's.

Bridge of Remembrance

Sunday dawned wet, but by 11 o'clock when we all gathered on the Bridge of Remembrance, the sun was shining and it was pleasant as Bob Sadler and I jointly laid a wreath at the foot of the War Memorial. The bridge spans the river Avon, and for the past year punting has taken place on it. The afternoon was taken up with a coach tour, which included the hills behind Christchurch, and a stop at the wonderful gardens full of colour, with the stream running through it, laid out on the extensive site of the Sanatorium Health Food Factory.

I was invited to attend the AGM of St. Dunstan's New Zealand on the last morning and to address them. This was followed by the St. Dunstan's lunch, with speeches of thanks and appreciation, of friendship and farewells, and Joyce and I were presented with a lovely tray with a picture of a kiwi on it. Was it really only 72 hours previously that we had met none of them, except Bob and Thelma?

Our last day in Christchurch was dull and wet, and in the morning we visited the largest wooden house in New Zealand, a three storey Victorian house which had belonged to a Mr. McLean, one of the city's benefactors, while in the afternoon we went round the museum, with its old fashioned street with the coach standing outside the inn; upstairs in another section we were fascinated with the display of wedding dresses, covering a period of some 140 years.

Leaving Christchurch on a cool morning, we arrived in Sydney three hours later where it was hot and sunny. It was 12 years



Joyce and Colin Beaumont-Edmonds pose with New Zealand St. Dunstaners and their wives in Christchurch.

Photo: Green and Hahn Photography Ltd., Christchurch.

since we were last there and we were struck by the amount of building that was going on, and the alterations that had taken place.

The next morning during breakfast I received a phone call from Laurie Greenham in Perth, welcoming us to Australia; he and his wife were about to leave by train and it would be four days before they reached Sydney. This makes one realise what a huge country Australia is, and as a result the gathering is quite different to that which we had just attended in New Zealand. This was more like a conference with each state sending two delegates; resolutions are discussed and when the conference is over the St. Dunstan's Federal President meets the Minister for the Department of Veteran Affairs, and discusses them with him.

We had a few days to spare before the delegates assembled, so we spent one day

in Manley on the other side of the harbour and on another occasion took a cruise around the harbour which lasted for three hours. The delegates arrived at the Rashcutter Inn on Sunday, April 2nd, and although we were not staying there, we were there to welcome them, and to have tea and dinner with them.

The next morning Senator Gietzelt, the Minister for the Department of Veteran Affairs, opened the conference. This gave me the opportunity to present a St. Dunstan's plaque to him and to thank him for all that he had done to help us all; as he is not standing for re-election I was also able to request that the plaque be put up in his office as a reminder of St. Dunstan's to his successor. In the afternoon General Morrison, the Commissioner for Veteran Affairs, addressed the meeting, and it was so pleasing to find that he knew many of the delegates personally from previous

meetings resulting in a most friendly atmosphere.

The next afternoon our retiring President, Harry Cox, laid a wreath at the foot of the cenotaph, after which we walked round to the Department of Veteran Affairs where the Assistant Commissioner for New South Wales received us all and gave us tea. The work of the conference was completed by Wednesday lunchtime, and the delegates and their wives took a cruise around the harbour, which Joyce and I had done a few days previously. Joyce and I spent our last day in Sydney visiting Cadman's Cottage by the water's edge and looking around the garrison church; workmen were busy all round the area where the first landing took place in readiness for the Bi-centenary celebrations next year.

Our next stop was Croydon, on the outskirts of Melbourne, where we had three

quiet and happy days with a friend whom we had known in Sutton Coldfield. The temperatures were still in the 80's and we had a lovely afternoon in the Danandong Hills and wandering through the Andrew Nicholson Memorial Gardens; these are being laid out in an area of heavily wooded parkland with a lake, and one would like to return in two or three years to see how parts of the area have been cleared and turned into gardens.

We have liked Tasmania since we first visited it in 1975 when our daughter was there, so we welcomed the opportunity to visit it again, but on this occasion to stay with our niece. It was warm and sunny when we arrived, but the next day was cold and showery; however we spent an interesting day visiting Richmond to see the original gaol — what a wretched and hard time those convicts must have had in there — and driving over the oldest bridge in

Australia to reach Oaklands, which originally was one of General McQuarry's military posts.

Harry Leggo is one of St. Dunstan's Federal Life Vice-Presidents, lives in Hobart, and he arranged a reception for us at the Repatriation Hospital so that we could meet some of the local St. Dunstaners. We were so pleased to meet four St. Dunstaners and their wives over a cup of coffee, as well as the Assistant Commissioner from the Department of Veteran Affairs, and the Colonel in charge of all the troops in Tasmania.

Radio interview

Our niece had arranged for us to visit the 7RPH radio station, where the newspaper is read and recorded each morning, and broadcast along with some music in the afternoon and evening. I had a 15-minute interview in which I explained the work of St. Dunstan's and why, as President, I was visiting them; I believe it was broadcast soon after we left.

On Thursday, April 9th we were again reminded of the size of Australia, for we first flew to Melbourne, which took one hour, and then went on to Perth, which took a further five hours. Joyce's cousin and her husband met us at the airport, and although it was late in the evening the temperature was still in the 80's.

The grapes used in some of the best Australian wines were grown in the Swan Valley just north of Perth, and on a dull and showery afternoon we took a coach tour, and visited some of the family-sized wineries. The sun was shining before the afternoon was up, and at one of the vineyards at which we called, we were told that their grapes used to be dried as sultanas and sold in Europe, but since we joined the EEC they were excluded from the market, and the trade had been completely killed as we now got our sultanas from Greece. We spent another afternoon going down the river to Freemantle, where yachts that took part in the Americas Cup had been berthed; the visiting ones had all left, but we did see the *Kookaburra*, which was still there.

A few days before we left, Laurie Greenham, the newly appointed President of St. Dunstan's Australia, arranged a tea party for us at the Repatriation Hospital, so that we might visit six of the local St. Dunstaners along with their wives. This was another happy occasion at which Alan Dean, the new Federal Secretary, and his wife attended, as well as the patron and two vice-patrons of St. Dunstan's Western Australia.

Bird-strike

We should have left Perth soon after lunch on Friday, April 17th, but due to a bird-strike, our plane was delayed in Auckland for three hours, while the engine was checked over; fortunately we heard of the delay while we were still in the hotel, so we were able to wait there instead of the crowded airport.

It was Easter Saturday when we arrived at Heathrow to be met by our daughter, who drove us back to Sidmouth. As we flew in Joyce said how wonderful it was to see the lovely green countryside bathed in sunshine; after all the Australian autumn was following a very dry summer, and the bush looked very brown — there had been fire warnings on many of the days when we were in Perth, where the temperature had reach 90F on the day we left.

Happy reception

Joyce and I could not have wished for a more friendly or happier reception than those that we received in New Zealand and Australia. At the end of each reunion it was difficult to realise that three days previously we had not met any of those attending; we were all so much part of the same family, the family of St. Dunstan's. What differences there are, are caused by the long distances involved, and they are probably not as fortunate as we are in the UK with our benefits and welfare schemes. Many of the St. Dunstaners look forward to visiting England, our headquarters, and Ian Fraser House, and I hope that we can give them and their wives as happy a time as Joyce and I had during our stay down under.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

Quoth the Raven

'There was this raven,' said Willy Potts, at the same time keeping a suspiciously impassive countenance, 'that used to steal Mrs. Brown's eggs at Acharn, put them in its beak, then fly over the top of Broadcairn with them to its nest on the Dhu loch crags.' Willy is the royal deerstalker at Moulzie at the head of Glen Cova, Angus, and a man much beloved by one and all as much for the richness of his humour as the kindness of his disposition. 'Aye, Syd,' he added, still very solemn, 'I seen it myself.'

Whether a raven habitually plundered Mrs. Brown's eggs or not is a matter I leave to the conscience of Willy Potts, but as regards the species in general our imagination has always been haunted by ravens since first we encountered Edgar Allan Poe's poem. Apparently ravens could talk, possessed the gift of foreknowledge, and in particular had about them something ineffably sinister as harbingers less of things pleasant and joyful than destruction and doom. As boys we made fires in the woods behind the school, and as the autumn gloaming gave way to mirk, twigs crackling, wind roaring in old beeches, we read aloud Poe's *Raven* in the red glare of the fire, both courting and fearing some corresponding manifestation of the paranormal here and now in our midst. It never happened, but I carried into adult life some traces of these boyhood attitudes, so that when I first heard a real raven, it was from Striding Edge on Helvellyn, there was something in that deep croak which realised all those hopes and fears of unimaginable terror so long

deferred. Solitary, this bird flew high over Red Tarn, to disappear amongst the gullies and buttresses of the summit massif.

It was on the same hill, and only last year in fact, that the raven again made its appearance in my life, this time in the shape of a flock of six of them which kept circling above us, Margaret, myself and the Scots, as we scrambled up the bare rock and boulders of Swirral Edge to the summit plateau. You didn't feel their presence actually predicted death and destruction to the party — that we could have negated by a combined effort of will, but what was worse, that these sinister birds ardently desired some mishap involving us all so that they could rend out our entrails with their beaks, perch on our collarbones and peck out our eyes. In the event these hopes on the part of the ravens were stultified, they flew away elsewhere, and their disgruntlement seemed to be echoed in a final diminuendo of guttural annoyance.

I would like to have a stuffed raven in the house, perched on the bronze portait-head of myself made by Alastair Smart, and when nobody else was around I would speak to it thuswise: 'Bird,' I would say, 'you and your kind have followed me on Helvellyn, Scaffell, the track to Ben Alder cottage, Jock's road, and the rise to Schiehallion. Your croak has come to be a kind of liet motif underlying a thousand trips in the hills, so exacting some of them that they have bared the last shred of soul in me, used the last ounce of strength in my body. In mist and moonlight we heard you above us as we struggled the last mile through the snow to the Tarf, and no less did your deep croak reflect the gravity of our situation then than on Blaven it did that day in Skye when the breeze was light, the sky blue, and rocks hot with the sun. You are dead and stuffed now, however lifelike in representation, so when can you at any rate so dog me again, eh?' It would be the fulfilment of all my fearful boyhood expectations, the incredulous amazement of my maturity, if at this juncture my stuffed raven opened its beak, to pronounce in a sepulchral croak, 'Nevermore,' if only thereafter permanently reverting to a brooding, taxidermal silence.

REUNIONS

BIRMINGHAM REUNION, JUNE 13th

Despite the attempt to update its image, passengers on the 9.40 train from London to Birmingham were then expected to go all the way on to Aberystwyth without any buffet facilities! Fortunately, that was not the case of the 32 St. Dunstaners and 13 widows attending the reunion at the Albany Hotel. Guests of St. Dunstan's were Mr. and Mrs. T. Horne, Superintendent at Pocklington Place, which is featured in this edition of the *Review*.

The Chairman, presiding, professed that he had been baffled yet again by the inner city circulatory system that enabled one to see the destination, but whose approach was a different matter altogether. Sir Henry particularly welcomed the only First War St. Dunstaner, Mr. Leo Neasham, who was to be 91 in a month's time. He also paid tribute to Irene Newbold, our welfare visitor, and to the widows and guests.

The Chairman went on to announce various items of news; principally that Miss Christine King had succeeded Penny Goodwin. Miss King had had some 20 years of nursing experience, which included looking after elderly and blind people. 'She is a warm hearted, good person. I think she will be a worthy Matron at Pearson House.

'St. Dunstan's are doing nothing about "warden controlled" or "warden assisted accommodation" as I would rather call it, for the moment, apart from keeping a close touch with the many such schemes that are dotted all around the country. We are generally able to fit people into homes within their own locality. We are keeping a close watch on the situation. I do not think it would make any sense to acquire real estate, meaning some fairly sizeable establishment, because wherever it was, it would be in the wrong place. I see that the next stage at Ian Fraser House would be

the gradual adaptation on a floor by floor basis of the new South Wing into "warden assisted accommodation" within our own establishment. There people could be independent and largely look after themselves. On call, but not coming round unless needed, would be professional help.'

Sir Henry concluded after giving the latest figures: 776 St. Dunstaners in the UK and 400 overseas, with nearly 700 widows in the UK. He called upon Mr. Leo Neasham to respond on behalf of the guests. He welcomed the Chairman and thanked him for his presence at the reunion. 'I would have you know how much we appreciate this invitation, and how much we value the warmth of your welcome. I learn that I am the only person here today from the Battle of the Somme. We think of the one hundred thousand lads who are still there "released from hell". We welcome the members of staff here amongst us. They have come to help, to ensure that we have a happy day, that everything being done for us shall be enjoyed by us. Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you to join me in toasting our Chairman, distinguished guests, Miss Newbold, our guides and visitors.' It was a speech whose eloquence is poorly reproduced in print. It drew long and loud applause. The rest of the afternoon passed quietly to a background of chatter and music, and the hope that the Chairman successfully negotiated his way back to Hampshire!

SHEFFIELD REUNION, JUNE 6th

A rather blustery day greeted St. Dunstaners, their wives and escorts, and the widows and staff arriving at the Grosvenor House Hotel for the Sheffield Reunion on Saturday, June 6th. However, the strong wind and fearsome clouds in no way dampened the spirit and cheerfulness of the occasion, presided over by Air Vice-Marshal W.E. Colahan, CB, CBE, DFC.

After a delicious lunch accompanied by the tuneful music of the three-man band, the Air Vice-Marshal began his speech by



Mrs. Lily Acton gives a dancing lesson to the chef of the Grosvenor House Hotel.

stating first of all Mrs. Colahan's apologies for her absence due to a 21st birthday in the family, and then giving a warm welcome to all the guests comprising 24 St. Dunstaners with their wives or escorts, 12 widows, one official guest, Miss M. J. Boyle, the local War Pensioners' Welfare Officer, retired staff Mr. D. H. Patterson, and nine headquarters staff. The reunion was also honoured with the presence of Mr. Nigel Kay, Station Manager of BBC Radio Sheffield. Of the St. Dunstaners, one, Mr. H. Holden, of Huddersfield, served in the First World War, 20 in the Second World War and three were post-war.

The Air Vice-Marshal then went on to give a 'warmest of warm welcomes' to the widows, 'adding grace and charm to this very pleasant scene,' and to single out four St. Dunstaners in particular: Mr. Holden, the First War St. Dunstaner, who served in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment —

pausing here, he related an amusing story about the Duke of Wellington, 'I love the story of the Duke walking somewhere in London and he was accosted by a man who said, "Mr. Smith, I believe?" and the Duke looked at him and he said, "Sir, if you believe that you'll believe anything!" The Air Vice-Marshal also said how pleased he was to see Miss Ball again, the only lady St. Dunstaner present, and a special word for Mr. Martin McCrorie, a post-war St. Dunstaner who, with his wife, was attending their first reunion. 'They have been living in Hull for two months where he's a telephonist for Barclays Bank, and Mrs. McCrorie's expecting her first baby in a month's time so it's a whole lot of firsts for them. We wish them good fortune next month.' He then wished Mr. Bob Coup-land, of Hessele, many happy returns for his birthday, adding, 'very few reunions are complete without a birthday.'

The Air Vice-Marshal continued: 'I'm very glad to be able to report that St. Dunstan's is thriving under the wise and energetic direction of our Chairman, Sir Henry Leach, and of course the Council, the Secretary and staff.' Referring to the services offered to St. Dunstaners, he emphasised Ian Fraser House, 'My wife and I stayed there last September for several days and I can strongly recommend both the accommodation and the cuisine. And the extra lift is working now, which is a great thing I'm sure. And now, I was told very firmly by my dear friend Douglas Wills when I was new to reunions that it was traditional to read out the latest figures available of the membership of that most exclusive band of St. Dunstaners. At March 31st the figures were: in the UK, First World War St. Dunstaners 48, Second World War and afterwards 728, a total of 776 UK St. Dunstaners. Overseas, First World War 15, Second World War and afterwards 400, making a total of 415. So the grand total is 1191 St. Dunstaners.'

Air Vice-Marshal Colahan concluded with a few funny stories: 'I don't know about you but thank goodness the period of electioneering will soon be over. I wonder whether you've heard of the heckler who shouted, "I'd sooner vote for the devil than vote for you!" The candidate replied, "And what would you do if your friend

wasn't standing?" And then on another occasion, I believe in Australia, another heckler: "I wouldn't vote for you if you were the Angel Gabriel!" Sir Robert Menzies is alleged to have replied, 'If I were the Angel Gabriel you would not be in my constituency.'

Bert Ward then stood up to reply on behalf of St. Dunstaners, affirming the superb support St. Dunstan's is given by voluntary helpers, mentioned by the Chairman in the June *Review*. 'We do appreciate it. What is the attraction, why do these people come and help? I'll tell you — when I went to St. Dunstan's in 1943 at Church Stretton I was privileged to meet three wonderful people (I make no apologies for name dropping), Vi Delaney, Tommy Gaygan and Wally Thomas. They all had tremendous additional handicaps and it was the way these three people coped with these handicaps that made me realise this is the attraction that draws people into helping St. Dunstaners. Each St. Dunstaner is an ambassador of St. Dunstan's — it is what you do that attracts the wonderful support we have received over many years. Each of us has a standard, and it's not only the quality of achievement, it's the sense of humour that goes along with it. We all like a good laugh.' Mr. Ward ended by giving a vote of thanks to Miss Moseley, to Mrs. Parry for organising the reunion, to the hotel staff and finally, 'thank goodness for our dear wives, for all the help they've given us over the years.'

The afternoon resumed its amenable atmosphere with much conversation, dancing and good cheer, finishing with tea and the draw which brought a most pleasant occasion to a close, until next year.

BRISTOL REUNION, June 25th

Guests arriving at the Crest Hotel, Bristol just before lunchtime on June 25th were greeted by a near tropical rainstorm. However, inside all was warmth of welcome from St. Dunstaners, wives and staff who had already gathered for the last but one of the 1987 regional reunions. Altogether there were 51 St. Dunstaners, including three ladies, and thirteen widows.

With escorts, staff and retired staff there were 128 people sitting down to lunch under the chairmanship of Sir Richard Pease, a Member of St. Dunstan's Council, who was accompanied by Lady Pease.

Opening his speech, Sir Richard said it was three years since he and Lady Pease had last attended the Bristol Reunion. 'There have been many changes during the last three years. Miss Muriel Meyer, the welfare visitor in the West Country, has retired and I am very pleased that she has been able to come today. Her work is carried on by Mrs. Janet Stevens, who looks after many of you and who has organised today's reunion so well.

'Colonel Sir Michael Ansell has retired as our President but he is keeping quite well and had kindly agreed that our home in Broadhurst Gardens in London, where many of you have stayed, is henceforth to be called Ansell House.

'Sir Michael's successor, Mr. Colin Beaumont-Edmonds and his wife, Joyce, are with us today. They have recently returned from Australia and New Zealand where they attended St. Dunstan's reunions and have maintained contact with our friends overseas.'

After mentioning the various improvements made to Ian Fraser House and the work that is in progress at Pearson House, Sir Richard said, 'One of the most important changes that have taken place is that of St. Dunstaners' widows being invited to reunions. St. Dunstaners owe a great deal to their wives — all of us do — and it is fitting that we should take steps to keep in touch with these ladies who have become widows and to make sure that they continue to feel part of the St. Dunstan's family. The widows are now being visited by the welfare visitors and I am sure that this service is appreciated. My wife and I are very pleased to see a good number of widows present at this reunion and we hope to have a chance to talk to some of you after lunch.'

Sir Richard had a special word of welcome for Harry Perrett, of Devizes, the only First War St. Dunstaner at the reunion, and for George Causey, of Paignton and Mr. Glendower Shoesmith, of Llanelli, who were attending their first reunion in Bristol. After bringing his audi-



Mr. and Mrs. Bill Tyson greet a resident family of swans at the Crest Hotel, Bristol.

ence up to date with the statistics of St. Dunstaners at home and abroad, Sir Richard concluded with greetings from Sir Henry Leach and the Members of the Council and expressed the hope that he and Lady Pease would be able to return to the Bristol Reunion another year.

He was followed by St. Dunstaner, Vic Davies, of Braunton who brought a laugh from the company when he began: 'It is a greater thing that I am doing today than I have ever done before.' He continued, 'I have two feelings in my mind, one is complete fear and the other is gratitude — gratitude to Sir Richard and Lady Pease for being with us today; gratitude to the staff of St. Dunstan's for their efforts on our behalf; gratitude also to our wives, families and our immediate friends who have to live with us. We must show gratitude also to the widows who are with us today who have spent their married life looking after comrades who are no longer with us.'

Vic Davies concluded by saying: 'I've stood up, I've spoken up and now I'm going to shut up but before I do, in the words of a song that came out in the 'fifties, Good luck, good health and God bless you.'

The formal part of the day ended with the presentation of a bouquet to Lady Pease by one of the lady St. Dunstaners, Mrs. Muriel Bryant. There was dancing to the music of the Ken Aldridge Duo, many reunions of old friends before tea brought another friendly and enjoyable Bristol Reunion to an end.

CHURCH STRETTON SOUVENIR

Mr. and Mrs. G. Bilcliff, of Hardwicke, near Gloucester, have sent an interesting newspaper cutting to the *Review*, which was uncovered amongst souvenirs of Church Stretton, belonging to Tom Hart's wife, Mabs.

The article must have been written sometime around 1943, when Mr. Guy Bilcliff joined St. Dunstan's, and relates how Mr. Bilcliff was captured on the same day as his younger brother and within a week of his elder brother. All were in the same unit, but each in a different battalion. Guy was in the same POW camp hospital as both his brothers; with one on either side of him! In the interview, Mr. Bilcliff goes on to relate how they were treated by the Italians during captivity.

ST. DUNSTAN'S PHYSIOTHERAPISTS DOWN UNDER

by Jimmy Legge

From May 17th to the 22nd this year, the World Confederation of Physical Therapy presented the tenth International Conference in Sydney, Australia. An international congress is held in a different country once in four years consisting of physical therapists drawn from many countries throughout the world including the UK. From the very first congress, a party of St. Dunstan's physiotherapists has always been represented and this year was no exception. As three of our party are serving members of St. Dunstan's Physiotherapy Advisory Committee, I will not go into detail of the proceedings of the congress, as I feel this will be adequately dealt with by one of them.

On Friday, May 8th a party of St. Dunstan's physios and wives assembled at Heathrow to board a flight for Sydney, stopping for five days in Singapore en route. In addition to myself and my wife, Doris, other members of the party were Jimmy and Agnes Allen, Eric and Peggy Foster, John and Pat Harris, Norman and Mary Hopkins and Bill and Joan Shea. On our arrival at our hotel in Sydney, we were joined by Mike and Thelma Tetley.

In addition to the International Congress, I, personally had another very good reason for wishing to be in Sydney: to meet an old friend with whom I have corresponded ever since the war. He is an Australian St. Dunstaner by the name of Allen Williams. He is President of the New South Wales branch of the War Blinded Association. We met several times during the two weeks I was in Sydney, we really did have a marvellous time with much to talk about. Quite a number of readers will remember Allen, for he was in the same POW camp in Germany as some of us. When we were repatriated in 1943, Allen spent a few months in Church Stretton before returning home to Australia; he

has very clear memories of places in and around Church Stretton and people he met there, and sends his very best wishes to everyone. Prior to leaving London, St. Dunstan's very kindly asked Mike Tetley to try, on their behalf to organise, with the assistance of Allen Williams, a St. Dunstan's reunion lunch in our hotel. Allen managed to round up six of his colleagues with some of their wives, one of the lads even turned up with his guide dog. We all enjoyed a really super lunch and a great deal in common to talk about.

After the closing ceremony of the congress in the Hilton Hotel, our party began to break up as our tours continued in various directions, departing on different days. Some were off to New Zealand, others off to Hong Kong. Bill and Joan Shea, Doris and myself left Sydney a week later for San Francisco via Honolulu, spending another enjoyable week there before flying home to Heathrow. When setting off on a round the world trip such as I have described, it does mean one has to endure the stresses of time change, when flying from one country to another; it also means putting up with many long hours confined to an aircraft. In spite of all that, I for one, really enjoyed the holiday and visiting the other side of the world.

In conclusion, I should like also to point out that a good deal of the fun and enjoyment (of which there was plenty) was because of the cheerful companionship of all the other members of our party. The members who sought the help and valuable experience of Mr. Keith Martin at HQ must be very pleased indeed. Engaging a suitable travel agent, fixing insurance coverage, hotel bookings, flights etc. was entirely the work of Keith and as far as I know, this complex arrangement went without a hitch and we offer him a very sincere thank you.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Geoffrey Thomas, son of the late Wally Thomas, Southampton

I hope I may be permitted to call you all dear friends. It is with sadness that I write this letter. A sadness our whole family feels at the great loss of our beloved father, Wally Thomas.

St. Dunstan's was so very important to my father. The ideals that St. Dunstan's stood for and still stand for were of such a great help to him during the 43 years he was with you. From those days at Tiger Hall down the years to Ovingdean. During the years so many people gave so much of their time to help disabled people at St. Dunstan's. I would like to mention some of the people and things about St. Dunstan's.

I would like to start at HQ, as Dad would say, 'the good folk at HQ.' Always there to assist not only my father but the whole family in any way they could. Not in an obtrusive manner, but in an uncomplicated, friendly manner. I would like to say thank you for all the years of friendly help. Pearson House — everyone who has worked there over the years was held in high regard by my father, for their wonderful assistance they gave so unreservedly to him. He had some true and long-lasting friendships with people from Pearson House. To all of you thank you so very much. Fraser House — so many memories abound here for my father. Memories of delight, friendships, warm summers, stimulating conversations and handicrafts to keep the fingers nimble, which are all rolled up into one word for him, 'Ovingdean'. Over the years he experienced some joyous moments: the christenings in the chapel of both my brother and sister; the annual reunions of the deaf blind were always looked forward to by Dad; and the wonderful staff who helped him in so many ways. They never looked upon him as another job, but with deep understanding and genuine concern that Wally was their friend. For all this and more I thank you.

I would like to take some more of your time if I may, to mention some of my father's friends, fellow St. Dunstaners. Dicky Brett — to the end you showed love to him. Whenever he spoke about you it was always with a smile, as he recalled some of the many amusing tales about the two of you. Danny and Joan Gallagher — and not forgetting the famous parrot you had all those years ago. Dad could tell some stories about you and the parrot which always brought laughter from the family. George and Lily Roake, Tommy and Audrey Gaygan, Bish and Lou Brookes, Dave Thomas and Brenda Rea — all extended their friendship to him which I know he thought so highly of. To all of you and those I have not mentioned by name, to each and everyone of you, on behalf of us, thank you.

My father said to me many times he gained so much from St. Dunstan's and his friends, but I would like to think he gave a big part of himself to everyone at St. Dunstan's. He always extended friendship, and there was always a keenness to communicate with everyone. He had an insatiable appetite for knowledge, and we all parted with whatever knowledge we had, which he always filed away ready for use. The braille libraries were always under pressure from him for all manner of publications. They normally managed to come up trumps. He always awaited with keen interest the braille newspaper. The total joy he gained when someone took five to ten minutes out of their lives to learn to speak on hand to him — it was sheer magic for him, another person for him to communicate with. We thank you one and all for giving him a small part of your lives.

It is an end of an era for the Thomas tribe, but I hope not the end of our ties with St. Dunstan's. We have many friends at St. Dunstan's and we would like to continue our relationships with you all.

Gardening Club Gathering

by Reg Newton

On Monday, May 11th the spring meetings of the Gardening Section took place, this being our business meeting, and many factors of the club were discussed. The present committee was re-elected unopposed. Several new venues for away meetings were discussed, and have been short-listed. In the afternoon, Mr. Harris of the Brighton parks gave a very interesting talk and useful tips on the use of cold greenhouses and frames and we thank Mr. Harris for this lecture. Questions were asked and much information readily given. We would like to thank Mr. Griffin for his continued help. In the evening gardeners and their wives enjoyed themselves at the dance to the music of Ernie Took and his band. We sang Happy Birthday to Elizabeth, our treasurer's wife (she was 21). Confirmation was received from members for the second week, so all points of the business meeting were carried.

Tuesday morning saw us leaving for Sheffield Park. The following points of the story might be of interest to the reader: on the death of the Third Earl in 1909, Sheffield Park was acquired by Arthur G. Soames. Over the next 20 years, he created the splendid garden which exists today, transforming and extending the original landscape design laid out by Lancelot (Capability) Brown for John Baker Holroyd in about 1775. The third and fourth lakes are laid out, or believed to be, by Brown, and the cascade is probably of this time also. The evening being free, some of us joined the coach going to the British Legion at Shoreham.

On many occasions local gardens and places of interest are overlooked for well-known venues. The club took the opportunity on Wednesday to visit one of our local beauty spots, Preston Park Pookies, namely the walled garden and the scented garden which were part of Pres-

ton Park Manor grounds till 1933. In 1933 the south end of the rockery was transformed from a railway embankment into the largest rock garden in the country. 1,350 tons of Cheddar stones were rolled down the embankment, the stones staying where they landed — some weighing 1½ tons. The gardens were laid out around them, with a stream running through enhancing the beauty. We were escorted by Mr. Kemp, the Supervisor.

In the afternoon we toured Preston Manor House, which functioned in the Edwardian Period. The last owner of this property was Thomas Stanford, who died in 1932. It was then sold to the Brighton Corporation and was open to the public in 1933. The grounds then became part of the park and the house, a museum. In the grounds stands a church built in 1250, the oldest church in Brighton. We were escorted round the house by Miss Annette Bradford. Then we returned to Ovingdean, to prepare ourselves for the club dinner, beautifully arranged by Paul James and his staff. The Chairman acknowledged the help given by Major Neve, to which Major Neve responded, saying it was a delight to come, and smiled at the expression used by the Chairman who said Major Neve was part of the house (IFH). Thanks to the staff and escorts were given by Tom Hart (one of the committee). Thank you Major Neve from us all.

Our dinner on the second week was honoured by the President, Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds and his wife. The Chairman explained that beautiful flowers such as lupins and delphiniums have a short period of beauty, then wither and die, but the club resembled blades of grass which together make a perfect lawn. He invited the President and his wife to walk upon and around it, so he could get to know the gardeners better and the gardeners, our

President. The President expressed his delight and that of his wife for their invitation to dinner. In response the President said he would walk amongst the evergreens. Tom Hart thanked Commander Conway, and the London and Brighton Staff for all the help they had given to us. Also, thank you Paul James for the excellent meal, and thanks to our wives and escorts upon whom we greatly rely. The rest of the evening was spent in the annexe, with the President talking to the evergreens.

On Thursday we visited Wisley. Being crafty gardeners we arranged to be having our meal, or be in the greenhouses during the two showers, otherwise it was a perfect day. This was greatly enhanced by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Ion Garnett-Orme who walked round the gardens talking to our members, which was greatly appreciated. Our social in the evening, though well supported by members and their wives, felt the absence of our friends from the Peacehaven Club. The second week saw the coach leave IFH, with the President and his wife travelling with us — this was the first time they had visited Wisley, and greatly enjoyed their visit. Both weeks finished with a social get-together to the music of Ernie Took and his band. The President and his wife walked round the tables and had a few words with the various parties assembled there.

At the wash and brush up meeting on Friday we seriously discussed the future of our club. It was decided to hold the spring meetings at IFH and to arrange an away meeting where possible for the autumn — this we hope will alleviate some of the pressure on the committee. We wish to thank David Bell and Jim Padley for their offer to assist, if and when the pressure gets too great. The September programme is well under way in the hands of John Walbrugh, and the plans for the May gathering will be arranged by the Chairman. Our future venues are being investigated by Tom Hart.

Notice to all members wishing to attend the Gardening Club functions: please book in, whether you will be in residence or visiting daily, through the booking office, HQ. September dates are the 7th and 14th.

NUGGETS EDITOR RETIRES

45 years' service

St. Dunstaners who have been receiving *Nuggets* for many years, will be sad to hear that Miss Westmore, or 'Westie' as she was affectionately known, has decided to retire after being Editor of the magazine for about 45 years.

Miss Westmore was a member of the St. Dunstan's staff for 37 years, 26 of them as Editor of *St. Dunstan's Review*. She also worked for Lord Fraser reading and recording news and comments which kept him up to date with affairs. 'Westie' took over the editorship of *Nuggets* at very short notice during the war when the previous Editor was killed in a road accident. After her retirement from St. Dunstan's in 1964, she continued editing *Nuggets* as an interest, working from home. Readers of *Nuggets* and all other St. Dunstaners who knew Miss Westmore, will surely join the *Review* in wishing her the best of happiness in her retirement.

Some St. Dunstaners have suggested having a collection for Miss Westmore in gratitude for her service over all these years. If you would like to contribute, please send your gift c/o Mr. W. Weisblatt, HQ. It is planned to continue production of *Nuggets* but we apologise to readers for the omission of the July issue, while we were conducting a poll to find out if the magazine has sufficient readership.

MATRON, PEARSON HOUSE

Miss Christine King, SRN, has been appointed Matron of Pearson House and took up her post on July 20th.

Miss King, who trained at King's College Hospital, London, served with the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps for 18 years, attaining the rank of Major. She has had experience over a wide area including Deputy Matron of a residential care home for elderly people in Leicestershire. We wish her every success in her new post.



Pictured from left to right, in the Council Chamber: Michael Welsh, MEP for Lancashire Central; County Councillor Mrs. Pat Case; Eric Ward Rowe, Chairman of the Lancashire European Society for the Disabled; Bernard van der Haegen and Louis van Amelsvoort of the Dutch Bureau for Action in favour of the Disabled.

DISABLED PEOPLE AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

A St. Dunstaner, Mr. Eric Ward Rowe, was the moving spirit behind the first seminar in this country on the prospects for disabled people in the European Community. It was organised by Mr. Ward Rowe's Lancashire European Society for the Disabled, the European Commission and the County Council.

The two day seminar was held at County Hall, Lancaster, with nearly 80 voluntary officials, educationists and county councillors in the gathering. Two

EEC officials, Mr. Bernard van der Haegen and Mr. Louis van Amelsvoort attended with the news that a legislative proposal for employment of disabled people had been accepted by European Ministers.

Leaders of all three political parties in the Lancashire County Council chaired sessions on employment, education and access and housing. The closing address was given by Mr. Michael Welsh, Euro. MP for the local constituency.

D. F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

As I write these notes the rain doesn't seem to want to stop and it is getting on to the end of June! Many items are not showing any signs of flower in the borders and I'm afraid the pigeons have been having a good go on the greens, though I think we have got the better of them with some flutter bangs. As usual the black flies have started on the broad beans. No aphids on the flower border, but they may come along later. I only hope you have had better results and plenty of colour by now. It

is the holiday period now and I hope you managed to get a neighbour or relative to keep things going while you are away. The greenhouse will need more attention so give instructions before you leave. May I wish you all a good holiday.

Vegetables

Keep lines between the rows of growing vegetables free of weeds by using the hoe regularly. Gather all crops as they mature and fork over areas which have been used

so that the soil doesn't get solid and difficult to dig over at the end of the year, when preparing for next season. Dig out potatoes when the haulm has withered and died off, leave them on the top of the soil for a few days to dry off, and then brush off soil. Give some extra feed with *Growmore* and water well, more especially in dry spells. Tomatoes, ridge cucumbers and marrows will need extra water and liquid feed.

Clear the area where runner beans have come to an end but give more attention to those which you put in rather late. Pinch out the top growing points so that lower flowers will set beans well. Ripe onions should be harvested and others which are not quite ready should have the necks bent over. Sow some seeds of lettuce and radish for a late salad crop. There are still plenty of pests around such as aphids and slugs, so spray and set down slug pellets which will also put paid to snails.

Fruit

Where you have heavy crops try and thin fruit out, such as apples and pears. It might also be a good thing to cut away some thin shoots and those stopping the light getting to the fruit to ripen up. Gather the fruit of early ripeners that don't keep long and use in the house. Put some new grease bands on the main stem about 18" from the ground. It is quite a good time to plant any new fruit trees at the end of September.

All canes on raspberries and loganberries which have borne fruit this year should be cut down to ground level. By the end of September there will be a number of new growths, but keep them down to three or four. Side shoots of currant bushes should be cut away but leave the main pruning till later in the year, which means cutting down those that have fruited to ground level. Clear up strawberry beds for new plants, taking away the straw and cutting off any runners which are surplus to your requirements.

Lawns

Carry on with regular mowing but keep it to a minimum in very dry spells, and use a sprinkler for a day or two. Do remember that one has to pay extra for sprinklers or

you may be fined heavily. It is also a good time in August and September if lawns are moist to give a dose of fertiliser with weed-killer. Don't cut the grass for a few days after dosing.

Flowers

Keep the hoe going regularly to cut down on weeds and open up the soil to receive rain and any extra fertiliser you put on. Remember to tie in taller plants as the next two months tend to be very windy. Sweet peas will be growing strongly and need all new growths tied in place. Pick blooms as they come along so that new ones will set. It might be a good thing to stop the growth of plants at the top so that they will bush out for autumn.

Cut away all old flowers and leaves to encourage new growth on perennials. Cuttings of geraniums take well now and should have good root systems. By the time winter comes along they should be placed in frost free places such as the greenhouse, to make really good plants for next year. In September start getting spring flowering bulbs such as anemone, daffodils, crocus and hyacinths in place, but leave tulips for a while. Prune roses regularly by taking flowers off, well down the stem, and spray against black spot by using Benolin. Also cut away any shoots which are affected now and put debris in the rubbish bin or burn.

Give indoor chrysanthemums a dose of fertiliser in liquid form to keep roots moist as well. Pinch off some buds if you want really big flowers for cutting. Later on they should be put under cover. Those hairy ones will be showing good colour by the end of September and here again, pinch off some flowers to get larger blooms, but don't if you want the spray type.

Greenhouse

Keep all pot plants well watered and give feeds every so often. Old cyclamen should be potted into new containers with fresh compost for the winter show. Ensure all other pot plants such as azaleas, primulas etc. are growing well and give some feed. Sometimes the colour of azalea leaves get very pale so give a dose of *Sequestrene* and they will be much better.



HIGHEST AWARD IN BALLROOM DANCING

On the left, is a photograph of Reg Page, of Bexhill, holding the Alex Moore Trophy which he received with honours on February 1st (reported in March Review). The trophy depicts a couple dancing. This is the highest award in ballroom dancing and Reg Page is the first blind man ever to receive it.

For all the 12 set dances in the ballroom, rhythm fox-trot and Latin American sections, Reg's marks ranged between 83% and 94%. Congratulations to Reg Page and his teacher, Miss Joan Luxton, for this outstanding achievement!

Gardening Notes *continued*

Many bulbs for winter colour should be in pots by now. Keep them in shady and cool conditions. They will keep moist till buds are showing, then bring them into the light and give some water and feed. There are a few winter bulbs which, if planted now and given normal pot plant treatment, will show flower before Christmas — freesia and many hyacinths — and they have very strong scents. Get them potted up in early August. Seeds of schizanthus sown now will give fine flowering pot plants around Christmas, or early New Year. When plants are fairly well grown stop some of the growing points to make really bushy plants. You may get ones that have so many flowers one cannot see the leaves and don't grow any taller than 18".

Tuberous plants will be nearing the end of their growth so start drying off a bit to ripen the tubers so they stay dry for next season. Cuttings of regal pelargoniums taken now will give fine plants for an early show next year. Tomatoes will still be setting fruit but it would be a good idea to stop plants at the top now, as fruit will not mature unless you have a bit of heat. I have found that late tomatoes ripen better on the windowsill, in a room that has some good light, preferably sunlight. Keep windows open on hot sunny days but closed at night. Pests and diseases may still be around so get smokes going regularly.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



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

Victor George Frank Shepherd, of Farnborough, joined St. Dunstan's on June 23rd.

Mr. Shepherd, who is 67, joined the R.A.F. in 1937 and served as a Flight-Sergeant Wireless Operator/Air Gunner until 1942, when he suffered head injuries as a result of an aircraft crash. Mr. Shepherd and his wife, Tryphena, were married in 1944 and have two adult sons.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

BOWLING

On Saturday, May 23rd, on behalf of the St. Dunstan's Bowling Club, Joan and Bob Osborne were pleased to welcome the members of the West Glamorgan Visually Handicapped Bowling Club at Ian Fraser House, to participate in the yearly competition which commenced last year when St. Dunstan's bowlers visited Swansea.

Bowling commenced on Sunday with a triples competition which covered four rinks. We were blessed with a lovely day and the bowling was excellent. At the end of the day, honours were even. We were all supplied with a packed lunch and on returning to Ian Fraser House we enjoyed a good hot supper. In the evening we retired to the annexe where Joan and Bob, Mr. McTavish and others entertained us. Mr. Preedy, the 'Harry Champion' of St. Dunstan's, delighted us all with his rendering of Cockney songs. At times I thought he was going to burst a blood vessel! I am sure we all enjoyed a very good evening!

We had another early start on Monday. This time it was a pairs competition. The result depended upon the last match and the last wood of the last end. As we had won the trophy last year we were very keen to retain it and Tom Renshaw, the David Bryant of St. Dunstan's had the privilege of sending up the last wood. He did not fail us and sent the most amazing winning shot which enabled us to hold on to the trophy. Well done Tom!

In the evening, to close the competition, a dinner was held in the Winter Garden. This was really a delicious meal and was much appreciated by our visitors and ourselves. Thank you Commander Conway and the catering staff for looking after us so well and also the transport section. Following votes of thanks by Jackie Pryor and the visiting captain, Ron, we all retired once again to the annexe and enjoyed an evening of dancing.

St. Dunstan's bowlers have been invited to Swansea next year and we look forward to meeting our friends once again.

A. Miller

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

We have now completed the individual competitions and it is to be hoped that the summer weather will arrive for the August break. A welcome will be waiting for members on their return on September 9th.

Phyllis O'Kelly

BRIDGE

Harrogate Bridge Week

Owing to the closing down of the Dirlton Hotel, the Bridge Week will now take place from October 10th to 17th and will be held at our new venue, the Cheltenham Lodge Hotel. Any bridge players and wives wishing to participate in this event please contact Ian Dickson, HQ, as soon as possible.

Pairs — June 7th

W. Allen & Mrs. A. Clements	60.0
W. Phillips & Dr. J. Goodlad	57.0
R. Goding & Miss Sturdy	55.0
Mr. & Mrs. R. Pacitti	53.0
G. Hudson & Mr. M. Douse	52.5
F. Dickerson & Mrs. Andrews	51.5
R. Evans & Mrs. Tebbit	48.0
Mr. & Mrs. J. Padley	43.5
W. Lethbridge & Mr. R. Goodlad	41.0
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	38.5

Individuals — June 13th

J. Padley	60.2
R. Pacitti	56.8
W. Phillips	55.7
R. Goding	55.7
Miss Sturdy	55.7
Mrs. A. Clements	54.6
R. Evans	46.6
Mrs. Douse	46.6
F. Dickerson	45.4
W. Lethbridge	42.0
Mrs. V. McPherson	40.9
W. Allen	39.8

Bridge Congress

The Bridge Congress at IFH will take place from December 4th to 6th. There will be a teaching session for beginners at the congress. Any prospective bridge player wishing to take advantage of this opportunity, please book in via Alison Johnson, Homes Bookings at HQ. This also applies to all bridge players taking part.

Reg Goding, Secretary

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Andrew, grandson of *Mr. and Mrs. T. Taylor*, of Preston, aged 9. A Down's Syndrome child, Andrew won two bronze medals for gymnastics at the special Olympics held during May on the Isle of Wight and has been selected to train with the national team for the Disabled Games in Leicester next year. Here's hoping he gets picked for the team too!

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Jean, daughter of Mrs. L.C. Delaney and the late *Mr. J.W.P. Delaney*, of Wembdon, on her marriage to Marc Fielding on June 6th.

Jane, daughter of Mrs. N. Rathmell, and the late *Mr. W. Rathmell*, of Holland-on-Sea, Clacton, on her marriage which took place on March 16th.

Brian, youngest son of *Mr. and Mrs. T. Whitley*, of Elsenham, on his marriage to Danielle Greeves on May 6th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gayan, of N. Harrow, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 9th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. C.O.H. Barker, of Westward Ho, on the safe arrival of their fourth grandchild, Paul Nathan, born on December 31st 1986 to their son, Jonathan, and daughter-in-law, Shirley.

Mr. E.W. Bull, of Southampton, on the birth of his third grandson, Paul Darren, born on January 2nd to Keith and Nicky Johnson.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. W. Arnold, of Keighley, who mourns the death of his brother, John, who passed away on June 11th.

Mrs. M. Logan, wife of *Mr. P. Logan*, of Mid-somer Norton, Avon, on the death of her mother on June 4th.

Mr. H. Meleson, of North Wembley, Middlesex, whose sister, Esther Kaye, died on June 6th.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the death of the following St. Dunstaner and we offer our deepest sympathy to his widow, family and friends.

J.C. Carney, 21st Anti Tank Regiment

Joseph Carter Carney, of Bournemouth, passed away in hospital on June 5th, aged 75. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1944.

Mr. Carney served in the 21st Anti Tank Regiment in the Second World War and was wounded in France in August 1944 when he was totally blinded. He had worked in industry before the war and returned to his old firm in Dunstable as a telephonist, staying with them until 1960 when he took early retirement on

health grounds. After joinery training he became a keen and prolific worker for our stores and turned his skill to toy making when quota work discontinued. He was also a good bridge player and a Buffalo. A frequent visitor to IFH, he will be sadly missed by all his friends in and outside St. Dunstan's.

He leaves his wife, Alice, their two children and grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Carney celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1984.