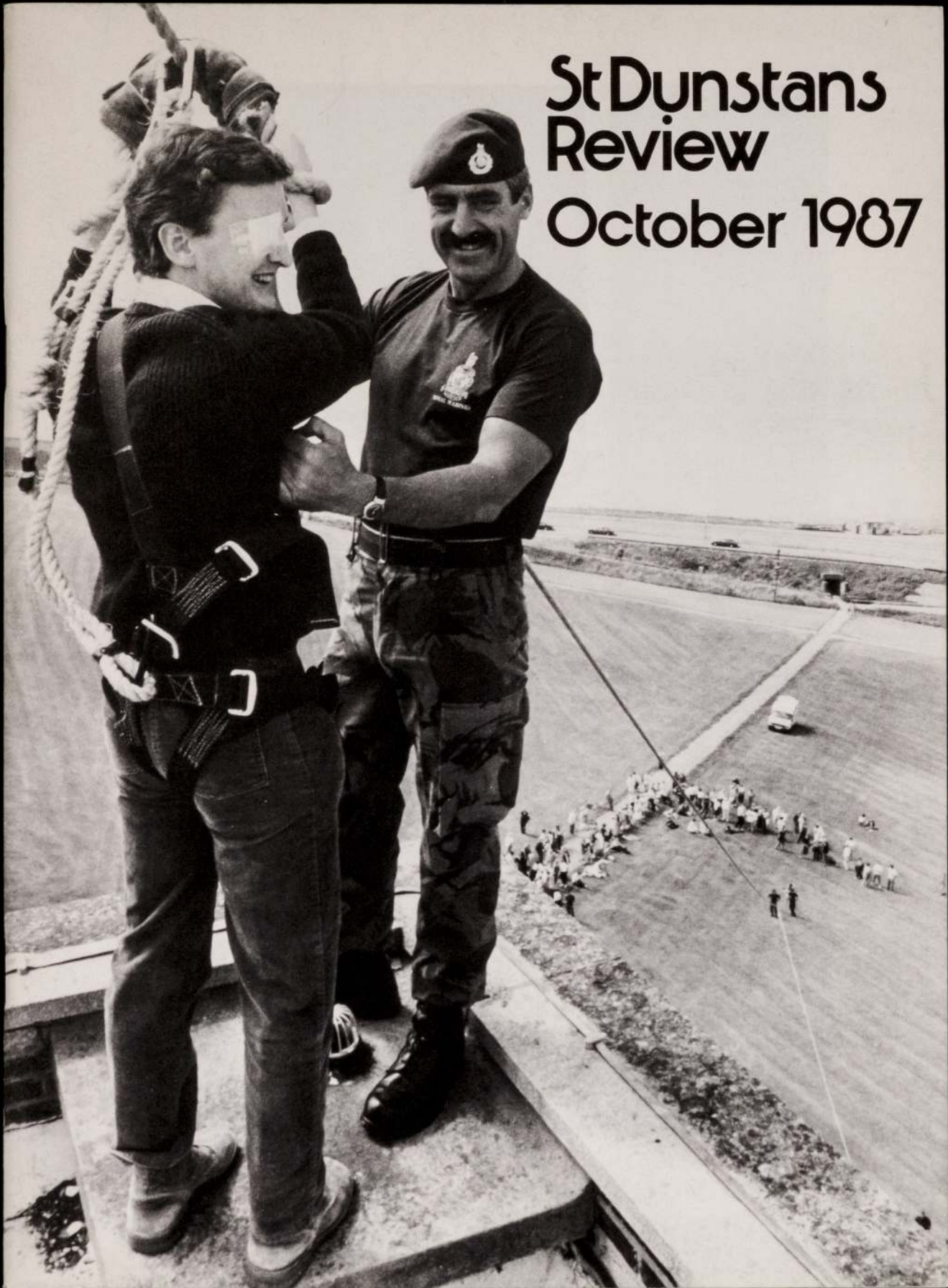


St Dunstons Review October 1987



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Cover picture: Jamie Cuthbertson is strapped into his harness by Colour-Sergeant Roy Bennett, before sliding down to the ground below — daring action to raise money for charity takes place at Ian Fraser House. See page 20.



From the Chairman

This month sees a gathering of 'former pupils' in Church Stretton. It was there, from 1940 to 1946, St. Dunstan's transferred its training centre because the south coast had become too exposed to enemy action.

A plaque is to be unveiled in the Parish Church of St. Laurence commemorating those years when St. Dunstaners invaded the town and even carried off some of the womenfolk in marriage. Not surprisingly this special reunion has brought an enthusiastic response from the many St. Dunstaners who trained there. They recall shared experiences and fun and, perhaps, the lifting of despair in the company of others with the same disability.

What is rewarding is that the event is the result of local initiative in Church Stretton — we shall be welcomed in 1987 just as we were in 1940.

Henry Leach

ST. DUNSTAN'S EX-POW REUNION

The 1988 Ex-POW Reunion will take place at Ian Fraser House over the weekend of April 15th-17th. With the increasing number of members wishing to attend and the limited accommodation at IFH, it is essential to book early. All bookings must be made through Miss F. Casey, Homes Bookings, HQ. Residents of both IFH and Pearson House must also notify Miss Casey of their intention to attend.

NEW HONORARY FEPOW MEMBER

At the A.G.M. of the St. Dunstan's ex Prisoners of War, it was proposed that Mrs. Odette Hallowes ('Odette'), G.C., C.B.E., be invited to become an Honorary Member of our Reunion. I am pleased to say that Odette has accepted our invitation and although she may not be able to be present at many of our functions, deems it a great honour to be associated with us.

Tom Hart, Hon. Secretary

MARATHON RUNNERS RAISE £1685.52

London marathon runners, Don Planner and his escort, Peter Burke, hand over the magnificent sum they raised for the Royal School for the Blind, Leatherhead, to Mr. Barry Guffog, General Manager of the school. They completed the run in 4 hrs 22 mins. Don Planner would like to thank all his St. Dunstan's friends for donations received. Photo: East Kent Gazette.



RSA PENNANT FOR ST. DUNSTAN'S COUNCIL

During his visit to New Zealand, our President, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, was presented with two pennants by Mr. Albie Thompson, President of the Christchurch Branch of the Returned Servicemen's Association. Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds presented one of these pennants recently, during a meeting at Headquarters, to the Council of St. Dunstan's.

WHO'S WHO AT HQ — ADDENDUM

In the August *Review* we published a list of names to contact at HQ, in whichever area help or advice is needed. Please note the following amendments and adjust your list accordingly, so that you have a quick reference for the appropriate contact when you need help.

Casey, Miss Frances — Homes Bookings (not Mrs Johnson).

Sweeting, Miss Sue — Legacy and Trust Officer.



Bob and Gerry, ready to take off.

GO TANDEM — BUT NO BIKE

By Gerry Jones

This tandem ride was nothing to do with riding a bike around the highways and byways of Great Britain. This tandem meant a free-fall parachute jump from 10,500 feet.

This had all come about purely by chance. Five brave young ladies from my local, including the landlady, decided last November to do a sponsored parachute jump in aid of The Children in Need Appeal. One was my daughter, Lucy, and of course knowing all concerned, we all went to give them encouragement and general vocal support. After the successful jumps, I spoke to the organisers of the Cornwall Parachute Centre and asked about the possibility of doing a jump myself. To my surprise they stated that this would be possible, but in the form of a tandem jump, probably in the spring of 1987. I put this into File 13 and duly forgot all about it. To her credit, Linda Fisher, the daughter of John and Fran Fisher, who between them operate the Cornwall Para-

chute Centre at St. Meryon (a few miles north of Newquay), contacted me and said the jump was on.

We turned up on May 25th. I was accompanied by Stephanie Salter, who was one of the five gallant ladies from the pub. She had very kindly volunteered to be my escort. Although it appeared to be a trifle windy to me and everyone else, when Bob Smith appeared he was full of confidence and said all was GO. Up to this time I was not truly aware of what we were about to try. A rough idea, yes, but not in any detail. 'Hello Gerry, all ready?' 'Nice to meet you Bob, what are we going to do?' 'We are going up to 10,000 feet and free-fall to 5, open the chute and land on the cross. OK?' 'Fine.' 'Right. I will brief you as we get dressed and we shall be off in 30 minutes.'

I was zipped into a very tight all-in-one chute, closely followed by an even tighter harness. I was to be clipped to Bob by four points, two from the shoulders and two

from the hips. It was pure body contact, close enough to be Siamese twins or just very good friends. Bob explained that in the free-fall position we were to be like a shuttlecock; I was to be the weight at the bottom, and he in his baggy suit was to act as the feathers. The free-fall position was practised and the exit from the aircraft a dozen times. The latter was very difficult; you end up crawling around the floor of a very small aircraft, two of you strapped together with the wind from outside trying to drag you out in an uncontrolled mess. This proved to be the worst moment, trying to get onto the step outside without making a hash of the whole thing. Everything was set, and we were off.



John Fisher and fellow jumper, Barry, came along as jump master and general helper. They were to get us out and follow us down.

Off we went, slowly climbing to the jumping height, four of us huddled close together. Poor old Bob not only had me strapped to his front, but luckily a reserve and a double-sized square rigged chute on his back. It was all so uncomfortable during this period I just could not wait to get out into the sky. Right, this was it. Shuffle to the door, feel for the wing strut, then the step, Bob crawling right behind. Finally both feet out, come on Bob, this is hell. Thank God. Go! Into the correct position. Head up, chest out, elbows together and hands on toggles. Legs straight to the knees then bent vertically upwards at right angles. A beautiful slow roll forward, a marvellous floating sensation, stabilising and gaining speed up to 120mph. Bob

took my hands and then we were turning left and right, but I could not detect this at all. The speed of the air made it very difficult to breathe in the normal manner, and this was finally achieved through the corner of the mouth.

We were suddenly swinging and now all was quiet; the free fall was over. 30 seconds of pure exhilaration and now the controlled descent. All Bob had told me about this part did not quite follow plan. I was supposed to help steer the chute and we were to practise a couple of dummy landings on the way down. Suddenly the command walk; which meant literally we were about to meet the ground moving slowly forward. Crash, bang, wallop, ouch! Yes, the landing was a trifle hard. Bob checked me and finding everything working made off for his chute. There had been a slight malfunction and we only had two thirds of the canopy. This explained why we had ended up in long grass away from the cross. Bob had deliberately made for a softer landing spot and away from any turbulence that might arise from the nearby buildings, in case the chute collapsed completely. Bob: 'Are you OK? What was it like?' 'Bloody marvellous.' Bob: 'That was the best buzz I have had in 500 jumps. At 3000 feet I was about to jettison the main chute and go for the reverse. How do you feel now?' 'Bloody marvellous.'

Many thanks to Bob and all those at the Cornwall Parachute Centre.



Mrs. I. Carr presents a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Beaumont-Edmonds.

LONDON REUNION, July 4th

A wonderfully sunny day greeted all the 245 guests arriving at the Hotel Russell for the London reunion this year. The sound of animated conversation could be heard as friends greeted one another and widows renewed acquaintances of the past. After a refreshing drink, everyone sat down in the ornate dining room to partake in a very appetising lunch.

After the toast to The Queen, the President, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, who was presiding over the occasion with Mrs. Beaumont-Edmonds, took the chair to give a warm welcome on behalf of the Council and Sir Henry Leach, to all the guests present. There were 77 St. Dunstaners present, with their wives and escorts. He welcomed in particular, the three First World War St. Dunstaners, Mr. A.D. Collins, Mr. J.L. Douglass and Mr. G. Pullen; the five St. Dunstaners attending a reunion for the first time, Mr. T. Gann, Mr. G. Green, Mr. F.E. Miller, Mr. F. Smith and Mr. J. Woods; then Mr. and Mrs. J. Alton, on holiday from Australia; and last but not least, 'a very warm welcome to the 48 widows here today.' He also gave mention to the 22 members of staff present, giving special thanks to the voluntary helpers

and friends present, namely Miss D. Hoare, Miss E. Grant and Miss M. Streets.

Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds then went on to relate a bit about his trip to New Zealand and Australia to attend the reunions there. 'As age and distance makes it difficult to travel, only 18 of the 48 NZ St. Dunstaners attended the reunion in Christchurch. Christchurch is a very English city, with the bridge spanning the river Avon. I laid a wreath at the war memorial there. It was a pity we couldn't go to the Serento Restaurant, which used to be the clubhouse of the Munga Kiekie Golf Club. When that moved away after the war, St. Dunstan's used it for a rehabilitation and training centre.'

'After that we flew to Sydney where the New South Wales St. Dunstaners were hosting a reunion for the Australian St. Dunstaners. On arrival, we received a welcome call from Laurie Greenham, in Perth. He was about to leave by train to attend the conference, and it would be four days before they reached Sydney, to give you an idea of the distances involved. We then flew to Hobart for a reunion of four St. Dunstaners, and then to Perth, where another local reunion took place.

'What pleased me especially was the high regard in which St. Dunstaners are held and I was glad to be able to present a plaque to the Minister for the Department of Veteran Affairs at the bi-annual conference and to request that he put it up in his office as a reminder of St. Dunstan's to his successor. I have been really proud to represent St. Dunstan's and to be able to experience this wonderful family feeling among St. Dunstaners the world over. I could not believe the time went so fast — one is made to feel at home so quickly. Various St. Dunstaners will be coming over and I hope they receive as wonderful a reception as we received over there. And today, may you enjoy as wonderful a gathering as those we attended over there.'

Fred Ripley replied, on behalf of St. Dunstaners, and began by welcoming Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds to his first London reunion, 'He has had a very distinguished career in industry and politics, but he is still a St. Dunstaner and part of the St. Dunstan's family and we are very pleased for this opportunity of meeting him.' Mr. Ripley then proceeded to thank Miss Lord, Miss Davis and Mrs. Jackson for seeing that the whole reunion ran smoothly, and the hotel staff for the excellent meal, and 'to St. Dunstan's for the care they give us through the year. Since the First World War, they have developed considerable expertise at it, adapting and improving according to our conditions and needs. When my wife and I were staying at Ovingdean recently, I thought back to the old days when we stayed in the dormitory and had to queue up for the bathroom ... what a distance we have come since those early days. We both agreed we'd love to come down to Ian Fraser House again. All this takes a lot of money, but not only that, it also takes a lot of care and all that goes into it, so thank you to the Council and thank you very much to St. Dunstan's for all you do for us.'

Mrs. I. Carr then graciously presented a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Beaumont-Edmonds and the afternoon resumed its lively course as friends caught up on news and couples danced to the music of the band. After tea and tasty cakes, the usual draw brought a most convivial afternoon to an end.

YOUNG ST. DUNSTANER OBTAINS LAW DEGREE

The *Review* offers congratulations to St. Dunstaner, Mr. Mark Pilbeam, aged 29, of Aberdeen, on recently gaining his law degree at Aberdeen University.

Mr. Pilbeam lost his sight in the Rhodesian war in 1979 when, as a Paratrooper, he was blinded by a bullet. He already has an arts degree gained in South Africa five years after he was wounded. In 1984 he returned to his roots in Scotland to be accepted by Aberdeen University, where his study advisor organised a programme of volunteers willing to help out with reading material for Mark. A supply of cassettes was distributed among helpers who taped reading material which Mark could then use whenever he wanted. Lecture notes he managed by himself. Paying tribute to his helpers, he says: 'Their help was excellent. I don't think I could have done it otherwise. It was much more difficult than my previous degree. I think the topic of law is more varied than the arts subjects.'

He received his degree at a ceremony in Marischal College and this was attended by Welfare Visitor, May Anderson. She says of the occasion, 'Mark looked mature and dignified despite his impish sense of humour. He is obviously very popular with his fellow students and received a tremendous ovation from the guests. It was quite an emotional moment.'

Mark is now planning to stay on to do a diploma in legal practice and hopefully to make Aberdeen his home with his Zimbabwean-born wife, Diane, and his ten-month old daughter, Ann. Until he resumes his studies in the autumn, Mark and Diane have gone for a holiday in Zimbabwe. We wish them well.

APOLOGY

The *Review* would like to apologise to Australian St. Dunstaners for the mis-spelling of certain Australian people and places in Colin Beaumont-Edmonds' report of his trip to Australia and New Zealand in the August *Review*.

BOWLING

By Ted Brown

The English Nationals at Cliftonville

We all assembled as usual the day before our long journey, as Bob and Joan Osborne had arranged a match at Hurstpierpoint to give the team a practice workout, but the rain wouldn't leave us alone. However, we all enjoyed it very much, we had good company and a nice tea that their ladies put on. Speeches were made, good luck handshakes were exchanged and they wished us every success in the Nationals. Saturday morning started off with the carting down and loading of luggage and here I must thank all those orderlies and other staff for their help in the loading of all the gear — I know it must have been quite a heavy job, so thanks once again.

We started off on time and the weather looked promising, but that was soon to change. After a winding journey through the countryside, especially in Kent, although it was glorious countryside it was a relief to reach our hotels and get ourselves back on to an even keel. After one or two changes in the hotel rooms everyone got unpacked, showered and changed and ready for a good meal, after which walks were indicated to get the circulation going after sitting for so long. Nearly everyone made their way to the front to see where and what the greens were like. They looked good at the time, but we were to find out how they varied from rink to rink.

After lunch on the Sunday, the Mayor was introduced to us by the tournament secretary, and after a few words from His Worship the Mayor, the matches began. As usual they were all pairs, and our teams got through the first round which was to be a very good sign of things to come. Monday morning arrived and so did the rain. No play was possible as the greens had taken so much water before we arrived that the green keeper wouldn't let anyone on until the afternoon session.

This was a pity because all the helpers and markers came from Dover, and as they couldn't stay for the whole day it meant that we were short of all those people for help, and that was the case all through the week whenever it was very wet, so once again the majority of the work fell on the shoulders of our dear ladies who worked like Trojans for the rest of the week — I can tell you now they were all whacked at the end of the week. Well done ladies, you all deserve a medal and I mean a gold one, if it was in my power you'd certainly get one.

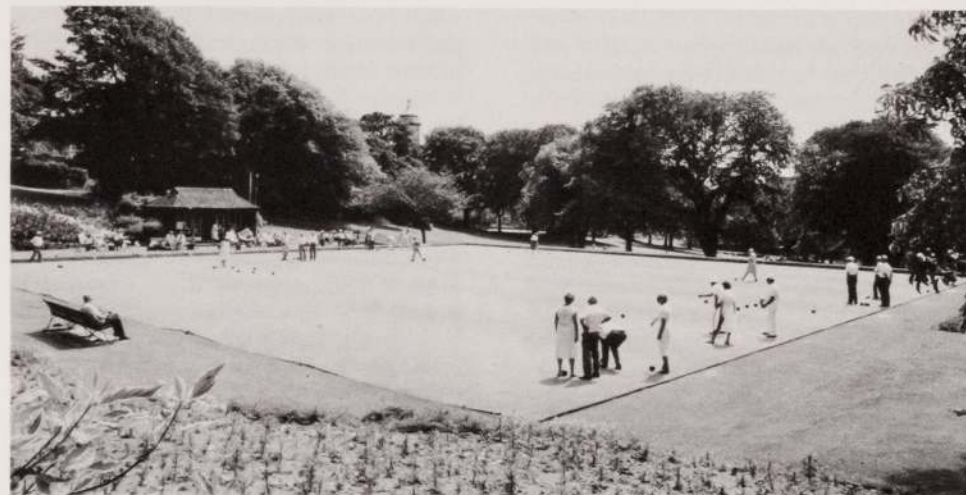
As the tournament went on, I was getting more proud of our team for the fine spirit with which they tackled their job, under adverse conditions, and their sportsmanship couldn't have been equalled by any other team in the tournament. I really mean that chaps, well done, and I might add at this juncture, that if some of them had concentrated a little more on their games they would have done even better.

To alleviate the pressures of bowling we went to the theatre one night to see the most exciting show that I've seen in years — you'll never guess in a hundred years — the show was 'The Inkspots'. They were fabulous. During the performance the lead singer was telling the story of when they first started, and they went through all of their most popular hits, sounding exactly the same as they did way back. They finished with the two favourites, 'Bless You' and 'Whispering Grass'. What applause they got at the end — I'm sure that everyone in the theatre had sore hands through clapping that long. We also visited two Royal British Legion clubs where quite a number of the other competitors joined us in a marvellous sing-song of our own, and by the end of the evening a few of us suffered from sore throats — I suppose that's better than sore heads after drinking.

Finals day arrived with a vengeance. I have never known it to rain so much in such a short time all the years I've been bowling, but it came during the lunch break. The greens were like lakes, and it was a toss up whether or not the finals would be played. But owing to the hard work of the ground staff they got all the water off, re-rolled the greens, and believe me, they played better that afternoon than any other day of the tournament. First, let me tell you how we fared in the semi-finals. Totally blind singles — two in the last four. Pairs — in the semi-finals. Partially sighted — one in the last four. Pairs — two in the semi-finals. Now that can't be bad in any competition, and I do hope that next year we will have more new bowlers taking part around the circuit —

you'll enjoy it I'm sure, but you won't find out unless you make a start now and practise as much as possible.

Results: Totally blind singles winner — Johnnie Cope. Pairs — Johnnie Cope and Alfie Waters. Partially sighted singles — runner-up, Ted Brown. Pairs — Ted Brown and Arthur Carter. The presentation was held in one of the Butlins hotels where the majority of the other competitors stayed. A glass of champagne was given to all who took part in the tournament including all the wives and helpers. Apart from that it was very dry until we arrived back at our hotel. But with the packing to do, after a couple of drinks we retired gracefully for a well-earned rest. We left Cliftonville on Saturday morning, very tired but happy and well satisfied with the week's work.

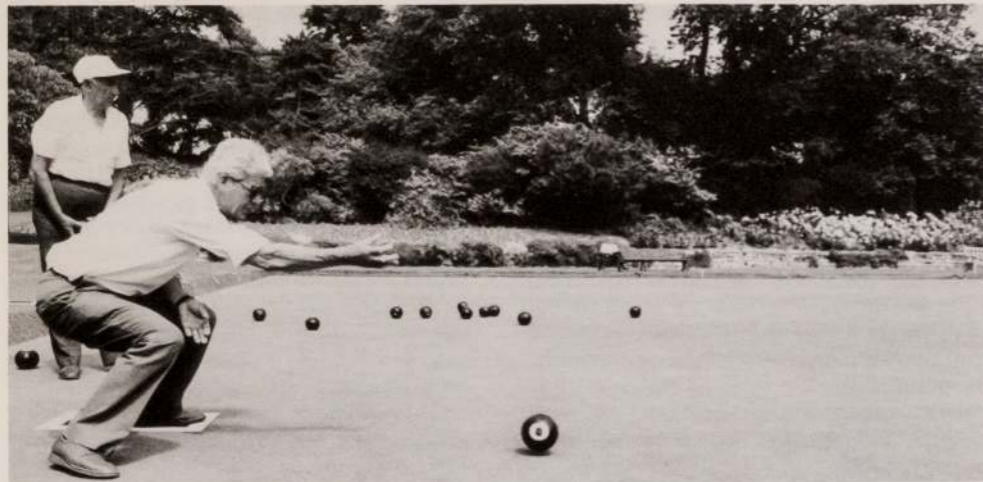


Queens Park, Brighton

The bowling after the first day got into top gear, and the quality improved all the time. How gratifying it was to see all the new bowlers doing so well once again, and I would like to say here and now that all of them could do well on the outside circuit next, so keep it up and keep practising!

I would first like to congratulate Sid Jones for coming second in the totally blind section, that is a marvellous achievement on his first outside tournament, and he actually got two runner-up prizes — well done Sid. And I can't leave Vi Delaney out of the congratulations, she always tries

so hard and is afraid she might be letting her partners down, but not on your nellie, she came up trumps coming runner up in the triples, and the smile on her face was worth a million pounds. How proud she must have felt — well done champ. Congratulations to all those who won something, especially those who participated for the first time, and thank you all for the sporting manner in which you played. As I have said so often, 'participation and sportsmanship are the most important things in any sport, and if you win that is an added bonus.'



Ted Brown concentrates on his bowl.

This year we had another bowler who won all three competitions, he is in the totally blind section — Percy Stubbs. He won the singles, with Johnny Cope he won the pairs, and with Tom Renshaw and Jackie Pryor he won the triples. Well done Percy. Before I leave the bowling part, I must say how well the green keeper and his staff worked to get the greens in such a good condition, after being vandalised last year with cycles. And a very big thank you to Paul James and his staff for keeping us going with drinks and ferrying food to us every day. Also to the drivers for taking us and picking us up and helping to carry gear every day, we do appreciate it. And of course a big thank you to the ladies who all worked twice as hard and some harder than that, if it is possible.

The second week was a busy one too and still fortunate with the weather. We went to church on Sunday morning and then had a relaxing afternoon and evening. We started off on our trip to Canterbury at about 10 a.m. Monday. On arrival everyone was free to do whatever their fancy, and I think nearly everyone visited the Cathedral. Our little group spent just over two hours in there, it is so interesting and as you all know, steeped in history. The carvings and the coloured windows are worth a visit in themselves. On our way home we stopped at the Royal Oak Hotel at Hawkhurst and had a nice

three-course dinner, all home-made, a place I could recommend to anyone.

On the Tuesday morning we left IFH at 6 a.m., picked several people up on the way to Newhaven, and carried on to Dieppe for the day. At Dieppe we walked around the sea shore and the spot where the Dieppe raid took place during the war. It was an aborted raid, and a memorial was built to commemorate those who died in the attempt. The day we were in Dieppe was Bastille Day, a great day for celebration, dancing and various activities in the streets. Bands were playing and every conceivable sport was being played on a knock-out basis. Everyone seemed to be enjoying whatever they were doing. We then made our way back to the ferry — the authorities were good at both ends, just couldn't do enough for us. I must thank Ernie, the C.A., for helping to look after Geoff Bunting on the trips to Canterbury and Dieppe.

Everyone seemed a little blurry-eyed and tired on Wednesday, but as the day went on we all got over it. In the afternoon we had a bowls match against our friends from Elmbridge, at Preston Park — nobody won, it was an honourable draw. They came back to IFH where we all had a drink before going to tea with them. We then retired to the annexe for a few drinks before seeing them onto their coach with a few jokes and fond farewells.

Thursday morning saw the raffle ticket sellers at work again. We were off in the afternoon to do battle again against the British Legion at Queens Park. We had a marvellous afternoon's bowling. Friday evening turned out to be very successful in every way, quite a number of people gave generous prizes for the raffle and even more generous when it came to buying tickets for it. I would like to thank Grace and Anne, Walford's Nancy and Sid's Nancy for their great part in making it a success, thank you girls very much. There were 26 prizes for bowling — we were able to do this with the generous help from HQ and our club funds, and I would like to thank HQ for their help in all departments. Major Neve came along and did the presentation of prizes for us, which was also attended by quite a number of the British Legion Bowling Club — my thanks to them also, I know they enjoyed it. A buffet was prepared by Paul and his staff and as usual was superb. Thank you all for your efforts to make our fortnight complete, especially the last Friday night at the dance, and good old Ernie and his trio were as good as ever.

I would like to thank Commander Conway for all his help and generosity, Major Neve and Sue for the help given to us by the C.A.'s, the domestic staff, the catering

staff, the night staff for our early morning cuppa — it is the small things that help to make our stay a pleasant one. Thanks to the house steward and staff for arranging all the various things so well. And I would like to thank a man who always seems to get things right in time, in the way of charts, calculations, alterations and various other helpful jobs in between his own mobility work — yes, you're right, it's Jock Carnochan. Also a special mention to the swimming pool staff — they keep our indoor bowling greens clean and tidy and look after the lads when they go swimming between games — and thanks to the two stalwarts of the bar in the annexe for keeping the old pinter flowing, not forgetting the titbits on the counter. Keep up the good work and the price of the spirits low! I hope that Johnnie Cope has fully recovered now — he had to withdraw from the singles competition through injury. Jim Oakes had to retire also, because his wife had broken a bone in her foot. I hope you'll all be fit and well before we meet again. Until then, good bowling, good greens and good sportsmanship. I lastly want to thank the ladies in the transport section and other offices on behalf of us all, for your invaluable help during the fortnight, without which we just couldn't have coped. Well done you girls.

Measuring the result.





PORTSMOUTH VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATION FOR THE BLIND

For many years the Portsmouth Voluntary Association has benefited from an annual art exhibition organised by Paul and Thelma Francia at their home in Pembroke Park, Portsmouth. Thelma Francia teaches a group known as the Pembroke Artists and it is their work which is displayed and sold to raise funds for the local blind association. Our photograph shows Paul and Thelma in their garden gallery on the occasion of the 1987 exhibition.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Unfortunately, due to space problems, we have had to hold over the publication of the short story 'Shadows in the Mist' by Captain K. R. Gray, which came second in the competition. It will be appearing in a future issue of the *Review*.

CORDLESS TELEPHONES

Following up the story in the August *Review* on a ban on cordless telephones, we learn that this applies only to unapproved equipment — particularly sets which operate at too high power and so interfere with radio frequencies used by emergency services.

Spokesmen for the Department of Trade and Industry and British Telecom gave similar explanations. The story in the electrical and radio trade press was based on a misunderstanding of a government order introduced in May primarily to remove an anomaly which made it legal to sell unapproved equipment, while it was illegal to use it.

Both authorities confirm that the customer is quite safe in buying and using cordless telephones which bear the green sticker indicating that the equipment is approved for connection with British Telecom's network.



Welcome to St. Dunstan's

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

John Gordon Harvie, M.B.E., of Lindfield, joined St. Dunstan's on August 24th.

Major Harvie, who is 72 years of age, served in the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment and the Royal Fusiliers from September 1939 until his discharge in May 1946. He was wounded by bomb splinters during an air-raid on Southampton Docks when he lost an eye and suffered damage to the other. His service included operations in Europe (Dunkirk), Tunisia and Italy. Our St. Dunstaner was an accountant with a large company until the age of 55 when he had to retire prematurely because of his failing sight. Major Harvie and his wife, Dorothy, have been married for 34 years.

Samuel Keating, of Rochdale, joined St. Dunstan's on July 14th.

Mr. Keating served with the Lancashire Fusiliers during the Second World War, and was taken prisoner in Burma in 1942. Mr. Keating worked as a labourer and then a gardener, and retired in 1979. Mr. and Mrs. Keating have two daughters, who are both married.

David Morris, of Newquay, joined St. Dunstan's on August 11th.

Mr. Morris, who is 43, enlisted in the Royal Air Force in 1967 and served as a

Sergeant Air Technician. In November 1983 whilst on duty, he was unfortunately injured in a motor-cycle accident and his sight was seriously affected. He was discharged from the R.A.F. in October last year.

Mr. Morris and his wife, Lynda, have been married for 22 years and have a son and daughter.

Herbert George Thomas Morrison, of Sherborne, joined St. Dunstan's on June 29th.

Mr. Morrison, who is 72, enlisted in the Army in 1936 and served in the Rifle Brigade and R.A.S.C. His overseas postings were to India, Palestine and the Western Desert, where he was injured shortly before the Battle of El Adem. He was discharged in April 1945. Mr. Morrison and his wife, Doris, were married in September 1944.

John Shaw, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joined St. Dunstan's on July 14th.

Mr. Shaw served with the Royal Army Service Corps during the Second World War, and was discharged in 1942 following injuries suffered in an explosion. He worked in the M.O.D. Packing Directorate until his retirement. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw have two sons, who live near them.

NEW VARIANTS OF £5 AND £10 NOTES

New versions of the £5 and £10 note were issued by the Bank of England from July 16th. The £10 note has a 'windowed' thread, similar to that in the £20 note; and the £5 note has a 1mm wide, as opposed to 1/2mm wide, embedded thread. The existing versions of the £5 and £10 notes will, however, continue to circulate for the foreseeable future in parallel with the new versions.

TALKING READER'S DIGEST

Reader's Digest is available in a talking edition for the blind and visually handicapped. A selection from the magazine — three hours' listening — is recorded each month on two cassettes, playable on any standard machine. The subscription, which is subsidised by Reader's Digest, costs £5 a year, from the Talking Newspaper Association, 90 High Street, Heathfield, E. Sussex, TN21 8JD. Tel: 04352 6102.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Michael Pirrie, Eastbourne

Your May edition featured the Speakwriter 2000 but unfortunately it appears that your description of it was incorrect. This potentially useful add-on device can only be added on to a Brother typewriter and is therefore very limited in its application. I have contacted the manufacturers and find that it is so dedicated to Brother that it will not be compatible with the British Standard Computer Access port. This seems a pity because its potential would appear to be such that it could prove a very useful addition to anyone who uses an electronic typewriter. Unfortunately it has to be a Brother!

From Mrs. E. Scrivener (née Abbiss), Grange Park, London.

Reading Harry Perrett's 'Memories of Regents Park' in the July *Review* brings me to writing a letter I was going to write after reading the letter from Mr. W. Berry, of Fife, in the 1985 Jan/Feb *Review* in which he speaks of Mr. and Mrs. G. Adamson's and his own records i.e. 91 years' combined service for Mr. and Mrs. Adamson,

and 101 years' service for Mr. Berry, Miss Hunt, his first wife, now deceased, and Miss Sills, his wife.

This then is my record. I had a sister, Elsie Abbiss; father, Frank Abbiss; brother, George Abbiss; niece, Gladys Abbiss; myself, Eva Abbiss; cousin, Sarah Titmuss; cousin, Ethel Titmuss; and cousin, Emmie French — all staff at St. Dunstan's! How many years would that add up to? Sarah Titmuss married a St. Dunstanian named Vic Frampton, probably 60 years ago or more. I believe they had two children, Margaret and Leonard — (where are they now?).

I knew the Adamsons and the Berry's during the 11 years I was on the staff — in Miss G. Witherby's time, I worked in the netting and wool rug departments. When I married 52 years ago, married women just did not work — just as well, as I had twin sons, now 50 years of age! When my husband and I celebrated our Golden Wedding, a few of St. Dunstan's old staff were there — Elsie Abbiss, Gladys Abbiss (now the mother of four sons), Ethel Garrod, Winnie Garrod (now over 80) and her daughter, Eva Howells.



I am enclosing a photograph of one of our St. Dunstan's staff outings. I am the youngest member in it, aged 16, third row from back, third from the right. My sister, Elsie Abbiss is in the same row, next to me, second from right. My sister at nearly 83 is in poor health with Alzheimer's Disease now. Weren't the young men well-dressed and handsome in those days, especially Raymond Osborne, back row third from right. His father, second from left in the second row from back, was always known as Mr. Osborne, in charge of the Boot, or was it Mat Department! I also recognise Miss Hunt, first row seated, second from left, with Mr. Ottoway next to her.

I started at St. Dunstan's in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park and finished at Raglan Street, Kentish Town! In between my sister worked at Snow Hill and Marylebone. Reading through this I hope you can make something of the RIGMAROLE!

From Syd Scroggie, Kirkton of Strathmartine

When my father's uncle, George Valentine, got on a three-masted barque for New Zealand towards the end of the 19th Century, he not only took his bride, Mina Smith, with him but also a plate camera with which he spent much time recording the sights and scenes of his adopted country. Large prints of these photographs, tinted by hand, hung on the walls of my great-aunt Mina's house in Dundee; Maori stone-axes and the like stood on ledges and window-sills. Of all this I was reminded when my wife, Margaret, read me the article by Colin Beaumont-Edmonds on his recent presidential visit to New Zealand and Australia.

One picture in particular remains in my memory — a study of the pink and white terraces of Rotorua, one of the great natural wonders of the world, and since these no longer exist for they were destroyed by an earthquake, this photograph by George Valentine is of peculiar interest as regards the early history of the colonisation of New Zealand. His son, Arnot Valentine, latterly Chairman of *Balfour Beatty* whose civil engineering enterprises encompassed the world, preserved his

father's negatives and these were donated, after his death, to the New Zealand government who put them in a museum where they can be seen to this day.

Colin and Joyce saw many things when they were in New Zealand, mostly connected to St. Dunstan's, but the pink and white terraces of Rotorua only exist nowadays in that photograph by my father's uncle, in the picture that hung on Aunt Mina's wall.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 3994

Murder has a Pretty Face

By Jennie Melville

Read by George Hagan

Reading Time 8 3/4 hrs

Charmaine Daniels is a police inspector in the small market town of Deerham Hills. Her husband, himself a high-ranking police officer, has been dead for a year. Tom, his son by a former marriage, has disappeared while on undercover police work.

There are two problems occupying Charmaine's mind as the book opens. The body of a murdered man has been fished out of the river and a faded card bearing her telephone number has been found on him. Secondly, there has been a spate of clever and daring robberies in the town, including two furriers, a jewellers and a bank. In each case entry has been gained by means of a key. Charmaine's investigations lead her strongly to suspect four charming ladies, all connected with a local hairdressing salon. Proving it is, however, a very different matter; there is not a shred of concrete evidence to connect the quartet with the crimes.

Using methods which are unorthodox, unconventional and even downright questionable, she sets out to bring the gang of four to book and at the same time she solves the mystery of Tom's disappearance, the identity of the murdered man and his killer...

A nicely crafted, most interesting story.

SINGAPORE, SYDNEY AND SAN FRANCISCO

International Physiotherapy Conference

By Bill Shea

On Friday evening, May 8th, at Heathrow, six St. Dunstan's Chartered Physiotherapists with their wives, boarded a Singapore Airlines plane on the first stage of our journey to Sydney, to attend the tenth International Physiotherapy Conference. Our boarding cards read 'Destination Sin'. We arrived at Changi Airport, Singapore, at about 1800 hours local time on Saturday evening. The weather was very hot and humid. After being transported to the Royal Holiday Inn, and a quick shower and change, we went off in small groups to sample the night life of Singapore. The next few days were spent sightseeing and shopping. Our boarding cards leapt into our minds when one of our number had a card pushed under his door, stating that an attractive young lady who was fully qualified in the art of massage, would be willing to see him in his room between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. We suggested he should ring the number of the card. This he declined to do, so we will never know if our boarding cards were right or wrong. Wednesday evening, May 13th, saw us once again boarding a Singapore Airlines plane bound for Sydney. We arrived at Kingsford-Smith Airport at about 0630 hours, Thursday morning, and transferred to the Cambridge Inn, where we were joined later by Mike and Thelma Tetley.

On Saturday we registered for the conference which was being held at the Hilton Hotel and Sydney Centre Point. Colin Johnston stayed at the Cambridge Inn on the Sunday night and we had a chat with him on Monday morning before he returned to Warwick in Queensland. On Wednesday we had an excellent reunion luncheon with some of our fellow St. Dunstaners in the Sydney area. At the Sydney War Memorial on Thursday morning, Jimmy Legge and I with our wives, attended the wreath-laying ceremony.

This is carried out each week with a military band and guard of honour in attendance. The conference closed on Friday and over the following weekend the party split up, some returning to the UK via Hong Kong, others by way of New Zealand, the South Pacific and Canada.

Jimmy Legge and I stayed on in Sydney for a few more days. On Tuesday Alan Williams invited us for lunch with him and his wife, Margaret, at his RSL Club in Bellmore. This gave us the opportunity to travel on one of Sydney's three-decker trains. We had a super day, Jim and Alan talking about the days they spent together as POW's in Germany. The weather during our stay in Sydney was generally fine and sunny and we spent our time doing the usual sightseeing. Those St. Dunstaners who visited Sydney during the Second World War would not recognise the skyline today — I am told the change is quite dramatic. We very much appreciated the cordial welcome we received each time we visited the Sydney RSL and the United Services RSL clubs.

On Thursday at about 1830 hours, we joined a Qantas Airlines plane for San Francisco with a short stop in Honolulu. After crossing the International Date Line we arrived at San Francisco's International Airport at about 1700 hours that day. On our arrival the weather was quite chilly and we were glad to transfer to the Cartwright Hotel in a 'limousine' complete with television in the back. During our stay the weather became very warm and sunny. Public transport in San Francisco is excellent and cheap, 75 cents (60p) ordinary fare and 15 cents (10p) for senior citizens and the disabled anywhere in the city limits. After doing battle with an automatic ticket machine which kept throwing our money back at us, we eventually made it onto one of the cable cars. We did the usual sightseeing visiting Golden Gate

Park, over the Golden Gate Bridge, to the waterfront and a bay cruise which brought us close to the island of Alcatraz.

While in San Francisco I took the opportunity to visit the Smith-Kettlewell Eye Foundation. St. Dunstaners who are interested in Amateur Radio and electronics will know of this organisation. One of the aims of this foundation is to carry out research on equipment and aids to help the visually handicapped to obtain employment. It was very interesting to meet those who are working on this pro-

ject — Bill, Tom and Jay, all totally blind. They demonstrated their computer system and soldering techniques. One of these techniques was sent to them by fellow St. Dunstaner and Radio Amateur, Frank Jeanmonod G3JYT. They also showed me some of the audio meters they have designed, and are using in the lab, and the type of braille circuit diagrams they are producing.

On Thursday we boarded a British Airways flight back to London. Back to a wet summer from a sunny Australia.

SNIPPETS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

By Mike Tetley

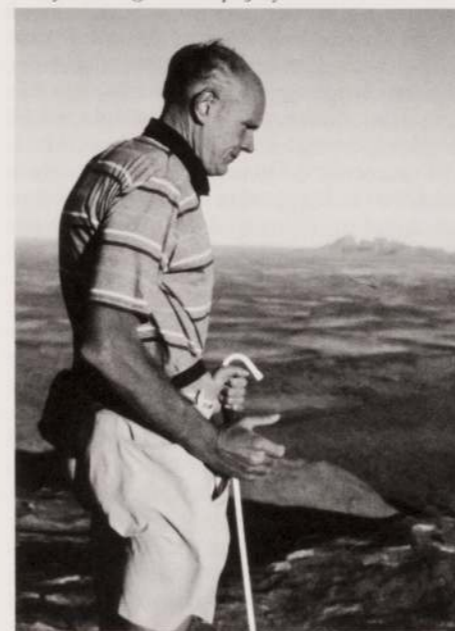
I had the privilege of being one of the party of seven St. Dunstaners and their wives who attended the World Conference of Physiotherapy in Sydney. I took the opportunity to go round the world and visit places with romantic names.

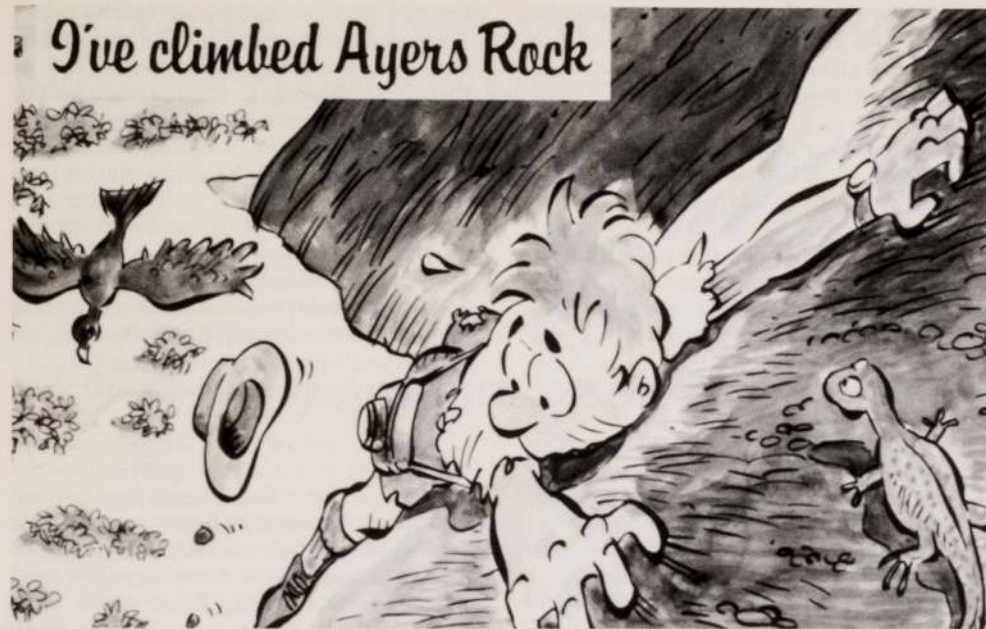
A romantic name for me, was Alice Springs and 200 miles away, Ayers Rock. Alice is surrounded by desert and is in the centre of Australia. Around the turn of

the century the first telegraphist to man this lonely, isolated station was a Mr. Todd and his wife, Alice. I wonder if the expression, 'On your Todd' arose here. He gave his name to the Todd River which flows about once every seven years — they still hold an annual regatta known as 'Henley on Todd'. The crews have a rowing eight with the bottom missing, and at the start of the race, the boat is picked up by the crew, their legs sticking out underneath, and they proceed to run down the dry river bed.

Ayers Rock projects like a lonely sentinel 1,100 feet above the surrounding red-brown desert. The sides are very steep and composed of a sandstone grit which is reputed to change colour when there is a beautiful sunset. 5000 tourists per day eagerly await on 'Sunset Strip' in the desert, hoping for the right cloud formation to produce the beautiful colour change. I had always wanted to climb this rock which has a number of aboriginal legends attached to it, from their 'dream-time'. Several hundred people a day attempt to climb the rock. At the base are some 60 brass plaques recording the names of those who have either fallen to their death or died from a heart attack. Climbing the first steep section is made easier by a chain attached to the pitons. A German tourist guided me up. At one stage he said something like 'Dit is small', and the insistence in his voice made me go carefully and I eventually discovered he was trying to indicate a narrow ledge.

Early morning, at the top of Ayers Rock.





The climb would have been very difficult without decent footwear as the surface was so smooth, steep and polished. I had been warned that it would be cold but I chose to ignore this advice, climbing in shorts and a shirt, but to my cost. Though it was the middle of the desert, the wind became very strong and cold at 7 a.m. There was no need to put on fly repellent as the wind was too strong to enable them to settle. The previous day I had climbed Kings Canyon, only 300 feet. Every few seconds two flies would crawl up one nostril, three would try to suck up moisture from your eye and another five would explore your earhole. It became extremely difficult to concentrate on where you were putting your feet. So I was delighted to find no flies on the rock. The biggest unexpected hazard was from previous climbers, either unfit or scared by the heights, who had left their breakfast all over the rock face and this could produce an unexpectedly slippery spot. The climb took just over an hour.

Australia is a large sergeant's mess. You succeed or fail on your own merit. Australian physiotherapy was head and shoulders above the rest of the world. The

team work between doctors and physiotherapists was excellent.

Tahiti was a lovely island in the Pacific. To my surprise, they did not remove the coconuts from the palm trees hanging over the swimming bath. You would be swimming along and there would be a large splash behind you as a coconut plopped alongside you. I began to wonder how many guests they might have lost this way. Hawaiian-type music was played all day long by the locals — I only heard Western music once. On several occasions I was told that a Polynesian could understand an Egyptian if he spoke slowly. If this is true, it is fascinating to speculate that the Phoenicians might be a link between the two languages.

We visited the island of Morea where the musical, 'South Pacific' was meant to have taken place. In the musical, there is a song, 'Bali Hai is calling Me'. I did not realise that there is a volcano in the middle of the island, a high volcano, in fact a bali high volcano, and it is known as *Bali Hai*.

After a break in L.A., I reached home grateful to St. Dunstan's and those who work there for having enabled me to train as a physio and fulfil a boyhood dream of going around the world.

D.F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

The garden will be losing colour by now and tends to be a bit untidy with leaves about and plants looking poorly after their show of colour. Annuals will need to be dug out and vegetables tidied up. Brush up leaves and put on the compost heap or to the side for breaking up. Ensure you have ordered all spring flowering bulbs and get them in their places as soon as possible. Also pot off those you want for a Christmas and New Year show indoors. As I write, it is still raining and very windy and I can only hope sunny conditions will appear for our holiday in a couple of weeks. I must say that despite the awful weather, colour has been very good from annuals and perennials, and I hope they will go on for a bit longer.

Vegetables

Keep the hoe going between growing crops. Dig up all beds that have been used and clear away old plants and consign to the compost heap. Just before digging spread some lime so that it enters the soil as you dig. Leave rough for the winter so that frosts can get at it and break it down, especially where you have clay soil. That will also kill some of the pests. Pull up beet-roots and carrots for storing, plus any potatoes that were left to ripen fully, especially the smaller corms. Brussels and cauliflower will be ripening and the latter can be kept clean by breaking a large leaf over the curd.

Fruit

When the weather is fine and there's no frost about, gather all fruit such as late apples and pears, which should be in good condition. Don't forget to put grease bands on the main trunks a couple of feet above ground level to stop insects crawling up to lay their eggs. Cut away to ground level growths which have borne fruit on raspberries and loganberries and leave only three or four young shoots coming up from the stools for next year's crop. New plantations can now be made.

Don't leave any new runners on strawberry plants. Towards the end of the month, when there's no frost, plant new apple and pear trees in well-prepared places.

Lawns

Mowing of lawns should be over by the end of the month, so get the machine tidied up and oil moving parts. Where you have decided to replace worn patches of the lawn with grass, put in turves as they will net at once. The same goes for laying a new lawn. It is so much easier than sowing grass and makes a better sight so much sooner. Spread some fertiliser cum weed-killer when there is no frost about.

Flowers

Tidy beds and get rid of annuals which are past their prime. Cut down perennials so they're ready for next season. Dig up tubers of dahlias and gladioli, plus any begonias which are still in their places. Some fibrous rooted begonias can be potted up to give a show in the house. Put all tubers in sand or peat and in frost-free places for next season. Get in all new bulbs for the spring show and do plant them about the depth of the bulb or an inch or so deeper. Order all perennials that you want for planting in the new season.

Greenhouse

There isn't much about under glass at this time of the year but some seedlings of schizanthus should be growing well, so pinch out the tops to make them bushier. Keep moist and give them a bit of fertiliser every so often. Some potted bulbs can be started off but keep them in the dark after watering them well. There won't be any good growth till the end of the year. Keep windows closed at night and only open on warm days when you may have to give some extra water to growing plants. It might still be a good thing to give a mixed smoke once during the month in case there are any insects and diseases about.



Peter Watson preparing to leap . . .



Ray Sheriff takes a last breath before sliding down to the ground, far below.



Mike Kelbie's turn . . . and he's away.



Ray Sheriff lands safely.



. . . And off he goes!

Back on terra firma.



'DEATH SLIDE' AT IAN FRASER HOUSE

Story and photographs by David Castleton

Sliding down a rope slung from the highest point of Ian Fraser House — around 170 feet, no less! — may not sound a likely leisure activity but on July 15th more than 30 people did just this for the benefit of the Royal Sussex Hospital. Among them were St. Dunstaners Jamie Cuthbertson, Michael Kelbie, Ray Sheriff and Peter Watson.

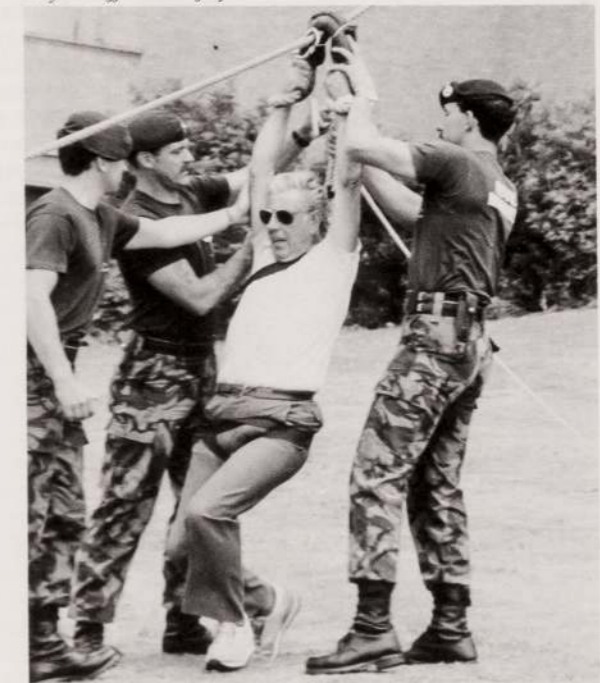
The event, called the 'Death Slide', was supervised by a Royal Marine Commando Display team from Poole who set up the equipment before the volunteers went down. Colour-Sergeant Roy Bennett was in charge and calmed the volunteers before despatching them down the rope to the lawn below. All were clipped to the rope by a safety line attached to a body harness but the essence of the exercise is to hold on to the ends of a short rope looped over the main one and thus make a rapid descent. The Royal Marine Commandos use this as a method of fast descent — they slide without a safety line!

Miss Romey Foord, who talked Simon

Conway into allowing Ian Fraser House to be the site of this fund-raising effort for Heart Guard and the Intensive Care Unit at the Royal Sussex Hospital, made two slides herself. She told the *Review* that the event raised over £3000.

As for our St. Dunstaners — all enjoyed this novel way of raising funds for a most worthwhile cause. Jamie Cuthbertson had approached the slide in a cool frame of mind: 'It's fairly tame really. It looks good from the ground — or I imagine it looks good but it's fairly tame really — I think!' His comment afterwards: 'Well, I'm glad I can't see that's all!'

For Peter Watson it was an excursion into the sighted world — something different from his everyday life as a blind person: 'It's not until you are actually sliding off the roof that you wonder what you are doing up there. The slide seemed to go on longer than I expected. It's a weird sensation knowing that the ground is coming up at high speed and you can't see it. It was nice to be down!'



BRAILLE UPDATE

By Terry Bullingham

This article provides an update of the information given in the August *Review*. Work is still continuing on the analysis of the 1986 questionnaire, however, there has been an unfortunate delay, for a variety of reasons, in the processing of the results of the over-65 age group. Some 666 questionnaires have been analysed and it is predicted that the remaining replies will only provide a maximum 3% deviation to the information obtained thus far. It may be some months before the analysis is finalised and published.

At a meeting of the Braille Authority of the UK on July 28th, a vote was taken as to whether to proceed further with the development of a simplified code which is fundamentally different from Grade 2 Standard English Braille, with a view to presentation at the 1988 International Conference on English Literary Braille. Of the 27 representatives at the meeting, 14 voted in favour of the new code, 10 against with 3 abstentions. Your representatives voted against the code in company with representatives from Scottish Braille Press, National League of the Blind & Disabled, Scottish National Federation for the Welfare of the Blind, Association for the Education & Welfare of the Visually Handicapped and the Torch Trust.

The new code (currently known as 'Summerbraille 2') is based on 100 contractions and only possesses a passing resemblance to Grade 2. The incentive for this code derives from a resolution passed by the Authority in 1978 — it is not based on the analysis of the 1986 questionnaires. The advocates of the code wish to present it at the International Conference rather than a modified version of Grade 2. The Authority is acutely aware of the necessity to avoid imposing unwanted change and it is proposed to sample public opinion of the code prior to presentation — if this opinion is clearly not favourable, the code will be withdrawn, hopefully leaving sufficient time for a streamlined Grade 2 to be prepared and presented. If the code gains

public acceptance, it will have to compete with proposed code designs/alterations of the other English braille-using countries at the Conference.

It is not yet clear how public opinion will be effectively canvassed. Work is currently in hand to prepare a breakdown of the code with examples for general distribution. It is probable that a further series of study conferences will be staged in order to obtain 'live' feedback. The Chairman of the Authority, Bill Poole (a co-designer of the code), will shortly be presenting an article on the code in the *New Beacon*, which will make interesting reading. When we are advised of the arrangements for public debate, I will promulgate them in the *Review*, thus ensuring that all who have strong feelings regarding braille have the opportunity to express their opinion. There is the possibility that a further questionnaire may be utilised and in this event, every effort should be made to ensure completion — there is little value in bemoaning changes if one has not taken every opportunity to express personal viewpoints in the appropriate manner.

There is also a possibility that the representatives of the organisations who voted against 'Summerbraille 2' will campaign against it and co-ordinate efforts and resources to promote a streamlined version of Grade 2 for public acceptance and eventual presentation at the International Conference. A justification for this action is the disproportionately large number of braille users that these organisations represent. Robert Fullard and myself have the distinct impression that a majority of St. Dunstaners are against a radical departure from Grade 2. We would be appreciative if this impression were reinforced by St. Dunstaners themselves, particularly if there is to be a continuing discord.

The Authority has ratified a revision of the mathematics code. This may be of use to some — it is available, through the usual

channels, titled: 'Braille Mathematics Notation 1987' (Cat. No. 49184). Significant alterations to the 1980 edition are unit abbreviations and letter fount conventions. The alterations in unit abbreviations do not, at present, extend to English Literary Braille (this would require acceptance at the International Conference). Additionally, some rules have been simplified and efforts made to enhance the conceptual clarity. The notation is presented in a more convenient form than in previous editions.

TALKING TUBE STATION GUIDE

A Talking Underground Station Guide for visually-handicapped passengers has been produced by London Regional Transport's Unit for Disabled Passengers. The cassette tape lists all 275 London Underground stations in alphabetical order, identifying for each station which line or lines it is on and any possible British Rail interchange; and whether access to the platforms is principally by stairs, escalator or lift. Copies can be obtained free from the Unit for Disabled Passengers, London Regional Transport, 55 Broadway, London SW1H 0BD. Telephone 01-227 3312 or 3299.

Another development is the addition of tactile lettering to the identity cards carried by Underground travelling ticket inspectors, so that visually handicapped passengers may check an inspector's authority if they wish, when asked to show their ticket travel permit.

London Underground has also started trials of an automatic train announcer using digital speech at Angel Station on the Northern Line. The prototype automatically interprets computer information sent to the visual indicators, and announces the direction and destination of a train shortly before arrival and again as the train arrives. Angel Station was chosen because of the many visually handicapped people who use the station, particularly from the RNIB's nearby Braille House.

JIMMY WRIGHT EMBARKS ON NEW VENTURE

St. Dunstaner, Jimmy Wright, well-known to us for his abilities as a director and producer of films, among other daring activities, is now venturing into the world of recording. He is joining forces with Alan Marsden and his son, David, and Keith Goldsen as proprietors of a new 16-track recording studio, named the Beatroot Recording Studio. David is the Recording Engineer, with much recording experience behind him, and he and Keith, who is blind, are composers and musicians — they have a group called *Live Element*.

The Beatroot Recording Studio was opened on July 2nd by Bobby Davro, well known television personality, and has already received several bookings. The team are confident of the need for additional low priced recording facilities in the Shepperton area.

(Left to right) David, Jimmy and Bobby Davro.





The team displaying part of the loot! (Left to right) George Hudson, Sid Jones, Norman Perry, Bert Wood and Eric Bradshaw.

(RAIN) BOWS OVER GERMANY

By Ted Bradford, Chief Coach

Following a light-hearted remark in 1986 by Norman Perry, the St. Dunstan's Archery Club Chairman, that having beaten a British based Army team, the club should now take on the British Army of the Rhine. Norman went on to explain that behind his tongue-in-cheek remark there was a more serious message to members of the forces who during their time with the Colours might possibly travel to many parts of the world and so could impart the knowledge that archery can be and is undertaken by the blind so that, hopefully, foreign countries would become interested. This could possibly lead to archery for the blind being part of the Disabled Olympic Games. After a few months, arrangements were finalised for the visit.

Several S.D.A.C. members had originally placed their names on the list for the trip but, due to ill-health, accident and, in one case, marriage, the number who finally turned up had dropped to only five. There were (with wives/escorts): Norman and Ina Perry; Eric and Gwen Bradshaw; Bert and Emily Wood; Sid Jones, escorted by Mrs. Enid Andrews; and George Hudson, escorted by Mrs. Brenda Bradford. Also in the party were Laurie and Amy Austin, Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, Miss Mary Stenning and, in charge of the party, myself.

On landing we were met by a charming Lufthansa hostess who escorted us through the necessary formalities and, on collecting our luggage, Sgt. Fred Holmes appeared and introductions were made.

Along with Fred, Sgt. Les Vickery who was to be our driver for the entire trip and who, after being introduced immediately set to and helped Fred and me load the baggage aboard the coach. Leaving the airport we found ourselves on wet roads and travelling under dark and cloudy skies. The journey to our base, at Senne-lager, was to take some 2½ hours and as we neared our destination the skies became almost black before a torrential down-pour hit us. Turning into the huge NATO army camp, manned by British troops, our driver had to show his identity card to the guard — a member of the Life Guards — who was armed with a Sten gun and wearing a bullet proof jacket. Les headed the coach towards the NATO Officers' Mess where we were to collect the keys to the rooms.

After a meal in the Mess we were taken to our billet and allocated rooms. These were in Officers' quarters and the building in which they were situated, we were told, was solely for our use. After each room was allocated I received reports that there were no towels in the rooms, some of the sinks had no plugs and one room had no running water and, calamity, there were no clothes hangers. With the help of those members who had thought to bring towels, those without were given something to dry on; some of the party had brought clothes hangers and shared these with the 'hangerless' and for those without plugs, Fred and I managed to get replacements.

It was then discovered, by Gwen, that there were no facilities for the ladies. The toilets and showers had to be shared! I allocated toilets for the sexes and it was decided that the showers should be used by the men on even days and the ladies on odd. Settling in was a mixture of mirth, apprehension and dismay as different obstacles were met and overcome. However, by the time it was time to go to the Mess for evening dinner, the party had accepted the situation and were determined to make the most and enjoy themselves. Dinner was superb and afterwards we sojourned to the Mess bar for a drink and a yarn before retiring.

Next morning we arose to find that it was still raining but as this was to be a day of rest to recuperate from the journey there was not too much gloom in the party. After lunch the ladies went to Paderborn to look around the shops while most of the team were taken to the local German archery club's ground to have a little practice. The grass was very wet but, at least it had stopped raining.

It was raining on Wednesday but the team were looking forward to their first contact with one of the Service archery clubs in Germany and, for this we had a three-hour journey to meet the archers of R.A.F. Bruggen. As we approached the camp the sun came out as if in welcome and on arrival, Squadron Leader Mike Richards was at the gate to greet us and to 'pilot' us through the maze of roads to the Officers' Mess where we were to dine before going to the archery field. While the meal was in progress Mrs. Dacre was taken to another part of the Mess and interviewed by a reporter from the local Forces radio. At the R.A.F. club's archery field we received an enthusiastic welcome from the club's members. They had six targets erected and waited eagerly for the demonstration to commence. Although the spectators were smiling the sun certainly wasn't and had disappeared behind a dark and glowering sky as the men prepared to shoot we were once again standing in a deluge of rain. Our team shot two or three dozen arrows during which Norman had the television cameras on him and even had to give a running commentary on what he was doing — no

easy feat but one in which he managed admirably.

Later the R.A.F. archers joined the shooting line and I was asked to give coaching and advice to several of their members. Then someone hit on the idea of a challenge match — something that the St. Dunstan's A.C. cannot resist! After a few arrows had been shot the rain increased in intensity so it was decided to end the tournament and return to their clubhouse for tea and a chat. After everyone had eaten and had a cup of tea Squadron Leader Richards asked for silence and announced that his club were very proud to have hosted the S.D.A.C. and had enjoyed their shoot against us, even though they had lost the match. Then he asked Norman, on behalf of St. Dunstan's A.C. to accept a banneret of R.A.F. Bruggen with the wish that the club would return and shoot against them again or, alternatively, they should come to visit the club at IFH.

It was a happy band who left R.A.F. Bruggen for the long trip back to Senne-lager where, after dinner, several of the team walked over to the Sergeants' Mess to meet R.M.S. Knott (R.C.T.) and to whom, later, the St. Dunstan's plaque was presented. He replied that he was proud and privileged to meet the team and, at the next meeting of the Mess, he would hand over the plaque to the Mess R.S.M. in order that it be suitably displayed.

Following the six hours or so of travelling on Wednesday it was decided to stay 'local' and so a visit to the war-time Gestapo Headquarters at Wewelsburg was made, followed later by a short trip to a local beauty spot which is also the site of a statue of one of Germany's medieval heroes. Nicknamed 'Herman the German' by our troops this is a huge figure wearing only a 'short skirt' and a winged helmet and holding a sword aloft — quite imposing but still attracting several comments! This statue, set in wood, can be seen from miles around and is a popular tourist attraction in this part of Germany. Back in camp and after dinner a few travelled the path to the Sergeants' Mess while the rest stayed for a nightcap in the quieter Officers' Mess before retiring.

Friday was scheduled to be the day that the team were to pay a visit to Fred's sister

unit. Arriving at the pleasant town of Minden, Fred suggested that we alight and look around while he and Les looked for the barracks of the R.C.T. squadron. After a two to three-hour stroll we arrived back at the rendezvous where we were met by a sheepish-looking Fred who admitted that he had made a mistake — while searching for his unit he had suddenly remembered that they were not stationed in Minden, but in Munster — a couple of hundred kilometers in the opposite direction. It was too late to get there in time so it was decided to make our way back to Senne-lager, following the swift-flowing River Weser (which is one of the natural barriers against the Eastern bloc countries) for part of the way. We arrived back at camp with time to spare before dinner, after which some wended their way towards the Sergeants' Mess for the usual evening pastime, while Fred was engaged in explaining the non-appearance of the team to the Garrison Commander at Munster. The first Saturday in Germany was spent in Allenbrook Barracks giving a demonstration to some of the local German archers.

As most of the German archers are at tournaments on Sundays and the troops were off duty, this day was used to visit the ancient town of Hameln (Hamelin), famous as the site of the Pied Piper and situated astride the fastest flowing river in Western Europe — the Weser. Here the team watched the regular Sunday performance by the town's citizens and children of the 'Pied Piper', had a stroll through the streets or partook of a meal.

On Monday afternoon the coach pulled out of camp for the trip to the Mohnesee Dam — the site of the famous 'Dam Busters' attack. The weather was superb and so some of the party decided to take a trip on the motor launch that took sightseers around the huge lake formed by the dam.

After breakfast on Tuesday two or three hours of practice were had before setting off for the demo at R.A.F. Gutersloh. We were met by the members of the archery club and visited by some of the officers of the station and after a couple of dozen arrows were shot to demonstrate that the St. Dunstaners could hit the target the R.A.F. members were asked if they would

like to join the shooting line. This invitation was quickly taken up and before long both clubs were happily shooting away, although Norman, who was the only member to use a 'clicker' (an audible draw-length check) was unable to hear his clicker because there were at least six Harrier aircraft taking off, landing or circling the field. Eventually he overcame the problem by feeling the vibrations as his clicker dropped. This day was the finest so far and it was really pleasant to be shooting in bright sunshine. I was, after the initial demonstration, again asked for advice by the host club's archers who so enjoyed the visit that they invited the team back the next Sunday for a match. Again this could not be resisted by the St. Dunstaners and so they agreed. On parting Norman, on behalf of S.D.A.C., was again asked to accept the unit's plaque.

The ancient and lovely town of Goslar and the beautiful Harz Mountains were the destinations the next morning. After a meal in a restaurant we decided to move on to the spa town of Hohenkamp, where we walked to the top of the town to get a closer look at the wooden church with a spire that housed the bells that were playing a pleasant tune.

Thursday was originally scheduled to be our second visit to Munster but now as events turned out, it was to be our first. Our destination was the barracks of the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars and after making our way past the guard, the barbed wire and the Scorpion tanks, we pulled up at the guardroom to be met by the Duty Officer. We made our way to the sports field and as the team set up their equipment, soldiers in all stages of uniform dress started to arrive. In all some 300 spectators turned up.

After setting up and getting the ready 'OK', I asked the Duty Officer to bring the men and women to order and introduce me. This seemed to put the young subaltern in a flat spin and he replied he was unsure how to do it, so would I? So, putting on my best imitation of a Sergeant-Major and hoping they didn't notice my knees (!) I called for their attention. They must have been interested because there was immediate silence and I took advantage of this to explain our 'mission'. After



Gwen and Eric Bradshaw getting acquainted with the model of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

answering a few questions I invited the audience, after watching a couple of dozen arrows being shot, to approach any member of the party and ask them questions or, to join the shooting line and use the equipment supplied by the Q.R.I.H. archery club. The invitation was taken up by a far greater number than any of us anticipated and soon I was busily engaged in instructing men and women who had never touched a bow before.

It was an extremely enjoyable trip both for the team and for a fairly large number of the men and women who, we have since learned, have joined the archery club in Munster. Just as we were about to leave a deputation arrived at the coach and asked to have a word or two. First the young subaltern presented the team with the Regimental plaque of the Q.R.I.H. with the wish and a request that the team return again and this was followed by a member of the 17/21st Lance who also presented their plaque. Then, as we all boarded the bus, one of the N.C.O.'s from the 17/21 came dashing aboard with the message that as the unit were so pleased and proud to have met the team, all were to be presented with their famous cap badge (the skull and crossbones over the legendary 'OR GLORY'). He also informed us that this was a singular honour they paid us as the 17/21st did not present their badges very often and certainly not to anyone. A large number of the men gathered to give us a hearty send off and wish us well.

Arriving back at camp we donned our

finery as, after dinner, we were to be the guests of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Macfarlane.

Next morning Mrs. Dacre and Mary Stenning left for England and a couple of hours later we were on our way to Fred's own unit at Fallingbommel, out in the wilds and in the area of the notorious concentration camps of the Second World War. After a long drive and lunch, we were taken to the grassed area in front of the Squadron's HQ where we were met by Major May, the O.C., his adjutant and Squadron Sergeant Major plus some 70-100 officers and men. Once more I was asked to give an introductory talk while the men set their equipment up. After such a long drive and in damp and dismal weather the team acquitted themselves remarkably well and many were the exclamations of disbelief by the onlookers as each member hit the target and, quite often, the 'Gold' (at 40 yards). The unit's archers were invited to join the line and eagerly did so. Later in the HQ building we were given tea and biscuits and Major May proudly showed off his unit's newly opened museum, depicting the history of the squadron and its Polish connection. Later, with a wish that the team return, Major May and Norman exchanged plaques before we left for the long trip back to base.

That evening the entire team were the guests of the Corporal's Mess which was holding a 'casino' evening and, after dinner we were taken there to have a 'flutter'. One or two of the team were lucky but none so much as Emily who arrived back at camp that night with rather more D-marks than she had before. The team stayed in camp all the next day and practised while the ladies went to the Officers Mess to get the duty free goods. It was surprising the number of curious onlookers the practice seemed to attract as soldiers from Britain, Germany and the Netherlands passed by.

Saturday evening we had decided to invite those responsible for this trip's success to a 'thank you' dinner and to pay for this all the party, including Mrs. Dacre and Mary, who would not be present, had put an agreed amount into the 'purse'. Around 19.30 hours the coach arrived to take us to Colonel Macfarlane's suggested

gastehouse and here the team, together with our guests, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Macfarlane, R.S.M., and Mrs. Knott, Sgts. Holmes and Vickery, with Mrs. Vickery, and the Colonel's driver, Lance Corporal Wietzicke (Weetabix to all) sat down to a traditional German meal. Later, Norman rose to give a short speech thanking the Colonel and his staff for all their work in making our trip so enjoyable and successful. As the night was still fairly young on returning to camp 'the few' decided to accept an earlier invitation to the Sgts. Mess for the 'pub' evening and cabaret.

Mid-morning on Sunday found us on our way back to Gutersloh for the match against the R.A.F. team. It was a bright and sunny day which later turned out to be extremely humid and a little unbearable. The entire club had turned out to meet us and it was obvious from their reception and arrangements they had been keenly looking forward to this. The match was soon under way with no sound of Harriers to disturb the concentration. Half-way through the match we were treated to a superb barbecue and then on again. At the conclusion the teams chatted while the scores were worked out and then the results announced — a narrow win by the R.A.F. but with Enid shooting for the S.D.A.C. team, taking individual top award. The R.A.F. were delighted to have won and the team were pleased to 'give' them the shoot, especially as they had entertained us so well and the day had been such a success.

After dinner 'the few' made their way to the Sgts. Mess to keep a date with the members and where the table was soon full of drinks as each Mess member vied to be the next to buy the round. At one stage George (the Rum King) had some six or seven full glasses in front of him! Sid was presented with a tie by a Sergeant of the Light Infantry who had done nine tours of duty in Northern Ireland and was leaving the following week for a further tour there. In the early hours of the morning we left the Mess following the oft-repeated requests to come back again.

Next morning was spent packing in readiness for the journey home. We made our way for the last time to the Officers Mess for lunch and to hand in our keys

before boarding the coach for the journey to the airport. A huge traffic hold-up in Dortmund meant the last 50 or so kilometres were nail-biters as Les tried his best to get us to the check-in on time. We arrived when most of the passengers were through but the plane was held up to allow us to board and then afterwards had to wait for 20 minutes as the air lanes over Belgium were rather busy. Eventually we took off and landed at Heathrow some 55 minutes later and were soon on our way back to IFH on the coach. The feeling among the party was that the trip was an undoubted success and, should a further invitation be received from B.A.O.R., all members of the party would be willing to go again.

THANK YOU ALL

By Norman Perry, Chairman of S.D.A.C.

From my earliest years my mother taught me to say 'Thank you for having me' whenever I went to a party — I still say it now but with greater understanding. So it is with all sincerity and appreciation of what is entailed in organising a party, such as that from which we recently returned that I say 'Thank you for having us' on behalf of all the archers and their escorts for making the two-week demonstration tour of B.A.O.R. a great success.

Thanks to Lieut. Col. D. MacFarlane, Chairman of Archery for B.A.O.R., whose regiment of the R.C.T. hosted us and who personally made sure that we were well looked after in our billet at the NATO Officers Mess in Sennelager. Many things have changed in the Army since most of us were there but the one thing that is obviously the same is that while the Commissioned Officers control the Army, the Sergeants still run it. We had two of the best, they met us at Düsseldorf Airport and conducted us throughout the whole fortnight, attended to all our needs and drove us to wherever we wished to go. And then made certain that we had an easy passage through Düsseldorf Airport to board our plane home.

Sergeant Fred Holmes, Secretary of

Archery BAOR, had done a great deal of preliminary work liaising with Ted Bradford, our Chief Coach, arranging details of accommodation, venues for shoots, and generally keeping things moving. He spent every day ensuring that a programme was carried out for the interest of archers and escorts alike. To him no problem was insurmountable. Sergeant Les Vickery, as may be expected of any member of the R.C.T., is a most excellent driver and in spite of long hours at the wheel of a school bus, driving in weather so wet that at times it was difficult to know whether we were motoring across the Rhine or down it. He never complained of being tired and always turned up on time the next morning, smiling. No wonder someone referred to him as a 'Darling Sergeant'. It would be impossible to find another two sergeants as friendly, willing and helpful anywhere in the world.

Thanks also to our two coaches, Ted Bradford and Laurie Austin, for the way in which they helped to make the demonstrations so successful. A special thanks to Ted for the early work done with Sergeant Holmes in organising the whole trip and for acting as 'Father' to us all during the flights to and from Germany. To the staff at IFH and HQ for making the travel arrangements and ensuring that we arrived at and were received from Heathrow, and for keeping our beds aired for our return.

As a small boy at a party I always left the best until last, not because I did not appreciate it, but so that I could savour it long after the rest of the goodies were forgotten. So I thank all the wives and escorts for the way they looked after us, putting up with the rigours of Army billets, the cold wet weather and doing everything possible, and impossible, to enable us to enjoy ourselves. Finally I thank myself for having the good fortune to have been with such good companions who each in their own way contributed towards making the trip a most memorable one.

Note:

The report of the St. Dunstan's Archery Club match against the Army will appear in the November *Review*.

The Archer's Lament by Gwen Bradshaw.

*Dear Mother, dear Father,
We are here at, Camp Sennelager,
It is cold, it is raining,
And we're jolly well complaining.*

*We're in the barracks, beds are creaking,
Water pipes knocking, doors are squeaking.
No coat-hangers and no towels,
There are no doors on the showers.*

*We have three loos, that's not good news,
Especially when Ted has been on the booze;
Bert and Emily, are not washing,
Because they haven't, a plug to plug in!*

*In the Naffi shop, how amusing,
Marks for money, how confusing,
Anadins, Rennies and soft loo rolls,
Better than shiny, for the use of!*

*Take me home, please Mother,
Can't you hear the moans, oh Father,
Bert is limping, Eric is wailing,
All of us are contemplating . . .*

*Wait a minute, things look brighter,
Cookhouse calling, hearts are lighter,
Bar is open, drinks all round,
We've just got four, for under a pound.*

*Men are shooting, hear the laughter,
Arrows flying, it's golds we're after,
We are feeling so much better,
Mother, Father, please disregard this letter.*

As per Widdicombe Fair by Bert Wood

*Sergeant Les Vickery drive your old bus,
All along, out along the Autobahn,
We're going to shoot with the Army and Raf-f,
Norman Perry, Rick Bradshaw, Sid Jones,
George Hudson, Bert Wood,
And uncle Ted Bradford and all, old uncle Ted
Bradford and all.*

*For two thousand miles she rattled and shook,
All along, out along the Autobahn,
Spectators marvelled and had a good look,
At archers Perry, Bradshaw, Jones, Hudson,
Wood,
And uncle Ted Bradford and all, old uncle Ted
Bradford and all.*

*The seed of blind archery has now been sown,
All along, out along the Autobahn,
Thanks to St. D's blind archery has grown,
With uncle Ted Bradford and all, old uncle
Ted Bradford and all.*



Visiting the Wireless Museum at Arreton Manor on the Isle of Wight.

AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

By Bill Shea

Guest speaker, Second Officer Jan Thorpe, W.R.N.R., and Lieutenant Ted Atkinson, R.N.R.



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On Friday afternoon, July 24th, members of the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society assembled at IFH for their July meeting. After supper the committee had their meeting.

On Saturday morning members met in the annexe for a general meeting. Among the items discussed was one concerning log keeping when the station is operated under the club's call signs, G3STD or G8STD. Two cassettes are now available at the Lounge Desk. Members can use these tapes to record their contacts on the recorder in the shack, and later have them entered into the station log book. Members are reminded to let the committee know of anyone they consider should be put forward for the G3MOW Trophy. While members were at the meeting, John Houlihan and John Brandhuber were up on the roof sorting out the Dipole antenna, which needed some attention due to weather conditions.

After the meeting, members joined their wives and other guests in the Winter

Garden for a pre-lunch drink. Sir Henry Leach our President, unfortunately was unable to be with us. It was a very great pleasure to welcome many of our Hon. Life Members, including Mr. Garnett-Orme, accompanied by Mrs. Garnett-Orme; Mr. and Mrs. Weisblatt, Mrs. E. Money-Kyrle, Sir Henry's secretary, and Miss G. Kent, Mr. Weisblatt's secretary, from HQ were also amongst our guests. Staff from IFH included Sister Kathy Glare, Mrs. Betty Brown, Mrs. Mary Frith, Mr. Wally Lintott, Commander and Mrs. Conway and Major Neve. Other guests included some of our supporters in the Brighton area and Mike Matthews G3JFF and his wife, Betty, representing the R.N.A.R.S. Our principal guests were Second Officer J. Thorpe, W.R.N.R., and Lieutenant E. Atkinson, R.N.R. from HMS Sussex, Hove. Paul James, an Hon. Life Member and one of our guests at lunch, and his staff are to be congratulated for preparing and serving a most excellent meal. In recognition of his continued interest and encouragement in all our activities, we were delighted that Mr. Garnett-Orme, our Founder President, was able to accept the invitation to become Vice-President of the society. After lunch Major Neve presented a bouquet of flowers to Peter and Eileen Jones on the occasion of their 29th wedding anniversary, on the following day, July 26th.

Back in the annexe in the afternoon we had a most interesting talk on 'Communications and Training in the R.N.R.'. This was given by Second Officer J. Thorpe

W.R.N.R. and Lieutenant E. Atkinson, R.N.R., and ably supported by Mike Matthews, recently retired from the Communications Branch, R.N.

Sunday morning was sunny and warm and after an early breakfast, members, wives, escorts and supporters boarded the coach for the Isle of Wight. A mobile station was mounted in the coach and G3STD/Mobile was heard for the first time. Many contacts were made during the journey to Portsmouth where we joined the ferry to Fishbourne. After a packed lunch in the grounds of Carisbrooke Castle, we made our way to Arreton Manor to visit the Wireless Museum, which was the reason for our trip to the island. Here we were joined by one of our members, Arthur Taylor and his wife, Jane, who live on the island. After visiting the Wireless Museum we enjoyed a cream tea before touring the Manor and the craft centres. The afternoon was warm and sunny and it was pleasant just to sit outside and enjoy it. On our return journey we stopped at the Swan Hotel in Arundel where we were served an excellent dinner. Well fed and watered we boarded the coach for IFH.

The weekend was a wonderful success and members and friends very much appreciated the hard work put in by our Hon. Sec. Ted John, and the help given by St. Dunstan's. Members will be pleased to hear that Trevor Phillips has passed the CW examination, and now holds a Class A Licence, with the call sign GOIBH. Congratulations Trevor.

Relaxing in the gardens of Arreton Manor.



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TRIP TO NORMANDY

By G. Waterworth

At the American Airborne Forces Museum, St. Mère Eglise.

Once again Capt. Ken Baker of the 49th 'RECCE Regiment' arranged another trip to Europe, but this time to Normandy — the landing beaches and the battlefields around Rouen. So on Monday, May 18th at 6 a.m. a party of 48 men and their wives left by coach from the Union Jack Club, London, and proceeded to Portsmouth to board the Townsend Thoresen ferry at 8 a.m. for Le Havre, arriving at Bayeux for dinner where we were to stay for three nights at the Hotel de Luxembourg.

On Tuesday we made our way to Tilly passing slowly through Andrieu, Brouay, Cristot and St. Pierre, where many of the men had plenty to say about what happened there and others had sad thoughts of friends they had lost. In Tilly we went to a museum where there were many interesting objects and photographs of the Normandy battles, and from there we went on to a short wreath-laying ceremony at the 49th 'RECCE Regiment' Memorial at Fontenay le Pesnal. Here I gave my British Legion address (Thou shall not grow old). In the afternoon we left for Bayeux, St. Laurent to visit Omaha beach and the American cemetery, continuing to Pointe-du-Hoc which remains exactly as the American Rangers left it on June 6th 1944. Later it was arranged for us to visit the American Airborne Forces Museum at St. Mère Eglise. Here there were a few gliders, Dakotas and American tanks. In the village, on the church steeple there was a dummy of an American para-

trooper complete with parachute where, apparently, this soldier had hung wounded for two days pretending to be dead, until his American friends cut him down.

Returning to Bayeux, we stopped at Utah Beach on the way. Wednesday morning we went to see the Bayeux Tapestry which was very interesting — I didn't realise that King Harold and William were half brothers and that the tapestry was embroidered in England by Queen Matilda. Afterwards we went to the Battle of Normandy Museum. This was very interesting and brought back many memories. In the cinema they showed a short film of the D Day landing. In the grounds outside there were Churchill and Cromwell tanks. The whole party then gathered at the British Military Cemetery opposite the Battle of Normandy for a wreath-laying ceremony — 23 members of the regiment rest there. All these cemeteries are very well kept by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. After lunch we had a short drive to Arromanches for a visit to the landing beaches. As I strolled up the beach, which was far different from when I charged up with my Bren gun carrier in June '44, I realised, on studying the landing, that we had a far easier time than the Americans had when they had to scale the cliffs on Omaha beach.

On Thursday we left the hotel for a drive to Rouen. We originally intended

going through many villages taken by the regiment in 1944 i.e. Caen, Cuverville, Bonnebosq, diverting to Honfleur, but we realised we didn't have Bren carriers or armoured cars and we couldn't drive through the fields, so we drove straight to Honfleur. Then we carried on to the civic reception at Quilleboeuf — this place was liberated by A Squadron crossing over the Seine on rafts. Here we were led by a band, members of the French Army and French Resistance and the men of our party, followed by our wives and French women at the rear. We marched about three miles and had another wreath-laying ceremony after a presentation to the Mayor with various speeches and a couple of renderings of the British and French National Anthems. Captain Baker was then interviewed by a TV reporter — all these proceedings were televised and should

have been shown on the 7 p.m. news, but for some reason they weren't. After refreshments we continued through the Forêt de Bretonne to arrive back at the Hotel Eltea at Rouen for dinner.

We left the hotel on Friday for a mayoral reception at Bolbec Town Hall followed by a further wreath-laying ceremony at the War Memorial. We returned to the town hall for liquid refreshments and a chat with the local people, and some French school girls who were trying out their English. Later, after lunch, we spent a few hours in Rouen before returning to our hotel to pack. On Saturday, our last day, we boarded the coach for Dieppe where we spent a couple of hours shopping before boarding the ferry to Newhaven, arriving back at the Union Jack Club at 1900 hours after a very interesting six days.

GROWING UP IN A PIT VILLAGE

Mrs. G. Embleton, widow of the late Mr. J. Embleton, of Trimdon Village, Co. Durham, has written an interesting little booklet about her childhood experiences growing up in the pit village of Kelloe, built in the late 19th Century next to the East Hetton colliery.

Mrs. Embleton was born in 1908 and describes the daily life of her family and interesting details of life in the village: the village shop, where butter and cheese were cut and wrapped for you and sweets weighed and put into a plastic bag; the village church and chapel and how on anniversaries the children dressed in their best and sang hymns in the streets; the coming of the first car, a big Ford Chevrolet belonging to the doctor; the friendly insurance society run by her father who collected contributions from people in the public houses; the children's games — hoops, skipping, marbles; and the knocking up as the 'caller' went around waking up the miners early in the morning.

Mrs. Embleton, who has been battling against ill-health, following a stroke 3½ years ago, also managed to complete another little book about her experiences as a teacher in Durham. She says the writing has proved to be a challenge and has

brought fascinating comments from her local neighbourhood and friends in the area. What an interesting and rewarding hobby, and pursued in spite of the difficulties facing her — may we offer respectful congratulations to Mrs. Embleton, and good wishes for the future.

TV SOUND RECEIVER

The RNIB currently have available this TV Sound Receiver, consisting of a wooden acoustic box which has a 9-inch square base and is 5 inches high. The front surface is angled towards the listener and contains the speaker. The control knobs and a loop aerial are fitted on the top surface, and the aerial on the left side. It has a large volume-control knob and six push buttons for selecting various stations. There is a headphone socket on the front, and on the back four fittings for the aerial lead, a cassette recorder, an extension speaker and the main lead. For further details please contact the RNIB, 224 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6AA. The sound receiver costs £49, and orders can also be made through Miss Angela Higson, Supplies Officer at HQ.

BUFFALOES

All St. Dunstan's Buffaloes would like to thank St. Dunstan's for allowing us to have this week and the November weekend, 20th – 24th. (Don't forget, St. Dunstan's Buffaloes, come on, we have a really good time). Our thanks too to Commander Conway and all his staff, also to Red Ball for the excellent meal we had on Saturday evening, June 27th. We visited three outside Lodges: St. Dunstan's Lodge (Grand Council), Brighton; the Harmonic Lodge, Hove; and the Royal Sussex Lodge, Eastbourne and we thank all their Brethren. We have received the following message from the Royal Sussex Lodge:

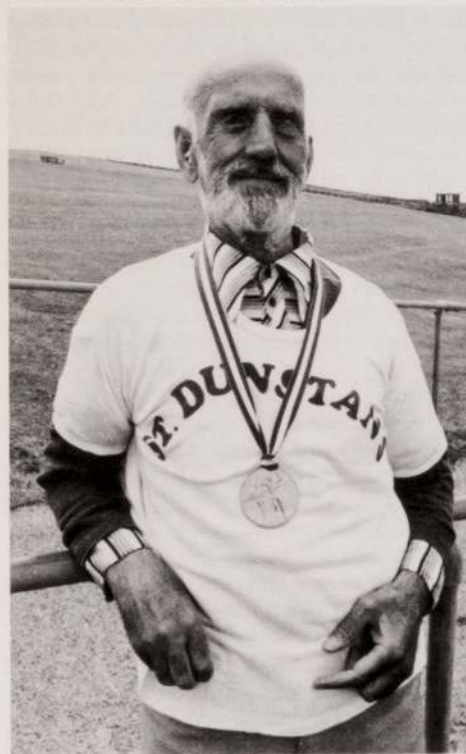
'May I on behalf of the Officers and Brethren of the Royal Sussex Lodge convey their thanks and appreciation to Tom Page, R.O.H., Bro. Mash, R.O.H., Bro. Bice, R.O.H., Bro. Shed, R.O.H., Bro. Cole, R.O.H., and Bro. Walford-Davis, R.O.H. for the visit we received on Friday, June 26th. It was a very enjoyable evening. The company and repartee that was exchanged was the spirit of Buffaloism – a Lodge meeting that will be long-remembered.

Yours sincerely & fraternally,
Bro. A. Commons, R.O.H.
City Secretary.

NATIONAL METRO SPORTS FOR THE VISUALLY HANDICAPPED

By Jimmy Wright

Stan Tutton proudly displays his medal.



The 11th Annual National Metro Sports Competitions took place at the New River Stadium, White Hart Lane, on Saturday, July 11th. I was accompanied by Reg Denny, a member of the Metropolitan Police Road Walking Association, who has escorted St. Dunstan's walkers on many occasions over the years before the disbandment of the St. Dunstan's Walking Club. Fred Duff, B.E.M., was also present, now fully mobile on his legs again following successful hip operations. Fred was assisting with the judging of the field events.

Mike Brace, the UK walking race champion, had injured a leg whilst taking part in the skiing competition for the blind earlier in the year and was unable to compete. So, the two St. Dunstaners who took part in the 3-kilometre walking race were Stan Tutton and Terry Bullingham and they combined forces to compete with the four partially sighted walkers in the one race.

When the participants were lined up on the track at the start of the 3-kilometre walk, immediately prior to the starting gun being fired, one minute's silence was observed in memory of the veteran St. Dunstan's walker, Charles Stafford, who died following a heart attack in the changing rooms after taking part in the 1986

3-kilometre walk. A fitting tribute to a great sportsman with a long history of walking race achievements over the years, and someone whose tremendous enthusiasm has done much to inspire young civilian blind sportsmen to participate in walking race competitions.

Stan Tutton completed the course in 22 minutes 30.8 seconds to win the Bill Harris Cup for the totally blind. The partially sighted walkers took the first three places, however Stan came a very close fourth with Terry Bullingham following close on his heels, coming fifth in a time of 24 minutes 23.5 seconds. Stan Tutton also took part in two field events for the totally blind, coming fourth in the discus event with a throw of 9.40 metres, and fourth in the javelin event with a throw of 11.96 metres.

Between 80 and 90 visually handicapped sportsmen came from all parts of the UK to participate in fine weather conditions, with a slight breeze to help those taking part in the track events.

NEWS FROM THE MARATHON MAN

Ray Sheriff, of Rottingdean, was pleased to report to the *Review* that he had completed the 27-mile Windmill Marathon on Sunday, July 5th, in heat-wave conditions. We offer him many congratulations on his courageous attempt – how does he do it? Ray sent us this little description of the event: 'I managed to finish on my feet, no record for time. The entries were much smaller than on previous occasions, I think mainly due to two factors – one, Wimbledon, and two, the heat. In spite of this quite a few dropped out en route. My skipper, Jim, and I took all opportunities of taking in liquids – beer, water and even TEA! It proved a case of sweat, sweat, sweat. So, for the first time ever we sucked a number of salt tablets. Unfortunately poor Jim was not at all well. Anyhow he got me home. So this makes my hat trick for the 'Windmill Marathon'.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Bridge

Pairs – July 5th

Bill Allen & Miss Sturdy	56.3
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	54.8
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	54.8
Mr. & Mrs. Turner	54.8
Mrs. Buller-King & Mrs. Holborough	54.3
Mr. & Mrs. King	53.2
G. Hudson & Mrs. Clements	51.2
R. Fullard & Mrs. McPherson	51.2
Mr. & Mrs. Padley	49.6
R. Goddard & Miss Sturdy	48.4
V. Delaney & Mrs. Tebbit	47.6
Mr. & Mrs. Pacitti	47.2
W. Phillips & Dr. J. Goodlad	41.3
Mr. & Mrs. Meleson	35.3

Individuals – July 18th

W. Allen	62.5
Mrs. Barker	60.2
J. Padley	56.8
Miss Sturdy	56.8
R. Evans	55.7
R. Pacitti	54.5
W. Phillips	48.9
Mrs. V. Delaney	46.6
W. Lethbridge	44.3
Mrs. Pacitti	40.9
M. Douse	37.5
G. Hudson	35.3

Summer Bridge Drive – August 2nd

There were 9 St. Dunstaners and 13 markers, making 5½ tables.

Prizewinners:

F. Dickerson & Mrs. Tebbit	2030
R. Fullard & Mrs. Andrews	720
Dr. J. Goodlad & Miss Stenning	510
Mr. & Mrs. J. Padley	480

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Dacre.

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

The Entertainment Section of the club tournaments for 1986/87 were finished in September, and we are looking for competitors to start the next year 1987/88, in October. Please put your names forward for Darts, Cribbage, 5's and 3's, Whist and Dominoes, so that we can have a good competition. Any members staying in the house are very welcome on Wednesdays from 2.00 to 2.30 p.m.

P. O'Kelly

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Captain Richard Bingley, of Newton Abbot, on winning Second Prize in the Senior Citizens Private Gardens section of the Annual Garden Competition. Garden planning is one of Captain Bingley's hobbies and he took a cruise in August to visit scented gardens.

Sandra, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. D. Frith*, of High Wycombe, on gaining a B.A. Degree in English Literature at Nene University, Northampton.

Chris and Alan, grandsons of *Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan*, of York, who passed out of Cranwell recently.

Mr. Trevor Phillips, of Paignton, Devon, who, after passing his morse test, now has a new A-licence and call sign, GO IBH.

Mr. Henry Turley, of Peacehaven, on receiving a merit award for a soft toy dog he made in handicrafts. His toy was exhibited at the DHSS Craft Show on September 9th, opened by the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, Department of the Environment, Lord Skelmersdale.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Sue, grand-daughter of *Mr. A. Grimshaw*, of IFH, on her marriage to Andy Denholm of the 15/19th Kings Royal Hussars on July 25th.

Julie, grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Lipscombe*, of Exeter, on her marriage to Mr. Adrian Phillips.

Julie, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. J. Ormond*, of Burgess Hill, who married Alan Peacock on August 15th at St. John's Church, Burgess Hill.

Anna, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. B. Tomporowski*, of Wolverhampton, on her marriage to Bryan Reynolds on May 30th.

SILVER WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Blake, of Ross-on-Wye, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on August 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. W.S.J. Mead, of East Ham, London, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary on September 9th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. R. Benson, currently in Singapore, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Charlick, of North Berwick, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Cook, of West Ewell, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Fearn, of Spondon, Derby, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Madgwick, of Crawley, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Marsh, of Hartlepool, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mill, of Tonbridge, Kent, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 4th.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. N. Christal, of the Isle of Man, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on August 18th.

BIRTH

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. M. McCrorie, of Hessele, on the birth of their first child, Rebecca Alexandra, born on July 20th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. R. Benson, currently living in Singapore for three years, on the birth of their fourth grandchild, Nina Elizabeth, born on June 2nd to their son, Mark Richard, and his wife, Lisbet.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cattell, of Northampton, on the birth of their grandchild, James Edward, born on August 7th to their daughter, Jayne.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cox, of Bristol, on the arrival of their fifth grandchild, Kizzy Rachel, born on June 28th to their son, Tony, and his wife, Sheila.

Mrs. R. Culshaw, widow of the late *Mr. J. W. Culshaw*, of Seaford, on the birth of her grandson, Piers Benjamin, born on July 8th to her son, Peter, and daughter-in-law, Vicky.

Mrs. M. E. Todd, widow of the late *Mr. P. Todd*, of Shrewsbury, who is delighted to announce the birth of her first grandchild, Sarah Rachel, born on July 13th to her son, Robert, and daughter-in-law, Margaret.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mrs. R. Glover, widow of the late *Mr. W. Glover*, of Keynsham, near Bristol, on the birth of her great grand-daughter, Tracey, born on July 22nd to Lisa and Alan Tylka.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Phillips, of Saltdean, on the birth of their great grand-daughter, Kerry-Anne, born on March 23rd to their grand-daughter, Deborah.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

The family of *Mrs. Ethel Blakely*, widow of the late *Mr. J. Blakely*, following her death on May 8th.

The family of *Mrs. Florence Brown*, widow of the late *Mr. J. Brown*, following her death on May 22nd.

The family of *Mrs. P. Dow*, widow of the late *Mr. R. Dow*, of Chessington. *Mrs. Dow* passed away on August 11th.

Mrs. Helen Durrant, wife of *Mr. G. Durrant*, of Driffield, who mourns the death of her sister on July 3rd.

The family of *Mrs. Annie Foolkes*, widow of the late *Mr. W. Foolkes*, following her death on July 13th.

The family of *Mrs. E. E. Hobbs*, widow of the late *Mr. R. Hobbs*, of Midsomer Norton. *Mrs. Hobbs* passed away on June 4th.

Mr. Frank Howe, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whose eldest brother, John, passed away peacefully in hospital on August 5th.

The family of *Mrs. Ada Kippax*, widow of the late *Mr. E. Kippax*, following her death on June 23rd.

The family of *Mrs. M. P. Strachan*, widow of the late *Mr. W. Strachan*, of Motherwell, following her death, aged 90, on August 8th. Sympathy goes especially to her daughter, Nancy, and son, David.

The family of Mrs. Annie Lea, widow of the late *Mr. J. Lea*. Mrs. Lea passed away on July 6th.

Mr. R. Palmer, of Downham Market, Norfolk, who mourns the death of his mother on June 26th.

Mr. Peter Surridge, of Reedham, Norfolk, who mourns the death of his father on July 22nd.

Mr. G. B. Swanston, of Pearson House, on the sudden death of his son, Neil, on June 22nd.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

A. Cartwright, Parachute Regiment

Albert Cartwright passed away suddenly at Ian Fraser House on July 20th, aged 63.

Mr. Cartwright served as a Private with the 8th Btn., Parachute Regiment from August 1942. He was wounded in France in August 1944, suffering severe injuries to his head and face which resulted in his loss of sight. He came to St. Dunstan's in October that year. After treatment at Stoke Mandeville Hospital he trained as a shopkeeper and in 1946, with the help of his parents, he opened a newsagents and confectionery shop in Cardiff. He was a very clever and capable man and in spite of his occupation proving to be demanding, built his shop up into a substantial business with continued help from members of his family. In the early days of its existence, Mr. Cartwright served for a period as Secretary of the St. Dunstan's Club in Cardiff.

Mr. Cartwright married in 1956 and had a daughter and son, Wendy and Joe, of whom he was extremely proud and to whom he gave every encouragement in achieving their ambitions. He retired from business in 1980. Sadly he and his wife separated in 1984 and then, with some deterioration in his own health and because of the age and frailty of his mother, he took up permanent residence with us at Brighton, two years later.

Sympathy to all members of his family and especially his children, Wendy and Joe, and granddaughter Eleanor.

C. Eighteen, Royal Air Force

Cyril Eighteen passed away peacefully at Ian Fraser House following a serious illness on August 31st, aged 74. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1951.

During the Second World War, Mr. Eighteen served in the Royal Air Force being discharged

in 1941 and registered blind four years later. At the time of admission to St. Dunstan's, he had been a widower for nine years, living with his mother. However, in 1972 Mr. Eighteen moved to Tilehurst to set up his own home and from that time onwards he was cared for devotedly by his daughter, Maureen, taking an occasional break at Ovingdean which he much enjoyed.

In his youth, Cyril Eighteen had a very fine tenor voice and sang with dance-bands although he declined many offers to become a professional. In later years, his greatest interests were listening to talking books, horse-racing and all types of sport and there was nothing he enjoyed more than a good chat about current affairs and 'setting the world to rights'. A service for our St. Dunstaner was held in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House by our Chaplain, the Rev. Bootes assisted by Mr. Eighteen's son, Cyril, a Captain in the Salvation Army.

He leaves a daughter, Maureen, and sons Cyril and Norman, who will miss him greatly.

D. E. Groves, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment

Donald Edwin Groves, of Southend-on-Sea, passed away unexpectedly at his home on August 28th, aged 63. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1944.

Mr. Groves served as a Private with the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment during the Second World War, having enlisted at the age of 19. Whilst on active service in Italy, Mr. Groves suffered a serious gunshot wound to his head and was discharged from the Army early in 1945 and admitted to St. Dunstan's for training in boot repairing.

Mr. Groves was a hard-working and astute business-man with the help of his wife, Joyce. For a short while, initially, he had a shoe-repairing business but moved to Gateshead in

In Memory continued

1959 to take over a successful confectionary and tobacconist's shop which later encompassed an off-licence. After 10 years, Mr. Groves disposed of this business to take over a similar one in Ilford until 1975 when he sold up and moved with his family to Thorpe Bay near Southend. Whilst there he was employed in a local supermarket and was a valued employee until two years ago when he retired on health grounds. In his leisure hours, he was a keen gardener.

He leaves his widow, Joyce, to whom he was happily married for 38 years, a son, daughter and grandchildren.

F. R. Hicks, 77th Welsh Royal Artillery

Frederick Reginald Hicks, of Gloucester, passed away in hospital on July 29th, aged 73. He had been a St. Dunstaner for six years.

Mr. Hicks served in the 77th Welsh Royal Artillery, 239 Battery, from 1940 to 1946 and was captured in the Far East. A New Zealand St. Dunstaner, Phillip Baldwin, of Orewa, served alongside him and writes: 'Fred and I belonged to the same unit and were in the same Jap POW camps. When in prison camp I declined into a pretty bad shape, Fred . . . succeeded in getting me to walk again. Later when he was allocated a job in the Jap Cook-house he supplemented my rations with items acquired without their knowledge, in other words, "nicked".' Despite the privation and malnutrition Mr. Hicks suffered as a FEPOW it was not until 1981 that he became a St. Dunstaner. Although past retiring age, he was able to do a little part-time job until 1982 and enjoyed being independent. Fived alone with his dog, Binkie, but kept close touch with his family.

He was a widower, and leaves his seven children and their families.

J. Lord, Royal Artillery

John Lord, of Todmorden, Lancs., passed away suddenly at his home on July 17th, aged 69.

Mr. Lord served as a Gunner with the Royal Artillery from 1942 to 1944. He was blinded by the explosion of a mine in Italy and came to St. Dunstan's in October 1944. He trained as a basketmaker and in due course took employment repairing cane skips used in the cotton mills but unfortunately had to give this up after a few years for health reasons. As a single man, Mr. Lord lived with members of his family and, after a long period in hospital, he and his mother joined forces in poultry-keeping and this, with the garden, kept him happily occupied. After the death of his mother, Mr. Lord was

able to remain in the familiar surroundings of his own home with the help of relatives living close by.

He leaves members of the family, and particularly his niece, Mrs. Grace Sutcliffe, and nephew, Mr. David Stamper, who were so kind and attentive.

J. McDonald, Royal Air Force

Jim McDonald, of Leicester, died on July 26th shortly after being admitted to hospital. He was 74 and had been a St. Dunstaner since November 1984.

Mr. McDonald served as a Corporal in the R.A.F. from 1940 to 1945 and it was during this period that he suffered an injury causing the loss of sight in one eye. Upon returning to civilian life and although the sight in his remaining eye deteriorated over the years, he was nevertheless able to continue in his trade as a carpenter until retirement age. After coming to St. Dunstan's, in spite of some problems with his general health, Mr. McDonald very successfully undertook hobby training in toy-making and picture-framing and also enjoyed the activities of the Gardening Club and attending the Birmingham reunions. It was only recently, on March 10th, that Mr. and Mrs. McDonald happily celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

He leaves his widow, Mabel, and their children and grandchildren.

N. Nolde, Royal Engineers

Norman Nolde, of Victoria, Australia, passed away on June 3rd, aged 69, after a short illness.

An Englishman by birth, Mr. Nolde was already serving with the Royal Engineers at the outbreak of the Second World War and he was taken prisoner of war in Hong Kong in 1941. After his discharge from the Army and upon admission to St. Dunstan's in 1946 his first wish was to train for physiotherapy but unfortunately his nervous health did not stand up to this. He was eventually settled as a shopkeeper and then in 1952 left England with his wife and family to settle in Australia. He acquired another business there but after three years gave this up and took employment as an X-ray attendant at the children's hospital in Melbourne and in due course gained a Nursing Aid Certificate. He was a member of the British Ex-Service Legion of Australia and for a time served as President of that organisation.

Mr. Nolde took an early retirement for health reasons in 1980 and in 1985 he and Mrs. Nolde made their first visit back to England for a three-month holiday, during which time they

stayed with us at Ian Fraser House and were able to renew some old acquaintances. Our sympathy goes to his widow, Betty, and their four children and families.

R. L. Pettipher, *Royal Engineers*

Reginald Lewis Pettipher, of Coventry, passed away on July 18th, aged 76.

Mr. Pettipher served as a Sapper in the Royal Engineers from August 1940 to 1943 when he was wounded in Tunisia and lost his sight. He became a St. Dunstaner in July 1954 by which time he was working as a storeman at Coventry Gas Works, where he had been employed before the war. Mr. Pettipher thoroughly enjoyed his work and remained in the same job until July 1967 when obliged to leave because of redundancy after 38 years service. Following a well-earned rest, he took another job with Coventry Climax Engines until 1973 when he retired for the sake of his health. Mr Pettipher enjoyed a quiet retirement, keeping busy in his garden.

He leaves his widow, Emily, and their foster-daughter, Olive.

E. W. Sayer, *Military Police*

Edward William Sayer, of Ramsgate, passed away on July 26th shortly after his admission to hospital. He was 70 and had been a St. Dunstaner for 15 years.

Mr. Sayer served in the Military Police from 1934 to 1946. He was taken prisoner in Hong Kong on Christmas Day, 1941 and his health was severely undermined by his years as a FEPOW. After the war he worked in Hampshire as an engineer until his retirement in 1971 and he became at St. Dunstaner the following year. He and his wife were keen gardeners and successfully ran their own market garden for several years. Latterly they very much enjoyed the Gardening Weeks at IFH. Mr. and Mrs. Sayer celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary two years ago.

He leaves his widow, Ida, their son and daughter and their families.

R. B. Thurston, *1st Cambridgeshire Regiment*

Ronald Bertie Thurston, formerly of Cambridge, died at Ian Fraser House on July 6th, aged 67. He had lived with us there for the past three years.

Mr. Thurston served as a Private with the 1st Cambridgeshire Regiment from December

1939 to 1946. He was taken prisoner of war in Singapore in 1942 and his loss of sight was due to the privations he suffered during captivity. Nevertheless Mr. Thurston was able to follow employment in Cambridge until 1982 and it was not until March 1984 that he became a St. Dunstaner. Sadly he suffered severe complications with his health which necessitated the amputation of both legs and he was greatly admired for the courage he showed in facing all his disabilities.

Mr. Thurston will be sadly missed by all the staff at IFH, and leaves his son, Adrian, and family, and also his sister, Mrs. Lily Chapman, of Cambridge, who is a St. Dunstan's widow.

S. Warner, *5th Wiltshire Regiment*

Stanley Warner, formerly of Yeovil, passed away at Pearson House on July 30th, aged 71. He had been a St. Dunstaner for 42 years.

Mr. Warner served as a regular soldier in the 5th Wiltshire Regiment from 1925 to 1945. He was injured in action at Arnhem and became a POW for the remainder of the war. At St. Dunstan's he trained as a basketmaker and he built up a very good trade with local firms as well as supplying our Stores until well past retirement age. He was a great family man and, following his wife's death in 1976, he continued to live near relatives in Yeovil until his health failed. He became a permanent resident at Pearson House in 1982 and will be sadly missed by the staff and his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves his daughter, Mary, and her family in Bermuda.

A. L. Watkins-Grafton, *Royal Fusiliers*

Arthur Leonard Watkins-Grafton, of London, passed away on July 8th whilst on holiday at Ian Fraser House, aged 73. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1974.

Mr. Watkins-Grafton served in the Royal Fusiliers and was wounded in November 1940 by a land mine explosion on the East Coast when he suffered severe head injuries. He worked for Smiths Industries for many years until he took early retirement in 1975. He and his wife enjoyed many holidays in the Channel Islands and abroad as well as their visits to Ian Fraser House. He was involved with the Masonic movement and was Master of his Lodge in 1977.

He leaves his widow, Florence, to whom he was happily married for 49 years.