

St Dunstans
Review
November
1987

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Cover Picture: Archery at St. Dunstan's. Eric Bradshaw takes aim in preparation for the match against the army. (See page 15).



From the Chairman

St. Dunstaners owe an enormous debt to their wives and St. Dunstan's shares that debt. Sadly in many cases wives become widows and, as well as missing their husbands, all kinds of other difficulties can arise.

In recent years we have been thinking how best to bring further help to the widows in our family. We have already arranged for our welfare visitors and our surveyors to call and give advice and support and since last year all widows are invited to the regional reunions.

Now it is our intention to provide assistance over holidays, possibly at Ian Fraser House during the less frequented months of the year, or even elsewhere. Subject to availability, we also intend to offer facilities at Pearson House for widows wishing to convalesce after a serious illness or operation. Recent experience has shown that many people are under insured through not revaluing their houses and contents in line with inflation — maybe due to financial difficulties. It is our intention to provide advice and help in this and other directions.

By keeping in regular touch with widows we shall be better able to meet the needs of the individuals as they become known to us. We shall try to care for those who have cared for their husbands so well.

Henry Leach

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Captain K.R. Gray, of Bowden, Cheshire, wrote this story, 'Shadows in the Mist' which came second in the competition. The judges admired his descriptive style and the sense of atmosphere: 'An eye for fine detail, especially the "falling snowflakes through the cracks". The clean visual writing leading to and culminating in the shadows make this a fine "Hemingway" style short story. Fact and impression combined are the tools of this writer's achievement.'

SHADOWS IN THE MIST

By 'Oliver Brock'

Having recovered from polio I decided to take six weeks sick leave, walking in the foothills of the Himalayas in order to get fit again and enjoy life. I left the horrors and misery of Calcutta — people dying in the streets, me powerless to help — and using my leave pass, travelled to Darjeeling by train.

In the bar of the hotel I met the Sirdar who was going to organise my trip. He had a broad smiling Mongolian face and we sat down. I asked him if everything was right for the trip. He said that as I had said I wanted to walk to Sandakphu he had booked accommodation in various Dak bungalows, belonging to the State, which were for the use of travellers. He had ordered supplies of food — including flour and dried fruit which he was confident could be made into a cake as indeed it was. He had also laid on the services of four bearers to carry food, water and luggage. I was travelling in shorts, shirt and army boots and had no special equipment except for a rucksack. As an afterthought, wishing to keep up the image of the 'Sahib' I had a pair of corduroy trousers made up by a local tailor which turned out to be so ill fitting that when I got back to the Mess after my trip, they elicited an adverse comment and sharp rebuke from the Brigadier who thought they were not at all 'pukka' (and did not reflect well on the Signals to which I belonged). My only other shopping was a supply of chocolate to which I have always been partial and a bottle of whisky.

We began the 'walk' in a taxi and were to meet the bearers on the way. They turned out to be cheerful Napalese fellows and had brought their wives with them.

We set off early next morning, up a stony track where the houses in the villages through which we passed were 'chatti built' — that is, made of wicker work. On the way we bought meat, not 'yak' which are oxen, but scrawny hens. At about 9 a.m. we had lunch of cheese and cake, having passed through a village whose native name being translated was 'Blackpool' — without the sea associated with that town in Lancashire — but boasting a dark pool.

The hills over which we travelled were covered in rhododendrons and camelias, some of them 20 feet high. We climbed until we reached our first Dak bungalow which was built of wood and consisted of three rooms, a kitchen-cum-dining room and two bedrooms and had an annexe which contained a tub into which the bearers poured hot water for my bath. This I enjoyed with all the more pleasure as I could see falling snow flakes through the cracks. After a hot meal the only entertainment was the chatter of the bearers and their wives, one of whom could speak English and the chance to read old copies of *Punch* and *Blackwood* magazines, sitting by the burning log fire. They dated from the 1860's and contained Beardsley cartoons and rather hoary jokes. One example was the curate breakfasting with the bishop, his father-in-law to be. Asked what his eggs were like he replied after a dubious sniff, 'good in parts my lord.'

Outside it was bright moonlight and Kanchenjunga, a mountain of about 26,000 feet, lay to the north. Next morning we got up early and, wrapped in blankets, watched the sun rise. To begin with the light touched the tip of Kanchenjunga with a yellow glow and moved along the Himalayas to Everest. Gradually the yellow light turned white and moved down the mountains until the whole range was bathed in light, the shapes being picked out by dark blue shadows. We turned back and saw other stranger shadows, this time of ourselves, some 20 feet long reflected in the rising mist. They were quite unearthly.

Afterwards, breakfast in the Dak bunga-

Short Story Competition *continued*



Captain K. R. Gray, with his wife Kathleen, author of the story 'Shadows in the Mist'.

low was an anti-climax as indeed was the rest of the trip although still memorable. We climbed endless ridges of 6,000 feet or more, each time scrambling down to tackle the next ridge. I was usually well in the rear of the party who fell about roaring with laughter as I occasionally lost my footing and slid madly down before picking myself up and starting again on what seemed a never-ending way; with all that exertion we often only covered a few miles as the bird flies, and my reward at the end of the days was in part repeated — a bath, a drink, food and bed but never again that most eerie experience, those strange elongated figures in the mist — ourselves and yet not ourselves but creatures moving on another plane seemingly out of this world.

Mr. E. C. Bunting, author of the winning short story, receiving his prize from Sir Henry Leach.



FEPOW REUNION

Festival Hall, London, September 26th

Bill Griffiths, M.B.E., was in for a surprise on this very special evening. After the moving service of Remembrance, Bill was escorted on to the stage and presented with a framed certificate of appreciation, dress ribbon, medal and lapel badge for his work on behalf of FEPOWs by Mr. E. J. Coffey, M.B.E., and the London Club.

There was enthusiastic applause from the 2500 people in the audience. After all these years the bond is still there with FEPOWs and grows stronger as the years race on. Bill is always mindful and appreciative of the National President and all officials of the FEPOW Association, who are dedicated in the care of FEPOWs still suffering as a result of their captivity, and in remembering friends who died in such tragic circumstances in the Far East.



Lord Skelmersdale, with Fred Galway, Harry Meleson and Henry Turley, all of whom had exhibits in the War Pensioner's Homecrafts and Art Exhibition.



GARDENING CLUB MEETING

By Patricia Harris

The warm September sun shone over the lovely green slopes of Ovingdean for the opening of an action packed week of the Gardening club. Our club is now some eight years old, and having been founded with five members is now at least two bus-loads of enthusiasts.

On our first day we had a working meeting, and later a very interesting talk on Organic Gardening, a subject close to our hearts, given by Mr Sitton from the Department of Horticulture of Plumpton Agricultural College, followed by lively questions from our members. Tuesday found us just over the downs in the five thousand acre Stanmer Park, at the nursery from which the thousands of plants and shrubs used by Brighton for the many parks and functions in the area originate. Last year for example, over 800 trees from Stanmer Park were planted in Brighton, 8,000 were used at functions, and 2,000 bedding plants for winter plus the same number for summer were all raised in the 21 greenhouses by the 12 staff. We had most informative guides to take us round, and the bougainvilleas, Prince of Wales feathers, marigolds, cinerarias, begonias and many, many more flowers were a glorious kaleidoscope of colour and beauty.

On Wednesday we went to Heaselands near Haywards Heath, where Mrs Kleinwort welcomed us with coffee, and it was well worth our second trip to see these delightfully landscaped gardens. On to Borde Hill gardens for lunch, and then to Nyman's Gardens, where we spent a happy afternoon exploring the gardens and sunlit woodland glades. Thursday found us travelling through the leafy roads of Sussex to Wakehurst Place. This is now an extension of Kew Gardens, set in some 3,000 acres of endless interest with its rolling lawns, lakes, water gardens, a cottage garden, heath and shrub gardens and a Himalayan glade with magnificent ancient trees. It is a very spacious, peaceful and quiet place. We had lunch in the oak panelled dining room of

the romantic Tudor mansion. There is so much to see here that we hope to go again.

In the evening the Peaceheaven club joined us for a social evening and a happy time was enjoyed by all. Friday brought the closing meeting with reports from our Chairman, Reg Newton, and Treasurer John Walbrugh. Later we paid a visit to Roundstone Nurseries, but all too quickly an interesting week with all our good friends and companions was over. So after the wonderful gardens, it's back to our own humble plots to find that the weeds have made a rapid dash for growth while we were being treated like hot house plants by that super staff at Ian Fraser House. Thank you super staff one and all. We are also very grateful to the committee for their sterling work through the year. (All reservations for the Gardening Club should be made through H.Q.) I can't wait!

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2186
Shabby Tiger
By Howard Spring
Read by Stephen Jack
Reading Time 9¼ Hrs.

This was Spring's first novel, written when he was working on 'The Manchester Guardian'. He was one of that extraordinarily large number of Northern writers whose blazing talents came to fruition in the years between the wars: people like Cronin, Naomi Jacob, Vera Britten, Louis Golding, Winifred Holtby and many more. *Shabby Tiger* is a tale about Manchester and the city is as much a 'character' as the people in it.

Nick Faunt, explosive, tempestuous, lean and hungry 'like a shabby tiger', is an

artist of some merit, but as yet unknown and penniless. He is estranged from his father, Sir George Faunt, one of the richest men in the city.

Nick is befriended by Anna Fitzgerald, a wild Irish beauty. She flits, breathless, through the pages like a happy-go-lucky leprechaun. Her down-to-earth common-sense and quicksilver Irish wit finally help Nick achieve his rightful place in the artistic world.

Perhaps the most memorable character in this fine novel is Rachel Rosing (the eponymous anti-heroine of Spring's second book). Rachel is as beautiful, cold and hard as a diamond. Calculating, ruthless and ambitious, she is determined at any cost to escape from the seedy ghetto in Cheetham Hill 'where the poor Jews live'. To this end, and without any qualms, she deserts, and later renounces her young brother, the simple kindly Jacob. Almost inevitably, Jacob the scape-goat, comes to an ignominious end in the foul-black waters of the Irwell.

Cat. No. 965
Gideon's Night
By J. J. Marris
Read by Arthur Bush
Reading Time 6¼ hours

Commander Gideon turns into the gates of New Scotland Yard. The fog is dense, a real 'pea-souper'. It could be a busy night. In his office he goes through the reports left by the day men. There is the usual miscellany of petty crime and 'The Prowler', that dark figure of the night who has been preying on girls for weeks, is still at large. A woman has reported her husband missing. Gideon's senior inspector remarks that the man probably had a very good reason for going AWOL. Later in the night he is proved tragically wrong...

The telephone rings. A baby has been taken from its cot while the parents were out visiting neighbours. Gideon picks up his phone and a police car slips out into the fog-bound night. Within the hour a second baby is reported missing in similar circumstances... then a third. Gideon issues orders and once again the cars move out...

The prowler has been cornered but has taken a hostage. At the scene a young policeman risks his life climbing over the roof. A woman has been arrested for the baby-killings...

At last the long night is over and the day staff begin to arrive. Gideon's opposite number breezes into his office, 'Good morning, George. Had a quiet night?'

A little dated perhaps (the book was written 30 years ago) but it gives a graphic and fascinating account of one night in the life of Scotland Yard.

Cat. No. 4721
Lord of the Flies
By William Golding
Read by Trevor Lucas
Reading Time 8½ hours

A group of boys, their ages ranging from 6 to 16, are marooned on a tropical island following an air crash. The island is uninhabited and the environment benign, there are no dangerous animals or snakes. There is a plentiful supply of fresh water and wild pig and abundant fruits provide all the food they need. The boys choose Ralph as their leader, much to the ill-disguised chagrin of Jack but he accepts the democratic decision, albeit with bad grace.

It is an idyllic existence, exploring the island, sun-bathing, swimming in the natural rock-pool by the beach, a real-life 'Coral Island' adventure. But soon the magic of their sun-drenched paradise, free from adult domination and adult rules, begins to pall and the fragile truce between Ralph and Jack deteriorates into open hostility with Jack's well-planned bid for the leadership.

Soon Ralph's followers desert him to join Jack's 'warriors'. The thin veneer of civilised behavior disintegrates and the sharpened-stick spears designed for pig-sticking, begin to take on a new and terrifying significance...

A much-acclaimed best seller when first published, this is a powerful and disturbing account of a small group of individuals whose frail 'democracy' soon degenerates into anarchy and savagery when put to the test in an alien environment.

SOME HISTORY SEES THE LIGHT —

By Carolyn Howell

In the month of July this year, Mrs. Lorna Chatfield, wife of St. Dunstaner, John Chatfield, of Worthing, was idly reading the paper one morning when something caught her eye — a picture of some Roman mosaics uncovered next to the archaeological site of the Roman Palace in Fishbourne. These mosaics had been found in the back garden of a plot adjacent to the site.

You'll be wondering what affinity Mrs. Chatfield could have with Roman mosaics, and these ones in particular. We'll have to go back to 1938 when Lorna, aged 12, returned home from school one afternoon. They had been learning about

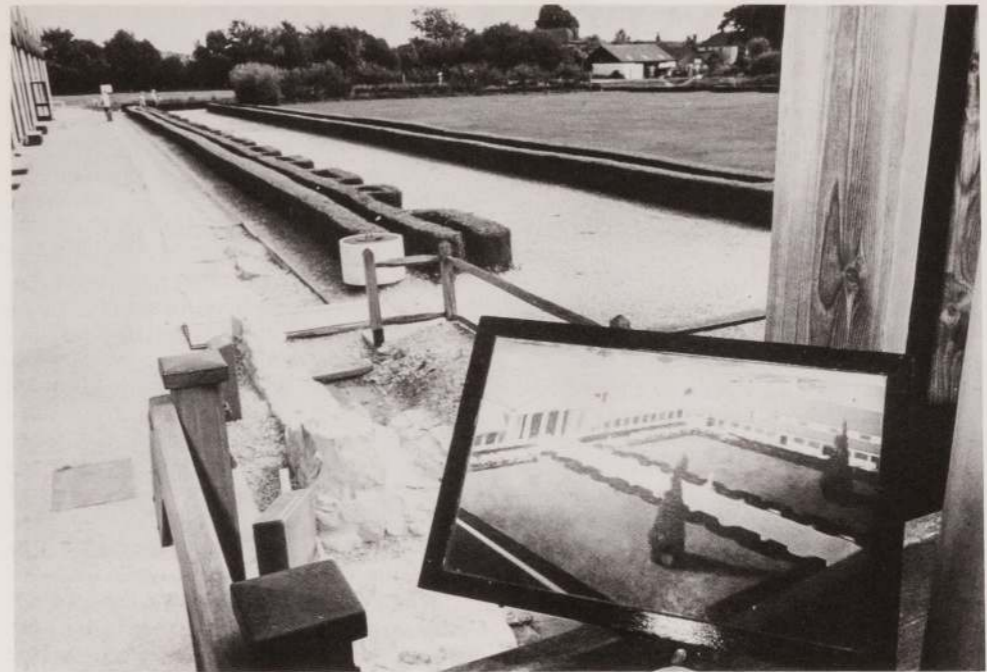
Lorna and John Chatfield at the exact spot where Mrs. Chatfield discovered her mosaic.



the Romans in Britain that day, and so she and her sister and a friend duly decided to go out and find some Roman remains, and the back garden seemed a good enough place to start. 'We hadn't dug down more than a foot when we struck something solid,' she recalls. 'We thought it was a paving stone so we cleared the earth away to shift it, went down about four inches and then we found another one. As soon as we got the second one clear we could see they were steps. After the bottom step we found mosaics, small quarter-inch square tiles, white with a black pattern.'

But the excitement of the discovery was to be short-lived: 'This was just a small country farm then, and the farmer, Mr. Ledger told us not to tell anyone and to fill it in because he didn't want any upheaval on his land. I can understand it now, the farm was his livelihood. So we filled it in, very reluctantly. We were rather frustrated children after doing so well! Later the years were so full, what with the children and everything, I completely forgot about it. It was just part of childhood. Now it is all excitement again.'

The Fishbourne Roman Palace ruins only came to light in 1960 when a workman cutting a trench for a water main neatly sectioned the Roman remains, hidden beneath a pasture field. The Sussex Archaeological Society bought the site and uncovered the Palace, now open to the public. The society also recently bought Lorna's childhood home, Florence Villa, overlooking the main palace site and started to explore sections of the garden. 'When I saw the picture in the paper of those mosaics, I said to John, "They've found the mosaics!", then I looked at the house and compared it to where they were and realised they weren't the same ones. That's when I started thinking about whether to tell them or not. I was visiting my daughter in Chichester



The restored Roman Gardens.

one day and she was the one, she said, "Oh for goodness sake mum, I'll put you out of your agony," and she phoned Mr. Rudkin, director of the palace and the excavation programme, and from then on it sort of snowballed.

'Mr. Rudkin phoned us and said, "Can you come down and tell us all the details and we arranged a time. When we got there, there were reporters and camera-

men, we were quite taken aback with it all.' At the moment, the section of the garden where Mrs. Chatfield discovered her ruins is covered by a huge pile of soil. Next summer the Sussex Archaeological Society's team plan to move on to the corner, between the old vegetable patch and the back wall where hopefully they will uncover what Lorna and her sister found in the 1930's.

A section of one of the mosaics.



H.M.S. DAEDALUS 1987

By Ray Hazan

Dear Diary,

February 1st. The *Review* has just arrived and is asking for names for Summer Camp. I have always heard so much about HMS *Daedalus*. You can always hear the warmth and the smile in the voice of the speaker as he recounts tales of pranks played, long hours of practice at the bar, races run and won, shots heaved and long standing friendships made with 'dogs' — As you know, dear diary, I'm a shy, retiring abstemious, modest type of a bloke. I am sure I won't be able to keep up with these hardened campers. Still, I'm dying to find out what it is all about, so perhaps, I'll give Elspeth a call.

May 15th. My application for a place has been accepted. I am committed! I have received a very comprehensive form to fill in — travel arrangements, do I want to take part in field and/or track events? I could hardly throw a shot when I was right handed. I could just see myself spearing somebody with a javelin. Could I swim? Did I need a special diet? Did that include Alka Seltzer, I wondered? Whom did I want to share a cabin with? Cheeky, I thought, and were we going to sea or something?

August 6th. Tomorrow's the big day. I'm as prepared as I ever shall be. That outward bound course in the Lake District in June has got my legs fit and stamina toned up. My visits to the *Duke of Wellington* has loosened up my elbow. A fellow camper has most generously given me a vocabulary list. A cabin as a room, the heads are the loo's, slops refers to the clothing store and not food, to go ashore is to walk out of the barracks, to go aboard is to walk back in again and dogs in the Fleet Air Arm have two legs not four! I have also learned that 'to run a tight ship' is not an expression of 'proof'! Finally, that to race around the airfield is to walk, not run.

August 7th. The 43 campers have travelled from all over the UK. The coach party from London were a cheerful crowd.

If there was any singing, then I missed it as I fell asleep, but in my more lucid moments, Terry Bullingham briefed me. The 'dogs' are members of the field gun crew who have just finished the competition at the Royal Tournament. Some have volunteered to stay behind and look after us, others are former gunners, both serving and retired, but who doggedly (please excuse the pun), return each year. They are there to help you out in anyway they can. You can take part in, or opt out of any organised activity you want. It is not sounding too bad at all!

When we first debussed, I thought we had maybe taken a wrong turning and arrived in a detention camp. There was an awful lot of abuse and shouting. Then I realised it was the familiar greetings of friends seeing each other again after 11 months and 3 weeks.

I was introduced to my 'dog'. He is 6ft 2 inches, his arms so thick that I can only just get my hand around his elbow to hang onto. He is used to carrying a 60 kilo gun carriage wheel on his shoulder and so picked up my suitcase as if it were an itch on his little finger! He answers to the name of Howard.

I am sharing a spacious four berth cabin with Terry. It is quite a way from the heads, so a bit of caution is going to be required there! I have been presented with a T shirt inscribed with 'I am a friend of the A team'. I have to prove myself before becoming a fully fledged compatriot of Charlie Mantle, Charlie Haig, Mansel Lewis, and Terry Bullingham. In the evening we gathered to hear who our fellow campers were, and the outline programme. We all then adjourned to the Chiefs Mess to ease ourselves in. It went down easier than I thought and I couldn't quite find my way in between the sheets that night. I put it down to pre camp nerves!!

Oh dear diary, the thought of greasy bacon, oily fried bread and fatty sausages



Ernie Cookson energetically throwing the discus.

the next morning was too much! The cheery greetings the 'dogs' brought round with the early morning cup of tea was less than helpful! But what better way to blow away the cobwebs than a brisk walk around the airfield. This is an annual event over some two miles around the perimeter runways. There was a good crowd of onlookers and a mild morning to go with it all. There are, however, a few tricks us novices have got to learn. When a pair in front appears to run, do not be taken in — it is merely a ploy to get you disqualified. As I wanted to get the whole thing over as quickly as possible, I ran all the way and was roundly disqualified. Being the only novice, the Brigitte Talbot Cup was therefore not awarded this year. The winner of the Denny Deacon Veteran's Cup was Stan Tutton, with further medals going to Terry Bullingham and Arthur Carter. The Charles Stafford Cup for the fastest loser went to Brian Lang.

In the afternoon, we did our own thing. The hook on the tow-rope of John Gilbert's glider snapped during take off. His pilot Ray carried out an efficient emergency landing from 200 ft, but was sent up with John straight away, in case he wanted to have another go! Bowlers went bowling, archers went arching, and some of us went

swimming and sauntering at HMS *Collingwood*. This 50 yard olympic size pool has a sauna at the poolside. A sweat and a swim, what better antidote to the previous evening! I spent a more subdued evening than the previous one in the Chief's Mess that night!

August 9th, Sunday. Howard bravely let me drive his car round the airfield. It was the first time I had really got behind a wheel in 14 years, my last experience being when I drove a six wheeled armoured personnel carrier in Northern Ireland just prior to being blown up! I felt no sense of direction at all and could only try to maintain a straight course by the position of my hand on the driving wheel and the concerned corrections from Howard. The more terse the correction, the quicker the reaction! Solutions as to how to steer straight with a hook on the wheel and a hand on the gear lever should be sent to the Ministry of Transport.

Later that morning, the sun streamed in through the windows of All Saints Church whose pews were swelled with ranks of St. Dunstaners. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Bernard Clarke. He questioned whether we needed to go looking for that something in life which was, in fact, around us all the time. How true that was at *Daedalus*. There was plenty of good

comradeship and healthy enjoyment to go round. It was still sunny whilst we posed for the camp photograph taken on the lawn outside the Officers Mess. The cheery grins could have been in anticipation of the free drinks offered by Captain Max Cohler, Commander Ron Edmonds and his fellow officers.

In the afternoon, bowlers competed against the Rowner Bowling Club, the archers took on the Gosport Bowmen and others partook of more antidotes prior to another excellent evening thanks to Chief's Mess President PO Eric Vassie and fellow members. Bob Forshaw, with his double bass, joined a melodious and lively duet hired for the occasion.

August 10th. We had the ferry, *Solent Enterprise*, to ourselves. We sat on the upper deck, in the sunshine and the fresh air, a tot of warm rum in our hands, a Naval tradition re-introduced for a special occasion. I only mildly panicked when my 'dog' said he couldn't stand boats as he got easily sea sick! The hour over to Cowes on the Isle of Wight was thus pleasantly spent. In recognition of the splendid hospitality offered by the British Legion there, a St. Dunstan's plaque was presented to their Secretary, Mr. Jimmy Higgins. It was relaxing to eat one's packed lunch (containing the largest sausage roll I have ever encountered) overlooking the Solent, being briefed on the shipping that sent their wash curling onto the beach at our feet. Descriptions were questionable coming from experts more used to taking helicopters and jet fighters rather than ships to pieces! In an alternative trip, Bob Forshaw was landed not with a bass, but with an 11lb conger eel. He was later awarded a trophy for the largest total catch of the week.

August 11th. The day of the 'Alternative Olympics' organised by CPTI Martyn Webb. McGoohan's Gazelles battled it out with Tutton's Tigers and Stubb's Stags. The organisation was supremely efficient and the roars of the supporting cast exhilarating. I did not spear anyone with the javelin, merely kicked my dog's hand instead of the ball in the goal scoring competition. It was Charlie Haig who landed a shot on a chair, and survived — the chair, I mean. Competition was honest

and hard fought, and it was the Gazelles, who finally took the team trophy. An innovation this year were the Puppy Sports organised for the children by Bill Shea and his 'dog', Ike Sherriff.

Shorts and T shirts were exchanged for jackets and ties and lunch time saw us gathered at HMS *Collingwood* with merely the noise of the musical entertainment to contend with — in several cases, the music won! But there was the chance to fight back again in a competition of a different kind that evening, the Car Treasure Hunt.

Trying to read the rhyming clues in braille on plastic braille-on paper, wedged in the back of a rattling mini on a bumpy road required a clear head and a steady hand, neither of which were in abundance after the previous session. Peter Westbrook, the organiser, had kindly chosen the Gosport area, so not too much travelling. Each St. Dunstaner was accompanied by a driver and navigator. For some reason, Howard did not let me drive! The clues were cleverly written, though one team wrote for an answer which should have read 'Rose Cottage', 'Waterloo Station'. The winning team was Terry Bullingham, driven by Liz Walker and obviously not mis-navigated by Jane Fleetwood. The losing team, that of British Rail fame were awarded a model of an air/sea rescue helicopter! The evening came to a satisfying close with a barbeque with WO Jim Moulson and his wife Marion presiding over the grill, ably assisted by Doug Carrington and Sandy Waterhouse.

August 12th. As there were no grouse on the airfield, I felt very privileged instead to be invited to accompany the 'men of the Glen'. This group was so named because of their acquaintance with a bottle bearing the same four letter word. 24 years ago, David Bell devised a 12 mile walk to raise sponsorship. Several refuelling stops are made along the way, with the party ending up at the Captain's house for tea. Four campers, David Bell, Jimmy Wright, Terry Bullingham and myself, accompanied by our 'dogs' and helpers set off at 9.30 on a calm, but sunless day. Much of the walk was along a busy road, and it was bliss to get out into the countryside to the more preferred com-

pany of farmyard smells, energetic conversation and fresh air to clear away the petrol and beer fumes.

While the 'men of the Glen' took to their two feet, other campers took to two wheels. Beaulieu Motor Museum is always a popular visit, and, no doubt, many were able to identify vehicles which they had either seen or ridden upon in earlier days.

I had to confess to being excited at the prospect of visiting HMS *Dolphin*, a submarine base, that evening. I had visions of wearing my cap back to front and shouting 'up periscope', and 'dive, dive, dive'. But the only diving was into the inevitable glass, which turned out to be an excellent substitute. During the evening a raffle was organised by cabin 12 which raised the magnificent sum of £152 for camp funds. I was sorry, though, not to have won that 4ft high teddy bear!

August 13th. Like many others, I went visiting. Only limited numbers were allowed on board HMS *Illustrious*. Being a

keen Hornblower fan, I have always wanted to visit HMS *Victory* — this seemed a heaven sent opportunity. It was difficult to picture over 800 men living on a ship whose keel is only 150 feet long. It was quite a thrill to stand in the spot where some of England's history was sadly made. It was gratifying to be especially allowed into Hardy's cabin and to reflect on the enormous difference in lifestyle between the sailors of those days and the young men who showed us round, reeling off this 'tour guide' for the 20th time that day. Terry went on board HMS *Warrior*, the first iron clad. How that ship was able to stay afloat with that suit of armour baffles me.

That evening, the campers sat with bated breath in the Chief's Mess. Suddenly, there was a fanfare and the theme music of 'Chariots of Fire' burst forth, and the 1987 Daedalus Olympics Prize Giving Ceremony was announced by Martyn Webb. Captain Cohler kindly presented

Left to Right: Charlie Hague, Charlie Mantle, Mansel Lewis and Terry Bullingham with Ray Hazan and their helpers.



what seemed like hundreds of cups and medals, and there were many beaming faces for the photographer. Prizes were won for bowling by Jacky Pryor, Alan Duffy, Percy Stubbs and the Victor Ludorum, partially sighted, by Colwyn Lloyd, and totally blind by Joe Kibbler. A sincere vote of thanks was proposed to the Captain and all his staff by Jerry Lynch, and Charlie Mantle thanked all the Mess Presidents.

August 14th. The last day. We forsook the Navy and visited the tank museum at Bovington. It would have taken a week to examine all the exhibits. They were sorted by era's and countries. It gave one an icy feeling to examine the First War tanks, some with gaping and jagged shell holes in their sides, it was made all the more poignant by one of our party, Nick Henman, himself injured in a tank in the First War. We were treated to a most enjoyable lunch in the Sergeants Mess by the RSM. We have been tantalised with the promise that next year, we may be able to drive a tank on the ranges. Veterans should be reminded that the days of the old crash gear boxes are out — they are fully automatic now!

And so to the final evening of dancing and entertainment. Tomo's raffle, with

prizes donated by the campers and others raised some £370. A further £100 raised locally was donated by Tigger and Yvonne Goodwin. It was a lively assembly of members both past and present. At one stage there were 8 trainers and 5 ex buffers in the gathering. As the night wore on both the music and the dancers became younger. At 3 am the music reluctantly came to a stop. Some of us left the bar at 5.30 and since early morning tea was at 6, it did not seem worth going to bed. But the steps that took us falteringly to the buses were from reluctance to go rather than tiredness.

As a beginner, the overall impression is one of fantastic comradeship that has been formed over the years. The young, fit able bodied arm in arm with the older, handicapped. It makes a wonderful picture. I heard of one retiring gunner who would only have taken up his civilian job if they allowed him this one week off a year. Next year, diary, I shall not hesitate to put my name forward. I hope that some of the third generation St. Dunstaners will do the same, as there is a wonderful tradition that has to be maintained here. May they become camp followers in every sense. Until then, from all of us campers, to all our helpers, a big 'thank you'.

Jubilant Harry Wheeler winning the walking race propelled by his 'dog' Alan Price.



ST. DUNSTAN'S A.C. SHOOTS AGAINST THE ARMY

Seven archers of the St. Dunstan's Archery Club assembled on the front lawn of I.F.H. on August 10th to greet members of the Army Archery Association who were to arrive to contest the annual tournament between the two clubs. The Army A.A. duly arrived, together with their team captain and secretary, Major Mike Fisher, under a clear sky, lots of sun and very little wind — quite different from the previous year!

The members of each club were allotted a target — one St. Dunstaner sharing a boss with two or more members of the Army's team. Sharp at 11 o'clock the St. Dunstan's Chief Coach, who was acting as Field Captain for the day, blew the whistle to get the contest under way.

As the contest progressed it became obvious that there were going to be high scores and, at one stage, it looked as though the contest was going to be very close, especially as the Army had included in its team S/Sgt. Mike Davey, their champion, who, the day before had beaten all-comers from the British Army in gaining the championships.

After the shooting had finished all

HARRY WHEELER MAKES THE NEWS

A little article appeared in the Wimbledon News recently about Harry Wheeler, a regular Daedalus Camp attendee. Harry, aged 91, has been a regular visitor at the camp for 34 years.

REGIONAL REUNIONS

Mr Keith Martin, Pensions and Admissions Officer, will be responsible for co-ordinating arrangements for the regional reunions in 1988. He succeeds Mr E.V. Stevens to whom all our thanks are due.

William Weisblatt, Secretary

competitors, spotters and helpers made their way to the Winter Gardens for a superb meal organised by Cmdr. Conway who was seated at the top table with the other guests and the Guest of Honour, Lt. Col. Sir Brian de Bartelot, Commanding Officer Coldstream Guards, who was representing the Major General, The Household Division.

After the meal the club's Chairman, Norman Perry, after the formal introductions, called on the Club's Vice-President, Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, to present the Dacre Trophy to the 1987 winner, Eric Bradshaw. He then asked Sir Brian to present the two main awards, the 'Household Division Trophy' (presented by the Welsh Guards) and the Inter-Club Shield to the winning team's Captain and Vice-Captain.

The S.D.A.C. Chief Coach, Ted Bradford, notified the assembly that the Army's combined total of 7200 points, accumulated by their top five archers' handicap adjusted score was not good enough to beat the St. Dunstan's team's (Norman Perry, Tommy Gaygan, Eric Bradshaw, Bert Wood and Stan Sosabowski) total of 7534. Sir Brian duly presented the two trophies to Norman and Bert together with a medal for each member of the team.

In the individual highest unrewarded scores it was a clean sweep for the Army who took all three medals but, in the handicap area the S.D.A.C. again proved, that their shooting was, certainly for the top three places, the best on the day with Bert Wood (1665) taking the top spot, Tommy Gaygan (1533) and Eric Bradshaw (1487) taking second and third places respectively.

The S.D.A.C. Chairman and Team Captain, Norman Perry, also shot a personal best for the round and his adjusted score of 1465 put him just one point in front of the top Army archer to give him fourth place.

A few days after the tournament, Ted Bradford was asked by the Army to be Field Captain at the Inter-Services Indoor Championships to be held in the large gymnasium at Bovington, Dorset. He was also asked to invite and take a team of eight members of the S.D.A.C. to shoot in the tournament.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Mr Harry Wheeler, Ian Fraser House

I wonder if you would mind inserting a note in the St. Dunstan's *Review* thanking my friends and others who kindly sent cards to me, and for the gifts made personally to me, on my 91st birthday. I would like to thank all for the great pleasure they gave me.

From Alf Bradley, Northwood

On reading the article in the August *Review*, regarding the reforming of the braille system, I should like to take this opportunity to set out three reasons against this intention.

Firstly, the last time I heard the figure, I was informed that only 17% of the visually handicapped in the UK read braille. If this is so, it seems to be a very small percentage to justify such a vast and costly undertaking, not to mention the task of relearning the system by the present readers.

Next, and again, if I am correctly informed, the number of visually handicapped or registered blind is about 130,000. Of these the majority are those who have suffered this handicap through health deterioration in advancing years. I believe that over 100,000 are old age pensioners and will have no likelihood of ever

learning and reading braille. Fortunately in this country blindness in infancy is in that much smaller minority.

Thirdly, is there not always a forward march of invention to overcome the print reading barrier? There are of course the libraries of cassettes on all subjects, and very many books have been so recorded... to say nothing of newspapers etc. I also recall reading of the production of a device called an 'Optacon', reported in the *Review* a couple of years ago. May I copy a paragraph from the braille edition of *Barclaynews*: 'Guide dog Zena, accompanied by Jean Curtin and Ron Marsh of Operation Kurzweil, visited Rainham, Essex branch, recently to receive a cheque for £500 towards the purchase of a reading machine for the blind. The machine enables blind or print handicapped people to "read" material independently. So far Operation Kurzweil has raised £17,000 towards the £25,000 required to buy a machine for Romford Central Library.'

May I say to all concerned... please don't involve yourselves in too much cost and time and the present braille readers in too much work of relearning, after some 40 years or more, before you are sure that the trend is not in the other direction.

STEPHEN JACK

It is with much regret that we announce the death on September 22nd of Stephen Jack. Stephen was featured in an article in the January 1986 *Review* on the occasion of his 80th birthday.

Stephen embarked upon his acting career at the age of 17. He much enjoyed his Shakespearean roles in which he played all over the country. During the war he worked in BBC radio, and at the same time, started reading for the Talking Book service. Since 1942 he had recorded some 200 titles, and is still the most popular reader in the library.

In January 1977, Stephen started recording the St. Dunstan's *Talking Review*. He never missed one edition in those ten and a half years. The warmth and richness of his reading were such that many St.

Dunstaners were moved to contact him personally and became good friends of his.

Stephen Jack was a man of great service. He dedicated his life's work to others, as testified by his work with the Scout movement, Toc H, or his private recordings for blind people. The funeral was held at Hendon Park Cemetery on Tuesday, September 24th. St. Dunstan's was represented by Russel and Mary Crombie of Horsham, Miss Eileen Bridger, former member of staff, Ray Hazan and Miss Roberta Johnston of the Public Relations Department.

We send our deepest sympathy to his wife Julia, and to his son Andrew, who has kindly agreed to carry on his father's connection with Dunstan's. *Talking Review* readers will cherish this continuation.

BRILLE TALKING BOOK CATALOGUE

The RNIB Talking Book Library Catalogue is now available in braille, but only on request. If interested, please apply to the RNIB Talking Book Service, Mount Pleasant, Wembley, Middx. HA0 1RR.

INTERNATIONAL BOWLS

By Ted Brown

The first UK Singles Championships took place at the Oxfordshire Bowls County Ground from August 10th to 13th. Yet again, three St. Dunstaners were selected to play for England: Percy Stubbs, Johnny Cope and myself, Ted Brown. Regrettably Percy declined the offer because of personal reasons, but Johnny and I certainly kept St. Dunstan's flag flying high all right. We both won our categories: Johnny - B1 (Totally Blind); Ted - B2 (Partially Sighted). That means we become the first in those categories - the singles championships of the UK. Did I hear you say, 'Well done chaps'? Of course you did. I can tell you that the opposition was very hard, well it's got to be at that level. I might add at this juncture that neither of us lost a game throughout, and were the only ones in the tournament to do so. You can put another feather in your caps lads, but watch out you don't become an Indian Chief. 'Big Head'. Who said that? Ha ha!

We met one or two of our old friends from Wales. How very nice it was to meet the Scottish team for the first time - we were soon chatting as though we had known each other for a long time, and believe me that's how it was all through the tournament: friendly, very sporting and everyone mixed in very well socially. The Mayor's wife opened the proceedings by bowling the jack and then delivering the first bowl of the tournament. I think she was a very brave lady; she took over her husband's duties for the rest of the year as he died a month before the tournament date. Everyone appreciated her bravery.

The competition as usual started in brilliant sunshine, but on the second day it was back to the usual rain and wind. How-

ever, everyone coped in the usual efficient way. A light lunch was provided each day and a presentation dinner at the end of the tournament, where several guests made short speeches and expressed amazement at the standard of bowling. I do hope that one day a television crew will come along and televise more of the visually handicapped bowling so the whole country can see for itself how well they conduct themselves on and off the greens.

12 trophies were being played for and I'm very happy to say that England won 11 out of the 12, and for the first UK Championships that can't be bad. I would like to thank everyone involved in helping to make the Oxford trip a great success, and I hope there will be many more, especially involving St. Dunstan's bowlers. You can do it if you keep up the standard you have shown this year. Looking forward to seeing you all again.

HASTINGS AND LOWESTOFT BOWLS TOURNAMENTS

By P. Stubbs, Vice-Chairman

The final outdoor tournaments were held in what could be called real bowling weather, for during the whole fortnight the sun shone and all the competitions were played without any waterproofs being required.

There were only two St. Dunstaners, Jackie Pryor and Percy Stubbs and their wives, who attended the Hastings tournament, and both players reached the final in the totally blind competition in which J. Pryor had a convincing win over P. Stubbs. In other competitions both St. Dunstaners played well and won several rounds in the partially sighted games. Next year the tournament at Hastings is to be held at a new venue and it is hoped that we shall have more entries from the St. Dunstan's National Bowls Club.

Then on to Lowestoft where nine St. Dunstaners, their wives, escorts and helpers spent another enjoyable week during the late summer sunshine. This tournament had a total of over 90 entrants and went very smoothly due to the organisation by the committee and the hard work they do throughout the year to give us all

such a wonderful week of bowling and other entertainments. Although we did not do so well in collecting trophies, I am sure that all who attended enjoyed the week meeting old friends and making new ones.

Johnny Cope playing with a member of the Norwich Club won the pairs competition, and another mention I feel is due to the excellent playing of Harry Preedy and all the others who took part in the competition.

May I thank Mr. Weisblatt for his interest and support in all our bowling events, the staff at Ian Fraser House and a special thanks to the transport department and John Farrimond for his hours of driving and the help he gave to all of us throughout the week.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Bridge

Pairs — September 13th

W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	64.7
Mrs. Vi Delaney & Mr. Douse	55.0
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	51.3
Mr. & Mrs. R. Pacitti	49.2
J. Padley & Miss Stenning	49.2
R. Goding & Miss Sturdy	48.3
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	48.3
M. Tybinski & Mrs. A. Clements	46.7
W. Phillips & Dr. Goodlad	37.3

Individuals — September 19th

J. Padley	62.5
W. Lethbridge	57.9
W. Allen	55.7
R. Goding	52.3
Mr. McMillan	52.3
Mrs. Clements	48.7
R. Pacitti	47.7
W. Phillips	47.7
Mrs. McMillan	47.7
Miss Stenning	44.3
R. Evans	42.0
Miss Sturdy	40.9

Alterations to Brighton Bridge Club programme:

Individuals — September 9th (*not* 26th).
 Pairs — October 4th (*not* 11th).
 No individuals in October.
 Individuals — November 14 & 28th.

Entertainment Section

We are starting a new year of competitions, and welcome any members staying at Ian Fraser House for holidays.

The date for the Annual Christmas Dance is December 19th, and all are welcome. For club members, the date of the Christmas Party will be on December 16th. We will be having a domino drive.

Phyllis O'Kelly

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Steven, son of *Mr. and Mrs. A. Mitchell*, of Congleton. Steven, aged 10, recently passed his Grade II Theory of Music exam.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

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

David M. Harfield, grandson of Mrs. E. Ward and the late *Mr. K. Ward*, of Chandlers Ford, on his marriage to Deborah Tuck at Romsey Abbey on June 27th.

SILVER WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. B. Lang, of Liverpool, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary on September 22nd.

RUBY WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J.E.N. Pearson, of Hove, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on September 16th.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J.F. Harris, of Tavistock, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on September 4th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. R. Goding, of Midhurst, West Sussex, on the birth of their grandson, James William, born on September 10th to their daughter, Janet, and son-in-law, Bill Hammerton.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. T. Gaygan, of North Harrow, Middlesex, whose brother-in-law died on September 17th.

Mr. Alan Key, of Dartford, on the death of his sister, Kathleen M. Key, in Canada on August 23rd.

Mr. A.P. Pearson, of Birmingham, whose wife, Margaret, died in hospital on September 21st, following a short illness.

Mr. L. Thompson, of Tenerife, whose mother passed away quietly in her sleep on August 26th, four days after her 100th birthday. Mrs. Thompson writes: 'She was a wonderful lady of extreme courage and strength of character. She has lived through a century of many changes and two wars and survived all. She will be sadly missed but proudly remembered by us all.'

Mr. G. Waterworth, of Coventry, on the loss of his wife, Elma, who died suddenly on September 25th.

In Memory

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

G.S. Brooks, Royal Engineers

George Stanley Brooks, of Saltdean, passed away at Pearson House on September 14th, aged 78. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1944.

He enlisted at the start of the Second World War and served as a Warrant Sergeant in the 102nd Field Company of the Royal Engineers until his discharge in 1945. He was sent to France in 1939, and was at Dunkirk and later fought in North Africa, Sicily, Salerno, and finally Anzio where he was blinded by a German mine whilst trying to help a wounded comrade.

Although an engineer's blacksmith before joining up, on admission to St. Dunstan's he was trained in braille, typewriting and various hobbies, and ultimately for telephony. Mr. Brooks was a competent telephonist and popular member of the staff at the then Ministry of Transport in Bedford, where he worked until 1952. Unfortunately however, due to deteriorating health, he was unable to work after that time. Nevertheless, he had many hobbies over the years such as gardening, basketmaking, joinery, walking, swimming and dancing. In addition he studied the French language to 'O' level standard. His greatest hobby was making clay animals with the assistance of his wife,

Louie, and in 1981 whilst at an Exhibition of Work by Blind and Disabled Ex-Servicemen, he presented Vera Lynn with a large elephant he had made and sang two duets with her.

He leaves his widow, Louie, with whom he celebrated their Diamond wedding Anniversary in 1982, their sons, David and Terry, and respective families.

W.V. Chitty, Royal Armoured Corps

William Victor Chitty, of Hove, passed away in hospital on September 30th, aged 75. He had been a St. Dunstaner for 41 years.

Mr. Chitty served in the Royal Armoured Corps and was injured in Normandy in August 1944. He lost an eye and his right arm was amputated. Following his training he settled in Bristol for a short period before becoming a telephonist with the Ministry of Works in Hove and later in Maidstone. He took early retirement in 1958 and continued to suffer from severe neuritis. He and his wife moved to Hove in 1961 and for a time he was an active member of the Bowling Club. Mr. and Mrs. Chitty were proud of their garden and enjoyed walking but these activities were curtailed in recent years by ill health. In May of this year they celebrated their Ruby Wedding.

He leaves his widow, Kay.

J.P. Cox, Royal Engineers

John Patrick Cox, of Birmingham, died on August 31st, in hospital, having been ill for a few weeks. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1985.

Mr Cox served with the Royal Engineers during the Second World War, in one of the bomb disposal units, and was injured in 1943 when a delayed action bomb exploded. Following his discharge from the Army, Mr Cox worked as a Security Officer until he retired. In 1985 Mr. Cox joined St. Dunstan's after his sight, already damaged by his war injuries, had deteriorated further. Despite health problems, including severe diabetes, Mr. Cox led a full life, and made several visits to Ian Fraser House for handicraft and microwave cookery courses.

Mr. Cox leaves a widow, Ivy, to whom he had been married for 47 years, and three adult daughters.

W. Mabe, South Lancashire Regiment

William Mabe, of Blackpool, died in hospital on August 30th after a short illness.

Mr. Mabe was injured whilst serving in the Second Battalion of the South Lancs regiment during the First World War, and the vision in his left eye was damaged by mustard gas poisoning. After the war he worked as a baker until retirement age, and it was only in 1983, at the age of 85, when Mr. Mabe had lost all vision in his right eye that he joined St. Dunstan's. Mr. Mabe had sadly been widowed in 1969, and after living alone for some 12 or 13 years, he moved to Blackpool to share a home with his son, Albert, and family, where he was very happy. Except in very bad weather, Mr. Mabe went out to the Blackpool promenade every day, to have a walk by the sea.

Mr. Mabe leaves four children, as well as grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all of whom will miss him very much.

A.H. Reed, Lancashire Fusiliers

Arthur Harry Reed, formerly of Clacton, passed away at Pearson House on September 10th, aged 91. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1950.

Harry enlisted in the Lancashire Fusiliers on September 3rd 1914 and served throughout the First World War. He sustained a head injury in 1916 but only became blind many years

later. He worked as a telephone operator and continued to do so as a St. Dunstaner, first at the Tower of London and then at Barking. He retired in 1958 on health grounds and moved to Clacton in 1963 where he and his wife spent 20 happy years. On her death he lived with his nephew and family until he became a permanent resident at Pearson House two years ago. He will be sadly missed by the staff and his fellow St. Dunstaners.

A.G. Sweeney, Rifle Brigade

Albert Sweeney, formerly of Romford, Essex, passed away to Pearson House on September 18th, aged 89.

Mr. Sweeney served in the Rifle Brigade as an acting sergeant during the First World War. Whilst in France in 1918 he suffered gunshot wounds to the head and loss of vision. He was enrolled as a St. Dunstaner and was at Regent's Park and Ovingdean just before the Second World War. He then regained some sight and was removed from the roll in 1942. He was a basketmaker and worked from home.

In March this year he was readmitted and on April 1st became a permanent resident at Pearson House. Prior to moving to our home, he had lived for the 15 years following his wife's death with his eldest daughter and son-in-law. He will be sadly missed by staff and fellow St. Dunstaners.

F.H. Wareham, Dorset Regiment

Fred Henry Wareham died at Ian Fraser House on September 6th, aged 76. He had been a St. Dunstaner for 43 years.

Mr. Wareham enlisted in the Dorset Regiment in 1932 and served in India prior to the war. He was wounded in France in May 1940 and taken prisoner. He was one of the first POWs to learn braille under Lord Normanby and he also learnt typing and netting. On his repatriation in 1943 he went straight to Church Stretton where he learnt basketmaking. A countryman by birth, he settled in Dorset after the war and married in 1952. Following his wife's death last year, he became a resident at Ian Fraser House where he will be greatly missed by the staff and his fellow St. Dunstaners.

We extend sympathy to all members of the family.