



**St Dunstons
Review
August 1988**

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Cover Picture: St. Dunstaner Tommy Gaygan training with chief coach Ted Bradford on a recent visit to Cyprus. See page 28.



From the Chairman

The sudden death of Mrs. Natalie Opperman in the aircraft carrying her to this country to visit her daughter came as a sad shock to us all. Natalie was a very special person, well known to those of you who enjoyed a particular relationship with South Africa. As a tribute to her I am setting out below the short Address I gave at Brompton Oratory on the occasion of her funeral last month.

'We are gathered here today to pay tribute to a distinguished person, a devoted public servant, and a great friend, and to give thanks for her long, happy and highly successful life. The many members of her family and of St. Dunstan's (U.K.) present in this great church will remember vividly Natalie's achievements and I think you would not wish me to render too detailed an account of them. But let me remind you of some of the highlights in her unceasing work for men and women blinded on war service, who were her particular and unremitting concern for more than 40 years.

'Her interest in this field was first aroused whilst she was still a girl at school, when the brother of a close friend lost his sight in action



At the 1972 Liverpool Reunion celebrating Lord Fraser's 50 years as Chairman of St. Dunstan's, Natalie Opperman (second from right) is seen with her late husband, Steve, the late Lady Elleman and St. Dunstaner Alan Wortley and his wife Joan.

From the Chairman continued . . .

in World War One, and became the first South African St. Dunstaner. As soon as the Second World War was over she joined Mrs. Chadwick Bates — affectionately known as 'Batey' — in St. Dunstan's (South Africa.) There her kind, caring and effective personality quickly made its impact: within eight years she was a Director, and twelve years later she took over as Chairman of the Board. It was in this capacity that she represented St. Dunstan's (South Africa) at the Memorial Service to Lord Fraser in Westminster Abbey in 1975 and three years ago at the re-opening of Ian Fraser House at Brighton by the Queen.

The death of her devoted husband, Steve, came as a great blow, and the loss of his quiet wisdom and staunch support left an unfillable gap. Not long afterward she handed over the Chairmanship of St. Dunstan's (South Africa) and was elected its President. After a working lifetime devoted to the welfare of the blind, in the early 80's she was made a Knight in the Order of The Star of South Africa — South Africa's highest civil honour.

'But it is as an essentially human and understanding person that Natalie will be remembered. She loved people and could not bear to see them suffer. However serious their disabilities, she edged through all that and communicated with them on level terms. She never spared herself and

made a special point of knowing personally and intimately all her St. Dunstaners, their families and their widows. Within that fragile frame, which looked as if it would snap if you touched it, lay a keen intellect and shrewd business sense, an indomitable spirit and a great heart bursting with kindness.

'She was not one to give in when the going got rough — as it often did — and, except when illness compelled it, to my knowledge she never did. Also she was immensely practical — on one occasion she said: "When the time comes, I want to go out with my boots on."

'She did — her spirit already at 39,000 feet.

'After this service Natalie will be laid to rest at Richmond, directly opposite that famous Memorial to those South African and British Servicemen who gave their lives in two World Wars, and to whose battered but surviving comrades she gave the greater part of her life. I can see now her gentle, wistful smile that it should be so.'

We have said good-bye to a very good friend.

Henry Leach



Mr. Ted Bradford seen with his trophies.

ARCHER OF THE YEAR

Ted Bradford, Chief Coach of St. Dunstan's Archery Club, has been awarded the Hartwell Trophy by the Grand National Archery Society, the country's ruling body, as Archer of the Year.

The award was made after a vote of the membership of the Society. 'It was a complete surprise to me', said Ted, 'I did not know I was being nominated. It is a great honour and I was specially pleased that the two Devon Clubs who put my name forward wrote that their nomination was for my travelling all over the country and encouraging archers — many of whom were thinking of giving up — to continue and improve their performance.' The award also honours Ted's work in coaching archers of all classes from beginner to Master Bowmen.

On June 15th, when St. Dunstan's met the Army Archery Association at Ian Fraser House, Ted was presented with his Army Colours as the Army Chief Coach by Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Dawnay, Welsh Guards, Regimental Officer of the Household Division. Ted has special permission to wear the handsome badge on his blazer. At next year's match his loyalties may be somewhat divided!

Ted's contribution to our own Archery Club is well-known and appreciated at St.

Dunstan's and all our archers will wish to join with the *Review* in offering warm congratulations on these two honours.

Mrs. Natalie Opperman

We are deeply sorry to report that Mrs. Natalie Opperman, President of St. Dunstan's South Africa, died suddenly on June 25th while flying to Britain to visit members of her family here.

Her funeral service took place on July 4th at Brompton Oratory, conducted by Father Antony Alexander, who is Natalie Opperman's step grandson. Father Antony travelled from Genoa, where he is Chaplain to the Port. Three generations of her family were at the service and the private burial at Richmond. St. Dunstaners who knew her, and members of St. Dunstan's U.K. were also present to hear Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach deliver an Address, which appears with his tribute on the previous page.

Mrs. Opperman will be sadly missed by St. Dunstaners here and more especially in South Africa, where her service dates back to 1946. We extend our sympathy to all members of her family and her many friends.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

PEER AND PEASANT

I have been entertained to lunch in a ducal house, Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Sutherland, to supper in a Highland croft, where Jim Harper wrested a living from the boggy acres of Newbigging, Glen Clova, and I cannot say that the one experience was in any way superior or inferior to the other, only different.

The Dukes of Sutherland, mind you, were not exactly popular with their tenants, seeing that in the 1840's these tenants were cleared off the land and their houses burned down, so that a new and more profitable form of land usage, sheep, deer, grouse and salmon, might replace the old one, which consisted of the rearing of black cattle. Highland memories are long, and they told me in Sutherland, the northernmost county of Scotland, that Joseph Mcleod, a B.B.C. announcer in his day, declined an invitation to lunch at Dunrobin Castle on the grounds that an ancestor of the present Duke of Sutherland, the notorious one, had cruelly evicted forebears of his, Strathnayer crofters, in days gone by.

There was grand company to lunch that day when I was the guest of the Duke of Sutherland, diplomats, statesmen, lairds, and I must say the fare was of the best; lobsters, grouse, venison, good wine, and this at a time when in Britain in general, Hitler being on the rampage, short rations were the order of the day. His Grace the Duke of Sutherland was the C.O. of the local Home Guard battalion during this period, and if I got an invitation to his table, myself unbridgeably his inferior in rank, it was because I had the job of training the

Duke's platoons, something of which his Grace himself was manifestly incapable. 'One round, rapid fire,' was a command allegedly given to his company by a Carnoustie Home Guard commander of that era, and it is not unlikely that the Duke of Sutherland might have been guilty of the same.

The farm kitchen at Newbigging differed in most respects, it must be said, from the dining-room at Dunrobin Castle, a stone-flagged floor, a Tilly lamp, a budgie in its cage, Jim Harper's cord of black tobacco beside his worn old chair, but at the same time there was an atmosphere around of what is best described by the Scots word 'couthiness'. You felt you were at home, the smells of woodsmoke and paraffin, the chirping of the budgie, the hissing of the lamp, all these had been missing in the rarefied social climate of Dunrobin Castle, where all the discreetness of the butler, the murmur of polite conversation, the fragrance of cigar-smoke whatever world it belonged to was certainly not that of home.

Ma Harpers Kitchen

The Duke of Sutherland would have been ill at ease in Ma Harper's kitchen, the mince and tatties endured rather than enjoyed, whereas Jim Harper for his part, his jacket out at elbows, his face grey-stubbled, could not have been himself amongst the tartan hangings, the spacious apartments of Dunrobin Castle, let alone with spotless napery, a silver dinner service and an array of knives and forks so complex as to baffle any not bred up to consider such as essential to the simplest meal. The Earl of Airlie, whose tenant Jim is, once visited the Harpers in their farm-kitchen at Newbigging, a peer of the realm who at the same time had not lost touch with common matters and with common folk. 'We're jist twa auld fogeys,' said Mrs. Harper to him, 'lookin' up the lum.' Now nobody said this kind of thing at Dunrobin Castle, though there was nobody there in any way superior to the Earl of Airlie, and perhaps this explains why of the two occasions, lunch with the Duke of Sutherland, supper with the Harpers, I look back with a warmer glow of recollection on the latter.

Laurence Henry Greenham

A tribute

Mr. Laurence Henry Greenham.

Laurence Henry Greenham, aged 67, passed away at the Hollywood Repatriation Hospital, Perth, on 14th May, 1988. His death followed an illness of more than twelve months which he faced in the same manner he had coped with more than 46 years of total blindness — with a sense of acceptance and quiet courage, a determination to rise above adversity, and above all, to maintain his sense of humour.

Laurie lost his sight in a bomb explosion at Pearce R.A.A.F. Station, Western Australia, in February, 1942. At the time he had completed his initial training course and was one of a group of 40 selected for pilot training overseas. The bombing of Pearl Harbour on 7th December, 1941 and the subsequent entry of Japan into the war, put an end to that. Within days the British warships *The Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were sunk and the consequent depletion of convoys in the Indian Ocean prevented the departure of the group. They were instead employed on ground duties whilst waiting to continue their pilot training in Western Australia.

On February 23rd, 1942, Laurie was one of a group of volunteers employed in the



re-erection of a target on the bombing range. An unexploded bomb was detonated and he lost his sight, as well as suffering injuries to his right arm and left leg. He was the only one injured in the accident.

There followed a period of re-adjustment to his changed circumstances and finally he decided to take up switchboard operating, his previous employer, the Commonwealth Bank of Australia, agreeing to take him on in this capacity. He commenced employment with them in December, 1946, and remained with them until his retirement on 14th May, 1986, a valued and highly respected employee.

Laurie joined the Western Australian Blinded Soldiers' Association in 1943, and was an active member from the outset, attending his first Federal Conference as a W.A. delegate in Sydney in 1951.

Some years were to pass before he re-entered the Federal scene, due to pressure of work and family commitments, by then he and his wife, Margaret, who were married on 8th December, 1941, had three small children.

In 1970 he was elected to the position of Junior Vice-President of the Western Aus-

tralian Association and in 1975, Senior Vice-President. In 1976 he was again representing the State as a delegate to a Federal Conference and it was then he met the late Pat Longden, which resulted not only in a firm friendship but also a deepening interest and involvement with Federal matters.

In 1978 he was elected as State President of the Western Australian Association and still held this position at his death. In 1982, following the death of Pat Longden, he became Federal Vice President, and so commenced a period during which he worked tirelessly in the interests of War Blinded St. Dunstaners in Australia, until the onset of his illness.

The final Conference he attended in April, 1987, saw his rise to the position of Federal President. It was indeed a great disappointment that he could only continue with his duties as President for a brief two months before entering hospital.

In April, 1988, the Western Australian Association honoured him by making him a Life Member. Patron of the Association, Mr. Ed. Bensusan, who made the presentation, described him as 'a quiet achiever, who had the ability of overcoming obstacles and getting things done, with sheer persistence and gentle persuasion.' No better description could be made of his approach to his work.

He will be sadly missed.



Reg and Audrey Page with 'Ada'.

Humpering on and on

'The Weekend People', a local Hastings newspaper, recently ran an article about St. Dunstaner Reg Page, his wife Audrey — and their car, Ada! Reg and Audrey bought their car, a Humber Hawk, for £1,200 in 1961, and after 200,000 miles and 27 years, Ada is still as good as ever.

Reg told the newspaper 'We've had very little trouble with her, just one new clutch and one decoke.' All the driving has, of course, been done by Audrey, whilst Reg has been restricted to reversing the car out of the garage, which came in handy when they had a fire in the garage. 'I heard a terrific explosion and realised that the garage was on fire. Audrey couldn't get near the car because the smoke was so

thick. I'm used to being in the dark so I ran in and Ada started first time. I shot back in reverse — it was the only time I drove at speed.'

A fire isn't the only trial which Ada has had to endure. She has taken the Pages all over the country on holiday, and has also had to work as a commercial vehicle. 'When I was making heavy garden ornaments she had to pull a trailer every day,' said Reg.

More recently, however, Ada has been enjoying a more sedate existence with the Pages. 'We don't use her much now,' said Reg, 'Lots of people have wanted to buy the car but I think we'll hang on to her. She has become part of the family.'

AUSTRALIA REVISITED

by Jane and Charles Williamson

Since this article was written, Mr. Lawrence Greenham has died. A tribute appears on page 6.

After our visit to Australia in 1982 we realised it would take many visits to even scratch the surface of such a vast and varied country. However, when we were in Penang on holiday in 1986 we met some Scots from Glasgow who had lived in Perth, Western Australia for 25 years. They invited us to stay with them if ever we decided to pay a return visit to Perth, so we took them up on their kind offer in February 1988.

After an overnight flight from Manchester, with stops at Heathrow and Bahrain, we had a night in Singapore so that we could get some sleep.

We arrived at Perth International Airport at 3.10 a.m. on 10th February where we were met by Jean and John Gillespie, and spent a very pleasant 10 days visiting places in and around Perth and Fremantle. Perth was experiencing the longest unbroken spell of very hot weather whilst we were there — 40° centigrade most of the time.

During our stay Alan Dean, who is St. Dunstan's Federal Secretary in Australia, and his wife Pat took us to see the Federal President Laurie Greenham, who was in the Hollywood Rehabilitation Hospital following a brain operation. Laurie is very ill but remarkably cheerful, and during our visit told a tale against himself. Before going into hospital he decided to have a hair cut. It took him ages to struggle to the hairdressers and back home again and of course the first thing they did in hospital was shave his head! Alan asked if he was going back for a refund. Margaret, Laurie's wife was at the hospital, as it was lunch time and she helps Laurie with his meals. After our visit Alan and Pat took us to lunch at a riverside restaurant (Matilda Quay) near the Western Australia University. A long lunch, with Alan and Charles reminiscing about residents, staff

and events at Ovingdean in 1954, and both of us trying to persuade Alan to bring Pat to the U.K. as she has never been.

Eating out in Australia is easy and cheap. We had breakfast out at hotels on the Quay at Fremantle, refurbished for the Americas Cup and dinner at various restaurants and/or with friends of our hosts. Our last evening in Perth was spent at a house warming party for one of Jean's business friends, another Scot from Aberdeen. A magnificent place with an instant landscaped garden with 30 foot palm trees, pool, sauna, gym, snooker room etc. About 100 guests and a buffet for at least twice that number. We left at about 11 p.m. as we were flying on to Alice Springs at 6 a.m. the following morning.

We could see the land all the way to Alice Springs as the weather was so clear. Sandy and red soil, dried up river beds and little vegetation. Much to our relief Alice was a little cooler, only 36°, in fact. Our hotel room overlooked a golf course, and most players seemed to start as soon as the sun was up to miss the heat of the day. The River Todd runs through Alice and is nearly always dry. They have a regatta 'Henley on Todd' where the crews run along in bottomless boats!! A few days after our visit there was a monsoon and the Todd was flooded.

At one time Australians could only place a bet for any race meeting, if there was a race course with a meeting in their own home town. So Alice had a race course and every half hour on race days the same two old nags would walk round the course so the punters could bet on races in Sydney, Melbourne or Brisbane etc. Now Alice has pukka racing but the law has changed anyhow.

On February 24th we went by air from Alice to Yulara, the township for Ayers Rock. We had a very interesting 5 1/2 hour trip around the Olgas (a mountain range) and Ayers Rock which we didn't climb, but

watched the sunset. An overnight stop and back to Alice the next day. Our hotel was the stopping off place for a rally of old cars and motor bikes to commemorate the first car to travel from Adelaide to Darwin in 1908. (A Talbot). About thirty vintage and veteran cars including the original 1908 Talbot are doing the return journey, Darwin to Adelaide.

On Saturday 27th February we flew to Brisbane, sat next to a lady who was going to her daughter's 50th birthday party to give her a surprise. There were going to be 86 people — all family present. She had three sons, three daughters, twenty-eight grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren.

Vera Bryce, Malcolm's widow was at the airport to meet us, along with her friend Edna (Teddy) Doig. Vera and Teddy had trained as nurses together and had served overseas with the Royal Australian Army Nursing Service. Teddy was Matron in Chief from 1960 until she retired in 1973 with the rank of Colonel. We took a trip with them to Southport, which is south of Brisbane, and we went into the city by train (very like our London Underground). We had a little rain, the first since leaving the U.K., and heard on the news that there was a cyclone (Charlie) hovering off the Queensland coast further north. We hoped it would subside before we set off to drive to Cairns.

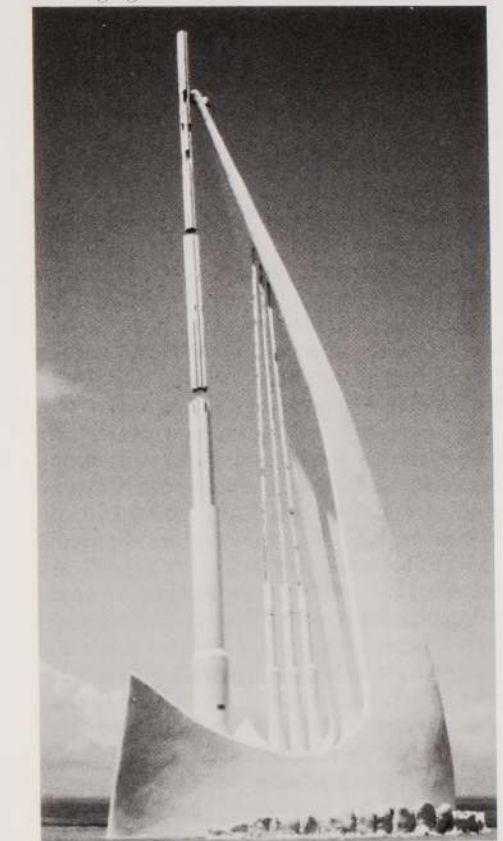
There is a hostel in Brisbane for blind students needing somewhere to live whilst training, called Bryce House in Malcolm's honour. Vera provided a photo of Malcolm which had been enlarged and she was invited to the naming and dedication. On Wednesday March 2nd, Vera drove us back to the airport to pick up a hire car. (A Holden Commodore 6 cylinder, automatic, power steering air conditioned car.)

Vera led us on the the Ipswich Road, Highway 15, where we said our farewells and after a two hour drive arrived at Warwick, where we were to stay with Colin and Elizabeth Johnston for a few days. We talked for most of the evening, and although we correspond with each other, so much more can be said in person. The next day Colin and Elizabeth had arranged a picnic at Foster Park and Leslie Dam. On the way we called at an old hotel

at Sandy Creek run by an Irishman, Hugh Beggs. He had had a bar in Belfast but it had been blown up by the I.R.A. so he emigrated. He said Joe Humphrey had treated his back in 1976!! In the park we saw kookaburras, parrots, galah birds, peewits, magpies, rainbow lorikeets, spottle birds and many more. On our way back to Warwick we visited Mrs. Smith, Elizabeth's mother — a marvellous 93 years young. We went to the R.S.L. club after dinner, and like Britain the drink-driving laws have affected the numbers and it was very quiet. They have a remembrance ceremony every night at 9 p.m. The Last Post is sounded and the remembrance poem read.

On Friday we went to Tenterfield in N.S.W. for lunch, Elizabeth was born in Tenterfield. We walked in Girraween National Park which straddles the border of Queensland and N.S.W., and which has

The Singing Sail at Emu Park.



masses of granite in all shapes and forms. On Saturday we went to watch Colin play bowls, it was very windy so affected the play. We had a few drinks with his playing companions afterwards. We had enquired at the travel office about getting through to Cairns by road, as the highway north of Rockhampton was cut off by the cyclone. They told us to get as far as possible by road and then fly the gap, and pick up another car if we couldn't get through. The rest of Saturday and Sunday we spent in and around Warwick and checking maps and routes for our journey up to the north of Queensland.

We left Warwick at 8.15 a.m. on March 7th and had a good drive through farmland and wooded country via Toowoomba, the Somerset Dam and lake and Kilcoy to Gympie where we booked into a hotel for the night.

A couple of drivers going south were having dinner and didn't think we'd get through. The next day we saw signs 1770 on the sign posts — couldn't make out what it meant. When we stopped at a small town, Miriam Vale for lunch, we had a look at the R.A.C. map and found it was a place Seventeen Seventy!! There are many memorials along the coast of Queensland to Captain Cook who landed here in 1770. We did think of going to have a look at Seventeen Seventy but when we read the road notes we had other ideas. 'Miriam Vale to Seventeen Seventy 63 km - 52 km unsealed (that means dirt) poor corrugated and potholed EXTREME CARE REQUIRED. IMPASSABLE IN WET WEATHER.' So we will never know how big or small Seventeen Seventy is. We reached Rockhampton without incident, the River Fitzroy was extremely high and the motel proprietor welcomed us with open arms. There had been lots of cancellations because the road was cut 32 km north and nothing was getting through, 72 inches of rain in 72 hours!! We booked for a couple of nights to assess the situation and to have a look round as best as we could. We visited two attractive holiday resorts about 15 km from Rockhampton, Yeppoon and Emu Park. The latter had a memorial to Captain Cook to commemorate his landing, and the naming of Kepple Island just off the coast. The mem-

orial was in the shape of a sail made in concrete and the rigging had holes through it so that when the wind blew the sail sang. It was called the Singing Sail.

The R.A.C. told us we could get to Mackay by going on the inland Highway 66. It meant a journey of 700 km instead of 330 km but we decided to do it and see a little more of the State. It was a most interesting journey, part of the way was through mining country, and we passed coal trains with upwards of 50 wagons. There are small townships here and there alongside the railway and we saw very little traffic. This has been our experience all the time when we are away from the larger towns, the traffic is almost non-existent. There are a number of huge Road Trains, big lorries with equally big trailers, but we didn't come across too many of them.

The last 250 km to Mackay was on the Peak Downs Highway, which was a little uncanny for a lot of the way because we were the highest point, the horizon dropping away in all directions — there wasn't even a tree higher than us!!

We reached Mackay at 5 p.m. booked into a motel and after dinner we relaxed to recover from the journey. The car was filthy, as we had been axle deep in dirt on some stretches, and the red earth on a white car was something to see. We found a car wash the next morning and after a little shopping continued northwards towards Townsville, where we stayed at Yongala Lodge, built in 1884 and carefully preserved. The family running it are Greek and they entertain in the evenings on Bozouki, piano, keyboard, singing and dancing. We had a good moussaka and wine. The next day we visited the Barrier Reef Wonderland (A large aquarium where one walks through a glass tunnel with the fish all around). We were told it was a must by someone we met in one of the motels we had stayed at, but we were disappointed, and thought the one at Perth superior.

We stayed two nights in Townsville and then set off for Cairns. A pleasant drive with the sea alongside some of the way and the vegetation green after all the rain. We called in at the local inn at a little place called Mourilyan for a toasted sandwich

and a beer for lunch, and were persuaded to take part in a raffle. We won fourth prize, which was 24 bottles of beer!! We enjoyed it for several days.

We arrived safely at Cairns, and decided to go on the Barrier Reef trip the next day. We were picked up at the motel and taken to the harbour, where we boarded a big catamaran *Reef King*, capable of 30 knots and 300 passengers. A very smooth 40 minutes ride to Green Island (A coral Cay) and then a transfer to a glass bottomed boat to view hundreds of fish, coral of many colours, turtles and eels. We were given bread to feed the fish and it was practically taken out of our hands. The sea literally boiled with fish. Pilot fish attached themselves to the bottom of the boat, and must have thought we were a shark. We spent the afternoon on Green Island, had a very good lunch and back to Cairns by the 'Big Cat'. We had May Bugs (A kind of Crayfish) for dinner and thoroughly enjoyed them.

The next day we changed motels as we were not very comfortable. The new motel was more of an apartment. We had bedroom, bathroom, kitchen/dining area and lounge and — luxury of luxuries — a laundry, so we were able to wash and dry all our clothes, (£24 per night).

On March 17th we were picked up at 8 a.m. to be taken to the railway station where we boarded the commentary carriage of the train going to Kuranda in the Tablelands. Unfortunately, the weather changed and we had our first rain since leaving Warwick. The journey was only 33 km, but took 1 1/2 hours winding through the mountains, going through 15 tunnels. A pity about the weather as the views would have been fantastic if the rain had not been so torrential. The Tablelands missed out on Cyclone Charlie so the rain was very welcome. At Kuranda the station is noted for the hundred or more varieties of ferns growing on and around the platforms. We travelled through rain forest, grain fields, orchards, peanut farms, small towns and visited a lake which was an extinct volcano crater. The timber industry in the Tablelands is in turmoil because the conservationists are worried about the loss of the rain forests all over the world, creating dust bowls and



In Australia even the pebbles are big!

droughts, so the timber people are lobbying the Government to provide money for other industries to replace the timber. On the way down from the Tablelands the coach driver had to negotiate 250 bends in 19 kms, and then we travelled through sugar plantations on our way back to Cairns. We had wanted to stay at Port Douglas for a few days but couldn't get fixed up so decided to stay in Cairns until our departure for Singapore. Our apartments were on a corner at crossroads, the other three corners were occupied by an Anglican Cathedral, a Catholic Cathedral and a Synagogue!! It continued to rain for the rest of our stay in Cairns. When we wanted to walk we took the car into the shopping area and walked there because all the pavements were covered to give shelter from sun or rain. When it was fine there was a fine Esplanade along the coast with masses of bird life including pelicans, cranes and all manner of waterbirds. Trees for shade, seats and picnic tables and opposite the R.S.L. Club a war memorial. We spent a few evenings in the R.S.L.

Club talking to members and staff, everyone being very friendly.

Apart from the building of the EXPO in Brisbane we didn't come across any reference to the Bi-centenary. . . It seemed to be a non event apart from in Sydney and Melbourne which we didn't visit this time. In fact in Fremantle the shops were still trying to get rid of souvenirs for the Americas Cup!!

We left Cairns International Airport on March 23rd in pouring rain but were soon above the bad weather. We touched down in Darwin for an hour, it rained all the time we were there. The staff are well prepared, there was a box of umbrellas to borrow to get from and to the aircraft so we didn't get wet.

We arrived at our hotel in Singapore to a V.I.P. welcome. It was our fourth stay and we had a basket of fruit in our room, Complimentary breakfasts every morning for our ten day stay and any drinks we liked between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. every evening!! We didn't have to do a lot of sight seeing as we had been to most places. However, we did go to the museum to see the Jade collection and to the peranakans which is an old Chinese building and old Chinese

streets which have been refurbished. The Singapore Government have at last realised that most tourists are interested in the old Singapore rather than the high rise modern buildings, and so they are beginning to preserve the Old Chinese and Indian buildings that are still standing, and letting them out to traditional Chinese and Indian traders. Raffles Hotel has also been refurbished for its 100th birthday. Next to the old Raffles has been built Raffles City with one hotel, the Westin Plaze 72 storeys high. We went to the restaurant on the 70th floor for lunch. The lift took six seconds!! It was Jane's birthday on Good Friday. The hotel baked a cake and some of the staff sang 'Happy Birthday', they also gave us lunch and a set of coasters with pictures of the hotel as it was in the thirties, (The coasters were made in Co. Durham, about six miles from where we live!!).

In the evening we went to a Japanese restaurant for dinner with some friends who live in Singapore. A very pleasant end to our holiday.

We had a very comfortable flight back to Manchester arriving at 9 a.m. on Easter Sunday, after a champagne breakfast!!

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

To mark the occasion of The Queen's official birthday, Sir Henry Leach sent the following message:

'On behalf of St. Dunstan's blinded ex-Servicemen and women throughout the world, I should be grateful if you would kindly give Her Majesty The Queen our loyal greetings on the celebration of her birthday on 11th June.' The following reply was received from Buckingham Palace:

'Dear Sir Henry, The Queen has commanded me to thank you and St. Dunstan's blinded ex-Servicemen and women throughout the world for your kind message of loyal greetings, sent on the occasion of Her Majesty's Official Birthday.

Her Majesty much appreciated this message and warmly reciprocates your good wishes.

Robert Fellowes, Deputy Private Secretary

BANKING ON A TANDEM

St. Dunstaner Martin McCrorie recently completed a 50 mile tandem cycle ride from Hull to Leeds in aid of the British Olympic Appeal Fund. He completed the trip with fellow bank employee Colin Rispin, after they had trained three times a week to get fully fit. They raised money by stopping off at all Barclays Banks along the route and asking for donations.

MABS HART

It was with great sadness that we heard of the death of Mabs Hart. Like so many others, Johnny has very happy memories of her. When he arrived in Church Stretton in 1943, Mabs went out of her way to give comfort and 'Mother' him, and she remained a valued friend through all the following years. Mabs was a lovely lady, and she will always remain so in our hearts.

Johnny and Edna Cope

On this day . . .

by Sean Kelly

'The English winter—ending in July, to recommence in August,' wrote Byron, which indicates an awareness of all things weatherwise greater than that of most television weathermen and women. Greater — and stranger — things than inclement weather, however, have happened in August.

On August 15th a century ago, Thomas Edward Lawrence was born in Tremadoc in Wales. To become a famous soldier and writer, fortunately for those with a romantic notion of life, he was to achieve his fame in far climes — Lawrence of Tremadoc, Wales just doesn't sound the same.

August 23rd fifty years ago saw Len Hutton complete an innings of 364, lasting 13 hours and 17 minutes, for England against Australia, whereas today they would be lucky to . . . No, I won't be unkind, but I'm sure you get the idea.

One hundred and forty years ago Robert Coates was killed by a cab in London, doubtless to the consternation of a great many of the city's less discerning theatre patrons. Considered by a few (well — by himself) to be the greatest actor of his generation, he attracted massive crowds wherever he played, although the majority had come to see if he really was as bad as his reputation lead them to believe. At one famous performance of Romeo and Juliet, in the final scene where Romeo is to kill himself, Coates (as Romeo) strode on to the stage waving a crowbar, and then set about opening Juliet's coffin. Well, the Shakespeare ending was a little undramatic for Coates, and he thought of a brilliant new ending. The audience were not so sure, and when they started booing Romeo, he turned to the audience and gave as good as he got.

He would often add scenes to the classics, and if he forgot his lines would invent new ones. If a particular scene caught his imagination, he would play it again. And again, and again — often four times in a single performance. On one occasion during a death scene, he took out a

handkerchief, put it on the stage, placed his head upon it, and proceeded to die. Patrons, on reaching a sold out performance, would offer five pounds to stand in the wings. It can cost less than that even today to see a performance at the National Theatre. Peter Hall eat your heart out.

On August 3rd twenty-five years ago in 1963, the 'Great Train Robbery' occurred, and again serves to advise those would-be miscreants amongst you. If you are going to rob a train, arrange properly for your hide out to be cleaned of fingerprints etc. Get a reputable cleaner from the Yellow Pages, even. The great train robbers didn't, there was a mix up, and the farm they used was left with a wealth of fingerprints and tools used in the robbery just waiting for the police, and provided the majority of evidence which eventually imprisoned the robbers.

Finally, one must sympathise with the Governor of Lincoln Jail, who told Ronald Biggs, the most famous of the robbers: 'Biggs, it is my unpleasant duty to inform you that your earliest possible release date is the 12th of January 1984'.

TOM HART

Tom Hart and his family wish to thank friends amongst St. Dunstaners, widows and staff for their many letters of sympathy on the loss of his wife, Mabs.

DAVID BELL WITH THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS

St. Dunstaner David Bell recently raised more than £1,000 for the Royal British Legion, when he completed a 15 mile sponsored walk.

Subsequently he was honoured for this achievement at the Legion's Hassocks headquarters, when he was presented with a trophy for collecting the most sponsorship money of anyone taking part in the walk.



Seen at the Church built by P.O.W.s at Changi are: (Top left to bottom right) Hedley Bonnes, Billy Griffiths, Frank Jackson, David Teakle, Alice Griffiths, Edna Bonnes and Les Blake.

JAVA TOUR

by Bill and Alice Griffiths

Our group of 20 consisted of nine F.E.P.O.W.'s, one internee, wives or family. Son Bob, daughter-in-law Chris, Barnoldswick; Hedley and Edna Bonnes, Tewkesbury; Frank and Kathleen Jackson, Hale, Cheshire; Robert and May Chapman, Garstang; Les Blake, Gloucester; his son-in-law David Teakle, Arthur Ball, Leicester; Ted and Doreen Read and Hilda Copper, Derby; Peter Barton, Sunderland; John Campbell, Louth; Dr. Derek Sayner, Blackburn and tour manager Timah Ligurdsson, Hull, formerly interned in Java, who could speak the language. We were a very happy group.

We arrived at the Kartika Plaza Hotel at three p.m. Saturday, April 30th at six p.m.

we were taken to the home of Mr. Ron Stones, B.Sc. (Headmaster of the British International School) for cocktails and refreshments. We immediately felt at home, soon there was a hub-bub of conversation with staff of the school and friends, a very pleasant evening and a good start to our tour.

Sunday, a coach tour of Jakarta, Jamal, our courier soon pointed out a building "Gedung Merkedea" (Hall of Freedom). Everywhere flowers, shrubs, trees with poinsettia in abundance. We stopped to look around Glodok, the Japanese P.O.W. camp had been demolished, a smart department store stands in its place. After getting through strict security we were

allowed on to the Kemayoran Airfield which P.O.W.'s had blown up and were made to rebuild when captured. It was sad for five of our group, they recalled two colleagues escaping from Glodok, they got to the airfield, were caught by Japanese guards, made to dig their own graves, then were beheaded. Later another P.O.W. escaped, he actually started the engine of a plane but couldn't start the second engine, he suffered the same fate as the others.

Sunday afternoon, we were entertained to tea at the British Embassy by the Chancellor to the Ambassador Mr. Alan Montgomery and his wife, W. G. Keith Tomlinson, Assistant to the Defence Attaché and his wife and Welsh representative Diane and friends. We were given a hearty welcome, a very generous spread of food was beautifully laid out, something to suit every taste. During conversation officials praised the Indonesian Government for suppressing Communism, although they still get the odd skirmish, but everywhere there is strict security.

W. G. Tomlinson had served in the Lebanon and Northern Ireland, he was interested to hear about St. Dunstaners who had been blinded in Northern Ireland and F.E.P.O.W.'s whose eyesight had been affected by their captivity. He also told us that every two months or so someone has a tummy upset, as indeed did our party. We all signed the book on entering the Embassy.

From there we were taken to Menteng Pulo Cemetery with officials, we signed the register, and met the Rev. Greg Olliffe, Vicar of All Saints Church, Jakarta, he conducted a short service, I laid a wreath on the War Memorial, on the card was written "The Java F.E.P.O.W. Club 1942, We Remember". Robert and Mary had carried that Poppy Wreath from Garstang, I remember them having a little difficulty finding a place to put the mystery box on the aircraft. We wandered around the gravestones, it was sad to see that many P.O.W.'s had died just a few days before V.J. Day August 15th, 1945 and quite a lot just after. They had died from beatings, starvation, overwork and diseases etc.

Monday, off again, this time to visit Tanjung Priok Docks where I had landed after a horrendous sea journey on the *Empire Star* from Singapore. We couldn't even drive down the two mile road leading to the Docks without first getting through the tight security, the Army and Navy followed us and watched us throughout our visit, certain parts were out of bounds for cameras. It was so strange listening to my friends, in particular Frank Jackson who had been with me saying at that time, "We landed over there Bill, we are now walking over the same ground as we did all those years ago." After a few moments it seemed as if the years between had never been, I could almost hear the frantic shouting, the bombing and feel the chaos around me.

We then searched for an old convent building, St. Vincentius, there was a great excitement on finding that it was there, and still a convent school. The priest allowed us in to wander about. I walked up the steps that I had fallen down, found the room where I was confined to when ill with anything contagious, and I could hear the ranting and ravings of Japanese guards. In the main hall, Frank Jackson pointed to the exact spot where I slept near the door.

Bob took me outside, he and my friends were amazed to find that I didn't need an escort, I knew those grounds so well, it was as if I'd never been away. I took them to the hut where I had crushed herbs for a Dutch Doctor. In my minds eye I could see my F.E.P.O.W. friends who had helped me in those difficult days, as others had done in other P.O.W. camps. The next four nights were spent in the Bandeong (Bandung) at the Savoy Hoffman Hotel which had housed the Jap officers during the occupation.

On our four hour journey to Bandung we toured part of the Botanical Gardens, our Guide said that it would take four days to tour them all. Many interesting plants (Iris and Ted Miller would have been in their element) shrubs and trees etc. A tiny plant called the sensitive plant was fascinating, if you gently touched a leaf, the whole plant closed up. In abundance were the spices, nutmeg, ginger etc., our guide said if a woman eats ginger from the tree

she becomes pregnant. Back to the coach besieged by boys selling their wares. Such beautiful countryside. Lembang was a smart residential area. What did surprise us was to see a well kept lovely house next to a dilapidated one, even next door. In every little town or village we went through there were markets.

The next camp was at Garut where Frank and I were captured after we had both driven lorries on the same road that we had just travelled, 46 years ago, to try to rescue 200 R.A.F. lads, but Java capitulated and we were P.O.W.'s. After much consultation we were allowed in the school, Frank found the classroom where we had slept, girls were being taught English in that very room. I had seen this school and remembered the field opposite which had been a mass of guns, ammunition and lorries etc., it was close by that school where we were ordered to disarm booby traps. Garut was the last place I had seen. We wandered about the school and grounds. Frank was particularly excited at seeing everything, the teachers and children were lovely, they all sang for us.

On to Tasik Malaya where our intended escape from Java had been halted by bridges and railways having been blown up by the Japs. After much searching the following day we located the Christlijk Lyceum Girls School which Weary Dun-

lop, Mrs. Mickey De Jonge, Andrew Crighton and John Denman had converted into No. 1 Allied General Hospital in 1942. The kitchen scullery was Weary's operating theatre. As I walked through the grounds and into the main hall, and a room just off which we called the resuscitation ward, I was vividly reminded of my dreadful and seemingly hopeless situation when I was delivered there on the back of a lorry and placed into the capable hands of Weary Dunlop, who performed his miracles of surgery on me and many others. It was the beginning of a life-long friendship with Weary, Mickey, Andrew and John. My mind raced back, and I could see them all there working feverishly amongst the tension, inhumanity, and anxieties, I was filled with emotion, wonder and amazement, even a little incredulity at actually being there walking about 46 years on.

Later we went to Tjimahi Hospital, another former P.O.W. Camp. Again there was tight security, Bob, myself, Alice and Hedley Bonnes (cameraman) were the only ones allowed in the hospital. We were accompanied throughout by soldiers. It was strange to walk along the paths I had known so well, I was astonished that I remembered the slopes and turnings that led me inside the buildings along the corridors to my former sleeping place. Behind the hospital were the barracks, it

Hedley and Billy at Tjimahi Barracks, Bandoeng, where P.O.W.s were to be exterminated.



was in these barracks that P.O.W.'s were to be exterminated on August 18th, 1945. Happily the war ended on August 15th, 1945.

The rest of our party were waiting at the gates talking to a smart old man, I joined them, the old man was bragging about all the languages he could speak, when our friend Arthur told him we were F.E.P.O.W.'s, the man immediately put his hand to his back saying, 'I must see doctor, I must see doctor' and off he went, he was Japanese, it was discovered that he had been an officer in charge of P.O.W.'s and had stayed at our hotel at that time.

Alice said how unusual to see so many guards around a hospital, but we learnt that a bomb had been planted and had exploded in the grounds a few days earlier.

The next day we visited a volcano, and then on to the Hot Springs, the water was really hot, we were warned not to swim but just float as the heat would soak up our energy, friends were worried for me staying in the pool so long, but I was alright my companions were two lovely, shapely, American girls.

The night before we left Jakarta, Ted, Peter, Robert and myself paid another visit to Menteg Pulo Cemetery, we felt we would like to spend a bit more time with the lads in the cemetery. Peter found and photographed the grave of Captain John Rae Smith, again my mind cast back to the time he and I had very bad dysentery, he had died and here I was standing by his grave. We didn't manage to locate Mata Del Rosa and cycle camps, but I was well satisfied at finding the other P.O.W. camps.

Tourism is in its infancy in Java, but our courier Jamal, driver and co-driver/helper of Vayatours were first class, they are a very good team and did everything possible to make our stay in Java the great success that it was, they can be strongly recommended.

Singapore

We soon settled into the Tai Pan Ramada Hotel, which was really excellent with food to please everyone and not too expensive.

Singapore is so clean, if a person is



At Mentang Pulo Cemetery, Jakarta, with the Rev. Greg Olliffe.

caught throwing litter about and not putting it into bins provided he or she is fined 1000 dollars. There are no uniformed police, all in plain clothes so you never know where they are. They have capital punishment. When tipping you must give it to the person, if it is left in the room or on the table they will not take it. In Raffles Hotel the bill states "no tipping please".

It rained everyday for two hours or so, except on the day we were leaving, local people loved the rain.

We visited the cathedral which had been used as a hospital for a while as Singapore fell. On to Changi Prison Museum to see the photos and murals. We were very moved to see the Church that P.O.W.'s had built of Bamboo and Attap.

I particularly wanted to visit Singapore Swimming Club, which the R.A.F. lads were allowed to use at certain times during the war. Next to the Club was Kallang R.A.F. transport section and our camp was opposite, I was stationed there for six months prior to the Jap invasion. I contacted the officials of the Club and was given permission to pay a visit. My main interest was the surrounding area. The R.A.F. no longer existed, but the entrance

and a few old buildings were still there. The old pool was being renovated. We were invited to sign the Club Register. It was good to recapture my youthful days in that area. We bought a few souvenirs from the Raffles little shop, I tried on a sun hat, the girl assistant told me to look in the mirror to see how smart I looked in the hat, which I did to her amusement later.

Several of us had dinner at the Raffles Hotel which we enjoyed, when leaving a young lady ran after us with little gifts.

We thoroughly enjoyed our trip and the company, everyone was so willing and helpful, in particular Bob, Chris, Hedley and Edna Bonnes and Frank Jackson. Congratulations and thanks to Robert and Mary Chapman who had worked so hard organising the tour. Robert is the founder and secretary of the Java F.E.P.O.W. Club.

We were fortunate to have Dr. Sayner and three S.R.N.'s Bob, Chris Griffiths and Kathleen Jackson with us. They helped to alleviate tummy upsets and mosquito bites etc. Many thanks to Timah our tour manager.



St. Vincentius, the former P.O.W. camp at Jakarta with Frank Jackson. Billy is at his sleeping spot, this time with a mattress instead of a board.

OVER THE HILLS? *by Syd Scroggie*

Hills in Scotland over 3,000 feet are called Munros, having been tabulated by a geographer of that name, and when my wife Margaret and I climbed Ben More in Mull the other day, 3,169 feet, it was Margaret's 69th Munro, my 82nd, some 60 of these climbed in Margaret's company. We got good weather for Ben More, blue sky, sunshine, cold breeze, and my tinleg was grateful for pretty good footing all the way to the summit. Six and three quarter hours is a slow time for this hill, yet she would be very pleased, a woman in Tobermory told us, to be able to do it at all. At 68 I'm getting a bit creaky, Achilles tendon, knee, spine, but hope to get up another Munro before the year is out, the Dreish at the head of Glen Clova in Angus. If only because I was first up this hill 50 years ago I would like to do it once more, Ackarn, Corrie Kilbo, Shank of Drumfollow, before irresistible senescence confines an old mountaineer to the house and it's immediate environs.

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The great thing is, and this goes for all activities, is to have done it when you could.

IAN FRASER HOUSE SWIMMING POOL

The swimming pool has re-opened under the management of John Ansell. Patrons should note the extended opening hours, which include the period 11.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. (except for Supper break, 6.00 until 6.45 p.m.) every day for St. Dunstaners, off-duty staff, families, and two guests per family.

PENNY LORD

Penny Lord sends her thanks to all those St. Dunstaners, their wives, widows and friends who have sent messages of sympathy and support on the news of her illness, and regrets that she is unable to thank everyone individually.

ST. DUNSTAN'S BOWLERS AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE

by Ted Brown

How many times have you heard the saying 'It will take a miracle to make that come true'? Well now I can tell you all that the age of miracles hasn't passed. Our miracle happened at the first of the season's outdoor tournaments this May, at, you've guessed it, good old Weston-Super-Mare.

Way back in the winter months, when the cold weather chills you to the marrow, every bowler and their wives talk about the warmer weather and the outside tournaments in the sun. Usually, however, someone will warn 'you had better wait until the second tournament, because the first one is always, yes always, wet, windy and cold' The new bowlers and wives will ask 'What sort of clothing should we take with us?' In one chorus you will hear the reply 'Take all the sweaters and waterproofs you can pack — you will need them.' This year, though, it wasn't to be so.

Following an early lunch we left Ian Fraser House, and arriving at our respective hotels, we were told that the sun had been shining for the last fortnight, and fortunately it continued to do so throughout the tournament. We went to the Ashcombe Park Club on the Saturday evening, where we met a number of our Welsh friends. After exchanging pieces of news and meeting a number of new members to come on the circuit, we had a couple of drinks and went our separate ways home for an early night.

On the Sunday morning, the sun was still shining brightly. We all had a good breakfast, and went off for our first outdoor roll-up, and it was great to feel the sun shining on your back. In the afternoon we went up to Clarence Park, where the tournament was being held, and met quite a number of new bowlers from Wales and Cheltenham. The greens were very fast for the time of year, which we found to be to our benefit throughout the week. There

was a large number of bowlers this year, a record 95, but fortunately the organisers did a great job of co-ordinating the event in conjunction with the markers and wives — well done to everyone.

There is a saying here that if you are still in the competition on the Wednesday, you are doing well, but our bowlers were still in the tournament on the Thursday — well done everybody, you get better each year. This year the team won five trophies, and I can assure you that all the players and wives were absolutely whacked at the end of the week. It's also the first time we have come away from Weston-Super-Mare with a suntan — it's normally rust! This, I am sure, was a once in a lifetime occasion, so I will still be packing my woollies next year.

Following the presentation of trophies by the President of the County bowling Association, we said our farewells and returned to the hotel to do a little packing before dinner. Afterwards we all went to the bowling club and had a celebratory drink or two, saying goodbye to our Welsh friends who we would meet again in less than a week in another tournament. We left on the Saturday with the feeling that the sun does shine on the righteous if you pray hard enough for it, and arrived back at Ian Fraser House in time for afternoon tea.

Due to the pressure of space the report of the English Nationals at Plymouth will appear in the next issue of the Review.

AILEEN TUBB

St. Dunstaners who spent some time at Avenue Road just after the Second World War will be sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Aileen Tapsell. As Aileen Tubb she was a frequent visitor to Avenue Road where her talents as a pianist were in much demand. She was 82.

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Ian Garnett-Orme chats to a St. Dunstaner, Bryn Kainey.

After nearly three years of refurbishment and modernisation Pearson House was formally re-opened by Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, a Vice-President and former Chairman of St. Dunstan's, on June 16th. Mr. Garnett-Orme, who was accompanied by his wife, Katharine, unveiled a commemorative plaque and declared Pearson House formally re-opened. In fact it had never closed.

Work on the refurbishment of Pearson House began in a small way in 1985. Later, complete projects began. First in the Nursing Care Wing then in the Residential Wing. The house did not close and staff and St. Dunstaners coped in whichever half of the building was then available. The completion of the works must be a great relief to Matron Chris King, her staff and her St. Dunstaners but it is more than that. The improvements have brought Pearson House up to the best modern standards, as a home from home for residents and as a working environment enabling Nursing Staff and Care Assistants to give the highest standards of service to St. Dunstaners.



The unveiling of the plaque.

Formal Re-opening of Pearson House

Report and Pictures: David Castleton

Among the official guests was the Mayor of Brighton, Councillor Ms. Patricia Hawkes and her Secretary, Mr. John Piper. There were representatives of the Royal Sussex County Hospital, the Social Services Department, Brighton Health Authority, East Sussex Fire Brigade, Brighton Police, our architects and the building and contracting firms involved with the work. With past and present members of staff and, of course, resident St. Dunstaners, around 150 people gathered in the Winter Garden and in an extension under a marquee for the ceremony.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach opened the proceedings: 'Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme, Your Worship, ladies and gentlemen, good morning and welcome to the formal re-opening of Pearson House. There has, as you know, been a great deal of work in terms of repair, in terms of refurbishment, modernisation and in changes — improvements, I hope — at both our Brighton establishments, Ian

Fraser House and here. This has gone on over quite a long time and caused a great deal of inconvenience to the users of both houses.'

Saying that these works had cost a great deal of money, Sir Henry expressed his gratitude to those members of the Council, 'whose special responsibility it has been to manage our financial affairs which they have done with wisdom and with very shrewd investment over long years. To none do we owe that debt of gratitude more than to Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme who has had 25 years on the Council ending up with eight as your Chairman. Throughout all that time in the marvellous support that he has given to St. Dunstan's he, in turn, has been totally supported by his wife, Katharine, whom we are utterly delighted to see here with him today.' Saying that this was their day, Sir Henry invited Mr. Garnett-Orme to re-open Pearson House.

Mr. Garnett-Orme said that he was honoured and delighted to be asked to



Matron Chris King shows the Mayor of Brighton, Councillor Ms. Patricia Hawkes round the modernised building.

perform the ceremony, 'Just over 70 years ago, this house was presented to St. Dunstan's by the National Grocers' Federation. It was a most generous gift and it has been well used by St. Dunstaners ever since. In 1957 a group of St. Dunstaners suggested that its name should be changed and it was changed to Pearson House in honour of our Founder.'

Mr. Garnett-Orme explained that in 1970, to create more accommodation, St. Dunstan's acquired the adjoining old Kemp Town Brewery, 'This created a total area of one and three-quarter acres and rebuilding was started.' He paid tribute to the efforts of the late Commandant Lawrie Fawcett in coping with the many problems encountered during this rebuilding. As a result, the very modern Nursing Wing was built and the present garden laid out, 'By June, 1973 the work was done and The Duke of Norfolk re-opened Pearson House.

'Now 15 years have passed and it is time for modernisation and this time I understand that the House was kept open while all the work was going on. One realises the

enormous problems that must have caused and I congratulate Simon Conway and his helpers. Now St. Dunstaners at Pearson House are going to have a much more comfortable and better home and I send my best wishes to them and to everyone who works here. For we all know that it is not buildings alone but the skill and the care of the Matron and her staff and all those essential people behind the scenes whom one doesn't see often but who are vital to keep things working properly, including safety. It is they who have always given Pearson House its own special atmosphere of security and friendship.'

To warm applause, Mr. Garnett-Orme then unveiled a plaque recording the occasion. At luncheon, which followed, St. Dunstan's President, Mr. Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, spoke. Saying that an occasion like this gave the opportunity for a friendly get-together, he went on to express St. Dunstaners' appreciation of the people of Brighton, 'In 1917 when the

young St. Dunstaners came back from the First World War and came here, they were trying to enter the community again. They found such a friendly reception all around here and in Brighton and it is nice to give you a special welcome, Madam Mayor, representing the people of Brighton who have always given St. Dunstan's so much support and help.

I would like to extend a welcome to the various members of the churches who are here today because they represent their parishioners around Pearson House and Ian Fraser House, the ones who rally round and work as escorts, readers and all the voluntary jobs that are so helpful enabling our St. Dunstaners to take a full part in what is going on locally. This is an opportunity to be able to thank all those who support St. Dunstan's in so many ways.'

The afternoon concluded with tours of the building for the Mayor and other guests conducted by members of the staff.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Mrs. N. Brown of Liverpool

I am the widow of James Brown, and there is many a time through the years that I've been helped to get over my depressing years, thanks to this wonderful organisation called St. Dunstan's, and now I wish to say a big 'thank you' for the wonderful time everybody had on May 5th at the Liverpool Reunion. The St. Georges Hotel staff were wonderful, and it was lovely getting waited on by such cheerful people.

So Thank You St. D's, God Bless the wonderful staff. Long may you reign!

From J. G. Forbes-Stewart of Norwich

I was listening to Radio Norfolk the other morning and heard a chap talk about the Phoney War in 1939 and 1940. How stupid can people be???

I was in the Med. on the way to Malta, arriving September 3rd on board *H.M.S. Penelope* at 10.30. At 11 a.m. war was declared and we went towards the Dardanelles and patrolled the Med. with the 3rd Cruiser Squadron consisting of

H.M.S. Arthur, Galatea and Aurora. We left the Med. and arrived at Scapa Flow around January 1940 and had a break. From there we were sent to Norway in heavy seas with ice and snow, before eventually arriving somewhere off Norway...

Suddenly there was a tremendous bang and the ship began to leak forward. We spent hours sealing the forward compartments, and limped into Skeljfiord where *H.M.S. Cossack* and *Eskimo* were in a terrible state. The cold was terrible, and all the guns frozen. Suddenly the Stukas arrived and all hell was let loose. Everyone ran for a gun, and we were hit. We buried our dead at sea and were towed back to Scotland and into hospital.

1939 and 1940 was no phoney war. Ask the boys from *H.M.S. Cossack, Eskimo, Hardy, Hotspur, Havock, Warspite and Hunter*. If they are still alive. No one can answer the boys buried at sea. I apologise for writing this to you but I was furious when I heard that people talked about the Phoney War of 1939 and 1940.

Gone fishin' by A. 'Tiny' Pointon

On the last Thursday afternoon of April I received a call from one of the staff at I.F.H. asking if I intended going on the fishing trips the following weekend. As the fishing week is normally later in the month, I thought that this was a mistake. It wasn't, and so it was fortunate that someone took the trouble to check with me.

So, on the Monday, I rose at the crack of dawn instead of the usual crack of noon, and during the process of ablutions the telephone rang, and Jock informed me that owing to too much inclement weather, fishing had been cancelled for that day. No point in going back to bed, but what I did with that time I have no idea, particularly as it was rather draughty in the garden.

On the Tuesday, however, we had more luck, for although still pretty draughty, the coach took us from I.F.H. to the Brighton Marina, and to Brian on the *Sea Break*, Dave on the *Piscean*, and Ray on the *Sea Angler*, on which Bob Forshaw, Bob Fullard, Fred Bentley and myself made ourselves comfortable. Having motored out about five miles, we spent the day removing postage stamp size dabs from the sea bed, unhooking them and returning them to grow into bigger dabs. Ralph Pacitti had some back trouble and had to be brought in, but I am certain the dab was not that big!

The next Wednesday stronger winds again caused cancellation, but the Thursday and Friday were flat, calm and sunny, and so leaving the marina just after nine, we headed out to sea, the steady beat of the diesel running for about an hour and a quarter. Then down went the Bruce Anchor — an interesting gadget, developed, I am told, on the oil rigs, and designed to give better holding. We dangled our hooks. At first there was quite a lot of tide running, but as soon as it slackened off the fish began to bite. Bob Forshaw got a nine pound Spur Dogfish, and I had three small Tope which were, of course, returned to the sea. Several good Silver Whiting were taken as well as one Robin Huss and a Gurnard.

Naturally during the time we were fishing conversation ranged over many topics, while we caught more and more sun, if not fish. Friday was more or less a repeat of Thursday, and Fred commented that his wife could not understand why he was tired at the end of the day when all he had been doing was fishing.

All in all, we had a very good week, although I think I speak for all on the trips in saying that we very much miss those who used to come out with us regularly, and who are no longer with us.

1988 STORY-WRITING COMPETITION

Late this year, we're afraid, but then, better late than never! The theme for our story-writing competition this year is: 'If only...'. Three independent judges, to be named in a future issue, will assess the entries and prizes will be awarded to the two best storytellers. The winning entries will also be published by the *Review*.

To remind you, the rules are as follows:

1. The competition is open to St. Dunstaners, their wives or husbands, and to widows.
2. One entry only from each person, from 500-1,000 words, must be original and not previously published. (With double line spacing, there are about 400 words on an A4 page.)
3. Entries to be submitted under nom-de-plume addressed to the Editor. In a separate sealed envelope addressed to 'Writing Competition, St. Dunstan's Review at Headquarters', please write your nom-de-plume, the title of your story, your actual identity and full address. These envelopes will not be opened until the judges have chosen the winning stories.
4. Entries should reach the Editor by the end of December 1988 and be typed in double line spacing.
5. First prize: £30. Second prize: £15.

Reunions

Newcastle

A much-travelled President of St. Dunstan's took the Chair at the Newcastle Reunion on May 26th. Mr. Colin Beaumont-Edmonds and Joyce, his wife, have journeyed from their home in Sidmouth to Ipswich, Liverpool and to Newcastle to meet St. Dunstaners, their wives and widows. At the Royal Station Hotel there were 19 St. Dunstaners and 15 widows, making a total guest list, with escorts guests and staff, of 68.

Speaking after lunch, Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds welcomed everyone on behalf of Sir Henry Leach and the Council. He mentioned especially two St. Dunstaners attending their first reunion: Ernest Axtell-Axtell and John Shaw. 'We do hope that this will be the first of very many reunions that you will be able to enjoy.' The President also welcomed Mr. John Stone, Chief War Pensioners' Welfare Officer, North Eastern Region, D.H.S.S.

Saying it was good to know that we go on keeping in touch with members of the staff who have retired, he told Mrs. Plaxton and Miss Skinner, 'It is nice to have you with us.' He also told the widows present how pleased all were to see them at the reunion. 'You looked after our colleagues while they were with us and we are glad to see the widows back with us on this occasion.' He also thanked Mrs. D. Inman and Miss. M. Anderson, the Welfare Visitors who organised the reunion.

'Last Thursday', said Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds, 'I was listening to the radio and heard that it was the thousandth anniversary of the birth of St. Dunstan. 'Saying that he had been the Archbishop of Canterbury, the radio commentator made the point that he had the qualities of sympathy, understanding and knowledge of what people wanted and he was a good administrator. I finally thought to myself, 'Well, if that doesn't describe our own organisation', and yet it referred to a gentleman of a thousand years ago and it

fits St. Dunstan's at the present very nicely.

'When I was down at Ian Fraser House in September, the Reverend Michael Bootes, in a prayer, drew our attention to the fact that September was the fiftieth anniversary of the start of the foundations being dug for I.F.H. I thought to myself I wonder why they never put the Chapel in the major part of the building. I was mentioning this to Simon Conway and he pointed out that there was a mention in a report before Ian Fraser House was started: 'The Chapel will have to be put away from the major building because it is right that men should go out on a Sunday and walk to church.'

'It does show you the different outlook in the early thirties from times now — the change. Luckily St. Dunstan's does change with the times. It has always been prepared to change to meet our needs and take advantage of modern circumstances as they change.'

Saying that some changes have been forced on St. Dunstan's, the President spoke of the progress of the work on repairing the damage to Ian Fraser House caused by the hurricane. 'Unfortunately the windows are a long job.

'Nevertheless we still carry on. You will still be able to go on and enjoy your activities down there. Again it is very interesting how the activities must have changed since Ian Fraser House was first thought of. They couldn't have thought of spending a week-end there with a computer or, perhaps, even being radio hams and I doubt whether archery or bowls were thought of very much in the early thirties. Away from Brighton I am sure they never thought of blind people going skiing and mountaineering. It does show how the activities of St. Dunstan's have broadened and changed along with the times.'

Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds concluded with an announcement of the showing of

Partnership For Life with the hope that his audience would enjoy the film and the rest of the afternoon.

Mr. Ernie Ford responded for St. Dunstaners, he thanked the President for the comprehensive survey he had given of St. Dunstan's activities and went on to say how good it was to welcome widows back to their circle of friends. He thanked the staff at Headquarters and, 'The people we come most in contact with, our own welfare officers. When your welfare officer visits you, I must be perfectly honest and truthful, I use her as a sounding board. I can fire questions to her. She may give me favour of a reply or she may not but at least she can stimulate thought and for this I am very grateful.'

He concluded with a generous tribute to the War Pensioners' Welfare Service before calling St. Dunstaners to rise to a toast. 'To all the people who devote their time to welfare work.'

The showing of the film, the prize draw and tea filled the rest of an enjoyable afternoon.

Sheffield Reunion,

The reunion held at the Grosvenor Hotel was attended by 26 St. Dunstaners, 2 lady St. Dunstaners and 13 widows. Mr. Peter Matthews, a St. Dunstaner himself, a former Estates Manager presided, accompanied by Mrs. Matthews.

Mr. Matthews particularly welcomed Mr. Kershaw of Brighouse, attending a reunion for the first time, and who was the only person present from the First World War.

He went on to say how sorry he was to have missed that 'great reunion' at Church Stretton last autumn. He remembered arriving there in January 1945. 'I was welcomed in and introduced to staff and fellow St. Dunstaners. But the atmosphere which struck me at that time has remained with me ever since was, warmth and understanding of the predicament one found oneself in, but at the same time, there was a realistic approach. I would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to all the staff. I know in my heart you have carried on serving us all. You must have done it at great material sacrifice to yourselves, and I take this opportunity to



Mr. Matthews speaking at the Sheffield Reunion.

acknowledge my personal gratuities.'

Mr. Matthews went on to give a brief history of the founding of St. Dunstan's by Sir Arthur Pearson. He paid further tribute to Lord Fraser, to his driving force and his strengthening of the organisation. Mr. Matthews concluded by saying how pleased he was to have been able to meet people, and how much the interests, problems and successes of St. Dunstaners were close to his heart.

Mr. Wandless of Castleford responded on behalf of the guests. He re-emphasised all that Mr. Matthews had said, how St. Dunstan's had always been very good to him. 'There is sympathy and understanding in a way you don't always find elsewhere'. He concluded by thanking the staff of the hotel, and Mrs. Inman and Mrs. Wye of the welfare staff who had organised the occasion.

Eileen Williams presented a bouquet to Mrs. Matthews, after which the St. Dunstan's film was shown, the raffle drawn, and so ended a most pleasant afternoon.

Birmingham Reunion

Once again, the Albany Hotel was the venue for the reunion on 11th June, where 27 St. Dunstaners, and 16 widows gathered. Among the guests were Ms. Sandra Barrett of the War Pensions Welfare Office, and Mrs. T. Horne from the Pocklington homes. Sir Richard Pease, accompanied by Lady Pease represented the Council.

Sir Richard opened his address by saying that the organisation had been in existence 74 years, and each year was an eventful one. Events this year had included Mr. Mervyn Sandys retirement from the Council, and Mr. Peter Matthews election, the storm damage in the Brighton area, the Church Stretton reunion, the production of the new publicity film, and the welcoming of widows to reunions and our Brighton home.

For those interested in statistics, Sir Richard announced that there were 747 St. Dunstaners in the UK, of whom 42 are from the First War, and 399 overseas, of whom 15 are from the First War. There are 678 widows in the UK. At this point, Sir Richard particularly welcomed Mr. Neasham, aged 91, and Mr. Wessel attending his first reunion.

'St. Dunstan's must adapt to the ever changing needs of St. Dunstaners', he said. 'In his notes in the *Review* this month, the Chairman used the phrase "only the best will do", and this should remain our guiding principal.'

Frank Cross started his response by thanking Sir Richard and Lady Pease for attending the reunion. 'I understand this is their first visit to the Midlands; I hope they will come again many times. Personally, I always think of the Midlands as that area which lies between the blustery Yorkshire men and the laconic Cockney. As we grow older, most of us realise more and more how much St. Dunstan's means to us. I think it is a great tribute, that in these times of economic cuts, not only have they not cut anything at all, but have actually increased services tremendously.'

Frank welcomed all the members of staff present and paid particular tribute to our welfare visitor Miss Newbold.

The afternoon concluded in the usual way with a film showing, tea and a raffle.

London, Kent and Surrey

Guests numbering 116 attended the reunion at the Russell Hotel, of whom 30 were St. Dunstaners and 26 were widows. Sir Edwin Arrowsmith, accompanied by Lady Arrowsmith presided.

Sir Edwin, in a witty speech, started by welcoming the guests but said the gather-



At the Birmingham Reunion St. Dunstaner Frank Cross responds to the speech by Sir Richard Pease.

ing would sadly miss Penny Lord, to whom greetings were sent. He went on to particularly welcome Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Shepherd attending their first reunion.

After some childhood reminiscences, Sir Edwin went on to say that the first St. Dunstaner he had ever met was a physio. Sir Edwin had joined St. Dunstan's in 1964 after returning from the Governorship of the Falkland Islands. 'It is rather remarkable, having met Lord Fraser just before I went to the Falklands, that our present Chairman had so much to do with keeping the islands British. Had it not been for Sir Henry, the story might have been very different.'

Sir Edwin reviewed the year's events since Church Stretton. He left the guests with two thoughts about St. Dunstan's. 'We may think of Lord Fraser and Colonel Sir Mike Ansell, as our two greatest St. Dunstaners. Both in their autobiographies left us with some thoughts. Sir Mike in *Soldier On* said, "but to me, St. Dunstan's has the traditions of a great Regiment. There are times when I have been very down. But I have only had to say, "thank the good Lord

I am a St. Dunstaner", to feel two or three inches taller".'

In the concluding part of his *Story of St. Dunstan's*, Lord Fraser wrote, "Some good comes out of evil. Even war itself produces its highlights of human conduct. Britain, and indeed, the world, is the better for the existence of St. Dunstan's, and its message will go on".'

Ron Hazelgrove had a hard task to follow Sir Edwin, but succeeded admirably. He thanked Sir Edwin and Lady Arrowsmith for coming to the reunion, and for the witty speech. He asked that thanks be passed on to the Council for all their help and guidance. Ron thanked the members of staff at all locations. He particularly praised the staff of the Brighton homes for the way in which they had pursued their duties during the storm. Ron requested

that Mrs. Armstrong pass on the good wishes of the reunion to Penny Lord.

Ron had done some sort of welfare work himself and knew how tiring it was travelling around the country each day. He therefore thanked the welfare visitors for their work and for organising the reunion, which was not just a matter of fixing a date. He thanked the catering staff and wondered, if ever they were short staffed, whether they might require the services of any St. Dunstaners who had done the cookery course! It was a great course and highly recommended.

Ron said how delighted he was that there were so many widows present. He concluded with an anecdotal tribute to the wives.

After the film show, there was the raffle, some lively conversation and tea.

ANNUAL TAPE RECORDING WEEK JUNE 13th-17th.

by Ralph Pacitti

On Monday morning our week got under way with a meeting in the Winter Gardens. David Bell, our Chairman, opened the meeting and put us in the picture for the week. This was followed up with questions from the floor, and Reg Goding gave a vote of thanks, and I am sure with a tongue in cheek, described himself as a new boy. Following the meeting we had a lovely afternoon in Sheffield Park, where we had a trip on the famous *Bluebell*!

Tuesday after lunch we went to the Brighton Post Office Sorting Centre. The party was split into smaller groups to allow us to tour the building. This proved very interesting, and modern technology allows this particular sorting office to sort out an average of 1,600 letters per hour. Our grateful thanks, of course, to the Post Office for allowing all articles for the blind to travel free of charge. Later there was Evening Song, which is a must for the keen tape recordist, and it is always nice to have Ivor Robinson with us.

Wednesday began when we made our way 'over the border' — not the real one, but into the Garden of England. We were bound for Finchcocks Living Museum of

Music at Goudhurst. We were welcomed by Mrs. Burnett, and told that our lunch was ready. After a very nice lunch a walk around the grounds was greatly appreciated, and Mrs. Burnett sketched in the history of the house. The house was originally built in the 14th century, and has been used for many different activities. We were then entertained by Mr. Burnett, who displayed his skills on a number of the keyboard instruments.

On Thursday we had the whole day at Birdworld near Farnham. The mixture of birds and all the children around made for some very natural recordings. We all enjoyed our picnic lunch on such a lovely day.

After coffee on Friday morning we met for our 'wash and brush up' session. Everyone had enjoyed the week, and our thanks for this of course to David and Sybil. Bernard Blacker is our new Chairman, and we all wish him luck. The provisional date for next year is June 5th, and this will be confirmed in a later issue of the *Review*. We hope to see all who missed out this year, and new members are more than welcome. It was nice to end our week with dinner in the Winter Garden. Many thanks to Commander Conway, Major Neve, the escorts and all other staff for your help and the transport arrangements.

ST. DUNSTAN'S ARCHERY CLUB ENJOY THEIR TRIP TO CYPRUS

by Ted Bradford

Early in November, 1987, the St. Dunstan's Chief Archery Coach received a request from the Secretary of the Army Archery Association to take eight archers to the Army Archery Association's (A.A.A.) Indoor Championships at Bovington. Due to other commitments, illness and the burden of travelling for some, the S.D.A.C. members could only manage one team of four men. These were Norman Perry, Bert Wood, Tommy Gaygan and Sid Jones who, together with their wives and escorts were taken by coach on the journey to Bovington.

Some time in February/March of 1988 the S.D.A.C. Chief Coach (Ted Bradford, who was also now appointed as Chief Coach to the A.A.A.) was again contacted by Major Mike Fisher of the A.A.A. with an invitation for those same four men and their escorts to visit Cyprus to coincide with a coaching visit by Ted and the Junior Army Archery Squad, this was code-named 'Exercise Golden Vision'.

On our first day, we awoke at our base, the Pissouri Beach Hotel, to find a beautiful, sunny day. Walking on to the verandah we were faced with the lovely blue of the Mediterranean — one could almost throw a pebble into it from one's room. Later in the day Chris Vitali rolled up in a Bedford minibus and all clambered in — quite a feat in itself. Chris took the party to 'Happy Valley', the sports complex for the troops at Episkopi where the Joint Services Archery Club (Cyprus) have their field. Here the team met other archers from the Services' club, among whom were Squadron Leader Peter Newns and his wife Valerie.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in practice at the St. Dunstan's A.C. distances before the party were returned to the hotel. That evening, at dinner, we were able to enjoy the entertainment provided for a large party of French holidaymakers, who on their last night at the hotel, were

determined to enjoy themselves. We joined in! When the entertainment was over some of us went for a nightcap while others went off to bed.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, Chris turned up to transport us to 'Happy Valley'. Again it was a feat to get into the minibus but Bert 'Fair to Middlin' Wood had evolved his own method and had adopted a chimpanzee — like posture to get in and out of the cramped area. Again, it was a rather hot day and the drive along the very bumpy 'road' to the main highway was not all it might have been. Still the party were in good spirits.

We arrived at the field to find targets out at the distances of the day before. The archers set about getting their equipment in place and very soon were hard at practice. It was then learned that Val Newns was to go into Limasol for a hair-do. Would any of the ladies like to go to town with her? Would they! So, while most of the ladies in the party went for a trip round the shops, the men, together with Ted, Chris and Enid stayed on the field for more practice.

After dinner Chris again arrived at the hotel, this time dressed in a lounge suit. He was to transport us to a garden party at the home of the General Officer Commanding Cyprus. Air Vice-Marshal Hayr, R.A.F., had finished his tour as the island forces' commander-in-chief, and was having a farewell party. We were taken to the cliff top at the bottom of his garden, served with wine or beer and nibbles of crisps and sausages, etc. while we waited to be joined by the A.V.M. and the display by the R.A.F. Red Arrows, who were in Cyprus practising their Summer display routine before returning to Britain for the Summer season of aerial artistry. Just before the arrival of the Red Arrows the A.V.M. joined our party and spent considerable time chatting with each member and, before departing, promised to

endeavour to come and see them in action on Sunday.

Saturday, we were joined on the archery field by several members of the Joint Services Archery Club who made themselves known to the S.D.A.C. party and were soon swapping yarns. The original arrangements were that the St. Dunstaners would use the field during the morning and leave the field for the Servicemen and their families in the afternoon. Such was the camaraderie, these arrangements were often left in abeyance as each club enjoyed the others company.

A tournament between the two clubs had been arranged for Sunday and the host club, unknowing of the S.D.A.C. maximum distance of 40 yards, suggested a Windsor round, with distances of 60, 50 and 40 yards. Even though some of the team had never shot further than 40 yards the St. Dunstan's team accepted the challenge.

This meant practice at the longer distances in order to get a handicap — and to get the feel of shooting at these ranges. The host club obligingly put the targets at the required distances for the S.D.A.C. archers to shoot and the four men set to

and practised. Tommy Gaygan seemed to go into overdrive and just could not miss the target. He was having a great time, much to Ted's chagrin — he did not want Tommy to shoot too well as it would give him too low a handicap, thereby making it harder the next day. Tommy had the bit between his teeth and went for all his worth — and obtained a rather low number. Norman also shot rather well and obtained quite a low figure. Bert and Sid were not having such a good day and could only get a moderate handicap total.

That evening the St. Dunstan's party were invited by the J.S.A.C. (C) to a meze evening at one of the local tavernas. Wine flowed pretty freely and the varieties of dishes seemed endless. It was a pleasant evening which all enjoyed. Ben, one of the youngsters, took a shine to Norman, and attached himself to the team captain for the rest of the visit and was almost like a shadow.

Arriving at the field on Sunday morning we discovered it had been smartly set out with some seven targets placed at 60 yards and, most of the Joint Services Club present. The Lady Paramount, Mrs. Pat Vitali, was presented to the assembled

The party assembled at the old roman amphitheatre at Paphos.



archers and with Ted as Field Captain the tournament soon got under way. It was a very hot day and as the field was in a 'bowl' it was very oppressive. Tommy and Norman could not regain their form of the previous day and seemed to struggle during the morning session: Bert was going fine and Sid seemed to be going well, especially at his more normal distances. During the morning session Air Vice-Marshal Hayr paid a visit to watch the archers in action and spent a time talking to them before dashing off to finish his packing.

At the break a barbecue of gigantic proportions was prepared by the host club and, again, wine flowed. Were they trying to spike our bows? A.V.M. Hayr paid another visit and chatted to the team, posing for several photos before making his final exit.

During the afternoon Tommy began to experience pain in his leg but continued to the end. Norman, even with his shadow to encourage him was unable to improve to any great extent while Bert did well and Sid gradually got on top as his more normal distance was reached.

The shoot was finally over and while the results were worked out the archers packed their equipment away or just chatted among themselves. At the presentation ceremony, it was discovered that the J.S.A.C (C) had won and were awarded the medals accordingly. The St. Dunstan's party did not come away empty-handed as Enid and Bert were presented with medals for their individual results.

Monday was supposed to have been the day of the arrival of the Army Youth Squad, but due to dangerous cargo being airlifted to the island they were unable to travel aboard the R.A.F. transport planes. Their trip was cancelled, much to the annoyance of both the St. Dunstan's team and the Service club. This cancellation meant that Chris was free for the day (he was due to meet the plane at Akrotiri) and so elected to have the morning and early afternoon taking the team for a trip to the port of Paphos for a little sight-seeing. Because Tommy's leg was giving cause for concern he and Audrey (who had done the trip before) elected to stay and have an

easy day at the hotel. Crowding in the minibus the rest set off for Paphos with Chris giving a running commentary all the way: past the Diana Rock and along the coast road to the port. The first stop here was at the old Roman amphitheatre where the party had to perform the Nero 'bit'. You know, thumbs down, 'Chuck him to the lions!' This to Ted, who was standing on stage taking the photos. Then it was on to the House of Dionysus where some of the most beautiful mosaics can be seen.

Leaving these relics we were driven into the old town of Paphos where we sat on the quayside and drank a cup of coffee before starting on the road back. Arriving back at the hotel we were joined by Tommy and Audrey. Tommy's leg was no better so Chris decided to take him on to the Medical Centre to see the Army doctor after dropping the rest of the team at 'Happy Valley'.

The doctor's diagnosis was not as bad as was feared but he did suggest that the leg be bandaged, that Tommy report to the centre the next day and that he report to his own doctor on returning home. Tommy and Audrey elected to return to the hotel leaving Chris and Ted to return to the archery field.

The final full day, Tuesday, was meant to be a triangular match between S.D.A.C, J.S.A.C. (C) and the Army Junior team but due to the cancellation of the latter's visit, the match could not take place.

Instead, it was decided that practice might not be a bad idea. First, however, there had to be the trip to Akrotiri in order that Norman could be interviewed by the forces' radio station. Dropping Norman and Ted at the studio Chris took the other members to the NAAFI and shops. Meanwhile Norman (with Ted) was shown into the studio to meet the D.J. who was to conduct the interview.

Gingerly stepping among and over the myriad cables that littered the studio floor, the pair were shown to two seats, all the time being admonished to absolute silence while the DJ was chatting over the air. As soon as the records were playing he asked a few questions of Norman and then had a microphone placed in front of him. At the end of the record Norman was introduced and asked a few questions.



Bert Wood demonstrating his own way of getting in and out of the mini-bus.

The interview over, the pair walked back to join the group who were enjoying a drink at a small cafe. Congratulating Norman on his performance the party made their way back to the minibus for the trip back (stopping on the way to do some orange 'scrumping') to 'Happy Valley' to prepare for practice. However, the elements had different ideas and just as shooting was to start the heavens opened up and it rained — hard. The next couple of hours were spent sitting under canvas and trying to keep dry while chatting and eating lunch. It did eventually stop and practice was started.

Dinner was not taken in the hotel that night. Instead the J.S.A.C. (C) committee was invited to a dinner by S.D.A.C. at a local taverna. The proprietor had kindly donated the first few carafes of wine and this seemed to be forever flowing. After the meal Norman rose to make a short speech in which he thanked the members of the J.S.A.C. (C) for their hospitality and help in making the trip so successful and enjoyable and then presented Chris Vitali with a St. Dunstan's Archery Club banneret for all his help and enthusiasm in

ensuring that the trip was a success. Chris replied that it had been a pleasure and very rewarding and that he hoped that a team from the S.D.A.C would be able to return in 1989. The party left leaving Brenda to settle with the taverna owner from the funds supplied by St. Dunstan's.

Wednesday was a fine and warm day and most of the party spent it around the hotel pool before finishing their packing. The hotel allowed the party to have dinner so an hour or so was taken up with having a meal. Around 21.30hrs Chris arrived with the army bus and loading began. Then it was the long drive to Larnaca airport to board the plane which was to leave at 02.00 local time and arrive at Luton at 4.50 a.m. BST. We said our good-byes and thanks to Chris and then passed through Customs into the departure lounge.

We arrived back at Luton to be met by the coach driver who transported the team to HQ, leaving Ted and Brenda to make their own way home. The trip was a very enjoyable experience and the entire party thank the J.S.A.C. (C) and St. Dunstan's for making it possible.

We Appreciate your Help

by Norman Perry

Fine weather is often considered to be the essential element to the making of a good holiday. This is true to a large extent, but there are many other hidden factors that are necessary in order that all will enjoy themselves, amongst the foremost of these being good transport arrangements, comfortable accommodation and pleasant company. All these were provided for the party of St. Dunstan's Archers who went to Cyprus at the invitation of the Army Archery Association, and were hosted by the Joint Services Club of Cyprus.

For the good transport arrangements we thank Mr. Weisblatt and Frances Casey, whose attention to detail ensured that we arrived at Luton Airport in plenty of time for our flight, and were picked up on our return at the unearthly hour of 6.00 a.m., and on arriving at H.Q. were welcomed by the Staff with tea and sandwiches. Thanks to Major Chris Vitali, who selected the accommodation for us at the Pissouri Beach Hotel with its modern and well appointed facilities and friendly staff, for transporting us to and from Larnaca Airport and acting as chauffeur during the whole visit.

It is difficult to find words more fitting than 'thank you' for the way in which the members of the J.S.A.C.C. readily accepted us into their company and made every effort possible to make us welcome. To mention one in particular we thank Val Newn for taking our wives into Limasol and Dodge City in order that they could do a little shopping. Thanks to Audrey, Emily, Enid and Ina for not spending too much on the shopping outings, and for their work as escorts and spotters. To the members of S.D.A.C. who on this trip worked well together and willingly shot the 50 yards shoot, and did very well at it.

Above all out thanks to Ted Bradford for supervising the whole trip, ensuring that all of us and our luggage and equipment was placed on and off the planes, and seeing that we had packed lunches to sustain us on the archery field and for his

never ending, never tiring coaching. Finally, a word of thanks to Major Mike Fisher who was mainly responsible for following up the suggestion of inviting a S.D.A.C. team to Cyprus but who was unfortunately unable to bring his teams from the Arrow-gate Bowmen to take part in the competition — fortunately we met them in June at I.F.H.

HAPPY VALLEY, CYPRUS

by Bert Wood

A galloping Major named Chris,
with organised speed did assist.
St. Dunstan's archers and their entourage
Down to Happy Valley at a reasonable charge.

Happy Valley a complex for sport,
Where runners run, balls are kicked, hit, and
caught,
Where archers arched in this sun drenched
scene,
And arrows sped to target and green.

To the House of Dionysus for a visit one day,
He was not at home, needless to say,
(long dead)
His beautiful coloured mosaic floors
were there still with scenes of Apollo,
Daphne and Nokne,
All clearly described by Chris so even the blind
could see.

We sat on sun warmed stone seats at the
Amphitheatre, down on
the stage Ted Bradford performed in toga and
laurel leaf crown
Feed the swab to the lions we roared, and gave
him the old thumbs down.
How quickly the days passed by,
And soon came the time to say goodbye;
To our chauffeur, friend, and guide Major
Chris Vitali
And the friendly family archers of Happy
Valley.

I dedicate this fine piece of work to Natasha the Tooth.

Good scores during successful archery meetings

by Ted Bradford

The St. Dunstan's Archery Club's Summer meeting started officially on Monday, June 6, with a practice on the green in front of IFH, 13 members being present. In charge was Chief Coach Ted Bradford, together with Laurie Austin and Roger McMullen. After lunch the first of the week's tournaments was held. This was for the Spurway Cup shot over five dozen arrows with the targets placed 30 yards for three dozen and 20 yards for two dozen; a nice easy round to start the week.

All tournaments (bar one) shot under S.D.A.C. Rules are based on handicap. As in golf each archer must have a handicap and this is obtained by taking the average of the handicap total to which an archer has shot in his first three rounds. A handicap book gives an allowance for each handicap and, should an archer shoot better than handicap his total, after adding the allowance, should be better than 1440 — the figure on which the archery handicap system is based (this is because the highest total possible in archery is 1440). Any archer who has a total above this figure is said to have bettered his handicap and if sufficiently high will have his handicap figure adjusted accordingly. The archer with the highest handicap adjusted total wins the tournament.

At the end of the first day, Tommy Gaygan, who had started with a handicap of 88, had totalled a superb 1537 to take the Spurway Cup, with Bert Wood 1525 and Sid Jones 1451 in second and third places. George Hudson, who was the overall top scorer with 442 had also beaten his handicap (1450) and Walford Davies, a recent victim of a mugging attack, had equalled his exactly, (1440).

Tuesday's tournament was for the Curly Wagstaff Memorial Plate. A severe test with eight dozen arrows to be shot at the S.D.A.C. maximum distance of 40 yards. This, the third year of the tournament, was the best weatherwise but, even so,

there was a tricky breeze coming from the sea. New member, Pat Murphy, did not turn up for this tournament and Walford had a dental appointment but Joe Prendergast had arrived to shoot. Scores were good and although Tommy, Bert and Sid had had their handicaps adjusted, all three shot better than their new ones. Full results:

Posn.	H'cap	Name	Score	Adjust total	New h'cap
1	83	Tommy Gaygan	576	1668	76
2	89	Stan Sosabowski	436	1612	84
3	78	Bert Wood	532	1544	72
4	93	Sid Jones	281	1509	91
5	81	Eric Bradshaw	409	1457	81
6	89	Ted Paris	235	1411	
7	78	Norman Perry	364	1376	
8	88	George Allen	199	1363	
9	88	Jerry Lynch	180	1344	
10	85	Charlie McConnaghy	215	1235	
11	-	Joe Prendergast	732		

Five men had bettered their handicaps and the top four would be adjusted; Eric had shot above his best but by only one place, so his handicap remained the same for the next day. George Hudson won top score award.

Wednesday is always Dacre Trophy Day and for this prestigious trophy a Grand National Archery Society round is shot; a St. Nicholas, with four dozen arrows shot at 40 yards and 3 doz. at 30 yards. The weather remained dry but the tricky wind of the day before had turned to offshore and had freshened considerably. This affected the archers by making it hard to hold their bows steady and when the arrows were loosed, they quite often flew at odd angles towards the target. Several times an archer was blown just as he loosed the string, causing the arrow to miss the target. Even so, the scores were good and seven men shot better or equalled their handicaps.

Results:

Sid	346	1532
Tommy	515	1505
Stan	386	1482
Bert	488	1466
Jerry	315	1463
Norman	447	1453
Eric	386	1442
Ted	250	1420
George Allen	270	1418
Charlie	233	1342
Joe	656	—

It was a real battle for the top score of the day between Bert Wood and George Hudson, made even keener by the fact that they were on the same target and were aware of what each other was scoring. Eventually, however, Bert just managed to get ahead to beat George by 21 points to take the highest overall award.

Thursday R.U.C. Pairs day. This is the

Norman Perry looking pleased with his last round.



only time when actual scores count. The top scoring archer is paired with the lowest scoring archer from the previous day's tournament, the second highest with the second lowest and so on. This year Charlie was paired with Joe, but, tragedy at home meant that Charlie had to be rushed back and therefore could not take part in the one tournament he really wanted to win. This meant that Joe was unable to shoot in the Pairs Tournament but he decided to shoot anyway.

The whistle was blown and the tournament was under way in fine, sunny weather. There was still a little breeze but not enough to affect the bowmen too much. Today's shoot turned out to be the quietest of the week as each man concentrated on his shots in order that he would not let his partner down. This round was shot over six dozen arrows at 30 yards and some good scores were achieved. In fact, two pairs bettered by more than 100 points the record for the round that was achieved last year. The final result was a win for Tommy and Ted but, due to a disputed Field Captain's decision, five points were deducted from their score of 868 to give them a grand total of 863. Full results:

Ted	320	Tommy	548	- 868	-5	-863
Sid	374	George H	484	- 858		
Eric	358	Norman	350	- 708		
Jerry	230	Bert	446	- 676		
Stan	350	George A	165	- 515		

George Hudson again won the overall unrewarded medal.

The last day of the in-house competitions is for the Royal Insurance Trophy shot over two distances: 48 arrows at 40 yards and 24 at 30 yards. Some of the archers had much lower handicap figures at the start of this round and it would be hard to equal or better them after four days of concentrated shooting. However, Bert Wood maintained his consistency and again shot better than his handicap but not high enough to gain a further reduction. Eric Bradshaw, with a 1454 achieved the highest adjusted total of the day to take the trophy that Ted Paris has called his own for the past two years. Second to



The St. Dunstan's Archery Club and the Army club photographed in front of Ian Fraser House.

Eric was Bert with 1445 and, on the same score, Ted. This is the first time that two men have achieved the same total, therefore, in accordance with G.N.A.S. Rules the placings were decided on most hits: Bert had more than Ted, so took the Silver Medal. The rest of the field followed in order: Sid, 1442; George H., 1420; Walford Davies, 1399; Jerry, 1393; Joe, 1391; Tommy, 1389; Norman, 1345; Stan, 1312; and George Allen, 1310. Overall highest score went to George Hudson.

After the tournament the Annual Dinner was held, 84 persons attending. Included were the President of S.D.A.C., Mr. Anthony Wood and his wife Margaret, the Vice-President, Mrs. E. Dacre, Mr. & Mrs. Weisblatt, Commander Conway and, the Lady Paramount (the supreme arbiter at an archer tournament), Georgea Kent (Mr. Weisblatt's secretary). The various trophies, cups and medals were presented to the winners and then the last award of all: The Grand National Archery Society's Handicap Improvement Medal for the archer who has gained the largest group in handicap during the week. This year, with a -19 it went to Tommy Gaygan, who must wear it each time he shoots or else pay the forfeit of buying a pint for each archer on the tournament field!

Next morning was the annual tournament against sighted club, Cuckfield Bowmen which also included another in-house trophy to be shot for the first time: The Laurie Austin Cup. The result of this match was a win by the S.D.A.C. and the

return of the cup they lost to Cuckfield the previous year. Jerry Lynch won the Laurie Austin Cup.

Some 25 people boarded the coach on Sunday to be taken to the disabled tournament on the Isle of Wight and, although not winning any significant award a good day was enjoyed by all.

Following the strict instruction of the Chief Coach that no shooting was to take place on Monday, the archers had a chance to relax and get refreshed for the big task over the next two days: on Tuesday a match against the R.A.F. followed on Wednesday by a match against the Army.

Tuesday was a bright and sunny day but with a breeze, just right for a good day's shooting. The R.A.F. fielded 11 archers to the 10 of S.D.A.C.; again the shoot would be held on handicap and the top five from each side would make their respective team. Guest-of-honour for this day was Air Vice-Marshal Ramsey-Ray who arrived just as the tournament began. Being a keen sportsman in his time (he admitted to being 75) he asked lots of questions, spoke to each contestant and showed great interest. The match was completed in time for lunch which was held in the Winter Garden. Then the results were announced:

SDAC		RAF	
George Hudson	1480	Brian Hall	1448
Bert Wood	1558	Paul	1454
Eric Bradshaw	1421	Colin Glenister	1427
Ted Paris	1435	Rob Coles (capt.)	1470
Jerry Lynch	1461	Bob Norman	1453
	7355		7252

A narrow win by the S.D.A.C. team and the A.V.M. passed back to St. Dunstan's the Cup and Shield that the R.A.F. had won at Cottesmore the year before. Lady Paramount, Sheila Glenister, handed each member of the winning team their medals and the medals for best results of the day. The R.A.F. team captain won the highest overall score award. The men of the R.A.F. team did not go away completely empty-handed, however. A banneret of the S.D.A.C. was presented to each member of the team and one was also given to the Lady Paramount (a bouquet) as well as to the A.V.M.

Dr. Stan Sosabowski, who shot well during the week.



The members of the Army team began to arrive early the next day. They were confident of victory, especially as they had several young men from the Junior Leader Regiment's Youth Archery Squad amongst them and, added to this, they learned that St. Dunstan's had only narrowly defeated the R.A.F. The weather for this day's shooting was quite warm with little breeze. The Army A.A. had managed to gather some 18 archers for this match (S.D.A.C. 10), some of whom were extremely good shooters, among them the Army Champion, S/Sgt. Mike Davey of the Royal Dragoon Guards and Sgt. Dave Marsh, another member of the full Army team. Both men were later to be presented their Army Archery colours.

The shooting was soon in progress and, from the way the opposition were placing their arrows in the target, it looked as if S.D.A.C. were going to lose the Guards Cup. But S.D.A.C. were not done for yet. They suddenly seemed to get into top gear and showed just what they could do. Half-way through the match the day's guest-of-honour arrived: Lt.-Col. Charles Dawnay, of Welsh Guards, was standing in for the Major-General commanding the Household Brigade. He stayed for a while before going up to I.F.H. with Commander Conway.

Again the match was completed in time for lunch and all made their way to the Winter Garden for refreshment and to hear the results. These were:

SDAC	Army A.A.	
Norman Perry	1528	Ian Overal 1438
Ted Paris	1514	Roy Spillar 1440
Bert Wood	1509	Richard Milligan 1443
Jerry Lynch	1464	Ian Strachan 1443
George Allen	1467	Mike Prince 1498
	7482	7262

A superb win for S.D.A.C. and personal bests by team members Norman Perry and Ted Paris. A special tribute to George Allen who was able to pull out all stops on the day after struggling most of the week. This was the third victory over the Army, 100% so far. The Guards Cup stays at I.F.H. and team members were delighted at their performance, especially as they had a strong team to contend with. As with the previous day, the dignitaries and team were presented with a S.D.A.C. banneret.

D.F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

I hope that the weather will be as good as when I set out to write these notes, a bright sunny day with little or no breeze around.

Vegetables

Keep all empty beds dug over and keep the hoe going amongst the growing crops, and use the hose when it is dry. Pests, snails and slugs will be around, so take measures to combat them. Dig up the main crop of potatoes and leave the tubers on the top soil when there is no rain about, then store them in non-plastic sacks for the winter. Onion main crop will be just about ready for pulling now, but it might be a good thing to bend over the leaves for a while before getting them out for hanging in the shed. Runner beans will be ripening regularly now, so it might be a good thing to pinch out the main growing points so the side shoots will get growing and give beans for some time. Some seeds of lettuce and raddish can be sown in a warm spot for quick growth. Pick any ripening tomatoes, and water the plants regularly, with an occasional feed.

Archery concluded

The 1988 Summer Archery Meeting was very successful, both in personal and team performance. However, more St. Dunstaners are needed to help swell the club's ranks and any St. Dunstaner who wishes to try his hand at this very demanding and skilful sport should not hesitate to apply for training.

Lady Paramount, Miss Georgea Kent, presents a medal to Tommy Gaygan.



Flowers

Keep the hoe going regularly, and put some growmore pellets down. Greenfly will still be about so use insect sprays regularly. Cut all the blooms which are past their best so that more growth will be encouraged. Tie sweetpeas to their posts for a good show later on. Roses will be giving their best now, so cut away flowers which are losing their petals. Give all the bushes a good dose of fertilizer at root level and spray against insects and black spot.

Lawns

Grass will still be growing pretty well, so keep the mower going. After dry conditions get the hose out, or set up the sprinkler. Remember to maintain the edges of the lawns, so that the whole place looks neat and tidy.

Fruit

Some summer pruning can be done in the next month, which means cutting back the tall thin growths. Thin larger clumps of apples in order to give good quality and size later. Grease bands can be put on all trees, which means setting them about a foot above the ground on the main trunk. Some earlier apples will be ready for picking now. Remove canes from raspberries which have fruited and leave only a few for next years cropping. Clean up all strawberry beds and leave only a few runners for next year.

Greenhouse

Cut down the watering and put pots on their sides until they dry off completely. Some items, such as calceolaria, cineraria and primulas will now be ready for transferring to their flowering pots for late winter or early spring. Schizanthus can be started now and give a wonderful show at the end of the year. Roman hyacinth, freesia and many other garden bulbs can be started now to give a good show at Christmas and early new year. Tomatoes will be coming to the end of their production now, so remove any semi-ripe fruit and ripen them on a sunny window in the house. Cut down the number of times that you have to open the windows, and don't spray water on the floors.

My Pilgrimage to Lourdes 1988

by Mary Mitchell

I had wanted to go back to Lourdes for a long time, as it was the most wonderful pilgrimage that I have ever been on.

The pilgrimage began with Mass at Westminster Cathedral, and we then took a coach to Dover, where we boarded a Sealink ferry for Calais. We boarded our coach for Lourdes, singing hymns and saying the Rosary on the way. We celebrated Mass every day, as we had our own spiritual director with us, Father John Armitage. He was a most helpful priest, and nothing was too much trouble for him.

On the first day we had Mass in one of the Hospital Chapels, and on the second, Mass was celebrated in the Grotto. Cardinal Hulme was in Lourdes at the time, and he said Mass for all the English speaking Pilgrims. On Tuesday afternoon, we walked on the route following the steps of Bernadette, and in the evening saw a film of her life, which was very interesting. Her family was very poor, and they lived under conditions we cannot imagine in our affluent society.

The sick pilgrims are the most important people in Lourdes, and absolutely everything gives way for them. When you look at their suffering, and their faith, it makes you ashamed that you worry about petty things, because compared to them you have nothing to worry about.

Torchlight Processions

We took part in the Blessed Sacrament Processions for the blessing of the sick, and the Torchlight Processions in the evening. The hymns are sung in several languages, and when it was the turn of the English pilgrims there was a great crescendo of singing.

Since widowed I have gone on my holidays by myself, but have not stayed alone very long, as people are so friendly that they make sure that those who are alone join up with other groups. On this pilgrimage I met a lady from Australia, and we became friends, and hope to write to one

another. We spent a lot of time together and swapped stories of our respective countries.

I hope I have managed to give you a little insight of what a Pilgrimage to Lourdes is like, and I am looking forward to going again in about two years time.

CLUB NEWS

National Bridge Harrogate

Those wishing to participate and at the same time enjoy a weeks bridge in Harrogate from October 8th to the 15th should contact Mr. Ian Dickson at Headquarters as soon as possible so that bookings can be arranged for transport and hotel accommodation.

Social and Sports Club Dinner

The St. Dunstan's Brighton Social and Sports Club Dinner will be held on Saturday October 29th in the Winter Garden at Ian Fraser House. Owing to the impossibility of seating more than 86, priority will be given to those who have taken an 'active part' in Club affairs.

Application for tickets for the Dinner to be made in writing before October 1st to Mrs. Osborne, 128 Lustrells Crescent, Saltdean, Brighton, Sussex.

BRIGHTON CLUB BRIDGE

Saturday June 18th, Individual Results

1st	R. Pacitti	67.0
2nd	R. Evans	62.5
3rd	Mrs. A. Clements	58.0
4th	W. Lethbridge	
and	Mrs. Pacitti	56.8

6th	Miss Stenning	50.0
7th	W. Phillips	47.7
8th	J. Padley	46.6
9th	R. Goding	42.0
10th	Mrs. Douse	40.9
11th	R. Fullard	39.8
12th	Miss Sturdy	31.9

ANNUAL COMPETITION RESULTS SO FAR

Pairs:

1st	R. Pacitti	273.6
2nd	W. Lethbridge	257.2
3rd	R. Evans	249.3
4th	R. Goding	206.8
5th	J. Padley	198.8

Individuals:

1st	R. Pacitti	289.2
2nd	W. Lethbridge	279.5
3rd	R. Evans	257.7
4th	R. Goding	254.0
5th	J. Padley	233.5
6th	W. Phillips	203.1

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Tommy Gaygan, of Harrow, Middlesex, as the Army Archery Association have named their highest accolade in Junior Military Archery after him — The Gaygan Shield. This trophy will eventually have a short history of Tommy's army and archery career on the back.

Mr. J.H. Norris, of Northwood, Middlesex, who won two First Class prizes in the Middlesex Association for the blind, in their recent Exhibition of Handicrafts for Metalwork and Leatherwork. Mr. Norris wishes to thank John Brown, Norman Priest and Lenie Hinton at Brighton.

SILVER WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Parr, of Mark, Somerset, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on June 8th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lockhart, of Dagenham, Essex, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on June 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Norman, of Bradford, West Yorkshire, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on June 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Norris, of Northwood, Middlesex, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on June 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Rowe, of Minehead, Somerset, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on June 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tibbit, of Capel-le-Ferne, near Folkestone, Kent, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on June 12th.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. T. Donnelly, of Llandudno, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary which they celebrated on June 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Jeanmonod, of Pinner, Middlesex, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on June 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Oakes, of Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary which they celebrated on June 4th.

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to:

Dr. David Bell, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Bell, of Haywards Heath, Sussex, who was married to Demeta Lowrison on July 4th at Oxford.

Mr. J. Morre, grandson of *Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Evans*, of Gloucester, on his marriage to Tracy Brain on June 11th, at Quedgeley Parish Church, Gloucester.

Mr. Kenneth Robinson, son of *Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson*, of Darlington, County Durham, who was married to Miss Vanessa Blackwood, on May 21st.

Margaret Elizabeth Saunders-Nunn, daughter of Mrs. P. Nunn, widow of the late *Mr. Francis Nunn*, of Ilkeston, Derbyshire, on her recent marriage to Mr. Auckland Brown on June 4th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Hilda Collins, widow of the late *Mr. J. N. Collins*, of Cardiff, on the birth of a 13th grandchild, a son Andrew James, born on May 8th to her son Stephen and his wife Theresa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Foster, of Barnsley, West Yorkshire, on the birth of a grandchild, Alexander Gerard, born on April 21st to their daughter, Hillary, and son-in-law Gerald Galvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McConaghy, on the birth of a second grandchild, Gillian Lisa, born on June 21st to their daughter, Barbara, and her husband Ray McFarland.

DEATHS

We offer condolences to:

the family of Mrs. Gladys Greaves, widow of the late *Mr. Colin Greaves*, of Leicester, who passed away on June 23rd.

Mrs. D. Martin, of Emsworth, Hants, on the recent death of her sister-in-law.

The family of Mrs. Moya McLaughlin, of Roehampton, daughter of the late *Mr. Frank O'Kelly*, who passed away at home in January.

Mr. A. Paulson, of Burgess Hill, West Sussex, on the death of his sisters, Elsie Maski and Dora Paulson, in May.

The family of Mrs. G. Pitkin, widow of the late *Percy William Pitkin*, of West Kensington, who passed away on May 30th.

Mr. George Blake Swanston, of Pearson House, on the death of his daughter, who passed away recently at her home in Sweden.

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.

D. Beddoes, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

Mr. Dennis Beddoes, of Northfield, Birmingham, passed away in hospital on June 17th, having been in poor health for some time. He was aged 70, and was a St. Dunstaner from 1944 to 1946, and again from 1968.

Mr. Beddoes served as a Private with the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment from 1940, until an exploding mine and gunshot wounds caused severe injuries to his face and eyes in 1944 whilst serving in France.

Following his discharge from the Army in 1945, and after his training with St. Dunstan's at Church Stretton, Mr. Beddoes began work as a

gardener at the All Saints Hospital in Birmingham in 1947, where he remained until his retirement.

On June 21st 1975, Mr. Beddoes married Florence Round, herself a registered blind person. Mrs. Beddoes cared for her husband devotedly, and we send her all our sympathy.

L. H. Greenham, R.A.A.F.

Laurence Henry Greenham, of Perth, Western Australia, passed away on May 14th, 1988. A full tribute to this Australian St. Dunstaner appears elsewhere in this issue.