

**St Dunstons
Review
July 1989**



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Free to St. Dunstaners

JULY 1989

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Cover Picutre: Dog tired.
Happy, St. Dunstaner Ray
Hazan's guide dog bathes in a
cattle trough during the recent
walk. See page 14.



From the Chairman

Next to swimming, which requires the proximity of water in large and fairly congenial form, walking is probably the best method of general physical exercise for keeping fit and helping with 'the old complaint'.

Walks can be made particularly interesting if they take you through places of historic or cultural note. Usually these routes are over a fair distance and in the trade they are described as Treks or, in cases where the mileage is really long, as Pilgrimages. Such a one was last year's walk from Glastonbury to Canterbury; this year has been 100 kilometres of The South Downs Way. It is hoped to make something on these lines an annual event.

Elsewhere in this issue I offer a few light-hearted reminders on the infinite variety of this form of exercise.

Have a nice walk.

Henry Leach

Reunions

Sheffield, May 4th

There were 22 St. Dunstaners, with their wives or escorts, and 12 widows at the Grosvenor House Hotel for the Sheffield Reunion on 4th May. Their guests were Miss M.J. Boyle and Mr. F. Powell of the War Pensioners' Welfare Service and Mr. and Mrs. Norman French. Including escorts and staff the company numbered 74.

All received a genial welcome from Mr. Michael Delmar-Morgan, Vice Chairman, who was accompanied by his wife. In his speech after lunch Mr. Delmar-Morgan welcomed them more formally on behalf of the Council of St. Dunstan's, particularly mentioning Mr. Kershaw, the oldest St. Dunstaner at the reunion and only First War member, and Mr. Williams, 'Our most recent member.'

Mr. Delmar-Morgan expressed his thanks to the staff and to the wives of St. Dunstaners, 'I will finish with some words of Lord Fraser, "Some good comes out of evil, and even war itself has produced it's 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." Thank you.'

Mr. Robert Thorne spoke for St. Dunstaners in responding to Mr. Delmar-Morgan. He mentioned first, two St. Dunstaners in hospital, Mr. Saunderson and Mr. Timiney and then expressed thanks to St. Dunstan's for the reunion, 'We must thank Miss Mosley and Mrs. Wye, I hope she is with us for a long time to come.' He also praised the staff of the hotel.

There was music and the prize draw but most of all there were lively meetings of old friends during the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Delmar-Morgan were busy making many new friends among St. Dunstaners as they moved about the room before tea concluded a pleasant and enjoyable occasion.



Marion Lurot, of the Welfare Department, presents widow Mrs. Harrington with a bouquet on her 79th birthday at the London Central Reunion.

London Central Reunion, May 6th

47 St. Dunstaners and 25 widows gathered on a warm and sunny day at the Russell Hotel. Major General Sir Maurice Johnston, K.C.B., O.B.E., accompanied by Lady Johnston represented the Council. Sir Maurice started by welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Wills, a newly elected Member of Council and attending his first reunion and taking the opportunity to 'learn the ropes'. Sir Maurice ventured that a speech should be short and contain three 'F's, if we were to pardon his spelling — fact, philosophy and funny jokes.

On the factual side, Sir Maurice welcomed six St. Dunstaners attending their first reunion and went on to give the latest statistics. He further reminded guests that the Chairman had asked for any suggestions as to how St. Dunstan's might celebrate its 75th anniversary next year.

Sir Maurice proceeded by philosophically comparing marriage to the three day event at Badminton. He is keenly interested in horses. 'The first event is

dressage. The horse is strong, virile and powerful. That is the man. Until along comes the rider, the woman, and tries to curb and dominate that will! The next trial is the cross country course, full of large obstacles, just as in life. Here, horse and rider complement each other to overcome these obstacles. At the end of the three days is the show jumping, which is quieter and easier, as in the retirement years. 'But here again, it is a partnership. I want to pay credit to all St. Dunstaners' wives, who help them to lead such full lives'. Sir Maurice concluded with a couple of funny stories, which received a warm round of applause.

Jimmy Wright responded on behalf of the guests. He started by apologising for his appearance, which was due to an argument with a gutter whilst ducking to avoid a bumble bee! He went on to thank Sir Maurice and Lady Johnston for attending, Barbara Davis and all members of staff

who organised the day, and the hotel staff.

Jimmy continued by referring to Church Stretton, the reunion held there in October 1987 and his arrival there in January 1945. Like many, he expected an institution, but found kindness and understanding. 'At Stretton, there were so many of us together, with all different handicaps, helping each other. Friendships were forged, which still exist today. We were so fortunate training together in large numbers. I am sure we all feel for the younger St. Dunstaners coming in, they do not have that advantage that we had. I think it essential that training standards are maintained.' Jimmy hoped that sports would become, once again, a main stream activity.

Bouquets were presented to Lady Johnston and to Mrs. Harrington on the occasion of the latter's birthday. The day concluded in the usual way with a raffle and tea.

At Sheffield first War St. Dunstaner John Kershaw, and his wife Olive, show his medals to Mr. and Mrs. Delmar-Morgan.



Earlier this year, former President of St. Dunstan's Sir Mike Ansell was awarded a Gold Medal by the Federation of the German War Blind, in recognition of his work on behalf of war blinded people. He is seen here being presented with the medal by Sir Henry Leach.

SOUNDINGS

St. Dunstan's is jointly sponsoring with British Telecom, a new monthly magazine tape called *Soundings*. Circulated by the Talking Newspaper Association, it is available free to their members and to St. Dunstaners. The 60 minute tape is planned to include special features, interviews, travel topics, humour and items of special interest to blind listeners. It is more a pocket radio programme than a Talking Newspaper which is appropriate as the producer is John Henty, a former Radio Brighton broadcaster.

St. Dunstaners who receive the *Talking Review* will automatically be sent the new magazine. Others interested should let the Editor of the *Review* know and arrangements will be made to put them on the mailing list.

TRAINING WORKING PARTY MEETING AT IFH

The Working Party, which is looking into all aspects of training within the organisation, will be holding a meeting at IFH on Monday, 31st July. They would like very much to hear the views of anyone connected with St. Dunstan's. The committee will be available to members of staff from 1100-1200, and to St. Dunstaners from 1200-1300. The meeting will take place in the Winter Gardens.

URGENTLY REQUIRED

G19 Beginners Computer Handbook, cassette number 3.

If anyone has a copy, would they please lend it to the cassette library at HQ so that a sub-master can be produced. Please send the tape to Ray Hazan.



'They were really terrific shows,' says Gwen, second from the left. To her left is Beryl Sleigh and on her right is Joan Walch, later Osborne.

As I Remember

SHINING EXAMPLE, Part 2

Gwen Obern talking to David Castleton

In part one, Gwen told how, after years of hesitation following an explosion in a munitions factory, she decided to go to Church Stretton, where she learned that her sight would never return

'I was crying every day, going up and down to Longmynd, and who was there but Joe Walch. I kept saying I'm going home tomorrow and then he'd pretend to cry, "If you go home it will be awful." He was very wonderful also Mrs. Walch and Joan Osborne, or Walch as she then was. They used to take me to their home every Sunday for lunch and tea and he worked jolly hard for me to stay in St. Dunstan's.'

It was a bad time for Gwen at the beginning, far from home and learning that she was to be blind, but the magic of Church Stretton soon began to work: 'Well, then they said, "We're going to a dance" and I thought I've really come to a stupid place — go dancing? So I went to this dance. I love dancing, I was sitting in the corner and somebody came and asked me to dance, "Oh no, I can't dance," I said,

"I'm blind." It was Joan Walch and I was dancing again. She was the first one. The next one to come up to me was David Bell. He said, "How are you?" I was shaking his hand, his artificial hand, and he walked away leaving me his hand. I nearly went through the chair.' That was Gwen's first experience of St. Dunstaners' humour and the healing process had begun.

There was still physical healing to be done: 'They were wondering what to do with me. I couldn't master braille. They tried me on moon and I couldn't feel it. I had two little fingers crossing each other. I had so many grafts on my hand and they did it all up there in Church Stretton. The operations then were carried out in Longmynd, you see. So we were going backwards and forwards on the trolley to Tiger Hall.

'Then they brought Beryl Sleigh to meet me. I'd just been having an operation on my left little bit of a hand so Beryl came to see me when I was in bed at Tiger Hall. She sang to me *Sofly Awakes My Heart* and I sang to her *Bless This House* and we've been staunch friends and good pals ever since. That was in the end of 1943. Beryl had been in St. Dunstan's before me although I should have been in St. Dunstan's first. Marian and I were the first women to be blinded in the Second World War but we wouldn't go to St. Dunstan's. Beryl came back to Church Stretton because of the bombing in London.'

Music and singing were Gwen's keys to success in overcoming blindness: 'I joined the little concert party that Les White had then. Les White was a First World War man, he was a braille teacher and he had a concert party and we did very nice concerts.' She had been singing since she was a child, 'My father taught me to sing. I was in the children's choir and I used to go about singing wherever there was a concert in one of the local Chapels.'

Arrangements were made for Gwen to have singing lessons from Dr. Percy Hull at Hereford Cathedral. 'They would put me on the train in Church Stretton and there was a Dr. Owen in Hereford. His maid would meet me off the train, take me there to lunch and then take me to the Cathedral cloisters for singing lessons. I was going once a week for the first few weeks. Going all that way for three lines was very boring but I had to memorise the words and the tune. It was very difficult.

'One particular day I was having a lesson and it was *O, Divine Redeemer* by Gounod. Then the telephone rang. He said to me, "Now, Gwen, I'm going out to answer the 'phone, I will be about five minutes." So I sat in the chair where he put me and I took a deep sigh and I started singing to myself, *Pistol Packing Mamma*. This voice came from behind, "Gwen, I'm putting your music in your music case I'm ringing Dr. Owen's house, putting your coat on. I don't want to see you for a month." He said that I insulted Gounod by singing such trash. I was always in trouble.'

There were other lessons she shared with Beryl Sleigh: 'We used to go down to a Miss Jones for singing lessons and we were



Egg and spoon racing. Gwen characteristically with tongue out, concentrating hard.

learning the Barcarole from *The Tales of Hoffman*. Beryl was singing the second part and I was singing the soprano part. Later we were singing for the troops in the hall in Church Stretton and we thought we may as well go in for a drink beforehand. Funnily enough I have never drunk it since, it was rum and blackcurrant. I think we had about five if I remember rightly. As we were going on stage, I said, "You know what, there's one thing, we don't know the words very well but I think after this we won't know them at all." So we got on the stage and we sang word perfect!

At Church Stretton life was quite different from the more strict environment of a Welsh Chapel community and this brought her some embarrassment when she had visitors from home. 'I'd never had a drink before I went to Church Stretton. Ernie, with my brother and his wife, came up for the week-end. It was absolutely pouring with rain and there was only one cinema in Church Stretton. It was a long film and it was fully booked — it was *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Ernie said, "Look, Gwen, we can't walk about in this rain, it's

ridiculous. There's a pub here, The Buck's Head, we'll go in here for a drink, your mother won't know." Of course, my sister-in-law didn't drink. So in we went and I was being very quiet because I could hear the girls and the boys sitting in there. Ernie said to my brother, "You'll have a pint and, Gwen, lemonade?" and he went to the bar and said "Two pints and two lemonades, please." The barman looked across, "What's the matter tonight, love? Lemonade?" I said, "That's my husband! Meet my husband." "She doesn't want lemonade," he said, "She drinks the Blue Nile." Which was a new cocktail they had made up. Ernie came back and he said, "Now I know why you are sending for pocket money every week." Some of the girls and the boys, Vi Delaney and a few of them, were teasing me shouting, "Come over here Gwen", because they didn't realise my husband was with me. Luckily Ernie is a broad minded chap and, later, he met quite a number of them: Jimmy Legge, Len Cook, and Tom Hart who came back from Germany.'

The real Gwen, the seventeen year-old cycling up the hill with dance dress hitched up under her coat to fob off her boy-friends, was coming back. She has so many memories. Tom Hart, for instance, "They were great, great days in Church Stretton. Matron Paine was wonderful and, of course, Miss Hodge, as we knew her then, who became Tom Hart's wife. Tom used to ask me out for a little walk every evening and we would walk down towards Church Stretton. One evening he said to me, "Do you mind walking on the outside, Gwen?" "Not at all," I said. So we were walking along and I asked, "What's that passing, Tom?" "Well, it's a herd of cows and I'm afraid of cows!" — I said, "I am too!" We both just jumped over this stile. I don't know how we managed it but we did. Then he said, "I've got to go back now, I'm taking Mabs home." He was courting Mabs and no-one knew at the time. After they got married I used to go out to visit them in Shrewsbury where they lived.

Then Sybil Bell, she is an outstanding person. David used to take me every morning to the Orange Tree where Sybil was training, sort of domestic science things, to make cakes and things like that.

He was buying all kinds of cakes, coffees every day. I went from 9 stone 2 to 11 stone 5 so that he could marry Sybil! It was a great sacrifice. Sybil was so wonderful and we were great friends.'

A trip to London to see Mr. Stewart, who made the artificial eyes, got Gwen into trouble. It was the time of the flying bomb attacks: 'Miss Watson, the Matron, took me from Church Stretton to London to have my eyes fitted and we were staying then in 12 Park Crescent for the night. It was a bitterly cold month and of course I had a very thick vest on. She hated us wearing our vests under our nighties but I did. I couldn't take my eyes out as I had to keep them in for 48 hours. Well, when I woke up in the morning I had lost an eye. I felt and there was no eye there. I didn't let the Matron know that I slept in my vest. She came in to say there was no time for baths as the trains were leaving earlier because of the doodle bugs. They were looking all over the place in my bedroom for my eye and couldn't find it. We got back to Church Stretton and Elizabeth Robinson, she was one of the V.A.D.s, a very pretty girl. I think at the time she was a young nurse. She was undressing me and all of a sudden, "Oh, Gwen", she said, 'I don't know how to tell you this but you've got a lump in your chest.' I said, "Never to God, I haven't." "Yes you have," she said. Then, as she took my vest off, there was my eye stuck right there. When Miss Watson got to hear of it she had to ring London right away because, you see, they were going to take the floor boards up in the bedroom. I was so pleased I had found my eye but I had a row then for keeping my vest on, I couldn't win.

'I used to get into trouble without meaning to. If there was anything going on I was right in the middle of it all. Perhaps it was being Welsh and speaking louder than everybody else, I don't know, but they always knew that I was there somewhere!'

Then Claude Bampton came and Gwen was in her element: 'He really was a wonderful musician and he taught us everything from . . . let me see, we did *Chu Chin Chow*, we did *The Desert Song* and he'd hire the clothes from London for these shows. They were really terrific shows.



(From left to right) Barbara Bell, the late Blodwyn Simon, Gwen and Marjorie Bell, visiting Wells Cathedral on a ladies reunion.

They were coming from all over to hear us. We were very talented.' All the songs had to be learned by ear: 'We had to go to the rehearsals regularly in the evenings after our training, sometimes we were there until about nine o'clock and especially if a concert was coming along. It was really very hard, he expected a very high standard.'

There were concerts in Shrewsbury Hall for the Red Cross. 'We were all in costume. I took the part of Carmen in extracts — quite a number . . . And Joe Weeks, now I haven't heard about Joe Weeks for years and he was Chu Chin Chow and he did it jolly well. Of course when Beryl came back she was in a few of the concerts too and there was Jock Steele and his family quartet dressed in their wigs. Beryl sang with them too and I sang with them. We mostly sang the more serious songs. Sadie Stokes used to sing the popular songs, she had a very good voice. She was singing with the band and I remember her singing "Jealousy" and it was beautiful. She is a great character, Sadie.'

'The last concert was something we'll never, ever forget. It was very sad but it was

such a success! I had already left Church Stretton but I came back for the last concert. It was very, very moving when Claude left.'

Leaving Church Stretton had been hard for Gwen: 'Because, you see, while we were in Church Stretton and in Belmont we were going round to all the different places. We used to go for trips then to Shawbury to the R.A.F. Camp for dancing. Bob Lloyd was an excellent dancer, so was Tom Hart and to be asked to dance with either of them was a very great honour, I always thought, because they were terrific partners.

'Every Wednesday we used to go in for the afternoon to a film at the Granada in Shrewsbury. Tommy Gaygan used to come in and he met Audrey there and then they got married. I was great friends with so many — too many to mention really. Joan Osborne, she was a great companion to everyone. She was only about 15 when I knew her but I think Joe and Mrs. Walch and Joan in the beginning were really the backbone for me with Sybil and Audrey Gaygan and, of course, Tommy and I had lots of great fun.

'We had sports and I remember running

in an egg and spoon race and when the photograph was taken I had the egg and spoon and my tongue was hanging out as I was running, concentrating.

'Once you had settled down there were no fears, nothing. Everybody was so friendly and very good pals. I can't describe it any other way because I enjoyed all my time there.

'Then to think of leaving to come home. One was frightened, one was packing, happy to come home but on the other hand it was a very frightening thought to be coming out into the world because you were sheltered so much, well cared for. So all in all Church Stretton, I think, is something that will always stand out in one's mind. They were great days because we were all together in everything.'

'When I came home, we had a three storey house then, three flights of stairs. A very high house and very difficult but I mastered it. Ernie kept saying are you sure you are all right? The only thing was, I felt I couldn't do the things I used to do when I was in Church Stretton. My mother was there as well but by this time my Dad had passed away in 1944. I only wish he had lived to see how I mastered blindness, to bring myself back to the way I am. I wish he could have known. He taught me the way to sing and the way to stand in front of an audience because I did sing an awful lot before I went to Church Stretton.'

It was her singing that helped her out into the world again, 'I had singing lessons at Cardiff University under Mrs. Eustace Davies and I was invited to an audition with the Lyrian Singers by Miss Mai Jones, a producer with the B.B.C. in Cardiff.' Gwen toured factories in South Wales singing in the famous radio series, *Workers' Playtime*.

'Beryl and I were invited to Lord Fraser's house and we went to sing for a man from the B.B.C. We sang *We'll Gather Lilacs*, a duet, and we were on *In Town Tonight* from London with Valerie Hobson.

Gwen sang for St. Dunstan's Appeals Department. 'I travelled the length and breadth of England and Wales. I went round singing everywhere, Basingstoke, up as far as Barrow-in-Furness, all up North. Every concert I went to Claude Bampton came to play for me — even in

Aberdare. Beryl and I used to sing for them.

'Claude Bampton brought Jimmy Ellis down to a place not far from here, called Brynmawr. Jimmy was playing the trumpet — this was for fund-raising. I was singing and he was speaking as well. Claude Bampton was on the piano, Jimmy was on the trumpet and I was standing by the side of Jimmy and he announced *Amor* and all of a sudden my brain wouldn't work, I just couldn't think. I'd been singing, with the encores I'd had, for well over an hour. I sang, "Amor, Amor, Amor," then forgot the words. I sang "Da da da da" like that and with that the words came back to me. Jimmy Ellis, his cheeks right out and Claude Bampton nearly fell off the piano. He didn't know what I was going to sing next.

'When I went up to Barrow-in-Furness Jimmy was playing again and speaking and I was singing and Miss Watson, the Matron, came as my escort but she'd forgotten to pack my dress to wear on the stage. We were staying in this beautiful house and the lady let me borrow one of her dresses, a beautiful blue gown. It was a really gorgeous gown. I was singing *Alice Blue Gown* and when we went back for a meal before we went to bed she said I had sung it so beautifully that she would let me keep the gown.'

In more recent years Ernie has been unable to share in Gwen's activities except at second hand. Like her father, he suffers from pneumoconiosis. 'He came to Church Stretton for weekends, he came to see the concerts in Shrewsbury and he has been down to Ovingdean. Then my mother became so ill that he was unable to come with me and now he is able to come he is ill himself.'

Gwen is very aware that not every marriage would have survived that disastrous day in December 1940. 'He has never grumbled and he has never, ever said to me, "Oh, no you're not to have that or you're not to go there." He'll always tell me if I've got a spot on my skirt or if I have a ladder in my tights. He'll say, "Gwen, I was passing in the taxi and in the shop in Aberdare I saw a lovely outfit that would suit you. Let Megan take you down tomorrow to look." He doesn't mind me

'The Times' 50th Anniversary Commemorative Tour

by Tom Hart

On the morning of the 26th of April, the *Champs Elysees* sailed for Calais with approximately 700 ex-service men and members of the public for *The Times* 50th Anniversary Commemorative Tour of Calais and the battlefields of the area.

It was a beautiful morning and, as it turned out, the weather continued to be as nice during the day as it did when we started. On board were several personalities including Dame Vera Lynn, General Sir Anthony Farrar-Hockley, whom the ex-P.O.W.'s will remember attended one of our reunions, and Colonel Hughes, Vice-President of the Royal British Legion.

On the journey, Professor Bond gave a lecture outlining the reasons why the 30th Brigade under Brigadier Nicholson was rushed across to Calais with orders to defend it to the last hour. The Brigade consisted of the 1st Btn. Rifle Brigade, 2nd Btn. King's Royal Rifle Corps and the Queen Victoria Rifles. At that time B.E.F. was withdrawing to the coast and Field Marshal Lord Gort felt it was imperative to keep open one of the Channel Ports... This was Dunkirk.

Calais was held for four days against two Panzer Divisions and this delaying action, along with Hitler's intervention halting

As I remember *continued*

going away. After having such a horrific accident to have someone like Ernie, I'd say that I've already had 49 years of real happiness and our anniversary this year will be a golden wedding which has been golden through all the traumas of life.

'I can't visualise blindness because I don't see blackness at all. When I'm looking at anybody I see a most gorgeous silver grey colour not a deep black at all. These are plastic eyes but I don't see black that people think we see.' Neither does Gwen look for the dark side of life. She has been through her dark times and makes no bones about it but now her sense of fun and zest for life bring brightness into the lives of all around her — she shines.



Tom Hart with Dame Vera Lynn.

the German Armoured Divisions for a period, allowed the B.E.F. to fall back and evacuate from Dunkirk.

I was invited to join the V.I.P. coach and on landing in Calais we made our way to the Green Jacket Memorial on the Quay-side. There we paused for several minutes remembering the many men who gave their lives that others may make their way to freedom.

We then proceeded to the Hotel de Ville where we were received by the Mayor of Calais, Mons. Jean-Jaques Barthe. The Mayor then presented Dame Vera Lynn, Sir Anthony Farrar-Hockley and myself with plaques bearing the Coat of Arms of the City of Calais.

Visits were then made to the Green-jacket Museum and the Eperleques, where the V2 rockets were assembled and fired. This was a massive building of concrete, in parts over fifteen feet thick, which withstood tons of bombs dropped by the Allies, including the five ton Tall Boys. This was overrun in 1944 by the Canadians who liberated Calais and prevented the Germans firing a rocket every six minutes against London, as was their intention. It was a memorable day, no doubt the first of many events to commemorate the anniversary of the real beginning of hostilities after the phoney war'.

The Walks of Life

by Sir Henry Leach

The winter blizzards are far behind us, snow on the mountains has long since melted, there is real heat in the sun and once again we enter the season for walking.

Walking is a pastime of lifelong variation and relevance. 'First Steps' are taken early and the one-year old master of this art is then recognised by the professionals as a Toddler. A few years later, at school, the youngster has to endure that ultimate in boredom The Crocodile (a strange description since crocodiles don't walk they slither.) Generally speaking adolescents reduce their walking to a minimum; they are in a hurry to get on with things so they run.

Thereafter people get down to the business of walking more seriously. It offers such a great variety. You can walk from A to B simply to get there (dull), or stride (note the difference) over the springy turf for the sheer exuberance of being alive and out in the country on a lovely day. Or go Hill-Walking (climbing?) if you really want to tone up your muscles. Even as I write David Castleton, our Public Relations Officer, is walking *backwards* along the Crib Goch ridge desperately trying to keep in front of St. Dunstaner Ray Sheriff who is bravely trudging on the way to Crib y Ddysgl — for a reason he will tell you if you ask him.

Then there is Hiking, a technical term involving the carriage of rucksack and sleeping bag and the ability to ignore the weather and like it. A specialised variant of this is Hitch-Hiking but the operational parameters of this devious skill are classified.

Another highly specialised version is Courting, sometimes referred to as Walking Out (never In); it demands the complex encircling of one arm around the upperworks of your partner while the other claps her midships section: thus

entwined one's speed of advance is limited. I remember my mother describing how once she had experimented with my father in this mode of progress: after a few unsteady steps they collapsed in a nearby ditch convulsed with laughter.

One of the gentler applications of the noble art of walking was invented some years ago by Johnny Walker. The main feature of this exercise consists of raising the forearm to head height and lowering it again. On the frequency and duration of this activity depends the degree of fatigue generated. Though more expensive than other forms it is also more flexible in that it can be practised from either a standing or a sitting posture. This form of walking usually follows other types; when it precedes them it can lead to problems of stability and balance.

As with many other things the Services are a bit different. Sailors don't walk they roll. Opinion varies on whether this gait is attributable to ship-motion or rum. Nowadays ships are stabilised and the tot has been abolished but a distinct swaying by the sailor in forward motion can still be observed.

Soldiers don't walk they march. It is said that the Army marches on its stomach. This is as difficult as it is uncomfortable, though the incentive for adopting such a posture is enhanced when under fire. Cavalrymen can hardly walk at all; impeded by their high boots and spurs they contrive to waddle forward like a pigeon, toes in heels out. When on the ground if they forget themselves for an instant they go base over tip. Nowadays there aren't enough horses to go round and many of them have to make do with tanks (the main difference being that whereas the horse jumps *over* an obstacle, usually the tank bashes *through* it). In most tanks it is not absolutely necessary to wear spurs, the effectiveness of which is apt to

Our Holiday, Out East

by June Benson

My husband Ron and I recently returned from a wonderful holiday in Singapore, Phuket, Thailand and Australia. Our stay in Singapore at the start of our travels was with our son Mark, his wife, and our little grand-daughter, Nina, aged two. We were given a marvellous welcome. Singapore is a very impressive island, very clean and modern, and we were taken by our son to visit the very many places of interest. We

then flew to Phuket Island, and spent a delightful holiday there in the tropical sunshine.

Our next flight took us to Sydney. At this point Ron and I would like to thank Miss Mosley for her very kind help in contacting the St. Dunstan's organisation in Sydney, which gave the two of us the opportunity to meet some of the grand people who are part of the great St. Dunstan's worldwide family. We were contacted by St. Dunstaner Alan Williams at our hotel, and he arranged a meeting and lunch at the Combined Services Club in Sydney, and we had a fantastic day. Our group numbered ten, and Australian hospitality being very lavish, we enjoyed a marvellous lunch, with lots of friendly banter and conversation, lasting well into the evening. On leaving Ron and I felt we had known these friendly folks for years, such was the relaxed atmosphere.

During our stay in Sydney we visited the most magnificent Opera House, and were given a tour of a national park to see some of Australia's beautiful scenery by Stan and Betty Walden. They also took us to a yachting marina at Akuma Bay near Sydney, and afterwards were treated to lunch in another R.S.L. Club. To conclude our most wonderful day in the Australian sunshine our good friends took us back to their own comfortable house for tea. We would like to return one day and see everyone again. However, as a gesture, I would like to thank all the grand folks who made these two poms feel so at home.

So, our thanks are extended to Alan and Margaret Williams, George and Timothy Watkins, Stan and Betty Walden, Don and Shirley Howitt, and Bill and Pat Jewell. We know how very much it would mean to all our friends to read about their kindness which made our holiday in Sydney so very enjoyable. Everyone looks forward so much to receiving their *Review* magazine from London. Now we are home, but the memory of that fantastic holiday will remain with us always.

The Walks of Life *continued*

be negative. In war, military progress is described as 'movement' (a definition carefully chosen to convey much but mean little). If the direction is forwards it is an 'advance', if backwards it is a 'tactical withdrawal' (never a retreat); if sideways it is 'outflanking'. To the Poor Bloody Infantryman it is all walking or running or crawling. An important Royal Marines variant is Yomping — walking at a brisk pace over extremely boggy ground (e.g. the approach to Port Stanley in the Falklands War).

Airmen *do* walk but, for reasons I think they themselves had better explain to you, they sometimes do it sideways. To their friends in their sister Services this has given rise to the affectionate nickname of 'Crabs'.

Most people do not walk to their local pub they 'pop down' to it. Having consumed their pint or two they 'make their way' back home. This tasteful, all-embracing description covers staggering, tottering, reeling and being carried (but *never*, of course, driving). There is no truth in the allegation that the knobs on the bannisters at IFH are to facilitate St. Dunstan's revellers returning to bed.

At the end of the day our legs are apt to show signs of wear and tear and we go back to roughly where we started — to toddling. Finally we are carried out feet first as a fitting tribute to all our feet have done for us.



The assembled party before the blisters.

Along the South Downs Way

by Ray Hazan

Photographs by David Castleton

The sun beat down mercilessly. Sweat glistened and then dripped down the brows of the walkers. Dark stripes of moisture furrowed the backs of their shirts. The animals padded subdued alongside, tongues lolling, their pantings like overworked steam engines. The crest of the hill seeming to recede before each step ahead. It might have been a scene from the film set of 'Beau Geste' had it not been for the lively chatter and the verdant grass and trees that surrounded the party! It was a scene from the St. Dunstan's 100 kilometre walk along the South Downs Way on the hottest May day since records were started.

Following the success of the pilgrimage last year from Glastonbury to Canterbury in celebration of the 1,000th anniversary of the death of St. Dunstan, suggestions were made that a similar project take place this year. A relatively easy going route, accessible from Ian Fraser House was required, and since Ray Sheriff and his walking partner, Jim Wild, had extensive knowledge and experience of it, the South Downs Way was chosen.

The Way stretches some 80 miles from Winchester to Eastbourne. The going is

well marked, smooth, wide and follows the ridge of the South Downs, dropping into valleys and delightful villages along the route. Inevitably, there is some road work to be done, and some pubs are more welcoming to groups of walkers than others. In view of further activities going on at IFH, and the Bank Holiday weekend, a target of 100 kms or 60 miles over a four day period was decided upon.

Ray and Jim, extensively chauffeured by Betty Sheriff, carried out detailed recces of the whole walk beforehand, with its access points in case of trouble and stopping places. All this proved to be invaluable as the smooth running of the walk was to prove.

A total of 29 people gathered at IFH on the evening of 22nd May. They included 13 St. Dunstaners, members of Headquarters staff, care assistants, ex-Daedalus crew, friends, relatives and four guide dogs. It was a mostly cheery bunch that set off early on the Tuesday morning for the longest ride to the start of our walk at Cocking. I say 'mostly' as one unfortunate walker, who had rested his rucksack on the ground, had it 'christened' by one of the dogs; an auspicious start!

Inevitably, the start each morning and afternoon commenced with a climb to get on to the summit. Occasionally these climbs were steep, but more often than not, they were long, slow and hot work. This heat was accentuated by the lack of breeze when down in the folds of ground, but the lively chatter and company of others all with the similar purpose of enjoying themselves, made it bearable. For the dogs, water troughs along the way become instant paddling pools. Never a more welcome sight was Michael and his mini-bus. Cooling cartons of orange juice, or cups of tea and coffee made welcome breaks.

Lunch stops were divided between a roadside, a car park and two pub gardens. Tasty lunch packs supplied by Paul James and his staff were accompanied by similar liquid excellence. On the first day, this excellence proved such that a large contingent was left behind. They were later retrieved, indignant, but with a glazed smile on their lips!



Many hazards — natural and unnatural — had to be encountered.

Ted and Beryl John pause for breath and a picture.



As the days progressed, covering some 15 to 17 miles daily, so did the blisters, but slowly feet and legs hardened. There were times when the path was hard and gravelly underfoot. In contrast, it was a pure delight to walk along the ridge with grass underfoot, a breeze in your face and the feeling of open spaces and freedom. To suddenly come on to a road with fast moving traffic was a frightening reminder of pollution and noise which lay not far away.

There were feats of heroism by individuals who, despite age or injury completed all 100 kms. There was common sense by those who knew when to stop, and there were those who always came back for more, including Mike Tetley's guide dog Mark, who was sponsored to the tune of 20p per km by a generous benefactor encountered at one of the lunch stops. There were times when the party stopped to look for a lost pair, only to find them at the front.

The walk ended on Friday evening with a dinner in the Winter Garden. Though tired from the 15 miles covered that day, there was a buoyancy due to the satisfied



Ray Hazan negotiates a gate the hard way, assisted by Roberta Johnston.

A pause for well earned rest and refreshment.



feeling of achievement. George Male, Mike Tetley's escort, proposed and sang a vote of thanks on behalf of the escorts. Trevor Tatchell had everyone in fits as he thanked and congratulated all who took part.

But there is still a bonus to come, for the walkers took the opportunity to raise sponsorship for a project enabling the deaf/blind to communicate via the telephone. Readers of the *Review* sent in the magnificent sum of £1,800 before the walk even started. On behalf of the HASICOM project, we send grateful thanks to all those who subscribed. It is estimated that the walkers have raised another £3,500. Thus, added to the satisfaction of knowing that St. Dunstaners have helped others worse off than themselves, was the knowledge of a job enjoyably done. There are lessons to be learned, and had the weather been different, so then might this account have been. George Male's pedometer counted over 121,000 paces. It must have been all right, as all have asked for a similar event next year, and we promise, Trevor, not to plant any rabbit holes in your path!

Our very grateful thanks to all the staff at IFH whose arrangements made it all both possible and enjoyable.

D. F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

Whilst I am writing these notes the weather is almost like the Middle East, and I only hope that the weather is as warm when you are reading these notes.

Vegetables

Clear all the beds as the crops are completed, and dig them over lightly to get rid of the weeds. Give carrots a good mulch, especially in wetter weather, and thin out beetroots to encourage growth. Potatoes should be given a final earthing, to prevent any green tubers. Ensure that all strings are in place for the runner beans to use, and give them plenty of water in drier weather. Lettuce and raddish seeds can be sown in warmer parts of the garden to give an Autumn harvest. Keep hoeing between rows of growing crops to ensure that the weeds are kept under control, and sprinkle a little growmore from now on to promote growth.

Tomatoes will now be showing signs of the fruit coming along, so spray all the flowers with water, as this will make the fruit set better. Tie taller growing varieties to stakes, and pinch out the side growths. Pests of all kinds will be on the rampage now, so get the insect solution mixed up and sprayed all over the growing plants.

Fruit

Thin out the fruit on overcrowded branches, and make sure all the trees have plenty of water around the base, so that it gets to the roots. Hoe regularly to dispel weeds. Pick all the fruit from soft fruit trees as they ripen, and layer loganberries and strawberries during the month to give plants for next season.

Lawns

Cut the grass at least once a week, or more often if the grass is growing quickly. It might be advisable to get the sprinkler going — provided your local water authority hasn't told you not to. Rake over the whole area to get the dead grass to the top. Ensure that the lawnmower is well main-

tained and oiled, and trim lawn edges regularly to keep the lawn tidy.

Flowers

There is plenty of work to be done in the flower bed, as they will be growing well at the moment. Keep hoeing regularly to prevent any weeds taking a hold, and lightly fork the soil so that any water can get down to the root level. Pests of all kinds will be prevalent, so spray all the plants with a suitable insecticide. Roses are prone to black spot now, so give them a spray, again with a suitable solution. Cut all the leaves suffering from this disease away, and either burn them or consign them to the rubbish bin. Stake all tall growing plants, especially if you live in a windy coastal area. Chrysanthemums should have their growing points nipped off to encourage bushier growth. Cut dead heads away from sweet peas, and tie them regularly to their climbing frames. Flowers in baskets and urns will soon give fine shows, so water them regularly, with an occasional dose of fertiliser.

Greenhouse

In really hot conditions, keep windows open wide day and night, and even the door during the day, putting up a wire frame to prevent birds getting inside. Moisten flower leaves, and put water on the floor to give the whole place a moist atmosphere. Cut down any perennials which have completed their period of flowering this season, and ripen off all those bulbs which have finished their season. Carnations and chrysanthemums will need staking and tying into place. Pot up all those fast growing plants, and put them in their flowering containers. Give all of the plants plenty of water and fertiliser.

Achimenes, gloxinias and the tuberous rooted begonias will be at their best now, so keep them well watered and give regular doses of a liquid fertiliser to give more flowers. Potted begonias will be in full flower now, so remove any dead flowers to promote a longer blooming period.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

THINGS THAT GO BUMP

Telekinesis is the moving of things at a distance, there being no apparent connection between the mover and the thing moved; and though there is anecdotal evidence in plenty of this happening never yet has it been done under laboratory conditions. Yet if telekinesis can shut a door or open a window, this is at a range of a few yards, is there any reason to suppose it could not be used to control the motions of a satellite in space; and this explains why the Soviets are busy working on telekinesis, trying to establish its existence, understand it, and eventually use it as a means of outsmarting their American competitors. The phenomenon now studied under the name telekinesis used to be attributed to poltergeists, seen as mischievous spirits with a penchant for throwing things about, lumps of coal, clocks, vases and so forth; and this was still my view of the matter when three of us arrived one black dark November night at a remote place in the Scottish Highlands, Ben Alder Cottage.

The waters of Loch Erich lap on a pebbly shore nearby, the Moor of Rannoch stretches beyond, and above the cottage, crag upon crag, rough slopes rise to the 3,757 foot summit of Ben Alder. There's no road to the cottage, the track is bouldery, and when this at last fizzles out there's a final mile of bogs and tussocks before the gable end of the cottage looms above you, blacker on this occasion than the blackness of sky.

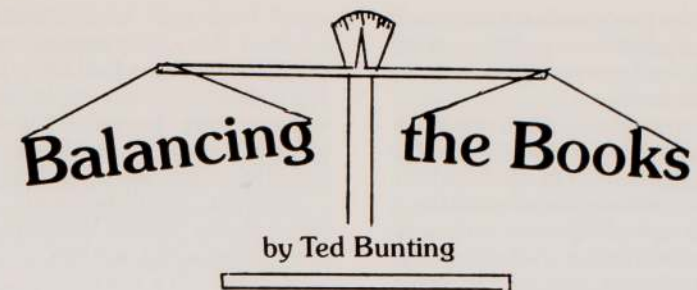
There was no wind, the night was mild and muggy, and only the sound of the Ben Alder burn, rushing among the stones, disturbed a silence otherwise profound. I

won't dwell upon what happened that evening of our arrival, knockings, trampings, groans and noises like furniture being moved where there was no furniture, but pass on to our next day. But first, because it'll make things easier to understand, here are two instances of telekinesis, together with what explains them in terms of a theory psychological rather than supernatural.

An elderly couple, continually at odds where to place a certain vase, return home one evening to find the disputed ornament lying smashed on the floor. One or other of them, however much at a distance, had built up an inner charge of psychic energy, aimed at the vase, then releasing the energy knocked the vase down, all this subconsciously, so as to put an end once and for all to a cause of marital disharmony. In the case of Alan Logan, a Barnado's boy, it was at a time when he felt particularly frustrated, rendered powerless to express his individuality, under a school regime utterly obnoxious to him, that whenever he entered the common room a big marble clock on the mantle piece began to slide to and fro of its own accord. Subconsciously Alan had mobilised psychic energy, moved the clock by these means, symbol of the school in general, and thus asserted himself in a way the authorities could not know about, but one of healing potential to Alan's hurt soul.

And now in Ben Alder cottage, night behind us, the breakfast primus had been turned off, rucksacks are being packed, and presently Frank, Denis and myself will be shutting the door of the cottage as we leave. A packet of biscuits placed by myself on a mantelpiece rose in the air of its own volition, hovered just below the ceiling, traversed the room at this altitude, then gently sinking, came to rest on the floor, not sprawling but standing on end. Frank saw this happen, Denis also, for their attention had been drawn by the fact that as I placed the biscuits on the mantelpiece I spoke to the company in general. 'I'll just leave these here,' I said 'for the gods of the bothy.'

The force that moved these biscuits, I believe, emanated from Denis, unconscious of involvement though he was, and



Cat. No. 1281

Lady In Waiting

By Rosemary Sutcliff

Read by David Broomfield

Reading time 11.25 hours

"It's about Walter Raleigh," they said, "Sir Walter you know, the great sailor, privateer and adventurer."

"Right-ho, me hearties," I said, "I'll send for it then; there's nothing I like better than a tale of swash-bucklin' sea farers; shiver me timbers, Matey."

Well, what a let-down! The book's as tame as a pampered cat; instead of action-packed drama on the high seas, with

A moment to spare *continued*

the thing probably went something like this. Firstly, Denis was the age when such things most tend to happen, at adolescence, and as such a rebellion regarding authority. Secondly, it had been hard for Denis to get his blind pal to the cottage the night before, something of a father figure where Denis was concerned, and he craved to match this subjection of his to me with a display of superiority on his part in some other respect. I had put the biscuits on the mantel piece; Denis would remove them, thus squaring things between us. None of this occurred on the conscious level; energy was released by Denis, but without Denis having any idea of his part in the action. It's a nice touch that the biscuits should have finished up standing on end undamaged, when Denis's rebellious psyche might just as easily have broken them to bits. Denis loved me too much for that, and the biscuits being set down so gently had every appearance of a subtly contrived apology.

cannons blazing, gales howling in the rigging, men overboard and ships loaded to the scuppers with treasure; all it gives, is an account of how Lady Raleigh whiled away her boring days, while Sir Walter was away. And even when he comes ashore, nothing very special happens. Oh, no doubt someone could point out that Sir Walter was also imprisoned a time or two, in the Tower; that he lost his head on the block, and that surely that should make exciting stuff? Well so they could, given proper handling, I'll agree, but not in this book, more's the pity, because to my mind, it comes over more boring than a winter's day in Cleethorpes.

Mind you, I'm prepared to concede that it's not all the author's fault; no, not by any means, because the reader must shoulder his share of the blame too. His voice, it seems to me, has the same properties as Horlicks laced with morphine, and his style, I swear, is so 'laid back' and dismal, that he could tell you you've just won a fortune, and make it sound depressing.

So, I'm afraid, *Lady In Waiting* gets my 'thumbs-down'. If you'd rather make up your own mind, feel free, but don't say you've not been warned.

* * *

'More boring than a winter's day in Cleethorpes.'

Cat. No. 1862

Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee

By Dee Brown

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading time 16.25 hours

Brainwashed, as we all were in our youth, to accept without question that the Red Indians were the 'baddies' and the cow-

boys were always the 'goodies', I dare say it would be quite possible to go through the whole of life, and never know that the opposite is the truth.

But not for anyone who reads this brilliant book, which shows so clearly that the original occupants of North America have been cast in the wrong role. One thing it reveals for example, is that the early settlers, such as the Pilgrim Fathers in the 'Mayflower', would not even have survived their first winter there, but for the generous and willing help given by the men whose land they had come to steal.

Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, tells of the sad fate of the many tribes which once lived across the country, and it is a chronicle of the shameful crimes, which were perpetrated by the white man, on an essentially friendly and peaceful people. In exchange for his helpful friendship and trust, the Red man was wronged in every way possible. He was robbed; of his land, of the buffalo he depended on, of his very way of life, and even of the hair on his head, for, contrary to the myth fostered by Hollywood, scalping was not a Red Indian pastime.

The slogan: 'The only good Injun is a dead Injun', somehow became an excuse for a programme of extermination, which is unparalleled in the history of the world; Hitler's Germany included.

The book makes compelling reading, and should, in my opinion, be made compulsory for all who talk so smugly of human rights, and of 'occupying the moral high ground'.

I strongly recommend reading this book, for two main reasons; firstly, because it is well written and interesting, and secondly, because the sequence of crimes, which lead to the treacherous massacre at Wounded Knee, should be known universally.

* * *

'Strongly recommended.'

Cat. No. 5171

The Viceroy's of India

by Mark Bence-Jones

Read by John Westbrook

Reading time 13.5 hours

The Indian Mutiny, of 1857, was you may

recall from your schooldays, a revolt by some of the native sepoys, employed by the British-owned, East India Company. It was a shocking business; British men and women were brutally murdered, and, when the news reached Britain, the whole population was horrified and enraged.

'Soldiers must be sent,' they said, 'dependable, British lads, who will teach those ungrateful natives a lesson they won't forget in a hurry.'

The British government agreed; politicians nearly always like the army to solve their problems for them; and in any case, these particular gentlemen knew full well that once Tommy Atkins was there, the responsibility for the Indian sub-continent would pass from the East India Company to themselves, in Whitehall.

This book describes how Lord Canning, the last Governor-General of the East India Company, became the first Viceroy of British India, and was followed by a succession of others, until India, and Pakistan, became independent countries within the Commonwealth. But this book is not packed with stodgy politics. It is history, yes, but history of an easily digested kind; being a series of character-studies, of the men who held the post from Canning to Mountbatten.

Nobody should hesitate to add this book to their list; nobody, that is, who likes to read about people, because the Viceroy's and their Vicereines were all, as Mark Bence-Jones makes clear, people with very human qualities.

Some, for instance, worked terribly hard, whilst some hardly worked at all. Many of them lost their health in India's climate, and some lost their lives in its service.

You may often, whilst reading this book, be amazed by the stupid attitude of some of the politicians back in Britain, particularly where the aspirations of the Indian peoples were concerned, but you will not, I think, wonder why I consider this to be an excellent example of a book which will both educate and entertain.

* * *

'An excellent book which will both educate and entertain.'

Cat. No. 5352

Margaret Rutherford

By Dawn Langley Simmons

Read by Gretel Davis

Reading time 7.25 hours

Did you know that the lady who wrote this book was born with a physical deformity which caused her to be registered as a boy instead of a girl? No? Well nor did I; and for the life of me, I can't imagine how such information is supposed to improve a book with the title *Margaret Rutherford*.

There are, in fact, so many things pertaining to Mrs. Simmons, that at times, I found it difficult to know whose biography I was listening to, and this, I'm afraid, is only one of the reasons why I failed to enjoy this book as I initially thought I might.

I must confess, however, that I know very little about the stage, and even less about the people who tread the boards, so

the author's catalogue, of Miss Rutherford's fellow thespians, and the productions they appeared in, couldn't hope to impress me as much as they might someone 'in the know'.

Even so, I'm not going to say the book is all bad, because it is written well enough, and I found some parts of it quite interesting. You could hardly call Margaret Rutherford's family history 'common-place', for instance, because girls with fathers who committed patricide with a chamber-pot, can't be all that thick on the ground, I don't imagine, and there's no doubt Miss Rutherford was a remarkable character in her own right.

Nevertheless, it is a bit of a curate's egg, as biographies go, and my advice, for what it's worth, is to leave it alone, because even the good parts are a bit tasteless.

* * *

'Leave it alone . . . tasteless.'

LIBYA: Approx 40 miles west of Tobruk

by John Barlow

The dawn had broken very cold but clear as my mind went to the song that was written many years before, one line of which reads, 'till the sands of the desert grow cold'. I am sure this chap had never been to the desert in his life as anyone who served out in the desert during the war will tell you it gets damn cold in winter time. I was sat in the tank enjoying a sumptuous breakfast of hard tack biscuits, plum and apple jam and bully beef.

I had just read a letter that had come up with B Echelon, when they came to refuel and re-ammo us, from my mother in which she had said that it was bitterly cold in England and no doubt I would be fancying cold drinks and ice cream, how little did she know.

After about half an hour we moved off with my squadron on the right in the lead, and our right hand tank reported that they had seen a white flag behind a rise in the ground half a mile to our right. Our squadron was detailed to send a troop to investigate this and as we were the right hand troop our three tanks were sent for-

ward. We did not know whether this was a sign of surrender or what it was. So we approached this rise with some caution. My tank on the left, the troop leader's 200 yards to my right, and C tank approximately 300 yards to his right.

As we got over this rise I saw what appeared to be quite a large Italian encampment, and I spotted at least 6 Fiat Ansaldo light tanks, quite a lot of artillery and anti tank guns and about 50 lorries, with quite a lot of infantry amongst them. Then all hell broke loose, it was within a few seconds that I received a direct hit on the visa in front of me. It shattered the lookout block which I got back in the face and eyes, blinding me. A few seconds afterwards another hit which shattered the front and I got the shrapnel in my face, chest, arms and stomach.

I realised that if I stopped we would have been a sitting target, so it was a case of top gear, foot flat down, zigzag as fast as we could. Next minute I felt the tank go up in the air, I heard a scream, I thought well at least I've got somebody back for what

they've done to me. Next minute 'Crash', I didn't know what I'd hit. The tank came almost to a stop, I reversed, went to the right, 'Crash', it was like being on the dodgems at the fairground, I seemed to be bouncing off everything that there was. Not being able to see, of course, I didn't know what was exactly in front of me.

I reversed off again, it went about 10 yards then 'Crash', again I didn't know what I'd hit. I could hear the crew cursing and swearing at me but I just kept on going and eventually after about 10-15 minutes of going round in circles and hearing my guns above me going like mad, the firing died down and my tank commander shouted 'Stop'. I then shouted to him 'You'll have to come and help me, I've been hit.' When they got out of the tank and saw that I was blind, they just couldn't believe it, especially when they saw the front of the tank, as in all the firing they hadn't noticed or realised that we'd been hit twice. They managed to patch me up with a couple of field dressings as best they could. By that time this camp had surrendered and I found out that, of the three big crashes, in the first two I had demolished two Fiat Ansaldo tanks, these are two-man tanks of which we had knocked quite a lot out in earlier engagements, and then the last one was a 3 ton Lancia lorry, which I completely smashed in. So at least I got a little bit of my own back.

Our other two tanks, the troop commander's and our other tank, took over and they put me in the turret of my own tank, and drove me back to the B Echelon which was about 12 miles behind us. I was put on a 30cwt lorry, when our padre came up to me and gave me a cigarette, and recited the psalm to me 'The Lord is my shepherd.' When he had finished I just didn't know what to say and this psalm has been one of my favourites ever since.

Eventually I finished up at a field dressing station and was put in an ambulance for transfer back to Egypt. In the ambulance was our Colonel, Colonel Fielding, who had lost part of his arm in an engagement just after we had done our attack, a corporal from the Engineers whose truck had been blown up by a land mine, and a young R.A.S.C. driver who had fallen off his lorry and broke his leg. Now unfortu-

nately the drive to Sollum had to be made right across the desert and as there was no morphine in the ambulance this became quite a traumatic journey. Our Colonel, although he was badly wounded himself and in a lot of pain, did his best joking and cheering us up, until, eventually we reached an underground hospital in Sollum. There I was treated again and patched up better by the medical officer and given a shot of morphine, which eased the pain.

The next morning we were taken across the border into what appeared to me to be a big marquee, and as we were lain on the floor on stretchers a sand storm started and as the sand was all blowing up inside it was not long before we were completely covered in sand. Later we were taken out by lighter to a hospital ship and no sooner had I been placed in a bed than the Italians came over and bombed us in spite of the fact that this ship was clearly marked with Red Crosses. The boy in the next bed to me, I don't know who he was, was killed by a sliver of bomb that came through one of the portholes from a near miss. Fortunately they didn't damage the ship and we sailed about a quarter of an hour later.

Cairo bound

I can remember a charming Sister coming to me to see if I was alright and give me a drink of cold, clean water. People often laugh at me when they ask me what was the finest drink I've ever had. I tell them a glass of clean, cold water. They think I'm joking but believe me I'm not. Eventually we reached Alexandria and we were transferred by hospital train to Cairo. As we were being taken off the the train a battalion of Welsh Guards were embarking to go to the front. They stood there en masse singing "Men of Harlech". What a wonderful sound and what a wonderful send off for us.

I finished up in the 15th Scottish General Hospital, Cairo, a Scottish Territorial Unit. All the members were Scottish except our ward sister. Sister Morrison who was English and looked after me like a baby for the nine months I was there. Even shaving me with a cut throat razor when I was flat on my back, she'd got the touch of an angel, I never even felt it.

The Colonel was in the same hospital and after he was allowed up he used to visit me every day. At the end of February he came in and told me that he had recommended me for the V.C. I didn't think I'd done any more than any other man would have done under the circumstances. It was nothing brave, it was a matter of self preservation I think. In March they came and told me that the V.C. had been turned down but I'd been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. I was very pleased as this was another honour for my regiment, and I knew it would please my mother as my father, who was a regular soldier, had also been awarded the D.C.M. in the First World War.

After six months I was up and walking about, and allowed to go to the toilet for the first time. Anyone who has been in hospital will agree with me that it is one of the most pleasurable occasions imaginable — not having to use a bed pan, but to be able to sit on a toilet. Sounds silly, but ask them, they'll tell you.

Eventually in September, after nine months in the hospital, they told me I was going to be sent to South Africa for convalescence before being sent home to England. Then the next day one of my friends came to see me and said that the Regiment had just come back to Helwan, just outside Cairo, for a refit, as our tanks by that time were getting pretty worn out and needed a complete overhaul. Also the Regiment needed bringing up to strength again as we'd had a lot of casualties. I managed to get permission to visit the regiment before they went back to the front. The following day they laid a car on to take me out where I chatted to one or two of the married chaps and told them I was going to South Africa where, at the beginning of the war, all the married chaps' wives and children had been evacuated. They all immediately wrote letters for me so they wouldn't be censored. I took them with me to South Africa where I finished up in Pietermaritzburg. Durban is about 50 miles from there and the following weekend, after being given medical clearance, I was allowed to go down to Durban for the weekend where I visited the married families and gave

them all the letters. It was certainly worth all the trouble I had gone to be bring those letters all that way, to see the expressions on their faces and to hear the children ask how their daddies were. As I had seen them I was able to reassure them that they were all okay.

I spent nearly three months there and then was told that I had the choice of going home on a hospital ship in January or sailing in the middle of December on a troop ship. The C.O. at the hospital didn't want me to go home on the troop ship but as it was 1933 when I last spent Christmas at home I felt I'd like to be at home as soon as possible. So I chose the troop ship. It was a world cruise in which we called at Sierra Leone, then across to Jamaica, where we spent some days and had a marvellous time, then to New York where it was even better, then to Halifax in Nova Scotia, where we spent four days and then back home to England.

Next stop St. Dunstan's

Eventually we were transferred to a hospital in Ormskirk, just outside Liverpool, and I was told by the medical officer there that I was going to be sent to St. Dunstan's. Now at that time I knew very little about St. Dunstan's, and wondered what kind of place it was. All I could imagine at that time was me walking around selling boot laces and matches out of a tray around my neck. My mother was a widow and I just didn't know what was in store for me, or what my fate was going to be. When I arrived at Church Stretton I was met by an angel by the name of Matron Payne. I was taken in and introduced to some of the other chaps there. Then she gave me my first pocket watch, and showed me how it worked. To be able to tell the time without having to ask someone was marvellous. The next day they took me across to the training quarters which were just across the road, where I was shown that I could learn braille, typing and train to do a job. That was my first introduction to St. Dunstan's and what a marvellous introduction it was. From that day to this I have never worried about anything as I know I've always got St. Dunstan's behind me. God bless them.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



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

Mr. Edward William Finch, of Thetford in Norfolk, who joined on April 24th 1989.

Mr. Finch served as Private in the Essex Regiment during the Second World War, and spent three years abroad, in Africa and the Middle East. He is married with six adult children, and has done a great deal of work for local blind organisations, and Guide Dog branches.

Mr. Fred Holland Parkinson, of Accrington, who joined on May 10th 1989.

Mr. Parkinson served as Corporal in the R.A.M.C. during the Second World War in France, and then in the Middle East, and was wounded at Tobruk. Mr. Parkinson is married.

Mr. Arthur Verdun Terry, of Desborough, who joined on May 11th 1989.

Mr. Terry served as a Private in the 4th Welch Regiment during the Second World War, and was wounded in France in 1944. He is married and their son and daughter are also married.

APOLOGY

Contrary to the report of the Brighton Reunion, Harry and Clara Preedy's 50th Wedding Anniversary is September 23rd. They are planning a dinner party for the family and friends at Ian Fraser House.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON CLUB — BRIDGE

Individuals — Sunday, 13th May, 1989

Results

1st	Mrs. K. Pacitti	73.8
2nd	Ralph Pacitti	63.6
3rd	Bill Phillips	61.4
4th	Mrs. V. McPherson	55.7
5th	Mrs. Vi Delaney	54.5
6th	Wally Lethbridge	53.4

7th	Mrs. E. McMillan	47.7
8th	Mr. E. McMillan	46.6
9th	Bob Evans	43.2
10th	Mrs. A. Clements	36.5
11th	Mrs. Holborow	34.1
12th	Miss Sturdy	29.5

Pairs — Sunday 21st May, 1989

1st	Mike Tybinski and Mrs. V. McPherson	61.5
2nd	Mr. and Mrs. H. King	58.5
3rd	Wally Lethbridge and Mr. Goodlad	58.0
4th	Mrs. Vi Delaney and Mrs. Holborow	54.5
Equal 5th	Alf Dodgson and Miss Sturdy	50.0
	Bill Phillips and Dr. J. Goodlad	
7th	Bob Evans and Mrs. Barker	46.0
8th	Bill Allen and Mrs. A. Clements	42.5
9th	Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Douse	41.5
10th	Mrs. Tebbit and Miss Stenning	37.5

The three-way competition was held on Saturday 29th and Sunday 30th April, 1989 when 18 St. Dunstaners were expected but reduced unfortunately to 16 when Mr. and Mrs. Meleson were unable to attend and the teams were made up to eight by sighted markers.

In the first match London beat Brighton by 7 points to 3, in the second match Provinces beat Brighton by 6 points to 4, and the final match between Brighton and the Provinces was a draw at 5 all, London therefore won the cup with 13 points, the Provinces second with 9 points, and Brighton third with 8 points.

Before play started on Saturday morning presentations of St. Dunstan's brooches were made to Dr. J. Goodlad and Miss Sturdy who have helped as markers and players over a very long period of years and a presentation is to be made to Mrs. E. Barker who was unable to take part in this year's competition.

On the Sunday afternoon there was a general bridge drive for St. Dunstaners and markers which filled 7½ tables. At the close Mrs. E. Dacre presented the cup to the captain of the London team, Reg Godding, and prizes to individual members of the first and second teams — she also presented prizes to the first four pairs in the

Bridge Drive. Vi Delaney presented Mrs. Dacre with a potted begonia.

Teams in the match were:

London. Reg Godding (Captain), Billie Miller, Harry King, Mrs. King, Bill Allen, Bob Fullard, Dr. J. Goodlad and Mrs. Tebbit. **Provinces** consisted of Mrs. Vi Delaney (Captain), Bert Ward, G. Hudson, Johnnie Whitcombe, Peter Surrige, Mrs. A. Clements, Reg Palmer and E. McMillan. **Brighton** were Bill Phillips (Captain), Bob Evans, Ralph Pacitti, Mrs. Pacitti, Wally Lethbridge, Ron Freer, Alf Dodgson and Miss Sturdy.

The Prize Winners in the Drive were 1st Alf Dodgson and Miss Stenning who also won a small prize for the First Slam 1930 points

2nd	Ralph Pacitti and Mrs. Pacitti	1810 points
3rd	Reg Palmer and Mrs. A. Clements	1280 points
4th	Ron Freer and Mrs. Holborow	1190 points

All the Bridge players would like to thank Mr. Maurice Douse and Mr. Bob Goodlad for all their help and kindness — a presentation was made to Mr. Maurice Douse (a motoring lamp) and to Mr. Bob Goodlad (a special gardening hoe).

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Mr. C. Morgan, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan, of York, on his recent promotion to R.A.F. Flight Lieutenant.

St. Dunstaner D. Morris, of Newquay, Cornwall, on his recent election as County Councillor for Cannel Ward with a majority of 600.

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to:

Mr. Dennis Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson, of Darlington, on his recent marriage to Miss Florence Storey.

DEATHS

We offer condolences to:

Mr. A.D. Collins, of Enfield, and all other members of his family, on the death of his wife Mabel, who passed away on May 2nd.

Mr. J. Conroy, on the death of his brother, Peter, who died on April 28th, aged 80.

Mr. G.H. Holland, of Kingsteignton, and other members of the family, on the death of his wife, Alice Holland, who passed away on May 6th.

The family and friends of Mrs. F. E. Watmore, widow of the late St. Dunstaner Mr. T. Watmore, of Ware, who passed away on May 15th.

BIRTHS

Congratulations to:

Mr. W. Fitzgerald, of Newcastle upon Tyne, on the birth of a second great grandson, Kieran Cardy-Brown, born on February 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Steer, of Billingham, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Samantha Jayne, on May 9th, also Mr. Steer's birthday.

Mrs. N. Rathmell, of Clacton, on the birth of a new grand-daughter, born to her daughter Jane on April 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Logan, of Midsomer Norton, on the birth of a tenth grandchild, a daughter, Claire Mirella, born on April 20th to their youngest son, Neville, and his wife Mandy.

Mrs. M. Millen, of Birchington, on the birth of a great-grandson, Ben Richard born to her grand-daughter Michela, and Robin McGregor.

Mrs. D. Woodhall, of Birmingham, on the birth of a new grand-daughter, Amanda Jane, born on May 19th to her daughter Suzanne, and her husband.

DEATHS

We offer condolences to:

Mr. B. Osborne, of Saltdean, on the death of his brother, Bill, who died on April 15th, aged 61.

The family and friends of Mrs. A. Pearce, widow of the late St. Dunstaner H. Pearce, of Blackpool, who died on May 21st.

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.

F. Boswell, Royal Warwickshire Regiment

Mr. Frank Boswell, of Leamington Spa, passed away on May 1st, aged 91, after a short illness.

Mr. Boswell served with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment during the First World War, and was injured at Passchendaele, suffering a gunshot wound to one eye. Following his discharge from the Army, he worked on the maintenance team at his local Army Camp, until retirement age.

When he joined St. Dunstan's in 1980, Mr. Boswell had already been retired for some years, and was a widower. He shared a home with one of his daughters, Mrs. Doris White, and had frequent visits from his other daughter and son. While he was able to get about, Mr. Boswell used to enjoy a walk in the local village, and also attended the local chapel.

We send our sympathy to Mrs. Doris White, and all other members of the family.

B. Gutowski, Polish Army

We are very sad to record the death of Belestow Gutowski, who passed away on May 16th, after a short illness. He was 79 years of age, and had been a St. Dunstaner for 44 years.

Mr. Gutowski served with the Polish Army during the Second World War, and was very badly injured in a mine explosion, losing sight in both eyes, and also lost a leg. After the war he settled in this country, took some hobbycraft training at Ian Fraser House, and also studied English, and learned a little music.

Sadly, in 1971, the first Mrs. Gutowski died. Our St. Dunstaner managed on his own for some time, and then in 1972 married a friend, Mrs. Mary Garrity. Two years later, they had a little boy, Jan, who was a great joy to Mr. Gutowski.

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Mary Gutowski, Jan, and all the family.

F.L. Jones, Royal Army Ordnance Corps

We are very sad to record the death of Mr. Frederick Jones on May 20th. He was 68 years of age, and had been a St. Dunstaner for 42 years.

Mr. Jones served with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps between 1944 and 1946, during which time his sight failed. Following his discharge from the Army he undertook industrial training with St. Dunstan's, and from then on

until his retirement in 1975 he worked in the assembly section of a local car manufacturers. During his working life his main hobby was gardening, and later he also took up carpentry, which he worked on at home following his retirement. Mr. Jones was also keen on camping, but had to give this up in more recent years, when his health no longer permitted such activity.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones enjoyed holidays at Ian Fraser House, and our St. Dunstaner also took a course in picture framing, which he then practised at home.

We send our sympathy to his widow, Mary, their daughter, Susan, and her family.

H. King, 70th Royal Field Artillery

Mr. Harold King, of Crowborough, passed away on May 22nd, aged 74. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1945.

Mr. King enlisted in 1942 and served as Gunner in the 70th Royal Field Artillery until his discharge in 1945 following being injured in action by a mine explosion. He received training at Church Stretton and worked for the Luton Gas Company for 26 years, before retiring in 1970.

As well as being a keen gardener and skilled at canework, his main interest was bridge. In 1979 he was made County Bridge Master and competed in such events as the Annual Benidorm Bridge Tournament amongst 120 sighted players. More recently, Mr. and Mrs. King moved from Dunstable to Crowborough, where their son lives.

We send our condolences to his widow, Bertha, to whom he was married for nearly 50 years, to their children Alan and Janet, and to all members of the family.

H. Lofthouse, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve

Mr. Hugh Lofthouse, of Pearson House, passed away on May 10th.

Mr. Lofthouse served as a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve during the Second World War, and was injured in 1946, causing some damage to his sight. Upon his return to civilian life, Mr. Lofthouse worked as a Chartered Electrical Engineer, and also held a post as a company director, with special

responsibility for marketing in the U.K. and the United States. In the 1970's Mr. Lofthouse's sight became very reduced, and the company he worked for were no longer able to employ him. He was registered blind, joined St. Dunstan's, and undertook a course of typing and mobility training at Ian Fraser House.

After this period of training, Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse bought a group of 17th century cottages in Truro, Cornwall, which they rented out for self catering holidays. After a while, this project proved to require long hours of very hard work for Mrs. Lofthouse, and she felt unable to continue. Because of this, and health problems with which Mr. Lofthouse began to suffer, they moved to Tenerife, where they lived until Mrs. Lofthouse's death in April of 1988. After this, Mr. Lofthouse moved back to England, and stayed at Pearson House.

We extend our sympathy to his son David, and daughter Mrs. Fiona Garrood, and her family.

H. Macrae, Royal Air Force

Mr. Hugh Macrae, of Saltdean, passed away in hospital on May 25th, aged 68. He had been a St. Dunstaner for sixteen years.

Mr. Macrae enlisted in the Royal Air Force soon after the onset of the Second World War, and achieved the rank of Warrant Officer. In 1941, whilst on active service in Holland, he suffered gunshot wounds to his hand and wrist. Subsequently, Mr. Macrae was shot down over Holland by an enemy night fighter, suffering injuries to both eyes. Mr. Macrae was repatriated to England from Germany in October 1943, but prior to this he underwent surgery in Dusseldorf, and in 1945 he was discharged from the Service.

Mr. Macrae was then employed by the Cable and Wireless Company, where he worked as a telegraphist. Due to failing sight, he was forced to take early retirement in 1972. On becoming a St. Dunstaner, he undertook training in typewriting and braille as well as tray-making and, until quota work was discontinued, worked for our stores.

In 1973, Mr. Macrae and his wife, Charlotte, whom he married in 1943, moved from Ashstead, Surrey, to Saltdean, where he continued to make trays as a hobby, and was greatly interested in his greenhouse and gardening.

We condole with his widow, and with all other members of the family.

S.J. Moore, Middlesex Regiment

Mr. Samuel Joseph Moore, of Sidcup, passed away in hospital on May 11th, aged 83. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1947.

He enlisted in 1925, and served in the Middlesex Regiment as Sergeant until his

discharge in 1946. During the war he became a Prisoner of War in Hong Kong, and as a result of privation and illness whilst in captivity, his eyesight was badly affected. After the war he worked in industry for many years, and finally retired in 1970. His main interests were breeding birds and gardening.

His first wife sadly died in 1962, and he married Lillian Ridgewell in 1968. We extend our sincere sympathy to his widow, to Beryl, his daughter by his first marriage, to his two stepsons Haydn and Terry, and all other members of the family.

J.J. Padley, Home Guard

It is with sorrow that we have to record the death of Mr. Jim Padley in Pearson House on May 19th, after a long illness bravely borne, aged 64.

Jim lost his sight ten days after his sixteenth birthday in March 1941, whilst on duty fire-watching at a school in Woolwich, when a parachute land mine exploded. After leaving hospital in 1942, he went to Church Stretton, where he met up again with Bill Cowing, with whom he was blinded. In 1952 he went for re-training as a telephonist, and after five years with a private building firm at Worthing he joined Barclays Bank, first at Marble Arch, and later Earls Court, until he was medically retired in 1975, when he moved to Saltdean.

He had many interests in his spare time, obtaining his Radio Amateur Licence G3NJK in 1959. He was an ardent bridge player since London Club days, when he enjoyed the Annual Bridge Week at Harrogate, and later became Chairman of the Brighton Bridge Club. He was also Chairman of the Brighton Bowls Club in 1979, and won several trophies over the years, including a gold medal in 1980 at the Stoke Mandeville Games. A long standing member of the gardening club, his last holiday was with them to Cirencester. The tape recording club also gave him pleasure. A last effort as Chairman of the Electronic Organ Club was sadly cancelled owing to refurbishment at Ian Fraser House. Besides his many activities within St. Dunstan's, Jim's main happiness in life was his Masonic Duties, and he was reigning master of his Lodge, Saltdean 8039, when he died.

He is mourned by many, especially his widow, Pat, to whom he was married for 36 years, his two sons, Tony and Derek, and four grand-daughters, Fiona, Rachael, Nicola and Miranda.

N.F. Pawson, Royal Air Force

It is with great sadness that we record the death of Norman Francis Pawson, known to his family and friends as 'Frank'. He passed away on

May 24th, aged 67. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1945.

Mr. Pawson served with the R.A.F. during the Second World War, and was wounded in an accident at a battle demonstration course in India. After joining St. Dunstan's he took courses in braille, typing, English Language and Social Economics, in which he became very interested. In 1948, he took up a post as Industrial Superintendent at an Ex-Services Welfare Society, and after a few years was promoted to Managing Director.

In 1968 our St. Dunstaner set up his own secretarial agency, which he ran until 1980, with Rosemary Burke, who later became his second wife. Unfortunately, Mr. Pawson was widowed only eight years after his second marriage, but he managed on his own for some years with the help of his great friend, Mrs. Doreen Malone, and her family, to whom he was devoted. In 1987, because of his failing health, Mr. Pawson moved to Pearson House as a permanent resident, where he enjoyed the company of other St. Dunstaners.

We send our sympathy to all family and friends.

A. Rimmer, Royal Armoured Corps

Mr. Alec Rimmer, of Bristol, passed away at home on May 25th, aged 74. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1972, having been in the borderline category since 1957.

In June 1940 he enlisted in the Royal Armoured Corps with the rank of Trooper, and in February 1942 was taken Prisoner of War by the Japanese in Singapore, suffering considerable deprivation, and a deterioration in his health as a result. In 1946, Mr. Rimmer was discharged from the Army, and when his health improved, was able to take up employment following some industrial training. Mr. Rimmer's sight deteriorated over the years, but he was able to continue in employment until 1972, when he had to retire, and decided to move to the West Country.

In earlier years, our St. Dunstaner enjoyed a game of bowls, and his main hobby of gardening. Latterly, his greatest pleasure was listening to talking books and throughout Mr. Rimmer bore his failing health with great fortitude and remarkable cheerfulness.

Unfortunately, his first wife Elizabeth, to whom he was married for over 40 years, passed away in 1978. He remarried in 1980, and his wife, Olga, cared for him devotedly to the end.

We condole with his widow, the four sons and daughter from his first marriage, and their families.

G. Swanston, Royal Scots Regiment

We are very sad to record the death of George Swanston on May 19th. He was 96 years of age, and had been a St. Dunstaner for over 70 years.

Mr. Swanston served with the Royal Scots Regiment from 1915 to 1917, and was discharged after being wounded in Arras. He had been a joiner before the war, and continued with joinery and cabinet making, and became one of the best craftsmen in St. Dunstan's, making a wide variety of furniture, cupboards, and other items. He also enjoyed going for walks, and in his younger days was a keen gardener, and grew some of his own vegetables.

Sadly, Mrs. Swanston died in 1974, having been an invalid for some time. Mr. Swanston remained in his own home, where he was looked after by his sister until they became too elderly to be able to manage on their own. In 1977 Mr. Swanston moved to Pearson House, where he was very happy.

Mr. Swanston's three children have predeceased him, and we send our sympathy to his grand-children and remaining family.

P. Timiney, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry

It is with great regret that we record the death of Patrick Timiney on May 19th. He was 77 years old, and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1941.

Mr. Timiney served with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry from 1928 until 1944. He was blinded by a hand-grenade in Norway in 1940, and then became a Prisoner of War in Germany, where he studied in the braille school set up by the Marquis of Normanby, and formed friendships which lasted for the rest of his life. He also had many happy holidays at the Marquis of Normanby's cottage in subsequent years.

Mr. Timiney had intended to make a career in the army, but after losing his sight, he undertook retraining in telephony at St. Dunstan's, and found work first in commerce, and then at the Sheffield Central Library where he worked until retirement age. He also studied the saxophone, and made leather bags in his free time. He and Mrs. Timiney were interested in travelling, and had a holiday in Norway after his retirement from the library.

Mr. Timiney was widowed in 1976, and lived alone with the help of his friend Mrs. Dorothy Attwood, who visited him every day. They also did some travelling together, and visited Yugoslavia and Canada. They married in June 1986, and were very happy together.

We send our sympathy to Mrs. Dorothy Timiney, and all the family.