

St Dunstons Review August 1990



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Cover Picture: Wally Lethbridge on board the Ann Lyn during the Fishing Club's visit to Chivenor. See story on page 12.

From the Chairman

St. Dunstaners will not need reminding that this month sees the celebration of our 75th anniversary. Nor, I think, will many of us be unaware that in this same month Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother celebrates her ninetieth birthday. I have sent a message of greeting on behalf of everyone in St. Dunstan's because, of course, The Queen Mother has taken an interest in St. Dunstan's for very many years. As Duchess of York, she was the first lady member of the Old Bill Fraternity. This was an association of people who paid a membership fee of 6d and undertook to buy 5 shillings worth of articles made by St. Dunstaners every year.

There will be those who remember her visit to Ovingdean as Queen in 1948. The Review of the day carried a series of pictures of our Royal visitor with the smile and air of animated interest that we have come to know so well. Every year she receives a copy of our Annual Report and her acknowledgement usually has some comment on its contents and an assurance of her continuing thought for the welfare of war-blinded men and women. I know everyone in St. Dunstan's will be pleased to join in a birthday greeting to a very gracious lady.

Henry Leach



NOTICE BOARD



NEW NATIONAL TRUST BOOKLET FOR DISABLED VISITORS IS AVAILABLE FREE OF CHARGE

A new 48 page booklet just launched by The National Trust has been specially produced to detail the access and special facilities for people with disabilities at its various properties on public view. Entitled 'Information for Visitors with Disabilities in 1990'. Particularly useful for people with impaired vision is the great number of places which now provide 'guided tours' on tape cassette. These have been specially programmed so that as one moves round the property, the tape can be paused until reaching the next point of special interest.

Please send a stamped addressed adhesive label to: Valerie Wenham, Adviser Facilities for Disabled Visitors, The National Trust, 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1H 9AS.

FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

We expect to receive a small allocation of tickets for the afternoon and evening Presentation of the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall, on Saturday, 10th November.

St. Dunstaners are invited to apply before 15 September, to Mr. K. Martin at HQ for two tickets per St. Dunstaner. Please state any preference for afternoon or evening Presentation. Priority will be given to those who have not attended a previous Presentation and a ballot will be held. Those successful will be assisted with both the cost of travel and overnight accommodation in London, if necessary.

NO 5p and 2p COINS IN PAYPHONES

British Telecom is launching a major information campaign to alert blind and partially sighted people to the phasing out of 5p and 2p coins in payphones. The changeover affects both payphones in public places and those rented by customers on private premises.

BT is advising the visually handicapped to stop using these coins in public payphones from June. You will not lose your money if the wrong coins are inserted, they will simply pass through the mechanism and be returned.

There is no increase in charges as a result of these changes. The minimum call fee remains at 10p.

BT is preparing an audio tape on the changes and other issues of interest to be sent to organisations representing blind people throughout the country. The tape is also intended for incorporation in talking newspapers.

The tape referred to above is available from the PR Department at HQ. Please send a spare C60 or 90 requesting reference number G49. The tape describes services available. For instance, did you know you could dial 198 for specialist help, equipment, spoken and brailled bills, and how to use pay phones?

COMPUTER WEEKEND 17/18 NOVEMBER

This is a reminder that the next weekend will take place on 17/18th November. It is intended to have workshops on 'spread sheets', 'word processing' and 'programming', amongst other subjects. There will be sufficient machines available this time! Please book in via the normal channels.

Reunions

Sheffield Reunion, 14th June

The Grosvenor House Hotel saw 21 St. Dunstaners and 18 widows enter through its doors for what turned out to be a most pleasant reunion. Our President, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, presided, accompanied by his wife, Joyce.

After passing on the good wishes of the Chairman and Council, Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds went on to welcome in particular Mrs. Drake and Mr. Powell of the War Pensions Welfare Service, and both past and present members of staff. Grateful thanks were given to Mrs. Wye and Mrs. Inman who had organised the occasion. There were two special mentions for the only First World War St. Dunstaner present, Mr. J. Kershaw, and for Mrs. Alice Briggs, attending her first reunion.

The President was on his way back from Inverness, where he had attended the

AGM of the Talking Newspaper Association of the UK. He continued by saying what a difference that the tape recorder had made to the lives of blind people. He talked of magazines, including the Talking Review and our cassette library at HQ.

'The family of St. Dunstan's numbers 1047. In the UK, there are 673, of whom 24 are from the 1st War. We are still responsible for 664 widows.'

Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds concluded, 'I often think, this year, of how thrilled our founder would have been to see how St. Dunstan's has developed and how our various interests have changed, with the modern technology. I am sure that with our young St. Dunstaners, the process of fitting into community life in general, will continue as it has in the past.'

Colin Mills responded on behalf of the guests, welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Beau-

mont-Edmonds and hoping they would return again to Sheffield. He said that over lunch they had been talking about the words 'thank you'. 'Whether you are given a ticket which you have paid for, receive a cheque for a million pounds on the pools, or someone saves your life, to all you say "thank you"'. Colin went on to relate being helped back across the road he had just crossed in a wheelchair, but still said "thank you". 'It's a very inappropriate word; you mean more than thank you, but it's all you can say; so to the Staff, the hotel and to St. Dunstan's, from the lift man to the Chairman, I say "thank you very much"'.
The afternoon concluded with a raffle and tea.

that we would achieve half the things we have done.' He referred to Jimmy Wright's attempt to parascend across the channel, which, at the time of writing, was being foiled by adverse weather conditions. Bringing the guests up to date with the statistics of St. Dunstan's, Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds concluded with the hope of seeing many at the Garden Party on 1st August.

Alan Reynolds in expressing his thanks in general to staff and St. Dunstan's wished especially to say how grateful he was for all the training and hobby activities. He said how much he enjoyed the amateur radio meetings. He proposed a toast of thanks to St. Dunstan's. The afternoon continued with much chatter, good humour, dancing and the usual raffle and tea.

A happy group pictured at the Birmingham Reunion.



Birmingham

As our President had worked in the area for 27 years, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, accompanied by his wife, Joyce, felt attending the reunion was like a home coming. Despite the changes, as in many cities today, most people had been able to locate the Albany Hotel without difficulty. Special guests were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Horne, who run Pocklington House, where several St. Dunstaners live very happily, and Mrs. and Mrs. Wilson of the War Pensions Welfare Service. Another welcome guest was Stan Booth, formerly of the Estate Department. Warm applause was given to Irene Newbold, who had organised the occasion. There were 95 people present, including 26 St. Dunstaners and 23 widows. There were three attending their first reunion, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Hemmings and Mr. Terry.

Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds continued, 'My mind went back to what the Chairman wrote in the January *Review*, about having the ability and expectation to look forward to things ahead, and as yet, unknown, and at the same time, to achieve those things that are worthwhile and fun. I think with that, he caught the spirit of St. Dunstan's. How many of us thought, when we lost our sight some 45 to 50 years ago,

WHEELCHAIR WANDERLUST

The World Wheelchair Traveller is a comprehensive new guide for the disabled traveller, published by The Automobile Association in conjunction with the Spinal Injuries Association.

The book's aim is to help disabled people successfully plan and make the most of trips abroad. It explains how to make travel arrangements that will ensure trouble-free journeys, and is packed with useful information.

There are chapters on travelling by air, rail, road and sea. The book also includes words and phrases that disabled travellers in Europe might find useful, and is illustrated throughout by top Fleet Street cartoonist, Larry.

The authors are Mary Ann Tyrrell, General Secretary of the SIA, and Susan Abbott, who has been a wheelchair user since 1969. The inspiration for the book came to Susan after she and three friends — two of whom were also disabled — completed an eight-week camping trip across the United States. They covered more than 7000 miles, and proved that disability does not mean immobility. *The World Wheelchair Traveller* is available from AA shops and booksellers, price £3.95.



Amateur Radio Society members outside the Royal Jordanian Radio Amateurs Society building in Amman.

Mobile on a Camel

St. Dunstan's Radio 'Hams' in Jordan

by Mike Tetley

In July 1917 Lieutenant T.E. Lawrence, Lawrence of Arabia, probably stood on the ramparts of the captured Turkish fort built of the local reddish brown granite where I was now standing overlooking the turquoise waters of the Gulf of Aqaba which divides Israel from the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. On a clear day they say that Mount Sinai is visible.

If Lawrence had been standing there in June 1990, he would have been surprised on looking eastwards. For there on the beach just below the fort was pitched a tent. Closer inspection would have revealed a number of St. Dunstaners sitting on a bench at a table on which was a borrowed military radio transceiver. Trevor Phillips, Ted John or Bill Shea would

have been operating the station with Robin Bellerby, furiously logging the contacts from all over the world as other 'hams' wished to link up with these unusual call signs. Our Jordanian friend Ibrahim and some military personnel were also in attendance. Those who made contacts from Aqaba would receive a certificate entitled 'The Coral Sea Award' signed by King Hussein, himself a 'ham' with the call sign JY 1.

Other licensed St. Dunstaners were George Shed and Tom Hart as well as two short wave listeners, the first stage of study to obtain a licence, David Bell and Mike Tetley. The trip was the brain child of Robin who was not only a friend to the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society but also

a member of the Anglo Jordanian Society. Seven St. Dunstaners were made members of the Anglo Jordanian Society, referred to as AJS and together with our escorts joined nine others on a ten day trip to Jordan combining sightseeing and radio operating with the most important activity of cementing friendship between the peoples of both countries. We were privileged to be entertained by Jordanians in their own homes.

Cultures are moulded by the climates in which people live. It is a refining process on our own thought patterns to see how other races have solved life's problems.

Arthur Bowen, Secretary of the AJS, and Robin arranged a wonderful tour. They had friends in high places. On arriving at Amman Airport we were directed into the VIP lounge to meet Prince Ra'ad, uncle of the King, who greeted us and invited us to a meal in his own home in half an hour!

He and his Swedish wife, Princess Magda, were superb hosts and made us all feel at ease, and what a wonderful dinner they provided. We sat at tables on a patio and were joined by Crown Prince Hassan. The Jordanians on May 25th, were celebrating the 44th anniversary of their independence. It has been hoped that we would meet King Hussein at some time in the week but he had to attend the Arab Summit in Iraq. At a party given by Tawfiq Kaware, a prominent businessman, and the travel agent who arranged our tour, Prince Ra'ad again joined us and gave us all a great surprise when he presented the St. Dunstaners with a braille wrist watch and a watch too for all the other members of the AJS. Further, on behalf of King Hussein he presented the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society with an ICOM 781 transceiver.

How generous of the Jordanian Royal family and the gifts were greatly appreciated. The British Ambassador was there as was David Briggs, the pianist, who last year had a piano placed on the stage of the Roman amphitheatre in Petra and gave a recital there.

The trips included one to Mount Nebo from where Moses saw the promised land. In a Catholic Church on top of the mountain there was a mosaic floor showing

pictures of zebra and lions which must have inhabited Jordan when there was more soil and vegetation. Some of this vegetation has been lost either by over grazing by goats or by a climatic change. In a nearby Greek Orthodox Church was a mosaic showing Syria, Palestine and Jordan as it was in 531 A.D. Fish were depicted swimming down the Jordan river from the Sea of Galilee and just before they reached the Dead Sea they met a couple of fish returning up stream probably saying 'Turn back, it is awful down there!'

We swam in the Dead Sea and met two Australian female vets lying on their backs in the water reading books. We all had our photo taken with a camel. It was Trevor Phillips' ambition to have his photo taken on the back of a camel while he was using his hand held two metre 'rig'. Thus his ambition to be 'mobile on a camel' was achieved.

George Shed, the oldest St. Dunstaner in the group at 77 and in a wheelchair, is a keen 'Ham' having only obtained his licence within the last year, a very stout effort. His wife, Rose is sold on his new hobby and was herself thinking of getting a call sign. Ibrahim and Ted would lift George out of the coach with a great shout, 'Karihim', 'Carry him' which became George's nickname.

Visits were made to Jerash, the old Roman city one of the Decapolis, to the Royal Stables and to the Mountains of Gilead as well as being able to meet Jordanians at a banquet given by the Jordan British Society at which Arthur Bowen made a speech to further cement friendship.

A trip to Jordan would not be complete without visiting Petra and we were not disappointed. The ruined city of cave dwellers cut into the red sandstone is approached through a narrow gorge only 15 feet wide in places with the red cliffs towering a sheer two hundred feet up. Some of us walked the two miles in whilst others rode on horseback or in a cart. Ted rode a horse called 'Silver' which made him feel like the 'Lone Ranger.' Beryl his squaw declared 'I would not have missed the ride in for anything even though I had a sore bottom for the next two days.'

Aqaba was where we spent a few days

swimming and going for a boat ride on a patrol boat provided for us by the Royal Jordanian Coastguard whose task it is to help anyone in trouble along their 22 kilometres of coast.

A visit to Wadi Rum and a short walk across the desert was an experience as we encountered a little sandstorm on our return journey. Tom and Mary were offered tea in a Bedouin tent. Mary said, 'The woman had six children under ten and they all sat on carpets placed on the sand. I sat cross legged and the little kids peered up my skirt to see what I was wearing beneath it.'

English was widely spoken and some could articulate very well. One day after walking in temperatures of well over a 100°F three of us were very thirsty and decided to have a drink. 'Wouldn't a beer go down well' said one of us. We found a cafe right next to a mosque and in an Islamic country we thought that we had had it. The proprietor approached us and enquired 'Tea, coffee or beer?' This was a surprise, but we were even more surprised when he opened three bottles of beer and then proceeded to pour them into a silver tea pot. Three plastic mugs were placed in front of us and in this way we had our beer and did not openly offend anyone.

These few words do not do justice to the hand of friendship that was extended to us from the Royal Family to the most humble Jordanian. The Royal Jordanian Radio Amateurs Society JY 6ZZ lent us their very well equipped rooms in the King Hussein Sports City complex as did the Royal Signals at Zerqa. We would like to thank them all as well as Robin, Arthur and St. Dunstan's for engineering such a wonderful trip.

Finally, the most outstanding impression I have of our trip to Jordan occurred in a moment of reflection. Here we were a party of Englishmen, descendants of the Crusaders, being entertained and given presents by a Middle Eastern Potentate, a descendant of the Arabs who fought the Crusaders and who put all those infidels to the sword of Islam. Greek and Roman civilizations had come and gone and under the Greeks the City of Amman had been called Philadelphia, which translated means, 'City of Brotherly Love'. In

the affairs of men had we advanced from the Greek idea 'Search for the Golden Mean and take nothing to excess.' Communication smooths out cultural differences and amateur radio is communication. The friendship we enjoyed with our Jordanian hosts transcended cultural differences and demonstrated the value of this fascinating hobby.

THIS IS THE DAY

by Alf Bradley

Scientists working on the United States space programme were astonished when reference to the Bible solved a problem that had baffled the computers. The scientists were checking the position in space of the sun, moon and planets a hundred years from now, a precaution necessary for planning satellite flight.

The computer measurement was being run over past centuries when it stopped, showing a red warning light. It had stopped because apparently there was a day missing in space in elapsed time.

No one could account for the missing day until one member of the team recalled the story in Joshua 1:10 where Joshua asks the Lord to make the sun stand still for about a whole day.

This, however, was not accurate enough for the computer which was still short of 40 minutes. Even this discrepancy was cleared up however when the team member knowledgeable on scripture recalled a passage in 2 Kings 20 and verse 11 also recorded in Isaiah 38 and verse 8 in which Isaiah called on the Lord to make the sun go backwards for 10 degrees as a sign for Hezekiah, 10 degrees in this kind of calculation is exactly 40 minutes.

I first read this about 15 years ago, in the book, 'The Scripture of Truth' in a wonderful chapter on 'The Astronomy of the Bible'. This book, by Sidney Collett, was first published in 1904 and had 19 editions. Sadly it is now out of print; but I read it in a braille copy from the Torch Trust.

This definitely is the day, and shows the Glory and Knowledge of God in His Creation.



superb time of 21 mins. 01.5. Mike Tetley finished in 3rd position with a time of 22 mins. 42.8, Stan Tutton had a time of 23 mins. 03.7 and Terry Bullingham came in with a time of 24 mins. 19.8.

In the Javelin, John Gilbert earned himself 4th place with a throw of 15.10 metres while Stan Tutton finished just behind in 5th place throwing his javelin 10.48 metres.

John Gilbert featured again in the Discus Competition just making the bronze medal with a throw of 14.50 metres. Again Stan Tutton just missed out on the medals but managed a credible 9.12 metre throw.

This year, as every year, Jimmy Wright was the team organiser and although they were not as successful as last year he was quite pleased with the teams' performance.

John Gilbert heads for the line at the end of the Mens 3 Kilometre Walk.

NATIONAL METRO SPORTS '90

'Faces of determination.' Stan Tutton and his escort, Lisa Butcher, during the Mens 3 Kilometre Walk.

The 13th Annual National Metro Sports for the visually handicapped took place at the New River Stadium, White Hart Lane, Tottenham, on Saturday June 30th. Unlike last year the weather was not so kind, with a strong breeze blowing across the track, making it difficult for the competitors, especially those in some of the field events.

Again the focus of interest for St. Dunstaners was the Mens Three Kilometre B.1 Walk in which four St. Dunstaners had battled for the Bill Harris trophy. Unfortunately John Gilbert couldn't hold onto the trophy which he won last year and had to settle for second place behind the in-form Mike Brace. John had suffered a groin strain and this no doubt detracted from his performance but he still managed a



REFLECTIONS

By the Reverend C. Le M. Scott

There is talk of the Royal Navy having to give up a third of its force of frigates; a Field Marshal has said (perhaps with his tongue in cheek) that the Royal Air Force should be disbanded. But the profession of arms depends on well trained men and the best possible equipment. It takes a very long time to produce regiments of the high standards we have known. And yet it is clear that the dispersal of the hated power in Eastern Europe must result in a reduction in the Forces of the Crown — though money saved from defence cuts rarely finds its way into better hospitals and schools.

There was a glory in our Services. A St. Dunstaner, at the Prisoner of War Reunion, mentioned the delight with which in 1940, he put on that round cap with H.M.S. ribbon; and I can recall how in London a year later I could strut about as one of the finest of His Majesty's subjects. Must these honours be denied in our time? Of course it was always clear that in the ranks of those who opposed us there were young men with the same sense of single-minded glory. But it was by the grace of God that we prevailed; that is not to be forgotten.

Yet it may be that disarmament was just what we fought for. At the heart of our military glory there was always bitter wickedness; and surrounding the armed struggle a mass of stark cruelty. A vast evil had to be faced out and defeated; the heroism and the suffering were at the final judgement, worthwhile. We were opposed by those who believed in war.

This we never did. We never prayed for a defence 'in all assaults of our enemies' and 'that we might not fear the power of any adversaries'. And a disarmed peace was always our ultimate goal. Not a land fit for heroes — that was always too pompous. But a world in which our heroes, still vigilant for the eternal values, would not have to march to the sound of the guns.

But I hope that we don't drop our guard too soon.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

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

On behalf of St. Dunstan's Council and our blinded ex-Servicemen and women I would be grateful if you would kindly give Her Majesty The Queen our most loyal greetings on the declaration of her Official Birthday on Saturday, 16th June.

We send Her Majesty all our good wishes.

Mr. Kenneth Scott, C.M.G., Assistant Private Secretary to Her Majesty The Queen, replies on her behalf.

I am commanded by The Queen to ask you to convey her sincere thanks to all members of the St. Dunstan's Council and all ex-Servicemen and women, for their kind and loyal message of greetings, sent on the occasion of Her Majesty's Official Birthday.

As patron, Her Majesty received this message with much pleasure and sends her best wishes to you all.

CARBON COPYING MADE EASIER

Derek Dymond, of Ferndown, Dorset, recommends a product called 'Action' to make carbon copying easier. The paper is carbonised, and saves trying to line everything up in your typewriter. Up to six copies can be produced. Action costs £6 per box of 200 A4 size sheets. Enquire at your local stationers.

MODEM FOR SALE

A Tandy Modem CP 21/23 300/1200 BAUD. Complete with mains transformer, RS 232 connecting cable, line to telephone socket and spare input socket to plug in external handset. Suitable for BBC user. £20. Please contact Ray Hazan, at HQ.

Observations

by Patrick Flanagan

At the time of writing the World Cup is reaching its final frantic stages. Like most things in this age people either love it or, can't stand it. I'm afraid I fall into the first category and have lost several nights sleep and totally neglected the household chores in an effort to keep up with the changing fortunes of the various teams. The ladies find it especially trying, with their beloved soap operas relegated to the quiet backwaters of the television schedules or, worse still, cancelled.

To compound the situation the World Cup coincides with Wimbledon and the start of the cricket season, so all avenues of escape are closed, at least when it comes to choice on television.

Many people believe sport takes up too much television air time, some of the new satellite stations dedicate whole channels to sport. So has sport become more popular or is it the proliferation of mass communication that makes it appear so. The first recorded game of football took place in Florence, on February 17th, 1530. That game (played as a morale booster for troops defending Florence against the Spanish) bore little resemblance to the game played today. For a start the teams had 27-side, and the rules were, well non-existent.

That particular branch of football which is still played in Florence probably goes back to the first and second centuries AD, when legionnaires and soldiers in the Roman colony of Arpastum played as part of their military training. I have no doubt that if television had been available in those days football would only take second place in the T.V. ratings to the gladiatorial contests. I can just see it now, a live broadcast from the Coliseum. The triumphant gladiator has just despatched his opponent to meet Jupiter. Then those immortal words ring out over the airwaves. 'Yeah Brianus, the lad Linekus dum

well.' Some things never change. I'm sure the ladies of the time would have felt 'left out' and have preferred to watch the latest tragedy from Greece or perhaps the latest remake of Antony and Cleopatra.

All this has its serious side. When a nation takes to the football field it might as well be engaging an enemy on the battlefield. The build-up is the same. Months of preparation for 90 minutes that can mean glory or ignominious defeat. If the players are the new age warriors then the manager is the general. Upon his shoulders rests the faith of the nation. Like a general he will observe from the side lines, hoping the men will follow his strategy — attack when its prudent, beat an orderly retreat when under pressure. 'Remember this is your country's finest hour and a half.'

Sometimes the camp followers get a bit worked up and do as much damage as a real marauding army. Psychologists have tried to understand the mind of the football hooligan, but most academics don't know a lot about football, or the sheer terror of watching your nation battling against the odds, the joy of victory or, the stomach turning reality of defeat.

Perhaps in centuries to come historians will look back on our times and view our sports as we view the games of ancient Rome. Maybe they will see sport for what it really is 'war without tears'.

BOOK WANTED

If anyone is willing to lend or dispose of a print copy of Richard Gordon's book 'Great Medical Disasters', published by Hutchinson in 1983, will they please contact Ray Hazan at HQ.



'The waiting game'. Bob Fullard well tucked up waits for a 'bite'.

ST. DUNSTAN'S FISHING CLUB VISIT R.A.F. CHIVENOR

by Jock Carnochan

Our programme of visits to other establishments started six years ago with our first visit to Royal Marine Condor (45 Commando). Contact with other services establishments was made by members of the Club and three years ago, Patrick Murphy contacted his cousin, Sergeant Andrew Stirrat, who was then Secretary of the R.A.F. Valley Sea Angling Club.

Sgt. Stirrat organised a most excellent visit for us to Anglesey, North Wales, and at the time of going to print, Sgt. Stirrat, who is now based at R.A.F. North Camp, Gibraltar, is once again playing host to six members of the St. Dunstan's Club who are, I'm sure, enjoying a week's good sea angling in the Med.

Following our visit to R.A.F. Valley, Bob Forshaw made contact with a relative

serving at R.A.F. Chivenor where another excellent visit was organised by Squadron Leader Stuart Robinson and Chief Technician Tim George. This year we made a return visit to Chivenor where we enjoyed four days of good fishing off the North Devon Coast, on the fishing boat, *Ann Lyn* skippered by Paul, who's family history of sea fishing goes back about four hundred years.

St. Dunstan's members attending this year were Bob Forshaw, Bob Fullard, Jack Fulling, Alan Mitchell and Wally Lethbridge. The advent of fishing off different parts of our coast has certainly added to ones experience of where the different species are caught, which in turn demands different types of tackle and technique. This year's visit to Chivenor presented

some good fishing in good weather conditions. We had only one day of foul weather which did not deter us from going out. We arrived at Chivenor on Sunday evening and were met by Tim George and were soon settled into our accommodatoin in the Sergeants Mess, after which we were very warmly welcomed by the other members of the Chivenor Sea Anglers in the R.A.F.A. Club where old acquaintances were renewed by those who had gone on the first visit.

Next morning saw us up early and after breakfast we travelled by minibus down to Ilfracombe and were soon aboard the *Ann Lyn*. Paul informed us he had been in touch with the local fish on the echo sounder and they promised to be at a certain mark off the coast and provided we had the right bait and tackle a few of them might give themselves up to us. What we were hoping to catch were: conger eel; dog fish; a type of skate; huss and whiting and possibly some mackerel. All of these we did catch and the best weights of the four days went to Tim, with a nice 12lb bull huss. Wally topped our bill with a small 14lb conger and a 7lb thorn back ray. Everyone else having reasonable catches of the different species with average weights of two to three pounds.

In all a very pleasant four days, each day we enjoyed the company of members of the Chivenor Club who in addition to helping our members with tackling and baiting cleaned and filleted each day's catch which was taken back to the mess and kept in the fridge to be taken home after our visit. Evenings were spent in the Sergeants Mess with the usual swapping of yarns and reminiscence of past experiences. All very thirsty work.

Thursday evening gave us the opportunity to reciprocate the kind hospitality extended to us by the host club members and we invited them to a, yes you guessed it, a fish dinner at the renowned Squires Fish Restaurant, in Braunton, which sports the top award for fish restaurants in the South West. It certainly lived up to its title for our occasion. After the meal we returned to the Mess for a few farewell drinks and were very ably entertained by Taffy, Senior NCO of the Fire Fighting Department, who gave us a few render-



Bob Forshaw with the one that didn't get away.

ings of his private repertoire, and so concluded a very happy social evening.

All that remains is to say very many thanks to the following: Squadron Leader Stuart Robinson and Chief Technician Tim George who incidentally will be off soon to the Ascension Islands representing the R.A.F. We wish them every success. To the catering staff who looked after us so well with the very able assistance of our own helper, Ian. Finally to St. Dunstan's for making it all possible.

Our next Services visit will be Royal Marine Condor, Arbroath, where the order of the day will be cod, that will be the first week in August. To all those St. Dunstaners who are interested in sea angling why not join us. Annual subscription is a mere £5, loan equipment is available at I.F.H. If you are interested contact the Secretary at any time after 6pm on Brighton 685095, or by post to: 43 Preston Road, Brighton BN1 4QE.

TIMES REMEMBERED



Seventh in an anniversary series of articles

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY

Bob and Joan Osborne talking to Patrick Flanagan

When the history of St. Dunstan's is written it will tell the story of an organisation born out of a terrible necessity, of how it rose to the challenges of two world wars and how it learned to adapt and live with everything fate could throw at it.

When we speak of organisations we often neglect the individual but it is the calibre of the individual that will determine the quality of the whole, for they are the threads that bind together any organisation.

Few individuals can be more immersed in St. Dunstan's than Joan Osborne. Joan is the daughter of First World War St. Dunstaner, the late Joseph Thomas Walch, but she has a double connection with St. Dunstan's for she went on to marry St. Dunstaner, Bob Osborne.

Joan's father was wounded at Ypres in July 1917, suffering severe head injuries and the loss of an arm. Although his injuries left him totally blind and caused him constant pain throughout his life Joan's earliest memories of her father are of a happy nature, for Joe Walch was a



Joe Walch in uniform about 1916.

music lover and passed his gift on to his daughter.

I started to learn the piano when I was five and whenever I had to do extra piano lessons he would always come and sit with me. He would probably be reading his braille. He was a beautiful singer and I used to accompany him. I would teach him his songs even though I was quite young. When I was eight I came down to Brighton with my father who was doing a concert with the Worthing Municipal Orchestra.

Between the Wars

The years between the wars were lean ones but the family managed to survive. Joe and his wife, Ellen, had a small tobacconists and confectioners shop in Bolton. They were also known throughout Bolton for their ice cream. 'Mum would make the ice cream, she said she was the first customer and the last customer. Dad and his younger brother would go around with a barrow, they were so ashamed, but became very well known

and apparently they would come from all over to get the ice cream.'

Then, as now the Reunions were a highlight of the St. Dunstaners year, and were a real family affair. 'Before the war the children used to go to the reunions and I can remember going to the Manchester Reunion and getting a present of a compendium of games. I was an only child and father was really special to me. St. Dunstaners in those days who lost limbs couldn't be trained not like the Second World War. Father had only one hand and the other one was so badly damaged but he taught himself to do lots of things and he used to invent gadgets which would help the handless.'

Joan maintained her association with St. Dunstan's over the years accompanying her parents on holidays to Brighton. In those days St. Dunstaners' wives were required to seek accommodation outside West House and the newly opened centre at Ovingdean. In fact, her father was one of the first to use the new building at Ovingdean. Joan explains.

'We used to come down on holidays to West House, mother and I would stay elsewhere of course. I'll always remember

West House, it had nine steps to go up to the door, the men used to say "one over the eight". Where you would hang your coat up was painted with brown paint, it used to frighten the life out of me. Bill Hawckett was the head orderly, and I used to haunt him to put the insurance stamps on the orderlies cards. It was the highlight of my holiday. I was about ten or eleven then. His brother, Charles, also worked there, and the wicket gate down at the bus stop was called Hawckett's Gate after him, but that's forgotten now.'

The Second World War brought an influx of new St. Dunstaners and in 1941 Joan's father went to Church Stretton to teach braille and shorthand. Joan and her mother followed him there the following year. 'We would go down for the holidays and mum and I moved there in January 1942. I worked in the council offices and I spent all my spare time in the music department and eventually I went to work there full time for Claude Bampton.'

Joan's relationship with St. Dunstan's was to change in the very near future for if her ties with the organisation were strong they were to get even stronger. History has it that the first time Joan met Bob

Bob and Joan pictured on their wedding day in 1948.



Osborne he made such an impression that she doesn't remember him at all. 'I don't remember meeting him until January. They said to me will you take this poor boy, he's only got one arm and one leg, will you take him out? So I took him to the pictures in Shrewsbury. When we got off the bus at Deanhurst he never said goodbye to me or anything, so I said that's it, I'm not taking him out anymore. He's had it.' But of course he was made of sterner stuff. Bob lived to fight another day and soon they were engaged.

Call him Mister

With the cessation of hostilities it was safe to return to Brighton and Joan moved there in 1946. She found that the war had changed social attitudes and things were becoming a little more informal. 'When I was young before the war you didn't call the St. Dunstaners by their Christian names, they were all Mister and after the war when the First World War men would come down here I found it very difficult to call them by their Christian names.'

Bob Osborne had lost his right leg and his left hand and was totally blind but Joan was in a unique position to understand his problems. Joan's father being a St. Dunstaner knew even more about it and in Bob's own words 'didn't think a lot of his daughter marrying another St. Dunstaner.'

Bob and Joan married in 1948, and as fate would have it they got married in Blackburn Road Church, in Bolton, the same church where Joan's parents were married in 1919. Bob went to work in Ian Fraser House running the kiosk, but it was not so much a shop as a meeting place where St. Dunstaners could come and discuss their problems or just go and have a chat.

Bob explains, 'I was with I.C.I. before I was injured, but with my injury I couldn't go back. The kiosk wasn't my type of work but I had to do something I was only 24 when we got married, Joan and I ran the shop for over 20 years. There were quite a few permanent chaps in those days and



Joe sings at Parkin's Camp Concert, Jersey, in 1955.

they lived at Ian Fraser House. The fellows would come down with their little diaries with addresses of their daughters and we would send chocolates and presents on their birthdays and cards to them at Christmas. I even got in tins of Guinness for one chap. And the Commandant walked in one day and said what are you doing with that, I said I just fancied one. Mind, we only gave them to our customers one tin at a time.'

Although the kiosk took up much of their time music still was a major part of their lives. They performed with Joe as the Osborne Trio for many years, singing at the Dome in Brighton and many other venues. They were also regular performers at the Christmas shows.

Later with Ron Smith and Winston Holmes they acquired the more unusual name of The Three Blind Mice, a name which Joan didn't think a lot of. 'It was our

son, Keith, when he was about 14, suggested we call ourselves Three Blind Mice. I was disgusted, I said certainly not. Then we were doing this concert and I was sorting the music out when someone asked Bob what we were called and he said Three Blind Mice. Well I nearly dropped, but when it was announced Joan and the Three Blind Mice it started everybody laughing.

'So I said if we can make fun of ourselves, and make people laugh we'll keep the name.'

Three Blind Mice

Joan's parents had also moved to the Brighton area and in the 1960's music brought back memories for Joan's father when she discovered that a hero of her fathers from the early years of the century was living nearby. 'G.H. Elliott was my

father's idol and the last concert that my father went to before he went overseas was to see Elliott at The Grand Theatre, Bolton. That was his last leave before he was blinded. Years afterwards when we were doing the staff concerts at Ian Fraser House, G.H. Elliott had come to live at Saltdean. Dr. John O'Hara's secretary, Betty Williams, and I went up to see him to see if he would come and do a concert because the second half of our Christmas concert was going to be the Black and White Minstrel Show.

Although Mr. Elliott was getting on in years he agreed to do the show and brought back many memories. My father said would he sing a song for him called "Cross the Gypsies Palm with Silver" because he sang that at this concert at the Grand Theatre, Bolton, the last time he had seen him. His wife said Mr. Elliott went home and spent over two hours going through all his music and he found

Bob and Joan in the Brighton club room.





Bob (alias George Robey) and Joan in their performing days.

it, and he came and sang it at the concert and he told everybody, "I'm singing this for Joe".

Although they have given up their musical 'careers' both Bob and Joan are kept busy with other St. Dunstan's activities. Bob has been involved with the Brighton Club since 1953 and has been Chairman for 14 years. Now bowling is their main interest and takes up a great deal of their time. Joan has few regrets about her association with St. Dunstan's but she is sorry that her father and the other St. Dunstaners from the First World War didn't have the same facilities as the men have today. 'The sad thing is that the First World War men and their wives never had the things that the men who came in say in the last ten years have.'

Bob and Joan have passed the spirit of St. Dunstan's on to the next generation, for when their sons, Graham and Keith, speak of their father they speak of him as an ordinary person, forgetting that he has

a disability. 'Our two sons live in Saltdean and if we are in the building they come up and have a swim and they'll come to see us and so all the other St. Dunstaners know them as well and they get to meet each other.'

'It's four generations now, father, Bob, our sons and our grandchildren. To me St. Dunstan's is special and when I meet people who haven't heard anything about St. Dunstan's I get quite indignant. I can't remember a time when I haven't been connected with St. Dunstan's. To me, well, it's a family!'

USEFUL ACCESSORIES FOR HEARING IMPAIRED

Difficulty with hearing when using the telephone can be eased by the use of a telephone amplifier, a small box-like gadget with a volume control and strap to hold it attached to the earpiece on the telephone handset. For those who have a hearing aid with a 'T' switch the amplifier can combine an inductive coupler thus enabling the user to make use of the loop system signal which is received directly by the hearing aid. The amplifier needs a small battery for power.

Again difficulty hearing the radio or television can be overcome by the use of a personal sound system which consists of a microphone placed near the sound source which leads into an amplifier which leads to a pair of headphones. It should be noted that headphones on their own can often be plugged directly into a television set if there is a socket and into most radios and cassettes. Hearing aid users with a 'T' switch can again make use of the loop signal system by using an induction neck loop instead of headphones.

A simple loop system is also available on its own, placed round the neck with a lead to a jack or adaptor which will fit a radio, TV headphone socket, Talking Book Machine and cassette player. The loop system cuts out background noise.

The equipment price ranges from approximately £20 to £50 without VAT. The Supplies Department can provide further information.

Balancing the Books

by Ted Bunting

Big is Invisible

Author: Belinda Charlton
Reader: Rosalind Shanks
Duration: 6.25 hours
Catalogue number: 5947

The principle is quite straightforward, as every calorie counter knows... if you stuff more food down your gullet than your body can burn away, then the sorry fact is, you'll put on weight. There are no exceptions I'm afraid; so it's not surprising that a compulsive eater like Belinda Charlton, whose story this is, reached a wobbly 22 stones before she'd reached her mid-thirties. Without her clothes on, she must have looked something like a Sumo wrestler from Japan, and it was all done by munching curries, scoffing cream-cakes and gorging herself with chocolates the world over. No wonder hotel beds used to collapse under her vast bulk.

But what is a surprise, particularly when you think of the habitual laziness of your average 'greedy fatty', is that this one took up jogging in order to fight the flab, and succeeded so well that she eventually ran the London Marathon.

Considering her all round, I'm sure you'll think Belinda Charlton a very remarkable lady indeed, once you've heard her story. Of course, she had to shed over half her original body weight before victory was won, and that was undoubtedly the greatest achievement of them all. In bathrooms all around the land, I'll bet, there are many great white whales in

human form who invariably turn green with envy at the very thought of bonny blonde Belinda.

Sumo Wrestler and Great White Whales

* * * *

Boy

Author: Roald Dahl
Reader: Ian Craig
Duration: 4 hours
Catalogue number: 5452

From the man who wrote 'Tales of the Unexpected', it comes as no great shock to find that this small book about his own childhood is amusing, interesting, and contains a few surprises for the reader.

For those of you who are able to recall the commonplaces of life before the Second World War, this book will evoke many memories too: you will hear Dahl's description of visits to the village sweet-shop and say: 'Yes, it was exactly like that, wasn't it?'; and as you are reminded of the days when the family doctor was just as likely to reach for a surgical instrument as for a prescription pad, you will reflect that perhaps 'the good old days' were not really so golden as our imagination paints them.

Mind you, there are some childhood memories you may not share with Roald Dahl. For example not all of us, alas, were born with the proverbial golden spoon

between our toothless gums, and I must admit that the question of whether to accompany my tuck-box to Harrow, Eton, or Winchester, was not one which cost me many sleepless nights.

Nevertheless, regardless of the fact that I was never 'Captain of Fives', or got my blue, or any other colour, in squash-racquets, rigger, or as a wet bob, I thoroughly enjoyed this book, and I'll bet you will too!

Squash Racquets, Rigger and Wet Bobs

* * * *

Animal Farm

Author: George Orwell

Reader: John Richmond

Duration: 3.75 hours

Catalogue number: 4677

It's more of a short story than a novel, this is, and it tells how the animals of 'Manor Farm' drove out their wicked master, and took over the farm themselves. You can call it a grown-up fairy story if you like, but I'll swear you'll have to go back to the 'Sermon on the Mount' to find so much truth packed into so few words.

When you read it, and I urge you to do so, you will find many episodes which will greatly impress you. One of my favourite parts, is where the leader of the revolution addresses the animals, and the flock of sheep in the front rows, obediently chant the slogans they have been taught; how it puts me in mind of striking miners bleating: 'We'll eat grass.'

Like all other attempts to carry the theory of communism into practice, this one contains a great deal that is farce, but inevitably, there is tragedy too because it is only a matter of time before the leaders of revolutions become indistinguishable from the tyrants they replace.

A grown-up fairy story

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LORD HENLEY OPENS NEW NORTH WING

The Lord Henley, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, Department of Social Security, formally opened the re-furnished North Wing of Ian Fraser House during a visit to our two houses in Brighton on Friday, 1st June.

With his Assistant Private Secretary, Mr. Steven Hurley, Lord Henley called first at Pearson House where he was met by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach, Mr. William Weisblatt and members of the staff.

Matron Chris King conducted him on a tour of Pearson House to see the facilities, particularly in the extended Nursing Wing. He took every opportunity to meet St. Dunstaners and staff there and in the Residential Wing. After just over an hour the party drove to Ian Fraser House.

There the Minister was greeted by Major Arthur Neve, Manager; Mr. Mike Hordell, Services Manager and Dr. Martin Knott, Medical Officer. Over pre-lunch drinks in the bar Lord Henley was able to chat informally with St. Dunstaners. Later he met others as he toured the building, visiting training rooms and workshops. In the kitchen he quizzed St. Dunstaner, Brenda Rea on the dish she was cooking. On the indoor bowling green our bowlers produced some very accurate play which impressed the visitors and, not to be out-done, our archers managed to hit the gold as the Minister watched an indoor practice session.

Afterwards, in a letter to our Chairman, Lord Henley wrote: 'I was impressed by the high standard of facilities available and the courage and determination of the St. Dunstaners themselves to overcome their disabilities.'

PARTNERSHIP FOR LIFE VIDEO

Partnership for Life videos are now available on VHS and Betamax, both priced at £18.

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. Jack Reginald Aylott, of Hornchurch, Essex, who joined on June 5th. He is 78 years of age.

Mr. Aylott enlisted in the Royal Air Force in 1941, as a trainee Navigator and whilst training in the U.K. was injured in a bombing raid when he lost his left eye. He was invalided out of the Air Force in 1943. He then started work in the furnishing trade and soon had his own business with two partners. He later sold out and worked for the Post Office, ending his working life as a sub-Postmaster. His interests have included stamp and coin collecting and gardening.

Mr. Aylott and his wife, Mabel, were married on Christmas Day, 1935, and they have two sons and a daughter.

Mr. Dennis Downes, of Bristol, who joined on June 6th.

Mr. Downes, who is 59 years of age, served as a Craftsman in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers from 1953 until 1955, first in England and then with the Rhine Army in Germany. In civilian life Mr. Downes worked as a Design Draughtsman with Rolls Royce until he retired in 1983. Mr. Downes is very involved with his local branch of The Royal British Legion and his main hobby is Amateur Radio.

Mr. Downes is married and has two children.

Mr. Edward Tate, of Barnsley, who joined on June 6th.

Mr. Tate joined the Royal Air Force in 1935 and trained as an Aero Engine Fitter. He was a Japanese Prisoner of War from

1942. When he left the Air Force in 1946 he had reached the rank of Sergeant. After the war he worked as a centre lathe turner in Barnsley.

Mr. Tate is married and has a son and a daughter.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Jean Miller, Brighton

I have received so many letters and expressions of sympathy upon the death of 'Dusty' that I am overwhelmed.

Thank you all for your kindness which has certainly helped me in my sadness. May I also thank St. Dunstan's staff at Headquarters, Pearson House and Ian Fraser House for the great support and help given to 'Dusty' during his illness and to me upon his death.

From Mrs. Bunty Morris, Southbourne, Bournemouth

As an ex-Lounge Sister, Typing Teacher and Bursar's Secretary, at Church Stretton, I have naturally been very interested in the articles and photographs of 'Times Remembered'. These have rekindled memories of many happy years there.

With reference to the identity of the two St. Dunstaners walking along the wire, I am sure that the one on the left was Bernard Purcell (who unfortunately died last year) and that on the right is Fred Ripley. As industrious trainees they were probably on their way to the huts for an anatomy lesson from Jock Steele rather than a visit to The Plough or The Bucks-head!

Thank you for these articles which must have given nostalgic pleasure to many others besides myself.

St. Dunstan's Gardening Club

by Margaret Bingham

Our gardening meetings held at Ian Fraser House from 14th to 25th May were tinged with sadness when we were told of the deaths of three of our members, Reg Newton, erstwhile Chairman and latterly a committee member, Johnny Cope and Walford Davies, also Hilda Hobson, dear wife of Albert. Tom Smart in his opening remarks at our first meeting on the Monday morning paid tribute to all four saying how they would be sorely missed. We stood for a minute's silence. Then Tom gave an outline of the week's programme — arranged by the late lamented Reg — and said that usually the two separate weeks were identical but this time due to an oversight on Reg's part when a proposed venue had not been confirmed a substitute had to be found and he and John had chosen Sissinghurst, in Kent.

He said it was not a hectic week but it would be a long drive to Birdworld in Hampshire. Of our proposed September visit to Church Stretton he said the accommodation list was now full but there is a waiting list should there be any cancellations. As a point of interest Tom said a nursery at Bangor-on-Dee is cultivating a rose to be called 'St. Dunstan's Rose'. John said our Gardening Club was very healthy financially but there were still one or two subscriptions outstanding.

Tuesday we left I.F.H. at 10.30 am in an Alpha coach on the comparatively short drive to Bateman's, south of Burwash, in East Sussex, and home of the late Rudyard Kipling. The drive to Burwash was not uneventful as the traffic was so heavy and at a complete standstill near Lewes that our driver turned the coach round when the opportunity arose and continued along quieter country roads. We reached Bateman's by turning into a narrow lane 'like an enlarged rabbit hole' as Kipling described it and a very apt description it was as the coach was driven very gingerly down it. John and Elizabeth disembarked to get our tickets but had to search around before finding the ticket office. Then our

driver told us an inner-wheel tyre had punctured and he had to phone his depot at Brighton for a replacement to be sent.

All this did not dampen our spirits though and after receiving our lunch boxes we made our way to a nearby dell where there were tables and chairs and ate our meal. (A disadvantage with having a picnic lunch like this was having nothing to drink, apart from a carton of orange juice in the pack, until later. More concerning this elsewhere.) The rather steep pathway to Bateman's was impressive and was imbued with a pleasant aromatic smell: flanked on the left was grass whilst on the right was a fairly wide expanse of herbs — marjoram, thyme, coriander, etc., each arranged in a V-design with the apex at the pathway's edge. Most unusual.

The formal gardens which lay to the south-west of the house were a picture of peace and tranquility. Beautifully cut lawns (we were allowed to walk over them), a fairly large rectangular pond teeming with brightly coloured fish, an avenue of lime trees which had been pollarded and the remains of a white willow which had a girth of 22 feet and was reputed to be 300 years old. The pool reflecting the almost cloudless sky was a beautiful blue, apart from the end where the Japanese Koi and other carp twisted and turned giving a kaleidoscope of brilliant colours. The fish are not permanently kept here, just for display and breeding purposes, but will be reclaimed by their owners in due course.

A yew hedge encloses the garden and at one end is the original stone which marked Kipling's grave in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. We walked to the Mill through a wild garden but although it had been much used for supplying water to the house and later to generate electricity Rudyard Kipling had the wheel removed and replaced it with a generator. This is the Mill which figured so prominently in some of Kipling's stories, i.e., *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

Bateman's is a National Trust property. Built in 1634 of local sandstone the house is a true embodiment of Jacobean architecture and Kipling and his wife who had been living in Rottingdean fell in love with it and decided to buy it. Eventually he also bought surrounding properties thus increasing the estate to 300 acres.

I think everyone will agree with me when I say Reg had one or two unusual ideas for our gardening programmes. First of all those two exotic dancers, Julie and Mike, who performed for our delight at our previous dinner and dance night. And now on Wednesday morning a talk and slide show given by Mrs. Sawyer, a member of the Wiltshire Trust for Nature Conservation.

Firstly she gave a fairly detailed account of what the Trust does — protects wildlife in all its forms by carefully managing to conserve trees, plants, animals, etc., for future generations. Wildlife surveys are organised and advice on wildlife conservation is given to local authorities, farmers and landowners as well as school children and local groups to encourage a general interest. Her slides were extremely interesting. Not only did she show the countryside in Wiltshire with its variety of trees and shrubs but also the wild flowers, ponds and marshes and gave details of the habits of various creatures. We found her talk very enlightening and gave her a well deserved round of applause. Later she and her husband were to be our guests of honour at dinner. (I understand Mr. Sawyer is connected with the Warminster Camp which some of our men visit in the Summer.)

After a quiet afternoon we made our way to the Winter Garden for a drink prior to taking our seats for dinner. The tables looked lovely, snowy white cloths, gleaming cutlery and glasses and beautifully arranged floral centres. We were soon tucking into delicious food and later we adjourned to the Annexe where Ernie Took and his Band awaited us to play for the dance.

On Thursday morning we made an early start for Birdworld, near Farnham,

some 60 miles away. Our driver took us through some lovely wooded countryside in West Sussex and Surrey. The woods were a mass of colour, pink, mauve and purple rhododendrons growing amidst the trees which by now were in full leaf. The hawthorn bushes were covered in white blossom giving the impression of being under a blanket of snow. It has been a fantastic spring with the flowers being out so much earlier. We saw roses, foxgloves and even poppies in the hedgerows whilst on the banks and amongst the trees could be seen splashes of vivid blue. Bluebells, although by now past their best still giving a wonderful show of their earlier beauty.

There was still much evidence of the hurricane which did so much damage in the South-East and subsequent gales which added to the carnage — wide open spaces, trees lying at unusual angles but the partial uprooting of rhododendrons could create a whole new aspect in our woods. So many were seen to be lying across the ground rather than upright and they were in full flower! Crops were well advanced too and hay had been cut and baled in a couple of fields. It was interesting to note the colour of the soil in the Pulborough area. It was reddish brown, similar to that in Devon but it seems there is a geological reason for this.

We arrived at The Mariners, Frensham, about six miles from Birdworld in good time for our lunch and we were all ready for a drink. I am afraid I am going to draw a large piece of garden netting over the next two or three hours except to say we found Birdworld very interesting but did not have much time to look around properly. Later that day Tom rang the pub and made a complaint as we were not satisfied both with the food and service.

On Friday morning we had our 'brush up' meeting and Tom said everything had gone well apart from the hiccup on Thursday. Club members sitting to the rear of the coach had complained of the lack of ventilation and how uncomfortable they had been on the drive to Frensham. Tom said he would mention this to Alpha. Bert

Frost suggested that if the whole Club could be together for one week instead of splitting and having two weeks it could make things easier. i.e., the dinner and dance or a speaker having to make two visits. (NB. Tom mentioned this later to Major Neve but although the latter thought it a good suggestion he said it would not be practicable as a number of beds at I.F.H. had to be kept for emergencies.) Apropos not having a drink of tea or coffee with our packed lunch it was mooted that these could be taken with us from I.F.H. similar to the race going parties.

A new garden centre has opened recently near Newhaven, so this year it had been decided to visit it and to give Roundstones a miss. Later the general opinion was that it was very good with a large selection of plants and shrubs and St. Dunstaners had a small discount on their purchases. As it has a restaurant on site it could be a good venue for a day visit some time.

The programme for the second week followed that of week one except we were to visit Sissinghurst Castle Gardens in the Weald of Kent. We were about 30 in number as compared with 50 in the previous week including one or two new members whom Tom welcomed to the Club. On Tuesday we left I.F.H. at 10 am for the journey to Sissinghurst Castle (a National Trust property) which lies near the village of the same name. The castle was a Tudor and Elizabethan mansion which gradually over the years just fell to pieces because there was no one to look after it, until 1930 when two gifted people Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson started to repair and restore it to its former glory and also created one of the loveliest gardens in England. We each had an amply packed lunch and sat on the grass near the castle to eat it. (Rather difficult for many of our members I am afraid.) Then we made our way to the gardens to wander at leisure. I have no idea of the acreage of the gardens but together with some 270 acres of farmland all of which is National Trust property it must be immense.

The gardens are divided into sections – Rose Garden, Herb Garden, Cottage Garden, walks and lawns and so on. And of course there is a Moat. The paths were quite wide and even and with no unexpected ridges. There is also a wheelchair route which is most helpful as there were one or two steps. Near the entrance is a broad path of Old London paving stones and growing over an inner archway is an extremely vigorous rose 'Allen Chandler'. Climbing plants were much in evidence to soften the stark brickwork of high walls. There was a mass of azaleas and some of the colours were most unusual, while a little further on we came to the Cottage Garden. As the name implies the garden was full of coloured flowers, tulips, rock roses, iris and many more varieties. A blaze of colour! The pathway here is a mixture of paving stone and brick and an abundant white rose 'Mme. Alfred Carrier' covers the front of the cottage. After a visit to the gift shop and tearooms we reluctantly left Sissinghurst and returned to I.F.H.

On Wednesday morning we had the talk and slide-show by Mrs. Ann Sawyer and here again it was much enjoyed. Dinner was just for Club members and the dance later brought to a close a rather quiet day. On Thursday we left I.F.H. a little later than the previous week and even then arrived at The Mariners in good time for lunch. I am happy to say the food was better and the service an improvement. (Two waitresses for 30 customers is very different from two for 50!).

The visit to Birdworld gave members the opportunity to see the large variety of birds in their separate cages around the grounds and it was pleasant to walk in the warm sunshine listening to the songs or squawks from some. Also there was a rather dark passageway in one building with illuminated fish tanks containing some most unusual fish. We also saw a large glass tank in the grounds in which penguins were swimming around. As usual there was a gift shop and tea house. A very pleasant day.

At the 'brush-up' meeting on Friday

morning John took the Chair as Tom had commitments elsewhere. Everyone had enjoyed the week but it was commented on that when we have a picnic lunch there should be a sheltered place available in case of adverse weather. John mentioned that it had been suggested that Albert Hobson be co-opted on to the depleted

committee and so apart from the visit to the Newhaven Garden Centre another successful gardening programme had been completed. Our thanks to Major Neve, Paul and the catering staff, Ernie Took and his Band and to everyone else who helped to make it so.

BOWLS REPORTS

by Ted Brown

How time flies. There's a lot of water gone under the bridge since then; or, we must have travelled thousands of miles since the last report was written about Weston-super-Mare. But all I can say in amazement; I just don't believe that twelve months have gone by, and yet a busier year in store for one or two of us, anyway that's another story.

Before I start this report, I would like all those who follow the bowlers and their progress to please give a thought to all those bowlers that have passed away to the great bowling green up there in heaven, not forgetting their wives and friends.

It is very nice when we go to the tournaments that the common cry is 'how's so and so getting on? Isn't he coming this year?' Then you have the sad news to tell them that they won't be coming anymore because of a sudden illness that took their lives away, but I know they will always be remembered, and talked about, as they were all individual characters.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE MAY 1990

Preparing for this tournament must be as complicated as getting ready for a cruise. Why? You never know if it's going to be wet, windy, hot or cold, but if you are lucky you get the lot. But I must say in all fairness the last two tournaments at Weston

have been very reasonable, that is weather-wise. We had to pack quite a bit extra this time as we were going to another one before we returned home, that meant extra for everyone and not just the bowlers.

Brighton Club went out to play against one of the local clubs, which gave some of them a chance to get the arm swinging right, but I had to decline as I had too long a journey that morning, but I did manage a little gentle exercise after tea to get loosened up.

Saturday morning was the beginning of a very tiring day. After the coach was loaded up with all the luggage, food and the bowling party, we started off at 10.30 a.m. and it got warmer as the day went on, and believe me we were more than pleased when we arrived at the first service station, to get a good stretch of the legs and a cup of tea. It also gave the ladies a chance to have a look in the service station shops, until it was time for us to make another move. We arrived at our hotel worn out and ready for a bath or shower. But as usual we were told to go into the lounge where Adrian served us with a nice cup of tea, while Les, Reg and the driver got the luggage in, then they joined us, and it was just like home, and I mean that, and I know everyone else will say the same.

The first piece of bad news we received was that the man, one Bill Cassidy, or you could say Mr. Weston-super-Mare as he

had been in the fore-front of that tournament for a great number of years, had died the previous week. I know everyone will miss him. But the days went by and by and the competition was going well until the main organiser had to go to two county meetings for his own club and then things went all haywire, so that several players had to cut short their games to get them all in. In fact one player had to give up one of her sections as she had too many games to play and it was impossible to get them all in.

The standard of bowling is getting better every year and Weston was no exception. I always take this tournament as a run up to the English National Tournament. It doesn't matter whether you win there or not, but it's a bonus if you do. **The only trophy won by the St. Dunstan's team was the Pairs Trophy, won by Eric Church and myself, but everyone played very well as was proved later on.** The presentation was made by the Vice-President of the Gloucestershire County Bowls Association, as the President himself had died that week. As Chairman of the National Association of Visually Handicapped Bowlers, I responded with a vote of thanks to all of the organisers and especially to the ladies in the canteen who gave up their time and energy all the week supplying tea, coffee and sandwiches, they did a magnificent job but, not quite as much as the wives and helpers did walking up and down several matches a day. Without them and the markers there would be no tournament at all. So well done all you ladies and the men too!

There was one upset for one of the clubs coaches. He became unwell whilst having a drink, but was taken to hospital and he is now out and doing well. Our last evening was shared with a group from the Welsh teams and we had a sing song at Ashcombe Bowling Club. It was unfortunate that it was the first time the club had been open this season, so it went a little flat, but the singing soon started when some bright spark got the record player going, and we all went back to our hotels in very good voice: but packing was the priority when we got indoors, and then we

retired to bed about midnight, which ended a very busy week.

After having a good breakfast the luggage and the bowls were put on the coach, and after a lot of farewells we set off for Ovingdean, and wasn't I pleased to get in and have a nice cup of lemon tea. At this point I would like to thank the driver for all the help and consideration he showed to everyone all the time he was with us and especially all the help he gave during the week. Thank you very much on behalf of us all.

RETURN BOWLS MATCH TO WALES

A team of bowlers from the Brighton Club, their wives and helpers went to Wales to defend the West Glamorgan Trophy. This was organised by Bob and Joan Osborne and Jackie and Rita Pryor. Before I go any further on this report, if I forget anybody it won't be intentional. Those players and wives who had been to Weston the week before stayed at Ian Fraser House over the three and a half days for which we are very grateful to all the staff for breaking up a week, but sometimes it cannot be avoided.

You would think by now we were used to packing and unpacking for these different tournaments? But I can assure you I'm not. After checking several times that we hadn't left anything behind, the food and drink were put on board, a check was made with the usual count of heads, and we were on our way.

What a wonderful surprise awaited us at the front steps, this was the main part where the family lived when occupied and there to greet us was the lady of the house and butler. It's true. Bless their hearts it was Margaret and Graham Davies. Sorry matey but they saved everyone a lot of time by showing us where the bedrooms were. And I thought the establishment did us proud because they put everybody on the bottom floor.

The hotel was the Stradey Park Hotel, Llanelli. It seemed to be very popular with wedding receptions and other functions. The staff were very helpful too, in all departments, and made us feel at home

immediately. I must stress at this juncture that the weather we had until the last day was better than anywhere in the world at that time, and how we revelled in it.

We played our first game against a combined team of sighted and visually handicapped men and women, and we got off to a good start for our competition which was to be held at Llandow. I hope that's how you spell it. We won by a short head, or, as some people say, it's like our front room, there was nothing in it. But a good game no less.

We went to Brecon one day and very interesting it was too. We had a walk around the small but unspoiled town and everyone seemed to be buying curios to take home. We then went to the hotel where we had a very nice lunch before setting off to find the barracks and the War Museum. The barracks were where Bob went for his basic training. While we were in the museum the Major in charge gave us the full history of the regiments when they were first formed and the places around the world where they went for their duties. And the most interesting one was about the actual Zulu War years ago in Africa. We also saw a video of that before the lecture which made things a lot clearer. After presenting Bob with a couple of plaques and a coat badge to keep, we assembled on the barrack square, got on the coach and made our way to Llanelli through the most beautiful countryside in the world. Unspoiled, and I hope it can stay that way for ever.

Viv Evans was our guide through the valleys and mountains, although he is totally blind it's uncanny the way he keeps saying, 'If you look out of the left side in a moment you will see where the ponies and coach carrying the mail went off the road and were killed.' Everyone thanked Viv when he and his wife got off the coach.

The following day we met and played a fully sighted club on invitation and believe me they were surprised at the quality of our bowling. We didn't win, but that didn't matter. The amazing thing about the bowling club of Tybie was that they have twenty six regular players and

they all turned out to play against us, and I thought that was a great honour for all of us. The club was established in 1926, but the movement of players from the area keeps the numbers down, but make no mistake, they are wonderful people. They took us all back to the club where we had a very nice tea and after the votes of thanks, the usual raffle tickets came and I was very lucky, I won the whisky, and believe me it was great, in fact so good I took one home with me simply for medicinal purposes. Who said that? It's true.

Now for the competition for the trophy which we have won for the last three years and they were determined we were taking it back this time. We played triples the first day and what games they were. I will elaborate just a little. As they hadn't enough visually handicapped players on hand, they asked if they could play three sighted players. Being good sports we didn't mind. But I wished we had when we saw the three players. Yes they were the Welsh coaches for the National team, but as I say, 'never mind'.

It was obvious that we were not going to win the triples, but my goodness we gave them a fright. When we went into lunch in the newly decorated club, we weren't doing too badly, but after the very nice lunch that was provided by the ladies of the club and organised by Laura McTavish, we had a drink and then the battle started for the second period and by the end of a very hot day when all the shots were added up we were down one but not down-hearted as we had the pairs to come the next day.

We started again in the warm sunshine and the bowling was going very well. Number one rink was leading and Bob and I were in the same position on rink two and the others were holding their own, but after a lunch of chicken and chips, things began to drift away a bit and by the end of the day we were all square on shots for that day. Bob and I won our rink and Tommy Kershaw and his partner drew their match and when the shots were added for the day we were even. But overall for the tournament we lost by 26 shots, that's not bad really, considering who we played against. But nobody was down-hearted. We went back to the hotel for

dinner, and afterwards were entertained at the Llandow club by some very good singing and jokes, the presentation was made, a farewell drink and the handshakes began, having made a number of new friends.

The last day was split in half, for a very good reason. The ladies really didn't get much chance for proper shopping, so the morning was spent down in Swansea, and that's when the weather changed. Before we started back to our hotel it was really coming down heavy, and we had got our last fixture against a very good side that was seeking revenge. That was against the Llanelli Rotary Bowling Club, but unfortunately they were dry weather bowlers, so it didn't take place, so we went to the hotel where we were taking tea after the game and the guv'nor bought all of us a drink to soften the blow. But we informed him that it was all disappointing to say the least. But after the thank you's and handshakes, it was cheerio until we meet again. So off back to the hotel and the usual job of packing our cases yet once again, and after a very quiet evening an early night was had by all ready for the long journey home on Wednesday morning. Thanks to the driver, John Farriman, we had quite a good journey home, or should I say, back to Ian Fraser House.

Now I come to the hard part. Who do I thank this time? Well, all I can say is thank you all very much indeed for putting up with us, everyone at Ian Fraser House has looked after us very well, so I am not singling out anyone in particular, but you have all been great. I would like to say one very important thing about the transport. A comfortable coach is absolutely necessary for long journeys and for the period we are at any given venue. The driver is another pair of eyes, hands and legs, and it does relieve the wives at times when it is required and believe me they do work hard while they are with us. Thank you all very much indeed.

Last but not least, thank you Bob and Joan for inviting us all, and I'm sure I can speak for everyone that went on the Welsh trip.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL BOWLING TOURNAMENT

BOGNOR REGIS 1990

This bowling tournament is the most important one of the year, as it is the only strict certificated competition in the country. But I would go a step further and say in the world. I think this will take a lot of readers by surprise, but I can only assure you it's true. I have experienced bowling internationally in this country, in Wales, and in two countries on the other side of the world.

The teams arrived at Bognor from all over England, by car, coach, and train and settled in at their various hotels or boarding houses. Our bowlers, wives and helpers stayed at The Royal Norfolk Hotel, not very far from the greens we were to compete on. This hotel was the only one that contained the amenities that were required for different disabilities, and they did us proud.

I chaired a meeting of the Executive Committee at 10.15 a.m. and then a general get-together was held for those who required extra programmes, or those who couldn't follow them, and to change anyone who had no partner in the pairs, which is a very sore point with me. We all dispersed and went back to our respective hotels to get changed into our whites and blazers. At 1.15 p.m. the Vice-Chairman, Derek Whittaker, of the Arun District Council, opened the tournament by delivering the first bowl on rink number one. Wishing everyone good luck and good weather, and then everybody else went on to their respective rinks. This is where I came unstuck. I was gently told that my partner wouldn't be there because of illness. That I didn't mind, but a little notice in advance would have been in order. Although it's very nice to get the chance and win the pairs, it gives everyone a chance to loosen themselves up for the singles matches, but as luck would have it, it really didn't make any difference.

St. Dunstan's team was only in the B1 and B2 categories, although there were two more, and they were B3 and B4. I forecast the finalist in B2, and knew we had got

at least three trophies to come, and guess what? Four bowlers came away with five trophies and I'm sure if I had got the right partner we could have had another one.

This is how the team did. Jackie Pryor won the B1 singles thus becoming the B1 National Champion for 1990 and with Bob Osborne as his partner they were runners up in the pairs. Well done to you both. The B2 singles was won by myself, thus becoming the B2 National Champion for 1990. The runner-up was Arthur Carter who together with Keith Bell, of West Suffolk, was also runner-up in the B2 pairs. Now I would call that a pretty good days work and if we can continue with the same form in Scotland, in August, I'm sure England will do very well again. St. Dunstan's should be proud that two of their bowlers, Jackie Pryor and myself had been selected to represent England at the home international at Girvan, Scotland, in August.

I would like to thank all those that helped our team especially Mrs. Edna Cope and Mrs. Bridge. The presentation was performed by Derek Whittaker and the Deputy Mayor of Bognor Regis. It was held in the Hotel Royal Norfolk and was a great success. The Arun District Council laid on a great buffet and wine and each competitor received a framed photograph of themselves, that is the winners and runners-up in each section, but everyone else got one in a small folder.

All this was done by Marion Bell and a great job she did too. It took a great deal of time and effort on her part as she had to take the photographs before a match, or catch them just after one. But the difficulty came in the pairs on Sunday afternoon because as they completed one match they had to move to different rinks to play another, and then on the Monday all B3 men and ladies were playing at Swansea Gardens Club about a quarter of a mile away, so you see she had a difficult job on her hands. I would like to thank Jackie and Rita Pryor for tying up all the loose ends after our visit last October, and for sounding out the firms for raffle prizes. I'm sure it must have been hard

work running back and forth, so thanks to you both. I would also like to thank all the members of the tournament committee for their duty in the tournament office as well as playing their own matches in between, I can assure you all it was appreciated by everyone there.

I'm sure everyone in the English National Association of Visually Handicapped Bowlers would like me to thank all those members from the surrounding clubs for coming along and marking, and also thanks to the St. John Ambulance Service who were present throughout the tournament at both greens. I was even more pleased when they turned up at the reception — they certainly earned it.

I hope everyone had a safe journey home. So 'til we meet again, good bowling and try and keep well. Before I close this long episode I would like to say thank you to St. Dunstan's Headquarters Staff for all the hard work they have done for us already this year, but I will write a separate one later on. So friends as one would say, 'just a little more green and you will do fine'. Or better still, 'a very good green!'

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON SUMMER BRIDGE

The Bridge Drive which was due to take place on August 5th at Ian Fraser House will now take place at the same venue on September 7th.

BRIGHTON CLUB BRIDGE

Pairs match

Played on Sunday, 10th June 1990

RESULTS

1st	Reg. Goding & Vi McPherson	65.6
2nd	Bob Evans & Mrs. Barker	56.2
3rd	W. Lethbridge & B. Goodlad	50.0
4th	A. Dodgson & Bertha King	43.7
5th	Mrs. McCauley & Miss Sturdy	42.7
6th	Joe Huk & Mrs. Barnes	41.7

June Individual played on Saturday 23rd June, 1990

Equal 1st	W. Lethbridge & A. Dodgson	64.8
3rd	Mrs. Barnes	60.2
4th	Mr. D. White	57.9
5th	Bill Phillips	54.5
Equal 6th	Miss Sturdy & Mrs. Dowse	52.3
8th	Mrs. McCauley	50.0
9th	Mrs. Clements	42.0
Equal 10th	Joe Huk & Mrs. White	34.1
12th	R. Goding	33.0

Overall scores up to and including 1st July Pairs Match

PAIRS

1st	Reg Goding	267.6
2nd	Bill Phillips	266.6
3rd	Bob Evans	261.5
4th	Alf Dodgson	259.8
5th	Wally Lethbridge	253.1
6th	Joe Huk	245.4

INDIVIDUALS

1st	Wally Lethbridge	276.3
2nd	Bill Phillips	258.0
3rd	Alf Dodgson	250.0
4th	Joe Huk	225.9

A number of others have played but have not yet completed five rounds.

Pairs Match played on Sunday, 1st July

RESULTS

1st	Bill Allen & Audrey Clements	60.0
2nd	Bill Phillips & Mrs. Goodlad	58.5
3rd	Wally Lethbridge & Bob Goodlad	54.0
4th	Joe Huk & Daphne Barnes	52.5
5th	Vi Delaney & Jean McCauley	48.0
5th	Alf Dodgson & Shirley Holborrow	48.0
5th	Reg Goding & Vi McPherson	48.0
5th	Reg Palmer & Miss Stenning	48.0
9th	Bob Evans & Mrs. Barker	47.5
10th	Bob Fullard & Miss Sturdy	37.5

FAMILY NEWS

CORRECTION

In the July edition of the *Review* we said Mrs. Doris Vera Hazelgrove was the widow of Ronald Hazelgrove. This should have read wife, as Mr. Hazelgrove is very much alive. We apologise for our mistake and any distress it may have caused.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Reverend Father Frank Tierney, of Blackburn, who celebrated the 60th Anniversary of his ordination into the priesthood on June 14th.

Tarquin Wagstaff, son of Mrs. Pauline June Wagstaff, of Perriton Cross, Devon, and the late Alan 'Curly' Wagstaff, on earning a silver medal for completing the 45 mile walk of the Ten Tors on Dartmoor in May, with the St. John Ambulance Cadets.

BIRTHDAYS

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Jessie Lenderyou, of Cliffe, Kent, widow of the late Arthur Lenderyou who celebrated her 100th birthday on July 10th.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Mr. and Mrs. J.L. Edwards, of Coventry, on the birth of their second great-grandchild, Shaun, born on June 8th, to their granddaughter, Sharon.

Mrs. F. Rose, of Middlesbrough, widow of the late Arthur Rose on the birth of a great grand-daughter, Alexandra Rose, to her grand-daughter, Sandra, and her husband, Malcolm.

GRANDCHILDREN

Winnie Edwards on the birth of a grandson, Samuel David, on December 11th last, to her eldest son, David and his wife, Joanne.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson, of Darlington, on the birth of their first grandchild, Stephanie Lauren, born on May 23rd, to their son, Kenneth, and his wife, Vanessa.

MARRIAGES

Mr. and Mrs. T.H.L. Nash, on the marriage of their grand-daughter, Pauline, to Mr. Denzil Gray, on June 30th.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Thomas and Grace Renshaw, of Nottingham, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary which they celebrated on June 23rd.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Thomas and Irene Johnson, of Saffron Walden, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary which they celebrated on June 22nd.

Mansell and Edith Lewis, of St. Clears, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary which took place on July 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. T.L. Whitley, of Bishops Stortford, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 8th.

SILVER WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. A.M. Morton, of Southwark, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary which they celebrated on June 23rd.

DEATHS

We offer condolences to:

The family and friends of Mrs. Constance Broadley, of Felixstowe, widow of the late James Broadley, who passed away on June 6th.

The family and friends of Mrs. Emily Best, of Southampton, widow of the late Harold Best, who died on July 4th, aged 90.

The family and friends of Mrs. F. Gatrell, of Brierlyn, Hove, widow of the late D.C. Gatrell, who died on July 3rd, aged 92.

The family and friends of Mrs. Marie Ann Cronk, of Ramsgate, widow of the late William Cronk, who passed away on June 13th, aged 83.

The family and friends of Mrs. A.M. Martindale, of Wallasey, Merseyside, widow of the late Mr. H. Martindale, who passed away on June 24th.

The family and friends of Mrs. Vera Ellen Mason, of Embley, Nr. Romsey, Hants, widow of the late *V.W.W. Mason*, who died on June 22nd, aged 92.

The family and friends of Mrs. Susannah Meighen, of Ealing, widow of the late *James Meighen*, of Saltdean, who passed away on June 11th. She was 94 years of age, and had been ill for some time.

Mrs. Elsie Scales, of Hitchin, widow of the late *Leonard Scales*, on the death of her sister, Lily, who passed away on April 24, after a long illness.

Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, of Peacehaven, widow of the late *Stanley Wilkins*, whose younger brother, Joseph Connolly, of Nottingham, died suddenly on May 24th.

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.

P. Clarke

It is with sadness that we record the death of Mr. Percy Clarke, of Leytonstone, who died on June 25th. He was 79 years of age, and had been a St. Dunstaner just over a month.

We are sorry we had not time to know Mr. Clarke better and we extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and family.

H. Gallagher, Royal Army Ordnance Corps

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Hugh Gallagher, of Blackpool, who died on June 7th, his 80th birthday. He had been a St. Dunstaner for 26 years.

During the Second World War, Mr. Gallagher served as a Sergeant with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and was in India for part of this time. During his military service he suffered some deterioration in his eyesight, and was discharged from the Army in 1943.

On returning to civilian life, Mr. Gallagher ran a flourishing credit clothing business for some twenty years, until he had to retire at about the time he joined St. Dunstan's, due to a further deterioration in his sight, as well as other health problems.

On joining St. Dunstan's Mr. Gallagher studied braille, typing, joinery and basketwork at Ian Fraser House, which gave him some new interests to pursue at home. He was also very interested in gardening, and worked very hard at this.

Sadly, Mrs. Gallagher died in 1981, but although he was apprehensive about living on his own he managed very well, with frequent visits from his two daughters, Linda and Helen, and also his grandchildren, of whom he was very proud. He went to Ian Fraser House every few months for a holiday, and much enjoyed the company of other St. Dunstaners.

We extend our sincere sympathy to his daughters and all other members of the family.

J.E. Levitt, Royal Engineers

We are sorry to report the death of Mr. James Edward Levitt, who passed away on June 16th, after a short illness. He was 69 years of age, and had been a St. Dunstaner since April 1989.

Mr. Levitt served in the Royal Engineers from 1939 until his discharge in 1945. He had previously joined the Territorial Army and was in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. He served in France and was evacuated from Dunkirk. In 1944, he was wounded in Italy and was discharged from the Army because of his injuries. Before the war he had trained as a fitter and turner on the railways, and most recently was a resident school caretaker until his retirement on health grounds in 1986. His main hobbies were gardening and hiking.

We send our sincere condolences to his widow, Barbara, their five sons, and all other members of the family.