

St Dunstons Review April 1991



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Free to St Dunstaners

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Cover Picture: George Cole, G4AWI, with the G3MOW Trophy awarded for outstanding service to the St Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society in 1990. A full report of the meeting will appear in the May Review.

From the Chairman



It is my sad duty to tell you of the death of Air Vice-Marshal Ted Colahan, a member of our Finance and General Purposes Committee and of the Council for many years.

Ted was one of the bravest men it has ever been my privilege to know. Long months ago, having contracted cancer, things did not go well for him. Faced with the stark choice of the 'easy' way out or the most horrendous operation resulting in permanent loss of speech and much pain and indignity, he adopted a remarkable philosophy. He compared his own situation with that of the Handless St Dunstaners with whom he had been in such close touch. 'If they can surmount *their* problems,' he reasoned, 'Who am I to be daunted by a mere throat problem?' He felt he owed it to St Dunstaners to follow their unflinching example.

He fought bravely and cheerfully to the end, never complaining and constantly planning for the future that was not to be and how, supported as always by his devoted wife, Anne, he would overcome his difficulties and *carry on*.

We shall miss him greatly.

Henry Leach



NOTICE BOARD



CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR BOOKINGS AT IAN FRASER HOUSE

Due to the demand for double rooms at Ian Fraser House during Christmas and/or the New Year and to give St Dunstaners the opportunity to make alternative arrangements if necessary, it has been decided that all applications must be in by the end of July 1991.

After this period, if the available accommodation has been oversubscribed, a decision will be made as soon as possible as to the allocation of accommodation at Ian Fraser House. The factors which will be taken into account will include compassionate or welfare reasons, the frequency of previous visits at Christmas and proximity to Ian Fraser House.

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BLIND MAN'S VISION ON TAPE

All St Dunstaners should, by now, have received their hardback copies of our anniversary book *Blind Man's Vision*. Further copies are still available at the privilege price of £10.

Please note that the book is available on two C90 tapes, obtainable from the Public Relations Department by quoting serial number SD53.

THINGS ARE LEEKING UP!

Mr. Richard Dufton, a longstanding member of St Dunstan's Council and our former Research Director, cultivated a leek 30 inches long. The mammoth leek, pictured on the right, was said to be a not unusual specimen from Mr. Dufton's garden. Now retired, Mr. Dufton has been a very keen and able gardener for some time.



TRIBUTE

Air Vice-Marshal William Edward Colahan, CB, CBE, DFC

Air Vice-Marshal Colahan, who died on 20th February at the age of 67, was a Member of St Dunstan's Council for almost 13 years. Born and educated in South Africa, he joined the South African Air Force in 1941 and flew Spitfires in Italy and France. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in 1945 for, 'His exceptional qualities of leadership and his utmost zeal in pressing home attacks against heavily defended enemy targets.'

In 1947 he joined the Royal Air Force as a Flight Lieutenant. It was the beginning of a long and distinguished career which included Air Commander, Malta; Assistant Chief of the Air Staff (Operations) and Air Officer Commanding and Commandant, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell.

Driving Beryl Sleight's wheelchair while she sizes up the merchandise at Scottish wool shops during a Ladies' Reunion.



It was on his retirement from Cranwell in 1978 that he joined St Dunstan's Council. Only three years later he became a member of the Finance and General Purposes Committee. St Dunstaners will remember him for enlivening any reunion he attended through his amusing speeches and his genuine delight, shared by his wife Anne, in meeting and talking with everyone. His particular interest was in the handless group, of which he was Vice-President, and he was always present at their special reunions, creating real friendship with them all.

To say that he was popular with the ladies may seem an odd remark in a Tribute — and it would have caused him a chuckle! — but in this case we mean lady St Dunstaners for he was a very welcome guest at several of their reunions.

As well as his close interest in St Dunstan's — he said joining the Council was the best decision he ever made — he was busy in other spheres. For five years after his retirement he was Officer Careers Counsellor for the Royal Air Force. He was also a Member of the Lord Chancellor's Panel of Independent Inquiry Inspectors and conducted several important planning inquiries. In 1986 he was appointed Officer, Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St John of Jerusalem in recognition of his service as Commander of the Lincolnshire St John Ambulance.

Edward Colahan was honoured in 1973 when he was made Commander, Order of the British Empire and, again, in 1978 when he became Commander, Order of the Bath. His contributions to the life of St Dunstan's, bringing his wide experience to the affairs of the Council and offering his genial companionship on so many social occasions, will be sadly missed.

We offer deep sympathy to his widow, Anne, and to his family.



Speaking at a London reunion.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR GOOD FRIEND AIR VICE-MARSHAL EDWARD COLAHAN, CB, CBE, DFC.

From the St Dunstan's Blind and Handless Group

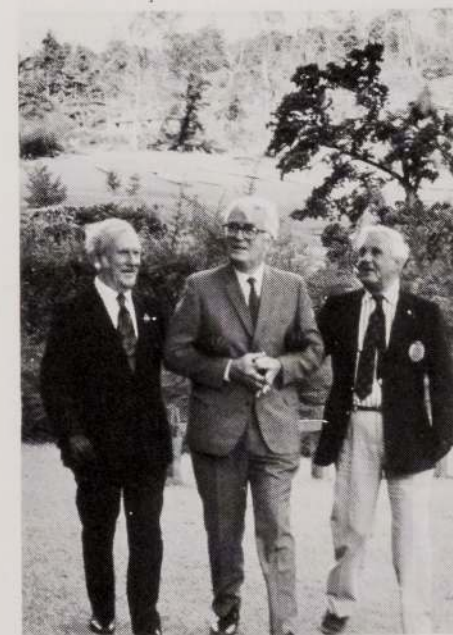
We are all very distressed to hear of the demise of Ted Colahan, a gallant and kindly gentleman. Over the past decade he had become invaluable in helping Mrs. Dacre with organising and assisting in our many superb reunions with concern and interest in all our problems. He will be greatly missed.

Ted was a brave and courageous man not only in his war-time service but also in the way he faced up to his dreadful illness.

The Handy Andies will treasure the last spoken message he recorded especially for us, saying thank you for our friendship and the inspiration he gained from knowing us.

Our deep sympathy goes to his charming wife, Anne, and his family.

With Bill Griffiths and David Bell when the Handless Group visited Chartwell.



Last Light at Romagna

by Syd Scroggie

'Last Light At Romagna' begins a series of excerpts from previously unpublished manuscripts by Sydney Scroggie, one of our regular columnists and a St Dunstaner since 1945.

*No sickly scent of Tuscany today,
The corncobs orange on the blanco'd wall,
Nor contadino by the dusty way
Urging gaunt oxen with barbaric call;
Still less the bunker'd spandau burst by burst
Barking the twisted tendrils of the vines,
The purring shell which silent puffs at first,
Then jars the hot and leafy Apennines.
Yet in our afternoon we see them still
Framed in some shattered casement of our
thought,
Hear those old sounds and smell that sad,
sweet smell.
There are the olives, hazy on the hill,
There sleeps the peasant when the sun is hot,
And there the dust drifts from that blatant
shell.*

To the tourist Italy is the land of Dante and Machiavelli, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, Garibaldi and Mazzini, d'Annunzio and Benedetto Croce, Mussolini and Edda Ciano, but to myself, a soldier there in now distant days, as from ten minutes past seven on the evening of April 17th, 1945, Italy will forever be the land where I cautiously descended the slopes of Monte Grande in Romagna, myself and some dozen other Lovat Scouts, took a reflective sideways step, and in a puff of smoke and a crack like a pistol shot effectively ended my military career on a German schu-mine.

When someone is badly wounded one way or another on the battlefield, badly injured for that matter in Civvy Street, he may be excused for not immediately realising that physical trauma is good for the soul, and that if he should be left permanently disabled, far from this being a handicap it can be more in the nature of an opportunity. At worst he may turn in on himself, giving way to feelings of self-

pity and embitteredness; at best he may discover new powers in himself, rise to a level of life he might never otherwise have achieved. On this fine spring Romagnan evening I was as ignorant as anyone else of my age, twenty-five-and-a-half all but one day, of these salutary facts, and as I came to myself after the explosion, sitting in the little crater I was in, and with my back propped up against my rucksack, the one feeling that possessed me was chagrin. It is a fixed principle of belief with soldiers in all ages and in all places that all their comrades may be killed or wounded, but this is a fate never destined to extend to themselves. It is not too much to say that it is this belief, and this alone, which makes warfare an alternative to politics at all. Therefore in my case an original confusion of thought gave way to understanding, understanding to incredulity, incredulity to that chagrin, that mixture of anger and impotence of which I speak. It had happened to me, and along with my bodily collapse had come down in ruins all that flimsy apparatus of illusion on which the soldier bases his certainty as to personal invulnerability. So I sat there in more ways than one a shattered man.

The last things you see in this world must be of some interest in retrospect, and in my case it was a singularly beautiful Romagnan landscape as seen in the late afternoon from the slopes of Monte Grande. Admittedly the hand of Mars had somewhat disrupted the immediate scenery. There were broken vineyards and olive-groves, farmhouses destroyed by shellfire, rusty, knocked-out Sherman tanks, sunbaked clay rendered sterile by explosions, a general appearance of ugliness and destruction, while to the left a good-going battle raged, orange spurts of fire, the crash of exploding shells, and grinning Ghurkas sitting in slit-trenches, their Lee-Enfields at the ready. Someone with a macabre sense of humour had

Last Light at Romagna *continued*

played a little joke, for my patrol passed three dead Jerries, no longer lying decently on their faces or staring upwards with sightless eyes but propped up against a bank in the attitude of running, their Mausers in their decomposed and skinny hands, their tin hats sunk over faces now mere skulls adhered to by a tattered parchment of skin. Bathed in sunshine, however, the distant landscape was exquisitely lovely, snow gleamed in the distant Alps, the city of Bologna shone white on the plain, and in the call of the cuckoo nature asserted its immemorial claims as against the merely local and temporary ones of General Crerar and Marshal Kesselring, of that clash between Democracy and National Socialism, which was the *raison d'être* of its shocking and unpardonable disruption. The light faded, the sky took on an amethyst tone, the first stars appeared, and there to the west was Venus, bright, tranquil, and gently pulsating in her position of unassailable neutrality as regards what goes on here down below. I had watched her from the snows of Glen Quoich, the whispering timber of Rothiemurchus, the frozen wastes of the Geldie, the bogs and heather of Sandy Hillocks, and now as her old familiar influence re-possessed me in these foreign parts there was a sudden, dazzling burst of sparks, a thousand super-novas exploding inside my brain, and momentarily, but only momentarily, I think I lost consciousness.

I was not the only one of the patrol to sprawl, as I now did, recovering from the immediate effects, in my case, of having triggered off a buried schu-mine with the clinkered sole of an Army climbing boot. If I had been gazing at an Italian evening sky, if I had taken an abstracted step to my left, it was because I was thinking about Corporal Kennedy, trying to work out the best thing to do in the light of a shocking business which had burst upon us not five minutes before. For Kennedy, seconded to the patrol in his capacity of Pioneer Corporal, had lifted a schu-mine out of the ground, turned it upside-down, and shaken it in the approved manner, only to

have it explode in his hand. 'Kennedy's a joiner to trade,' said one of the boys, perhaps it was Wee Petrie from Dundee; and that's his right arm away at the elbow.'

I had seen more than one schu-mine casualty, those of the usual kind, and as I came to myself, as the brilliant Brock's benefit inside my brain grew less kaleidoscopic, I reviewed various images of these, a pallid Tommy Thompson with black blood dripping from his stump, Spunk McKay, his bandaged face black with powder burns, a crumpled bloodstained fag in his fingers, Jim Cowie with his naked shin-bone sticking out, shiny and blue. It was a thing of first importance to me to find out how badly I was damaged, but the trouble was I could not see, there was a mask of redness through which I struggled to peer, but all in vain. So I gave up trying to see and instead began to reconnoitre my left side to find out what there was or was not. My left hand was useless, just a mess of sticky blood, and its wrist-watch shattered, so it was with my right, in the most detached and imperturbable manner imaginable, that I began to feel my way down the left leg. I was not in pain, only experiencing a generalised scorched feeling, and my mind was not that of the coward, fearful of horrifying disclosures, but rather that of the scientist with some interesting discovery impending. The left leg of my denims, I discovered, had been blown away, but the thigh was intact, and when I got the length of the knee, to discover that it too had escaped injury. I felt a surge of what could only be called joy. Admittedly, when I came to it, the lower part of the leg was grossly lacerated, but the foot was still there, minus boot and sock and turned grotesquely inwards, and it was in a mood of extraordinary contentment and relief that I lay back again against my rucksack and made a further attempt, again without success, to clear away the redness which obscured my vision with the back of my hand. My ears sang, my whole body felt as if it had received an electric shock, and now I would just wait till something happened, at the same time concentrating my will on the one thing which really

Last Light at Romagna *continued*

mattered, remaining alive. A voice came at me out of the void. It was hoarse and tremulous, and I recognised it as the voice of Hoppy Hopkinson. 'Are you all right, sir?', it said.

It is extraordinary with what conviction I replied, as if some inner knowledge as to the truth contemptuously swept aside mere pusillanimous hope, all inappropriate illusion. 'Yes, I'm all right, Hoppy,' I said; 'but I think I've lost the sight of both eyes.'

Night and day had become irrelevancies where light was concerned, shock no doubt developed, morphine taken effect, and that nightmarish disorientation set in which was to be my state for some time to come, so that I have little idea how I got to the Field Surgical Unit where they patched me up, yet intermittent memories remind me of a Major Murray, a pleasant and genial M.O. who thrust needles into my eyes, a Q.A.I.M.N.S. who was to remind me twenty years later that my principal concern at this time was not for my leg, not for my eyes, but for my hand lest it should prove useless in the future for playing the piano. Leg encased in plaster, hand and eyes bandaged, I next found myself in an ambulance bumping along the road to Forli, another item in the catalogue of invisibilities which had now been my lot some twenty-four hours

or so. An Irish major raved in the stretcher above me, mad at being out of the battle, madder still that it had been an Allied shell that had put paid to his immediate military ambitions. Between mugs of tea and fags, between desultory conversations with fellow-casualties, I recalled the last incidents, so far as I was concerned, on the slopes by Monte Grande. It was my batman Kirkpatrick, regardless of his personal safety, who doubled away to get help, myself who organised a prodding operation designed to get us out of the minefield, Alan Stoddart, a church organist in Civvy Street, who carried me on his back, and in his Lochinver tones Corporal Sandy McCaskill who said something that pleased me then and has never ceased to please me since. 'If I get it, sir,' he said 'I hope I take it like you.' Then Rowntree the Unit M.O. appeared, just a voice in the void, with his jeep and his sergeant, Rowntree who had the same taste as myself in music. 'I think your eyes'll be all right,' he said; 'you probably shut them at the last minute.' The ambulance stopped; my stretcher was lifted by invisible hands, I proceeded into an invisible building, and in an invisible bed in an invisible ward lapsed into an unconsciousness which, with only fitful intervals of perception, was to possess me, as it seemed, for many days to come.

POETS' CORNER

Anyone who has poetry which they would like to see in Poets' Corner should send it in to the Review. We would very much like to feature it as regularly as possible and would therefore be happy to receive your contributions.

THE DREAM

by the late Philip Wood

Last Night I dreamt
He came again
And no child died
And the bitter tears of man,
For man,

Opalescent purity became
And washed the horrid slate
Clean

I awake to
Tawdry-painted
Petrol-stinking
'Pop-ravaged'
Violence-threatening
Day

To-night
I must dream again
Half the clock
To survive
The other half



Balancing the Books

by Ted Bunting

For the Sake of Example

Author: Anthony Babington

Reader: William Abney

Duration: 11.25 hours

Catalogue number: 5062

No present day Briton, with a love of his or her country, could read this book without experiencing a feeling of unease or of shame. I hold this opinion because it takes as its theme the field courts martial of the First World War which resulted in the execution of no less than 346 officers and men by firing squad... an unpleasant fact and a staggering number, which many people find much more comfortable to hide in the shadows than to hold up to the light of day.

Nevertheless, Anthony Babington submits the subject to close and careful scrutiny; and he is able to prove at the end of his labours, not only that serious miscarriages of justice were committed, but also how and why they occurred. He describes, for instance, some of the changes in the army which had occurred since the Duke of Wellington had said that the British army was 'composed of the scum of the earth'. Strangely, although one of these changes was that the barbaric punishment of flogging had been abolished before the 19th century's end, this only caused the anomaly that in 1914 the death penalty was left as the sole sentence for really serious breaches of military law.

That this was grossly unfair to the vast numbers of volunteers who flocked to the colours seems self-evident today, but it obviously was not the view taken by army commanders then, for though the recruits

were often extremely young, sometimes ill-educated and invariably ignorant of military regulations, there are various cases in the book of men being executed within only a few weeks of reaching the battlefield.

'Cowardice' appears on many charge-sheets; just as the phrase "lacking moral fibre" was regularly bandied about... especially by generals and staff officers who could have had no conception of what it meant to live for weeks on end with the filth, the cold and the sights and sounds of the terrible trenches.

The further into the book one gets, the more shameful a chronicle it seems to become. Poor bewildered men, frightened, fatigued and denied the services of learned counsel at their 'trial', were taken out and shot by their compatriots, in order, as the book title suggests, to make an example for others.

And perhaps most regrettable of all is the fact that many of the unfortunate men whose execution was intended to provide a warning, and put 'backbone' into the rest, were undoubtedly suffering from shell-shock; the mental condition which is well known and fully accepted today, but whose very existence was denied by even the most eminent psychologists at the time of the First World War.

So, because Anthony Babington has somehow made me feel guilty for the cruel injustice which was visited on innocent men, I cannot claim to have found much out and out pleasure in his book.

I'm pleased that I've read it, though, and I hope you'll ask for it too... after all, we can't be worse off for knowing the truth.

Balancing The Books *continued*

The Naked Civil Servant

Author: *Quentin Crisp*

Reader: Hugh Ross

Duration: 6.5 hours

Catalogue number: 5670

In contradiction to this book's title, homosexual Quentin Crisp was never a civil servant. He wasn't even very civil, so far as I can make out, but naked in public he frequently was; for as a model he posed in the nude for art students.

But that small function apart, his usefulness to the rest of the human race was, if you ask me, on a par with the glass hammer and the chocolate teapot.

Determined from infancy to be outrageously different, Crisp seems to have devoted virtually the whole of his existence to attracting the ill-opinion of his fellow men. And, at least in my opinion, he succeeded, because seldom have I encountered, even in print, a character so easy to despise.

For example, he boasts in his book that once he obtained a dwelling place of his own, he ceased either to clean it or even to make the bed. Face powder and cold cream accumulated like scum on the bedding and pillows, he said, but the dust on the floor and other surfaces did not become obviously worse after the first year or so.

It amused me sometimes, and gave me a certain feeling of pride too, to know that we tolerate all kinds of eccentrics, but this fellow Crisp is beyond a joke. It isn't understanding he needs, it's a damned good wash!

If you read this book you'll see for yourself I'm right, but if you don't, don't worry; you'll not have missed much.

The Card

Author: *Arnold Bennett*

Reader: Stephen Jack

Duration: 7.5 hours

Catalogue number: 1471

When the Almighty endowed humans with a sense of humour to set them apart from his other creatures, he also bestowed

on a special few the talent to make their fellows laugh.

Arnold Bennett was one of these, and how well he used his gift too, for this delightful story he created is a real gem, a shining little jewel of a tale which can have few equals in the literary world.

The central character, Denry, 'The Card' of the title, is, in fact, something of a rough diamond. He is young and, like all young men, he is prone to make mistakes where young ladies are involved, but there is no mistaking his developing genius as the story of his exploits unfolds. You automatically like Denry. Not only is he such an easy character to identify with, but what he does is exactly what we'd all like to think we'd do in similar circumstances. Set around the five towns which today comprise Stoke-on-Trent, much of the dialogue is in dialect, but, far from detracting from the entertainment value of the book, it greatly enhances it.

So if you enjoy enjoyment, give yourself a treat and ask for 'The Card'; if it doesn't make you smile, I'll come round and tickle you myself.

A TRIBUTE TO ALF WEST

by Bert Ward

I was saddened to hear of the death of Alf West after a long illness. For many years Alf was volunteer attendant at the swimming pool at Ian Fraser House. A very thoughtful generous man, Alf will be remembered with affection by the lady St Dunstaners whom he partnered at the many dances at Ian Fraser House. Himself wounded by a sniper at Calais while serving with the Intelligence Corps in the Canadian Army, Alf was typical of the many people who have volunteered their services to help St Dunstaners with their specialised activities.

We extend our deepest sympathies to his dear wife Hetty and family and I feel sure I express the feelings of many St Dunstaners when I say "Thanks for everything Alf, you will be greatly missed".

Small World

by Andrew O'Hagan

'One of the privileges of the great is to witness catastrophes from a terrace.'

— *Jean Giraudoux*

If, as civilised people, it is our duty to absorb the events of history with a view to preventing the ceaseless repetition of our worst mistakes, then, given the latest round of world events, isn't it right that we ask ourselves just how far we have travelled from the days when Augustus threw live blood-battles at the Coliseum?

This is a question best not asked of a politician; chances are he either won't understand what you're on about or will, with valour, avoid any route to a direct answer. Politicians, you'll have noticed, prefer gassing down the shaft of a microphone to staring down the barrel of a gun anyway.

None of the readers of this column could be accused of that. Yet most of us in the West are somehow unable to contemplate a peaceful world wherein we do not exert disproportionate influence. Trapped within our own borders, we see the rest of the world through Western eyes, or not at all. In Britain, especially, we have not even got used to the idea that we are part of Europe yet, never mind the rest of the globe. When President Bush talks of a 'new world order' does he mean that we, the human race, are soon to end thousands of years of territorialism, protectionism and greed? Does he mean that we in the West are finally to accept all the indigenous races and tribes of the world as our equals and go into the next century as partners, in trust? Does he refer to a new scale of economic priorities aimed at fortifying the *global* race — a multicultural force whose united project is to save the planet? Is the war cry to be replaced by a rallying call, a call to join them, not fight them, on the beaches as we rid our shores of the oily spoils of environmental war? Will the United Nations, whose mandate

was carried out in the Gulf, ensure that it consistently defends the rights to independence and democracy wherever in the world it arises? In Latvia? In Grenada? In Nicaragua? In Palestine? In Poland? In Vietnam? In South Africa?

The test of whether our war in the Gulf was a good one or not will be seen not in the steadying of oil prices — a cynical short term aim — but in the precedents it sets for world peace, and the power it gives to small countries as well as large in their pursuit of the right to be defended against political and cultural domination.

The credibility of the United Nations now rests on its ability to respond consistently to future outrages in international law with the speed and force that it brought to bear on the Iraqi military. It cannot be selective, it cannot be controlled solely by those countries which have the power of veto, it must, after this, be consistently fair.

Despite the short vision of career politicians, whether the seat of their pontifications be in Baghdad or Washington, we should all feel aggrieved, in this small world of ours, for all unnecessary loss of human life. Unlike our legislators, who everywhere behold a Hobbesian nightmare where every man is "nasty, brutish and short", the rest of us see a little potential for good everywhere. The sight of captured 17-year-old Iraqi soldiers — hungry, weeping and broken — just as much as the sight of similarly anguished allied captives, reminded me that, as always, when the great boys decide to start playing wargames, it's always the men and women on the ground who pay the price. This is as true of the starving millions in Ethiopia as it is of the civilians who died in the Amiriyan bunker in February. The days when the legislators of war marched proudly at the front of their armies, and felt the full force of their own decisions, are well and truly over.



The 'Unjustifiable' New M40

by Ken Revis

In 1966 my friend Ken Summerfield, then County Surveyor of Oxfordshire, submitted a scheme to the Ministry of Transport for a motorway sweeping away from the London to Oxford road A40 and slanting northward across the country passing Banbury towards Birmingham. The reply was 'unjustifiable in the foreseeable future'.

Six days before Malcolm Rifkind opened the new M40 I was lucky enough to fly most of its length in a helicopter, Ken having persuaded our local commercial radio station, Fox F.M., that I had been a highways and bridges engineer as a young chap.

As the light was just showing in the East on the morning of January 10th we took off from a point just north east of Oxford in the 'Uniparts - Fox F.M.' machine, scrambling aboard under the rotors and away, at 7.40 a.m.

Flying westwards we alighted near the famous Thames-side pub *The Trout*, where Phil did a traffic report to the police and to

his radio station. Once more we lifted off and returned to our start point, where Terry, the *Oxford Mail* photographer, got in beside me.

Then we circled the city anti-clockwise, flying over the Cowley works, now Rover of course, and headed towards the London road and South East to the new motorway junction ten miles from Oxford.

Now we saw the new unblemished motorway snaking away to our left along the Cherwell Valley and followed it towards Banbury, crossing the badger runs and the grass-covered deer bridges and spotting R.A.F. Upper Heyford on the left, from where the F111 American fighter bombers had left for the Gulf.

Once more we squatted alongside the empty carriageways for another traffic report - the radio being too noisy for comfort during the throttle opening needed for flying - and then up we went again for more pictures including several hovering ten feet above the new crash

IN THE NEWS

In this new column we will tell you how the work of St Dunstan's, the events taking place at our Brighton Homes and the activities of St Dunstaners themselves have been reported in newspapers, magazines and on television.

The *Lively Letters* page of the *Daily Mirror* recently played host to a question from Miss Marlene Mackworth, of Penzance.

She wrote:

'If St Dunstan is the patron saint of blacksmiths, why is his name used by the ex-servicemen's organisation for the blind?'

To which the accurate researchers at the *Mirror* replied:

'By chance! The Duke of Hertford bought a rare 1720 clock from St Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, London, and had it moved to the garden of his Regent's Park home, which he then renamed after the saint.

When Sir Arthur Pearson, the blind publisher, founded the home for the blind war veterans in 1915, he took over the house and the name remained.'

The name of St Dunstan's, since then, has become known around the world for its preparedness, on behalf of those

New M40 *continued*

barrier.

Then after some backward and sideways flying to accommodate our photographer we returned along the M40 and the A40 arriving at our farm start point at 8.55 a.m., after a 75 minute flight by our most skilful pilot, John.

Although ecologists say that this new road is a calamity for Oxfordshire, traffic engineers say that its 60,000 vehicles a day will take 17,000 of them off the London to Birmingham route of 91 miles.

engaged on war service, to provide the best care should the worst circumstances arise. Regional newspapers such as Brighton's *Evening Argus* and the *Colchester Evening Gazette* reported, in January, on St Dunstan's advanced state of readiness for any servicemen or women whose sight may have been damaged in the Gulf War. Offering care, encouragement and training to new casualties, alongside old ones, St Dunstan's was said to be in an ideal position to do so, given its track record since the First World War.

Press Tributes

A veteran of the Second World War, Jimmy Wright, who parascended from Ramsgate to Dunkirk in aid of the RAF Benevolent Fund, received wide coverage of his brave crossing of 2 hours 22 minutes. *Intercom*, the magazine of the Air Crew Association, paid tribute to those who made the crossing possible, such as Ascent International Ltd., who provided the boat, and The Royal Temple Yacht Club, who provided accommodation. *Waterski International* thanked the Solent Hi-Fly team, from Gosport, who provided equipment and their own time.

Television Coverage

Back on dry land, the largest St Dunstan's coverage of the year came from the *Highway Christmas Special*. Newspapers as wide apart as the *Aberdeen Evening Express*, the *Belfast Telegraph*, the *South Wales Echo* and London's *Evening Standard* mentioned the fact that part of the programme was devoted to a celebration of St Dunstan's 75th Anniversary. Filmed, in part, at both Ian Fraser and Pearson House, and featuring interviews with St Dunstaners themselves as well as members of the St Dunstan's Council, the programme was reported to have attracted extremely high viewing figures.

REFLECTIONS

by the Reverend C. Le M. Scott

In the lounge at Ian Fraser House some 30 or 40 people gather as the time for afternoon tea approaches; then comes a clang on the bell which hangs over the desk and an announcement is made: "If anyone would care to see the barber a hairdresser will be in attendance..." The voice fades. A prolonged moment of silence. Followed by a roar of delight — a burst of men's loud laughter as they took in the care assistant's gaff, and as she recovered her composure. And here was triumph over disability, a defying of life-destroying affliction. Just sometimes the onlooker is allowed to see through the darkness to a gleam of the brightness of the human spirit. It is a great privilege to know such people.

A Triumph

Good Friday and Easter Day bring their yearly remembrances. They are parables of our lives — gathering difficulties, real pain and disaster, and then a triumph which the darkness had never been able to comprehend.

* * *

A recent *Review* included a note of a book which was read by Andrew Timothy; perhaps the last of a series for he died in December. He was devoted to this pursuit, and a fine reader. He started, with others, a Talking Newspaper which was distributed around Guildford recently. I remember him promoting an hilarious evening — a sort of Evensong-cum-Harvest Festival in the Bricklayers Arms in aid of this newspaper in the village where we both lived. A strange and perhaps difficult man — Padre in Normandy in 1944 — one of the originals of *The Goon Show* — clever, cynical, but curiously devoted to his friends. He was lovable to his Vicar with whom he disagreed on almost everything.

How can you believe in God when there is such unhappiness all around us? Or, to put it another way — how could a loving God create a Hitler? It is clear that the only questions worth asking are those to which no answer can be expected. But this one might be tackled from another side. We have always known (those, that is to say with their senses) about evil, cruelty, bad luck. There is indeed happiness but also too much misery; bad people doing terrible things, long drawn out cancer, mental illness, famine.

Facing Faith

If one can contemplate, in experience and in imagination, the deep sighing of the poor — can one then face faith in God? That is the question, answered by some, yes; and others, no. The saints it seems can give an unwavering affirmative. Mere ordinary mortals are blown into doubt or faith as their circumstances develop.

It has been possible for some of us (some good, some bad) to outface the doubts. And the prize for this achievement is notable. To hold the faith may not bring comfort nor credit, and certainly not an easy ride into Heaven. But here, we say, is truth; and through truth comes the sort of love which in the end wins the day.

So Human

There was a man who stood before Pontius Pilate, when interrogated he had nothing to say which could make sense to those who watched. He was accused, but the crime was not defined. Was it blasphemy? Or treason? Or that his actions and speech were directed towards a new generosity and were so free from self-interest and cruelty that they made us all ashamed. So he was beaten and put to death.

Never man seemed so human as He.



Jimmy Wright receives an oversized cheque from Don Planner.

MARATHON MAN RUNS AGAIN

The inexhaustible Don Planner, who last year raised over £1,400 in aid of The Royal School for the Blind by running in the London Marathon, aims to repeat this brilliant feat again this year. Don's track record is all the more impressive given his own blindness. As well as the London Marathon, Don also plans to run in the New York one.

LAUNCH OF NEW MOBILITY AID

Accidents and injuries to blind people could soon be radically reduced if companies and government departments adopt the newly launched REACT system. The system, designed and built by GEC-Marconi to a specification produced by RNIB, would enable a blind person to easily locate and use facilities such as pelican crossings, ticket machines, ticket gates and cash dispensers.

A six week pilot scheme for REACT has been launched at Great Portland Street Underground Station. A group of visually handicapped people will be given REACT cards. When they walk near the ticket gates the cards will trigger a recorded message from the gates stating whether the gates are entrances or exits. As well as triggering recorded messages which help visually handicapped people locate a machine, it can be used to change a machine's mode of operation.

The Department of Transport will test another application of the REACT system in Spring 1991. The REACT cards will be used to provide an increased crossing time on pelican crossings for people who are elderly or disabled. Other suggested applications of the system include using it as an audio location signal for pavement road works, for information points, public telephones as well as the automatic gates at London Transport stations.

In a world where public machines and facilities are on display almost every few yards, a system such as REACT will be of great use in improving the safety and confidence of visually impaired people as they go about their business.

Pandora's Box — Part Two

by Colin Fraser

Colin had Sister Jones very much on his mind. After learning from Charlie the only way of escaping from the dreaded Gladys, should she get too close, they share a few illicit whiskies and make their way to the dance. Their fate awaits them.

This is good, I thought, tapping my foot in time to the music. Not bad at all!

'Who's the singer Charlie?'

'That's Paddy from our dormitory. He thinks he's Bing Crosby, poor sod. When he hits those top notes he sounds more like Jessie Matthews than the Old Groaner!'

Suddenly, memories came flooding back. In my mind, I saw my old girlfriend standing in front of me smiling. I sighed. It was so difficult to understand any of it. One minute I was happy and in the next, I was in the depths of despair.

'Well, what do we do now Charlie?'

'Wait until somebody asks you to dance, stupid!' he said, rubbing his hands together.

I pretended to look around the place and as I listened to any noise that attracted my attention I immediately buzzed my head around as if to see what was going on. Being the latest intake I was sure everybody's eyes were upon me. Then pulling back my shoulders, I waited in bated anticipation for any beautiful chick who might want to take a chance with me. Then it happened!

'May I have the next dance with you Colin?' she cooed softly like a dove calling to its mate.

My heart bumped in my chest. Could it be her? Then I remembered. I had been down this road before. You must get rid of your old love before you start with the new. The trouble here was my old love had got rid of me.

'Yes Sister Jones, I would love to dance with you!' I said with the broadest smile I could muster.

Leaving Charlie talking to himself, I took her arm and followed her onto the

dance floor.

We danced in perfect harmony. She, in my imagination, looking up at me and I gazing down at her. Except for the occasional bump here and the odd thump there I thought we were doing quite well. Now, although most of us were dancing in a clockwise direction, some were menacingly dancing in the opposite way with the consequence that there was a lot of shuffling and bumping from all sides. On more than one occasion she gulped as the wind was driven out of her well made chest. Even on one occasion we had to step over a couple lying on the floor. Yet, through all this I was still trying to make a conversation with her.

'Do you come here often?' I said quickly.

'Only on a Monday night when I have to be on duty', she giggled.

Still a little unsure of myself, I pulled her closer and after what I thought was a right response, she quickly pulled away. I cringed. Maybe she could smell the whisky on my breath.

'Can I call you Jenny?' I said nervously.

Her body stiffened. Then after what I thought was a never-ending pause, she said, 'Well, you are not supposed to, but I do not mind if you keep it between us!'

My confidence restored, I wondered what to do to consolidate my gains. I was about to try and date her when the band stopped playing and I found myself being walked off the floor.

'Can I have the next dance with you?' I asked.

'I'm afraid not Colin, I'm on duty and I have to dance with the other men who are without a partner.'

Once again my confidence was dented. But not to be outdone, I tried again.

'Later then?' I pleaded.

'I'm sorry Colin', she said softly.

She had gone and I was with Charlie again.

'Hello Sunshine!' he quipped. 'How did you get on with Sister Jones?'

'Oh, alright!' I said, puzzled as to how he

Pandora's Box — Part Two — continued

knew I had been dancing with her.

'Have you met Mrs. Pratt?' he chuckled. 'She wants to dance with you sunshine!'

At the time my mind was not on what Charlie was saying. It was on how I had been used to taking the lead and now I was feeling helpless frustration in not being able to follow my natural inclinations. But to my horror fate was to take a more dramatic turn and to fashion my immediate destiny as if it was a piece of putty.

'There's somebody 'ere would like to dance with you, Sunshine!' he repeated.

Before I could say 'No thank-you', I was pulled onto the dance floor by a massive hand. By its size I was sure it had to be a man's. The music was quickstep and I was jerked forward and with both feet off the ground. I was violently crushed against another body. Propelled into a massive lump of flabby flesh and with my nose jammed between two wobbly voluminous breasts. I thought any moment I would suffocate.

Struggle as I might, it made no difference. All I could do was to grab deep gulps of air as the tempo and the breasts allowed. But the hand between my shoulders held me in a vice-like grip. In vain I pushed back for air. But only to feel another heave which sent my whole body concave as it hung limply over her stomach. Even so, I managed to get a few words out.

'What did you say your name was?' I croaked.

'Gladys!' she said sweetly.

I struggled to remember where I had heard that name before. Was it? No, it can't be. Yes, it bloody well is, Charlie's Gladys. Six foot tall and three foot wide — the biggest understatement of the year I thought.

Suddenly the music quickened and we went into a fast spin. Round and round we went, my feet hardly touching the floor. Then the music slowed down and as I started to thank the gods the band struck up again, but this time louder and quicker than ever. I was whisked around and around but in the opposite direction. If it had not been for her voice, I would have sworn I was wrestling with a bear. I consid-

ered Charlie saying: watch her or she'll have you for her supper, when she suddenly let out a scream and we both hit the deck like a ton of bricks.

'Oh! My foot!' she screamed.

I jumped up and, groping for her arm, I let go again. She was not only unmoveable but a much larger lady than ever I had imagined.

'Did somebody kick you?' I feigned concern.

'Yes, you did, you silly fool! Now please help me to a chair.'

The massive lump of flesh hobbled to a chair holding tightly onto my hand. It was evident I was not going to escape that easily.

'Here', she ordered, 'massage my ankle!'

Like a raw recruit I went to work massaging her foot. Throughout the operation she guided my hands up until I was above her knee. I was amazed at the enormity of the limb.

'Oh, this is wonderful!' she said stroking my head.

During this period of serenity, in comparison, I suddenly remembered Charlie's advice. Of course, I said to myself, and slowly reaching for my handkerchief in my top pocket. First I used the index finger to avoid any detection. Failing to even touch it, I plunged my whole hand inside in a feverish panic. Horror! I could imagine, was written all over my face!

'If you are looking for your handkerchief', she purred, 'I have it and I will give it to you when you are finished massaging. So carry on darling, you are doing me the world of good!'

By this time I had been through so much, I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes. I prayed to God that I would be good from now on if he would only get me away from this dreadful woman. Then suddenly, my prayers were answered. Charlie was standing next to me and his voice was coming through loud and clear.

'Come on Sunshine you are wanted on the phone!'

We walked out of the dance hall into the cool night air.

'Here Sunshine!' he laughed. 'Put your hand on the guide rail and follow it and you will soon be alright.'

Slowly I walked away from the noise of the band. I thought of Charlie and what a good friend he had been to me. I went on walking until I found myself in a tunnel and I knew straight away where I was. In the short time I had been at the Training Centre I had walked down here several times with other V.A.D.s. The smell of the briny was strong in my nostrils. A solitary seagull was crying as it winged its way home. I carried on through the tunnel and I was across the other side of the road. Down the many stone steps spiralling to the undercliff and to the defence sea wall. Every audible sound was coming from Mother Nature. The noise was stronger as I listened to the pebbles being dragged back into the sea. I could imagine a silvery moon shining in a black velvet sky full of twinkling stars.

Suddenly I was startled by a noise.

'So there you are Colin', she said. 'I have been looking for you everywhere. Come on and I will take you back to the building.'

I turned around and faced her.

'I'm alright Jenny', I said, 'Just thought I'd take a walk before turning in.' I paused. 'Just look at the full moon and the bright stars, don't you think it is a wonderful night for romance?'

I wanted to say come here and let me hold you in my arms, but I was still wary of rejection.

'I'm afraid', she chuckled, 'there's no full moon out or twinkling stars and the mist is coming in fast. So come-on Colin, let's get back to the building before it gets too cold.'

For a full minute we stood outside my dormitory.

'Goodnight Colin!' she said and was gone.

I waited in hope but she did not return. 'Ah, well', I thought, 'time will tell.'

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1991

We invite St Dunstaners and widows only to apply for tickets in the *Review* Derby Sweepstake. Please remember that every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The tickets are 20p each, and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on Friday, May 17th. Each applicant must state the name and address of the sender and number of tickets required, and with a SAE, applications should be sent to: The Editor, DSS Department, *St Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 4XB, 12/14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB. Cheques should be made payable to St Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered. Tickets will be issued consecutively and are limited to 25. The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing expenses, will be distributed as follows:

50% to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.

20% to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.

10% to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.

20% to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts the race.

No prize won in the sweepstake will be paid to any person other than the person to whom the winning ticket was sold.

The draw will take place in London on May 22nd, the race being run on Wednesday, June 5th.

DIY DISCOUNTS

Alf Lockhart reminds us that at B & Q, the big Do-It-Yourself chain, 10% discounts are available to those customers who are over sixty. It is necessary to give proof of age and obtain an identification card to qualify for the discount, which is available to shoppers only on Wednesdays. Facing a big paint job at home, Alf says he made a substantial saving.

GARDENING NOTES

The garden will be showing signs of growth all over the place provided the strong winds and frost have completed their ways in cutting down everything and you can get on with the digging for sowing seeds etc. Don't plant out the half hardy annuals for a while, keep them for next month, when the soil will have got warmer.

It is quite likely that greenfly will be starting their evil ways on all kinds of plants, so spray regularly with one of the mixtures which are available in the garden shops. Also put down some slug pellets as these pests will be around as they love the young plant leaves especially those of the vegetables.

Remember to water in thoroughly when planting out plants or sowing the seeds especially if the soil is on the dry side.

Vegetables

Get all the beds dug over thoroughly to receive the young plants which have come from frames or other sheltered accommodation. It will be all right to get all types of seed sown now but do keep the lettuces to warmer spots.

The areas where you have cabbages give them an extra dose of lime as a prevention against club root.

Plant out the main crop of potatoes. Don't have too many shoots on the tubers by picking off some at the bottom. Carrots and onions which were sown or planted earlier should be thinned out.

WELSH CLIMB

This year's climb in North Wales will be held from Friday, June 28th to Sunday, June 30th. Arrivals will be on the Friday and climbing is planned to take place on Saturday and Sunday, June 29th and 30th.

It might be a good thing to sprinkle some Growmore pellets all over the vegetable plot to give all the plants a good start. Where you are to plant runner beans give the beds a really hard digging over and to about two spade depths, add some farmyard manure or compost. Put in some strong canes and with string between them for the beans to grow up.

Keep one or two warm areas for the tomatoes and give the soil a good digging over and compost. Put in some tall strong canes for the plants to grow up and they also can be tied to as they grow.

Lawns

Get the mower going regularly now especially towards the end of the month when the grass will be growing rapidly. Should you have a roller use it several times each month where the soil may be lifted through frosts and the work of worms.

Use a brush over the whole area as this will get rid of the dead leaves and dead grass. Look after the edges well by cutting so that the whole area looks neat and tidy.

Fruit

Don't do any more pruning now as growth will be coming along well and the flower buds will be starting to open up.

Watch out for any insect pests such as

Continued on following page

Journeys home will be on the Monday morning.

All those who wish to come to Wales please contact Ray Sheriff at the earliest possible date in order to book accommodation, either by letter to: 73 Elvin Crescent, Rottingdean, East Sussex, BN2 7FR, or by phone on 0273 305989.

GARDENING NOTES *continued*

greenly and spray at once with Derris or Pyrethrum rather than one or other of the other mixtures you can get at the garden shops, which may affect the blossom.

No more fruit trees or bushes should be put in but left until the Autumn. Fork over the soil around the trees and bushes and add some manure or compost.

Flowers

Get all the beds ready for your half hardy annuals and other summer flowering items such as the hardy annuals and some of these can be put in at once if they were hardened off in frames or in a warm spot with plastic sheeting covering them. Many half hardy annuals can be sown now in warm spots for later flowering in the summer.

The divided portions of perennials which were put in frames for the time being can now be put in their flowering positions. Some of the bulbs which have finished their show of flower and the leaves, dying off, can be dug up and saved for planting again in the autumn. Normally daffodils are left in their flowering quarters for about four years before being dug up and split and the larger bulbs planted to flower the following year.

Many hardy shrubs can be pruned now but leave the hydrangeas until next month when all the old flower heads are cut away and many of the shoots thinned out.

Get down to the pruning of roses at the end of the month and cut down to the bottom of the main shoot by the new root. This will give you plenty of flowers in the summer. Fork over the soil round the plants and add compost and a sprinkling of Growmore to keep them going for the whole year. Use an insect spray against insect pests and an extra one against blackspot. Where you have this disease cut away solidly and put the cuttings in the rubbish bin or burn.

Harden off all the half hardy annuals in the frames or with a covering of plastic sheeting.

Get the geraniums ready for the beds and some of the larger ones put in the window boxes in sunny spots. Get the half

hardy fuchsias out to harden off ready for the beds and also cut back the hardy ones very solidly.

Get the gladioli corms settled in sunny positions and remember to sow the sweet peas in the beds which have been dug over very thoroughly and manure or compost added. Dahlias can also be placed in their flowering places putting the dwarf types in the front and the taller types at the back with some canes set in place so that they can be tied in as they grow.

Greenhouse

Keep the temperature at a fairly high level as plants will be growing pretty fast. Keep the windows open during the day unless there are fairly high winds about.

Give the growing plants good doses of water and occasional doses of liquid feed. Some of the large items may need to be repotted.

Preparations should be taken to get the half hardy annuals outside to harden ready for the beds. Get them in frames or put some plastics over the top of the trays in warmish spots. Some items may be getting a bit leggy so pinch out the leading growth so that they will get bushy.

The begonias, gloxinias and achimemes will be showing good growth so put them in larger pots.

Where your bedding plants have been a bit of a failure, sow a few more seeds and at this time of the year they will germinate quickly so you will have some good replacement plants for your borders.

Insect pests may be showing themselves and doing their best with all the plants that you have grown, so put down some smoke cones in the evening and keep the whole place shut up 'til next morning. Open all up then but do get in and out rapidly with a handkerchief over your face.

Tomatoes should be in their fruiting pots or bags now and will be growing rapidly so give plenty of water and also feed. Pinch out all the side shoots apart from the flowers and spray the plants with water to settle the fruit. Keep the plant to one shoot and tie in regularly to keep the plants from bending over.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Ken Revis, Oxford

About two weeks into the Gulf War I got my copy of *The Sapper* and read that 21 Engineer Regiment and 39 Engineer Regiment had been in the Gulf almost from the beginning. I also learned that 49 E.O.D. (Explosive Ordnance Disposal) Squadron, with which unit I have been involved over the last ten years or so, was also there.

The whole business was so sad that I found a lump coming to my throat and my eyes pricking.

I wonder whether other St Dunstaners felt these emotions when thinking back to their old war-time units or corps, squadrons or ships.

TROOPING THE COLOUR

It is anticipated that we will be allocated tickets again this year for Trooping the Colour on Saturday, June 15th, 1991, beginning at 11.00 a.m. Spectators must be in their seats by 10.15 a.m. There may also be tickets for The Private View of the Royal Tournament on Wednesday, July 10th, 1991 beginning at 2.30 p.m.

Any St Dunstaner who would like to apply should contact Frances Casey, Homes Bookings Clerk, by May 13th, 1991.

BRITISH RAIL SPECIAL SERVICE

We write to remind those travelling by train, that BR operate a 'special service' for those needing assistance. This could be in the form of help required to change trains within the same station, getting a taxi at the destination or the need for a wheelchair. Either write or telephone 48 hours in advance to the station manager at your departure point. Give him all the details and timings of your journey and the nature of the help required.

From Sydney Scroggie, Strathmartine, Angus

How many St Dunstaners, I wonder, have got a blind son-in-law or daughter-in-law? In the case of the eldest son, Jamie, not long ago married to Ann MacRae, daughter of a Mull crofter, whose first job in life, born blind as she had been, was milking the cow. Ann was a widow with two children when she married Jamie, her husband a soldier, and so helpful was Ann on the secretarial side to her husband's C.P. in Germany and Cyprus that he's reported as having been inconsolable when the time came to part with her. While Jamie clicks his computer in the Scottish Office, Edinburgh, Ann works for The Scottish Guide Dogs, very thick there with her sister-in-law Mary Scroggie, and in every way shows such a miraculous competence as to suggest that sight is superfluous. Around Dundee I pass for a spectacularly successful blind man, but, 'Sydney,' says my wife Margaret, 'Ann makes you look like an amateur.'

Welcome to St Dunstan's

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

John Richard Gasston, of Worthing, is from Rhodesia and originally trained as a mechanical engineer. He was called up in August 1962 and rose to the rank of Sergeant before being commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant into the Rhodesian Regiment in May 1966. He was wounded in March 1975 whilst leading a patrol in Machiziwa in action against a terrorist group. Subsequently he returned to this country.

Mr. Gasston is married and has an adult son and daughter.

Continued on following page

Welcome to St Dunstan's — continued

William Raymond Moore, of Usk, Gwent, who joined us on February 6th last.

Mr. Moore served as a Gunner with the Royal Artillery between 1937 and 1946 and was captured and taken prisoner of war while serving as an Acting Sergeant in Hong Kong on Christmas Day, 1941. He is a widower.

Peter V. Bamfield, of Brighton, who joined us on February 19th and moved to Pearson House on February 26th.

Peter is aged 53 and joined the RAF in 1955 and served as Leading Aircraftman until his discharge in 1957 on health grounds. He was then employed in the electronics industry until about six years ago, since which time he has been virtually bedridden.

In 1966 he married Mrs. Sylvia Barnard. They have no children.

CLUB NEWS

Brighton Club Bridge

February individual, 1991. This round of the competition was played on Saturday, February 16th, with the following results.

1st	Miss Stenning	61.3
2nd	Mrs McPhearson	53.4
3rd	Mrs P. Lynch	52.3
	Jerry Lynch	
5th	Bob Evans	51.1
	Jo Huk	
7th	Vi Delaney	50.0
8th	Alf Dodgson	48.9
	Ron Freer	
10th	Reg Goding	45.5
11th	Bill Allen	44.3
12th	Wally Lethbridge	40.9

West Sussex Inter Club League

We played our third match in this competition against Crawley Horticultural on Sunday, February 17th, 1991, when we had a most pleasant afternoon. The

visitors won by 100 match points to 65, which translates to a victory points score of 13 to 3.

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Mr. J. Norris, of Northwood, last year won a First Class Award in the War Pensioners National Hobbies Competition with a wrought-iron stand for a 36 inch plant trough. As a result, the War Pensioners Department of the Social Services have asked him to make two more.

Additionally, his local blind club have told him that they raised a sizeable amount for their funds from the sale of some wooden toys he had donated.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

The daughter of *Mike Tetley*, Lynn, and her husband Phillip, on the birth of their first child on November 20th. She is called Hannah Kate.

The son of *Bill and Carole Kennedy*, John, whose wife Clare gave birth to a son on January 6th. John is an armourer in the REME, serving in the Gulf, and the new baby — James Edward — is brother to Dawn and Philip.

To another son, Derek, and his wife Tina, was born a daughter, Holly Nicole, on February 7th. We offer our best wishes to all members of the rapidly expanding Kennedy clan.

Brian and Ruth Chandler, who are happy to announce the birth of their first grandchild when Heidi Emma was born on November 1st to their son and daughter-in-law Paul and Mary. Then on January 25th came the birth of their second granddaughter — Sarah Jayne — born to their daughter Jayne and her husband Steven House.

FAMILY NEWS continued

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Ken and Jo Revis, of Oxford, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary which they celebrated on Friday, March 1st, 1991.

DEATHS

We offer our condolences to:

All family and friends of Mrs. Louise Burn, of Scarborough, who passed away on February 15th, 1991 aged 72. Mrs. Burn was the widow of our St Dunstaner *Walter Charles Burn*, who passed away in 1985.

Our sympathy goes particularly to their four children — Sylvia, Christine, Pauline and Richard.

Mrs. Rose Shed, wife of *Mr. E.G. Shed*, of Burgess Hill, whose sister Olive died on January 24th.

The family and friends of Mrs. Harriet Angelina Short who passed away on February 6th, the day before she would have celebrated her 101st birthday. She was the widow of *Willie Short* who died in 1979.

Our deepest sympathy goes to her daughter, Vera Usher, for whom this is a very sad time — the funeral of her husband Joe took place on the day her mother died.

The family and friends of Mrs. Harriet Dennick who passed away on February 13th after a short illness. Mrs. Dennick was 92 and the widow of *John Dennick* who died in 1968.

Our sympathy goes to their two sons, two daughters and all members of the family.

Mrs. Constance Morton, widow of *Mr. John Albert Morton*, who passed away on February 13th, 1991, following a stroke. She was aged 86. Her husband was wounded at

Ypres and the family association with St Dunstans therefore goes back three quarters of a century.

Joan Phillips, wife of our St Dunstaner *Trevor Phillips*, of Paignton, whose sister passed away in Melbourne, Australia, in early February.

Cliff Hoyle, upon the recent death of his brother.

The family and friends of Mrs. J.E. Gifford, of Gillingham, who died on January 24th whilst on holiday in South Africa. She was the widow of *Mr. Alexander Gifford* and was aged 70.

Charles and Nancy Shallcross and their daughter, Pam in the tragic loss they have suffered with the death of their son-in-law, and Pam's husband, Clive Pinnington, at the aged of 57. he passed away on February 21st.

Annette, wife of A.C. *'Tiny' Pointon*, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Ella Dewire, in Peacehaven on February 23rd.

The family and friends of Mrs. Celia Elizabeth Ruston, of Gillingham, Dorset, aged 103 on February 28th. She was the widow of *Albert Ruston* who died in 1967.

Eric Church, of Bath, on the sudden death of his brother.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the death of the following St Dunstaner and we offer our deepest sympathy to his widow, family and friends.

Herbert Holden, *Duke of Wellington's Regiment*
We have to record the death of this St Dunstaner which occurred suddenly on February 9th last. He was 94 years of age and had been

with us since 1978.

Mr. Holden served as a Private in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, joining up in Huddersfield in 1914. He was wounded in 1917 losing his right eye and suffering injuries to his legs but in spite of this, and following his discharge from the Army in 1918, he was able to follow employment. The last position he held was as a Mill Manager and he retired at the age of 65.

After losing his wife Emma in 1986, Mr. Holden remained in Yorkshire for some time but in due course came to stay with us at Pearson House. However, after a short while he chose to return to residential accommodation in Huddersfield and this is where he passed away.

Our sympathy goes to his good friends Dennis and Mrs. Mellor.

Alan Robert Reynolds, Grenadier Guards

It is with sorrow that we record the death of this St Dunstaner who passed away at his home on February 25th after a short illness. He was 68 years of age.

Mr. Reynolds served with the Grenadier Guards from 1938. He was injured in action by a gunshot wound in Tunisia in April 1943 and became a St Dunstaner in July of that year. He trained as a telephonist and took his first post with the Shell Refining and Marketing Board, near Ellesmere Port and then, in 1946, and shortly before his marriage, he moved to employment with the Shropshire War Agricultural Executive Committee. Some three years later Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds ventured into a sweet-making business and when this proved so successful, our St Dunstaner gave up telephony to give all his time to managing and expanding it. All went very well until the market from which the business operated was redesigned, which led to a slackening of trade, and Mr. Reynolds gave the business up in 1964. He then went on to take employment for a year with the Central Ordnance Depot, in Donnington, moving from there to a post with Rolls Royce in Shrewsbury. He took his retirement on health grounds in 1976, thus bringing to a close a long and varied career.

In retirement, Mr. Reynolds had many interests. He had been a radio amateur for a long time; he served on several committees, including that of his local Talking Newspaper; he took up wine-making and enjoyed gardening.

Our deepest sympathy goes to his devoted wife, Dorothy, and their daughter, Frances, and her family.

Thomas Thornley, Cheshire Regiment

We are sorry to say we have lost another old soldier in the death of Thomas Thornley who passed away on February 8th last at the age of 94.

Even though he was not introduced to St Dunstan's until 1980, Mr. Thornley had suffered the loss of one eye through a gunshot wound in France while serving with the Cheshire Regiment between 1915-1919. He had retained some useful vision in his remaining eye and was able to follow employment as a wagon loader but with the further failure of his sight he came to us again in 1987 by which time he had become deaf and very frail.

With his wife's own poor eyesight it was a most helpful arrangement when they were able to move into very comfortable accommodation immediately below Mrs. Thornley's daughter, Marion Quinn, who readily gave every attention to their daily needs.

We offer our deepest sympathy to his widow, Lily and her family.

Thomas Sidney Tonge, Lancashire Fusiliers

We regret to announce the death of this St Dunstaner who passed away at Pearson House on February 13th last aged 91.

Mr. Tonge was a Private in the Lancashire Fusiliers from October 1917. He was gassed in August 1918 and suffered recurring inflammation in the eyes in the years that followed but was able to follow employment upon his return to civilian life in 1919. His latest post was as a Departmental Manager in a cable works but with the failure of his sight, Mr. Tonge had to give this up in 1952 and he became a St Dunstaner a year later.

After a period of training he undertook work for our Stores Department, making a variety of articles, and in due course he included toy making in his hobby activities. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tonge did a lot of handicraft work for local charities.

Sadly, both became unwell during last year and following the death of his wife during November our St Dunstaner came to Pearson House.

Our sympathy goes to their two sons Colin and Allen and all the family.