



**St Dunstans
Review
June 1991**

CONTENTS

Reunion	4
Balancing the Books	10
Ex-POW Reunion Weekend	13
David Morris, Golfing Champion	16
SDAC Visit to Cyprus	20
Bridge Testing by Ken Revis	22
A Hair's Breadth by Alf Bradley	24
Gardening Notes	26
Letters to the Editor	28
In Memory	30



Cover Picture: David Morris,
United States Blind Open
Champion 1991.

From the Chairman



I am pleased to tell you of three new appointments to the Council which were made at the meeting held on April 25th.

Mr. Crispin Odey, who lives in London, is a Director of Baring Investment Management Ltd. Mr. Odey is a graduate of Oxford University and a qualified barrister. An acknowledged authority on European investments, he will also be a member of the Finance and General Purpose Committee bringing his experience to the management of our financial affairs.

Mr. Norman Hopkins, MCSP, SRP, became a St Dunstaner in March, 1945. He served with the Royal Tank Regiment and was wounded in action in Germany in 1945. He is a Chartered Physiotherapist practising in Cardiff, where he is also active in the community, serving on the Council of Cardiff Institute for the Blind and South Wales Talking Magazine.

Mr. Tom Taylor, BA (Hons), MSc, who lives in Preston, was also injured in 1945, serving in Burma with the Border Regiment. He was a poultry farmer and in retirement studied at Lancaster University and the Open University. He is also a lay preacher and involved in work in his local community.

The last two appointments bring the representation of St Dunstaners on the Council back to four. With Mr. John Wall, who joined the Council last year as Chairman of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, there are now five blind members in all.

Henry Leach



NOTICE BOARD



NEW 'BUSINESS' AREA

A dog run is now fully operational and located to the left, as you leave, of the main doors, at Ian Fraser House. Please ask the Hall Porters or a Care Assistant to indicate where the entrance gate to the run is situated. I would be grateful if you would encourage your dogs to use this facility and assist us in reducing the amount of fouled area within close proximity to Ian Fraser House.

* * *

SAFETY FIRST

Guide dog owners are requested to refrain from taking their dogs into the Dining Room or the Bar area. The reason for this rule is for health and safety of the majority of other guests at Ian Fraser House. The building has been specifically designed for visually impaired people to move around it without any aids. During maximum guest attendance visits to Ian Fraser House, such as Christmas, it may be necessary to ban dogs from the lounge for the duration of the peak period. Your co-operation is appreciated over this rather sensitive matter.

* * *

MEALS APPEAL

Any St Dunstaner who requires a special meal for health reasons, or who is a vegetarian, may order an alternative to the menu. The only proviso is that adequate warning is given to any invited guests and the onus is upon the host to contact the Catering Manager.

This system will apply equally to any

invited guests and the onus is upon the host to contact the Catering Manager at least 24 hours in advance. Water and soft drinks are always available on request in lieu of, or in addition to, wine.

* * *

DAY ATTENDANCE OF IFH EVENTS

Would anyone living in the Brighton area, wishing to attend events such as the computer weekend on a daily basis, please book in via Sue Reynolds at IFH.

* * *

TV TIMES

The television, at IFH, is in the Stables next to the Blue Room Lounge. Additional televisions are located in the pool lounge and Brighton Club Room. The television in the Stables is not available for general viewing between 0900-0945 hours, Monday to Saturday, when the daily racing form is being read.

A talking teletext is available in the Stables for CEEFAX and ORACLE details, with a spare machine being held at the Lounge Desk for St Dunstaners/guests to take on short-term loan to their rooms.

* * *

NATIONAL BRIDGE – HARROGATE

Just a reminder that will all those wishing to take part in the Harrogate Bridge Week please notify and book through Frances Casey, at Headquarters, or Reg Goding, Secretary, as soon as possible.

Reunions



Sir Maurice Johnstone talks with Ted Brown and his wife, at the Ipswich Reunion.

Ipswich

It was on a beautiful Spring day, April 11th, that our St Dunstaners, wives, widows and escorts of East Anglia made their way to the Moat House Hotel, in Ipswich, for their annual reunion. The gardens around the hotel were coming into bloom and daffodils sprouted up around the paths our St Dunstaners walked around after lunch, as they enjoyed the sunshine and each others company.

This year's reunion was attended by twenty St Dunstaners, fifteen widows, twenty-six escorts and ten guests: a round total of 71 sitting down to lunch at 12.45 p.m. The Guest of Honour was Sir Maurice Johnstone, accompanied by his wife, Lady Johnston.

After lunch, which was beautifully prepared and well presented, Sir Maurice began his speech by paying tribute to the spirit of St Dunstan's.

'It is a marvellous organisation which is so widespread and so deeply caring

that it's a badge of pride we all wear, either as a St Dunstaner blinded or as a supporter of a St Dunstaner,' he said.

He then offered to share his special feelings of appreciation at being able to attend the Ipswich reunion specifically.

He said: 'As long as you promise not to tell anyone else, I always enjoy a reunion such as this one, which is comparatively small in numbers, because that family feeling is the greater and we are able to get around and speak to everyone individually, whereas, at the larger reunions, with 200 and odd people, it is quite impossible to get around everybody.'

He assured our St Dunstaners and guests that the health of their organisation had never been better.

'It is in very good shape. The pennies are being wisely invested and looked after and I think the improvements which your Council have put into Brighton and in London, on your behalf, have all been of benefit.'

He then expressed his own personal

delight in being able to have so many of the widows in attendance.

'It is very much part of the family system', he said, 'and I am thrilled to bits that you are able to join us.'

He then proceeded to tell the assembled audience of his recent visit to Tasmania, as guest of the Governor-General. There are ten St. Dunstaners in Tasmania who Sir Maurice was keen to visit, having taken out their names and addresses for that purpose. He managed to get in contact with all of them and assured those at the Ipswich reunion that they sent their best wishes to all of them and expressed to him their love and appreciation of St Dunstan's.

At the behest of his darling wife, Sir Maurice told his two 'darling' stories. The first recounted the tale of the man who returned very late home for dinner to discover a note from his wife saying 'Darling, your dinner's in the dog!' and the second, which he told very well, had the crowd in stitches. He said.

'A duchess, who was wont to call all her servants by their surnames, called in her new coachman and said to him:

'What's your name?' and he answered, 'James, me-lady.'

She replied, 'Do you mean James as a surname or as a Christian name?'

He said, 'As a Christian name me-lady.'

'Well', she said, 'I always call my servants by their surnames, what's your surname?'

'Darling', he said.

So she said, 'Home James! and don't spare the horses!'

Coming to the end of his speech, Sir Maurice said that the journey to Ipswich, from his rural Wiltshire, was always worth it and he thanked the assembled St Dunstaners for giving him the privilege.

Our St Dunstaner Wilf Saxby, of Bury-St. Edmunds, gave a speech, in response, on behalf of St Dunstaners.

'We live in a throwaway world,' he said, 'throwaway cups, throwaway saucers, throwaway men, throwaway women. But you and I know well, as St Dunstaners, that there was a period in our lives when we ourselves, thought that we might be



Lady Johnston with her bouquet.

'throwaway', Where it stopped for us was at St Dunstan's, for at St Dunstan's who, came to our situation and showed us that we mattered when we thought we didn't, they encouraged us and showed us that what had happened was not the end, it was the beginning.

'As a beginning we established a way of life which suited us, and allowed us to make a contribution to society. We were convinced that we were not throwaway. St Dunstan's have compensated for our sight and allowed us to be in situations we would never have thought possible. These meetings are not only get-togethers for us, where we can talk and meet, but it is also a means by which we can say thank you to all those who have done so much to enable us to carry on. I feel very honoured to be able to express those thanks on behalf of St Dunstaners.'

He thanked the staff at Headquarters and Miss Newbold, for organising the event. He also thanked the members of Council, in particular Sir Maurice Johnstone and his wife. He asked them not to

Reunions 1991 — continued

leave it so long until they next came to Ipswich.'

Mrs. Edna Parish, of Norwich, then presented a bouquet of flowers to Lady Johnston, who commented on how well the colours matched what she was wearing.

Now that both lunch and speeches were over, all the assembled were free to have a drink and move around. The gardens at the Moat House are exceptionally good for this purpose and, it being a warm day, most people moved out into the garden to have photos taken and have a chat.

All those in attendance appeared to enjoy the opportunity to meet old friends, speak to the guests and talk to each other about St Dunstan's past, present and future. With regard to the future, especially, all turned their attention, looking forward with anticipation to seeing each other at Ipswich next year.

Southampton

For the second reunion of 1991 St Dunstaners, wives or escorts and widows gathered at the Polygon Hotel, Southampton, on 18th April. There were fifteen St Dunstaners and nine widows and, including staff and guests, fifty-four people sat down to lunch under the chairmanship of Mr. Ken Wills, the Member of the Council presiding, who was accompanied by his wife.

On behalf of the Chairman and the Council, Mr. Wills welcomed all the guests. He said he was especially pleased to come to Southampton because in his childhood he had spent some time on the Isle of Wight, 'In those days a visit to Southampton for me was a very great adventure. It involved a sea voyage across that stretch of water where lay all those magnificent ocean liners in the Solent or tied up alongside. Then there was this strange exotic town which seemed to be on a far larger scale than anything I had seen on the Isle of Wight. How sad that the great liners have gone. The tankers and the container ships aren't somehow the same but a fine



Mr. Ken Wills, speaking at Southampton.

city has grown up out of the wartime destruction.'

Mr. Wills mentioned Rob Lucas, who was attending his first reunion. He also recorded the thanks of all to those responsible for arranging the reunion: Mrs. Vivien Jackson, Welfare Visitor and Mr. Keith Martin, Reunion Administrator. He also thanked the chef and hotel staff.

'We are always happy to see new faces but St Dunstan's is a very special sort of community. No-one could be more welcoming or more friendly but everyone hopes that there won't have to be any new members. Since the last reunion this country has taken part in a war against a heavily armed and vicious enemy equipped with the means and the ruthlessness to use chemical weapons, particularly mustard gas. There are not many St Dunstaners left from the First World War who can give first hand accounts of the consequences of that experience but the effects of mustard gas are well enough known. Combined with the destructive power of so-called conventional weapons it could have caused many thousands of casualties

Reunions 1991 — continued

among British Forces and it could have been that many would have needed the care and the support of St Dunstan's.

'Victory was achieved with few losses, amazingly, but I can tell you that St Dunstan's was fully prepared for whatever new demands might have been made upon our resources. Thank God they were not needed. We can indeed rejoice that our numbers have not been suddenly increased.'

Mr. Wills gave the current statistics of St Dunstan's membership world-wide and the attendance at the reunion. 'Now, while we all rejoice in this great military victory in the Gulf', he continued, 'I think we have got every right to be astonished at the present state of the political scene. We still have a crazy dictator engaged in mass murder after suffering a crushing defeat. It is almost as if the Allies in 1945 had signed a peace treaty with Hitler that allowed him to continue as Fuhrer of Germany, with the Nazi Party still in power and the gas chambers of Auschwitz and Belsen operating at full blast. It is hard to imagine a worse political muddle even though one can see that there are difficulties.

'It reminds me of the conversation

between an engineer, a priest and a politician about whose job was the most important. 'You couldn't do anything without me', said the engineer. 'Look around you, everything in the modern world depends on people like me: manufacturing, transport, chemicals, electricity, great buildings. You name it, you need engineers.'

'But', said the priest, 'That is pure materialism. I deal in far higher things. I lead people towards a closer understanding of God. The God who created the whole world out of chaos.' 'Ah', said the politician, 'But who do you think created all that chaos in the first place?'

Mr. Wills concluded by referring to the serious illness of Lady Leach and said he was sure everyone would wish him to send, on their behalf, heartfelt good wishes to Sir Henry and Lady Leach.

Mr. Jim Mash responded for St Dunstaners. He recalled the celebrations of the 75th anniversary saying, 'It was a very good do.' He thanked Vivien Jackson for her work and for organising the reunion and concluded with a simple expression of thanks to the staff of the hotel.

During the afternoon, pianist, Michael

Mrs. Wills receives a bouquet from Mrs. Marjorie Hordyniec.



Reunions 1991 — continued

Hamilton, played an excellent selection of music from an extensive repertoire. There was a prize draw made just before tea. Mrs. Nan Wills kindly delved into the drum to find the winners. All the company, winners and losers alike, seemed to enjoy the occasion if the sounds of laughter and lively conversation are anything to go by.

Birmingham

The Birmingham Reunion took place on April 20th, this year in a new venue, The Strathallan Thistle Hotel, Edgbaston. Although further from the City Centre and the station than the Albany, it proved to be convenient in many other respects, especially by being all on one level. Most guests were brought to the Reunion by vehicles of Colin Bentley's fleet so that the location was no problem.

The only person who might have disagreed was the Member of Council presiding, Mr. Dennis Cadman, CBE, who very gallantly travelled all the way from the Isle of Wight to attend. Welcoming everyone in his speech after lunch, Mr. Cadman explained that his wife has not been too well and he decided a short break on the Isle of Wight might help her recovery. Otherwise she would have been with him at the reunion he said and he brought her greetings to everybody. As he had undertaken to come to the Birmingham Reunion he had made the journey, 'I hope to get back there tonight early enough not to have to swim the Solent!'

Mr. Cadman mentioned the names of members of the staff attending the Reunion because he said, 'I am sure you appreciate them because they are some of the hardest working people on your behalf that you would find anywhere.' There was general applause at this and, later, when Mr. Cadman referred to the presence of Mr. Stan Booth, retired Estate Surveyor for the Midlands area. Mr. Cadman went on to say how many guests were at the Reunion: 27 St Dunstaners, 23 widows and 37 wives and escorts.



St Dunstaner Frank Cross at Birmingham.

Mr. Cadman said that we were now into the time of anniversaries, Dunkirk, St Dunstan's 75th, 'What a wonderful day that was,' and that more anniversaries were to come because we are in the period of fifty years after. 'Yet, just as we were all hoping that peace would be more enduring we have had the Gulf War. St Dunstan's, like many other ex-service organisations, prepared for it, prepared for the worst, prepared to do all that they could, and they knew you would, to help anybody who was blinded to re-assert themselves and involve themselves into the life of the community. Fortunately it didn't happen. We all ought to be extremely grateful that the casualties in the Gulf were so light. It does show that St Dunstan's is a live organisation, still able to commit itself to ongoing service in the community.

Concluding, Mr. Cadman said, 'The strength of St Dunstan's as I see it is to be found in those whom it serves, people like yourselves, I think perhaps the best tribute that could be written is that contained in words written in the last *Review* about Ted Colahan, who died recently after a terrible illness, who said that he had to find his



Cynthia Mosley with Joe Kibbler, Arthur Whittington and John Pryce.

own moment of truth and he preferred to follow the example of St Dunstaners and face up to it. I think that that ability to turn your face against adversity stands out clearest about all St Dunstaners.

'I am amazed, I have sat on the Council, now, for some fifteen years, I am always amazed by the people I meet and the activities they get up to. It is remarkable that people have set themselves out to overcome disability and I, and a lot of people outside that I know, salute you.'

Frank Cross was called upon to make the response on behalf of St Dunstaners. He thanked Mr. Cadman for coming to the Reunion and went on, 'Somebody has organised our Birmingham Reunion on Hitler's birthday, it is indeed that man's birthday today, please don't do it again! I'm glad Mr. Cadman read out the list of staff, whom we welcome here today, because it has saved me having to remember!'

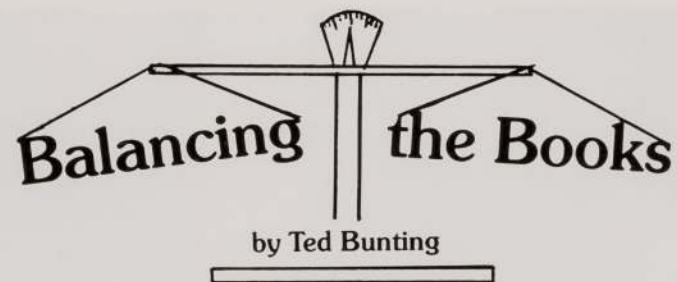
He said that he and Mr. Cadman had been recalling, 'That wonderful day last August and it occurred to me then, as it has since, what wonderful organisation there was that day. I think there were hardly any hitches at all and all who were there enjoyed it thoroughly. I was discussing it with Mr. Castleton and we both thought neither of us would see the hun-

dredth but some of you might, you never know!

'The thing that struck me about all that, as I say, was the wonderful organisation. This is the thing about St Dunstan's. We are very, very fortunate to have such a good organisation behind us. We know that if there is any trouble of any kind there is always someone to go to — most of all our dear favourite, Miss Newbold and I knew I would get some applause if I mentioned her. I say thank you to the Council and to the staff for all the hard work and wonderful support they give us.

'I want you now to join me in a toast and the toast will be St Dunstan's.'

The afternoon continued with dancing to music provided by Richard Manning and Eric Pearson, who have been playing at the Birmingham Reunion for the past 20 years. Needless to say their music was much enjoyed by dancers and listeners alike. The usual features of a Reunion — much laughter and conversation; the ritual of the prize draw and the decisions to be made by winners faced with an array of prizes; tea and cream scones concluded a successful day.



Balancing the Books

by Ted Bunting

Cranford

Author: Mrs. Gaskell

Reader: Marjorie Anderson

Duration: 7 hours

Catalogue number: 1443

At no period of British history, I imagine, were British gentlemen so proud of their country as during the Victorian era. And justly so, Britannia ruled the waves, the Empire was rapidly expanding and the world and his wife were buying the produce of British factories. Oh, yes, a British gentleman was a 'somebody' in those days. But not his womenfolk alas! The Victorian lady, in contrast, was a deprived species; barred from the professions, refused entry to all the universities and most secondary schools; she was unable to vote, and even her right to own property was greatly restricted . . . it was non-existent in fact. If she happened to be married, from the moment she said 'I do', she became her husband's property, body, soul and bankbook.

All of this, I think, makes it a really remarkable thing that a Victorian lady should produce a work of such high literary merit as *Cranford* is. With consummate skill and exquisite sensitivity, Mrs. Gaskell took as her subject the narrow confines of the Victorian gentlewoman, in reduced circumstances, and gave the world as a result, the most delightfully humorous novel imaginable. Not, I must warn you, that the reader is reduced to uncontrollable mirth as the story unfolds, or is convulsed with massive guffaws either, for whatever is out of place amongst the delicate teacups of

Cranford is nowhere to be found in Cranford's chapters. But listening to *Cranford* is as pleasant an experience as I've had in a long time. Nice is not a word which the English teacher encourages her pupils to employ too often, but personally I found *Cranford* very nice indeed, and if anyone knows of any other book which gives the same warm glow of happiness in the reading, I can only wish they could tell me what it is.

The Black Oxen

Author: Bruce Marshall

Reader: Robert Gladwell

Duration: 13.25 hours

Catalogue number: 3015

A story which follows the lives of five young Scotsmen after the First World War ought to be interesting enough, I'm sure, but sadly, if ever a tale deserved the epithet 'too daft to laugh at' this is it. The fact is, it's awful! It's as credible as the fairies at the bottom of our garden for one thing and, for another, despite its 13 hours duration, it has as much literary merit as you could write on the back of a postage stamp with a two inch tar-brush.

Mind you, things would be different if merit increased in direct proportion with the foul language or the amount of pornographic subject-matter it contained; we'd be saying this is one of the 'great' novels then. After all, a great deal of the action takes place in a brothel, and most of the characters are obsessed with sex; including a particularly obnoxious clergyman who is nevertheless

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. E.J. Warnes of Plumstead, London, became a member of St Dunstan's in April. He served in the RAF in World War II and was injured whilst servicing an aircraft in 1943. Mr. Warnes then returned to employment in the building trade until taking early retirement at the age of 58. He is unmarried.

Mr. Richard Bishop of Malmesbury, Wiltshire, was admitted to St Dunstan's on April 18th.

He originally lost the sight of his right eye as a result of a mishap at school but nevertheless was later able to take a garage apprenticeship. Despite the problem with his vision, he volunteered for service in the Royal Air Force on the outbreak of war in 1939 and after three attempts was accepted as an aircraft engine fitter in April, 1940. His technical ability soon won him promotion to the rank of Corporal. Following an accident his other eye was damaged which led to his medical discharge in 1944.

Balancing the Books — continued

destined to achieve high rank in the army chaplains' department.

Another two examples of farcical promotion are a dishonest cheat of a jeweller who becomes a brigadier and a one-time cab driver who marries the brothel-keeper and is elevated to the peerage.

But just because I think it unsavoury garbage, does not mean everybody would be repelled by it. After all, I'm not the sole arbiter of taste, when all's said and done; you might enjoy it even for, as the sanitation engineer said to the man with a peg on his nose: 'It may be sewage to you, mate, but it's my bread and butter, aint it?'

Our St Dunstaner was trained as a Capstan Lathe operator by the RNIB and worked for the next 29 years in this capacity. He then retrained as a French Polisher and worked until normal retirement age.

Mr. Bishop and his wife, Cynthia, have been married for over forty years.

Mr. Alfred Moody of Shepton Mallet, who was admitted to St Dunstan's on April 18th.

Mr. Moody, who is 72 years of age, joined the Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) in December 1939. During World War II he served in France with the BEF and, after Dunkirk, was posted with his regiment to the Middle East, serving in Persia and Iraq, the Western Desert, Sicily and Italy. In 1944 both eyes were damaged by gunshot wounds although he was able to return to his regiment after treatment. By this time, he held the rank of Sergeant and went with them to Japan as part of the occupation forces. As a result of deteriorating eyesight, Mr. Moody had to transfer to the Military Provost Staff Corps and went on to serve in Gibraltar, Malaya and Malta as well as the military prison at Shepton Mallet. He retired from the Army in 1964 after 25 years service in the rank of Warrant Officer Class 2.

Our St Dunstaner is married.

Mr. Philip Dyke of Woodford Green, was admitted to membership on April 25th.

Philip joined the Royal Artillery in 1914, trained as a signaller, and cross posted to the Royal Naval Division. He saw service on the whole of the Western Front including the Somme, Arras, Vimy Ridge and the second battle of Ypres before falling victim to a mustard gas attack at Cambrai, in March, 1918.

Following the war he joined the family advertising business which he finally took over and ran until his retirement in 1960. In World War II Mr. Dyke became Commandant of his local Red Cross detachment and a member of the ARP.

His wife died in 1989 and he has two married daughters.



Fred Galway hands over the crib to the Irish Guards' most recent father.

FRED BUILDS THE CRADLE THAT ROCKS THE REGIMENT

by Andrew O'Hagan

When Fred Galway, a St Dunstaner for 39 years, started on his latest masterpiece, a baby's wicker cot on a wooden stand, he had no idea just who would sleep in it or where it would end up. As it turns out, Fred's cot has not only won a coveted First at the War Disabled Show but has been gratefully accepted by the Irish Guards as the regiment's official 'cot in residence'.

'After the War Disabled Show, I had no idea what to do with it', says Fred, 'So I called up the Irish Guards, in Liverpool, and asked them if anyone wanted a cot.'

As luck would have it, there was indeed a serviceman in the regiment whose wife was due to have a baby on March 17th. The couple's baby, which was born with spina-bifida, will make great use of the cot and we're delighted

to receive it. Fred's cot was handed over on the day before St. Patrick's Day.

On that day Fred, accompanied by St Dunstan's Secretary, Bill Weisblatt, and his wife, went to Wellington Barracks, where they were pleased to be given a conducted tour, after which the famous cot was presented.

'I'm especially pleased', said Fred, 'that the cot will be used by any other couple in the regiment who have a baby, as long as the previous one has grown out of it, of course. The cot will stay at the barracks and will hopefully do lots of new babies coming on.'

Fred worked hard on the cot over a period of weeks. 'It was a difficult one', he admits, 'it took about nine different weaves, but it's worth it when you see it going to such deserving people.'

Fred readily admits to now being a compulsive carpenter, numbering two grandfather clocks among his more recent creations. You can be sure that all his work is of a quality that would be envied by any craftsman, whether sighted or blind.

Ex-PoW Reunion Weekend

by Alf Lockhart

The St Dunstan's ex-Prisoner of War reunion was held this year over the weekend of April 5th to 7th; the Chief Guests being Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Gingell, GBE, KCB, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords, accompanied by his wife Lady Gingell, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Bernard Chacksfield, KBE, CB, accompanied by his wife Lady Chacksfield. Sir John Gingell was the Guest Speaker.

On Friday, April 5th the St Dunstan's ex-PoW's met for a social evening when a buffet/dance was held in the annexe. Among our members was John Kershaw MM, who was in World War I and had been taken prisoner by 'Old Kaiser Bill'. He is, of course, in his nineties and our only Great War PoW. A number of men suggested that we mark this occasion and it was decided to make a surprise presentation to him at the reunion dinner the following day. Ernie Took supplied the music and the caterers made us an excellent buffet and we wine and dined the night away until about a quarter to twelve, then we retired to get our beauty sleep. John Kershaw and his wife, Olive, were there with us right to the very end.

Message from Mrs. Garnett-Orme

On Saturday we held our AGM, chaired by Mrs. E. Dacre, MBE, TD, JP. After the exhortation, and we had remembered the members who had died during the year. Alice Griffiths, wife of our Chairman Bill Griffiths, MBE, read a letter from Katharine Garnett-Orme, widow of Ion Garnett-Orme, who was our very first Honorary Member, and past Chairman of St Dunstan's, in which she thanked us for the many messages of sympathy she had received from the ex-PoW's. She wrote that the ex-PoW weekend had always been one of their most enjoyable occasions and sent her best wishes for a successful reunion. The other business was quickly dealt with.

The same officers were re-elected and the dates, for the next year's reunion were given as April 10th to 12th.

Our guests arrived at 1900 hours and with them came our Honorary Member, The Right Rev. Darby, Bishop Suffragan of Sherwood. During pre-dinner drinks the guests mingled and chatted with us. Sir Bernard, as President of the Burma Star Association, had much in common with many of us and he and Lady Chacksfield had some quite animated conversations with many of the members.

'Unlike Poles Attract'

Sir John Gingell and the St Dunstaners got along like a house on fire. Thus proving the theory that 'unlike poles attract': he being 'Black Rod' whilst we are 'White Stick'.

We went into dinner and found the tables laid out in a most attractive manner. Paul James and Kosy certainly manage to add a touch of class to our dinners. The word banquet seems to be the more appropriate word to use.

Mrs. Dacre introduced the guests to the assembled company and then she called on John Kershaw to give him his surprise gift: a bottle of malt whisky, a present from the ex-PoW's. He was delighted and so pleased.

Our after-dinner speaker was Sir John Gingell. He gave us a talk on the duties of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. It was hilarious. He then told us of some of the things that some people suggested Black Rod either could be, or in some cases, should be, used for . . . I say again, it was hilarious. After the speeches, Mr. Law, a pianist friend of Mrs. Dacre's, made his way to the piano (which just happened to be there) and ably assisted by Bill and Alice Griffiths, went into a medley of popular songs for community singing. This was taken up by the whole company, especially Sir John, who proved himself to be a man of many parts. Dinner over, we made our

Ex-Prisoners of War Reunion — continued

way to the bar to finish the evening, talking about old times, or in John Kershaw's case, olden times. It was a most friendly and convivial evening which lasted well into the night.

Memorial Service

The Memorial Service on Sunday morning was very well attended. Possibly because Bishop Darby was to give a sermon. Perhaps this is unfair to St Dunstaners and staff, for our Memorial Service is always very well attended, but a sermon delivered by Bishop Darby is a rare treat and not to be missed. I find his sermons rather difficult to explain. They tend to be light-hearted and amusing yet at the same time profound and relevant to the occasion. They must be heard to be fully appreciated.

Sir John Gingell read the first lesson and Richard Bingley read the second; both men being excellent speakers. Our Chairman, Bill Griffiths, then sang an anthem with a pre-recorded tape of the music to accompany him. Bill was in fine voice and sounded well. Bill puts a lot of effort into this and it is truly a pleasure to hear him.

A short while after the service, Sir John and Lady Gingell left, as did The Rt Rev. Darby. Sir Bernard and Lady Chacksfield, however, stayed to have lunch with Sue Reynolds, Mrs. Dacre and the committee. Both Sir Bernard and Lady Chacksfield expressed their delight at being our guests and said how much they had enjoyed their visit. After an exchange of good wishes, they made their way home.

On Sunday evening, we had the Brighton Welsh Choir to entertain us, and entertain us they did. They numbered about twenty-five and were all in good voice. All the songs were well-known and popular and it was a fitting finish to the weekend.

There are two kinds of pain in the head: headaches and hangovers. Headaches are the things that Lt.-Col. Bray and his staff must have got when they were organising our reunion. Hangovers

were the thing we were to have. The St Dunstan's ex-PoW's give our most grateful thanks to Col. Bray and the staff at Ian Fraser House, for making it so pleasant to get our hangovers. So thank you Ian Fraser House for making us so welcome. Thanks also to those at London headquarters. Bill Weisblatt and his staff work very hard arranging and financing these reunions. We do appreciate their efforts and offer our heartfelt thanks to them.

The catering staff, as always, did a wonderful job. Under the guidance of Paul James and Kosy, the food and the service were as good as any, better than many of the so-called high-class hotels, and they deserve the highest praise for providing this magnificent dinner for our reunion.

There are two other ladies who give much of their time to us on these occasions. These are Mary Stenning and Beryl Gardener. Beryl, who is our Assistant Secretary, is of enormous help to our Hon. Secretary, Tom Hart, who himself is always beavering about at something or other. So thank you Tom for the time and effort that you put in. And thank you Beryl for keeping his nose to the grindstone.

Looking Forward

I once described Mary Stenning as Mrs. Dacre's adjutant. I still think that an apt description of the way in which Mary helps to organise things. Always on hand, ever ready to give help, advice or information, known and loved by everybody. One of our stalwarts. Thank you Mary for everything.

Our President, Mrs. Dacre, and our Chairman, Bill Griffiths, are like a pair of dynamos. They are often at work in the background, arranging and enabling. In other words, seeing that things get done. Thank you Mrs. Dacre. Thank you Bill, and give Alice our thanks for keeping you up to it.

Another reunion over . . . another reunion to prepare for. Looking forward to next April. Cheerio.



(Courtesy Essex County Standard)

BERT HELPS LOCAL HOSPICE

Bertie Williamson (above), of Wivenhoe, in Colchester, makes wooden toys for sale at hospice events.

Our St Dunstaner, who is 73, lost his sight while a prisoner of the Japanese during World War II. He previously worked in a Colchester dairy, doing a little carpentry in his spare time.

He was recently featured in an article in the *Essex County Standard* where he told of how he learnt his craft skills at St Dunstan's.

'St Dunstan's is a wonderful organisation', he says, 'I couldn't do without them'.

He makes wooden dolls' cradles, tractors, lorries, fire engines and jeeps.

Bertie is among many craftsmen and women who are earning hundreds of pounds each year for Colchester's St. Helena Hospice.

COMPUTER HOTLINE

A Computer Hotline for Computer Club and other St Dunstan's computer enthusiasts and novices will be established from June 4th, 1991. Advice will be available at the end of a telephone from Mike Gammon who is Head of Computer Studies at a local College of Technology.

Please use the service *only* on the following days and at the nominated times: Tuesday, 6.00-9.00 p.m., telephone 0903 882722; and Thursday, 1.00-4.00 p.m., telephone 0273 307811 ext. 3297.

Please do not abuse this 'trial service' by calling at any other time. The Hotline project will run for six months and its effectiveness will be discussed at the Computer Club Weekend in November 1991.



David Morris — Golfing Glory

My interest in golf goes back to playing around on pitch and putt courses, just like anyone else, but I didn't learn to hit a golf ball properly until after I had lost my sight. During a chat to my social worker, Richard Prior, in 1988, he told me that English Blind Golf was holding a golf tournament at St. Mellion, the British Masters, and was I interested? Due to back problems, I didn't play golf at all as walking was a difficulty in itself. I didn't realise at the time that when you played these tournaments, they took you around in a motorised golf cart so there was no walking involved.

Early in 1989 I got in touch with Paul Muscroft, our professional at Newquay Golf Club, who developed a swing for me which did not involve my back thus giving me confidence to play in the knowledge that my suffering would be kept to a minimum. Paul and I came to two very good arrangements — he would sponsor me for all coaching; therefore all coaching was free and if I wanted a lesson, I would

pay for it! Also when I was in bad pain he would ignore it and give me another pain killer.

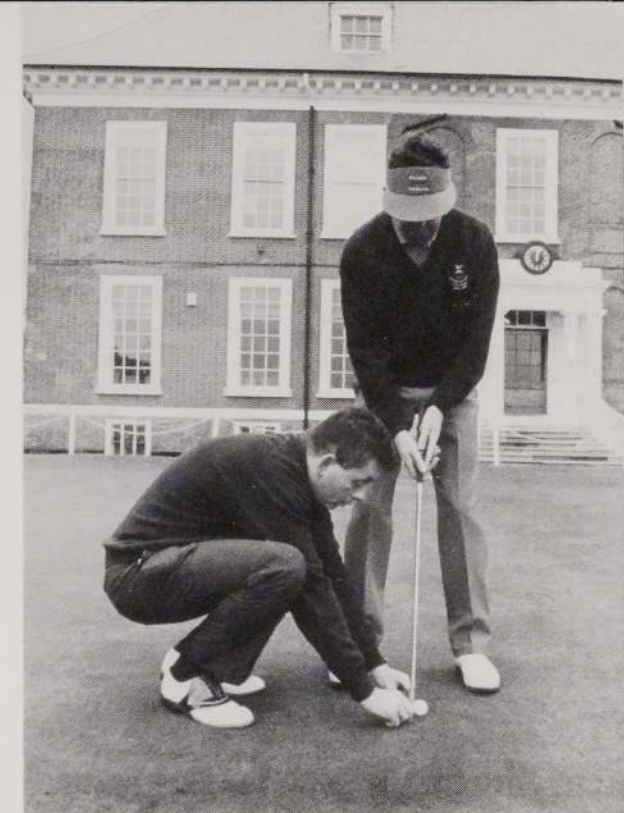
Until that time I was completely unknown. I then played the British Masters in which I came third, the English Matchplay Championship which I won and the Chairman's Cup which is a Stableford competition which again I won. As a result I was given an invitation to play for England in America — Phoenix, Arizona — very early January 1990. By this time Paul and I were getting on well with our coaching sessions and I invited him to be my guide whenever he could. At this stage he hadn't taken the offer up. I don't think he really knew what was involved and the amount of pleasure he would derive from becoming involved. A good friend, Norman Bailey, was my guide at this tournament and we managed to come fourth which was quite good considering it was my first world event. I was beaten by the World Champion, Pat

Browne, from New Orleans, by 9 shots. Pat won the tournament.

The 1990 domestic season got off with the Colin Cowdrey Trophy in which I came sixth. However, this was one of the qualifiers for the British Masters to be played at St. Mellion later in the year. As the first six players qualified, I could then relax.

The next event was the opening rounds of the English Matchplay knockout competition. In the quarter finals I met David Benwell from Plymouth and, in the semi-finals, Terry Wallace. This was reputed to be the finest game that anyone had ever witnessed and unquestionably the best I had ever played. I was one behind on the 15th, won the 16th to level the match, won the 17th putting my second shot eight feet from the pin then made my par to go one ahead. On the 18th green, I only had a four feet putt to get me in the final but knowing Terry, who is good on the greens, had an 18" putt left, the pressure was on. I pulled my shot and missed the hole then tapped in. Terry then had his 18" putt to take the match on to a sudden death situation. Unfortunately he missed by one inch and I took the game! On this occasion I was guided by Maureen Ford and as it happened, I was due to meet her husband in the finals at Hoylake. I was guided in the finals at Hoylake, which I won, by Barbara Wilson, a member of the Hoylake club. She was a good golfer in her own right and knew the course well.

In September 1990 the World Championship Blind Golf was held at St. Mellion; the first time this prestigious tournament has been held in this Country so it goes without saying that I was pleased to help with the organisation, as St. Mellion is just inside the border of Cornwall, my home county. Paul guided me for this important event where I played alongside Pat Browne. I came third on gross score, after Pat and Gerry Kelly of Scotland, and sixth after golf handicap had been deducted. My very first tee shot was excellent but set off a severe pain in my back which was to last the duration of the game. Paul decided quite firmly to ignore it and at the end of the day when asked by Pat's guide how he could be so



Paul Muscroft guiding David's club.

Top hole!





David Morris, champion.

heartless said it didn't matter because I was hitting the ball well! It was during this tournament that Paul became hooked on Blind Golf. The game was exciting, Pat and I played very much on a level and he beat me by just two shots. Paul was also very much impressed with the friendly repartee between us blind golfers together with the tremendous support we give to each other during games. He also found the challenge most refreshing from his normal teaching; he was the maestro making me play his shots.

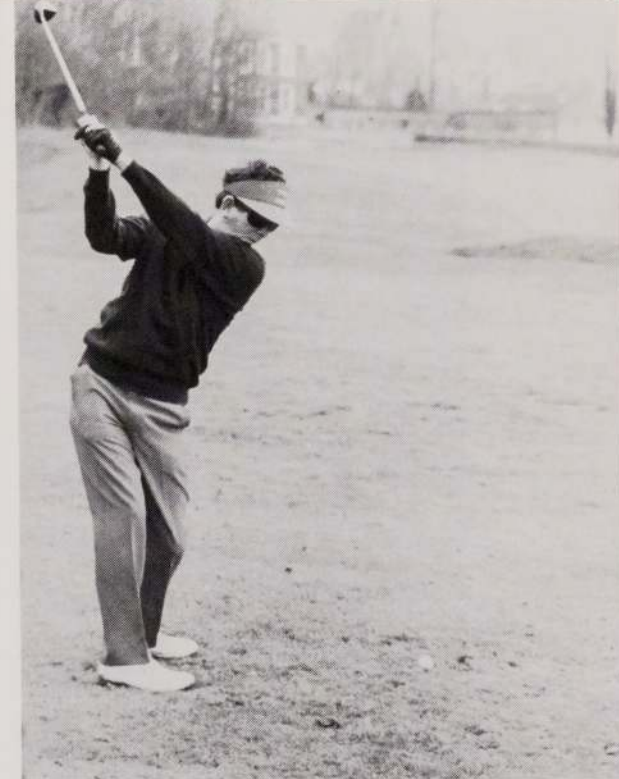
In October 1990 I was invited to play in Australia. Because of business commitments, Paul was not able to accompany me so I took a friend of mine, David Starkings, along to be my guide. Once again I was paired with Pat Browne. By this time we had become firm friends and very much enjoyed going round together, both appreciating the others witty comments, style of play and sheer determination to win! I was playing a very solid game and looked almost certain to win but tension set in (which is fatal). We lost the game over the last two holes but only by two shots. I came third overall

behind Pat and an Australian Deanna Minciullo and first in my eyesight category. Not bad! Especially as it was a very hard course called Nedlands. The only nine-hole golf course in the world which is in the order of merit for professionals. In Australia they have eyesight categories: B1 is totally blind, B2 which has got light perception and B3 and B4 is visually impaired. I was classed in B2. My thanks go out to Gary Metherick, the pro from Nedlands Golf Club, Russ Meatherall from the Collier Park Golf Club who arranged a cart for me knowing of my back problem (carts were not normally allowed on this course) and Dave Starkings my guide, who took special leave from the Royal Air Force. This meant him coming over from Holland where he is stationed in order to escort me to Australia.

My next overseas invitation came right on top of returning from Australia. An invitation to return to the U.S.A. at the beginning of January to play again in the Heather Farr Leader Dog Classic (U.S.A. Blind Open). This time, Paul was with me, together with my wife, and we were looking forward to some positive results. The event is preceded by a pro-am to raise money for the Leader Dogs, the equivalent of our Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. I was teamed up with an amateur and an ex-baseball player (no professional as there were not enough to go round). We had a great day's golfing and despite the fact there were only three of us to everyone else's four, plus no pro., we managed to come joint first, scoring 12 under par and coming out with a net score of 60.

Sunday morning, the big game, and I was to tee off first with, yes — you've guessed it — Pat Browne. This was now becoming a regular occurrence and the two of us were beginning to feel the personal ambition involved. We were also being made to feel celebrities and this was confirmed when the gallery, which began with two carts, my wife and friend and one other interested local, grew to several carts by the time we had gone half way round. This was the most exciting and nerve racking game I have ever played and I think the same can be said for Pat.

Certainly Paul was very wound up. It was very close all the way. Apart from one hole when I was two shots down, all the way round there was no more than one shot between us! And that is tight golf. It was on the 12th when it could have been said that I was in danger of losing the game. I took six shots to Pat's three. This meant that going down the 13th, (Par 5) Pat was two up. We both took good drives, good second shots and good third shots. My fourth shot I put to within six feet of the pin on the best side, the low side and Pat went way up over the green. I tapped up to within two inches with my fifth shot then sunk the shot with my sixth. Pat played what can only be described as a brilliant shot, putting downhill and stopping the ball within three feet of the pin. Not even a pro could have done better. He too sank his putt for a six. On the next tee, the 14th, we both had bad drives, my second shot hit a tree and went out onto the next fairway and with my guide being unable to see the green, we played a shot in which the ball landed within eight feet of the pin — magnificent shot and I received much applause from the, now, huge gallery. This put me to being just one down. The 15th was again a long par 5. My second shot ended up eight feet behind a large tree and about 100 yards short of the green. I was about to make one of my most remarkable golf shots yet! Paul handed me a club and as nonchalantly as he possibly could, told me to take a swing. Not only did the ball clear the tree, but landed within 12 feet of the pin. This brought another roar of approval, not only from the gallery but Pat and his guide also! As explained earlier, the support we give to each other is very important. The 16th I also won, parring the hole. This put the match level. The 17th which is a long par three, I put my tee shot just short of the green and Pat did the same but he had a massive bunker between him and the green. This is when he played one of his amazing shots. From there he punched the ball over to within 12 feet from the hole whereas I chipped up to about 10 feet from the hole. I sank my putt and he missed. This put me one shot up going down the 18th. All I had to do was play him shot for shot and the championship



was mine.

I hit a good drive down and had a good second shot in. We were lying level with each other. He put his third shot behind the pin and I put my third shot just short of the pin. About 25 feet out each. He putted his shot up to about six feet away and I put mine to about three feet. He missed the next and then tapped in. I now had two shots from three feet for the championship. By this time, I was under so much pressure I was unable to hold my putter still, my hands were shaking so much. The gallery had grown and the air was thick with tension. From three feet, I put the ball to less than an inch from the hole. Tapped it in and the championship was mine by one shot. The support received from the spectators was incredible especially as they were Americans watching the American Champion versus an Englishman.

So the first match of the year saw me on a high and looking forward to a successful season with Paul's help. Golf has been a major breakthrough of my disabilities. A great confidence booster after so much was taken away from me as a result of a

Golfing Glory — *continued*

freak accident; livelihood, independence, my original sporting hobbies of which motorcycling was one. You don't need to see the flight of a golfball to experience the exhilaration you feel when you hear that distinct 'crack' and you just KNOW you've made a good hit. Or to feel the excitement and joy which emanates from your guide when you've made a good shot or to hear the 'clunk' as the ball hits the bottom of the pocket when you sink a long putt. Golf is adaptable to so many disabilities and has no age barrier. Our oldest member is 83 and plays to a regular 30 handicap. It is worth a mention that in blind golf handicaps actually go up to 56 — twice the normal — and we are allowed the concession of grounding the club in a sand bunker. Every little helps!

There is one problem that all this 'jet setting' brings and that is cost, £4,000 in air fares alone for 1991, I have long since disposed of all willing and non-willing sponsors in my area, even my friends hide when they see me coming! I am very grateful to say St Dunstan's don't hide. Paul and I are both working hard to try to secure sponsors without which, all this will end. There is only one thought that bugs me and that is the old one we all have 'How good could I have been?'

Paul summed up blind golf quite succinctly after his first experience of meeting everyone at one of the championship games when he said 'everyone looks so happy — like a big happy family'. He could have been talking about St Dunstan's.

SDAC Visit to Cyprus

All the meticulous planning by Ted Bradford, with the travel agent, the detailed arrangement for accommodation and transport to and from Heathrow made by Frances Casey and carried out by Colin Bentley and his team of drivers, almost came to nought at Larnaka Airport. The Customs Officers at the airport being on strike, their place had been taken by the local Police Force who, on seeing us carrying odd-looking luggage, demanded to know what they contained. On being told that the contents were bows and arrows, they immediately requested that we showed our licences. It appears that a licence is required in Cyprus to use a crossbow, the police did not seem to know the difference between our recurve bows and crossbows and stated that they would have to impound them and hand them back to us on our return journey, which would have defeated the object of our trip: it is difficult to take part in an archery competition without a bow and some arrows. After some discussion, mainly not understood by anybody, language being the problem, the police let us proceed

with our equipment.

No such troubles at Happy Valley where we were met by the Joint Services Archery Club, led by Major Wendy Le Gassick, enabling us to meet friends of previous visits and to be introduced to new ones. A great deal of effort by the JSAC had been made to ensure that our stay with them would be an enjoyable one, as indeed it was. The tournament was arranged to take place on the Sunday which gave us two days to acclimatise ourselves to the very warm conditions and to have some coaching by our Chief Coach, Ted. Due to unfortunate circumstances prior to leaving England, our team was reduced to four archers, which gave us just enough to take part in the competition but it meant that all had to shoot to best of their ability. This put additional pressure on Bill Grimes who, being our newest member, had little experience at the distances required, a task to which he proved equal. The competition was a Windsor round at a maximum distance of sixty yards but owing to the number of JSAC members who had not shot that distance

SDAC Visit to Cyprus — *continued*

before it had been decided to shoot a junior round at a maximum of forty yards. This gave Bill Grimes and George Hudson the opportunity to shoot at the shorter range whilst Eric Bradshaw and Norman Perry went for the longer range of sixty yards. The day was hot and sunny with a rather gusty wind which did not make shooting too easy; any misses at sixty yards skidded along the dry, hard baked ground to the 120 mark causing the spotters a long walk to recover them. The result at the end of the day on handicap adjusted scores, at the sixty yards distance, Eric Bradshaw came second overall with a score of 1587, Norman Perry, a long way down the list, 1430. At the shorter distance George Hudson was first with a score of 1443 and Bill Grimes with 1432. The combined scores of the SDAC were such that we were deemed team winners and presented with a trophy to mark our success. The day ended with a barbecue provided by the JSAC, a meal to be remembered in surroundings to be envied by all and surrounded by friends with warm hearts; even the insects were friendly.

The remaining days of our visit were

spent between coaching and practice on the range in Happy Valley which gave Bill Grimes the opportunity to shoot at his longest ever distance of sixty yards with results that indicate that he will be a future champion. An opportunity was given for Ted Bradford and Norman Perry to be interviewed on the Forces Radio to explain what St Dunstan's is and how we manage to do archery. Thanks to the generosity of Fairways Motors, who loaned us an eight-seater car, and to the devotion of Simon Belding, who gave up his leave in order to drive the minibus, ferrying us from hotel to the Valley each day, combined they enabled us to enjoy trips to Pathos, Trudos and Limassol. All members of the party archers and spotters alike agree that this was one of the best and most enjoyable visits that we have had, thanks to the warmth of the hospitality given to us by the members of the JSAC, the backing given by St Dunstan's and the headquarters staff, the great effort put in by Ted and Brenda Bradford, and in particular from the archers to the spotters: Gwen, Joyce, Kathy, for their excellent recording and recovering of shots. To all we give our sincere thanks.

YOUR ELECTRICITY RIGHTS

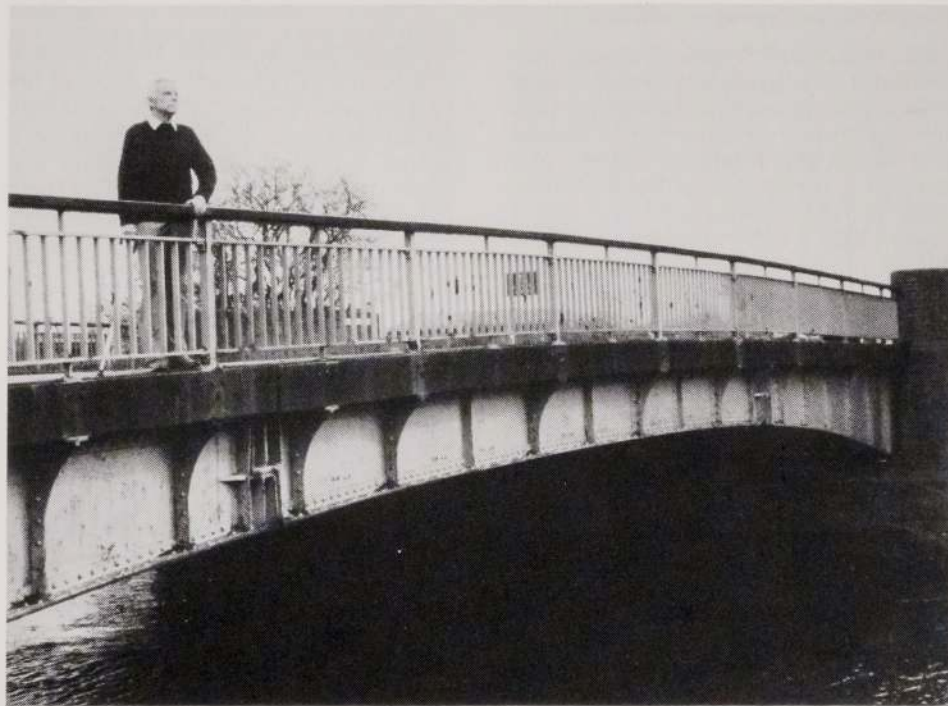
The Office of Electricity Regulation (OFFER) has launched 'Consumer Matters', an audio cassette tape which tells visually handicapped electricity customers about new rights and services available to them.

Narrated by actress Hannah Gordon and using a documentary format, the tape features a visually handicapped customer who asked for help when he wanted his electricity company to remove a pole from his garden. The pole was in an awkward position and had caused injury to the customer. The company wanted a large sum of money to remove it, but OFFER was able to negotiate a substantial reduction.

Consumer Affairs Director Tony Boorman said: 'I am delighted to be able to provide information in this form to visu-

ally handicapped customers. All the companies have an obligation in their licence to make special arrangements for disabled customers, which they must publish in a Code of Practice. The Director General is currently in the process of approving these Codes of Practice, which will detail services such as password schemes, bill reading services and moving metres free of charge for disabled customers. It is particularly important that such customers should be aware of services available to them, and I am sure that this cassette tape will help to spread that awareness.'

Anyone who is interested in having the tape can obtain one, on request, from their OFFER regional offices (addresses on the back of electricity bills) or from: OFFER, Public Affairs, Hagley House, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, B16 8QG.



Testing a Bridge to Destruction

Memories of a young engineer
by Ken Revis

Midway through my training in civil engineering — I was called an articulated pupil in those pre-war days — I witnessed the testing to destruction of Stafford Bridge, Oakley, in Bedfordshire. The bridge, originally a 17th Century stone arch structure, was made available to suffer the test by the Building Research Council when a by-pass and a new bridge had been built by the county.

Two of the stone arches had been replaced in 1860 by deep wrought iron beams and it was this section which was the subject of the experiment.

The BRC experts first built two study sleeper cradles, one on the abutment on one bank of the Great Ouse and the other on the mid stream stone pier, stretched modern steel joists across the gap, decked in the span and loaded it with 150 tons of

kentledge in the form of pig-iron bars. Next the road surface was chessed in to spread the load and hydraulic jacks were placed between the slave span and the carriageway of the old Stafford Bridge, so that by pumping up the jacks, downward force could be exerted up to the weight of the ballast.

Strain gauges were placed at strategic places on the Victorian beams and pumping started causing them to register. I stood in 30 inches of water wearing the bottom half of a diving suit and with a theodolite trained on a mark on the old bridge, not really knowing quite what was expected to happen. Pumping continued for some minutes while the BRC people watched their gauges and I watched my mark. Suddenly there was a shout from above, my mark flicked almost imperceptibly and it was all over. The elastic limit of the old bridge had been reached and the

Memories of a young engineer — *continued*

centre gauges registered 92 tons, to my half-tutored brain a large factor of safety.

Just out of my 'time' I was sent as assistant engineer on a by-pass on the Trunk Road A6 where we straightened the road as well as a small river called the Flit and here we built a 24 feet span reinforced concrete bridge completely in the dry, dug the new length of river under it and finally let the water run into its new bed from the upstream end.

Breakstep Bridge

By this time I was fascinated by bridges and read all I could about them, including the invention by John Roebling of the method of spinning suspension cables. In 1855 in Algiers, cables as thick as a man's body were wrenched from their anchorages by the ever increasing sway set up by marching soldiers and half the contingent of 500 Frenchmen plunged to their deaths. Later in the Army I saw the significance of the name 'Breakstep Bridge' near Laffans Plain, of RE renown.

On moving to Berkshire I was appointed Resident Engineer on the construction of Loddon Bridge carrying the A329 over the River Loddon as it flowed towards the Thames at Shiplake. Here was a challenge indeed for the contractors foreman who was more than twice my age and of course tried to keep his firm's costs below the contract price, using every trick in the trade, while my job was to maintain the specifications and quality of the work on behalf of the County Council. The bridge itself is what is known as 'double cantilever with suspended span' and sprang over 90 feet of river. During the work in that Autumn

of 1938 up to the following Summer we used a steam derrick with a jib of 90 feet capable of lifting the 18 ton beams, of which there were 12 and six of seven tons, we had a 70 year old rivet 'boy', ex-Broadmoor, and I had a punt for under inspection. The engraved date stone I remember collecting from the stonemasons on the back seat of my old Riley and when the brick abutments were ready, laid it on the South East corner in a little unofficial ceremony with the foreman. Loddon Bridge replaced a narrow humped back stone bridge of the early 1700s and the finishing touches to the wrought iron parapet rails were made just after I left the county to work in Lincolnshire.

Kapok Bridges

After re-aligning seven miles of the A15 north of the turning to the RAF College, Cranwell, setting out the curves by eye I supervised a small bridge construction in Metheringham Fen until I joined the Army, when war came, and I remember taking levels from a bench mark on an old brick pumping station and finding that the springing of the arch of the bridge was over seven feet below sea level, something I had not experienced before.

I had not finished with bridges for during my ten months training before bomb disposal I played about with many Bailey bridges, so simple and effective, folding boat bridges, pontoon bridges, beam bridges of all sizes and Kapok bridges consisting of kapok-filled 'mattresses' carrying duckboards, which had to be taken at the double to avoid a ducking.

BLIND JUSTICE

In what has been seen as a significant boost for disabled professionals in Britain, Chairman of the RNIB and Member of St Dunstan's Council, John Wall, has been appointed a Deputy master of the High Court. He is the first blind person in Britain ever to attain such a position in the judicial hierarchy.

"Justice is supposed to be blind-folded and certainly I find one is not distracted," said Mr. Wall. Previously, as a solicitor with the City firm Lawrence Graham, Mr. Wall's repeated request for a place on the bench was denied. His appointment, at the age of 60, may be a step towards the breaking down of the prejudices which so often stifle the careers of the visually disabled.

'A Hair's Breadth'

by Alf Bradley

After reading Tom Morrison's article 'A Close Shave', in the March *Review* I have been tempted to submit the following experience. I expect that most, if not all, St Dunstaners have had this type of 'near miss' or 'just by a whisker', call it what you will, but for me this sounded like a kindred spirit.

Arriving in the Western Desert in the first half of July 1942, the RASC of which I was a part were dispatched to various areas of duty. Mine as a 'Petrol Wallah' for a small part of an Armoured Brigade. My three tonner load being 400 gallons of fuel, including diesel or high octane, ten gallons of engine oil and lesser amounts of lubricants. Jerry cans had not yet arrived on the scene, and the four gallon flimsy cans of petrol leaked rather badly, the wire handles breaking frequently in loading or off-loading. The trucks were saturated with fuel.

At that time little or no air cover was on hand and we had three very strict precautions. Two hundred yards was the distance to be observed between vehicles, whether stationary or in convoy, the windscreens to be covered with a coating of used oil and sand, to cut down reflection of course, we cleared a small visor to see through, and when a spare driver was travelling on the vehicle, he was to position himself behind the cab, on a large tool box, situated with the spare wheel between the cab and the superstructure. This in order to look out for enemy aircraft, and to bash a warning on the cab roof.

At the beginning of September, returning from a forward area after unloading, my spare driver had got fed up with trying to hold on to the spare wheel or anything as we bumped along, and had got inside the cab with me. In very soft sand, and in a low gear making our way slowly down one of the tracks, he gave a frantic two word shout of alarm. I recall the second word !*!* Jerry! In far less time than it takes to

write this, we had knocked up the door handles and dived full length under the step boards of the lorry. Still in gear, the truck had jerked to an immediate stop, and with my door still swinging open, three Stukas came in at ground level, and I heard the roar of engines, the chatter of their guns and the shattering of our windscreens. As I hugged mother sand, my mind raced a bit. Had Jackie got out? Then there was increased roaring as the planes circled and came in for another strafe this time from the rear and I could hear the crackle of vehicles on fire behind me. 'Fear not him that can kill the body ...' flashed on my mind as I sought for the contact with life. Another rattle of gunfire and the Stukas lifted, up and across the coast road, and out to sea ... their job done.

Slowly I stood up; facing me a hole in the open door through which I had made such a hurried exit. Then Jackie appeared beside me ... we were speechless. A brief look showed that other vehicles making their way back to base areas had converged on to my tail, and so were close enough to warrant an attack

... there were casualties.

Thankfully an Indian Regimental Aid Post was nearby and rushed to deal with the wounded. We collected our gear, my rifle in the clip beside the driving seat had been peppered and the steering wheel badly chipped. We walked down the track and eventually met up with one of our officers in a jeep. From a distance he had seen the strafing and was on his way to see if any of his company were involved. But mine was the only truck on that particular detail.

Before dark, I had been taken to the mobile workshops, given another truck, collected a load of petrol, oil and lubricants, and was back parked on my map reference. As I lowered the tailboard where I was to sleep, I looked up at the stars and had some very profound thoughts. What a mercy the truck was empty at the time.

REFLECTIONS

by The Reverend C. Le M. Scott

Meeting an acquaintance in hospital, and hearing that he has to have an operation, I wish him good luck. He protests — you, of all people, should not rely on luck. Have you no faith in Providence?

But I continue in saying 'good luck'. It seems more polite in respect to Providence; and certainly in line with experience. Perhaps because I have had more than my share of good luck than many people of greater value, I find that to presume a special providential support is against nature. Terrible storms of ill-luck overwhelm some of us — people get into a procession of accidents; whole races of human beings have met with unexpected, undeserved disaster. The good sense of such things escapes me.

More practically: how can one increase the opportunities of good luck and diminish the likelihood of bad? Careful, prudent behaviour perhaps ('mind how you go')? But that does not seem to last; one reverts to one's natural mix of care and recklessness. Or — shall we try magic? We keep our fingers crossed, avoid walking under ladders, or mutter a short prayer. I doubt if an insurance company will reduce your premiums because you rely on such extra-terrestrial assistance. Though I confess to a deep rooted hope that the third of these — prayer — developed in common sense and a modicum of discipline, will so change the world as to erode the creeping power of evil.

So, if one has to bear some bad, some good luck, what to do about it? Might one load the dice in our favour by living a better life? Oh yes — one has to support that. It was Mark Twain who said, 'To do good is noble; to tell others to do good, also, is noble, and much less trouble.'

Perhaps one is left with a rather shallow determination to meet triumph and disaster and to treat those two impostors just the same (Kipling wrote that).

There is a story of a man who did just that, whose goodness was undiminished. It was as if the bias towards evil we all know about became focused on him: although deprived of dignity he went forward to captivity, torture and death without losing his ability to love even those who hurt him. In Him I believe. And he did, in fact, so change the whole balance of the human race that there is hope in bad times and good. So — good luck.

NEW LEISURE GUIDE

The Royal National Institute for the Blind has compiled a new directory, 'Leisure for All — Opportunities for Visually Handicapped People', available in braille, large print and on tape.

'Leisure for All' is intended as a unique reference guide for visually impaired people pursuing leisure activities and for those involved in the provision of leisure services. The guide gives details of a wide range of sports and arts activities — from archery to sculpture.

The publication also provides a comprehensive list of the statutory and voluntary organisations that support leisure activities, and outlines the work they do.

Chris Attrill, RNIB Leisure Services Manager, said, 'We hope that the guide will encourage visually impaired people to exploit the leisure opportunities now open to them'.

All three versions of the guide are available from RNIB, PO Box 173, Peterborough, PE2 0WS, telephone 0733-370777, and cost £3.50 each including postage and packaging.

* * *

POSITIVELY LAST CALL FOR DAEDALUS

Any St Dunstaner who has not already applied to take part in the holiday camp at *HMS Daedalus*, Lee-on-Solent, from August 9th-17th, 1991 can still do so if he or she telephones Elspeth Grant immediately on 0799 22874.

D.F. Robinson's

GARDENING NOTES

After this month's Gardening Column had gone to the printers we received the sad news that Denis Robinson had died.

We publish his last column as a tribute to him and in respect of his love of horticulture. A full tribute will appear in the July issue.

This is the time of the year when there is plenty of colour from all the flower beds and vegetables coming along well.

Most of the items will be wanting some fertiliser and the best to use all over the garden will be Growmore and it will last until the end of the Summer. Water will be needed at various times but unfortunately those of you in the South will be rationed due to shortages so put plenty of containers out to catch any rain that happens to come along. You can also use all the washing up water and keep the bath water when used.

Hoe and rake the garden regularly so as to keep down the weeds and leave rough soil to take in any moisture that comes along.

Tie in all those plants which grow tall in the flower garden and the vegetables. Mulch all the beds with compost or manure which will keep the moisture in place after wet spells.

Vegetables

Hoeing and watering are the most important jobs here provided the water is not cut down. Green fly and other insects on plants will need spraying and sprinkle some slug pellets around and these will kill off the snails. Early cauliflower will be showing the curd so break one of the top leaves over the top to give protection. A dose of liquid manure will make the curd set well and give some size.

Lift lettuce which are mature and still earth up the potatoes. Runner beans will need some support if not already started off in special places. Plenty of lettuces

and radishes can be sown for salad in the house, peas and beans can also be sown for later crops.

There is still time to plant out the tomatoes in warm spots either the dwarf types or the main tall types and don't forget to set up canes for these as they are planted. Water in well and give regular doses of fertiliser. Thin out those well-growing crops of beetroot, carrot and onions.

Lawns

Cut the grass regularly at least once per week but even more in moist weather. Also see that the edges are trimmed after each mowing. Give a dose of fertiliser with some weedkiller mixed in after some rain.

It might be a good thing to use the rake where you have a good deal of moss plus spiking the lawn with a fork which will leave spaces for any moisture to run into the soil and water the grass roots, especially after dry spells.

Clean the mower blades regularly and add some oil to all the moving parts.

Fruit

Give plenty of moisture at root level on all the trees and it might be a good idea to put some compost or manure round the roots after rain since this will retain the moisture.

Many of the trees will contain surplus shoots so cut these out down to trunk level. Some of the branches will be carrying a very heavy set, so give them support with some canes. All surplus and weak canes on the raspberries should be pulled out to ensure a really good crop.

Strawberries should be given plenty of water where possible and plenty of shoots ought to be layered for next season's plants. Insect pests, especially greenfly, will be everywhere so spray with an insecticide such as derris or pyrethrum as they won't hurt any other plants.

GARDENING NOTES *continued*

Flowers

Get all the half hardy annuals and other bedding plants set out in their places and give them a good watering when setting them in place. Many of the perennials will be past their best such as lupins, delphiniums and pyrethrums. These should have their flowers cut down and some more growth which will probably give you a further show later in the season.

Carnations will need disbudding to give quality blooms and also staking since they bend down to the ground. Sweet peas must be looked after with old flowers cut away and new growth tied to the frames. Don't let seed set or the flowers will deteriorate.

Some of the taller types of chrysanthemums will need staking plus the taller type of dahlias.

Set out the tuberous begonias in their places in sunny positions. Do give plenty of water and occasional doses of liquid manure.

Spray all the plants which have greenfly, which is prevalent at this time of year. Slugs and snails will be around so sprinkle the special pellets which are readily available and they will go very rapidly.

Keep the hoe and rake going regularly which will cut down the weeds and open up the soil for any rain one has, which will go in at once to the roots and also, if you are allowed to spray the water, will go down into the soil.

Greenhouse

Give plenty of air in the greenhouse when you have sunny weather by opening all the windows and even the door. Ensure you have plenty of shade by painting the outside panes with a paint which does not come off with rain. The paint is white and so allows light to get in.

Spray the floors with water to get a moist atmosphere and water all pot plants regularly and they should have good doses of feed. Begonias, gloxinias and achimenes should be put in their

final containers plus the chrysanthemums, carnations and fuchsias. Water all these plants regularly with a liquid feed every so often.

Many items can be started off from seed and these include calceolaria, cineraria, cyclamen and primulas of all kinds. Some geraniums and carnations for next season's bedding plants.

Insect pests may be a nuisance now plus some other diseases. Keep them under control by using smoke capsules, started off in the evening and then in the morning, opening up all the windows and doors for a few hours before using the greenhouse.

Tomatoes should be starting to give you a good crop and should be picked regularly. Spray the flowers with water in order to get a good set. Pick out any side shoots and tie in to your canes as they grow up to the glass. When at the top cut away the top growth. Give the plants plenty of water and feed as they grow but do be careful not to give too much moisture.

POETS CORNER

SOLDIER

I'm sat here in the desert
The heat's been hard to bear
And now it's started raining
There's wet sand everywhere
The drops fall from the canvas
Run awhile then soak away
Sometimes they hang and glisten
In a peeping weak sun ray
I think of rainy evenings
The warmth of fire glow
Bedtime stories read to children
Just before to sleep they go
I think of smiling faces
A tender loving touch
Remember whispered words of love
These things I miss so much
I'm sat here in the desert
All alone, oh! no, not me
For memories are a precious gift
And they're all here with me.

Ruth Smith

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Mrs. N. Dodd, of Coventry

Dear sir,
My family and I would like to thank all the St Dunstaners and their wives for the lovely letters and cards we received on the sad loss of Sid. It is nice to know you are not alone.

From: Mrs. A. Cook, of Swindon

Dear Sir,
On behalf of myself and my family I would like to thank all our friends who have sent so many messages and cards which have comforted us in the loss of my husband, Len.

Editor's Note: We apologise to Mrs. Cook for the delay in publishing this message.

From: Mr. Peter Leicester, of Rottingdean

Dear Sir,
May I use the *Review* to thank all the St Dunstaners and their wives who contributed so generously to the cash gift I received on leaving the service at Ian Fraser House after seventeen memorable years. Retirement is all that I hoped it would be.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S POSTBAG

From: E. R. Blackmore, Queensland, Australia 4109

Dear Sir,
I am now an octogenarian and halfway through a chain of six generations born in Queensland — from my grandfather to two great grandchildren. Also in the unusual basket: I have just given notice to the Queensland Blinded Soldiers Association — St Dunstan's Australian Branch — that I will be resigning next June after completing my 37th year as President.

As far as I can find out (apart from the fact that whilst still holding Queensland Presidency, I served two years as Federal

Vice President and four years as Federal President) the 37 years unbroken Presidency is a record for any service organisation in Australia. I wonder if there is anyone in England who can top this?

From: Mrs. Beryl Treglown, Cheltenham

Dear Sir,
Thank you for your kind letter. Geoffrey was indeed a very brave man. A friend asked me for some details of his work for an obituary and I was astonished at being reminded of his achievements: two churches built, one on a new housing estate, where no Christian group existed, two ancient churches restored, two books, innumerable broadcasts and the establishment of a Guild of Braillists to transcribe books for the two libraries — these are just some of them.

Everyone is being good to me — not least St Dunstan's, who also enabled me in many ways to care for him at home in his last four months — the greatest kindness of all.

Please thank everyone concerned. Please accept my gratitude for all St Dunstan's have done through the years.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON CLUB BRIDGE

Pairs Semi-Finals Played on Sunday, April 14th, 1991.

We played a semi-final match against Crawley on Sunday April 14th, and after a closely contested match, we won by ten points to six.

We will therefore be playing in the final at Horsham Bridge Club on Sunday, May 12th, but as yet do not know who our opponents will be. Our team for the semi-final was:—

Bill Phillips & Bob Evans
Vi Delaney & Wally Lethbridge
Bill Allen & Jo Huk
Reg Goding & Alf Dodgson.

CLUB NEWS — continued

Individual Competition Played at Ian Fraser House on Saturday, April 20th, 1991.

Position	Name	Points
1st	Bill Allen	64
2nd	Bob Evans	56
3rd	Alf Dodgson	47
	Bill Phillips	
5th	Mrs. P. Lynch	45
6th	Reg Goding	44
7th	Mrs. L. White	42
	Jo Huk	
9th	Jerry Lynch	39
10th	Wally Lethbridge	37
11th	Miss M. Stenning	35
12th	Mrs. V. McPhearson	30

Pairs Competition Played at Ian Fraser House on Sunday, April 21st, 1991.

Position	Name	Points
1st	Bill Phillips & Dr. Goodlad	98
2nd	Wally Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	97
3rd	Mrs. D. Barnes & Miss M. Stenning	91
4th	Mrs. White & Mrs. McAuliffe	90
5th	Alf Dodgson & Mrs. Holborough	83
6th	Bob Evans & Mrs. Barker	80
7th	Jo Huk & Mr. D. White	79
8th	Bill Allen & Mrs. A. Clements	70
9th	Reg Goding & Mrs. McPhearson	63
10th	Mrs. Evans & Mrs. J. Dodgson	49

We travelled to Horsham for the Annual Match on Sunday, April 7th, and had a very pleasant afternoon meeting old friends.

During the conversation it emerged that the fixture started in 1947, so this was the 45th match.

We were leading by six match points at half time, but in the end lost by 17 match points.

We shall be entertaining Horsham at Ian Fraser House on Sunday, November 3rd, 1991.

The team was:

Bill Phillips & Bob Evans
Wally Lethbridge & Johnny Whitcombe
Alf Dodgson & Reg Goding
Jerry & Pat Lynch
George Hudson & Jo Huk
Bob Fullard & Mr. Douse

FAMILY NEWS

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Celia Atack, of Blackpool, who is the widow of our late St Dunstaner *Douglas C. Atack*, is pleased to announce the birth of her third great-grandchild — a boy, Jack, born to her grand-daughter, Karen, and her husband.

MARRIAGE

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Boughton, of Northampton, whose daughter, Sally, married Kenneth Tomlinson, on April 26th, at the Northampton Guildhall.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

We offer our congratulations to:

David and Linda Morris, whose daughter Geraldine, graduated through Cranwell on St. Valentine's Day as a Flying Officer. After obtaining her BSc at Plymouth Polytechnic, she did a year's teacher training at Birmingham University, where she was assigned to the University Air Squadron as a Royal Air Force Cadet. It was her intention to join the Education Branch as a teacher but is now to commence pilot training instead. We wish her the best of luck.

FAMILY NEWS *continued*

Adam Chapman, aged twelve, who gained his Black Belt in Shukokai Karate, First Dan, at his first attempt. He is the grandson of *Fred and Elsie Galway*, of Sandbach, Cheshire.

Timothy Hutchins, who is the grandson of *Dennis and Joan Brown*, of Buckingham, obtained a PhD in Genetic Engineering at Essex University, has now obtained work in the USA in cancer research at a Los Angeles hospital for children.

DEATHS

We offer condolences to:

The family and friends of Mrs. Florence O'Donnell, of Radcliffe, Lancashire, who passed away on April 6th last at the great age of 102. She was our oldest widow at the time of her death.

Mrs. O'Donnell was the widow of our

St Dunstaner *Richard O'Donnell* who passed away in 1971. Although Mrs. O'Donnell lived in a nursing home she always had the help and support of her niece, Miss Rose Hardman, to whom we send our deepest sympathy.

The family and friends of Mrs. M.E. Hayward, widow of the late *Wing Commander B.H. Hayward*, of Maidstone, who died on Tuesday, April 16th, 1991.

Jack Lawson, of Stretton in Warrington, Cheshire, mourns the death of his dear wife, Mary, who passed away on April 21st.

It was tragically in the same air raid in September 1940 that Jack, Mary and their eldest daughter, Sylvia, were all blinded and their youngest daughter aged two was killed. Another daughter, Jacqueline, was born to them a few years later and so Jack does have the help and support of two daughters and their families at this very sad time in their lives.

In Memory

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

Robert Henry Collins, *Royal Artillery*

We are sad to say Robbie Collins died on April 25th at the age of 71.

Robbie served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery from May 1940 to November 1943. He suffered a severe head wound in North Africa which caused his loss of sight and he came to St Dunstan's in December 1944. Being a single man he always lived with his family and after the death of his father he remained with his brother, George, and his sister-in-law, Pat. Robbie's severe wound had left him far from robust but he was content to do some handicrafts at home and always happy in the care of his loving family, sharing their joy with the birth of his nephew, 'young George', in 1956. In later years as a family they enjoyed holidays abroad and Robbie was a frequent visitor to Ian Fraser House where he especially enjoyed the Goodwood Races and meeting old friends.

Sadly a gradual deterioration in our St

Dunstaner's health meant he had to undergo frequent hospital treatment and then, in 1989, his brother passed away, never having fully recovered from a stroke he had suffered a couple of years earlier.

In spite of his grievous loss, Robbie remained in Pat's devoted care and it is to her and her son 'young George', who is now working in Germany, that we send our deepest sympathy and grateful thanks for all the love and support given to Robbie so unstintingly for so long.

George William Cooke, *Pioneer Corps*

We are sad to say George passed away on April 11th last. He was 76 years of age.

George served in the Pioneer Corps from August 1941. He was wounded in Belgium in November 1944, suffering the loss of both eyes and other injuries to his head. Prior to enlistment he had been a gardener and after

IN MEMORY *continued*

coming to St Dunstan's in March 1945 George took training in poultry farming and then, with the support of Lou to whom he was married in 1946, he embarked upon a career in farming in Rode Heath, Cheshire. He combined his poultry keeping with gardening and greenhouse work and, in due course, pig-keeping, which entailed a great deal of hard work but George was very successful, doing good business with the sale of eggs to a hatchery. A few years later our St Dunstaner and his family moved to another holding at Coppenhall, near Crewe, where he had better facilities. However, increased competition in the egg producing business, and a problem with his back which prevented him from undertaking too much heavy work, made George decide to give up his holding in March 1962.

Within quite a short time he took industrial training and then in 1964 commenced employment with the Foden Company in Sandbach. He settled very happily there until further back trouble forced him into retirement in 1974, after which he enjoyed his garden and greenhouse as well as some handicraft. Another happy pastime was organ music.

Sadly, Lou Cooke had to endure much illness herself, but she coped very bravely until 1988 when, because of a serious decline in George's health, he came to stay with us permanently at Pearson House. This caused his wife much heartbreak but, as ever, she was devoted in visiting him as often as she could and was with him there at the end, together with their son, John.

It is to Lou, John and all the family that we send our deepest sympathy.

Patrick Joseph Cryan,

South Staffordshire Regiment

We regret to announce the sudden death of Paddy Cryan in Tenerife on April 19th. He was aged 72 and had been a St Dunstaner for forty years.

Paddy served as a private in the South Staffordshire Regiment throughout the Second World War and, following his discharge in 1945, returned to the building trade. On his admission to St Dunstan's in 1949 he trained as a capstan operator but found he did not like industry, preferring to work out of doors. He tried his hand at a number of jobs over the years until, due to his health, he was awarded the Unemployability Supplement early and he settled in Peacehaven. He

became a permanent resident first at Ian Fraser and then at Pearson House several years ago, spending the winter months in Tenerife, where he bought a studio apartment in 1986.

He never married and is survived by his brother and two sisters to whom we extend our sympathy.

James Edward Hines, *Royal Army Service Corps*

James Hines died on April 26th. He was 81 and had been in failing health for some time.

He served as a Captain in the RASC from 1939 to 1950. He was first wounded at Dunkirk and then, later in his Army career, suffered an injury which blinded him in one eye. The failure of his remaining vision followed and he became a St Dunstaner in 1980 by which time he had been retired for many years.

Captain Hines enjoyed his first visit to Ian Fraser House in 1980/81 where he took a little instruction in typing and cookery and then in 1989 he had a spell of convalescence with us at Pearson House.

Our sympathy goes to his widow, Winifred, their daughter Elizabeth and their son James and their families.

Fred Harman, *Northants Regiment*

We are sorry to report the death of Mr. Fred Harman, of Hainault, on April 4th. He was aged 83 and had been a St Dunstaner since February, 1985.

Mr. Harman enlisted in March 1943 and a few days later sustained shrapnel wounds at Anzio, in Italy, resulting in the loss of his left eye. After his discharge in 1946, he worked in the building trade until his retirement. His main leisure activities were gardening and listening to talking books and the radio, which he greatly enjoyed.

He and his wife, Gwendoline, were married for 56 years and as well as having a son and a daughter, they adopted three children. We send our sincere sympathy to his widow, their children and all other members of the family.

Thomas Percy Richards, *Royal Military Police*

Mr. Thomas Percy Richards, of Bourne-mouth, passed away unexpectedly on April 11th whilst staying at Ian Fraser House with his wife. He was 71 years of age and had been a St Dunstaner since 1985.

Mr. Richards served in the Royal Military Police from 1936 until 1954. He was

IN MEMORY *continued*

wounded and taken prisoner whilst serving in North Africa in 1942 and was held in PoW camps in Italy and Germany. In 1954 he was discharged with the rank of Sergeant and after re-joining the Army in 1958 reached the rank of Corporal before his final discharge in 1962. Immediately after leaving the service, he worked as a motor mechanic but was unable to continue and had to retire on health grounds coupled with the loss of one eye in 1961 and subsequent deterioration of his sight.

Our St Dunstaner was very gifted with his hands and excelled at leather-craft, wrought iron work and woodwork. He greatly enjoyed participating in the hobby-work classes at Ian Fraser House where he was much admired for his dexterity and determination to succeed in the various handicrafts he undertook.

We extend our sympathy to his wife, Julia, to whom he was married for 46 years, to their five children and all members of the family.

Reverend Geoffrey Leonard Treglown, MBE *Army Chaplain*

We are sad to announce the death of the Reverend Geoffrey Treglown on April 23rd aged 72. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1944.

He was a pre-war Methodist Minister and was commissioned in 1943; becoming Methodist Chaplain in the Army attached to the 5th Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment with the 177 Infantry Brigade.

He was wounded in the final battle exercise for Normandy when, with other officers, he was crawling through a ditch when a stick of gelignite fell near them. Realising that all officers around him would be liable to very serious injury, he deliberately picked it up, but before he could throw it clear the charge exploded causing him serious injury. This act of gallantry won him the MBE in 1944 but cost him his eyesight, the loss of one hand and damaged his hearing.

He married Miss Beryl Pool on August 4th, 1944 and took up a post at Ilford Methodist Church.

In 1945 Mr. Treglown moved to Holyhead where his son, Jeremy, was born in May 1946. After two years at Holyhead Mr. Treglown sought further challenges and became Minister of the Wesley Methodist Church at Newbridge, Monmouthshire, in 1948. At this time the church was only a temporary building. Mr. Treglown determined that a new

church would be built and for five years he worked unstintingly towards his goal. And on September 5th, 1953 the new Wesley Methodist Church of Newbridge was opened and consecrated. At this time it was said of him: 'With unconquerable faith, with immense courage and with persistent and unflagging effort, he has both worked himself and inspired others by his example and sacrifice. For him there has been no difficulty that could not be overcome'.

During his tenure at Newbridge his daughter, Elizabeth, was born in May 1950.

In the 1950's Mr. Treglown became popular with radio listeners when he was invited by the BBC to undertake several broadcasts, two of which were relayed from his church at Newbridge. He also founded the Guild of Methodist Brailleists.

In 1959 Mr. Treglown took the important step of resigning from the Methodist Ministry and entered the Church of England. He was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Bristol in Bristol Cathedral on Trinity Sunday 1960 and began work as Assistant Curate in the Parish of Christchurch, Hanham.

On September 27th, 1963 he was instituted Rector of Cricklade with Latton in Wiltshire. Here with his usual zeal he set about to restore the churches to their former glory. He broadcast an appeal on Whit Sunday 1965 on behalf of St. Sampson's, parts of which date back to Anglo Saxon times and St. Mary's which is 800 years old.

In April 1966 his second daughter, Catherine Charlotte, was born.

Tragically, ill health forced Mr. Treglown to curtail some of his activities and in 1978 he became Honorary Chaplain to the Cheltenham Cheshire Home, a post which he held for nine years. He also published two books.

His later years were overshadowed by poor health but his children's achievements gave him cause for pride. Jeremy was editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* for nine years, Catherine is a teacher and Elizabeth qualified as an occupational therapist and is a talented artist.

He was married for 47 years and during all this time was loyally supported by his devoted wife both during his active years and the years of ill health. The courage and fortitude which Mr. Treglown showed in adversity was in no small way due to his wife's love and devotion. We extend to Beryl, to their son and daughters and all members of the family our deepest sympathy and condolences.