

**St Dunstans
Review
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Free to St Dunstaners

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*The Amateur Radio Society
report has been held over due to
lack of space.*



Cover Picture: Jamie
Cuthbertson reaches the top
after a difficult rock climb. (See
feature on page 6).



From the Chairman

Some patient negotiations having been successfully concluded, I am able to give the good news that St Dunstan's has purchased new premises for our London hostel. We are now the owners of two flats in Charter Court, part of a new, large block of offices and flats recently completed and situated just opposite our Headquarters in Harcourt Street.

Ansell House, in Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead, has been sold but Sir Mike's name will be transferred to the new property. Some photographs and a brief description of the new Ansell House appear elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

You will be aware of the increasing help extended to widows in recent times. This year we held our first ever Widows' Reunion. In fact we held two long weekends with identical programmes because so many of them wished to attend. More than sixty ladies came to Ian Fraser House over these weekends. There is a first-hand report from one of them elsewhere in this issue.

There is no need to tell you that they received the warmest of welcomes — think what we owe them!

Henry Leach



NOTICE BOARD



HOBBY TRAINING AT IFH

By Christine Dickens, Training Officer

I would like to take this opportunity to remind all St Dunstaners of the situation regarding Hobby Training. We cannot combine hobby training with the various club week activities.

At the beginning of each week, we will give a list of vacant places for either handicrafts or the workshop for each day to the organisers of whichever club is staying at Ian Fraser House. If any club members would like to fill these available spaces please arrange it with the organisers, who will in turn inform either Barbara Wood or myself.

We cannot guarantee to have slots available all the time, as other St. Dunstaners — attending Ian Fraser House for the sole purpose of Hobby Training — must have priority.

If you would like something organised along the lines of guest speakers or entertainment, please contact me with your views or suggestions.

Whilst talking about Hobby Training, I would like to remind everybody that the supplies for handicrafts that you wish to do at home, must be ordered through Mrs. Hobbs at Headquarters. We are unable to maintain our own supplies and provide kits to take home.

CANADA REUNION

The Sir Arthur Pearson Association of War Blinded will be holding its 1992 Reunion in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

It will take place on May 7th to 11th and will include some business meetings, formal and informal banquets and dinners, and special tours of Ottawa.

Hotel arrangements have yet to be organised, but interested St Dunstaners can gain further details by writing to James Sanders, Executive Director, Sir Arthur Pearson Association of War Blinded, 320 McLeod Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K2P 1A3.

GOOD OLD DAYS CONCERT

The Staff Concert Committee at Ian Fraser House are looking forward to some Good Old Days this Christmas.

They have adopted the theme of "Old Time Music Hall" for this year's yule-tide concert. It will be closely modelled on the popular BBC TV show once hosted by the late Leonard Sachs.

St Dunstaners at Ian Fraser House are being encouraged to wear Old Time costume and a prize for the best dressed couple or individual will be awarded at the end of the evening.

Lt. Col. David Bray will be taking the lead as a gavel wielding Master of Ceremonies looking not unlike 'your very own' Leonard Sachs.

Planning is well advanced, says Lt. Col. Bray, who is looking for St Dunstaners to participate. 'If there are any volunteers willing to perform on stage,' he added, 'would they kindly give me a ring on 0273 307811, before October 18th.'

The Ian Fraser House Staff Christmas Concert will be on December 22nd.

BOWLING AND BULLSEYES FOR BEGINNERS

Potential archers and budding bowlers will be able to take advantage of two short introductory courses next year.

The aim is to attract new members to St Dunstan's Archery and Bowling Clubs.

Bowling for Beginners is being scheduled for February 14th to 16th. Further details can be obtained from Bowling Club Secretary Rita Pryor. St Dunstaners can phone her on 0273 582523, or write to her at 123 Hodder Avenue, Peacehaven, Brighton.

Archery for Beginners will be on June 18th or 21st and interested parties should contact IFH Training Officer Christine Dickens on 0273 307811 ext. 3288, or write to her at IFH.

Accommodation bookings should be made with Frances Casey at HQ.



A New Ansell House in London

The new Ansell House is part of a large development of offices and flats on the corner of Harcourt Street and Old Marylebone Road. It consists of two flats which form the entire ground floor of a residential part of the building named Charter Court.

Ian and Nancy Dickson will continue to be host and hostess, providing catering for meals. They will occupy the greater part of one of the flats as their living accommodation. For guests there will be three double bedrooms, with bathrooms en suite and another room with a bathroom adjoining. A modern, fitted kitchen will be available for the preparation of drinks or snacks by the guests themselves. There is an elegant and spacious lounge/dining room.

The decorative finish in all the accommodation is carried out to a high standard and there is, of course, central heating, double glazing and excellent furnishings and curtains.

Situated just across the road with its entrance opposite St Dunstan's

Above: Looking across the main lounge and dining room.

Below: A smaller lounge, which can be converted into an extra bedroom.



Headquarters and within a short distance of London's shops and theatres, the new Ansell House is, undoubtedly, a great improvement in the facilities offered to St Dunstaners in London.

New beat starts for PC Reg

by Simon Rogers



A friend of many St Dunstaners embarked on a new phase of his life last month.

After 30 years in the Metropolitan Police, Reg Denny, from Bromley, Kent, has retired from one kind of beat to launch a new career on another.

Reg, who was awarded the British Empire Medal for his work with the blind, is well known as a guide at Race Walking meetings, particularly in Ewell, Surrey.

Mainly stationed at Bethnal Green, PC Denny has spent the past 15 years working as a Crime Prevention Officer, now he is embarking on a career as a Blue Badge Guide to London. 'It's for the London Tourist Board and involves guiding by coach, on foot, or by car.'

Reg seems well suited to a career explaining the intricacies of London life, as he speaks passionately about the East End where he was stationed for so long. 'It has changed a great deal since I started working there', said Reg. And I think it is going to change incredibly over the next five years. A lot of the local industries have closed down — the

fish market at Spitalfields is a good example.'

Reg has also accompanied St Dunstan's physiotherapist, Mike Tetley on several expeditions. 'I went with Mike to Nepal in 1979, and accompanied him on the journey up Everest. Mike always wanted to experience the area. He kept politely asking Sherpas if he could feel their heads. We got up to 20,000 ft at one point, but the most dangerous thing was the primitive wooden bridges — we weren't sure if they were going to hold together.'

'I also went with Mike to the Tomman Islands, to a place called Malacula where they still manipulate the skull into an extended shape. They're Melanesian people and very pleasant, very trusting.'

Reg added that he will be keeping up his athletic interests. It was as a member of the Metropolitan Police Race Walking Club that he first came into contact with St Dunstaners.

'Bill Harris arranged matches between us, St Dunstaners and other groups. He had it set up so that some people would race with St Dunstaners, while others would race against them.'

Reg also spoke of the need for a rapport between guide and runner. 'Ideally, you train with a person before you go out on the track and develop a series of codes. Basically, you have to describe what's ahead in a nutshell.'

'With a blind runner you have to be fitter. With a walker the guide can run if he wants, but if a runner finds a surge of energy, it's no good you holding back because you've got to keep up.'

'Marathons are where you really need a good rapport because when you're running as part of a crowd it's surprising what pops up in front of you. Things like bollards suddenly appear.'

Reg received his BEM in June's Birthday Honours list and will be presented with the award this month.



Writer, Jonathan Ridge leading Eric Bradshaw through the clouds on the ascent.

St Dunstan's Climbers in Wales

by Jonathan Ridge

FOR their 20th trip, the climbers returned to their first peak — Cader Idris. It's a four mile mountain barrier nearly 3,000 ft high on the southern edge of Snowdonia.

We met at the Bryn Melyn Hotel in Barmouth on Friday. (The St Dunstan's Climbing Weekend ran from June 28th to July 1st.) Eric and Gwen Bradshaw; Jamie, Shauna and little Megan Cuthbertson; Ray and Betty Sheriff; Trevor and Beryl Tatchell; and Mike Tetley, who has a head start on everyone when it comes to gaining height.

Saturday greeted us with low clouds and the welcome arrival of Barry and Gwyneth Ellis, their court-jester Colin Jones and the rest of the team of mountain guides. We drove to Foxes Path, Cader, which, says the handbook, 'is not recommended due to erosion . . .'

A pleasant start through flowering foxgloves launched us on to a bleak moor, the

mountain shrouded in clouds ahead. We crossed a stream, proved by Eric's sleeve to be elbow deep. Then came a hard slog upwards into the dramatic bowl of Llyn-y-Gadair, a dark tarn hemmed in by echoing grey cliffs.

We lunched, to the clatter of falling rocks, as other walkers emerged from the clouds on improbable descents. 'Fancy you dragging that hairy old thing up here', said one, but whether he was addressing Trevor or his guide dog Zion, was unclear.

Barry showed us the route, a vertical brown zigzag on an immense grey scree slope, the colour change being due to recent disturbances of the rocks.

Off we went, edging carefully across the loose scree, using hand holds for our balance, trying to step upwards faster than the rocks slid downwards on their escalator of erosion.

After a great effort, we arrived panting on the summit plateau, ironically smooth



The team at the top.

Colin Jones leading Trevor Tatchell up and away from Llyn-y-Gadair.





Supervised by Gwyneth Ellis, Mike Tetley begins his first abseil descent.

Siamese twins! Ray Sheriff and Eric Bradshaw realise Barry Ellis has been up to something.



and grassy as a football pitch. It was just a short walk in the clouds to the trig point at Pen-y-Gadnir, the true summit.

Nearby is a low windowless stone hut, a 'mountain refuge' (presumably for those who *refuge* to go any further!). Smoke billowed from the blackness within, like a Welsh dragon's breath. Yes, Trevor was inside with his pipe, forcing the rest of us to sit outside in the cold.

A long, tiresome descent led us down from the clouds on the 'Pony Path'. Back at the hotel everyone underwent urgent EFR — Essential Fluid Replacement — by the pintful.

Sunday in the Clouds

Sunday brought us clouds again, for abseiling and roped climbing. The hills above Barmouth are of grey, glacier rounded rocks, like elephants asleep in the heather. Quarrying on a cliff has created the 'slabs', a great curving featureless wall, over which we were about to swarm.

We all wore sit harnesses and plastic safety helmets, apart from Jock Carnochan who wore his tartan safety 'Tam'.

Gwyn and Barry worked the safety ropes as we lowered ourselves over the edge. At the bottom in her pushchair, Megan must have wondered why her parents alternatively walked off into the fog, then reappeared from above dangling on a rope.

Jamie had requested a 'difficult climb': an initially wide crack which vanished two-thirds of the way up. Colin grinned as he cinched the harness tight enough to blow the wax from one's ears.

Gasping with tension at the top of the crack, one felt stuck on a blank wall. 'The ledge to your right', said Barry in a calm voice from above. He was indicating a polished wrinkle, the size one gets when wallpapering. Incredibly, it was possible to stand on it!

'Ray, move your foot to the right!' called Barry, again and again. This confused Ray as he was sitting next to Barry. 'Do you mean Trevor?' he asked? He did — Trevor was below them, on the blank face, waiting for instructions.



Carol and David Clay sportingly don their mayoral regalia to pose with: (l to r) Trevor Tatchell, Eric Bradshaw, Ray Sheriff, Mike Tetley and Jamie Cuthbertson.

Trevor Tatchell, bottom right, waiting for instruction on the rockface.

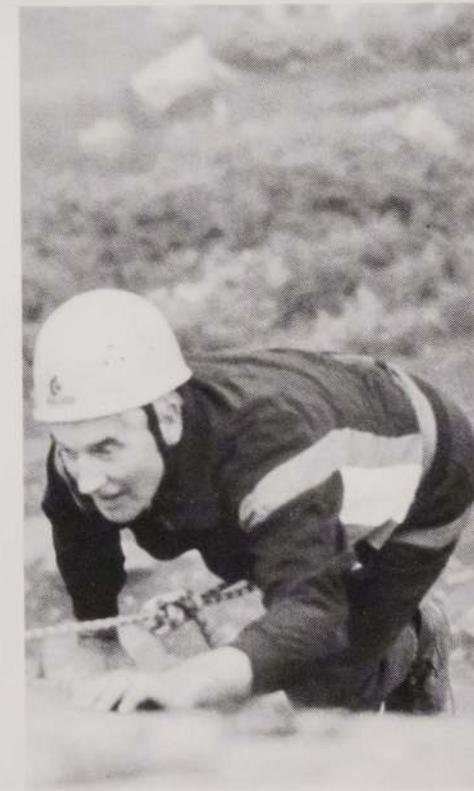
Everyone returned safely to prepare for dinner in the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress. This was not too hard to arrange, as they are David and Carol Clay who own the Bryn Melyn.

They honoured us by wearing their regalia. Our thanks to them for being such good hosts.

Jamie gave a 'Ray-prompt-u' after dinner speech, with special gratitude to Barry and his team. It is their skill and experience which imparts such confidence, their guidance and friendship which makes these weekends such a success. We hope there will be many more.

Next year's assault will be on Snowdon itself and Barry has mentioned a trip down a gorge involving ropework, life-jackets and waterfalls.

*Anyone interested in the Snowdon Assault, should contact Jonathan at the Sports Office, Ian Fraser House.



Memorial Service for Lady Leach

The title page of the Order of Service described the occasion perfectly. It read, 'A Memorial Service for the life and love of Mary Jean Leach, 1931-1991'. On Friday, July 19th, the small village of Wonston suddenly faced an invasion as a congregation of almost six hundred people arrived to attend the Service inside and outside Holy Trinity Church. They included 40 St Dunstaners with wives and escorts and members of the Staff of St Dunstan's.

The church could not hold them all and some guests sat on chairs in the churchyard, while others sat in a marquee erected in an adjacent field. All those outside the Church were able to hear the Service through a loudspeaker system.

In his Introduction, the Rector, The Reverend Anthony Jardine, said: 'We meet today, in this place, to pay tribute to Mary. You will all have your own memories of her, as family, as friends, as members of the community and friends from St Dunstan's and so many of you that have come from a long way.

Esteem and Affection

'That we are here today is an indication of the esteem and affection in which we all hold Mary and our wish to give support for Henry and his family at this time.'

The Rector said that the true measure of a person's life is in the quality of that life, lived in its present moment from day to day. 'In the quality of life that Mary showed there was a grace that shone through at all times . . . and more particularly there was her calm serenity in her latter days . . . she was the sheet anchor of the family. Her unflappable nature, her sense of humour and her wonderful smile, her talent for home-building and making people feel welcome and at ease from all walks of life were invaluable to Henry in his distinguished Naval career.'

After referring to many kindnesses extended to village neighbours and her



help for good causes, Mr. Jardine concluded: 'As I said we all have our memories and particularly the family have their special memories at this time. It is our place then, here, to express our sympathy and our care for one who showed much sympathy, much love and much care for many people. May she rest in peace. Amen.'

A feature of the Service was some beautiful singing by members of the choir of Holy Trinity and some lusty singing from the multiple congregation of such well-loved hymns as *For All the Saints*, *Love Divine*, and *Jerusalem*. There were readings by Nicholas Wood, Sir Henry's son-in-law, who read from *The Prophet*, Juliet Orbach, his niece and god-daughter, who read *Footsteps*, and Peter Lord, a close family friend, who read *The Bend in the Road*.

Afterwards all were invited into the spacious garden of Wonston Lodge, where Sir Henry had arranged a marquee and refreshment for all the relatives and friends. Once more the garden Lady Leach had always helped her husband tend was the scene of meetings of old friends and colleagues as people took pleasure in the beauty of their surroundings. She would have approved.



Below: Mrs Katharine Garnett-Orme with Colonel Sir Mike Ansell.



Welcome Dame

When I joined the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps in 1968 as a Lieutenant, the Matron-in-Chief was a certain Brigadier Dame Margot Turner, DBE, RRC. When I became a 'civvy' 18 years later, the name of Margot Turner was legend. I little thought then, that in the summer of 1991, I would be welcoming her to St Dunstan's and Pearson House.

Margot Turner joined Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service (now the QARANC) in 1937 and was posted to India the following year.

After the start of the Second World War, Margot agitated for a posting to an active area. In 1941, she was sent to Tanjung Malim in Malaya and was there when the Japanese invaded. The hospital where Margot worked was evacuated to Singapore where she and her colleagues continued caring for their patients amid the increasing bombing.

In February 1942 a decision was made that the few remaining QAs in Singapore were to be evacuated.

Japanese bombers sunk the boat, but Margot and other survivors escaped to a little island. They were rescued by a small cargo steamer, but that ship was also shelled and sank.

Margot and another nursing sister managed to pick up 14 survivors, including six children, but at the end of four days under the burning sun, with no food or water. Only Margot survived.

She was picked up by a Japanese destroyer and taken to Sumatra where she remained as a prisoner, undergoing deprivation and hard labour until August 1945. Six months of this time was spent in close confinement.

After the war, Margot was among the few QA POWs who continued their nursing career in the army. Margot was awarded the Pacific Star and, in 1946, the MBE.

Her career in the QAs was one of distinction, culminating in her appointment as Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services in 1964. In the Birthday Honours of 1965, she was made a

Margot By Matron Chris King

Dame of the British Empire, but she still admits to feelings of sadness that, on receiving the DBE, she had to return her MBE.

Dame Margot's story can be read in *The Will to Live* by Sir John Smyth. She has also had the story of her courage and determination told on *This is Your Life*.

On a lovely summer afternoon in August, there was a small informal tea party held in the Conservatory at Pearson House. By then Margot had been living with us for a few weeks and she was no longer the rather awesome figure of my years in the QARANC, but a friend and member of the Pearson House family.

Deputy Matron Brenda Kent, Sister Margaret McLeod, who had served in the QAs from 1952-55 and Peter Marshall and David Castleton from HQ, were joined by Col. Mary Challis RRC, QARANC, Matron of Cambridge Military Hospital in Aldershot, Major (Retired) Jill Machray, General Secretary



Margot and Matron Chris.

of the QARANC Association and Mrs. Jo Churchill, Assistant Curator of the QARANC Museum.

Then, in the presence of friends old and new, it was my special privilege to present Dame Margot with her St Dunstan's badge and watch.

WELL DONE LAWRIE



The Lord Lieutenant of Sussex has written a letter of commendation to Ian Fraser House archery instructor Lawrie Austin praising his work for St Dunstan's.

The letter was framed by staff at IFH before Elizabeth Dacre presented it to a surprised Lawrie at his 50th wedding anniversary celebration.



The Royal School for the Blind ran up some cash in August, courtesy of marathon man, Don Planner.

General Court Member, Jimmy Wright was presented with a cheque for £4,476.92 at the Dorset Nob, Upper Parkstone, Poole. The money was raised from people sponsoring Don in the London Marathon.

Don is currently training to run in the New York Marathon on November 3rd.

Metro Results

St Dunstan's maintained a high profile at the fifteenth National Metro Sports Competitions for the Visually Handicapped, though outright victory was elusive, on July 6th.

The contests were held at the New River Stadium, White Hart Lane, Haringey.

Mike Tetley, of St. Albans, Herts., came second in the Three Kilometre Walking Race with a time of 22 minutes 7 seconds, closely followed by Terry Bullingham, of Smethwick, Warley, who came fourth in 24 minutes 6.5 seconds.

John Gilbert, of Merley, Dorset, came fourth in the Shot Put with a throw of 5.29 metres and in Discus with a throw of 12.72 metres. He also came fifth in the Javelin with a throw of 14.10 metres.

GARDEN BAR



Optic-al illusion or blithe spirits? Neither! The drinks being served at the new garden bar at Ian Fraser House are all the proof you need.

Young Vicki Bray is the maid with the Heralds sounding a fanfare of trumpets

ELEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF WORLD CONFEDERATION FOR PHYSICAL THERAPY

Report by Joe Humphrey MCSP

The venue for the Eleventh International Congress of World Confederation for Physical Therapy was the Barbican Centre in the City of London and we were not the only members who lost themselves in the enormous and daunting complex of halls, theatres, cinemas, conference rooms and schools, where one ground floor entrance is at level 8, another level 5, but the bottom seems to be level 3. The Americans seemed to be either more confused than most or more vociferous about their confusion. Members from 56 countries attended.

The Opening Ceremony was impressive and well-managed, the backdrop of the stage of the Main Hall being the most elaborate amalgamation of ornate wood-carving of most beautiful colour while retaining an overall simplicity. The seating itself was extremely comfortable, each row being upholstered in a different colour, muted shades of blue and purple with superb air-conditioning and acoustics and large enough to hold the full complement present.

Fanfare

Heralds sounding a fanfare of trumpets commenced the proceedings, speeches of welcome by Brian Davey (Australia) the Chairman of the Confederation, David Teager, from the RNIB School of Physiotherapy, Chairman of the Conference, (who incidentally was narrowly beaten into second place as the incoming President), Joyce Wise, Chairman of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy, and a third-year student Sasha Mayes, who spoke most eloquently of her hopes for the future of the profession. Then Baroness Robson of Kiddington, the President, declared the event 'Open', after which followed a musical programme by the band of the RAF in full dress uniform, counter-marching, completed in true 'Proms'



Joe Humphrey with Noel Townsend, J.P., Under Bailiff of the Worshipful Guild of Weavers, at the Guildhall.

style with Rule Britannia, Land of Hope and Glory and the National Anthem.

A town-crier in uniform invited all to accept the hospitality of the World Confederation, which was extremely generous in both food, drink (have you ever walked round with a glass of wine in one hand and a lamb cutlet in the other?), entertainment, with Chelsea Pensioners, Barbers Shoppers and Pearly Kings and Queens in attendance.

Stewards from the Worshipful Company of the Guild of Weavers and from the Worshipful Company of the Guild of Gardeners in their fine fur-trimmed robes were also guests.

The Conference programme was formidable, with the best will in the world no-one could have attended every lecture on subjects within which their interests lay. The range included much about the mobility of the spine, much about hemiplegia and care of the young and old ('Don't tell your mother to sit down and you will make her a cup of tea - you sit down and tell her to make you a cup of tea, and she will live longer'), Assessment of Undergraduates (one of my friends from Ulster University gave three papers on this subject), and so on through the whole range of gynaecology, ankylosing spondylitis, competence to practise, the manage-



Mike Tetley discussing his 'poster' with an enquirer.

ment of private practice and alternative therapies, pain relief etc. etc.

The Northern Board hosted the first day's lectures and presented everyone with a red rose, and I found the morning's lectures to be of much more interest and better presented than any of the previous World Conferences I have attended.

The exhibition halls were much better than ever before. Mike Tetley and our PRO, David Castleton, between them had concocted a most interesting and informative poster concerning Mike's theories on manipulation of the skull. Another poster dealt with the physiotherapy treatment of torture victims which in some parts of the world is an important consideration.

Several new useful and interesting concepts of equipment were shown to be of use to the private therapist. One was called the Back-relax - it virtually suspends the body upside-down in the sitting position with the head clear of the floor enabling the spine to be completely relaxed and freely rotating. Mike and I both bought one and I was going up every day for a 'hang-up' which I felt beneficial.

The temperature in London was very high so the benefits of the air-conditioning were appreciated. Attending lectures kept one very much awake, rather than

putting one to sleep. Lunch-time snacks were open-air beside the lake and fountains and the quality of the food was excellent - I lunched almost exclusively on smoked salmon and cream cheese sandwiches.

Meeting The Queen

That evening was the highlight of the week. Her Majesty The Queen and HRH The Duke of Edinburgh were to attend a Champagne Reception at the Science Museum. Everyone was apprehensive, during the consumption of endless glasses of bubbly and lots of scampi and sausages on sticks. We learned that a few lucky people had been told they were to be presented and we all had a very close view of the royal pair. The Queen was wearing a very pretty short pale green and white patterned georgette dress with draped bodice and a deep frill at knee level and carried a bouquet of yellow roses presented by Sasha Mayes.

Suddenly, just as we thought it was all over there she was with David Teager and we heard him say, 'Your Majesty may I present Joe Humphrey and his wife, from Belfast'. We enjoyed a few minutes chat and laughter during which for us time was totally suspended since Her Majesty devotes her entire attention and interest



The North London School of Physiotherapy stand, jointly arranged with RNIB and St Dunstan's.

to whomsoever she is speaking and shows absolutely no sign of fatigue or impatience. She is truly gracious and has a lovely smile.

We were exalted — we don't know how we got back to the Barbican but think it was on cloud nine.

Tuesday saw more interesting lectures. Norman Hopkins and Eric Foster and their wives were there for some lectures on treatment of the shoulder joint.

That night we had the choice of a free Pavarotti concert in the rain or a Medieval Banquet at a purpose-built Beefeater Restaurant near the Tower of London. We took the latter option.

Wednesday took us to Greenwich to the International Date Line, the *Cutty Sark* and the National Maritime and King Henry VIII Museums. We are sail-orientated at the moment owing to the tremendous impact of the Tall Ships visiting Belfast. Prior to our departure and the heavy involvement of our family (we are grandparents to a new yacht) who are perpetually on navigation, sailing, skippers and VHF radio courses, we bought a gilded glass model of the *Cutty Sark* in a very fine bottle as a souvenir of the race which bears the ship's name.

The Queen's House at Greenwich has just been completely refurbished with modern materials and furniture in the exact style and colours of the time it was

built, and it is breathtaking. Queen Anne when she moved there called it her House of Delight since her perpetually drooling, immobile and unsavoury husband didn't ever go there.

The concert by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Jane Glover that evening was memorable, especially the second half — Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony — a bonus for those interested in serious music.

Three hours of lectures at one venue on Thursday all concerned manipulation of the cervical and lumbar spine. The majority of ideas put forward all concurred with the teaching we received at St Dunstan's weekends years ago by 'Masters of the Art,' Dr. Cyriax and Terry Roden, the well-known St Dunstaner who gave much of his time.

The morning passed very quickly for Mike and I. Several points came to my attention during the week's lectures. First after a session when three out of the four speakers who had written books on their subject were questioned, a member of the audience asked why no mention had been made of laser therapy, interferential or pulsating electric current. The assurance was unanimous from the platform that it was not considered necessary.

Second, it appears to be common practice during training nowadays to record on television without the knowledge of

the student concerned, their conduct when treating a patient. This is then played back to the student's classmates and criticism or otherwise voiced by the tutors. I don't know how well that would have gone down at Great Portland Street in our day.

The major social event of the week was a banquet at London's Guildhall, dating back to the 11th century but rebuilt in 1486. Use of this venue was allowed only because David Teager is a Freeman of the City of London and he was also allowed the use of all the City of London Silver.

Lord Tonyandy, better known as George Thomas, former Speaker of the House of Commons, was an amusing guest and during a magnificent reception in the Outer Hall we were personally entertained by the Under Bailiff of the Worshipful Guild of Weavers, wearing his magnificent jewel. The whisky flowed like milk.

the splendid meal, each couple seated next to each other, assisting the other in turn in the ceremonial of wiping the lip of

the cup, raising the lid whilst being guarded from behind by the people seated next to them. It is an ancient ritual giving everyone present a chance to participate and taste the rather potent contents of the cup.

During the entire week I found I was always surrounded by young women 20 to 30 years my junior who had trained at the Northern Ireland School of Physiotherapy during the ten years I worked in the Department at the Royal Victoria Hospital where they did their practical training. Having returned for the Conference, from the various parts of the world to which they had gone, sometimes with their husbands the reminiscences were plentiful. I was gratified to hear them tell that when their patients complimented them on their massage, their reply had been: 'I was taught by a blind man'.

This was the most memorable week of my life I can recall, however well the other countries host the show — the British do it better. Washington be warned — it's your turn next!

Braille phone bills nationwide

British Telecom and the Royal National Institute for the Blind chose one of the highest buildings in London, the BT Tower, to announce a joint service to provide blind and visually handicapped people with telephone bills in braille or large print.

The new service was announced by John Wall, Chairman of the RNIB and Mike Bett, Vice-Chairman of British Telecom on August 12th. The braille and large print bills will be prepared at the RNIB's centre at Peterborough using information on magnetic tape generated by the BT computer while producing the normal printed bill. Space limits the information on the new bills to only the charge details on the ordinary bill. The pre-printed information shown on the ordinary bill will be supplied to customers in advance by means of separate leaflets in braille or large print.

The process at Peterborough is fully automated, ensuring privacy for those

using the service. The computer there takes eight seconds to emboss a page and the RNIB staff estimate an output of 3,000 bills a day. These will be mailed from Peterborough and it is expected that braille or large print bills will reach blind customers within four days of the printed version. Payment is, of course, still to be made direct to BT.

By law BT must still send the ordinary bill to customers and the legal status of the braille or large print bill will be as a copy of the ordinary bill. The 'talking bill' service launched by BT in 1987, will still be available but only to those not taking the braille or large print bills.

Speaking at the launch John Wall estimated that there would be some 2,500 requests initially and he hoped that BT's initiative would be followed by other public utilities.

Customers can apply for the service or ask for further information, by phoning free on 0800 400454.



A happy group with Jackie Bennett who gave a talk on healthcare and diet.

With the Widows at Ian Fraser House

Pictures by Roy Scott

St Dunstan's widows gathered at Ian Fraser House for two very special reunion weekends at the end of August. Phyllis O'Kelly reports on the second 'Widows Weekend.'

The weekend commenced on August 22nd with a sunny start. It was good to see so many ladies one had not seen for quite a while. It did not take too long to renew old friendships, though placing a name was not always easy.

We were welcomed by Edwina Peacock, and after supper we had a musical evening, which was enjoyed by all, even the dancers.

After a very windy night, Friday promised to be sunny. The beauty care was interesting and helpful, the exercises were relaxing, and the dietary video and leaflets are of great value.

After a hearty lunch we boarded the coach for a trip to Seaford, a pleasant ride with even more calories for tea. In the evening we were given a film show in the annexe. It was a nostalgic evening to see clips of the great stars of yesterday.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny, and what a wonderful day it was! A pleasant drive to Eastbourne for shopping and cof-

fee, then back into the coach to make our way to Devonshire Park for a super lunch.

After which it was either a walk or a ride on the coach to the bandstand, where the Copthorne Band entertained with popular music. At 4 p.m. we headed back to IFH for supper followed by bingo.

Sunday was another sunny day. We had breakfast before joining with the men from Pearson House for a service in the Chapel.

After a good lunch we boarded the coach for a trip to Parham House near Chichester. We had a very lovely ride through the countryside, April the courier pointing out the various places of interest along the way.

Parham House was built in the 16th century, but is still in very good condition, with lovely pictures of famous people and grandfather clocks still working. The kitchen was a place of hard work with all its copper pans and moulds.

That evening we were entertained by Ted Norris on the organ with Tommy singing. Refreshment was served in the interval.

On Monday, we were blessed with another hot and sunny day. The morning

was spent either on the pier, in the Lanes, or shopping in the town. After lunch we climbed back into the coach to visit the Royal Pavilion.

It was good to see it now that the scaffolding and plastic sheeting have been removed. The contents are very beautiful. The china, gold cutlery and furniture were spectacular. Again the kitchen portrayed hard work!

In the evening we were joined by some of the staff for a superb dinner for which we thank, PBK, Connie and her staff waiting on us. We were serenaded by John Nicholls and his trio, but as usual when we were all together there was plenty of chat and laughter.

After the Loyal Toast, given by Sue Reynolds, Eve Cowan presented April Hadert with a thank you gift for all the help and kindness over the weekend.

We then made our way to the ballroom and finished a very happy weekend dancing to Ernie Tooke and his band. Everyone spoke of their happiness of the weekend, but it had to end.

Our thanks to Colonel Bray, the staff at HQ and IFH for all the help and friendship. Thanks also for the transport arrangements and a big thank you to the drivers of Alpha Coaches for a safe journey.

'Vena' Shepherd is the model for a make up demonstration by Barbara Errington.



FROM THEIR LETTERS:

To everyone concerned, for the wonderful weekend at Ian Fraser House:

**It's wonderful just to impart
A Thank-You message from the heart.**

God bless you all.

The organisation, the entertainment, food and outings were to perfection. Our courier, Gail, was really lovely with a sense of humour to suit everyone present.

Thank you again for your kindness and hard work that made us all happy.

I feel tons better for the lovely break, so here's hoping for the same next year.

**A fabulous five days. It was wonderful,
everybody was so nice.**

Most enjoyable. Very much appreciated.

**Everyone was so friendly and the staff
could not have taken care of us better.**

A NEW rose blooms in gardens this year that celebrates 75 years of history within its young petals.

The St Dunstan Rose was officially launched on July 11th at the Hampton Court Palace International Rose Show.

It is being marketed by C & K Jones of Cheshire and is available for planting from next month.

The St Dunstan Rose is a floribunda, or cluster rose, and commemorates 75 years of the organisation and half-a-century since it went to Church Stretton. It grows upright to between three and four feet. It has lemon yellow buds that open to a white, sometimes yellow streaked, blossom that contrasts well against the glossy green foliage.

The Rose was bred by Gordon Kirkham, at Rose Cottage, his home in the grounds at Heaton Park, Prestwick, where he works as a gardener.

Gordon has been working on the Rose since 1988 when it was chosen to become the St Dunstan Rose. From his initial bushes, cuttings and buds have spawned 1,200 new bushes for sale.

Each bush costs £5.25. Delivery charges are £2.95 per order for the first two bushes and £3.95 for orders of three or more.

A ten per cent discount is available to St Dunstaners identifying themselves as such on their order. Further details can be obtained from C & K Jones on 0829 40663.

TOM HART WRITES:

It was the first of the really hot days in July that Bill Weisblatt and I went to the International Flower Show at Hampton Court Palace. It was the second to be held there and if the crowds present on the Preview Day were an example of what was to follow over the next three days, then I think it was a roaring success.

The purpose of the visit was to be present at the official launch of the St Dunstan Rose. The Rose was produced to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of St Dunstan's.

Bill and I made our way to the Rose

A Rose Arises



Keith and Tom with the Rose.

Tent where the Royal National Rose Society and Rose Growers Association were holding the 14th British Rose Festival.

We met Keith Jones, the international rose specialist who organised production of the Rose, and waited with him until it was time to present the Rose to the public.

We were preceded by other new roses such as the Paul McCartney, the Clare Rayner and Little Bo Peep. French Air Travel 'introduced' one called Trail Blazer which was christened with champagne. Bill and I thought this was an absolute waste for by this time it was very hot — and even hotter in the marquee.

When the time came for our Rose to be presented, Keith Jones gave an excellent account of why it had been commissioned. I added that blind people greatly appreciate any scented type of rose.

On our way to the hospitality tent, where Bill and I had been invited for a

Turbot 'n' chips



It's frying tonight — and for the rest of the week by the look of things — for ace angler Sam Keating who managed to land a little leviathan during the July Fishing week.

Sam reeled in an amazing 18lb turbot using a dab hook usually intended for much smaller catches.

The catch was made from the deck of the Ocean Pearl sailing out of Newhaven with a host of angling St Dunstaners.

'It comes up flat so you're pulling against all the weight of the water,' said Sam, of Rochdale, Lancs. 'It was the largest catch of the week, it's a specimen fish.'

Sam caused a bit of a commotion when he took the turbot round the lounge at Ian Fraser House, before deciding that the best course of action was to ask the chef to fillet and freeze it.

'I hadn't tasted turbot before, it's very good,' he said.

Sam's local fishing club agree that the turbot was a grand catch. They've nominated him as Catch -of-the-Month to *Sea Angler* magazine. If the publication agrees, he wins a new rod and reel.

Remembrances of Romania



Jim Faithfull,
Ian Fraser House
Maintenance
Manager, recalls
his journey to the
troubled country
and the young
friends he made
there.

Monday, July 8th, 1991

Our group, the second this year, consisting of four men and three women, set out from Heathrow, all looking forward to the trip and wondering what experiences we would find there. Would Romania and the orphanage be as we had been led to expect?

We arrived at Bucharest Airport in a thunderstorm. The airport terminal was barely visible in the gloom and we thought this was because of the storm. We were wrong! Shortages abound everywhere in Romania and our first example was the acute lack of fluorescent tubes.

We then spent nearly nine-and-a-half hours travelling to Ghidigeni in a minibus. Unfortunately we broke down on the way but the local police and army personnel helped us back on our way again.

Tuesday, July 9th, 1991

Our first sight of the orphanage was through the bleary eyes of no sleep for over 24 hours. We unloaded the van, demolished a quick breakfast and set out to meet the 'boys'.

The boys were aged between five and 15 and were very excited to meet another group of Britons. There was much shaking

of hands, shy smiling and attempts at 'Hello' in both languages. There was also a lot of 'trying to remove the watches' of the group. The children found them fascinating and wanted to play with them as toys.

Our time there being very short, work started immediately on the lighting and plumbing difficulties. There were many small hands only too willing to fetch and carry and be involved. This was their home and they wanted to help and learn.

At one point a new world record was set for the most number of small boys to balance on a pair of steps with me precariously wobbling on the top holding two 'live wires'. I lived to tell the tale but I must confess to being a bit worried.

At the end of the working day my daughter Louise, who went out with the first group in early June, took me into the village to meet 'the boyfriend'. He was extremely nervous. I cannot think why!

Finally, at about 11.30 pm I was able to go to bed for the first time since Sunday.

Wednesday, July 10th, 1991

We began work each morning thereafter at about 8.30 am and worked for as long as we could into the afternoon. The temperature was often over 100 degrees and we all found it difficult to work in such heat.

Whilst I continued to work on the lighting problems at the orphanage with my own band of 'little helpers', other volunteers had their own 'assistants' and worked on various plumbing projects.

We were invited to attend a birthday celebration in the village and sample the local Romanian hospitality. We were treated like royalty and were fed delicacies such as salad, extremely 'fresh' barbecued chicken and locally produced cognac.

Thursday, July 11th, 1991

We visited a clinic in the city of Galati which cares for babies who have acquired AIDS. This clinic has been 'adopted' by a Dutch Relief Agency and has been completely refurbished. It affected us all deeply to see these very frail, but happy and extremely responsive babies, who have little hope of survival.

Friday/Saturday, July 12th/13th, 1991

I continued to work installing new cabling and light fittings throughout the orphanage. The switch at the foot of the main stairs acquired a permanent group of boys who wanted to switch it on and off.

Sunday, July 14th, 1991

This was deemed a 'rest day'. Unfortunately I woke with cramp and a headache. This I put down to an allergic reaction to the local cognac, but our group doctor said it was 'dehydration' and after drinking many pints of water I soon felt well enough to accept an invitation from a family in the village.

The heat of the afternoon passed in convivial surroundings sitting in the yard under a grape vine with Louise, her boyfriend, and our hosts, answering a multitude of questions about England and our daily lives. We also tried to learn a little Romanian.

Monday/Tuesday, July 15th/16th, 1991

Lights were now appearing all over the orphanage and by the end of Tuesday, the kitchen staff were delighted to find they could now see what food they were preparing. I was agreeably surprised by the standard of food prepared for the children.

An outing had been planned by the care workers to take some of the boys for a walk

in the nearby forest. This was the first time they had been outside of the grounds of the orphanage.

Wednesday, July 17th, 1991

There was great excitement amongst the boys when they found out that the lighting improvements had finally reached their bedrooms.

The laundry lady was also very pleased. She now has two lights in the laundry where formerly there were none. The 'washing machine and drier' to our western eyes seemed to have come from the dawn of the industrial revolution, but they still work. I wonder what they would make of our 'electronic marvels' if they saw them, or of the built in obsolescence that is so much a part of our lives.

Thursday, July 18th, 1991

The lights now extended all the way round the laundry and kitchen blocks and my 'motley crew' were still as happy to help as they had been on my first day.

Friday, July 19th, 1991

Our time at Ghidigeni went so quickly. All there was left to do was to take some photographs of the boys, with Louise and me, to show the differences our being there had made and what a success the trip has been.

The improvements to the plumbing and electrical work have clearly upgraded the living conditions for the boys, although there is still much work to be done.

No matter how great the changes wrought by the 'manual workers', the biggest and most important changes have been made at the hands of the 'care workers'. They have, with enormous amounts of loving care and dedication, demonstrated that these allegedly 'handicapped' boys can become normal and happy and playful and a joy to know.

Saturday, July 20th, 1991

Time to leave Ghidigeni. It was a most rewarding experience with great joy and great sadness. Everyone we met there, both in the village and at the orphanage, asked if I would go back again. My answer to them all was 'see you again next year!'

This year the St Dunstan's Tape Recording Club headed North to Geordieland. Sue Reynolds went along to get the lowdown on 'reel' life.

GETTING IT TAPED!

We all arrived by various means at The Hospitality Inn, Jesmond, Tyne & Wear, on Saturday, June 1st. Now there's a hotel that lives up to its name, we could not have been made more welcome by their friendly and efficient staff. Their efforts certainly added a great deal to our enjoyment of the week, not to mention several inches to our waistlines!

The weather forecast for the week was not encouraging and this seemed to be borne out by Sunday's incessant rain. Only four brave souls ventured out to the Quayside Market, but they came back smiling so it must have been worth the soaking.

Monday saw our first proper outing: to Kielder Forest, Northumberland. After an hour or so's drive, through some very fine countryside, we arrived at the Forest Visitors Centre at Kielder Castle and started off by looking at the exhibitions there and browsing in the gift shop.

In the afternoon we all disappeared into the Forest to get down to the serious business of recording. The chilly weather seemed to keep most of the birds on the quiet side, but nevertheless we had a pleasant afternoon. I enjoyed seeing so many of the wild flowers I remembered from my childhood ramblings in the company of my 'Observers' book. Seconds after we boarded the coach back to base at Newcastle the heavens opened. Lady Luck was certainly on our side.

Tuesday's trip was to the North of England Open Air Museum at Beamish, Durham, which aims to give one a taste of life in the North in the early part of this century. We arrived as the Museum opened, at the same time as several coachloads of school children. Avoiding the noise of their chatter was the day's occupational hazard but, much to everyone's surprise, including my own, I did manage to get them to be quiet whilst

we recorded the first trams pulling in to take us to the various parts of the Museum. Beamish is a fantastic place and despite spending the whole day there no-one managed to see everything, but between us we covered the lot. Barbara Bell and I spent the morning on the farm having long conversations with shorthorn cattle, saddleback pigs and assorted hens and geese. Gordon Smith must have been one of those boys with a yen to be an engine driver as he managed to get the train to go up and down the track just for him. Bernie Blacker and Reg Goding visited the Museum's very own coal mine, while others visited the Co-op and the dentist. I didn't like to tell them that they could have found fresher produce and more modern equipment in Brighton. Maybe they were attracted to the thought of 1900s prices? They were out of luck in the pub though, the beer prices were definitely 1990s.

Wednesday was Derby Day, supposedly a rest day after a visit to Tyne Sound Talking Newspaper.

Now I should have known that the Club had an ulterior motive in inviting me to go with them. I discovered what, when I was 'volunteered' to be interviewed for the talking newspaper. Fame at last but I don't think I'll hold my breath waiting for a call from the BBC!

We couldn't let Derby Day pass without having a sweepstake. Bernard's hat came in jolly useful for holding the numbers, but has it got magical properties? I can't find any other explanation for it yielding the winning ticket to its owner. With typical perversity, we spent the rest of the sunniest day of our visit indoors at Gateshead's renowned Metro Centre shopping complex.

Thursday's weather forecast was not auspicious for our boat trip to the Farne Islands Bird Sanctuary, but luckily the weathermen got it wrong and we got

calm seas and sunshine.

We had been warned to cover our heads against the attacks of the Arctic Terns. I'm no great bird lover at the best of the times, now I have a positive aversion to Arctic Terns. Barbara missed the most unusual bird call of the day by switching off before the Screeching Sue Reynolds protested at being pecked on the head. Gordon had better luck with the more muted cry of Protesting Paul James, with its plaintive note of duties above and beyond the call of an escort. But Gordon himself got the order of the Arctic Tern splashed all down his jacket. Terns aside, the cormorants and puffins were much more friendly and obliging and the seals were wholly unperturbed by our boat.

Friday dawned cold and cloudy for our visit to the Wildfowl Trust at Washington. Here there was an enormous variety of water-birds, some of whom could be heard calling above the cries of the ubiquitous school parties. The weather brightened up in the afternoon and with it the bird calls.

Now you must not think that this trip was all work and no play. The natives were discovered to be friendly in both the local pub and the Royal British Legion. The Club's Annual Dinner was held in the hotel's Hadrian Suite. After an excellent meal of Geordie Beef, served in Newcastle Brown Gravy, the locals in our party held a brief investiture making Bernard, our esteemed Chairman, an honorary Geordie. They equipped him with proof in the form of a certificate and passport, and provided him with a dictionary so that he could learn the language.

All in all, it was a very successful week. One note of business: the Annual General Meeting was held on June 4th and Bernard Blacker was re-elected Chairman for another year. It was also agreed that the 1992 meeting would take place at Ian Fraser House between June 1st and 5th and that following the success of 1990's away fixture, another venue would be considered for 1993, hopefully establishing a two-yearly cycle of home and away meetings for the Club.



Tom's bench

The wife and family of the late Tom Richards have presented Ian Fraser House with a garden bench. Mr. Richards passed away there in April.

His wife, Julia, and their five children bestowed the gift on August 2nd.

Proud of his Cornish heritage, Mr. Richards would often wear a kilt sporting the area's tartan. In honour of his father, eldest son Peter Richards donned the Cornish National Tartan as Lt. Col. Bray accepted the new bench on behalf of IFH.

An inscription on the bench reads: 'Presented to Ian Fraser House in loving memory of Tom Richards 1920-1991 from his wife and family.'

CHILD GARDENERS

Schoolchildren from Knowsley have been working on a garden in Halewood for blind and partially sighted people.

The textures, feel, and scent of plants play an important part of the garden, which has been created by children from 27 junior schools working with environmental group Greenforce.

Access to the garden in Halewood Playing Fields, Merseyside, is through Blackburn Drive or Boundary Farm Road.

RESTORATION MAN



Cliff and son-in-law Kevin with part of the collection.

If Cliff Fisher is ploughing new ground with his hobby, then it's because he renovated the plough in the first place. One man's scrap is pure gold as far as this St Dunstaner is concerned.

Cliff, from Ower, Hants., collects old dilapidated farm tools and restores them to full working order — and his son and son-in-law have been bitten by the bug too!

'It started about two years ago,' Cliff told the *Review*. 'We went to an auction at the roundabout. They have everything laid out in boxes and you have to bid for everything in the box, even if there's only one thing you want.'

'I found one of those brass pumps that used to be used on flower stalls, I remember them from when I was a boy, so I said "I'll have that, it's solid brass".'

'The boys just started laughing at me. "That's never brass, it's all black," they said. Anyway, I washed it in soda and it was still pretty black, the boys started saying "Oh, it's plastic," so I used a brass cleaner on it. Eventually, I began to get the colour back.'

From there, Cliff started widening his horizons from antique fire extinguishers to milk urns. Now a barn houses weighing machines, an assortment of stirrup

Simon
Rogers
talks to
Cliff
Fisher,
saviour
of vintage
farm tools

pumps, blow torches, lamps, horse collars and tractor seats.

All have been rescued from a rusty limbo and restored to their original glory.

However, that is just the tip of a very large iceberg. Cliff, aided by son, Mike, and son-in-law, Kevin, has resurrected larger items such as a root cutter, a hay chaffer, several varieties of seeder, and a hay rake.

The hay rake has a certain place of pride in Cliff's heart. 'We paid £25 plus VAT for it and it was solid rust when we bought it. We weren't sure how we were going to get it home at first.'

'We took some other stuff back first and picked up some tools to dismantle it. When we got back there, I sprayed it a bit and we were trying to work out where to start, when this man came up to us.'

'He asked how much we paid for it and then said "I'll give you £50 for it".'

Fifty became seventy-five, which then became one hundred before Cliff's resolve not to sell deterred the would be buyer. Now fully restored, the hay rake makes an impressive centrepiece to his collection.

'I suppose I will have to sell some of it eventually,' added Cliff. 'We haven't got

Grand Time at Warminster

By Ken Revis

It's become a tradition for the Warminster Rotary Club, the Inner Wheel and the WO's and Sergeants Mess at the School of Infantry, Warminster, to entertain a party of St Dunstaners each July.

Thanks to St Dunstan's transport and the famous packed lunches on the journey, 14 St Dunstaners debouched into the assembly rooms at Warminster, Wiltshire on July 11th. We were met by old and new Rotarian friends and entertained to tea by their ladies. That evening we went to the usual Thursday dinner of the Rotary Club, held at the Old Bull Inn, where the President welcomed us and a suitable reply was given by a St Dunstaner.

On Friday, The Royal British Legion put on a splendid dance for us. Again we met up with old and new friends.

Saturday was Salisbury Races day,

unfortunately it was very cool indeed but the homeward journey was still spent gloating over — or regretting — our entry into the betting world. That evening the Regimental Sergeant Major and his Senior NCO's arranged a splendid meal in the Mess and we danced to keyboard and percussion.

Church parade on the following day was at the village church of Upton Scudamore and the only way to describe the Service is rollicking. The Vicar had us in gales of laughter with his stories. One of these concerned how his dog chewed his hearing aid and when he asked for any sailors to raise their hands, he added: "Well, we are not going to sing about you, we are going to sing 'Onward Christian Soldiers'."

Later on we were entertained by individual Rotary families, either in their homes or at lunch spots in the district. Again the RSM and his boys fed us and wined us in the Mess that evening.

For the day of our return, on the Monday, we again gathered in the assembly rooms. Some of us did some shopping and the ladies provided us with a splendid lunch.

As a final note we were delighted to have Lieutenant-General Sir Maurice Johnston, a Member of the Council, to wish us farewell and we all agreed that Warminster Rotary Club really did make a wonderful effort to see that we had a happy time again this year.

St Dunstaners spoke with genuine thanks at all the functions and they are already planning to meet again next year.

LIFE IN MY HANDS

St Dunstaner, Bill Cowing, of Oakley, near Basingstoke, is looking for a copy of the late Wally Thomas' book *Life in my Hands*. If any reader has a copy they could part with please write or telephone the Editor of the *Review* at Headquarters. Bill is very willing to pay for the book.

RESTORATION MAN — continued

that much space, but at the moment, if someone asked to buy anything they'd have to offer something phenomenal.'

For Cliff and his boys, there's the fun of trying to outbid other people at the auctions. 'We only go for things we want, but if we know someone's a dealer we'll build the prices up and then back out.'

'Most stuff has seized up when we get it, but we strip it all down and clean it up so it will work again. We try to keep to the original colours when repainting and the boys can usually spot a bit of green or blue among all the rust.'

'The only bugbear I've got is that I can't date the stuff. Some of it is stamped Victoria or Edward, which brings it within a period, so we've got a rough idea, but it's hard to get specific.'

'A lot of the companies that made these tools have gone out of business.'

With a fortnight's holiday ahead of him, how was telephonist Cliff planning to spend his break? 'There's the Steam Rally at Stourpaine coming up and a couple of auctions. I'll be looking out for more stuff.'

Balancing the Books

by Ted Bunting

Nineteen Eighty-Four

Author: *George Orwell*
Reader: David Brown
Duration: 13 hours
Catalogue number: 1459

I thoroughly recommend this marvelous book, which has donated more new words, phrases and sayings to our language than any other I can think of. This is the sixth or seventh time I've read *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, but I don't suppose it will be the last, for George Orwell's remarkable alternative world is a fascinating place which attracts readers back repeatedly.

But it is a nightmare world too; a crazy, lunatic world where constant war, misery and want, have overturned all human inclinations toward altruism and love and replaced them with naked hatred and craven fear.

In the country which 'Big Brother' watches over, poverty and squalor are obviously normal for all but a very privileged few, and George Orwell describes it, not only with graphic starkness and with nose-offending pungency too.

However, the deprivation most keenly felt by Winston Smith, the book's somewhat unhealthy and unlikely hero, is the lack of freedom to openly express the ideas which develop in his mind. And it is precisely his determination to have opinions of his own which puts him at odds with the wishes of the state. He becomes, to use the jargon, a 'thought criminal', which was a highly dangerous thing to be...

Winston finds Julia, a beautiful young woman who declares her love for him, in itself an act of rebellion against Big Brother's tyranny. Confident their love

will find them the right way, they boldly venture into forbidden places. I will not divulge their final destination, needless to say, it is fully in keeping with the twisted logic of this senseless world.

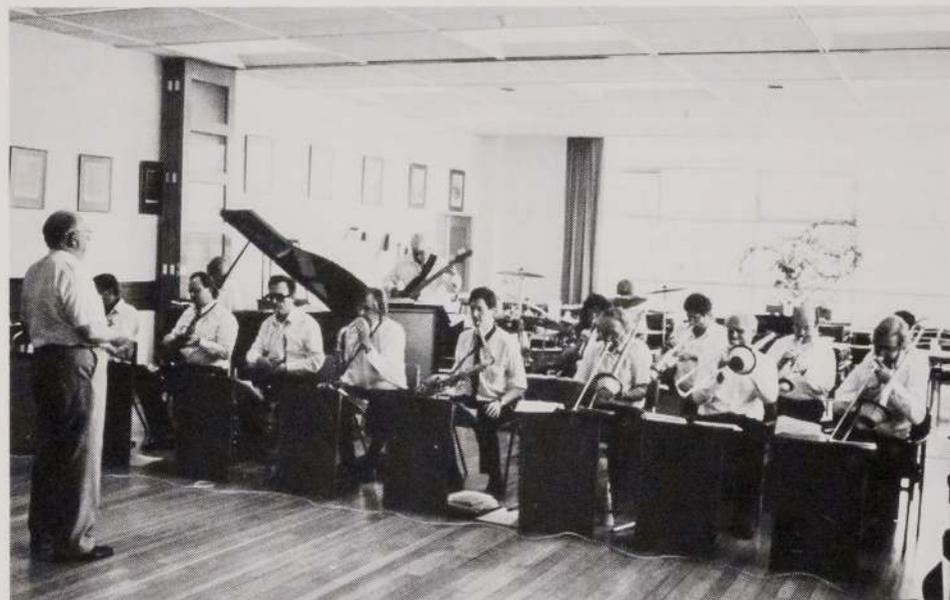
There is infinitely more truth than nonsense in this splendid work, and an understanding of human-kind which is rarely rivalled.

The Eagle Has Landed

Author: *Jack Higgins*
Reader: David Sinclair
Duration: 14.25 hours
Catalogue number: 5231

The only difficulty I can find with this book — and it's slight — lies in trying to classify it. It's thrilling, but not just 'a thriller', it has romance without being merely 'a love story', and although it features soldiers in a war-time situation, it's far removed from the typical 'war story' as a dachshund is from a great dane. With mystery, murder, espionage and treachery among its ingredients, you might guess the plot is complicated in the extreme; but there's no difficulty listening to it, and that's a fact. Switching it off is less than easy, however.

As to the actual story-line (and a rattling good yarn it is), if I tell you that it is about a desperate band of men on an equally desperate mission, then I've said quite enough because everyone should have as much pleasure from it as I had. However, I don't mind revealing that the tale takes an ingenious twist at its conclusion, and, if I was a gambling man, I'd wager the rent money Jack Higgins will keep your interest right to the very end.



Len Meredith conducting the Swing Band at Ian Fraser House.

LEN ARTHUR BAND SWINGS BACK

The Len Arthur Swing Band, which entertained the guests at the Anniversary Garden Party at Buckingham Palace last year, played at Ian Fraser House on Tuesday, July 9th. Under its leader Len Meredith, the 19 piece band entertained an audience of 140 including St Dunstaners, Staff and friends.

St Dunstaners Ken Revis and Bob Forshaw joined the band for some numbers, Ken singing and Bob playing double bass. They were proud to be on the stand with some star performers including Bob Geldard, trombonist with the Ted Heath Band, and Ron Findon, clarinettist with the famous Joe Loss Ambassadors.

Len Meredith's programme included some of the great big band standards, among them Bunny Berigan's 'I Can't Get Started', the Benny Goodman classic, 'Let's Dance' and Artie Shaw's arrangement of 'Begin the Beguine'. An afternoon of high quality entertainment ended with a Glen Miller medley rounded off by 'Moonlight Serenade'.

MUSIC AND SPOKEN WORDS CASSETTE LIBRARIES AT HQ AND IFH

St Dunstaners are reminded that a library of cassettes is held by the PR department at HQ. Subjects are wide and varied. A complete list of titles is published annually in the *Review* at the beginning of the year, but can be made available anytime on request.

Cassettes may be obtained by sending an appropriate number of tapes to the PR department with name and the reference number of the desired cassettes clearly marked. The tapes need not be blank as they are passed through an eraser before the master is copied on to them.

In addition, those staying in the Brighton Homes are reminded that the record library at IFH also incorporates a library of 15 years of light entertainment programmes recorded by the BBC, such as the *Goon Show*, *Round the Horn*, etc. Cassette players are available on loan via the lounge desk, so the two make an ideal way of passing some time whilst on holiday. Trevor Fitzpatrick oversees this latter library.

Tribute to John Doughty

John Doughty, who died on July 18th after a short illness, was awarded one of the highest French military honours for outstanding bravery during the last war.

It was the sacrifice that made John a St Dunstaner that convinced French authorities that he was worthy of the Croix de Guerre with Vermilion Star — their second highest military award.

After volunteering in 1939, he served in the 7th Field Squadron Royal Engineers and was quickly promoted to Sergeant.

He served in all the desert battles, including El Alamein, between January 1942 and the end of North African hostilities in the spring of 1943.

It was in the build up for the Battle of Cassino, in Italy, that he came unstuck. Skilled in defusing and disarming mines and booby traps, Mr Doughty's unit was given the task of finding and lifting wooden mines that were invisible to standard mine detectors.

The only method of detecting the wooden mines was to prod them with a bayonet held at a shallow angle. If the blade struck the body of the mine casing everything was fine, but if it touched the fuse mechanism it would set the mine off.

According to a colleague, Mr Doughty took on the task of clearing the wooden mines rather than delegate someone else. After defusing several mines, one exploded, destroying his eyesight.

This led to the award of the Croix de Guerre, with Star. The citation reads: 'As head of a bomb disposal team in the British Army, he exhibited incredible courage and professionalism in the face of a particularly perilous task.'

It also praised him for: 'saving many French lives and thus giving the best possible example of friendship in combat, and of camaraderie between allied armies.'

John Doughty was also mentioned in dispatches for distinguished service.

Before the war, he had worked with his parents in their sports and photographic business in Great Yarmouth. After his discharge in 1944, Mr. Doughty trained at



John's god-daughter named her son after him.

St Dunstan's before returning home to assist in the family business.

With the help of his god-daughter, Celia Simmon, he developed the business with great success. A keen fisherman, he also enjoyed home brewing.

Mr. Doughty married in 1946, but his wife, Audrey, died in 1967.

By all accounts, John Doughty was proud of his independence. He politely, but steadfastly, declined any assistance from St Dunstan's.

A friend and colleague, author John Chartres, of Hale, Cheshire, said: 'I have always considered it a privilege to have served under John Doughty during the war. He was one of those NCOs who never shouted at anyone to get things done. He had no need to because he was held in such respect both by those below and those above him.'

'He was a great man who inspired everyone who met him.'

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letters to the Editor are always welcome. Drop us a line or tape at 12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.

From: Frank Smith, Sutton, Surrey

Dear Sir,

I was very interested to read the article on Golfer David Morris (*Review*, June) as I too am a member of English Blind Golf as well as being a St Dunstaner.

I have met David Morris on one occasion and it is clear that he has done very well since getting involved in the game of golf.

In view of the enthusiasm that my fellow St Dunstaners get involved in Bowls and Archery, I am sure that given the opportunity they would be just as enthusiastic about golf.

If the interest is there, I am sure that the Chairman of EBG, Ron Tomlinson, would be only too pleased to hold a golf clinic for their benefit. As David Morris mentioned age is no barrier in golf.

I sincerely hope that the powers that be will consider adding golf to the pastimes of St Dunstan's.

From: Mrs. Elsie Tucker, Porthcawl, Mid Glam

Dear Sir,

It was my 80th birthday on July 14th and I had a lovely bouquet from St Dunstan's. We also had a surprise visit from Gwen Obern who also gave me a bouquet. May I give our best regards to all the staff.

I'm glad to tell you that my husband and I are settling down in Porthcawl, but the weather has not been good since we got here.

From: Mrs. May Hague, Bootle, Merseyside

Dear Sir,

Charlie and I would like to offer our grateful thanks to all the medical staff, care assistants and fellow St Dunstaners for the kindness shown to me when I hurt my ankle, in Brighton recently. It turned out to be broken when I had it X-rayed at home. Thanks again.

From: Mrs. Marjorie Oakes, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex

Dear Sir,

I would like to thank Sir Henry Leach, the Council of St Dunstan's, and all the many friends who have written to me, and for the expressions of sympathy at this sad time.

From: Bob Fullard, South Benfleet, Essex

Dear Sir,

I should like Ted Bunting to know that his *Balancing the Books* in the July *Review* is very much appreciated. As a literary man myself, and having read *The Mill on the Floss* several times in braille, heard it dramatised on the radio and on talking book, I agree with him that it is deservedly an English classic.

From: Ruth Rahim & Mary Madden, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset

Dear Sir,

We would like to thank all the people concerned for organising everything so wonderfully for the 'Widows Weekend'. We're sure everyone thoroughly enjoyed it and appreciates all the hard work which must have gone into it.

Also, it was pleasant meeting again, the friends we knew in the past good times.

TOUR 'N' TALKS AT THE V & A

Culture vultures can stretch their minds with two new tours at London's Victoria & Albert Museum. The tours have been devised especially for blind people.

There's An Introduction to the V & A's Collections, starting at 2.30 p.m. on November 6th, and Ceramics Lectures at 2.30 p.m. on December 2nd.

The V & A say that there will be some opportunity to touch exhibits. Sighted companions and guide dogs are welcome and each session can last up to two hours.

Bookings can be made on 071-938 8634. Groups are also invited to make appointments for other times.



Harry Leggo and other antipodean St Dunstaners with our President and Joyce Beaumont-Edmonds.

St Dunstan's Down-Under

Once again Joyce and I were delighted to receive an invitation to attend the Bi-annual Conference of The Blinded Soldiers of St Dunstan's, Australia, which was to be held in Adelaide from May 6th to the 9th.

Having friends and relatives overseas, we decided to have stop-offs before the Conference, and two more on the way home, so as to visit them.

Leaving Heathrow, we took a direct flight to Los Angeles, where we caught a little commuter plane to Palm Springs. Our friends met us there, and drove us to the park where they, along with some other 80 retired couples, have mobile homes.

Our friends are 'Snow Birds', which is the name given to those who live in one of the northern states, but spend the winter months in the pleasant climate of California.

The cacti love the hot dry climate of the desert, and, being spring time, they were all in bloom, with gorgeous coloured flowers. Nevertheless, an hour's drive, one afternoon, took us up into the hills, where the scenery changed to one of meadows with cattle and horses grazing, and a little higher still, to one of fir trees on the snow line.

A week later a non-stop night flight took us straight to Sydney. Three days here gave us time to meet a niece and my twin brother, who came in from the Blue Mountains to have lunch with us.

Then a flight to Adelaide, where we arrived on a Saturday evening. A recep-

by Colin Beaumont-Edmonds

'It was here that a kangaroo tried to take Joyce's cheque book ...'

tion was arranged for the Sunday afternoon, at which we enjoyed meeting 35 St Dunstaners, with their wives, friends, and, for the first time out there — a St Dunstan's widow. And what a long way some of them had travelled, flying in from North Queensland or Western Australia.

Harry Leggo, from Tasmania, presided over the Conference, completing four years as Federal President, and was rewarded by being made a life member of St Dunstan's, Australia. Alan Dean the Federal Secretary/Treasurer, completed his term of office, and it was unfortunate that illness kept him, and his wife, Pat, away from the Conference. The new officers elected were: Federal President, John Blanch and Federal Secretary, Bill Grey — both of whom come from Victoria.

St Dunstan's Australia is organised on a state basis, and with such great distances being involved, keeping in touch with one another can be quite a problem, especially as they have no welfare visitors, such as we have in the UK. An innovation of the past two years is a Newsletter, sent out twice a year, with Frank Wooler, of Western Australia, as

the editor. In print, and on cassette, this has been a wonderful help in keeping members aware of any changes that may come through the Department of Veteran Affairs and other government offices.

Although only elected delegates to the Conferences may vote, all St Dunstaners, their wives, and widows, are invited to attend, and encouraged to take part in the discussions. Many resolutions were considered, but I think the one that gave most pleasure was that which made the wives and widows full members of St Dunstan's Australia.

The subjects discussed were certainly varied, and included items on pensions, assisted travel, inter-state car parking for the disabled, and changes resulting from the transfer of the Repatriation Hospitals to the Social Services.

Both Rear-Admiral Neil Ralph of the Repatriation Commission, and Dr. Joy Grice of the Department of Veteran Affairs, spoke enthusiastically about computers and word-processors, and thought that a scheme would soon be introduced to help people to obtain them.

On the Monday evening, Stephen Lalor, Deputy Commissioner for Veteran Affairs in South Australia, held a reception for us all in the Repatriation Hospital, while the next evening was the occasion of the St Dunstan's Dinner. This gave Bruce Ruzton, Victoria State Commissioner for the Returned Servicemen's League, who is a popular and frequent visitor to these gatherings, an oppor-

Queensland St Dunstaner David Beattie with Deputy Commissioner Stephen Lalor and Harry Leggo.



Dr. Chris Farmer, Medical Director, Repatriation Hospital, Daw Park with Colin and Joyce.

tunity to speak to us all. Rear-Admiral Ralph proposed the toast to St Dunstan's and I was pleased to respond to it.

Murray Scott, Secretary to St Dunstan's South Australia, who had done such an excellent job in organising the Conference, brought the formal part of the evening to a close by presenting Joyce and myself with a delightful, wooden port barrel. In presenting it, he said that from the tap would flow happiness and friendship.

The final day started with the laying of a wreath at the War Memorial. It was a typical autumn morning, with leaves blowing along the pavements. A shower of rain fell just before the ceremony, at which time the sun shone.

The Burnside RSL entertained us all to lunch at their Headquarters, and gave us the opportunity to meet their State officials, and the Federal MP for Adelaide.

The Conference over, many of us took the opportunity to take a day trip into the hills behind Adelaide, which included a visit to a wildlife park, lunch in a small town that was an original German settlement, and a run through the Barossa Valley with a stop at a winery.

The animals and birds were all very tame in the wildlife park, and came up to one to be fed. It was here that a kangaroo tried to take Joyce's cheque book out of her shoulder bag, a story that I

(Continued overleaf)

St Dunstan's Down-Under – *continued*

told at the Liverpool Reunion two weeks later.

Our next stop-off was at Perth, where we spent two lovely hot, sunny days, which gave us time to meet our relatives, and to spend some time with Margaret Greenham, the widow of Laurie, who had been elected Federal President in 1987.

Our final stop enabled us to satisfy a wish that we have had for a year or two – to visit Hong Kong while it is still British. Now it was spring again, and we spent three sunny, hot, humid and noisy days there. We found peace and comparative quietness by climbing the peak to spend some pleasant moments in the gardens there. We were told that the Tea Museum would be an interesting place to visit, but unfortunately it was closed when we went there, so we ended up wandering happily around the zoo, where notices on some of the cages showed how co-operation with zoos in the UK and elsewhere, were helping to save, and encourage the breeding of endangered species.

We arrived back at Gatwick at five in the morning, on a lovely summer May morning having thoroughly enjoyed our four weeks away.

Free tapes

Where can you find bouncing bomb creator Barnes Wallis rubbing shoulders with didgeridoo-master Rolf Harris, or explorer Thor Heyerdahl alongside The Phantom of the Opera?

These people are just some of the subjects of almost 2000 programmes available from the Free Tape Recorded Library for the Blind. Other tapes feature Prince Philip, Charles Chilton, Mrs. Mills and Ivor Novello.

Full details of the service and available tapes can be obtained by writing to Mrs M. Bennett, Royal London Society for the Blind, 105 Salisbury Road, London NW6 6RH.

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. Bernard J. Boyle, of Middlesbrough, Cleveland, joined St Dunstan's on July 18th.

Mr. Boyle served as a Lance Bombardier in the Royal Artillery between 1941 and 1946 and was captured in Singapore. He is married with three adult children.

Another St Dunstaner who joined during July, was **Mr. David Young**, of Birmingham.

Mr. Young served as a Sapper in the Royal Engineers between 1937 and 1949. He was captured at the fall of Singapore and put to work on the Burma Railway.

When conditions in the camp deteriorated, he managed to break out and raid a Japanese military pharmacy for much needed medical supplies. Mr. Young then smuggled the supplies back into the camp.

During a subsequent break out, he reached the safety of India.

For outstanding service as a FEPOW, Mr. Young was Mentioned in Despatches.

Our St Dunstaner is married with two daughters and one son.

Mr. Robert Sindle, of Dorchester, Dorset, also joined St Dunstan's in July. Training as an accountant on leaving school, Mr. Sindle subsequently became a planter in Ceylon and Rhodesia.

Volunteering at the outbreak of war, he joined the Royal Regiment of Artillery, rising to the rank of Bombardier. His eyes and ears were injured when he was blown up by a mine at Sidi Rezeg. Mr. Sindle was then captured and remained a POW in Italy until 1944.

After his discharge, he returned to Rhodesia, where he worked as a market

gardener and Government Bee Inspector. Mr. Sindle and his wife, Betty, have two sons, both living in South Africa, and one daughter living in Kenya.

Mr. William Collier, of Manchester, joined us on July 25th. He was a Sapper in the Royal Engineers until October 1964, when he was invalided out after receiving injuries to his eyes in the boxing ring.

Mr. Hollis Capon, of Sevenoaks, Kent, is another new St Dunstaner. While serving as a Lance Corporal in the Home Guard, he lost the sight in one eye when a detonator exploded in his face.

After the War, he worked as a Head Hospital Porter until retiring in 1979. Mr. Capon has a keen interest in sport, particularly boxing, cricket and golf.

He and his wife, Cissie, have two adult sons.

Fred Sedgwick, of Littleborough, Lancashire, joined St Dunstan's on August 2nd. Serving with the Lancashire Fusiliers from 1939 until the end of the

campaign in Sicily, before joining the Royal Scots Fusiliers. It was during the Anzio landings that he was blinded in his left eye.

Mr. Sedgwick later transferred into the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. He is married with one daughter.

John Alexander, of Kempley, Gloucestershire, joined St Dunstan's on August 14th.

Enlisting with the Royal Signals (TA) in 1938, he was raised to full service the following year and was with the British Expeditionary Force when they were evacuated from Dunkirk.

Commissioned in 1941, Captain Alexander was wounded in a land mine explosion during the Normandy landings in 1944.

After the war, he returned to his old firm GEC, rising to the position of European Sales Manager. He and his wife, Sheila, have two married sons and one married daughter.

Welcome continued overleaf

Racing Fortnight by Bob Fullard

Who said that racing is 'the sport of kings'? Whoever it was, we were following their course during the Sussex Racing Fortnight. Starting off with a day at Lingfield, we followed with four days at Goodwood and, during the second week, three days at Brighton and one day at Plumpton.

It was agreeable to meet so many regular punters, as well as quite a few 'new boys', all out to prove that they knew more than the local bookmakers.

Thanks to the management of St Dunstan's – in particular, Sue Reynolds and Brenda in the escort office – and glorious weather, it all added up to a memorable fortnight.

There were those among us who contributed too lavishly to the welfare of the bookies, but there were also those who returned to Ian Fraser House with more or less the same size wallet. Having seen Piggot land a 20-to-1 winner and seen a young apprentice in a field of 30

runners land the Stewards' Cup – this is the stuff that makes a day at the races something to remember.

What cannot be over-emphasised is the debt we owe to wives, relatives and friends. Imagine queuing up to put on a bet at the Tote window, or – perhaps not too frequently, queuing up to collect on that bet, or writing out betting slips for the betting shop on the course, or perhaps, even more exhausting, escorting a St Dunstaner up and down the line of bookies in an endeavour to find out which horse was the favourite, or which bookie was offering the best price. You may appreciate, as we did, the help of all those good people.

It is hoped that next year, with the blessing of the management, St Dunstaner racing enthusiasts will be able to demonstrate their gratitude to those selfsame wives and friends by entertaining them to dinner in the Winter Garden.

Welcome continued

Paul Jefferson, of South London, joined St Dunstons on August 14th. A Captain in the Royal Engineers, Paul specialised in explosives, joining 33 EOD Regiment RE as a Bomb Disposal Officer. He served in Germany, the Falklands, Afghanistan and Northern Ireland.

In March 1988, he became an Explosives Consultant at the Royal Ordnance Factory and was sent by them to the Gulf to reconnoitre problems at the end of the conflict.

It was during this mission, on June 12th, that he stepped on an anti-personnel mine which caused extensive eye, chest and leg injuries.

Paul, who was Gary Lomas' first Troop Commander, plans to return to university and complete an MA degree in archaeology. In the past he has published articles on Archaeology and Explosives.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON CLUB BRIDGE

Summer Drive at Ian Fraser House.

The Summer Drive was held on Sunday July 28th in the Winter Garden at Ian Fraser House. All 26 markers and St Dunstaners spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Mrs. Dacre and Miss Stenning served tea. Later Mrs. Dacre presented prizes to the winners.

Results	Name	Score
1st	J. Huk & Mrs. Combridge	2230
2nd	W. Lethbridge & Dr. Goodlad	1730
3rd	R. Goding & Mrs. McPherson	1370
4th	H. Ward & Mrs. White	1210

First Slam

J. Lynch and Mrs. Lynch

Wooden Spoon

Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Douse

Pairs played on July 7th.

Results

Name	Score
1 W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	61.7
2 J. Lynch & Mrs. P. Lynch	61.2
3 B. Allen & Mrs. A. Clements	56.2
4 G. Hudson & Mrs. P. Padley	55.8
5 B. Evans & Mrs. V. Barker	55.0
6 R. Palmer & Mrs. P. Abbott	54.2
7 Mrs. Evans & Mrs. Douse	47.1
8 R. Freer & Mrs. S. Holborough	45.0
9 R. Goding & Mrs. V. McPherson	44.2
10 B. Phillips & Dr. Goodlad	41.7
11 V. Delaney & Mrs. Hannant	39.6
12 J. Huk & Mrs. M. Combridge	38.3

Individual match played at Ian Fraser House on Saturday, July 20th

Results	Name	Score
1st	J. Huk	68.2
2nd	W. Phillips	65.9
3rd	W. Lethbridge	54.5
4th	R. Fullard	53.4
5th	R. Goding	52.3
6th	J. Lynch	48.9
7th	R. Freer	47.7
8th	G. Hudson	44.3
Equal	Mrs. P. Lynch	43.2
9th	Mrs. V. McPherson	43.2
11th	R. Evans	42.0
12th	A. Dodgson	36.4

FAMILY NEWS

BIRTHS

We offer our congratulations to:

George and Cynthia Fearn of Derby, who are delighted to announce the birth of two great grand-daughters. Amie, who is now aged nine months, is the daughter of their grand-daughter Joanne, while six month old Sian is the daughter of their grand-daughter Zoe.

Mrs. Mary Petherick, of Steeton, near Keighley, widow of *Daniel Petherick* is proud to announce that she has become a great-grandmother once more. Twin girls, Lauren and Katie were born on April 20th to Mrs. Petherick's grandson, Andrew, and his wife Pauline. Mrs. Petherick has five

great-grand-daughters and one great-grandson.

Mrs. Mary Cox, of Bristol, widow of *Tom Cox*, is pleased to announce the birth of a new grand-daughter, Joanne Elizabeth, on July 22nd.

Mrs. Joy Kelk, of Rottingdean, Brighton, widow of *Charles Kelk*, has just become a grandmother. Her daughter, Sue Shave, gave birth to a son, Tim, on July 15th.

Donald and Elizabeth Spooner, of Sheffield, have announced the birth of their grand-daughter, Lauren Natalie, on May 15th to their youngest daughter Kay.

St Dunstaner *Stan Tutton*, resident at Pearson House, has become a great-grandfather for the second time. Conor Styles was born to Stan's grandson, Paul, and his wife Shirley on July 1st.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

St Dunstaner *George Jenrick*, of Wallington, Surrey. His grand-daughter, Karen Mallery, was married to Douglas Norris at St. Mary's Church, Caterham, Kent, on April 20th.

St Dunstaner *Robert Cunningham*, of Rottingdean, Brighton, married Vanna Hollingdale at Lewes Registry Office on August 9th.

St Dunstaner, *William Moore*, of Usk, Gwent, married Olga Griffiths at St. Mary's Priory Church, Usk, on August 17th.

Congratulations to *Charles and Nancy Shallcross*, of Farndon, Chester. Their grand-daughter, Miss Carolyn Pinnington, of Farndon, married Dr. Christopher Bartram, of Lincoln, on April 19th.

John and Pat Harris, of Caversham, Reading, whose son, Duncan, married Rosemary Tratt at Battersea Parish Church on July 27th.

And on the same day, Mrs. Yvonne Caudle, Woodlands, Hampshire, widow of *Lindsey Caudle*, saw her grand-daughter, Julia Tillard, marry Simon Witherspoon.

Finally, Mrs. Emily Bower of Accrington,

Lancashire, widow of *Edward Bower*, saw her son, Alan, marry Susan Brady at St. Peter's Church, Blackburn, on August 31st.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

We offer our congratulations to:

Don and Betty Lorenz, of Blofield, Norwich, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary which they celebrated on July 27th, 1991.

John and Sheila Wellings, of Neston, South Wirral, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 28th, 1991.

Another couple celebrating their Ruby Wedding Anniversary were *Michael and Maria Tybinski*, of Ipswich, Suffolk. August 25th was their day of celebration.

George and Mildred Jakins, of Guildford, Surrey, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on July 20th.

Another Golden couple were *George and Ethel Fone*, of Enfield, London, who celebrated on July 19th.

Alfred and Lilian Bradley, of Northwood, London, who celebrated their Golden day on August 9th.

Douglas and Peggy Frith, of Princes Risborough, Bucks, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on July 28th.

Howard and Sally Simcocks, of Winchester, Hants, whose Ruby Wedding took place on September 22nd.

Fredrick and Betty Hicks, who recently moved to Goring-by-Sea, W. Sussex, from Peacehaven, E. Sussex, celebrated their Ruby Anniversary on September 15th.

It was a Diamond Wedding Anniversary to celebrate for *Sydney and Ethel Whiting*, of Ashford, Surrey, on September 12th.

Ralph and Kathleen Pacitti, of Weymouth, Dorset, celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on July 16th.

Congratulations go to *John and Joan Davies*, of Roath Park, Cardiff, who celebrated their Ruby Anniversary on September 14th.

Also, best wishes to *Fred and Muriel Baugh*, Queensville, Stafford, who celebrated their Golden Anniversary on September 16th.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Christopher Wright, son of *Jimmy and Jan Wright*, of Shepperton. He has just gained his B.Sc. Hons. at London Polytechnic where he majored in ecology.

His younger brother, Nicholas, is just starting at Aberdeen University where he will be studying Physiology and Anatomy.

Science also calls out to Robert Pepper, son of *Ted and Barbara Pepper*, of Coggeshall, Colchester, who is heading off to Portsmouth Polytechnic to study computer science.

Robert is visually impaired, but still passed four A levels at the Royal Hospital School, Holbrook.

Ernest and Betty Ford, of Middlesbrough, Cleveland, are pleased to announce that their grandson Richard has been awarded a Music Scholarship to Uppingham Public School, Leicester. He has previously sung in the choir at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, and backed tenor Placido Domingo at his Christmas concert in Prague.

Eric Church, of Bath, and his wife, Iris, are proud of their nephew, Rev. Richard Burridge, who has just been awarded his Doctorate in Theology at Nottingham University.

Congratulations also to Priscilla Nobbs, of Salfords, Surrey, widow of *Robert Nobbs*, on becoming a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music (Teacher) — Piano.

Mrs. Bertha King, of Crowborough, Sussex, widow of *Harry King*, of Dunstable, is pleased with the success of her grandson, Kevin Painter. He has gained a place at Warwick University, where he will be studying mathematics.

Joe and Stella Attfield, of Paignton, Devon, are proud to announce that their daughter, Caroline, has passed her accountancy exams. She is now a qualified accountant technician.

DEATHS

We offer our condolences to:

Neil Richmond and family, who mourn the death of Nora Richmond, of Harrogate, North Yorkshire, widow of St Dunstaner *Edwin Richmond*. We send our deepest sympathy to them.

Our sincere sympathy goes to Elizabeth Simpson, of Peacehaven, Sussex, widow of St Dunstaner *John Simpson*, whose grandson, David Brooks, died on July 12th following a car accident.

St Dunstaner *Harry Wilson*, of Burnley, who lives at Pearson House, has suffered the death of his wife, Marjorie, who passed away on July 10th.

Mrs. Irene Watson of Cumbria passed away on August 1st. She was the widow of *Edward Watson* who died in 1985. Our sympathy goes to their daughter, June, and son, Edward, and their families.

We offer condolences to the family and friends of Mrs. Gwen Harman, of Hainault, Essex, who died on August 5th. Mrs. Harman was the widow of *Fred Harman*.

Mrs. Doris Pearce, of Hendon, London, passed away on August 4th, aged 91, following a short illness. She was the widow of *Wilfred Pearce*.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Yolande Griffin, of Brockham Green, Surrey, on August 11th. Aged 74, she was the widow of *John Griffin*.

Mrs. Dorothy Coutts, of Morden, widow of *Arthur Coutts*, is mourning the death of her older sister, Lillian Newman, who died in June.

Seth Bennett, of Wyke, Bradford, mourns the death of his wife, Alberta, who passed away on August 19th.

LABELS

Braille medicine labels are now available from Boots and other chemists.

There are also large print labels available. Both are free of charge and feature messages such as 'take one three times a day.'

In Memory

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

John Carroll Doughty, Croix de Guerre with Vermilion Star, Royal Engineers

We regret to announce the death of John Doughty, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. Aged 79, he passed away at his home on July 18th after a short illness.

A full tribute appears on page 30.

We send our deepest sympathy to his god-daughter, Celia, and her family.

George William Pullen, Essex Regiment

It is with regret that we announce the death of George Pullen at Pearson House on July 24th. He was 95 years old.

Mr. Pullen enlisted in the Essex Regiment in 1914, and was wounded a year later while stationed in the Dardanelles. He was discharged from the Army in 1916, but it was another sixty years before he was eligible to become a St Dunstaner.

For much of his life, he lived in Essex with his wife, Doris, but in 1987 they moved to Peacehaven, Sussex. A retired clerk, Mr. Pullen was a keen gardener.

He became a permanent resident at Pearson House in 1988 when his wife was admitted to a nursing home, but they were able to celebrate their 70th wedding anniversary together, four months before her death in January 1989.

We extend our sympathy to their son and daughter, and all members of their family.

Robert James Oakes, Royal Artillery

We are sad to announce the death of Robert Oakes, who passed away in hospital on July 21st, aged 79.

Mr. Oakes served in the Royal Artillery as a Gunner, enlisting in September 1940. He was involved in a road accident whilst on duty in March 1942 and was blinded in his right eye. He was discharged in March 1946.

He married Marjorie Gregson in June 1938 and they had five children, one of whom died before him.

After the war, he worked as a joiner for the Empire Public Company. Unfortunately the vision in his left eye steadily deteriorated and he became a St Dunstaner in September 1984.

Mr. Oakes became very keen on handicraft

while staying at Ian Fraser House and took great delight in growing his own vegetables.

He suffered a heart attack in December 1989, but made good recovery before suffering a stroke in October last year. It was after a further stroke that he died.

We send our deepest sympathy to his widow, Marjorie, their son and three daughters.

Robert Wood, Royal Air Force

We regret to announce the death of Robert Wood, of Plymouth, Devon, who passed away at Pearson House on August 17th. Aged 69, he had been a St Dunstaner since 1954.

Mr. Wood served as a Warrant Officer in the RAF from 1941 to 1946. He worked for the Ministry of Defence until taking early retirement in 1980.

He and his wife moved to Devon, where Mr. Wood enjoyed gardening and visiting places of interest around them. Due to severe arthritis they spent the winter months abroad, visiting their son and his family in Australia every couple of years. It was during his visit there this year that he suffered a major stroke and in April, on his return to England, was admitted to Pearson House. He will be missed by all members of the Staff there.

We extend our sympathy to his wife, May, and all members of their family.

Anthony James Joseph Boardman, Royal Air Force

We regret to announce the death of Anthony Boardman in hospital on August 21st, following the amputation of his remaining leg. Aged 67, he had been a St Dunstaner for 43 years.

Mr. Boardman, of Wimbledon, served in the RAF during the Second World War and re-enlisted in 1953, attaining the rank of sergeant. He became a St Dunstaner in 1957 and trained as a telephonist. He held a number of posts until 1970, when he joined the staff of the United Grand Lodge of England, Freemasons Hall, where he remained until he retired in 1984.

He became a devoted Freemason and was for many years a Conservative member for Acton East on Ealing Borough Council. His

committee work included the Dial-A-Ride Taxi Service Committee and he was also a life member of the Acton Hospital League of Friends. In 1979, he was made a Freeman of the City of London.

Mr. Boardman is survived by his wife, Angela, and by the son and daughter of his first marriage. We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Boardman and all family members.

Frank (Larry) Watkinson, Royal Artillery

We regret to announce the death of Frank Watkinson at Pearson House on August 3rd. He was 75 years old.

Mr. Watkinson served as a driver in the 4th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, from February 1935. He was wounded in action in North Africa in May 1942, when the pick with which he was digging a gunpit struck a stick of dynamite. He suffered not only the loss of his sight, but also severe injuries to his right hand.

He went first to St Dunstan's in South Africa and then returned to England in 1944, where he was joined by his wife Marguerite.

They moved to Yorkshire where they raised their four children and Mr. Watkinson occupied himself with joinery work at home. Sadly, Mrs. Watkinson did not enjoy good health and found it difficult to settle happily over here and in 1956 the family went back to settle in South Africa.

Mr. Watkinson returned to holiday at Ian Fraser House in 1986 and 1988. The following year and because of the decline in Mrs. Watkinson's health, he came to live permanently at Pearson House. He went back to South Africa last year on a two month visit to see his family and was planning another visit when he passed away suddenly at Pearson House.

His burial took place in South Africa and we send our sympathy to his widow, Marguerite, their children, Ernest, Ellen, Rita and Patricia.

**William Arthur Underwood,
75th Training Reserve Battalion**

We regret to announce the death of William Underwood at Pocklington Place, Birmingham, on August 15th. He was 92 years old.

Mr. Underwood enlisted in February 1917, but was discharged in May that year and joined St Dunstan's in October.

In 1922, he opened a sweet shop in Northwich, successfully expanding to three shops by 1925. The following year, he opened a café and another sweet shop in Southport. At this time, his shops were said to be the best in town with extremely attractive displays.

Business suffered in the years of depression and this, together with poor health, forced Mr Underwood to dispose of his shops at the end of 1928. He did, however, manage to keep the

café and one shop running with the help of his parents.

During the thirties, he took up poultry keeping. This was also a successful venture, but his heart was in shop-keeping and he gave up the poultry business in 1942 and opened another shop. In 1949, he moved south and opened a shop in Alton, Hampshire.

Mr. Underwood married in 1942 and his son, Michael, was born in 1943.

Sadly, his wife died in 1966 and Mr. Underwood lived at home with the help of housekeepers until he moved to Pocklington Place in 1984.

Our sympathy goes to his son and family.

**Paul Francesco Sayles Francia,
Middlesex Regiment**

We regret to announce the death of Paul Francia, of Portsmouth, on August 28th, while staying at Ian Fraser House. He was 68 years old.

Mr. Francia enlisted in August 1942 and was discharged in 1945, his sight having been severely impaired as a result of his war service.

Before the war, he had worked for a Croydon gas company and continued with this occupation when he returned to civilian life.

He joined St Dunstan's in 1960 and following training, briefly considered taking up physiotherapy. However, 'O' level exams started him on an academic career. He graduated from London University with a BSc degree in economics, having specialised in Politics.

Mr. Francia eventually took up a lecturing post at Portsmouth Polytechnic and was awarded his Master's Degree in 1981.

In 1971 he married for a second time and his wife Thelma was an art teacher at the same Polytechnic.

She supported his research into Military History, particularly that of his old regiment (The Diehards), which was a passionate interest. Mr. Francia also commissioned paintings of the Regimental Colours, which are to be exhibited in St Paul's Cathedral next year.

He also derived a lot of pleasure from spending quiet, reflective moments in his unusual triangular garden.

After his retirement, Mr. Francia wrote a book, *In the Face of the Enemy*, about the Normandy campaign. It is available on cassette from St Dunstan's in an abridged form called *Mortar Fire*.

Apart from organising regimental reunions, he also worked hard with his wife to raise funds for the Portsmouth Voluntary Association for the Blind by organising art exhibitions.

A portrait of Mr. Francia, titled *The Braillist*, by Thelma, hangs in reception at Headquarters.