

**St Dunstons  
Review  
March 1992**

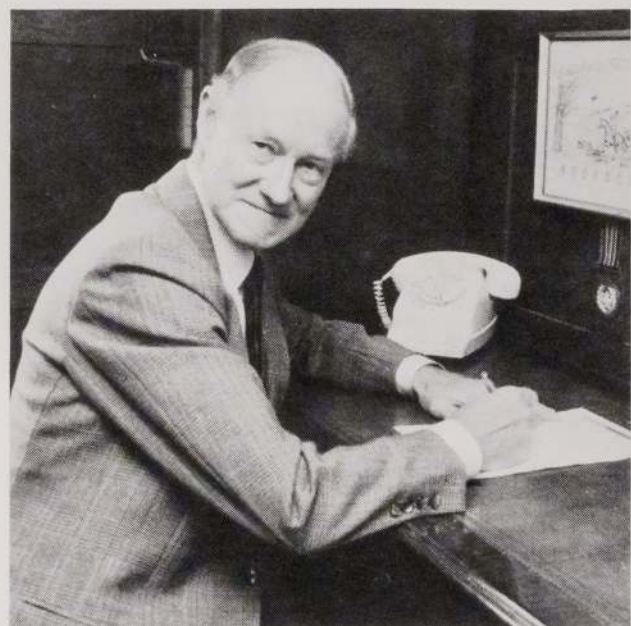
## MARCH 1992

### CONTENTS

Future of the Review	3
Misleading Allowance	4
Sky-high Jimmy	5
Head-hunting physiotherapist	6
Fishing Week	12
Tribute to Simon Conway	14
Tribute to Dr John O'Hara	15
The Great Duffield Flood	16
Balancing the Books	18
'Sew' long 'Lana' Turner	19
Mugs' Gallery	20
Letters to the Editor	21
Welcome	21
Family News	22
In Memory	24



Cover Picture: Bill Collier stands on the deck of the Ocean Pearl. A day's fishing has attracted a flock of gulls, anxious for a feed. See page 12.



## From the Chairman

All St Dunstaners and Widows in the UK will by now have received my letter outlining economies necessitated by the fall in our income and there is no point in my repeating its contents here. However there is good reason for me to reiterate that the central core of St Dunstan's work — training, rehabilitation and lifelong welfare care — remains untouched. The cuts have had to fall on the peripherals — leisure and entertainment — but St Dunstan's has always prided itself on providing the means for the fullest life possible for St Dunstaners. I cannot forecast when the situation will improve but when it does we will lose no time in restoring all the facilities which, for the present, have to be curtailed. I am sure you will all understand this.

*Henry Leach*



## NOTICE BOARD



### THE FUTURE OF THE REVIEW

In accordance with the announcement made by the Chairman in his letter to St Dunstaners and widows, the April Review will be the last in the monthly series. Future editions will be published at bi-monthly intervals thereafter in June, August, October, December, February and April.

The average number of pages per issue will be 24 and our readers and contributors will understand that this will put considerable pressure on space. Our aim will be to keep the Review as informative and entertaining as in the past but we will be asking contributors to write as briefly as possible. We hope they will bear with us if, as we may have to, we shorten articles and reports, so as to cover as many subjects as possible. A new list of copy dates will be circulated to our regular contributors shortly.

We will welcome letters from readers telling us which sections of the Review they find most interesting or any regular items they believe could be excluded.

### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR BOOKINGS AT IAN FRASER HOUSE

Due to the demand for rooms at Ian Fraser House during Christmas and/or New Year, and to give St Dunstaners the opportunity to make alternative arrangements if necessary, it has been decided that all applications must be in by the end of June 1992.

Applications for accommodation at Ian Fraser House should be sent to Homes Bookings Clerk, Frances Casey at Headquarters.

After this period, if the available accommodation has been oversubscribed, a decision will be made as soon as possible, as to the allocation of accommodation at Ian Fraser House. The factors which will be taken into account will include com-

passionate or welfare reasons, the frequency of previous visits at Christmas, and proximity to Ian Fraser House.

Ian Fraser House welcome applications from people who haven't been before (as well as those St Dunstaners who have) and may have felt that they wouldn't manage to get a place at IFH over this period.

In deciding which dates to stay at IFH, it may be helpful to know that the Christmas Dance is on Tuesday, December 22nd, 1992 and the Staff Concert is on Wednesday, December 23rd, 1992.

### COMPUTER REMINDER

The programme for the Computer Weekend, April 4th and 5th, will include an open forum on Saturday morning and a talk on CD ROM by Dr. Tom Vincent in the afternoon. The annual dinner in the evening will take place as usual. Sunday will be devoted to instructional workshops. Please book in via the usual channels.

### WALKING REMINDER

Would anyone still interested in the South Downs Walking Holiday, April 20th-24th, please contact Ray Hazan as soon as possible.

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LITTLE RUBY

Our congratulations go to Mrs. Ruby Crane, of Sompting, Sussex, who will be 80 years old on March 24th.

Born at St Dunstan's, Regent's Park, in 1912, Ruby, daughter of Head Gardener, William Smith, became something of a mascot when the organisation settled in the grounds.

It was common to see her leading St Dunstaners around the House in those days and this inspired the illustration used on the first Annual Report.

## DISABILITY LIVING ALLOWANCE MISLEADS

The Department of Social Security have announced a new allowance for handicapped people coming into effect in April of this year. This includes a mobility component.

Unfortunately this does not apply to War Pensioners.

The maximum pay out under this allowance would amount to £63.65 a week, but would be considered an overlapping payment with a War Pension and could affect your status as a War Pensioner.

We are getting reports that some of our St Dunstaners are being urged to apply for this when in fact they are already well covered by DSS (War Pensions).

**Peter Marshall,**  
Pensions and Admissions Officer

## WE'VE GONE POTTY AT IFH

Management Services have acquired a number of second-hand plastic plant pots through the auspices of Brighton Borough Council Parks and Gardens Department. These are available on a first come first served basis. Apply in writing to: Management Services, Ian Fraser House, Greenways, Ovingdean, East Sussex BN2 7BS.

The sizes that are available are:

Diameter	Quantity
4 inch	124
19 centimetre	168
13 centimetre	12
14 centimetre	11
14 millimetre	70
12 centimetre	214
17 centimetre	242
11 centimetre	28
24 millimetre	32
Pot Ref.	
C12A	296
9CO CM	1100
C114	280
N5CM	500

The pots may be collected by arrangement with Management Services or despatched at your expense.

## NEW NUMBER FOR ORGAN DONOR FREELINE

The number of the Organ Donor telephone freeline has changed to 0800 555777.

The Organ Donor Freeline provides a free public service for ordering organ donor cards. It was set up in 1988 and sends out about 1.5 million donor cards a year.

The Donor Card Scheme is a central part of the Government's campaign to encourage people to make their own decisions on organ donation and to discuss it with their families.

## BLACK FOREST YARNS

A collection of children's stories — *Tales of the Black Forest* by Cecilia McAteer — is now available from the Public Relations Department at HQ.

Anyone wishing to listen to the tape should send a blank C60 cassette, quoting number G52.

## RANDOM ACCESS

### Computer hints with Ray Hazan

#### MS DOS 5 Upgrade

Microsoft has generously donated 60 copies of their MS DOS 5 upgrade to St Dunstan's. We acknowledge this support with gratitude and thank David Laycock who instigated the idea.

The upgrade is available on either 3.5 inch or 5.25 inch disks and comes with a print manual. Will anyone interested please contact Janis Sharpe or Mike Gammon at Ian Fraser House on 0273 307811, ext. 3297.

#### MS DOS 5 Hints

At the DOS prompt, type 'HELP', a space, then a DOS command such as 'DIR' or 'COPY'. Read the screen, and you will be surprised what you learn about MS DOS 5.

If you type 'DIR/B' you will list files without date, time and size, thereby saving a lot of unnecessary speech with HAL.

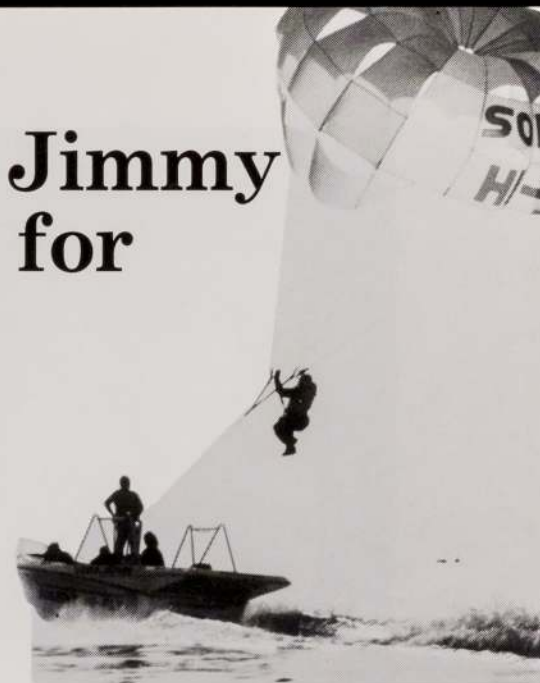
# Parascending Jimmy goes sky high for RAF Fund

The London International Boat Show at Earls Court provided a vibrant, colourful setting for St Dunstaner Jimmy Wright to meet up with the boating team that lifted him into the sky over the English Channel in September 1990.

Jimmy was at the show to present Lord Barber, Chairman of the Council of the RAF Benevolent Fund, with a cheque for £6,000 raised by parascending from Ramsgate to Dunkirk. Travelling at about 20 knots, the journey took two hours and 22 minutes at a height of 120 feet.

Jimmy and Lord Barber, were joined by Dave Morton from the Solent Hi-Fly team who loaned the boat and acted as winch operator, and Barry Clarke from the Kent Fire Brigade who skippered the support boat. All are pictured below.

'Dave inflated the parachute and clipped it on to my harness', said Jimmy when he recalled the epic voyage. 'He winched me up from the platform at the



rear of the specially designed paracraft. I wore a track suit, with a dry suit over this and a life-jacket. Goggles protected my glass eyes and much of my face from the wind and a helmet with two-way radio communication with the crew of our boat and the accompanying craft, completed the ensemble.

'The sea was pretty calm and there was little wind, however, with the craft travelling at about 20 knots, I was bobbing about quite a bit at the end of the 'chute as we sped over the waves and the wakes of passing ships in mid-Channel.

'After the first hour, my arms began to ache from keeping a hold on the parachute straps, so it was necessary to bring them down, one at a time, to help the blood circulation.

'By this time, the harness straps under the thighs were beginning to bite and became rather uncomfortable, so I had to move my legs up and down and from side to side — I was glad when I received word that the factory chimneys of Dunkirk were in sight and we would be arriving in about another 50 minutes.

'We covered a distance of about 40 miles by the time we reached the entrance to the main port of Dunkirk and Dave winched me down on to the platform of the boat. I had achieved my aim to parascend across the Channel!'





## Down among the headmen

Archipelagean administrator Rusty Russell had grave doubts when he learnt that childhood chum Mike Tetley intended to travel to a remote island in his jurisdiction. Parliamentary affairs meant that he couldn't join the expedition but, as he now reports, he needn't have worried. Perhaps someone . . . or something . . . was smiling on the St Dunstaner's safari.

Pictures by Reg Denny.

**F**AR away in the South Seas there is a tiny islet called Tomman, which lies in the shadow of the mighty island of Malekula.

From Tomman, there came tales about an exciting and mystical god called Ambat. His feats as a dancer and athlete were legendary and above all, he was blessed with a beautiful elongated head. A head which was to become a symbol of grace and beauty throughout the land.

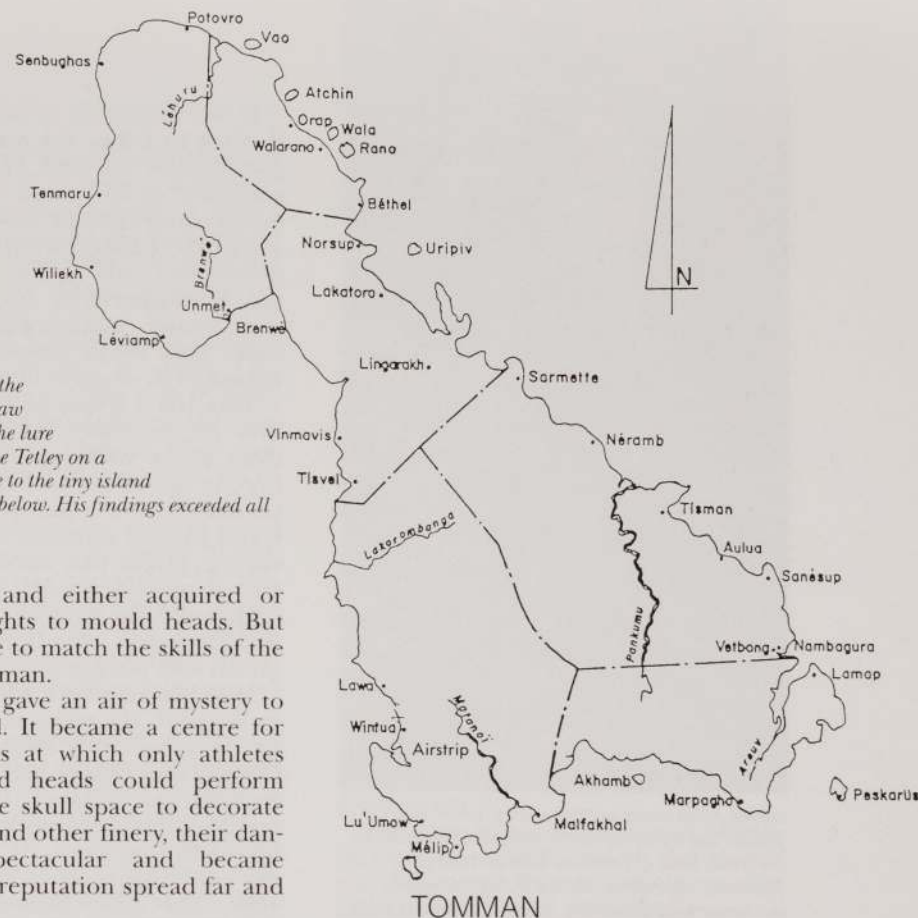
His followers were many, all of them men. Loving mothers would tenderly mould the heads of newly born male infants. First they would apply the juice of a 'magical' black nut, before binding the tiny head in fibre taken from the trunk of a banana tree and covering that with a small woven basket, worn like a hat and tied round the head with a cord. This treatment would be repeated daily until eventually, the shape of the child's head was transformed into a graceful cone.

So Tomman became the island of men with elongated skulls who were known as 'man long-hed'. The story goes that other villages on 'mainland' Malekula

*Ancient photographs show the practice of head moulding! The child, above, with the bound head is the man, left, with the elongated head. He lived for about 70 years and Mike found his grave on Tomman.*



**MALEKULA:** This part of the Vanuatu region of the South Pacific is a raw environment, but the lure of legend drew Mike Tetley on a quest for knowledge to the tiny island Tomman, pictured below. His findings exceeded all expectations.



envied them and either acquired or bought the rights to mould heads. But none were able to match the skills of the people of Tomman.

The custom gave an air of mystery to the tiny island. It became a centre for sporting events at which only athletes with elongated heads could perform and, with more skull space to decorate with feathers and other finery, their dancers were spectacular and became famous. Their reputation spread far and wide.

Respected for their intelligence, the expression 'man long-hed' came to mean a clever man. And, of course, in the after-life, a man with an elongated head could always expect a better deal, Ambat would see to that.

All this happened many years ago. Then came the missionaries and under their influence, the custom was stopped by 1948.

Or was it? There are faint whispers that it still happens in a few small remote villages. No one knows for sure, but some people are determined to visit Tomman, to listen to the legends and find out if head shaping really is still being practised there or elsewhere.

For the tales of Tomman had already spread round the globe to England. There, in St Albans, dwells a man of medicine whose skills and achievements, in healing deformities in infants caused by brain pressures acquired during the

stress of birth, have themselves become legendary. He has introduced the skill of gentle moulding of infant skulls into medicine with wonderful success.

Now he wants to study the other side of the coin, the art of deliberate skull deformation. His name is Mike Tetley.

Blinded on a battlefield, Mike, already a qualified engineer, had to change his profession. He became a physiotherapist and has now risen to international standing in that field. He has also demonstrated courage, tenacity and resourcefulness beyond belief. In fact, he is quite mad!

He has ridden tandem on a 300-mile bicycle trip between Nairobi and Mombasa in Kenya; he has climbed a very respectable distance up Mount Everest and he has recently conquered both Ben Nevis and Snowdon.



Above, Mike comes to grips with a 'small' sweet potato, just one of the edible delights to be found in the fertile land of Tomman. Below, Amboya Vanuatu, aged about 80, is a living example of deliberate head distortion. 'Long-heds have a good memory,' says Mike.



It was inevitable, of course, but Mike decided to follow the trail of the great god Ambat, to visit Tomman and if necessary, to find those remote villages in the dense middle bush of Malekula where the custom of infant head elongation may still be practiced, where the environment is hot, wet, steamy and totally inhospitable and where walks over steep, slippery inclines are measured in days not hours.

Mike has a friend and colleague who lives in the South Pacific. An elderly chap whose background stems from a bygone age of colonial district administration and who continues his career in idyllic tropical surroundings. He gave up visiting places like middle bush Malekula about 10 years ago.

He and Mike have two things in common: they were both born in Kenya and served with the Kenya Regiment.

Mike has another friend, this one lives in England. His name is Reg Denny. At the time he was a Metropolitan Police Officer, who should have known better, because he allowed himself to be inveigled into accompanying Mike on his South Seas quest. He took over from the guide dog and in early September 1990, the pair descended on their elderly ex-Kenya colleague.

Malekula is part of Vanuatu, an archipelago stretching across 800 kilometres of Pacific Ocean and comprising 12 large, and some 60 small, islands. It was from the capital, Port Vila, that the blind man and the London Bobby set out on their quest to follow the trail of the great god Ambat and find the community of cone heads on one of those remote small islands.

A lot of administrative arrangements had been made beforehand because, in addition to walking, the journey involved air and canoe travel. Also, news of the intended visit had to be sent to the people of Tomman: not an easy matter. However, fortune (in the form of a totally unexpected traveller, who just happened to be passing) smiled and the message was delivered by hand. Once dates were established, a 'safari message' was sent out through the local radio sta-

tion confirming that the expedition was on its way.

The curator of the Vanuatu Cultural Centre was also of enormous assistance. He took a personal interest in Mike's quest. Digging deep in his archives he produced a copy of a film taken by the famous explorer Martin Johnson on Malekula in 1919.

Unfortunately, the film is only of eight minutes duration, but it shows Osa Johnson holding an infant with its head swathed in a fibre bandage and showing definite signs of elongation. Mike now has a copy of that film transposed on to a video cassette.

The curator offered the services of his Malekula field officer, Longdale Nobel, to act as interpreter and guide. He also provided sea transport for the initial part of the safari. In fact, Longdale stayed with Mike and Reg for the whole trip providing tremendous support and assistance.

It was with considerable misgivings that the ex-Kenya colleague organised the safari for his two friends. Tomman is a long way off the beaten track and a delayed flight or a faulty outboard motor could throw out the whole trip. But incredibly, everything went like clockwork, so one can only assume that the great god Ambat approved of the mission and kept a kindly eye on it.

SO on the appointed day, only two intrepid travellers laden with Everest type tents, food supplies and a large fishing net, which was to be a gift to Tomman's custom chief, boarded a small Twin Otter aircraft. This flew them safely to a small grass airstrip at South West Bay on Malekula. There they found Longdale Nobel awaiting them with a dinghy and an outboard motor. Walking was no longer necessary, they could cover the full distance from the airstrip to Tomman island in comfort — sea conditions permitting. Of course, Ambat ensured near mill-pond conditions.

On arrival, the people of Tomman, led by their custom chief Maki Samurau, were there to meet them. Clearly they were all very impressed that a blind man

had travelled so far to 'see' them and they wanted to respond with the warmest of welcomes. Maki happily accepted the gift of the fishing net and from then on Mike and Reg were accepted into the community.

They were shown to their quarters, the village resthouse. Typical of its kind, with a raised floor, it comprised one large spacious room. They pitched their tents, which may sound strange, but in fact made good sense because the small tents were completely mosquito proof and a particularly virulent type of malaria is prevalent in the northern islands of Vanuatu.

A well disciplined Christian community, the villagers' daily routine was governed by the church bell. A time to rise, a time to worship and a time to commence other communal tasks. The discipline was never demanding, so Mike and Reg fitted easily into village life. The villagers were happy to tell them all about the age old custom of head moulding and, in the end, even to demonstrate it.

Somehow Mike's profession as physiotherapist became known to the people and he soon found himself treating numerous patients.

The copra harvest from the coconut palms involves the men in the physical task of carrying heavy sacks, one at a time, from the village storage point to the boat. The sacks are carried on the shoulder and in time, this damages the opposite hip joint, which is unnaturally thrust outwards to counter the load. So Mike found himself bending bones and manipulating joints. When he suggested to his patients that they might try carrying the sacks on the other shoulder they would smile at him forgivingly, but refrained from replying!

Church pews and school benches were lashed together to provide an examination table for the Tetley clinic, which was open daily. So the people came to Mike and the need to go searching on Malekula fell away.

In fact, a brief visit was made one morning to the south coast. Mike and Reg made the journey by canoe, crossing

the relatively narrow straits to Litberber Point. This time the god Ambat must have had a twinkle in his eye because they found the Pacific in a very different mood and got thoroughly drenched on both crossings.

As Mike met more people, so he found his 'man long-heds' — 14 of them, and one well under the age of 40, which proved that the missionaries hadn't been entirely successful in banning head manipulation. He carefully measured and examined the heads and looked for cleft palates which can apparently occur when a skull is deformed. To do this he would politely ask his patient for permission to put his finger in his mouth to explore the palate.

This was always granted, but on one occasion when carrying out this inspection, a startled Mike hurriedly withdrew his finger. The embarrassed patient, smiling apologetically, proceeded to remove a full set of dentures from his mouth!

Ni-Vanuatu are naturally good humoured people and there were a lot of amusing incidents which delighted everyone. These were all captured by Reg on a video camera.

The camera had a microphone attachment, Mike maintained a running commentary on what he was doing — a valuable record containing unique material.

Heads are not the only part of the male anatomy that gets bandaged in Vanuatu. Male custom dress in parts of the archipelago, is startling to say the least. This custom was also demonstrated to Mike whilst Reg filmed. On this occasion, Mike declined to give a running commentary!

The two travellers walked the whole island, visiting old village sites, watching how the villagers cultivated their taro gardens and how they collected rain water in hollows cut into the trunks of coconut palms. They were also entertained by a group of custom dancers, all males, who performed in the best Ambat tradition, with heads bedecked with feathers and other finery. They were accompanied by drummers beating out rhythms on slit-drums.



*Farewell to Ambat's people. Mike says goodbye to the long-heds.*

Eventually the day came for the demonstration of head bandaging using a boy infant as a live model. The child, beautifully relaxed and tranquillised, probably with Kava, a herbal narcotic, lay in his mother's lap with his head pointing forward.

A portion of the trunk of a banana tree was produced and, with a sharp knife, one of the elders skillfully cut long, narrow and very thin strips from it. These were completely pliable and passed to the mother, who wound them carefully around her infant son's head. Mike was by her side feeling and checking the tightness of the bandage. He remarked that it was firm, but not over-tight. Then a small woven basket appeared, it was not a replica of the genuine article, but it served to prove its purpose of holding the bandage around the head and keeping it moist.

The visit was nearing the end, but Mike was content, the trip exceeded all expectations and all they had witnessed was recorded on film. He made his way back to the resthouse with the video camera and moved towards his tent. A small table had been placed near it and he lowered the camera on to it. Instinctively he realised that something was different and quickly sought to retrieve the camera. In this, he was only partially successful. The table had been replaced by a bucket of water and the camera got wet — not submerged, but definitely dipped. Frantic drying immediately took place and the outer casing was soon as dry as a bone. But what of the tape — had it got wet? Poor Mike spent a sleepless night of worry.

Next morning the dinghy was ready to make an early start and Mike and Reg had to say their farewells. The whole population turned out to shake hands, sorry to say goodbye so soon. To show his appreciation for all their hospitality, Mike made a very generous donation to the village church. Then they were in the dinghy and on their way.

Back at Port Vila, their friend was waiting. The tale of woe about the video camera was told. What was to be done? Could something be found to dry out any moisture that may be on the film?

The problem was discussed on the short drive back to the friend's house and Reg came up with an idea — a hair-drier! Fortunately, a very nice lady lived just down the road from the ex-Kenyan and she was pleased to assist with the loan of her electric hair-drier, then Reg and Mike spent the rest of the day blowing hot air at the camera and its cassette.

Next day the result of their labours was put to the test. The video played back. All was well, the film was undamaged. Mike and Reg had an excellent record of their remarkable safari.

Had Ambat had a hand in it again?

The following week was spent in happy chaos at the ex-Kenyan's bachelor establishment. The bullet that destroyed Mike's eyesight, also damaged his sense of taste so it became a challenge to find food and drink that he could taste. Cur-

ries, of course, were good, so were some Chinese dishes and the range of drinks that can be laced with Tabasco is quite amazing! Early morning 'prayers' around the coffee jug became a regular and usually very necessary, ritual and it was here that Mike always startled his friends. He could make scalding hot cups of coffee disappear at an incredible speed. Obviously his stomach is lined with asbestos!

The mission accomplished; the trail of the great god Ambat had been followed to its end and the findings exceeded all expectations.

---

## POET'S CORNER

*Bill and Alice Griffiths recently visited Garth Prison, in Leyland, Lancashire, to talk to the prisoners. Subsequently, Bill received the following poem from one of the inmates...*

### SOLDIER ON

by Alan Smith

I'm tired of living, I used to say,  
when struggling thro' each lonely day.  
I wish I was dead, released from the pain,  
I thought I would never be happy again.  
But life as we know is very strange;  
it's amazing how feelings can suddenly  
change.

I met an ex-serviceman, heroic and  
maimed,

for my self-pity, I now feel ashamed.  
Here was a man, disabled and blind,  
living a life so full and refined.

Accepting his burden, not one sour note,  
I couldn't restrain the lump in my throat.  
I listened intently to this man and his wife,  
joyfully relating their emotional life.

With a humorous charm, exceedingly  
rare;

a special gift for all to share.

Their message was simple, but worth a lot:  
look on the bright side, enjoy what you've  
got.

I'll never forget them, they made my day,  
And perhaps I'll be happy, come what  
may;

if I follow their example I know I will.

It was a great honour to meet Alice and  
Bill.

## Brighton bouillabaisse



**I** THINK we must be idiots,' said Bernard Mason at the start of the Winter Fishing Week at Ian Fraser House in January.

And it seemed that some of Bernard's fellow anglers agreed with that remark when the prospect of bad weather put paid to a planned trip out to sea.

Only John Wellings, of Neston, South Wirral, and Sam Keating, of Rochdale, Lancs., joined IFH Sports Officer, Jonathan Ridge, escort Lance Freeborn, and Bernard, of Reading, Surrey, on an impromptu expedition to Brighton Marina.

It was a jovial, if chilly, exercise in endurance, but the fish weren't lured in by the laughter or the lug.

### First catch

First catch of the week went to John Wellings when he hooked a pouting. It was also best catch of the day — other catches included two crabs, the sea wall, and an extremely greedy rock fish which managed to swallow hook, bait and a paternoster line — a wire beam projecting from the main line at right-angles — with more bait. All longer than the creature around it.

Fears over the weather subsided the next day, and eight St Dunstaners took a minibus down to Newhaven where they boarded the *Ocean Pearl II* and *Hauzee*.

Sam Keating took the wheel of the *Ocean Pearl* for part of the outward trip,

*Top: Bob Fullard casts deep. Middle: Lance Freeborn and John Wellings laugh over the first catch. Left: You might not believe it, but Reg Goding was the smart dresser.*

*Seasick Simon Rogers succumbed to the song of the sea and followed several St Dunstaners searching the surf for fish.*



*Top: Alan Mitchell and Hauzee skipper Bill Webb. Right Bernard Mason and fishy friend.*

taking Bob Fullard, of South Benfleet, Essex, Bill Collier, of Clayton, Manchester, and Bernard Mason, in pursuit of Reg Goding, of Rottingdean, Alan Mitchell of Congelton, Cheshire, Peter Surridge, of Norwich, and John Wellings in the other boat.

A mile-and-a-half out the harbour proved a better fishing ground than the marina, but pickings were still light and this proved to be the case for the rest of the week.

'John Wellings caught a three pound whiting and Bob Forshaw caught a codling, but nothing you could actually call a cod,' said Jonathan Ridge.

However, it did get colder and several St Dunstaners found themselves sitting on ice.

On a sad note, *Ocean Pearl* skipper George Ashton had to be rushed into hospital towards the end of the week, but is recovering well now. Charles Gay, who was a regular skipper on St Dunstan's fishing trips in the past, provided a boat for the remainder of the week.





## Tribute to Simon Conway

*Simon with The Queen, during her visit to IFH.*

St Dunstaners will be grieved to learn of the death of Commander Simon Conway on January 13th. He was 60 years old.

Simon Conway joined St Dunstan's as Deputy Administrator at Ian Fraser House in 1981. He had a distinguished career in the Royal Navy as a submarine Commander who had navigated his vessel beneath the Polar ice in a record voyage for a non-nuclear powered submarine. Later he was Submarine Officers' Appointments Officer on the staff of the Naval Secretary, Ministry of Defence and finally he served as Submarine Drafting Commander, HMS *Centurion*, Gosport.

He worked with Dr. Ray Stilwell for some two years with special responsibility for the welfare of St Dunstaners staying or resident in the House. At the end of July 1983, on Dr. Stilwell's resignation, Simon Conway took over as Administrator of Ian Fraser House and Pearson House.

His years in command of both our Homes in Brighton were eventful ones. There was the complete re-furbishment of the South Wing of Ian Fraser House which culminated in 1985 with the Royal Opening by Her Majesty The Queen, accompanied by His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh. Simon excelled on such occasions and the Royal Visit was a triumph despite high winds and rain.

It fell to him to lead his staff in the adjustments to a change of scene as the new married quarters became a popular amenity at Ian Fraser House. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach, wrote in the *Review* of December 1986: 'A word of commendation to Commander Simon Conway, Major Arthur Neve and their staff at Ian Fraser House. In the first full year of operation in its new role it has been a conspicuous success. All concerned have done well in shaping up the new arrangements and tackling the numerous teething problems quickly and effectively.'

The great gale of 1987 brought further problems. Not only was there immediate damage to the Chapel and swimming pool and to the fabric of the House itself, the repairs uncovered some structural deterioration which needed rectifying. The scaffolding went up again for another year.

Meanwhile, in Kemp Town, work had been progressing on repairs and improvements to Pearson House. In June 1988, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme performed the official re-opening ceremony with further congratulations to Simon Conway and his team.

In the autumn of that year, Simon suffered a heart attack. Although he

returned to tackle his duties with typical resolution, he had to take early retirement in July 1989 and turn to a less demanding way of life. All at St Dunstan's will wish to join in an expression of sympathy to Phyllis and to his daughters, Kimmy and Kirsty.

---

## Tribute to Dr John O'Hara

We are deeply sorry to announce the death of Dr. John O'Hara on January 31st, he was 84 years old. Dr. John, as he was invariably known, was a popular figure, much loved by the St Dunstaners he treated and befriended over 27 years as Medical Officer at our Brighton Homes.

Scottish born, he began his medical practice in Durham and moved to Brighton in 1948. In 1950 he was appointed Medical Officer and became, as he put it himself: 'Immersed in the great interests of the men and particularly their rehabilitation in St Dunstan's.' Matron Olive Hallet, who worked with him for 23 years, said of him: 'He was a GP in the best possible old fashioned sense of the word. He never spared himself for the care of the patient.'

One of his lifelong interests endeared him to sport-loving St Dunstaners — Association Football. His grandfather was a co-founder of Glasgow Celtic Football Club and Dr. John played in top class amateur football. At five foot nothing he was the archetypal winger and played for Scotland's amateur international team against Iceland in 1928.

He was President of the Sussex FA and was elected to the Council of the Football Association in July 1967. In 1981 he formed and became Chairman of the Medical Committee. In that capacity he was responsible for the establishment of the National Rehabilitation and Sports Injury Centre at Lilleshall, Staffordshire. Since its opening in 1986 the Centre has

helped injured athletes from all sports back to fitness. It has become a centre for research into training and a school of excellence for young Association footballers. In all this Dr. John participated with characteristic energy while still finding time to keep up with his St Dunstaner friends through the Clubs and the Homes at Brighton.

He will be sadly missed by everyone in St Dunstan's and we offer deep sympathy to his wife, Catherine, his daughter and other members of his family.

---

## REFLECTIONS

By the Reverend C. Le M. Scott

Two inspiring concerts, fully covered in the last *Review*, set us on our way to Christmas. Unlike last year, when Christmas Day was a fury of wind and rain, we were able to hold the Service in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House. For me, two high points were a warm and rather splendid Carols-and-Lessons on Christmas Eve at Pearson House; and also a brief Holy Communion Service attended by a lovely member of Staff and seven St Dunstaners unable to make it to Ovingdean.

Just before these festivities our spirits had been raised by the release of the three British Hostages in Lebanon. To general amazement they met freedom unbroken by their long and evil captivity. How, we wondered, could men survive their long and hopeless solitary confinement and yet retain sanity, with even humour and generosity unimpaired?

People show themselves able to live in cruel and dark captivity — to live long in darkness as our St Dunstaners do, to accept with dignity the help of others — especially when there is additional incapacity. And we who are fully sighted can only wonder and admire.

We know, of course, that there are those whose spirits cannot rise to such challenges. There was one who, in extremity, said — 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' But that there is so much courage and strength alive in the world suggests that there is a divinity in every man. And we are grateful.





## THE GREAT DUFFIELD FLOOD by Ron Smith

If my memory is correct, this disaster happened during September 1932, in Duffield, near Derby.

After a visit to the theatre, my brother came into my bedroom at about 11.30 pm, waking me up with a few violent shakes. 'There is going to be a severe flood,' he said. 'Get out of bed and look through the window.'

I objected to this, considering what time it was, but eventually condescended to look out. I was 17-years-old and had seen the River Ecclestone rise this high a good many times, but not once had the water penetrated our house.

He suggested I dress and walk with him down by the river. We first made our way towards Brook Walk, but I could see nothing unusual about the increase in water. We then walked to Mill Green to have a look at the weir.

There was certainly a terrific volume of water coming down and I suggested that the holding gate by Mill House must have been closed. We continued on to White House Mill, and as there was only one exit

past the mill wheel and the ultimate race, the water was no doubt banking up.

About a hundred yards further up the river there was another bypass, where the water swirled round in a half circle to meet up again with the water from the mill race. There was a hold-up there but it still did not seem unusual to me as I had seen this many times before. So we retraced our steps past Mill Green, and along Brook Walk, I noticed that the water was rising rapidly and already pushing its way through the drainage holes at the bottom of the wall.

Walking to the Mill House holding gate, we noticed that the gate was down tight with about 14 feet of water behind it, and the excess water was streaming over the top of another bypass gate. Continuing along Tamworth Street, my brother suggested I should wake the local residents to warn them of the impending flood. I took a very poor view of this, and so did some of the people living in the cottages. They were rather abusive — and who could blame them at 2 am on a Sunday morning!

### Rouse the people!

We walked further down Tamworth Street and came out into the main road. When my brother suggested I should wake some of the people in the lower part of the main road I really thought he was going 'round the bend.' But I must give him his due — he did his share in rousing people too.

I began to feel really guilty about disturbing people in the middle of the night. My brother was adamant about the course the water was going to take, but I still could not believe it would come out into the main road.

When I saw water coming down the main road, filling the gutters, a few minutes later, I felt less guilty about my verbal intrusion into some of the people's sleep.

Arriving back home in Tamworth Street, it was still pouring in torrents but I still could not understand why my brother wanted us to take food upstairs for my parents and the rest of the family, and then move one settee and half a dozen chairs to the upper floor. Then we took the carpet up, but when he suggested we should take



*These photographs, preserved for 60 years, still convey the ferocity of the flood.*

the pictures from the wall I believed he had really 'flipped his lid'.

Meanwhile, my younger brother and I looked out of the window from the landing. The water was now getting into some of the outhouses and pouring down Tamworth Street. Within two hours it had already flooded the lower rooms of our house and was about three stairs up. We could see chicken coops floating in the terrific flow of water by the side of the house, smashing windows as they twisted and turned in the current.

By then the water was four stairs up inside the house and we were getting very worried indeed. We could see water voles climbing up some fir trees. All kinds of debris were being swept down.

To give you some idea of the ferocity of the flood water, the wooden foot bridge from Mill Green to Duck Island, came floating down, twisting and twirling in the current. It finally came to rest on top of the stone bridge in Tamworth Street, where the water level must have been about 16 feet above normal.

Finally the water in our house reached seven stairs up. I can only say that very few

people in Duffield could have enjoyed their breakfast as much as we did that Sunday morning.

The photographs of the flood that you see here were taken when the water level had already dropped a good deal. For example, there was no chance of any traffic getting through on the main road, because the water, as far back as Flaxholme, was lying about three feet deep on the ground.

When the water had receded considerably we managed to get out of the window into a lorry that took us to the recreation ground opposite Duck Island cottages. Mr. Belfield and his family were at one of the windows of their cottage, where the water had come up to just below the level of the upstairs bedroom. Afterwards they said that the water swirling round the cottages from all sides had caused the stone work to vibrate dangerously.

On reflection, I have often thought that our best course of action might have been to go through the village ringing a bell to warn people of the flood, but somehow I don't think this would have been appreciated.

# Balancing the Books

by Ted Bunting

## Red Barbarian

Author: Margaret Gaan  
Reader: Robert Gladwell  
Duration: 17.75 hours  
Catalogue number: 5574

This is a superb book! One of the best historical novels I have heard this decade, achieving, as few others do, a near perfect balance between established historical fact and a compelling fictional story-line! Yet although it tells of the acumen and initiative of British traders in early 19th century China, and also the supremacy of British naval might everywhere, there is scant reason for British hearts to swell with pride here, because, as the book makes very very clear, British merchants and the British government, all acted completely without honour.

*Red Barbarian* shows how this came to be. The British wanted China tea. But the Chinese were only willing to sell it if they were paid in silver coin. So the British traders took opium from India and sold it illegally in China . . . Thus obtaining the silver with which to purchase tea for resale in Britain. A neat arrangement, what?

Of course, thousands of addicts were having their lives reduced to abject misery, but what did that signify provided the squire received his cuppa?

Margaret Gaan exposes all the vice and filth which this unholy trade created; but she also displays remarkable sensitivity when dealing with the lives and loves of the Chinese people themselves. I now have an inkling, I think, of what the concept of 'family' is in the Chinese ethos. It is not just a question of: 'Me and my wife', 'Our Jack and his wife': it's respect and reverence for the people who *are, were* and *will be*.

It's more than a pleasure to hear a book like this . . . I regard it a privilege too!

## The Fourth Protocol

Author: Frederick Forsyth  
Reader: David Sinclair  
Duration: 16 hours  
Catalogue number: 5554

From the man who brought you *The Day of the Jackal* and *The Dogs of War*, we now have something slightly more unusual . . . canned tripe! When you've had a best-seller or two, I suppose the publishers are inclined to accept any kind of rubbish you send them; but I'll bet it was a toss-up with this load. 'Heads we print it; tails we heave it into the dustbin.' That's how it must have been.

Now a major fault with Mr. Forsyth, in my opinion, is that he *will* insist on being far too complicated for his own good. He jumps from one situation to another faster than dung-flies change their cow-pats, and, because he frequently finds it necessary to give pages and pages of background information to make his plot 'work', some of his chapters are nearly as exciting as instructions on a sauce bottle. At one point, for example, he lectures his reader on the internal structure of the British Labour Party; and at another he describes the location of Chesterfield's football ground in relation to the town's main railway station. What a yawn!

Sadly, he plays a similar trick with his other lengthy 'explanations' too. These are all about MI5, MI6, MOSAD, the KGB, the South African secret service, and, as extra measure, the organisation of the SAS.

He's on fairly safe ground with these of course, because if he's written poppycock nobody who really knows will tell him otherwise, and as to the rest, well they are no wiser anyway.

The bottom line, of course, is that I did not enjoy *The Fourth Protocol* over-much.

# It's been 'sew' nice to know you

by Matron Chris King



Mrs. Lilian Maud Turner, affectionately known as 'Lana', retired from work at Pearson House in January 1992 having been employed by St Dunstan's for nearly 32 years.

Lana started work at Pearson House in June 1960 and has seen many changes take place. She worked as one of the three Linen Ladies and over the years has sorted the laundry and sewn the words 'Pearson House' on thousands of sheets, pillowcases and towels, sewn St Dunstaners' names on thousands of items of clothing, mended collars on shirts, stitched on buttons, repaired torn linen, made curtains and cushions and ironed everything under the sun!

Her talents are almost too numerous to mention.

Lana will be badly missed at Pearson House by all the St Dunstaners and staff. She will be especially missed by her two colleagues in the Linen & Sewing Rooms. They all work three days a week and Friday mornings, the one day each week that

all three worked together, will never be the same again.

Following so many years of cheerful service, there had to be a very special retirement party. This was held on January 9th.

The Winter Garden and Conservatory at Pearson House were filled to capacity with friends, colleagues, St Dunstaners and also Lana's specially invited guests, her family and some of her already retired colleagues.

The afternoon went with a swing. Music was supplied by the ever reliable Tony Ross and there was singing and dancing, eating and drinking and, of course, a lot of talking. The highlight of the afternoon was the presentation of a big bouquet of flowers to Lana and the gifts from her friends at Pearson House and from St Dunstan's.

The gift that Lana said she would treasure most of all, however, was the St Dunstan's plaque, suitably inscribed with the words 'It's Been "Sew" Nice To Know You'.



## DO YOU KNOW THIS MUG?

Eleven owners wanted!

by Simon Rogers

**H**ELP! Pat Carlton is hoping to get shot of some mugs — but there is a problem — she doesn't know to whom they belong.

These prize pieces of pottery were produced by Lady St Dunstaners on their trip to Ironbridge last year. Time didn't allow them to take their mugs there and then, but now the owners' identities are unknown.

Pat Carlton, in the Welfare Department at Headquarters is looking after the mugs, but is extremely anxious to return them to their rightful owners.

There are 11 mugs in all and, from the top, they are:

**MUG ONE:** A plain cylindrical mug with medium sized rounded handle.

**MUG TWO:** Again, a plain mug with a rounded handle, but one that is slightly wonky and stretches down to base level.

Pat describes this as 'the one with the upside-down handle.'

**MUG THREE:** A plain mug with a thick flat handle that curves up to the top, almost ear-shaped.

**MUG FOUR:** A plain mug with a little, thin question mark shaped handle right at the top. A one-finger hold, in fact.

**MUG FIVE:** A plain mug with a medium sized, rounded handle that starts about half-an-inch above the base and carries round to the lip.

**MUG SIX:** Art nouveau influences are obvious on this mug, since it has a wavy line carved into the main body. A thick flat handle, not unlike a question mark, runs up from the base before curving down below the lip.

**MUG SEVEN:** A plain mug that has a little 'wing' at the top — the start of a handle that has dropped off.

**MUG EIGHT:** No handles on this mug, but it has 'CLAIRE' written around the outside.

**MUG NINE:** This has a thick flat wonky handle, but more distinctively, it has 'M' carved into the main body along with some oblique streaks.

**MUG TEN:** No handle on this one, but it has a chipped flower, not unlike a tudor rose, flanked with some ornate leaves. Some oblique streaks also mark the body.

**MUG ELEVEN:** A slightly thick handle is offset by five little flowers placed around the main body. The flowers are positioned as if they are just opening.

If you recognise any of these mugs, contact Pat at HQ to arrange its release.

---

## 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: Richard Bingley, Newton Abbot, Devon**

Dear Sir,

*RE: Sensory Garden for the Blind, Deaf and Disabled, Courtenay Park, Newton Abbot.*

(A) Members of St Dunstan's Gardening Club will be pleased to know that Phase One of the Sensory Garden will be completed on April 4th. There will be a public opening by the Mayor of Newton Abbot on Friday, May 1st.

(B) So far as Phase Two is concerned, a coffee morning, raffle, bring-and-buy stall, will be held at my flat, at 7 Broadmead Court, Newton Abbot, on Wednesday, April 22nd, from 10 a.m. to 12 noon.

I shall complete my 10 mile sponsored walk at Courtenay Park whilst the opening ceremony for Phase One is taking place to take advantage of the great number of public who will be present.

Any assistance towards raising £850 for Phase Two, will be greatly appreciated. St

Dunstan's-made soft toys or 10 mile walk sponsorship can be collected, by me, between April 6th-12th at Ian Fraser House.

Thank you for your co-operation.

**From: Clara Preedy, Saltdean, E. Sussex**  
Dear Sir,

Harry and I would like to express our sincere thanks to everyone at St Dunstan's for the wonderful care and attention I received whilst staying at Ian Fraser House since my accident.

The medical care, kindness and thoughtfulness of all the staff and my friends has been overwhelming. We are sincerely grateful.

**From: Derek Dymond, Ferndown, Dorset**  
Dear Sir,

Very many thanks for a particularly good tape edition of the *Review*. Everyone appears to have had such a super time over Christmas.

Matron indeed seems to have behaved more like a probationer nurse — a pretty wild one at that. Well done.

Thank you and your colleagues and a HNY to you all.

---

## 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. Kenneth Burton**, of Houghton-le-Spring, Tyne & Wear, joined St Dunstan's on January 8th.

Mr. Burton served in Munster with the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment and then as Army Cook to 11 Field Ambulance and then to the Officers' Mess of the 3rd Royal Green Jackets. He is married with two sons aged 12 and 18.

**Major Joseph Colgan**, of Forres, Scotland, joined St Dunstan's on January 23rd.

Major Colgan joined the Army in 1924 and was commissioned into the Royal

Inniskilling Fusiliers. He sustained eye injuries on the North West Frontier in 1936 and later served in the United Kingdom, India, and Burma, where he was wounded and captured by the Japanese in Rangoon, in 1942.

After his release from captivity, he continued to serve with his regiment in Germany until he was discharged in 1949. Major Colgan is married and has one married daughter.

**Mr. Thomas Milne**, of Bristol, also joined St Dunstan's on January 23rd.

Originally trained as a panel beater and paint sprayer in the motor industry, he joined the Corps of Military Police (now the Royal Military Police) in January 1941. On completion of training he was promoted to Lance Corporal.

Shortly afterwards, whilst on duty, he was involved in a road traffic accident receiving head injuries and retinal detachment.

After discharge from the Army in 1942, he returned to the firm of taxi repairers for whom he worked before joining up.

In 1945, Mr. Milne and his wife emigrated to Rhodesia where he again established himself in the motor industry, returning to the UK with his wife and family when he retired.

Our St Dunstaner and his wife, Sheila, have been married for 33 years and they have two adult sons.

Finally, **Mr. Thomas Collison**, of Weybridge, who was admitted to St Dunstan's on January 23rd.

Mr. Collison joined the RAF as an Instrument Mechanic in 1940 and reached the rank of Sergeant before his discharge in 1946.

In 1944, he was involved in an air crash which led to the detachment of his retinas, but over the years his sight deteriorated and he is now totally blind.

On leaving the Service, Mr. Collison became a part-time optician at St Thomas's in London and went into private practice in Surrey. This practice has now been taken over by his son.

Before joining the RAF, he had been a member of the Polytechnic Harriers and

also used to assist with sports at St Dunstan's in Regent's Park. During this time he had dealings with the late Lord Fraser.

He has been married to his wife, Eileen, for over 45 years.

## CLUB NEWS

### BRIGHTON BRIDGE CLUB

**Pairs match played at Ian Fraser House on Sunday, January 5th.**

Results		
	Name	Score
1st	W. Phillips & Mrs. White	63.2
2nd	R. Evans & Mrs. F. Andrews	59.0
3rd	M. Tybinski & Mrs. A. Clements	57.6
4th	Mrs. P. Padley & Mrs. L. Evans	50.0
5th	A. Dodgson & Mrs. S. Holborrow	49.3
6th	W. Lethbridge & R. Goodlad	45.1
7th	G. Hudson & Miss M. Stenning	43.1
8th	Mrs. C. Berry & Mr. D. White	41.7
9th	J. Huk & Mrs. M. Combridge	41.0

**Individuals match played at Ian Fraser House on Saturday, January 18th.**

Results	Name	Score
1st	J. Huk	70.5
2nd	M. Tybinski	65.9
3rd	W. Lethbridge	59.1
Equal	R. Fullard	55.7
4th	R. Goding	55.7
6th	A. Dodgson	53.4
7th	Mr. Douse	51.1
8th	Mrs. McPherson	45.4
9th	R. Evans	43.2
10th	P. McCormack	35.2
11th	Mrs. Clements	34.1
12th	Mrs. Combridge	30.7

## FAMILY NEWS

### BIRTHS

**Congratulations to:**

*Jerome and Pat Lynch*, of Saltdean, are pleased to announce the birth of James,

their fifth grandchild. He was born to their youngest son, Paul, and his wife, Sarah, on September 26th.

Mrs. Esther Simpson, of Peacehaven, East Sussex, widow of *John Simpson*, is pleased to announce the birth of a granddaughter, Mandy. She was born to Mrs. Simpson's daughter, Marie, and her husband, John Wheeler, on December 17th.

*Fredrick and Murial Baugh*, of Stafford, are pleased to announce the birth of a great-granddaughter, Emily, on December 16th. She is the child of their granddaughter, Jane.

*Albert and Doris Statham*, of Barking, are pleased to announce the birth of a granddaughter, Lauren Victoria, born to their son, Peter, and his wife, Sharon, on December 14th. This is their first granddaughter, they already have seven grandsons, so are delighted at Lauren's arrival.

### WEDDINGS

**Congratulations to:**

St Dunstaner *Sobhi Khabbazi*, of Tooting, London, who married Samira Aleoui at Wandsworth Registry Office on January 11th.

### WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

**Congratulations to:**

*Henry and Edith Bennett*, of Norwich, Norfolk, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on January 23rd.

*Francis and Marjorie Eager*, of Plymouth, Devon, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on January 1st.

### ACHIEVEMENTS

**Congratulations to:**

Stuart Planner, son of *Don and Sharon Planner*, of Poole, Dorset, is now an Associate of the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors.

June Shepherd, wife of *Jimmy Shepherd*, of Reading, Berks., raised over £4,000 for the 1991 Poppy Appeal.

Robert Pepper, son of *Ted and Barbara Pepper*, of Coggeshall, Colchester, has been given a Greenwich Exhibition Award from the Royal Hospital School, Holbrook. This is one of only two scholarships given by the Royal Hospital School and will help with Robert's expenses at Portsmouth Polytechnic where he is studying computer analysis.

### DEATHS

**We regret to announce the death of:**

Mrs. Ada Smith, of Bolton, Lancs., on January 1st. Aged 90, she was the widow of *John J. Smith*, of Great Yarmouth. Our sympathy goes to all the family.

Mrs. Constance Smith, of Birmingham, on January 2nd. Aged 92, she was the widow of *John H. Smith*. Our sympathy goes to all the family.

Mrs. Gertrude Scott of Bilborough, Nottingham, on January 8th. She was the widow of *James Scott*. Our sympathy goes to all the family.

Mrs. Alice Muir, of High Heaton, Newcastle upon Tyne, on January 10th. Aged 89, she was the widow of *William Muir*. Our sympathy goes to all the family.

Mrs. Ethel McAvoy, of Burnley, Lancs, on January 12th. She was the widow of *John McAvoy*, of Colne, Lancs. Our sympathy goes to her sister, Mrs. Cherry.

Leslie Hawes, of Walthamstow, on January 12th, aged 59. He was the son of the late *George Hawes* and suffered from a severe spinal condition. Our sympathy goes to his mother, Mrs. May Hawes, and all the family.

Mrs. Olive Hemmings, of Farnborough, Hants., on January 14th. She was the widow of *Cyril Hemmings*. Our sympathy goes to all the family.

Mrs. Dorothy Webber, of Goring-by-Sea, West Sussex, on January 16th. She was the widow of St Dunstaner *Leslie Webber*, of

Tewkesbury, Glos., and the daughter of First World War St Dunstaner *William Hal-lam* who lived at Pearson House when it was known as West House. Our sympathy goes to all the family.

Mrs. May Green, wife of *Bert Green*, of Hove, Sussex, on January 24th. Our sympathy goes to Mr. Green and all the family.

Mrs. Eileen Denmead, of Bexhill-on-Sea, on January 27th. She was the widow of *Thomas Denmead*. Our sympathy goes to her brother and all members of the family.

Mrs. Gladys Chesters, of Maidstone, Kent, on January 29th. She was the widow of *Walter Chesters*. Our sympathy goes to all the family.

Mrs. Eleanor Story, of Ashford, Kent, on January 30th, aged 94. She was the widow of *Edward Story*. Our sympathy goes to their son, Peter, and all members of the family.

## CORRECTION

In last month's Family News the late Wini-fred Ettridge was wrongly described as the widow of *Ron Ettridge*, of Addiscombe. Ron is, of course, very much alive. We apologise most humbly to him, and his family, and to his friends for this error.

---

## 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.**

### **George Torrie, Merchant Navy**

We regret to announce the death of Mr. George Torrie, of Rottingdean, on December 30th. He was 80 years old.

Mr. Torrie joined the Merchant Navy in March 1940 and served on HM Rescue Tugs, including HMRT *Indefatigable*. It was in 1942 that he was struck in the eye by a projecting bolt, causing the detachment of the retina.

After several attempts to save his sight, he was discharged in 1944.

He had a strong bond with the Atlantic coastline in Cornwall, where he served in a lifeboat crew in the Thirties. Mr. Torrie lost two cousins and a nephew in the Penlee lifeboat disaster.

We send our sympathy to all his family.

### **Arthur Verdun Terry, 4th Welsh Regiment**

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Arthur Terry, of Kettering, Northants, on January 13th. He was 75 years old.

Mr. Terry served in the 4th Welsh Regiment from April 1940 until 1945. He was wounded by a shrapnel blast from a landmine in France in 1944.

He worked for a cardboard box manufacturer until he retired at the age of 62. Mr. Terry enjoyed growing his own vegetables and was a proficient organist.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Eva, and their son and daughter.

### **Walter Cross, Royal Air Force**

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Walter Cross, of Bromborough, Merseyside, on December 9th. He was 79 years old.

Mr. Cross served in the RAF from 1940 to 1946. He was a survivor from HM Troop Ship *Anselm* which was torpedoed in July 1941 en route to North Africa. After the war, he was commissioned as a Flying Officer in the Air Training Corps, but later relinquished this rank.

He then worked as a Registrar's Clerk and Company Accountant until retiring at the age of 64. He also worked as a freelance writer. He was widowed in 1983.

Mr. Cross demonstrated typing during the Royal visit to Ian Fraser House in 1985 and shared first prize in the 1991 Story Writing Competition.

Our sympathy goes to his sons, Glyn and Trevor, and all the family.

### **Philip Eagle, Palestine Police Force**

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Philip Eagle, of Guildford, Surrey, on January 18th. He was 76 years old.

Mr. Eagle enlisted with the Scots Guards in 1935 and completed a tour of ceremonial duties, which included the Coronation of King George VI, before being posted to Egypt.

In 1938, he transferred to the Palestine Police Force where he suffered eye injuries in a traffic accident.

Our sympathy goes to all the family.