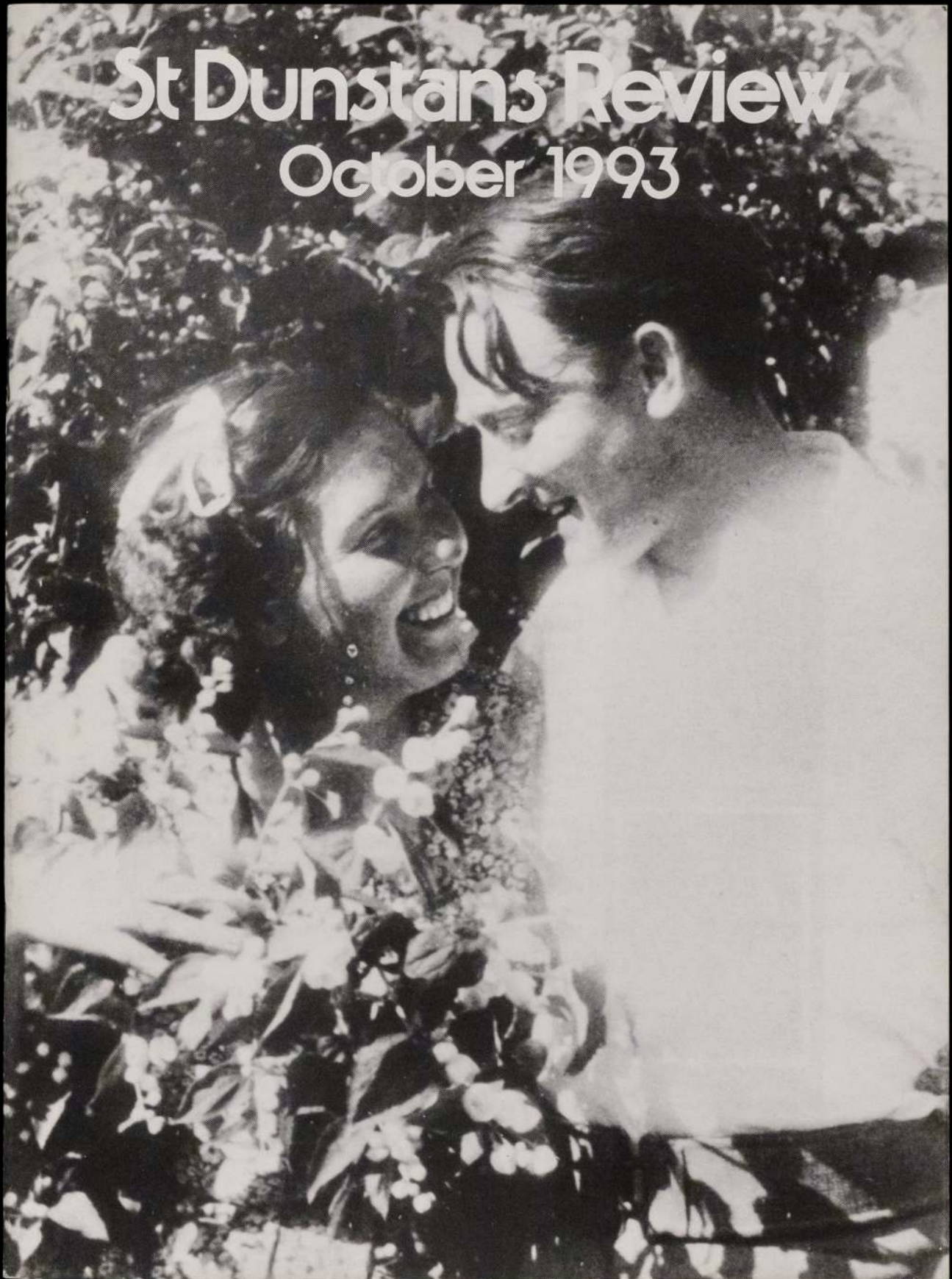


St Dunstons Review

October 1993



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Cover Picture: Zofia Bregula with her late husband Wlodek. The tale of how they met is entwined with her becoming a St Dunstaner. Full story on page 16.



From the Chairman

As autumn approaches, so do two 75th anniversaries. The first celebrates the presentation of Pearson House, or West House as it was then called, to St Dunstan's by the Federation of Grocers' Associations. Since October 16th, 1918, Pearson House has been a base for care for St Dunstaners, the only break being from 1940 to 1945 when we moved to Church Stretton. Well-equipped facilities have ensured that a dedicated and caring staff have been able to provide for those in need of permanent nursing care or convalescence after illness or operations in comfortable and pleasant surroundings. We wish Pearson House a very happy anniversary.

This year also sees the 75th anniversary of the Armistice of 1918. Once again, both at formal services and in private, St Dunstaners will join with millions the world over in remembering loved ones and comrades taken from us in their prime. Whether they were lost in the mud of the Somme, the steam of the jungle, the cold waters of the South Atlantic or the heat and dust of the Gulf:

'They shall not be forgotten'.

Henry Leach



NOTICE BOARD



THREE FOR TWO AT IFH

Booking a three week winter holiday at Ian Fraser House this January holds a pleasant advantage — you only have to pay for two weeks.

This bargain break offer is valid for a three week holiday starting no earlier than January 9th and no later than January 31st. Additional entertainment will be arranged during this special period.

Bookings should be made as soon as possible with the acting Reservations Co-ordinator at IFH on ext. 3230.

MATERNITY COVER

Julie Finch will be taking maternity leave from the end of September 1993 until April 1994. During her absence, Jackie Hunter will take up the duties of Reservations Co-ordinator.

All of us at Ian Fraser House wish Julie the very best of health during the coming months.

David Bray,
Manager, IFH

MALTA GEORGE CROSS ANNIVERSARY MEDAL

Our congratulations go to Jack Barkby of Keighley, West Yorkshire and Joe Humphrey of Belfast on their being awarded the Malta George Cross 50th Anniversary Medal.

The medal commemorates the 50th anniversary of the awarding of the George Cross, for gallantry, to the island of Malta on 15th April 1942.

IN MEMORY OF TREVOR LLOYD

A wooden garden seat has been placed on the grass area to the left of the Chapel at Ian Fraser House. A plaque in script and braille reads:

'St Dunstaners dedicate this seat to the memory of Trevor Lloyd who worked tirelessly for and with them from 1973-1993.'

COURTENAY PARK SENSORY GARDEN — PHASE II

On Saturday July 31st, at 2.00 pm, the second phase of Newton Abbot's Courtenay Park Sensory Garden, the brainchild of Richard Bingley, was opened by the Mayor of Newton Abbot, Councillor Bill Brough.

The Sensory Garden has been created to provide a place of peace and tranquillity for blind, deaf and disabled people. Phase I of the garden was opened in May 1992. For Phase II Richard set himself the target of raising £8,000 to purchase and install a cascading water fountain.

To achieve this he completed a sponsored walk with a sighted escort and organised coffee mornings.

NAME THE MARCH

We are grateful to all those who responded with suggested names for the St Dunstan's march.

The name *Ovingdean* was a strong contender. Whilst it sums up a large part of our organisation, it does not represent the whole. It was therefore decided to leave the name as *The St Dunstan's March*.

ST DUNSTANERS ATTEND THE SOVEREIGN'S PARADE

A group of ex-officer St Dunstaners, their wives and escorts were guests at the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst on August 6th, when the Reviewing Officer was HRH The Prince Edward.

Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, MC, Anthony Attenborough, MA, Richard Bingley, Edgar Hunter, Professor Alan Milne, PhD, BSc and Ken Revis, MBE, had been specially invited because they were either commissioned during World War Two, or through the Territorial Army, and so had never attended a Sovereign's Parade.



EASY RIDERS

There's a new bicycle made for two at Ian Fraser House. Sports and Recreation Assistant George Chapman and Craig Neller, currently training at IFH, are pictured as they give the new tandem a quick test ride around the Ovingdean grounds.

Anyone with a pedalling predilection can book a spin by calling Sports Co-ordinator Grant Cooper at IFH on ext. 3219.

Plans are afoot for a Cycling Week, most probably in Devon, next year. 'If it's successful we

could consider further trips to France or Holland,' said Grant.

Any interested St Dunstaner should contact Grant for further details.

CHRISTMAS CARDS NOW AVAILABLE

St Dunstaners are advised to place an early order for the Christmas card bearing St Dunstan's standard and badge.

The cards are embossed with 'Season's Greetings' in braille and cost 25p each (envelopes included). Orders should be sent to the PR Department at Headquarters (for collection in person or by post), or from Ian Fraser and Pearson House (collection in person only).

Payment, with cheques or postal orders payable to St Dunstan's, must accompany each order. Donations towards postage costs are welcomed.

FRED CLOCKS ON AT IFH

St Dunstaner Fred Galway has continued his horological domination of St Dunstan's buildings by presenting Ian Fraser House with a tactile Grandfather Clock he constructed.

The handmade timepiece is similar to one Fred made for reception at Headquarters.

BREAKFAST SWIM

The Swimming Pool at Ian Fraser House will be open before breakfast (Monday-Friday 0730-0830 hours) until further notice.

SILVER WINS AT METRO SPORTS

Only two St Dunstaners took part in the 17th annual athletics championships organised by the Metropolitan Sports and Social Club in July, and they maintained a high profile.

The team consisted of Terry Bullingham and Stan Tutton, with escorts Peter Westbrook and Tom McKissock. Jamie Cuthbertson, who had injured his achilles tendon, was unable to take part but still cheered Stan and Terry on.

Jan Wright also travelled to the track to support the team. 'We were all pleased to see you Jan,' said Peter.

By the end of the day, Terry Bullingham had taken the silver medal in the B1 class of the 3km walk, while Stan Tutton took the bronze.

Stan proved versatile as ever by winning silver medals in the B1 class of javelin and shot.

SLOPE OFF WITH ST DUNSTAN'S

A one week skiing trip to the Alps has been proposed for early 1994. Cost and venue are to be announced. Any St Dunstaners interested should contact Cherrie Duncan at IFH.

TRANSPORT ARRANGEMENTS

On occasions it may well be necessary to transport groups of St Dunstaners and their wives to and from Ian Fraser House by minibus. There will be other times when it will be more economical to use a car or large coach.

The choice of transport is determined by the number of travellers, location, travel date, availability of transport and overall cost. The well-being and personal needs of individual St Dunstaners is always of paramount importance and will take precedence over all of the other factors.

Any deviation from the direct route will be kept to a minimum. Substantial savings are being achieved and, with the continued support and co-operation of St Dunstaners, can be improved upon.

David Bray,
Manager, IFH

STAKES RAISED FOR STORYTELLERS

There's a bigger prize to be won in the 1994 Story Writing Competition. The winner will receive £60 and there are some extra prizes for runners-up.

You can choose any subject or style — adventure, comedy or romance — anything that takes your fancy. As usual, your story can be fact or fiction and will be judged by an independent panel. They will assess the entries and prizes will be awarded accordingly.

First prize is £60, second prize £25 and there are now three runners-up prizes of £5 each. The first and second prize winners will have their tales published in the *Review*.

The rules for the competition are as follows:

- 1) The competition is open to St Dunstaners, their wives or husbands, and to widows, however only one entry per person.
- 2) The story should be between 500-1000 words, must be original and not previously published. Please type manuscripts with double line spacing.
- 3) Entries are to be submitted under an assumed name. Write your nom de plume, the title of your story, your real identity and full address on a sheet of paper. Seal this sheet in an envelope and write your nom de plume on the front.
- 4) Entries should reach the Editor by the closing date, April 30th, 1994.

Send your tale to **Story Writing Competition 1994, St Dunstan's Review, 12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.**

BLAZER OFFER

Two blazers have been placed with St Dunstan's for disposal by a well-wisher from Brighton. Both are secondhand and plain black, but in very good condition.

One has the crest of the Burma Star Association on the breast pocket. They would fit someone 5' 9" to 5' 10" in height with a 40"-42" chest. No charge will be made for the items and anyone who is interested should contact Clare Woods on ext. 3220 at IFH.



VISITORS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

The Chairman of the St Dunstan's Association for South African War-Blinded Veterans, The Reverend Canon Michael Norman, MA, (Cantab.), visited Headquarters during his recent stay in London. Canon Norman and his wife, Nora, are pictured above with St Dunstan's Secretary William Weisblatt.

BOMB DISPOSAL REUNION

St Dunstaner Ken Revis and his wife, Jo, recently joined 15 wartime colleagues for the 2nd Annual Reunion Luncheon of the Retired Bomb Disposal Officers Club on July 14th.

Held at the Victory Services Club, London, the guest of honour was the Chief Royal Engineer of the Army, General Sir John Stibbon, KCB. In his speech Sir John sketched out the role of the Sappers in the modern Army.

PANTO PLANS

St Dunstaners and widows staying at Ian Fraser House over the Christmas period should inform Entertainments Officer Carol Aggett (ext. 3212) if they wish to attend the following pantomimes:

Babes in the Wood at the Theatre Royal on December 27th, evening performance. Tickets £11.00 per person.

Cinderella at The Dome on December 29th, matinee performance. Tickets £5.50 per person.

No money is required until Christmas, but please book with Carol before November 25th.

NEW GUIDE DOG CHAIRMAN

Congratulations to Mr. John Robertson, recently appointed Chairman of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.



FAREWELL TO LOUIS CHEONG

At the end of September St Dunstan's will be bidding farewell to Mr Louis Cheong of the Estates Department. Louis served with the Royal Ordnance Corps, rising to the rank of WO 2. Upon his retirement from the army in September 1982 he joined the staff of St Dunstan's as the Insurance and Estate Records Clerk, a position he has filled with great loyalty and distinction. In 1991 Louis himself became a St Dunstaner when his eyesight began to deteriorate, a condition which has led to him taking early retirement. We wish Louis and Catherine well for the future.

Louis' place as Insurance and Estate Records Clerk is being taken by Mr Hugh Mathieson.

STAFF DEPARTURES



Pearson House bid au revoir to seven long serving members of staff.

St Dunstaners joined with Matron King and her crew to toast Nora Newing, Linen/Sewing Assistant, Myriam Pitt, Care Assistant, Ken Martin, Care Assistant, Lilian Lacroix, Linen/Sewing Assistant. Best wishes were sent to Physiotherapy Assistant Norma Amorena who was unable to attend that day. Beryl Griffiths was retiring from St Dunstan's for a second time. She first worked as a VAD/Enrolled Nurse from 1947 to 1979 but returned in 1982 to serve as a dental assistant.

The final member of staff to retire that day was technically a member of Headquarters, but Estates Department secretary Pat Braines has always been based at Pearson House.

IFH recently said farewell to lift operators Wally Lintott and Alan Ponder, while Headquarters saw the departure of Estates Department secretary Mercia Ezra and Suzzannah Crouch from Accounts. We wish them well.

COMPUTER WEEKEND

Please remember to book in for the Computer Weekend, November 20th-21st. On the Saturday afternoon, Paul Dilly will be attempting to explain how a computer works!

MERCURY DETAILS ON TAPE

Alternative phone company Mercury has produced a taped play for blind people, explaining how to apply for their services.

It provides details of how to obtain compatible telephones, payment, programming of the PIN code and Mercury's Special Needs programme.

Copies of the tape can be obtained by calling FreeCall 0500 500 194.

TALKING TIMESWITCH

A range of talking timeswitches with high quality speech feedback is now available.

There are three models: a 24 hour timer with one socket (£135), a seven day timer with alarm and one socket (£165) or two sockets (£195).

Details can be obtained from Viewpoint Technology, PO Box 66, Hereford, HR1 1YZ. Tel: 0432 343623.

PHOTOGRAPH PRICES

St Dunstan's photographic supplier has raised its prices in some instances, so the following charges now apply to photographs purchased through the Public Relations Department:

Colour and monochromatic machine prints

6×4	45p
7×5	£2.50
8×6	£3.00

Black & White hand finished prints

5×3½	£1.77
7×5	£2.50
8×6	£3.25
10×8	£4.06
12×9	£5.75
16×12	£7.95

All prices are inclusive of VAT. Orders, as usual, should be addressed to the Public Relations Department.

ANNIVERSARY CRUISE TO NORMANDY

To commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the Normandy Landings, The Royal British Legion, in conjunction with P & O Ferries, is organising a voyage aboard the cruise liner *Canberra* to Normandy from June 4th-7th 1994.

Full details are available, by mail only, from The Royal British Legion, Department 'Canberra', 48 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5JY.

CUT-PRICE PLAYS IN YORKSHIRE

The West Yorkshire Playhouse has announced a season of audio described plays at the bargain price of £4.00. The plays are:

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me on October 30th; *Brighton Rock* with Catherine Cusack on November 17th and 20th; *Burning Everest* on December

1st and 4th; *Gypsy* with Sheila Hancock on December 18th; and *Beauty and the Beast* on December 20th.

Full details can be obtained on 0532 442111.

NEW HUSBAND WANTED?

The Public Relations Department were not too sure what to make of the following letter:

'Will you please send my husband as the one you have sent is no good.'

We eventually discovered that it was a request for a damaged tape to be replaced, though we doubt that we could have helped if it had been a defective spouse.

ERRATUM

In the August *Review* we mistakenly reported that Alfred 'Tiny' Pointon joined St Dunstan's in 1944. He actually joined St Dunstan's in 1948.

Travelling by train is fun

Colin Beaumont-Edmonds explores the drawbacks of modern British Rail lavatories

At last, the Exeter to Waterloo Network South East line was to have the very latest modern trains. All mod cons and so fast that they would knock 20 minutes off a three hour journey. In the end, it was three-quarters of an hour late into London, but the journey home in the late afternoon was bound to be all right.

By the time we reached Crewkerne, I was alone in the carriage and decided to go to the loo. I expected it to have a button to press like the door out of the compartment, but I couldn't find it.

After returning to my seat the friendly ticket collector appeared and asked if I was all right and that he would be back to help me off the train at Honiton. 'Please,' I said. 'Could you show me the loo.'

On pressing the button, the door slid open and he quickly showed me where the three buttons were, closed, locked

and open. Pressing the closed one, he departed rapidly.

All was well and I felt quite pleased with myself and turned to press the open button. Nothing happened. I must have pressed the wrong one. Try again. Nothing. Perhaps, I thought, I have to press the lock button to unlock the door. Still nothing happened.

I pressed the buttons in various order, picturing Joyce waiting for me on Honiton platform while I went on to Exeter locked in the loo. I let my collapsible cane bang against the door and went on pressing buttons. 'Don't panic,' I said to myself.

Suddenly the door slid open and the friendly ticket collector said: 'Are you all right?'

'I am now that you've let me out, but I couldn't make the buttons work.'

'Remember the first three letters of close,' he said. 'The top one is close, the next one is lock or unlocked, and below that, the button for open, which automatically unlocks the door as it slides open.'

Simple when you know how, but it does make travelling by train exciting.

Face to face after 50 years



Ray Hazan talks to Bill Slade

NOT MANY people have survived a pistol shot, point blank to the temple. Bill Slade has, as reported in the April *Review*. Then we recorded that an Australian radio station had arranged for Bill to have a surprise telephone conversation halfway round the world with the doctor, 80 year old Captain Max Mayrhofer, who had helped nurse him back to recovery in 1943.

In June, Bill met Max face to face in Perth, Australia. After a perfect flight, Bill's first ever, from Heathrow to Perth via Hong Kong it was an emotional moment for both men when they met at the television studios.

Max explained how he had been an attending doctor at a nearby hospital, which treated an assortment of PoWs. He had been warned to go to the camp following the results of a shooting by firing squad, arriving a few minutes after the shooting to find Bill still alive. A door was used as a stretcher and Max got Bill to the local German hospital where he assisted a German surgeon to operate and clean Bill up and stitch his wounds.

Captain Mayrhofer was moved on after three days, and Bill left the hospital after eight days. It was a similar three days which Bill shared with Max in Perth.

Bill toasts Max Mayrhofer.

'The warmth of his friendship gave me great confidence,' said Bill. 'He gave us all his time, when we were not being questioned by the media!'

Bill's wife, Sally, explained how they would return to their hotel always to find messages and many telephone calls. 'It was, to say the least, a very exciting, spectacular and emotional six days. Thank you Australia, and thank you for the kindness, consideration and patience of the media, especially to Russell Powell of 2GB for our paid-for five star hotel and to Cathay Pacific Airlines for their wonderful courtesy flight.'

Bill still has the letter which he dictated to another doctor, the late Lt. Col. Bull, informing his family some three months later that he had been injured. A rather typical British understatement!

'The fact that they failed to deprive me of my life, but then went on to deprive me of my sight, is what angered me.'

There can be few such stories, which makes it all the more important that it should be recorded. Words cannot adequately describe Bill's thoughts and emotions on the two occasions, separated by half a century.

Bill is surely an example of luck and determination.

APPEALS UPDATE

FUND RAISING RESPONSE

St Dunstan's is very grateful to those who responded to the fund raising article in the June *Review*. We have received offers to organise a coffee evening and from members of St Dunstan's families to take part in sponsored runs.

At the families' request, we have received donations in celebration of our widow Mrs Christal's 80th birthday and also in memory of St Dunstaners Paul Baker, Norman Cook, John Lowe, George Poole and Jim Bowen, and Estates Manager, Trevor Lloyd.

Thank you all.

Ray Hazan



KEN SAYS THANK YOU

PC Ken Moss has donated £1,500 to St Dunstan's, as an expression of his gratitude.

Blinded near his home town of Scarborough, Yorkshire, last November while chasing a joy rider, he has undergone rehabilitation at Ian Fraser House.

The policeman's donation has paid for a Fitness Assessment Centre. Ken, aged 34, and his wife Cheryl (right), are pictured with Rehabilitation Officer Cherrie Duncan and Sports Co-ordinator Grant Cooper. Grant's assistant George Chapman is seated on an exercise bicycle, part of the purchased equipment.

Although he barely survived the crash that blinded him, Ken is currently preparing for a land speed record attempt in November.



ST DUNSTAN'S DRAGONS ROW FOR GLORY

A St Dunstan's team is aiming for the top in the Hawaiian sport of dragon boat racing and their first race is expected to yield £500.

St Dunstaner Tilakman Pun joined his strength with that of 20 IFH staff members in an early heat in Bristol Harbour. Their endeavour has been sponsored by companies, friends and colleagues in Brighton.

Despite being a scratch team, they managed to break into the semi-finals of The Southern Dragon Boat Challenge, even though the first race finished with the St Dunstan's boat capsizing.

SAPPERS CLEAR RUBBLE AT IFH

A group of Sappers came to the aid of St Dunstan's by clearing a mound that divided the car park at the back of Ian Fraser House.

A squad from 127 Sussex Yeomanry Field Squadron Royal Engineers (V), based at Tunbridge Wells, Kent, used a Hydrema light wheel tractor, with excavator and bulldozer attachments, to clear several tons of rubble from the thistle covered remains of an old air raid shelter. The debris has been given to the local council for use in civic projects.

'It's good experience for us,' said Lance-Corporal Daley. 'We're not usually expected to work in such a tight area.'

The cleared area increases parking space by a third and the Sappers' gesture saved St Dunstan's considerable expense.





Grabbing buckets for bailing out did little to stop the water flooding into the boat. Top left: Jerry Lynch and Rev. Brian Tyler consider the options having resigned themselves to the prospect of wet feet.



Musical cruise sunk as boat takes in water

Pictures by Betty Ford & Thomas Johnson

A crippled boat sinking in the River Arun became the high note of the Music Week in August.

The Music Club St Dunstaners were cruising from Arundel to Houghton, near Amberley when the 30ft boat started to take in water.

'I heard a clunk,' said Music Club Chairman Ken Revis. 'Then a little while later, I said to my wife: "You'd better keep your feet up because the water's coming in".

'We moved forward, then Carol Aggett, the care assistant in charge told

us that we were about to come alongside a boat moored along the bank. We then crossed over onto dry land.

'I don't think we realised the danger until we got off.'

The boat had travelled about three-quarters of the journey when it struck something under the surface. As it filled with water, violinist John Nicholls and piano accordion player Dennis continued to play to keep spirits up.

The 16 St Dunstaners, present with their escorts, remained calm and jokes were made about Reg Goding wringing out his socks — back into the boat rather than the river.

Firemen were summoned by the police to pump out the water from the ailing vessel.

The Music Week had other events of equal, if less frantic drama. The Band of the Grenadier Guards played an impressive selection of music at Arundel Castle where a fireworks display was laid on that evening.

Earlier in the week, the former Chief Constable of Sussex, Sir Roger Birch, was guest of honour at the club dinner, while Ken Revis and Ernie Ford were re-elected Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively at the AGM.

The Proms at the Royal Albert Hall,

Singing There's a Hole in My Bucket put humour into the situation.

London was an essential attraction with conductor Barry Wordsworth leading soprano Nancy Gustafson and pianist Jean-Yves Thibaudet in performances of Berlioz: *Overture: Roman Carnival*; Tchaikovsky: *Letter Scene (Eugene Onegin)*; and Saint-Saëns: *Piano Concerto No 2 G minor*.

Pavarotti at Leeds Castle, Kent proved to be another big draw. 'It was absolutely super,' said Ken Revis. 'The London Philharmonic Orchestra was with him. It was a tremendous production.

'It was a wonderful week. We all enjoyed it very much.'

The May Music Week had some memorable moments too. It coincided with the Brighton Festival, jam-packed with musical performances. A trip to Finchcock's Piano Museum, in Kent, revealed ancient pianos and harpsichords, some going back over 100 years.



St Dunstaners left the ailing boat in an orderly fashion when it came alongside another vessel moored to the river bank.

CAPITAL BRAILLE by Terry Bullingham

Braille users will be aware that it has been standard practice not to indicate print upper-case characters in 'British Braille', the 1993 successor to the erstwhile 'Standard English Braille'.

There is currently a strong initiative among educationalists to incorporate the capital sign (dot six) and the doubled capital sign into literary braille texts, since the correct use of capital letters has become part of the National Curriculum. The Braille Authority of the United Kingdom will make a decision concerning this issue at its meeting on December 15th.

There is certainly a strong case for capital letters to be indicated notwithstanding the fact that they have been largely ignored in Britain since the adoption of the braille system in 1868. Capital letters have, of course, been indicated in North American braille and in certain other English-speaking countries.

The additional space necessitated by the use of the capital sign (typically four to five per cent) and the resultant reduction in readability have been the basis for the argument against its use

until now.

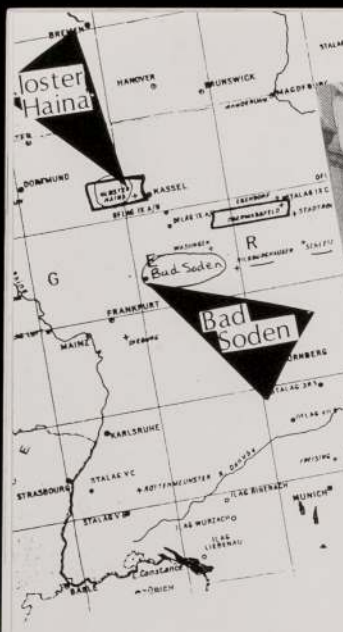
The Chairman of the Authority, Bill Poole, has written an excellent detailed paper on the various issues which can be made available to interested individuals on request.

The various options for change include:

- 1) No action at all.
- 2) The incorporation of capitalisation in all literary texts as soon as possible.
- 3) A staged introduction with a declared target date.
- 4) The adoption of a dual system, with or without capitals as desired.
- 5) The introduction of capitalisation into educational texts only.
- 6) The capital sign to be employed only in cases where the use of a print upper case letter is obscure, for example, *WordPerfect*.

As your representatives, Terry Walker and I, are particularly anxious that we state the collected views of St Dunstaners in the debate and subsequent vote. Therefore, we urge individuals to contact us (Terry Walker at Ian Fraser House or myself, care of Headquarters) at the earliest opportunity.





MARCH OF THE FREE

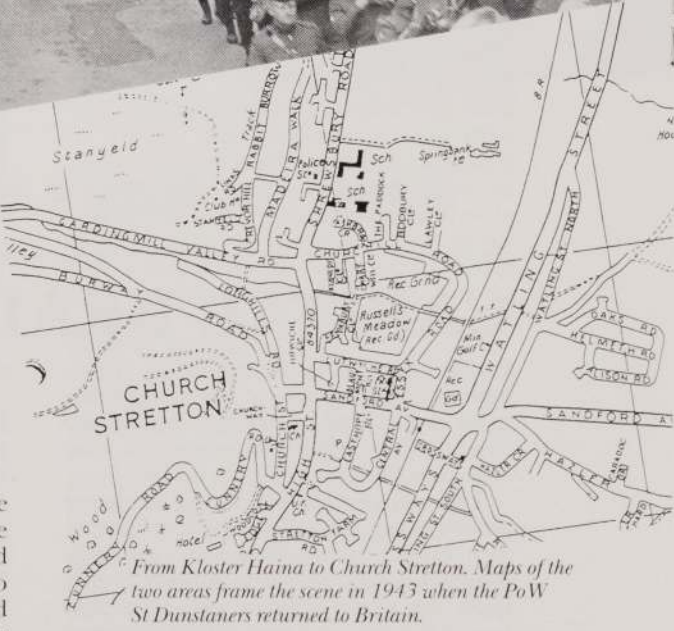
50 years ago, a group of St Dunstaners found liberty in a Shropshire village

CHURCH STRETTON sits kindly in the minds of many St Dunstaners because that is the place the organisation settled on when Brighton was too close to enemy fire during the Second World War. For others though, the Shropshire village is remembered because it welcomed them back to Britain after their release from the confines of a German prisoner of war camp.

On October 28th, 1943, the Band of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry marched through Church Stretton, heralding the arrival of about 30 blinded Servicemen. The parade signalled the end of an ordeal for those men who had been taunted with the prospect of freedom in a 'will-they, won't-they' game that lasted two years.

Sid Doy, Tom Hart and Jimmy Shepherd were part of that first wave of blinded PoWs liberated.

The common experience was one of being wounded and taken prisoner as



British Forces retreated from Dunkirk, but their story is unique, since they had been pupils at a school which defied the adverse conditions of its origin.

According to an extract from *Reports of the Joint War Organisation of the British Red Cross and Order of St John 1939-1947*: "The 'Braille School' at Kloster Haina provided a full rehabilitation and training service, projecting 'St Dunstan's' so far as conditions in prison camps allowed."

The school was established through the efforts of Lord Normanby and it gathered blinded PoWs under one roof.

We celebrate the 50th anniversary of the repatriation to Church Stretton with Jimmy Shepherd's tribute to Lord Normanby starting on the next page.



THE PEER AND THE COMMONER

by Jimmy Shepherd



In August 1940, Queen Victoria Rifles landed in Calais and went straight into the desperate rearguard action that contributed to the successful evacuation of Dunkirk. Only eight of the 600 riflemen managed to return to England — more than half were killed or wounded, the rest taken prisoner. Among the seriously wounded prisoners was St Dunstaner Jimmy Shepherd (top right). This is his account of those days and the exceptional man who made incarceration bearable — Lord Normanby (top left).

When I came to, some weeks later, it was to be told I was lying on the stone floor of a church with hundreds of other badly wounded soldiers. I was a prisoner of war. It wasn't until later that I was told I had lost my sight.

My progress to this low point in my life began at the age of six, when I joined a choir school where I remained until I was 16. The church was St George's, Hanover Square. As well as being noted for its society weddings St George's had another claim to fame as the home of the second oldest volunteer force, Queen Victoria Rifles, second only to the Honourable Artillery Company.

Formed in 1772, this famous volunteer unit, was first known as St George's, Hanover Square Volunteers. In the Napoleonic Wars it became the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters. Then in 1835 it was named after Queen Victoria who, as a Princess, became their Patron. The Victoria Rifle Company finally became The Queen Victoria Rifles on the formation of Lord Haldane's Territorial Force in 1908. It has now become the 4th Battalion, Royal Green Jackets. Sadly, I am the last surviving St George's boy who served in action with The Queen Victoria Rifles.

I had served with the Regiment for nearly seven years when I was taken prisoner. I was still confined to bed when we arrived in Germany. For some unknown reason three of us had always been kept together — myself, Dougie Parmenter and Fred Wareham. On this particular occasion a British Medical Officer, who I shall always remember as a very kind person indeed, asked me if I would like someone to read to me. He said

he was sure he could find a book and furthermore, whatever might be the contents of the book, I would most certainly enjoy the company of the reader.

As a result of that very brief reading which, by the way, was a book on love poems, it was suggested that this new found friend should teach braille to me and my two blinded colleagues. Pieces of cardboard were obtained and we inserted matchsticks through the cardboard to learn the 26 letters of the alphabet in braille. Our tutor had discovered the alphabet in a French dictionary and it represented our complete knowledge of braille for quite a few weeks ahead.

It was the beginning of the St Dunstan's Braille School in a German prisoner of war camp. Starting with three incompetent pupils, it ended with 28 students, fully qualified in these studies and ready to take their rightful places in the outside world.

Now for the man who made it all possible, surely someone who was, and still is, an example of dedication to the human race in general. This great man had no favourites. To him we were all one and the same. To us he was our beloved teacher. To us he will always be the greatest of all men, the Marquis of Normanby.

His main object in life during those PoW days was the progress of his blinded pupils. Now, I want to concentrate on other aspects of this very talented man. In addition to his many other qualities, he is a person with a tremendous sense of humour.

I recall an occasion when a fellow PoW, Major Nigel Courage, who had lost a leg, was chatting with Lord Normanby, Dougie and me. He said that after the war he would go into the family business,



Lord Normanby chatting to Sir Ian Fraser and Alan Williams at Church Stretton.

Courage's Brewery. He turned to Dougie, 'Now you'll be an expert on beer. Don't you think Courage's is the greatest in the world?' Dougie's reply came like a flash: 'Excellent, Major, there's only one thing about it — it takes bloody courage to drink it!' I thought Lord Normanby would never cease laughing and that joyous sound still rings in my ears today.

Another memory that will always remain is Lord Normanby's gramophone. His mother, the Dowager Marchioness, in some way or other arranged for the Swedish representative of the YMCA to bring a portable gramophone and two records when visiting us. The first record, his mother had told him, was to remind us all of home.

It was a recording of the chimes of Big Ben. After the booming of three or four chimes all hell broke loose. Germans were screaming and shouting everywhere, taking the gramophone and threatening to shoot Lord Normanby.

It appeared our hosts were under the impression that Lord Normanby had smuggled in a radio. However, all was well in the end. Lord Normanby got his gramophone back but some two or three months later.

One might imagine that four or five hundred badly wounded PoWs would have been well endowed with Red Cross parcels but this was certainly not the case. An issue of parcels did arrive after the incident with the chimes of Big Ben. Then, six months later, Lord Normanby announced he was going to have a party. He had kept his Red Cross parcel all that time so that he could share the food with his St Dunstan's pupils.

He recalled the incident over his first

record and said there would be no trouble at all over the second, which was to be the highlight of the evening. This prompted Dougie, our great wit and wag to say that he, personally, had unlimited knowledge of Dowager Marchionesses and we were all in for a strong dose of classical music to enhance our musical education.

We were most certainly looking forward to the food, but we did not show a great deal of enthusiasm for the forthcoming musical recital. Lord Normanby asked us to be quiet and we waited for the preliminary hiss of the needle to fade away... out came the words, *Ma, I miss your apple pie!*, sung by Flanagan and Allen. What a wonderful evening we had! Lord Normanby sang louder than any of us whilst Dougie had to admit that he had never met a Marchioness in his life!

Probably one of the most sorrowful times during those three and a half years, but also one of the proudest, was in 1941 when we were told for the first time that we were to be repatriated.

We left Germany in a Swiss train bound for the French coast. The Germans had completely changed. We had extra food rations and their attitude towards us became very favourable indeed. After a few days waiting at Rouen we were finally put back on the train and by this time the Germans had also changed their minds regarding our personal comforts.

Journey of no return

Then the bombshell dropped. Lord Normanby, who had stayed with his St Dunstaners day and night, told us that we were not to be repatriated. We were returning to Germany to the same camp we had left only a few weeks previously. You can imagine the sorrow and disappointment among us all.

After a journey of some days we learned we were soon to disembark. Lord Normanby urged us not to let ourselves or our country down. 'Remember', he told us, 'the Germans will derive great satisfaction from seeing us return but when we step on to that platform we will hold our heads high and sing at the top of our voices *Land of Hope and Glory*.'

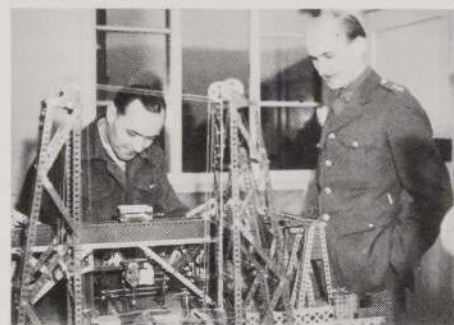
This we did, to the astonishment of the Germans waiting at the station. There was pride and passion in the voices of

hundreds of badly wounded men as they sang that wonderful song — and it was led by Lord Normanby and his St Dunstaners.

I conclude my story by stressing that the peer was not only a peer of the realm but also a perfect English gentleman and a wonderful teacher. We St Dunstaners, who were with him in the prisoner of war camp, remember him with respect, affection and lasting friendship.

The commoner, of course, refers only to myself. It most certainly does not refer to my St Dunstaner friends in Germany. They were not peers of the realm but it was a privilege and an honour to count them as my friends.

Dedicated to the Marquis of Normanby and to St Dunstaners from Australia, Great Britain, Canada and New Zealand.



The late Bob Smith with Lord Normanby in St Dunstan's Meccano Shop.

LORD NORMANBY

Oswald Constantine John Phipps, KG, CBE, 4th Marquis of Normanby, was a young lieutenant serving with The Green Howards when he was wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans.

His efforts on behalf of blinded PoWs have been well recorded in the *Review* over the past 50 years, but his concern did not end on returning to Britain. Shortly after the Repatriation to Church Stretton, Lord Normanby became a member of St Dunstan's Council, supporting our campaign for improved war pensions in the House of Lords. He stepped down from the Council in 1980, becoming a Vice-President of St Dunstan's.

His service to blind people has manifested itself in other ways, particularly as President of the National Library for the Blind from 1977 to 1988.



Widows at Brighton

The ladies attending the A Group Week enjoyed a similar programme, including croquet on the lawn at Ian Fraser House which has become a popular annual event at Widows' Weeks.

by Kath Harding

The B Group widows arrived at IFH to find the weather they had requested awaiting them.

New girls and die-hards soon found a rapport; the dinner on Wednesday evening was of the standard we have come to expect, and was a most enjoyable 'ice-breaker'.

The majority of the group joined the trip to the Body Shop, although most decided to keep their original models! The Arun sail was very leisurely, the serenaders turning it into a pleasure trip.

Friday brought us to Chichester and the surrounding areas. Bob eventually found an extremely unique and picturesque site for our picnic lunch. An enthusiastic few enjoyed the croquet, notwithstanding the lack of flamingos and hedgehogs!

Vineyard and garden centre both gave the opportunity to stock up and the party on Monday left the whole group looking forward to the next time.

Many thanks to many people — it is extremely difficult to name individuals, as absolutely everyone made us welcome, but Sue, Gail and Kozy deserve an extra round of applause.

Here's to the next time!!!



AN ACTRESS REPAIRS

Zofia Bregula tells how St Dunstan's prepared her for a life on the stage as she recuperated in England

In February, Zofia Ksiazek-Bregula spoke of life in the Polish Underground and Oberlangen prisoner of war camp. Her story continues in June 1945 at Paderewski Hospital, Edinburgh where she underwent eye surgery following her liberation.

I WAS getting impatient. When alone, I used to lift my bandage and look around. I was delighted to see my pink nails.

After two weeks all my bandages were removed. The day was very bright, the room full of sunshine and great unusual silence. Everyone seemed to be out of breath. My joy was great, I saw again. People, trees and other things, although my new world was not seen very clearly. I saw everything as if behind a thin white veil.

In the meantime, another girl from Oberlangen camp, Wanda, was placed in my room. Every afternoon she went to the sitting room. One day she came back very excited, telling me that she had met an extraordinary boy, a violinist, who would play for me. His name was Wlodzimieiz Bregula.

Next day, he came and played com-

positions by Hennjk Wieniawski, a Polish composer. I liked Wlodek's playing very much and congratulated him. We spoke a little about music and I sang some songs about the Warsaw Uprising...

I was very excited, memories of war were vivid and I couldn't sleep that night.

Two days later I was allowed to get up and walk inside the building. Wlodek was standing by the sitting room door, he welcomed me by kissing my hand. Light from the window behind me was on his face. I looked at him intensely and noticed his eyes. I said: 'Oh you've got such big and blue eyes...'

He was very glad I saw a little. We began to talk like very good friends who had known each other for many years.

I listened to Wlodek and we both forgot the world. Eventually we realised that we were alone in the sitting room. Wlodek unexpectedly kissed me, but a second later he said: 'Excuse me Miss Zofia.' He was like a frightened little child. I smiled and answered: 'Call me Zoscha.' We kissed again.

Wlodek became a patient of Pader-

ewski Hospital because of a thyroid problem. He came to see me every afternoon and became my English teacher and secretary, reading and writing letters and sending small parcels to my parents in Poland. During the summer of 1945 we often went for long walks as our hospital was near lovely meadows full of flowers. I was so happy.

We went to the Palais dance where they served only lemonade, tea and cake and where two jazz bands played non-stop. The time we spent there together was absolutely joyful and carefree. We laughed like children.

I was always terribly busy, as so many famous people visited me: General Komorowski, commandant of the Polish Underground Movement; Mr Arciszewski, leader of the Uprising; the Prime Minister of Polish government in exile; but the most moving moment was when Madame Aleksandra Pilsudska, widow of our beloved Marshal Joseph Pilsudski (the first Marshal in free Poland after the First World War), came to see me.

At that time, I was getting many gifts, some from people who would be friends for years, but the most precious gift, the greatest treasure I received, was from Wlodek. Three weeks after we first met, on a lovely, sunny, warm afternoon in the middle of August, I was sitting joking on the bench in the hospital garden. Suddenly, absolutely unexpectedly, Wlodek whispered the words 'I love you' into my left ear. He spoke in English with such tenderness. I was speechless and Wlodek, holding my hands, asked: 'Would you marry me?' and was surprised when I looked like a frightened child.

I was really, because I never thought to get married. I always dreamed of being an actress, promising that my dearest one and only husband, lover, child and home would be the theatre.

I became Wlodek's fiancée and we went to Usher Hall for a symphony concert. Afterwards, we walked, talking a lot. Wlodek was surprised and happy that I loved music so much. I felt that Beethoven's music began to give unknown power for my soul and body – I believed that the great music and my love of Art would support me to

fight successfully against my fate.

In late August I had a cosmetic operation which enabled me to wear an artificial eye, improving my appearance. Then my poor Wlodek underwent the thyroid operation which was very dangerous and painful. He could not be placed under general anesthesia, because he had to talk with doctors during surgery. Pain was relieved only by local anesthesia, not always successfully. Afterwards, Wlodek could not move for three weeks. I went to see him every day.

My eye was operated on for a second time in October. I was praying not to lose the sight I recovered in June.

My sight returned very slowly. I was terrified, but after two weeks I could see a little brighter. On January 10th, 1946 I left Paderewski Hospital for North Berwick Rest House, but after a month I

Left: When Zofia married Wlodek, she was wearing the wedding dress presented by Mrs. Dacre on behalf of St Dunstan's.

Right: Staking all on the speech of French martyr Joan of Arc won Zofia a place at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. It was the start of a long career on the stage.



was transferred to a convalescent home in Gullane.

Wlodek could visit me only three times a week because he had to play violin in a Polish octet, but luckily for us the concerts were not too far from Edinburgh.

In July 1946, a St Dunstan's welfare officer came to see me. She told me all about St Dunstan's, proposing I start training, but I refused. 'I see a little,' I said. 'So I shall never become a St Dunstaner.'

After two weeks, she came again saying that if I were disappointed in St Dunstan's I could return to Gullane. Wlodek advised me to go to Ovingdean. If I were not satisfied he would come and take me back.

On September 16th, 1946, I was placed in Villa Belmont at Ovingdean. I refused to change my profession. 'Just like Esmond Knight,' said Commandant Dacre telling me about Esmond. In October, Miss Muriel Egerton Smith, who was an actress, taught me the speech of St Joan. She lifted my spirit when I had stage-fright.

In November, I passed the entrance exam for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I sent Wlodek a telegram: 'Audition successful, start in January.'

Three times a week, I went to London for lessons in acting, mime and diction.

I remember St Dunstan's dances in Big House (now Ian Fraser House) and different Brighton restaurants. In St Dunstan's, I learned to be as independ-

ent as possible and reawakened my belief in the future.

We all had tasks in St Dunstan's, it was the best way to forget about our worries. I remember my teachers well. English, Mrs. Edith Morris; braille, Mr Joe Walsh, whom I called 'Daddy'; typing, Mrs. Ostein and Miss Frances Ramshaw.

A Polish member of St Dunstan's staff, Joseph Ryska, helped me by reading letters from Wlodek. Miss Dorothy Heywood, Miss Joan Harris and Miss Rosemary Browning, staff at Belmont, were so friendly.

Wlodek and I spent Easter 1947 together in Chadney near Newton Abbot. There, we finally decided to go home as we missed Poland and our families very much. His arrangements were already made and I promised to follow as soon as possible.

I was in touch with Esmond and Nora Knight. Esmond came to Ovingdean and we had a long, serious and absolutely honest talk about my theatre future. I didn't expect to have the chance to play in England as a nearly blind actress, with my foreign accent and without any rich protector, producer or director for example. Esmond was playing, on stage, TV, radio and films, but he told me that there were 2,000 unemployed actors in Britain.

My friends, professors and colleagues were in Poland — they would help me, they would not fail me ... The talk with Esmond confirmed my decision to return to Poland.

In June, I passed my last exam at the Royal Academy and the director commented: 'Speech clear, and expressive, great sense of drama, accent still heavy ...'

Wlodek also left Britain that month, but he came to see me one last time. We had to be brave and I gave him two curls of my hair bound with narrow red ribbon.

I wondered if it was risky to let him go alone, but also wise because he would have the chance to think again about his decision to marry me. I thought that if he really loved me, he

Zofia and Matron Wilson relaxing at Belmont Gardens in Brighton.

would write to me soon. I was correct — about three weeks later I got his wonderful love letter. He asked how the arrangements for my return were progressing and told me he was to start work with the Polish Radio Symphony Orchestra led by G. Fitelberg, a renowned conductor.

I spent the summer at Blodwyn Simon's home in Ruthin, North Wales and met her family. The weather was glorious so Blod, her sister Laura with husband Jack, their daughter Pat and I made lovely excursions to forests. We had very joyful time.

After that, I learnt the speech of Lady Macbeth and worked over the interpretation in Belmont, frightening poor Eileen, Stella, staff and the neighbours.

Time was running short. I got the message to go to Prestwick Repatriation Camp on November 10th. What excitement, joy and sadness. What would my future be like? St Dunstan's made me a very big, strong wooden box and packed all my things. Mrs Dacre brought me a gift from St Dunstan's. It was a wonderful long wedding gown, shining shoes and a fine white veil with orange blossom. I did not know how to thank her for such a moving surprise.

On the evening before I left, St Dunstan's girls, Matron, staff and I stood

by the warm fireplace in Belmont's sitting room holding hands and singing *Now is the hour for you to say good-bye ...*

On November 30th, 1947, after a moving speech in Polish by the Lord Mayor of Edinburgh, the ship, *Eastern Prince*, with hundreds of Polish wounded left Glasgow, for Poland.

A Polish priest read the Holy Mass, we were kneeling and praying. Beside me was Vaclava, the girl who lost her leg, with whom I travelled in the same truck to Germany and shared the same barrack room in Oberlangen PoW camp.

The sea was calm during the whole journey. Every night I sang on the deck for the soldiers, men and women, the majority of whom were wounded. Their favourite song was *Moonlight Serenade*.

On December 4th, the priest blessed us for our uncertain, unknown future in Poland under Soviet domination. We could not stop the tears, singing our very old Polish song:

... before your holy altars
We bring the begging call,
Oh God, return to us
Our free native country,
Our free home ...'

About nine o'clock, we entered the Polish port of Gdynia. Nobody, no orchestra welcomed us to Poland ...

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Sydney Scroggie, Kirkton of Strathmartine, by Dundee, Angus

You can't get much further away from Harcourt Street, London than the little village of Scourie in Sutherland, not in the British Isles anyway, yet my wife, Margaret, and I had only just walked in the door of the hotel there when we encountered a St Dunstan's connection.

'You're Sydney Scroggie,' said a lady; 'I recognise you from your photograph in the *Review*'.

Presently it was a case of gin-and-tonics in the lounge bar, the murmur of conversation, and we found ourselves talking to a Grenadier Guards officer, Major Sandys, who had been a Member of St Dunstan's Council.

Mrs. Sandys knew a chap called Richard Raver who was in the army with

me in Italy, so one way and another we had a good chat, the Sandys and ourselves, till cookhouse sounded and it was time for dinner. Mind you, Tarbet on the Isle of Harris is even further away from Harcourt Street than Scourie, yet some years ago Margaret and I met the step-daughter of a St Dunstaner there.

It would seem that St Dunstan's is not only a family but an incalculably extended one at that.

From: Mrs. May Hague, Aintree, Merseyside

My daughters and I wish to thank all staff at Headquarters and IFH for the help and kindness shown to Charlie while on holiday at IFH. Many thanks for the cards and letters of comfort sent following our sad loss. God Bless you all.



Tribute to Vi Delaney

Violet Delaney, then Vi Formstone, was 22 when she became a munitions worker at the Royal Ordnance factory in Kirby, near Liverpool, in 1942. Just over a year later she was badly wounded when a tray of detonators exploded. Her injuries required extensive surgery over a number of years.

Vi became a St Dunstaner in June 1943 and from her early days at Church Stretton, and throughout her life, she was ever the source of help and encouragement to others, forming a host of enduring friendships both inside and outside St Dunstan's. She herself had further difficult times to overcome with the death of her first husband, Harry, in 1964 and then the loss of Mike Delaney, the fellow St Dunstaner with whom she shared nearly seven happy and busy years.

Vi had a great zest for life and her activities and interests are almost too numerous to mention, but first and foremost

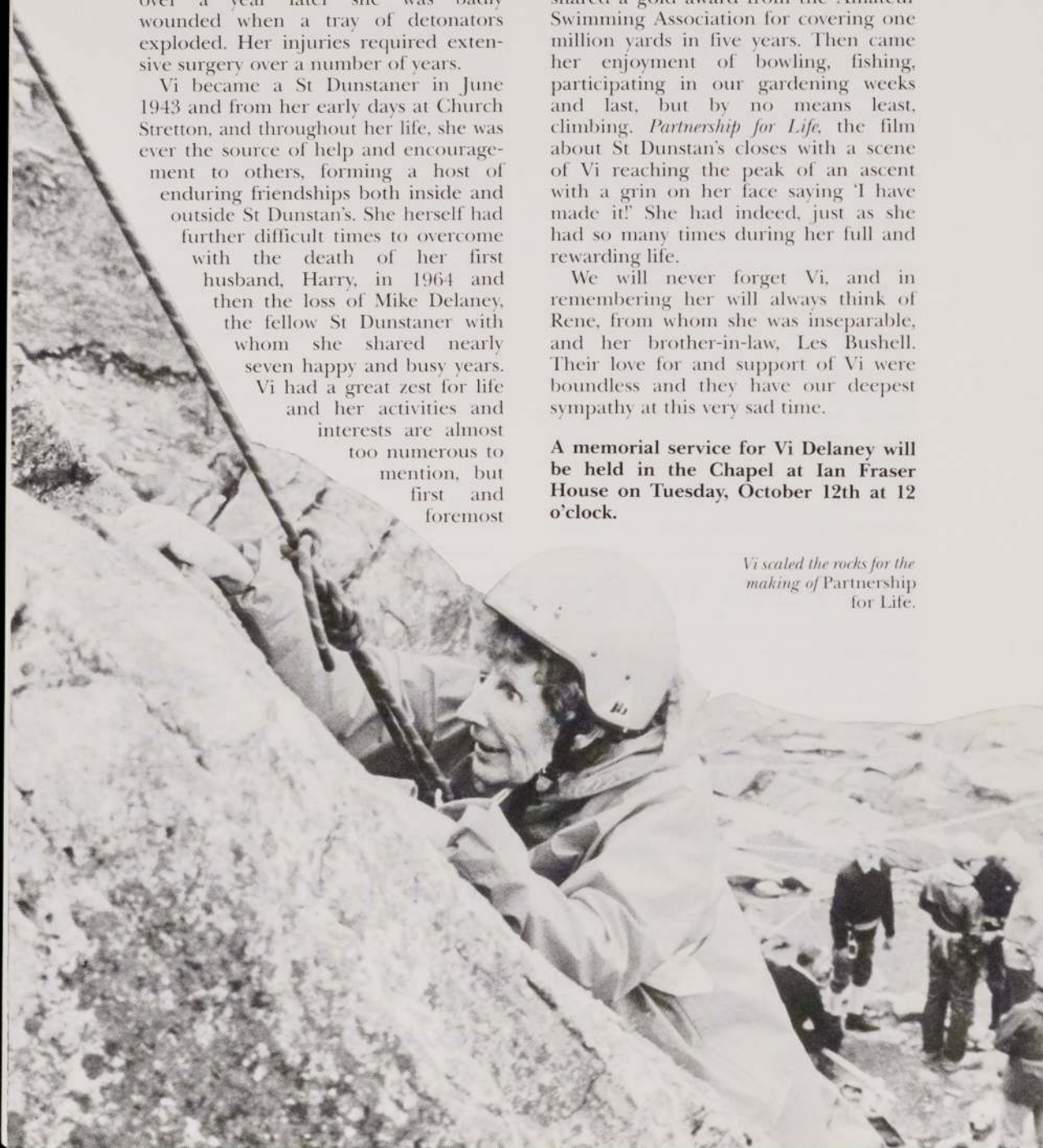
she was an ardent bridge player to the end of her life.

She was also an excellent swimmer and in 1977 with her sister, Rene, shared a gold award from the Amateur Swimming Association for covering one million yards in five years. Then came her enjoyment of bowling, fishing, participating in our gardening weeks and last, but by no means least, climbing. *Partnership for Life*, the film about St Dunstan's closes with a scene of Vi reaching the peak of an ascent with a grin on her face saying 'I have made it!' She had indeed, just as she had so many times during her full and rewarding life.

We will never forget Vi, and in remembering her will always think of Rene, from whom she was inseparable, and her brother-in-law, Les Bushell. Their love for and support of Vi were boundless and they have our deepest sympathy at this very sad time.

A memorial service for Vi Delaney will be held in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House on Tuesday, October 12th at 12 o'clock.

Vi scaled the rocks for the making of Partnership for Life.



Memories of Christ Church

Looking back 50 years to Michaelmas term 1943, when I became an Oxford undergraduate and the first St Dunstaner NCO to go to university in World War II, I did not then know why my college was referred to as 'The House.' Currently known as Christ Church from *Aedes Christi* meaning the 'House of God'.

Built by Cardinal Wolsey and comprising a cathedral, cloisters for the clerics to study theology and its magnificent dining hall where Queen Elizabeth I was entertained and later where the Cavaliers made their headquarters, it was no surprise to hear that before the war 'Great Tom' – the huge bell at the entrance to the main Tom quadrangle – tolled 101 times at nine p.m. every night by which time all clerics had to be back within its walls.

There were not many undergraduates of my own age, apart from a few like myself, discharged from the Armed Forces, and this meant serious study which entailed a weekly visit wearing my commoner's gown to my tutor who was himself wounded in World War I. Lectures were not obligatory but involved carrying a braille shorthand machine to-and-from the Taylorian Institute and then transferring notes to the large size braille sheets on a Stainsby machine.

No handy recording machines were available and one had to rely on readers to get through the lengthy Honours degree syllabus. At that time too many of the essential books did not exist in braille.

It took me some time to find my way round the college to other quadrangles – Peckwater quad for the library and the Canterbury quad adjoining the lovely lawns and garden and, eventually, when I was confident enough to explore the meadows alongside, the River Isis.

Unfortunately, my studies took much more time than a normal student but from time to time, I enjoyed listening to the speakers at the Oxford Union Debating Society.

Apparently, the college had its own strong ale brewed prior to the outbreak

of war and the odd bottle supplemented the meagre wartime food rations.

From time to time, the college steward organised a 'gaude' (pronounced 'gowdy') from the Latin *gaudeamus* meaning 'let us rejoice' where one met one's Oxford contemporaries and enjoyed a splendid dinner before adjourning to the senior common for coffee and port.

Maybe I have forgotten all the difficulties of vulgar Latin tests and medieval French, but I shall always treasure my memories of Christ Church.

**R. A. Fullard, MA, Dip.Ed. (Oxon),
Lic. es-Lettres (France)**

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.

On July 7th, **Mr. William Carthy** of Gloucester joined St Dunstan's. Mr. Carthy joined the Royal Regiment of Artillery in 1938 and, after war broke out, fought continually until Dunkirk. He then joined the 1st Army in North Africa, remaining with the regiment throughout the Italian Campaign and then serving in Palestine from 1945 to 1946.

He served as a regular soldier until 1963, reaching the rank of Regimental Sergeant Major. Mr. Carthy and his wife, Hildegard, have one daughter.

Mr. Michael Rice of Blyth, Northumberland joined St Dunstan's on July 13th. Mr. Rice served in the King's Own Border Regiment from 1962 and after initial training was posted to BAOR. He was injured by a mortar bomb explosion during a training exercise in 1963 and discharged in 1964. He and his wife, Margaret, have two daughters.

Mr. Leslie Davy of Romford, Essex joined on August 12th. The son of a regular soldier, he enlisted with the Royal Artillery as soon as he was old enough to go into man service. He was posted to Cyprus with the Light Air Defence Regiment, where he was involved in an accident resulting in damage to his eyes.

He was discharged in 1959 on medical grounds and worked for British Rail until 1979. He was a keen gardener and is now very interested in canaries.

Mr. Davy and his wife, Jenny, have six children, two daughters and four sons.

Finally, **Mr. William Webb** of Birmingham joined on September 1st.

From 1934, Mr. Webb served with the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry but transferred into the Royal Artillery in 1940. He served in North Africa and it was at the siege of Tobruk that he received eye injuries and was captured by the Germans. Held initially in Italy, he was later transferred to Stalag VIII B at Lamsdorf.

He is a widower and has two adult daughters.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON CLUB BRIDGE

Individuals match played at IFH on July 18th

1st Alf Dodgson	65.0
2nd Jo Huk	64.3

Pairs match played at IFH on August 8th

1st Bill Allen & Mrs. Clements	67.7
2nd Bill Phillips & Dr. J. Goodlad	57.3

Pairs match at IFH on September 5th

1st Wally Lethbridge & Mr. Goodland	63.9
2nd Alf Dodgson & Mrs. Vi McPherson	56.2

FAMILY NEWS

We offer our congratulations on the birth of: Saul Hoyland on June 29th. He is the great grandson of *Harry and Sylvia Meleson* of Wembley, Middlesex.

Megan Jane on March 10th. She is the granddaughter of Mrs. Megan Corrigan of Hornchurch, Essex, widow of *Joe Corrigan*.

Fintan Cuthbertson on August 6th. He is the son of *James and Shauna Cuthbertson* of Glasgow.

Daniel Wright on September 2nd. He is the great-grandson of *Frederick Mogford* of West Twyford, London.

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to:

Graham and Beverley Simpson on their wedding in Las Vegas on July 9th. Graham is the son of *Les and Jean Simpson* of Rottingdean.

Andrew and Zöe Dudley on their wedding on August 11th. Andrew is the grandson of Mrs. Eileen Dudley of Croydon, Surrey, widow of *Edward Dudley*.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

Congratulations to:

Stanley and Gwen Heys of Peacehaven on their Silver Anniversary on June 20th.

George and Pat Wall of Borrowash, Derby on their Ruby Anniversary on July 26th.

John and Elizabeth Walbrugh of Boxgrove, Chichester on their Ruby day on July 29th.

Stan and Betty Jones of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire on their Golden Anniversary on August 17th.

Bert and Mavis Ward of Leeds, Yorks on their Golden Anniversary on August 28th.

Jack and Doris Price of Hathern, nr. Loughborough on their Diamond Anniversary on September 23rd.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Andrew Mallery on graduating from Southwark University with a BA in Engineering. He is the grandson of *George and Ethel Jenrick* of Wallington, Surrey.

Geraldine, daughter of *David and Lynda Morris* of Newquay, Cornwall, on her promotion to Flight Lieutenant. She is now Officer in Charge of Personnel Services at RAF Linton-on-Ouse and also won the trophy for the best recruit in her year, coming top of her administrative course.

Emma Ormond on becoming one of the first girls to attend Hurstpoint College. She is the granddaughter of *Joe and Maisie Ormond* of Burgess Hill.

Richard Burridge on his appointment as Dean of King's College, London. He is the nephew of *Eric and Iris Church* of Bath, Avon.

DEATHS

We regret to announce the death of:

Tony Hewitson on July 21st. He was the son of *Norman and Molly Hewitson* of Darlington, Co. Durham.

Mrs. Marguerite Pilon on July 21st. She was the wife of *Henri Pilon* of St Leonards-on-Sea, E. Sussex.

Mrs. Margaret Slaughter of Salisbury, Wiltshire on July 23rd. She was the widow of *Edward Slaughter*.

Mrs. Gaygan on August 4th, aged 93. She was the mother of *Tommy Gaygan* of North Harrow, Middlesex.

Mrs. Theresa Grimes on August 5th. She was the wife of *Ronald Grimes* of Letchworth, Hertfordshire.

Pauline Wiseman on August 10th. She was the daughter of *Arthur and Marjorie Birkett* of Barton-upon-Humber, Humberside.

Mrs. Rose Hedger of Herne Bay, Kent on August 17th. She was the widow of *Alfred Hedger*.

Mrs. Florence Aldridge of Worthing on August 24th, aged 90. She was the widow of *Cyril Aldridge*.

Ernest Carter on August 26th. He was the elder brother of *Arthur Carter* of Bolton, Lancashire.

Mrs. Ella Lee of Norwich on August 29th, aged 96. She was the widow of *George Lee*.

Mrs. Barbara Knight on August 31st, aged 56. She was the daughter of *George and Marie Yale* of Dudley, West Midlands.

Mrs. Ena Amelia Caton of Harlow, Essex on September 1st. She was the widow of *Alfred Caton*.

Richard Boughton, on September 3rd, aged 48. He was the son of *Fred and Violet Boughton* of Northampton.

Mrs. Olive Smith of Norwich, Norfolk on September 6th, aged 73. She was the widow of *Charles Smith*.

Our sympathy goes to their families and friends.

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.

Alexander Scott, Civil Defence

Alexander Scott of Belfast died on July 12th, aged 85. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1952.

Mr. Scott was an air raid warden in Civil Defence and lost his sight when injured during an air raid on Belfast in 1941. Pre-war he had been a librarian and after training embarked on a career in freelance journalism.

In due course, he managed his own advertising agency with considerable success. Even after his office was devastated by a bomb explosion in 1973, Mr. Scott continued to work. He retired in 1979.

Mr. Scott served as Chairman of the Northern Ireland branch of The National Federation of the Blind in 1955 and later as a member of their Executive Council.

Our sympathy goes to his daughter, Barbara, and son, Alexander, and all members of the family.

William Kelly, Highland Light Infantry

William Patrick Kelly of Workington, Cumbria died on July 14th, aged 73. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1945.

Mr. Kelly served in the Highland Light Infantry during the Second World War and was wounded by a hand-grenade in Holland in February 1945, sustaining severe face and neck injuries.

After the war, he was employed in a local factory and worked for the same firm until being made redundant in 1976.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Jean, their children, Kenneth, Ann and Ronald, and all members of the family.

Norman Cook, Royal Corps of Signals

Norman Cook of West Ewell, Surrey died on July 16th, aged 74. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1941.

Enlisting in 1936, he joined the Royal Corps of Signals, serving as a driver, but was discharged in 1941 after losing his sight in an accident while driving a lorry in Jerusalem.

Before the war, he had worked as a shop porter. Afterwards, he worked as a messenger for Thames Water Mills before taking up telephony. He worked for the Ministry of Labour until his retirement on health grounds in 1975.

A keen gardener and toymaker, Mr. Cook was also on the committee of his local branch of The Royal British Legion.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Barbara, son, John, and all members of the family.

Charles Hague, Royal Navy

Charles Hague of Bootle, Merseyside died on July 16th, aged 72. He had been a St Dunstaner for almost 20 years.

Mr. Hague served as a L/Stoker in the Royal Navy from 1943 to 1944. After the war, he was employed by the General Electric Company in Liverpool. He operated a printing machine with the aid of a magnifying glass fitted to the printing unit.

As a St Dunstaner he earned a reputation as a gifted craftsman. His toys were much in demand and he donated the earnings to charity. In 1982, he entered a wrought iron, five-tier candle holder of his own design in an exhibition for the Liverpool Society for the Blind. He won first prize, receiving a silver cup.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, May, daughters, Elaine and Norma, and all members of their family.

John Lowe, Royal Army Service Corps

John Charles Lowe of Guildford, Surrey died on July 30th, aged 83.

He enlisted in the Royal Artillery in 1930 but subsequently served in the Royal Army Service Corps from 1939 to 1945. In 1944, in Germany, he was wounded by a land mine explosion while rescuing a comrade. Severely injured, a leg was amputated and he was awarded the Military Medal for his bravery.

After the war, he was employed as a Local Government Officer, with Surrey County Council in the Highways and Transport Department, for 37 years.

Our sympathy goes to his daughter, Margaret, and all other members of the family.

Thomas Evans, Royal Corps of Signals

Thomas Emlyn Evans of Broadstone, Dorset died on August 2nd, aged 76.

Mr. Evans enlisted in the Royal Corps of Signals in 1940 and was subsequently posted to India. Returning to the UK, he was severely injured during a training exercise. He was released from the Army in 1946 with the rank of Staff Sergeant and resumed his career as a chemist.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Constance,

son, Christopher, and all members of the family.

Walter Bick, Royal Army Ordnance Corps

Walter Bick of Southam, nr. Leamington Spa, Warwickshire died on August 8th, aged 80. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1956.

While serving with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, he was seriously wounded in Crete in 1941 and became a German PoW. After the war, although his vision had been badly affected by his experiences, he worked for the Air Ministry. When he was unable to continue, he took industrial training which led to a position with English Rose Ltd in 1958.

After being made redundant in 1962, he moved to John Harris Tools Ltd, Warwick, inspecting taps. Following a take-over in 1969, Mr. Bick became a tool packer but, unfortunately, was made redundant in 1970.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Sylvia, their three sons and all the family.

Thomas Clark, Lancashire Fusiliers

Thomas Clark of Newton-le-Willows, Merseyside died on August 12th, aged 81.

Mr. Clark served in the Lancashire Fusiliers between 1941 and 1946. He was wounded at Mandalay in March 1945, suffering gunshot wounds to his face, eyes, left thigh and hand as well as blast injury to his ears.

After the war he worked as a dispatch clerk until he retired in 1973.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Ivy, daughters, Gwen and Jean, stepson, Billy, and all members of the family.

Violet Delaney, Royal Ordnance Factory

Violet Delaney of Liverpool died on August 21st, aged 74. She became a St Dunstaner in 1943 after an explosion at the Royal Ordnance factory where she worked.

Our sympathy goes to her sister, Rene, and brother-in-law, Les Bushell.

A full tribute to Vi appears on page 20.

Willie Barker, Royal Army Medical Corps

Willie Barker of Scarborough, Yorkshire died on August 24th, aged 84.

Mr. Barker enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1942 and served in North Africa where his eyesight first started to fail, but he did not become a St Dunstaner until 1970. After his discharge in 1944, he was a bakery worker.

Our sympathy goes to his son, Donald, and all members of the family.