

St Dunstan's Review

August 1994

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BI-MONTHLY
Free to St Dunstaners

AUGUST 1994

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Cover Picture: St Dunstaner Stephen Nixon cheers as Royal Marine Tony Veale pushes into high gear on the Brighton coast. Full details of the epic Wheelchair Push are on page ten.



From the Chairman

At the end of last month we said au revoir but not I hope good-bye to Bill Weisblatt. After 21 years of consistently outstanding good service to St Dunstan's in one capacity or another, Bill has finally hit the age of discretion and handed over to Gerard Frost. To say that he will be greatly missed by all, not least by myself, would be the understatement of the year. He has quite literally been so many things to so many people. I think the qualities for which I shall remember him most are his quiet but highly professional competence over a very wide field, his dry sense of humour and wise judgement, his compassion for those in difficulty but fair firmness in dealing with anyone causing irresponsible trouble, and above all for his complete imperturbability when the going got rough - as, on occasion, it has done. I am sure I speak for us all when I say a very warm and heartfelt 'Well done and thank you.' And I hope he will still appear in an improbable role at our Christmas Theatre!

* * *

A word now about the recent Open Day at our Brighton Homes. The sun shone, the crowds came and I think everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. An immense amount of work had been put in to make it such a success and great credit is due to all concerned. It was a 'first' but not, I hope, a 'last'.

* * *

Finally, we have now just about completed our programme of new-look area Reunions after a necessary lapse of a couple of years. That they have been such a success is due to the hard work and organisational skill of Group Captain Keith Martin, ably supported on the day by our Welfare Visitors and Estates Staff. Though smaller in size than formerly, they have had a greater air of intimacy and informality and of course there have been more of them. This year's get-togethers were by way of being something of an experiment; clearly it worked well and we shall repeat this pattern in the future.

Henry Leach



NOTICE BOARD



The 'plane' truth of toy-making. Bert Wallage discusses technique with instructor Chris Cummings.

TOYS ARE IN!

Imagine the satisfaction and sense of achievement as you feel a rough block of wood turn into a smoothly shaped toy. Appreciate the aroma of the timber and enjoy listening to a good play or music on the radio while you work.

These are some of the delights which can accrue from having attended John Newman's toy making course at Headquarters. In addition, you will be accommodated in the comfortable surrounds of Ansell House, all of ten yards walk across the road from Headquarters. During the day, your wife or escort can sample the capital's highlights, and, in the evening, the night life of London is your oyster.

You will be shown how to assemble and glue the kits together using jigs to ensure pieces are centred. The few tools required will be provided. After your return home, a phone call will re-supply you with kits, or your place on a subsequent course!

There are vacancies, or if you have any particular carpentry problems, then John and his team will be only too willing to help. Those interested should contact John Newman direct on 071 723 5021.

Ray Hazan

'GLORIOUS' CASSETTE

The following book has been added to the library: **G61**. 7 x C90's & 3 x C60's. *The Edge of the Sword*. The story of the Glosters in Korea by Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, now General Sir Anthony Farrar-Hockley, GBE, KCB, DSO, MC.

SOUND TELEVISION EXPERIMENT AT IFH

An innovative system which allows narrative speech to be added to television programmes is being tested at Ian Fraser House.

Auditel was installed on the large screen television in the Stables on June 21st. The unit allows descriptive speech input on programmes where there is action but no dialogue, thereby informing people with sight difficulties what is going on. It builds on the pioneering video release of the film *Hear My Song*.

Meridian Television, the local ITV service is using IFH as an Auditel test centre for a three month period. During this time, the system will be used to cover one soap, documentary and film per week, chosen from BBC1 or ITV.

St Dunstaners, either local or visiting, should contact either April Hadert on ext 3263, or the Lounge Desk, ext 3211, for information on which programmes will be using Auditel as part of its coverage.

TWENTY YEAR HIGH FOR DERBY SWEEPSTAKE

This year's Derby Sweepstake closed with a record £795.20 in the kitty - the highest subscription in well over 20 years (our records only go back to 1972). The coffers were partly swelled by in-house production of tickets, but sales were also greatly increased.

Erhaab came in first, so the grand prize went to Mrs M.J. Hamilton of Menai Bridge, Anglesey (ticket number 2000) who received £397.60.

In second place, Mr H.T. Bice of Wimborne, Dorset, who drew King's Theatre on 0298, won £159.04 while Mrs R.L. Lee of Merton Park, London won £79.52 with 2112 on Colonel Collins. Mrs Lee also won part of the Starters' Prize.

The rest of the Starters' Prize was divided amongst R.W. Armstrong, Mrs M. Bingham, R. Bingley, Mrs M. Chadwick, Mrs M. Corrigan, F. Davies, B. Fearnly (who won two shares), Mrs Y. Firrell, H. Foster, Mrs Glover, Mrs E. Gomez, Mrs Hawes, J. Lynch, J. McDermott, J. Nicol, Mrs E. Ollington, J. Ormond, Mrs I. Preston, R. Robinson, and R. Taylor.



NEW INSURANCE & ESTATE RECORDS CO-ORDINATOR

Mr Eric Scullard started work as St Dunstan's Insurance and Estate Records Co-ordinator on June 13th. He joins us from the Royal Bank of Canada and will initially be assisted by our computer specialist, Andy Harris.

St Dunstaners can direct insurance queries to Mr Scullard at Headquarters on ext. 2235.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

On the occasion of Her Majesty The Queen's Official Birthday, our Chairman, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach, sent this message of congratulation:

'On behalf of St Dunstan's Council and our blinded ex-Servicemen and women I would be grateful if you would kindly give Her Majesty The Queen our most loyal greetings on the celebration of her Official Birthday on Saturday, 11th June.

'We send Her Majesty all our good wishes.'

Mr Simon Gimson, Special Assistant, The Private Secretary's Office, replied on behalf of Her Majesty:

'I am commanded by The Queen to convey her warm thanks to you, St Dunstan's Council and the blinded ex-servicemen and women for your message of greetings, sent on the occasion of Her Majesty's Official Birthday.

'The Queen received this with much pleasure and appreciated your kind thought for her.'

ST DUNSTANER'S YORKSHIRE SAGA SEES PRINT

The saga of a Yorkshire family as told by late St Dunstaner Les Cadman is now available.

Les, who died in June 1984, wrote *Eaglesmount* under the name Leslie Dorrian - taken from his forenames. His widow, Anne Pallant-Cadman has kindly offered to record the book.

Eaglesmount costs £5.75, plus 60p postage and packing in either format. Copies can be ordered through the Public Relations Department at Headquarters.

SAY NO TO DOORSTEP STRANGERS

A St Dunstaner and his wife had several thousand pounds worth of property stolen from their home by a con man recently.

The man called out of the blue, claiming to be an antiques dealer and managed to steal jewellery and other items as he was shown around the house.

St Dunstan's advises that unidentified callers should not be admitted to your home. Leave the chain on when opening the door to strangers and if necessary ask them to make a written appointment to call later when a friend or relative can be present. If they do make a written appointment check name, address and telephone number for accuracy.

Most gas, electricity and water boards now operate a password system. If they don't, their representatives should still be able to quote your account number and will make an appointment. Unless there is a specific fault to your telephone (which means you will request their presence) British Telecom do not require access to your home.

Equally, do not accept offers of guttering, tarmac, roofing or other building work from casual callers or tradesmen who leave business cards without an address. Contact the Estates Department who will recommend a recognised contractor.

Keep a record of serial numbers for electrical and computer goods with receipts where possible. If items are stolen, it may allow police to identify your property in event of recovery. You may wish to consider marking property with an ultra-violet pen, invisible until viewed in black light. Keep photographs of valuable items.

Your local crime prevention office will also offer general advice on home security, contact your local police station for details. Some insurance companies reward prudent security measures with lower premiums. Items over £1000 should be valued and listed individually for insurance purposes. The Estates Department recommends that St Dunstaners check that they are covered accordingly.

FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

We expect to receive a small allocation of tickets for the afternoon and evening presentations of the Festival of Remembrance, held at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, November 12th.

St Dunstaners are invited to apply, before September 9th, to Keith Martin at Headquarters. Please state any preference for attending the afternoon or evening presentation.



Bill Weisblatt in jovial conversation with St Dunstaner Ernest Johnson at the recent Cambridge Reunion.

THE RETIREMENT OF WILLIAM C. WEISBLATT, LL.B.

Bill Weisblatt is a Bachelor of Laws having graduated at London University in 1958. He left the Civil Service where he was engaged in Probate and Trust work to join the Headquarters staff of St Dunstan's on March 1st 1973 as Legal Officer.

On January 1st 1980, he assumed the post of Secretary to the Executive Council of St Dunstan's and Head of Staff. Bill retired on July 30th 1994.

As Secretary, Bill continued to be involved with all aspects of legal work relating to both St Dunstan's and St Dunstaners. He has been responsible for steering the pending constitutional amendments through their many and various legal stages and will continue to do so until they are concluded. He chaired the weekly Welfare Committee meetings.

Bill's interest was spread throughout St Dunstan's clubs, societies and activities and he was a frequent participant. He attended the many reunions throughout the country and at Ian Fraser House. He represented St Dunstan's on many ex-Service welfare committees.

Both Bill and his wife, Betty, are very involved in local affairs in their home area and life is likely to be anything but quiet for them. We wish them both a long, happy and healthy retirement.

SKI-ING IS BACK

A ski trip for St Dunstaners and families is being arranged for next winter.

It will take place during the third week in January at a suitable resort in the Alps. Anyone who is interested can obtain information by contacting Cherrie Duncan at Ian Fraser House.

HELP PEARSON HOUSE TAKE A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

Pearson House is planning to hold reminiscence sessions on a regular basis. These sessions are an attempt to stimulate our frailer St Dunstaners, to encourage them to recall their own past history and share their rich recollections with others.

We are looking for suitable items, preferably from the Twenties onwards, such as old newspapers, kitchen utensils, old work tools, toys from the time, clothes (stiff collars and studs, etc.), smellies (talcum powders, soaps, etc.), wireless sets, silk stockings, etc.

If you can help with any of these items, please contact Rita Priest or Glynis Whitmore at Pearson House on ext. 4286.

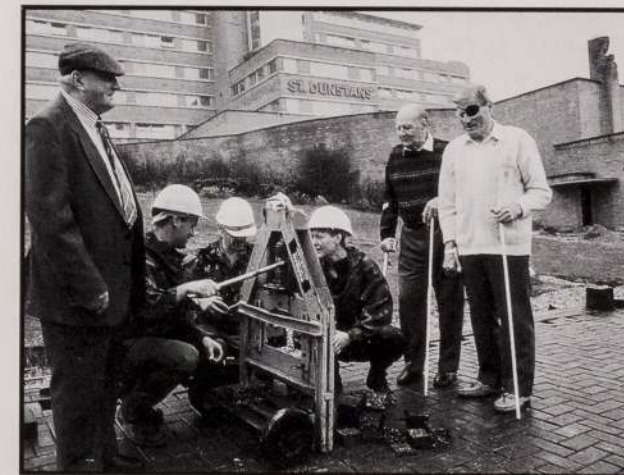
A LARK IN THE WOODS

A week of family camping in Farnham, Surrey is currently on offer from Alternative Vision.

Woodlarks Camp runs from September 3rd to 10th and tents will be provided if required. Activities include day-trips to water parks, ice skating, ten-pin bowling and canoeing, not to mention lots of walks to pubs.

The cost is £65 per week, £20 for helpers. Children can come free and guide dogs are welcome. Further information can be obtained from Jonathon Ridge on 0273 683273.

A RIGHTEOUS PATH PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTION



For once good intention paved a path away from the proverbial direction. The Sappers of 127 Sussex Yeomanry Field Squadron Royal Engineers (V) returned to Ian Fraser House to construct a path to the chapel.

St Dunstaners Archie Luxton, Joe Attfield and Richard Bingley stepped out to find how work was progressing.

FRAMING EQUIPMENT REQUIRED

Some St Dunstaners who have taken up picture framing are in need of equipment. As the purchase price is extremely high, I am appealing to St Dunstaners who no longer require their equipment to contact me at the Workshop, Ian Fraser House, ext 3222, to arrange for the equipment to be returned for forward transmission. Your help in this matter is greatly appreciated.

Gary Glowa

THANK YOU FROM THE FETE COMMITTEE

The Ian Fraser House Summer Fete Committee would like to thank all those St Dunstaners, wives and widows who have worked so hard making things and clearing out their box rooms to donate goods for the Fete. The response has been truly heart-warming. Watch out for a report on the big day in the next *Review*.

Sue Reynolds,
Assistant Manager

JURASSIC DOCK

Monsters from a bygone age now roam Gloucester Docks. Full size models of dinosaurs and real fossils are on display at a new museum, Dinosaur Valley. There are tactile displays with information in braille. For further details call 0452 311265.

TEE OFF WITH ST DUNSTAN'S GOLF CLUB

Recent Golf Weekends have been a great success with visits to Peacehaven and Pease Pottage golf clubs and Crawley driving range. There has also been pitching and putting practice at IFH.

The next two weekends will be held on September 9th to 11th and November 18th to 20th. Anyone interested in joining the Golf Club should contact George Chapman at IFH on ext 3264.

MARITIME HISTORY IN SOUND

The Cutty Sark, famed tea clipper and inspiration for whisky makers, has introduced a tape tour facility for blind people. The ship has become a landmark in Greenwich, London where it has been dry-docked since 1954. Blind visitors are excused the admission charge and no levy is made for the tape tour. For details of opening times, call 081 858 3445.

TAPE FOR THE SKIES

Airmail, the newsletter of the Royal Air Force Association, is now available on cassette and is published three times a year. You need not be a member of the Association, but must have served in the RAF.

Simply send your name and address to Mr E.A. Berry, BEM, 660 Bradford Rd., Birkenshaw, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD11 2EE

TALKING YOUR LANGUAGE

The innovative Franklin Language Master, a portable talking electronic dictionary and thesaurus is being offered at the special price of £225.

Available from Viewpoint Technology, PO Box 66, Hereford HR1 1YZ, the offer lasts as long as current stocks. Viewpoint can be contacted on 0432 343623.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOUR FOR JOHN WALL

We congratulate John Wall, MA (Oxon), Chairman of the Royal National Institute for the Blind and Member of St Dunstan's Council, on being awarded a CBE in The Queen's Birthday Honours this year. This is in recognition of his services to visually impaired people.

RAILCARD PRICE FREEZE

The cost of the Disabled Persons Railcard will be held at £14 for the next year, British Rail has announced.

The Family Railcard, which was under threat of cancellation, has been retained, although discounts on saver and SuperSaver tickets fall to 20 per cent. Benefits for existing cards bought before May 29th will continue as long as the card is valid.

HOWZAT! TAPED FOR SIX

Is this news to bowl a maiden over? *Wisden Cricket Monthly* is now available on tape for an annual subscription of £6. Each issue contains news and features from the willowed world. Full details can be obtained from Lois Leven, 48 Tenby Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 8RX.

HOLIDAY TIPS

A range of Jersey holidays for blind people is outlined in a new brochure, available in braille or on tape. It can be obtained from Martin Morris, Action for Blind People, 14-16 Verney Road, London SE16 3DZ. Tel: 071 732 8771.

SUCCESSFUL STEPS FOR WAR ZONE SUPPLIES

St Dunstaner Margaret Bingham raised £510 for war-torn Bosnia with her recent sponsored walk. Margaret used a zimmer frame to walk 209 steps at Pearson House.

The money paid for medical supplies used by Nursing Sister Maureen Davies on her recent trip to the troubled nation.

BIG SINGERS IN BIG BRAILLE

An encyclopaedia of arias and overtures has proved to be one of the largest braille publications ever produced. *The Braille Viking Opera Guide*, which claims to be the most comprehensive guide to opera, runs to 8888 pages divided into 94 volumes.

The complete set can be purchased from the RNIB for £60.

FAREWELL TO MICHAEL TYBINSKI

A personal reflection by Sue Reynolds

I have lost count of the number of funerals I have attended in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House but they are always moving occasions. I am sure that the Requiem Mass for Michael Tybinski will remain in my memory for a long time.

A congregation of family, St Dunstaners, staff and friends from Brighton's Polish Church gathered on June 8th. Mass was celebrated by Father Christopher Kozakiewicz, assisted by Father Brian Tyler. As the coffin was carried in to the Chapel, the Poles sang a beautiful unaccompanied anthem about the sin of Adam and Eve being carried by the people and the knowledge that reconciliation will come in heaven.

The whole service was a marvellous blend of Polish and English with a drop of Latin as Father Christopher sang *Dies Irae*. In his sermon, Father Brian spoke of his hopes for greater unity between our churches and Father Christopher endorsed this in his Polish address. All in all it was a fitting farewell for Michael.

My thanks to Josef Loska and Dr Stan Sosabowski for giving me the gist of the Polish bits.

OBITUARY:

Mrs Margaret Holt

We are sorry to announce the sudden death of Mrs Margaret Holt, wife of Douglas Holt, who was a Surveyor in the Northern area from 1975 to 1988, and to whom we offer our sincere condolences.



RICHARD'S NEPALESE WALK

St Dunstaner Richard Bingley started the Gardening Week with a ten mile sponsored jaunt to raise funds for a school for blind children in Nepal where his fellow St Dunstaner Tilak Tulachan will be working. He was escorted by Jim Farmer.

Margaret Bingham's report on the Gardening Week appears on page 23, while David Vynall's account of his visit to meet Tilak in Kathmandu starts on page 13.

MAY MUSIC WEEK

About a dozen St Dunstaners and their wives and escorts came to the various musical functions, classical and popular, during the Brighton Arts Festival period. One of the highlights was the very brilliant and exciting Russian National Orchestra of 101 musicians, under its young conductor and soloist, Mikhail Pletneb.

The week finished with an open air concert by the Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall.

We are all looking forward to our August music week when one of our events will be a visit to the Proms.

Ken Revis

THANK YOU

Mr and Mrs Eric Church of Exmouth, Devon wish to express their thanks to everyone for their kindness and assistance following their recent serious road traffic accident.

We are pleased to report that they are both making a good recovery, especially Mrs Church who broke several ribs.

CLEARLY BIRMINGHAM

by Colin Beaumont-Edmonds

On June 20th, Joyce and I attended the launching of Clearly Birmingham by Sir Charles Darby, Chairman of Bass Taverns, in the presence of Baroness Fisher of Rednall, JP, President of the Birmingham Royal Institute for the Blind.

John Surman, a retired architect, had painted six well-known Birmingham buildings and QAC Glass, a small unit of blind and partially sighted members of the Birmingham Institute, had engraved them on glass paper weights and other items.

We were there because, when I was the District Commissioner of the Sutton

Coldfield Scouts 20 years ago, I knew Albert Weedall, as he was one of my Scout leaders, and he is now the Chairman of the Birmingham Royal Institute for the Blind. Albert had approached me, suggesting that St Dunstan's might welcome the opportunity to benefit from special limited production runs.

David Whiteman, who runs the QAC Glass unit in The Hungry Horse Craft Centre in Sutton Coldfield, has visited our Headquarters, and on this occasion showed us a goblet beautifully engraved with St Dunstan's crest, so we are now giving further consideration to this attractive idea.

CHAMPION SAILORS WANTED

The RYA Seamanship Foundation is keen to hear from visually impaired sailors who would be interested in competing in the First National Championships for Blind Sailors.

The event takes place in Hampshire from October 7th to 9th. Full details are available from Debbie Brown, RYA Seamanship Foundation, RYA House, Romsey Road, Eastleigh, Hants SO5 4YA. Tel: 0703 629962.

People with a penchant for climbing up the rigging may also like to consider a voyage on the SS *Lord Nelson*, a 490 ton square rigged sailing ship. The vessel has been fitted with tactile surfaces and an audio compass to accommodate blind crew members.

The Jubilee Sailing Trust, which operates the *Nelson*, recently issued their new programme of 11 voyages to the Canary Islands. The first two run from November 6th-21st and November 23rd-December 4th.

Further details can be obtained on 0703 631395 or by writing to the Jubilee Sailing Trust, Eastern Docks, Southampton SO14 3GG.

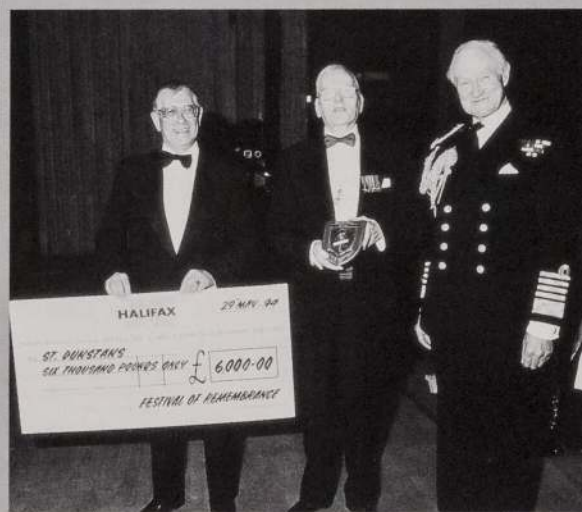
RADIO APPEAL

St Dunstan's will be featured on Radio 4's *The Week's Good Cause* on Sunday, August 14th at 8.50 am.

Cliff Morgan, CVO, OBE (right) has kindly agreed to make the appeal on our behalf.



FUNDRAISING ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



D-DAY SHOWBAND SUPPORT

The Ashton-on-Mersey Youth Showband gave a concert on May 29th at Oldham, Manchester, called *The Longest Day* to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of D-Day. The proceeds were presented to our Chairman, Sir Henry Leach.

Thank you, all

We are grateful to the following, who have been involved with donations to St Dunstan's:

Mr and Mrs R. Coupland, in lieu of Golden Wedding Anniversary presents. The Beaconsfield Operatic Society for raffle proceeds. South Downs Walkers. Our widow, Mrs Costello.

Ray Hazan records the success of the Open Day

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Brightonians have been frequently heard to say 'I've always wondered what went on at that big place up on the hill'. On June 11th, they were given that opportunity when Ian Fraser House and Pearson House opened their doors to members of the public. Over 450 people availed themselves of the chance. In addition, our President and Chairman welcomed some 50 VIP's, including the Mayors and Mayoresses of Brighton, Hove and Lewes, together with the Heads of local schools and other establishments.

Each tour of Ian Fraser House was due to last 90 minutes, but such was the interest both there and at Pearson House that timings became almost theoretical! Every aspect of St Dunstan's work plus many other hobbies and activities were demonstrated. Some £900 of handicraft items were sold including pictures, books and plenty of 'bonhomie' was distributed.

A party of VIP's toured Pearson House and were particularly interested in the new day room, generously funded by the King George's Fund for Sailors and the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund. One character was especially asked for but shyly withdrew until literally hauled out by his whiskers. Blue was obviously a rather 'too cool cat'!

David Bray, Manager of Ian Fraser House, voiced management appreciation of the St Dunstaners, Wives and Widows who helped in the planning and on the day. 'Thank you for your marvellous support during the planning and execution of the Open Day,' he said. 'It was without doubt a resounding success. I have received a substantial number of letters from members of the visiting groups, saying how much they enjoyed the day. Without your presence the whole event could not have taken place and without your wide variety of skills, talents and interests, it would not have been so impressive.

'For the future it is planned to hold one major public event each year. In 1995, a Fete Day fund raising event will be held and in 1996, another Open Day.'

From: Mrs Pat Magowan, Telscombe Cliffs, Peacehaven, East Sussex

Just a short note to say 'thank you' for such a wonderful Open Day. David, our guide, was most informative and helpful; if I may use the expression, we certainly had our eyes opened!



While exploring Pearson House, The Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton discover the practical uses of a lifting hoist with the aid of Nursing Orderly Paul McQuade.

Having passed St Dunstan's so many times, we had not realised just how much wonderful work went on, and the love, care and attention to the St Dunstaners just seemed to ooze out of every corner and everyone was so happy.

Thank you, once again for a most heart warming visit. We hope to visit your craft shop very soon.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Jim Bumby, Marland, Rochdale

My wife and I wish to thank Sir Henry Leach, St Dunstan's Council, and all members of Headquarters staff for their good wishes on the occasion of our golden wedding anniversary.

We would also like to thank Sir Maurice and Lady Johnston and all St Dunstaners who attended the Liverpool Reunion for their good wishes and for making it a very pleasant and memorable afternoon. After an absence of three years, it was enjoyable to meet old friends once again. Let us hope we can celebrate more reunions in the years to come.

EASY RIDERS? No way, says Alan 'Reggie' Perrin about the sponsored wheelchair- push to Portsmouth

RAWHIDE ROLLERS



Braving the elements! David Bray, Steve Sparkes and Alan Perrin start their arduous trek.

A WET and windy morning saw four phantom caped Royal Marines and their dedicated assistants brave the elements to begin what was to become a journey to remember. Ahead of them lay 60 gruelling, bottom blistering, miles from Ian Fraser House to Royal Marines Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth in their wheelchairs.

The reason for this physically demanding challenge was to re-equip the old and outdated gymnasium with new specially adapted rehabilitation equipment for the visually impaired. This brainstorm of our Physical Trainer, Grant Cooper, was brought about by an influx of Royal Marines who met this challenge with the vigour, enthusiasm and dedication so often associated with the men of the Corps.

The party consisted of Stephen Nixon, Stephen Sparkes, Alan 'Reg' Perrin, Jack 'Where's the camera' Mason, Julian 'Pass the bottle' Stevens and the intrepid pushers, David 'I've got a bad hip' Bray, Grant Cooper, George Chapman, Malcolm Thomas plus the greatly appreciated assistance of Royal Marines Tony Veale and Pat.

To add to the conglomerate of foolhardiness was the ever present support of the 'Bucket / Pusher/Tea/First Aid/Morale Boosting Girls', Chris Weaver, April Hadert and Kozy Brawn. In addition was the ever patient Mark 'Can we go faster than first gear' Kemp, following in the support vehicle.

Kitted up to brave the elements, the group departed full of cheer and trepidation of what lay ahead, with the echo of the good wishes from St Dunstaners and staff alike still ringing in our ears. It had been suggested that we would not cover the miles quick enough to make our destinations, Bognor Regis for the first night and finally Eastney Barracks, but with pace set by Stephen Sparkes and Tony Veale, we realised that our goal could be met and that everyone's fitness would be seriously put to the test.

Brighton seafront stretched out before us like an endless frontier but by the time we had reached the Marina our spirits had once again been lifted by the coins and comments of good wishes thrown by passing cars, who could not but admire the sight of the wind-swept group. Down near the Palace Pier Chris Eubank, in training for his big fight, offered support and a promise of a cheque as we trundled past him faster than his trainer on the bicycle. Just as we reached Hove Lawns the sun, which they say shines on the righteous, broke through the clouds bringing warmth and the promise of good weather to come.

The day soon passed into a blur as the miles were eaten up along with the packed lunches, eaten alfresco while on the move. Tea, coffee and water was ferried to the pushers and their passengers at frequent intervals, often by Kozy, whose running expertise just to catch them

On the road to Portsmouth, but Julian Stevens' pusher isn't nearly as pretty as Dorothy Lamour.



up, warranted a place in the British athletics team. That first day saw few people taking a well deserved rest break on the bus, as everyone pulled together with a team spirit seldom seen.

Bognor Regis came into sight not a moment too soon, as we reached our destination foot sore (and in some cases bottom sore) and weary, the only casualty being Julian Steven's right foot rest on his wheelchair, but the pace was worth it as we gained an hour on our ETA, arriving at 1755hrs.

Rooms were allocated with the speed of light with everyone vying for rooms with baths and with the aroma of Ralgex wafting around us, we made our way to supper and last but not least, the bar.

Day two started at the crack of dawn, well it felt like it, and promptly we limped away by 0800hrs. Despite a slight detour, the pace was rapid and it was not too long before we were on the dual carriageway of the A27. Time passed uneventfully until we were stopped briefly by the police who had had a report that a mini bus had broken down and four disabled men in wheelchairs were making their way down the carriage way in competition with the traffic! This however proved to be untrue as the traffic was no competition for us.

Our procession through Eastney was highlighted by the presence of the police escort who, realising we were three hours early,

Marines United! Jack Mason was one of the St Dunstaners from that famous Corps who rolled for glory. Pushing him was the driving force behind the 'big push', Ian Fraser House Sports Co-ordinator, Grant Cooper. Their arrival at Eastney Barracks was on May 19th - St Dunstan's Day.



directed us to a local hostelry, giving us time to powder our noses and refresh our petrol polluted throats.

The final leg of the journey saw Julian, Reg, Steve Nixon and Jack take their places behind the wheelchairs and push the weary helpers over the last half mile with cameras flashing and rapturous applause from the crowd that had gathered to greet us.

A welcoming speech was made by Major General Keeling to the military march of John Pamplin's disco.

All that is left to say is a BIG THANK YOU to all those who took part in this arduous event and also to all of you who unhesitatingly reached into your pockets to help raise over £6000.

Blind bird rescued by its parents

The following item is taken from Trevor Beer's Nature Watch column in the Western Morning News. It was sent to the Review by Mrs A. Nesbitt, Teignmouth, Devon.

The second story from Mr Watts of South Molton is, if possible, more fascinating than the first, the blackbird using a stick as a tool.

Watching starlings feeding in the garden it was observed that one of them never joined the feeding process, but always sat on the lawn edge squawking to be fed, two other birds always feeding it.

One day Mrs Watts realised the bird was blind and on closer observation could see that 'both eyes were white patches'.

Again they watched the starling crying to be fed and then, into the garden came the cat from next door. It stalked through the vegetation as the starling flock flew off in panic whilst the blind bird perched very still and silent as the cat crept nearer.

Mr Watts was about to open the window to scare the cat away when the two parent birds returned.

They swooped down side by side over the annexe roof and approached the blind bird from behind, arrived one on either side, their wingtips touched beneath the perching bird's wings and it took off between them, all three disappearing over the garden hedge.

A beautiful story, an enviable observation if ever there was one. Though I was not there I have 'seen' it a score of times since in my mind's eye. Unimaginable, a bird, blind and its only security other birds also living out a fragile existence and dependent on flight. How very fortunate those of us who are sighted really are.

In the wild it is life and death to most creatures to be able to see. Where nature and wild-life is concerned the more we know the more there is to know and ones respect for all, be it plant or animal must surely grow from observing and understanding.



Mike Tetley was allowed to touch this Chinese treasure, but the real value of his visit could be found in a life-saving head-rest.

JADE PILLOW COULD PREVENT COT DEATHS

A ST DUNSTANER physiotherapist is investigating the possibility that an ancient artefact he found during a trip to China may ward off cot death.

The item is a jade pillow - but quite apart from any supposed mystical healing powers, Mike Tetley thinks there is a very practical reason why it would help prevent cot death.

His reasoning starts over 3000 years ago with the habits of Chinese royalty. 'The Emperor's concubines had elaborate hair-styles to attract his attention,' said Mike. 'When it was hot the skin under the hair would sweat if placed on a normal pillow, which would ruin the hair-style. In order to overcome this, the ladies placed their head on a jade pillow.'

'This allowed air to circulate round the head and keep it cool. Some cot deaths are thought to be the result of the infant overheating and unable to lower its body temperature. Placing the infant on such a pillow may help.'

Mike has tried the jade pillow himself. 'At first thought it seems most uncomfortable, but in reality it is very comfortable. I slept on it for two weeks and when I sweated un-

der a duvet, then changed from a normal pillow, the sweating stopped.'

The jade pillow consists of a sheet of linen with 45 circular pieces of jade, about the size of 50p coins, arranged in a rectangle. Mike came across the pillow in Beijing, China. He now plans to take his theory to doctors studying cot deaths.

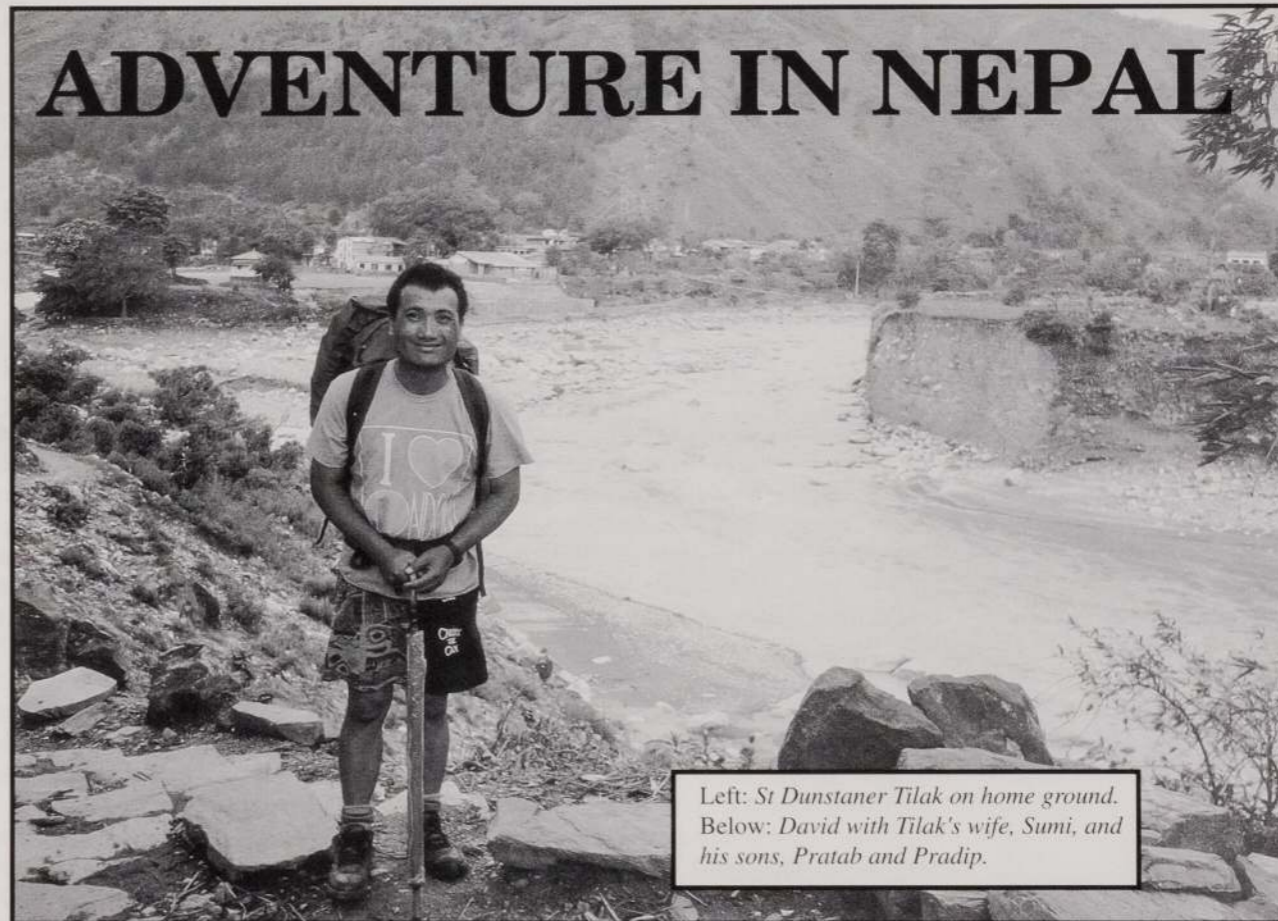
It cost Mike the equivalent of £20. As jade is a precious stone, he thought that cheaper materials could be utilised but recently learnt of a Japanese ceramic tiled pillow from Kenco which claims similar cooling benefits. However, this hi-tech head rest costs £128, so jade might not be that extravagant after all.

During his trip to China with the Guide Dog Adventure Group, Mike was also allowed to touch the famous Terracotta Army - statues of ancient Chinese heroes. Previously, only The Queen and Ronald Regan had been allowed this honour.

Mike also visited Beijing School for the Blind which he found to be very stark. 'The band played for us, using 1000 year old instruments. Apart from traditional Chinese music they played *Danny Boy* and *Auld Lang Syne*.'

IFH driver David Vinall is used to escorting St Dunstaners through all kinds of terrain, but the tables were turned when he visited Gurkha Tilak Tulachan at home in Kathmandu

ADVENTURE IN NEPAL



Left: St Dunstaner Tilak on home ground. Below: David with Tilak's wife, Sumi, and his sons, Pratab and Pradip.

WITH A mixture of excitement, apprehension and anticipation, I boarded a Royal Nepal Airlines flight from Gatwick to Kathmandu. The excitement and anticipation were because I was going to meet my great friend St Dunstaner Tilak Tulachan in his homeland. The apprehension was self-doubt as to whether I - overweight and not very fit - would be able to give good account of myself on the active holiday that Tilak had planned.

The flight lasts 16 hours, so I arrived rather tired. The descent to the Airport is notoriously difficult. Kathmandu is set high in a mountain valley, with the hills on the rim reaching over 4000 metres. The sheer majesty of the scenery soon wakes you up.

Tilak had asked me to bring a number of things from the UK,

one of which was a Wet and Dry Hoover. Customs were very curious and made me unpack everything. It took all my patience to get away without paying any duty.

I finally got through, emerging into the bright sunshine to find Tilak wreathed in smiles. We piled into a beaten up old taxi for the first of many manic drives through the chaotic streets of Kathmandu.

Tilak booked me into a small hotel just round the corner from his apartment. He helped me to unpack and then we went to his home for a cup of tea and to meet his lovely wife, Sumi. I have never been treated to such a warm welcome.

Kathmandu assaults the senses in every way. It is un-

like any other city I have visited. It's crowded, chaotic, noisy and very polluted. There is so much traffic dashing about, trying to avoid the seething mass of pedestrians and the ubiquitous Sacred Cattle that lay in the middle of the main highways, oblivious of the





Tilak lights candles for his family at a local shrine.

near miss accidents they cause as cars and buses try to avoid them.

We spent the first four days 'doing' Kathmandu. Many of the places we visited were new to Tilak as well, so I didn't feel that I was being a bore. I am so pleased that I was with him. The language and pace of life would have, I am sure, driven me back to the sanctuary of my hotel. Instead, we ventured far and wide, braving grossly overcrowded buses, auto-rickshaws and incredible three wheel minibus taxis. These are built onto a chassis similar to a Reliant Robin but with a box van instead of a car. These little two stroke monsters hold a minimum of ten passengers. You really get to know one another as you squeeze into the bus. The main thing in favour of the transport is the price. We travelled for 45 minutes on an extremely aged trolley bus for the princely sum of three rupees (about 4p).

During my first week, we were due to make the 800km journey to Tilak's home town near the Indian border. We went to the bus station to book seats. The clerk very proudly sold me luxury seats on the overnight bus.

Came the day, we were running late. We had to get across the city in less than 30 minutes. Picking

up Tilak's brother-in-law, Lollit, who was to travel to Tikapur with us, we piled into an auto-rickshaw and excitedly told the driver to get us to the bus. He drove like a maniac, taking short cuts along some of the roughest roads I have ever seen. As I sorted the luggage, Tilak was engaged in a loud argument with the driver. 'What was that all about,' I asked. 'He tried to charge 42 rupees and the fare was only 40.' They almost came to blows over 2p!!! It's a matter of principle in Nepal, you don't let anyone 'rip you off.'

The bus journey took 22 hours and there were many times when I was so very very pleased that I was with Tilak. I was the only Westerner around, we were miles off the tourist routes.

Most of the time I hadn't a clue what was going on. The bus lurched along the dreadful roads, occasionally pulling into some decidedly basic eating places. Almost everyone eats with their hands. Tilak was horrified the first time I tried and always insisted the cafe find us a spoon after that.

Just after dawn we pulled

into a village for tea. It was getting really hot and I took my shirt off (my passport was in the pocket) and pushed it between the seats. Tilak told Lollit to stay with the gear while we grabbed a cup of tea.

Five minutes later, he turned up at the table. Tilak and I rushed back to the bus, but my passport had gone.

We reported the loss at the next police station but they held little hope of it being found. The immigration people at Gatwick said that an illegal immigrant will use it with a different photograph to enter the UK.

We couldn't alter our plans, so armed with a statement, in Nepalese from the police - Tilak told me that it said I was a great bloke and really was British - we carried on to Tikapur. That day the temperature went up to 49°C, it was the hottest place on earth. Neither of us could stand it, so after Tilak had completed his business we set off on the bus again.

We were heading for the mountains. By this time I had developed a case of Delhi-Belly and was feeling like death. The long bus journey came to an abrupt halt when we got off in what seemed to be the middle of nowhere. Tilak pointed to a track and said 'let's start walking' and we walked and walked.

After seven hours we crossed an Indiana Jones-style rope bridge into the area capital, Beni Bazaar. It was incredible, a small town with government offices, loads of shops, small hotels, etc. All with no roads. Everything there had to be carried on some poor guy's back. We stayed overnight with some of Tilak's cousins. It was the most welcome night's sleep I've had for years.

It's amazing how soon you adapt to local conditions, I was not in the least put out when I was roused at 4.30am

to take tea and get ready to leave.

By 5.15am we were plodding up the track. My tummy was like a volcano and I felt like a complete wimp. We stopped for breakfast and Tilak engaged a couple of porters to carry the bags. Now I have always said, when seeing a similar thing on television, that I wouldn't be part to exploiting the locals - it's amazing how easily western principles are thrown out when presented with reality.

For the next day we walked up a beautiful river valley. The path was spectacular and very rugged. The most welcome break was a bathe in a pool fed by a small waterfall crashing hundreds of feet down the mountain side. It was freezing but so good for our feet. Our two porters, who were both about 16, seemed to be very pleased to be with us and were happy to share tea and meals as we stopped. As Tilak said, they were walking up anyway, so by helping us they were earning some much needed cash and being fed into the bargain.

Just before 6pm, we came to the village where Tilak had planned our overnight stop. There was a police post and a very smart young policeman was showing great interest in me. He told us that I didn't have the right papers and that I

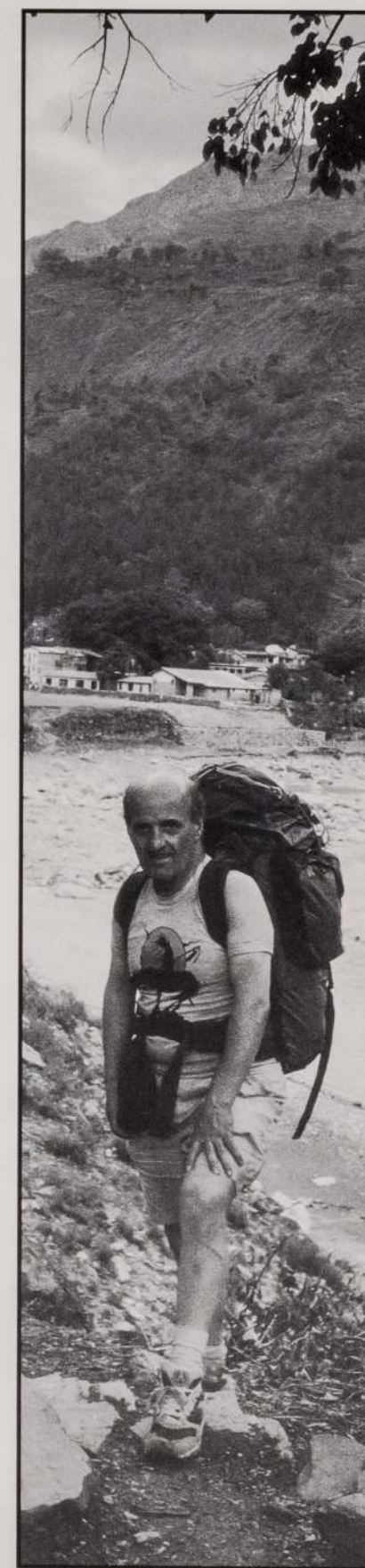
would not be allowed to go on. Tilak had important business at his ancestral village, so he had no alternative but to carry on. We agreed that I would stay in the village until he could return. I was a bit scared but my feet and tummy were cheering.

The name of the village, Tato Panni, means Hot Water! I resigned myself to staying in Hot Water for a day or two and, early next morning, waved goodbye to Tilak and our young porters.

Tilak had told the owner of the lodge where I was interned to look after me and I was treated like royalty. There were a number of really interesting fellow travellers and the first day and a half was a real pleasure. I figured that Tilak would be back on the third day so, alone by now, I waited. The owner found an English book and I read, sunbathed, went for short walks and bathed in the hot pools that gave the village its name.

The policeman walked by periodically to check that I hadn't absconded. If only he knew. I would have been terrified to walk alone, having been filled with stories of bandits and the bodies of tourists being found in the river.

I must have looked pathetic, positioned on a rock that gave me a view up the path for a mile or so, trying to look nonchalant,



Left: The 'luxury' bus that took some of the leg work out of Tilak and David's journey. Above: David takes a breath on the rocky riverside road.



David and Tilak with one of their young porters during a break from their marathon trek.

hoping that my friend would march down the trail. By dusk, the owner said: 'Your friend no come today.' No, I thought, he no come. WHAT DO I DO?

I had realised that it was going to be physically impossible to catch my flight home. We had two and a half days walk and three long bus rides back to Kathmandu.

I knew that Tilak would be even more worried than me, so I just hoped, should I have to pay again for my flight, that my 'flexible friend' (Access) spoke Nepalese.

The fourth day was my forty-something birthday and I will admit that I did feel sorry for myself for a while. The day was clear and the distant snow covered mountains were easily seen. I thought that if I was going to be stuck then there were worst places to be. I had lunch and was playing patience with the village pack of cards, when in came Tilak like a whirlwind. 'Have you packed your kit - if not, why not - do it now.' Within 20 minutes the bill was paid and we were marching down the trail.

Tilak had got another pair of porters, so all we had to carry were our umbrellas. I had been reluctant to carry one, but as Tilak pointed out it proved to be invaluable. A sunshade, protection against occasional violent showers, support along rocky paths and as a warning stick to dogs and mules speeding down the trail.

The fifth use was as a

weapon against bandits, but I am glad to say that this wasn't tested.

We over-nighted in a hovel. I decided not to think about whether the bed was clean or not and again, we left early. Our porters had gone and we half-heartedly lifted our rucksacks.

As if sent by heaven, a family came round the corner, Mum, Dad and two teenage sons. Tilak had soon engaged the boys to carry our gear. Mum set the pace, she was incredible and marched along effortlessly with the five men straggled out behind. The only saving grace was that she stopped at rest points often. We were very glad to provide tea for the party and cigarettes for Dad.

About 2pm, we came to the only telephone in the area and, after several tries, got through to the airline and got my flight changed to the next available. Our porters had gone, but with the pressure off I didn't mind carrying my pack which seemed a great deal heavier than I remembered.

We had about 15 miles to go, via a short cut, to the road ahead. It took us up an 800m hill, the steepest and longest walk of my life. When we got to the top, we staggered to the next town and found a hotel. Both of us were exhausted.

We headed for the resort of Pokhara where we found a hotel that wouldn't have been out of place in Bournemouth.

A really nice room for less than £3 each per night. We spent a well earned couple of days relaxing. Tilak decided we both needed a haircut. I went into the chair first and was given an expert cut. When it was finished, the barber removed the sheet covering me. I went to get up and he said 'no' and held me in the chair. Tilak was smiling - suddenly the barber started smacking me round the head - a ten minute upper body massage followed which had me squealing and squirming. Did I feel better? No! Still it gave everyone a good laugh.

We returned to Kathmandu and I sorted out the passport problem. The British Embassy was like an oasis of calm amidst the chaos. It was cool, clean and efficient. A temporary passport was arranged and we were able to spend the rest of my stay in relative calm.

I had an exhilarating, exciting and very interesting holiday. Our great friendship was strengthened and I know that I will be drawn back to Nepal.

If you are thinking of going, throw away all preconceptions. It's hard work but well worth the effort. For visually impaired people, I guess that Kathmandu would be a nightmare and travelling, even by taxi, very difficult. As for trekking - well, if I go again, I will have to get in some serious training, if only to prove that I'm not quite the wimp I appeared to be.

STORY CONTEST WINNER

The Editor wishes to thank all those who participated in the story competition. There were a record number of entries this year. The judges were Captain Michael Gordon-Lennox, RN, a Member of Council and his wife, Jenny. They would like to express their congratulations to all and much enjoyed reading the entries.

The results were as follows:

1st The Vigil by Yulie - Eileen Gomez £60

2nd An Ill Wind by Major Rhodes - E.C. Bunting £25

Runners up: Margaret Bingham, Maurice Aldridge, Wilfred Saxby, received £5 each.

The Vigil by Yulie (Eileen Gomez)

IT WAS a warm sunny afternoon, much too pleasant to stay indoors, so I thought a leisurely stroll would be the order of the day. It was a beautiful day in late May, the trees were in full leaf, and there was a slight breeze to freshen the air. Walking along I admired the colourful gardens, and as I approached the cemetery gates, my feet turned of their own volition and I passed through. I was walking unknowingly toward an experience that I would never forget.

Sitting down on one of the benches, and looking up the path, flanked with flowers of every colour I thought how peaceful it was. Looking idly around, I caught sight of a brown and white object lying by the side of one of the graves. Curiosity compelled me to walk over to see what it was.

A small brown and white dog was lying there, it looked so thin, that its ribs were almost protruding through its skin. Feeling full of compassion for the small animal, I said 'Hello, what are you doing here?' The tail quivered at the end and a small whimper escaped. Bending down to look at the collar, which read 'Suky, 75 Marsden Avenue, Whitfield'. The stone at the end of the grave read 'IN LOVING MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED SON, JULIAN SANDS, DIED 18th MARCH 1983, AGED 11 YEARS'. Could there be any connection between this young boy who had died so young and the dog, who appeared to be keeping a vigil over the grave? A man's voice spoke behind me. 'Is the dog yours,' I asked. 'Yes,' he said, 'she belonged to my son,' pointing to the grave. 'He was killed in a road accident earlier this year, a drunken driver,' he said bitterly. 'We can't do anything with Suky, she won't eat anything, just pines away. You can see she has grown so thin, we tried to spoon feed her, but she won't have it.'

I said quickly, 'It must be a constant reminder of your son.' He said, 'It is because she was Julian's that we try to keep her alive.' I stood there and looked at the grave, words

were so inadequate. Then I looked at the head of the grave, a mist seemed to rise, and then it took shape. I stared unbelievably, the figure of a small boy stood there, looking down at the dog. He was a fair boy, with eyes of such deep blue. He spoke softly, 'Suky' and snapped his fingers.

The dog quivered and then looked over to him, in a bound she was at her master's side, jumping up, and trying to lick her young master's face, the boy knelt down, hugging the dog to him, he was laughing with joy. They turned and walked off together, the boy giving an occasional run, the dog leaping up. I looked down at the dog, now lying dead at my feet. Her spirit had left her body and joined that of the boy. Her vigil was now over and she was once again happily re-united with her young master.

Next issue: *An Ill Wind* by Major Rhodes - E.C. Bunting

FAREWELL TO A GUNNER

Just as this *Review* went to press, we sadly learnt of the death of St Dunstaner Albert Grimshaw.

A popular figure at the Brighton Homes, Albert died quietly on July 12th, four and a half months after his 100th birthday. He had served as a Lance-Bombardier in the Royal Artillery and survived a gas attack during the First World War, though this eventually cost him his sight.

He worked as a chemist for Esso in civilian life and became a St Dunstaner on July 24th 1969. Albert celebrated a century of life on February 21st in the company of his family and fellow St Dunstaner Gunners.

Our sympathy goes to his daughter, Margaret, and all other members of the family. A full tribute will appear next issue.

Ron Grimes recalls the barbarity of the PoW camp

B29 over Korea

MY FATHER was Company Sergeant Major George Grimes, 2nd Bat., the Essex Regiment (The Pompadours). He decided that his eldest son would join the army at 14 1/2. So it was that I joined the army in India in 1932. I subsequently became an apprentice electrician trained at Chepstow and transferred to the Royal Engineers in September 1935.

In 1938, I went to Singapore and was taken PoW on February 15th 1942. After six months in Changi, we were shipped out to Korea on the SS *Fukkai-Maru*. On the way, off the northern tip of Formosa we had a submarine alert, whereupon the whole convoy headed down south to safety. We arrived in Korea on September 22nd 1942 (my 25th birthday).

Early in May 1943, a party of PoWs left Jinsen PoW camp for Konnan PoW camp, via Keijo. We were herded into railway vans with straw on the floor for bedding. At Keijo mainline station, we picked up a further 50 Aussies, and then proceeded on our two day journey to North East Korea. The toilet arrangements were very simple - slide back a door and hope for the best.

On arrival at Konnan we found a new camp had been built for us, well up to Japanese standards. Next to the camp was a swamp, so that in the summer we had our own source of malaria, plus swarms of fleas, just to make life more uncomfortable. Konnan was a huge industrial area churning out chemicals of all sorts.

One particular and dangerous job on which I was employed, was working on electric furnaces turning out carbide from which acetylene gas is made for use in welding. This was, of course, war work and the Senior British Officer, Captain Kinloch, protested to the Jap Commandant who insisted we would work there, Geneva Convention or not. On refusing to turn out that first morning, the Jap guards came in with fixed bayonets loading their riffles at the same time. We hastily decided discretion was the better part of valour and went out the other door, fearing someone would get killed.

We discovered these electric furnaces were open hearth, employing a carbon ark, and they were 30ft in diameter with three water cooled carbons, three feet in diameter themselves. To fuel these furnaces we shovelled on slaked lime and coal briquettes. Doing this, we were

exposed to the full heat of the furnace, plus the brilliant light emanating from the white hot carbons.

To go into technicalities, these furnaces operated at a temperature of approximately 3000°C. This was extremely exhausting work, so we worked 20 minutes on and 40 minutes off, which would entail three men taking it in turns. We worked continuous shift work, of eight hours per day for 15 consecutive days, and then two 12 hour shifts, with one shift having the day off.

Life at this time was not without humour. The hot water from the furnaces was piped to a communal bathroom. One day we heard giggling from behind a wooden hoarding, so eventually one of our chaps nipped down in the 'altogether' to investigate. Peering through a knot hole, he came 'eyeball to eyeball' with a Japanese typist. She was giving the other girls a running commentary.

In the beginning every man in the camp was to have worked a month on these furnaces, but due to the gruelling work many fell ill. By 1944 the fittest of the unfit were on full time, which included myself.

We now come to August 15th 1945. In the camp, a Korean carpenter was helping one of our men on maintenance work on the huts. He tried to explain in his halting Japanese that at 12 noon that day Nippon would be surrendering to the Americans. Our man of course had heard this before, but the Korean persisted in repeating this fact, so eventually he took the Korean to the British Officers room where they were able to question him further. Subsequently, a Red Cross parcel on each bed space and the night shift not going to work confirmed the war had indeed ended.

Nothing much happened for a few days, then an order came from the Japs, we were to paint letters 'P.O.W.' in black on a white background on the roof of each hut. Then on the morning of August 29th somebody rushed in shouting there was vapour trails in the clear sky.

Sure enough, we knew it to be a B29 which criss-crossed the area, approaching lower with each turn. Finally, we saw the letters 'P.O.W. SUPPLIES' painted underneath, we knew they were looking for us.

On the final approach with bomb doors open, coloured parachutes began to fall. I saw one

canister break off from the parachute and plummet down and crash through the roof of the hospital, luckily no one was there.

The Russians however, saw this and ordered that any future aircraft should be brought down and they would bring the supplies over to us. That afternoon another B29 arrived over the camp. It had taken off from Saipan, refuelled at Iwo-Gaima and then arrived over Konnan, an outward journey of 1,800 miles. Whereupon, a Russian Fighter Pilot enthusiastically put a burst into the B29's outer starboard engine, setting it on fire. The aircraft peeled away to the left, losing height until it disappeared from sight. As you can imagine, this put a real damper on our spirits, as we thought these men had been killed by an ally two weeks after the war had ended.

Later, we found out that the pilot ordered his crew to jump, which they did, where upon he (Bob Rainey) and his co-pilot crash-landed, wheels up, on a military air-strip which we did not know about. Later that evening, the Russians brought in the crew in one's and two's at intervals, until eventually only the youngest member was unaccounted for. He turned up next morning, having spent the night at sea in a rubber dinghy. At that time we were playing baseball and to our astonishment he went straight into bat. We all admired his determination, in spite of all he had been through. We were back on 'Cloud 9' again.

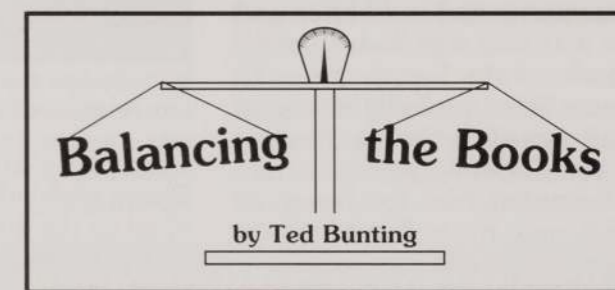
The Americans stayed with us for two or three weeks I think, experiencing PoW life as far as lack of freedom was concerned. One evening, we gave them a concert in their honour, when they occupied the front row of forms. This was something new to them, but not to us of course. Another evening, the Russians turned up with a band and a large barrel of vodka - or so we thought, it turned out to be the gasoline plus anti-freeze taken from the B29. After a 'few drinks' the Russians partnered us in a waltz! Again, I am relying on memory, I believe the Americans were flown out, but I cannot remember their departure.

On September 21st 1945, we left Konnan for good. We travelled by train overnight on September 22nd (my 28th birthday) we reached Jinsen (Inchon). After refreshments, supplied by the American Red Cross, we were taken out to the American hospital ship *Mercy*. Arriving at the top of the gang plank, we were directed to various wards, myself and 20 other men to the Malaria Ward. After a shower, we were ordered to bed, and so I got between clean sheets for

the first time in three and a half years. What a birthday present!!!

From there it was Manila, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Chicago, New York and the Cunard liner *Queen Mary*.

The sequel to all this is that I have been in correspondence with Bob Rainey who tells me, he and his crew are to have a 50th Anniversary reunion in August 1995. They would like some of us PoWs to attend at Hershey, Pennsylvania. I intend to be present if somebody will escort me, a legacy I have been left with is, that due to working on those furnaces without protective goggles, I am now partially sighted. However, I do have the good fortune of being a member of St Dunstan's.



Scargill and the Miners

Author: Stan Barstow

Reader: Gordon Dulieu

Duration: 7 hours

Catalogue number: 5531

In 1973, oil producers in Iran unilaterally doubled the price of oil. The following February, the coal miners of Britain voted for a national strike!! Is it to be wondered then that future governments have not based their energy policies on coal alone?

But the substantial wage increase gained when the Heath government collapsed did not satisfy the miners nor make their leaders more patriotic. On the contrary, it brought to the fore a set of characters whose enmity to the elected government defies rational understanding. At their centre was the left-wing Arthur Scargill, not a man to be indifferent to. This excellent book tells of his rapid rise from errand boy for the local Young Communist League to President of the NUM and principal perpetrator of the ruinous strike of 1984.

Not without justification, I believe, Margaret Thatcher spoke of 'the enemy within'. others called the striking miners 'lions lead by donkey's', but it's a poor lion, if you ask me, that will proudly claim for a year, 'I'll eat grass,' just because a donkey tells him to... And you might decide that a pit-boy who has become as prosperous as Scargill supposedly has, is certainly no ass.

Jerry Lynch travelled to Normandy to pay tribute to those lives lost in the terrible carnage of 50 years ago

Two days unlike any other

APPROXIMATELY two years ago, *Soldier* magazine paid a visit to Ian Fraser House and took pictures of St Dunstaners. They ended up on the archery field and yours truly was the only one there. The picture was published in *Soldier* and as a result, Sgt Bob Cowgill made contact with me - 48 years after we both served in the same Company as Cameronians.

I invited him for lunch at IFH with his wife and sister. We had a chat about early days in Normandy. In our first two or three encounters with the enemy, the Battalion sustained very heavy losses. I was picked out by a sniper at the border with Brussels on September 9th 1944, and took no further part. Bob Cowgill suffered serious injuries in Holland. After a really good friendly chat, I mentioned I was going to Normandy and Bob said he would love to join me with his wife and sister.

In June, we travelled to Portsmouth and joined up

St Dunstaner Reg Page receives his Normandy Veteran's Medal from the Mayor of Bayeux.



Picture: Audrey Page



St Dunstaners Jerry Lynch, Eddie Johnson and Reg Page, and Bob Cowgill, stand with the Mayor and Mayoress of Bayeux after the Veteran's Medal presentation.

with Tony Holt of Military Tours with whom I had travelled on the 40th anniversary. Tony looked after me extremely well then and our two carers, Isobel and Raymond, did an excellent job this time. Other St Dunstaners on the coach were Reg Page and his wife, Audrey, Eddy and Eileen Johnson and Joe Humphrey and his wife, Marjory. Joe had seen much more service than myself, although not in Normandy. Jack Mason was also present, although not in our party and it's a small world since he was a school friend of Bob Cowgill.

The ceremony in Bayeux Cemetery was very moving. As shown on television, it was jam-packed. After the ceremony, we got caught up with the crowds leaving and we went to visit a cemetery where we had taken early casualties. Two members, including myself, purchased poppies with all proceeds going to the British Legion and also little stickers we could place on the graves. We found Cameronian graves and Molly and Margaret, Bob's wife and sister, and I just wrote 'from all old Cams' on the bottom.

This was very emotional and

without a doubt, a tear or two was shed. I met up with Jim Conroy prior to entering the beach area. The party on the beach was a very long affair and took some hours to assemble. We all stood in about half an inch of sea water, sinking into the sand. At one point we had to negotiate a ramp because of the water flow. Just after 5pm, Her Majesty The Queen arrived in the midst of our sing-song. The Queen did join in, I was told, and her speech was really from the heart. Five bands were available including a pipe band.

After that, we went to a large field where tea and biscuits were provided and this included a Salvation Army tent showing their good work. On leaving the beach, Bob had to rest since he has a heart and lung condition. We were joined by another veteran with two elbow crutches who had participated in the event. If anyone deserved a medal that day, he did.

Bob's daughter and her husband, Ian, joined the party, and being a member of the police force, he had come in uniform. In no time, an official asked him for assistance

guiding people and that was the last we saw of him until after the ceremony.

On leaving the cemetery, we had to try and find him. What was he doing? Directing people to the hundreds of coaches surrounding the area.

Whilst on the field, I was talking to Joe Humphrey and Major General Jackson approached us. He was very friendly with Joe having served in Ulster. The Major General made all the arrangements for the beach and also participated in the annual para drop.

This included 17 planes fully laden, making a drop, landing, re-loading and making a second drop. 1500 men in total. The members on the beach were approximately 10-12,000 plus, all visiting friends and

relatives stationed all round wherever possible.

All in all this was a very moving ceremony, which ended with a presentation of the Normandy Veterans' Medal. The St Dunstaners involved stood while the Mayor and Mayoress of Bayeux walked past us. Sincere thanks to Carol Aggett for making the arrangements.

It was a memorable occasion and something I do not think will ever be held again.

Bob Cowgill adds:

The first stop was Omaha Beach. In June 1944, casualties were particularly high here and we wondered how some of the divisions managed to get across the beach, let alone achieve their objectives, albeit at

immense cost. At Omaha Cemetery there were countless white crosses; apparently only a small fraction of those killed. The average age was 21.

After the air-drop, on the return journey to Bayeux, our courier, Isobel, diverted the coach to the British Cemetery at Cheux where there are 2,186 graves, 52 of them from our regiment who didn't make it home.

In this resting place, cut from a field of tall corn with the sun shining from a clear blue sky under which we fought and some died 50 years ago, all was quiet now.

The exception was our sobbing and the lament *Flowers of the Forest* which I played on a small cassette recorder over the graves of our comrades.

John Walbrugh's day to remember was a service in memory of South African soldiers who died on D-Day

FOUR St Dunstaners were invited by the Ambassador of the Republic of South Africa to attend a commemorative service on May 31st, for those South Africans who took part in the Normandy landings of D-Day.

Although no South African units, as such, were engaged in the landings, there were many hundreds of South Africans attached to British units.

The four of us were Jerry Lynch, Fred Bentley, Tom Hart and myself. Jerry and Fred actually took part in the landings on June 6th, while at that time, I was somewhere in Southern Italy with the South African forces and Tom Hart has long associations with South Africa, working there as a physiotherapist.

We were taken to St Martin-in-the-Fields for the service. Here we joined an already large congregation of Military, Naval and Air Force personnel, widows and many friends



St Dunstaner John Walbrugh was introduced to Her Majesty The Queen Mother.

all gathered in the presence of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother to remember those who took part in the momentous events of 50 years ago.

The service was a simple but moving one of remembrance. The vicar, Canon Geoffrey Brown, welcomed the Queen

Mother and all those who had travelled from near and far to attend on this day. After the first hymn, the South African Ambassador, His Excellency Mr Kent Durr, addressed us. He began by emphasising how St Martin-in-the-Fields had long associations with South Africans - being so near to the

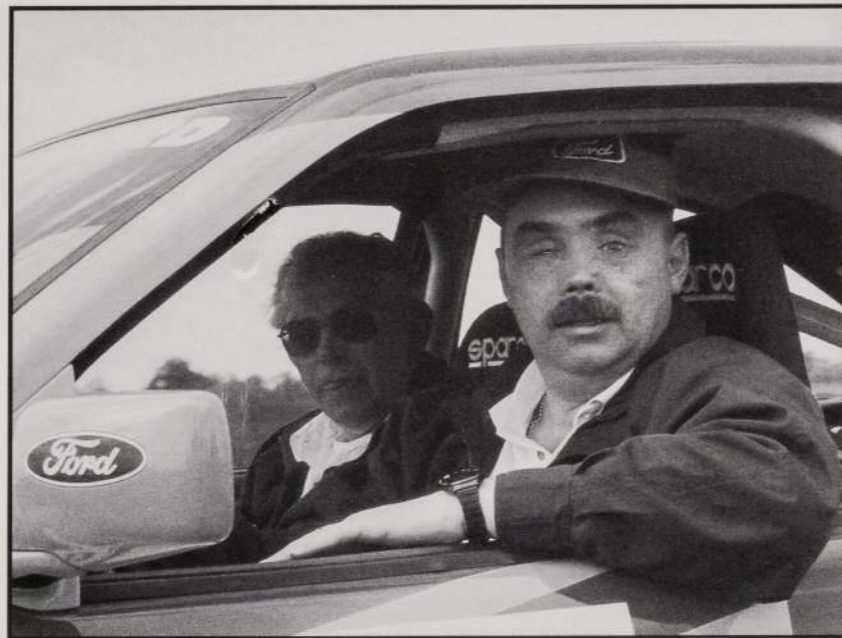
embassy and how during the Second World War it was both a spiritual and physical refuge for so many troops, South African and others. As for this day in particular, the welcome news had been received only that morning that South Africa was once again a member of the Commonwealth. Yesterday he had been an Ambassador but today he was the first High Commissioner of the new South Africa.

There were two readings - the first by Commander Robert Gaunt, DSC, RN, RTD, a South African who was in the Royal Navy on D-Day, and the second by Major General Peter de Carteret Martin, CBE. The sermon given by the vicar, based on the importance of remembering and being remembered, touched all the congregation.

After the closing hymn and the Benediction, we stood for the last post and Reveille sounded by Bugler M. Mellish of the Royal Marines, a moving and fitting end. The Queen Mother moved slowly down the aisle pausing to have a few words now and again with people at the end of pews before returning to her car to take her to the embassy.

It was a great honour for me to be presented to Her Majesty and to take tea with her, along with a widow, Mrs Atkins, Robert Gaunt who read the lesson and Colonel McKenzie - all South Africans.

I was able to recall when she and King George VI and the two princesses came to Durban in 1947 and attended the races. She asked me about 'The Lady in White' who many St Dunstaners will remember welcomed convoys into Durban as she had also done for the Royal Family in the battleship HMS Vanguard. It was a friendly and informal gathering for all and a lovely tea and honour for us four to be there. Truly, a day to remember!



Above: Ray and Ken preparing for the big event. Below: Driving against the wind.

SO CLOSE...

Simon Rogers witnesses a day of disappointment

AN OLD FOE - the wind - held Scarborough policeman Ken Moss back on the brink of success when he attempted to claim the land speed record for a blind person on May 31st. Ken lost out despite driving nearly 138 miles per hour - four mph faster than the current record.

His first attempt on November 14th last year, the anniversary of the crash that destroyed his sight, had to be cancelled due to gale force winds and torrential rain. The elements weren't so powerful this time, but they still presented an obstacle.

The record is an average speed drawn from two attempts made within an hour of each other - one travelling east, the other travelling west. Hurtling east along the airfield at Elvington Air Museum, Yorkshire, he hit 137.74mph, covering a kilometre in 16.24 seconds, but



driving westward Ken and his navigator, Ray Owen, were riding into the wind - slowing the car down to 130.05mph.

Tension rose during his second attempt when a tyre blew out due to overheating caused by high speed friction. 'I didn't realise anything was wrong,' said Ken. 'There was a slight buffeting and I just thought the wind had changed direction.'

Likewise, onlookers only realised something was wrong when the Emergency Services climbed into their respective vehicles and shot off after Ken's Ford Cosgrove.

A replacement tyre was fitted but valuable time was lost as Ken's best westward speed fell out of the allotted hour. Subsequent attempts failed to bring the average up, falling only 0.79mph short of the existing record of 134.68mph.

Downhearted but not defeated, Ken has vowed to have another go soon.

Margaret Bingham on Horticultural manoeuvres

Musical buds of May

WE HAD to make a fairly early start for the first visit of St Dunstan's Gardening Week in May, since our destination, Sir Harold Hillier's gardens and arboretum was some distance away in Romsey, Hampshire. Unfortunately, the day was cold and damp and some of us were ill-prepared for such a chilly wind.

Our guide, Mike Buffin, told us Sir Harold Hillier planted the gardens in the grounds of his family home, Fernmyns House, in 1953. He was an avid collector of rare and unusual hardy wood plants and since 1977, Hampshire County Council has extended the grounds so that there are now some 40,000 plants.

When the rain ceased, we were able to walk in the gardens and admire the rhododendrons, azaleas and other interesting plants and trees.

Call My Bluff in the Annexe has become a regular feature in our May meeting, with May, Phil and Sue making up the team. Elizabeth was question mistress and John was MC. As usual the team won again!!!

The next day saw another early start, this time for Kent, to Finchcocks, Goudhurst, for a musical recital. This was preceded by a short talk about the 'House', a fine example of a Georgian Manor, named after the family who lived on the site in the 13th century. It was built in 1725, by Sir Edward Bathurs and later was acquired by the well-known pianist Richard Burnett.

The house contains a magnificent collection

of historical keyboard instruments and is now an international music centre. Many activities take place there - concerts, open days, recordings, etc, and we were treated to a recital by Mr Burnett on ten of these instruments. We are very grateful to Mr and Mrs Burnett for their hospitality (by the way we were allowed to finger the keyboards).

In the evening, Mr Morley of Ditchling Gardening Club, gave us a most interesting talk about the village, with graphic descriptions of the beautiful black and white cottages which had survived some five or six centuries.

Travelling to Wisley Gardens, Woking meant another early start on May 19th. Clive Morris escorted us round the grounds, answering questions as he pointed out various flowers, shrubs and trees. In the orchard, fruits were swelling nicely and the strawberry plants were loaded with large green fruit (covered by netting, no chance of the birds getting first pickings here).

The week concluded with a visit to Roundstone Nurseries in the afternoon and dinner in the evening. Guests were Mr and Mrs H. Ford, Mrs K. Garnett-Orme and Mr and Mrs Weisblatt.

It was an exceptionally good meal and PBK are to be congratulated. Ernie Took's Band played for dancing in the Annexe, bringing to an end another successful week of gardening. The next Gardening Week will be our visit to Norfolk in September.

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE

by Colin Beaumont-Edmonds

On June 3rd, my wife, Joyce, and I with over one hundred officers who had served with The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey's) and their wives gathered for lunch at Clandon House, a National Trust property near Guildford. We were there to celebrate the 200th Anniversary of the Battle of The Glorious First of June, when the Regiment, acting as marines at the naval battle of Ushant, earned the Battle Honour, which appears on our colours as a Naval Crown.

The lunch was presided over by Brigadier Mike Doyle, who visited Ian Fraser House, when St Dunstaners, who served in the seven regiments which now make up The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment (Queen's and Royal

Hampshire), entertained members of The Queen's Royal Regiment Association two years ago. We were particularly pleased to meet Major General Mike Reynolds, who initiated the lunch for 12 St Dunstaners at the Duke of York's Barracks in 1991.

Recently, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment Association presented a most generous cheque to St Dunstan's, so we were delighted to meet Lt. Col. Wilson again, who is the Association's secretary.

It is 51 years ago that I was wounded at Enfidaville, North Africa, and it was with pleasure on both our parts that I met my Company Commander, Maj. Gen. Fergus Ling, for the first time since then.

...AND A VERY MERRY TIME WAS HAD BY ALL

The Review's round up of the new style 1994 Area Reunions resumes with a visit to the South West



SHERBORNE

St Dunstan's President, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, spoke of the continuing role St Dunstan's plays in the world when he spoke at the Sherborne Reunion on May 10th. The reply was made by St Dunstaner Ralph Pacitti. Anna Oakes, (above) wife of St Dunstaner Colin Oakes, entertained those assembled, by playing guitar and accordion.

CARDIFF

It's said the Dragon has two tongues, but the Cardiff Reunion was graced with four speakers on May 12th. St Dunstaner Norman Hopkins, representing the Council took the lead. Of the others, (pictured left) Gwen Obern made the reply and prompted William Weisblatt, to add a



few words. Finally, Trevor Tatchell voiced his praise for Mr Hopkins work on the Council

NORWICH

There were eight St Dunstaners and four widows attending the Forte Posthouse, Norwich on May 19th - St Dunstan's Day. Air Chief Marshal Sir John Gingell presided on behalf of St Dunstan's Council and commented on the high number of airborne St Dunstaners present that day. Walter Durrant made the reply.

SOUTHAMPTON

Almost 30 people, St Dunstaners, wives, widows and staff were gathered at the Forte Posthouse, Southampton for the reunion on May 24th. Our Chairman, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach, spoke for the Council and recalled the apocryphal tale of Douglas Bader's trip to Rodean, next door to IFH. The reply was made by St Dunstaner Arthur Lowe.

BIRMINGHAM

Around 40 people attended the reunion at the Forte Posthouse, Birmingham on May 28th. Mr François Edwards, a Member of St Dunstan's Council presided. He told how he had introduced our late Chairman, Ion Garnett-Orme, to Sir Henry Leach and how in turn that had led to him joining the Council. St Dunstaner Ted Miller made the reply.

CAMBRIDGE



Glorious weather blessed the reunion at the Forte Posthouse, Cambridge on May 31st. The party of 18 St Dunstaners, wives, widows and staff stepped out on to the lawn to soak up some sun and chat. Mr Kenneth Wills, accompanied by his wife, Nan, presided, while St Dunstaner Wilf Saxby made the reply.

LONDON



The first of the two London reunions took place at the Regent Crest Hotel on June 4th. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach presided over the gathering of the 12 St Dunstaners and 12 widows.

Since the event was on the eve of the D-Day commemoration ceremonies, the Chairman spoke about his memories of 50 years ago, and his encounters with several of the personalities involved with the command or planning.

Fred Ripley responded on behalf of the guests and thanked St Dunstan's for resuscitating the reunions and for all their work. He expressed his gratitude to those who had organised the reunion.

LEEDS/BRADFORD

Although the train strike marooned some staff members in London, nearly 40 people were gathered at the Crest Hotel, Bramhope, West Yorkshire on June 15th. St Dunstaner Tom Taylor spoke for the Council and Eric Foster replied.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Sir Richard Pease, accompanied by Lady Pease, represented the Council once more at the Forte Crest, Newcastle upon Tyne on June 16th. Around 50 people attended and Jim Conroy responded on behalf of St Dunstaners.

NOTTINGHAM

There was a surprise reunion within the Nottingham reunion at the Forte Crest, Nottingham on June 21st. Our special guest from the War Pensions Office, Tim Alton, recognised a familiar face among those present, our widow, Mrs Gwendoline Hill. Her mother used to teach Mr Alton. 'I used to know his mother,' she said. 'I remember him being born in a pub she used to run.' Presiding on behalf of the Council was Mr Michael Delmar-Morgan, accompanied by his wife, Mardie.

BRIGHTON(2)

The second of the Brighton reunions took place at Ian Fraser House on June 23rd. Twenty-one St Dunstaners and eight widows attended. Council Member Mr Ken Wills, accompanied by his wife, presided. Des Chandler responded, stating St Dunstan's is fantastic and quoting 'Seeing is believing but feeling is gospel.'

LONDON(2)

The second of the London and last of this year's regional reunions took place at the Regent Crest Hotel on June 25th. Our President, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, accompanied by his wife, Joyce, presided. Colin spoke about the importance of increasing the awareness of St Dunstan's and quoted the recent Open Day at IFH as an example. Alf Lockhart responded with gratitude to St Dunstan's and for organising the reunions.

Any comments or suggestions concerning the Reunions, should be addressed to Keith Martin at Headquarters.

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 David Phillips of Bromley, Kent became a St Dunstaner on May 5th. He joined The Buffs in 1940, before completing his degree (he was reading History at Cambridge). Commissioned soon after, he was seriously injured in a battle inoculation exercise in 1942, losing his right eye and receiving serious facial wounds. After training at St Dunstan's, he returned to duty but was unable to obtain a regular commission due to his injury.

After the war, he trained as a mechanical engineer, became an armament inspector and later a sales engineer. He also qualified as a linguist in French and Arabic.

During his time at university, he captained his college in both hockey and tennis. He and his wife, Joan, have one son.

On June 16th, Major Basil Chambers of Fairwarp, East Sussex joined St Dunstan's. He enlisted with the Sherwood Foresters in 1940 and was commissioned into the Cheshire Regiment as a 2nd Lieutenant the following year. He was then seconded to the Indian Army as an instructor on the North West Frontier, until September 1942 when he became Company Commander of the 4th Battalion Rajputana Rifles.

During this time, he took part in the Tunisian Campaign and was present at the surrender of General von Arnim. In 1944, he took part in the Battle of Monte Cassino where he lost his left eye and was mentioned in Despatches.

On returning to Britain, he transferred back to the Sherwood Foresters and became an instructor at the School of Infantry.

He was promoted to Major the same year and subsequently appointed to the Mons Officer Cadet School, Aldershot. Major Chambers was discharged from the Army in

late 1946 and, despite the disability of having only one eye, pursued a successful career as a commercial artist. In earlier years, he was a keen rugby player and boxer.

Major Chambers and his wife, AnneOwena, have one married daughter and will be celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary in September.

Frederick Morton of Bishops Stortford, Hertfordshire became a St Dunstaner on June 16th, aged 76.

He enlisted in 1939 and served with the Green Howards in North Africa, rising to the rank of L/Sgt. It was in February 1943, whilst on a training exercise in Benghazi, that he received injuries to his eyes.

He underwent training at Church Stretton at the time, but was able to resume his pre-enlistment occupation of bricklayer. He retired early due to a back injury.

Mr Morton married his wife, Dorothy, in 1986.



CLUB NEWS

ARCHERY CLUB

Return of the old brown tent

'Where's the old brown tent?' asked a voice on the archery field. 'That's it,' came the reply, 'the big brown heap that looks like manure.' 'You mean compost,' said the first voice. 'Don't confuse me, I have only just learnt to call it manure,' said the second. 'What happened?' asked one. 'Seems it refused to be erected in the strong wind,' said two. 'Glad I don't have that bother,' said one.

Championship archery 1994

A summer solstice of hot sweeping archery by St D's archers brushed aside the challenge of our friendly enemies, Cuckfield, Wight, RAF and the Army archery clubs. This fourfold clean up was achieved in glorious weather.

Presentation of trophies

Another tasteful dinner was presented by PBK caterers, not only was it presented in style but scoffed with relish. After the loyal toast, chief coach Ted Bradford took charge. First he appointed Margaret Grout, wife of Chairman John of Cuckfield Archers, as Lady Paramount (John and Margaret are grandparents in waiting.).

Ted then proceeded to read out the names of the winners of all the hardware and duly presented by the Lady Paramount, all except one that is. The most coveted prize of the year, the Dacre Trophy is presented by herself, Vice-President of the club, Mrs Elizabeth Dacre. This year's winner was John Tilley.

It was to the annexe next for a dance and club raffle. Many exotic prizes were won, the best came at the end when Mary Frith took off her expensive dress and auctioned it to help club funds. Great stuff Mary! Nice figure too. The dress went for ten quid, and she only got it from a jumble a couple of days before, it was a give-away. Only kidding Mary, put the chopper down.

Bert Wood

Archery Championships 1994

June 5th St Dunstan's v Wight Bowmen

Winners: SDAC - John Lilley, Bert Wood, Ron Freer & Tom Hart

June 8th The Dacre Trophy

1st John Lilley
2nd Norman Perry

June 9th The Curly Wagstaff Memorial Trophy

1st Ron Freer
2nd John Lilley

June 10th The RUC Pairs Competition

1st Bob Forshaw
& Stan Sosabowski
2nd Tommy Gaygan
& John Lilley

The George Hudson Trophy

1st Bert Wood
2nd Eric Bradshaw

June 11th St Dunstan's v Cuckfield Archers

Winners: SDAC - Bob Forshaw, Stan Sosabowski, Ron Freer & Eric Bradshaw

June 14th St Dunstan's v Per Ardua Archery (RAF)

Winners: SDAC - John Lilley, Eric Bradshaw, Tom Hart & Bert Wood

June 15th St Dunstan's v Army Archery Association

Winners: SDAC - Phil Duffee, John Lilley, Tom Hart & Eric Bradshaw

BRIDGE CLUB

Individuals match played at IFH on April 30th

1st Miss Mary Stenning
equal Mrs Vi McPherson 61.9
2nd Don White
equal Wally Lethbridge 57.1

Pairs match played at IFH on May 8th

1st Bill Phillips
& Dr Jane Goodlad 56.2
2nd Mrs Margaret Stevens
& Mrs Audrey Clements 55.2

Individuals match played at IFH on May 15th

1st Reg Goding 65.9
2nd Mrs Vi McPherson 63.6

Pairs match played at IFH on June 12th

1st Reg Goding & Mrs Shirley Holborow 65.6
2nd Mrs Pat Padley & Mrs Audrey Clements 56.2

Individuals match played at IFH on June 19th

1st Mrs Pat Padley 62.5
2nd Mrs L. White 61.4

Amendment

Contrary to the June Review, Alf Dodgson captained the Provinces Bridge Team in the Two-Way competition. Peter Surridge played for Brighton while Bert Ward played for Provinces.

Thanks also go to Mrs Dodgson for providing the Cup and money for the Ike Pellington Prizes.

GARDENING CLUB

New Committee

The Gardening Club Week started with the Annual General Meeting in the unhorticultural domain of the Winter Garden at Ian Fraser House on May 16th. Tom Hart gave apologies for absence and welcomed a new member, Len Radwell. A few members have died since our last meeting, John Bingham, John Chatfield, Vi Delaney and Walter Beatty and those present stood in tribute for a minute's silence.

John gave the Treasurer's report and said the club was in a healthy state for Phil Duffee to take over as the new secretary and treasurer.

At the election of new officers, Margaret Bingham said she was happy to remain on the committee. Phil is the new committee member and Tom is to remain Chairman until the next meeting. Bob is to step in as Vice-Chairman

It was proposed that John Walbrugh be elected as Honorary Vice-Chairman and Walter thanked Elizabeth for being such a good secretary.

Margaret Bingham

FAMILY NEWS

BIRTHS

Congratulations on the birth of: Caroline Turner on June 14th. She is the grand-daughter of *Dave and Brenda Thomas* of Haywards Heath, West Sussex.

RUBY ANNIVERSARIES

Congratulations to:

Colin and Pearl Mills of Wath-upon-Dearne, Rotherham on June 26th.

Roy and Daphne Lavery of Minehead, Somerset on June 28th.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Horace Underwood of Thornton Cleveleys, Blackpool on obtaining his Amateur Radio B Licence and the call sign G7RZ1.

Iain Ratchford on gaining his Doctorate in Microbiology and Genetic Engineering at the West of Scotland Agricultural College. He is the grandson of *Jim and Edna Bumby* of Marland, Rochdale.

Jason Cole on becoming Captain of Reading School 1st XV at rugby and being selected to play for Berkshire in the under 17s. He is the grandson of Mrs May Rogers of Mullion, Helston, Cornwall, widow of *Tommy Rogers*.

Susan Painter, on qualifying as a doctor at Southampton University, and Kevin Painter on gaining a first class honours degree at Warwick University. He is going to Brasenose College, Oxford to do research in bio-mathematics. They are the grandchildren of Mrs Bertha King, widow of *Harold King* of Crowborough, East Sussex.

DEATHS

We regret to announce the death of:

Ricky Palmer on May 3rd. He was the grandson of *Reg and Joyce Palmer* of Downham Market, Norfolk.

Mrs Beatrice Edmonds on May 17th. She was the widow of *George Edmonds* of Ewell, Surrey.

Mrs Connie Tweed of Newmarket, Suffolk on June 7th, aged 92. She was the widow of *Harold Tweed*.

Mrs Laura Burns of South Shields, Tyne & Wear on June 26th. She was the widow of *William (Billy) Burns*.

Mrs Margaret (Peggie) Brett of Peacehaven, East Sussex on June 27th. She was the widow of *Richard (Dickie) Brett*.

Mrs Mary Madden of Newbury, Berkshire on July 3rd. She was the widow of *Jeremiah Madden*.

Our sympathy goes to their families and friends.

IN MEMORY

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

Arthur Birkett, Royal Artillery

Arthur Alan Birkett of Barton-upon-Humber, Humberside died on April 26th, aged 82. He served as a Bombardier in the Royal Artillery from August 1929 and was injured at Dunkirk in 1940. He was discharged in 1943 and, in spite of his injury, was able to work as a plant operator for Associated Chemicals until retirement.

In his 78th year, a friend took Mr Birkett up in a glider, flying to 2,000ft and looping the loop twice on the way down.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Marjorie, grandson, Shaun, who is serving in the RAF, and all other members of the family.

Albert Fleet, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment

Albert Leslie Fleet of Paignton, Devon died on May 13th, aged 77. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1961. In March 1939, he enlisted with the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment and was serving in North Africa when he lost his sight as a result of an explosion and gunshot wounds. He was discharged in 1946 and then worked as a hospital porter.

Following his admission to St Dunstan's, Mr Fleet retrained as a capstan lathe operator, retiring in 1975. A keen bowler, he won the En Tout Cas Trophy in 1992.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Beryl, and all the family.

Francis Nicholson, Army Catering Corps

Francis Joseph Nicholson of Beeston, Nottinghamshire died on May 18th, aged 85. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1948.

Mr Nicholson served in the Army Catering Corps from 1940 to 1944, when his sight failed. After training at Ovingdean, he went to work for a firm in Beeston and later moved to the Royal Ordnance Factory in Chilwell. He retired on medical grounds in 1969.

Our sympathy goes to his daughter, Patricia, and all the family.

Malcolm Jarman, Royal Navy

Malcolm Charles Jarman of Wellington, Somerset died on May 21st, aged 72. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1955. Leaving

the Electricity Board in 1938 to enlist in the Royal Navy, he served as a Petty Officer until 1946 when deterioration of his sight forced his discharge, but not before he had received an award for gallantry. After training, he worked as a capstan lathe operator and eventually retired in 1976. Mr Jarman was involved with fund raising activities for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Violet, daughter, Tania, son, Paul, and all members of the family.

Robert (Bertie) McConnell, OBE, Royal Artillery

Robert (Bertie) Dodd McConnell of Bangor, County Down died on May 28th, aged 73. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1945.

Mr McConnell served as a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery from 1939 to 1945. He was wounded by a hand grenade explosion in Belgium in 1944. After training, he became Assistant to the Personnel and Welfare Officer at Gallaher Tobacco Ltd, where he had worked before the war. Guide dogs played a large part in his life and he trained with his first dog, Jock, in 1946. In 1950, he and his wife, Olive, opened a tobacco and confectionery business in Bangor, retiring in 1973.

Mr McConnell also pursued a career in local politics and charity work. He served as an Independent on the local council from 1957, was elected MP for Bangor in the Stormont Parliament in 1969 and was Mayor of Bangor for 1976-77. From 1973 to 1982, he served as a member of the Northern Ireland Assembly.

In 1977, he was awarded the OBE for his service to local government and community relations and in 1981 was given the Freedom of the Borough of North Down.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Olive, sons, Michael and Alan, and all members of the family.

Leslie Constable, DCM, 8th Hussars

Leslie Peter Harold John Constable of Gawler, South Australia died on May 31st, aged 74. He served as a sergeant in the 8th Hussars. Enlisting in 1935, Mr Constable was injured during action in Germany in 1945 when his tank was hit by a bazooka. He came to St Dunstan's within a month and, after training, became a shopkeeper, first joining the family business and then independently. Later his career took him into industrial employment.

In 1967, Mr Constable and his

family emigrated from Crawley, Sussex to South Australia where he worked for Holden General Motors.

Our sympathy goes to his daughters, Ann and Mary, son, Robert, and all the family.

William Fitzgerald, Pioneer Corps
William Thomas Fitzgerald of Newcastle upon Tyne died on June 1st, aged 91. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1947.

Having served in the Territorial Army between 1926 and 1931, Mr Fitzgerald was called up into the Pioneer Corps in 1941 and was wounded in a bomb explosion on D-Day 1944. His vision began to fail soon after and he was demobilised the following year. He was taught basket making at Ian Fraser House, which then became his occupation for many years.

His wife, Isobella, died in 1989 and their son, Ronald, was lost overboard while serving with the Royal Navy in 1952.

Our sympathy goes to his daughter, Norma, and all the family.

Michael Tybinski, Polish Cavalry
Michael Tybinski of Ipswich died on June 1st, aged 75. He served as a Lancer in the Polish Cavalry and was blinded in 1944, coming to St Dunstan's in November that year. After training, he worked as a capstan lathe operator, retiring on health grounds in 1973. An ardent bridge player, Mr Tybinski also enjoyed handicrafts. A tribute to Mr Tybinski appears on page seven. Our sympathy goes to his wife, Maria, and children, Richard, Ursula, and Monica, and all members of the family.

Dennis Freeman, Royal Navy
Dennis John Freeman of Coventry died on June 16th, aged 64. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1955.

Serving as a Leading Seaman in the Royal Navy from 1946 to 1954, Mr Freeman contracted Behcet's Syndrome in Palestine which caused his loss of sight. Unable to train for employment, he became involved with the Scout Movement, starting as a Venture Scout Leader and going on to become Assistant District Commissioner. He later became County Advisor to the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

Mr Freeman had to face more adversity with the onset of diabetes which led to the loss of his right leg.

On June 2nd, Mr Freeman was visited at Pearson House by Mr David Tull, District Chairman of the City of Coventry Scout County, who presented him with the Bar to a Long Service Award in recognition

of over 25 years of dedicated service to young people.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Betty, daughter, Ann, sons, Raymond and Stephen, and all members of the family.

Thomas (Tony) Nash, Royal Air Force

Thomas (Tony) Henry Lewis Nash of Cardiff died on June 20th, aged 79. Serving in the Royal Air Force from 1937 to 1946, Mr Nash became a prisoner of war of the Japanese in 1942. His eventual loss of sight resulted from the privation he suffered in captivity.

He first came to St Dunstan's in 1946 and, after training, became a capstan lathe operator. Mr Nash had retained some guiding vision and with treatment this improved so much that he was able to become independent of St Dunstan's. Unfortunately, his sight deteriorated and he returned to us in 1971.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Betty, daughter, Madeline, and all members of the family.

Percy Stubbs, Royal Engineers
Percy Stubbs of Norwich, Norfolk died on June 24th, aged 78. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1945.

He served as a Corporal in the Royal Engineers from 1939 to 1946 and saw action at Arramanches on D-Day +10, moving through France to Belgium and Holland. His company was the first to reach the Airborne forces at Arnhem. Mr Stubbs was wounded in 1945 by a mine explosion in Germany and not only lost his sight but also sustained injuries to his right forearm and damage to his ear. His right leg was subsequently amputated.

After training, he and his late wife, Kate, opened a tobacconist, confectioner, newsagent kiosk in Norwich. He later retrained as a telephonist and became a switchboard operator at Eastern Counties Farmers Ltd. He retired in 1976.

Mr Stubbs took up wrought iron work as a hobby, winning many prizes. An outstanding bowler, he became Captain of the Norwich Blind Bowling Team and later represented St Dunstan's on the Organising Committee of the Second World Bowls Tournament and represented England at the World Championships in Australia in 1985.

Our sympathy goes to his daughter, Vivianne, son, Peter, and all members of the family.

Clarence Stalham, Royal Artillery
Clarence William (Bill) Stalham of Camberley, Surrey died on June

27th, aged 79. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1977. Enlisting with the Manchester Regiment in 1935, he served in the Far East where he was taken prisoner by the Japanese in Singapore. After a failed attempt to escape, he was forced to work on the Burma Railway and was on his way to work in the coal mines of Hiroshima when the boat was torpedoed by an American submarine. He was picked up by a Japanese warship and was in Hiroshima when the atomic bomb was dropped. He was discharged in 1946, but re-enlisted in the Royal Artillery in 1949. He reached the rank of Bombadier but the deprivations he suffered as a FEPoW had taken a toll on his health and he was discharged in 1955. He then worked as a postmaster until he retired in 1977.

Mr Stalham kept hens and ducks for a time, and was involved with a school for the hard of hearing.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Christine and all the family.

John Summerson, Royal Marines
John Summerson of Oakham, Leicestershire died on June 27th, aged 71. A carpenter by trade, he enlisted in the 1st Royal Marine Engineer Commando in 1942 and was blinded by gunshot wounds and a boobytrap explosion in France in 1944. He came to St Dunstan's shortly after, but left when he regained some sight. Discharged in 1945, he continued to work as a joiner for Felling UDC but his sight began to fail once more and he rejoined St Dunstan's in 1963. Continuing health problems forced Mr Summerson to abandon this position, however, and he continued his joinery work from home.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Molly, son, John, and all the family

William Collins, Royal Army Service Corps

William Henry Collins of West Derby, Liverpool died on July 2nd, aged 75. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1979. A bus conductor before the war, Mr Collins enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps in 1939. He was injured on the retreat from Dunkirk, although it was diabetes which caused his loss of sight. Discharged in 1946, he worked as a fitter's mate, though it was in the area of Scouting and football where he really made his mark. This was recognised in 1984, when The Billy Collins Cup was inaugurated as an annual prize for junior football.

Our sympathy goes to his sister, Lily, and all the family.