



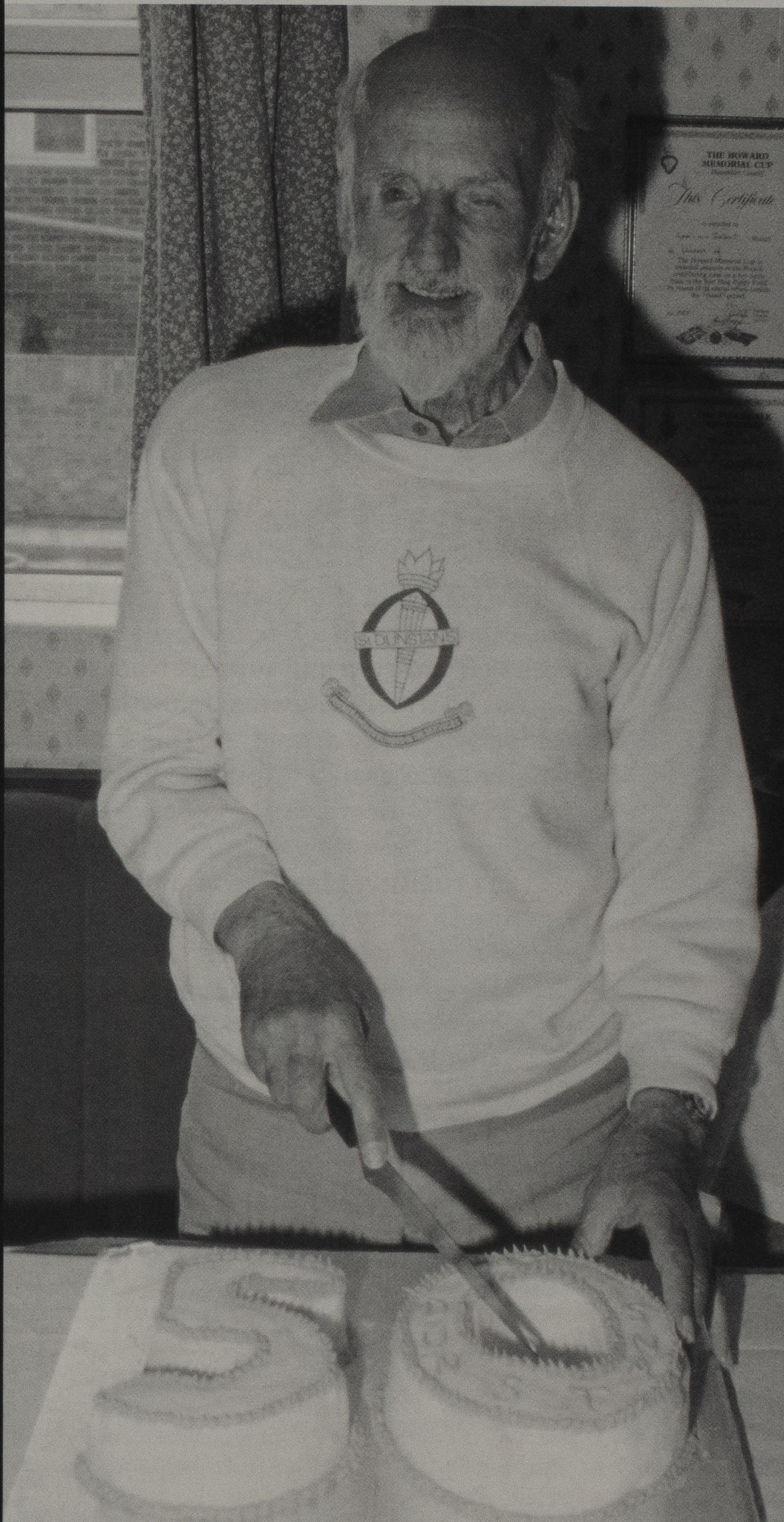
St Dunstan's Review

October 1994

No. 854

ROLL CALL CAMP ONE 1945

T. Ash
 Bert Bright
 W. Burchall
 T. Cheshire
 E. Cookson
 J. Cope
 W. Castle
 A. Caldwell
 M. Costello
 E. Carpenter
 J. Coupland
 D. Downs
 J. Dennick
 R. Edwards
 J. Ellis
 J. Gimber
 J. Greaves
 W. Hines
 P. Holmes
 H. Kerr
 J. Jerrome
 W. Lacey
 J. Lynch
 Matthews
 T. Meredith
 T. Milner
 F. Morgan
 J.T. McCollester
 A. Paulson
 T. Powell
 T. apRhys
 W. Robinson
 N. Russell
 W.T. Scott
 W. Shakespeare
 W. Trott
 T. Tuxford
 C. Williams
 W. Yarwood
 R. Young



ROLL CALL CAMP FIFTY 1994

G. Brereton
 T. Brown
 J. Callum
 A. Carter
 E. Church
 A. Duffy
 R. Forshaw
 J. Gilbert
 R. Hall
 T. Hart
 N. Hopkins
 E. John
 J. Kibbler
 N. Killick
 B. Lang
 M. Lewis
 W. Miller
 J. Mills
 A. Mitchell
 J. O'Donnell
 R. Page
 N. Perry
 J. Prendergast
 W. Shea
 J. Stevens
 T. Tatchell
 S. Tutton
 P. Walker
 N. Walton
 G. Waterworth
 J. Whitcombe
 T. Whitley
 C. Williams

FIFTY YEARS OF DAEDALUS CAMP!



12-14 Harcourt Street,
London W1A 4XB

BI-MONTHLY
Free to St Dunstaners

OCTOBER 1994

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Cover Picture: Stan Tutton celebrates half a century of camp at HMS Daedalus. Flanking him are the names of those who attended the first camp and those at this year's 50th celebration.



From the Chairman

ELSEWHERE in this issue you will read about the 50th St Dunstan's Camp at HMS *Daedalus* and a very fine camp it was. The depth of friendship and support from these camps over long years may not be widely known outside those St Dunstaners who have been privileged to attend. At this Fleet Air Arm Station at Lee-on-Solent successive Captains, Executive Officers, Organisers, Chief Petty Officers, Petty Officers and 'Dogs' have consistently gone out of their way to subject their St Dunstaner guests to a week of gruelling pleasure in mental, physical, solid and liquid form and thereby have generated a unique and lasting spirit of comradeship and endeavour.

Now, consequent on Options for Change, Front Line First and various other Defence Cut Exercises, changes are in the wind. It looks as if there will be one more camp at *Daedalus* in 1995 and that it will then be transferred to HMS *Sultan* nearby. At about the same time, the Fleet Air Arm field gun activities will be transferred to Culdrose in Cornwall. It is hoped that some of the young Dogs (that year's field gun crew) will manage to come to *Sultan* for the annual camp; most of the old Dogs (past field gun crews) have retired in the Gosport area anyway. As others know, a number of Dogs help us on major occasions such as the annual Remembrance Day march.

Thank you Dogs - and your Masters - and please keep going.



NOTICE BOARD



GETTING THE MESSAGE TO THE RESERVATIONS & TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT

Many of you will be aware that it is often necessary to make last minute alterations to your bookings and transport arrangements. Most of you take considerable pains to get messages through to us.

However, out of office hours messages left with the Hall Porter or the Lounge Desk do not always reach the Reservations & Transport Department in time to avoid wasted journeys. Consequently we have decided to install telephone answering machines in the office. We therefore ask for your co-operation in leaving messages on the machine when a personal reply is not forthcoming.

The Reservations & Transport Department office hours are 0800 to 1630hrs, Monday to Friday. The telephone numbers now equipped with answering machines are:

Mrs Linda Holder, Transport Co-ordinator ext. 3217.

Miss Jackie Hunter, Reservations Co-ordinator ext. 3218.

Mrs Elizabeth Ford, Reservations Supervisor ext. 3251.

**Sue Reynolds,
Assistant Manager**

MESSAGE FROM VIVIEN JACKSON

Vivien will be 'training it across China' from October 11th to 26th. Any enquiries or welfare problems during that period should be directed to HQ.

CHRISTMAS IS ON THE CARDS

St Dunstan's Christmas Card is available once more. Bearing a picture of our badge and standard in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House, it has the words 'Season's Greetings' inside.

The cards, including envelopes, cost 25p each. Orders should be sent to the Public Relations Department at HQ accompanied with payment. Please do not send cash, but make cheques or postal orders payable to St Dunstan's.

A limited supply of cards have the added attraction of the 'Season's Greetings' message in braille and will be issued on a 'first come first served' basis while supplies last.

RNIB WELCOMES GOVERNMENT 'ARTICLES' PLEDGE

The Royal National Institute for the Blind has responded warmly to recent Government assurances that the 'Articles for the Blind' free postal service will be retained after changes to the Royal Mail.

Westminster thinking on the 'Articles' concession is outlined in a new Department of Trade and Industry consultative document, *The Future of Postal Services*.

This green paper follows a written assurance from former DTI Minister Edward Leigh explicitly safeguarding the scheme within future primary and secondary legislation.

An audio cassette version of the green paper has been produced to allow blind people the opportunity to comment. Priced £6.50, it is available from Claire Campbell, Talking Newspaper Enterprises Ltd, National Recording Centre, Heathfield, East Sussex TN21 8DB. Tel: 0435 866102. A summary in braille is available free of charge.

COMPUTER WEEKEND

A reminder that the computer weekend takes place on November 19-20th. More CD ROM's will be demonstrated. Please book in the usual manner via Ian Fraser House.

NOTICE TO ALL EAST SUSSEX ST DUNSTANERS

Brighton Society for the Blind are holding an Art and Craft Competition in Brighton on November 12th. If you wish to participate, entry forms are available from Ian Fraser House through Christine Dickens. Tel: 0273 307811 ext. 3288.

Categories are: knitting, crochet, basket-work, stools/chairs, sewing, rugmaking, flower arranging, baking, preserves, wood-work, metalwork, pottery, art and gardening. All entries must be ready for the contest before November 1st.

NEW ST DUNSTAN'S GOVERNOR

We are pleased to report that our recently retired Secretary, William Weisblatt, was made a Governor of St Dunstan's at the Council meeting on July 28th.

A 'farewell' letter from Bill to all St Dunstaners appears on page ten.

NEW APPOINTMENTS



At the General Council meeting on July 28th the following two appointments were confirmed as of August 1st:

Gerard Frost (above right) was appointed Secretary to the Council. Richard Barnes (above left) was appointed Chief Accountant.



We are pleased to welcome Michael Rainbows (left) to the staff of St Dunstan's. Michael joined the PR Department as National Campaigns Officer on September 1st.

Michael has been fund raising since 1976 and has worked with several charities. He is married with two young daughters.

PENS READY FOR STORY CONTEST 1995

Typewriters at the ready! Starters orders have been given for the Story Writing Competition 1995. You can choose any subject or style - adventure, comedy or romance - anything that takes your fancy.

As usual, your story can be fact or fiction and will be judged by an independent panel. They will assess the entries and prizes will be awarded accordingly. First prize is £60, second prize is £25 and there are three runners-up prizes of £5 each. The first and second prize winners will have their tales published in the *Review*.

The competition rules are as follows:

- 1) The competition is open to St Dunstaners, their wives or husbands, and to widows.
- 2) Only one entry per person. The story should be between 500-1000 words, must be original and not previously published. Please type manuscripts with double line spacing.
- 3) Entries are to be submitted under an assumed name. Write your nom de plume, the title of your story, your real identity and full address on a sheet of paper. Seal this sheet in an envelope and write your nom de plume on the front.
- 4) Entries should reach the Editor by the closing date, April 28th 1995.

Send your entry to Story Writing Competition 1995, St Dunstan's *Review*, 12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.

HOBBS' CROSSING IS NO LONGER SO DEVILISH

Who says local councils never listen? Not Fred Hobbs! For some years now he has had a devil of a time negotiating a double crossing on the seafront near Pearson House. Now East Sussex County Council have responded by installing a rotating button for blind people to determine when it is safe to cross.

Fred recommends that other St Dunstaners should contact their local town hall to encourage use of these tactile crossings, but take heed, at £800 a shot, some authorities could take a lot of persuading.

WHICH ROSE STILL SMELLS AS SWEET

Like most St Dunstaners presented with a challenge, Doug Moody of Goring-by-Sea rose to the occasion when the local horticultural society asked him to serve as a judge at one of their shows.

'They wanted someone who was blind to judge which was the sweetest smelling rose and asked me if I would carry out the task,' said Doug. 'I accepted, since it would be a test of my smelling. Fortunately, I do not smoke so my sense of smell is good.'

'I had a wonderful time sniffing at roses and it was quite difficult to choose the best one. However, I succeeded and the other members of the society agreed.'

Doug has been asked to adjudicate at next year's show.

MORE AUDIO PLAYS

Raw drama is subjected to audio description in the new season at the Barbican Theatre, London. Brendan Behan's *The Hostage* will be held on October 15th while David Troughton doubles up as *The Venetian Twins* on October 29th. Tickets range from £3 to £11 and further details can be gained on 071 638 8891.

POTTER'S WHEEL AT IFH

Mrs Joy Spence, the widow of Stuart Spence, has kindly donated all of Stuart's pottery equipment to Ian Fraser House. This includes two potter's wheels and a kiln as well as many smaller tools and glazes.

It will take sometime to work out the best place to accommodate all of these items. Mrs Spence would like Stuart's many friends to know they will be able to use the equipment by booking into the Handicraft Rooms at IFH.

The Training Department, especially Mary, Lennie and Christine would like to say a 'very big thank you' to Mrs Spence.

METRO SPORTS RESULTS

Two St Dunstaners showed off their sporting prowess in the annual National Metro Sports. Jamie Cuthbertson came second in the 1500m and fourth in the 400m, while Stan Tutton pulled fourth place in two events, the 3km walk and the javelin.

Derek Mileman is stepping down as Club Secretary, so queries should be sent to Metro Sports Club, c/o Mrs F. Llewellyn, 123A Philip Lane, Haringey, London N15 4JR.

RETURN OF SOUNDINGS

Several people are returning their *Soundings* tapes to HQ after use, which is not necessary. St Dunstan's has no financial involvement in *Soundings*.

The tapes can be adapted for your own use by covering the holes on the back edge of the cassette with sellotape.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR GUIDE DOG A RED BUS ROVER

Tips for guide dog owners travelling on London's bus and tube network are outlined in *Harnessing London Transport*. Three have come along at once, since it is published in large print, tape and braille.

Available free of charge, it can be obtained from the Unit for Disabled Passengers, London Transport, 55 Broadway, London SW1 0BD (Tel: 071 918 3312).

S4C HOTLINE

A hotline with information on programmes broadcast by S4C has been set up for blind people in Wales. Open from 0900 to 2200 each day it gives transmission schedules and an opportunity to express opinions. The number is 0222 741414.

DANGEROUS DESCRIPTION

The Haymarket Theatre, Basingstoke recently launched an audio description service for blind patrons. The service will be utilised for *Dangerous Obsession* on November 9th and *One Good Turn* on December 14th. Further details can be gained on 0256 465566.

LASCIVIOUS IN BRAILLE

Pop, rock, jazz, folk, behind the scenes gossip and a gig-guide are all featured in the pages of *Upbeat*, a 60-page braille magazine.

Upbeat costs 48p and is available from RNIB Customer Services, PO Box 173, Peterborough PE2 6WS. Tel: 0345 023153 (charged at local rate).



KEYBOARD TO FREEDOM

How do you operate a computer with no hands? For South African St Dunstaner Don Wessels the answer has been found in this specially built keyboard with large sized buttons which he can operate with the stumps of his arms.

Don now works for MFESANE, a charity run by the Dutch Reform Church in the Crossroad township near Cape Town. The organisation's name means 'compassion' in a local language.

GET BOXED IN AT THE ALBERT HALL

The RNIB has a box at the Royal Albert Hall and tickets are available at a cost of £5 each to blind people and their escorts. The service is available all year round, including the Prom season.

For further details contact Simon Labbett, Music Officer, RNIB, 224 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6AA. Tel: 071 388 1266.

GIFTS GALORE

A seasonal host of attractive gifts and cards are listed in the 1994 Christmas catalogue from the Royal National Institute for the Blind. It is available in print, braille and tape. Contact Susan Sharp on 071 388 1266 ext. 2339 for your copy.

DRUMNUNOC ERESIH

You can tease the grey cells with a new braille puzzle magazine. Crosswords, anagrams and word searches are just some of the features of *Conundrum*.

Priced 38p per copy, *Conundrum* is now available through RNIB Customer Services on 0345 023153 (call charged at local rate).

The headline, in case you wondered, is an anagram of 'Conundrum is here.'

Ray Hazan presents a comprehensive overview of recent fundraising events

RAISING THE AWARENESS OF ST DUNSTAN'S

ARTHUR SETS THE STANDARD



St Dunstan's was generously offered space at The Royal British Legion Fete, Bishop's Waltham on August 7th by the County Secretary, Keith Harris.

Our Member of Council, Air Chief Marshal Sir John Gingell, GBE, KCB, KCVO, opened the fete and inspected the Standards, which included St Dunstan's' borne by Arthur Lowe.

Some toys and handicraft items were sold and Keith most generously shared the profits of the day with us, a contribution of £365. A total £78.95 worth of items were sold.

Since embarking upon our return to fund raising in 1993, one objective has been to raise the name of St Dunstan's once more in the public mind. Concentration on the media, an increased number of speakers, efforts by several St Dunstaners, wives and widows in their home localities, all have begun to eat away at the 30 year gap since our organisation ceased appealing. In addition, several major public events have taken place over the past two months.

SPLENDID RESPONSE TO THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE ON RADIO 4

THE OBJECT of the broadcast on August 14th was to launch the appeal for the conversion of Pearson House into a full Nursing and Convalescent Home. St Dunstan's was fortunate to have the well-known sportsman and sports commentator Cliff Morgan to present our cause. The PR Department have dealt with 956 responses so far.

Here are just two of the letters:

'Dear Mr Morgan,
As an OAP, I don't usually respond to charity appeals however worthy, there are just too many. But your appeal for St Dunstan's was just somehow different. As an ex-Infantryman, I was one of the lucky ones. Only age takes its toll now, but makes me realise how fortunate I am in many ways. Two pounds isn't

much, but better a packet of fags or a pint for one of the others, than a cold response'.

'This morning I was busy doing breakfast, washing up at the window overlooking my Cotswold garden. I listened to your appeal for St Dunstan's and realised how lucky I am to have good sight. I am a senior citizen, but would like you to accept this small contribution to your worthy cause. Please accept with my blessings for all that is done at St Dunstan's'.

We treasure and are humbled by such contributions. St Dunstan's is deeply grateful to all its benefactors and thanks Cliff Morgan for so ably putting our appeal across.

Donations ranged from £1 to £10,000. A total of £27,651.25 has been raised to date.

POPHAM NATIONAL AIR FESTIVAL

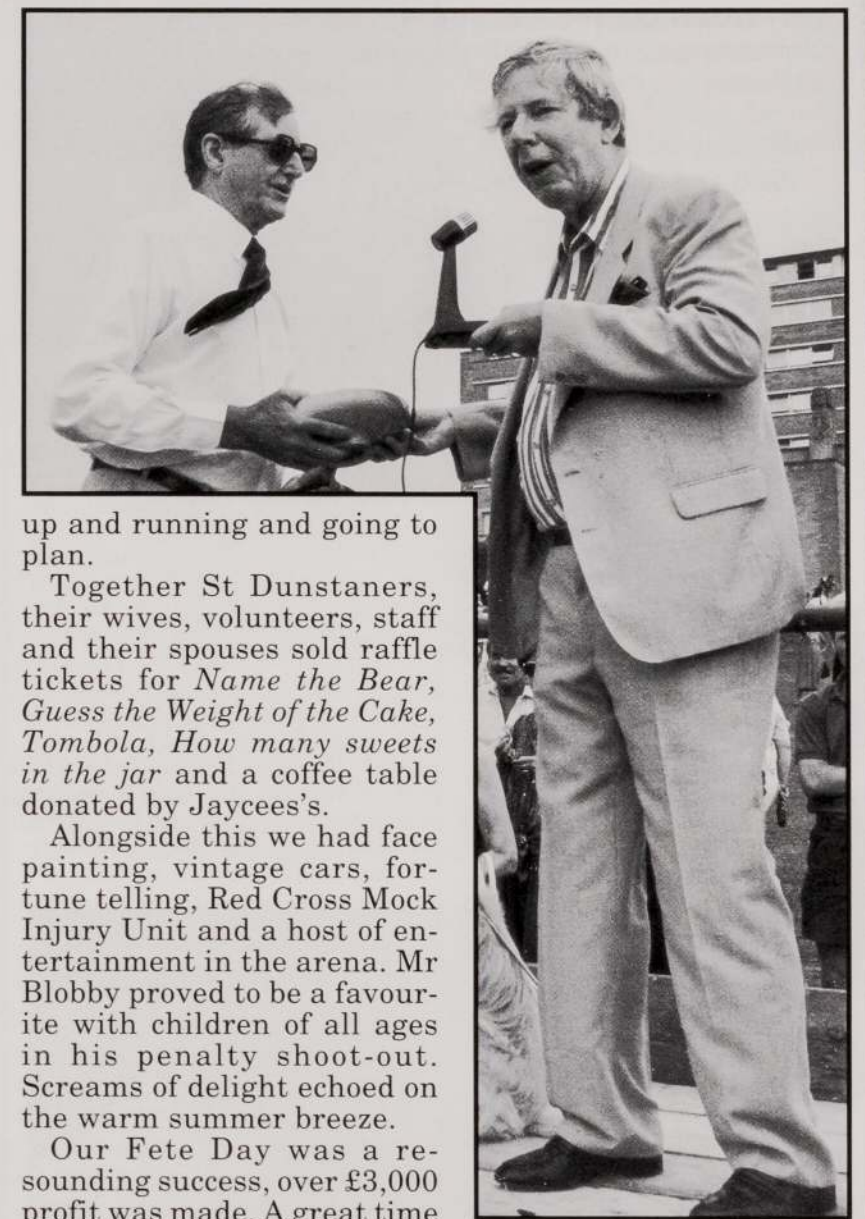
Once again, Keith Harris kindly offered to share his RBL stand with us on August 13-14th. The weather was more than generous with its warmth and both days saw a good turn out by the public, but they were less than enthusiastic with their purses! Again, toys and handicraft items were offered for sale and £86.34 was raised.

What's that noise? Derek Jameson opens our festival of fun

FINALLY the day had arrived, July 30th. Had we remembered to do everything? Well, it's too late now! It was a beautiful morning, warm sunshine bathed the lawns, staff hurrying to and fro setting up trestle tables and handicrafts, toys, plants, haberdashery and jewellery, pictures, books, records, jams and pies.

White tables and chairs with yellow umbrellas stood outside the Beer Tent awaiting their first customers. Coconut shy, raffle range, Fred and frog and bouncy castle appearing before our very eyes. Intense anticipation soars, the general public starts to arrive. At 1345, our celebrity guest, Derek Jameson, drove his maroon Jaguar into the drive of Ian Fraser House. He was met cordially by St Dunstaner Doug Field and escorted to the podium. Doug presented him with a small wooden bowl.

Derek then made a speech and declared our first Fete open. By 1430, around 500 people were milling around and our Fete Day was truly



up and running and going to plan.

Together St Dunstaners, their wives, volunteers, staff and their spouses sold raffle tickets for *Name the Bear*, *Guess the Weight of the Cake*, *Tombola*, *How many sweets in the jar* and a coffee table donated by Jaycees's.

Alongside this we had face painting, vintage cars, fortune telling, Red Cross Mock Injury Unit and a host of entertainment in the arena. Mr Blobby proved to be a favourite with children of all ages in his penalty shoot-out. Screams of delight echoed on the warm summer breeze.

Our Fete Day was a resounding success, over £3,000 profit was made. A great time was had by one and all.

As it is impossible to individually thank everyone who participated, the Fete Day Committee would like to take this opportunity to extend their gratitude and heartfelt thanks. Here's to the next one.

Derek Jameson opens our Fete and sends his regards.

To all St. Dunstaners
My fondest love
Derek Jameson
EAX

OUR GRATITUDE

We are grateful to the following who have contributed to St Dunstan's:

In memory of:

St Dunstaners John Summerson and Bill Stalham.

Widows, Mrs Connie Tweed and Laura Burns.

On June 25th, Mrs Rosemary Gray, widow of Kenneth Gray of Bowdon, Cheshire opened her home to friends for a coffee morning with a difference. There was musical entertainment, the showing of St Dunstan's film and the sale of many items.

Gwen Obern, Joe Humphrey and Arthur Lowe for their continued support.

The Light Dragoons Regimental Trust.

Thank you, all



STAR RUNNER

A generous cheque was received from Chief Petty Officer Neil Fraser of 810 Naval Squadron, RNAS Culdrose, who ran the 1994 London Marathon in 2 hours 53 minutes. He was sponsored by his colleagues on the Squadron and the ladies of Brize Norton Glade, to whom we are indebted.



ROYAL TIME AT THE TOURNAMENT

FOR THE first time, St Dunstan's took a stand at the Royal Tournament from July 19th to 30th. Over a quarter of a million people visit this event each year. The work of St Dunstan's was portrayed through photographs, the film, Partnership for Life, and handouts of literature. Collecting boxes were well in evidence! The stand was manned from eleven o'clock in the morning to half past nine at night, in temperatures of 100 degrees on some days. Sincere thanks go to the St Dunstaners, and members of staff from Pearson House, HQ, and IFH, many of whom sacrificed their free day, to help out. A sum of £1,497 was raised. We also acknowledge the gift of the St Dunstan's badge fashioned out of bread baked by Sgt Milles of the Mobile Bakery Section, AMF.



The Royal Way of Death

Author: Lady Olivia Bland

Reader: John Westbrook

Duration: 11.25 hours

Catalogue number: 6244

People frequently shy away from the topic of death. They either find it too delicate a matter to dwell on, or try not to think of it at all. So I find it little short of amazing that this book, whose subject is the end of life and funerals, can be so interesting and pleasant to read. But it is! From Elizabeth Tudor onwards, it describes in a quite fascinating way the passing of every British monarch to date, and the degree of ceremony which accompanied them. One can compare the extravagance of one occasion with the cost-cutting economy of another, and also, as the years went by, trace the changing social and religious attitudes of the populous.

There are criticisms to be made of course; I thought, for example, that Lady Bland seemed almost obsequious in her respect for some of these characters of history, and I am certain that the many wonderful talents and virtues she heaps upon her heroes would be invisible to a more objective historian.

These things aside, her book has considerable merit. It contains a remarkable amount of humour, given its subject matter, it carries a remarkable number of facts without a trace of boredom, and it's worth anyone's while to ask for a copy.

POPPIES AND PEARLS



WEEK A: We had an outing to Richmond. We were going to have a picnic in the park but the rain changed that, so we sat in the coach.

It may have been miserable outside, but inside The Royal British Legion Poppy Factory we were given a very warm welcome by Colin Blow who gave us a very interesting talk. We had a tour of the factory and a chat with most of the workers. Some of us made a poppy.

After tea and biscuits, we signed some little wooden crosses and gave a donation to a very worthy cause. It was a lovely day.

WEEK B: We were up early for a trip to the Isle of Wight. We had lunch at the Chequers, Rookley and were then taken to a Pearl Factory. Some of us chose an oyster from the tank and watched with interest while it was opened to reveal a pearl. It was the luck of the draw what sort of pearl it would be. One of us chose a small one and when it was opened, it contained twins! Some of us were lucky to find the pearl we'd purchased was quite expensive - £40-50 - though we only paid £9.95.

Back to the coach for the journey home. Paul from Careline had difficulty negotiating the sharp bends and narrow roads. Vanessa had proved very efficient in shepherding us around on all the trips, she even turned into a traffic controller at one point, holding up a stream of cars until Paul could make a particularly nasty bend.

ST DUNSTAN'S WIDOWS were treated to two special weeks at Brighton. Both weeks provided the opportunity to greet old friends and meet new ones while catching up with all that had happened since the previous year. Trips to shopping centres such as Tunbridge Wells were punctuated by party antics and croquet. Mary Arnold reports on Week A, while Alice Richardson covers Week B.



Top left: Jan, one of the assistants at the Pearl Factory, excavates a cream pearl with a birthmark for Mrs Evelyn Dudley. It measured 6.5mm. **Above:** George Calvar, formerly of the Royal Pioneer Corps, demonstrates how the large-sized poppies are made. **Below:** Colin Blow shows Mrs Sylvia Charlton how a poppy wreath starts life. **Bottom:** Mrs Jean Morton, Mrs Doreen Foulkes, and Mrs Elizabeth Leslie take in some fresh air on the way to the Isle of Wight.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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



Our President, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, makes a presentation to Bill Weisblatt on behalf of all St Dunstaners.

From: Bill Weisblatt, Hampton-upon-Thames, Middlesex

When I retired at the end of July, I was given a splendid send-off by my colleagues at headquarters and I have since had the opportunity of seeing many friends - St Dunstaners and staff at Pearson House and Ian Fraser House.

Along with good wishes, I received generous farewell gifts and those who so kindly contributed to a collection may like to know that I have used the money to buy myself a handsome desk, a luxurious chair and a computer. All of these will give me great pleasure and will be a perpetual reminder of my long and happy years at St Dunstan's and of the wonderful friendships that I enjoyed.

It was, of course, something of a wrench to leave this marvellous organisation but it is a great comfort to know that it is in such good hands.

From: May Disney, Lake Cherokee, Longview, Texas, USA

To all the great people, both now and in the past, who have worked for St Dunstan's, we just wanted you all to know how proud we are of our brother, Jerry Lynch.

The recent write-up in the *Daily Mail* was very far from the truth.

St D's has been there for Jerry since day one, always ready and willing to help him and his family. Of course, Jerry had a great attitude, was willing to try anything and succeeded in all.

The reunion of Jerry and Willie Bogle after 50 years seemed impossible - but St D's

once more came through - with something Jerry will always remember. We are many miles apart now, but we, his sisters May and Margaret, think of him often and are thankful for a great organisation like St D's.

From: Maureen Davies, RGN, Pearson House

My sincere and grateful thanks to everyone who sent donations in response to Reverend Brian Tyler's appeal for aid to Bosnia.

Having returned from my second visit to Bugojno, in central Bosnia, I can tell you they are still enduring constant shelling from the Serbians, who are situated in the hills overlooking the town. Fierce fighting continues, resulting in many people being injured or killed. The town is virtually cut off from the outside world. Fortunately, we were able to get through with the much needed aid donated by good people like yourselves. British troops have restored the electricity to the hospital and parts of the town.

We were made very welcome by the Bosnian people in their homes, they told us of the suffering of the past two years, about members of their families being dragged from their homes, and of torture and murder. These obscenities are called 'Ethnic Cleansing'. Many people have been forced to flee the town and are now living in refugee camps in Croatia.

Plans are in hand for our group to return in December, so I am appealing for your continued support. The following supplies are urgently needed: Bandages, ointments, baby food and equipment, children's clothing, knitting wool, garden tools, vegetable seeds and toiletries.

The people of Bugojno have expressed their sincere gratitude to you, the British people, who have helped them in their plight.

From: Doug Moody, Goring-by-Sea

I belonged to the Queen's Royal Regiment and was interested to read 'The Glorious First of June' by Colin Beaumont-Edmonds in the last *Review*.

Colin said he was wounded at Enfidaville, North Africa. We had three battalions serving there. The 2/5th Queen's which was Colin's Battalion, the 2/6th Queen's, in which I was serving as a private, and the 2/7th Queen's.

Colin very humbly referred to being

wounded, but the official History of the Queen's Royal Regiment enlarges on this:

'It was not possible to occupy the forward slopes as they were completely exposed to enemy fire... On the afternoon of the 1st May, after intense covering fire, some Italians, their helmets conspicuous against the blue sky, could be seen working with a machine gun along the ridge towards the Company. Lieutenant C.F. Beaumont-Edmonds of 18 Platoon took charge of his own Platoon and 17 Platoon on his left and engaged the party which turned out to be a fighting patrol. He led an assault in person against the machine gun and routed it. Seventeen Italians in all were accounted for and their machine gun captured, but Beaumont-Edmonds himself was hit in the head by a mortar fragment and permanently lost the sight of both eyes. It was a brave and skilful action, for which he received the Military Cross. He was barely conscious when taken back to the RAP, but remarked "Well we dealt with that machine gun anyway".'

This quote shows what sometimes lays behind a simple statement like, 'It is 51 years ago that I was wounded.'

From: Bill Heffernan, Chigwell, Essex

Margaret and I would like to share some of the nice things that happened to us on our 50th wedding anniversary on August 5th.

Having been told by two of the boys that they had to visit friends, Terry and Tina, our middle son and his wife, said they were taking us to a theatre. Starting off from Camberley, we couldn't understand why we were in the car so long. After about three hours we got suspicious. It was when we started getting Radio Torquay that we had some idea where we were going, for we spent our honeymoon in Plymouth.

Installed in a hotel on Plymouth Hoe, we had a VIP apartment, all in gold. Golden flowers, doilies and champagne holder.

After we freshened up, Terry said we might as well have a drink in the bar. You can imagine the shock when we got there and were embraced by our family - 146 of them.

They had pulled the wool over our eyes and had travelled down before us. That night we had a party, next day we were taken to the Citadel and the Royal Marines Barracks. We thought it was all over, but no! For the evening they had reserved a reception room and when they guided us in, about 60 relations and friends were there.

Everybody enjoyed themselves and a good time was had by all. A truly golden anniversary. A big thank you to all the family.



Percy Stubbs as he will be remembered, with fellow bowling champions, Jackie Pryor and Ted Brown.

From: Ian Stubbs, Norwich, Norfolk

Percy Stubbs, formally of Norwich, passed away peacefully at Pearson House on June 24th. His family would like to express their deepest gratitude to David Bray and all staff at Ian Fraser House and Pearson House, also his many friends for their cards, letters and beautiful flowers in their sad loss.

We thank you also for a touching memorial service and all the tributes from his fellow bowlers, we know you will all miss him as much as us. From one family to another, that's how we think of St Dunstan's, we thank you.

From: Patricia Nicholson, Coalville, Leicestershire

As you know, my father, Francis Nicholson, was part of the family of St Dunstan's for over 40 years and we have a lot to thank St Dunstan's for. They welcomed him at one of the lowest points of his life, at a time when he must have thought the world a very limiting place; they gave him hope, support, encouragement and the confidence to go forward, and what I write here is a very inadequate expression of thanks for all that St Dunstan's has done for us personally and continues to do for all its members and their families.

THANK YOU

Carol Aggett would like to express her thanks to all St Dunstaners, wives and widows for their expressions of sympathy on the sad loss of her husband, Gerry, on August 29th.

GI AT CHURCH STRETTON

Simon Rogers talks to a blind veteran from the United States

IN THE DARK days of the last war, many a soldier found himself recovering at Church Stretton after being blinded in action, but unlike the majority of people there Robert Robinson's future lay in the New Atlantis rather than the New Jerusalem.

This stems from October 1942 when Sir Ian Fraser offered St Dunstan's facilities 'to assist American soldiers in the American Expeditionary Forces in Great Britain who may become temporarily or permanently blinded.' Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War in Washington, accepted with a promise of reciprocal facilities for British troops injured in American theatres of conflict.

Over the next few years, 17 US Servicemen were transferred to St Dunstan's care at Church Stretton, the majority

in the wake of the European invasion. Robert Robinson of Daytona Beach, Florida was one of those men. During a recent visit to Ian Fraser House he recalled those days.

Robert was a 19 year old sergeant with the 330th Infantry United States Army when he arrived in Newcastle-under-Lyme in April 1944. 'We set out from Southampton to France on D-Day+12,' he said. 'We were aware that something big was going on, it was "the invasion". There was a lot of fear, we were young and there was death and destruction all about - not just people, many of whom had not been buried, but also ships that had been sunk or deliberately scuttled.

'I was blinded on August 6th 1944, in St Malo. I think it was an artillery explosion. I was flown out of a field hospital to

the US 68th Army Hospital in England.

'An American Red Cross lady, Claire Sweeny from Washington, came to see me with a US ophthalmologist, Charles King from Memphis, Tennessee. As a result, the three of us rode in a box like Red Cross ambulance to Aylesbury.'

Robert spent the next few weeks at Stoke Mandeville, near Aylesbury where St Dunstan's had set up a Hospital Unit for eye casualties and his stay there was a brief prelude to moving on to Church Stretton.

'Coming to Church Stretton was a very positive, healing experience for me. It was very reassuring in that it was a counter to social isolation, we had a consciousness of kind that "We're all in the same bucket together".

'I learnt braille and typing. Lady Buckmaster was braille teacher, a tall hefty gal who rode the tandem. I think she did most of the peddling. She said: "Braille is a highly logical system, so it is very good for young ladies who have such illogical minds".

'Miss Mac Andrews taught history using tactile objects to illustrate things like the Domesday Book. There was a Dr Sobenheim, a German who had been a judge before he left as a refugee before the war, who taught history and law.

'Many of the people who were at Church Stretton have passed on but I remember Tommy Nicols, Joe Humphrey, Paddy O'Brien and Bill Morris. There were five or six other Americans, one Buford Nanney from Mississippi went into the used car business. We

had a meeting in his cadillac last time we met. Johnny Wells from Wisconsin, I have not seen hide nor hare of since. I keep in touch with a couple of the VADs.

'While I was at Church Stretton a group of US military physicians, med corps people, came to see what was being done at St Dunstan's to care for blind servicemen.

'During and immediately after World War Two care of severely injured servicemen in America was done by the respective services, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force all had a mobility wing set aside in their hospitals. There was nothing specifically in place for blind servicemen. A centre had been set up after World War One, Evergreen, but it was disbanded.'

This absence of dedicated facilities was one reason behind the visit to Church Stretton. When he toured the USA in 1942, Lord Fraser had advocated the St Dunstan's model for treating newly blinded servicemen and simi-

lar pressure had come from Eddie Baker at the Canadian National Institute for the Blind but for one reason or another, our example was not followed.

The greatest parallel could be found in the Army Service Forces' Old Farms Convalescent Hospital in Avon, Connecticut.

Their manifesto sounds surprisingly familiar: 'Through a program of putting the men on a self-reliant basis, (Old Farms) can show them that as blind men they need lean but little on their fellow citizens for help. It can turn out useful and self-confident citizens, anxious to train themselves for useful lives.'

It also laid the ground for a contemporary pressure group. 'The Blinded Veterans Association was given birth at Avon Old Farms,' added Robert. 'It's not like St Dunstan's in the sense that it has no bricks and mortar, but it's involved in federal legislation.'

Robert returned to the USA on VJ Day. 'I was glad to be



Robert Robinson during his recent stay at Brighton.

home.' After studying Social Work in New Orleans, he went on to work for the American Federation for the Blind, a research and pressure group and became their Director of Statistical Research. He and his wife, Nancy, have two children, one a teacher, the other a lawyer.

How does he find St Dunstan's these days? 'I'm glad to say that St Dunstan's is just as friendly as it was 50 years ago,' he concluded. 'It's unique.'

American blinded Servicemen relaxing at Old Farms, Avon with a gramophone style talking book.



A moment to spare...



IT'S SHAMEFUL what you have to resort to in your old age to recapture some flavour of what you did in your youth. It's six miles from Ryvoan, a rude hut, to the top of Cairn Gorm (4,084ft), six miles back again, and this I had no difficulty in doing with a young friend some 30 years ago, in spite of the fact that it was a case of crawling on hands and knees latterly in a gale of

wind, mist and horizontal sleet. The previous day, we had hiked ten miles to get to Ryvoan, rucksack on back, and we had a journey before us, though we didn't know it then, that was to wring us of the last of our powers between Ryvoan and a dilapidated old building in the wilderness, Findouran Lodge, this undertaken in darkness and thrashing rain.

The other day, my wife, Margaret, and I got on to a chair-lift, soared effortlessly upwards, and in a matter of minutes were at 3,800ft, some half a mile from the summit of Cairn Gorm.

We were ashamed of ourselves for having sunk so low as to avail ourselves of this chair-lift, but at the same time, with the best will in the

with Sydney Scroggie

world, to hike from Ryvoan to the top of Cairn Gorm would have been quite beyond the capacity of the now 75-year-old Syd Scroggie.

I might manage to get up, but I'm pretty certain my legs wouldn't be able to get me down again. An hour saw Margaret and me through boulders and snowfields to the top of the hill, blue sky, hot sun, cold air and such was the visibility at 4,084ft that you felt you could reach out with your hand and touch the Cuillin of Skye some 70 miles to the west.

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, but Margaret and I have to admit that we actually enjoyed that trip up Cairn Gorm, chair-lift and all.

The war in Japan had been over for less than two weeks, Idris soft drinks were advertising even though they hadn't had a bottle in a shop for about five years, The Review was experimenting with a new fangled medium called braille, fish rations were being increased, Clement Attlee had been Prime Minister for one month... AND ST DUNSTANERS WERE ENJOYING THEIR FIRST CAMP AT A PLACE CALLED HMS DAEDALUS



THE SORT OF THING MONEY CAN'T BUY

Simon Rogers uncovers fifty years of friendship with the 'dogs' of Daedalus

BACK IN 1945, with the war barely over, 40 St Dunstaners embarked on a week of leisure in Lee-on-Solent and forged a firm friendship with the men of the Fleet Air Arm Field Gun's Crew. That friendship was reaffirmed for the 50th time this year with a jovial celebration that has become a tradition.

'It's the sort of thing money can't buy,' says Dick Hall relaxing in the Solent sun and trying to define what it is that has drawn St Dunstaners and the crew of HMS *Daedalus* together for half a century. 'My "dog" was Russ Coulthard a few years ago, he's up at

Culdrose now, but who do you think was the first voice I heard when I got here? Russ Coulthard! He was on his way home to Cornwall and had made a 100 mile diversion to his trip just to pop in and say hello.'

Others, like former Commander Alan Weldon have come back to provide motorcycle rides round the airfield.

It's elusive, but it's infectious. Asked to identify the longest camper, Organiser Elspeth Grant turns to St Dunstaner Billy Miller on the sports field for an opinion. 'I'm not sure,' says Billy. 'We arrived together didn't we?'

Elspeth nods. 'We met on the train down, you were my first St Dunstaner you know. Avis Spurway was a cousin of mine and she was always asking me to come down to *Daedalus*. I used to say I didn't have the time, but one day she said "Surely you can come down for a weekend." That was it, I was hooked.'

As it happens, the longest attending camper is none other than Stan Tutton, a *Daedalus* supporter since 1947. 'I suppose you could say I'm one of the veterans. Of course a lot of the old men have gone now. Harry Wheeler was the oldest to come down... and Bob Young, you remember Bob Young? No? Everyone knew Bob Young!'

The camp was founded by the late Avis Spurway, no stranger to St Dunstaners since she had been a 'Sports Sister' at Regent's Park and was heavily involved in St Dunstan's Regatta. In the Twenties, she initiated a camp at her home in Clapton where blind sportsmen could prepare for area competitions run by St Dunstan's at the time. Rowing and field events took precedence.

Escalating hostilities put the camps on ice, but that wasn't a situation Avis was prepared to ac-

cept and as early as 1943 she was laying plans for their revival. 'I knew First War campers would want their camp again,' she once said. 'Difficulties of running a post war camp seemed enormous - food, rations, locations. The first thing was money. Camp funds were finished, so Sheila McLeod and I planned a fete in the vicarage garden in the hot summer days of 1944, just before D-Day.'

Avis expected numbers to be bolstered by a local garrison, but the troops were unexpectedly confined to barracks. With entertainment restricted, the event still raised £100. 'While we were counting the money, the air raid warning went, and those of us who were in the fire watching parties put on tin hats and went on duty. A tank full of ammunition was hit at Lacks Heath and caused a wonderful firework display. No one was hurt.'

'Early in 1945, I started really hunting for a camp site, I asked an old friend if I could use the huts in the wood evacuated by a Battery of Gunners. He said that was not possible, why didn't I ask a Service establishment to have us?'

An RAF base was considered, but fell through. The default plan was to use a local school and eat in a nearby restaurant, but it was a request to use a swimming pool taken over by the Navy which was to have a profound effect on the

future.

'I was summoned to the Commodore's office at HMS *Daedalus*, Lee-on-Solent,' recalled Avis. 'Rather scared, I walked up the stairs - I thought he was angry at my asking for the Bath. He said "Well Mrs Spurway, how would you like to bring a party of St Dunstan's men to camp at our establishment at Stubbington, Seafeld Park, we could put them in marquees on the lawn and feed them in the men's Mess Deck".'

Over 80 St Dunstaners responded to an item in the July 1945 *Review*, advising that fares over ten shillings would be paid by the Camp Fund. Places were allocated by ballot and 31 First War men and nine Second War men travelled to Lee-on-Solent.

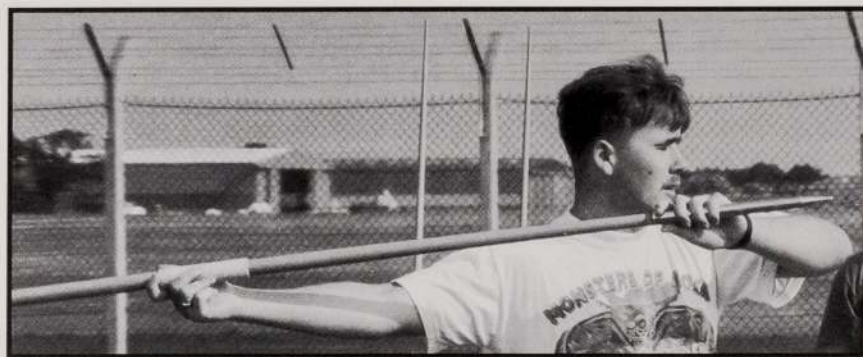
'The Navy sent trucks to collect parties from Southampton, Gosport and Fareham. No private cars because of petrol rationing. I don't know if anyone had explained to them who



Above: The class of '45, the original Lee-on-Solent campers. Left: Maurice Aldridge is first past the post during a Fifties camp.

Camp founder Avis Spurway with St Dunstaner Bill Miller.





Carl Williams steadies the javelin before taking a throw.

these campers were, but I saw them stand back and look in amazement as the campers rushed up the guide rope from the tents to the Mess Deck. They looked and said nothing, they waited and then they just came along and helped.

'They helped in just the right understanding way, quietly taking it all in their stride. But I know many of them were much upset by their first meeting with any of the blinded ex-Servicemen.'

Legend has it that the practice of calling the Field Gunners 'dogs' started as a joke, but passed firmly into the lexicon when a journalist used it in a feature on the camp. However, according to the late James E. Ellis, 'our sailor friends explained the mysteries of the dog watch' during the very first camp.

'Strangely enough, not one of our number was an ex-Naval man,' he wrote of the event.

GB5GC calling the world! Radio Hams Ted John and Bill Shea take Daedalus onto the airwaves. Ian Sherriff was 'canine' QSL Manager for the week.



Seafield was all under canvas, we slept in the old brass bedsteads, like they used to have at Ovingdean.

'There was Ernie Cookson, Johnny Cope, Big Jerry Jerrome, Bill Shakespeare - we used to call him "Shakie". Jack Greaves used to be able to play a tune with his nose and Drummer Downes was there, so was a Welsh lad, Tommy apRhys.

'It was a great weekend, kicking a football, we used to go fishing and there were the trips to the Isle of Wight. There was one lady, Bridget Talbot, who had something to do with Cunard, so we were taken to the *QE* at Southampton and went over the carriers there.'

As Jerry says, the camps at Lee-on-Solent were originally under canvas, though during a horrendous storm the commander of the day moved the St Dunstaners into the men's quarters which were unoccupied during the holidays. This set a further precedent which has continued to this day.

'It's a good place to relax,' says Yvonne Rixon, one of the ladies helping the week to run smoothly. 'You can go for a walk, or a swim, or take part in any of the events, you can go shopping, or go for a tandem ride - you can do your own thing.'

Agreement with Yvonne's sentiments can be found in a make-shift radio shack set up by St Dunstan's Radio Hams to celebrate the 50th camp. 'DELTA ALPHA ECHO DELTA ALPHA LIMA UNIVERSITY SUGAR,' is how Bill Shea spells it out to a Canadian contact.

Bill has been attending the camps since the early Sixties. 'There's much more going on now, though there used to be two trips to the Isle of Wight, there's the gliding and all the other extras now. The beauty of it all is you please yourself. It's an excellent break and it's good to get back into a Service

environment.'

He was spreading the word far and wide with over 100 contacts in Brazil, Canada, and Europe. One QSO was more than familiar with HMS *Daedalus* - Fred Morgan, the other surviving member of the original camp.

'It was a damn good time,' says Fred. 'But it was very

cramped under the marquee. One chap brought his guide dog, which I suppose was useful for him, but I kept tripping over it. I met one fellow who had been in the 10th Hussars, Jimmy Ellis, who played the cornet at the Wrens' dance.'

For Chief PTI Terry Godfrey, helping John Gilbert into the rowing machine the appeal of

Daedalus is obvious. 'They still like a challenge.'

In this respect, the words of Avis Spurway still ring true. 'It was fun, it was hectic and as with pre-war camps it needed a lot more organising. Now, it's near perfect, but that could not be without the members of the Fleet Air Arm Field Gun's Crew.'

Elspeth Grant records the day-to-day activities of Camp 50

Golden Daedalus

GOLDEN DAYS, a Golden Week and our Golden Anniversary - 50 glorious years of camp at HMS *Daedalus*. Quite something to celebrate.

We could not, alas, get 50 St Dunstaners to camp this year, however we were delighted that 34 campers arrived on a glorious sunny day ready to enjoy a happy week with friends, helpers and ever devoted 'dogs'.

When we listened to Gary Stewart tell us what excitements were in store, the list seemed endless. We could help with the Morning Colours, go clay pigeon shooting, dance in the Mess, there was an outing to HMS *Vincent* for a wonderful afternoon with the Gosport Bowmen who are always so kind and give us a delicious home-made tea to encourage our archery skills.

On Sunday, a moving service was taken by the Rev. Alison Norman, whom we all took to our hearts. Many were in tears and deeply moved by her words. The Lesson was beautifully read by Norman Hopkins. Later, there were socials in the Warrant and Petty Officers' Messes.

Monday saw us on the sports field racing round from event to event competing as individuals and as teams: throwing the discus, javelin,



Elspeth Grant, Trevor Tatchell, and Norman Hopkins with Sheila Young of the Lee-on-Solent Branch of The Royal British Legion.

shot, archery, kicking footballs, rowing and finally a walking race.

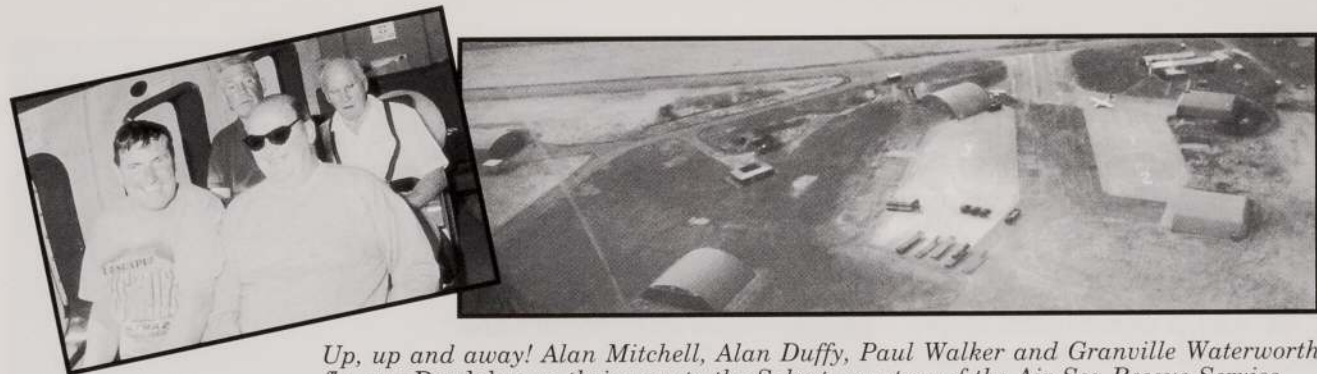
A quick change and off to The Royal British Legion Club in Lee for lunch. The kind ladies there baked us a special anniversary cake in the shape of '50'. The cake was cut by our eldest camper - Stan Tutton. This was followed by exciting trips with the Inshore Rescue Service and the Air Sea Rescue helicopters for flights over the Solent.

Our annual trip to Cowes was on a lovely sunny day with quite a choppy sea but we all survived and returned tired but happy. During the week, we were entertained at

the Warrant Officers' Mess at HMS *Dolphin*, the joint hosts being the Senior Rates Mess at The Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar and the Warrant Officers' Mess at *Dolphin*. This was a most cheerful affair which we all enjoyed immensely. We were also entertained at the Warrant Officers' Mess at HMS *Sultan*, which in the future we may come to know well.

The bowlers went off bowling, the drivers and readers went off for their Mystery Car Drive, ending up with 'bangers and chips' at the Conservative Club.

The gliders went soaring over the Solent on the thermals in the blissful peace



Up, up and away! Alan Mitchell, Alan Duffy, Paul Walker and Granville Waterworth fly over Daedalus on their way to the Solent, courtesy of the Air Sea Rescue Service.

of the sky. And a large party went off to explore the aircraft carrier HMS *Illustrious* in Portsmouth Harbour where they were right royally entertained.

The Gosport Sailing Club offered their magnificent catamaran and a party spent a glorious day sailing in the Solent and over to Ryde on the Isle of Wight where they tucked into lobster, crab and shrimp. The Club members and the Commodore could not have been kinder or more hospitable.

During Thursday afternoon, the Guard Room was greeted by the unexpected sight of a procession of vast

and expensive Aston Martin cars coming to pick up their passengers to take them to the D-Day Museum in Portsmouth. We were all agog at the sight of these marvellous cars - some like 'stretch limos' in American movies! There must have been about a million pounds worth of metal parked there.

This treat was arranged by the generosity of the Aston Martin Car Owners' Club and some had come from as far away as Maidstone and Chatham. Everyone piled in and the cavalcade drove off in stately convoy to Portsmouth. It was said later that some had gone at 120mph down the

motorway and that it felt like 40 mph so smooth was the drive - lucky there were no MPs en route!

The highlight of the week, of course, was our 50th anniversary dinner in the Ward Room. This was most exciting as there were many present who we had not seen for years. Sir Henry Leach headed the guest list and we were also delighted to have Bill and Betty Weisblatt with us. There were 15 ex-trainers and their wives among many friends who have helped us over the years. The trainers included Jock Scott and his wife, Elsie. Jock was the first trainer to involve the Field Gun's Crew with the St Dunstaners and he has been a faithful visitor to camp ever since.

We were also delighted to welcome Diana Hoare, who sadly had a leg amputated earlier in the year. She got a tremendous reception and it was wonderful to have her with us once more.

Altogether we sat 154 to dinner in the magnificent panelled Ward Room. Three long tables glistened with silver on spotless white linen with beautiful flower arrangements (done by Chris Jones, the Commander's wife and Alison Norman, our padre) blue candles in glistening candelabra with matching napkins. Following Grace, we sat down to a delicious meal after which we all relaxed to listen to Bill Shea make an excellent and witty speech on



After nearly a decade of Daedalus, John Gilbert still rows for life, spurred on by Ian Thompson, Lee Hodgson, and Chief PTI Terry Godfrey.

behalf of the St Dunstaners. He brought back happy memories of times past and of those who had shared these years with us.

Alan Price replied on behalf of the Field Gunners and 'dogs' and had us all laughing at his reminiscences. Our thoughts wandered back to the days of Avis and Frank, 'Scots Corner', Bob Young, Davie Bell, Stuart Spence, Peter Spencer and, of course, Jimmy Wright. How many wonderful friends have we had over the 50 years? The toast following the Loyal Toast was by the St Dunstaners to 'gone and absent friends.' There were many choked throats but in the happiest way.

The evening ended with the traditional Prize Giving by Captain Newberry with great cheers for the winners. Tom Hart, a new camper, and Trevor Tatchell gave votes of thanks to the Captain, Commander, Ship's Company, Mess Presidents, Trainers and last but by no means least, the faithful 'dogs'.

There was then a surprise presentation when Roy Dean, the PRO at *Daedalus* who had just retired, was presented with a beautiful crystal bowl and a St Dunstan's plaque as a small 'thank you' for all his hard work over our 50th celebrations. In particular, he

Daedalus in relief. St Dunstaners feel their host's badge during a bygone camp.



Mansell Lewis trips the light fantastic with Liz Walker.

had gained enough sponsorship to cover the celebrations, for which we are enormously grateful. We wish him every success in his new life outside the Navy.

Just as we thought the evening was drawing to a close, the 'Dunstan Dolly Birds' appeared on the Minstrels Gallery and rendered a tuneful and witty ditty to everyone's delight. Thank you Yvonne, Liz, Sue, Pat and Pam - you were great!

Our final evening was a great one in the WO Mess with a dance and many more friends coming in. Will camp ever be the same in another environment - I wonder?

We all departed early next morning with our hearts and memories full of thanks to the many, many friends we have made over the years and who have helped to make our Golden Camp a really memorable one.

SPORTS RESULTS

Archery

24 arrows at 20yds

Totally Blind

1st	John Gilbert	91pts
2nd	Tom Whitley	73pts
3rd	Jim O'Donnell	69pts

Partially Sighted

1st	Norman Killick	127pts
2nd	Dickie Hall	90pts
3rd	Norman Walton	67pts

Novices

1st	Eric Church	112pts
2nd	Julian Stevens	40pts
3rd	Reg Page	35pts

Skilled archers

24 arrows at 30yds		
1st	Norman Perry	155pts
2nd	Joe Prendergast	153pts
3rd	Tom Hart	63pts

Bowls

Ben Mills Pairs Cup
Arthur Carter and Eric Church

Singles Medal

1st Ted Brown
Runner-up Eric Church

Kath Riley Trophy for Mystery Car Drive

Braille reader John Gilbert
Driver Chris Stilton
Navigator Sue Stilton

Walk

1st	gold	John Gilbert
2nd	silver	Arthur Carter
3rd	bronze	Paul Walker

Charles Stafford Novice Cup
Norman Perry

Denny Deacon Veterans Cup
Arthur Carter

Sports

Goal kicking

Totally Blind
Bryan Lang

Partially Sighted
Paul Walker

Sheila McLeod Cup for Best Beginner
Norman Perry

Victor Ludorum

Partially sighted Carl Williams
Runner-up Billy Miller

Victor Ludorum Totally Blind

Bryan Lang
Runner-up John Gilbert

Team result

1st *Carter's Crusaders*
Arthur Carter (captain) - Bryan Lang, Paul Walker, Bill Miller, John Gilbert and Mansell Lewis
2nd *Norman's Conquerors*
Norman Perry (captain)
3rd *Hall's Hooligans*
Dickie Hall (captain)
Dunstan Dollies - Yvonne Rixon, Sue Stilton, Liz Walker, Valerie Webster, Pat Westbrook, Pam Wybrant, Janet Adams.

Guts, determination and whatever else award

Jim O'Donnell

Mike Tetley pauses for thought in the birthplace of mankind

I RETURN TO THE ROOF OF AFRICA



Truly above: Mike's destination, the summit of Kilimanjaro, 19,342ft high.

IN JULY this year, I returned to Kenya to climb Mount Kenya over 17,000ft and Mount Kilimanjaro, 19,342ft. I was born in Kenya, served with the Kenya Regiment and the King's African Rifles. I was blinded in action by the Mau Mau in 1954. The social and climatic changes are immense and can best be illustrated by coming on patrol with me in 1954 and again in 1994.

Come back with me to 1954, to Gikoro Police Post, where 3 Platoon has just walked in. The post comprises four rectangular mud huts, a watch tower, four tents to house 3 Platoon surrounded by barbed wire and a six foot deep pit, 20ft wide filled with sharp stakes to impale anyone rash enough to try and jump it. The police station lies at 8,000ft on a ridge on the lower slopes of Mount Kenya, an old extinct volcano rising in a huge snow capped cone right on the equator.

I shout to Fred Gay, the police inspector and the only other European within ten miles. 'You remember Karanja, little 12 year old girl we found yesterday, lying in a field with her throat cut and disembowelled with the note saying "We are not frightened of the K.A.R. or the po-

lice" signed Kamwamba? Well I went out on ambush this morning and thought that I had been seen, so I crept back the same way, but 200yds to the left of the forest and came up behind the bastards who were lying in wait for me.'

'Any prisoners?' Fred enquired.

'What are they! The gang were trying to kill me and if I had surrendered they would have cut me to pieces. I do not put myself into a position to take prisoners. The twits that drew up the Geneva Convention were probably lawyers who have never been in action and can always make the correct decision from an armchair when they are not tired have not been without food or sleep for several days and have hindsight. We have got 11 bodies including Kamwamba and the gang moll.'

'Well,' said Fred, 'Get some food into your Askaries, re-issue ammunition and go back into the forest as the police at Karatina have just radioed that the two Italian nuns at the mission station have been held down, subjected to female circumcision, raped and murdered by a gang of about 30 and their tracks are leading up the Ragati and to the upper slopes of Mount Kenya.'

'For Christ's sake Fred, I

will have to give the chaps a rest soon, we have been in action every day except one for six months and we are getting bloody tired. Did you hear that Jim took out a patrol last night with a new subaltern, just out from the UK, and after taking a left bend in the forest path a ruddy rhino charged, knocked the leading scout over, gored the second and Jim jumped to one side and opened up on the rhino. The perishing subaltern thought they were getting ambushed, opened up on Jim and shot him three times. When they got to him, he gave a big cough and the bullet that entered his chest came out of his mouth.'

'That saved an operation, but is he OK? That's the third patrol this month to get broken up by either a rhino, elephant or buffalo. The forest round here is thick with wild animals.'

This was a typical day in my life in 1954 where every foot along the forest path you expected to be ambushed or run across a wild animal. This made for a great deal of tension, but also cemented great friendships within the platoon which have lasted to the present day.

I met my old batman last month when I was in Kenya. I was alone with him when I was shot and seven terrorists

tried to cut me to pieces from 25 yards and he killed all seven. He told me that everyone was still alive except Sergeant Mbubi.

In 1994, a party of 14 people, made up of six blind or partially sighted with eight guides, and 30 porters organised by the Guide Dog Adventure Group trekked 40 miles across Mount Kenya from east to west in five days hoping to climb Point Lenana on route. It was mainly an acclimatisation exercise to enable us to climb Kilimanjaro the following week, ascending via the Machambe route and down again via the Mweika route, a distance of 60 miles.

After arriving in Nairobi we spent a day sight seeing. The crowds in the street reflected the huge increase in population in 40 years from five to 37 million. Most houses now have large eight foot high steel gates across their drives. Security guards were much in evidence indicating an increase in crime where long ago no one even shut the front door except at night.

The 150 mile trip to the east side of Mount Kenya necessitated a watchful eye for sleeping policemen even on the main roads as they were unmarked. We transferred into Land-Rovers to climb up the muddy forest tracks to 10,000ft. However, one broke a half shaft and another ran out of petrol. Even with chains on all four wheels, the vehicles could not get up the muddy path so we started walking sooner than expected.

We slept in two-man tents which most people zipped up to protect themselves from the cold. Sleeping in a room without an open window can produce a headache due to oxygen depletion. At altitude this predisposes you to mountain sickness which, in our case, affected half the party.

I shared a tent with someone who insisted on zipping up the tent flaps, so I took my sleeping bag outside and slept under the stars even when the temperature was well below zero.

Back in 1954, the locally recruited troops never got or heard of altitude sickness because we never had tents or sleeping bags issued to us. We slept under the stars when on forest patrol.

Now we slowly climbed from the Bandas to Lake Ellis, to Minto's hut, then over Tooth Col to Austrian hut where we arrived and had lunch. This is only 800ft below Lenana.

My daughter, Mary, and I were the only two who had crampons and it started to snow heavily. Our leader would not let us climb saying 'All up or none.' This braced me off as I had told them to carry crampons. We descended to Rangers camp saying they would try again in the morning but they did not.

The next day we descended the Vertical Bog, which was very slippery, to the Met station camp. Here several Sykes monkeys unzipped some tents and rifled through our rucksacks looking for

food. I could not help rejoicing in the lack of tension after 40 years.

It was wonderful to be without fear among the giant lobelias and fresh air. All the Africans were friendly but the biggest change was that we saw no animals. Later we drove 180 kilometres from Nairobi to the Tanzanian border and saw no game. Forty years ago we would have seen several hundred thousand head of zebra, wildebeest, buck, elephant or lion. They had been wiped out and replaced by Masai cattle which were over grazing the land. When there are no roots to keep the top soil together, it will be washed into the rivers and thence to the sea. The top soil is only six inches deep over lava and when this is exposed they will expect Europe to feed an exploding population.

Kilimanjaro was climbed via the Machambe route through a very muddy forest on to the Shirer plateau to Brenco hut and Barafu hut. A steady uneventful climb with the exception that we saw not a living soul for five days. While passing near a glacier there was a tremendous crack followed by a long rumble as an avalanche hur-

Ascent to Kilimanjaro. Mike Tetley with Tanzanian guide, Steve.



tled down the slope in the next valley.

From Baranco hut, which we left at 0800, we walked until 1900 at night. We had a meal and two hours sleep, getting up at 2200. We climbed through the night up a very steep scree slope. The idea being that if there is moisture on the scree it will freeze and bind it together causing less slip. We arrived on the crater lip at dawn to meet about 200 people who had climbed from Kibo Hotel via the Marangu route. The last few thousand feet were climbed by taking 20 paces and stopping for breath. My daughter was down to five paces. Three of the party turned back on the scree slope suffering from exhaustion.

I was shocked at the green house effect. There was no snow on the top except in a few crags. Forty years ago when I climbed it, the snow was ten feet deep and cut into many queer shapes, Nevis



Mount Kenya. Looking up to Lenora Point summit.

Penitentes, by the wind. We slithered down 4,000ft of scree getting into camp at 1400 only to be told that there was no water and no food so we would have to do another day's march immediately. By the time we got into camp that night we had

walked for 35 hours with a two hour rest.

Why do I climb when I cannot see? Climbing concentrates the mind. There is no room for thinking about politics or sex. You can re-establish a true sense of values and feel at one with nature.

Ray Hazan eavesdrops on an unexpected D-Day reunion

Daily Mail unites old comrades

'ONE MOMENT, youthful vigour and the vivid colour of the French summer, the next, darkness and a half century in a Home for blind veterans.'

This is how the *Daily Mail* described Jerry Lynch's life following the D-Day landings.

The next day, July 8th, a letter from St Dunstan's describing Jerry's achievements since his becoming a St Dunstaner, refuting the implied 'incarceration' was also fortunately published in the paper.

As a result, the PR Department received a telephone call from Mr Willie Bogle of Cupar,

Fife. Willie also served with the 9th Cameronians and had been in the ditch in front of Jerry when the latter was shot. 'I saw Jerry being carried away, and I have wondered ever since what happened to him.'

On Monday July 11th, Willie and his wife travelled down to Brighton for a surprise meeting in the Blue Lounge the following day. In no time at all, names were being banded around and memories revived with the aid of a dram or two! Jerry said, 'It was a really great surprise and I much enjoyed the reunion.' He



Willie discovers Jerry in fine health 50 years after they were separated.

presented Willie with a St Dunstan's shield and has been invited to take it personally to Scotland when the plaque commemorating the occasion has been engraved.

GAS!

A resident of Pearson House talks to Ray Hazan about a true horror of warfare

'GAS!' - a cry that strikes fear into the heart of any Serviceman. The following is a brief account of the formation and evolution of Porton Down and the Special Brigade, RE, as recounted to the author by one who is probably the only surviving member of that long disbanded Brigade.

Gas was a particularly feared 'weapon' during the First War. It was new, evil and there was little protection available. Gas was first used by the Germans in April 1915. The British had obviously to counter this threat. The first step was to recruit those already based in France who had knowledge of chemicals. Thus some 150 graduates, industrial chemists were gathered at Chatham to become the 'Special Brigade'. This motley crowd, from many different Regiments, soon found themselves in France to experiment with cylinder poison gas.

Chlorine cylinders were linked by manifold and set into the face of the trench. It was first used by the British in the Battle of Loos in September 1915. It soon became clear that warfare by gas cloud was futile. Chance dictated by wind direction and velocity meant that the concentration was so diluted by the time the cloud reached the enemy lines, that it proved to be more of an annoyance than a weapon.

Thus operations were moved to what was to become known later as the WD Experimental Ground at Porton. The object of this site was to gain experience in delivery systems and how to achieve effective con-

centrations. Porton Down consisted of two huts, one a laboratory, the other for general use. Some 40 men were housed in the local village, which had been evacuated.

Several delivery methods were examined including artillery shells. The guns were located on Battery Hill, which had a good view of the target area, delineated in white linen. This was the centre of a 100 yard diameter ring of trenches. In these trenches were located Winchester Quarts. These were the large glass 'jars' used for transporting acids. They were partially evacuated of air and sealed by a glass rod closed at one end. When this rod was broken, the partial vacuum caused the Quart to draw in an air sample. This was then analysed back in the laboratory and so concentrations could be determined. Sometimes samples were collected by men walking through the gas cloud wearing oxygen breathing apparatus. On a few occasions animals were used in the trenches.

Another delivery system was the Livens projector. This was, in effect, a mortar style tube which fired a cylinder of gas. Batteries consisted of up to a couple of hundred tubes, which were directed by compass bearing. The 15 inch long by eight inch diameter projectiles were fired electrically to produce simultaneous detonation. The Stokes mortar, which fired the bomb as soon as it was dropped down the tube was also used for gas delivery. The gas then being used was Phosgene, a highly

poisonous substance. This was sometimes mixed with a lacrimatory gas to make believe it was tear gas. Mustard gas was only used by the Germans.

Parallel with experiments in the offensive use of gas were the developments in defensive methods, though this side was not worked on at Porton. The first respirator consisted of a hood tucked into the tunic. The hood had eye pieces, a one way valve through which the user breathed out and the whole was soaked in a protective preparation. This progressed into separate eye pieces, a nose clip and a canister through which one breathed. The final version, the 'small box respirator' became standard issue to front line infantrymen and was the same as that given to the civilian population of London during the Second World War.

The work at Porton Down continued throughout the war and beyond until it was agreed through the Geneva Convention to ban the use of gas. Attention was turned to bacteriological warfare until this too was banned following the Second World War. Research then continued into countering the effects of nuclear warfare. In 1990, Porton Down celebrated its 75th anniversary.

One would wish that the need for Porton Down had never existed. Many St Dunstaners are, or were, proof of that. Perhaps by openly presenting the facts, future generations may learn a lesson and ensure the need never arises again.

The second story contest winner is a tale of irony

AN ILL WIND

WHEN the SS *Navasa* made her final mission as a troopship, Corporal Hart, then serving in Army headquarters, Singapore, decided to join her for the run to Hong Kong and back. 'I shall have taken part in a bit of history,' he said.

'Pah,' snorted Corporal Belcher contemptuously. Belcher, whose place of work was the same office as Hart's, had interests strictly limited to beer, cigarettes, and stupid practical jokes. 'Waste of time,' he added, 'where's the fun sailing in an old rust bucket like that?'

He developed the theme further that evening when he told his drinking pals, 'Six hundred pints, that's what it's costing that idiot Hart...What a berk!'

Nevertheless, Corporal Hart kept his appointment with history, and on his return declared himself more than satisfied with the experience; he had dined in several exotic restaurants, shopped for incredible bargains in mysterious side-alleys, seen the sights of the fabulous teeming city, and even taken a trip into the New Territories... 'So I've actually stood in China,' he declared proudly.

The only single small fly in the ointment after the three-week trip, was the absence of a parcel he had expected to be awaiting his return. 'I bought two quilted car-coats,' he explained. 'Only 18 Hong Kong dollars apiece...And the shopkeeper said he would dispatch them right away.'

Belcher responded like a shot. 'Why, you damn fool,' he scoffed. 'Do you mean you were daft enough to believe the robbing dog? Don't you know you can't trust anybody out here?'

'Well I know I'd never trust YOU,' retorted Corporal Hart, which rather took the grin from Belcher's crooked face. But after that, one day became two, and two days became three and Hart's Hong Kong parcel still remained on the AWOL list. Down at the NAAFI club, Belcher said to his special crony, Corporal Fox of the Forces Post Office, 'We can have some good sport out of this lot, you know. Ring Hart tomorrow morning and pretend to be from Married Families stores or something...Then tell him his parcel has arrived...We can have him running all over the place.'

It worked like a charm...Hart put down the phone, allowed himself a small satisfied smile in Belcher's direction, and then went

by Major Rhodes (E.C. Bunting)

out; only to return a half hour later crestfallen, and knowing he'd been on a fool's errand. Belcher was delighted, he loved to waste time, whether his own or anybody else's, and he was still chortling over the success of the trick when that evening, he met his boozing pals at the bar. 'Tell you what,' he said, when he told them of Hart's disappointment, 'we'll send him a real parcel next time... Get me a customs label, Foxy, that says 'garments' on it; but we'll fill it with rubbish; fag packets, old jock-straps, anything... What do you think?'

The approval was unanimous, and at lunch-time the following day the phoney package was made up, each member of the drinking school provided something useless, foul, or disgusting and Belcher packed them inside; when he was satisfied with the result he strolled across to the Army Post Office to collect the promised customs declaration forms which would be pasted on the outside. But he was met by Corporal Fox with bad news. 'Look what's turned up,' said the latter, and pointed to a brown paper bundle addressed to Corporal Hart. 'His ruddy car-coats have come, would you ruddy believe it?'

It was a serious blow, but Belcher was only dismayed for a moment or two. 'Look,' he said shortly, 'now we've got the parcel, let's send it to Jones, that little Green Jacket who never seems to get any mail.' 'Nor likely to,' said Fox. 'He told me once he was an orphan, brought up in a Home and all that.' 'Perfect,' crowed Belcher in high spirits again. 'Give me the customs form and I'll get his "present" delivered to him after work.'

It was Private Rudd, a runner from the camp office who carried the parcel into a crowded barrack-room. 'You can carry your own ruddy parcels in future, Jones,' he complained. Belcher watched the proceedings from the door of his bunk, which was only a few yards away.

'A parcel? For me?,' the young blond soldier was shaking excitedly. Other privates gathered round. 'What's in it Jonesey?' called one, and another, reading the label before the wrappings were ripped away replied, 'Biscuits, fags, a fruit cake, two shirts...' And then the happy radiance of young Jones' face faded as he pulled out, first a broken flip-

flop, and next an old sock and a pair of filthy underpants. Belcher almost collapsed with silent mirth as he watched Jones' face. He took a couple of backward steps and sat on his bed cradling his aching stomach. Leaning forward he could see the cardboard box being frantically emptied. Jones was obviously hoping against hope that even now the box would reveal food and tobacco beneath all those empty cartons and bits of paper.

This was better than Belcher's highest expectation. Even when somebody shouted, 'What a rotten trick, we'll kill the louse that did it,' his pleasure was unabated for he knew that they would never know.

But then he heard, 'Hey, look at this watch though; it's a ruddy Rolex.' Belcher's hand flew to his wrist and an evil demon chuckled in his ear... His proudest possession was gone.

Sunday Times Technology Editor Christopher Lloyd unveils infra-red beacons to guide blind travellers

BEAMING THE BLIND ON TO THE RIGHT TUBE TRAIN

THE LONDON UNDERGROUND is beginning trials of an infra-red guidance system that will automatically lead blind people to exits and interchanges in stations.

A three-year project called Orientation by Personal Electronic Navigation (OPEN) will mean that infra-red beacons or transmitters are installed at London Underground platforms and passageways.

As a blind person steps off a train, the infra-red beams, which contain encrypted data, will be detected by special sensors. These could be integrated into spectacles worn by blind people or built into the white sticks they use to help find their way around.

These sensors which will have to be approved by blind users, turn the data into speech, which is relayed through a standard earpiece giving the blind person verbal instructions on which way to go.

Dr Ronald Stephens, OPEN's project manager, says in a typical scenario the beams would tell a blind person not only in which direction an exit is located but also which way to go to change lines.

'The idea is to make it as easy for blind people to navigate the Underground as for sighted people who use information boards and maps,' says Stephens. 'As soon as a crossway or exit is reached, another beam comes into the line of sight of the sensors and a new set of instructions can be given.'

Stephens is masterminding the project from Portsmouth University's Institute of Rehabilitation Technology, which is coordinating a number of international partners.

Others involved include Possum Controls, a British company, and Seal, an Italian firm

(both are specialists in high-technology equipment for the blind), London Underground, the Brussels and Paris underground railway authorities and charities such as the Royal National Institute for the Blind.

Two test stations have already been selected for the pilot project in London - South Kensington and Heathrow Terminals 1, 2, 3 (both on the Piccadilly Line). Test stations in the Brussels and Paris metros have yet to be chosen.

Stephens, who has received nearly £1.3m from the European Commission's TIDE programme (Technology Initiative for Disabled and Elderly People) for the three-year project, says his teams are now negotiating with BAA, the company that runs Britain's main airports, so that the system can be extended beyond the Underground to airports.

'This is why we have chosen Heathrow as one of our test stations,' he said. 'Ideally, it would mean that a blind or partially sighted person could get on a train in the middle of London and be guided by infra-red beams right to the departure gate of his or her flight at Heathrow.'

The trial systems are also being designed to operate in seven European languages and will include information on train times as well as cancellations and delays.

The total cost of the trial systems is expected to be about £2m, with the additional funding coming from organisations such as London Underground and the Brussels and Paris metros. A full working prototype is expected in the two London test stations within 18 months. However, it will be three years before full-scale implementation begins, providing trials are successful and enough money is made available.

Richard Yates presents a chronicle of this year's camp

WELCOME AT WARMINSTER

ST DUNSTANERS came to Warminster once again in July for their annual camp hosted jointly by the Warminster Rotary Club and the Sergeants' Mess at Warminster Training Centre.

The majority of the party arrived for the weekend in the St Dunstan's coach from Brighton. After settling in at the billets at the Sergeants' Mess, they returned to the Old Bell for the Rotary dinner, accompanied by GSM Malcolm Todd and two other representatives of the Sergeants' Mess with their wives.

They met members of the Rotary Club and the Inner Wheel Club.

On the Friday, they set off in their coach to visit the Tank Museum at Bovington.

The journey took longer than expected due to road closures, but all agreed that the wait had been worthwhile, and the museum was voted a great success by St Dunstaners and their escorts.

The St Dunstaners were able to feel many of the exhibits - more than one of them displaying a first-hand knowledge of the vehicles.

Friday evening was hosted by the Warminster Branch of The Royal British Legion, who treated them to an excellent repast and plenty of liquid refreshment at the Conservative Club.

Here they were entertained by Hughie, the barber from the camp, who played music for dancing.

The visit of the Mayor of Warminster, Ann Coventry, set the final seal on a most successful occasion and I understand she danced with all the St Dunstaners - much to their evident delight!

On Saturday, Rotary and St Dunstaners set off to Salis-

bury races. After a stop for liquid refreshment, a picnic was enjoyed by all in the race-course car park, before watching an afternoon's racing.

Although many of the St Dunstan's men displayed an encyclopaedic knowledge of race horses and their form, it would appear that more bookies than St Dunstaners finished up the afternoon in pocket!

Saturday evening saw the St Dunstan's men attending an excellent party given by the Sergeants' Mess.

It seems that such was the Mess hospitality that in the small hours a member of the Rotary Club was led back over to the accommodation block by a St Dunstaner.

On Sunday, after attending a church service at Upton

Scudamore, the men spent the day as guests of Rotarians in their homes.

All regathered in the evening for a light buffet prepared by the ladies of the Inner Wheel. The event was marred by an unfortunate fall by one St Dunstaner who as a result spent the night in Warminster Hospital. Happily he was able to rejoin the group next morning little the worse for his experience - although sporting a black eye!

After an excellent lunch on Monday, supplied by Margaret Crossman and Leslie Trollope from Horningsham, camper Eddie Johnson thanked both Rotary and the Sergeants' Mess for making their weekend possible - and all vowed to return next year to renew friendships once again.

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 William Graham of Esher, Surrey transferred from the Gubbay Trust to St Dunstan's on June 30th. As a 19 year old, he joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Mersey Division with whom he remained until 1950. In 1939, he was embodied into the Royal Navy serving mainly at sea. He completed a Long Gunnery Course at HMS *Excellent* and was one of the few RNVR Officers to qualify as a Gunnery Officer.

His Naval career was not without incident, his first ship, the AA Sloop, HMS *Stork*, was sunk at Narvick. He transferred to HMS *Pelican*, which was also sunk. His next ship, HMS *Prince of Wales*, captained by J.C. Leach - father of our Chairman - went down during action in the Pacific. The loss of his sight is due to exposure to the elements and diesel oil on these occasions. He completed his full-time

service on the staff of the Gunnery School, HMS *Blazer*.

In civilian life, Mr Graham worked for Harrisons Shipping Company who sent him to the West Indies where he met his wife, Katherine. They have two adult sons. Eventually, he became Vice-Chairman of the firm.

A very keen rugby player, he has played for Liverpool, London Scottish, Trinidad, and United Services Portsmouth, where he played with Terry Lewin.

Mr Percy Stower of St Mellons, Cardiff joined St Dunstan's on July 15th. Posted to the Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire), he served in Palestine and then Shanghai, where his Regiment formed part of the garrison and he gained his first stripe.

Towards the end of 1938, the Regiment was sent to Singapore where he was promoted to corporal. He was captured by the Japanese in 1942. He was discharged from the Army in October 1945. In civilian life he worked for the Corps of Commissionaires, retiring in 1980.

Two new St Dunstaners joined on August 10th. First, Mr James Croucher of Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey who trained as an HGV driver and in 1939, whilst waiting to join the Army, volunteered for the Auxiliary Fire Service driving fire engines.

In June 1940, he joined the Royal Engineers and served as a driver with a bomb disposal squad where he met St Dunstaner William Carlton. They were both injured when a bomb went off, Mr Croucher losing a leg and eye, with shrapnel wounds to the other eye. After rehabilitation, he was discharged in 1941. Initially, Mr Croucher returned to the Fire Auxiliary Service and became a hospital fireman. He went on to work, first as a shop assistant and then a costing clerk for Hawker-Siddeley which became British Aerospace.

Mr Croucher has a son and a married daughter. Sadly, his wife died in 1990.

Secondly, Mr Michael Tumilson of Canley, Coventry served in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. He joined as a Junior Leader upon leaving school in 1973 and trained as a Combat Supply Specialist. He went on to serve with the British Army of the Rhine.

Mr Tumilson played hockey and rugby at unit level and was a corporal at the time of being invalided out in 1988. He has a young son and daughter living with him at home.

CLUB NEWS

BRIDGE

Pairs match played at IFH on July 3rd

1st	Reg Goding & Mrs Faye Andrews	68.9
2nd	Bill Phillips & Dr Jane Goodlad	58.8

Individuals match played at IFH on July 17th

1st	Peter Surrudge	69.3
2nd	Alf Dodgson	67.0

Summer Bridge Drive played at IFH on July 24th

1st	David Orlans & Mrs L. White	1540
2nd	Mrs Pat Padley & Don White	1400

Pairs results to the end of July

1st	Reg Goding	299.8
2nd	Bill Phillips	294.8
3rd	Mrs Vi McPherson	278.0
4th	Mrs Margaret Stevens	273.4

5th Alf Dodgson 272.6

Individuals results to the end of July

1st	Reg Goding	299.2
2nd	Wally Lethbridge	275.3
3rd	Bill Phillips	274.8
4th	Alf Dodgson	269.6
5th	Mrs Margaret Stevens	233.0

FAMILY NEWS

BIRTHS

Congratulations on the birth of Ashley Wheeller-Osman on April 23rd. He is the great grandson of Joseph and Ellen Whitley of Totton, Hampshire.

Amy Stuart on July 5th. She is the grand-daughter of Mrs Eileen Stuart of Barking, Essex, widow of John Stuart.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to: Rachel and Markus Geyer on their marriage on August 27th. Rachel is the daughter of Alan and Joan Wortley of Lincoln.

Susan and Andrew Tolley on August 27th. Susan is the niece of Archie Luxton of Beaworthy, Devon.

RUBY ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to: John and Margaret Gale of Peacehaven on August 4th.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARIES

Congratulations to: Des and Mollie Thompson of Exmouth, Devon on June 12th.

Bill and Margaret Heffernan of Chigwell, Essex on August 5th.

Jim and Gladys Blackwell of Dunblane, Perthshire on August 12th.

Tom and Doris Morrison of Sherborne, Dorset on September 2nd.

Sidney and Marie Whiting of Ashford, Middlesex on September 12th.

DIAMOND ANNIVERSARIES

Congratulations to: Joe and Hannah Dalton of Fawdon, Newcastle upon Tyne on July 14th.

Mark and Doris Kingsnorth of Woodingdean, East Sussex on August 4th. They received a telegram of congratulations from The Queen.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to: Rachel Geyer on starting her new post at the University of Munich which is launching a department of foreign languages and business studies. Rachel is the daughter of Alan and Joan Wortley of Lincoln

Ron Moody, serving with the Royal Engineers, on his promotion to Major. He is the son of Doug and Pauline Moody of Goring-by-Sea.

Giles Hazan on being appointed Head of School for his final year at Charterhouse.

DEATHS

We regret to announce the death of:

Mary Ashmore on May 28th. She was the daughter-in-law of Bob and Mabel Ashmore of Bromsgrove, Worcestershire.

Harry Bloxam-Rose on July 4th. He was the husband of Mrs Mavis Bloxam-Rose of Paignton, Devon.

Mrs Ivy Lamper of Brighton on July 7th. She was the widow of Albert Lamper.

Mrs Kathleen Rougier. She was the mother of Pat Lynch, wife of Jerry Lynch of Saltdean.

Mrs Megan Corrigan of Hornchurch, Essex on July 18th. She was the widow of Joseph Corrigan.

Mrs Janie Kempe of Camborne, Cornwall on July 23rd. She was the widow of Samuel Kempe.

Mrs Jessie Wilson of Crediton, Devon on August 10th, aged 104. She was the widow of John Wilson.

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.

Emmanuel Corbettis, Royal Army Pay Corps

Emmanuel Claude Corbettis of Purley, Surrey died on March 8th, aged 67. Known as 'Manny', he had been a St Dunstaner since 1962. A food company representative, he

enlisted in 1945 with the Royal Army Pay Corps and served as a private until his discharge in 1949. Mr Corbettis later worked as a dictaphone typist, retiring in 1983.

Our sympathy goes to his son, Christopher, and all the family.

Frederick Hicks, Royal Navy

Frederick Robert Hicks of Goring-by-Sea, West Sussex died on July 5th, aged 62. He enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1949 and served as a Leading Rating, Officer Steward, including a tour of duty in HMS Triumph. During this time he developed a medical condition which affected his sight and resulted in the loss of one eye.

Returning to civilian life in 1952, Mr Hicks worked as a construction pipework fitter until he suffered a stroke in 1981 which left him partially paralysed. A keen potter and carpenter, he took up picture framing and was very interested in computers. Our sympathy goes to his wife, Betty, children, Sandra and Shaun, and all the family.

John Kershaw, MM,

Duke of Wellington's Regiment

John Kershaw of Rastrick, West Yorkshire died on July 6th, aged 97. He joined up in 1914 and was with the Army Service Corps before transferring to the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1917.

In August 1918, Mr Kershaw was in the front line in France and was awarded the Military Medal for his actions as a Platoon Scout - his citation referred to his being the first man over the top in the capture of an enemy machine gun position.

However, a month later, he received a gunshot wound to his face - left for dead, he was then taken prisoner and held at Quedlinburg, Germany until September 1919. His injury caused not only the loss of sight in one eye but severe wounds to his jaw. During his working life, Mr Kershaw was a lorry driver.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Olive, and daughters from an earlier marriage, Bessie and Joan, and all members of the family.

Albert Grimshaw, Royal Artillery

Albert Grimshaw of Brighton died on July 12th. Aged over 100 years, he had been a St Dunstaner since 1969. Mr Grimshaw served as a Lance-Bombardier in the Royal Artillery from 1915 to 1919, having survived a mustard gas attack which resulted in the eventual loss of his sight. In civilian life, he was an industrial chemist, working for Esso.

With his wife, Edith, he celebrated

60 years of marriage on Christmas Day 1984 and received a telegram of congratulations from the Queen. Sadly, his wife died in 1985. Soon after, Mr Grimshaw moved into the Brighton Homes, predominantly Ian Fraser House where he celebrated his 100th birthday in February, again receiving a Royal telegram.

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

Robert Thorne, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters

Robert Thorne of Derby died on August 1st, aged 74. Serving with the 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters from 1939 to 1946, he was taken prisoner in Singapore in 1942. It was while working on the Burma Railway that his sight began to fail. He came to St Dunstan's in 1963 for initial training, returning the following year with further sight failure.

Mr Thorne worked for Rolls Royce until retiring in 1971 when he pursued woodwork as a hobby and was much involved with his local branch of The Royal British Legion, serving on their committee from 1975 to 1991. A Certificate of Appreciation was awarded in 1985 in acknowledgement of 15 years service on the Poppy Committee.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Nancy, daughter, Beverley, and all other members of the family.

Arthur Morris, Suffolk Regiment

Arthur Morris of Ongar, Essex died on August 22nd, aged 77. Whilst serving with the Suffolk Regiment, he was captured by the Japanese in 1942, suffering severe deprivation as a FEPoW working on the Burma Railway.

Mr Morris married in 1946 and worked as a driver for London Transport until 1961. Joining St Dunstan's in 1968, he trained as a capstan lathe operator and worked in this capacity for Steward & Warner Ltd, until 1976 when he was made redundant. Handicrafts dominated his hobbies and he also pursued wrought-iron work and bowls. Sadly, his wife, Florence died in 1985.

Our sympathy goes to his son, Terry, and two daughters, Susan and Gwendoline, and all other members of the family.

James Norris, Royal Air Force

James Henry Norris of Northwood, Middlesex died on August 26th, aged 74. He served as a Corporal in the Royal Air Force from September 1940 until March 1945 when he was discharged due to the depriva-

tion and ill-health he suffered whilst a FEPoW in Java. However, having qualified as an engineer, he was able to remain a director of a plastics company until ill-health forced him to retire.

Joining St Dunstan's he showed great aptitude for handicrafts, in particular woodwork for which he received several awards from the Middlesex Association for the Blind.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Doris, daughters, Jacqueline and Geraldine, and all members of the family.

John Marshall, East Yorkshire Regiment

John Henderson Marshall of Harlepool, Cleveland died on August 29th, aged 84. He served in the East Yorkshire Regiment from July 1940. He lost his sight through the explosion of a land mine in October 1944 and became a St Dunstaner a month later. In civilian life, he played an active part in the running of his parents fish and chip shop, which he later took over. He also did basket work, poultry-keeping on a large scale, and kept a very productive garden and greenhouse. Mr Marshall retired in 1973.

Our sympathy goes to his daughters, Mary and Glenys, and all other members of the family.

Robert Dixon, Border Regiment

Robert Patrick Dixon of Formby, Lancashire died on September 2nd, aged 70.

He was a private in the Border Regiment from 1941 to 1944. Wounded by shrapnel in 1943, he lost the sight of one eye, but in spite of impaired vision in his other eye he managed to work in many branches of industry following his discharge. Pursuing wrought-iron work as a hobby occupation, he also enjoyed woodwork, toy-making and picture framing.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Jenny, four sons, and three daughters and all the family.

John Taylor, Royal Horse Artillery

John Taylor of Whitton, Middlesex died on September 10th, aged 76. He became a St Dunstaner in 1945.

He enlisted in July 1939 and served with the Royal Horse Artillery as a driver. He was discharged in 1945 as a result of being wounded by shell fragments. Before the war, he had worked as a railway porter and, on returning to civilian life and training at St Dunstan's, he worked for Fairey Aviation Ltd.

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