



St Dunstan's Review

August 1995

No. 859



Thank you for our liberty!

THE GUEST OF honour at the first of the London reunions held on June 3rd was Colonel H.J. Bonsel, Military Attaché at the Royal Netherlands Embassy. He was there to make the presentation of a Delftware plate commissioned

by three Dutch organisations with the support of their government 'to commemorate the efforts and sacrifices of your countrymen and women and to express our profound gratitude for the contribution made by your Services to the liberation of

the Netherlands and the Dutch East Indies'.

He went on to read a letter from HRH Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, which accompanied the plate.

Full details can be found on page 22.

12-14 Harcourt Street,
London W1A 4XB

BI-MONTHLY
Free to St Dunstaners

AUGUST 1995

CONTENTS

Plate of Peace	1
Tribute	
and promise	3
Training	3
Derby winners	4
Sydney's tale	5
Bill retires	5
Letters	7
Airborne Ray	8
Claude's 100th	9
PR and fundraising	
update	10
VE Day reports	11
Doctor on the	
River Kwai	12
Snowdonia	
once more	18
Radio AGM	20
Fishing news	22



Cover picture: The Dutch people recognise the sacrifice made by St Dunstaners in World War Two with the presentation of this commemorative plate.

From the Chairman



Fifty-four years ago I spent some weeks at sea in the vicinity of Aden. The heat was intense and air-conditioning yet to be invented. Conditions in the engine and boiler rooms were such that watches had to be changed every 20 minutes instead of every four hours. Oatmeal-water was drunk by the bucketful. There was nowhere to go to get cool and swimming was out because of submarines and sharks. I yearned to be cold.

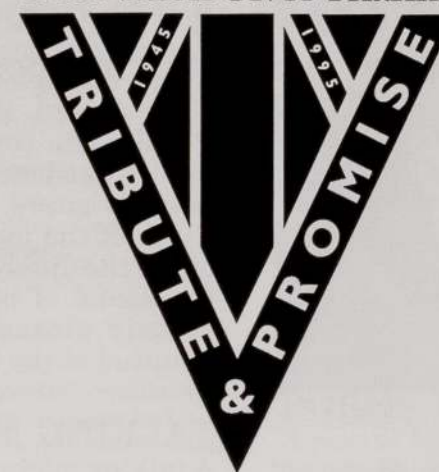
Six months later I spent some weeks inside the Arctic Circle in winter. The nearest one got to daylight was a sort of leaden twilight between midday and three o'clock in the afternoon; otherwise it was dark, almost always blowing a gale and seawater froze on the upperdeck. Watchkeeping in the open was purgatory and after an hour the cold was so numbing that one ceased to care about anything. By the time one had thawed out below-decks it was time to go on watch again. I yearned to be hot. Of the two extremities I concluded that heat was better.

St Dunstan's has recently been through a cold spell but we are beginning to warm up again. It will take time to thaw out fully but given the will we shall do so. St Dunstan's Ovingdean was quietly recommissioned on June 4th and the transfer from Pearson House went smoothly. For this credit is due to both Staff and St Dunstaners concerned. Both have settled in well in what is, by any standard, now one of the finest establishments of its kind in the country.

I welcome Mr Neil Swan to the Staff as Head of Fundraising. The success of his work will be highly relevant to our recovery. Since organised fundraising has not been carried out for some 30 years he is having to start virtually from scratch. I hope you will all help him in every way you can.

Henry Leach

The Nation Gives Thanks



At the Open Air Service outside Buckingham Palace on August 19th, the following promise will be made on behalf of participating groups. It will read as follows:

'We the Voluntary organisations of Tribute and Promise pledge ourselves anew to our work in support of the wartime generation. We promise to do everything possible to help where there is need and to ensure that they may enjoy the years that lie ahead in comfort, dignity and contentment. This we promise as a lasting token of our appreciation and gratitude.'

The Promise will be repeated at churches around the country on August 20th.



NOTICE BOARD



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

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

'On behalf of St Dunstan's Council and our blinded ex-Servicemen and women I would be grateful if you would kindly give Her Majesty The Queen our most loyal greetings on the celebration of her Official Birthday on Saturday, 17th June.

'We send Her Majesty all our good wishes.' Robin Janvrin, Assistant Private Secretary to The Queen, replied on Her Majesty's behalf:

'I am commanded by The Queen to thank you and the Members of St Dunstan's Council and their blinded ex-Servicemen and women for your kind message of loyal greetings and good wishes, sent on the occasion of Her Majesty's Official birthday.

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

LADIES BROOCHES

The popular St Dunstan's silver marcasite brooch is back in stock, priced £23 (inc. p&p). To order, contact Angela Higson at HQ.

TRAINING COURSES

The Training Department at Ovingdean would welcome enquiries regarding training and refresher courses from those beneficiaries willing to make their own transport and accommodation arrangements.

For further information please contact:

Braille	Terry Walker
Handicrafts	Lenie Hinton/ Mary Scourfield
Cookery	Pam Durie
Workshop	John Walker
Computers & Typing	Janis Sharp

Please contact the Care Manager, Karen Morane, with any queries regarding Mobility and Daily Living Skills.

UNSEEN STEPS ON BBC TV

On June 10th, Reg Perrin set off for Alaska to conquer the formidable Mount McKinley (see April Review). The expedition called *Unseen Steps*, its preparation, its practice trips and, hopefully, its success is due to be screened on BBC1's *QED* programme at 10pm on Thursday, August 29th.



FAREWELL GEOFF

Geoff Levett recently retired after nearly 38 years of service to St Dunstan's. He joined the Ovingdean staff as an SRN in 1958 and was Senior Charge Nurse on retirement. During those years he was only off sick for a total of six weeks. Geoff was thanked for his stalwart work by the Chairman, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach. St Dunstaners wishing to contribute to a leaving present should send a cheque, made payable to St Dunstan's, to Gerard Frost at Headquarters.

WELSH WEEKEND 1996

It is hoped to resuscitate the expedition to Wales in June/July next year, walking up Cader Idris and doing some rock climbing. Barry Ellis of the Mountain Rescue Team, Jock Carnochan, former Sports Officer at St Dunstan's and Ray Sheriff have all expressed a willingness to help. Would anyone interested please contact Ray on 01273 305989 to express their views.

For details of Ray's solo trip to Cader Idris see page 18.

SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS

This year's Derby Sweepstake attracted £799.80 in prize money, so when Lammtarra cannonballed past the post it was good news for Mr A. Hobson of Hastings, East Sussex who won the first prize of £399.90

The second prize, £159.96 was claimed by Mrs O. Robinson of Darlington, Co. Durham with Tamure, while Mr J. Harris of Caversham won the third prize of £79.98 with Presenting.

A starter's prize of £159.96 was shared in lots of £13.33 by Mr D. Phillips, Bromley, Kent; Mr W.G. Morris, Bournemouth; Mr H. Price, Hythe, Kent; Mr T. Gaygan, North Harrow; Mr S. Tutton, Ovingdean; Mr E. Ford, Cleveland; Mrs E. Gomez, Plympton, Devon; Mr W. Griffiths, Blackpool; Mr R. Sheriff, Rottingdean; Mrs Greasley, Coventry; Mr J. Lilley, Stockport, Greater Manchester & Mrs M.J. Brooke, Higher Bebbington, Wirral.

GARDEN FOR THE BLIND WINS FLOWER SHOW PRIZE

The sensory garden designed by St Dunstaner Richard Bingley won third prize in the White Cane Award. Promoted by Action for Blind People, the competition aimed to promote public gardens that cater for visually impaired visitors.

One of the judges, Vincent Robins, said: 'I found the different textures of the granite and the sound of bubbling, moving water enormously pleasurable.' The award was announced at the Chelsea Flower Show in May.

TALKING MICROWAVE

A talking microwave oven has been developed by Cobalt Systems. The 900watt, 0.8cu ft oven features a tactile keypad with easy to feel keys, talking clock, volume control and spoken advice on when the door is open or closed.

It also offers spoken requests to stir food during cooking, confirmation of selected functions and task completion and comes with a talking kitchen timer independent of the oven. The price is £185 including delivery.

For further details contact Cobalt Systems Ltd, The Old Mill House, Mill Road, Reedham, Norwich NR13 3HA. Tel: 01493 700172. Fax: 01493 701037.

FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

We expect to receive a limited number of tickets for the afternoon and evening presentation of the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, November 11th. St Dunstaners are invited to apply before September 15th to Peter Marshall at HQ. There is a limit of two tickets per applicant. Please state any preference for afternoon or evening presentation. Priority will be given to those who have not attended previously. Final allocation will be made by ballot.

ONE YEAR PASSPORT TO BE ABOLISHED

The one year (Pink) British Visitor's Passport is being abolished from January 1st next year.

Using a BVP to travel to Western European countries will only be permitted on journeys concluded by December 31st 1995. For trips to Spain, including Majorca, Minorca, Ibiza, Tenerife, Gran Canaria, Lanzarote, Fuerteventura and Le Gomera, the deadline is September 30th 1995.

The standard passport, which costs £18, is valid for ten years and can be used worldwide. Application forms are available from the Post Office and some travel agents.

BRITISH PACIFIC AND EAST INDIES COMMEMORATION

The following events will take place in the Portsmouth area next month:

September 2nd

- 1100 Service of Remembrance, Fleet Air Arm Memorial at Lee-on-Solent.
- 1600 Splice the mainbrace on Southsea Common.
- 1800 Beat Retreat, Southsea Common.

September 3rd

- 0930 Veterans assemble Castle Fields.
- 1040 March off.
- 1100 Drumhead Service, War Memorial, Southsea Common, includes dedication of plaque and stained glass window for Portsmouth Cathedral.
- 1200 March past.
- 1300 Souvenir beer issue, Castle Fields.
- 1400 to 1630 at half-hourly intervals, Acts of Remembrance, St Thomas Cathedral
- 1930 VE/VJ musical finale, Royal Marines Museum, Eastney Barracks.
- 2130 Conclusion with fireworks.

There will be free or concessionary entrance fees for Veterans to the Royal Navy Dockyard Museum. A 'Vetlink' will also be available for tracing old comrades. For further information, please write to: Lyn Burke, BPFEIS Reunion, The Chamber of Shipping, 12 Carthusian Street, London EC1M 6EB.

A HISTORY OF SYDNEY

The experience of a St Dunstaner provides the focus for a history of the Lovat Scouts. *Highland Soldiers - the story of a mountain regiment* by William C. Taylor draws heavily on the life of Sydney Scroggie.

Introducing the book, Dr Colin Park says it is 'neither an anti-war diatribe, nor a glorification of war. In some respects, it is not even objective, for much derives from the personal account of Lovat Lieutenant Sydney Scroggie. It is the very personal nature of this account which carries the reader right into the dry, bright hills of Italy, where fear, in the form of mines left by Germans, lay - maybe - in the dust you were about to tread. You will also, through Scroggie's remarkable prose, experience the warmth of the Italian countryside, and the vitality of the cities.

'One or two passages will surely haunt many readers. What the author has done is to put into a very human framework the story of one regiment from the Highlands, whose history briefly touched one of the loveliest parts of the Canadian west, and then became a small fragment of the vast forces pressing Germany ever back in the final months of the war.

'Dr Taylor's own prose is restrained. He is rarely romantic, recognising the emotions of

young men forced into situations where either courage or total funk are likely to surface, he writes with the clear sight of a medical doctor who empathises with suffering, but does not let it dominate him. But Bill Taylor also gives a generous forum for a most remarkable fellow-Scot, Sydney Scroggie. The reader will discover how remarkable.'

Highland Soldiers is priced \$7.50 (Canadian) excluding p&p and is available from Jasper-Yellowhead Historical Society, Box 992, Jasper, Alberta, T0E 1E0, Canada.

POEMS BY POST

A postal lending service has been launched for aficionados of poetry. The Poetry Library, offers poetry on cassette, record, video, cd and cd-rom, and braille. For details, contact The Poetry Library on 0171 921 0943/0064.

COMPUTER WEEKEND

A weekend for computer enthusiasts will be held at Ovingdean on the weekend of November 18th/19th. Please contact Ray Hazan at HQ for details if you have not already received a letter giving information about booking accommodation and meals.



BILL AND ALICE RETIRE

We congratulate Bill Griffiths on his appointment as Vice-President of the Blackpool, Fylde and Wyre Society for the Blind.

On July 21st, Bill retired from full-time employment after 30 years as our speaker in the North. Bill was ably and loyally supported by Alice. Both were highly respected ambassadors for St Dunstan's. Bill's work on behalf of the disabled was recognised in the award of an MBE in 1977 and both he and Alice were made Freemen of the City of London last year.

They will continue to speak on behalf of St Dunstan's on a part time basis.

We are grateful for the many years of support both Bill and Alice have and will continue to dedicate to our organisation.

TRERICKET MILL

by Alan Wortley

Joan and I recently spent a few delightful days over the May Day bank holiday in the River Wye Valley, between the towns of Brecon, Builth Wells and Hay-on-Wye. The weather was great and the walking splendid. The stroll along the river bank in the evening was just far enough to work up an appetite.

But it is the mill, run by Alistair and Nicky Legge, I wish to talk about. Alistair is the son of Jimmy, the St Dunstan's physiotherapist who sadly died not too long ago. They are tastefully restoring a water mill as a Welsh tourist feature. I was fascinated by Alistair's knowledge as he showed me round the many wheels and spindles, conduits and millstones.

This working part of the mill will be the backcloth for a tearoom and there may well be a potter, plying his trade, in part of it.

Our fine bedroom, en suite and with Alpine style balcony, was very close to the gurgling stream up which salmon come to spawn each season. There are two more letting bedrooms, also en suite, but for the more adventurous there is the 'Bunkhouse'. A narrow bridge connects the millhouse to the new bunkhouse over the stream.

This traditional stone building sleeps up to eight in two cosy bunk rooms with woodburning stoves. Covered outdoor cooking facilities are provided along with a drying room, barbecue area, common room and two washrooms with showers. Bring with you a sleeping bag and pillow case, towel and food. All has been created with such care. The two hosts are obviously so concerned about the environment.

At great expense, a shaft has been bored 150ft down and a water pump brings to the surface the very essence of health.

There is a letter from the water authority saying the water is utterly bacteria free and contains many life enhancing minerals. Mmmmmmmhhhh, it was hard to choose. The water, or the local dry cider. I don't know WHICH made me feel SO good.

For further information and costs please contact: Alistair Legge, Trericket Mill, Erwood, Builth Wells, Powys, LD2 3TQ. Tel: 01982 560312.

KEEP-FIT TAPE

TV's Green Goddess, Diana Moran, has recorded an exercise tape for visually impaired people, priced £2.35.

For full details contact Daniella Bayfield, *Weekend Listener*, Master Transcriptions, Neville Park, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN4 8NW. Tel: 01892 516157.

TRAVEL TO THE CANARIES WITH LORD NELSON

The Jubilee Sailing Trust have announced the 1995-96 programme for their popular tall ship sailing expeditions to the Canaries.

As ever, the Lord Nelson has berths for disabled and able-bodied crew members alike. Prices vary between £400 and £695 depending on when you book. (There is currently a special offer combining two trips, the first from November 10th-25th, the second from November 27th to December 11th, for £925, a saving of £150).

For further details contact the Jubilee Sailing Trust Ltd, Test Road, Eastern Docks, Southampton SO14 3GG. Tel: 01703 63195.

MP BROUGHT TO BOOK

How David Blunkett, MP overcame his blindness with the help of his dog is told in his new book, *On a clear day*. Published by Michael O'Mara Books, it costs £14.99.

OBITUARIES:

Pam Barnard

We are sad to report that Pam Barnard died peacefully at home on May 28th, following an illness. Pam, affectionately known as 'PB', joined our staff in May 1955, retiring from full-time employment in 1983 and part-time employment in May 1985. During her 30 years with St Dunstan's, Pam was Assistant to Lady Fraser, Secretary to Lord Fraser and Secretary, Officers' Welfare.

A Requiem Mass was held at Holy Trinity Catholic Church, Brook Green, London on June 7th. We extend our sincere condolences to her sister, Marjorie.

Roy David

Roy F. David of Giffnock, Glasgow died on June 11th. A member of the Scottish National Institution for the War Blinded (Newington House), he trained as a physiotherapist through St Dunstan's. Mr David combined hospital appointments with private practice for over 40 years and was a regular visitor to Physiotherapy Conferences at Ovingdean.

Our sympathy goes to all members of his family.

Bob Cowgill

We are sad to report the death in June of Mr Bob Cowgill. Bob escorted fellow Cameronian Jerry Lynch to the D-Day commemorations in Normandy last year (*August Review* 1994). We extend our sincere condolences to his wife, Molly, daughter, Pauline, and son-in-law, Ian and all members of the family.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letters to the Editor are always welcome. Send a letter, tape or disc to PO Box 4XB, 12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.



Stile leader: Ovingdean caterer supreme Kozy Brawn, with St Dunstaner Alan Perrin and Craig Neller during the 1994 Walking Week.

From: Kozy Brawn

It is with great sadness that I take this opportunity to say farewell to all my good friends and colleagues at St Dunstan's, many of whom I feel I may never see again.

Many years have passed since I began working at St Dunstan's, but finally, due to unforeseen circumstances and the many changes taking place, I find myself moving on to pastures new.

I would like to thank you all for the many happy years, laughs and good times that we have shared and hope that one day St Dunstan's will once again be the lively and vibrant place that I will always hold very dear to my heart.

To all PBK staff: Words can not express the way I feel about you all and without 'you' I would never have achieved what 'we've' achieved in the past seven years.

I ask you, as you always do, keep your chins up, keep smiling and remember we always have those memories!!

And last of all, a very big, big thank you to all, for my lovely camera, shield and flowers, they are greatly appreciated.

Take care, keep well, lots of love.

From: Alf Bradley, Northwood, Middx

It was interesting to read in the February *Review*, that with over 2,000 copies circulated, just 130 were sent to braille readers.

I wonder, if like me, you 130 were surprised and puzzled to read an article in the June issue under the title, Braille News?

You might recall that this set out the thoughts of the Braille Authority United Kingdom, relating to the introduction of the capital sign dot 6, and leaving a questionnaire open for suggestions of change, options, additions or alterations.

As I read, it occurred to me that surely we did all this about three or four years ago, under the directorship of Terry Bullingham? (This present article was by Terry Walker). I recall some correspondence and a vote which registered against any change.

I have sent copies of my reply to the questionnaire to Terry, and to Doctor Tobin of the Department of Special Education at Birmingham University, as requested. My answers carry much the same as the previous enquiry.

That the great majority of the visually handicapped and registered blind of today are in the older age bracket with sight having failed in latter life through health deterioration, diabetes, strokes, etc. Most of these will not attempt to learn braille, taking advantage of cassettes, talking books, talking newspapers, or large print.

Also among the younger age range, as I listen to the radio, they search for audible facilities under new technology.

Although not an expert braille reader, I have found the present system quite adequate for the past 50 years. This includes over 30 years on a switchboard, leisure reading, much correspondence with the blind in Mozambique, and recirculating a very old braille book that had gone out of ink print.

It would be good to know why this exercise is being repeated. Can someone help?

From: Mrs Margaret Wilkins, Barnsley, South Yorkshire

I wish to thank Colin Bentley for his kindness and consideration to the Widows of St Dunstan's in trying to arrange holidays for them at a very good discount with his Careline company. Unfortunately only 15 applied and we needed 30 at least. Thank you and your drivers, Colin, for past services.

BLINDMEN LEADING...

ST DUNSTANERS shouldn't stand at ease just yet, particularly if they have not been discharged. HM Forces, faced with the reduced manpower that follows the latest round of defence cuts, may wish to consider this idea from the past.

When the Royal Regiment of Wales was formed in 1779, members were drawn from invalids in the Royal Chelsea Hospital. Cholera was rife at the time. One officer, a colonel who was partially sighted, led 680 men, around 300 of whom eventually returned to the hospital.

Recruits were told that if they couldn't reach the assembly point by foot they could be pulled in carts. The partially sighted colonel was totally blind by the time he was discharged with the then common description - 'worn out.'

A more recent example of blind servicemen stepping back into harness can be found with all the St Dunstaners who served in the Home Guard, notably Sergeant-Major Lowings who spent two years instructing recruits and minding the armoury.

The feather in the cap, however, has to go to a South African St Dunstaner. The late James Crawford rejoined the Army, enlisting in the Medical Corps as a physiotherapist and became the first modern blind soldier on active service. On the Naval front, the late Lt. Commander Robin Buckley returned to duty after becoming a St Dunstaner. For 12 years, he was the only totally blind officer in the service. In later years, he became St Dunstan's Public Relations Officer.

Bosnia, anyone?

RAY JUMPS A

13,000ft drop is preparation for Arnhem Final

RAY SHERIFF made his sixth tandem parachute jump at the Joint Service Parachute Centre, Netheravon, Wiltshire on VE Day, May 8th.

'My Tandem Master was Sgt.-Mjr. Dougie Young, ex-Red Devil Free-Fall Team, now current WO2 at the Parachute Centre. Dougie is held in high esteem for sky diving and aerial photography.

'Prior to jumping, we had the extra pleasure of meeting Lt-General Sir Michael Rose. We chatted about night-time parachuting which he had experienced during his service with the SAS.

'The aircraft on this occasion was a Sky-Van and there were about 12 jumpers, mainly solo. One leaves the aircraft rear door exit. It took approximately 20 minutes to reach maximum altitude - 13,000ft. Dougie decided on a free-fall of 7,000ft, which took around 45 seconds. The remaining 6,000ft under canopy took five minutes.

'It was a particularly enjoyable event, good exit and a super soft landing - no credit, I hasten to add, to me, the passenger. It was purely due to the expertise of Dougie.

'This jump was a necessary qualifier for a forthcoming jump on the 51st anniversary of the Battle of Arnhem on September 17th - the final official Vets collective jump.'

GAIN



FAREWELL

A SPLENDID 'Farewell to Pearson House' party was held in the Winter Garden on May 26th.

Everyone was aware of the long association St Dunstan's has had in the Kemp Town community and so many happy times remembered. Spirits were high and with the able accompaniment of Tony Ross, there was singing, dancing and entertainment for the Staff, St Dunstaners and retired colleagues.

MC Arthur Chapman kept the party swinging with interspersions of old concert favourites performed by the Staff and general merriment was intermingled with sentiment.

Prior to the delicious buffet being consumed, an official

TO PEARSON HOUSE



The St Dunstaners and staff of Pearson House.

photograph was taken for the record book. Kind words of appreciation from our two ex-Matrons, Penny and Chris, went down very well.

Brenda thanked the Com-

mittee and all the Staff for making the party a swinging success and for their 'loyal to the end' support.

**Brenda Kent,
Deputy Matron**

HAPPY CENTURY FOR SURVIVING MEMBER OF THE ANZAC FOUR



THE LAST SURVIVING Australian First War member of St Dunstan's celebrated his 100th birthday on July 6th. Claude Fankhauser came to Regent's Park in 1918 after being wounded at Pozieres on July 25th, 1916 - a few weeks after his 20th birthday.

While at St Dunstan's, Claude developed a reputation for expert rowing. He and his sculling cohorts - Howard Hardy, H. Sims and Donald McPhee - were known as the Anzac Four and achieved some enviable victories on the lake. Also on the sporting front, it is highly probable that he engaged Henry Perret and other St Dunstaners in a Tug o' War. Claude passed his braille reading exam in October 1918 and also trained as a shorthand-typist and netter.

These days, he lives in Blackburn, Victoria and we wish him all the best and many happy returns.

PUBLIC RELATIONS & FUNDRAISING UPDATE



WHO'S THAT MAN?

Worzel Gummidge and Dr Who actor, Jon Pertwee helped launch our first day cover with artist and St Dunstaner Phil Duffee. The launch took place at Marks and Spencer, Marble Arch. A limited selection of signed and unsigned copies of the commemorative special are still available from HQ.

Mr Pertwee served in the HMS Hood but was lifted off shortly before it was sunk by the Bismark. In that battle, late St Dunstaner Esmond Knight was blinded aboard HMS Prince of Wales.

Esmond appeared in *Dr Who* the year before Mr Pertwee took the lead role.

VICTORY DONATIONS

Following the VE Day commemorations we have received many donations raised from street parties, raffles, church collections and proceeds received at our stand at Hyde Park on 6th, 7th and 8th May. At the time of printing the total received was £3,583.54.

EXPRESS INTERVIEW

St Dunstaner Bill Slade of Bognor Regis was interviewed by the *Daily Express* and a very moving article was produced.

DIAMOND JOE

St Dunstaner Levi (Joe) Kibbler of Warley appeared in the *Birmingham Evening Mail*. The caption to the article read: 'I'm blind, yes, but if blokes like me hadn't done our bit, old Britain could have been overrun....'

In addition, on October 5th, Joe is to receive an *Evening Mail Midland Diamond Award* for his bravery and determination to overcome disability.

TOM ON TV

Tom Hart of Rottingdean made a short appearance on BBC television following the St Paul's service on May 7th.

LONGMYND TEA



Following the invasion of St Dunstan's walking group in April, the Longmynd Hotel in Church Stretton held a special VE afternoon tea and the proceeds were sent to us.

We are very grateful to all the Chapman family and staff at the Longmynd.

RAF GENEROSITY

In June St Dunstaner Alex McLeod of Luton accepted a very generous cheque from RAF Henlow.

SPONSORED RIDE

A St Dunstaners widow from North Yorkshire drove her powered wheel-chair ten miles on a sponsored ride, raising funds for St Dunstan's.

HANDICRAFTS SALE

We are very grateful to Mrs Jill Dunn, widow of Dennis Dunn, and her friends for kindly donating some handicraft items which they have made to sell at this year's Royal Tournament.

THANK YOU ALL

We continue to receive donations from the general public and organisations, both civilian and military, and we are forever grateful to them for their support and interest.

IN MEMORY

Donations have been received in memory of St Dunstaners:

Bill Heffernan, Lt. Col. Edward Harper, Charles Rentowl, Arnold Sladen and Major Edwin Stratton-Christensen.

In memory of Member of Council Major Mervyn Sandys and Mrs Rose Kirsop, wife of St Dunstaner, William Kirsop.

A collection following Mrs Dacre's Memorial Service at St Clement Danes (RAF) Church, Strand, London.

VE Day in Hyde Park

IN BLAZING HOT sunshine, St Dunstan's together with several other ex-Service charities were given their own 'tented village' in Hyde Park over the VE Day commemoration weekend, May 6-8th. Our stand portrayed life at Church Stretton through archive photographs. We took

the opportunity to sell over 100 of our First Day Covers and not surprisingly, it was Dame Vera Lynn's autographed covers, which proved the most popular. The event was geared to publicity rather than fund-raising and much literature was distributed. Many visitors wanted to

shake Stewart Harris by the hand as a token of their appreciation for the sacrifice made by those who fought in the Second War. Several relatives of St Dunstaners called in to see us, including Pat Owen's son. The Heads of State ceremony in the Park was attended by Dr Pavillard.

VE50 IN ULSTER

by Joe and Marjorie Humphrey

WE HAVE JUST enjoyed a splendid weekend of celebration for VE50. The Service in St Anne's Cathedral, Belfast on Sunday afternoon was extremely moving and participants from all faiths took part. HRH the Duke of York read The Lesson and the whole thing was televised live. The Duke, who had arrived the day before, had flown home to London on Sunday morning for the Service in St Paul's and back again at lunch time.

Emerging from the cathedral in glorious sunshine, we had just over two hours to go home, have a cup of tea and dress for the Civic Banquet given by the Lord Mayor at the City Hall.

We were both accorded the privilege of attending the special Champagne Reception for a few guests who were to be presented to Prince Andrew.

We found ourselves among many friends and acquaintances who all thought the Royal guest was 'Good Crack' as we say in Ulster. We were highly amused when he approached us and said 'Hello Joe' - we think the Lord Lieutenant had forgotten our surname. A good meal was served at the Banquet and the ladies were given orchids

to wear and by the time the speeches were over we were all exhausted.

The next day which was actually, the Anniversary of VE Day, we were at a Reception at Government House, given by the Secretary of State, Sir Patrick Mayhew, at Hillsborough where again we were regally wined and dined, this time in the company of veterans, many of whom were from the Republic of Ireland, Mayors and other dignitaries, after which we just sat around in the opulence of the castle talking to all and sundry.

Later Sir Patrick asked us to come and meet the Prince, but we thought having met

him the day before we had more than our fair share but nevertheless he saw us from a few yards away, waved his hand and called 'Hello again'. We once again arrived home, exhausted, to go to see the Beacon Lighting Ceremony.

This Anniversary has been particularly significant to the Northern Ireland people who are enjoying an uncertain peace after a long period of trouble, and the population here are always generous of late to St Dunstan's.

Editor's note: We continue to be grateful to Joe and Marjorie who have encouraged this generosity.

VE Day in Kemp Town

ST DUNSTANERS and their guests celebrated VE Day at Pearson House with a sumptuous luncheon set out in street party style with appropriate decorations in red white and blue. The afternoon was spent joining in with songs from the Forces sweetheart - Vera Lynn. Impromptu entertainment was supplied by Care Assistants Michael Bell and Arthur Chapman and a great time was had by all.

Later in the afternoon champagne corks popped and

a celebratory cake was cut. All those present toasted St Dunstaners for their supreme wartime effort and for giving us our freedom. Momentary thoughts were expressed by toasting absent friends in memory of those who fought so valiantly during the war time and who did not return. Their great courage will always be remembered and they will be in our hearts forever. It was a wonderful day and everyone present thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Brenda Kent

Recollections of a Bamboo Doctor

Dr Stanley Pavillard describes the uphill struggle of being a doctor on the River Kwai

SOMETIMES we gave them an injection of plain water, making believe it was semetine, or whatever else was needed but not available. In the last stages one had a task like that of comforting a frightened child.'

St Dunstaner Dr Stanley Septimus Pavillard is recalling conditions in a Prisoner of War Camp at Wampo in Thailand during the Second World War. As Medical Officer of the 1st SSVF, he was captured during the fall of Singapore. The kind of deception he describes became a depressive necessity in the harsh and futile environment perpetrated by the Nippon

forces.

'We had to carry the burden and responsibility of easing, so far as we could, the misery and terror of those who were not going to recover,' he says.

'Since we never had enough drugs to treat everybody properly, we were constantly faced with the most appalling decisions. Drugs were withheld as a matter of course until life depended upon their

use, but then we had to decide who was to have them. On these occasions I gave preference to married men, especially those with children, though I often knew that some personal friend of mine would have to die in consequence of this decision.'

Those consequences, however inevitable, have left their mark on Dr Pavillard. 'I think I did right,' he adds with an edge of uncertainty. 'God alone knows how hard it was to decide such a matter.'

'I had one man, a sergeant-major in the SSVF, a big burly fellow of tremendous personality and a tower of strength in the battalion. He went down with diphtheria, which caused paralysis in his throat, so that whenever he tried to swallow fluid it regurgitated up his nose. Then the nerve type of beri-beri attacked his left foot; I have never seen a man so full of the desire to live, and all I could do was to sit beside him and hold his hand until he calmed down and in the end died quite quietly.'

'Episodes of this kind left one completely washed out, and unable to control one's emotions. In the long course of our captivity, the repeated experience of such suffering ceased to affect one so violently, leaving only a feeling of weariness and old age.'

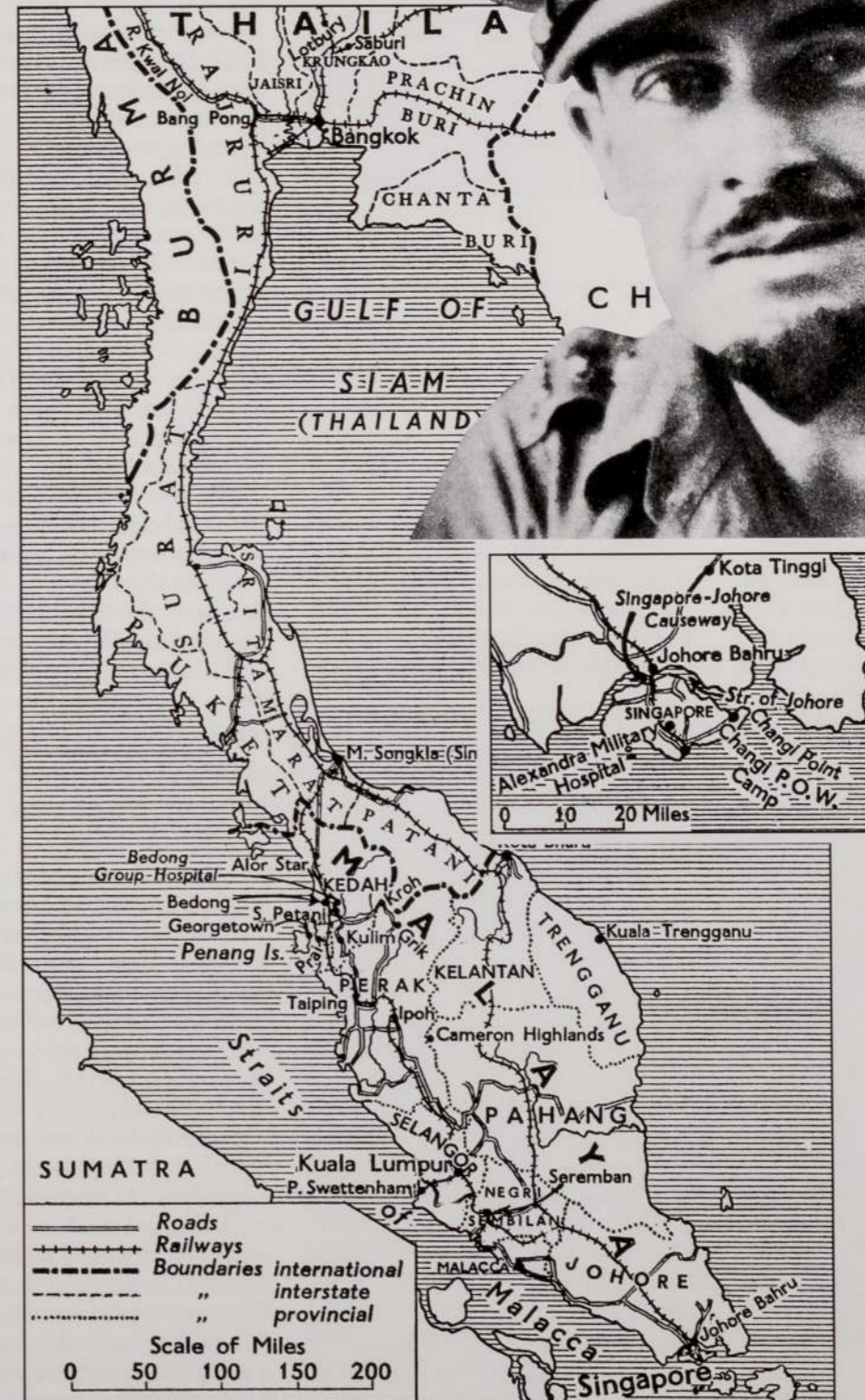
In this bleak environment, necessity became very much the mother of invention. Success often came from last ditch measures which in more sanitary conditions would not have been given the vaguest of considerations. Make-shift blood transfusions were just one example of this kind of improvised treatment.

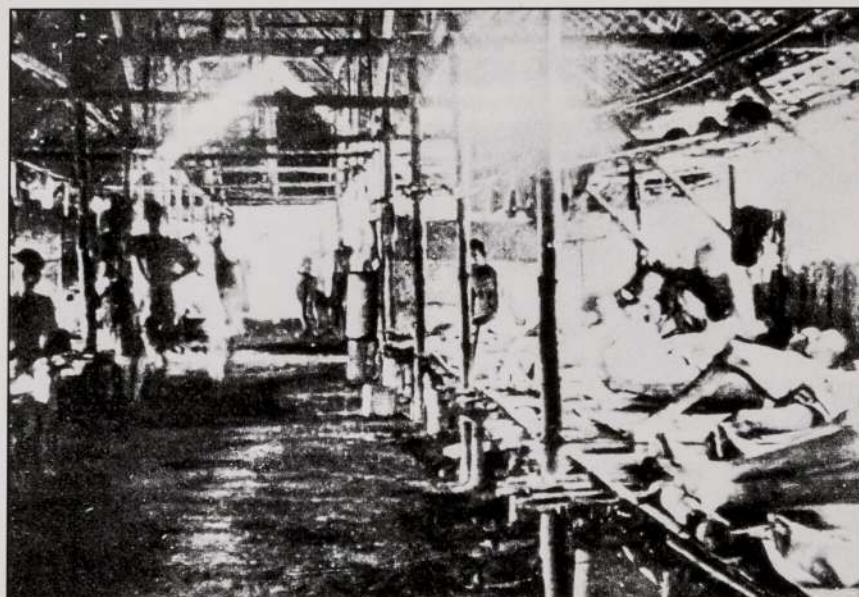
'A private of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, 'Snuffy' Craig, was going downhill rapidly, suffering from malaria, amoebic dysentery, beri-

A section of the camp at Tamuang where Dr Pavillard was held.



The young Dr Pavillard, unaware of how his medical skills would be tested to the limit and beyond. Left: The Far East theatre of conflict.





The best hospital ward possible under Japanese captivity.

beri and extreme anaemia, and not responding at all to treatment,' continues Dr Pavillard.

'I called in several other doctors, and we all agreed that there was nothing more that we could do for Snuffy. We knew a blood transfusion would help, but we had no apparatus to carry it out and citrate to stop blood from clotting; moreover the men in the camp were so bungled up with malaria that their blood would probably do the patient more harm than good.

'It was a depressing situation. Poor Snuffy was in constant pain, moaning all the time, and I decided that at any rate he should die in peace, and started regular morphia injections. After a while, when it was obvious that he was on the way out and that I could do no harm, I decided to attempt a blood transfusion in spite of everything.

'I asked for volunteers and got plenty of them; I could only use group 'O' men since I did not know Snuffy's blood group. As I had no citrate the only feasible method was the direct one: needles were fixed in a donor's arm and in Snuffy's arm, and the body of

a syringe was filled from the one needle and emptied into the other. We had two syringes and kept up a continuous flow; the patient improved a good deal, and I repeated the blood transfusions during the next three days.'

This desperate move saved Snuffy's life, but another problem arose. The patient had become addicted to the regular application of morphia. 'He made hell unless he

'...using the handles of two bent spoons as retractors. Gently moving the coils of intestine, I found an ugly gangrenous appendix...'

had injections at regular intervals. I had to wean him off it very carefully.'

Surgery that is taken for granted in civilised situations also took on a very harrowing dimension. 'It always surprised me that so many men recovered after operations performed in such primitive conditions on patients in such very poor health. We only operated as a last resort, which meant that those who came under the knife - under the cut-throat razor, rather - were already suffering from malaria, gross malnutrition,

and varying degrees of avitaminosis, particularly beri-beri and pellagra. Many of them had acute or chronic bacillary and amoebic dysentery as well, not to mention big tropical ulcers.'

Two cases stand high in Pavillard's memory. 'Captain Richardson asked me to see a member of his Battalion who was exhibiting all the symptoms of acute appendicitis. I agreed with this diagnosis; we kept the patient under close observation and made preparations to operate in case it became necessary.

'There was no operating theatre, so we built a crude table out of bamboo in the MI room. By way of surgical equipment we had three pairs of artery forceps, one rusty pair of scissors and some equally rusty surgical needles; also some gut and one large bottle of chloroform. What we had not got was a knife: my attempts to buy one in Kamburi had failed.

'Time passed and it became evident that we would have to operate. At the last minute I remembered that one of our Volunteer officers, Major

Corke, was the proud possessor of a cut-throat razor, which I borrowed. We sterilised our few instruments by boiling them in a four-gallon kerosene tin, and we boiled bits of towel and old shirts to act as dressings.

'I scrubbed up as best I could and dipped my hands in a weak solution of lysol mixed with boiled water. The Japanese Medical Officer from Trsau was on a visit to Wampo at the time, but he refused to help: he laughed in a silly nervous way and said he would just watch. Daddy

Richardson gave the anaesthetic and when the patient was out he handed over to Pinky Riley and scrubbed up to help me.

'Then we started. The cut-throat razor was extremely sharp and I had to be very careful not to go too deep: it would have been very easy to go straight into the peritoneal cavity and injure the bowel.

'There was very little fat between the skin and the muscles and I came down to peritoneum almost at once. I grasped it with forceps and very carefully opened it with the razor, using the handles of two bent spoons as retractors. Gently moving the coils of intestine, I found an ugly gangrenous appendix, looking as if it might burst at any moment. This was carefully removed and we buried the stump with a purse-string suture in the caecum and then closed the peritoneum, sutured the muscles, and finally closed the wound with linen stitches.

'The patient was in a very unhealthy condition, having suffered like the rest of us from malaria, dysentery and malnutrition; we had operated under very insanitary conditions, and it was a matter for great astonishment and relief that the wound did not go septic.'

The second case of appendicitis, in December 1942 did not go so well.

'The patient had developed very severe malaria and dysentery, and the appendix turned out to be a nasty retrocaecal one; but we were better organised than we were last time. I used the same cut-throat razor and was struck again by the absence of fat on the patient's tissues; the operation took place at 11pm by the light of two rather smoky hurricane lamps, a small torch with very tired batteries, and some candles. We

used a solution of lysol as an antiseptic.

'He did very well until the sixth day, but then he developed a typical though rather severe malarial rigor. This was followed by the usual sweating and high fever and early next morning he had a severe rectal haemorrhage and died in spite of my administration of intravenous salines.'

Not all complaints elicited

'It was a grand unforgettable sight during the evening sick parades to see 500 or a thousand naked PoWs leaping up and down fanning themselves after receiving the treatment'

sympathy, some invoked a rather lewd snigger.

'For some while men had been reporting sick, complaining of an unbearable itch in the scrotum,' explains Dr Pavillard.

'This distressing complaint got worse and worse and spread all over the camp. At first we doctors thought, mis-

takenly, that some kind of fungus infection like that responsible for Dhobi's Itch was the cause of what, in clinical terminology, we called Red Balls.

'We tried every sort of treatment: Whitfield's ointment, tincture of iodine, Vlemick's solution, each one guaranteed to make the recipient do a spectacular war-dance. It was a grand unforgettable sight during the evening sick pa-

rades to see 500 or a thousand naked PoWs leaping up and down fanning themselves after receiving the treatment.

'The whole camp, including the Japs, used to turn out to see the show. But the tables were turned, and the Jap guards themselves started to get the disease: one of them, a Korean, came and asked for

Sergeant Okada earned the nickname 'Dr Death'.



the treatment and earned himself an appropriate nickname which stuck to him throughout our captivity.'

Laughter was short lived however, because this complaint, a form of scrotal dermatitis due to vitamin deficiency could take a serious turn, involving diphtheria and even death in many cases.

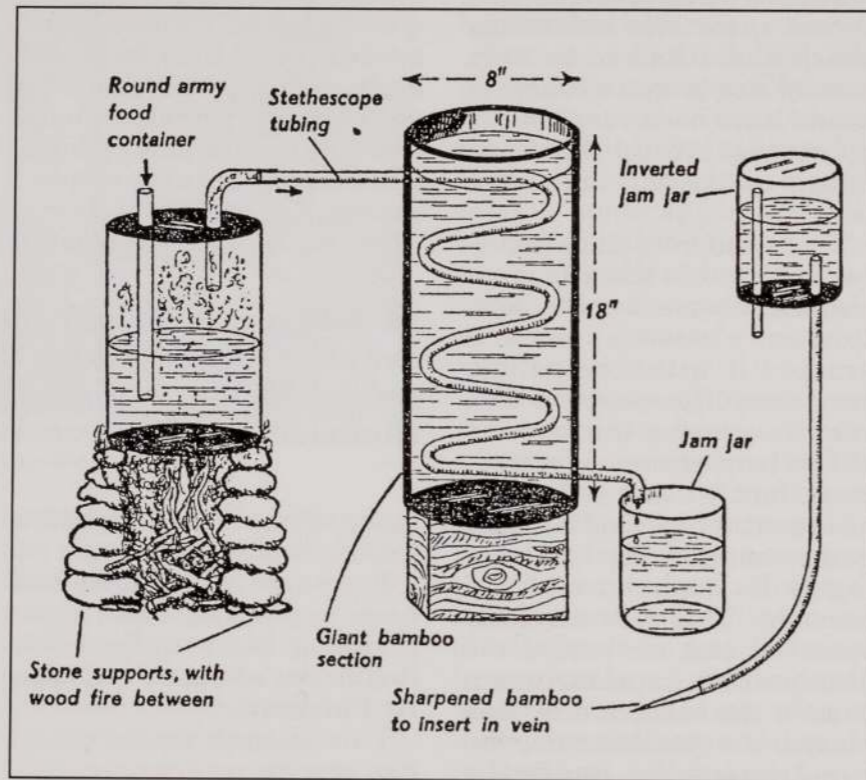
Cholera was another plague that descended on the FEPoWs. Within two days, nearly 200 cases occurred within the camp. Perversely, malaria seemed to clear up among cholera victims.

As an aid to combating this disease, Pavillard built a makeshift water distillation plant.

'The distilled water was required to form the basis of a saline solution to be administered intravenously. The treatment of cholera is aimed in general at the immediate replacement of body fluids lost by vomiting and diarrhoea, so that the body never becomes dehydrated but remains able to function.

'I managed to save many

'I managed to save many lives in this way, pouring anything up to eight or ten pints into the patients veins every 24 hours. But there were various dangerous complications'



A makeshift distillery saved the lives of many men stricken by cholera.

lives in this way, pouring anything up to eight or ten pints into the patients veins every 24 hours. But there were various dangerous complications: muscular cramps and more seriously, complete kidney failure or beri-beri. Both of these very often proved fatal.'

A shortage of food lay at the core of these troubles. 'It made us very weak and apathetic,' says Pavillard. 'We also became constipated in a spectacular fashion. For most of us, the period between bowel movements settled down at ten or 12 days; later on in Siam I met a man who swore he had not used the lavatory for 29 days.'

That said, the prevalence of dysentery proved a blessing and a curse.

On the plus side it allowed a degree of revenge to be inflicted on the Japanese guards. Pavillard explains:

'It became necessary to devote a good deal of time to the business of fixing Jap guards: not only for the sport of it or for revenge, but in some cases to save the lives of PoWs who were being victimised.

'One splendid technique depended upon the fact that the Japanese took great pride in their horsy protruding teeth. The game was to express vast admiration for the teeth of some specially vicious specimen, and to tell him that we had among us a dentist who could not only repair teeth but could also polish them until they sparkled like diamonds. The bait was usually swallowed whole, and later on, by appointment, one of us would be at work polishing and shining away in a spirit of admiration and enthusiasm; then, before the patient was sent away, a probe would be dipped unobtrusively in a nice fresh hot specimen of bacillary and amoebic dysentery, and stroked with the gentlest friendliest way against his tongue.

'Within two or three days the man so treated went down with acute bacillary dysentery, and ten or 30 days later this developed into the amoebic variety, so that he would be sent to the Japanese base hospital down the river and pass out of our lives for a period which might be anything between two months and six.'

On the negative side, dysentery created a strange black market. During surgeries, Pavillard became convinced that he was seeing the same samples time and again. The solution was an on-site lavatory within which alleged sufferers would have to produce suitable proof.

Eventually, the war in the East came to an end with Japan capitulating after the atom bomb was deployed on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. 'I cannot get it out of my head that if it had not been for these weapons we would all have died there,' says Pavillard.

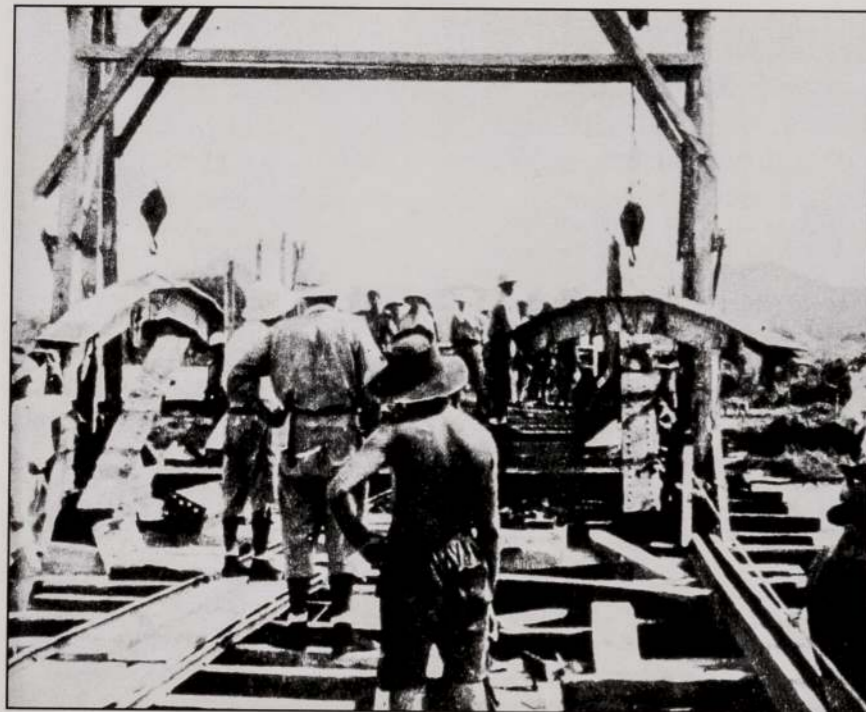
However, the end was not

that clean cut as Pavillard recalls. The Red Cross arranged his evacuation to Rangoon, appointing him medical escort to 11 FEPoWs who, it transpired, had been driven insane by their experiences.

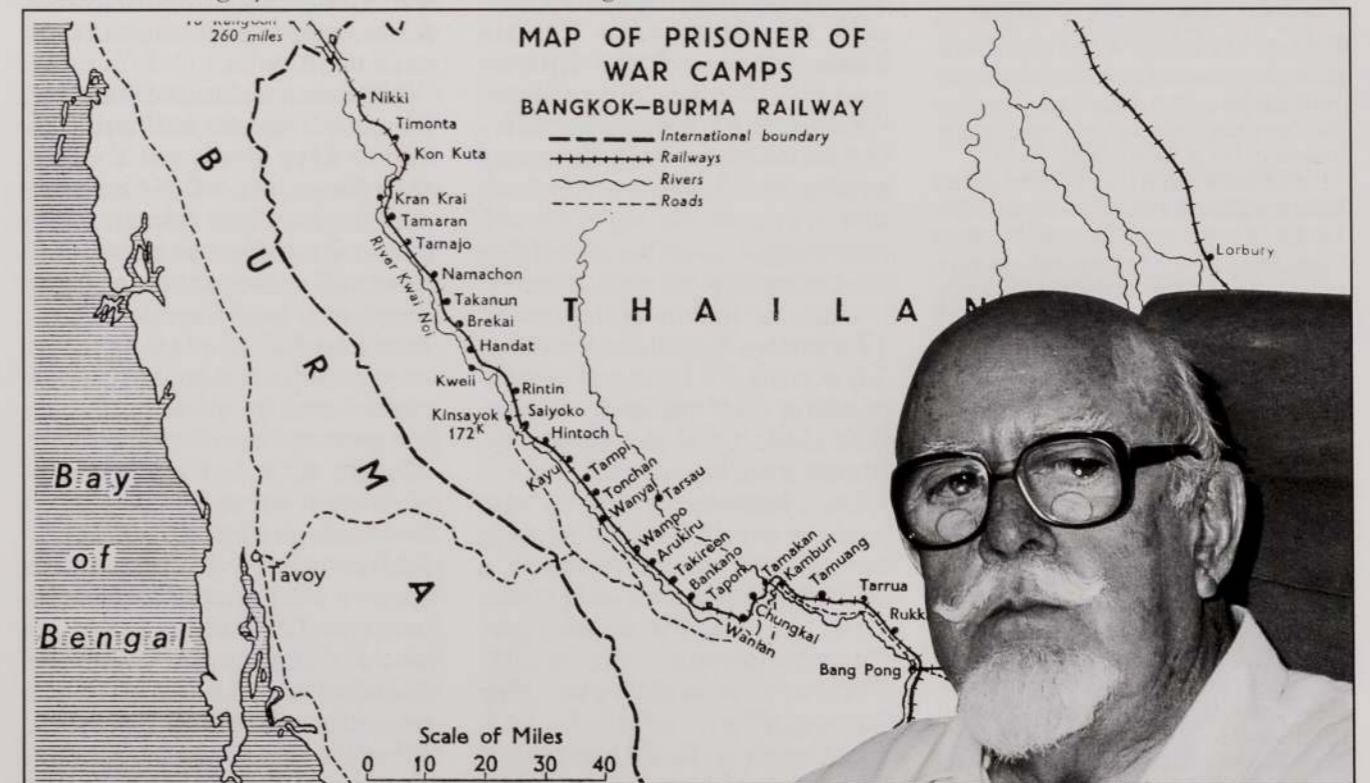
'During the years of captivity, we had all felt vaguely that a victorious conclusion to the war would mean the sudden and total end of all the misery and disaster which we saw every day,' he says. 'But men who had been released from captivity were still dying in large numbers and my fellow-passengers on this flight were sobering reminders that a war goes on inflicting casualties and causing suffering for a long time after the guns have stopped firing.'

After a brief stay in London, Dr Pavillard returned to Las Palmas where he practised medicine for many years. Like many St Dunstaners, the deprivation of the Prisoner of War camp has caught up and eroded his eyesight and he is now resident at Ovingdean.

Forced labour on the Bridge over the River Kwai.



Path of horror! A map of showing the squalid camps where our men were interred along the River Kwai. Inset: Dr Pavillard in thoughtful mood at St Dunstan's Ovingdean.



PHILISTINE'S PALET

by Simon Rogers

Over 400 years of history was wound up when Woolwich Arsenal finally closed on January 1st. Founded by Henry VIII, it saw, if not actually initiated, many developments along the way from cannonball to smartshell.

The Arsenal has always been at the back of my life, several relatives worked there, early broadcasts of Radio Thamesmead (now RTM on 103.8fm if you live in south London) were made from a church built on old Arsenal land. I covered the enquiry into plans for a prison on one stretch of land apparently unsuitable for housing because it was 'too contaminated' (how this made it an acceptable spot for incarceration I don't know; so if you're doing a stretch and haven't felt too well...).

There are other things, so its demise set me in mind of days past and deeper ironies.

In 1973, Woolwich was in an exclusion zone as far as I was concerned, I wasn't supposed to go there. It was a parental dictate of the most serious kind, so naturally I paid the three new pence to travel on the 96 bus from Bexleyheath Broadway to the Arsenal gates. There was a grand new presence in the area - McDonalds! The first and at that time only branch in the UK.

This was culture shock, if only for the lack of cutlery. A few mouth watering bites later I was convinced that Wimpy Bars were history (not that McDonalds ever let you pay them Tuesday for a hamburger today).

I later discovered that Woolwich had been selected for this epicurean privilege because it was the most average town in Britain. Somewhat surprising since - and this is the reason I was told to stay away - the IRA had bombed the town centre several times that year. I passed a pub that bore their handiwork, hardly an average feature to my mind.

I'm never quite sure if the attraction of McDonalds faded with the wisdom of age or if they did serve a better burger at first. These days, burger-wise, I prefer Wendys (from those terribly nice Pearson people) who do a rather good chilli-con-carne or the old style Wimpy.

As it happens, lettuce for burgers played a role in a rather strange series of events, taking in guns, biscuit tins, super-spies, Woolworths, and drug dealing in French Guyana. But that's another story...

Jock Carnochan takes Ray Sheriff on a nostalgic mountain adventure

Sowdonia revisited

AFTER MUCH reminiscence and an absence of five years, Ray Sheriff and I thought it would be a good idea to revisit the old haunts of Snowdonia and check on our fitness. Minds made up, I contacted Barry Ellis, our mentor on these occasions over the past 25 years when a group of St Dunstaners would make the annual pilgrimage to the Red Lion at Dinas-Mawddwy where it all started with our old friend Bob Thomas with escorts from the Betws-y-coed Forestry Commission, the routine being, arrive on Friday evening, a climb on Saturday and a tour of interest on Sunday when the wives would join us and weather permitting a forest picnic and back to the grind on Monday. As the years went by the leadership of the expedition was taken over by Barry who was the Mountain Rescue Team leader of the Rhinog and OiC Air Training Corps.

From this stage onwards we began to get a wee bit more professional, advancing from ordinary walking to rock climbing, canoeing, abseiling and our greatest achievement - a mock mountain rescue. The entire team consisted of TB's with Vi Delaney representing the casualty. A remarkable feat! As they say, 'those were the days.'

On contacting Barry, he said he would be delighted to see us and would manage a day off to escort us on a climb and, hopefully would get Colin to join us.

We arrived at the Brynmelin Hotel in Barmouth to find that David Clay, the manager, had the



hotel completely redecorated with all rooms en suite and a much more varied menu. Next day, after breakfast, we made our way to the Tal-y-bont Museum, the start of a ten mile hill walk, hopefully to warm us up for the climb the following day. For those who remember it, the museum hasn't changed a great deal, other than new management and the introduction of a tea room where the vintage cars used to be.

After a cup of tea and a chat, we set off on our hill walk towards Llyn Bodlin at the foot of Diffwys, one of the smaller mountains. The weather was hot and sunny and as we had gradually ascended to about one and a half thousand feet, Ray decided to play with his newly acquired toy, a mobile phone, and by more luck than judgement made very clear contact with his wife, Betty, who was sunning herself in the back garden at home.

After about 12 miles, we spent a couple of hours on the beach at Tal-y-bont. Later, we met with Barry and Colin and decided on the Fox's path route for our climb next day. After Ray's hair raising experience of Crib Goch a few

years ago, we thought now that we're a bit older and wiser, Fox's Path approach to the summit of Cader would be just right for us, and for those who have done Cader in the past, the 'scree' approach is a reasonable test.

To our amazement, we seemed to sail up with out too much effort. We lunched at the top when Ray decided to have another go at his toy, this time making contact with Charlie Daly at work in London, so that made his day. We returned to the car park by way of the easy path to the West of Cader getting back in time for the evening meal.

Another bright and sunny day saw us doing our own thing, this time our walk started at the Ty Mawr Hotel, Llanbedr, our home on two previous visits as some of you will remember, where we met the proprietors, Ann and Peter Smith, who wish to be remembered to all those St Dunstaners who stayed with them in the past.

After a good old natter we set off on our walk, northward to the small hamlet of Llanfair, ten miles approximately, and back to the Ty Mawr where we had a bever-

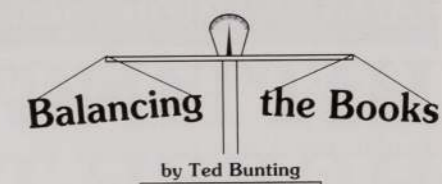
age prior to spending the rest of the afternoon on the beach at Llandanwg, where Ray decided to have a swim. I think the water was a bit cold as he was no sooner in then he was out.

To end our three days of activities, we spent the evening with Colin and his wife at their house in Barmouth where, you guessed it, we talked into the night until Colin's parting words: 'Why can't we revive the annual visit?'

Barry is keen to see St D's return to Snowdonia and will be only too willing to give of his services to ensure a few good days of healthy activity, escorts can be arranged for those who need them, so how about it, Peter W., Andy B., Mark P., Ray P., Jamie C., and anyone else who would be interested, get in touch with either Ray Sheriff or myself and we will do the rest (except pay for you).

A programme can be arranged to suit all states of fitness, even to being the casualty in a mock mountain rescue, and now that Trevor T. has got a new set of 'pipes' the refrain of *Climb Every Mountain* would be welcome?

Good old days: Jim Hamilton, Chief Forester, presented a Coed-y-Brenin nameplate to (left to right) Jock Carnochan, Eric Bradshaw, Trevor Tatchell, Ray Sheriff, Dick Hall and Jim Blake during one of the climbing weekends.



The Ghost Ship

Author: Peter Haining

Reader: Christopher Scott

Duration: 8.25 hours

Catalogue number: 6590

Seafaring men throughout the ages have been notoriously superstitious; incredibly gullible the land lubber might well say.

Yet strangely, even the most hardened sceptic is forced to concede that many of the old nautical yarns are strangely compelling.

Take the tale of the Flying Dutchman for example, which has inspired the stories in this particular book.

The intelligent reader should immediately dismiss the idea of a spectral old vessel as utter nonsense, yet a lurking doubt nevertheless remains, after all, modern mariners claim to have seen it, highly trained responsible men too, not the drunken sailor of the song.

As to these stories specifically, some are amusing, some ingenious, some absolutely fantastic, and some border on the bloodthirsty and macabre.

But all, I believe, pluck that odd string in our imagination which allows us to know the impossible is actually true.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

In September 1945, Lord Fraser opened the debate on radar as an aid for the blind and gave advice on how to listen to a Talking Book.

Church Stretton celebrated the end of the war in Japan.

HITTING THE WHITE HORSE TRAIL TO IFH

The Annual General Meeting of the St Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society was held at St Dunstan's Ovingdean from May 19th-21st. This was the first occasion that we had met in the building without having the use of the normal facilities that we had all become used to over the past years but, nevertheless, the staff made us very welcome indeed and provided us with an excellent snack lunch each day.

During this period, we stayed at the White Horse Hotel, Rottingdean for bed, breakfast and evening meal. Should any other clubs or societies wish to follow in our footsteps, those using their own transport for the short trip to Ovingdean in the evening would do well to remember that, although the hotel has a residents car park, its bar patrons will seize any bit of space within the grounds.

The AGM took place in the Winter Garden on May 20th, with Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach attending in his capacity as President of the Society. Before proceeding, the Chairman, Bill Shea (G4AUJ), asked everyone to stand in silence in memory of Charlie Rentowl who had recently gone 'Silent Key.'

One thing that came through loud and clear was the misapprehension that had arisen, not only amongst the general public but also within the amateur radio world itself about what they saw as the demise of St Dunstan's. The Secretary, Ted John (G3SEJ), said that he had written to those organi-

sations who had sent him letters of commiseration in order to assure them that St Dunstan's and the Amateur Radio Society would still continue to function.

Bill Shea said that he had encountered the same problem recently in a call to the Royal Navy Amateur Radio Society. Having heard that we would be on the air that weekend, his first caller asked where we would be operating from and he had told him that we would still be working out of Ovingdean as usual. His contact queried that statement and said that he heard that St Dunstan's was finished, the radio shack had been closed and all the equipment disposed of!

It was agreed that members should endeavour to set the record straight whenever they encountered any misleading information being broadcast about St Dunstan's and the Society.

Brian Freeman (G3ITF) of the Brighton Club, our QSL Manager, who does a lot of invaluable work on our behalf, suggested that it might be a good idea to send out information about St Dunstan's ARS by means of 'PACKET' radio. His offer was gratefully accepted.

When the business of the day had been concluded, Sir Henry Leach rounded off the meeting by giving a short address to the members. He said that he endorsed the views that had been expressed about the mistaken belief that both the Amateur Radio Society and St Dunstan's were finished. No club would be

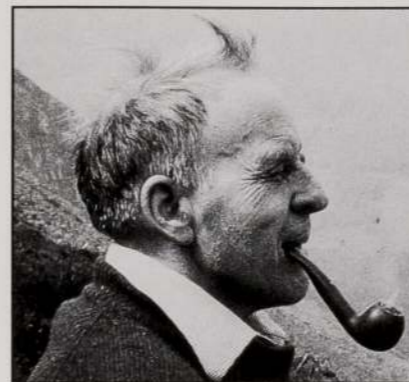
wound up unless it was at the wish of its members and he would continue with his policy of allowing as free a hand as possible in the running of the various clubs. He gave an assurance that should any help be required, such matters would be seriously considered at headquarters and every assistance possible would be given. He added that he was enormously gratified that the members of the Amateur Radio Society had decided to keep it going.

After lunch the Radio Shack was a hive of activity as members set about the serious business of making contact with the outside world. Using the special event call-sign GB80STD, which had been allocated to mark the 80th anniversary of the founding of St Dunstan's, there was soon a queue of callers anxious to make our acquaintance. The function of St Dunstan's was briefly given to each contact.

Later, we heard that there had been a very good response from all over the world to the 'PACKET' relay that had been transmitted by Brian Freeman. Bill Shea said that 'Good Luck' messages had poured in, many from places that he had never heard of! He cited one place in particular and that message came from a radio museum in South Africa.

All in all, this was a very successful meeting and it was good to be able to meet old friends once again. Here's to the next time which, if all goes according to plan, will be on September 23rd.

A moment to spare... with Sydney Scroggie Three Clocks



HERE AT Roseangle we've got a grandfather clock in the living-room. It has a nice quiet tick, oak case, brass face, little brass eagle on top, has 'III' on it, not 'IV', and it's got to be wound up every 30 hours. The leaden weight inside this clock is not supported by a chain or by catgut but by a spliced length of rope, and that the clock is pretty old is indicated by the fact that the teeth of its cogwheels have been filed by hand.

'Arbourfield', it says on its face, but whether this is Arbourfield, Berkshire, England or Arbourfield, Massachusetts, USA, is something we've never been able to determine.

A clock in the sitting-room is of a different kind. It sits on an antique chest-of-drawers, is housed in a glass dome, doesn't tick, and its pendulum works not in the vertical plane but horizontally, turning, returning, turning in a way which used to fascinate me when as a little boy I watched this clock, then on my grannie's sideboard.

She got it in a present from her doctor a hundred years ago. It's of French manufacture and it was already an antique when first my grannie placed it on that sideboard of hers. Its key lies inside the glass dome and each year on Hogmanay night, my wife, Margaret, and I remove the

glass dome, wind up the clock, replace the dome, then see in the New Year in the knowledge that the clock's pendulum will silently turn and return, turn and return, for the next 365 days.

Between living-room and sitting-room is what we call the wee room, and here on a little shelf by the brick fireplace, sits a clock familiar to St Dunstaners and their wives, for we all got one of these 30 years ago on the occasion of St Dunstan's 50th anniversary.

Visitors finger the embossed inscription on it and try to work out what it means, commenting at the same time on the clock's strident, self-confident tick.

When the grandfather strikes it goes 'ping', when the blind clock, as we call it, does

so it goes 'pong', and it's always a great moment at Roseangle when these two clocks strike the hour at exactly the same time.

Lying on the divan in the wee room one afternoon, I realised that the blind clock was trying to say something to me, for in its ticking I could vaguely make out words. They took shape. 'Doctor Proctor', they said, 'Doctor Proctor', and my mind went back to my grannie's house, long now in other hands in its sequestered nook in the west of Dundee.

Might not Doctor Proctor have been the name of that benign old GP, his pony and trap at her door, who gave my granny the French clock which still reminds me of her in the sitting room here at Roseangle.

REFLECTIONS

by The Reverend Cuthbert Le M. Scott

A fellow named Narcissus looked into a woodland pool and fell in love with his own reflection - to the annoyance of a girlfriend Echo and, eventually, his own destruction.

I have to stop reflecting and retire (my sixth major retirement at the present count); and I have to stop pretending that an ancient sea-goer can continue to offer even the slight contribution within this one's power.

I can hardly express how much St Dunstan's has meant to me since 1988: how much I have been benefited. But it is not worth reflecting on how much better this little task might have been done. 'They fly forgotten, as a

dream flies at the opening day.'

Days keep opening. I beg your compassion while I offer three aphorisms:

1st I may be wrong. I have been wrong and I will be again, so don't take it too seriously.

2nd You, not me. This is the thing, but I have not been able to do it. With shame I admit that I have been only too careful to 'look to the main chance.'

3rd All shall be well and all manner of things shall be well. One needs a lucky temperament, or a great faith, to see this. I commend it to you.

God save The Queen.
Farewell.

Presentation by Dutch People to St Dunstan's



The Chairman, Sir Henry Leach and St Dunstaner Richard Bingley accept the Delft plate from Colonel H. J. Bonsel.

The following letter from HRH Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, was read at the presentation of the plate (the plate will be displayed at Ovingdean):

Fifty years ago the gradual liberation of the Netherlands and Dutch East Indies began, ushering in a period of joy and gratitude. While the joy was often tempered or obscured by memories of suffering un-

dergone and loved ones lost, and feelings of uncertainty about the future, the gratitude remained. This sense of gratitude embraces all the young people, from every corner of the world, who left hearth and home to restore to millions of others the freedom of which they had been wrongfully deprived.

The war to achieve this end, which lasted nearly six years, cost the lives of many members of the liberating forces. Fortunately, however, many more survived, even if some of them are constantly reminded of the war by the effects of their wounds.

A group which includes representatives of the Dutch resistance and the wartime armed forces has found a way

to express the gratitude which lives on to this day among many Dutch people. They plan to present a hand-painted commemorative plate to the organisations of veterans who helped to liberate the Netherlands and the Dutch East Indies. Fifty years ago I was Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch armed forces. I have therefore been asked to present one of these plates to you together with this letter. It gives me great pleasure to comply with this request. I witnessed your bravery and know how well deserved our gratitude is.

In conclusion I would like to extend my best wishes and warmest greetings to you all. Bernhard, Prince of the Netherlands

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.

Alan Wright of Leeds joined St Dunstan's on May 10th. Upon leaving school, Mr Wright was training as a draughtsman when, at the age of 18, he was called up for National Service. He joined the RAF and trained as a wireless mechanic but suffered an accident which caused the loss of sight in one eye. Nevertheless upon leaving the RAF he became a contract draughtsman with ICI until the failure of his remaining sight caused his early retirement. Mr Wright and his wife, Betty, have two daughters.

Trevor Adsley of Bridgend joined St Dunstan's on June 15th. He became an apprentice plasterer on leaving school but enlisted in the Royal Welch Fusiliers in 1943 at the age of 17. After basic training, he joined his Battalion in time for the Normandy Landings and fought with them throughout the North West European Campaign until the Rhine crossing where he received gunshot wounds to his face in March 1945. This caused the loss of sight in his right eye and extensive facial damage. Discharged in 1945, he returned to civilian life. He was forced to retire in 1978 after developing glaucoma in his left eye. As a young man, Mr Adsley participated in all forms of sport but his main interests were football and cricket and he spends many hours listening to commentaries on the radio. He also has a large stamp collection. Mr Adsley is a bachelor.

On July 6th, we welcomed Mrs Juliette Dooley of Bitton, Bristol. Having known from an early age that she wanted a Naval career, she joined the WRENS, training for the secretarial branch and reaching the rank of Petty Officer/Writer within ten years. She represented not only HMS Mercury at shooting, but also the WRENS at Bisley. She also enjoyed sailing, reading, embroidery and cooking and independently obtained Cordon Bleu cook qualifications. However, she was diagnosed as suffering from MS and was invalided out from the Navy in 1992. Mrs Dooley and her husband, Christopher, have a 20 month old son, Connor Francis. Mr Dooley took an early release from the Navy to look after his family and is now a Police Constable in the Bristol area.

CLUB NEWS

ARCHERY Summer Championships by Bert Wood

Under leaden skies and buffeted by strong northerly winds, a handful of archers, with coaches and helpers, stood muffled in winter clothing on this not so hot June day. It was cold enough to freeze their noks.

This was the first day of the June shoot and my last until the final day, food bugs had invaded my system keeping me tied to my ensuite hotel room. The bathroom, a close companion never complained, neither did the eye of the needle.

The final day of our week, however, saw me back on the line doing battle with an army team by the up front vivacious Major Wendy.

Results:

The Dacre Trophy

1st Tom Hart
2nd John Lilley
3rd Bert Wood

Curly Wagstaff Trophy

1st John Lilley
2nd Tom Hart
3rd Norman Perry

RUC Pairs Competition

1st Eric Bradshaw & John Lilley
Also Norman Perry
ran & Tom Hart

George Hudson Cup

1st Eric Bradshaw
2nd Tom Hart

Team Events

SDAC v Cuckfield Archers - a lucky win for Cuckfield.

SDAC v Greenways AC - more luck, Greenways by a short head.

Final day:

The Household Cavalry Cup

SDAC v Army Archers - an outstanding show by Wendy's Wonders pointed to a big finish. It was point for point all the way to the last arrow, Bradford's Bandits nicked it on the line. Winning team - Tom Hart, John Lilley & Bert Wood.

BRIDGE

by Alf Dodgson, Bridge Captain

For many years St Dunstan's Bridge Club have played an annual competition at Headquarters against the Master's. Unfortunately, this venue has come to an end because of the present financial situation within St Dunstan's. We made some wonderful friends over the years.

That may be sad news, but good news

Jock Carnochan reports on the quality of the catch near

Annual fishing visit to North Devon

Despite the closure of RAF Chivenor near Barnstaple and the loss of our privileged transport from IFH, we decided to go it alone. Excellent accommodation was secured at the Cresta Hotel, Ilfracombe at a very reasonable cost, all rooms en suite with very good food under the management of Mr & Mrs Seddon. transport was by private cars and travel costs were shared with two members travelling by train from the North.

The party consisted of Fred Bentley, Wally Lethbridge, Bob Forshaw, Reg Goding, Alan Mitchell, Joe Prendergast and myself.

The weatherman promised hot and sunny weather and, lo and behold, that is what we got.

We have been going to RAF Chivenor now for the past six years and been the guests of

the Chivenor Angling Club under the very able leadership of Squadron Leader Stu' Robinson and Chief Technician Tim George. Both are on the move to new posts by the end of the year, Stu' to Sardinia, his last posting before retirement, and Tim to RAF Brize Norton. We wish them well in their new jobs.

Slow to bite

Both are regarded as the two top sea anglers in the RAF, so you can imagine we were given the most expert help and advice whilst fishing. But the most excellent weather and expertise in the world won't make the fish bite no matter what you offer as bait. Very little was caught in the first three days, the best by Stu', a 15lb Thorn Black Ray and a 45lb conger by Steve, another of the RAF

anglers.

However, on our last day we hit upon a hungry shoal of bass at a well known rock mark to the north west of Ilfracombe and for a couple of hours there were good catches of bass and whiting. Quite a few of the bass were returned to the briny as they were under the minimum size of 14". Someone suggested we should have sold them to the Spanish fishermen!

Needless to say, the lack of fish catching was compensated for by the pleasant evenings at the hotel bar and we journeyed back to Brighton after a most enjoyable five days.

Cancelled visit

Our annual visit to R.M. Condor has had to be cancelled due to lack of support as a result of family problems

Chivenor

for some members but hopefully we may return next year.

Investigations by our Chairman, Fred, are under way sounding out costs for a possible trip to Jersey and members will be notified of the result.

Despite the curtailment of assistance from St Dunstan's, the club continues to flourish and hopefully when things improve and we can once again avail ourselves the privilege of some transport, the response to our annual visits should improve, as it is the getting together at club activities that serves to keep the 'family' together.

Having made contact with one of the Royal Marines advance party which will be taking over at Chivenor by the end of the year, with a bit of luck we shall be their guests next year. Fingers crossed.

was round the corner. We were contacted by a local bridge club through our Secretary and a new venue has now taken over.

On June 10th, we played our first match against this new club, the Sussex County Contract Bridge Association, in the annexe at St Dunstan's Ovingdean. It was played as before, in teams of four. Our winning team was Mr & Mrs W. Lethbridge with W. Phillips and partner.

The bridge was keenly contested and the standard of the game was high. It was a pleasure to welcome this team and to encounter such wonderful people. At the close of play we retired to the canteen for a very nice tea. Food was plentiful with a good variety, provided out of club funds. It was kindly served and presented by the wives of the committee members not forgetting our hard working Secretary, Mrs Vi McPherson. Thank you, ladies!

Our committee wishes to remind all bridge players about our 1995 congress on November 25th-26th. We are hoping to see as many people as possible.

FAMILY NEWS

BIRTHS

Congratulations on the birth of: David on December 16th. He is the grandson of Mrs Lilian Filby of Streatham, London, widow of *William Filby*.

Lily Whitcombe on April 28th. She is the grand-daughter of *John and Beryl Whitcombe* of Eastbourne.

RUBY ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to: *Roy and Kath Armstrong* of Walthamstow, London on July 9th.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARIES

Congratulations to: *Ron and Elsie Roberts* of Llandaff, Cardiff on June 15th.

George and Gladys Powell of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire on June 16th.

Doug and Pauline Field of Horsham, Sussex on July 13th.

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARIES

Congratulations to: *Sam and Mary Worthington* of Preston, Lancashire who celebrated 62 years of marriage on May 13th.

Mr and Mrs A.E.D. Phillips of Southampton who celebrated 67 years of marriage on July 19th.

ACHIEVEMENT

Congratulations to:

Robert Pepper of Coggeshall, Essex has gained a Bsc(Hons) in Combined Technology and Business Studies. He is the son of *Ted and Barbara Pepper*.

DEATHS

We regret to announce the death of:

Mrs Valerie Lewis on February 8th. She was the daughter of *Les Copeland* of Ovingdean.

The mother of Mrs Joyce O'Neill on May 9th. Mrs O'Neill is the widow of *Harold O'Neill* of Orpington, Kent.

Mrs Yvonne Benson on May 14th. She was the wife of *Ray Benson* of Billingshurst, West Sussex.

Jodie, aged three, on May 21st. She was the grand-daughter of *Islwyn and Wyn Hughes* of Holyhead, Gwynedd.

Mrs Christina Donnelly of Aldridge, Staffordshire on May 25th. She was the widow of *Thomas Desmond (Desi) Donnelly*.

Colin Filby on May 25th. Aged 37, he was the son of Mrs Lilian Filby of Streatham, London, widow of *William Filby*.

Mrs Dorothy Hoare on May 31st. She was the widow of *Henry Hoare* of Motcombe, Dorset.

Mrs Ann Hermitage of Higham, Kent on July 1st. She was the widow of *George Hermitage*.

Mrs Edith Lewis on July 7th. She was the wife of *Mansel Lewis* of St Clears, Carmarthen.

Mrs Ethel Jones of Cheriton, Folkstone on July 11th. She was the widow of *Glyndur Jones*.

Our sympathy goes to their families and friends.

IN MEMORY

It is with deep 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.

John Webb, *Royal Army Service Corps*

John Geoffrey Webb of Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset died on May 9th, aged 89. During the Second World War he served in the Royal Army Service Corps and was posted to Singapore in 1941, where he was captured by the

Japanese the following year. He was among the first group of British prisoners to be sent north to work on the Burma Railway and was one of the few set to work building the bridge over the River Kwai. Subsequently transported by sea to Japan, he spent the rest of the war working in a zinc smelting factory. He developed a corneal ulcer whilst there, which was operated on by a fellow prisoner using a sharpened piece of metal and human eyelashes for stitches. In these circumstances surgery was doomed to failure. Mr Webb was repatriated in 1945 and discharged one year later.

Returning to civilian life, he worked as a storekeeper for the electricity board, retiring in 1970.

Our sympathy goes to all members of the family.

Frederick Scull, *Seaforth Highlanders*

Frederick William Scull of Canterbury, Kent died on June 2nd. Aged 81, he had been a St Dunstaner since 1965.

Enlisting in 1940, he served with the Seaforth Highlanders but was injured by a mortar blast which resulted in the gradual deterioration of his sight. He was discharged in 1944.

After joining St Dunstan's, he worked as a capstan operator with a firm of engravers, Messrs. Walter Jones & Co (he had previously been a furniture packer). Mr Scull retired in 1976 and developed an interest in gardening.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Winnie, daughter, Barbara, sons, Brian and Ian, and all members of the family.

Major Edwin Stratton-Christensen, *Royal Indian Army Service Corps*

Major Edwin Olaf Franz Stratton-Christensen of Clare, Suffolk died on June 9th, aged 78. Called up in 1940, he was commissioned in the Royal Indian Army Service Corps. Later in the same year he was posted to Singapore and given command of 13 Motor Ambulance Company. During the battle for Malaya, he was cross-posted to the 13th Frontier Force Rifles and in the evacuation from Malaya became Commander of the 9th Indian Division Transport Company.

He was captured by the Japanese and spent the remainder of the war as a prisoner. On discharge from the Indian Army in March 1946, he returned to his civilian occupation as an advertising executive and spent his entire working life in India and the Far East.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Valerie, son, Justin, and all other members of the family.