

# St Dunstan's Review

October 1996

No. 866





12-14 Harcourt Street,  
London W1A 4XB

BI-MONTHLY  
Free to St Dunstaners

OCTOBER 1996

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Cover Picture: Don  
Planner and escorts,  
Mark Seaton and Dave  
Ridley, stand above the  
clouds on the peak of  
Mont Blanc.

More on page 14.

## From the Chairman



The last few months have seen a steadily increasing number of St Dunstaners, widows, and their families coming back to Ovingdean for a break and many have subsequently written saying how much they enjoyed it. This is good news, the place is now thoroughly "alive" again and all concerned are to be congratulated.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have been invited by The Royal British Legion to include some of our St Dunstaners' war widows at the Cenotaph this year. So far I understand that we will be joined by 15 of our widows who will be marching with us behind the wheelchair section. Like the main body of our beneficiaries, approximately a quarter of these widows represent St Dunstaners who were post-World War II casualties. The total marching parade this year could be over one hundred strong including escorts.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am glad to tell you that it has been decided that there will be no reduction in the allowances given against rent for the next year or so, for those in St Dunstan's properties. Due notice will be given before any future change is made.

*Henry Leach*



## NOTICE BOARD



### BRaille REVIEW

The cost of producing the *Review* in Braille rises each year. In order to cut wastage, would anyone who no longer wishes to receive the braille issue, or who would prefer the recorded version, please contact the Public Relations Department.

### SILVER TONGUE

That precious metal, silver, comes under discussion at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London on December 12th at 14.30hrs. The talk, by Pippa Shirley, will last about an hour and a half and there will be some opportunity to touch the objects described. Sighted escorts and guide dogs are welcome.

For further details call 0171 938 8634/8638.

### SEE NO SHIPS IN GREENWICH

A lecture on the National Maritime Museum's much acclaimed Nelson Exhibition will take place at 14.30hrs on October 13th in the Leopold Muller Education Centre. Priced £3.50, a tour of the exhibition is included. For details, call the Museum Bookings Unit on 0181 312 6608.

### GDBA HOLIDAYS ON THE MOVE

Guide Dogs for the Blind Association Holidays have relocated at Units 1 & 2, Chancel Place, Shap Road, Kendal LA9 6NZ. For information on future holidays, call 01539 735080. Membership is open to all visually handicapped whether they have a guide dog or not.

### THANK YOU

Penny Lord, Southern area Welfare Superintendent, would like to thank all those who have sent her their thoughts and wishes during her recent period of ill health.

### A QUEST DREAMING A HORSE'S TALE

Get on the right track, place your bets and type up a tale that captures the spirit of Lester Piggott, if not Equus.

Once more starter's orders are in place for St Dunstaners, their wives, husbands, and widows, to take up the bridle and enter the annual story writing contest.

We want a tale, be it thriller, farce or fancy, that revels in the excitement of the racetrack, gorges on glorious Goodwood, delights in the Derby or has the svelte touch of national velvet.

An independent judge will assess the entries and award a first prize of £60, a second prize of £25 and three runners-up prizes of £5 each. The first and second prize winners will have their tales published in the *Review*.

The usual rules apply:

The competition is open to St Dunstaners, their wives or husbands, and to widows. Only one entry per person is permitted. The story should be between 500-1000 words, must be original and not previously published. Please type manuscripts with double line spacing.

Entries are to be submitted under an assumed name. Write your nom de plume, the title of your story and your real identity on a sheet of paper. Seal this sheet in an envelope and write your nom de plume on the front.

Entries should reach the Editor by the closing date, April 28th 1997, at Story Writing Competition 1997, St Dunstan's *Review*, 12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.

So saddle up and get writing.



## IRENE NEWBOLD RETIRES

Irene Newbold retired from her post on our team of Welfare Visitors on August 31st, thus bringing to a close a splendid record of 35 years service.

Irene, who was a trained nurse and also had experience in social welfare and pension spheres, joined St Dunstan's on October 30th, 1961 to become responsible for visiting St Dunstaners and their families in the Midlands and South Wales. With the passage of time, her area extended to take in adjacent counties and then East Anglia. So for a considerable number of years, she covered the country from West to East Coast, travelling countless thousands of miles in all kinds of weather.

Irene has been unequalled in her dedication and the enthusiasm and energy with which she has carried out her work and we have much valued the true worth she has given as a staunch friend and adviser to so many, especially in times of difficulty. The letters we have received from St Dunstaners and their widows speak of the great affection and high regard in which she is held.

Irene will not be idle in her retirement, far from it we suspect, and we hope it will be a long and happy one, giving her time to enjoy more leisurely pursuits such as her beautiful tapestry work and love of travel.

Our heartfelt thanks and good wishes will always be with her.

## HOW TO SPOT A GENUINE CHANNEL 5 RE-TUNER

The new tv station Channel 5 has started contacting homes in areas where video and tv sets need re-tuning. They will carry out this work free of charge since their transmissions may otherwise interfere with existing services. Initial contact will be made by letter giving a unique reference number for identification purposes. All Channel 5 personnel will be uniformed and carry photographic identification. They will also operate a password scheme. Enquiries regarding this project can be made by calling a Freephone number, 0500 355555.

## AUDIO VIDEOS FOR RENT!

A new video rental service has been launched by the Royal National Institute for the Blind. It offers audio described videos at £2.50 for two weeks per tape. Descriptions of facial expressions, scenery and costumes are added to the soundtrack, so that visually impaired people can better follow what is happening.

The RNIB Video collection currently offers *Hear My Song*, the first audio described video in the United Kingdom, *Pretty Woman*, *Dead Poets Society*, *Bambi*, *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Cool Runnings*, *The Return of Jafar*, *The Lion King* and *When a Man Loves a Woman*. It also includes BBC Television's *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Life on Earth*. Five documentaries, which do not need extra narration, *The Boer War*, *The Somme*, *The Paras*, *D-Day to VE Day* and *The Story of the Great War*, are also available.

Forthcoming additions will be *The Fox and the Hound*, *The Jungle Book* (live action version), *Leon* and *Howards End*. Full details of the rental service are available from RNIB Customer Services at Peterborough on 0345 023153 (calls charged at local rates).

## HAVE YOU HEARD THE RSC'S BOTTOM?

An acclaimed production of Shakespeare's fantasy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* returns to Stratford-upon-Avon for an audio described performance on October 26th at 1.30pm. For full details, call the box office on 01789 295623. Guide dogs can be taken into the theatre.

## ABRAM GAMES

The artist who painted some of the most distinctive images of World War II has died, aged 82. Abram Games produced a series of popular posters such as the ATS Girl and "Careless Talk Costs Lives". His designs were used as the basis for a set of engraved glassware released as a fund-raising initiative for St Dunstan's.

# News from Ovingdean

compiled by Terry Walker

## NEW GATES

We have installed two pedestrian gates in the grounds at Ovingdean. One is just inside the Wicket Gate, the other is on the central path leading into the tunnel. They have been installed to keep members of the public from walking through our grounds. Litter, the calling card of dogs, and a general lack of understanding from Mr and Mrs Public, being the motivator for us, so be warned! When you are here and go out, ask where the gates are if you are not sure. They are of a low, tubular steel, structure and the opening catch is a very simple lift-up latch type of operation. I feel sure that you will have very little difficulty in gaining entrance.

## CRAFT SPACE OF THE FUTURE

We have looked carefully at the two areas of Handicrafts and Workshops. Each section having served us well for many more years than anyone reading this article today would care to mention. I could write all day with stories and anecdotes on the benefits, fun and value of either section. If you were suddenly challenged to bring these areas up to date, pause here for a moment and consider - exactly which way would you go about it?

Right! That's enough, let us see exactly what has happened.

The main target is to make the maximum use of available floor space. The next is to retain all the many well tried skills, deleting those which have not proved successful, and adding new ideas with greater potential. Also we had to consider who will benefit and for what reason.

- 1 Residents, who may enjoy an hour or two in the crafts section with friends, not just those with whom they live. Here, emphasis being placed on the

social aspect. They will also be offered a wider choice of craft activities.

- 2 St Dunstaners throughout the UK who may wish to come in for a week or two, enjoying a holiday or respite care and spending time in the new Craft Centre.
- 3 Trainees with us for rehabilitation, to assess their dexterity, provide training and opportunity to sample a wide range of skills.
- 4 All those St Dunstaners who live in the Brighton area will be able, subject to space, to come along to the Craft Centre. Well, we all love Mary, and I am sure that she will be pleased to see you again.

## HOUSEHOLD MAINTENANCE

We have taken half of the garage space at the rear of the building and sectioned it off, making a large Woodwork Shop for the Maintenance Department. The long awaited workshop, equipped with power saws and drills, etc., has already provided the facility for our maintenance team, under Ray Castle, to manufacture all of the storage cupboards and large shelving sections to the new Craft Centre.

This facility will relieve the workshop, as you know it, from assisting to manufacture and repair items for the House.

## ALL TOOLED UP

The old gymnasium is today the site of the Machine Shop. Lathes and a pillar drill, the grindstones, and all those items which formed a major part of our old workshop have been installed, Eddie Waller having had the room updated. Our own maintenance men installed trunking and sophisticated switch gear to control all the electrical machinery. Five isolator buttons have been installed about the room to be



within easy reach of any machine should the need arise. A touch on any one being sufficient to cut off all the power in the room. These trip switches are key controlled from one master isolator button, and will not reinstate electrical current unless all systems are safe.

So you see, we still have a machine shop and all the original equipment. Also in here, the engraver has been fitted to a portable baseboard, which may be withdrawn from its storage space and clamped onto the surface of a workbench.

The more recent craft of wood-turning is to be done in here also, an extractor controlling the very small particles of wood which float up from the lathe.

### **OCCUPANTS OF CRAFT SPACE**

That leaves us with the old workshop area. The office remains and will double up as a shop. The remainder of the floor area is to become an area for crafts, part of which will be like a day centre. The Crafts Centre team will be Lenie Hinton, Mary Scourfield and Eddie Waller.

I spoke to Lenie, who is very keen to introduce a change of emphasis on the whole scene. She mentioned pottery, toys, and a larger variety of crafts. From answers to my questions I am sure all three members have more items up their sleeves.

By the time you read this, the new Craft Centre will have been in operation a few weeks. Naturally, there will be teething troubles to iron out, but I feel this will be the kind of place capable of taking us all a step in the right direction.

There is today, a greater area of floor space assigned to the Craft Centre from which we may all derive greater benefit.

### **ARCHERY AT O Vingdean**

I attended an open discussion meeting on August 20th with the archery clubs here at Ovingdean. The meeting was hosted by Ernest Elliott, Coach for Greenways Archery Club and Secretary of St

Dunstan's Archery Club, and attended by both staff and residents.

For those who do not know, there are two archery clubs, St Dunstan's Archery Club for St Dunstaners, their wives and escorts, and Greenways Archery Club for members of staff and their families, who support St Dunstan's Archers as guides and volunteers.

Recently, it appears that the archery facilities have not been used much. It is therefore proposed that the St Dunstan's Archery Club will come under the umbrella of Grant Cooper, Sport and Leisure Supervisor, to promote archery as part of Rehabilitation and Training. This way, archery can be included in the timetables of trainees who come to Ovingdean, should they so wish. It would also be available to any residents and visitors who want to give it a try. Grant will be the linchpin between the clubs and interested parties.

Ernest is keen to arrange 'archery school' weekends. Anyone who would like to learn this ancient martial art should contact Grant, on 01273 307811 ext. 3264, so we can start a list of would be participants and hopefully arrange some courses.

There is more news of St Dunstan's Archery Club on page 25.

### **ELEVATING TALK**

Patrons of the bar will not be imagining things when they hear voices after a few pints. The lift that links the two floors in the Annexe has been fitted with an automated voice. It will now tell residents when doors are opening or closing and when it is on the move.

### **THE MARCH OF IDEAS**

I spoke this week with Mary Ruane-Morris, our Head of Nursing Care. Mary is a strong character and she has definite ideas and knows what she wants. A lot has happened within her area and more ideas are quietly cooking away on her boiler. Mary will explain in the December issue.

## **ACCOMMODATION AT O Vingdean**

by Karen Morane, Care Manager

Further to the Chairman's message in the April Review, some of the general rules regarding holiday bookings at Ovingdean have been amended in order to fully utilise the holiday accommodation in Wing 5 and the First Floor Fuselage. They are:

- 1 Holidays may be booked by St Dunstaners and their accompanying escorts.
- 2 It is helpful if holidays are booked as soon as the required dates are known.
- 3 In accordance with the Chairman's message, the maximum length of stay for any visitor will be 14 days per six month period. In order to separate Christmas and the New Year, the six month periods will be December 29th- June 30th and July 1st-December 28th. However, it is now possible for St Dunstaners, widows and their accompanying escorts to book additional holidays after they have taken their full quota. These additional holidays are, however, subject to certain conditions of booking:

They may only be booked one month in advance.

They are subject to cancellation by us up to one week prior to the commencement of the holiday. This is because there are a limited amount of bedrooms available for holiday bookings (only four twins with bathrooms) and we cannot allow the same people to continually occupy these few rooms. Therefore, if a booking is taken from someone who has had their full quota, it may be cancelled up to a week before the holiday is due to commence if the room is needed by someone who has not had their full quota. Obviously, we will only cancel bookings in extreme cases and make every effort to honour these bookings.

- 4 All other rules remain unchanged.

## **LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

*Letters are always welcome.*

*Drop us a line, tape or disc at 12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.*

**From: Leslie Thompson, Puerto de La Cruz, Tenerife**

I read with interest about the celebration at Ovingdean where the Ambassador of the Netherlands presented a statue as a gesture of gratitude for their liberation in 1945. My service with my regiment ended in 1943, but in 1945 it returned to the United Kingdom from North Africa and was then sent into Germany. The men I had served with were detailed to clear up the concentration camps.

In May last year, I was over to attend the final reunion of the *4th Durham Survey Regiment RA*. It was a special occasion as a testimonial, in the form of an illuminated address, was being presented to the Sergeant who, for 50 years, had organised all the reunions.

Another Sergeant saw a letter in *SAGA* magazine written by a Dutch man expressing his desire to contact the members of the regiment. Our Sergeant notified the man that this reunion was to take place and to everyone's surprise he flew over from Holland.

In 1945, he had been one of many condemned souls transferred from Belsen to another extermination camp. They were divided into groups and many had already been sent to their deaths. His group was the next to go when our lads arrived and liberated the camp.

After the war he went to America where he now lives with his wife. They came over to Holland to take part in the 50 years celebrations and whilst there came over to the UK. His appearance at the reunion was a most emotional one as you will appreciate but then he settled down to enjoy the company of his liberators.





# Tribute to Claude Fankhauser

The last Australian First War member of St Dunstan's passed away on June 19th, just two weeks short of his 101st birthday. Claude Augustus Leopold Fankhauser of Blackburn, Victoria joined St Dunstan's in 1918 after being wounded at Pozieres in 1916.

Leaving school at 14, he worked first in his family's orchard and then with a coach builder. During this time, he began cadet training with the 48th Infantry, rising to the rank of Sergeant. Mr Fankhauser joined up on January 18th 1915 and began serving in the Fifth Battalion, D Company. After training he was sent to Alexandria and from there to Gallipoli. Much of his time was spent digging trenches.

"It was the filthiest hole you could imagine", he would later recall. "Sanitation was a trench dug in the ground with a plank along it. There was not even the crudest stuff to throw on it so the flies swarmed, ordinary house flies... and body lice!!!"

In February 1916, after the evacuation at Gallipoli, he was promoted to the rank of Lance Corporal and returned to Alexandria. After the Australian Forces regrouped, they moved on to Marseilles, France, dashing hopes of a stay in England.

The next three months were spent at the front in France. On the night of July 25th 1916, the Battalion was sent forward. "Only a hundred came out. It was slaughter", Mr Fankhauser said. "I was one of the wounded, struck by a hand grenade I think. My face was scattered with bits".

He was found by the 57th Field Ambulance. "I had crawled out of the trench, looking for something to shoot at if possible. They put me back in the trench".

Mr Fankhauser was then evacuated to England. At the time his wounds were recorded as being caused by gunshot, but an x-ray revealed pieces of shrapnel that were more consistent with a hand grenade or bomb casing. One thing was sure, whatever the cause, it had taken his sight.

While at St Dunstan's, Mr Fankhauser developed a reputation for expert rowing. He and his sculling cohorts were known as the Anzac Four and achieved some enviable victories on the lake and at the Henley Regatta. He also excelled in the Tug o' War.

He passed his braille reading exam in October 1918 and also trained as a shorthand-typist and netter.

Mr Fankhauser married Elsie Littlewood, who worked at St Dunstan's, and the couple made their home in St Kilda, Australia where their son, Frank, was born. However, Elsie was struck down by TB and, never really regaining her health, died in January 1926.

Much of Mr Fankhauser's activities then centred on his garden where he grew fruit and vegetables and kept poultry, apparently keeping the neighbourhood well-fed.

Our sympathy goes to his son, Frank, family and friends.

# Regent's Park Revisited



Pictures: Bill Leith



On Monday, 22nd July, a Reception, on behalf of St Dunstan's, was hosted by the Ambassador of the United States of America, His Excellency the Honourable William J. Crowe, at his Residence, Winfield House, located on the site of our first Training Centre in London's Regent's Park in 1915.

H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, accompanied by Sir Angus Ogilvy, graciously attended, spending twice the allotted time. She spoke to many people including Members of Council, St Dunstaners, widows, staff and guests.

The aim of the Reception was to thank existing benefactors, those individuals, Associations, Companies and Trusts, who make our work possible through their generosity. In addition, we wanted to introduce more people to both our name and our cause.

All 250 tickets were eagerly bought, which covered costs and included a modest contribution towards our funds.

## PIER CHEER

On July 6th, the National Lottery Fund announced that it had awarded one million pounds to West Pier, Brighton so that a beginning can be made on its long awaited reconstruction.

This was wonderful news for Brighton and, of course, for the management Board. Ken Revis has been a Trustee on the Board for 12 years and was down there for this splendid news and appeared on BBC Television that evening. He was blinded on the pier as a bomb and mine disposer in the Royal Engineers in 1943. A feasibility study will take place quickly and a further four million pounds has been promised within months. "Delighted", says Ken.

## Fifty years ago...

Back in October 1946, St Dunstaner R.J.V. offered these lines for Armistice Day:

*O will ye not be silent then  
When the phantom host comes nigh;  
O will ye not, for one brief space  
Be still as they muster by?  
Ye have your music, song and dance,  
For ever at your side;  
But will ye not be silent then,  
For the sake of those who died?*

*What things ye love in pleased life  
Of comfort, joy and ease;  
What things ye boast in freedom's name,  
Ye owe it all to these;  
Your very life, in truth ye owe  
To those ye sent to die.  
O will ye not be silent then  
When the phantom host comes by?*





*Gladiator Rhino horns in on Ray's scene.*

*Beryl John became our sales lady.*



This won't help you see again, but it may help towards something". These words accompanied the clink of coins as they fell into the collecting tin. This was just one of the touching comments received on the St Dunstan's stand at the Royal Tournament.

This is the third time we have been present at Earls Court and the consensus is that more people were familiar with the name of St Dunstan's this year. A large poster, designed by Neil Swan, describing the objectives of St Dunstan's, provided the backdrop to our display. On sale were handicraft goods made at Ovingdean, together with a variety of items kindly donated by:- Pearl Mills, Marjorie Hordyniec, Rose Shed, Jenny Hodgson, Joan Griffiths, Marion Douglass, Catherine Androlia, Jill Dunn, Eileen Gomez and Jim Woods. Wooden toys were donated by:- Johnnie Whitcombe, Fred Galway, Ted John and Arthur Carter. St Dunstan's owes a debt of gratitude to those Residents and local St Dunstaners at Ovingdean and all who contributed much time and energy to our cause. Thank you all. Ours was the only stand selling handicraft items. This, coupled with a practical demonstration of toy making, intrigued 'passers-by', who stopped to ask questions or to buy.

The main aim of our presence is to promote our name. To this end, several thousand sets of leaflets, carrier bags bearing our logo and stickers were bestowed on the visitors. For this, I am grateful to Stewart Harris, Mike Tetley, Ron Cattell and Ted and Beryl John, who gave their time. It is exacting, to spend a couple of two and a half hour sessions a day on your feet, in hot and noisy conditions, chatting to members of the public, distributing literature and carrying a collecting tin. Without our St Dunstaners' presence, our message would carry little weight.

Similar hours were given by members of the Public Relations department, Roberta Hazan and Margaret Habershon ably assisted by other Headquarter staff, Linda Hover, Andrew Harris and Dorothy Rose. From Ovingdean, Lenie Hinton helped with

# "Thank you for your Service"

Royal Tournament, July 9-20th, 1996

By Ray Hazan



*The Met gave Ted John more than a few coppers for St Dunstan's.*

the provision of sale items, and Jim Faithfull and Dave Vinall with the setting up of the stand.

Some £2684.46 of goods were sold. Our collecting tins raised £2697. This included a donation of £500 from the Metropolitan Police team at the Tournament. This was raised from a disco, swear box and their equivalent to our skiers' Stavely Award! It was fitting that Ted John, who had worked for over 33 years with the Police Service, should have accepted the gift on behalf of St Dunstan's. In addition, a member of the public thrust an envelope containing a cheque for £350 into Ted's hand. We decided it must have been the way he stood!

The comments made by the general public are often very moving. It is thanks to them that we St Dunstaners benefit and our organisation can carry out its work. In turn, they are grateful for the sacrifice made by St Dunstaners. Again, to the accompaniment of coins, said one gentleman, "Thank you for your Service to your country".



*Ron Cattell and a young volunteer collector.*

*Ray Hazan demonstrates toy making.*





# COMICS ARE CUT!

Ian Spence tells Simon Rogers why comics are no longer so funny

Imagine, a successful blind lawyer, seeking justice in the courts by day but using radically different methods by night. By donning a dark scarlet mask and converting his long cane into a cudgel, he swings like Tarzan through the crime-ridden streets.

This is the scenario behind *Daredevil, The Man Without Fear*, a cult comic for over 30 years, which was a firm favourite of Ian Spence before he became a St Dunstaner. For about 15 years Ian, from Hull, was an avid collector of comics, following the adventures of larger than life heroes such as *Judge Dredd*, *Conan the Barbarian* and *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*. A simple pleasure, but one now denied to him.

"I stopped collecting as my eyesight went," he said. "The thing about comics is that they are graphic, it was defeating the object at the end of the day. I suppose I went on buying them for a while and then suddenly thought 'Hang on! Why am I doing this? I can't get the enjoyment out of them any more'. It's one of those things..."

"I'm not bitter, there's no point, you have to take life as it comes and as one thing goes you have to find something else to replace it".

Ian served in the Royal Air Force as a Supplies Officer until the onset of multiple sclerosis which eroded his sight. "I have to say that I miss the social life, I had a lot of friends there. I don't live far away from my old base, but it is far enough to make going back awkward". Since becoming a St Dunstaner, Ian has been working for his local Disability Rights Advisory Service.

While he isn't collecting comics anymore, Ian admits to being in a quandary about what to do with those he already has. "I reckon my collection would stack to about 6ft. It's all bagged and in good condition, there are different grades, ranging from mint to good to poor, which affect the value.

"Some of the comics I have are worth £10-15 a piece, some have pre-decimal prices. They are all at my mother's house and she has threatened to throw them out. I've said that if she cares to give me the current market value for them, she is welcome to do so.

"I never bought comics as an investment, like all collectable things, the value can go down as well as up. I always bought them for the enjoyment.

"The comics I read were not like the *Beano* or *Dandy*, they looked at various social issues and there was always a degree of graphic art. The attraction was in a combination of things, like the story-lines and the way in which one thing led to another. It kept my interest."

Ian cites the adventures of Judge Dredd, a futuristic policeman who is arguably the last publishing success from the company that once produced the likes of *Lion*, *Tiger* and *Roy of the Rovers*.

"They once did a series in Judge Dredd called the *Judge Child Saga*. It concerned a hunt for a child who could predict the future but he was captured by the Angel Gang, the story had Dredd following them through the galaxy only to find that the Child was totally evil and malicious."



A scene from *Daredevil, The Man Without Fear*.

© Marvel Entertainment Group

Ian expresses a preference for American comics. "Maybe it's the Americans wanting everything bigger and better, but they always seemed better produced. I got into them when my sister's ex-boyfriend brought some round. I read one and thought 'Hey, I like this!'"

Ian says he is unaware of any irony in the fact that one of his old favourites, *Daredevil*,

featured a blind adventurer. He has accepted the onset of blindness as one of the vague cruelties of life and has determined to go on. The same cannot be said for Wally Wood, the artist who designed *Daredevil's* costume and drew some of his most famous adventures.

Blinded by a stroke, the artist took a revolver to his head and killed himself!

## MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD OF FUND RAISING

As mentioned in the August Review, we are undertaking a distribution of over half-a-million fund raising packs to members of the public throughout the autumn.

To date, we have distributed one hundred thousand packs. This has proved to be very successful, both in fund raising terms and publicity, judging by the number of letters we have received from members of the public in support of the work of St Dunstan's. I would especially like to thank all those St Dunstaners, St Dunstaner widows and all others associated with St Dunstan's who have supported the campaign with kind letters of appreciation or donations. I will, of course, keep you up to date with the progress of this distribution to the general public. In the meantime I include some excerpts from letters received by the Fund Raising Department:

*Letter received August 17th:*

"Thank you for the letter and leaflet - heartbreaking to read. We send this donation in memory of our son who did not return from the Falklands".

*Letter received August 18th:*

"I am a pensioner with just the basic state pension but please accept my donation (one pound). I am sorry that I cannot afford more but I will try and send another donation next month".

*Letter received August 18th:*

"I am very glad that St Dunstan's has got down to some serious fund raising at last!"

*Letter received August 20th:*

"Please find enclosed a donation from an ex-Royal Navy Electrical Mechanic who spent many months in 1943 under training at the St Dunstan's building at Ovingdean in Sussex. This building, together with its near neighbour, Roedean Girls School, was taken over by the Navy and became part of its Torpedo and Mining School under the name of HMS *Vernon (B)*. I have many memories of that lovely building and the freezing night watches on sentry duty. Best of luck".

*Letter received September 9th:*

"I was moved to read your letter, I grieve for those blinded for me. I think any other injury can be endured, but permanent darkness must be very hard. My dear husband was in the Royal Navy and I used to dread him being injured, now he is gone I still hold servicemen dear. I wish I could give more - it's just a widow's mite - but please ask again and I'll try to give. God Bless You All".

Despite an absence of over thirty years from fund raising, it is gratifying to report that many members of the public still hold St Dunstan's very close to their heart. There is no doubt that as we continue to distribute fund raising packs, the name of St Dunstan's will become, once again, widely known.

Pat Moore-Searson (Assistant Head of Fund Raising) and I look forward to meeting some of you during Remembrance Weekend when we will both be in attendance on the Sunday.

Neil Swan



# PEAK OF ACHIEVEMENT

## Don Planner tells how he became the first blindman to conquer Europe's premier mountain by climbing the classic ascent route



*Snow picnic! Don Planner and crew take a quick break on Mont Blanc.*

**T**he location was Chamonix in the French Alps. After over a year of planning, training and raising the necessary sponsorship, I was ready for my attempt at the ascent of Mont Blanc, Western Europe's highest mountain, standing at some 4807 metres (15,771ft).

I spent three days training in the use of crampons for ice climbing and rope work, essential for my safety whilst climbing the two main ridges to the summit and for crossing the glaciers that we were to encounter. I also had to be acclimatised to the cold and thin air associated with any high climb and a stay for two nights in high altitude mountain cabins.

On the morning of June 20th, I set off with my guide, Mark Seaton, and my back-up guide, Dave Ridley, by chairlift to the start of the climb to the Albert Premier Hut at 2800 metres. This part of the climb was reasonably easy, following a well-trodden path and using our well tried and tested extended 'broom handle' for guidance.

At 1800 metres we hit the snow line and the climbing became more severe and difficult. At 2500 metres I donned my crampons and took instructions from Mark on the different ways and methods of using them, not only for ascending but also descending snow covered slopes. A short period was also spent learning how to use the ice axe as a climbing aid. On

completion of this instruction, we continued our ascent, encountering a very steep ridge at about 2800 metres. By this time heavy rain and hailstone had started. After just over six hours we reached the Albert Premier Hut and a very welcome cup of tea!

After changing and resting, I was then instructed in rope work techniques before dinner, followed by an early night! However, there was a terrific storm and the following morning, although the barometer was continuing to fall, we put on our crampons, roped up and headed for our next climb across the glacier to another cabin in Switzerland at about 3200 metres.

*Snow waste! The majestic desolation of Don's Alpine trek.*



Following a three and a half hour climb, a snowstorm prevented us proceeding further and we had to turn around and head back towards Chamonix.

The following day became a rest day, which meant this would now be a four day climb to allow a further day for acclimatisation.

By the 23rd, the weather was looking good as we set off for what we hoped would be our finest hour. A cable car ride took us to join the Vehicular Railway and to the start of our climb to the Tete Rousse Cabin at 3100 metres. For the first three hours we had a nice steady climb up to about 2700 metres, continuing for the next three and a half hours in a snowstorm. We reached the cabin by early afternoon to a welcome hot meal and another early night.

That night about 40 centimetres of snow fell and the temperature dropped to minus 10, but we awoke to a bright sunny day. After breakfast we prepared ourselves for the next climb, to the Gouter Hut. We set out at





*Intrepid explorer Don.*

8.00am on a two hour steady plod to the end of the couloir, through the 40cm of fresh snow, which made the going a lot harder. By 10.15am we reached our destination.

The couloir is reputed to be one of the most dangerous places in the Alps, being a natural funnel created by the slopes of two peaks merging into one and connected by a ridge. In Winter this area is very heavily avalanched and in Summer there are a great number of rock falls, due to the glacier shifting.

To continue our ascent we had to cross the couloir as quickly as possible and to assist, a fixed steel cable has been put in place. A safety strap was clipped between the cable and our safety harness, enabling us to move across the 100 metre funnel.

Having successfully crossed the couloir unscathed, we had before us a five hour ridge to climb and scramble up before reaching the Gouter Hut, the highest hut in the Alps at 3950 metres. After only four hours, the altitude was beginning to take its toll and fatigue started to set in, but with a lot of encouragement, not only from Mark and Dave, but also a group from Yorkshire, who had also reached the Gouter Hut, I was spurred on to a very welcome beer, a meal and a very early night! We had to be up at

2.00am, have breakfast and be on our way within the hour.

We dressed in every bit of clothing we had as it was now minus 12 centigrade. At 3.00am, we were on our way, leaving behind any excess weight. The Yorkshire lads kindly led the way through the freshly fallen snow.

After three hours across the glacier, we reached the Valleas Refuge Hut, which is just a shelter in case of bad weather. The temperature had now dropped to minus 15, with the pressure also dropping. After a short rest and a bite to eat, we prepared ourselves for the final climb to the summit of 530 metres. The summit is made via the infamous Bosses Ridge, which is, in most places, only one and a half metres wide, with a drop on one side of about a thousand feet and on the other, about 6000 feet into Italy. Once again the cold and altitude started to tell, but Dave and Mark spurred me on and we staggered to the summit at 9.00am. Even though the temperature was now down to minus 25, the feeling between the three of us was euphoric and it will be something I shall never forget.

After a short period, bearing in mind it was so cold, we made our way back down to the Gouter when I realised that in a lot of cases, it was more difficult coming down than going up. Five hours later we were back at the Gouter Hut, extremely happy, but very cold and tired. We received a marvellous welcome from all the other climbers in the hut, as news had already reached them that we had succeeded.

According to the records and enquiries made, I am the first blind person to have climbed Mont Blanc by the first traditional route, and that evening we had a small celebration, not forgetting that the following day was to be another long day as we went all the way down to the Nid d'Aigle Tramway, via the Tete Rousse for lunch.

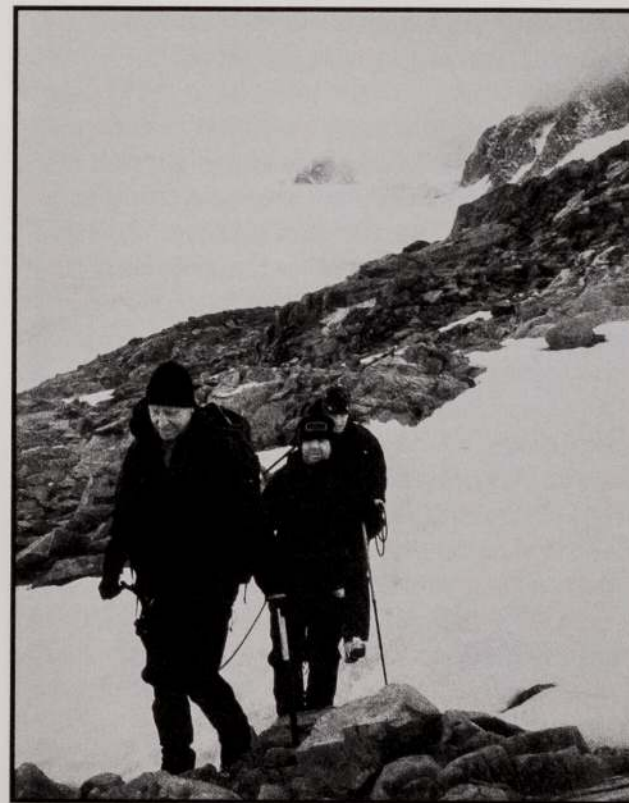
I would like to thank my wife, Sharon, for all her support in this venture. My thanks also go to all who kindly sponsored me, especially the National Westminster Bank.

On his return from France, Don was presented with a special plaque, to commemorate his achievements, by Bournemouth MP John Butterfill at the Wallisdown Conservative Club.

The Club Entertainments Secretary said "Don has done so much over the years, raising money for blind organisations through his participation in several marathons".

Further praise came when Don was named Humanitarian of the Year by the Bournemouth Regatta and Carnival Committee. President Adrian Fudge presented him with a special trophy at Westover Rowing Club. This award is nicknamed the "cup of kindness". The Committee Secretary explained: "It goes to someone who has gone out of their way to do something for others and the committee was particularly impressed by Don because he has overcome a disability himself to help others".

*Cold passage on Mont Blanc.*



**Voices and Echoes**

Author: *Joan Alexander*

Reader: Elizabeth de Silva

Duration: 10.25 hours

Catalogue No. 5196

There's no two ways about it chaps: when it comes to moaning, your average female puts men in the shade. This book for instance; written by a woman about the wives of the men in the Colonial Service, is a catalogue of complaints from start to finish. Over the decades, countless young ladies were allowed to join their husbands in the far-flung outposts of the British Empire. But were they grateful? Not a bit of it! From the very moment they stepped off the boat their selfish grumblings began. If the place wasn't too cold, it was too windy or too dangerous. In the town she was too busy, in the country, too lonely. Just read this book, gents, and you'll know there's no satisfying a woman. She complained if she couldn't get servants, but the moment she had a houseful, they were either lazy, crazy, couldn't cook, or were too expensive.

And that's another thing - money! Reading this book, you'd almost think the men of the Colonial Service were poorly paid! There's even one woman who says that she had to do without dresses so they could buy whisky "to entertain", but I ask you; is it likely?

All right, so they followed their men to places where they might be shot at, or have their babies stolen by cannibals. They may have given birth miles from civilisation, without doctors or medicines. But what did they want for goodness sake; didn't they realise that they were helping their husbands serve the Empire, and what's an occasional attack of black-water fever or a few bouts of malaria, compared with that?



**A moment to spare...**

**...with Sydney Scroggie**



*In her father's footsteps! Sydney greets his daughter, Mary, on This is Your Life in 1964.*

It's nice when your children take after you one way or another. In my case, Jamie has inherited his father's interest in books, Sydney in abstract thought, and Mary in the mountains which I, myself, can no longer climb, due to the progressive infirmity of old age.

Mind you, Jamie chummed me in the wilderness areas of Scotland in his day, Sydney in his, but it's only Mary who has got the hill thing so deeply embedded in her that it's quite obviously going to remain with her till the end of her life. Jamie and Sydney can take their hills or leave them, but with Mary, like her father before her, it's a consuming passion.

She stood in the snows of the Gochi La, a 16,500ft pass in the Himalayas, and that was a wonderful experience, but what makes her a genuine mountaineer is that she can get something of the same feeling on top of our local hill, the 1,492ft Craigowl, that she did that Himalayan day in the rarefied air of Sikkim. I know what it is to have stood on top of Mt. Columbia, the second highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, but would not swap my one hundred ascents of Craigowl for all the

Mt. Columbias in the world. Mary's now got a baby, Ruth Elisabeth Mayes, and this little scrap has already been on the Campsie Fells, a small hill also near Mary's home, and only the other day lay in her sling amongst the boulders at the foot of Red Craig, a cliff in Glen Clova, watching her mother and father tackle such rock-routes as the Flake and Parapet.

These climbs were pioneered by myself and friends in the days before the War, and this fact focuses the father/daughter thing to a point of exquisite delight. Mary and I can never be more at one than in this, that like myself, she knows what it is to fiddle about looking for a certain handhold, the one that gets you up the overhang on the Flake.

I'll be 86 in ten years time, Ruth Elisabeth Mayes, ten, and it's not impossible that in the year 2006 I may find myself amongst those boulders under Red Craig, my wife, Margaret, beside me, watching my young granddaughter follow her mother up the same flake, her father, Ken, up such other climbs as the Parapet, the 20-minute route, and the Three J's chimney. I won't personally be taking any part in these activities by then.



*Bully for you! Paul Walker tries his hand at hockey during sports day.*

# King of Camps

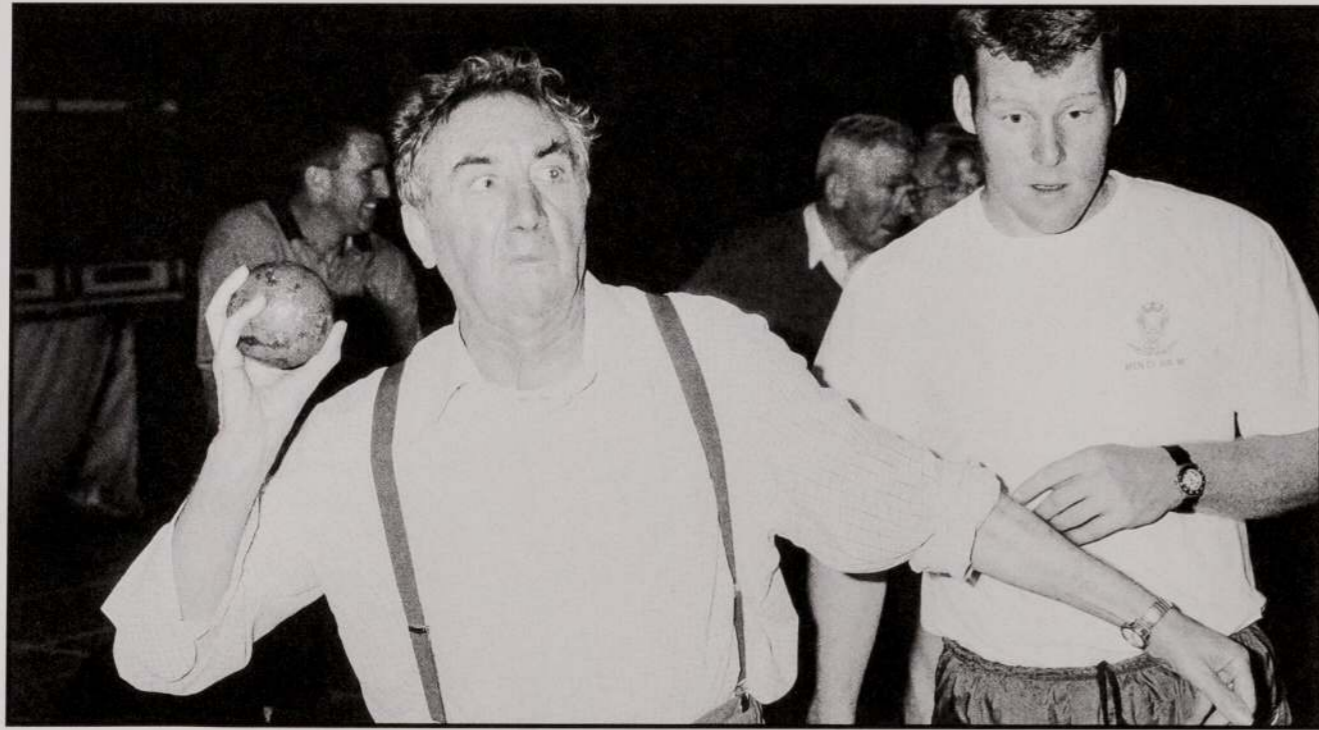
## Gary Lomas reports on the first summer camp to be held at HMS Sultan

**I**t was with some apprehension that we approached the gates of HMS *Sultan* this year - the high barbed wire topped fence looked somewhat forbidding and the complex of buildings vast. Would we ever find our way around, would there be any friends there, would we like them, would they like us? However, any apprehension about this year's camp being hosted by HMS *Sultan* was rapidly dispelled by the time we were unpacked and had our first meal in the majestic WO Mess (man-eating goldfish and all!). Having met friends and escorts, we were from then on in secure friendly company. HMS *Daedalus* was in

the past, not forgotten, but the hectic, truly enjoyable week at *Sultan* loomed ahead. It seemed that the only problem, if any, was going to be to keep Steve (Rambo) Nixon upright and Brian Lang sober! (I'm only joking Margaret!)

Saturday dawned rather overcast, but a perfect day for sailing on the Solent with our hosts the Gosport Sailing Club and our good friends Bob and Norah Sinclair. The sailors were entertained right royally and returned full of fresh air, bronzed and tired. Meanwhile, the archers were shooting on the sports field under the expert eye of





*Jim O'Donnell putting the shot with his 'dog', Chris Howard.*

Isobel and Chris Bourke and the Havant Archery Club. No complaints this year of low flying planes or high flying arrows.

A great games evening had been laid on in the Mess, an entirely new event for us. We were divided into teams of four, two mess members and two St Dunstaners or helpers, and competed against each other at badminton, skittles, darts, golf, hoopla and dominoes. One excellent idea allowed us to rest at the bar for five minutes with a free drink! The fun was fast and furious.

Sunday morning saw us all meeting in St Francis Church for the ecumenical service with the ship's company at which Ted John read the lesson and Elspeth Grant the prayers, in which she remembered our fellow campers who had died during the past year: Fred Sunderland, Joe Prendergast and 'Brush' Lovell Smith, Avis Spurway's son-in-law. We were then entertained by the Chaplain, Nick Woodcock to coffee. This was followed by a pleasant walk to the Wardroom where the Commander, David Pond, welcomed us most warmly in the magnificent reception hall and later to a delicious lunch. David's officers mingled with us and we made more

new friends. Ted John proposed a vote of thanks and he was followed by Steve Nixon who made a charming little speech which left many with damp eyes.

Monday morning woke us with the clap of thunder and a deluge but it soon cleared and after breakfast we heard that Commodore Malcolm Shirley was coming to welcome us in the Mess and to our surprise - and delight - we quaffed 'wobbly' coffee while he talked to us.

In view of the slippery grass following the deluge, we had our sports day in the splendid new gym where Martyn Webb and an ex- 'dog', Knocker White, who is now PTI at *Sultan*, had made up a most innovative course of events. It was voted later that we should do the same next year. The walk, however, took place outside, twice round the sports field with Arthur Carter setting off like a rabbit to be caught - almost - by the young gazelle - ME! Jim O'Donnell also managed to walk round the sports field - we are proud of them both.

Brian Lang triumphed as blind overall winner vis-à-vis Gary Lomas as winner for the partially sighted.

In the afternoon some of us spent time with *GAFIRS* - Gosport & Fareham Inshore Rescue Service - a wonderful group of volunteers who left their jobs for the afternoon specially to take us to sea in their rescue boats. Others enjoyed helicopter flights with the *SAR* - Search & Rescue flight - who at the time were being filmed for a documentary. Sadly, this year may be the last time they will be able to host us, as they may move to Shoreham next year.

The evening found us at a new venue - *HMS Excellent* on Whale Island where our Royal Marine members had a great time chatting to their serving counterparts.

On Tuesday we set off in what we now consider our own private yacht - *The Solent Enterprise* - for the Isle of Wight, which was preparing itself for Cowes Week and was looking most colourful with pennants and flags of every nation flying and the harbour filled with yachts of every size. Later in the week, we saw the Royal Yacht steaming up the Solent. At The Royal British Legion, our old friends Bonnie and Jimmy Higgins were waiting to greet us. Jimmy, now 83 and rather frail, had insisted on getting up to meet us and was in great form. Delighted to see us, he remembered many of us by name, quite a feat.

Home again, tired and full of sea air and, I should say, a tot of *Pusser's*, provided by Steve Adam and Jimmy Andrews wearing an outrageous tartan bonnet!

The evening tested our brains with a quiz night when we were again divided into teams with the Commodore and Commander bringing teams from the Wardroom. It was most testing, but we held our own and did not let our teams down.

The mystery car drive was planned for Wednesday morning and, once again, Peter Westbrook turned poet and made up clues which finally took us to the Conservative Club in Lee. Once there, we were welcomed by the Chairman, Ken Martin, and given lunch in their lovely garden which was ablaze with colour and the scent of flowers. A most pleasant interlude.

Back to *Sultan* where the Commodore was to give us a most interesting talk on *HMS Sultan* and its history. It is the largest military establishment in Europe and boasts facilities which are second to none, as we had already discovered. Following the closure of *HMS Daedalus* and *Manadon*, *Sultan* has assumed responsibility for all Marine and Air Engineering training. We were interested to hear that there were naval personnel from 19 different countries training at *Sultan*, which explained the many different languages we overheard.

The afternoon was spent playing leisurely games of bowls and flights with *SAR* again. In the evening, off we went to Haslar for a social evening where a most cheerful party was arranged for us with many of their staff joining in the fun.

*Steve Nixon throwing the medicine ball over the bar. He was aided by Chris Stilton.*





One of *Sultan's* proud possessions is an ancient steam lorry, lovingly restored by enthusiasts. We were taken for a smoky ride around the station - next year we have been promised a longer ride, perhaps to Stokes Bay or Lee-on-Solent. This was voted a very good idea. After this we all took off to *Fort Nelson* for another fascinating visit. The guides were magnificent and there was so much to learn, see and feel.

Thursday evening is, of course, the exciting one of the week when prize-giving takes place. The lounge was arranged in a circle round the stage and before we had supper there - to which both the Commodore and Commander came - we assembled on the lawn for our group photograph. We were joined for this by Major-General Andrew Keeling who had come specially to see Steve Nixon. It was good to see him and, of course, Steve was delighted. The Commodore presented the prizes to much applause with Marty Webb acting as usual compere. Bill Miller made a most moving speech of thanks to the Commodore, Commander and Ship's Company of HMS *Sultan*. He was followed by Trevor Tatchell with a gracious speech of thanks to the Mess President, WO Mick Cooke, the Trainers, Field Gun Crew and, of course, our faithful 'dogs'. This year there was a special prize for Most Caring 'Dog' and this went most deservedly to Chris Howard, Jim O'Donnell's 'dog'. His prize was a cuddly puppy bearing a label saying "When I grow up I want to be a Guide Dog". Well Chris certainly was and, as a result, Jim had a wonderful camp, made especially so when his brother and sister from Ireland arrived to visit him.

Friday was a quiet morning for packing and saying our goodbyes. Elspeth had a talk with us all as to our feelings about our first camp at *Sultan* and its future. Later we went to The Royal British Legion at Lee to see our old friends there and have an enjoyable lunch with lots of chat and jokes.

Finally, our last evening and farewell dance in the Mess to which many old friends came. It was a good evening and grand to be able to mingle with our new hosts, their families, and all our old friends.

Saturday morning had to dawn and sadly the end of a wonderful camp. Our hosts really went overboard to make our stay a happy one. Thank you Mel, Paul and all your team! You did a great job. Many thanks once again to the 'Dogs' and friends for incessant and effective companionship and assistance wherever required. The HMS *Sultan* Camp for St Dunstaners was a most true and utter triumph - minny, minnie loo!!

## SPORTS RESULTS 1996

### Archery

#### Partially Sighted

3rd	70 points	Reg Page
2nd	76 points	Eric Church
1st	104 points and two gold	Arthur Carter

#### Totally Blind

3rd	33 points and one gold	Jim O'Donnell
2nd	50 points	Joe Kibbler
1st	79 points	Tom Whitley

#### Novice

	45 points and one gold	Steve Nixon
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### Kath Riley Trophy for Mystery Car Drive

Reader	Steve Nixon
Driver	Chris Stilton
Navigator/Writer	Simon Francis

### The Walk

3rd	Bronze	Norman Walton
2nd	Silver	Gary Lomas
1st	Gold	Arthur Carter

### Charles Stafford Cup for Best Beginner

Steve Nixon

### Danny Deacon Veteran's Cup

Gary Lomas

### The Victor Ludorum

Partially Sighted	Gary Lomas	
Totally Blind	Brian Lang	Draw
	Trevor Tatchell	

### Football - Golden Penalties

Partially Sighted	Gary Lomas
Totally Blind	Trevor Tatchell

### Final Prize for the Most Caring 'Dog'

Petty Officer Chris Howard

Second prize in the 1996 Story Contest went to Doreen Thompson, wife of St Dunstaner Les Thompson. This is her version of events at Ovingdean Hall...

# AVARICE

by Socrates

They were seated around the library as Detective James and Sergeant Goode began the inquiry into the death of Lord Dunstan and the theft of the famous Raymond chandelier.

They were all in different stages of shock, the elderly butler Smithers, who had served the family since he was a boy, was pale and visibly trembling, the housekeeper, maids and cook looked apprehensive and nervous. The 20 year old twins sat close together, Christine's head on her brother's shoulder as she silently wept, he with his arm around her looking grim in his effort to control his emotion. Beside him sat the estate administrator, a tall handsome woman of about 40 years, who knew every nook and cranny of this ancient house and estate. She was composed, her immobile features expressionless. Then opposite her sat Major Carrington, war hero and friend of Lord Dunstan with whom he had served during the war. Lord Dunstan had been his commanding officer. Finally the beautiful debutante Margo Janson in pitiful disarray, hair dishevelled, face blotchy through crying and her blue dilated eyes fixed on the detective.

Detective James surveyed them all dispassionately before he began to speak.

"It is now three days since his Lordship's body was found by Mr Smithers, he had taken the nightly Camomile tea to the bedroom, then the library, then finally the lounge. The room was illuminated by standard and table lamps, he found his master leaning back in his arm-chair gazing up to the ceiling. We know that on receiving no response from his Lordship, Smithers put a gentle hand on his shoulder

and watched incredulously as the head fell forward and the body slithered on to the floor. On raising his head to see what Lord Dunstan was looking at, he saw that the chandelier was missing. He then saw the stain of blood which had stained the back of the chair and, realising that Lord Dunstan was dead, rang for us.

"During these last three days, the doctor's report and the results of the forensic tests have given us enough information to proceed with our investigations.

"Sergeant Goode and my men have made a thoroughly intensive scrutiny of the grounds, there is no evidence of forcible entry, no open windows, no footmarks in the soil near the house. Therefore we must conclude that this murder and theft has been perpetrated by someone in this room, with the help of a third person to assist in disconnecting the chandelier and removing it without any trace".

Everyone began nervously looking at each other, then Margo jumped to her feet. "It wasn't me", she cried. "I never heard a thing".

"Very true", said the detective. "For one thing your room is on the back of the house and you gave yourself a massive dose of drug, so you slept soundly, as verified by the maid who had difficulty in awaking you the following morning, she had also identified this as being yours". From the table he lifted a syringe. "We found it in here".

"But I didn't put it there", she wailed. "Quite so, but the thieves came prepared for all contingencies, not only this syringe, but



a rope or garrotte and a gun leaving nothing to chance". The syringe was replaced on the table and a tea-strainer and pepper-pot were uplifted. "Now we have established that the tea-strainer fell off Smithers' tray when he left the lounge after ringing us but this pepper-pot has us baffled". Christine sat up. "Where did you find that?" she exclaimed... "It was under the sofa over there", pointed the detective. Apologetically she smiled through her tears. "It must have rolled out of my bag when I was having a tussle with Christopher, my bag fell and burst open, everything rolled all over the place, I thought I had picked everything up". Shamefacedly, she continued, "I carry it around in case I am attacked, someone in my digs thought it was a good idea".

"Well that takes care of that", said the detective. "And now we come to the garrotte and the gun, no-one is going to claim those, however our investigations have narrowed our suspects down to two persons in this room with certainly one outsider".

Apart from Margo and Christine everyone else looked distinctly uncomfortable.

"Come now", said the major. "How could anyone here dismantle a chandelier of that size without someone hearing a noise, and the gun, would no one hear the shot?"

"Quite ridiculous", exclaimed Anna. "Even if someone here shot his Lordship and made off with the chandelier, you say there are no foot prints outside the house, so where on earth can it be?"

"Perhaps the twins can enlighten us", suggested the major, "after all Christopher is the heir to all this".

Christopher rose to his feet, scarlet with rage. "You must be mad", he shouted. "Remove the Raymond chandelier, one of the most valuable and priceless treasures in this house, why should I want to do that?"

"Because", murmured Anna, "His Lordship always kept you both short of money, isn't that a good enough reason?"

"For that matter", replied Christopher heatedly, "what about the scrounging major always dropping in for a few weeks at dad's expense and we know he hated dad... AND we know why. The major was a subaltern in charge of the mess finances and when there was a deficit, dad covered up for him, he was then transferred to another regiment. After the war it made no difference to dad, he felt sorry for the major and gave him leave to come and go as he pleased".

"You retract all that young Christopher or I'll knock your head off", bellowed the major.

"Gentlemen", interjected the detective, "please calm down and allow us to proceed".

Reluctantly they both sat down and gave the detective their attention.

"Now, as I have said, my men have thoroughly searched the entire estate and neighbourhood and have discovered the body of a young man killed with a knife and buried in a ditch about a half mile from this house, we believe that he was the third party to this crime and had to be silenced. Whilst searching in this area they came across an adit cleverly camouflaged, on entering the aperture they found they were in a passage which opened at one point into a cavern. This at some time had been recently occupied as there was a small table, a chair and an oil lamp. On the table lay the chandelier, intact. We believe that the intention was to wait until the hue and cry died down, then the chandelier would be quietly removed and probably sold".

"I never knew of this passage", said Christopher. "Where did it lead to?"

"Ah! Now we come to the clever part", said Detective James. "A secret panel in the lounge opens to this passage. It must have been used as an escape route, possibly in the times of Cromwell. It must have been so easy for the chandelier to be passed through to someone standing inside the passage. I do not think there was any intent to murder at that point but unfortunately Lord Dunstan interrupted their nefarious

plot. As he entered the room he was grabbed, forced into the chair and an injection of dope given to silence him. The young man then produced the rope and placed it around the neck to strangle his victim. When he was told there wasn't time for that, he threw it down and stood aside while the leader in this crime drew a gun and shot Lord Dunstan. In his haste to get away, the gun, rope and syringe were carelessly left behind, as you see here they are. The gun is a very neat automatic with silencer, bought, I imagine, recently from an American".

He looked at the group who were staring at him in bewilderment. Then turning to the major, he said "Major Carrington, I arrest you for the murders of Lord Dunstan and Harry White and anything you say will be taken down in evidence". Then turning to Anna Coluthon, "And you are arrested as accessory to this crime".

"You have no proof of this", they shouted in unison. "Oh yes! I think we have enough to send you for trial. We took the major's boots for examination, the soles were imbedded with the red soil from the passage and one of his missing jacket buttons was found beside the chandelier".

"You fool", cried Anna. "I told you it would never work but you were so insistent, the millions of dollars from your American was to help us get married, what a price to pay!"

"Miss Coluthon, had you not been so infatuated with this man, and had you not known of this secret passage his Lordship would be alive today as would the young electrician".

The major looked wildly around and turning made a dash for the door only to be stopped by two burly police officers who handcuffed him and led him away. Anna followed weeping bitterly. The chandelier was then brought into the room and the new young Lord Dunstan looked at it, thanked the officers for their diligent work in solving the mystery then said "Such a beautiful thing, but what a price to pay for avarice".

## Welcome to St Dunstan's

We welcome the following new St Dunstaner and hope he will settle down happily as a member of our family.

Jeremy (Jed) Sellwood of Bishopton, Renfrewshire became a St Dunstaner on August 7th. Mr Sellwood, now aged 34, joined the Royal Air Force in 1980 and became an RAF Police Corporal. Whilst assisting the German civil police in 1987, he received severe injuries which have rendered him totally blind. He was transferred from the RAF hospital Wroughton in 1988 to Ovingdean where he underwent training in mobility and keyboard skills. Shortly afterwards, he was discharged from the RAF.

## CLUB NEWS

### ARCHERY



Photo: Gwen Bradshaw

### Bullseye! St Dunstan's Archers in Devon

A return visit to Lyneakres was as if we had never left it. Deep in Devon countryside, the archery camp nestled snug in its bed of soft billowing clouds of green, this heavenly backdrop was laced with a host of wild orchids and other blooms. Alan Holden, the orchid man, was beside himself with excitement on discovering a rare specimen.

Our gourmet chef and host Dave Moss came up with his usual variety of exotic dishes. The 'mmms' and 'aahs' that came from us as



we made headway through the generous portions must have been music to the ears of the chef.

We transferred ourselves each evening from dining chairs to lounge easy ones and this became a signal for four white socks to fly through the air and clatter upon Sue Lilley. Before she could recover, Sue's face was thoroughly washed with a soppy wet tongue. Both socks and tongue were attached to a four month old bull terrier bitch who, believe it or not, was called Socks.

Midway through the week we took a day off from archery and became tourists. Our first port of call was the Dartington Crystal Works in Torrington. From a gantry above the workings, we watched scantily dressed craftsmen take white hot dollops of crystal from the furnaces then work it into shape, it was all very interesting but too hot on a warm day. A welcome drink, a sandwich, then it was mount up and a few miles to Great Torrington and the Rosemore Gardens. On this still warm day the combined scent from thousands of roses, other flowering plants, herbs and fruit hung heavily over this vast complex. Two hours later and still covering new ground, our feet decided enough was enough and shuffled back to the cars and so home to base. Dave and Sally had cooked up something special for dinner, we were not disappointed.

A new addition to the archery range were targets on trolleys which proved to be a very good idea. We shot four trophies throughout the weekend with these results:

#### **The Dacre Trophy**

1st Bert Wood  
2nd John Lilley

#### **Curly Wagstaff Trophy**

1st Bert Wood  
2nd Eric Bradshaw

#### **RUC Pairs Trophy**

Winners Norman Perry & Bert Wood

#### **George Hudson Cup**

1st Norman Perry  
2nd John Lilley

Many thanks to our lady drivers, Sue, Pam, and local yokel, Liz E. Andrews for shunting us around the country.

**Bert Wood**

### **BRIDGE**

#### **Pairs Competition Results**

##### **APRIL**

1st Reg Goding & Fay Andrews  
2nd Maurice & Jean Douse

##### **JUNE**

1st Wally & Pam Lethbridge  
2nd Julian & Margaret Stevens

On June 22nd, we played our annual match against the Sussex County Masters, three teams of four. It was a quiet, easy and very pleasant game. At the end, Tom Bradley, Sussex County Chairman, presented St Dunstan's with the cup. At the same time all our players were given a bottle of sherry.

Their top four and our top four were given a prize each, then everyone got together over a nice tea provided by the club. Well done, everyone!

**Reg Goding**

## **FAMILY NEWS**

### **BIRTHS**

#### **Congratulations on the birth of:**

Isobel Shepherd on March 25th. She is the granddaughter of Mrs Patricia Downes of Bristol, widow of *Dennis Downes*.

Emily Dean on April 30th. She is the first grandchild of *Alan and Pat Dean* of Melville, Western Australia.

Fiona Jane on May 6th. She is the great granddaughter of *Edward Stebbing* of Long Melford, Suffolk.

Abby Rose Robinson on June 1st. She is the great granddaughter of Mrs Rose Lee of Merton Park, London, widow of *Henry Lee*.

Leeanne on July 6th. She is the great granddaughter of *Wilf and May Evans* of Hardwicke, Gloucester.

Christopher Callahan on July 22nd. He is the grandson of Mrs Muriel Newton of Lees, Oldham, widow of *Roy Newton*.

Paige Chloe Patrick on July 30th. She is the granddaughter of *Frank and Doris Madgwick* of Crawley, West Sussex.

Natalie Turner on August 21st. She is the granddaughter of *Dave and Brenda Thomas* of Haywards Heath, West Sussex.

### **WEDDINGS**

#### **Congratulations to:**

Sean and Erica Galway on July 13th. Sean is the grandson of *Fred and Elsie Galway* of Sandbach, Cheshire.

*Ian and Valerie Millard* of Norwich, Norfolk on August 31st.

### **SILVER ANNIVERSARY**

#### **Congratulations to:**

*Alan and Margaret Naylor* of Tuxford, Nottinghamshire on August 14th.

### **RUBY ANNIVERSARIES**

#### **Congratulations to:**

*Alex and Phyllis Nesbitt* of Teignmouth, Devon on July 28th.

*Brian and Ruth Chandler* of Coventry, Warwickshire on July 30th.

*Alan and Brenda Duffy* of Plymouth, Devon on August 11th.

### **GOLDEN ANNIVERSARIES**

#### **Congratulations to:**

*Leslie and Bertha Shvemar* of Ontario, Canada on June 16th. They celebrated by taking the families of both their daughters on a two week visit to Israel.

*Charles and Agnes Coston* of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire on July 20th.

*Ken and Mary Walker* of Sutton Scotney, Winchester on July 21st.

*Jack and Beti Chappell* of Saltdean on July 27th.

*Bill and Bunty Morris* of Southbourne, Bournemouth on July 27th.

*Joe and Florence Foster* of South Ockendon, Essex on August 1st.

*Shary and Laal Beck* of Oxford on August 10th.

*Cecil and Dorothy Wilson* of Southwell, Nottinghamshire on August 10th.

*Alf and Lily Hall* of St Athan, nr Barry on August 24th.

*Frank and Win Smith* of Sutton, Surrey on August 30th.

*Vic and Mary Davies* of Braunton, Devon on September 14th.

*John and Audrey Perfect* of Yealmpton, Devon on September 14th.

*Tom and Nancey Taylor* of Leyland, Preston on September 14th.

### **SPECIAL ANNIVERSARIES**

#### **Congratulations to:**

*Mark and Dot Kingsnorth* of Tunbridge Wells, Kent who celebrated 62 years of married life on August 4th.

*Sydney and Marie Whiting* of Ashford, Middlesex who celebrated 65 years of marriage on September 12th.

### **ACHIEVEMENTS**

#### **Congratulations to:**

*Richard Bingley* of Newton Abott, Devon on winning first prize in the local heat of the Britain in Bloom competition. For the previous nine years, he has come second.

Mrs Louisa Bice of Wimborne, Dorset was highly commended in the West Moors heat of the Britain in Bloom competition. She is the widow of *Tommy Bice*.

Guy Hart who recently graduated in aeronautical engineering at Manchester University. Having earned his pilot's licence at the age of 17, he now has his sights on a career in the RAF and will be studying at Cranwell. Guy is the grandson of *Tom Hart* of Sandwich Kent.



## DEATHS

**We regret to announce the death of:**  
George Tatler in May. He was the brother of  
Mrs Doreen Mantle of Selsdon, Surrey,  
widow of *Horace Mantle*.

Mrs Gladys Stebbing on May 21st. She was  
the wife of *Edward Stebbing* of Long  
Melford, Suffolk.

Mrs Emily Pettipher of Bedworth,  
Warwickshire on July 20th. She was the  
widow of *Reginald Pettipher*.

Mrs Dorothy Stent of Sompting, Lancing on  
July 26th. She was the widow of *Enie Stent*.

Michael O'Brien on August 2nd. He was  
the brother-in-law of *Tom Hart* of  
Sandwich, Kent.

**Our sympathy goes to their families  
and friends.**

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## 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.**

### **Derek Cribben,**

*Royal Corps of Signals*

Derek Cribben of Leigh, Lancashire died on  
August 1st, aged 82. He enlisted in the  
Royal Corps of Signals in September 1940.  
Taken prisoner in Singapore in February  
1942, he was forced to work on the Bangkok-  
Burma Railway. He was discharged from  
the Army in August 1946 and although he  
became a borderline St Dunstaner a year  
later, he was able to work as a library  
attendant. However, the privations he had  
suffered during captivity eventually caused  
the loss of his sight, as well as a  
deterioration in his general health and he  
became a full St Dunstaner in 1973. Mr  
Cribben enjoyed a quiet and contented life,  
pottering in his garden and greenhouse

until the death of his wife, Winnie in 1990.  
Although he never truly recovered from her  
loss, he managed to look after himself at  
home until the beginning of last year. Our  
sympathy goes to his nieces, Patricia,  
Teresa and Rita McDonough, his sister, Mrs  
Dorothy Knight, and all other members of  
the family.

### **Joseph Dalton,**

*Royal Army Service Corps*

Joseph Dalton of Newcastle upon Tyne died  
on August 7th, aged 85. He had joined the  
Royal Army Service Corps in April 1941  
and was posted to North Africa. He was  
wounded in April 1943 when his truck drove  
over a landmine in Tunisia. He suffered  
damage to both eyes. Sent back to the UK,  
he went to St Dunstan's at Church Stretton  
where, after treatment, there was sufficient  
improvement for him to be discharged from  
our care. Mr Dalton left the Army in  
October 1943 and moved to Newcastle  
where he followed employment as a  
maintenance man and porter with the local  
Council. Following the loss of his remaining  
sight, he became a St Dunstaner in  
November 1990. Our sympathy goes to his  
wife, Hannah, nephew, Ken Allen, and all  
members of the family.

### **Emily McClarnan,**

*Royal Ordnance*

Emily McClarnan of Poulton-le-Fylde, near  
Blackpool died on August 23rd, aged 80.  
She had been a St Dunstaner since June  
1942. Mrs McClarnan was working in  
munitions at the Royal Ordnance Factory,  
Chorley when she was wounded by an  
explosion in October 1940 suffering not  
only damage to her sight but injuries to the  
fingers of both hands. After training at  
Church Stretton, she took up life again as a  
housewife and became the mother of three  
children. Although her health was  
sometimes rather frail, she was a most  
capable lady and managed very well. Her  
husband, Ronnie, died in 1980. Our  
sympathy goes to her son, Peter, daughters,  
Marjorie and Maureen, sister, Madge Pratt,  
and all members of the family.