

St Dunstan's Review

October 1997



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COUNTRY

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Cover picture: Ray Hazan
thanks a young St Dunstan's
supporter, Lucy Lloyd-Jones,
at The Royal Tournament.
More details on page 12.

From the Chairman



This month I want to talk to you about Area Reunions. The 1997 season has now ended and thanks to the staunch work by Peter Marshall, the Welfare Visitors and the Estates Staff I think it has been a success - though in several places only just. In two months' time a start will need to be made on bookings for next year.

The recent trend of these Reunions has been towards smaller gatherings (with less formality and greater intimacy) but more of them (reducing travelling time, expense and fatigue). On the whole this has worked but, as evidenced by this year's figures, the stage has now been reached where some of the Reunions have become so small that they are scarcely viable. We cannot be too precise about what is a viable minimum but as a generalisation a mix of St Dunstaners and widows (excluding escorts) of 18 is about the low limit. And of course we are all getting older and the effort of travelling some distance simply to have lunch with others who, for geographical reasons, are perhaps not our closest friends may no longer appear quite so worthwhile. On the other hand it is a major way of keeping in touch with other St Dunstaners and widows.

Of course the big gatherings like Remembrance Day will continue as will the Prisoners of War, the Handless, the Ladies' and the various Club/Activity events at Ovingdean. And we will continue with existing-style Area Reunions, combining smaller ones when appropriate and reconsidering those insufficiently supported when necessary, for as long as you want them.

What do you think? Please write to Peter Marshall at HQ with your ideas before the end of November. On this occasion your letters will not be answered but full account will be taken of your views.



NOTICE BOARD



RETIREMENT AND ELECTION TO ST DUNSTAN'S COUNCIL

Mr Dennis Cadman, CBE, retired from the Council of St Dunstan's in May this year. He joined the Council as The Royal British Legion representative on July 19th, 1974. He has attended many Reunions and functions over the past 23 years and we are grateful for his work on our behalf.

Mr Graham Downing, Chairman of The Royal British Legion was elected to St Dunstan's Council on July 30th, 1997.

Mr John Walbrugh was also elected to Council on July 30th, 1997. John became a St Dunstaner in 1950 as a result of gunshot wounds received whilst serving with the South African Artillery in Italy.

NEW DATES FOR MASONS

The next meeting of St Dunstan's Masonic Group has been rearranged for the weekend of April 26-27th, 1998.

Ron Freer
Secretary
St Dunstan's Masonic Group

FREE TELEPHONE CONVERSION

British Telecom has announced that it will continue to convert old style telephone connections to new style sockets free of charge if the customer is blind or otherwise disabled. The offer includes existing extensions and additional bells. Details can be obtained by calling 150, free of charge.

RETURN OF THE GLC?

The Government is seeking ideas and comments for a successor to the GLC. *New Leadership for London: The Government's proposals for a Greater London Authority* outlines current proposals for a new elected body. A summary of this consultation paper is available in braille, large print or on cassette. Copies can be obtained by telephoning 0845 305 1030. The full text of the Green Paper is available free on the Internet at:
<http://www.open.gov.uk/doe/lginfo/index.htm>.

RADIO REMINDER

The next meeting of St Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society will be held at St Dunstan's Ovingdean on October 10th-12th.

POSTAL CODE

The Royal Mail's Code of Practice - *Our Service Standards* - is now available on tape. The tape provides full information on Royal Mail services - and what to do if something goes wrong, including how to claim compensation.

The tape can be ordered from Master Transcriptions on 01892 516157.

1998 STORY WRITING COMPETITION

We propose a theme which will hopefully warm the blood during the long winter evenings to come. The subject for the competition is: 'A War-time Romance'. Your story may be based upon fact or fiction, but should be printable!

Entries must not exceed 1500 words and should not have been previously published. Your submission must be typewritten, double spaced and have the number of words indicated at the bottom. Only one entry per person is permitted.

Please write under a nom de plume and enclose the title of your story, your real identity and your nom de plume on a sheet of paper. Seal this is an envelope and write your nom de plume on the front. This will not be opened until after the story has been judged so as to preserve fairness.

The competition is open to St Dunstaners, wives, husbands, widows and widowers. There will be five prizes: 1st £60, 2nd £25 and three runner-up prizes of £5. The best two judged entries will be published in the *Review*.

Entries, which should arrive by Thursday, April 30th 1998 should be addressed to: Story Writing Competition, *St Dunstan's Review*, 12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.

WHAT'S THE NEXT STATION

Do you travel by train, either Intercity, suburban, underground or light railway? If you do, then you may be able to help RNIB influence the parts of the Disability Discrimination Act relating to transport.

RNIB argued throughout the passage of the DDA through Parliament that announcements on trains were vital to enable blind and partially sighted people to use public transport independently. They were stunned to find that the proposed regulations governing transport and the DDA did not include anything which would make it a legal requirement to have the facility for spoken word announcements on newly built vehicles or to ensure that the facility, if present, was used.

To tackle this, the Joint Mobility Unit (run by RNIB and Guide Dogs for the Blind Association) and RNIB's Public Policy team are collecting evidence to influence the regulations when they come out for consultation in the Autumn. They will argue that announcements on trains about the next stop, or on stations about next trains, are essential. Even now most up-to-date trains have facilities for announcements, but it is left up to the driver/guard to decide whether they are used.

What is your experience of announcements on trains and station platforms? How does the availability of

such information affect your journey? Is it stressful if you can't rely on these announcements and have you ever been in danger because there were no announcements? Does the lack of announcements stop you from travelling?

If you have experiences which you would like to share, please contact the RNIB campaigns hotline. RNIB has already collected a large number of examples which were used in a report to the Department of Transport and in correspondence with Glenda Jackson MP, Under Secretary of State for the Environment and Transport.

If you want to share experiences with the RNIB, then call the Campaigns Hotline on 0171 388 5815.

HOSPITAL LEADS THE WAY

A revolutionary wayfinding system has been installed at Queen Mary's Hospital, Sidcup, Kent in August. It is the first hospital in the country to install REACT - an audio system which guides blind and partially sighted people to the hospital's main reception. Once at the desk, volunteers guide patients or visitors to the appropriate area. Queen Mary's Hospital covers the boroughs of Dartford, Greenwich, Bromley and Bexley. The system has also been installed in Bexley Library and Civic Offices and is undergoing a six month trial at Golders Green tube station.

You can byte off more than you can chew

Blind and partially sighted computer users may have more problems or need more help than sighted people, simply because of the more complicated technology they need to use. But, most importantly, this help is available.

There are more than 220 RNIB Computer Volunteers throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. The scheme was started in 1993, primarily to install and maintain the Electronic Newspaper system - but in response to requests for assistance for all visually impaired home computer users.

Volunteers are often asked to help with a whole range of problems. Some recent examples include memory and file management, software installations and upgrades, faulty hardware (printers, braille embossers), memory or interrupt clashes, communications port settings - and generally

discovering why someone's computer has given up on them.

More people are wanting modems installed so they can go on the Internet. Visually impaired people are beginning to access the Internet successfully using Windows-based browsers such as Netscape and Microsoft Internet Explorer. The main problem seems to be getting the modem and communication software working together - and a volunteer can come in handy at this point.

So if you or someone you know has a computer problem, and it is not employment related or training, contact Gael Wright, Co-ordinator of RNIB Computer Volunteers, on 0171 388 1266. There is no charge for the service (though a cup of tea might be appreciated!), and there is no limit to the number of requests for assistance.

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Message from Head of Fund Raising

As mentioned in the August *Review*, April, May and June saw the beginning of our distribution of fund raising packs to the general public. We have now recruited over 32,000 supporters and hope to triple this number by the end of the year.

Despite receiving a number of substantial donations for 100's of pounds (over 50), most donations are in the £1 - £5 range and it is clear that in most cases these amounts are more than the donor can really afford. I cannot stress strongly enough the depth of feeling for St Dunstaners found amongst the general public. This is demonstrated by the following note received with a donation:

"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."

As I write, we have just recommenced the distribution of fund raising packs which will now continue until the end of the year. As always, I would like to remind you that they are distributed to all addresses in certain post code areas. If you happen to live in one of those areas, please be assured that we are not asking you for a donation!

On a number of occasions, I am asked what happens to the money that is donated to St Dunstan's. The vast majority goes towards the provision of care of those who live in the community paying for grants and special items. Occasionally, the donor expresses a wish that their money is used for a specific cause. Examples of this are:

- money given for the improvement of facilities at Ovingdean. In particular, the refurbishment of the first floor fuselage accommodation which will include en suite bathrooms. These improvements will be for the benefit of all, as the first floor fuselage will be used for social, occupational and respite care breaks.
- the provision of aids and equipment to St Dunstaners throughout the country, for such things as lifter chairs, special beds, speech synthesisers, braille equipment, Aquability baths, wheelchairs, hoists, computer scanners, provision of care of St Dunstaners in certain areas of the country ... the list goes on and on ...

For those of you who are participating in the Remembrance Day Parade at the Cenotaph I look forward to meeting you then.

Neil Swan

CAPITALS IN BRITISH BRAILLE

by Terry Walker

Two leaflets are now available from the RNIB:

- 1 *CAPITALS IN BRITISH BRAILLE*. This leaflet is mainly directed towards the needs of transcribers and proof readers.
- 2 *Capitals in British Braille, A Guide For Braille Readers*.

The purpose of the leaflets is to set out the braille rules to be used in the UK.

In brief, the dot 6 is used to indicate a capital letter, laid out in 3 configurations. One, two or three dot 6's immediately in front of the letter, initial contraction or word.

Single dot 6 - next letter is capital. Double dot 6 -

the following word is all capitals. Three dot 6 - the following passage contains initial capitals for every word. A terminator symbol of dots 6 & 3 is placed after the last word to be capitalized.

The rules tend to become involved where punctuation, emphasis and print symbols occur. It is this area where further consideration is required. Nevertheless, the use of dot 6 by both readers and writers is encouraged as an introductory period. British braille however is not yet carrying the full rules for this exercise.

GOOD TURN ON WINDMILL WALK

On July 13th, Ray Sheriff together with his escort, Jim Wild completed 43km on the Rottingdean Windmill Walks and Marathon.

Life and Times of Ovingdean

by Margaret Bingham and Ron Cattell



Stan presents a cheque to the FEPoW Association.

As we are all aware there are many people who achieve greatness in their lives in one form or another. Politicians such as the late Lord Fraser who, himself being war blinded, was our Chairman for a good many years and also a well loved MP. In all walks of life we find

people who, through their own achievements, have stood out amongst their fellows. Here in St Dunstan's there are many such people who have reached the peak in their own selected sport.

Mike Tetley and Reg Perrin, mountain climbers; Alf Walters, Ron Cattell and others who are accomplished marathon swimmers; Phil Duffee and the late Joe Prendergast, who did so much for all blind archers; and the late Vi Delaney, who was such a versatile sportswoman. The list is endless.

Now we have another name to add to the list, Stan Grimsey, who did a gruelling 12km on the Rottingdean Windmill Walk. He was accompanied by members of the nursing staff, Glynis Vernon and Maeve Billion and raised £356 in sponsorship for the Far East Prisoners of War Association. Well done, Stan!



Les Copeland and Marilyn Baker accept a generous donation to the cause.

There has been quite a variety of activities this summer. Tea dances at Hove, shopping trips at Eastbourne and Royal Tunbridge Wells, and a visit to the Royal Tournament at Earls Court in London.

There was also a cadet tattoo at the fort in Newhaven where a

cheque for £400 was handed over to Les Copeland on behalf of St Dunstan's. We are indebted to the port authority for their kind generosity.

One afternoon, we had the pleasure of being joined by the Kent Association for the Blind at a tea dance. Jesse and Marjorie Mills accompanied them. They were a friendly party and enjoyed the visit immensely.



Like Rambo, Gunner Margaret is in a philosophical mood.

During July, a trip to a War and Peace show at Ardingly proved to be of great interest. There were exhibits of military vehicles of the last 70 years or so with a preponderance of USA types and hundreds of uniformed people mingling with the crowds.

A visit to Uckfield to listen to the South Downs Youth Concert Band was most enjoyable. There have been garden fetes at both Rottingdean and Falmer. A Twenties music cocktail party was scheduled with the venue being at the beach hut, but unfortunately the weather turned nasty, therefore it was held in the lounge. It was enjoyable, especially the Pimm's!

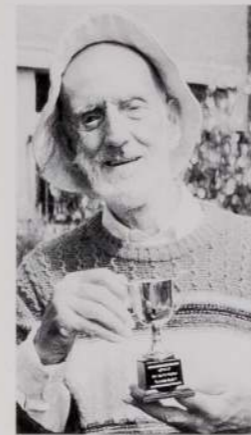
The Volunteers' Dance, held in the ballroom in the annexe, was well patronised both by St Dunstaners and volunteers. Music was provided by a live band who kept the dancing going at a steady pace, followed by a buffet provided by PBK to their usual high standard. A raffle ended the evening. A further evening is greatly anticipated.

The music and movement with Grant and other members of the gym team is popular and usually well attended, as is the Games evening. (All our in-house activities, whether it be in the gym, workshop, outings, etc have been somewhat disorganised by staff and New Independent Training).

A picnic at the Jack and Jill windmills was enjoyable, as was a guided tour of the Royal Pavilion. Our guide, Jackie, described all the artefacts so vividly and gave us such a wealth of information about the Pavilion and its association with royalty from 1785 to 1850. Then Queen Victoria, who felt Brighton was far too crowded, sold the Pavilion to the local authority having first stripped the building of all its fittings and furniture (all since returned and restored).

TAILPIECE

Overheard in the workshop: A St Dunstaner explaining to a visitor about the bird house he was making. "... And this," he said pointing to the perch "is where the little birds sit to prune themselves."



SPORTING ACHIEVEMENT

Stan Tutton walked off with a winner when he took part in the 3km walk at the 21st Metro Sports Day in June. He was awarded the Roy Smith Trophy for achievement in the Totally Blind section.

Stan was escorted by Ray Gould, a former member of St Dunstan's staff.

PARTY TIME by Ray Hazan



Susan Harrison presents Dr Neil McDonald with a silver framed portrait of Lord Fraser.

St Dunstan's Ovingdean was buzzing with excitement on the afternoon of Saturday August 30th as preparations were made for a party. Staff delighted over their First War period VAD costumes - long dresses and apron, hats and Red Cross badges. PBK had bedecked the dining-room with bunting. Photographic exhibitions were being mounted and computers wheeled into the lounge. The occasion was the 100th anniversary commemoration of the birth of Lord Fraser.

Guest of honour was Lord Fraser's grandson, and Member of our Council, Dr Neil McDonald. Our President, Chairman, Council Members Captain Gordon-Lennox and Major-General Keeling, and Susan Harrison, General Manager of Ovingdean were also there to greet several guests including the Mayor of Brighton & Hove, Cllr Betty Walshe and the Mayor of Lewes, Cllr Maureen Messer.

In his address, Dr McDonald brought greetings and gratitude from the family in South Africa. "Lord Fraser was very sentimental and a lover of occasions. He would very much have appreciated today's gathering." Special welcome was also given to 'Little Ruby', Mrs Ruby Crane, who as a girl of three had led Fraser's 'blinded soldier friends' around Regent's Park.



Dr Neil McDonald presents St Dunstan's long-time friend, Ruby Crane with a flower arrangement.

One hundred balloons were released by Dr McDonald, each with an address attached. The owner of the card travelling the furthest will receive a bottle of champagne! The Dave Master's Big Band played, cream teas were served, followed by a special dinner for the Residents. The day concluded with a performance by a Barber-shop Quartet.

Congratulations to Patsy Wardill, who was responsible for organising the day, and to Mike Hordell, who had the unenviable task of rescuing the marquee at four o'clock in the morning from an attempted robbery by gale-force winds!



One hundred balloons, red white and blue, are released to the mercy of the elements.

DIP FIT GRANT

Congratulations to Grant Cooper, Sports & Leisure Supervisor at St Dunstan's Ovingdean on passing his Diploma in Fitness and Nutrition. Three years hard work successfully completed.

WARMINSTER WEEKEND CAMP

July 10th-14th

by Terry Walker

There were new faces this year at Warminster, though Bill Allen who by now is an old stager having clocked up 29 camps to date, is very pleased in that he now stands equal to Reg Goding. Reg, unfortunately had unavoidable commitments this year. You missed an excellent camp, Reg.

Arriving on Thursday, Ron Silverthorne, our driver, handed us over to Richard Yates and members of the Warminster Rotary Club. Being four o'clock, they provided teas and a light snack!

Accommodation was made available by RSM 'Burt' Burton and members of the Sergeants' Mess at the Army Training Centre Warminster. This service was first class, without which the event would not be possible.

Richard Yates, who has organised the St Dunstan's camps for 15 years, leads his team of volunteers from Rotary (and their wives). The gentlemen of Rotary worked in shifts to provide constant assistance throughout each night, thus making things easier for the remaining Sergeants. (Most of the other Sergeants were away on holiday and we were in their rooms!).

Settled in, we were escorted across to the Mess at 7.30pm for an evening meal provided by the Rotarians. Eddie Johnson making the speech of thanks, after which our feet never seemed to touch the ground for the rest of the time.

Friday: A visit to the Royal Fleet Air Arm Museum at Yeovilton, with access to special areas and hands on experience all the way. Our guide was the Chairman of the Museum's League of Friends. I have a feeling that Brian Lang and Johnny Whitcombe enjoyed their journey across the simulated deck of HMS *Ark Royal* just as a Phantom Jet took off. Jed Sellwood enjoyed the visit, he told me he was used to meeting these planes in quieter circumstances, "Miles away, across the other side of the airfield!"

The evening saw us as guests of the Warminster Royal British Legion. They made us extremely welcome and the fare was the kind for which the

Legion is noted wherever they operate. After the meal, Paul Walker made a very commendable speech of thanks. Throughout the evening we sat chatting to the members, David Taylor held his own against a barrage of conversation and kept the party amused the while.

Saturday, we were off to the races. Most of the transport for the whole time is provided by members of Rotary. For this day they hired a luxury coach in order to accommodate everyone, including three members of the Sergeants' Mess, Alan, Stevie and Pete Mathews, each of whom gave up their weekends for our benefit. On the trip to Salisbury we paused at a wayside inn, *The Victoria & Albert*, which stands beside a lovely field surrounded by a wooden fence. Archie Luxton having previously expounded upon his love and skill with horses, was sitting with us at a table in the glorious sunshine.

Stevie Hendrie, the Provost Sergeant from camp, who spent much time with Archie, both receiving and returning the most outrageous remarks, leaned forward, saying to Archie, "Come and see what we have here." Together they walked over to the side of the fence, beyond which a pony and a large brown mare were grazing. Archie was very quick to demonstrate his horsemanship with the pony. Most of us were either watching or listening. The mare poked her head over the fence at the side of Archie. Nodding her head up and down in the traditional manner of horses, she closed the gap and her long very wet tongue lovingly caressed Archie from the tip of his chin to the crest of his ear. This purely spontaneous action caused Stevie to burst into convulsions of laughter, the like of which I have not heard for a long, long time! Proving without doubt Archie's association with horses, and leading to some wag later accusing him of gaining information for the races direct from the horse's mouth!

We backed our fancies and there are one or two of these who are still running. A picnic on the course, provided by the Rotarians and their overworked wives, together with a lady named Tanya who distributed some of the largest strawberries imaginable, made the afternoon very pleasant.

Saturday evening was the turn of the Sergeants' Mess to provide the 'Camp Dinner'. Full dress here chaps and the food easily reached the required army standard. Following the loyal toasts etc, WO11 Alan Lewis, who has organised our camps for some years now, asked RSM 'Burt' Burton to present a cheque to St Dunstan's for £121.85, the contents of their swearbox. The oversized cheque was accepted by Eddie Johnson who thanked the RSM and members of the Mess.

Sunday morning, we were taken to a charming village church at Upton Scudamore. I consider it likely the vicar picked the hymns especially for our visit, and it was extremely pleasant to hear Mansell Lewis in full song. Following the service, we were split into small groups and entertained in the homes of individual Rotarians. I was entertained for the day by Ken and Liz Spittles, who luckily for me, are keen gardeners. At lunch time I savoured home grown and freshly dug new potatoes, broad beans, and the most highly flavoured carrots. I defy anyone to improve. Oh, we did have roast lamb with these exquisite vegetables, followed by blackcurrant crumble and coffee, etc. Ken, doing his homework, invited Geoff Tout, a past president along to dine with us, from whom I received an insight into the history of Rotary.

In the afternoon we walked through quiet country lanes with the birds and the gentle trickle of the River Wylie for company.

Too soon, it was Monday and some of the party spent time shopping. Travelling in Basil Haynes car from the camp, he invited Jimmy Higginbottom and myself to visit his house, in order that he might collect a few papers. This proved very good for Jimmy, because Basil had spent a large part of his working life as Development Engineer for Clarks Shoes. Jimmy, having owned and run his own cobblers shop, had much in common and we spent more time talking shop than we first expected to. "You have made my day!" I overheard Jimmy say as we left the house.

During the weekend I remembered listening to Brian and Johnny Whitcombe, Johnny telling of his meeting someone at The Legion who insisted in relating his own war stories. "I became quite frightened by it all." Johnny's dry remark caused me to chuckle quietly.

Just before lunch, Warminster Radio interviewed Eddie Johnson, Ron Cattell and myself. Returning to the meeting rooms, we found Ron had arrived with our bus and the cases were being taken care of in the

usual professional manner. Lunch over, we were left with the thank you speeches. Then it was "looking forward to seeing you all next year" from everyone to everyone and we were off. It may have been my first, but it will certainly not be my last weekend camp at Warminster with the Rotarians and members of the Sergeants' Mess!

This camp would not be possible without the RSM 'Burt' Burton and members of the Sergeants' Mess who provide accommodation and much of the catering, they also permit members of Rotary to sleep in camp. Thus attention is available night and day throughout the whole of our time in the camp. Many Sergeants willingly assist, providing hours of fun for everyone.

GREEN EGGS AND RAM

WHAT IF DR SEUSS DID TECHNICAL WRITING?

If a packet hits a pocket on a socket on a port, and the bus is interrupted as a very last resort, and the address of the memory makes your floppy disk abort, then the socket packet pocket has an error to report.

If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash, and the double-clicking icon puts your window in the trash, and your data is corrupted 'cause the index doesn't hash, then your situation's hopeless and your system's gonna crash!

If the label on the cable on the table at your house, says the network is connected to the button on your mouse, but your packets want tunnel on another protocol, that's repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall, and your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss, so your icons in the window are as wavy as a souse, then you may as well reboot and go out with a bang, 'cause as sure as I'm a poet, the sucker's gonna hang!

When the copy of your floppy's getting sloppy on the disk, and the microcode instructions cause unnecessary risk, then you have to flash your memory and you'll want to RAM your ROM. Quickly turn off the computer and be sure to tell your mom.

Forwarded over the internet by Canadian St Dunstaner, Les Shvemar.



THE KING'S SQUAD ROYAL MARINES

by Colin Beaumont-Edmonds

On Friday August 1st, a party of nine St Dunstaners from Devon and Cornwall were invited to attend the passing out of 713 Troop The King's Squad and the presentation of Green Berets at their Commando Training Centre at Lympstone. We were accompanied by John Loughran, Head of Welfare, Susan Harrison, General Manager at Ovingdean, Liz Pearce, Welfare Visitor, and Bill Woodward, Area Surveyor.

Lt Colonel Tim Courtenay, Field Officer for Devon with The Royal British Legion who had invited us to the ceremony, met us at 9.00am at the gate of the Centre.

We assembled in The Falklands Hall, along with the families and friends of The King's Squad, and to our surprise were entertained for a while, not with military music, but with recorded pop music. The ceremony began fairly informally with the introduction of the officers and men of the Training

Staff, mentioning their duties as well as their hobbies and interests. This was followed by each man of The King's Squad being called forward, and being introduced in the same way. After discarding his Black Beret, he was presented with his Green Beret.

Then, while the troops prepared themselves for the actual Passing Out Parade, we were given the opportunity to examine the equipment and weapons worn and carried by today's Royal Marine; clearly the individual's fire-power has increased, but did we really carry as much bulk and weight 50 years ago?

We, like the families and friends, were seated at the edge of the Parade Ground, when the Band of The Royal Marines from Britannia Royal Naval College marched on, soon to be followed by 713 Troop The King's Squad.

The Inspecting Officer was Lieutenant Colonel

J.G.M. Downton, RM, who had been in Bosnia with the Anglo-French Rapid Reaction Force. After inspecting the squad, he presented the awards and addressed the Parade.

Of the various awards presented, the most prestigious one was the King's Badge, which is awarded to the best all-round recruit in the squad, provided he is worthy of the honour, and was first presented by King George V at Deal in 1918. The badge, which has the Royal Cypher surrounded by a laurel wreath, is to be worn on the left shoulder throughout the marine's service, regardless of the rank he may attain. From that date the senior Royal Marine recruit squad in training has been known as The King's Squad.

Then, while we and all the other spectators stood, The King's Squad marched past, with the same salute to the Inspecting Officer. Finally came the command "Marines to your duties, quick march", and the troops marched off to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne*.

A most delightful day ended with us being given a very pleasant lunch in the Officers' Mess, sitting at a table decorated with two or three pieces of the Regimental silver; this presented me with the opportunity to thank Major Lear of The Royal Marines, and Tim Courtenay, who, together, had arranged this outstanding visit for us.

Following the visit to Commando Training Centre Royal Marines at Lympstone this letter was received from Lionel Scott (ex-Royal Marine and holder of the King's Badge).

I write to tell of an excellent day at the Commando Training Centre, near Exeter in Devon and mainly to give thanks to those who made it possible.

I think the idea of inviting a party of St Dunstaners was first mooted by Lt Colonel Tim Courtenay, RM (Retd), a regular guest at Reunions in the South West and a friend to many of us.

Thanks go to Brigadier David Nicholls, Commandant of the CTC, for inviting us and special thanks to Major John Lear, OBE, RM who looked after us all so well on the day. Richard Willson's minibus transported some of us to CTC and his vehicle drove us round a fairly huge establishment. I mention him especially as he is Paramedic trained and it is always

a pleasure to travel with him for his sense of humour, care and understanding.

To all the other St Dunstan's staff who were on hand for help and advice, when needed, and I know from their remarks enjoyed a thoroughly good day.

Basically we were there on the day that the 713 King's Squad passed for duty, that is to say that they finished their recruit and commando training.

We joined with the families to hear or see them presented individually with their Green Berets. As each young Marine went up his Squad Officer introduced him and made humorous remarks (all complimentary) about each one.

With ourselves and families there were about 250 present and with the applause and banter set the mood for the day.

After this we went for coffee and a layout of modern infantry arms, obviously of interest to all of us, it proved how times have changed from the Lee Enfield rifle which reigned from the turn of the century to the early 1960's.

We then witnessed the squad pass for duty on the parade ground. The RM band had provided the music (good as usual).

Discipline and drill have always played a very important part in RM training and was done very well. Even I as a former Marine couldn't fault them.

After the parade we were transported up to the Officers' Mess where a pint and a natter was had before lunch, which was first class. Following lunch we assembled by the Commando Memorial for a photocall and then home.

The thing that impressed me most was the atmosphere of CTC. I knew at once that the sense of humour that makes a great Marine, the ability to laugh at adversity, when it comes along, common courtesies were observed by all ranks and smiles on faces - basically a family atmosphere and *esprit de corps* which is the second motto of the Corps, the first is *Per Mare Per Terran* (by sea by land).

This is not a recruiting letter but it was very gratifying to hear the comments passed by St Dunstaners and members of staff. Thank you all again for making it possible.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

July 15th-27th

Donate £1 to St Dunstan's and win an MGF sports car." This phrase was reiterated literally thousands of times over the 13 days of the Tournament.

The Tournament is the oldest military tattoo in the world and this was its 117th year. The Royal Regiment of Artillery featured in the main theme of the programme, 'from the Arrow to the Rocket'.

Earls Court has now become an annual shop window for St Dunstan's. Many of the public have become regular visitors to our stand, including several St Dunstaners relatives and ex members of staff.

The main attraction on the stand was an MGF open top sports car in British racing green, kindly loaned by Rover for the occasion. Nearby was a safe with a numeric key pad on the front. Inside, plainly visible, a cheque to the value of £18,000 tempted the public to try and crack the safe combination by keying in eight digits in return for a pound donated to the

charity. Many variations were tried including the date of our foundation, the feast of St Dunstan, old Service numbers and birthdays - but to no avail. The combination was 16922444. Just under 6,000 attempts were made. When invited to try, one person replied "I would love to, but somehow feel as Marketing Director of Ford, it would not be totally appropriate for me to drive around in a Rover made car!"

Many items including toys, knitted clothes and dolls were generously given by St Dunstaners and widows, for which we were very grateful. The knitted dolls - soldiers, sailors, nurses, etc were exquisitely fashioned and proved most popular. These, combined with items made at Ovingdean raised a further £3,000 gross.

In addition, a spontaneous donation was presented by an officer of the Metropolitan Police Service for the second year running. This was raised through 'misdemeanours' in dress, conduct, etc and

fortunately for us, their behaviour had not improved! Inspector Dukes and his team raised their previous figure by £200 to £700. St Dunstaners Stewart Harris and Ted John, supported by his wife Beryl, were conspicuous with their buckets and the weight of these at the end of the day underline the empathy towards our organisation.

One unusual contribution was made by 8 year old Lucy Lloyd-Jones. She raises quails at home and donates the proceeds from the sale of eggs to St Dunstan's. A basket of 6 hard boiled quail eggs cooked that morning were given to Ray Hazan, and very delicious they were too!

For the first time in 39 years, the commentator, Basil, lost his voice and missed two performances. He returned for the final show, when at the end, he announced that the collection would be in aid of St Dunstan's. Ushers were armed with buckets as the audience left the arena and £2771.89 was contributed - a magnificent sum.

To man the stand for up to 12 hours a day in noisy and hot conditions is demanding to put it mildly! The mixture of two different bands playing at the same time, accompanied by the sound track of several videos, the chatter of 12,000 people in the exhibition hall, the thunder of the King's Troop guns firing in the arena, the roar of motor bikes, whilst demanding a cheerful and polite response to enquiries make it hard but rewarding work. It is, after all, the generosity of the public which makes the work of St Dunstan's possible. A heavy debt of gratitude is owed to those members of Headquarter staff who gave up their evenings and weekends to man the stand.

St Dunstan's stand is a team effort. Thank you to everyone who contributed and if you have any spare moments between now and next July, then please knit, sand-paper, glue or make any item you think will help.



Above: Mrs Ransom, holding a floral table cloth that she embroidered, was just one of the many who supported our stand with goods for sale.

Far left: People file past the MGF sports car on offer to anyone who attempted to crack the safe.

Below left: Some of those unfortunate officers subjected to unofficial fines.

Below: Is it a winner? Dorothy Rose, from the Accounts Department at Headquarters, checks a potential combination.



ERNEST ELLIOTT - ST DUNSTAN'S ARCHERY COACH

It is with sadness that we have to announce the death of Ernest Elliott (Ernie) on August 26th, after suffering bouts of illness for some time.

He joined the staff of St Dunstan's Ovingdean on May 9th, 1984 as a Care Assistant. He organised and produced four Christmas concerts which were a great success, and was very much involved with the Masonic weekends.

In July 1991, Ernie took part in an Archery Leader's Course and took over from Laurie Austin as Instructor at Ovingdean every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and helped Ted Bradford run the Archery weeks. He then took a full GNAS Coaching Course and following the retirement of Ted, took over his duties as Chief Coach and with the help of Roger McMullan ran the Archery Weeks.

Ernie was Secretary and Treasurer of the Greenways (St Dunstan's Staff) Archery Club, and Secretary for the St Dunstan's Archery Club. He accompanied the "men in green" on their summer get-togethers and shoots, most recently at Lyneacres in Devon in July this year, when, despite his pain and illness Ernie still enjoyed being with them all.

Ernie officially retired from the staff at Ovingdean in November 1995 after 11 years sterling service, but continued with the Archery Club and teaching every Tuesday afternoon.

Ernie will be greatly missed by all who knew him and worked with him.

LES BUSHELL

Rene Bushell, sister of the late St Dunstaner Vi Delaney, would like to thank everyone for their good wishes whilst her husband, Les was in hospital.

Sadly, he was not to come home and passed away on July 22nd. To all, too numerous to mention, your words of condolence have been of great comfort at this sad time.

DEATH OF COLIN JONES

by Ray Sheriff



Left to right: Ray Sheriff, Wally Cook, Barry Ellis and Colin Jones on a St Dunstan's expedition.

To all members of St Dunstan's whom in the past regularly participated in the St Dunstan's Annual Climbing weekend in the Snowdon range of North Wales: I feel sure you will be saddened and shocked to hear the news that Colin Jones, one of our most stalwart guides, died at his home near Barmouth on Monday, August 11th. This most untimely death at the age of 53 resulted from lung cancer. Colin leaves behind a much loved wife and daughter.

His funeral took place on Thursday, August 14th at St Mary's Church, Llanaber, nr Barmouth. Two of his favourite hymns - *All Things Bright and Beautiful* and *Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills* were sung by the mourners. In the address Colin's voluntary work with St Dunstaners was mentioned. Barry Ellis and his wife, Gwynneth also attended the funeral. They had, for many years, organised the St Dunstan's climbing activities. Also attending were Wally Cook and his wife. Wally had been one of our climbing mentors for many years. All were long standing members of the Rhinog Mountain Rescue Team and Colin had completed 25 years loyal service. He had also participated in skiing and trekking in the Himalayas.

I feel sure that all those of you who had the privilege of knowing this sterling character will always remember him with affection and admiration. I am thankful that a couple of years ago I managed a final climb on Cader Idris in the company of Colin.

Since receiving notification of Colin's death, we have learnt of the sad death of Wally Cook, aged 73, a former Royal Marine, on August 27th. We extend our sympathy to their wives, Benita and Benny.

A ONE THOUSAND MILLION TO ONE CHANCE MEETING

by Ron Cattell

It was early in 1942 that, as a prisoner of war of the Japanese Imperial Army, I was sent to the city of Singapore to assist in clearing up the bomb damage and the docks. The accommodation of the several hundred prisoners involved was a long row of wooden thatched huts, known as godowns, bordered on one side by an evil smelling stream, known as River Valley, and on the other side by a long row of white wooden bungalows occupied by Chinese families.

After we had been in residence for a few weeks, a few of the children started throwing tins of fish, meat and bread over the barbed wire which we collected. In return we passed back rings, watches and any items which they would sell for us, and return the money with the next delivery of food.

The Japanese sentries soon became aware of this 'over the wire' exchange and both the children and ourselves received severe and brutal beatings. However, just before we left River Valley, I was able to exchange a few words with the girl who appeared

to be the eldest, and learnt that her name was Ming, and she was 10 years old.

We now move on 50 years, when I was asked by a friend to accompany him to a club in London to hear a Chinese guitarist, who had recently arrived in this country after playing for several years in the USA. At the end of the recital, I was introduced to the musician, who said that he had been told I had been in Singapore many years before, but under adverse conditions. He then asked me what part of the city I had been in, and I said River Valley. He said his mother had been born in a bungalow in that location. Furthermore, he said she was coming to London from Singapore in the near future.

A few weeks later, I was taken to a hotel, led into a room and was seated. Moments later the door opened, and I could just make out the outline of a tiny person, who ran across the room to me, threw her arms around my neck, and said one word, "Ron!" It was my Ming, and she went on to tell me that she was now Mrs Tan and also a grandmother. Then we discussed at length the bad old days of River Valley.

Flying Nurse is Winged Victor

The granddaughter of the late St Dunstaner George Wiles has had her own winged victory. Corporal Julie Wiles became the first nurse to qualify as an Army pilot in June. She is also the first female junior NCO to become an Army pilot.

She was taught to fly by her father, Major Alan Wiles, MBE, AFC who had the honour of presenting his daughter with her flying colours. Julie, a member of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, will now serve as a pilot with 1 Regt Army Air Corps in Germany.

Her grandfather, George Wiles, who served in the Royal Navy, died in 1993. No doubt he would have been very proud of her success.

WELFARE VISITOR CHANGES

Since the beginning of this year, Mrs Doreen Inman, our Welfare Visitor serving the North of England, has been off work because of ill-health. During this time, numerous expressions of concern and good wishes have been received from many members of St Dunstan's family. These have been very heartening and Doreen wishes to express her thanks, through the *Review*, to all her well-wishers.

Sadly, she has now decided to resign. Doreen has been an Area Welfare Visitor for St Dunstan's since 1978 and so will be greatly missed by all of us. I know that she will be very hard to replace but efforts are in hand to find a worthy successor. In the meantime, we all send her our fondest regards and best wishes for the future.

John Loughran
Head of Welfare

St Dunstan's Camp 1997

by Yvonne Rixon



Jim O'Donnell concentrates on putting the weight with a helping hand from his 'dog', Lieutenant Simon Francis. Behind them is Carl Williams.

Arriving at HMS *Sultan* on August 1st from various parts of the country we all greeted each other with fondness. A cheerful band of helpers set about organising the cabins and unpacking. Then everyone met together to be officially welcomed by Elspeth Grant and the liaison officer, Dave Burrows. The register was called and it was pleasing to hear that we numbered 22 in all, which included two new campers, Eric Bradshaw and Bert Wood.

In the absence of PO Tim Whitehouse, the Fleet Air Arm Field Gun Crew first trainer for next year, Jimmy Andrews (the Scottish lad in charge of the tot on the journey to Cowes) explained the programme for the forthcoming week. Due to the summer ball being held in the Warrant Officers and Senior Rates Mess, we dined in the Junior Rates Mess that evening and the following morning. After gaining our

breath from climbing the stairs to the Tavern Bar, soothing our throats with liquid refreshment, the great chatter of the evening began as 'dogs', helpers and friends caught up on all the news of the past year.

On Saturday morning, some of us were looking forward to sailing in the Solent, but alas due to lack of wind, this was not to be. However, our hosts, Gosport Sailing Club, came up trumps and arranged for us to chug around Portsmouth Harbour viewing an aircraft carrier and a number of frigates. The Royal Yacht *Britannia*, also docked, was waiting for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, who boarded on Thursday then sailed on to Cowes.

In the afternoon, Havant Archers encouraged us to flex the bows and shoot arrows correctly into the target, not into Norman Walton who decided to run around the perimeters of the sports field to burn off excess energy. The evening was spent in the WO and SR Mess dancing and singing to old-time music.

It was arranged for campers this year to choose their own place of worship. Some attended St Francis of Assisi where Elspeth read the lesson and St Dunstan's prayer so movingly, others enjoyed the services at St Andrew's and St Benedict's.

People were then transported to the wardroom for the official camp photograph. As the skies threatened rain, there was no time for dilly-dallying and we were organised by an efficient photographer, from a motley crew into assembled order.

Within minutes the heavens began to open and the photographer breathed a sigh of relief when his task was accomplished. However, when we dispersed, it was discovered that several campers and helpers were adrift, although this was rectified on Thursday evening when they had their own photocall.

Before lunch in the wardroom, Commander David Pond and his Officers mingled amongst us, renewing friendships made last year. The afternoon was spent relaxing and conserving ones energy for dancing that evening in the WO and SR Mess.

During breakfast on Monday, Commodore Malcolm Shirley welcomed us to *Sultan*.

Sports events organised by Martyn Webb, were held in the gym much to the delight of the cheerleaders who antagonised the opposition or raised the roof with shrieks of delight when their team performed well. Eighteen St Dunstaners were divided into three teams of six and completed five events - putting the shot, penalty goals, heaving the medicine ball, shooting the hockey puck and potting the basket ball. Finally, a figure of eight walk had to be completed.

Those not too exhausted by the mornings activities spent the afternoon with the Gosport & Fareham Inshore Rescue Service. This is always an exhilarating experience, hanging onto grab handles of a semi-rigid inflatable as it skims the waves at a great rate of knots.

Games night proved to be full of hilarity and fun, as sighted but blindfolded competitors played against St Dunstaners - golf, skittles, lucky dip, football, horse racing and reassembling a dismantled torch. At the final count the St Dunstaners were the winners.

Our traditional Solent cruise was held on Tuesday, and as usual, we were met with the wonderful hospitality of The Royal British Legion Club. Many of us dodged the showers to savour the ambience of Cowes Week, the boats with colourful sails, the bright wet weather gear, flags and bunting in abundance. We were also honoured to have Major-General Andrew Keeling, Member of St Dunstan's Council on board.

The evening was spent in the wardroom - challenged by a most enjoyable quiz.

Out on Wednesday - to Beaulieu, always popular. We were granted permission to venture behind the ropes to examine the exhibits closely. Some of us experienced the monorail and some paid a visit to Lord Montagu's house and the Abbey. A coach took us in the evening to the Senior Rates Mess at Haslar where we were given a great welcome and entertained by an excellent keyboard player.

Thursday morning gave us the chance to experience a steam lorry ride through Gosport and we lunched at the Conservative Club in Lee-on-Solent. A free afternoon meant that some of us could swim at HMS *Collingwood* or visit the Royal Marine Museum at Eastney Barracks.

A glittering display of cups and medals was set out ready for the presentation by Commodore Shirley at



Three happy men of St Dunstan's. Eric Bradshaw, Tom Hart and Trevor Tatchell cheer on their sporting compatriots.

our prize giving evening. He was accompanied by Commander David Pond. The Master of Ceremonies, Martyn Webb announced the winners to a hushed audience and as each winner went to receive his trophy, there was a roar of applause. Ted John presented a plaque with St Dunstan's crest on it to the Ship's Company and this was collected on their behalf by Commander Pond.

The ceremony ended with Gary Lomas, Steve Nixon and Kevin Rixon all making gracious speeches thanking everyone for their hospitality and kindness. The evening was rounded off by a splendid disco, the star turn of which was Jim O'Donnell who danced all night!

Friday dawned, another camp had come to its last day. Cases were packed and last minute shopping completed, then off to lunch at Lee-on-Solent Royal British Legion, where we were enthusiastically welcomed as always.

And so to the final evening of dancing and entertainment in the WO and SR Mess, a mixture of sadness, tiredness but contentment that another camp has been enjoyed by all. With our hearts heavy with emotion we said our farewells and on Saturday morning, we wished everyone a safe journey. Long may our camp continue so that others may share and experience the happy camaraderie which exists between us all.

SULTAN SPORTS RESULTS 1997

ARCHERY

Totally Blind

3rd	19 points	Trevor Tatchell
2nd	31 points	Jim O'Donnell
1st	55 points	Tom Whitley

Partially Sighted

3rd	77 points	Arthur Carter
2nd	99 points	Reg Page
1st	109 points & one gold	Norman Killick

Skilled Archers

3rd	91 points	Norman Perry
2nd	180 points	Bert Wood
1st	181 points & two golds	Eric Bradshaw

Doubly Disabled

62 points	Steve Nixon
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The Walk

3rd	Bronze medal	5m16s	Carl Williams
2nd	Silver medal	5m15s	Arthur Carter
1st	Gold medal	5m 8s	Gary Lomas

Denny Deacon Veteran's Cup Arthur Carter

Charles Stafford Cup for Best Beginner

tie	Eric Bradshaw
	Bert Wood

Penalty goals

Totally Blind	Brian Lang
Partially Sighted	Carl Williams

Victor Ludorum

Totally Blind	Brian Lang
Partially Sighted	Carl Williams

Sheila McLean Cup for Best Beginner

Bert Wood

TEAM RESULT

3rd	230 points	Hart's Harriers
2nd	222 points	Lomas Loungers
1st	214 points	Killick's Kickers

Norman Killick (Capt.), Reg Page, Jim O'Donnell, Norman Perry, Carl Williams, Bert Wood



A Better World Than This

Author: Marie Joseph
Reader: Maggie Smith
Duration: 14.5hrs
Catalogue number: 8204

If creating a thing of beauty from ugly materials demands special merit, then Marie Joseph is an artist indeed, for *A Better World Than This* is constructed from the most unpromising stuff! The setting is a down-at-heel Lancashire mill town in the 1930's, and the central character is Daisy, an uneducated young woman working long hours in a pie shop. The nearest thing she has to a friend is an equally ignorant cinema usherette with a drunken father. Yet the combination is fascinating, Daisy's dreams and ambitions seem to matter. Personally, I found myself siding with her against her scolding old mother even though I knew the mother was right; and as to her awful domineering aunt, well it really wouldn't be polite to say what I thought of her! It is never my intention to divulge too much detail, but I can honestly say that I am looking forward to the sequel.

That Eternal Summer Unknown stories from the Battle of Britain

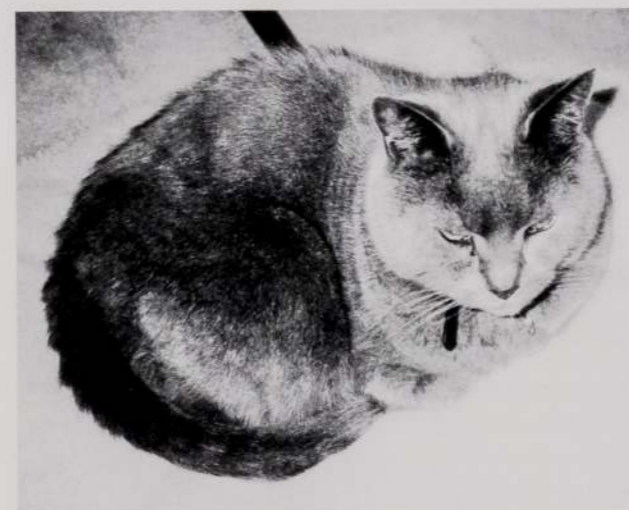
Author: Ralph Barker
Reader: Ronald Markham
Duration: 8 hours
Catalogue number: 8414

How very young they were, those eager bright-eyed boys who cut Hermann Goering down to size, frustrated Hitler's invasion plans, and earned the eternal gratitude of the free world by their skill and courage. And how unassuming they were too, not at all like today's sports heroes, brash, swaggering, and swollen with pride, for amongst "the few" there were recipients of the VC even, who considered that what they had done was nothing out of the ordinary. Which explains why, nearly 60 years on, there can still be unknown stories from the Battle of Britain. Another reason, sadly, is that so many of the real heroes which this splendid book talks about did not last long enough to make a name for themselves; for some the first sortie was the last; they played a truly deadly game with their lives and Britain's survival at stake, and fortunately they won! But *That Eternal Summer* leaves me with two conflicting emotions; the first is patriotic pride that in its hour of need my country produced men of such high calibre, but the second is unease, a nagging doubt whether it could ever do so again.

UPDATE ON BLUE

Former feline resident of Pearson House

by Penny Goodwin



Since October 1994 when he retired from his post as Chief Rodent Operative at Pearson House to live with me, Blue Velvet Pearson has integrated very well with the majority of felines who walk the garden walls. He acquired the status of Colonel as he lined up the local moggies on my neighbour's patio, leading from in front strutting his stuff importantly, looking rather like Captain Mainwaring in *Dad's Army*.

During his first summer with me I heard Blue calling excitedly as he hustled up the passage, where he proudly plonked a decidedly live mouse at my feet. Mouse was not stupid; whilst Blue in full throttle, told me how clever he was, mouse belted towards the back door and tucked himself neatly into a corner. Yes, of course, a splendid fellow, I assured Blue as he stretched smirkingly purring. Edging past, I grabbed a piece of kitchen towel, somehow scooping mouseie into it, hobbled down the kitchen steps and furtively discarded Blue's treasure-trove into next door's long grass. I still kid myself the Blue Boy never latched onto my iniquitous treachery.

Twin alluring damsels moved in next door, Suki and Mimi, classy pedigree Siamese kittens, the likes of which Colonel Blue had never seen before. Nor, for

that matter, had Haggis, Jumble, Digger, black Zero and Treacle, belonging to Ann behind (daughter of Mary Frith, for those who know her). The mere moggies gawped at undoubtable aristocracy.

Blue was fascinated, making it quite plain that though he'd had his 'ship' years ago it didn't stop him from window shopping, did it?

Soon Suki and Mimi became known locally as the Siamese Trollops as they sat seductively on their garden wall, while Blue, amongst others waved his legs in the air or lecherously twiddled his whiskers.

Time passed and I waited hopefully for the news that the Trollops had been to the vet for their 'little operation' but it was poor old Blue who landed up as an in-patient with a nasty bite abscess. Quite a fighter, wasn't he, said the vet. Well no, not these days, I responded dolefully. He used to terrorise the mogs around St Dunstan's, but I'd had no hassle since he came to live with me. It was several months later, one of the vet's receptionists reflected shrewdly that unspeyed cats could get vicious. So I wasn't altogether sorry when at last the Trollops were 'done' then moved with their owner to pastures new and Blue returned to neighbourly chats with Zero.

On his 15th birthday in February, I promoted him to the rank of Brigadier. He is now 15½, still ruling the walls but doesn't parade the troops so much. On warm summer evenings he is in my tiny garden with black Zero and young Treacle nearby, the picture of contentment. The Chief Rodent Operative enjoys his life of leisure in retirement. It warms my heart to see it, and I am so glad to be given the privilege of his company and affection.

BYGONE DAYS

FIFTY YEARS AGO

In September 1947, Winston Churchill opened a club for ex-Servicemen in Brighton which had been co-founded by St Dunstaner Squadron Leader Curtis-Wilson.

EIGHTY YEARS AGO

In October 1917, concern was voiced over impending milk-rations. "Sister Cunynghame is always very keen on giving milk to deserving objects, and it will be a lasting grief to her if the supply is reduced, as she is too conscientious to eke it out with water."

The second prize in the story contest 1997, as selected by Lester Piggott was won by Edward J. Ryder of Stamford, Lincolnshire.

IT'S NOT HOW YOU START

by Rowley Miles

Harry Mitchell was 55 when he was made redundant. He had been with the firm for 38 years and a deeply rooted sense of security had suddenly been replaced by doubt and uncertainty. Even when his wife, Pat, consoled him with the fact that his severance pay was very good he quickly pointed out that it was about one quarter of what he would have earned in the next ten years.

His friend, Roger, had been sacked too. When Pat enquired about him Harry said: "He's not bothered. He's gone across to Newmarket to see George Allen - you know, he's the head lad at Major Willingham's stable."

"Probably hoping for a few tips," Pat surmised. But he wasn't. Early next morning Roger came breezing in, grinning like mad, and announced: "Harry my son you are about to become part owner of a superb little grey two year old filly."

Harry started to protest: "I've never been near a horse ..." when he was interrupted by Roger insisting: "Well, you will be. On Sunday. Angela's driving us across there to see the Major, George Allen, Sammy Watson, the stable jockey, and of course, Silver Wings."

"Silver Wings?" Pat asked, smiling. "Yes," said Roger "her sire was King Silver, an out and out stayer. Could run forever. Her Mum was Flying Falcon, who was a fizzer over six furlongs. Won 15 races before being retired with leg problems."

"Huh!" Harry snorted. "Hold on," Roger said. "They will build up her leg muscles during the winter and she will only run on soft or good ground. The Major doesn't agree with riding horses out if they aren't going well. Sammy knows that. He'll stop riding if ever she's in trouble. They reckon to bring their horses through to retirement in good shape."

"How much?" Harry asked abruptly. "There are 12 shares," Roger told him. "Eleven have been taken up. That leaves one for you. It's ten thousand with about

another thousand for fees and keep."

Harry seemed to go right off the idea but, under pressure, agreed to go with them on Sunday when they drove across to Newmarket. Once there, he had no chance at all to refuse the offer - the consensus of opinion being that Silver Wings was absolutely gorgeous.

All through the winter Harry remained ill at ease. The world didn't seem real, as if he were in freefall, grasping at air and finding nothing tangible to hold on to.

The spring was warm and dry. Harry fretted. "I should have bought shares," he said, "I would have had a return on my money by now." Then, towards the end of May it rained for two days. Roger brought the news.

"She goes in the Derby," he said. "She will get a weight allowance and she's clocked 2.32 in training. The prize money, if she wins, will more than double our outlay, so I'm backing her for a place only at 20-1."

"Five hundred pounds would get my money back at those odds, if she's placed," Harry mused. Roger nodded. "Okay, I'm on," Harry said, albeit a little shakily.

The temperature was in the eighties on Derby Day and Harry was barely aware of the general hubbub of the excited crowd or the background music of the fairground, until the stalls flew open and his binoculars were riveted on Silver Wings.

A great wall of horses surged towards the first bend, a heaving, bobbing mass of colours. As they reached it, sweeping round and heading up the course, Sammy had settled her in last place. She stayed there, going easily, until they reached half way. Then Sammy brought her gradually over to the outside. "They are approaching the mile post," the commentator's voice came through the din, "Casa Del Rio is dropping back and Moonstone has gone on from Admiral's Crest with Mubarrak running the

rails. They are coming down towards Tattenham Corner now ..." Harry saw Silver Wings begin to lengthen her stride. With a rippling, flowing action she began passing horses and as she came round Tattenham in a curving run she was in sixth place. Then Harry's heart seemed to miss a beat as he saw Sammy really begin to ride. Crouching low, using hands and heels, he urged her to go. The response was instant. In a devastating run she went past them all at a blistering pace and took the lead.

The commentator was shouting: "She's stolen it! She's gone for home two out and left them for dead! She's going into the final furlong three lengths clear ..." There was a loud "Ooh!" from the crowd. She had faltered. Sammy reined her in. Then she was enveloped in a mass of horses. When they had gone Sammy dismounted and began to slowly walk her back. She was lame. She had, it seemed, hit a patch of hard ground and had very sore tendons. The news came through from the stable that she was fit and well and was responding to treatment. She would be able to race in three weeks.

Harry was sitting in a chair with his eyes closed when Pat came in. She was agog with the news. "She's running at Ascot, Harry, on the final day of the Royal meeting." Harry never budged. "It's Ascot, Harry! Hats and dresses and toppers. You will have to ring Moss Bros." Harry's eyes remained closed.

"Harry!" Pat sounded exasperated, "Silver Wings will race for three or four seasons. We'll be part of it, right up to the time they put her out to graze. You're missing out! It's going to be a lot of fun. You won't have to look at the stock market prices you can watch her winning - and she will. She's not a mouldy old share certificate. She's a warm-blooded creature, with feelings."

Harry opened his eyes. It was true. Being suddenly jobless had shaken him so much, his judgement was clouded. She was a superb animal. He recalled that Sunday in September when they had first driven across to the stable. He had reached out a tentative hand to stroke her neck. There was the slow turn of the head, the bright eyes looking down at him, mouth puckering, seeking the friendly hand, and that low rumble that ended like a gentle clearing of the throat.

"You're right, of course," he said, "absolutely right." He was aware that he was being scrutinised, so he glanced round. There was a slight smile at the corner of Pat's lips, deepening and broadening all the while as he said: "Well, I suppose I'd better ring Moss Bros."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From: Joe Humphrey, MCSP, Belfast

I have recently borrowed a new addition to the RNIB Cassette Library (Tel: 0345 023 153) entitled *Piano and Keyboard Playing* by Colin Aston in four tapes (Ref: X6011). I have found this to be an excellent instruction manual as it is interesting and easy to follow.

I would heartily recommend it to anyone having a keyboard or piano which they are unable to master.

Welcome to St Dunstan's

We welcome the following new St Dunstaners and hope they will settle down happily as members of our family.

Mr John Tobin of Rochdale became a St Dunstaner on July 3rd, aged 74. Called up at the age of 18, he joined the Durham Light Infantry and was posted into their 10th Battalion. He was trained to form part of the Brigade being sent to Iceland but they were never sent. He then became a member of the Mortar Platoon and took part in the Normandy Invasion. He received severe gunshot wounds to his face in September 1944 which caused the loss of his right eye, and defective vision in his left eye. He was then 'cashevaced' to a military hospital in the United Kingdom, and then on to Church Stretton for rehabilitation training and further treatment to his left eye. On his release from the Army, Mr Tobin became a publican. He moved on to become a brewery stocktaker, until his retirement. Mr Tobin and his wife, Audrey, live in Kirkholt. He retains a close association with his old Regiment, and proudly wears their tie and blazer badge.

Captain Robert Hughes of Cambridge became a St Dunstaner on July 16th, aged 84. He joined the Supplementary Reserve of the Royal Engineers in 1937 and was embodied into the regular Army as a Sapper on September 1st, 1939. He was trained for the Movements Control section of the Royal Engineers and served in France with the British Expeditionary Force as a despatch rider between 1939 and 1940. In 1943 he was sent to West Africa

and was commissioned into the Royal Engineers in 1945. He then served worldwide as a Movements Control Officer and was transferred to the Royal Corps of Transport when that Regiment was formed in late 1966. Captain Hughes was finally discharged from the Army in 1967. Captain Hughes first lost his sight for six months in 1961 and when he was discharged in 1967, his sight was beginning to go again. Although at this stage he had been offered a retired Officer's appointment at the Ministry of Defence, he failed the medical on the grounds of his diminished sight. He had also contracted diabetes mellitus in his last year of service and by 1968 was registered blind. Captain Hughes is married with two sons and one daughter.

Mr Percy Walker of Woodford Green, Essex became a St Dunstaner on August 20th, aged 75. An apprentice cabinetmaker, he enlisted in the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment on reaching the age of 17. After basic training, he was posted to the 2nd Battalion which formed part of the British Expeditionary Force in September 1939. His tour in France ended with the trauma of the evacuation from Dunkirk.

Returning to England, Mr Walker was cross posted to the 5th Battalion which mainly comprised elderly TA volunteers and reservists. They were posted to Singapore for general garrison duties on what was considered to be a rather soft option at the time. A few months later, the remnants of the battalion reformed inside Changi Gaol as prisoners of the Japanese. Like many FEPoWs, Mr Walker was forced to work on the Burma Railway. After his liberation, Mr Walker was admitted to the St Dunstan's ward at Stoke Mandeville suffering from malnutrition and retrobulbar neuritis. Luckily, his sight was sufficiently restored and he did not become a St Dunstaner at the time. Mr Walker and his wife, Joan, have three children.

FAMILY NEWS

BIRTHS

Congratulations on the birth of:

James Norris on July 7th. He is the first great grandchild of Mrs Ethel Jenrick of Wallington, widow of *George Jenrick*.

Abigail Gard on July 17th. She is the granddaughter of *Leslie and Jenny Davy* of Romford, Essex.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Joanna and Christopher Parker on April 5th. Joanna is the granddaughter of Mrs Aileen Edmunds of Mansfield, Notts and the late *Arthur Edmunds*.

Paul and Joanne Forsyth on July 18th. Joanne is the granddaughter of Mrs Anne Robinson of Glenrothes, Fife and the late *Leslie Robinson*.

RUBY ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to:

Mike and Thelma Tetley of St Albans, Hertfordshire on July 27th.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARIES

Congratulations to:

Jesse and Marjorie Mills of Padocks Wood, Tonbridge, Kent on August 4th.

Fred and Eileen Charlick of Christchurch, Dorset on August 9th.

William and Mary Marsh of Hartlepool, Cleveland on August 20th.

George and Cynthia Fearn of Spondon, Derby on September 2nd.

DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to:

Joe and Amy Harris of Tavistock on September 4th.

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to:

Mark and Dot Kingsnorth of Tunbridge Wells, Kent who celebrate their 63rd anniversary on August 4th.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Stephen, eldest grandson of *Bob and Emilie Fullard* of South Benfleet, Essex, has obtained a BSc(Hons) at Exeter University.

Siobhan Lockhart, granddaughter of *Alf and Elsie Lockhart* of Dagenham, Essex, has secured a place at Warwick University to study Clinical Psychology.

Jonathan Hazan, elder son of *Ray Hazan*, who was commissioned into the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment on August 8th.

Jamie Weller of Nottingham on passing the Association of Tax Technicians examination. He is the first registered blind person to gain this qualification.

DEATHS

We regret to announce the death of:

Mrs Elizabeth Brooks of St Ives, Cambs on July 5th. She was the widow of *Squire Standish Brooks*.

Mrs Queenie Waller of Ashford, Kent on July 6th. She was the widow of *William Waller*.

Mrs Margaret Lucas-Calcraft of Peterborough on July 12th. She was the widow of *Neville Lucas-Calcraft*.

Mrs Joyce Shaw of Newcastle upon Tyne on July 19th. She was the widow of *John Shaw*.

Mrs Emma Allott of Hornsea, North Humberside on July 22nd. She was the widow of *Sydney Allott*.

Mrs Evelyn Lay of Stamford, Lincolnshire on August 9th. She was the widow of *Arthur Lay*.

Mrs Edith Rockshire of London on August 13th. She was the widow of *Maurice Rockshire*.

Mrs Ada Livermore of Surbiton, Surrey on August 14th. She was the widow of *Arthur Livermore*.

Mrs Doris Pye of Preston, Lancashire on August 18th. She was the widow of *Harry Pye*.

Mrs Sybil Bell of Haywards Heath, Sussex on August 25th. She was the widow of *David Bell*.

Joan Penfold on May 7th. She was the sister of the late *Ernie Cookson*.

Miss Mavis Nixon of Sheffield on July 13th. She was the daughter of the late *William Nixon*.

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.

Roy Cobb,

Royal Navy

Roy William Cobb of Penzance, Cornwall died on July 16th, aged 80. He first came to St Dunstan's in 1986 under the Gubbay Trust and became a St Dunstaner in 1990. Mr Cobb enlisted into the

Royal Navy in 1940 and served as an Officers' Cook. After initial training, he was posted to HMS *Prince of Wales*, commanded by Captain J.C. Leach, MVO, RN, father of St Dunstan's Chairman, Sir Henry Leach. Mr Cobb received gunshot wounds on the HMS *Kuala* during the evacuation of Singapore and was captured in the water. He spent the remainder of the war in captivity during which time he was put to work on the building of the Sumatra Railroad, suffering severe malnutrition. This deprivation was to affect his sight in later years. After the war, he worked as a foreman baker and confectioner, demonstrating particular skill in cake decoration. In his spare time, he gave talks about his days as a Far East Prisoner of War. Our sympathy goes to his daughter, Gillian, and all other members of the family.

Dr Stanley Pavillard, MBE, FRCP(Edin),

Straits Settlement Volunteer Force

Dr Stanley Septimus Pavillard, MBE, FRCP(Edin), resident of St Dunstan's Ovingdean, died on July 24th, aged 84. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1994. Born in Las Palmas and educated in England, he obtained medical qualifications at the Universities of Edinburgh and Madrid. He enlisted in 1940 and was appointed Medical Officer to the 2nd Battalion SSVF at Penang, but transferred to Singapore where he joined the 1st Battalion (Singapore) of the Straits Settlement Volunteer Force.

Dr Pavillard was captured by the Japanese at the fall of Singapore and spent the rest of the war as a prisoner. In later years, he wrote a book, *The Bamboo Doctor*, in which he described his experiences as a young doctor working under conditions of extreme hardship in camps slaved to the Burma Railway. He was awarded an MBE (Military division) for his work with fellow prisoners.

Dr Pavillard was discharged from the SSVF in 1947 and after a brief stay in London, returned to Las Palmas where he worked for 30 years, until retirement, as a consultant physician. We send our sympathy to his daughters, Linda, Anita, and Sandra, and all members of the family.

Henri (Roly) Pilon,

27th Canadian Armoured Regiment

Henri Joseph Roland (Roly) Pilon, resident of St Dunstan's Ovingdean, died on July 31st, aged 82. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1944. Canadian

by birth, Mr Pilon, who came from Quebec, enlisted as a Trooper with the 27th Canadian Armoured Regiment (Sherbrook Fusiliers). He was totally blinded and sustained damage to both hands whilst serving in Belgium. Mr Pilon received two months rehabilitation and training at Church Stretton. He returned to Canada for further training at the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Mr Pilon and his wife, Marguerite, were married in 1946. The family returned to live permanently in England in 1952 and after training, Mr Pilon worked in industry until having to retire, due to ill-health, at the end of 1974. Among his hobbies in earlier years he enjoyed gardening and was very keen on DIY.

We send our sympathy to his daughter, Jeanne, son, Robert, and all members of the family.

William Grimes,

Royal Corps of Signals

William (Bill) Grimes of Great Sutton, South Wirral died on August 9th, aged 62. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1989.

Enlisting in the Army in 1956, Mr Grimes served as a Signaller with the Royal Corps of Signals. He was discharged in 1959 following a Service attributable road accident in which he suffered injury to his right leg. Diabetes was also diagnosed as being due to his Service. When he became a St Dunstaner, this had seriously affected his vision and his left leg had been amputated below the knee.

Following his discharge, Mr Grimes worked as an electrician with his local authority until 1975 when retired due to ill-health. A keen member of the St Dunstan's Archery Club, he won four gold medals in an archery shoot in Cyprus.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Catherine, daughter, Gillian, and all members of the family.

Horace (Harry) Wandless,

1st Regiment REECE Corps

Horace Wandless of Altofts, Wakefield, Yorkshire died on August 17th, aged 74. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1986.

Mr Wandless, known as Harry, enlisted into the Army in 1942 and served as a Trooper in the 1st Regiment REECE Corps. His sight was badly

damaged when he suffered severe wounding at Anzio in 1944. After repatriation he spent a period at Church Stretton before going to Stoke Mandeville, where he stayed until his discharge from the Army in early 1945. Horace Wandless worked as a storeman for a glass company but had to retire in 1984 due to further deterioration of his sight. His hobbies included gardening, talking books and basket-work.

We send our sympathy to his wife, Lilah, and twin sons, Paul and David, and all members of the family.

Norman Binning,

Royal Air Force

Norman Claypole Binning of Exmouth, Devon died on August 26th, aged 79. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1995. Mr Binning joined the Royal Air Force soon after leaving school in 1936 intending to make this his career. Initially based in the North of England, he was posted to Hong Kong in 1939 and subsequently captured by the Japanese on Christmas Day, 1941. Mr Binning remained in captivity until the end of the war.

He continued to serve until 1947 when the malnutrition he suffered as a FEPOW began to affect his sight. Towards the end of that year he was invalided from the Service.

Following his discharge, he worked as a shopkeeper and then became a laboratory assistant for the local health department in Exeter. He followed this career until having to retire at the age of 56.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Jean, son, Adrian, and all members of the family.

Ernest Barnes,

Royal Army Service Corps

Ernest William Barnes, resident of St Dunstan's Ovingdean, died on August 30th, aged 89. He had been a St Dunstaner since 1988. Enlisting in 1940, he served with the Royal Army Service Corps as a Company Sergeant Major. For a time, he was the driver to Field Marshal Montgomery. In 1943, whilst on convoy duty in the UK, he was wounded by a bomb blast. Mr Barnes was discharged in 1946, after which he worked as a foreman in a general builders yard until he was 68. His hobbies included gardening and talking books. Our sympathy goes to his sons and all other members of the family.