

# St Dunstan's Review

November 1999



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Cover picture:

Feeling lost? Terry Walker reads his braille directions to his rally driver Kevin Hayat. Full details on page ten.

## From the Chairman



On October 5th, General Sir Peter de la Billière, KCB, KBE, DSO, MC opened the newly named Mount McKinley Sports Hall at Ovingdean. This has been refurbished thanks to part of the proceeds from the Mount McKinley expedition, 'Unseen Steps' by St Dunstaner Alan 'Reggie' Perrin in 1995.

I would like to express the thanks of St Dunstan's to all those involved in 'Unseen Steps', who made this possible. Mr Harvey Parker, who works part-time at Ovingdean, has painted a 43ft mural depicting Mount McKinley and other sporting scenes. May this be a tribute, a reminder and an inspiration to all those who have succeeded in proving the abilities of St Dunstaners and an encouragement to all those who will use the hall in the future.

Captain Michael Gordon-Lennox, RN



## NOTICE BOARD



### EX-POWS REUNION APRIL 2000

In the near future, the Honorary Secretary Tom Hart, will be giving more details of the AGM and the reunion dinner, which will be held on April 14th-16th with a view to finding out how many will be attending.

I would urge all those who wish to attend to send in their confirmation promptly. It would be greatly appreciated if those who do not wish to attend would also let the Hon Secretary know.

There is quite a lot entailed in the arrangements for these functions and although we do not wish to set a deadline, we will be very grateful if the replies are in by March 31st.

The ex-POWs who are resident at St Dunstan's Ovingdean should also let Tom know if they will be attending the dinner. It is essential that we know the correct numbers so that we can make arrangements for catering.

One last point, please remember to book your accommodation through your Welfare Officers. Last year we were almost fully booked at Ovingdean and we expect the same in April 2000.

**Alf Lockhart**  
Honorary Treasurer

### ARCHERY FIXTURES 2000

St Dunstan's Archery Club have planned the following schedule for next year:

BBS Championship	February 19th-26th
Archery Week	June 11th-17th
Including a shoot against Navy, Army and RAF teams on June 14th.	
Archery Week	August 27th-September 2nd

Anyone interested in taking part should contact Roger McMullan on 01273 309927 before 9pm.

### BAR AT OIVINGDEAN

As of November 1st there will be a small rise in some of the bar prices at Ovingdean. This is the first increase since 1995 and reflects the higher costs from suppliers.

### SHIRTS AVAILABLE TO ALL

A new all cotton polo shirt has been added to the range of St Dunstan's shirts. It is available in blue with a left-hand yellow chest logo or white with a blue logo, both come in medium, large and XL sizes. The polo shirts cost £8.00 each.

A new t-shirt, white with small blue left-hand logo has also been added. Available in large and XL it is made from 100 percent cotton and costs £4.00. We have a number of t-shirts with the old large blue badge still available in medium.

St Dunstan's sweatshirts, which are blue with a left-hand yellow chest logo, are priced £8.50. Available sizes are large and XL. All of these items can be ordered by mail or telephone (0171 723 5021) from the Public Relations department at Headquarters. Please add £2.00 to each order to cover postage and packing.

### WORD UP ONLINE

A 50 volume braille thesaurus could be a thing of the past. An online dictionary resource that searches several dictionaries for alternative meanings is now available at [www.dictionary.com](http://www.dictionary.com).

### CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR SALE

St Dunstan's Christmas cards are still available. It sports the familiar torch-badge in a frame with curved corners. Measuring 100x140mm it has a foil finish and they come in red, green and blue. Inside it reads "With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year." The cards cost 25p each, (which includes P&P). They are available to all from the Public Relations department at Headquarters.

### DEADLINE FOR FEBRUARY REVIEW

The final date for submitting items for the February Review is January 7th 2000.

## DUAL SYSTEM FOR BRAILLE REAFFIRMED

At it's meeting on July 20th the Braille Authority of the United Kingdom (BAUK) reaffirmed the decision to recognise the legitimacy of the use of capitalised Braille by educators of blind children in material produced by and for schools.

It did not agree to extend the term "educational material" to cover any book or document that might be the object of study by blind children or adults. In principle, they agreed to the creation of a dual standard whereby capitalised and uncapitalised braille would be regarded as correct. They recognised the strength of feeling that currently exists against the use of capitalised braille in leisure reading material. They concluded that dual standards had operated in other English speaking countries.

BAUK have agreed to approach the United Kingdom Association of Braille Producers (UKABP) with a view to setting up a joint working party to report on how soon it would be technically feasible and cost effective to produce multi-copy books in both capitalised and uncapitalised braille without unduly affecting output.

St Dunstan's representative at the meeting, Iain Millard registered a vote against full-capitalisation in accordance with earlier feedback from St Dunstaners.

## HELL IN THE FAR EAST

As a young Gunner in the 155th (Lanarkshire Yeomanry) Royal Artillery Regiment, John McEwan had to endure the brutal conditions of the Formosan copper mine of Kinkasaki. His account of those four years as a prisoner of the Japanese, *Out of The Depths of Hell*, has been published by Pen & Sword Books.

When quoting reference 99/61, the book can be ordered at the special price of £12.95 (p&p free in UK/EEC, overseas add £2.50 for surface mail or £5 for airmail) by phoning 01226 734222/734555 or by writing to Pen & Sword Books, FREEPOST SF5, 47 Church Street, Barnsley, South Yorkshire S70 2BR.

## HOT SHOWS HOTLINE

A host of stage shows such as *An Inspector Calls*, *Annie* and *Carmen* are being audio described as they tour the nation. A company called VocalEyes is adding commentary on the set, costumes and actions of the cast. For information on VocalEyes performances nationwide call their 24hr hotline on 0870 902 0002 (calls charged at national call rate).

## IN TUNE WITH EACH OTHER

An interest in music has brought a St Dunstaner and a St Dunstan's widow together in harmony. St Dunstaner George Durant and St Dunstan's widow Barbara Wharton both have an interest in the works of classical composers. At the suggestion of Welfare Officer Pam Wait, Barbara started making tapes for George and they got to know each other when she stopped by to collect them. This obviously struck a note with George of Goring-by-Sea, Worthing, West Sussex and the couple made a permanent duet when they married on September 16th.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

*Letters to the Editor are always welcome.  
Send a letter, tape or disk to  
The Public Relations Department  
12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.  
E-mail: st.dunstans@btinternet.com*

### From: Tom Page, Morecombe, Lancashire

I would like to thank St Dunstan's very much for my stay down at St Dunstan's Ovingdean. I'd like to thank Dr Knott, the nursing staff, Sue Rowlands, Sarah Millar, Trevor Jordan-Jones and Lynda Lee. They really looked after me well. I had a really bad do on the first Saturday night and my wife was worried, but as usual I came out of it. So, thank you St Dunstan's and the staff at Ovingdean.

## Obituary: Stella Thorpe

We are sorry to announce the passing of Miss Stella Thorpe on October 2nd. Stella, who was herself blind and a devoted guide dog owner, joined the Welfare department at HQ in 1972. She worked as a braille typist for Phylis Rogers in Southern Area Welfare, counterpart to the late Pat O'Brien in the Northern Area. Miss Thorpe retired in November 1986. Her funeral on October 11th was attended by members of the Welfare department.

## Andrew O'Hagan

At time of going to press, Andrew O'Hagan, who was the Editorial Assistant on *St Dunstan's Review* in 1990-91, was amongst the authors short listed for this year's Booker Prize. His novel *Our Fathers*, detailing the lives of three hard-drinking Glaswegians, was Ladbrokes joint favourite to win with odds of 3-1.

## Ted takes to the air



St Dunstaner Ted Yeaman, aged 78, conquered claustrophobia and gravity in one swoop on August 30th. He booked himself on a short flight from Shoreham Airport. During the flight Ted took over the controls of the light aircraft from pilot Tony James, acquitting himself calmly and skilfully.

Ted has suffered with claustrophobia since the war and has been unable to travel in lifts, cars, buses and planes. Having overcome this fear he is preparing to go on a much longer flight for a holiday in the Cayman Islands.

## Buggy keeps Matt on the road for golf

Matthew Rhodes induced a spot of jealousy in his fellow St Dunstaners during his first game of golf on September 18th. Over nine holes, Matt who is partially paralysed achieved a net score of 52 or 80 gross during a deluge of rain.

He was driven over Rusper Golf Course in one of St Dunstan's Golf Club's new electric buggies. Taking the wheel was Matt's caddie for the day, David Chandler, son of St Dunstaner Des Chandler.



## Double Bronze in the valleys

Glyn Shoesmith and Morton Williams are maintaining their presence in the field of blind bowling. Both won Bronze medals at the Welsh Association of Visually Handicapped Bowlers Singles Championships held at Belle Vue Park, Newport, Gwent on September 6th-7th. The Bowlers from Llanelli, Dyfed were playing with the Parc-Y-Dre Club.

Glyn was pleased to declare that he beat the British Champion thanks to the help of his coach and wife Sheila. Morton Williams, aided by coach Denzil Thomas, added: "After six games, I had the same points score as the silver medallist, but on the overall count up of shots for and against over the six games I lost the silver by one shot!"

## SILVER MARK

Mark Maddock of Leasowe, Wirral won the Silver medal running 5,000m in the Dublin Games, regarded as one of the toughest events for blind athletes, on May 2nd. The former Lance Bombardier covered the distance in 24.06 minutes while running with The Royal National College for the Blind, Hereford.

Details of Mark's latest running activities, this time as part of the St Dunstan's London Marathon Team, appear on page six.

# RUN SOUTH YOUNG MAN!

by Grant V.A. Cooper, MILAM, Dip  
Sports & Recreation Supervisor



Long distance runner Brendan Foster stopped by to offer the team encouragement at the start.

The Reprobates are at it again! On Sunday, September 19th the St Dunstan's London Marathon Team met on the steps of the Pyramids Leisure Pool in Southsea, Hampshire on a cold, wet and windy morning. We were about to participate in the Great South Run, a well-established international ten mile run.

Joining us were 6,000 international athletes, club runners, joggers, fun runners and disabled athletes, about to brave the inclement conditions.

The St Dunstan's team was fortunate enough to be given the privilege of starting the race ten minutes ahead of the main field, this avoided a great deal of 'argy bargy', pushing and prodding.

Prior to the delayed start we were introduced to Mr Brendan Foster, the Great Britain Olympic Middle and Long Distance runner, who showed a keen interest in blind running.

The cold weather did not deter the thousands of spectators who lined the streets of Southsea for this very flat and enjoyable race.

The St Dunstan's team set off to rapturous applause and great TV coverage, ahead of the main field.

Andy Mahoney, taking the initiative, set off like the proverbial hare and had covered over half of the course before the pack of international athletes managed to pass him. Andy finished the race in a very respectable 1hr 1min and then found the energy to backtrack two miles to pick up the rear markers of the St Dunstan's team to give them encouragement.

Pete Walker was the next to finish in a time of 1hr 26mins, closely followed by Mark Maddock at 1hr 29mins; Dave Goldsmith came in at 1hr 39mins and last, but by no means least, Don Planner, running with Grant Cooper and Lynda Stringer, finished in an excellent time of 1hr 44mins.

Many thanks once again to Lynda's husband John and Sharon Planner who between them managed to video and photograph the whole event, apart from Andy Mahoney who was too quick for everyone.

If there is anyone out there who would like to join the St Dunstan's Marathon Running Team, or assist as a running guide, please contact Grant Cooper, Sports & Recreation Supervisor at Ovingdean on extension 3100.



Andy Mahoney, Don Planner, Grant Cooper and Lynda Stringer near the end of the ten mile course.

# Airborne Anniversary

By Ray Sheriff

Once again Betty and I travelled to Holland to participate in the Battle of Arnhem 55th Anniversary programme on September 16th-21st. I was also there to jump in tandem as a member of the Arnhem Veteran's Parachute Team. The numbers of which have lessened somewhat to a total of 16, five years ago there were 43.

The jump was scheduled for Saturday 18th and fortunately the weather was ideal with sufficient wind and glorious sunshine. The aircraft used this year was a Dakota DC3, the same type as used for our initial jump into Arnhem on Sunday, September 17th 1944. As a totally blind person, my preferred means of exit from this aircraft is through the port side door, more or less a case of walking out into space.

This year we jumped from 10,000ft and I had a good exit and landing, only one casualty sustaining a broken ankle. Bad-show! should have looked what he was doing? So, I now have 12 tandems under my belt. My tandem master was a really nice guy and we seemed to click right from the word go. He has even asked me, if I wish, to jump with him next year - from a helicopter!

After the events of Saturday, the veteran jumpers had their evening farewell dinner which is always a most enjoyable occasion. More so, due to the fact that we are entertained by a group of Dutch children dressed in gay colourful dresses. They sang all manner of songs both in Dutch and English, including



Betty and Ray Sheriff with Laurence de Vreeze of the Dutch Resistance commemorating the 55th Anniversary of the Battle of Arnhem.

the rendering of *The Bells of Arnhem*. I think many tried to hide an escaping tear.

The real climax to the Arnhem weekend fell on Sunday when a service was conducted amidst the thousands of graves. Although I have attended numerous services such as this over the past 50 years, I found this one the most impressive and moving. The Dutch children played their part by laying bunches of flowers on so many graves of the fallen, at a given signal. At the end of the service there was a loud roar of six aircraft zooming low by way of a final salute to the Airborne Cemetery, Oosterbeek.

## Stephen lands record with super salmon

The son of a St Dunstaner snagged a local record when he caught a super-sized salmon in his local river. Stephen Sutton of Bray, Co. Wicklow was fishing for sea trout in the River Dargle when the water started bubbling up and he realised that he had a fight on his hands.

After a struggle he managed to land what proved to be a monster salmon for the area. The 38 inch salmon weighed in at 21½lbs. It measured 26 inches around the middle and carried a 10½ inch tail.

"It's not a world record by any means," Stephen told the *Review*, "but you don't expect to catch a salmon that size in a river like the Dargle which is only small. I was only using a 10lb line at the time."

The largest salmon to be caught in the Dargle has been stuffed and mounted in a glass case. The flesh has been placed, not surprisingly, in the freezer.

Stephen's father was the late Patrick Sutton who served in Burma with The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

# THE PEAK OF ACHIEVEMENT

## General Sir Peter opens Mount McKinley Sports Hall



Artist Harvey Parker with Dominic Marshall, Alan Perrin and General Sir Peter de la Billière.

General Sir Peter de la Billière feted the remarkable achievements of a St Dunstaner when he opened the newly named Mount McKinley Sports Hall at St Dunstan's Ovingdean on October 5th. He recounted how his son Edward and Dominic Marshall had mounted an expedition to one of the most unassailable mountains in the world with Alan 'Reggie' Perrin who had not long lost his sight to a hand grenade explosion.



Arthur Harvey demonstrates the use of the acoustic rifle. Behind him are some scenes from the mural.

He revealed that seven people had died on the Alaskan slopes of Mount McKinley this year, underlining that any expedition was a daunting prospect for the best of able-bodied mountaineers. "To go, as 'Reg' had, from being told he would never walk again, to walking again, to walking cross country, to learning to climb again, well it's fantastic."

Sir Peter added that Unseen Steps was not by any means an indulgent adventure, it had produced a very practical result - raising £40,000 for charity! Part of those funds had been used to refurbish the Sports Hall and to enable its use as a multipurpose facility. Apart from bowling, archery, shooting, martial arts and indoor golf can now all be practised in the hall.

Sir Peter presented St Dunstan's shields to 'Reg' and Dominic Marshall in tribute to their endeavours. 'Reg' in turn passed a pair of scissors to Sir Peter so that he could cut the ribbon sealing the entrance to the Mount McKinley Sports Hall.

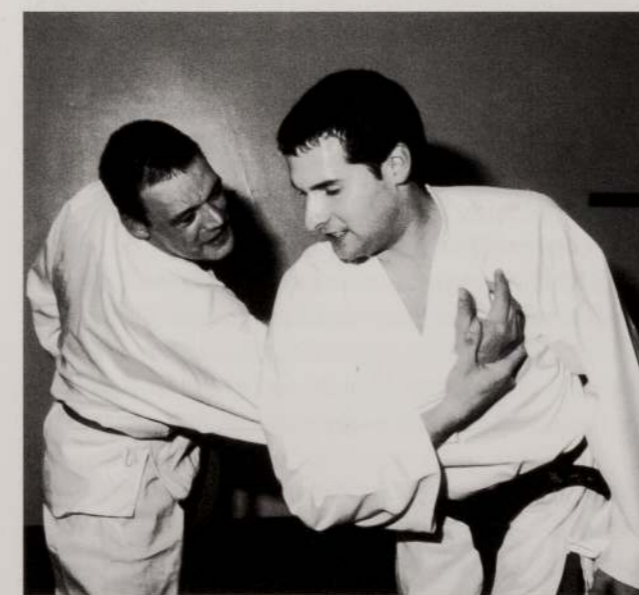
The attendant crowd were treated to the first public viewing of an impressive decorative feature capturing the spirit of adventure that the Unseen Steps

expedition embodied. It also depicts other sporting activities enjoyed by St Dunstaners. While a portrait of Mount McKinley and the Unseen Steps team forms the centrepiece, many other sports such as bowling, swimming, horse riding, archery, shooting, parachuting, running, fishing, golf and paragliding are depicted. It also features some very familiar faces from the St Dunstan's sporting fraternity.

Spanning 43ft, the mural was created by Harvey Parker who works as a General Assistant at Ovingdean. He spent much of his spare time to finish the painting in preparation for the opening.

Inside the hall, St Dunstaners demonstrated some of the sports that will be practised in the venue. Matthew Rhodes was able to hone his putting in somewhat drier conditions than his previous outing. Over in the corner, David Powell, a beneficiary of The Diana Gubbay Trust, was locked in seemingly mortal combat with Michael Godden from the Rehab & Training department. Their frantic but friendly fighting was a lesson in jiu jitsu.

St Dunstaner Ron Cattell, who was standing alongside Sid Doy for an archery display, saw a certain irony in their activities. "Here we are shooting arrows and back in the war, we were stood together in a trench at Dunkirk shooting guns," he said. Of course, today the targets were not shooting back, though the strong camaraderie remained and many of those present were living proof that whatever the obstacle, however high the mountain, it can be conquered.



Is this what they mean by twisting someone's arm?

# WALKING ON TOP OF THE WORLD



Picture by Peter Georgi, courtesy of the BBC

Up where the air is rarified. Alan 'Reg' Perrin, Dominic Marshall and Edward de la Billière on the slopes of Mount McKinley.

Few expected Royal Marine Sgt Alan Perrin to survive in 1992 when a hand grenade exploded as he stepped up to disarm it. Surgeons treating him found he had suffered the severest of head wounds. As Sgt Perrin, almost universally known as 'Reg' lay in a coma the prognosis was that he would not have much of a life if he did pull round.

Three years later, 'Reg' had defied those expectations and had teamed up with law students Dominic Marshall and Edward de la Billière to stage a mountaineering expedition, Unseen Steps. Their aim was to tackle America's highest mountain, the 20,320ft Mount McKinley. The icy peak has a fearful reputation as one of the most difficult mountains to scale.

Tragedy struck during the climb, 'Reg' fell into a crevasse, pulling Dominic with him. Having suffered a back injury Dominic had to be flown out.

The Unseen Steps team persevered with the climb until, having reached 16,500ft, the doctors advised that 'Reg' should not continue the ascent. Begrudgingly he concurred that it was better to return to base rather than risk the perils of the final 3,000ft. Although they did not reach the peak, the resilience and fortitude that 'Reg' had called upon to even be there has rarely been surpassed.

# SUB-AQUA DRIVING!



## Ray Hazan and Terry Walker hit the road for the Braille Rally

This was the 17th Annual Braille Rally organised for visually impaired people by the Kingston-upon-Thames Lions Club in association with Malden & District Motor Club and in co-operation, for the first time, with St Dunstan's. The Braille instructions for the 76-mile course around Surrey are given to the navigators only a few minutes before take-off. They are very clear, giving a milometer reading, an average speed and an instruction, for example: TL (turn left) at traffic lights, SP (signpost) Woking.

Four St Dunstaners took part and thoroughly enjoyed the day. Each was teamed up with a driver from their former Regiment or Corps. The Grenadier Guards Association generously donated a trophy for the winning St Dunstaner navigator.

A bonus was the presence of WOII RQMS Neville Bould, Grenadier Guards, who added colour to the occasion in ceremonial uniform, though it was too wet for a bearskin. Sid Doy, an ex-Grenadier himself, immediately examined Neville's turnout and his comments about staybright buttons as opposed to 'the brass ones I had in my day and had to clean' are not printable here! Sid, who had spent several weeks brushing up on his Braille, was driven and kept in order by former Grenadier Guards Captain Don Ashworth; ex-Sapper John Gilbert (Sap-Aqua) was driven by Major Tom Wye, MBE, RE; Terry Walker (WD40) joined forces with Kevin, a civilian attached to a REME workshop in Aldershot and Ray Hazan (the Kuston Kid) met up with General Sir Michael Walker, KCB, CMG, CBE, Commander-in-Chief UK Land Forces, who was originally commissioned into the Royal Anglian Regiment.

The Infantry devised a neat and simple plan to foil the REME; the idea of flattening some of the Braille instructions was deemed as 'below the belt'. So the 'workshop wallahs' were told that at midday, the sun was in the North, as an aid to general orientation. This 'crafty plan' was foiled by two unavoidable

events; the cloud was ten tenths at 100ft and the REME are not so gullible as they appear!

For four hours, the teams battled it out, often passing other competitors going in the opposite direction, trying to drop those who 'tailed' and striving to keep score sheets dry as they were passed out of the window at the ten control points.

Ray won the name of the 'Kuston Kid'. Well, you try reading the difference between the 'u' sign in Braille and the 'ing' sign in a car flying over sleeping policemen!

We were asked to be back at the start point by 13.45 and after four hours of heavy concentration by drivers, navigators, assistants and some very wet control point marshals, there was little reluctance to be late. However, by 15.00 there was still no sign of the REME team – had they, in the end, believed the story about the whereabouts of the sun at midday? They arrived in time for a lunch turned high tea.

### Terry Walker now tells his own story:

"I listened to the weather forecast two days before the rally and hoped someone would call the whole thing off. No such luck, the weather was foul but I was not going to be the missing person.

Our chances rested squarely on the shoulders of a young Territorial who put his elderly Mini Cooper on the road especially for the rally. It was sitting in the car just after leaving Guildford Station at 7.10am on the Sunday that he related the full story.

'The Mini has been off the road for a year, requires further welding, the screen leaks a little, but it has just passed its MOT and this is its first trip out.' Sitting there, I really wondered exactly what I had let myself in for. As it happened, we enjoyed a very exciting day out. Kevin Hayat brought his fiancée Sally along.

Decreasing weather conditions caused the six checkpoints we hit to be increasingly surprised to see us. At the halfway house we were expecting to be allowed a 15 minute break where tea would be provided. As we rolled in gasping, the man was just packing the urn into the back of his car. We've finished he said, waved and went.

Not disheartened we pressed on. The route was along country lanes which would have served the Roman Army badly; all shapes and narrow sizes. There were craters which afforded frequent trips to test the strength of the roof with my head. Fingers designed



Tea break in the rain. Sir Michael and Ray come off the road for a much needed cuppa.

to follow Braille lines were better employed in retaining hold of the Braille document, let alone its dots.

A problem arose early on when our flashers stopped working. Kevin nipped out and replaced the fuse, all okay and we were off again. Next the wipers packed up, overworked? No, it was wet which caused them to blow a fuse. We changed fuses on a regular basis for some miles. Eventually a new fuse did not do the trick. Not disheartened, Kevin dived into his box of goodies for Mini's, pulling out an indicator relay which solved the problem. Next we had flooding of the paperwork resting on the shelf below the front screen. 'More rags out of the back pocket please Terry,' Sally packed these in the corner of the windscreen. A few more miles and the Mini developed a dislike for deep water. It seemed some of the puddles in the lanes were deeper than the car was built to cross. The little engine coughed and spluttered; Kevin revved it and we shot forward at a great rate of knots for ten yards or so. Eventually the Mini rolled to a stop, I heard the door open and Kevin was gone. Returning within a few minutes to press the starter and surprisingly the engine fired and we were off. Yes, you are right, it was WD40 and I expect Kevin was out there more often than one would care to mention, never failing to bring the car back to life.

Looking for a T junction we came across a Y junction, so we picked the wrong one; right fork when left should have been the correct one. My fault and definitely not Kevin's. Back on route we passed through the next checkpoint and shortly afterwards came on a lovely sign, 'Road Closed Floods'. So we took a team decision and headed for home.



Top: All aboard the Amphibious Mini! Above: Guardsmen Doy and Bould button things up.



Sir Michael with John Gilbert, Sid Doy, Neville Bould, Terry Walker and Ray Hazan.

We made the base hotel by 15.10 - well after everyone else. Three plates loaded with fine and much welcome food, accompanied by loud cheering from understanding friendly competitors, were handed out to three very wet team members. Kevin did a masterful job, I'm proud of the way he kept up the Regiment's standards.

To cap it all, Kevin and Sally agreed to take me all the way home after the event. I will long remember this day, the pleasure and company of Kevin and Sally not least of all."

General Sir Michael kindly gave each of the 25 navigators a certificate and the first three won plaques. Of the St Dunstaner teams, the Kuston Kid narrowly beat Sap-Aqua. The trophy, a bronze Grenadier statuette, circa 1925, in uniform with Lee Enfield rifle, bearskin, pack and bedroll, will be a treasured memento. Sid Doy was presented with an award from the Institute of Advanced Motorists for the most game 'first timer'.

We are all grateful to Peter Lockwood, Ron Fisher and all the members of Kingston-upon-Thames Lions, who made it a challenging and enjoyable day despite the weather. We would like it to become a regular event for St Dunstan's. How about an inter-services competition next year - members of the SBS would have done particularly well this year! So, please, start brushing up on your Braille and mark Sunday, September 17th 2000 in your diary. For further details contact Ray Hazan on 0171 723 5021.

## Balancing the Books

by Ted Bunting

### It's Hello-From Him

Author: Ronnie Barker  
Reader: Garard Green  
Catalogue number: 7601  
Duration: 6 Hours 8 minutes

Ronnie Barker brought much pleasure to many people in his show business career, so it's a pity I have to say I was sorry I'd started to listen to his book in next to no time! He might as well have begun; "Now before we go any further let me say what a very clever fellow I am!" Frankly I found it all very off-putting.

Actually he never stops telling you what a high opinion he has of himself, not directly as a rule but contrived in such a manner as, "I'd heard the great actor was in the audience, but imagine my surprise when he came back stage and said 'Ronnie you were marvellous, absolutely wonderful'." I found it quite sickening at times; he never mentions any criticism. I'm not suggesting that the compliments were not paid but don't these thespians congratulate each other no matter how awful they've been?

There are occasions too, when he might as well have copied out a couple of pages from the membership of Equity; the game is called "name-dropping". "Lord Tom Noddy was at the next table," aren't you impressed? You know how it goes.

In this book the names are usually of actors but the usual actor, to me, is someone who pretends to be someone else and speaks words someone else has written. He may have played Moses but it doesn't give him the right to lay the law down, does it? What makes an actor's opinions something to be especially impressed by? Not a lot that I can think of.

There is a lot in *It's Hello-From Him* to be less than impressed about as far as I am concerned, there are a few funny bits I admit, and parts I found to be of genuine interest, but sadly, the unfavourable impression I formed at the beginning was not completely dispelled by what was to follow.

## RECOLLECTIONS FROM THE RIVERBANK

by Christine Stalham

One summer day, early in the war, we went swimming in Old Father Thames in its upper reaches, where we had a field by it. I do not remember how many of us were in the party, nor do I remember who was there, except myself, my mother and - an awe-inspiring sight to a small girl - an elderly lady in what appeared to be a most strange apparel. A scarlet long-sleeved, low-necked garment that ended in bloomers and covered what looked like a kind of knickers. I thought she was dressing up as a clown. Fortunately, either out of being dumbfounded or just keeping my mouth shut out of politeness, I did not let out any faux pas.

I can't recall her name but I clearly remember this lady swimming about with the skirt floating on the surface of the water, but what shocked me beyond description was the emergence of a very wet Edwardian lady with the bathing dress clinging to her, looking really indecent compared to others who were wearing up-to-the-minute swimwear. This very individual lady was a great character, and good friend of the family, but I could never lip-read her at all, not only did she look rather like a horse, she had teeth to match. Her usual clothes were also very out of date, and she led a spartan life in an old cottage in the village. She was much in evidence at all the fund raising affairs in the area.

She had an evacuee girl from the East End of London and she took a thorough interest in this lass, leading her into higher education with distinctions. I often wondered how this girl liked living with our friend for I was rather in awe of her, and very glad I did not have to! She had been to Oxford as one of the first women students and gained degrees, in what, I have no idea, but this must have been of pride to her, for she loved books of which she had a great many in her cottage.

I last saw her, in her nineties, still alert in mind, if not so agile in body. I also remember the rather tufty chin she had, which caused my toddler nephew to make a remark, which she took in her stride, "Young man, you'll have one yourself one day!"

## WELCOME

We welcome the following and hope she will settle down happily as a member of our family.

**Cdr Penelope Melville-Brown, RN** of Fareham, Hampshire became a St Dunstaner on August 24th. She joined the Royal Navy in 1977 as a direct entry graduate and was commissioned as a Third Officer WRNS the following year. In 1987 she was selected for legal training and obtained a Diploma in Law at the University of Westminster. She was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in July 1989 and subsequently acted as a Legal Adviser and Prosecution Officer at courts martial. Her hobbies include pottery, painting, ceramics and picture framing.

**We welcome the following who has become a beneficiary of the Diana Gubbay Trust:**

**Mr Raymond Douglas** of Woodrow South, Redditch served in the Royal Navy from 1954 to 1964. He began his service on-board HMS *Ark Royal* but later moved onto destroyers and cruisers. After leaving the service he worked in machine assembly and tool work at Royal Enfield and then BKL Alloys. He is interested in welding, decorating and 'anything to do with ships'. Mr Douglas is married to Pauline.

## 50 YEARS AGO

Thora Hird was regularly putting in an appearance at St Dunstan's. Having joined a group of St Dunstaners at Simpson's of Piccadilly for cocktails and ballroom dancing, she was soon back at West House for an evening concert. She was joined for this occasion by her daughter Jeanette Scott. George Killingbeck, Joe Walch, Bob Osborne and Cathleen Ramsden teamed up for a rendering of *Chu Chin Chow*.

St Dunstaner Ronald Gadsby of Leeds was granted permission by HRH the Princess Royal to fish in the grounds of Harewood House.

Thomas Till of Lancaster returned home after visiting his sister in Arizona for nearly a year. On his return flight to England he was introduced to ex-heavyweight boxing champion Carnera.

# ALLO, ALLO, ICI PARIS

Generation 3 Reunion  
By Penny Melville-Brown and Ray Hazan



*Gallic horizons! The G3s put on a panoramic pose in Paris.*

Imagine a St Dunstan's reunion where you sit eating outside in the warm night air with the Sacré-Coeur as a backdrop and a view over Paris in the foreground. To relax with after dinner drinks in a street café until well after midnight or lazing up the river Seine on a Bateau Mouche and you have just some of the events of this year's Generation 3 gathering.

Some flew, whilst most travelled under the Channel – seven couples with but one destination, the French War Blind Hotel just south of the red light district in Paris. Their rates for bed and breakfast only, are much the same as for Ovingdean. Other meals can be taken there, if you wish. All rooms have en suite facilities and there is a lift. If any St Dunstaner, beneficiaries of The Diana Gubbay Trust or their wives are tempted by the following article, to experience Paris for themselves, then please contact the Public Relations department for information.

“Le Eurostar” was a great way to travel. The South West Trains “buggy” swept luggage and me through Waterloo to be met at the Eurostar terminal by yet more helpful staff. The train itself is comfortable and a very smooth ride; there's lots of room for bags (and even the odd piece of furniture on the way

back!). Neither journey was crowded although it's wise to get a snack lunch early from the buffet car – we were last so made do with the ubiquitous waffle.

The taxi queue was very long but moving quickly – but we never got that far! Hijacked by one of the predatory touts, we were whisked away to a side entrance. Our alarm was growing as our imagination conjured this adventure ending in illicit and unroadworthy transport, wildly overpriced fares to white slave trade (at bargain basement price in our case!) Such are the English abroad when dragged from the security of that most reassuring of institutions – the queue. But our alarm, and subconscious dreams of adventure, was not to be fulfilled; a legitimate taxi, with meter, parked behind a police van, was nearly an anticlimax. So much adrenaline for just the price of a tip.

The French War Blind hotel is set back from the road and makes few concessions for its visually impaired clientele. There is a central stone guideline to help navigate the alley to the front door and the stairs have barriers to prevent the inadvertent descent. Otherwise, the preponderance of brown decor offered the perfect camouflage for furniture stealthily lurking for the unwary shin. The rooms are

simple but clean and comfortable. The en suite shower was clearly built for more streamlined Gallic figures; those with more fulsome amplitude negotiate the lever controls with caution, rotate with care and abandon all attempts to reach one's toes.

The hotel has a delightful grassed courtyard about the size of a tennis court. We spent our first hours unwinding in the sun, drinking wine and devouring lunch: huge sandwiches of ham and country bread made to order at a snack-shop a few doors away.

That first evening's group excursion to Montmartre was a fine example of the tourist abroad. A few minutes walk took us to the Moulin Rouge. It looks just like the postcards: quite small, with lots of bright neon lights and the windmill sails slowly rotating. All around is the red light district – no one managed to spot a cocotte but I am reliably informed that the shops had ample evidence of their accoutrements: a startling array of 12" stiletto heels and other leather appendages which smacked more of injury than enjoyment.

A little train departs from Blanche for Montmartre with somewhat lethargic, and largely unintelligible commentary on the buildings once occupied by the long dead and occasionally recognisable celebrities. Montmartre is a steep climb up winding cobbled roads, with pavements ablaze with lights and busy jostling crowds. Near the summit is a wondrous view of Paris, stretching to the horizon; myriad roofs and the Eiffel Tower emerging from a golden haze in the last sunlight. Behind is Sacré-Coeur, glowing with warm light that blushes colour on to its dome and towers. At its feet stand young street artists. Draped and painted as the Statue of Liberty in white or the green of aged bronze, right arm outstretched with that well known torch, they remain absolutely still until a few coins prompt flashing eyes or regal hand movements.

Further up in Montmartre, the pace was more energetic with waiters in red berets and neckerchiefs rushing to fill the plates and glasses of the boisterous pavement café customers. The distant booms and occasional flashes across the sky were echoes of a distant firework display. Closer, costumed Arabic men stamped and twirled to North African music while swirling long flaming torches through the darkness.

I draw a veil over the extravagance of the following day's shopping. Suffice to say that Galeries Lafayette (Selfridges) and Printemps (more Debenhams) are easy walking distance from the hotel.

A Métro ride to the Île de la Cité and Notre-Dame was just a simple, standard 8 franc (less than a pound) fare and not overcrowded. People on the trains leapt to offer seats at the sight of a white stick. On the island, the daily flower market was rather an extensive array of shrubs and plants; delicate orchids, towering spiky cacti, exotic palm trees plus the more familiar bay and box trees.

Sunday was an adventure to the huge outdoor market at the north of the city. A less salubrious area that is notorious for murders. We ignored the expanse of stalls selling every type of footwear (as long as they were trainers), African artefacts and clothes. The antique section, partly housed in a huge two-storey glass dome, had magnetic attraction. Here we found the chair (carved walnut, caned seat and back, turn of the century) that joined us on the journey home.

So a final evening stroll to Place de Clichy for a wonderful meal (three courses, aperitif, coffee and ½ a bottle of wine each for £17). The Le Melrose is highly recommended for all greedy gourmets and was just the right flavour of France to end a memorable weekend.

Throughout, wherever we went, the Parisians could not have been more charming or helpful. They were patient with our French and usually fluent (or at least willing) in their English. Everyone was delighted to chat over a coffee or just volunteer help to the patently lost. The weather was hot and sunny culminating in a final tempestuous but brief thunderstorm.

● The Generation 3 gatherings aim to unite those whose blindness is due to any cause since 1945, whether St Dunstaner or beneficiary of the Diana Gubbay Trust for the Blind. If anyone has suggested views as to venue or activity for next year, would they please contact Ray Hazan on 0171 723 5021.



*The G3s let the train take the strain.*



## Peter Carr tells Simon Rogers of his new life on the Bench

# A FAIR JUDGEMENT



Peter Carr reviewing his itinerary.

Last year the Lord Chancellor's office initiated a trial scheme to allow blind people to join the ranks of Britain's magistrates. As a result, St Dunstan's Peter Carr of Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire found himself being nominated as a potential Justice of the Peace.

The Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire, Sir Maurice Johnston, KCB, OBE, also a member of St Dunstan's council, contacted Peter and suggested that he might be a suitable candidate for the new scheme.

"At the time I was acting as a referee for a close friend who was becoming a magistrate. I asked his advice and my wife's and decided that the best thing to do was apply. I felt that if I wasn't a suitable candidate the selection process would weed me out," said Peter.

"The selection process was the same that a sighted person would undertake, it was an interview with a panel. I was damn nervous that day." There were some additional observers present - representatives from the Lord Lieutenant and the Lord Chancellor.

"I think that, because of it being a new scheme, they wanted to know that the right procedures had been followed. From my point of view I think they were after the same sort of qualities they would seek in a sighted person." The interview panel obviously concluded that Peter had those qualities since he was

selected to take part in the scheme and has been sitting as a magistrate for just over a year.

So what might those qualities be? "You want someone who is unbiased," said Peter. "Actually unbiased isn't really the right word because we are all biased in some way. You want a fairly stable person in their attitude, someone of a certain education because you have to work through things logically and soundly."

He dismisses a need for an intensive knowledge of the law. "That's what the Clerks of Court are for. They are the legal eagles when it comes to points of law. As a magistrate you have guidelines, once you have decided that someone is guilty there are guidelines on the sentencing be it fines or imprisonment.

"There is always a structure, after you have heard the evidence you have to look at the aggravating features but on the other hand you have to look at the mitigating factors to see if there is anything that might help the plaintiff's case. At the end you come out with what you would hope is a fair judgement. I hope I've been able to sentence like with like."

Peter admits he had one surprise when he took his seat on the bench. "I didn't realise at first how varied the cases would be. Ninety five per cent of all crime goes through the magistrates court - only five per cent is going through the high courts. Most of it is petty offences, but at the end of the day a crime is a crime."

The responses of those who are sentenced are just as varied, it seems. "A lot of people accept their punishment on the cheek, some take it matter of factly, some react as if it's you that should be locked away. You start becoming aware of certain personalities because the same people keep coming before you."

Peter expresses a wish that some of those who come before him might see the error of their ways but tempers that with an acknowledgement that the world is not always what we would wish it to be. It is in this respect that impartiality becomes particularly important on the bench.

"One useful piece of advice I had came from David

Brewer, Clerk to the Justices," claims Peter. "He said 'One thing we've got to remember, we're not social workers, however we might feel, it's not up to us to deal with the social situation, someone else will be dealing with that'."

Peter normally sits in court for two half days every three weeks, though he has filled in for other magistrates when required. When he sits it is as part of a trio, a chair and two wingers, normal practice for magistrates regardless of whether they can see or not.

Does his lack of vision make any difference in court? Evidently, not much! "With the use of low vision aids I can read most documents," reveals Peter. "The only time I come slightly unstuck is if we have a handwritten document or if we need to read a presentencing report in a hurry. There have been times when it has been necessary to read a report in five minutes and there is no way I can do that. I have to get one of the other magistrates to read it to me."

Peter adds that looks can be misleading. "You have to concentrate on the case. I'm not sure that you can tell anything from how someone looks," he said, recalling a case where the plaintiff's face broke into a grin when the verdict was announced. His fellow winger commented that he looked as if he had got away with something. The Chairman responded "Did you see him before? His face was in a set grin before he came in."

Although he became a St Dunstaner in 1997, Peter has enjoyed a 30 year relationship with the charity since his discharge from the Royal Air Force when his sight was damaged.

"One big thing I owe St Dunstan's is my career," he said. "Without them I wouldn't be where I am today. It was the training at Ovingdean all those years ago that set me on my way."

The path he chose came about because of a magazine feature. "Commander Fawcett asked me what I wanted to be. I told him I wanted to be a computer programmer though to be honest I didn't know what a computer programmer was. He said 'What's that?' I said 'I'm not sure but when I was in hospital a chap was reading an article about it, so far as I can tell it's someone who writes a series of instructions for a machine to do something'."

IBM provided training materials for Peter, programming instruction texts in print and on tape. "With the able

help of Miss Gilbert at the time, I was able to work through them and taught myself Cobolt programming."

He wrote a couple of programmes for a Brighton firm, moved on to Shell and was then offered the choice of joining the Brighton firm or one in Swindon. "I was rather mercenary at the time," adds Peter. Swindon was the right choice though - since he is now working for Thorn as a computer programmer and analyst.

When relaxing Peter enjoys bowling in local league matches, line dancing with his wife and playing with his twin granddaughters. Another favoured activity is ice skating. "It's usually okay, so long as I don't go into the centre of the rink."

Peter recalls a time when his outlook was bleak. It was during his RAF days, when he had been a photographer. He was in hospital recovering, he knew he was leaving the RAF, but no one had actually said that to his face. Then someone did!

At that moment all the implications of his impending discharge came home. "I thought 'That's it, your whole bloody life has gone'. I was a regular in mind of applying to extend to 22 years. I enjoyed sports, I used to play hockey and to have that knocked on the head, then to lose what was really my livelihood at the time ..."

"I keep saying I'm fortunate because when you think what some St Dunstaners have gone through, my despair was nothing - it's meaningful at the time - but it makes me feel quite humble, that I've been able to come through that." And that, is an honest judgement.

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## Advertising Blunders

Back in 1918, the *Review* picked out the following classified advertisements from publications of the day.

WANTED, a furnished room, for a single gentleman looking both ways.

WANTED, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York. Willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

WANTED, two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family.

WANTED, an industrious man to take charge of 3,000 sheep who can speak German.

## MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD OF FUND RAISING

### *Autumn memories*

by Neil Swan

The autumn fund raising campaign is well underway and we are snowed under with the response! Everyone is working flat out to open all the post. We have a new addition to the department, a rather unpredictable all-folding, all-stuffing machine which automatically sends our thank you letters. However, it seems to have a mind of its own, to stuff or not to stuff, that seems to be a daily question - of course it couldn't be the operators!!

We have received some marvellous letters of support and some great memories of St Dunstan's. One gentleman wrote, "I have very touching memories of a bunch of St Dunstaners that I met in the early fifties in Brighton. My colleague and I were part of a Sergeant's Mess outing to Brighton. We fell in with this little band who were clearly upset about being turned out of a pub at 2pm closing. Somehow we

found a "drinking club". It was only then that we realised that this was a group of St Dunstaners. The upshot was that my colleague and I missed our coach back to the Mess, mainly because this merry band was determined to enjoy themselves. My last memory of that gallant band was as we left them in the charge of a dear old lady at a bus stop with strict instructions to see them on the right bus to St Dunstan's."

Some people, like Mrs J. Ashott, remember "taking some of the boys out during the war at Church Stretton." She sends her best wishes to all who were at St Dunstan's when it was at Church Stretton.

We had a letter from Jimmy James wishing all our ex-FEPOWs all the best, being one himself. One lady rooted out a copy of *The Prince of Wales Book*, a pictorial record of the voyages of HMS *Renown* 1919-

1920 which was published for St Dunstan's and foreworded by the Prince himself. We also had a sock sent in, only one!

We have also had letters and donations from children of all ages. One mother wrote:

"My son Felix, who is just six, sat studying your leaflet over breakfast and asked me to explain what it was all about. He sat listening as I read out the injuries sustained by those men. Without being asked, he ran upstairs and came down with three weeks pocket money, that he was saving towards a holiday. 'I want to help them, is this enough?' 'But it's all you've got,' I told him. 'That's OK, they need it more than me, I have everything, two arms, two legs and I can see'."

Leah Pugh, aged 12, and his friends from Trehaford, Mid Glamorgan are planning to do a sponsored bike ride, as is Rachel Jennings, aged 15.

## POET'S CORNER

### LIFE

Life is never easy, in fact it's bloody hard,

You always have the feeling that you don't hold all the cards.

You dance to someone else's tune like a puppet on a string,  
And you come to the conclusion that you don't control a thing.  
All through life there are people who are telling you what to do,

Parents, teachers, employers and countless bureaucrats too.

Dieticians tell you what to eat, all the health foods they have tried,  
Next week they say "Don't touch them, they're genetically modified!"

You're told to switch your pension when the Pru man comes to call,  
And then in ten years time you find your pension's worth damn all.

Politicians seem to spend their time banning most things one by one.

For once why don't they let us make decisions of our own.

They've banned my favourite T-bone steak, (I could eat one here and now).

You can't buy beef upon the bone, do they breed a boneless cow?

Of course, they don't ban everything, that would be going much too far,

If they ban things that kill us, why not the motor car?

But don't give up the struggle, we blind folk never do,

For one day perhaps you'll find just one of your dreams comes true.

So then just make the most of it but please don't lose your head,

For next day you'll surely find that you're well and truly dead!

George W. Powell

## THANK YOU FOR HELPING HELPS BANGALORE TO MYSORE WALK

by Dave Vinall

After spending a couple of weeks in Nepal, getting acclimatised to the heat and for me the food, Tilak and I headed down by air to the south of India to meet the other walkers on our trek. We stayed in a very nice little hotel in Bangalore. The city was known as the 'Garden City' and mostly built during the British Raj. There are wide tree lined boulevards with impressive government buildings and several parks. There is an air of faded grandeur and the real India with its teeming millions and horrendous traffic is slowly taking over. The night before the walk, we were hosted to supper by the local Rotary club in a hotel that would not have been out of place in Park Lane. It really underlines the extremes that exist in India - the desperately poor and the fabulously rich.

The walk started at the University, almost at the city limits. Several members of the press and television met us here with the Chief of Police, The Deputy State Governor, a handful of other dignitaries and the Bangalore Police Band.

The band was dressed in red and green uniforms, reminiscent of a circus. Their enthusiastic playing was amazing. It sounded as if Les Dawson (the comedian) was playing each of the instruments, with more than a few wrong notes. They were so proud and it really gave us a boost as we started off on the 90 miles to Mysore.

The weather was surprisingly good, a bit overcast, but nowhere as hot as it had been in 1998. The group, about 35 in number, 50/50 men and women, was a really mixed bunch with ages ranging from 17 to 60. Several local Rotarians joined us during the week, some of whom walked the whole way.

The sight of so many pale skinned people (especially the girls) walking through their villages caused a great deal of interest and we were constantly being asked, in passable English, what we were doing and why. Several times we were offered lifts, which we didn't take - honestly!

The best part were the children, several of us went into schools and were really moved by their songs

etc. They were so well behaved and enthusiastic, everyone wanted to shake your hand. This is not a tourist area so there were very few beggars. Children were always asking for pens or pencils, as they were a real luxury, which families on subsistence wages found it difficult to provide. One of the striking things is how clean and tidy the kids are - all in British style school uniform.

The route followed the Bangalore to Mysore road, passing through farmland, small towns and villages. Everything is so colourful. Most of the people working in the fields seemed to be women, dressed in beautiful saris that never appear to get dirty. Many of them had children strapped to their backs. There was a distinct shortage of working men!!

At one point we passed some road works and we were amazed to see how the work was shared out. There were probably 20 or 30 women and 12 or so men. The men were squatting on the road surface waiting for the women to bring baskets of stones, which were then spread out by hand before an ancient steamroller was driven over them. The women were doing all of the hard work. We speculated that they had probably got up early that morning, sorted out breakfast for their husband and children, were at work all day in the sun and then went home to cook and clean. What a life!

The walk created a lot of interest as we made rapid progress towards Mysore. The press was very interested in Tilak and we appeared in the Times of India, as well as the local papers en-route, and on the local television news.

The whole point of subjecting ourselves to the rigours of a 90 mile hike was to raise money to help improve the lot of women and children whose lives were even more difficult than the ones we were meeting. The area the charity is focusing on is in the Western Ghat hills north of Mysore. The people were moved to make way for a huge dam. It was then decided that the land they had been resettled on should become a Tiger Sanctuary and they have been moved again. These people are really on the margins of society. Their lives, which hadn't changed for

centuries, have been turned upside down and their traditional farming way of life ruined. No infrastructure has been put in place by either the local or national government. Local doctors have set about trying to establish a health service etc with the help of our charity. The charity has set up a hospital, with two mobile outreach clinics that will tour the remote villages on a regular basis to provide basic health care, family planning advice and support for a network of first-aiders that are being trained.

In the poorer areas a girl is considered to be a liability, an extra mouth to feed, so they are married off as soon as possible. Even though the legal minimum age for marriage is 16, marriages at 12 or 13 are still common. The girl goes to live with her husband's family and inevitably pregnancies follow, sentencing the poor girl to a life of hard work and childbirth.

HELPS have set up a secondary school for girls, where they will be boarded, fed and educated. There are 500 places, for girls aged 11-16 and only costs £50 per year for each girl. This will at least give some girls skills that will enrich her life and that of her future family.

So far HELPS has raised £175,000, and there is an equal sum coming from Indian Rotary. The Indian Government has said that, if the project runs successfully for four years, they will assume responsibility from there on. We need to get about another £80,000 (there is another walk next year).

Tilak and I are very grateful for the generosity of our friends in St Dunstan's and we have raised about £3,000. If there is anyone still wishing to make a contribution please contact me, Dave Vinall at Ovingdean on 01273 302704 ext 3203.

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## FAMILY NEWS

### BIRTHS

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

Katie Laura on July 2nd. She is the first great-grandchild of Mrs Aileen Edmunds, widow of *Arthur Edmunds* of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire.

Katie Leigh Waterworth on September 28th. She is the great-granddaughter of *Granville Waterworth* of Ovingdean, East Sussex.

Lucy on September 29th. She is the great-granddaughter of Mrs Audrey Lee, widow of *John Lee* of Pudsey, Yorkshire.

Jamie Thomas on September 30th. He is the grandson of *Ted and Barbara Pepper* of Boston, Lincolnshire.

### WEDDINGS

#### **Congratulations to:**

*Jason and Patience Hobday* of Wilstead, Bedford, Bedfordshire on September 23rd.

*George and Barbara Durant* of Goring-by-Sea, Worthing, West Sussex on September 16th.

### SPECIAL ANNIVERSARIES

#### **Congratulations to:**

*William and Frances Allen* of Farnham, Surrey who celebrated 61 years of marriage on October 1st.

*Frederick and Florence Morgan* of Filton, Bristol who celebrated 61 years of marriage on October 1st.

### ACHIEVEMENTS

#### **Congratulations to:**

*Jamie Weller* of Nottingham, Nottinghamshire on successfully completing his final accountancy exams.

Mrs Lynda Morris, LLB on earning a 2:1 law degree. She is the wife of *David Morris, B.Eng* of Newquay, Cornwall who adds that all four members of their family now hold degrees.

Frances Ward who has graduated from the University of Birmingham's Medical School and is now practising medicine. She is the granddaughter of *Mavis and the late Bert Ward* of Leeds, West Yorkshire.

### DEATHS

#### **We regret to announce the death of:**

Mrs Winifred Roberts on September 23rd. She was the wife of *Harry Roberts* of Lytham-St-Annes, Lancashire.

Mrs Iris Briggs-Swifte of Castlecomer, Co. Kilkenny, Eire on August 20th. She was the widow of *George Briggs-Swifte*.

Mrs Gertrude Thorne of Derby, Derbyshire on September 24th. She was the widow of *Robert Thorne*.

Mrs Edith Wiltshire of Norbury, London on October 9th. She was the widow of *Alfred Wiltshire*.

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