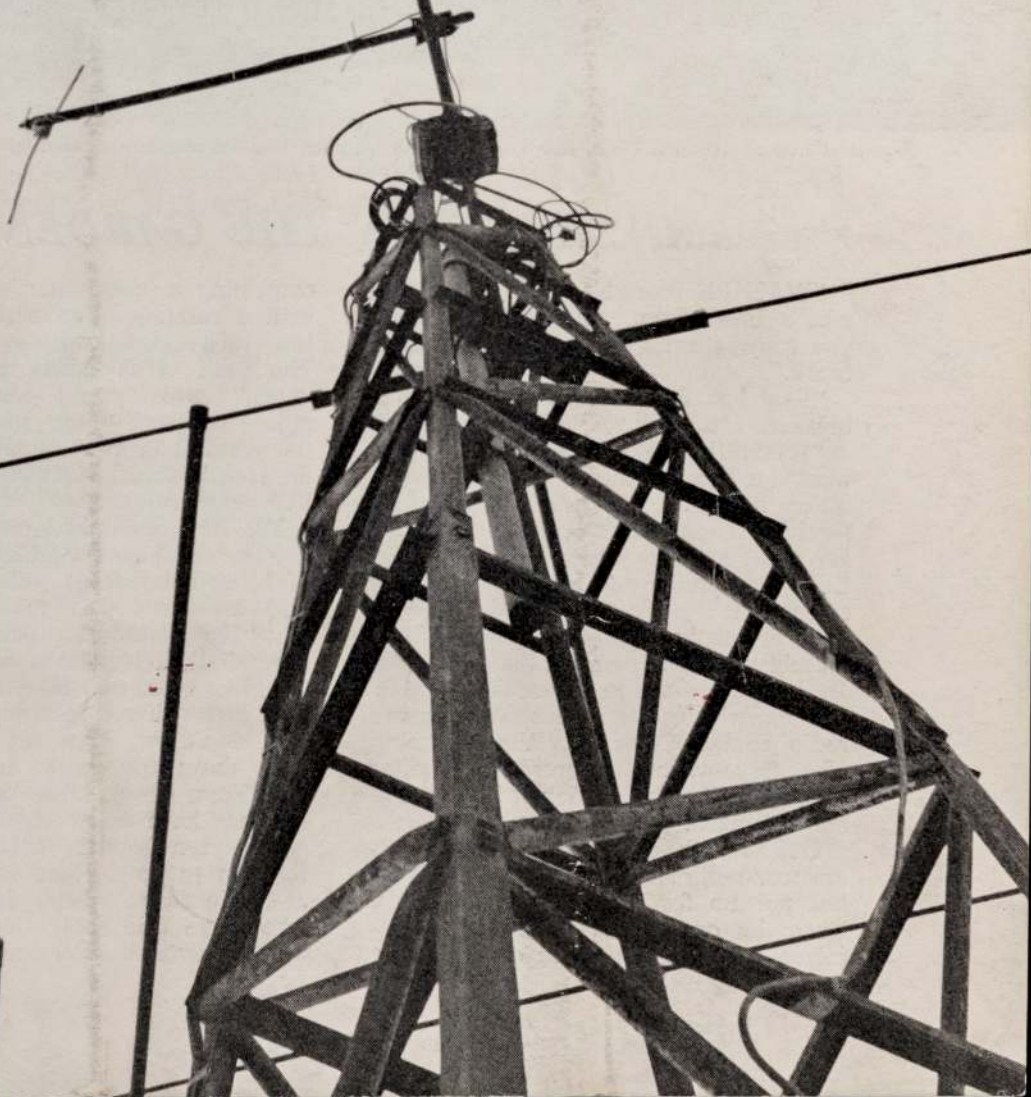


FEBRUARY

REVIEW





A general view of station G3TXB. Ron Vincent sits by his Swan Trans-ciever. Another transmitter (left) is adorned with two lucky mascots.

A 'SHACK' IN THE GARDEN

"WA2HPN Portable 8, G3TXB, I'll take a break from you there Tom, are you copying, am I on frequency? Break, break."

"Real fine, Ron, and I think we have a breaker, I believe we have a breaker."

"HW9IDL Portable 9 Florida, I just wanted to break in there I got a temporary set-up here and I've never talked to a foreign station before, G3TXB London, HW9IDL Portable 4 Florida, India, Dog, London Portable 4 Florida, are you copying me?"

In a hut in a garden not far from Wembley we were copying, that is hearing an intelligible signal, from the man in Florida, who had made his first overseas radio contact. This was the beginning of a three-way chat across 4,000 miles of ocean linking London with Florida and Michigan.

G3TXB is the call sign of Ron Vincent's amateur radio station in a well-appointed hut put up for him by St. Dunstan's. There he operates a Swan 350 Trans-ciever—an American piece of equipment

combining a transmitter and receiver—with a rotating beam aerial on a 30ft. tower this is his link with overseas stations. The walls of his shack are lined with "QSL" cards—postal confirmations of radio contacts—from places all over the world as far away as America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and many European countries.

Yet Ron has only been operating for two years and has the additional handicap of being handless as well as blind. He said amateur radio had changed his life: "For a blind chap or a chap who has other disabilities radio is one of the finest things he could ever take up. It is a pastime in which you've always got friends. You don't say 'I'm fed up'; you can walk down the shack, switch on, call Jim, Tom, Harry, Dick, or whoever you like, and have a chat with him."

This year, from the 7th to 9th of April there is to be a Ham Radio Weekend at Ovingdean, when St. Dunstaners who share this hobby—or is it a way

(continued inside back cover)

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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FEBRUARY 1967

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Free to St. Dunstaners

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Radio Hams

In recent years, we have had a number of special gatherings at the Ovingdean Home for groups of St. Dunstaners. A physiotherapists' conference, the bridge weekends, are examples. A new meeting will take place on April 13th when those St. Dunstaners who are "Hams" will meet together to discuss their most interesting hobby. A "Ham" is an amateur radio enthusiast and more particularly, one who engages in radio transmission. This is a splendid hobby for the blind because from your own little room or corner, you can talk to friends all over the country and sometimes all over the world.

I was myself one of the first radio Hams soon after I was blinded in 1918 and became President of the Radio Society of Great Britain, so that I have a personal interest in this hobby, although I have not been able to continue it since 1924 when I entered Parliament. I look forward, with great pleasure, to attending the Hams Reunion.

Having just arrived in Cape Town, I have read the St. Dunstan's South Africa Review and the editor Jimmy Ellis has—if I may say so—made an extremely good job of this publication. This Christmas number includes an article by Miss Iris de Reuck, who is herself a St. Dunstaner in Port Elizabeth, and an enthusiastic Ham. I have asked the editor to print the extract from the article in our own magazine.

Fraser of Lonsdale

THE GROCERS' DINNER AND DANCE

The annual Dinner Dance given by the Brighton, Hove and District Grocers' and Provision Merchants' Association was held at the Grand Hotel on 7th December, 1966. The hosts included Mr. E. Bell, President of the National Grocers Federation who made a special journey from Coventry with his wife to attend the dinner, Mr. K. Phillips, chairman, and Mrs. M. G. Lilley, secretary of the Brighton Association, and the presidents of the Grocers Associations from Portsmouth, Southampton, West Sussex and Sydenham/Croydon.

The principal guest was General Sir Richard Goodbody, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., a member of the Council and St. Dunstan's staff present included Commandant Fawcett and Matron Avison. Altogether

312 people sat down to dinner. Percy Warden's Band played throughout the evening and gave their services free.

St. Dunstaners have good reason to be grateful to the Grocers of Britain who have maintained their interest in our well-being in a practical and most generous way from the earliest days. In 1918 for example the Federation presented West House (now Pearson House) to St. Dunstan's and in 1938 they gave just over £2,400 to equip the first floor of the Ovingdean building, newly opened that year. Every year they finance and organise the Summer Outing for St. Dunstaners and the Winter Dinner and Dance and they call at Ovingdean and Pearson House on Christmas morning with gifts.

ON THE AIR

by

Miss Iris De Reuck

"How would you like to be a Ham?" This, from my friend Ronche. "Not much," and after some thought, "I mean, I really do not know enough about the hobby to say." This from me.

That was how it started. Some five years ago, these friends, whom I had not seen for 11 years, turned up to persuade me to become one of the Fraternity of Ham Radio. Their strongest argument was in the shape of a Rig, which they had built for me, thus eliminating the first hurdle. It had special devices for tuning up, and made me quite independent.

All the help in other directions, came through the local Branch of the Radio League, who agreed to sponsor me. The Secretary became my instructor and one member became my station engineer, whilst another built a new Ground-Plane Antennae for me.

Among the calls or contacts I made on this Rig, were all Provinces in the Republic, but not all the High Commission Territories. A certificate is awarded when all of these have been chalked up.

Try as I might, the DX or foreign contacts, on twenty metres, were just not forthcoming. It was at this stage that St. Dunstan's started taking an interest and eventually, my splendid new twenty-metre SSB Rig was presented to me and in no time at all, the DX started rolling in.

The art of fishing has nothing on this hunt for big game. Imagine hearing a station, loud and clear. Everyone in the world, it seems, wants to work him, so you take your place in the queue. After perhaps an hour passes and conditions are deteriorating he suddenly says, "Come in the Y.L."

At last you have it down on the type-writer and, in due course, you will exchange QSL cards, to confirm the hook-up: From the U.S.A. to Japan and Australia, from within the Arctic, in Sweden, to the voice of an Australian at the South Pole; interesting names like the Principality of Monaco or Helsinki, in Finland; numerous Russians, and places like Central Siberia or Copenhagen or going East, some of the Islands, like Okinawa or the Marshall Islands.

They all have their call signs, the first two letters giving always the identity of the country.

My call sign is ZS2PY, the first two letters of South Africa. The 2 is for Division 2, which is Eastern Province, and the PY is my own identification. Imagine my surprise to hear a station PY2PY. In this case however, the prefix PY was for Brazil, and the 2 for one of the divisions.

Weather counts, even though the storm may be thousands of miles away, that is why Hams always ask about the WX. An antennae is most important and good equipment is essential.

Sighted Hams nearly always build their own and enjoy this task. It is for many a true joy to experiment and be among the pioneers of a new idea.

Rather luckily for me, the Blind only have to prove their ability to operate. For the speech form of operating, today, they must write a technical test and may or may not have to do the Morse Code. I did not, but some day I hope to master it, just for fun.

A great Fraternity for spreading goodwill around the world. Sometimes a contact will be short and sweet, other times quite long and most interesting. Especially after one has said the Run Down here is an H.W. 32 running 200 Watts P.E.P. into a Ground Plane.

"What did you say? Roger, Old Man, you just QSY a couple of KC's and I will tell you how to get Airborne!"

Reprinted from the St. Dunstan's (South Africa) Review.

WAITING FOR A BUS

by

Tom Woods

Have you ever heard the story that I told not long ago
While standing in a shelter from the rain.
There were quite a lot of people, and it only goes to show
How easy it can be to entertain.

They listened with intent, sometimes laughing with delight.
As gradually my tale I did unfold.
And what a motley crowd they were,
from dull to shining bright.
They were indeed a pleasure to behold.

There was one that I remember with a patch above his eye.
Where he'd walked into a post the night before.
He was standing there so silent, with his head held very high.
Now as sober as a judge for evermore.

Then there was that pretty girl, with her very high heeled shoes;
Who stood on first the left foot then the right.
I felt like saying, "Take them off. What have you got to lose?"
I wish that there had been a chair in sight.

One woman there of middle age I noticed all the while.
She looked as if she came from foreign lands.
She listened so intently with the flicker of a smile.
Plucking at her dress with nervous hands.

A newly married couple, with her band of shining gold,
Stood close together with their arms entwined.
Her head lay on his shoulder, but she wriggled from his hold
As a drop of water caught her from behind.

A woman with a baby, and a basket full of lace
Stepped from a shadow lined recess.
Her hair was done in curlers, a scarf held them in place,
While on her face a look of happiness.

One man who had a huge moustache, was smoking furiously.
He very nearly caught himself alight.
But as I watched he simply smiled, then clapped his hands with glee,
Which woke the little baby up with fright.

I had to smile at one man there, more like a tramp he looked.
And when I brought my story to its close,
He said, "Look, mister, that was great. I'm goin' ter tell the wife.
She'll laugh 'er bloomin' 'ead orf, that I knows".

Ne'er will I forget the crowd I met that rainy day.
They all agreed my story was unique.
And as we left, the shelter, and each went on our way.
I felt so proud, and yet so very meek.

And if you want to hear my tale, that shelter you must find.
And when we get another rainy day.
Maybe I'll come and meet the crowd,
and hope they'll be as kind,
'Til all of us go once more on our way.

GOLD AWARD

Muriel, daughter of our St. Dunstaner, S. A. Avis, of Southampton, has now been to Buckingham Palace to receive her Gold Award. On November 30th in the ballroom, the Duke of Edinburgh presented each boy and girl personally with their certificate and shook hands and said a few words to all of them. Full details of what Muriel had to do to gain this award appeared in the October Review.

MISS ELSIE ABBISS — RETIREMENT

Miss Elsie Abbiss, known to many St. Dunstaners of both World Wars, has retired after 46 years' service with St. Dunstan's.

Elsie, as she was known to many First War Netters, joined the staff in 1920 working under Miss Witherby in the Netting Room in Regents Park until transferred in 1930 to the Sales Department undertaking various responsible duties. In 1940 Miss Abbiss took up secretarial work in the Sales and Joinery Departments until she retired on 15th December, 1966. Within a few days of leaving St. Dunstan's she embarked on a

thoroughly well earned three months world cruise.

Miss Abbiss was a very popular member of the staff, with a most happy disposition and always bubbling over with cheerfulness and good humour. She was ever a most enthusiastic member of the Staff Association, seldom missed any of the organised functions and was its secretary for eleven years.

Knowing Elsie as we do there is no doubt she will enjoy every day of her retirement and each and every member of the staff and St. Dunstaners' friends will wish her well in the years to come.

"NOT FORGOTTEN" ASSOCIATION

The "Not Forgotten" Association held its Christmas Party at the Royal Riding School in December last, and the St. Dunstaners who attended were, E. Bugbee, W. Crombie, J. L. Douglass, A. Fleet, C. A. Hancock, G. Jenrick, W. Lucas, H. Meleson, A. H. Osmond, W. J. Pearce, E. Quinn and F. J. Sherwood.

The Chairman of the Association sent the following message to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother:—

"In the presence of their Patron, Her Royal Highness, The Duchess of Kent, The 'Not Forgotten' Association entertaining 400 disabled Ex-Servicemen at their Christmas Party in the Royal Riding School, send their humble duty and their best wishes for Her Majesty's speedy and lasting recovery."

The Queen Mother's Private Secretary replied on her behalf:—

"Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother was deeply touched by your kind message of sympathy from the 'Not Forgotten' Association. Her Majesty bids me send her best good wishes for an enjoyable party to all those gathered in the Royal Riding School."

Stuart, son of our St. Dunstaner, J. Cowan, of Boreham Wood, Herts, has been offered a place at the Reading University in September of this year to study micro-biology.

THANKS

Doctor John O'Hara thanks all his friends who sent him Christmas Cards.

He would have liked to have replied but the number of cards was so great that he just could not do so, and he is glad to have this opportunity of expressing his thanks and of sending his very best wishes to all St. Dunstaners, their wives and families, that 1967 will be a happy year for them all.

I am grateful to the Editor for granting me the opportunity to thank those of my St. Dunstan's friends who sent me such warm Christmas greetings and such delightful cards. Your kind thoughts were so much appreciated and gave me great joy. All the families on whom I used to call are so often in my thoughts and I am so very sorry that, in the Autumn, I "missed the bus" for sending you greetings through the *Christmas Review*. May you all have much happiness, good health and good fortune in 1967.

L. D. WEBSTER.

Nicholas, son of our St. Dunstaner, H. J. Davis, of Stratford-on-Avon, has been awarded an Open Exhibition Scholarship at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and will be starting his studies there next Autumn.

CLUB NOTES

Midland Club Notes

The January meeting of this Club was a very quiet one, only a few members turning up, due no doubt to the very cold weather. It was good to see five of our first war members turn up, they are the stalwarts who have kept this club going for so many years.

We all offered belated but sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Hines, who had celebrated 60 years of married bliss on Christmas Day. Mrs. Hines could not be with us as she has not been very well for some time. We all hope that she will soon feel a little stronger. A bouquet of flowers was sent from the Club to them on Christmas Day and Billy told me that they had a telegram from the Queen.

Unfortunately our chairman, Joe Kibbler, could not be with us as he has gone down to Ovingdean for a rest as he has been under the weather lately, all members wish him a quick return.

Tea was provided for us by Mrs. G. Billcliffe and we all thanked her for the splendid spread.

It was decided not to have a meeting in February as the weather can be so bad. We shall meet again on the second Sunday in March. At that meeting we hope to get down to one or two things for this year, including the annual outings and domino competitions.

D. E. CASHMORE.
Hon. Secretary.

Sutton Club Notes

On the last Saturday in December the Sutton Club held the annual Christmas Party.

We were sorry our President was unable to attend so Miss De Burlet was asked to officiate. We all missed Mrs. Spurway not being with us, owing to her having moved out of the district.

It was a lovely surprise for us all to see Miss M. Stevens who had been invited as one of our guests, and we were pleased to welcome an old club member, Mr. H. Pugh, and his wife.

The hall and tables were gaily decorated and a huge Christmas tree was presented and decorated by Pat Spring. The Christmas Cake had the place of honour at the table and this had been made especially for the occasion by Mrs. Kennedy, wife of our Treasurer.

Miss De Burlet presented the prizes for the games tournament then each member received a gift from the Club—the ladies received a pretty apron and the men handkerchiefs, these were presented to them by Harry Pugh. Miss Stevens, Miss De Burlet and Mrs. Pugh each received a bouquet of flowers from the Club.

Harry then entertained us at the piano and the Sutton Choir sang some of the old songs. A gentleman invited by Miss D. Hoare entertained us singing folk songs accompanying himself on the guitar.

Miss D. Hoare and Miss F. Parsons provided us with sherry to drink a toast and the Chairman thanked all the helpers and members for making this party such a success.

Our next meeting is on January 28th. All new members are welcomed. Why not come along and join us. All information may be obtained from Ted Dudley, Chairman, at CRO 0596, or George Jenrick, Vice-Chairman, at CRO 3066.

G. JENRICK.
Vice-Chairman.

London Club Notes

Our Christmas Domino evening was highly successful and well attended but unfortunately we did not attain the hoped for figure of three hundred attendances during 1966—being just ten people short of that number.

The first prize went to Bob Woods with Billy Miller gaining a close second. The third prize was won by Charlie Hancock. Altogether a happy evening was spent by all who attended.

St. Dunstaners who live in or around London and have not yet visited the London Club may be interested to know that as well as Dominoes and Cribbage we have an active Bridge Section. When the weather is kinder perhaps

CLUB NEWS (continued)

London Club (continued)

some of you may be tempted to join us. Norman Smith, our Club manager, would be pleased to give further details of all our activities.

Speaking of being tempted reminds me of the legend of St. Dunstan. When he was the Archbishop of Canterbury in 981 he was a noted worker in gold and became the patron saint of the goldsmiths. He was usually represented in his pontifical robes carrying a pair of pincers in his right hand. This, it is said, was because on one occasion he had seized the devil by the nose with a pair of red hot tongs and refused to release him until he promised never to tempt St. Dunstan again! So much for the very first St. Dunstaner!

May we, the members of the London Club, wish all St. Dunstaners everywhere a very happy 1967.

W. BISHOP,
Chairman

Brighton Club Notes

Twenty-one St. Dunstaners were present at the 14th Annual General Meeting of the Brighton Club on 8th December, 1966, where it was announced that the proceeds of the raffle came to £1 12s. 0d.

Members stood in silent tribute to the departed—Mr. P. Ashton and Mr. Hugh Miller.

The minutes of the last Annual General Meeting were read by Mr. Jarrold and these were unanimously agreed.

The Chairman called attention to the activities of the Club and mentioned that £240 0s. 0d. had been spent in coach hire for bowls outings and that the Club was indebted to St. Dunstan's Headquarters for a special grant towards this expense, in addition to the normal grant accorded to St. Dunstan's clubs throughout the country.

The Treasurer's report was submitted and unanimously adopted.

The voting for the election of the Committee was by secret ballot this year and the Rev. Harper, J. Jarrold, S. Gargett

and W. Ling consented to act as scrutineers. The following were elected:—

President—Mrs. Dacre.

Vice President—Miss Ramshaw.

Chairman—F. Rhodes.

Committee Members: Messrs. C. Kirk, R. Fearnley, S. Pike and J. Walker.

The President then presented the cups and prizes.

WHIST.

Ist. F. Rhodes. 2nd. A. Smith, 3rd. J. McFarlane.

DOMINOES, Aggregate.

Ist. F. James and H. Boorman—joint holders of the cup. 3rd. A. Woollen.

DOMINOES, Aggregate, Ladies

Ist. Mrs. Pike. 2nd. Mrs. McFarlane. 3rd. Mrs. Chitty.

DARTS "A" Section—

Ist. J. Griffiths. 2nd. H. Boorman.

DARTS "B" Section—

Ist. J. Walker. 2nd. A. Smith.

CRIB.

Ist. S. Pike. 2nd. C. Kirk.

DOMINOES Fives and Threes.

Ist. T. Walton. 2nd. A. Martin.

The Chairman next presented gifts to Miss Ramshaw, Mr. Jarrold, Mr. Gargett, Mr. Ling and Mr. Ridge, in appreciation of the work they have all carried out in connection with the Brighton Club.

Mrs. Dacre was presented with a bouquet of flowers from Mrs. A. Smith. We should like to take this opportunity through the pages of the *Review* of thanking Mrs. Dacre, our President, for the splendid way in which the meeting was controlled and all she has done for the Club.

We should also like to thank all those who contributed to the success of the meeting, especially to the Rev. Harper, Messrs. Jarrold, Gargett and Ling, and to the catering officer and his staff for the excellent refreshments.

FRANK A. RHODES,
Chairman/Secretary.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From W. T. Scott, of Rottingdean, Sussex.

Once upon a time there were three Scotsmen. One got a medal for working for the workers. As one of his few pals, I hope the Chairman will heed his advice. I like the staunch lads and bonnie lassies from beyond the border but it is too much to hope for a holiday home among floods, snow and ice. Mac forgets that we had one once at North Berwick with a pool where I used to swim with Dave Ironside in the freezing water.

The second Scot I have not met. He perplexes me a little. Like Hercules, he says: Two thousand miles in ten years seems to me a few yards over half a mile a day, but I may be wrong, or does he take a pinch of salt with his porridge?

The third Scot I met at St. Mark's Hospital in 1918. We tried to make whoopee on Armistice Day. We were then so weak we went back to bed. Now at sixty seven, Bob is a true Scot. Last New Year's Eve, in spite of the "Minihog" festivities he got into his minitogs and we did sixteen laps together at that wonderful stadium at Tongdean, just outside Brighton. We started soon after ten o'clock and took three quarters of an hour. There was not a cloud in the sky. It was a grand New Year's morning and we were both rather sorry that there were no other St. Dunstaners there to enjoy it with us.

From Arthur Bramson, of South Woodingdean.

It gives me much pleasure in writing to express my appreciation of my three-week Christmas stay at Ovingdean and as this was my first Christmas there I can honestly say I thoroughly enjoyed every day, thanks to the courtesy of the Matron and Assistant Matron and the V.A.D.'s in general.

Owing to my affected hearing, I am very pleased to say everyone was very patient when speaking to me. Due to the noise of many people talking, especially in the Lounge, it makes listening very difficult with a hearing aid and I am

grateful to say that in spite of this affliction, I managed to have a very good Christmas.

The Staff gave a very good show on Christmas Eve which everyone enjoyed. In fact throughout the week we had something to look forward to and enjoy.

I, therefore, should like to convey my appreciation and thanks to one and all of St. Dunstan's Staff for a most Happy Christmas and I am confident that everyone who was there will endorse my remarks.

From Dick Brett, of South Lancing

In answer to Mrs. Fullard's letter in the December *Review* it seems to me that any audible warning signal carried by Mrs. Fullard would be cancelled out by the din of Mr. Fullard's advancing lawn mower. But a couple of wing mirrors worn by her might be the answer! With these—suitably adjusted—she could carry out her weeding etc., while keeping an eye open for surprise rear guard action on the part of the "enemy"!

Laughs at Fred's Cafe

The area where I live has its fair share of coloured people. Whilst most of them have settled down and are living lives as each and everyone of us, some still like to wear the oddest garments. Bowler hats and fur coats or one wellington boot and a smart shoe are not classed as uncommon in this district!

The other day the waste paper factory next door to the café caught fire. Amid all the ballyhoo that followed—fire alarms, shouting etc.—a coloured gentleman, wearing an old brass fireman's helmet appeared and stood with arms folded at the factory gate.

The factory foreman happened to pass by and seeing this chap said, "Oi, mate, where did you come from?" "Lagos, sir", beamed the coloured gentleman. "Gosh," said the foreman, "You were quick. The West Ham Fire Brigade is not here yet!"

SIX DIAMONDS, MARIE ANTOINETTE AND UNCLE FRED

by

Bernard Leete

CHAPTER FIVE

ESCAPE

The Marquis's voice had sped us towards this crescendo! Then his voice resumed in quieter flow like that of a man whose mind has been led into a calm pool of reflection. He continued:—

"It was too late! The rumour so bad of what Louis was supposed to have said concerning bread for his starving subjects had spread itself with success, before one morsel of food could be spread on the tables in the Palace, or its garden."

Before one stick of firewood can be laid to start any barbecue another fire is lit. Sparks of resentment against Louis become fanned into the flames of riots. In spite of their protestations and explanations of the king's purpose, his servants were beaten up by the mob and the royal money torn from them. Those who escape molestation spend a deal of time and their master's money in the wine shops in an orgy of drunkenness. Also they buy food for their friends and families and then hide the remainder of the cash against an uncertain tomorrow.

Large bunches of rioters attack the palace itself. The Palace guards put up a stiff resistance. Much as they admire Louis and like to be in his service and try to protect the monarch in the building behind them, the crowd storming the gates in front of them contains many of their friends.

Watching this grim scene from a small salon whose balcony overlooks the fighting are both Marie and Louis. The large double French windows connecting the salon and balcony are wide open, for it is the intention of Louis to speak to his people. Realising from the noise that the temper of the mob will never permit them to listen, he re-enters and sits close to Marie.

"It is no use, Marie my dear. They would never listen. They are not people outside there, only a howling pack of ravenous wolves.

In an hour, maybe, the defence of our home will have collapsed. Then I shall be led to the Bastille whence God's mercy may release me either through the revenge of Danton or Robespierre and by the mercy of Madame La Guillotine".

"Why should I, the Marquis D'Orny, know of such conversation so intimate between Marie and Louis? Because, my friends, I am present in that salon with them. Every day many of the courtiers fly from Paris"—"but I do not fear the people, and the peasants of D'Orny will always testify that as did my father before, give to them half the profits they earn for me by their toil, although a mad crowd and a mock court of justice, even then may not save my neck. But more than this I love Marie and Louis so I stay with them to play myself with them the card game of picquet. Again I have no wife and so no heir. France is my mistress whom I serve and love. How pleased I am to be in the salon with my most beloved friends. My sword is buckled to my side, I have eased the blade a trifle from its home in its scabbard, so that it may draw so smooth and strike like lightning, its point so sharp that it will pierce the toughest skin of the throat of any rascal".

The Marquis' voice again had risen to a fervour of excitement. I don't know about the other two seated at the card table. I at any rate had taken the point about the point of the speaker's sword. Unable

SIX DIAMONDS (Continued)

to see whether he was wearing one, I surreptitiously slid my chair a few inches further back.

"Louis placed his hand on my shoulder and spoke. How well I remember every word.

"André, my friend, it is *necessaire* that Marie and I seek your help".

"That is why I am here, my Liege".

"You have many friends in Angleterre, I believe?"

"That is so"

"Then you must seek them out and ask them to send a number of ships to carry plenty food for my people".

"My Liege, not only my own friends but also those of my lamented father who are still alive will help, but few of them are rich even if they are of the nobility and so much money this must cost. Your money gone almost has. A few ships can they send but not enough. For myself, I have sufficient to reach Angleterre and to return to France, but that is about all. If I try to sell my estates, who in France will, or can buy? And certainment, no one in Angleterre, however rich would be a fool so great".

"Marie will provide the means. At first I was against her scheming woman's brain, but as usual she has persuade me that she is right. I fear that one day I will do what she wills when she is wrong.

The Six Diamonds

"All the so beautiful Marie do is to smile at Louis and to say, 'It is for France, my dear'. Then she open a big jewel case which lies on the table. From it she take the most beautiful diamond necklace ever I see.

"It contain a string of two rows of big stones on left and right, and in the middle three rows. The bottom row has only six stones, but these are the most lovely and the most big of all. They are attached to the main chain by two simple little clasps. Marie, she undo this and give it to me. Oh, but they are heavy, those six diamonds—then Marie say,

"Dear cousin André, these diamonds are some of the most valuable in the world, and when the jewel merchants of

London come to know that they are belonged to Marie Antoinette, their price will go up much more. They will be worth a king's ransom".

"But to such purpose they must not be used" interrupt Louis fiercely.

"That we have already agreed, Louis. Tell your friends and the merchants and the bankers you see in London that there are plenty more.

"As we speak, the shouts of the crowd louder have become. Some of the big stones they throw, alas not diamonds, begin to come through the open windows. The sentries are being pushed back. I draw my sharp sword.

"Put it away" orders Louis, "and go to London".

"How I get there," I ask. "Your Palace is surround".

"This way" say Louis. He stands up and he go to a wall and put his hand behind a picture which hang. He press his finger against something on the wall and behold there comes into that room something else I see never before. It is one big hole like a doorway.

Adieu

"Follow this passage" say Louis. 'It come out in the back garden at the end of the row of the fountains. No attack comes from that side. Farewell, André my friend'".

"And then Louis, my king, he kiss me. I drop the six diamonds into the bottom of my scabbard and then push home the point of my sword so tight that they will not rattle. Then I turn to say the good-bye to Marie. And then she kiss me, too and I see little diamonds of tears in her eyes. So I feel I must say something. I remember my Bible. So I say, "Do not throw your pearls to those pigs outside, and I say to my king, I fear, Sir, that we have no time for our game of picquet tonight".

"Then I step through the new big hole. The door it close behind me and it is very dark.

"Never I see my king again. Once more only I see my beautiful Marie. Already I tell you about that. She is standing in the tumbril which those horses so proud do pull. And my heart it breaks and I think I die".



"Give to him this letter which I have here. It is address to Queen Marie Antoinette of France . . ." Our "special infra-red camera" shows the ghostly Major D'Orny reaching for his hat as he finished his story

CHAPTER SIX

THE MARQUIS BIDS ADIEUX

During the very brief pause at this climax to his tale, I found myself wondering how soon it would be before attendants from some mental institution called to enquire whether their missing man was here. It seemed obvious that the poor chap was mad enough to believe every word he was saying. One has also to admit that he was a gifted storyteller, using that word in both its senses. Later I found that both Di and George had been trying to assess the degree of our visitor's lunacy. How far the three of us were right or wrong that he was mad at all, the reader must judge for him or herself after careful thought especially on the concluding pages of what is now coming up.

SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

The Marquis resumed: "As Louis already say I plenty friends in your London. The problem is for a French aristocrat to be able to leave France. Each day Robespierre's men keep inspection more tight at the gates of Paris. At the ports too the spies of Chauvelin, the Chief of Sécurité, more clever become. More aristocrats are catch and then the guillotine is sure. But I am a lucky one. I know a secret organisation always to help me. I tell you about it but you must swear by Almighty God no word of this I say shall escape from your tongues, so lock up they must be. Otherwise I too you will send to the guillotine and then no more we play picquet so charming we have play tonight."

We Swear Secrecy

The three of us swore with due solemnity. We thought it wise to humour this lunatic. We had no inkling as to whether he was dangerous or not.

The Marquis lowered his voice. I got the idea he had glanced back over his shoulder to make sure that no intruder had entered.

"One of your English aristocrats, who speaks the French with perfect accent and a number of his friends who also can do, have rescue from our prisons and have smuggle to Angleterre many of my countrymen and women who do not like this Revolution. All are Royalists and wish not to have a Republic for France. Not just our aristocracy, but bankers and merchants and all who love Louis.

"The name of this nobleman who lead this secret society is Sir Percy Blakeney. Because he wear behind his collar a little flower of that name we, his friends, call him 'The Scarlet Pimpernel'.

"How I happen to know him so well is because he marry my sister Marguerite. One day when our Revolution is finish and the secret puss may be let out of the box, as you say in your English, one of your authors so good will write plenty tales about this "Pimpernel." Famous he will become like your Nelson and your Wellesley, who too often sink our ships and defeat our armies.

"Eh bien! C'est n'importe! I think perhaps one day will come one great big war when your sailors, and those of my country shall be fighting side by side. This very good must be, because when I escape with Marie's diamonds and reach Angleterre, always I go to my sister Marguerite and find she have small son what she has call André after me, her brother, and as I have no heir and I think I die before Marguerite, she will succeed to the D'Orny Chateau and after she die the little André will become the Marquis. With our two families so unite how can our two nations fight the one against the other?"

"Now, my friends, this is where I find everything so much big puzzle, because I keep always coming to Angleterre and Sir Blakeney takes the diamonds and he, he say every time, 'That is all right, André my friend, I will see about the ships. You go back to France to stay with your Queen Marie and your King Louis.'

"So then I come on the stage coach to the coast near your village of Newhaven. There on the shore Sir Blakeney he has leave a small French fishing boat which always I sail to my secret rendezvous on French side, for I am good sailorman. Then I have the fast horses arrange for me at different places between there and Paris. Then as already I tell I see my Louis go to the execute. Then the vile men of Robespierre take my so beautiful Marie to the Bastille where each day I go to see her. Every day she and the other prisoners play picquet, and every day there are less to play, for they are wait their turn for the guillotine. But bien tôt their places at the tables of the cards are take by new food for Madame La Guillotine, and for nine months after they kill Louis I see the best ladies and gentlemen of France play their last game of cards. Then at last there on the same journey go Marie and she give her smile to me and her soul to God. Then as I already say two times I think I die. But this time something different it happen."

The visitor lowered his voice still more. Again I felt he had glanced around to ensure against betrayal.

"But first I think now you wish to ask me how it is I am not arrest and take to the Bastille and execute? Well, I play the game clever. The Marquis he disappear

SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

and in disguise of uniform of National Guard, I call myself Major Dorny and have also disguise my face with one big moustache and every one think I am command of the soldiers who guard the Bastille. I laugh much behind the back of Chauvelin because his spies no discover my trick. Then this time, as it tell you when I come here tonight, the wind and the waves they say, 'André, André', go go to the St. Dunstan's. So I come."

St. Dunstan's

It was at this moment that Di's curiosity inadvertently slipped past her tact. "André, I do not understand, when you got here this evening you said you were Major Dorny of the French army but attached to British Intelligence. The war was from 1939 to 1945. Besides St. Dunstan's was not here in 1793. It was started in the war 1914 which finished in 1918 in Regent's Park in London, and—"

Here the unfortunate Di received a double interruption, one a rude kick from George under the table, and the other a polite contradiction from the visitor.

"But my so charming mademoiselle, you have the small mistake make. Because I say that one, our two nations so brave fight on the same side, you fall into the dream of day, as you English say. As for the Saint Dunstan so holy, you have move him on too far. He live, I think, in the century of eight hundred years, and he

make many homes of the handy crafts for those to learn who maybe cannot see, or have only the one leg or have the ears so deaf. These things I know. I do not know before tonight that Saint Dunstan he build a place so magnifique like this for your home of the handy crafts.

"Now here is why the voices of the wind and the waves tell André to come here. One of you here has Uncle call Frederick. Now this Uncle Frederick like me always is stay in the same year. I do not know what year where he is stuck. But voices who make the advice to me like do the voice to our Jeanne D'Arc also speak, say I find nephew of this uncle Frederick and to give to him this letter which I have here. It is address to Queen Marie Antoinette of France and is a letter of adieu from me, her cousin, the Marquis D'Orny, for I know my sail bateau will be beat by the wind and the waves tonight, whose voices now also sing song to me which say—'Come André, Come André' I leave the letter on the table, so."

The Letter

We heard the faint flop of some object being placed near the centre of the table.

"Adieux, mes amis. Merci for the grand game of picquet. Now I go".

Our visitor's voice came from above the level of our heads now, so we realised he had risen from his chair. I thought that I had detected very faintly the sound of a chair being slid back. Once more the voice spoke, this time from the direction of the door, "Please to excuse."

CHAPTER SEVEN

A.D. 1953

RE-ENTER AND EXIT UNCLE FRED

As in his coming no footfalls were to be heard, but rubber soles and heels can play that trick.

To coincide with his going, the wind and the lift stepped up their competitive whine once more. The lift still failed to come up to our level. In fact, the main lounge floor seemed to be its objective, obviously the lads returning from the theatre, the "flicks" and the pubs and going to the dining hall for final hot drinks and a sandwich.

"Madman or ghost?" asked George.

"Why in either case were we not scared stiff?" asked Di.

"Definitely a 'materialisation' of some kind", I replied. "Who else would have

known about my late Uncle Fred? Anyway, one is never frightened at friendly ghosts, only at fearsome spectres. André may have been carrying his hat in his hand but certainly not his head

SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

under his arm. Let's make some sensible enquiries".

As already reported to you negative answers were obtained from the "desk", the liftman and the hall porter. None had seen any stranger come in or go out.

The letter I had picked up from the table was too big to go in my pocket. Carrying it in my hand I showed it to sister behind "the desk."

"Sister, what address is written on this letter?"

A somewhat surprised voice replied.

"It is addressed in French to 'Her Majesty the Queen of France, Palace of Versailles.' It's also got a lot of figures scribbled on the back, but they don't look like a bridge score. What on earth have you been up to in The Winter Garden?"

"Playing picquet," I said, giving the English pronunciation.

Uncle Fred

I went up to my comfortable little bedroom on the fourth floor and was just going to start to undress when I heard footsteps coming along the corridor.

"Come in," I shouted, in answer to a tap on the door. The liftman opened it, put his head round the corner, keeping it on his body as he did so, being no spectre.

"There's a friend come up to see you. I told him you'd gone up to bed but he says he's your Uncle Fred and it's urgent."

"What's he look like?" "Bald and wears specs."

"That's Uncle Fred all right, show him in."

Uncle bustled in.

"Sit down, uncle. Take the armchair. I'll sit on the bed."

"Well, how are you, boy?"

"Time you stopped calling me 'boy'. You forget I'm in my middle fifties. It makes me older than you."

"Age and years have no connection. It's the spirit of youth which counts. If there be any difference then let the young men dream dreams, whilst the old men see television."

"How's the old chariot?"

"Not so bad since I've greased her up a bit and streamlined the tailboard. Sorry, boy, but I'm in a hurry again so can't stop to gossip. You've got a letter for me to deliver from André?"

"Yes, uncle, but you've got me flummoxed. You and Marie Antoinette and André are two centuries apart."

"Behind the Beyond we're all pretty good mixers."

"I still don't get it. André seemed to be two separate beings. One moment he is a major of the French Army and posted to British Intelligence. The next he is a Marquis in the French Revolution. There's a gap of one and a half centuries."

"Oh, I admit there's still a bit of a muddle. Purgatory, as many Christians call it, is not Heaven. It is a vast waiting space where we've still got free wills of our own and where we may decide to join the regiments of St. Michael or to enrol in the legions of the 'Devils' Own Rocking Racketeer Rifles' so called because they'll rifle anything from a sausage to a human soul. Of course, the rewards are more immediate but we more patient ones prefer to work hard and wait for our Eternal Pensions, plus the benefit of God's Blessing, and that really is something worth having even if only once in an aeon. The Almighty is more generous than that, however. That's why He's called 'Providence'.

"That's not the trouble with the two André's. Theirs is a much smaller temptation. They like each other very much. In a manner of speaking they are twin spirits. You can't tell one from the other. The trouble is that neither can they. Even during life on this planet we are advised not to mix our spirits."

"I take it, then, that the Major also is dead."

"Yes. As far as human temporal life is concerned. Actually he was killed in Indo-China when it was still part of the French Empire before it became Vietnam and the Americans thought they would have a go."

"I see", I said.

"You don't, you young liar," replied Uncle Fred in a bantering fashion. "Well, I must be off, see myself out. I know my way to the lift. Sleep well! God bless."

SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

That was in 1953 and I haven't met up with Uncle Fred since, or any other phenomenon of that kind, for that matter. I must round off this tale.

It blew "great guns" that night as we say in our English. The next morning a fishing boat was washed up on shore near Newhaven. It had been badly battered. No body ever came to light. The newspapers reported that it was a very old design of vessel, 18th century French pattern, some said.

There was one other curious feature. Wedged between two planks in the bottom of the wreck was a solitary playing card.

How clever of you to guess! Of course, it was the six of diamonds.

Naturally I still play Bridge. But no longer regard Diamonds as a minor suit.

THE END

CHESS NOTES

R. W. Bonham writes—

We continue this month on the same pattern as that set in our first article—part for beginners and part for players.

For Beginners. (2).

We now turn to the power of the pieces. For this purpose it is better to have an empty board and take each piece in turn.

The Rook: On an empty board the power of the Rook is only restricted by the edge of the board. This piece can move in rank or file to any square in either of those lines. As there are eight squares in a rank or file and the piece occupies one of them, there are seven in each to which it can move. Thus, wherever the Rook is on an empty board, it can always move to any one of fourteen squares, and we may say that it has power "fourteen." If there are other pieces on the board, the Rook's move may be restricted. It cannot jump over any piece in its path. If an enemy piece obstructs its progress, it can capture that piece by removing it and occupying the square formerly occupied by the enemy piece. For this reason we can consider it to have the power of attacking any square in its path which is not screened by an enemy piece or screened or occupied

Who was the Ghost

?

Who was the ghost? Those who tried to identify him in the picture which illustrated "Six Diamonds" in this month's *Review* might like to know that he is Major James Huffam, v.c., who very kindly consented to pose in costume for the photograph. He won his Victoria Cross at St. Servins Farm, Canal du Nord in 1918. Some of our older readers will be interested to know that his sister was the late Miss Huffam, who worked for St. Dunstan's for eighteen years in the early days, first at Cheltenham and Ilkley and then for many years as Lounge Sister at the old Brighton Home in Portland Place. She resigned through ill health in February 1938 and died in November 1939.

by one of its own pieces. A capture is indicated by an X. Thus; "RXP" indicates "Rook takes Pawn." Apart from a capture, the move of the piece is indicated by naming the piece and the square to which it moves. Thus: if a Rook Moves to the square KR7, the move would be indicated by "R.KR7" Rook to King's Rook seven," the full stop being read as "to."

The Bishop: The Bishop can move only in a diagonal and therefore is restricted to move on squares of one colour. If you place the Bishop on one of the four central squares, you will observe that one of the diagonals, or slanting lines, through this square contains eight squares and the other seven. The Bishop can move to any one of the seven free squares in the one diagonal or to any one of the six free squares in the other. Thus the maximum power of the bishop is "thirteen" If, however, the Bishop is placed in a corner, its power is reduced to "seven", as there are only seven free squares in the one diagonal which passes through that corner. If other pieces are on the board, the same remarks apply to the move of the Bishop as to that of the Rook. The Bishop cannot jump over a piece

CHESS NOTES (continued)

but can capture an enemy piece by occupying the square on which the enemy piece stood. No square can be occupied by two pieces. Consideration will show that the Bishop, being restricted to move on and to attack squares of only one colour and from power varying from thirteen to seven, is a much weaker piece than a Rook, which attacks both colour squares and on an empty board has power fourteen always.

The Queen: The Queen combines the moves of Rook and Bishop. That is to say, at any stage it has the choice of moving like a Rook or like a Bishop. On the centre of an empty board it has power twenty-seven, and in a corner power twenty-one, in comparing the values of the pieces, a Rook is worth more than one Bishop but a little less than two Bishops, whilst a Queen is stronger than a Rook and a Bishop together, is of slightly less value than two Rooks, and is about equivalent to three Bishops.

The King: The King can move in any direction, like a queen, but he can only travel one square at a time. In the centre of the board he has power eight, as he can move to (or can attack) any one of the eight squares which surround him. His power is diminished to five on the edge of the board and to three in the corner. Moreover, the King can capture an enemy piece within its field of movement provided that the square on which the enemy piece stands is not attacked by another enemy piece. It is also illegal for the King to move on to any vacant square in his field which is attacked by an enemy piece. Finally, if the King is attacked by an enemy piece, the opponent must draw your attention to the fact. This he does by saying "check" (a corruption of "Sheik" and meaning "Look to your King, it is attacked.") If, for example you play Rook to the square K1 and from that square the Rook attacks the enemy King, you write the move as R.K1ch, the ch indicating "check."

Space will not allow for discussing the moves of Knight and Pawn and we

shall look forward to dealing with these next month.

For Players. (2).

We again give two games to illustrate a theme. The theme chosen this time is "Speedy development of the Pieces."

White, Morphy

1 P.K4 P.K4; 2 Kt.KB3 P-Q3; (Although playable, this move does nothing towards attacking White's central squares; it is purely defensive, wiser moves are Kt.QB3 or Kt. KB3;) 3 P.Q4 B.Kt5; 4 PXP BXKt.; 5 QXB PXP; (Black has preserved material quality, but his choice of defence has resulted in White's having gained a complete move; he has already developed his Q and it is still his turn to move.) 6 B.QB4 Kt.KB3; 7 Q.QKt3 (Renewing the attack on Black's KBP and now also attacking his QKtP.) 7 . . . Q.K2; 8 Kt.QB3 (The QKtP can wait) 8 . . . P.QB3; 9 B.KKt5. Now Black is completely tied up. His efforts to free himself have now little chance of success.) 9 . . . P.QKt4 10 KtXKtP (Black's attempt to drive away the White KB is thwarted by a clever sacrifice. The writing is on the wall.) 10 . . . PXXt; 11 BXQKtPch QKt.Q2; 12 0-0-0 (The quickest way to bring both Rooks into play. The attack on the Kt forces Black's reply) 12 . . . R.Q1; 13 RXXt RXR; 14 R.Q1 Q.K3 (The freeing move comes too late) 15 Q.QKt8ch (The bombshell. White forces open the Q file for his Rook) 15 . . . KtXQ; 16 R.Q8 mate.

The next game is even more devastating

White, Philidor

1 P.K4 P.K4; 2 Kt.KB3 P.Q3; 3 B.B4 B.Kt5; 4 Kt.QB3 P.QR3; (Waste of time; Black is already two pieces behind in development and it is imperative that he should develop another piece.) 5 KtXKP; (A Beautiful Q sacrifice. If Black refuses the sacrifice, he has lost a central Pawn.) 5 . . . BXQ 6 BXPch K.K2; (Forced) 7 Kt.Q5 mate. A neat finish? No wonder this combination has been named Philidor's Legacy.

(to be continued)

British Talking Book Service for the Blind

Additional Tape Titles—FICTION

Cat. No.		<i>Playing Time Hours approx.</i>
1078	BENTLEY, PHYLLIS—THE RISE OF HENRY MORCAR (1946) Read by Eric Gillett. (Sequel to Catalogue No. 733.) The story of a Yorkshireman's youth, betrayal, fall and regeneration runs parallel with the experiences of England from 1890 to 1945.	
1072	BRAINE, JOHN—ROOM AT THE TOP (1959) Read by Eric Gillett. Joe Lampton's chief ambition is to move into the affluent classes, but complications arise when he has a passionate love affair with a married woman.	10
1073	CONRAD, JOSEPH—THE ROVER (1923) Read by George Hagan. During the French Revolution a seafarer is returning home to Southern France, is involved in a drama on a lonely farm.	10
1071	FLEMING, JOAN—THE CHILL AND THE KILL (1964) Read by Eric Gillett. The tranquility of a country village is shattered when a motor accident stimulates a schoolgirl's gift of clairvoyance, so that she foresees several deaths, including a murder.	7½
1079	GILBERT, ANTHONY—PASSENGER TO NOWHERE (1965) Read by Arthur Bush. Sarah's capacity for making friends aids her when her too early arrival at a gloomy French villa starts a train of events, mysterious and sinister.	7½
1064	MOORE, JOHN—THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH (1965) Read by John Richmond. Susan chooses between acceptance of the new social order and clinging to the crumbling ways of well-to-do country life in Gloucestershire. Regret and hope go hand in hand.	<i>two reels</i> 19½
1069	MYDANS, SHELLEY—THOMAS (1965) Read by Duncan Carse. A novel of the life, passion and miracles of Becket, his clash with King Henry which led to exile and the murder in the cathedral.	<i>two reels</i> 18
1070	SAYERS, DOROTHY—BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON (1937) Read by Stephen Jack. Lord Peter marries Harriet Vane, and during their honeymoon in an old country house, a body is discovered by the faithful valet, Bunter.	13½
1068	TAYLOR, ELIZABETH—A WREATH OF ROSES (1949) Read by Gretel Davis. This is concerned with the lives of a handful of people in a small country town, and should appeal to women readers.	8½

NON-FICTION

1076	BENTLEY, PHYLLIS—O DREAMS, O DESTINATIONS (1962) Read by Gabrielle Laye. A Yorkshire novelist's autobiography, covering the period of great change 1890-1960, and showing her reactions, which she now considers naive.	15
1067	HATCH, ALDEN—THE MOUNTBATTENS (1966) Read by Duncan Carse. An outspoken account of the lives and personalities of Prince Louis, Lord Louis and Prince Philip.	<i>two reels</i> 19½
1077	MAXWELL, GAVIN—THE HOUSE OF ELRIG (1965) Read by Alvar Liddell. Childhood and adolescence in a house on the moorlands of Galloway, which helped to shape his interest in living creatures and his love of wild country.	8
1065	PATERSON, SHEILA—DARK STRANGERS (1965) Read by Dwight Whylic. A study of a West Indian migrant settlement, examining the problems of integration into the community.	15½
1049	NAIPAUL, V. S.—AN AREA OF DARKNESS (1964) Read by Alvar Liddell. The author visited India, land of his ancestors, and gives his impressions of this fascinating sub-continent.	12½
1050	STIRLING, MONICA—THE WILD SWAN (1965) Read by Duncan Carse. The life and times of Hans Andersen, revealing him as a man of many letters and an inveterate traveller befriending many famous people.	14½
1045	TURNER, GRAHAM—THE CAR MAKERS (1963) Read by Alvar Liddell. An examination of the British car industry, in which problems of design, production, sales and labour are considered.	10½

British Talking Book Service for the Blind

NON-FICTION

Cat. No.		<i>Playing Time Hours Approx.</i>
1086	BLACK, MARGARET—NO ROOM FOR TOURISTS (1965) Read by Duncan Carse. Eighteen years after emigrating to South Africa, Mrs. Black returned to Britain with her family. She describes the dilemma of the whites and the tensions of apartheid.	7½
1084	BROWN, IVOR—SHAW IN HIS TIME (1965) Read by John Richmond. The dynamic personality of G.B.S., dramatist and pungent critic of society is encountered in the various backgrounds of his life.	8½
1081	GIELGUD, VAL—YEARS IN A MIRROR (1965) Read by Michael de Morgan. For many years head of B.B.C. Drama, the author describes his life in broadcasting and the theatre.	11
1091	HAWKES, JACQUETTA—MAN ON EARTH (1954) Read by Duncan Carse. Challenging the orthodox theory of evolution, this book reviews Man's development of consciousness against the background of geological change and studies brain structure and electrical pulsations.	7
1093	MACNEICE, LOUIS—THE STRINGS ARE FALSE (1965) Read by Duncan Carse. A perceptive self-portrait by a scholar and literary man, educated at Marlborough and Oxford, and interested in politics.	11
1074	STREETER, EDWARD—ALONG THE RIDGE (1965) Read by Roy Williamson. Amusing and informative account of a car journey through Spain, France, Italy and Yugoslavia with keen observations of people and places.	6

OVINGDEAN BOOKINGS 1967

Once again this year applications received up to 28th February from St. Dunstaners in full employment will be given priority for holiday bookings in July and August since industrial holidays are now spread over these months. Thereafter bookings will be open to everybody and applications received from other St. Dunstaners prior to that date will be accepted but will be subject to beds being available after the industrial bookings have been satisfied.

CHESSE WEEKEND (INSTRUCTIONAL)	17th to 19th February.
BRIDGE WEEKEND (INSTRUCTIONAL)	24th to 26th February.
MANIPULATIVE THERAPY COURSE	3rd, 4th and 5th March.
BRILLE WEEKEND	10th to 12th March.
HAM RADIO WEEKEND	7th to 9th April.
SPORTS WEEKEND	23rd to 25th June.
DEAF REUNION	10th to 15th August.
HANDLESS REUNION	12th to 17th October.
PHYSIOTHERAPY CONFERENCE 1967	6th to 8th October.
CHESSE WEEKEND	3rd to 6th November.
BRIDGE WEEKEND	17th to 20th November.

WELFARE DEPARTMENT have also arranged the following Special Fortnights at Ovingdean during the year:—

1915/1917 and 1940/1942:	24th June, to 8th July.
1918/1920 and 1943/1945:	6th to 20th May.
1921/1925 and 1946/1948:	22nd April, to 6th May.
1926/1939 and 1949/1966:	10th to 24th June.



(Photo: British Legion Journal)

BRITISH LEGION GOLD BADGE

At a special meeting of the Keyingham Branch of the British Legion recently, our St. Dunstaner, E. M. Goundrill of Hill was presented with the Legion's Gold Badge. Major J. A. Iveson, the East Riding Branch President, made the presentation and said that the Legion was proud to honour such a man.

Ernest Goundrill, now aged 78 years, was in the Northumberland Fusiliers from 1909 to 1918. He belonged to the Hull Branch of the British Legion until 1927 when he transferred to the Hedon Branch. He was largely responsible for the formation of the Keyingham Branch

in 1939 of which he is now President. He has always served the branch well and helped the younger members when ever possible. He has in the course of time, represented the branch at many functions and signed the Golden Book of Remembrance at the Menin Gate.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cowan, of Boreham Wood, Herts, on being awarded a Certificate of Appreciation by the British Legion, for the voluntary work carried out by them both in raising £500 in three years for local charities.

BRIDGE NOTES

The New Year has begun with a flying start and The First "Individual" competition for this year was held both in Brighton and in London, on Saturday, January 7th.

GARDENING NEWS

"To sleep, perchance to dream . . ." this is what most of us are doing as we sit by the fire with our Spring Gardening Catalogues. R. W. Greenacre, of Dunstable, puts us all to shame. At the Bedford Blind Show in November he was highly commended for his Carnations and Chrysanthemums in the floral decoration class.

The London results are:—

M. Tybinski and R. Armstrong, 70;
H. Meleson and F. Jackson, 62;
E. Carpenter and G. P. Brown, 62;
R. Bickley and P. Nuyens, 60;
F. Mathewman and V. Kemmish, 59;
H. Kerr and Partner, 55;
R. G. Stanners and R. Fullard, 55.

The results of the Brighton Section are as follows:—

C. Kelk and W. T. Scott, 53;
F. Rhodes and B. Ingrey, 46;
J. Chell and S. Webster, 41;
R. Goding and M. Clements, 40
A. Smith and W. Burnett, 17.

P. NUYENS

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Carpenter, of Ipswich, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 25th October, 1966.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. D. Harding, of Bournemouth, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 3rd January, 1967.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. Hobbs of Midsomer Norton, Somerset, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 28th December, 1966.

Golden Weddings

Very many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. Duncan, of Oswestry, Salop, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 31st January, 1967.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooper, of Bridlington, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 20th January, 1967.

Diamond Wedding

Warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. G. Lawlor, of Bloxwich, Staffs., who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 5th January, 1967.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:—

C. F. Beard, of Hove, on the birth of his second grand-daughter, Deborah Helen.

J. Daly, of Liverpool, on the arrival of his 13th grandchild.

S. K. Fletcher, of Tooting, S.W.17, on the arrival of a grand-daughter, Clare Ann, on December 10th, 1966.

A. Hold of Yeovil, Somerset, on the birth of his first grandson born on 8th October, 1966.

A. S. Hutchings, of Welwyn Garden City, Herts, on the arrival of his 8th grandchild, Patricia Ann, born on 1st December, 1966.

J. W. Lawson, of Stretton, on the arrival of his first grandchild—a grand-daughter, Heather, who was born in December, 1966.

H. Perry, of Leeds, on the arrival of a grandson, Neil Martin, on 10th December, 1966.

Ronald F. Sherwood, son of our St. Dunstaner, F. J. Sherwood of London, S.W.16., married Miss Joan Charlot on 30th November, 1966 at Croydon Register Office.

Malcolm, son of our St. Dunstaner, T. H. Rosewarne, of Manchester, married Miss Mary Bell on 24th December, 1966.

Jill, 17-year-old daughter of our St. Dunstaner, C. Cooke of Saltdean, was chosen "Personality Girl" for Brighton by the *Herald* last December.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:—

W. Thomas, of Wakefield, Yorks., on the sudden death of his wife on 29th December, 1966.

W. Veness, of Edgware, Middlesex, on the death of his wife, Mary, on 30th December, 1966. We also offer our sympathy to his two sons, Brian and Christopher.

K. Hedges, of Dartford, on the death of his wife on 31st December, 1966 after a short illness.

J. Ince, of Horwich, who mourns the death of his father on 1st January, 1967.

In Memory

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of the following St. Dunstaners, and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Cecil Ebenezer Ferguson, 4th R.M.T.

Cecil Ebenezer Ferguson, of Northland, New Zealand, died on 12th June, 1966, at the age of 59. He enlisted in 1940 and served as a Driver with the 4th R.M.T. His sight started to fail while he was a Prisoner of War in Greece and Germany, and he was discharged from the Army in 1945. He was a single man.

William Henry Hill, Wiltshire Regiment

William Henry Hill of Ronkswood, Worcester died on 19th December, 1966, at the age of 72 years. He served with the Wiltshire Regiment from 1914 to 1915 but his eyesight did not deteriorate until 1953 when he came to St. Dunstan's. On account of his age and indifferent health he did not take up any training. He had been ill for some few months and his death was not unexpected.

Daniel Lewis, 1st South Wales Borderers.

Daniel Lewis of Edware, Middlesex died on 26th December, 1966. He was 82 years of age. He enlisted in 1915 and joined the 1st South Wales Borderers and was discharged in November, 1916, when he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained as a boot and mat maker but chose to work at mat making throughout his working life. He resided in Wales until the death of his first wife in September, 1966, when he went to live with his married daughter in Edware. He was taken ill very suddenly and died in the Edware General Hospital.

Stanley W. Ngamotu, Maori Regiment

Stanley W. Ngamotu, of Whakatane, New Zealand, died on 10th July, 1966, at the age of 60. He served for four years with the Maori Regiment in the Second World War. Latterly he has suffered poor health.

William Gordon Oakley, Signal Coy., New Zealand Division

William Gordon Oakley, of Shirley, Christchurch, New Zealand, died on 7th June, 1966, at the age of 70. He served with the Signal Coy., New Zealand Division, from 1915 to 1919. He suffered mustard gas poisoning in November, 1918. He trained in basket making, leatherwork and typing.

Carrington Pike, Sherwood Foresters

Carrington Pike of Chesterfield, Derbyshire, died in hospital on 29th December, 1966. He was 76 years of age. He served in the Sherwood Foresters from 1915 to 1917. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1919 and trained in netting and basket work and carried on these occupations for some time. He had been in failing health latterly and his death was not unexpected.

William Robbins, Royal Flying Corps

William Robbins, of Bournemouth, died on 9th December, 1966 at the age of 76 years. He joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in July 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1937. He trained as a basket maker and continued with this work right up to the time of his death. He was a frequent visitor to Ovingdean and did a great deal of work amongst the deaf-blind men, although owing to ill-health he had not been able to make the journey this year.

Percy Reginald Stephens, Royal Navy

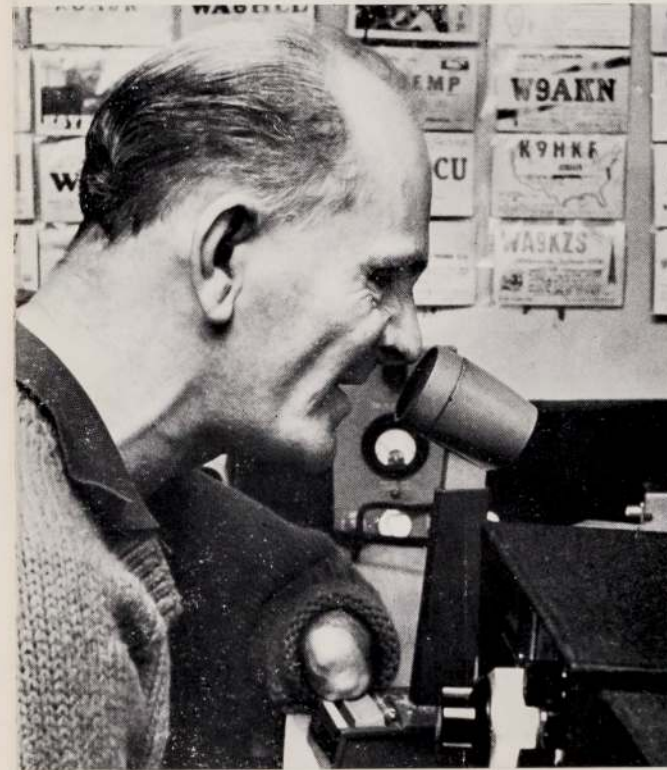
Percy Reginald Stephens, of Hove, died on 12th December, 1966 at the age of 65. He enlisted in 1918 in the Royal Navy and served with them until 1920 when he was discharged. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1959. As Mr. Stephens was in a wheel chair he did not undertake any occupational training but was a popular man and took part in many Brighton social functions. One of his proudest days was when he was invited to attend a function at Buckingham Palace and his membership of St. Dunstan's meant a great deal to him.

L. J. Van Wyk, Central Training Depot, South Africa

L. J. Van Wyk, of Vrededorp, Orange Free State, South Africa, died in June, 1966, at the age of 68.

He served from March, 1940, until July, 1941, in the Central Training Depot, and lost his sight as the result of an accident during that time, but was not admitted to St. Dunstan's until 1962.

A 'SHACK' IN THE GARDEN—continued



Only a few inches from the microphone—but after that Ron's voice is travelling more than 4,000 miles to his American listener.

Accurate tuning is important. Ron makes an adjustment to bring an American message booming into his shack.



of life?—will have the chance to get together to exchange views and meet radio experts who will demonstrate the latest equipment.

With this in mind the *Review* visited a St. Dunstan's Ham in his shack to find out what amateur radio is all about. Listening to Ron exchanging weather reports and technical data with Americans he has never met it was easy to understand the fascination of it. Just before Christmas, he was able to talk to a niece in San Bernardino, California, by tuning in to an American Ham who fed Ron's signals into the local telephone service lines.

Ron belongs to two clubs; the Ealing and District Radio Society and, as an associate member, the G.E.C. Club. "When we go up there we are building all the time. Most of the chaps there are boffins working in the laboratories all day long with this sort of thing."

With his G.E.C. friends, Ron is developing a transistorised audible tuning device. A sighted operator tunes his transmitter visually, watching the needles on the dials. The new device gives an audio note linked to the transmitter and by matching two tones, a blind operator can tune accurately. The tuning device is only about two inches by one in size and, although simple to operate, it is more accurate than the sighted operator's tuning methods.

Ron said that amateur radio was an expensive hobby: "There is no short cut—if you have your eyes and hands, you can build but if you haven't you have got to buy and that isn't cheap." He did not advise using second hand equipment. "You've got to be able to sit in there and repair it. I don't recommend this to anyone. You want something you can rely on."

Is it worth it, then? This is Ron's verdict: "A lot of people think of amateur radio as somebody sitting with a pair of cans (earphones) on their head working or scratching around for a signal. The bands today weren't all that good but copy was still 100% from Michigan and Florida. I have friends all over the world who call me regularly. I talk to millionaires—from millionaires down to paupers. It doesn't matter who they are or what they are, they'll always sit in and have a chat with you and they'll do anything for you."



A familiar name to regular readers of the Review is Heather Richardson—daughter of Dickie Richardson, our St. Dunstaner. We have chronicled many of her dancing successes and this picture shows her with some of her trophies and medals—Quite a collection for an eleven year old!