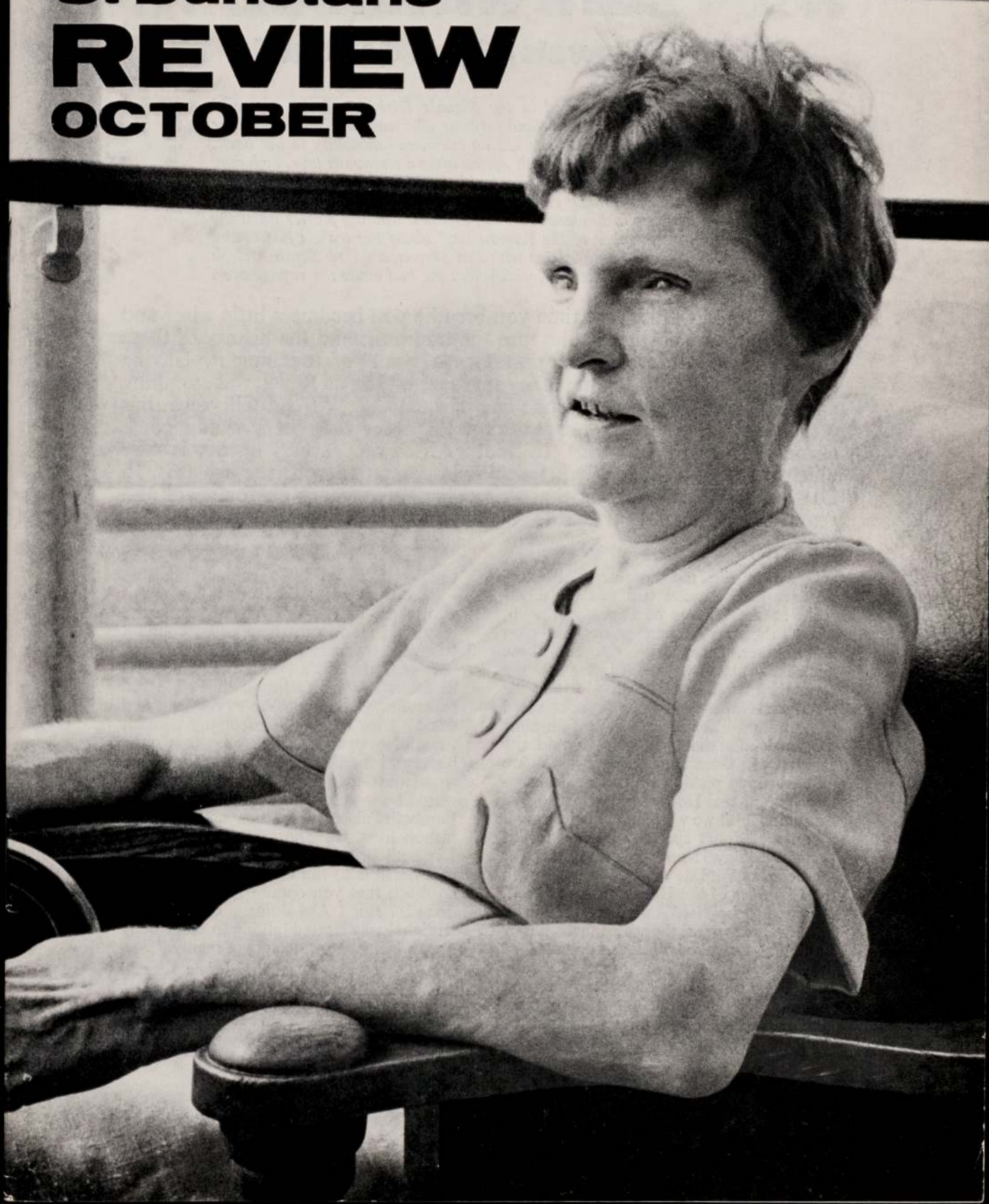


St Dunstons
REVIEW
OCTOBER



GET WITH IT

The Travels of Iris de Reuck

Iris de Reuck served in the Signals Division of the Women's Auxiliary Army Service in South Africa. She was 23 when she lost her sight through illness and she has an additional disability in her back. She has just returned to South Africa after a strenuous tour, including a trip to Paris, which she has tackled with zest despite her double disability and a third, a cracked bone in her leg following an accident during her stay in England. Her leg was in a walking plaster when she talked to a member of the Review staff about her travels just before she returned to South Africa with Jim Myron, a fellow South African St. Dunstaner and his wife, with whom she had made the voyage over.

"I should think every time you breathe you become a little wiser and when you come all these miles into the traditions and the history of these cities you must develop somewhat as a result of touching it. Having touched it you don't feel quite the same again." Iris de Reuck was summing up what her first trip to Europe has meant to her, "I can tell you it has more than surpassed my expectations; I never thought I would come abroad for obvious reasons. In South Africa our earliest history is very much in the modern period. It isn't old compared with these places. In London I had this feeling that things had been going on for years and years before men ever wrote or anything—just going on and on—timelessness."

"Perhaps the most unforgettable experience of the entire trip was the day I spent at the Houses of Parliament with, surely, the most expert guide, our own Lady Fraser. Through great portals, those high, lofty places we walked. We saw the crypt then up the stairs to the lift and the Strangers' Gallery where we were permitted to go in and listen for about half an hour to the debate that was going on in the House of Commons. Afterwards we ambled along picking up bits of information about the House and some of its traditions until we were finally led through a series of doors specially opened for us because Friday is not a working day for the Peers and at last we found ourselves in the Chamber of the House of Lords itself. I wanted to feel the Woolsack, which I did and I wanted to feel the seats in which they sat and so I sneaked a little sit down. This, apparently is just not done but Lady Fraser said it would be all right on account of my foot. She told me Lord Fraser actually sat in the seat directly behind the one I was sitting in, which was one

usually occupied by a cabinet minister. "We went on to the Terrace—now this was where I had my strangest experience because I stood out there and I couldn't believe it was me. I stood and I thought, 'I've read about this place, this terrace and here am I—it can't be possible'. I asked someone to take me over to the wall and standing on the very tips of my toenails I could just peer over, because it is quite high, and there was the River. Somebody stood next to me describing the things I would be looking at: Westminster Bridge, Lambeth Palace, where the Anglican Archbishop lives, St. Thomas's Hospital, and Lambeth Bridge and I thought, 'I wonder is it possible to think about doing a thing so much that you come to believe you've done it? But I AM doing this . . .' and I straight away started talking to every body just to bring back a feeling of reality."

Continued on page 30

COVER PICTURE:

Iris de Reuck taking the sun in one of Ovingdean's sun lounges.

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 612

OCTOBER 1970

1/- MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

War Pensions

A few months ago, I asked the Government to do something about war pensions during the year. The Government of that day said that they intended to review general pensions in the autumn and would deal with war pensions as well and would give them special consideration.

Following a personal interview with the Minister responsible for war pensions at the end of July, I asked the Government "whether they had any statement to make regarding war pensions and allowances" and received the following reply: "Her Majesty's Government acknowledges the unique nature of the war pensions and allowances provided for those whose disablement or widowhood results from service in the Armed Forces, reaffirms its intention to preserve the tradition of giving special treatment to war pensioners and their widows and undertakes to review war pensions and allowances at two yearly intervals in the light of economic growth and the cost of living".

I think this means that we shall not get a rise during this year and that no doubt the increase that has already taken place in the cost of living and that is still going on will mean that war pensions and widows' pensions will be behindhand.

In the light of any proposals which the Government may make in the autumn as regards pensions generally, I shall consider whether our case can be raised again in this year, or whether we may have to wait until next year when the two-year interval will have elapsed.

Whilst registering disappointment, I think it fair to express satisfaction that the Government has in such definite terms affirmed its intention to deal with war pensions and widows' pensions on a basis of "special treatment".

Fortunately this is a non-political matter and both major Parties are committed to this principle.

Chaplains at Brighton

The Reverend D. M. Harper, M.A., for four years St. Dunstan's padre at Brighton, has moved to another sphere of activity in the Church. We thank him for his most valuable work at Ovingdean and Pearson House.

The Reverend W. Popham Hosford, M.B.E., M.A., R.D., has taken his place as our new padre at Brighton. He has replaced Mr. Harper at St. George's at Kemp Town; this is the parish in which Pearson House is situated and St. George's Church is almost next door to our home and he combines the two jobs. Mr. Popham Hosford has for very many years been Senior Chaplain to the Missions to Seamen in Holland and had a great reputation there amongst seafaring men. I wish him the best of luck at Brighton.

World Contacts

On a number of occasions I have pointed out that, although St. Dunstan's is essentially an ex-service organisation, we have nevertheless done much to advance the well-being of blind persons throughout the world. The fame of St. Dunstan's and the success of St. Dunstaners has led Governments, local authorities and societies for the blind in many countries to improve their services. Our pioneering in radio and talking books has been emulated in many countries and the little Act, which I promoted in Parliament in 1926 to give blind persons a free wireless licence, was followed in all Commonwealth countries.

Our overseas activities and influences are illustrated by a glance back at my own diary. Earlier in the year I had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Jimmy Ellis and his wife and daughter; he is the Welfare and Public Relations Officer of St. Dunstan's (South Africa). This week we had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. J. Reid; he is the Secretary and administrative head of the Cape Town Committee. Very close co-operation exists between St. Dunstan's (London) and St. Dunstan's (Cape Town).

As I write, Messrs. Fawcett, Wills and Dufton, three of our principal officials, are guests of the All Russia Society for the Blind, undertaking a tour of activities for the blind and especially blinded ex-servicemen in that vast country. This is a return visit, following our reception of the Society's President, Lt.-Col. Zimin, and two of his colleagues, a few years ago, when they were in this country at the invitation of the British Council.

Similarly, Lieut.-Commander Buckley and his wife paid a visit to Poland in 1967 at the invitation of the Union of Blind Soldiers of the People's Republic of Poland and their Chairman and Secretary-General (Colonel Golwala and Mr. Spsychalski) visited us last year.

Mr. Lloyds, our Secretary, attended the conference of the World Council for the Welfare of the Blind in India in 1969.

Mr. Walter Thornton, a St. Dunstaner, has just concluded a visit to the United States, Australia and particularly New Zealand to investigate and report upon electronic devices for aiding mobility. St. Dunstan's started this electronics enquiry. For thirty years Mr. Thornton has been one of the most independent and mobile St. Dunstaners and those who were at Church Stretton will remember that he was amongst those who walked about most freely alone. He is now widely regarded as a leading expert in the whole subject of mobility, including the use of electronic devices and the long cane. He did a splendid job, giving interviews and talking on the radio and at conferences and meetings in all the countries he visited.

Only yesterday, Mr. G. Mowat, an electronics engineer from New Zealand, brought me an electronic walking stick, which may contribute a new and original idea to this study. He and I spent an hour using this device in Regent's Park.

All these visits enable St. Dunstan's to help the blind world and bring us information and ideas in return.

Fraser of Lonsdale.

NEW POSTCODE FOR HEADQUARTERS

St. Dunstan's headquarters has been given a postcode: **NW1 5QN** and St. Dunstaners are asked to include this code when addressing correspondence. Postcodes enable the Post Office to use machines for sorting and the code numbers should always be written in block capitals and appear at the end of the address, preferably on a separate line. The Post Office advises that a clear space should be left between the two halves of the postcode, that no full stops or punctuation marks

should be used between or at the end of the characters. The postcode should never be underlined.

This is how St. Dunstan's address should appear on the envelope:

St. Dunstan's,
P.O. Box 58,
191, Old Marylebone Road,
LONDON,
NW1 5QN



Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.

William Arnold of Bridgnorth, Shropshire, became a member of St. Dunstan's in August 1970. He served in the Royal Hampshire Regiment in the First World War. He is a widower.

Willie Barker of Bradford, Yorkshire, came to St. Dunstan's in September, 1970. He served in the Royal Army Medical Corps in the Second World War. He is married.

William Alexander Brundish, Military Medal, who lives in Ascot, Berks., came to St. Dunstan's in August, 1970. He served in the First World War and is married.

Richard Harker Charlton of Sunderland joined St. Dunstan's in August, 1970. He served in the Royal Army Service Corps in the First World War. He is a widower and lives with his daughter.

Robert Chritchlow of Leicester, who came to us in August 1970. He served in

the Royal Artillery in the Second World War and is married.

Joseph Hamilton of Birtley, Co. Durham, who joined us in July, 1970. He served in the 3rd Durham Light Infantry in the First World War. He is married.

Henry James Haskey of Harrow, Middlesex joined us at St. Dunstan's in July 1970. He served in the Second World War in the Royal Artillery and is married.

George Hawes of Walthamstow, E.17, became a member of St. Dunstan's in August, 1970. He served in the King's Royal Rifles during the First World War and is married.

James Henry Kilvington of Easingwold, Yorkshire, came to St. Dunstan's in August 1970. He served in the Green Howards in the First World War and is married.

Edmund Kirman of Gillingham, Kent, came to St. Dunstan's in July 1970. He served in the Second World War in the Hong Kong Defence Corps. He is a widower and has two married sons, one living in Canada and the other in Newcastle.

John Thompson of Kingston-upon-Hull, who joined us in July, 1970. He served in the 11th East Yorkshire Regiment in the First World War and is married.

To all St. Dunstaners wherever they may be

Before leaving Brighton to take up work in Nigeria, I appreciate this opportunity of saying "goodbye" to all of you whose friendliness and good-companionship has meant so much to me over the last five years.

The warmth of your acceptance of me has increased as the years have passed and it is with real regret that I say farewell. While looking forward immensely to the work which lies ahead, I am sadly aware that it cannot be undertaken without having to say goodbye.

I hope that when I return to England on periods of home leave I shall be permitted to call at Ovingdean and the new Pearson House and for a few weeks at least, renew old associations. I have been very proud to

be your Chaplain and to be associated with you. Our services in the Chapel have been an inspiration to me at all times. "And now I commend you to God".

Yours affectionately,

MORRISON HARPER, *Padre*.

P.S.—Since sending the above message to the editor of the *Review* I have received a most generous book token from a number of very good friends at St. Dunstan's. This was a great surprise, which I did not expect and do not deserve, but I should like to say thank you to those who organised and contributed to this very generous appreciation. I am touched and very grateful.



(l. to r.) Ron Ellis, Billy Bell, Ted Mills and Wally Thomas with their escorts.

Deaf-Blind Reunion

The Ovingdean orderly came into my room and said, "The others are waiting for you at the rifle range."

I went downstairs and along the corridor leading to the range, opened the door, stepped in and rammed my nose into the back of Billy Bell's head. I said, "Pardon me. I was trying to read your thoughts with the tip of my snout."

"That'll teach you not to be so nosey in future."

Ron Ellis was ushered towards me and to him I said, "Hello, Big-boy. How is the night life in Upton St. Leonard?"

"Great."

Teddie Mills was parked on a nearby seat. I leaned down and asked, "How's your love-life, Pal?"

"I'm hopeful."

So there were the four of us on Aug. 13th and warming up for the 1970 deaf reunion. Billy Bell must have had his worst enemy in mind when he performed on the range, for he shot him stone dead and won first prize.

That evening we went to the fourth floor for drinks with Commandant, Matron and senior members of the staff. Then our guest of honour arrived—Miss F. Ramshaw. We loaded her with greetings

and plied her with questions. She claims to be in frisky condition, but doesn't go much on this lark called retirement, so she devotes a lot of time and thought to keeping herself out of mischief.

We all trooped into the dining-room and sat round the one large table. The Ovingdean catering staff should be awarded an Oscar for the superb meal they provided us. After the meal, we settled cheerfully to conversation and a drop of booze. There's a contraption at Ovingdean and it is officially referred to as Minibus. It is a cross between a vintage lorry and a tractor, with seats aboard and a roof there-on. If it doesn't shake out your plastic eyes, it will churn your liver to sausage meat, and at the end of a long journey you definitely need the kiss of life.

So, when we were told at 8.15 next morning that we'd be travelling by minibus, we felt resigned to a regular rump-thump. But two surprises awaited us. The first was when we passed through Ovingdean main door and found ourselves being greeted by Mr. C. D. Wills. We were enormously pleased when he said he would be spending the day with us. It was the first time circumstances had enabled him to be with the deaf wallahs on their annual day trip.

Minibus

The second surprise was a measure of comfort in the Minibus. We wormed our way through the roads and lanes of Sussex and Kent, and it was noon when we reached Dover. We had tea and gossip in the terminal restaurant until it was time to board the British Rail Hovercraft "Princess Margaret". The seats are spaced like those on a bus, but with the added comfort of head-rests. Engines came to life and quickly settled to a reassuring throb, power was increased until it reached an exciting roar.

The world's largest hovercraft slowly rose above its concrete pad, then swept out to sea amid a great flurry of water. There were navigational adjustments before the monster headed for the Channel. It settled to what is generally considered a typical trip on a day of moderate weather conditions. It didn't rise and fall rhythmically; rather it was subjected to slight pitching and rising at irregular intervals. Like having a ride on a country bus that has two flat tyres and the driver has a disregard for the drink-drive thing. But the hovercraft is terribly noisy, obliging passengers to raise their voices when attempting conversation. After 40 minutes of wave-hopping, the craft swept into

Boulogne harbour, nosed carefully to its landing place, hovered above it, about-turned, then sank with a great sigh onto the concrete pad. A coach with driver and courier awaited us, it whisked us off to a restaurant for a late, though enjoyable lunch. Later, we were taken to the British War Cemetery. It isn't for me to estimate Britain's prestige abroad, but every member of our Island can rest assured that this particular cemetery will win the admiration of every foreigner. For it is here that you find something beautiful, something serene, something tranquil, something to fill you with pride—and something very sad. We quietly returned to our bus, then went for a short trip through Boulogne and back to the Hovercraft base. This time it was the "Princess Anne" that took us skipping across the Channel and so back to Dover. The Minibus was there to meet us and duly chugged us back to Ovingdean.

The next afternoon we were the guests of Matron Hallet and her staff at Northgate House. We were shown over the comfortable house and well-kept gardens. After tea and plenty of laughs on the lawn, we thanked Matron for all her kind arrangements and returned to Ovingdean in time for the domino tournament.

We spent Sunday afternoon at Michelham Priory, Hailsham. It was established in 1229. It has been saturated in events of varying natures, and witnessed happenings of historical significance. It is now owned by the Sussex Archaeological Trust. Tourists flock there to be enchanted by tales of the building's colourful life.

Dolphinarium

Monday morning saw us at Brighton's Dolphinarium—a nice name for a pool with six Dolphins there-in. Dolphins have always delighted and excited people of all ages. They are show-offs by nature; so revel in the admiration that audiences provide.

They do a 30 minute show, and during that time they are being constantly rewarded with oohs, a'ahs, laughs and hand-claps from the enthralled crowd, and a regular supply of fish from their trainer. And when the show comes to an end, they glide gracefully round the pool, all so very debonair and all a-dazzle under the brilliant lights.

That evening we prepared for what used to be referred to as "The Deaf-Blind

Farewell Dinner". But if you take a dekho at that word "Farewell" it rather suggests you ain't coming back no more! So, in order to keep up with modern trends and ensure a feeling of well-being, the boys now refer to the occasion as "The Great Nosh-Up for the Plug-lugs".

The rump-thump Minibus rattled us to a good hotel and we were greeted by the good Doc John O'Hara, Miss Rogers, and Miss Midgley. Ah me! It really was a wonderful meal. When the glorious eats had finally come to an end, the good Doc O'Hara rose and cranked-up on speech-making. His opening sentences were quiet, then his humour glands began to function and he soon had the mob hollering for more of his stories. Only one of his stories would escape the censor's blue pencil, and it reads as follows: He was called to a maternity hospital. As he passed through the waiting room he saw a group of anxious-faced fathers (not necessarily hus-

DECIMAL CURRENCY

In the October, 1968, *Review* we printed a short article giving some elementary facts on the decimal currency system which will come into force in Britain on 15th February, 1971. We propose to print another article of a similar character which we hope may be helpful to St. Dunstaners next January or February just before D-day.

In November, 1968, we printed a short list of books on the new system printed by the R.N.I.B. Since that date a number of other books have been printed in Braille and these can be obtained on application to **Mr. Christopher of Men's Supplies Dept. at St. Dunstan's Headquarters.** The titles are as follows:—

Decimal Currency: **Expressions of amounts in printing, writing and in speech.**

Decimal Currency: **Britain's New Coins.**
Decimal Currency: **Points for Business Men.**

Decimal Currency: **Cash Transactions.**
Decimal Currency: **Facts and Forecasts.**
Decimal Currency: **Conversion in accounting records.**

Decimal Currency: **Legislation.**
Decimal Currency: **New money in your shop.**

Decimal Currency: **Banking.**
Decimal Currency: **Pay Rolling.**

bands). He noticed that one man looked particularly gloomy, so went over to him and asked, "Is there something wrong?" The man gave him a long and forlorn look, and in mournful tones he replied, "What a bloody way to spend a honeymoon!"

Teddie Mills struggled to his feet to offer a vote of thanks to the Doc. He made reference to the Doc's stories, then swept on to tell stories of his own and made his words bounce round the room. He ended with an expression of sincere thanks and appreciation to all members of St. Dunstan's staff who were responsible for such an interesting and enjoyable reunion. Then our Teddie sat down amid enthusiastic applause.

The plug-lugs of St. Dunstan's take this opportunity to thank those people who have been kind enough to learn the Manual alphabet, and so make life more agreeable for them when staying in one or other of the St. Dunstan's homes. Thanks a lot.

SIZE OF BANK NOTES

RANDALL WILLIAMS of Newington Green, London, N.16, has asked us to draw attention to the difference in size in the Bank of England notes. He points out that married St. Dunstaners can ask their wives to help them sort out the notes but single men or women may experience some difficulty with perhaps unfortunate results if a mistake is made.

We give below the actual size of Bank of England notes at present in issue:

£1.	$2\frac{13}{16}$ "	\times	$5\frac{15}{16}$ "
£5.	$3\frac{5}{16}$ "	\times	$5\frac{1}{2}$ "
£10.	$3\frac{11}{16}$ "	\times	$5\frac{15}{16}$ "
£20.	$3\frac{9}{16}$ "	\times	$6\frac{5}{16}$ "

NOTE

The Bank of England intends to issue new notes of different sizes at some future date not yet decided. We think this is best left as a problem to be tackled when the issue actually takes place.

WANT A BRAILLE DICTIONARY?

We have two sets of the little Oxford Dictionary of Current English in Braille. If any St. Dunstaner is interested in obtaining a set please get in touch with **Mr. Christopher of Men's Supplies Dept., at Headquarters.**

Royal Engineers' Reunion

It has often been said, and will doubtless be said again, that the Sappers are either mad, married or Methodists. Not wishing to cast a slur on my two companions, Ernie Cookson and Billy Miller, I will not comment on their mental outlook at the time. But St. Dunstaners who know me will not be surprised to hear that in my own frank opinion I thought I must be stark, raving mad on the night of Saturday, 26th July—or was it the morning of the 27th? For there we were—three St. Dunstaners, standing in the middle of Hawley Wood, waiting for a bus. But please don't suppose that we were alone in our vigil; there were also a group of singing Welshmen, some Northern wits, and a few young serving Sappers feverishly picking up empty beer cans.

We had all spent the previous two hours witnessing the highlight of the Farnborough Reunion. As St. Dunstaners we had been honoured guests occupying V.I.P. seats, and personally welcomed by the Chief Engineer, General Jones, to what must have been one of the most wonderful military displays for many a year.

Imagine a floodlit lake on the edge of a wood. In the centre, sitting on a decorated ferry, were the massed bands of the Chatham and Aldershot, dressed in the red tunics and bearskin headdresses of the old Corps of Sappers and Miners.

True—we, the St. Dunstaners, couldn't enjoy the spectacle, but we could and did thoroughly enjoy the music, and had the antics of the bandsmen described to us as they imitated fox, hounds, horses and riders in the hunting scene.

The concert opened, of course, with the regimental march "Wings" and closed with the inevitable "C.R.E." Then, after a silence, we heard the tapping of drums and the soft whistling of the "C.R.E.", together with the sound of marching feet, as the drummer boys came through the wood to re-enact a chapter of history for us. The loud hailer began to broadcast the story of the storming of the Kashmir Gate at Delhi in 1857. We had been warned at the beginning that there would be some bangs before the end of the programme but we were not expecting more than a few Mk. V Thunderflashes. It had not occurred to me, at any rate, that they would be using the

real McCoy. So that when the first slab of gun cotton went off very near me, I did a vertical take-off worthy of the nearby Royal Aircraft Establishment. (After all, I've kept my distance from that stuff for the past twenty-five years.)

Of course, as the old saying goes, "After the Lord Mayor's Show comes the dustcart." And having V.I.P. seats at the front, we found ourselves at the back of the queue on our return to that blessed place of refreshment, the Sergeants' Mess!

FRANK HICKS

OVINGDEAN NOTES

BRIGHT SUMMER

July and August have brought good weather and a full house to Ovingdean. The racing season is at its height and we met many old friends during the Sussex Fortnight. Summer shows at the Theatre Royal and the Palace Pier are well patronised, and the drives are as popular as ever. The Busmen's Outing took place in July. As this is to be the last one we were entertained to dinner and a social evening at the Black Lion, Patcham.

Guests and staff continue to entertain with playreadings and record concerts.

The "Special Interest" group held two discussions, presided over by chairman Mr. J. Stokes. The first "That Superstition has a Place in Life today", was proposed by Miss J. Meiluss and opposed by Wally Thomas. Armed with a rabbit's foot and with fingers crossed, Miss Meilus stated her case, Wally with typical male logic proceeded to demolish her theories. However the motion was carried. Either that rabbit's foot had real power, or, to suggest a subject for a future debate—"The Age of Chivalry is not Dead".

The second discussion "That Education does not Lead to Happiness" was suggested and proposed by Peter Sumner. Opposer Alan Noakes was of the opinion that education gave greater understanding and appreciation, particularly of the arts, while Peter felt "twere folly to be wise". The motion was defeated with the qualification that happiness depends on the way the individual uses his or her education.

High spot of the Bank Holiday celebrations was the dance, during which a

Letters to the Editor

From R. A. Fullard of London, S.W.16.

I AM A HERO

Recently, I learnt that somebody thinks of me as a hero. Isn't that nice?

Our neighbour's 14 year old daughter was set as the subject of an essay at school; "Which ordinary member of the public is in your opinion a hero and why?" She wrote about me.

Had she seen me standing for fifteen minutes in the rain waiting for my 'bus or had she seen me returning home after a 1½ hour bus journey in the recent heat wave? Or had she admired the way I manoeuvre the old style lawn mower with heavy roller when I am cutting the lawn? My guess is that she couldn't think of anybody else to write about. Anyhow, she got top marks for the essay.



MAGOG STRUCK OUT

The photograph reproduced above was sent to Magog by **James Griffiths of South Woodingdean** and he writes: "my wife and I also had a long and happy chat with Her Majesty and I now enclose a photograph which was sent to us by Mr. Wills, we had no idea it was taken, but my wife and I are delighted to have it".

Another letter from **Frank Rhodes of Ovingdean**: Under the *Review* "It Strikes Me", Mr. Bill Andison says "Bill Andison was the only ex-serviceman presented". Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Griffiths of Woodingdean, Mr. and Mrs. P. Holmes of Burgess Hill and Mrs. Campbell of Little Aston, Staffs. (i.e. my daughter) and myself were also presented to Her Majesty the Queen Mother.

Editor's Note: *Our apologies to all concerned: Bill Andison and Magog genuinely thought he was the only St. Dunstaner presented and we are glad to publish the photographic evidence to put this straight.*

OVINGDEAN NOTES—continued

dancing competition took place. Nineteen St. Dunstaners, including five ladies entered, tripping the "light fantastic" with partners drawn out of a hat. The partners names, that is, not the ladies themselves.

Mrs. Carol Vernon, who taught dancing here before her marriage, came along with husband Christopher to judge. Faced with such a display of terpsichorean elegance, their task cannot have been an easy one. However, after some deliberation, prizes were awarded to Wally Lethbridge (partnered by Mrs. Rawding) for Quickstep, Charlie Phillips (with Mrs. Griffiths) for Waltz, and Tony Boardman (dancing with Mrs. Dodgson) Foxtrot. Tony also won the "Best all Rounder" event, and Eileen Williams (with partner Paddy Cryan) carried off the ladies' prize.



Dick Jones examining a raven.

EXPERIMENT IN TEXTURE

by
Mildred
Dagnall

Following the Deaf Re-union Weekend, a most interesting event took place on Wednesday, 19th August, when a party of St. Dunstaners, including 3 Deaf-Blind and 3 women St. Dunstaners, were taken to Brighton Museum for an "Experiment in Texture". This consisted of a collection of various objects from the Museum which had been most carefully planned to demonstrate by touch the differences in texture, size and shape, and which we were invited to handle, while they were described and explained to us by Mr. Derek Rogers, Curator of Fine Arts, and Mr. Victor Sheppard, Curator of Antiquities, both of Brighton Museum.

The collection covered a wide range, from Natural History, with contrasting specimens of animal, bird and marine life, to man-made articles from many parts of the world, some very old, some more recent. We compared the size and weight of the enormous hard, heavy shell of an ostrich egg with the fragile, tiny egg of a chaffinch; the velvety coat of a mole with the prickles of a hedgehog and a badger's heavy fur. The shapes and surface textures of differing items of pottery and glass were very satisfying to hold and explore. Spiralling shells, an African elephant's ivory tusk and an Indian elephant's astonishingly large and weighty molar took our minds to far countries, as also did the fabrics of woven, embroidered grass,

the gourds and decorated leather articles which came from Nigeria and the Congo. A segment of Roman tile found at Silchester had the mark of a dog's paw imprinted upon it for all time, and a Roman green glass flask was one of the most admired objects in the collection. Sculptured figures in alabaster, bronze and plaster we all found exciting and indeed it would be difficult to say which part of the afternoon we enjoyed most.

Later, when asked about her personal reactions, Barbara Bell told us that being a nature lover she had been particularly interested in the Natural History section and had been glad to renew her acquaintance with the proportions and sizes of such animals as the hedgehog, the mole and the

badger. She was especially fascinated by the beautiful line of the sea-bird—the Skua—as it hung with wings spread as though in flight, and by the perfection of its plumage.

Both Eileen Williams and Ann Hodges had been most impressed by the pottery and glass and expressed a keen awareness of the satiny feel of mother-of-pearl shell and the smooth, almost soapy surface of alabaster. The Roman glass jug, a Cloisonné Vase and a Satsuma bowl were singled out by all three women St. Dunstaners as being of very great interest to them.

Wally Thomas, one of our Deaf-Blind St. Dunstaners, sent us the following comment:—

“The social education for most British children includes a daily dose of ‘You mustn’t touch’.

It subsequently becomes something of a complex in adult life. It is made difficult for people who lose their sight in adult life. They now have to depend upon other people’s chosen words of description, and it isn’t being unkind to say that some people experience difficulty in explaining the details of a given object. Matters are made more difficult for a deaf-blind person, because . . . in addition to a person’s inadequacy to describe something to the blind, that person may not be able to spell his/her chosen word to the deaf-blind, so a word of easy spelling is selected, and the result is a gross inaccurate description.

Special Programme

Members of Brighton Museum, Mr. Derek Rogers, curator of fine arts, and Mr. Victor Sheppard, curator of antiquities, had an appreciation of the frustrations encountered by the blind and deaf-blind. They jointly arranged and carefully programmed an afternoon for St. Dunstaners and escorts. It is impossible for me to give a detailed list, it will be sufficient to say that they cleverly sequenced objects of natural history, pottery, glassware, sculpturings and other arts.

It proved a most enlightening, interesting and enjoyable afternoon, happily free of ‘You mustn’t touch,’ which gave one a much more accurate idea of each object’s character than if it had been described in a glass case.”

One must in these circumstances consider that our St. Dunstaners have at some time

earlier in their lives, seen similar objects, so that memory must help their appreciation to a certain extent, and what the reactions of a person blind from birth would be to such an experience is difficult for us to imagine. However, all our St. Dunstaners were agreed that to be able to hold an object in one’s hands and feel its solidity, its living shape and texture, brings it into being in a way that is impossible by having it described at a distance, and that they had spent a most enjoyable and instructive afternoon which had passed all too quickly.

All the members of the party asked me to express their sincere thanks and appreciation to Mr. Rogers and Mr. Sheppard for their kindness and consideration and for all the trouble they had taken to make it such a success.

It may be added that this is not the first time such an expedition had been arranged at Ovingdean. We have already had demonstrated to us a collection of ancient weapons and of African musical instruments. Mr. Sheppard has also given us a most absorbing talk on “Sussex Old and New”, with special reference to the Piltdown Man. A new and stimulating field is opened to us and we shall certainly accept the very kind invitation of Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Rogers to visit the Museum again at some future date.

TAPE READING SERVICE

One of our St. Dunstaners, REG NEWTON of Redhill, Surrey, has informed us that, for a membership fee of 25/- per annum, the Tape Reading Service for the Blind will read technical books or anything that is required on to tapes provided by the applicant.

All enquiries should be made to **Mr. Charles Standen, 32, Paton House, Stockwell, London, S.W.9. (Tel. 01-733 2998.)**

WALKING

The dates for the walks of the 1970/71 season are as follows:

October 10th 1½ miles at Ewell.

October 24th 5 miles at Crystal Palace.

November 21st 3 miles at Ewell.

January 23rd 4½ miles at Ewell.

February 20th 6 miles at Ewell.

March 13th 7 miles at Ewell.

March 27th 7 miles at Ewell. (Championship.)

W. MILLER

British Talking Book Services for the Blind

Fiction

Cat. No.

- 897 BUCHAN, JOHN
THE THIRTY NINE STEPS (1915)
Read by Andrew Timothy. The first of the famous Richard Hannay spy stories; a web of international intrigue spun in London and Scotland.
P.T. 4 hours.
- 898 BUCHAN, JOHN
GREENMANTLES (1917)
Sequel to above. Read by John Dunn. In which Richard Hannay pits his wits against a master-spy and his organisation.
P.T. 9½ hours.
- 899 BUCHAN, JOHN
(2) *MR. STANDEFAST* (1919)
Sequel to above. Read by John Dunn. Richard Hannay tracks a German spy network in World War I.
P.T. 13½ hours.
- 900 BUCHAN, JOHN
THE THREE HOSTAGES (1924)
Sequel to above. Read by John Dunn. Hannay hunts down a crime-gang which has kidnapped three children, doomed to die if they cannot be found in time.
P.T. 12 hours.
- 884 CLIFFORD, FRANCIS
ANOTHER WAY OF DYING (1968)
Read by Anthony Parker. Almost strangers, Neal and Inger become involved together in a hair-raising adventure with bandits in Sicily.
P.T. 8¾ hours.
- 901 CORELLI, MARIE
(3) *GOD'S GOOD MAN* (1904)
Read by Anthony Parker. A novel of romantic and religious aspect, in which a young clergyman falls in love with an attractive wealthy woman moving in smart Edwardian society.
P.T. 29¼ hours.
- 924 CRONIN, A. J.
(3) *HATTER'S CASTLE* (1931)
Read by Franklin Engelmann. A dramatic and gripping story of a family in the Lowlands of Scotland, whose lives were dominated by an arrogant father.
P.T. 25¼ hours.
- 925 CRONIN, A. J.
THE JUDAS TREE (1961)
Read by Stephen Jack. Tells of a poor but clever young Scottish doctor whose ambitions lead him to abandon the girl he first loved.
P.T. 11¼ hours.
- 905 CRONIN, A. J.
THE NORTHERN LIGHT (1958)
Read by Robert Gladwell. The editor of a daily paper fights a commercial pressure group on behalf of independence, decent standards, and to protect the people he loves.
P.T. 8 hours.

Cat. No.

- 896 DICKENS, CHARLES
A CHRISTMAS CAROL (1843)
Read by Maurice Turner. The immortal Christmas story of Scrooge and Marley's Ghost.
P.T. 3¼ hours.
- 920 DELDERFIELD, R. F.
COME HOME CHARLIE AND FACE THEM (1969)
Read by Stephen Jack. Charlie, an unhappy junior in a small bank, matures suddenly when he is seduced by Ida, the manager's daughter, and Delphine who leads him to robbery and near-murder. He is unexpectedly rescued by Ida and survives to come home and write his story.
P.T. 10 hours.
- 108 DELDERFIELD, R. F.
(2) *THE DREAMING SUBURB* (1958)
Read by Stephen Jack. The story of the lives of 5 families in a suburban avenue between 1919 and 1940, reflecting the lives of London people through two eventful decades.
P.T. 18½ hours.
- 118 DELDERFIELD, R. F.
(2) *THE AVENUE GOES TO WAR* (1958)
Sequel to above. Read by Stephen Jack. War has overtaken the families in the Avenue, and we see how its privations bring out the best and the worst in them.
P.T. 22¼ hours.
- 890 DICKINSON, PETER
A PRIDE OF HEROES (1969)
Read by Arthur Bush. Detective Inspector Pibble investigates a murder and discovers macabre goings-on in the stately home of two old last-war heroes.
P.T. 7¼ hours.
- 914 DRABBLE, MARGARET
THE WATERFALL (1969)
Read by Judith Whale. Emotionally drained by her recent broken marriage and childbirth, Jane gradually discovers the beauty of life, spiritual and physical, in her love for James.
P.T. 10 hours.
- 916 DUGGAN, ALFRED
LORD GEOFFREY'S FANCY (1962)
Read by Michael Aspel. The story of a knight of the 13th century—his adventures and his love.
P.T. 10¾ hours.
- 915 FIELD, RACHEL
(2) *ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO* (1939)
Read by Marjorie Anderson. The story, based on a famous Parisian case of 1847, of a young governess who became involved in a dramatic murder mystery.
P.T. 22¼ hours.

Cat. No.

- 964 BENNETT, ARNOLD
RICEYMAN STEPS (1923)
Read by Andrew Timothy. In a Clerkenwell bookshop a miser and his wife starve to save pence. The heroine is their loving and faithful servant-girl, Elsie.
P.T. 11 hours.
- 943 BIRMINGHAM, STEPHEN
HEART TROUBLES (1953-69)
Read by Marvin Kane. 14 short stories, about people of various ages, all beset by troubles of the heart.
P.T. 7 hours.
- 947 BLISH, JAMES
BLACK EASTER (1968)
Read by Robert Gladwell. All hell is let loose by Theron Ware, a Black sorcerer of appalling power, and the preparations for the dreadful event, as well as its happening, are described in this book in horrifying detail.
P.T. 4½ hours.
- 948 CHANDLER, RAYMOND
THE LONG GOOD-BYE (1953)
Read by David Bauer. Philip Marlowe, private investigator, in a fast-moving thriller with American cops and some gun-pulling crooks.
P.T. 11½ hours.
- 966 CHEYNEY, PETER
YOU CAN CALL IT A DAY (1949)
Read by Anthony Parker. A thriller concerning sleuth Johnny Vallon and his adventures with seductive women and dangerous crooks.
P.T. 8½ hours.
- 971 CHRISTIE, AGATHA
THE CLOCKS (1963)
Read by Anthony Parker. A man is found dead in a blind woman's house and Hercule Poirot investigates.
P.T. 10½ hours.
- 972 CRISPIN, EDMUND (ED.)
BEST SCIENCE FICTION SIX (1966)
Read by Gabriel Woolf. A selection of science fiction stories by well-known authors.
P.T. 9½ hours.
- 962 COX, LEWIS
THE PASSIONATE SPRING (1963)
Read by Gretel Davis. Lynn, eighteen and very attractive, works in a large London store. She falls in love with the young owner, but his mother has other plans for him.
P.T. 6½ hours.
- 999 DALE, CELIA
ACT OF LOVE (1969)
Read by Peter Barker. In the 1870s Bernard West comes as tutor to Bulmer Hall, and hopes here to find a new career and peace in the highly-ordered household. But his passionate love for the mistress of the house brings only a brief period of stolen happiness before everything crashes around him.
P.T. 10 hours.
- 950 DELL, ETHEL M.
(2) *GREATHEART* (1920)
Read by Joy Worth. Dinah left her dominating mother for a holiday in Switzerland, where she met an English nobleman and looked for romance.
P.T. 17½ hours.

Non-Fiction

- Cat. No.
- 974 MCGOVERN, JAMES
CROSSBOW AND OVERCAST (1965)
Read by Andrew Gemmill. German development of "revenge weapons" during the last war, Allied counter-measures, and the ruthless scramble to capture scientists and documents as the Third Reich collapsed.
P.T. 9½ hours.
- 961 MORRIS, JAMES
(2) *OXFORD* (1965)
Read by John Richmond. A comprehensive coverage of ancient and modern Oxford, its life, industry and architecture.
P.T. 14½ hours.
- 967 PRIESTLEY, J. B.
(2) *ESSAYS OF FIVE DECADES* (1969)
Read by Eric Gillett. Essays which appeared between 1949 and 1968.
P.T. 16½ hours.
- 957 TWEEDSMUIR, LORD
(2) *ONE MAN'S HAPPINESS* (1968)
Read by Stanley Pritchard. The author and his wife set out to explore their county of Aberdeenshire, and tell of their travels there—and much further afield—with the understanding and happiness of the sensitive traveller.
P.T. 12½ hours.
- 1000 BURT, K. & LEASOR, J.
THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (1958)
Read by Robert Gladwell. How a young German fighter-pilot escaped from P.O.W. Camps in England and later made a daring and successful breakaway in Canada.
P.T. 10½ hours.
- 977 FARRE, ROWENA
SEAL MORNING (1957)
Read by Duncan Carse. A girl and her aunt live in a Sutherland croft with a pet seal and squirrels.
P.T. 5 hours.
- 953 CARDUS, NEVILLE
A COMPOSER'S ELEVEN (1958)
Read by Dundan Carse. Essays on Schubert, Wagner, Brahms, Bruckner, Mahler, Strauss, Franck, Debussy, Elgar, Delius, and Sibelius.
P.T. 8½ hours.
- 48 CONNELL, JOHN
(2) *WAVELL, SCHOLAR AND SOLDIER* (1964)
Read by Alvar Lidell. The career of a great General who, as Commander in the Middle East from 1939 to 1941, won the early desert victories, but whose personality eventually clashed with Churchill's.
P.T. 24½ hours.
- 942 CONNELL, JOHN
(2) *WAVELL, SUPREME COMMANDER* (1969)
Sequel to above. Read by Alvar Lidell. The biography of a great military leader during the years of his supreme command in India, 1941 to 1943.
P.T. 13½ hours.

Cat. No.

- 990 MACKENZIE, COMPTON
MY LIFE AND TIMES, OCTAVE 1 (1963)
Read by Eric Gillett. The author's childhood during which he travelled with his actor-parents Edward and Virginia Compton and their theatre company.
P.T. 11½ hours.
- 991 MACKENZIE, COMPTON
(2) *MY LIFE AND TIMES, OCTAVE 2* (1963)
Read by Eric Gillett. Sequel to above. Boyhood in Kensington from age 8 to 17 and life at St. Paul's School.
P.T. 15½ hours.
- 992 MACKENZIE, COMPTON
(2) *MY LIFE AND TIMES, OCTAVE 3* (1964)
Sequel to above. Read by Eric Gillett. Covers the years 1900 to 1907 during which the author was at Oxford; tells of his friendships, adventures in the O.U.D.S., his flirtations and subsequent marriage.
P.T. 14½ hours.
- 993 MACKENZIE, COMPTON
(2) *MY LIFE AND TIMES, OCTAVE 4* (1965)
Sequel to above. Read by Eric Gillett. Deals with the development of his intellectual and romantic experiences and also with his friendships with other notable writers of the time.
P.T. 12½ hours.
- 994 MACKENZIE, COMPTON
(2) *MY LIFE AND TIMES, OCTAVE 5* (1966)
Sequel to above. Read by Eric Gillett. The temporary lieutenant of Marines, eloquent and compassionate observer of the Gallipoli disaster, and supporter of the Churchill policy, finds himself in Athens on active participation in Venizelist politics.
P.T. 14 hours.
- 995 MACKENZIE, COMPTON
MY LIFE AND TIMES, OCTAVE 6 (1967)
Sequel to above. Read by Eric Gillett. A host of amusing episodes, and fascinating encounters with men like Chesterton, Tom Healy, and Scott Fitzgerald—and originals of Whisky Galore and other Highland comedies.
P.T. 11 hours.
- 996 MACKENZIE, COMPTON
(2) *MY LIFE AND TIMES, OCTAVE 7* (1968)
Sequel to above. Read by Eric Gillett. 1931 to 1938; we now find the author aged 48, and follow his busy, but happy life up to the outbreak of war, including correspondence with publishers and investigations into the cinema.
P.T. 15½ hours.
- 997 MACKENZIE, COMPTON
(2) *MY LIFE AND TIMES, OCTAVE 8* (1969)
Sequel to above. Read by Eric Gillett. Covers the war years 1939-1945, including service in the Home Guard and many other new experiences.
P.T. 12½ hours.
- 956 BIRKENHEAD, LORD
(2) *WALTER MONCKTON* (1969)
Read by David Broomfield. The life of Viscount Monckton of Brenchley, at school, in the Army, and as a lawyer, but above all as the politician, and ever-tactful counsellor to the Duke of Windsor during the abdication crisis, and to many others during the second war.
P.T. 17 hours.

Cat. No.

- 935 DURRELL, GERALD
THE BAFUT BEAGLES (1958)
Read by Roy Williamson. During his stay with the friendly natives of Bafut in the Cameroons, the author collected numerous creatures and amusingly describes the antics of animals and people.
P.T. 6½ hours.
- 922 DURRELL, GERALD
MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS (1956)
Read by Anthony Parker. As a boy, devoted to animals, the author lived with his family on the island of Corfu. Their carefree and unconventional life among the picturesque inhabitants makes amusing reading.
P.T. 12 hours.
- 933 HART, SUSANNE
LIFE WITH DAKTARI (1969)
Read by Carol Marsh. The story of two vets in East Africa.
P.T. 9½ hours.
- 903 HOPE, STANTON
GIVE ME THE SEA (1959)
Read by David Broomfield. Exciting, grim and humorous experiences of sea voyages to various parts of the world.
P.T. 9 hours.
- 908 KEBLE MARTIN, W.
OVER THE HILLS (1968)
Read by Peter Barker. The autobiography of a man of 91 who astonished everyone by the production three years ago of an extremely accurate and beautifully illustrated flora.
P.T. 6½ hours.
- 881 MACMILLAN, HAROLD
(3) *THE BLAST OF WAR 1939-1945* (1967)
Sequel to *Winds of Change*.
Read by Alvar Lidell.
During the war years the author moved into the heart of events, and gives us here an intimate picture of the making of history as he saw it.
P.T. 32 hours.
- 928 PAUSTOVSKY, KONSTANTIN
SOUTHERN ADVENTURE (1969)
Sequel to *Years of Hope*.
Read by Anthony Parker.
Life in the Caucasus in the early 1920s.
P.T. 10½ hours.
- 883 POWELL, MARGARET
BELOW STAIRS (1968)
Read by Carol Marsh. A fascinating and outspoken account of the author's life early in the century, as a child of poor but loving parents, and in domestic service from the age of 13.
P.T. 6½ hours.
- 885 PRITCHETT, V. S.
THE SPANISH TEMPER (1955)
Read by David Broomfield. An attempt to depict the Spanish character with its regional distinctions, and some observations on the variety and beauty of the landscape and architecture.
P.T. 7 hours.



Bill Phillips with an attractive escort, Leading Wren Jean Steel.



Sir Alec Rose presents a prize to Bill Claydon. (Photo: Stephen Benn, H.M.S. Daedalus)

LEE 1970 – by a veteran camper

It could not last, the lovely weather of the last few Camps at Lee. This year, for the most part, the days were chilly and wet, but not the spirit of the Campers. Twenty five years since that first Camp at Lee extracted as a great concession from the Navy by the intrepid Avis Spurway, wife of the then vicar of Titchfield and continued year by year until it became an institution as dear to the Navy as to those 50 or so St. Dunstaners who make up the numbers each year. Under canvas in those early days, my spoilt lads of 1970, and bring your own cutlery. We saw more Wrens, and were they perhaps slightly more glamorous or is that a delusion of advancing years? Though how could any Wrens be more glamorous than those wonderful lassies who gave up a week of their holiday to help us this year? Of the young men, they are the same stirring breed, more luxuriant in the whiskers but otherwise indistinguishable from those early young men, most of whom had seen war service in the grimmest war so far.

1951 saw the first great breakthrough in Camp routine under Commander Cooper turning the stalwart Gun Crew into our Guide Dogs. Commander Williams in 1970 will be equally warmly remembered for his part in transplanting us to the delights of the P.O.s quarters, a merciful concession to those middle-aged gentlemen grown out of the striplings of 1945. What luxury. Four to a cabin with running hot and cold, a fine lounge leading on to the lawn (where was that sun!) and no dashing through the "occasional" shower to a dining room uncounted blocks away.

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Peter Spencer taking part in the sprint.

On arrival at Camp we were all delighted to find Mrs. Spurway there to welcome us. After her accident and her remarkable recovery we had heard she would be making the rounds in a wheel chair. The wheel chair was there all right but Mrs. Spurway rarely to be found in it! We doubt very much if her doctor would have approved but if he knew her as well as we do he would probably never have bothered about the wheel chair.

Captain and Mrs. Bryson, herself the daughter of a St. Dunstan's officer William Curtis Wilson, remembered by many first war men, made us most

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A shot at goal by John Lee. (Photo: Stephen Benn, H.M.S. Daedalus)



was good to meet again Commander Williams in his second year on *Daedalus* and Lt. Hatch remembered also from last year. George Gilholm and Tug Wilson with all the field gun crew, the elite of the elite were at our command, our dogs as considerate and helpful as ever, my own I thought the pick of the bunch, but then I always do.

The Walk on Saturday went off with the usual swing, Bill Harris delighted to see his handicapping work out to a bare minute. A few were noticeably hobbling at the dance at the C.P.O.'s Mess that evening which was hard on some of the delightful bevy of girls so thoughtfully provided by Curley Pratt, this year's president of the C.P.O.'s Mess who did us proud in every way. The dance preceded, of course, by the very happy lunch at the 106 Club Catsfield so generously given by the members.

PADRE SPURWAY

Sunday, after the fine sermon at church by Padre Spurway which gave us all food for thought, followed by the lavish hospitality of the Ward room, passed in a golden haze for some of us dreaming of the delights of fishing on the Solent come Monday. Who won the Car Rally is still a mystery to me, it was probably that pair of whiz kids Mickey Burns and his navigator Davy Bell.

Seventeen stalwarts had signed up for the trip on the Solent next day but enthusiasm waned with morning light and only four eventually appeared to fill the two cutters provided for us, namely, Jimmy Wright, Fred Barratt, Ralph Priest and that dauntless fisherman Bob Young. It was a sweet morning, dry, with a hefty swell on the sea. The fish were coy and no catch so far when we put in for refreshment at Bembridge I.O.W. Returning to the cutters and nearing Nab's Head the weather changed and down came the rain. We were transferred in mid Solent from the open cutter to the closed one, an astonishingly easy operation thanks to the skill and seamanship of the two crews. Still no fish. Some splashing of sea water but no serious wetting until, in the wake of the Ryde ferry, Jimmy Wright took a header under a huge wave coming aboard and was soaked to the skin. At the same time Fred Barratt crashed his head on the roof but came to no harm, "wood against

wood" as the saying goes! On the last lap home we took in tow a stranded racing yacht and finished up a memorable day making a slow entry into harbour in the teeth of a head wind and ebbing tide.

Four of us slept peacefully through the splendid concert provided by the Dennis Deacon Memorial Fund arranged by Ben Mills and enjoyed by us all. No gliders this year weather not permitting but hovercraft trips on the Solent and for a few lucky lads the tour of a submarine thanks to Captain Claydon now of the Dolphin. Tuesday evening a rousing dance at the Eagle Club, noisy even by present standards. It was a change to attend next day Mrs. Hurst's delightful coffee party and a further most enjoyable dance at Titchfield that evening. Just as well the weather did not permit that 14 mile walk, our feet would never have stood the strain of so much exercise. No further damage to life and limb to report until Thursday and the Sports. A mighty throw of the "javelin" by Bill Phillips detaching mop from handle to descend on the head of a startled Pat Beresford like a homing trench mortar. There appears to be no permanent damage done.

SIR ALEC ROSE

It was a joy to meet Sir Alec Rose once more and hear his reminiscences of the epic voyage and to receive from his hands our well won prizes. At least one recipient was under the impression that his award came through being the only man of his class not to have earned one. Very kind I am sure. Davy Bell with his usual humorous directness of speech presented Sir Alec with a bottle of that same liquid that proved so helpful to him, when mixed with honey, on his historic journey. After which, shepherded by Kay Riley, Sir Alec moved among the guests having a word with each of us. Another welcome visitor was Richard Dufton, St. Dunstan's Director of Research, with his wife.

Charlie Stafford's delightful little speech in presenting Roger Moore with a token of appreciation, on his retirement, for the many years of service to we St. Dunstaners both at Ovingdean and at Lee was very well received and we applauded heartily Bill Shea's fitting and eloquent vote of thanks to *Daedalus* and all who served in her. This also included those charming ladies-in-waiting to Mrs. Spurway who,



WOT? NO WIPERS?

Note the speedometer (ringed in white) registering nearly 65 m.p.h. in our picture taken as St. Dunstaner, Reg Page drove an Austin Cambridge up to 70 m.p.h. on the main runway at Lee-on-Solent. Several St. Dunstaners at Lee have enjoyed renewing the pleasure of driving with the aid of sighted navigators indicating steering adjustments using the clock face method—12 o'clock being straight ahead and corrections to left or right, 10 or 11; 1 or 2 o'clock depending on degree. Reg's navigator was his 'guide dog' L/A 'Dinger' Bell. The Review's back-seat photographer commented afterwards that it was strange to be driven at speed with the windscreen obscured by rain, because the driver did not need the wipers working.

undaunted by the rigours of nautical life support us year after year, and our three old friends Bill Harris, Ben Mills and Roger Moore, not forgetting Jock Scott, Taffy Farnham and Scottie Wilson among many others.

We all enjoyed the Marine Band playing for our delight on Friday morning, our last full day, and we appreciated the privilege of having such a famous band at our Grand Finale Dance at the Chiefs' Mess that night which was attended with the usual gusto. "A good Camp" to echo Mrs. Spurway. Finally, our sincere thanks to everyone from the wee lassies who gave up a week's holiday, our loyal and hard working friends who support us so nobly, the field gun crews, their trainers, the P.O.s, the C.P.O.s and above all the Captain and Commander who make it all

possible. To Avis Spurway we cannot offer thanks, she is indeed one of us and has, in any case, our undying affection and gratitude.

WALK

Handicap Winners were presented by the Royal Navy with most handsome medals.

1st W. Claydon

2nd J. Wright

3rd C. Redford

The Dennis Deacon Veterans Cup.—
C. Stafford.

The Talbot Novices Cup.—P. Spencer.

CAR RALLY

1st C. Stafford

2nd R. Williams.

SPORTS

These were held in the Gym. There were all sorts of novel events like Throwing the Mop—most dangerous—specially when the head came off!

We have to thank P.T.I. Beresford for a very good morning's fun. The prizes were well spread round as no-one takes 2 prizes.

Victor Ludorum Cup. W. Phillips.

Victor Ludorum Cup for Double Handicap. Stan Southall.

AVIS SPURWAY.



St. Dunstan's Fishing Club

From the Club Chairman

Yesterday, whilst on the telephone to another St. Dunstaner living in this area, he told me that he was just going for a fresh water fishing holiday in Wales. I naturally asked if he was a member of the St. Dunstan's Fishing Club, he was not and, in fact, was surprised to learn that it is the intention of the club to cover all aspects and varieties of interest in fishing—boat sea fishing, beach and pier fishing, shrimping, trout, salmon, river, pond—the lot.

The club based at Ovingdean is in its early days and most of the news at the moment is of the boat trips arranged from Newhaven and Shoreham. What the club will eventually become will be determined by those St. Dunstaners interested in furthering the sport and joining the club to take an active part in influencing its range and type of activities.

I would like to point out that in this country there are many inland fishing clubs as well as coastal ones so that the St. Dunstaner living in the Midlands who is interested in fishing will, we hope, join his local club as well as our own. It is in this way that we hope that invitations to take part in competitions, etc., will result, and this form of recreation go from strength to strength.

A. C. POINTON,
Chairman.

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Fishing Club News

A 14 lb. Spur Dog caught at the week-end of 16th-17th May qualified John Simpson as our Club Representative for the Southern ITV Championships at Littlehampton on 12th July. We clocked in at the reception area at 8 a.m. with the other 108 competitors who were all Club Champions. We were allocated position 1, starboard side, amid-ships, on the fishing boat *Teal* skippered by Dave Fellick Senior. The 25 boats eventually topped up with four competitors each, the Skippers acting as umpires to see that all rules were enforced and at 9 a.m. the armada sailed from Littlehampton to the competition area 9½ miles west of Littlehampton, 6½ miles south of Bognor Regis, hooks dropped and fishing commenced at 11 a.m.

The sky was clear with plenty of sunshine, the wind was force 4 to 5, giving a lumpy sea, but as we were anchored head to the wind and tide, and our positions were aft of the wheelhouse superstructure, conditions were very pleasant. Within half-an-hour of anchoring, John got his first bite and reeled in a nice 7 lb. 3½ oz. Blonde Ray, so for us things looked promising and I was beginning to picture John fishing from the Old Man of Hoy in the Orkneys in the Finals as the four heaviest bags qualified for this privilege, but as the day wore on the picture began to fade, unless, of course, the other 108 had empty bags. Listening to the skipper's radio, the other boats were not doing so well. Our boat made three moves during the session and towards the end of the day one other competitor in our boat caught a small Huss and a small Thornback, both together weighed less than John's one fish. At 3.45 p.m. the gun went off and the competition was over and we sailed back to Littlehampton where all catches were weighed and positions finalised. The winner's bag weighing 30 lb. 2 oz., the second weighed 16 lb. 6 oz., the third 16 lb. 1 oz. and the fourth 14 lb. 10 oz.

John came 20th which was a very good effort, at least he has the distinction of being the first blind competitor to have taken part in that competition against the veterans of well-established clubs—congratulations John.

Although we have had some disappointments since the club started we are most

grateful for all the encouragement and help we have received from St. Dunstan's and offers of assistance for prizes in competitions.

The skipper of the *Golden Lily*, Frank Rugg, generously offers any St. Dunstaner a day's fishing at half price—£1. He should contact **Newhaven 4205** when he will be given details of any vacancy on board and dates. Quite a few local St. Dunstaners have taken advantage of this offer. An evening session for trainees has also begun, once a fortnight and it is hoped to resume this after the summer holiday, this is well supported by trainees although the first trip lost us two potential sea anglers. They were not happy with the two meals (one down and one up) and have decided to stick to the fresh water in future!

J. CARNOCHAN,
Hon. Secretary.

Bridge Notes

The Sixth Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 11th July. The results were as follows:—

F. Mathewman and S. Webster	70
J. Chell and M. Clements	70
A. Smith and H. Kerr	64
J. Huk and B. Ingrey	63
F. Rhodes and W. T. Scott	57
R. Bickley and Partner	54

The Seventh Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 25th July. The results were as follows:—

J. Huk and J. Whitcombe	71
B. Ingrey and W. T. Scott	67
R. Bickley and F. Griffiee	66
S. Webster and M. Clements	66
F. Rhodes and F. Mathewman	59
J. Chell and A. Smith	50

The Eighth Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 5th September. The results were as follows:—

W. T. Scott and J. Chell	78
S. Webster and Partner	74
A. Smith and R. Bickley	64
F. Griffiee and J. Huk	63
B. Ingrey and H. Kerr	63
F. Rhodes and Partner	59
J. Whitcombe and Partner	53
F. Mathewman and M. Clements	50

Cumulative positions with one session to play. The best five results out of eight up to date are:—

B. Ingrey	345
S. Webster	344
W. T. Scott	340
J. Chell	339
M. Clements	339
F. Mathewman	337
F. Griffiee	331
A. Smith	331
J. Huk	326
J. Whitcombe	319
H. Kerr	318
F. Rhodes	303
R. Bickley 247 after four matches	
R. Goding 191 after three matches	
Miss B. Simon 107 after two matches	

The Sixth Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 5th September, and the results were as follows:—

R. Freer and Partner	84
R. G. Stanners and P. Pescot-Jones	63
P. Nuyens and J. Lynch	62
H. King and R. Fullard	62
P. Pusey and R. Evans	60
R. Armstrong and H. Meleson	57
E. Carpenter and W. Allen	57

Cumulative positions with one session to play. The best five results out of six up to date are:—

H. King	344
P. Nuyens	332
W. Allen	332
R. Armstrong	331
R. Freer	324
R. G. Stanners	324
E. Carpenter	319
Miss V. Kemmish	317
F. Pusey	309
R. Fullard	284
J. Lynch	278
H. Meleson	271
R. Evans	266
P. Pescot-Jones 63 after one match	

LATE NEWS

From Harrogate :

For the first time for nineteen years a St. Dunstan's team has won the St. Dunstan's Open Challenge Cup. Ten teams competed, six from sighted clubs and four of ours. Our winning team was: Wally Lethbridge, Jim Chell, Bob Evans and Fred Dickerson.

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London

Unfortunately the weather was rainy for the St. Dunstaners, wives and friends, who came to the Club Rooms in Marylebone Road for a pleasant afternoon's game at our Bridge Drive on the 12th of September. There were seven tables for Bridge.

We were happy to see so many of our friends with an especially warm welcome for those who had travelled a distance to be with us for the afternoon.

Mrs. Horstead graciously presented the prizes to the winners, who were as follows:

- 1 W. Allen and Mrs. Bocar
- 2 R. G. Stanners and Mrs. Horstead
- 3 J. Lynch and Mrs. Lynch

Our Bridge Drive ended on a happy note with those who wished staying behind to play friendly games for the rest of the evening.

OVINGDEAN BRIDGE CONGRESS

The Annual Bridge Congress has been arranged this year from Friday evening, 20th November to Monday, 23rd November inclusive.

If you intend taking part, please write to me as soon as possible at St. Dunstan's, P.O. Box 58, 191, Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN

May it be noted that although we prefer players to pair up, anyone unable to do so can send in his name and we will endeavour to find him or her a suitable partner.

R. ARMSTRONG,
Captain.

Special Conventions

by
Alf. E. Field

The English Bridge Union prohibits the use of private systems or conventions, which is for the good of the game. There are some special conventions permitted, and for the interest of readers who have a favourite partner who may agree to explore, I will illustrate one of these conventions which is widely used—the "unusual No Trump". Reese describes it so: "When an

overall of No Trump cannot be genuine, it is classified as unusual and indicates, in most cases, a desire to boost partner into orbit in one of the minor suits." The score is love all and you are South and hold this ordinary, unexciting hand.

- ♠ A, 8
- ♥ J, 9, 3
- ♦ A, 10, 8, 4
- ♣ 9, 8, 7, 6

East has dealt and bid "One Heart". You pass, and West bids "One Spade". North, your partner, bids "Two Diamonds" and East "Two Hearts". Do you now contest with "Three Diamonds"? It is fifty-fifty. You could not be faulted if you passed. Now suppose you were both playing the "U.N.T." and partner bid "Two No Trump" over West's "One Spade" and East bid "Three Hearts", would you "Orbit" to "Four Diamonds"? You have been invited to do so by your partner's bidding. Now let us examine the complete deal which is not too unusual.

- ♠ 4, 3
- ♥ 4
- ♦ K, Q, J, 7, 6
- ♣ A, Q, 10, 5, 4

♠ K, Q, 10, 9, 6, 5	N	♠ J, 7, 2
♥ K, 8, 6	W	♥ A, Q, 10, 7, 2
♦ 9, 3, 2		♦ 5
♣ 3	S	♣ K, J, 2

- ♠ A, 8
- ♥ J, 9, 3
- ♦ A, 10, 8, 4
- ♣ 9, 8, 7, 6

East deals and opens "One Heart" Eleven points and LTC of 7. South passes. West bids "One Spade". Eight points and LTC of 7. North has two bids available. "Double"—asking Partner to bid Diamonds or Clubs or "Two Diamonds" hoping to be able to bid Clubs later at the three level. This, however, is the ideal hand for the use of "U.N.T." so North bids "Two No Trump" (One N.T. would be "genuine"). For North to encourage South to "orbit" in a minor suit he should hold ten cards in the minor suits with a minimum of twelve points. North projects to South a possible sacrifice bid later. Over Two No Trump East would probably contest with "Three Hearts"—holding a six card suit plus those well placed Clubs! Now

London

There was a holiday atmosphere in the Club Rooms when we met again on the first Thursday of the month. It was good to see our members look so fit and well. There were many reminiscences of the happy August days. Picturesque countryside, sunny beaches, promenades along beside a sea of blue, walks through alpine valleys as well as climbing distant hills.

Since the holiday recess it has been very encouraging to note the increasing attendances at our Domino Sessions. So keep it up, folks! We were also very pleased to see George and Betty Stanley back in our midst, and hope that Betty will soon enjoy perfect health after her very long convalescence.

Domino winners for the last two weeks were as follows:

- | | | |
|----------------|---|--------------|
| September 3rd. | 1 | C. Hancock |
| | 2 | W. Miller |
| September 10th | 1 | W. Miller |
| | 2 | R. Armstrong |

W. MILLER

Special Conventions—continued

you, as South, would contest with "Four Diamonds" and West with LTC of 7 and the now adequate Heart support would stretch to "Four Hearts". North bids "Five Diamonds" which East can only "double". South passes and West must resist any urge to bid again. It is nearly always right to accept partner's "double" in these cases.

Like all systems and conventions, this one works if used properly. In this case it paves the way to the sacrifice which is good at duplicate but not always so good at rubber.

"Five Diamonds doubled" is two light + 300 to EW. Four Hearts can be made + 420 to EW. Four Spades (if bid) is one "light" on a Heart lead by North.

Midland

For the third time in succession we managed to choose a beautiful day for an outing. On Sunday 30th August we had a half day trip to Tewkesbury. On arrival we were met by the Mayor of Tewkesbury and his wife and son. The Mayor this year is our St. Dunstaner, Les Webber. A river trip had been arranged, with great help from Les, and at 4.30 p.m. we all boarded the "Avon Belle" and had a very lovely trip for one hour up the River Avon. On our return to the landing quay we parted company with Les Webber and his wife and made our own way to find a bite to eat at one of the many cafés in the town. After tea some had a stroll round and one small party went to have a look at the beautiful Tewkesbury Abbey.

For those who wished to have a drink it had been arranged that we should all meet at the British Legion at 7 p.m. where permission had been granted to us to go in for an hour. We then boarded our coach and made trek for home returning by a different route and arrived back at Thorp Street just after half past nine.

It had been a lovely day and everyone thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. We look forward to our next outing with the hope that the weather man will be as kind to us again.

My sincere thanks to Les Webber for all his help with the arranging of the boat trip and getting permission for us to go into the British Legion. Thank you, Les, and all best wishes from the Midland Club members for your term of office.

D. E. CASHMORE,
Hon. Secretary.

Physiotherapy Prize

Congratulations to ALAN WORTLEY of Spridlington, Nr. Lincoln, who obtained the Myrtle Vaughan Cowell Society of Physiotherapists' prize of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy recently.

FRANK REVIEWS

"The Valley of the Dolls" by Jacqueline Susann, read by *Marvin Kane*. A good piece of literature, honest and outspoken, written in the modern idiom.

Anne, a beautiful New England girl, hates her home town, and armed with a degree in English, goes to New York. There she meets with instant success as personal assistant to an attorney at law, who deals solely with the affairs of stage and screen personalities. Unlike her two friends, Neely and Jennifer, Anne is very much a one-man woman. Neely soon becomes a star, lives on her nerves, overworks, and becomes addicted to sleeping pills. Jennifer, who has no talent, only overwhelming beauty, makes it to the top, but also falls victim to the little red pills.

Anne, the strongest of the three, befriends the others, and although indifferent to wealth, makes a million, and thus sows the seeds of her own eventual misfortunes. I suppose what it boils down to is that the girl who dreams of taking the spotlight in show business is really much more likely to find happiness as the wife of Mr. Smith.

"Life with Ionides" by Margaret Lane, read by *Roy Williamson*. The writer describes her stay with the British-born Greek "hunter" turned naturalist. Living on a high plateau in Tanganyika, Ionides not only loves the animals he has spent his life hunting, but has come to identify himself with them. A reluctant product of Rugby and Sandhurst, he left the army after being posted to Africa and became an ivory poacher. Now in later life he hunts and captures snakes; some of these are sent to zoos, but most go to farms where they are milked of their venom, which is then used in the preparation of anti-snakebite serum.

Ionides is thought by the Africans to possess magical powers which guard him from being bitten, but in fact, he survives only through care and experience, and hopes that one day a snake will outwit him, thus saving him from the fate he most dreads—old age.

The authoress of this graphically descriptive book is obviously a keen naturalist herself.

"The City That Shone" by Vivien de Sola Pinto, read by *Robert Gladwell*. It is, unfortunately, usual to expect that a book written by a professor of English is going to be pretty stodgy stuff. This is one with a difference, for here is a Don who is somewhat prone to playing ducks and drakes with the English language. Not that Pinto tells us that he *is* a professor, for we leave him on his wedding day with a First Class Honours degree in one pocket and a First Class rail ticket for all stations ahead in the other, at the age of twenty-six. Then he jumps a couple of score years to relate how happy he is with his beloved wife in his late sixties.

Pinto, himself a poet, served in World War One under his friend, Siegfried Sassoon, in the Royal Welch Fusiliers. Naturally in off-duty moments they talked poetry and poets, but I think one of the most amusing parts of this book is the description of Pinto's advance through France and Belgium, leading a bicycle column in the wake of Jerry in 1918. Having met little or no resistance, and being miles ahead of the rest of the B.E.F., he asks a Staff Officer who at last catches up with him, "Shall I go on to take Brussels, Sir?" And that, I suppose, is what is known as true British panache.

"The Way to Minack" by Derek Tangye, read by *David Broomfield*. Derek Tangye tells how, after leaving school with no qualifications, he started his working life as a clerk at Unilever House. Tiring of this, he used his old school tie to scrounge a living from the Socialite set, then using the same influence, determined to become a journalist. After many abortive interviews, he at last got a month's trial in the Manchester offices of the "Daily Express". From this he went from strength to strength, ending up as a star columnist on the "Daily Mirror".

A journalist's life always being precarious, he was not altogether surprised to be sacked at the height of his fame. His subsequent voyage round the world ended just in time for the commencement of World War Two. Enlisting in the ranks, he is soon commissioned into Intelligence;

on his ensuing work for M.I.5, he must, of course, remain silent. His wife, Jeannie, is at the apex of her career as Public Relations Officer at the Savoy Hotel, when at the end of the war, Derek decides he wants no more part in the Fleet Street rat-race. She unhesitatingly joins him in what seems to be a hairbrained scheme—the purchase of Minack, in Cornwall, and the hard grind of farm life.

FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

It is hoped that a limited number of tickets will again be available for the Afternoon and Evening Presentations of the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, 7th November. Any St. Dunstaner who has not previously had the opportunity of attending is invited to apply to me at Headquarters, not later than Monday, 12th October, if possible, for inclusion in the ballot for tickets, indicating which Presentation he would prefer to attend.

Those St. Dunstaners allocated tickets who do not live within daily travelling distance of London will be assisted with fares and accommodation for one or two nights at St. Dunstan's expense and will be invited to join the St. Dunstan's contingent in the Cenotaph Parade in Whitehall on Sunday, 8th November.

C. D. WILLS.

G3TXB Calling

Ron Vincent of London, N.W.2, has received a certificate from America from the American Radio Relay League. This certificate classifies him as an A.1. Operator. To obtain this certificate one has to be proposed by two members who already hold the certificate themselves and it is an honour not often conferred.

Ron told the *Review* that he now has a large number of American friends and many have called on him this year when they have been visiting in England.

CHRISTMAS REVIEW

Contributions wanted—stories, poems and letters from all our readers, As soon as possible, please.

MR. H. D. RICE

It has been suggested that a presentation should be made to **Mr. H. D. Rice**, the Legal and Pensions Officer who retired at the end of July, after almost thirty years service with St. Dunstan's.

Mr. A. D. Lloyds is willing to act as Honorary Treasurer of the Fund and any St. Dunstaners wishing to do so should send their contributions to him at (P.O. Box 58), **191, Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.**

Mr. E. E. Cock, Horsforth, Leeds

Many St. Dunstaners, particularly Physiotherapists knew Mr. E. E. Cock whose death occurred on 10th June, 1970, at the age of 95. The *Review* offers deep sympathy to his son, **GEOFF. COCK**, and other members of the family. As many will know, Geoff. Cock suffered considerable loss of vision during service with the Army in the Second World War. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's and trained as a Physiotherapist. A few years ago, we are happy to say, Geoff. Cock regained a measure of visual improvement which meant that he is no longer a St. Dunstaner.

Mr. E. E. Cock became a voluntary organiser for St. Dunstan's in Horsforth, Leeds, during the Second World War. He distributed collecting boxes in the district and sent regular and considerable sums of money to us annually from the proceeds of these boxes, including one which he retained himself. With a change of our appeals policy in 1959 we informed Mr. Cock that we were no longer asking our friends to subscribe by means of box collections, but Mr. Cock wrote to say that all box holders in his district, without exception, wished to continue helping.

The collections continued until January, 1964, when Mr. Cock had to give up this voluntary work because he had then reached the age of 88 years.

We salute the memory of a wonderful friend and benefactor.

Christmas Party

The Sussex Grocers' Association will be holding their annual Christmas Party on Wednesday, 2nd December, 1970.

Family News

Births

Many congratulations to ROBERT WILSON of Littleton, Somerset, whose wife, JACQUELINE ANNE, gave birth to a son on 2nd August, 1970. He is to be called Thomas Alexander Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have two daughters and another son, Robert, who is about to enter a Teacher Training College.

Marriage

BRADBURN—SHURMUR. On 7th August, 1970, Eric Bradburn, late of Southport, married Mrs. Shurmur of Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK GREENAWAY of Hythe, Kent, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 15th September, 1970.

Sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ROY MENDHAM of Ilford, Essex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 28th July, 1970.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MUGAN who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 22nd August, 1970.

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK RICHARDSON of Bristol, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on 28th July, 1970.

Warm congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ERNEST RUSSELL of Leeds, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 18th August, 1970.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. EDWARD MYLES of Teddington, Middlesex, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 30th July, 1970.

Golden Weddings

Very many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. HENMAN of Feltham, Middlesex, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 21st August, 1970.

Warmest congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ERNEST BUNTING of Tottenham, London, N.15, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 28th August, 1970. Their daughter and grandson came over from Australia for the occasion.

Many sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY VARLEY of Tottenham, London, N.15, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 6th September, 1970.

Diamond Wedding

Very many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ROBERT CHANDLER of Richmond, Yorks., who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 6th August, 1970, and were the recipients of many good wishes, including a telegram from the Queen.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:
CHARLES CUMMINGS of Verwood, Dorset, who announces the arrival of his twelfth grandchild, Dina Cumming, born on 27th May, 1970, to his eldest son, Charles, and his wife.

LEONARD COOK of Folkestone, Kent, on the birth of a second grandson, born on 26th May, 1970, to his son John and his wife.

ALAN REYNOLDS of Shrewsbury, who is pleased to announce that he is now a grandfather, as his daughter Frances gave birth to a daughter on 10th August, 1970.

HENRY HASKEY of Harrow, Middlesex, became a grandfather for the first time when his daughter, Marion, gave birth to a son on 2nd July, 1970. He is to be called Sean.

CYRIL SEDMAN of Bury, Lancs., who has become a grandfather for the third time when his daughter Maureen gave birth to a son, Adam Jason on 31st July, 1970. This is the first boy for two generations.

JOSEPH WALTON of Sunderland, who announces the arrival of his first grandson, Andrew Peter, born on 12th September, 1970.

LEONARD WITHINGTON of Wigan, who announces the birth of a grandson, Stephen, his daughter, Edna, having presented him with a boy on Saturday, 8th August, 1970.

Great Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:
ERNEST WOODCOCK of Selsey, Sussex, who now has a great grandson, John Vincent, born on 14th July, 1970.

GEORGE FALLOWFIELD of Welling, Kent, on the arrival of another great-grandchild, Andrew Joseph, born on 17th August, 1970, in Brisbane, Australia, to Mavis, wife of William Armitage.

FREDERICK MATTHEWS of Soberton, Hants., who announces the birth of his second great grandchild, Ian Francis Haythorne, born on 18th June, 1970.

MR. AND MRS. RAY BENSON of Horsham, Sussex, announce the marriage of their eldest daughter, Lora Raymonde, to David Richard White of Southampton, on 1st August, at the Church of the Holy Innocents, Southwater.

Ray Benson with his daughter Lora.



Family News



Susan, daughter of Tom Taylor of Preston.

MR. AND MRS. TOM TAYLOR of Preston announce the marriage of their daughter, Susan, to Stephen Gerrard Sharples on 1st August, 1970.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY BLUNDELL of Liverpool announce the marriage of their daughter, Gwelda, to Philip James Simmons of West Derby, Liverpool, on Saturday, 18th July, 1970.

Billy, son of WILLIAM CARR of High Wycombe, Bucks, married Miss Barbara Nicholas on 26th July, 1970. The wedding took place in Merthyr Tydfil, the bride's home town.

Lionel, LESLIE COPELAND'S son, of Bristol, was married to Miss Kathleen Millard on 8th August, 1970.

THOMAS DONNELLY of Walsall announces the marriage of his daughter, Joyce Mary, to Peter Dudley Straughan on 19th September, 1970.

Janet, daughter of JAMES MASH of St. Helier, Jersey, married Geoffrey Hodson on 15th August—her father's 60th birthday.

HORATIO LANGTON of Bottesford, Notts, announces the marriage of his son, Stephen, to Cherylann Railton on 29th August, 1970.

Stuart, son of JOHN COWAN, Boreham Wood, Herts., married Miss Jacqueline Newby on 19th September, 1970.

DANIEL MCCARTHY of Northampton announces the wedding of his daughter, Susan, on 11th July, 1970, to Graham Russell of Northampton. He also announces the marriage of his daughter, Barbara, to Salvatori Nacito of Naples on 23rd December, 1969.

MR. AND MRS. CYRIL NICHOLS of Weybridge announce the marriage of their daughter, Rita Ellen Nichols, to Gerard James McCulley on 5th September, 1970.

Michael, son of PAUL WALKER of Lewes, Sussex, was married to Miss Veronica Gittings on 26th September, 1970.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WEBSTER announce the marriage of their son, Jim, to Margaret McKeown on 14th August, 1970.

Celia Bennet, grand-daughter of ALFRED BENNET of Dover, Kent, was married to Allan Howell on 2nd May, 1970, at the Parish Church of Rayleigh, Essex.

Nicholas, son of HARRY DAVIS of Stratford-upon-Avon, got a Second Class Honours in Maths at Cambridge University and is to start a Research Course at Leicester University in October.

Julie, daughter of RAYMOND VOWLES of Portsmouth, has won a bronze medal for drama.

David, son of our St. Dunstaner DAVID BELL of Edinburgh, received a First Class Honours Degree in Political Studies at Aberdeen University on 8th July, 1970.

GEORGE FALLOWFIELD of Welling, Kent, has three granddaughters who live in Kyneton, Victoria, Australia, and are keen riders to horse shows and gymkhanas. Barbara Armitage, aged 16, has won 2 thirds, 3 seconds and 1 first for riding and 1 third and 1 first for jumping, a first prize in a relay race and a second in two other races, one over jumps. She was also third in the musical chairs and rescue race. She has also won three ribbons, this is when only the horse is judged, and she got a third, fourth and a first.

Her sister, Janet, aged 14, won her first ribbon at the Kyneton Gymkhana and a second in the junior flag and barrel race.

Anne, aged 11 years, also rides and has shown great promise, but so far has been competing in the 10 to 16 years age group against girls a lot older than herself, and we look forward to announcing her first award.

SAMUEL JACOBS of Wallasey, Cheshire, announces that his son Peter, who is an apprenticed electrician, has recently passed his C. Certificate City and Guilds examination, saying he has now obtained his A, B and C Certificates, and is now going to enter for the Higher National Certificate, which will take him about three years.

Richard, son of our St. Dunstaner, STANLEY WEEKS of Letchworth, Herts., is a Trainee Laboratory Technician taking an apprenticeship training course, has passed his City and Guilds Examination at Ordinary level and has decided to study for the Advanced level.

Hilary, daughter of ROBERT FORSTER of Leeds, has passed four more major dancing examinations and has seven major exami-

nations to her credit at the age of 16½ years. She took her I.S.T.D. National Intermediate and Advanced Exams, in the same day, quite an achievement so her Principal said, and passed them both with a Pass Plus.

The next week she took her Royal Academy of Dancing Intermediate Ballet Examination and passed it. This was a tremendous relief to her because R.A.D Major Examinations are very exacting and you have to know your work well to get through the first time. This makes her a full member of the Royal Academy of Dancing. The next week she took her Elementary Modern Stage Student Teachers Examination and passed it Commended.

Ian, Robert's son, continues his studies at Bradford University and is playing cricket for the 1st team of North Leeds C.C.

Geraldine, aged 8, and Yvette, aged 10, BILLY MILLER'S two younger daughters, took part in a sponsored swim and managed to raise £10 towards the cost of a chalet for the elderly.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

JOHN COWAN of Boreham Wood, Herts., on the death of his father on 16th July, 1970.

ALEXANDER PECKETT of Manchester, who mourns the death of his mother in Australia, on 16th July, 1970.

LEONARD WITHINGTON of Wigan, Lancashire, on the sudden death of his wife whilst on holiday. She had been in poor health earlier in the year but it was thought that she was well on the road to recovery.

In Memory

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

Fred Channing. *Somerset Light Infantry.*

Fred Channing, of Sidmouth, Devon, died on the 21st August, 1970, at the age of 75 years.

He was severely injured and totally blinded whilst serving in France in 1917 and came to St. Dunstan's nearly a year later. He first took up picture framing, but in 1930 started training as a physiotherapist and he subsequently practised in London and Sidmouth, until his retirement in 1968. He had always been a member of the British Legion and the local Rugby Club and he was active in the formation of the Sidmouth Council of Service, which is responsible for many welfare schemes. He had not been in very good health for some time and led a very quiet life; he was taken seriously ill a few days before his death at home.

He leaves a widow, a married daughter and two grandsons.

Robert (Paddy) Giffin. *1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.*

Robert (Paddy) Giffin of Crawley, Sussex, died on 23rd August, 1970 at the age of 74 years.

He enlisted in the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers in June 1914 and served with them until his discharge in September 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1917, and trained as a Masseur and continued working as a Physiotherapist until February, 1959. Just before retiring Mr. Giffin moved from Crewe to Crawley in Sussex where they had the company of their married daughter and her family who lived nearby.

Mr. and Mrs. Giffin celebrated their Golden Wedding in July, 1970, but Mr. Giffin had only been discharged from hospital a short while before and was in poor health. After a period of convalescence at St. Dunstan's, Northgate House, Mr. Giffin's health improved but following a relapse he died there on 23rd August. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Daisy Giffin and a daughter and family.

Samuel Harney. *Royal Welch Fusiliers.*

Samuel Harney of Lancashire Hill, Stockport, Cheshire, died on 22nd August, 1970 at the age of 75 years.

He served in the Royal Welch Fusiliers from 1915-1919 but his sight did not deteriorate until latterly and he came to St. Dunstan's in January 1969. He had been in poor health and his death was therefore not unexpected. He leaves a widow and grown-up family.

Edward Hext. *Royal Field Artillery.*

Edward Hext late of Yeovil, Somerset, died at Ovingdean on 2nd September, 1970, aged 76.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1954 and continued to live in lodgings with Mr. and Mrs. Harwood in Yeovil until the end of 1959 when he went to live at St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean. Mr. Hext spent many holidays with his friends in Yeovil and until recently had enjoyed good health. Mr. Hext was a bachelor but leaves relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Rowswell and many friends in Somerset and elsewhere.

William Thomas. *10th South Wales Borderers.*

William Thomas, late of Wakefield, and latterly of Pearson House, Brighton, Sussex, died on 13th August, 1970, at the age of 81 years.

He enlisted in the South Wales Borderers from 1915 to 1917 and he was wounded at Ypres. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917. He trained in bootmaking and carried on this occupation for some years, when he gave up this occupation in favour of netting and also a small amount of poultry keeping. He went on with these occupations until ill-health compelled him to give them up. His wife predeceased him in 1966. He leaves a grown-up family.

Get With It—continued from page 2

Iris mentions the descriptions of the scene about her, which were an essential element of her enjoyment, "I was fortunate in having Bridget Cunningham and Hilda Gray, both very knowledgeable, both good at describing and with a sense of humour. If I go into a restaurant, as soon as I settle down, I give myself a couple of minutes to just feel the general sort of temperature of the place—whether there is an atmosphere of gaiety or just quietness. Then I usually say, 'Now tell me all about this place.' I want to know if it is a big place, how many

tables, what kind of furnishings I want to know all that."

In a restaurant on the Champs Élysées there was more than the decor to interest Iris: "Beautiful limousines were pulling up and from them out came these beautiful fashions. Some came into the restaurant, others made a point of walking first this way and then the other and for all we knew they came just to do that. Then my escort said, 'This couple, the man is wearing purple tights and a shirt in purple and black stripes with a sort of black frilliness in the front. The girl is wearing purple and black striped tights and a black sweater with a very, very high collar. Her hair is magnificent, it's all on top of her head in big soft, loose curls and it's fair.' Then they had these very beautiful matching chains on to their dogs but these were separated for the purpose of parading them." So there is at least one fashionable couple in Paris who do not know that their detailed description is a vivid memory to someone who has never seen them.

Memorised Descriptions

Iris is taking back home with her a mass of memorised descriptions of the places and people she has seen. She often finds she has remembered more than the sighted person who originally described some incident to her, "They say things like, 'It's a good thing to get out with Iris. It makes you see things you take so horribly for granted.' "She also likes to get out and get the "feel" of a place, "Now, of all places, the Louvre, I'd hoped they would call in just for the usual smell, shall we say, but they didn't, they only stopped to let us have a look from the bus. They did stop and go into Notre Dame but I didn't join in there because the tour through the cathedral was arranged with a commentary on a tape recorder—you just plug in and get your own language version of the usual guide story. It seemed rather a heartless way of doing it so I let someone tell me about the outside and we walked round two sides of it and sat in a pavement cafe and had coffee.

"This was the centre of Paris, protected and on an island. From here you drive, down the islands in the Seine connected by bridges. We went on that drive and through the most lavish ornamental gates which were all opened for the passage of the bus and you have famous old build-

ings where kings and queens and subsequently Napoleon and others took up abodes and they are quite exquisite, beautiful places. Paris is beautiful, you know, I am so cross with people who say it isn't."

In Paris and London Iris attended theatres and concerts. She listened to a broadcast live from the B.B.C.—a concert commemorating Beethoven, "That was marvellous, now when I'm at home listening to the radio I'm going to be right in Portland Place in the tall buildings which are the B.B.C. and I'll be thinking, 'I went up those few steps and into that very same concert theatre'."

Touring London

Still determined to get the feel of the places she was visiting Iris had a day in a taxi touring London. "I said I want to see the places around my Monopoly board, let's see the Strand, Fleet Street, and so on, I want to see the shopping centres: Bond Street, Oxford Street and Regent Street. The driver got the spirit of the thing and he and my escort were vying with each other to give me descriptions. We went to Regent's Park and the lake, where Mrs. Gray said, 'This is where the early St. Dunstaners all learned to be so darned good in boats.' We went to Harrods, Trafalgar Square, saw the outside of Buckingham Palace and St. Paul's and we had lunch in the Cheshire Cheese. That I loved every minute of. We found it through a little doorway in Fleet Street very close to the Daily Telegraph and across a little square open to the sky. The first place we entered was Ye Very Olde Pub with a lovely wavy floor to walk on covered with sawdust. A very charming woman, I'm sure she was a barmaid but she seemed far too nice to be called that, explained they didn't serve snacks in the bar so we went into the dining room. It has the original style of furniture, terribly worn, the edges of the tables definitely going a bit thin, and a narrow bench around the wall. When they knew I had come all the way from South Africa to have a meal at the Cheshire Cheese they said you must sit in the 'Doctor's Seat'. I was taken over and parked down and over my head was an oil painting of Dr. Johnson. In front of me was a place mat with Dr. Johnson painted on it.

Get with it—concluded

"We had a lovely game pie with wine chosen by mine host and after that he said 'Would you like some cheese?' and I said 'Yes, what kind?' It was Cheshire of course and I had about a quarter of a pound! He let me keep the menu and when I asked if they sold the place mats he said no, but they wouldn't notice if I took it. So it went into my bag so fast and it's going home with me as a very cherished little treasure.

"Then we continued to the Tower and eventually crossed Tower Bridge which surprised me because it has huge buildings on it and the arch part that lifts in the middle". It was quite an expensive taxi ride, "but the advantage was that, although it may have cost me more, he was always there when we came out." Iris has formed a high opinion of London's taxi-men and she has another story to tell of another driver's kindness when the car arranged to pick them up from a Prom concert at the Albert Hall failed to arrive: "A taxi-driver was loading a wheel-chair into his cab and we said we were quite happy to wait if he would come back and fetch us. He couldn't because he was taking this man some distance but he said, 'Don't worry, luv', and he came and put his arm round me, 'I'll git yer a cab,' and he was off right across the road in the traffic and he just shouted 'Hi, Chuck!' and the cab stopped and we got in."

At Ovingdean

During her time here Iris spent about a month off and on at Ovingdean. "Coming into St. Dunstan's was a novelty to me because I never lived in a place which has, perforce, to have regulations. I found it a little strange, just for a while, to have to know there were certain times to do things. Later on, thinking about it, I decided it was common sense. You know when you are on holiday you don't think about screeching out of bed and getting cracking and then you suddenly realise that you might after all because various people are going to need baths and you may have to get up much earlier to get ahead in the queue. Then you wonder would you rather not have your bath? Oh, No that wouldn't do; so would you rather go without breakfast? Yes! That's the answer. But there

were no other problems for me. I know the building in the Women's Dorm., although I'm not very clever, once I'm through the door. I went into the Men's Dorms. instead of the lift. At least six people rushed at me from different angles and saved my life! I said I'm only sorry I didn't walk in there sooner. I certainly got some attention—they were all for shooing me out!

"I am amazed at the extent of the work at Ovingdean and the interests covered. Nobody is left out, no matter what their hobby is, or their main interest, as much as is possible is done for them in that field. And the people at St. Dunstan's, take Matron for instance: She has been a very wonderful friend. I would like very much to show her how much her kindness and all the trouble she has been to on my behalf has meant. She went to great trouble to get the right girls to come away with me so they could make it come alive for me and she succeeded extremely well.

Brighton

"I think Brighton is a lovely place. People who live here take it for granted and a lot of people are a bit superior about it but it really is a most attractive place and I find the people here very nice. If visitors to this country started off in a place like Brighton—not on Bank Holiday—just Brighton any day and met the people as they go about their daily jobs or down to the beach they would have a much truer assessment than by going just to London. I have not found anything that was so different from South Africa—even the weather in Brighton is just the same as Port Elizabeth. This is the strongest feeling I have had all the time through. I know we are often said to be quite different from the people in England but truthfully we are not. We are so alike it is quite amusing."

Iris was emphatic that having to rely on the eyes of others had been no handicap in appreciating the places on her long journey. Travelling is well worth while: "You get a feeling of exhilaration that almost makes you feel young. There's so much on in the world, there's so much to do, so much to think about, so much is happening and we haven't got time to let our socks get round our boots. We must be up and with it."