

St Dunstons
REVIEW
NOVEMBER



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

They also serve

We were certainly not the first to do outstanding things in spite of blindness. There was Homer, the Greek philosopher and writer; there was Milton, the classic English writer; there was Louis Braille—and there have been others all over the world.

But without claiming too much, I think I can say that the first time a large body of blinded men was able to take part in the active world was when St. Dunstan's first sent its sons out to their own homes, many of them highly skilled, all more normal than they ever expected to be. Their example over more than 50 years has influenced the whole blind world.

The majority of us are ordinary chaps who would not claim distinction, but who nevertheless set an extraordinarily good example in the communities in which we live by coping from day to day with a severe disability. It sometimes falls to my lot to introduce a group of St. Dunstaners to a stranger at a Reunion or some other gathering and I am astonished and proud at the number who have proved to be very able and adaptable, and perhaps very lucky, and have done all kinds of things which are exceptional and praiseworthy. I call to mind introducing during the last few months a first-class actor, a number of physiotherapists (some of them continuing to practise well on into old age), a telephone operator who has worked for a famous firm for a lifetime, a professor who reminded me of four other St. Dunstan's professors the world over, business men including a most successful fish buyer and retailer, an adventurous traveller, a scientific writer, many Officers of Royal British Legion units and elected representatives in Local Authorities, including Mayors. Every one of these is a man in whom his family and St. Dunstan's take pride.

At the same time I am not only thinking of the man who has been fortunate enough to hold down a notable job, but also of every St. Dunstaner. Lady Fraser has often told me at a Reunion how strong and fit and well the St. Dunstaners look and this alone stamps us as a corps d'élite which bears comparison with the Guards and even the Marines.

Practise what you preach?

The Editor tells me that he has heard from George Fallowfield, who writes: "I have read with much interest the Chairman's notes about what other blind people have told him of the great advantage of the 'long cane' but what has prevented Lord Fraser from adopting this wonderful device himself?"

I have said before how delighted I am that one or two older St. Dunstaners, including one who was in his 80's, have found a long cane really useful, so much so that it has given them great pleasure. I therefore repeat my commendation of its use.

It is a fair enough question—indeed a good joke—for George Fallowfield to ask why

COVER PICTURE: *Surrounded by his dogs, Vic Davies begins a training session. (See "Ways of Life" on centre pages).*

I do not practise what I preach. The reason is that I am not willing to spare the time to go on a course of training and one should not use the long cane without training. Also, I happen to be in the fortunate position in which I do not have to walk alone and, when I want a little exercise entirely by myself, I have a small garden to walk in. It is one of those cases where the individual must choose for himself what suits him.

Fraser of Lonsdale

WAR PENSIONS

Method of Payment

The War Pensions Department is now prepared to sanction monthly payments direct to a banking account for those who prefer not to have to call at the Post Office. These payments would consist of one week in advance and three weeks in arrear so that there would be a gap of one month between the cashing of the last weekly order and the first monthly payment.

To take advantage of the scheme an addressed envelope should be obtained from the Post Office when the last order is cashed. Return the book to the Controller, Department of Health and Social Security, Norcross, Blackpool FY5 3TA marking the envelope at the top "For the attention of Mr. G. H. Warren, N4A, Room 401B" and including a note of the address of the Bank and the Account No. with a request that payment should be made monthly direct to that Account. Three monthly payments in arrear can be arranged but this would mean that the War Pensions Department would be holding this money for a longer period without interest.

The War Pensions Department is considering the possibility of changing the present method of payment of war pensions by introducing a computer produced pension order book consisting of twelve weekly vouchers. The change-over which appears to be a strong possibility may commence in November and continue over a period of three months. There would, of course, be no break in payment during the period of exchange and an explanation would be issued to each pensioner with his new book.

L. A. SLADE,
Pensions Officer

Donations Please

St. Dunstaners who have attended the Grocers' Summer Outing and/or Christmas Dinner/Dance may like to subscribe to a fund with a view to making a presentation to Mrs. M. G. Lillie who has for many years acted in a voluntary capacity as secretary of the Sussex Grocers' Association Entertainment Committee.

This suggestion is made by W. T. (Ginger) Scott of Rottingdean who has formed a small Committee (himself, Mrs. Gover, and John Whitcombe) to select an appropriate gift with a view to making the presentation at the final Grocers' Dinner/Dance to be held at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on Wednesday, 4th December.

Would interested St. Dunstaners please send donations to the Editor, *St. Dunstan's Review*, from whom receipts will be posted to donors.

A number of gifts have already been acknowledged.

GARDENING NEWS

News of prizes won at various shows around the countryside continue to come in and St. Dunstaners have done very well in spite of the generally bad weather everywhere.

At the Headstone Horticultural Society's 26th show held in Harrow Weald, *Henry Haskey* obtained a 2nd prize for his sweet peas and a 3rd for his Fuchsias. Mrs. R. Haskey obtained a 3rd for miniature arrangements in the Floral Art Section.

Fred Lipscombe of Exeter, Devon, has done extremely well this Autumn and has won a 1st, 2nd and 3rd for pot plants at the local Hortocola Gardening Club Autumn Show. Fred has not done anything like this before so is to be congratulated on his success as the standard is high in Devon.



DEAF REUNION 1974

by Ron Ellis

Left: Helped by Mrs. Ellis, Ron Ellis examines a model of the Brighton Marina.

Below: "You just capsized" Wally Thomas gets the message on the sailing trainer.



Off for a voyage in the Palace Pier speedboat.

A most happy and enjoyable time was had by the Deaf lads at their Reunion this year and we were very pleased to welcome Ted Porter and his wife. Ted, who lost his hearing a few years ago, decided to join the Muffled Drums this year.

The Reunion was held from the 12th to the 17th of August and was given a rousing start with a delicious dinner on the evening of our arrival at Pearson House, after a greeting from Commandant and Matron. Our Guests this year at the Dinner were Mrs. MacDonald and Dr. O'Hara. Miss Kay Smith, who did such a grand job of organising the Reunion and making it such a great success was also there. Dinner over, and feeling wonderfully full, we sat back, lit our fags, and over a black coffee the Commandant welcomed Ted and his wife to the Reunion. Off to the Committee Room now for a round or two of drinks and a good old chat up all round. It was such a pleasure to see Mrs. MacDonald again and to talk

over old times, for we have had many a happy Reunion together, and, of course, it is always great to see our old friend, Dr. O'Hara. He was unable to get to the Dinner, but, as always, he just popped in for a night-cap and a chat with the lads.

Tuesday the 13th. Everybody up with the early bird. 7.45 a.m., with our wives as escorts, we boarded the transport which whisked us away to Shoreham Airport. This was to be our great day, an air trip to Jersey, but, alas, it was not to be, for on arrival at the airport we were told that the trip could not be made, as the weather in Jersey was too bad for the aircraft to land. Wally and I thought about a swim over but then someone mentioned a cuppa in the Cafe and the idea was soon forgotten. After about a quarter of an hour the Captain of our aircraft came over to us and said that the weather over there was still bad, and that we should have to make the trip on the following day.

Now Miss Smith turned on her think-

tank and came up with a grand idea—that we should visit Michelham Priory, Nr. Hailsham. On arrival at the Priory our wives began to give us the full treatment, explaining to us all about the building and answering all our questions. It is a magnificent Priory which was founded in 1229 and we were told that there is hardly a brick out of place—or should I say stone blocks. 1 o'clock saw us making a bee-line for the restaurant for a much-needed body refill. An excellent lunch was had by all and feeling very refreshed the lads sat outside the restaurant and had a puff at their cigs, while our ever-faithful friend, Bill Webster, kept his wary eye on us. Having seen most of the interesting things, we were now waiting for our escorts to have a look round the gift shop. After having waited what seemed a life time—you know what these ladies are—they emerged with their gifts and we then boarded the transport and away to Pearson House just in time for supper.

Shoreham—Again

Wednesday the 14th saw us off once again to Shoreham Airport. On arrival the Captain of our aircraft had much better news for us this time, it was all systems go as the weather had changed for the better. All aboard now, seat belts tightened, we were off, the time approximately 9.20 a.m. Five minutes later we were all sat back in our seats enjoying a very comfortable and smooth flight. We arrived in Jersey about 10.45 a.m. and a mini-bus was waiting for us at the Airport which whisked us away to St. Helier. The driver took us to a nice cafe for a much wanted cuppa and then we were off again to do a little sight-seeing. Time soon flew by and then it was all aboard the transport and away to the Shakespeare Restaurant, St. Clement's Bay for lunch. The service was excellent and the lunch superb, I would recommend this Hotel and Restaurant to anyone visiting Jersey.

The time now 2 o'clock, lunch over and everybody feeling fine, we were off to Gorey for a tour of the Jersey Pottery. The first thing to catch the eye of our wives and escorts were the beautifully laid out gardens. They took no time in explaining everything to us, it is a wonder they did not wear their fingers to the bone; I said to Wally, we shall have to pay them over-

time. Walking slowly through the gardens, we came to the gift shop and pottery and by the feel and touch of the articles which are made here, they must have been really beautiful. The tour over, we had another slow walk through the gardens and made our way back to the mini-bus. The driver then took us for a little spin through some of the lovely villages which abound in Jersey and then on to St. Brelades where we did a bit of quick shopping before it was time to catch the 'plane home. It is a pity they do not allow you to take a wheelbarrow over with you, for there is so much one would like to buy, but not to worry, we just bought and kept our fingers crossed that we had bought the right kind of stuff they would let you take through the Customs. Shopping over, we were just in time to get to the airport, have a nice cuppa, then we were called to the aircraft. 6.10 p.m. approximately take off and we were really thankful to sit back to rest our weary limbs. Boy, it was a go go day, but real great, a day we shall always remember. About 7 o'clock we touched down at Shoreham Airport, then a short wait for the Customs Office to open and while waiting we had a chat with the Captain. Customs open, we then thanked the Captain for a safe and comfortable flight and with fingers crossed we passed through the Customs with flying colours, then on to the transport and away to Pearson House with a great day behind us and lots to talk about. We were delighted to have Miss Carson with us on this trip and much appreciated her quick mastery of the Deaf/Blind Manual.

R.A.F. Museum

Thursday, 15th. Another early start for we were to pay a visit to the R.A.F. Museum, Hendon, where a guided tour had been arranged. It was a great pleasure to have Matron Blackford and George Rees with us for this day out and Matron proved as always, a great organiser, for everything went so smoothly. Arriving at Hendon about 11.45 a.m. we had a short chat with the two fellows who were to take us on our tour of the Museum; they were Mr. Peter Elliot and Mr. Harold of the Art and Design Department.

At 12 o'clock we made our way to the Museum's fine restaurant, where Matron

ordered us an excellent lunch. Lunch taken, we were off on our tour of the Museum; our two guides were great, they were masters, there was nothing they left out and everything we wanted to know was explained to us in detail. It gave us all a real thrill to be able to touch the great aircraft of World War Two, and it gave us thought for the brave men who flew them. It is a great Museum and worthy of its cause. The tour over and feeling a lot wiser, we made our way back to Victoria Station to catch the train back to Brighton with another exciting day behind us. I think our escorts must have been glad of a rest for they had done a splendid job of translating all the information to us.

Owing to the Annual visit to Northgate House for tea having to be cancelled Wednesday, Matron Hallett accompanied Ted and Mrs. Porter to tea at St. Peter's Cottage, Cowfold on Thursday, as Ted hasn't the stamina to enjoy the whole day outings at present.

Last Day

Friday, 16th. The last day and a very busy one too. At 10.30 a.m. we were all aboard the transport once again, which took us to Marina House, Brighton, to inspect the models etc. of the Marina project. After running our hands lightly over the models and having numerous questions answered by Mr. Fulsham, we were able to form a picture in our minds of just how vast a project this is. When completed, Brighton, I am sure, will be the proudest resort in Europe, for it is not being built only for the few but for everybody, and will be in use the whole year through. We wish Brighton every success in their new project, for we are sure it will attract thousands of visitors and holiday makers when it is completed. After the model inspection we were taken to the middle of a large showroom where a sailing boat was mounted on a platform. It is called a training boat and is remote controlled and it gives one the feeling of being at sea when sat in. It will pitch, roll, and do a full turn, and Wally and I were invited to get in and have a go. After a quick spin round the showroom, a few full turns and a few rolls Wally and I agreed that boating on dry land is far safer for us.

Our sincere thanks to all the staff at Marina House for their kind understanding and all the information they gave us.

From here, straight to the Palace Pier for a speed boat trip. The sea being a little rough made it quite tricky jumping from the landing-stage to the boat, however, all went well. The trip which lasted about eight minutes was very enjoyable, with the wind and spray hitting our faces. On arriving back to the landing-stage and making a safe jump back, poor old Wally had found it not so dry a trip, for it looked as if he had been sitting in a pool of water! I thought I would give him a word of comfort and told him we would change his nappy as soon as we got back to Pearson House.

Tea with Staff

The afternoon was pleasantly spent in the Committee Room where we had tea with Mr. C. D. Wills, Commandant, Matron and Miss Mosley, Welfare Staff. It was a great pleasure to us all to meet Mr. Wills and have a good chat with him, I think everyone would agree that a Reunion would not be the same if we did not have our great friend, Mr. Wills, with us. It was also a pleasure to see Miss Mosley again, there was lots to talk about and the time flew by. Then the time came round for us all to beat a hasty retreat so as to give ourselves plenty of time to wash and brush up ready for the Farewell Dinner that evening.

At 6.30 p.m. we were whisked away to the Gold Room, Eaton Restaurant, for the Farewell Dinner. Cocktails were served at 7 until 7.30 p.m. then into the Gold Room where a superb Dinner was served to all. Among those present were Mr. C. D. Wills, Commandant, Matron Hallett and Matron Blackford. Dinner over then Wally stood and gave a nice speech of thanks, the signal of the end of yet another wonderful Reunion, one that we shall always remember. Our sincere thanks to all those responsible for making it such a happy occasion and for all the hard work it must have involved.

Through the whole of the Reunion, the Muffies, their wives, everyone missed their very dear friend, Miss Dagnall, who this year could not be with us owing to ill health. Let us all hope and pray that she will soon be on the road to recovery.



Joan, Alan, Dennis and Ken on the Lyke Wake Walk from start



. to finish

LYKE WAKE WALK

by A. F. Wortley

When my wife has an idea she doesn't let it lie fallow, but keeps kicking it around until it becomes reality. Thus it happened that four walkers, comparative strangers to each other sat at breakfast with two support party, in Osmotherly at the Western end of the North Yorkshire Moors preparing to start the Lyke Wake Walk. The walk, forty miles in length across the moor tops to Ravenscar on the coast, has to be completed in twenty four hours to qualify for a coffin badge. The route was said to be taken by coffin bearers of ancient times.

Dennis, Ken, my wife Joan and myself set off at eleven a.m. at a cracking pace over the hills towards Hasty Bank, and within half an hour, after steep ascents, we realised we had taken the wrong route! To correct this we dropped down into a valley to gain a more Northern

ridge. Jumping a stream, Ken saw a rabbit stupified with myxomatosis and he raised his foot to put the creature out of its misery. "No", cried my wife in alarm.

"Why not, the poor thing's blind", said Ken.

I grinned and remarked that I was glad I had been spared annihilation because of my disability and so we left the rabbit to chance.

We made Hasty Bank after a few scrambles making up a couple of extra miles and meeting Pop and Audrey, our support party, for beer and cheese, right on time. However, we realised with dismay, that our schedule did not allow for rest periods.

Still keen we pressed on towards beautiful Rosedale Head. How preciously guarded is the silence of the high moors. We passed but few people in the whole of

our walk and a raised forefinger was all that there was in the way of greeting. A light rain was falling, most refreshing on sweating faces but I think it was here that my knee first started to hurt. We crossed bogs. Smelly water oozed over my boots filling them. Eventually I limped down to Hamer, twenty five miles completed, and collapsed by the side of the road.

Support Party?

Where was our support party? Joan flagged down a passing car . . . Luckily for us the driver located Pop and Audrey emerging from a pub a couple of miles down the road and told them that there were four walkers dying of thirst back up the track. . . .

By dark we had reached Wheeldale, God's own country that I know so well. . . The descent down rocks to a tent not far from the village almost finished me. I felt I could go no farther, not without a knee replacement operation anyway. . . . I lay

on a camp bed too miserable to sleep, almost too tired to open my mouth for delicious stew.

The rain poured down on the tent, and I longed for my comfortable Lincoln home.

At four in the morning we were up again, I hadn't been able to bend my knees sufficiently to take off my wet socks . . . After we had limped a few miles, I confided to Dennis that I had been ready to give up at Wheeldale and as his feet were a mass of blisters, he said that he would have gladly given up also if I had done so. . . Joan put elastoplast on our bleeding feet and we struggled on. She and Ken were faring well.

BLEATING SHEEP

Sheep bleated and I hated them . . . I tripped over stones and muttered obscenities . . . I heard Ken whistling up ahead and felt like weeping . . . Years later, or so it seemed, we hit a metalled road near the coast and the hard surface

BRIDGE NOTES

BRIGHTON

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

S. Webster and M. Clements	66
C. Walters and A. Smith	62
R. Fullard and W. Lethbridge	61
A. Dodgson and F. Griffiee	58
E. Bedford and W. Burnett	52

Cumulative positions with one session to play.

R. Fullard	359
M. Clements	352
S. Webster	345
W. Lethbridge	342
F. Griffiee	328
A. Dodgson	327
W. T. Scott	321
C. Walters	316
A. Smith	308
R. Bickley	308
W. Burnett	286
J. Whitcombe	284
F. Rhodes after 4 games	270
R. Goding after 4 games	261
W. Claydon after 3 games	151
E. Bedford after 3 games	151
F. Mathewman after 1 game	56

*P. Nuyens,
Secretary*

LYKE WAKE WALK

—continued

was like red heat to my inflamed feet. Somehow, and I'll never know how, I reached the finishing post at Ravenscar with thirty minutes to spare. I fell into a trembling heap on the roadside to hear my darling wife say, "Who is ready for the walk back?..."!

We were very pleased to achieve what we had set out to do as none of us had done much training. Despite some discomfort it was voted a most successful project....

LONDON

The ninth and final Individual Competition of the London Section for the Gover Cup for 1974 came to its final conclusion on Saturday, 5th October. The results are as follows:

W. Allen and J. Majchrowicz	69
J. Lynch and H. King	68
W. Phillips and R. Evans	65
J. Huk and J. Padley	61
H. Meleson and W. Miller	58
P. Nuyens and Miss Vera Kemmish	57

Best five cumulative results

W. Allen	364
J. Lynch	360
W. Phillips	349
R. Evans	347
W. Miller	335
J. Huk	330
H. Meleson	327
P. Nuyens	323
J. Majchrowicz	320
J. Padley	313
F. Dickerson	313
Miss Vera Kemmish	
5 games only	303
A. Caldwell 3 games only	196
H. King 3 games only	193
R. Stanners 1 game only	55

Harrogate Bridge Week

by Bob Fullard

On Saturday 21st September a party of 16 St. Dunstaners, together with invaluable escorts such as Messrs. N. Smith, J. Kennedy, and John Rhodes in attendance, arrived at Harrogate for the annual bridge week. Our first fixture was on the evening of our arrival when we played at St. George's Road Club (formerly the Civil Service Club). Through

the unavoidable absence of our old friend Mr. Wally Burgess, the lady in charge decided to run a pairs competition whereby all St. Dunstaners played North and South and did not move.

The results for St. Dunstan's side were as follows:

1st	R. Evans and W. Phillips
2nd	W. Allen and R. Freer
3rd	Mrs. V. Delaney and P. Nuyens

St. Dunstan's Cup

The St. Dunstan's cup competition for teams of four was played off on the evening of Sunday, 22nd September, at the Harrogate Club. Out of a total of 9 teams, 4 represented St. Dunstan's. The result was a win for Harrogate Bridge Club captained by Mrs. M. Green, but the St. Dunstan's team captained by Bill Allen were only 9 points behind in 2nd place.

Monday left us free to go for a walk during the morning after a visit to the "stables" i.e. the bedroom in our hotel where Mr. Joe Kennedy read out to those interested all the form, weights, etc. of current race meetings. A few of us went down to the Oakdale Golf Club in the afternoon at the invitation of some lady members and altogether a very happy afternoon was spent there. That same evening, we played against the Oakdale Golf Club where Mr. Norman Green was tournament director. We were defeated but not downhearted.

Tuesday afternoon was a very special afternoon because for the first time since St. Dunstan's have been visiting Harrogate, the Ripon Bridge Club invited us to play them in the sun lounge of the Ripon Spa hotel. We found it a pleasing innovation when, because the expected tournament director was unable to be present, the lady president decided to play Progressive Bridge. Our best pairs were:

1st	J. Whitcombe and F. Griffiee
2nd	Mrs. V. Delaney and P. Nuyens
3rd	R. Evans and W. Phillips

and these pairs were delighted when they were given prizes. We were narrowly beaten by about 300 aggregate points on the evening of Tuesday when we played against the I.C.I. in their own clubrooms.

Wednesday afternoon is an afternoon best overlooked by those who take bridge seriously for Bradford Bridge Club heavily defeated us by over 12,000 points but the high tea there laid on for us helped us to forget that defeat. Without returning to our own hotel, we proceeded to meet Knaresborough Bridge Club who were unable on this occasion to receive us on their own premises. Although we have recorded some wins in the past, this year I am afraid we recorded a defeat.

Drovers Roadhouse

Another memorable day for us was Thursday when we proceeded by coach to the Drovers roadhouse, Bishop's Thornton for lunch. We were happy to see Mr. Wills, Secretary of St. Dunstan's and he spoke for us all when on our behalf, he expressed our thanks to the many friends in and around Harrogate who for so many years had combined to give us such an enjoyable week. That same evening we met I.C.I. members of the Crimple House where I.C.I. staff welcomed us with their usual warmth and hospitality. Another defeat for us too.

After a bout of shopping for souvenirs to take back and a visit to the George Hotel to have a quick glass with some of our Harrogate friends, after lunch a few of us who had arranged for a quiet game down at the Oakdale Golf Club spent another enjoyable afternoon.

The finale

The finale of our week is, of course, Friday evening, when each St. Dunstaner partnered a member of one of the various clubs they had visited during the week. This year there were 16 tables for the bridge drive and Mr. P. Nuyens and Mr. N. Green acted jointly as directors. A special mention was made of the wonderful co-operation of the Dirlton Hotel staff who contrived to give us all the evening meal and then within a very short time to have the same dining room ready to hold the bridge drive. We were very pleased when it was announced that Mrs. Monica Campbell and her partner, Mr. D. Raynor won first prize and selected wool rugs made by St. Dunstaners.

Saturday, 28th September, saw us once more on our way back home, tired but happy and looking forward next year to renewing friendships.



Margaret Stanway.

CAMPING— the easy way

by Margaret Stanway

When it was suggested to the Macclesfield Handicapped Club that we should spend a week at a holiday camp — we looked at each other in surprise. A holiday camp with its noise, its masses of people, piped music and bugle calls to summon us to the dining hall? Not to mention the rows and rows of chalets whose doorsteps would be an impossibility to manoeuvre for those of us in wheelchairs. Oh, no! Not a holiday camp, thank you! But we DID have a holiday at a Holiday Camp and we all enjoyed it.

A party of thirty left Macclesfield for the five-hour journey to Skegness. Most of us had an escort, either a relative or a friend — and there were three people in charge, Barbara, June and David, who did all the donkey work.

We were soon to find out how wrong we had been about life in a Camp when bedtime came — no piped music or any bugle calls but only the noise to be expected from a few hundred adults and children all bent on enjoying themselves.

The chalets consisted of a bed or beds, a chest of drawers and a wardrobe and one chair. The decor was white and blue with attractive blue floral curtains. The bathroom was quite large and there was always lots of very hot water. The chalets

were all painted a different colour and there were gardens with flower beds and shrubs between each row.

Naturally we were all gasping for a cup of tea so that when we went to the dining room for our first meal we were thankful to see milk jugs and pots of tea on the table. The food was good and very plentiful and varied, always well cooked and served attractively on hot plates.

Ramps were placed outside some of the chalets for the people who could not get out of their chairs and we were allowed to go into the dining hall ahead of the other holidaymakers who had to queue outside.

Unfortunately many of the places of entertainment had stairs and the pavements generally were not sloped to allow chairs of all descriptions to overcome them without a great deal of difficulty.

There was entertainment to suit all tastes — dancing both to modern and old tyme music, horse riding, bingo, swimming, just to name a few. There were shops and a supermarket and the Chapel. A small train ran around the camp constantly.

We went on the Chair Lift one day, and had a beautiful aerial view of the camp. It looked like a small town with its

KEMP TOWN NOTES

I'm sitting here awaiting inspiration to compose this monthly Kemp Town saga — outside it's bucketing with rain. I thought of quoting "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" — mists, yes, but I feel the fruit will be soggy!

During the month our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lilley from Seaford, with their group, read "The Late Christopher Bean" by Emyln Williams, a most interesting and entertaining reading.

Mrs. Dennis gave a welcome stereo programme. When there's no Dome

Variety, we put on a Record Evening, and Mrs. Dantine did this one Tuesday.

We had a world premiere at the Theatre Royal of "The Male of the Species", after a spate of farce and modern day trite plays this had an excellent reception and Edward Woodward, well known on TV, played at least three characters. The few that went were impressed and enjoyed the evening.

Tape Recording Club

The Brighton Tape Recording Club made their promised return visit and gave a very varied programme. One item was a recording of "plug holes" — so to speak, taken at different hotels up and down the country. Apparently the variety of sound was amazing and caused much laughter. One member contributed bird recordings, others the history of the organ from barrel to Church, with a commentary. Mr. and Mrs. Bannister were in the group and Mr. Bannister, a blind piano tuner, had recorded the modern organ.

Mr. Carey, the joint secretary with his wife, who comperes, is the important man in the background who operates the tape machines.

Young Optimists

We have now had the visit of the "Young Optimists". The group consists of 20 entertainers, we had 6—3 boys and 3 girls. As one of them jokingly said, "The Cream". I'm sure they were right, as the standard of singing and tap dancing, which was a welcome change, was very high. One or two hope to make the stage their career, in fact Clive Bull has had offers for his accordion playing, and no wonder, he was excellent. I think the oldest member was fourteen. Mrs. Alden, the Producer, herself a performer with the "Optimists", should be justly proud. As she remarked, they'd be lost without Maureen, the first rate accompanist for the two groups.

When we return to Ovingdean and have more space, we shall hope to have the larger party as everyone enjoyed the evening immensely.

CAMPING—continued

gardens and roads around the chalets but with a difference that only pedestrians were on them.

Our three helpers arranged for us to have a 'cuppa' in bed in the mornings and we were very pleased about this. (It makes a holiday, doesn't it?) They also fitted our bath stools and mats for us. I am afraid it was a "working holiday" for them with the accent on work!

Our waitress was quite a character and could easily have been taken for Lucille Ball's younger sister, with her half inch eye lashes and 2 inch soled shoes with heels of about 5 inches. She moved around those tables as if tiptoeing through the tulips! But we had fun with the staff and if there were any difficulties the Redcoats were always on hand to give help and advice.

A holiday camp will hold no terrors for us again and no doubt, we shall spend a similar holiday at one. But there was a fly in the ointment!! The weather!! The brochure states... 'known as one of the driest areas in Britain Skegness is blessed with long hours of sunshine'. Yes, it was dry, but where, oh where, were the long hours of sunshine? Not in the holiday camp for sure, as the sight of people muffled up in coats and scarves and cardigans proclaimed otherwise but everything else was so good we could hardly complain about that could we?

I entered for the 'Glamorous Grandmother competition but got nowhere!

I WANT TO THINK LIKE YOU —Vic Davies

Talking to David Castleton



Vic sends Rita on a retrieve.



Rita places the pigeon in his hand.

Latchetts stands on a steep hillside overlooking the West Country town of Braunton. It is hard to imagine a house in a lovelier setting. In front is the view across a typical North Devon valley and behind, the hillside climbs on up as the garden merges into a wood. Latchetts is the home of St. Dunstaner Vic Davies. The beauty of its setting is matched by its suitability as a home and training place for a rollicking team of six Labrador retrievers, all trained as gun-dogs by Vic.

Being introduced to Vic's dogs is like being engulfed in a genial tidal wave as he opens the gate of their run in the garden, where they are warmly and comfortably housed in large kennels. There is Joe, Bess, Bran, Rita, Jano and Sarah, they tumbled out to make my acquaintance, leaping and bounding, almost knocking me over in their exuberance. All, that is, except the youngest, Sarah, who viewed me and my camera

with considerable caution, but more of her later. At one blast from Vic's whistle all the dogs sat still where they were, an impressive example of their training.

"After the initial training all the work is done on the whistle", Vic told me. "In some tests two or three dummies are thrown and the judge tells you after you have sent the dog out which one he wants you to take. So you've got to stop your dog on the whistle and then you direct him by hand signals to whichever dummy should be picked".

The tests Vic mentioned are a whole world of organised sport in which trainers of retrievers pit their dogs in competition in difficult trials. There are clubs all over the country. Vic and his wife, Mary, belong to the United Retriever Club, a national organisation, West of England Labrador Club and the Exeter and County Canine Society, among others.

Vic has a sideboard full of trophies. All his six dogs have won competitions in the six years he and Mary have been competing. "I've been lucky with my dogs and, of course, I have been lucky with my wife. It would be very awkward if you had a wife who didn't even like dogs and wasn't interested in this kind of work. We have a bit of competition between each other. We both think we're better handlers than the other. There's quite a lot of back-seat driving in it. We have inquests after but without her I wouldn't be able to get to a test or anything. It would be awful if Mary had to drive and then sit there and be bored".

They may travel fifty or sixty miles to take part in a trial and Vic described a typical day: "Although they are artificial, the tests are usually made to look and seem to dogs as if they are really in a shooting field. We go to some field. There is usually plenty of rough ground

there, brambles, bracken, woodland; there might be a water test in a pond. Dummies are used; they are usually canvas, the basis is often a plastic Fairy liquid container filled with sand, weighing anything from 1 to 3 lb.

"These things are thrown and a gun is fired to give the dog the sight and sound of a gun. When the judge tells you, you send your dog to retrieve this. Sometimes there is a diversion. When the dog is coming back with the dummy another one is hurled across, in front of it. He must ignore it. All the dogs have the same hazards and in a working test there might be four different exercises and the judge may award 10 pts. for each exercise. Perhaps you would get eight out of ten or if your dog did something really wilful you get nothing out of ten".

Vic cannot see his dogs more than a few feet away from him but he finds judges and other competitors helpful.



Sarah, on a long leash, learning the signal to move to Vic's right.

"Once they've realised the sight is not so good they all help. Very often when a dog is a long way out and it's in doubt, I whistle for it to stop. The dog might be looking at me, waiting for a signal, and I don't know. Fellow competitors will very often say, "He's looking at you, send him to the right". Judges, I find, have been very good. When he's got to the area where the dummy falls they usually say "he's there" and I just give the dog a command blast and he picks it up and brings it back".

The foundation for success in the trials lays in the training and here Vic is at no disadvantage, "I started training seriously nine years ago. I was given my first labrador about 20 years ago, Jet. He lived until he was about 13, then I had another dog, Joe. Somebody suggested that I joined a gun-dog training club. I was helped along by my wife and other people interested. Joe proved to be a bit of a devil and he still is at 9 years of age. He is a very good dog actually.

"Then we had another one that was really for my wife. We had one each and so it went on. I think the thing is that you are always thinking that you are going to

find a better dog. Of course you are learning all the time because no two dogs are the same. They have different temperaments. Some are boisterous and they can take a real telling off. Others might be nervous and you've got to be very, very careful what you do with them. You can't expect a dog to think like we do. We must try and think like a dog and until you do this I don't think you can get anywhere".

Dog psychologist

Aside from those cups and rosettes, Vic has one outstanding success for his expertise as a "dog psychologist"—Sarah. "A lady brought a bitch here to be mated with Joe and they had eight pups. She sold them all and after a while I met her and she told me one of the dogs had come back. A bloke brought her back saying "do what you like with her, she's no good, she's frightened of me". We found out that he'd kicked ruddy hell out of this little pup. They couldn't do anything with it because it was terrified of men, it was terrified of feet. I was afraid it would go to another similar home so I bought it and brought it home here".

Happily settled in with the other dogs Sarah's rehabilitation began: "The first thing I did was change her name. She was called Sheba and I thought she mustn't have any association with that at all. I took a name off her paternal grandmother, Sarah, which was near enough and yet didn't sound the same. She loved being with the other dogs but she was very, very wary of me and she was watching your feet all the time. Instead of stroking her with my hand I used to stroke her with my feet with slippers on until she got used to that.

"I took her with me on a lead every time I trained the other dogs. I didn't let her do anything until I could see she was really getting anxious to have a go. So, on the long lead one day, I threw a dummy for her and she picked it up and brought it back. About two days afterwards I threw a pigeon for her and she brought that back. She's getting on very well now. Everyone that saw her, gun-dog people in the club, thought I was being a bit of a crackpot buying a dog like that. This is the one thing that you don't want in a gun-dog, nervousness of any kind but I think this nervousness wasn't basic; it wasn't

there, it was made. I don't think she'll look back now".

All Vic's dogs begin their training on a leash because, otherwise, they would be out of his visual range. "It is easier for a dog to learn a bad habit than something he should be doing. When I get a young puppy, I study it for a while. The thing is to try and get the dog to want to do something to please you, not because it is a duty. When it's a small puppy you let it carry anything that's about the house. If it is a real retriever it will anyway.

Commands

"When he carries your slipper or your tobacco pouch about you might give him a short retrieve on a lead. Throw something into some rough grass. Then you carry on with your training by word of mouth. You get the dog to learn the commands. The first word I use is 'sit'. That is the most essential thing, to get a dog to sit. You can say anything you like really as long as the dog knows what you mean. I say sit because eventually I can bring this to a 'sss' and the dog knows what I mean and that can later be dropped and the whistle can be introduced. You are bringing in your stop whistle which is one long blast.

"One of the best weapons you've got to train a dog is your voice because I don't think there is ever any need to hit a dog. If you've got to hit a dog you've failed. If you speak sternly enough to a dog in a voice like a Sergeant Major, he's going to stop and take notice of you. When he's done whatever you want him to do, for God's sake praise him in a nice kindly voice and I think that's all you need".

Vic builds up a bond with each of his dogs. "They're kennelled but they come in the house as well. I think dogs should live with you then you've got a better chance of knowing the dog. You must get to know a dog and the more he's with you the more he gets to know you. He knows you in all your moods".

The time it takes to teach a dog basic obedience varies with the character of the dog. The boisterous Joe took 12 months, "It isn't that he's stupid, he just takes a bit of handling". Bess, on the other hand, took very little time: "You only had to show her to start with and she had it straight away. I taught her obedience in a month. She is a lot quieter and she is very,



Above, Mary throws the dummy, seen in the air on the left, while Vic fires a blank cartridge before sending Bess to retrieve.

Below, In the woods Bran leaps a hurdle while carrying the dummy.





"They know we are their people".

very brainy. She figures things out for herself very quickly".

Bess is six, just about the best age for a working dog, according to Vic. "I think from about three to eight. They do say a dog can work in a shooting field until it is ten years of age and then it is time to retire it, but I don't think this always answers. Joe is nine now and there's no sign of him slowing up or anything yet".

Training never really stops for an individual dog, but only in small doses. "I usually give them a matter of minutes because you have got to be very careful with this business of dummies—that you don't sicken the dog of it. Because once a gun-dog becomes bored with any of this, well, you might as well pack up. Once you come to the stage where they have picked a shot bird up, from then on you must try and get that balance. If you want to have a bit of fun with them in the summer in tests on dummies, they might make fun of the whole idea, because they are not real birds".

Vic's dogs are real working dogs in that he takes them to shoots up on Exmoor at Bampton. "It may sound a bit dangerous in a shoot but most of the people who belong to a big shoot are pretty well disciplined. The dogs go in front of the guns because they don't shoot any ground game. They're told off severely—a gamekeeper has been known to send a gun off a shoot for doing this. I remain behind the guns.

"Most of the guns have got their own dogs with them. They pick up anything that's fallen near at hand. If we can we usually try to cover the guns that haven't their own dogs and then we're able to help out all round. We're the people that have to pick up the ones that have fallen a long way back or may be wounded and they're running. A bird mustn't be left wounded anywhere. It has to be picked up and killed as quickly as possible. This is where you want a really good dog to bring it in as quickly as you can. He may have to run mile after mile before he finds it. Maybe he hasn't seen it and is just following a scent".

Serious crime

Gun-dogs must be soft-mouthed: "It is a serious crime on the shooting field if a bird is damaged by a dog actually biting it. You cannot teach it to be soft-mouthed but you can make it hard-mouthed. You have to be careful in your choice of dummies. If you used hard pieces of wood they might have to bite into them to hold them. Of course, the thing that will make a dog bite more than anything is if you or your children try and take anything away from him. Having a tug-of-war with your dog, that's fatal. The dog must bring the thing to you willingly and then let you have it in your hand. You train the dog to give it in your hand not on the ground because if it were a wounded bird it would just get up and run away".

Among Vic's training ploys is to let live rabbits out in the dog run and work his puppies there on the lead. "One of the big temptations in the shooting field is a hare running across their path. Well, the natural tendency for any dog is to chase it. This is the sort of thing they mustn't do. Some of the professional trainers have a big rabbit pen where the rabbits are running loose all the time and they do

their basic training in there so that the dog will work quite happily picking up a dummy covered in rabbit skin from a couple of live rabbits. It's sufficient for my purpose to have the rabbits in a run and work the dogs near there to start with. They don't take long, you know, to realise that they mustn't touch them. There again the sharp voice comes in useful. You give them the command 'leave'".

Shooting season

The grouse season starts in August; pheasants on 1st October and the shooting season goes on to the end of January. "The weather never stops a shoot or a test. It is essential that you have wet weather clothing because nothing stops these tests and as for the dogs, certainly it wouldn't stop them. They soon dry off you know. They're lovely dogs to bring up, they've got very smooth coats. If one gets really filthy dirty, you've only got to take him to the nearest river and let him have a swim. A couple of shakes and it isn't long before he's dry again. It's because the labrador has an undercoat and this is pretty water repellent".

The labrador's love of water comes from its ancestry as Vic explains, "They were called the smooth coated Newfoundland dog. They were used by the Newfoundland fishermen to actually catch fish—catch cod in the sea and bring the fish back. These small black labradors came to this country first to Poole Harbour with some Newfoundland fishermen and they were spotted by one of the titled people in the country. He thought it would make a good gun-dog seeing it was so used to water—they're really at home in water—and this is how it all started last century".

Since then the breed has become very popular. After the war the Kennel Club created a show champion but Vic is worried by this creation of a class of labrador bred for showing. "It split the gun-dog breeds in half. I think some of the instinct has been bred out of them".

Vic works as a greensman on the nearby Saunton Golf Course—hard, open-air work, "but that is what I need". Mobility was his biggest problem when he first started. "For quite a while the vastness of the golf course took some adapting to



"The more he's with you, the more he gets to know you"—Vic with Bran.

and, of course from the safety point of view it took some figuring out. Golfers are not always accurate. They might aim for the pin and hit the greenkeeper instead! I depend an awful lot on hearing because golfers are not the world's quietest people, you can usually hear their trolleys coming clattering along and you just get out of the way".

This is not such a problem for Vic just at present as he is working on a new, second course that is being laid out. "It will be the only club in the West of England with two eighteen hole courses", he said proudly. Strangely he is not tempted to play himself although he has heard of other St. Dunstaners who do. "I've managed to wang a few balls along and I've hit my foot once or twice! But I'm not particularly interested in the game. I'd sooner take the rough and tumble of the dog world".

These are well-chosen words recalling those dogs' boisterous welcome for me. But I also recall their instant discipline, the loving circle they made around their master. Their devotion is achieved by kindness, it is Vic's reward for the time he gives to his hobby. "If it wasn't for the time I spend on these dogs I'd have the

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Bob Murrell, London W13 ORX
The Chairman's Note in the October *Review* on the formation of the New Moorgate Trust Fund as a memorial to the late Sir John Ellerman, to promote and extend the use and technique of the Long Cane, prompts me to write this letter of appreciation on the reliability and confidence this inspires.

The Long Cane is a passport to independence, for prior to the tuition given by Jock Carnochan, the short cane had been my only method of mobility. This by virtue that there are no known training applications and thereby its use is restricted to the users own interpretation of how to apply this to suit his home and local conditions, even with a desire for some form of mobility the short cane made life hazardous to such a degree that every unaccompanied step was a venture into the unknown. Now I have no fear!

May I close this letter with a note of sincere thanks to all those whose endeavours during my recent stay and training at Pearson House, made it possible for me to leave home unaccompanied and by being taught Braille, typing, the use of Braille adapted micrometers, and audio measuring equipment makes it possible for me to look forward to a reasonably normal life and to type this letter.

WAYS OF LIFE

—continued

best looking garden in the district", he says. His attitude to his dogs is summed up in the words he used describing to me how they behaved among the crowds of people and other dogs at an event: "I took all six dogs through the line of people and dogs. If one of them stopped behind to chat with another dog or to see what was in someone's picnic basket, they still came after us. They knew we were *their* people".

From Jim Bridges, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand

We are extremely fortunate to have had a few copies of the *Review* sent to us by our friends Audrey and Reg Page of Cross-in-Hand, Sussex.

Barbara and I have enjoyed reading of the activities of your members but particularly about our tape-pal, Reg Page, with whom we correspond regularly in your Winter months and frequently when it rains during your Summer, as Reg is outdoors when the old sun shines in Sussex.

Met through Review

The *Review* has helped us get to know the Pages of Sussex better and it was in the *Review* we first saw photos of Reg and Audrey in their garden and now we have the pleasure of looking at pictures of the equipment so often talked about on tape by all of us.

It was only by chance that we met Reg and Audrey Page as, one day at work, I asked a chap who came from Sussex where he had obtained the lovely music on tape and he told me from Reg Page, and after coaxing the address out of him I wrote to Reg and Audrey. In less than three weeks we had a delightful tape from Reg and as he introduced his better half, a fanfare—fit for a Queen, was dubbed on to the tape and then the voice of Audrey was brought to us for the first time.

Share tapes

There is never a dull moment when listening to a tape made by Reg and Audrey and we in New Zealand often share parts of Reg's tape with many of our 50 odd tape friends in many countries of the world.

Perhaps this letter will do two things—1, Tell others how much fun taping is and 2, let our pals Reg and Audrey Page know how much we treasure their friendship.



IT STRIKES ME

by
Magog

Three Generations in Physiotherapy

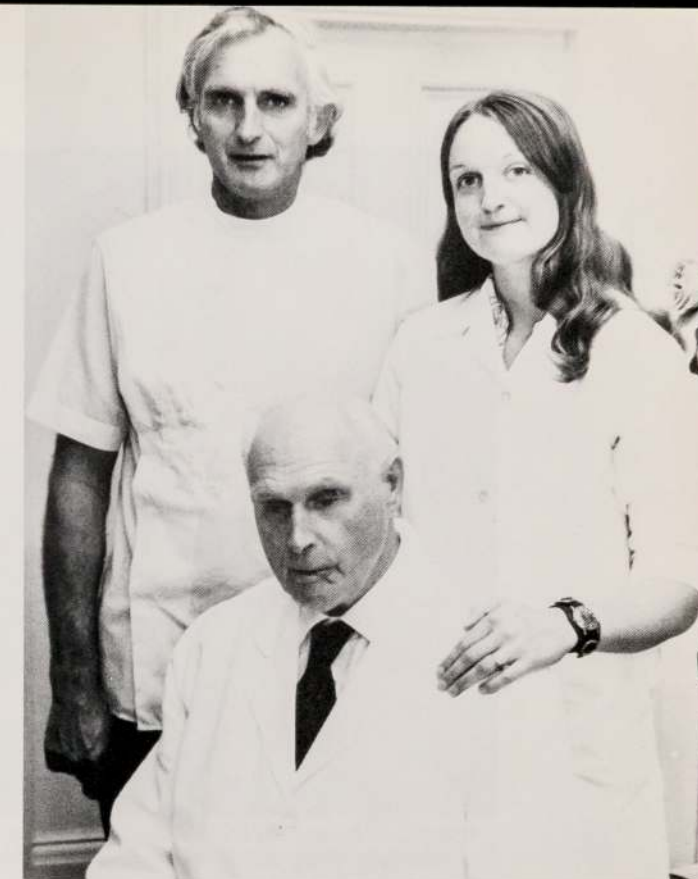
Many a father hopes his son will inherit his interest in a particular business or profession and it is very rewarding when they do. **Leonard Howell**, still in practice as a physiotherapist in Haywards Heath not only has his son Bryan following in his professional footsteps but his granddaughter Julia as well!

Recently qualified, Julia makes the third generation of physiotherapists and all practising under one roof. Not for long for Julia was married in October and will be living on the Dorset/Devon border, where she hopes to continue with her profession there.

Our photograph shows Leonard, seated, with Bryan and Julia.

Then and Now

I have been looking over a 53 year old newspaper, the *Gibraltar Chronicle* of August 24th, 1921. On its front page is featured "A letter from London" rounding up news and topics. Top of the list—surprise, surprise—Ireland and Government negotiations with Sinn Fein, with bombs exploding in Belfast. Other perennial topics include criticism of young people by their elders for lack of respect for tradition and usage. Twenty thousand umbrellas were left in the Paris tube that



Photo—Mid-Sussex Times

year. At the local cinema "colossal" programmes were promised including "Alchemy of Love".

The item particularly of interest to me was in a list of St. John's Ambulance Association awards. Among the junior certificates presented by Lady Smith-Dorrien at Government House was to T. McKay. Yes, our **Tommy McKay** who was then 12 years old and living in Gibraltar with his family, his father was a regular soldier with the Royal Engineers. He still has his certificate awarded for general knowledge about minor wounds, splints and dressings. "I remember I had a job keeping a head bandage on" he told me. "It was really a lovely long holiday for us children—because of the heat we went to school only in the mornings, although we started early." Happy memories for Tommy in many ways, in what must have been a different world. Just a glance at the ads in the *Chronicle* confirms this. "Men's suits from 22/6d". The news may not have changed but the prices have.



Ernest Alexander, our St. Dunstaner from Bournemouth is presented to H.M. the Queen at the 60th Reunion of the Old Contemptibles held at Aldershot.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

After busy campaigning days and uncertain weather, the smell of chrysanthemums and the sound of rustling leaves makes one think of our middle years. So remember when the days of Spring and youth are over, one can usually settle down to enjoy a more leisurely time. Those of us who may have other interests must give our continual support to older members who are the foundation of all our social activities within the London Club. So it may be noted that a hand of bridge can always be arranged after a game of dominoes on a Thursday evening.

Domino winners during the month of September were as follows:

- | | | |
|----------------|---|----------------------------|
| 5th September | 1 | C. Hancock |
| | 2 | R. Pringle |
| 19th September | 1 | C. Hancock |
| | 2 | J. Padley |
| 26th September | 1 | J. Majchrowicz |
| | 2 | R. Armstrong
P. Sheehan |

W. MILLER

MIDLAND

The weatherman's outlook for the day was poor but the members of the Midland Club had a good outlook as this day, Sunday, 6th October was the one chosen for our annual outing to Stratford-upon-Avon. We left Birmingham at 1.45 p.m. and unfortunately it poured with rain all the way there so we went straight to the Royal British Legion. We did this so that members could please themselves whether they stayed under cover in the clubrooms or went for a walk in the rain. Some did decide to do just this and others stayed in the British Legion and played dominoes or chatted.

At 4.30 we all sat down to tea. This had been prepared for us by the Ladies Section of the Stratford Royal British Legion and was a most excellent spread. These ladies work very hard to make sure we have a good tea each time we go and it is very much appreciated by all of our members. Later on the members of the

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.

Leonard Joseph Eyre, of Burton-on-Trent, who came to St. Dunstan's in September 1974. He served during the First World War with two regiments. Firstly the Sherwood Foresters and then with the Machine Gun Corps, and was wounded in Belgium. He is a widower with four children.

Leslie Gilbert of Scunthorpe, came to St. Dunstan's in September 1974. He served in the Buffs and then transferred to the Combined Service Detail Interrogation Centre after the Second World War. He is married.

Charles Hague of Liverpool joined St. Dunstan's in September 1974. He served in the Royal Navy during the Second World War and is married.

James Monaghan of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who came to us in September 1974. He served in the First World War, and was wounded on the Somme. He has also played in a professional capacity for Sheffield Wednesday Football Club. He is a bachelor.

CLUB NEWS—continued

Committee of the branch gave each St. Dunstaner a pint, just to wet his appetite!

We were also entertained by the Quinton Black and White Minstrels, a small group of people who are members of the Stratford branch but go around giving charity shows at various local places. They sang and danced to a piano accompaniment, singing many old songs in which everyone joined. It was first rate entertainment and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

We eventually said our goodbyes and boarded our coach for home. The singing and back-chat carried on all the way to Birmingham.

Weatherwise it had been a miserable day but clubwise it had been very enjoyable, especially during the evening, and we all look forward to our next visit to our friends at the Royal British Legion, Stratford-upon-Avon.

We were very sorry that two of our club members were not able to be with us, Eddie Hordyniec, who was just getting over an operation, and Tom O'Connor who was not too well, we wish them both a quick recovery.

Please note that our meeting in November is on the first Sunday of the month, 3rd November, so that we avoid Armistice Sunday.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

STAFF OBITUARY

Miss L. M. A. Norman

We regret to announce the death of *Miss L. M. A. Norman* on Wednesday, 25th September, 1974. Miss Norman was in the Stores Department from 1920 until her retirement in 1946. She was concerned with the Boots Section which in those days was a very flourishing part of the Stores Department. Miss Norman was 87 years of age and had remained active until she had a slight stroke a year ago.

Miss Yvonne Heywood

It is with deep regret we have to announce the death, on 22nd September 1974, of *Miss Yvonne Heywood*.

Miss Heywood served in several Head-quarter Sections prior to her appointment as Secretary in the Industrial Department where she served for the last eight years.

Many St. Dunstaners who have had dealing with the Department over the past years will know of her understanding and ready help.

The funeral was attended by Mrs. Brown, Mr. Barlow, Mr. Wiggins, Miss French and Mrs. Gracie. Mr. and Mrs. Owens attended the service at the Crematorium. Sprays of flowers were sent, one message read "With deepest sympathy from friends and colleagues at St. Dunstan's", the other "From close friends of her Department at St. Dunstan's".

Reading Time

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 471

The Bright Cantonese

by Alexander Cordell

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 6¾ hours

Mei Keyling is young, beautiful and a Chinese agent. While she is in Peking having a spot of espionage tuition, there is an atomic explosion in the Canton area, with appalling devastation and loss of life.

The device proves to be a war-head fired from an American warship. A black sailor deserts from the ship in Hong Kong and is skilfully guided to Mei Keyling (who has just smuggled in, single-handed, eight hundred survivors from the holocaust). Her job is to find out just how much he knows. Instead she falls in love with the man – which is not at all the way a Red Guard (Class 2) ought to behave.

Next, she hot-foots it to the USA to track down the black-hearted villain who really did make those nasty holes in China. She finds him . . .

This book has all the necessary ingredients for the good spy-thriller, sex, violence and masses of lovely gore. But it has one very remarkable feature. It is most beautifully written. One cannot help feeling that the imagery and poetry are worthy of a more distinguished vehicle. It's rather like reading a Western – only to discover it was written by J. M. Barrie.

And here's the bad news. The story is told in the first person, (by a lovely Chinese girl agent, remember?) – it is read by a Man!

. . . In an American voice.

Cat. No. 529

The Midwich Cuckoos

by John Wyndham

Read by John Dunn

Reading Time 7¼ hours

Midwich is a sleepy little village where nothing has ever happened since the year dot. Then one night a UFO lands and throws an invisible, but impenetrable barrier around the place. Everyone immediately falls asleep, just like the

Sleeping Beauty, awakening twenty-four hours later, apparently none the worse.

However, with the passing of time, it becomes painfully obvious that all the women are, unlike the Sleeping Beauty, pregnant—by implantation, let me hasten to add.

You've guessed it, of course. It's just a cunning wheeze by an Alien Intelligence, to colonise and eventually take over, our poor old Earth. When they arrive the babies are just like the human variety—except they all have yellow eyes, look as alike as a row of Daleks, and have the power to get all their own way, merely by willing it!

As they grow older the children begin to exhibit some not-very-nice little parlour-tricks—like having two men kill themselves, bringing down aircraft, and imprisoning everyone inside the village, by force of willpower, or hypnotism, or whatever "They" would call it.

These frightful kids have to go of course. But how? No sporting Briton could bring himself even to shoot a sitting duck!

But the hour produces the man . . . and he has the answer.

Quite a readable yarn.

If you like that sort of thing.

Cat. No. 417

To Auntie With Love

by Jack de Manio

Read by John Curle

Reading Time 5 hours

Can you possibly imagine a News-Reader on the Overseas Service of the BBC giving his all to Botswana or Uganda or wherever, only to find his script is being rapidly devoured by flames – ignited by a frolicsome colleague? Or having cold water poured over his head while he is reading the news?

Nor can I but Mr. de Manio assures us it *did* happen!

This book is about (if you haven't already guessed) fun and games down at the BBC, including the howlers, the goofs

and verbal maladroitness of some of its most illustrious employees. It also tells in detail the full story of the author's most celebrated "boob" ("The land of the nigger") – which earned him a protracted rest at home, on full pay!

Mr. de Manio calls the collection "The Authentic Folk-lore of the BBC" – whatever that means!

A very funny book but (with all due respect to John Curle) it would have been funnier in the rich fruity tones of its author.

Cat. No. 592

The Space Between The Bars

by Donald Swann

Read by Arthur Bliss

Reading Time 5¾ hours

This is not the Donald Swann of "Drop of a Hat" fame – well, it is, but wearing a very different hat.

The book is a hotch-potch of reminiscences, views and opinions, seen in the context of his Faith – the Gospel according to Donald Swann.

He is a dedicated Pacifist (a conscientious objector, he served with the Quakers in Greece during the War), a devout believer in World Citizenship and Brotherly Love.

Which is fine of course. But he so obviously sees these aims and ideals as the sole monopoly of the Christian Church – he even talks of "a Christian Peace". He takes no heed at all of the fact that such views are shared by countless thousands with differing faiths – or no faith at all.

I found this book presumptuous and humourless and at times excessively tedious.

Cat. No. 219

Point of Departure

by James Cameron

Read by David Broomfield

Reading Time 13½ hours

An alternative title might be "You name it – I've been there!" for there are very few places on earth where this most celebrated of globe-trotting journalists has not penetrated. He says, "I have been five-and-a-half times round the world."

He was present at the obscenity at Bikini and landed with an American invading force in Korea. Wherever there was disaster, natural or man-made, he was sent there. And the manner of his sending often bordered on the lunatic . . . (I was in Paris watching some Yogi when somebody told me to go to Tibet . . . !)

He has known everyone worth knowing. Pandit Nehru was a personal friend. He was once a guest of Schweitzer at Lambaréné and dined with Beaverbrook, Onassis and Churchill.

An absorbing and beautifully-written book about people and places and life, seen through the sharp and penetrating eyes of the "born" reporter.

AGINCOURT AND ROGUES AND VAGABONDS

Esmond Knight, subject of an article in our Ways of Life series last June, is acting solo in a piece written by himself, "Agincourt", at a number of theatres in the Greater Manchester Area. He tells the story of Agincourt in the character of a soldier who enlists in a contingent raised in a remote village in Wiltshire and who took part in the Battle. A shortened version was broadcast on B.B.C. Radio 4 on Sunday, 6th October, under the title "Our King Went Forth to Normandy."

Theatres and dates of Esmond Knight's performances are as follows:

Agincourt

November

2nd, 3rd: Guide Bridge Theatre,

Audenshaw

5th, 6th: The Garrick Theatre, Stockport

7th, 8th & 9th: The Little Theatre, Delph

10th, 11th: The Garrick, Altrincham

12th: Derby School, Bury

14th, 15th: Festival Theatre, Hyde

Rogues and Vagabonds

November

1st: Little Theatre, Bolton

17th: University Theatre, Manchester



In 1939 Col. Sir Mike Ansell won the individual trophy in the Nations Cup at Nice. He is seen riding Teddy in this photograph which appears in "Riding High".

RIDING HIGH

by Colonel Sir Mike Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L.

"Colonel Mike", distinguished St. Dunstaner and one of our Vice-Presidents, has written a complete guide to show jumping, following his now famous autobiography "Soldier On", it is a unique book, one which his vast experience has exceptionally qualified him to write.

Here in one volume, with meticulously prepared illustrations and diagrams, are clearly explained all the principles of choosing and training the horse for show jumping; and of planning a horse show whether large or small, indoors or out-of-doors, down to the subtle details. The leading riders of the show jumping world are discussed and there is a remarkable range of photographs of them in action. The book deals also with designing a course and gives precise particulars for building the obstacles and the other features. Lastly, and significant of Colonel Sir Mike's conviction that the public must

enjoy the show for it to be a success, there is an amusing and brilliantly informative dialogue on the subject of the rules.

"Riding High" is splendidly readable, at the same time it is rich in facts and stimulating in its precision.

Published by Peter Davies Ltd., price £3.90.

EXAMINATION SUCCESS

Leslie, son of *Ernest Bugbee* of Harefield, Middlesex, is to be congratulated on obtaining four passes with distinction in the finals of the Institute of Export Diploma Examinations including a first place in the subject Finance of Overseas Trade. He has also completed a three year course to gain membership of the Institute of Marketing.

STOKE MANDEVILLE DISABLED GAMES

St. Dunstaners present:

B. Miller	M. Tetley	B. Griffiths
D. Purches	T. Tatchell	R. Peart
J. Simpson	N. Perry	F. Lea
P. Spencer		

Escorts

B. Harris	G. Brown	J. Scott
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Prizes gained:

SS 100m Walk
1st B. Miller 2nd D. Purches

TB 100m Walk
1st J. Simpson 2nd R. Peart

TB 60m Sprint
1st J. Simpson 2nd P. Spencer

60m Walk
1st P. Spencer

TB Javelin
2nd Fred Lea

Winning Relay Team. 100m Walk Relay

1st St. Dunstan's

Team: Fred Lea, Peter Spencer, Trevor Tatchell and Tom Daborn.

Congratulations to Fred Lea on his success at his first attendance at the disabled sports meeting since his injuries in Northern Ireland. There were approximately 40-45 blind competitors and the other organisations there taking part, besides St. Dunstan's, were the Royal National Institute for the Blind and the Metro Club.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

BOARDMAN - ALLEN. *Anthony J. Boardman* of London, W.3, married *Mrs. Joan Mary Allen* of Wiltshire, on 7th September, 1974. We wish them every happiness in their life together.

Ruby Weddings

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carney* of Bournemouth, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 6th October, 1974.

Very many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Scott* of Belfast, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 17th October, 1974.

Golden Wedding

Very many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gosney* of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in October 1974. They both also celebrated their 71st birthday in the same month, and we send them our best wishes.

Diamond Wedding

Very many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cook* of Canvey Island, Essex, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 27th September, 1974. Alfred became a St. Dunstaner in January 1968. Their two married sons live near and call frequently to see them. The anniversary was celebrated very quietly at home.

Grandfather

Congratulations to:

Ernest Bugbee of Harefield, Middlesex, on the birth of a grand-daughter born to his son and daughter-in-law, Leslie and Barbara Bugbee, on 13th September, 1974.

Great Grandfather

Congratulations to:

Albert Woollen of Watford, Herts., has great pleasure in announcing the birth of his second great grandchild, born to his grand-daughter Helen and her husband, Robin Robins of Hove, a son, to be called Thomas, on 1st October, 1974.

Long Life and Happiness to:-

Arthur, son of *Herbert Frost* of Manchester, married *Anne Carter* at Oldham, Lancs., on 28th September, 1974.

Brian, eldest son of *Walter Rundle* of Paignton, married *Jacqueline Hitchings* of Paignton, at the United Reform Church on 7th September, 1974.

Jean Mary, daughter of *Harold Westby* of Morecambe, Lancs., married *Robert Howard Foster* on 14th September, 1974.

Peter, son of *Leslie Webber* of Tewkesbury, married *Miss Jane Walker* in the Chapel at Worcester College, Oxford, on 28th September, 1974.

Albert Woollen of Watford, Herts, is pleased to announce the marriage of his grand-daughter, Teresa Legg, who married Anthony Perrett on 20th July, 1974, at St. George's Church, Methwold, Nr. Thetford, Norfolk. They were married by the Bishop of Hulme, Manchester. We wish the young couple all happiness in their married life together.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:-

Ernest Brown of Whitley Bay, who mourns the death of his niece, Pauline Ann Dunn, on 30th September, 1974, after a long and painful illness.

Harry "Johnny" Cope of Newcastle-under-Lyme, who mourns the death of his father who passed away on 8th October, 1974, after a serious illness.

Herbert Pownall of Old Couldson, Surrey, who mourns the deaths of his eldest daughter and his only sister.

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.

Percy Holmes. *The King's Liverpool Regiment*

Percy Holmes of Burgess Hill, Sussex, died at Pearson House on 19th September, 1974. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the King's Liverpool Regiment and served with them from 1915 to 1917 when he was transferred to the Labour Corps and served with them until his discharge in 1919.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1951 and had already been employed in a hospital as a boot repairer but in time he had to give up this work as his wife was seriously ill. Mrs. Holmes died in January 1954 and unfortunately Mr. Holmes' own health was far from strong and shortly after his wife's death he was admitted into hospital in Sussex. On his recovery he moved to Burgess Hill, Sussex, where he has lived for the past twenty years.

He married again and he and his wife enjoyed a long period of retirement neither of them

enjoyed the best of health and sadly Mrs. Holmes died earlier this year.

Mr. Holmes then went to stay at Pearson House and he settled in well with his fellow St. Dunstaners. Although his health had given cause for concern over many years his death was unexpected.

He leaves a son Mr. R. A. Holmes, his wife, his step-daughter, Mrs. Brenchley and step-son, Mr. D. Bennett and their respective families.

Alfred Thomas Hedger. *Civil Defence*

Alfred Thomas Hedger of Herne Bay, Kent, died on 3rd October, 1974, at the age of 70 years.

He was wounded whilst serving with the Civil Defence in the Second World War and came to St. Dunstan's in October 1941. He trained as a shop keeper. As the war was still in progress he settled out of London at Englefield Green, Surrey. Alfred started as a manager of a St. Dunstan's controlled shop but conditions of war-time business became difficult so that after a while the first business had to be given up.

In 1945 Alfred and his wife moved to Herne Bay and started another business running a kiosk for confectionery and tobacco. All went well until floods damaged the building in 1953 and a few months later Mr. and Mrs. Hedger moved to another part of Herne Bay where they have lived ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedger together then ran a very successful business with newspapers and Post Office for many years until Mr. Hedger's retirement in 1964.

During their years of retirement, Mr. and Mrs. Hedger made several visits to America to stay with their married daughter and family. They enjoyed travelling and spent some holidays abroad and it was whilst staying in Spain last year that Alfred's health gave cause for concern. On his return home he was very ill.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Hedger and his son and daughter and their respective families.

Osmond Windridge. *9th Leicester Regiment*

Osmond Windridge of Wigston Magna, Leicester, died suddenly at his home on 22nd September, 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the 9th Leicester Regiment in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in June 1917 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He was wounded in France.

On joining St. Dunstan's he trained as a picture framer and joiner and eventually set up his own small shop. He ran the shop for many years and became a well-known figure in the district. He eventually gave up business in 1954, but he still kept busy and took up joinery at home and made goods for sale through the Stores Department of St. Dunstan's. He also had a garden in which he enjoyed working and he grew a lot of vegetables.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. E. Windridge.