

St Dunstans Review March 1976



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 672

MARCH 1976

10p MONTHLY

Message from the Chairman

MEMORIAL TO LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE

Recently, all St. Dunstaners in the United Kingdom received a letter from me, outlining plans for the erection of a memorial tablet in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Many St. Dunstaners had expressed a wish to contribute to a memorial to Lord Fraser and I suggested that contributions should not exceed £2.00. Our proposals seem to have met with general approval.

If any other readers would like to join in, perhaps they will send their contributions to Mr. C. D. Wills at St. Dunstan's Headquarters. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's.

For those who have not had details, the following is a general description of the design of the tablet.

On the advice of the Abbey experts, we have chosen a stone quarried at Coniston in Lord Fraser's old Parliamentary Constituency. Lord Fraser's Crest and Coat of Arms will appear on the top edge of the tablet.

His profile will be cast in bronze and the inscription which follows will be repeated in Braille on a bronze plate, to be set at the bottom of the tablet at an angle which makes for easy reading by blind persons. The same plate will include St. Dunstan's badge in relief.

Lord Fraser's life's work had many facets and he carried many distinctions. It is impossible to find room to list them. We have therefore given a great deal of thought to writing an inscription which covers his life *in the broadest terms*—his world-wide work for the blind, his active interest in ex-Service men and women, and his long service in Parliament.

Preliminary sketches are now being prepared by the sculptor who we hope will do the work. When these have been approved by us they must be submitted to the Dean and Chapter for their consideration and approval, as the final decision rests with the Abbey authorities. The work will, of course, take some months to complete.

Jon Earnest-Dave

Chairman

COVER PICTURE: Tommy Milligan and Mary Howell, V.A.D., lead the dance at St. Dunstan's Regent's Park, in 1915. See "As I remember" on centre pages.



The Cader Idris Expedition in 1975.

CADER IDRIS CLIMB

For the third year in succession, Mr. R. O. L. Thomas, a Member of St. Dunstan's, has very kindly offered to organise a mountain climb by a party of 5 or 6 St. Dunstaners. As in 1974 and 1975 the selected mountain is Cader Idris.

Accommodation for St. Dunstaners and wives will be arranged by Mr. Thomas, and escorts will be provided for the climb. Expenses will be covered by St. Dunstan's.

The weekend proposed for the climb is Friday 11th to Monday 14th June, and interested St. Dunstaners should write to the *Review*. Applicants should be physically fit; strong boots or shoes fitted with studs or cleats are advisable.

ST. DUNSTAN'S CAMP H.M.S. DAEDALUS

The Royal Navy have very generously invited once again a party of St. Dunstaners to spend a week at H.M.S. Daedalus, Lee on Solent. The dates of the camp this year will be from Friday, 13th August, 1976 until the morning of

Saturday, 21st August, 1976. The camp fee will be £7 and railway fares over £3 will be refunded.

Will all those wishing to be considered for a place at camp please contact: Miss Elspeth Grant, Flat 1, 7 Craven Hill, London W.2. Telephone (after 6 p.m.) 01-262 2723 by 25th May.

Campers will be pleased to know that Jandy and Michael Spurway, Mrs. Avis Spurway's daughter-in-law and son, had a daughter on 28th January, called Melita Lucy Odine.

ROYAL TOURNAMENT AND TROOPING THE COLOUR

It is anticipated that we may be allocated tickets again this year for the Private View of the Royal Tournament at Earls Court on the afternoon of Wednesday, 14th July and also for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony on Saturday, 12th June in the morning.

Any St. Dunstaners who would like to apply for tickets should contact Miss Bridger by Monday, 12th April, 1976, please.

C. D. WILLS

Gardening Supplement

Edited by D. F. Robinson

St. Dunstan's Review

No. 361, March 1976

The gardens in all parts of the country ought to be showing real growth and sowing of most vegetable seeds undertaken, but keep off some of the annuals unless you have a greenhouse or frame.

I have often found it a good plan to put one of the fungicide powders in the seed packet and shake up before sowing, and the large type of seed given an extra dose in the sowing trenches as they often take longer and birds are not so keen when they have to delve in treated areas.

Keep the weeds at bay by using the hoe or even a surface weed killer, but if you do this, don't disturb the soil by forking or raking over for a little time or the effect of these surface chemicals will be destroyed very rapidly if the soil is disturbed.

Do make certain that all the rows or seeding beds are marked well, just in case you forget and dig it up just as the seedlings are due to burst out of the soil. I've done this myself more than once and getting poorer germination at the second attempt.

Don't be in too much of a hurry to give extra fertiliser to young plants as you may kill them off or make them outgrow their worth. When transplanting seedlings to other quarters choose a time when the weather is good and the soil moist but not soaking. Plant at a lower level than when in the seed bed with a clump of soil and firm in position, giving a little water to each plant to settle the roots.

Give these early seedlings, raised in the greenhouse with heat, a little more time under glass in the coolest part, and place outside during the day to get acclimatised before pushing them out in the world.

Once again, whether you have a greenhouse or only raise seeds in the house, do try something different even though it may be difficult. It's always a challenge and gives one great pleasure to succeed and see what some plants are like in real life rather than from descriptions in books or on the radio.

Vegetables

Nearly all items for the Kitchen garden can now be sown in their appointed places. Don't however, start if the weather is very wet or very cold; wait a few days to let the earth dry up and warm a little. These few extra days won't make any difference to the crop and may even give you much better germination.

Clear away all those greens which are tending to go to seed and others showing signs of not making anything of themselves. This will enable you to cultivate these areas ready either for those seeds or transplanted items from early sowings.

Keep all the ground clear of weeds by regular hoeing and use an insecticide spray plus a fungicide to ward off attacks, and do this regularly, but do vary the type of insecticide. Ensure from the instructions if the item used is suitable for the crops or all your hard work will have been wasted. Get all those climbing bean structures ready to put in place and ensure that all the netting, string, canes, wires etc. are in good order and replace any which are suspect. It's not much use to find you are short of an item at the last moment when everyone else is asking for the same thing; be a little in advance of the average gardener.

Fruit

Don't do any more planting of new trees or bushes until the autumn and complete any pruning which was left over because of weather conditions.

A lime sulphur spray used now will help to combat the insects getting settled in and also deter moulds doing their worst. A weak spray with an insecticide or even Jeyes will be a good deterrent against most troubles which come along amongst those apples, pears and soft fruit.

Keep the soil open round trees by hoeing regularly and some of the area could be used for some surplus vegetable seedlings.

Lawns

Rake over the lawn and brush afterwards to get rid of the surplus gouged up. This will also help to get rid of the moss, in addition some manure would help the grass to go ahead during the summer, especially in the thin patches.

Grass seed can be sown but dress it over with some pepper as cats appear to like the loose soil in the lawn and can play havoc with the seed sown patches.

Flowers

Now is the time to start work in the colour borders in order to have a really good show outdoors and to give high quality blooms for indoor use.

All hardy annuals can be sown now. As with the vegetables do choose the right weather and don't just sow because it says so on the labels. In the North you may have to wait till the end of the month or later, but in the deep South and West, early on.

Cut away any broken or dead shoots from shrubs and perennials. Firm in place again where there have been strong winds about and add a little soil round the roots especially where some items have surface roots showing. A mixture of soil and peat will be a good mulch and put a bit more on those plants which have some strong shoots above ground level.

Many shrubs can be lightly pruned to encourage new growth and all soil round them forked over, and a little general fertiliser worked in, but don't be too heavy handed as yet.

Towards the end of the month, when frost is not about, Roses can be pruned. Remember to cut to an outward facing bud and well down the bush. Keep the centre open and cut away any really spindly growth.

Take off the old flower heads from Hydrangeas now and cut down to a good bud on the stronger growths. All the small thin spindly shoots should be cut down to ground level, don't be afraid of cutting hard as I have found that it makes

for much better flowers during the summer.

Some plants which have grown too sprawly can be divided up—those with strongest shoots retained, and the rest consigned to the compost heap or dustbin.

Keep the borders clean and clear of weeds by regular hoeing out. Don't dig up those surface rooting bulbs such as Crocus, as there will still be some colour to come from them.

Greenhouse

Those with little or no heat will be making a start with all those seeds for growing, as pot plants and others for making a show in the borders, window boxes and the like.

There may be some frosts still to come along but if the seed boxes are covered over with newspaper at night and kept a distance from the glass, no harm will come to seedlings though germination may take a little longer. Do remember that where you have heat, boxes and pots of plants and seeds will dry up a good deal quicker than in a cold house, but it's better to be on the dry side than too wet.

Cuttings taken in the autumn will almost certainly have to be moved into large containers and kept near the source of light or you may have drawn plants. Most tall items can be safely nipped at the growing point to give bushier growth, but either do it before potting or some time after to allow the plant to settle into new quarters.

Pot grown bulbs will be nearly over now so it will be best to set them outside to die down in a spare corner of the garden or even knocked out of their pots and plunged in a bed to give a spot of colour next spring, but don't expect too much.

Keep insects and moulds down by the regular use of smokes, or spray with insecticide and fungicide, but do use a very fine mist spray and not in full sunshine or scorching may occur.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 1911

Famous Trials

Edited by Harry Hodge

Read by Franklin Engelman

Reading Time 13 hours

The title is something of a misnomer, the emphasis in each case is not on the trial itself, but on the events leading up to the arrest, together with a wealth of background detail concerning the principal characters in the drama.

The eight cases constitute probably the best known of all the *causes celebres* of the last seventy years. These range from the trial of Madeleine Smith (verdict "Not Proven"), to that of Brown and Kennedy, hanged for the killing of a policeman.

Each account is by a different contemporary writer whose styles range from the downright pompous to the pleasantly archaic.

But the result makes fascinating reading since it deals with that most enthralling of subjects, unlawful violent death—and real-life murder at that.

Cat. No. 1453

Rosie is My Relative

by Gerald Durrell

Read by Anthony Parker

Reading Time 9½ hours

Adrian Rookwhistle lives a dull, humdrum life as a clerk. In lodgings, he is constantly menaced by his landlady's atrocious cooking.

He receives a letter from a solicitor informing him that an almost-forgotten uncle has died and left him one "Rosie", together with £500 for her upkeep. The letter also implies that the lady has a *certain weakness*.

Rosie proves to be a fully grown elephant with a decided penchant for strong drink. Adrian decides that his only course is to give her (and the £500) to a circus on the coast, a week's walking distance.

At first all goes well, for Rosie is a docile and friendly beast. But her weakness for strong drink proves their undoing.

Adrian and his alcoholic pachyderm leave a trail of devastation and ruin behind them, including a hunt unceremoniously scattered in total disorder, one theatre partially demolished and one Stately Home rather the worse for wear.

Inevitably retribution overtakes them, and Adrian finds himself lodged in a prison cell . . .

This is a very funny book. The characters are as outrageous as their names—Mr. Pucklehammer, Peregrine Filigree, Ethelbert Cleek, to name but a few.

Like all good fairy tales it ends happily. Rosie gets a good home (not in a circus), and Adrian gets a good wife—who happens to be a splendid cook.

Did I say fairy tale? Mr. Durrell assures us it is based on fact! Incredible!

Cat. No. 1338

Madame Bovary

by Gustave Flaubert

Translated by Gerard Hopkins

Read by John Richmond

Reading Time 15½ hours

Emma, young and vivacious and with a taste for change and excitement, soon finds life as the wife of a country doctor beginning to pall. M. Bovary is away for most of the day; at home he is dull, set in his ways, oafish.

Madame Bovary has not found in marriage that "elegant existence" for which she has long been searching. The dull monotony of small-town life oppresses her, she longs for freedom and life. She embarks on a series of amorous adventures.

To carry out her many deceits she has to have money. Soon she is hopelessly in debt. There is nothing left to pawn or sell or mortgage. Her unfortunate husband is blissfully ignorant of her calumny. Her lovers have tired of her. There is nothing left for her but death.

Flaubert's classic story of folly and passion loses nothing in this admirable translation and the reader is given a brilliant picture of French provincial life in the mid-nineteenth century.

Cat. No. 680

The Guns of Navarone

by Alistair MacLean

Read by Peter Reynolds

Reading Time 12¾ hours

British forces are trapped on a tiny Greek island. They could be taken off by sea but the narrow approach channel is guarded by the great guns of Navarone. This island fortress is impregnable to conventional attack but the German guns must be silenced.

A "suicide mission" of five picked saboteurs sets off on this apparently hopeless task . . .

Naturally they succeed, but only after a series of the most hair-raising adventures. The "impregnable" fortress and its deadly arsenal blows up just as the rescue ships race up the channel.

This is one of those books where adjectives like "thrilling" and "exciting" and "action-packed" seem inadequate. The novel is a masterpiece of the story-teller's art and surely one of the best of its kind.

Derby Sweepstake 1976

Applications are once again invited from St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees for tickets in the *St. Dunstan's Review* Derby Sweepstake. The attention of everyone is drawn to the rule that **every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.**

Tickets are 20p each, and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, 19th May**. Each application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, and **with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed**, must be sent to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and

Cat. No. 1065

Saturday at MI9

by Airey Neave

Read by David Broomfield

Reading Time 11½ hours

The author escaped from Colditz in 1942 and made his way by devious means back to the UK.

He was recruited by MI9 to organise the recovery and safe return of those airmen, shot down in occupied territory, who had managed to evade capture.

Thus were established the secret lines along which hundreds of air-crew members were brought to freedom. Most of them were able to fly again. Some were killed in action.

This is more than a real-life cloak-and-dagger tale of code names, hairbreadth escapes and double agents. It is a testament to hundreds of ordinary men and women, living under the German Terror, who constantly risked torture and death for the Allied cause.

crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered.

Tickets will be issued consecutively, and are limited to twenty-five.

The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and expenses, will be distributed as follows:

50 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.

20 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.

10 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.

20 per cent to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts in the race.

No prize won in the Sweepstake will be paid to any person other than the person to whom the winning ticket was sold.

The Draw will take place in the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 27th May, the race being run on 2nd June.

OVINGDEAN NOTES

The Story so far:

December, you may recall, ended with New Year revels, much hilarity, and total exhaustion, at the approach of 1976. Now read on:

New Year's Day was spent quietly, but in the nicest way, for the Chairman and Mrs. Garnett-Orme, together with Dr. J. O'Hara, were our guests. Both Mr. Garnett-Orme and Dr. John expressed their hopes and good wishes for the future, which were much appreciated and heartily applauded. That evening saw our last foray of the festive season—to the pantomime, "Cinderella" at Worthing.

"Godspell" continued its third run at the Theatre Royal—it is fortunate that the management does not rely solely on us for its profits, as very few made bookings. However, there was plenty of entertainment in the house. We were visited by the Venturas Concert Party, the Maxi Five (a group of young musicians who played modern dance music) and the Nucleus Theatre Group, who presented the comedy "Breath of Spring". It concerned a group of people in late middle-age who were living in genteel poverty. Almost by accident, they became fur-thieves, and their mis-adventures provided much amusement. One of the parts was played by the wife of St. Dunstaner Johnnie Lee, and very good she was too. We also enjoyed another of Tom Eales' "Stereo Mixtures", which included fifty guitars playing "Michelle", Nana Mouskouri singing "Try to Remember", "Scarborough Fair" and a lovely old song, "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine". Oh, if only all "mixtures" were as palatable as this! Mickey Robinson thanked Tom for another entertaining and relaxing evening, and his words were endorsed by all of us. Other record programmes were given by V.A.D.s Mrs. Catt and Miss Twell, and these were much enjoyed.

On one Tuesday evening this month we invited two friends of many years' standing, Mr. Cyril Haslett and Mrs. Dolly Harmer, to entertain us with "Four Hands—One Piano". It was all very informal and turned out to be one of the happiest evenings we have had for

some time—everyone enjoyed the talented playing, and joined in the songs they knew. After the interval, members of the audience became really involved, and soloists readily obliged. We discovered several lights which had been hidden under bushels, particularly Fred Harriss who, at the age of 81, performed an amusing old song entitled "The Dear Little Girl" in the most delightful way. Nice one, Fred!

Adventures in China

One Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Edward Lewis, who is widely travelled, came to talk to us about his adventures in China. He visited there in 1949 and had first-hand knowledge of both Communist and Nationalist leaders, though we bore in mind that visiting a country is vastly different from living in it. Enormous strides have obviously been made in the last twenty-odd years to help the under-privileged, but, it would seem, at the cost of personal freedom. Perhaps we could say that circumstances dictate one's priorities. In the chair was our good friend Mr. Stokes, and we thank him and Mr. Lewis for an interesting afternoon.

Our usual Drives took place (we're a hardy lot), Bingo, Dominoes, and the Monday-night Dances. On the last Tuesday of the month we much enjoyed a "family sing-song" around the piano, with V.A.D. Mrs. Wright cheerfully accompanying everything from "My Old Dutch" to "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" Wally Andison rendered "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" and strong men wept. But fear not, they were comforted by kindly V.A.D.s and hot coffee—a heady combination.

The month had its sadness—Joseph Pakalnis, who has been "Mother" to so many in Sick Bay, retired after 19 years on the staff. We wish him a happy retirement—his fractured English and kindly ways will be missed. We were all grieved when Matron's secretary for 15 years, Mrs. Joan Caddy, died after a bravely fought battle lasting for several months. She was, in every way, a lovely person.

Brighton itself has been quiet this

month, and the weather mixed. During the latter part, the Dome and Pavilion Theatre have been taken over by the Toy Fair, and as several cinemas have either closed or been converted into Bingo Halls, entertainment in the town has been at a premium. However, we have plenty of talent among our St. Dunstaners; for instance we have much enjoyed Bill Claydon's impromptu performances at the piano. His gentle style of playing is most soothing, and your Entertainments Officer was drawn to the Lounge one morning, when she should have been wrestling with the accounts. She began to sing "Moon River" into the ear of an elderly St. Dunstaner, under the impression that she was being really rather enticing, but as the last notes died away, without changing his dead-pan expression, he said: "Have you booked me on the Drive?" Ladies—have you ever felt that a career as a sex-kitten was just not for you? Back to the accounts...

Please join us next month for a further instalment of "Life at the Big House."

STAFF OBITUARY

Mrs. Joan Caddy

St. Dunstaners and Staff will be sorry to hear of the death on Tuesday, 27th January, of Mrs. Joan Caddy (formerly Rokosz), who was Matron's secretary at Ovingdean and Pearson House since 1960.

Her efficiency as a secretary, and her unflinching good humour will be sadly missed.

A collection was made in both Houses, and at Headquarters, for flowers, and a sheaf of carnations was sent from everyone. It has been decided, with her husband's approval, to send the balance of the collection to Cancer Research, and this will amount to £35.

Joan Caddy was Secretary of the Brighton and Hove Operatic Society, having been a member for 20 years. She married the Society's Chairman, Mr. Leonard Caddy, last March. Mr. Tony Ramsey, a former Chairman, said: "She will be greatly missed, not only for her exceedingly efficient work but also for her most generous and sympathetic nature which was appreciated by everyone."

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON SOCIAL AND SPORTS CLUB

The Club activities are proceeding very well. We are getting a very good response to the Dominoes and Whist Aggregates, and to the Knockout Competitions, and we thank members for their support. It has been very cold and miserable, and due to lots of colds and sneezes it's certainly been an effort to leave a warm fire—still, you have all attended in large numbers and enthusiastically supported all meetings.

We must express our most genuine and sincere thanks to our Chairman, and his wife, of the entertainments committee, Bill and Monica Claydon, for their excellent work. Due to stress and ill health they have been forced to resign. Madam President, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Committee and Members wish them to know that the very hard work entailed in starting a brand new club is fully appreciated, and we are most grateful to them. We extend our heartiest good wishes for their complete recovery, and hope to see them back with us soon. Thanks, Bill and Monica.

The death of our dear friend and fellow St. Dunstaner, Sam Webster, was a great shock to all of us and he will be sadly missed. We offer our deepest sympathy to his wife Hilda. All we can say is that though he is no longer with us, he will always be in the thoughts of his friends, so not forgotten.

May we take this opportunity of saying "Welcome to the Club" to our very dear friend Mr. Joe Kennedy, who has just become an Honorary Member of the Club. We look forward to seeing him more often, and there is no need to say how helpful he is, as always.

The Dance in January was, as usual, a great success. Though cold outside, the atmosphere inside was very warm and jolly, with extra for this in the attendance of our St. Dunstaner and member, Mr. Joe Langley and his new bride, Margaret, who were married that day. Many congratulations to the happy couple, and good wishes for the future from their friends at the club.

BILL PHILLIPS

Bridge Section

Saturday, 17th January

A pairs match was held in the Annexe of Ian Fraser House. The participants thought it was a great success, each St. Dunstaner playing with a sighted partner. We plan to make this a monthly event, and any St. Dunstaner who is a member of the Brighton Club is cordially invited to take part.

The winners were:

North-South	
A. Smith and Mrs. Smith	64
East-West	
W. Scott and R. Goodlad	79

Saturday, 31st January

A team of eight St. Dunstaners faced the frost to meet their opponents in the warmth and comfort of Seaford Golf Club. This was our first away match of the year. The Seaford team won the day, not only at the bridge table but with the friendliness and the generous hospitality shown to us all.

Saturday, 7th February

The second individual was held with the following results:

R. Fullard and W. Burnett	73
A. Dodgson and B. Simon	65
J. Padley and F. Griffiee	64
W. Scott and A. Smith	60
W. Lethbridge and W. Phillips	56
C. Walters and M. Clemments	55
R. Bickley and P. McCormack	52

We apologise to Miss Blodwyn Simon for printing her name as "J. Simmons" in the February *Review*!

W. LETHBRIDGE

Bowls Section

The Bowling Club is now well established at Ian Fraser House; aggregate competitions are run weekly, and club membership has increased over the last few months.

During the indoor season the club is entertaining and playing some of the bowling clubs in the Brighton area. All members are looking forward to the outdoor season starting in May, with visits to our friendly clubs along the South Coast.

We take great pleasure in welcoming three new Bowlers to the Section, namely Dickie Brett, Bob Osborne and Bill Claydon, and after seeing them in action, I guess the old hands will have to look to their laurels (keep it up, lads).

December 12th was a real Red Letter Day for us, as we were able for the first time to invite our old friends from the Hove and Kingsway Bowling Club to Ian Fraser House for an Indoor Bowling Match. This turned out to be a closely contested match, which ended in a close win for us. The ladies, not to be outdone by the men, provided a wonderful tea for us all. (Thank you, ladies).

Another match was held in the Annexe on January 9th. This time it was against St. Ann's Wells Bowling Club, in which we were beaten very easily, but once again the ladies came to the rescue and provided a grand tea, which was appreciated by all. (Thank you, girls).

We are looking forward to the coming months, during which we hope to invite two or three clubs to the Annexe, before commencing a full summer fixture list when we look forward to meeting old and new friends.

TED FREARSON
Captain

Results of the Dominoes Aggregate, Round Three

Equal first	Mrs. Mudge
	Mrs. J. Osborne
Equal third	Mrs. N. Bickley
	R. Bickley
	T. Frearson
	H. Preedy
	T. Mugan
	W. Holmes

The second round for the Dominoes Fives and Threes Competition has now been posted on the notice board, and competitions are well under way.

Fishing Section

On Friday 16th January members of the Club left Newhaven Harbour aboard the "Pisces" eager for another day's sport.

The fish were biting all day and this resulted in some good catches. Almost 100 lb. of fish was landed and weighed in at the Harbour Tackle shop at the end of the day: 30 lb. by J. Morrish, 20 lb. by

W. Lethbridge and 19 lb. by W. Phillips. There were some good Channel Whiting and Robin Huss.

This is the third Club trip since the formation of the Section. The weather has been kind to us, and we have been able to enjoy three good days' fishing.

Whist Aggregate January 7th

Gentlemen	
R. Bickley	89
W. Phillips and R. Fullard	83
Ladies	
Mrs. A. Walker	95
Mrs. M. Crabtree	87
Mrs. B. Griffiths	79

LONDON

Talks are currently taking place with a view to reorganising the London Club. We therefore postponed the A.G.M. pending the outcome of these talks.

Meanwhile activities are continuing in the usual way.

The winners of the Thursday Dominoes during January were:

8th January	B. Miller and J. Majchrowicz	Equal 1st
15th January	M. Sheehan	
22nd January	B. Miller and R. Armstrong	Equal 1st
29th January	B. Miller	

The Football Pontoon was won by:

Equal 1st	A. Caldwell and Mrs. Carney	£4 each
Lowest	Mrs. Evans	£1.30
		W. MILLER

MIDLAND

Two Club meetings have been held during this New Year, the first on Sunday, 11th January, and the second on Sunday 8th February. Both were well attended and we were able to make some good progress in planning this year's events.

During the January meeting we made the draw for our domino competitions and got away to a good start both in the singles and doubles, and more progress was made in February.

We have decided that the venue for our outing should be nearer to home, thus cutting down the travelling time and coach costs. We are planning to go to Symonds Yat on Sunday, 4th July.

This will be a day's outing, and we may have a half-day outing later on in the year.

It has been necessary to appoint a new treasurer because of the death of Louis Androlia, and Eddie Hordyniec has been elected to fill this office. We all wish him and his wife Marjorie the best of luck. I am sure that Eddie will do a good job on our behalf.

The teas for these two meetings were arranged for us by Mrs. Inga Maries in January and by Mrs. Sallie Bilcliff in February. We all thanked the two ladies for putting on such lovely spreads.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

BOWLING CHAIRMAN

We were very pleased to learn that Alec Rimmer has been made the first chairman of the Ashcombe Blind Bowling Club, which was founded at the instigation of the Weston-Super-Mare Rotary Club. Members visit the indoor club at Clevedon, one morning each week, and in the summer will be able to use the facilities of the Ashcombe club at Weston, in one of the public parks.

PRESENTATION

Norman Dugdale, of Manchester, has worked for I.C.I. for thirty years—he is a radio call operator at their establishment at Blackley. In November the firm gave a dinner for their employees who were to receive long-service awards, and Norman had chosen as his a gift for his wife, Elsie—a beautiful gold bracelet, with which she was delighted. Norman hopes to go on working for a few years yet, but will certainly treasure the memory of their presentation evening in 1975.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**From: George Fallowfield,
Durrington, Worthing, Sussex**

May one be permitted to congratulate and thank those responsible for the reports on Christmas at Ovingdean and Pearson House? I thoroughly enjoyed reading the Pearson House report—THANK YOU.

**From: Sydney Scroggie, Kirkton of
Strathmartine, by Dundee, Angus,
Scotland**

A friend of mine reports that on a visit to the Canaries he met an old lad lounging on the beach taking the sun. He was lean and brown, had a bottle of wine on one side of him and a volume of verses on the other, and had an air of blissful contentment about him not often seen in this collapsing world. My friend got on the crack with him, and found out that this chap had been wounded in the Great War, been awarded a small pension, and thereafter meditated the question what to do with the rest of his life.

It occurred to him, with a distaste amounting to revulsion, that if he remained in Britain he would have to get a job to supplement his meagre income, and looking around for some place where this degrading expedient would not be necessary he decided in favour of the Canaries, where he had amiably idled away his time ever since, his pension being adequate to meet all his needs.

Now when I was slaving away in the National Cash Register Company,

From: Roy W. Hyett, Pearson House

Would it be a good idea if those St. Dunstaners who wished to, were to send cheques to the BBC, divisible by fifty-two, to cover a whole year's donations to "The Week's Good Cause", in view of the punitive postal payments nowadays?

What do other St. Dunstaners think, please?

helping them to make their silly business machines, I often thought of this fellow, not in the way of envy but in a mood of high-minded condemnation of someone who could so reprehensibly abandon the honest labour which Society enjoins upon us all, for this disgusting lotus life of his in the voluptuous and enervating environment of a sub-tropical island paradise. Now that I am retired however, to look back on a quarter of a century of my life devoted to the manic absurdities of industry, I realise with a sinking heart that perhaps this unabashed idler in the Canaries had the right idea. He, after all, taking the sun, sipping his wine and reading his book of verses, was guiltless of any charge of helping to degrade the species of which he was a truant member. I for my part may have to answer for it some day that I added my weight to keep Industry going, a prime element in the emasculation, stultification and moral collapse of Man.

Now that I am retired it is possible, at any rate, to repent at leisure. Meantime the old lad in the Canaries slumbers on, his conscience easy, and on his lips just the hint of an ironic smile.

working in a geriatric hospital; with spastic children; the mentally and physically handicapped; and cleaning and painting the homes of some old folk. She loved it, and was highly commended at the finish for her initiative and enterprise. Mary's attendance was sponsored by the Somerset Local Authority, and it sounds as if both she, and those she helped, benefitted greatly.



Jimmy Wright demonstrates Nine Men's Morris. His opponent is Sheila Spencer, of our Public Relations Staff.

NINE MEN'S MORRIS

Nine Men's Morris is an old traditional Cornish game, which Jimmy Wright found to be suitable for blind people to play.

"It struck me as possible because the grooves are nice and deep and well-defined. They cover a limited number of peg-holes and there are just three squares inside each other so it seemed reasonable for a blind person to learn."

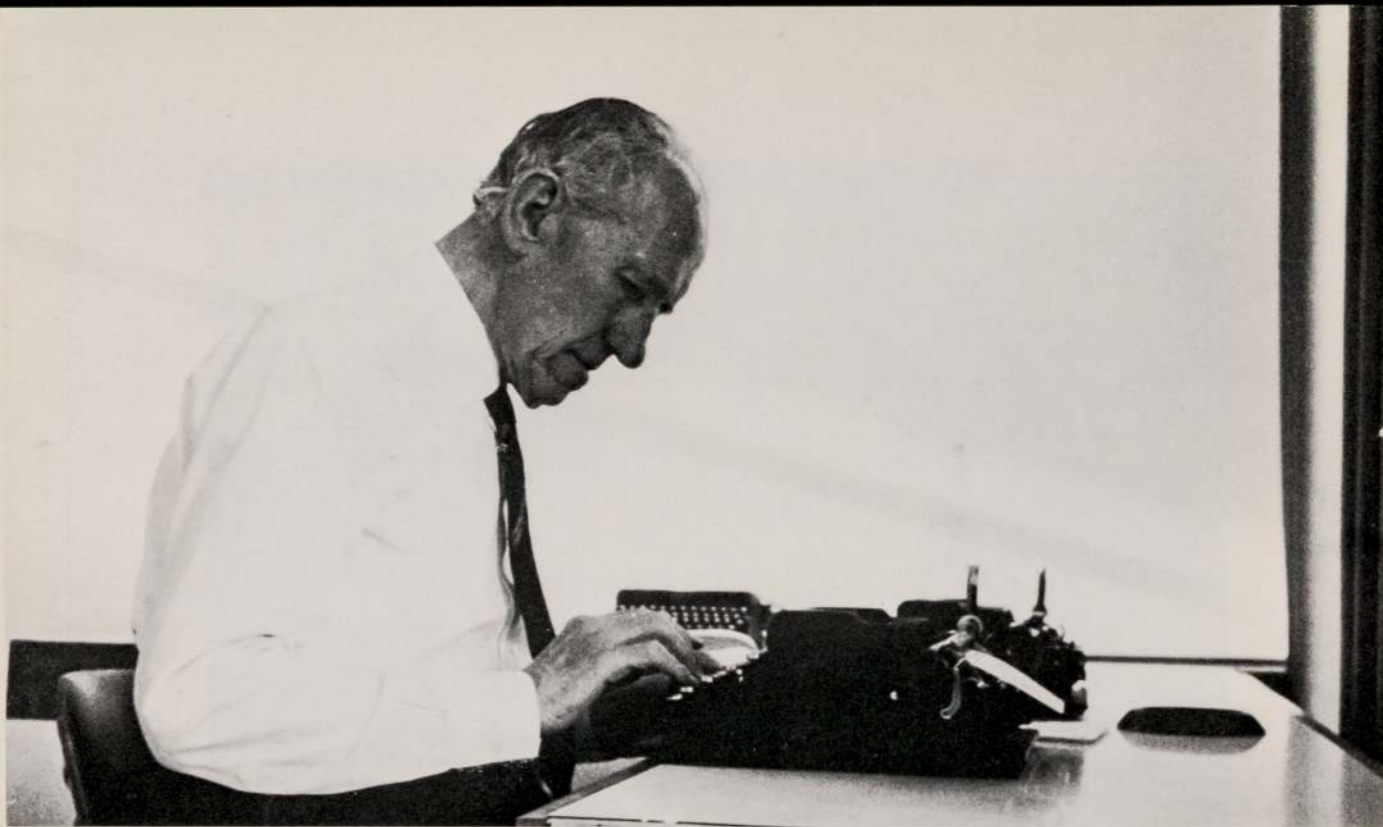
Jimmy was introduced to the game by a friend, David Hyde, when he visited his home Retallack Farm, near Constantine, Cornwall. Each player has nine men, which are placed alternately into the holes on the board. If either player succeeds in forming a line of three men following the marked grooves he is able to remove one of the opposing men that are not in a set of three. The winner is the person who

removes seven opposing men, but there are further complications as the game goes on which make it a fascinating contest. A contest which can be against sighted players—the only adaptation needed is putting a point on the white men. "I have played my sighted niece, Sara, who is sixteen, but I am afraid she beat me", confessed Jimmy.

One of the attractions of the game is the board sliced from a tree trunk and cut from trees on David Hyde's land. A board similar to the one shown in our photograph costs £7.50. Incidentally, Jimmy and Janet recommend David Hyde's holiday cottages at Retallack Farm, situated as it is just seven miles from Falmouth and near the famous Helford River, with views to the South and West over the Lizard peninsular.

MEETING A CITY CHALLENGE

Mary Wilson, eighteen-year-old second daughter of St. Dunstaner *Tug Wilson*, of Littleton, near Somerton, Somerset, has just completed a course with the Outward Bound Trust, called City Challenge. It is for the seventeen to twenty-five age group, and lasts three weeks. Designed to stimulate self-knowledge and understanding of others, Mary's course included



Tommy Milligan in the typing room at Pearson House.

AS I REMEMBER

Tommy Milligan talks to David Castleton

This is the first of a series of interviews with those whose memories are part of the unwritten history of St. Dunstan's. To start at the beginning meant a journey, appropriately enough, to Pearson House in Brighton. I was to meet Tommy Milligan, living there permanently now in retirement after a busy career which has taken him into the military hospitals of the first war as a masseur; into France and Germany learning those languages to make himself a translator for commercial firms; into a British P.O.W. camp in World War II where he used his German linguistic skill to teach Braille to blinded German prisoners of war, and to Church Stretton where he taught Braille shorthand to St. Dunstaners.

Tommy is not a man who likes to talk about himself, but when I began to ask him about the beginnings of St. Dunstan's in February 1915 his admiration of Sir Arthur Pearson—or Mr. Pearson as he was when Tommy first met him in a Welsh

Military Hospital—soon set him chatting as his memory took him back to those early days of the First World War.

He enlisted in the Irish Guards in May, 1914. In less than three months the First World War broke out and within another four months, in December 1914, Tommy had been blinded in action at La Bassée, in France.

"When I was wounded and brought to England I was sent to a military hospital in Wales and Arthur Pearson came down there to open a wing of the new Institute for the Blind in Cardiff. He brought me back with him—I travelled with him to Paddington Station and from there to Bayswater."

This came about through a wealthy Cardiff shipbroker, Tommy recalled, "When I arrived as a wounded man in a convoy from France, they put a little paragraph in the Cardiff newspapers to say that among the wounded who arrived last night was one who had been

blinded. I think nearly everybody in Cardiff who knew Braille came up to the hospital to offer to teach me."

At that time Tommy was too ill and the Medical Officer turned the would-be Braille teachers away, except for a girl of seventeen whom he asked to come back. She was the daughter of the shipbroker, whose interest in the blind had been aroused by his child's own eye troubles. She had learned Braille on medical advice that more studying would endanger her sight. So Tommy had a Braille teacher who gave him a flying start for his later work at Bayswater Hill and Regent's Park and, through her father, an early introduction to Arthur Pearson who was then about to launch his new Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors.

"I was told that I was being transferred to a hospital in London and that I would go back with this Mr. Pearson. I had great trust in him because I had often read Pearson's Magazine and Pearson's Weekly and I knew he was a man of distinction, I was most grateful to hear

what his intention was on behalf of blinded soldiers and I was very glad to go to this organisation and learn everything I could."

Tommy found his trust in Sir Arthur Pearson was not misplaced. "He was a man who inspired confidence as soon as you met him and you knew that he was an organiser—a man who could grasp a situation quickly and deal with it. He told me about his blindness going up in the train. He and Mrs. Pearson told me all about themselves and they, of course, asked me all about myself. He was a forceful man and rather inclined to be impatient. He would snap his fingers in order to get something out of you or from his own memory. He had a great habit of snapping his fingers."

"We started at Bayswater Hill because the house in Regent's Park was undergoing alterations and Sir Arthur borrowed the house in Bayswater Hill. I went there with another man whose name was Selby and there were two other men already there. There was a Belgian called

Tommy Milligan (2nd from left standing) with fellow members of the first massage class 1915/16. Others in the picture are: (standing) Edward Bates, Victor Law, Albert Woollen, (kneeling) Herbert Kirby and William Sewell.





St. Dunstan's Open Fours Race, Putney.

Oscar Daumont and Billy Foxon." Number 6 Bayswater Hill belonged to Mrs. Lewis Hall and this house was used throughout the First World War as a hospital for British sick and wounded. An illuminated address with a note signed Winston S. Churchill, then Secretary of State for War, commemorating this is now in St. Dunstan's possession. Bayswater Hill no longer shows on London's maps, it is all Bayswater Road and the London Embassy Hotel occupies the site.

Tommy recalls it as a big private house: "We slept there—there were two dining rooms, one for the men and one for the staff. Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, when they came to the house, he used to spend a good deal of time talking to us men about his plans and what it would be like when we got to Regent's Park. How they would have workshops in the grounds and the trades that we could be taught."

Within a few weeks the move was made, on March 26th 1915, to the house at Regent's Park, called St. Dunstan's. "There may have been a dozen of us when we moved and then there were others

waiting to come in. They had gone home. You see, you get a hospital leave when you are discharged from hospital and a lot of them had gone home. When we went into this Mansion in Regent's Park a larger number of men came in and I should think we were about fifty in quite a short time. But I didn't note these facts, I'm just trying to guess at them now, because they did not interest me. I was too busy learning anatomy and physiology and getting on with Braille."

Although the house and grounds were large it did not take the new St. Dunstaners long to find their way around: "When you are young, you learn very quickly. I was the youngest for quite a long time at St. Dunstan's but I think the oldest couldn't have been much more than thirty. The stables and garages of this mansion were turned into workshops for mat-making, boot-repairs, and carpentry. We had an honorary Superintendent, Mr. H. E. Rose. He was a colleague of Sir Arthur's, a journalist. He organised everything—all the work and all the play."

"We used to get up at six in the morning, if we wished, have a cup of tea and go to the lake in Regent's Park and row. We were very keen on all kinds of things like that. Rowing was the only thing I was any good at really. It was very good exercise."

Many of the St. Dunstaners' sighted cox's were girls who worked in the nearby West End stores. "We had a lot of nice girls, some of them were shop girls. We were not very far from the West End, quite near Baker Street Station and they used to have their breakfasts early, get there about seven and take us out rowing, coxing our boats. Then students from Bedford College for Women in Regent's Park also came."

"We were all very serious about rowing. St. Dunstan's formed a rowing club and we were trained by the President of the Vesta Rowing Club on the Thames. We had a racing four and we raced against schools like Worcester College for the Blind and the Emmanuel School, London. That was a rowing school and we used to race on the Thames against them. We also had a single sculls, double sculls—racing amongst ourselves."

"After racing we would go back, shave and get ready for breakfast at a quarter to nine. Then we used to leave St. Dunstan's at half past nine and walk to the National Institute for the Blind in Great Portland

Street and it was there we were trained as masseurs."

Originally Tommy had other plans for his life as he explained: "I wanted to become a poultry farmer when Sir Arthur told me of the various things we were taught. So I had two or three days' instruction in how to prepare chickens for the table and I soon realised that would not suit me. He had previously asked me to become a masseur and I said I didn't want to, but, after three days in the poultry farm, I decided I would rather give that up and give massage a trial."

How did Sir Arthur react to this change of mind? I wondered, "Oh, but he wanted me to be a masseur because at the beginning they hadn't very many men whom they thought would be suitable and he wanted men of a certain education to take up massage. He regarded it as the best of all the things that they taught and he was always in a bit of a hurry to get some of us trained and out working in hospitals or private practice."

So Tommy trained as a masseur at the National Institute for the Blind: "We attended lectures in anatomy and physiology and we were taught practical massage as well. Three days a week we went to the Middlesex Hospital. There were six of us and we used to walk to the Middlesex and treat the patients in the Out-Patients' Department."

H.M. Queen Alexandra with Sir Arthur Pearson at an unidentified St. Dunstan's occasion.





The Entrance to St. Dunstan's in Regent's Park.

"We used to finish about half past four, walk back from Great Portland Street to St. Dunstan's, and have tea about five o'clock and then the rest of the day was our own."

The work of St. Dunstan's attracted the attention of many people, from the shop girls who came to row on the lake to the famous who came to encourage by their presence and their interest. One of the earliest of these, Tommy Milligan recalls, was Horatio Bottomley: "While we were still at Bayswater Hill Mr. Pearson prevailed on him to come and give us a talk. He was great fun—he talked for half an hour, and when he had finished, one of the men said, 'Oh, Mr. Bottomley, can you give us a tip for the Lincoln?' He gave us a tip—I backed it, but it didn't win."

"We used to have tremendous concerts. George Robey was a regular. I think we had about three concerts for which George Robey brought up various other artists. They were very good concerts in those days."

Royalty came to Regent's Park: "King George V came up and we were all organised to be doing what we were learning, but as I was fairly good at Braille I sat with the people doing Braille. Others sat at a table being taught typing and then all the men who were learning trades were down in the workshops doing

whatever they were being taught to do. George V went round with Mr. Pearson, Mrs. Pearson and Miss Mace" (afterwards Lady Fraser). "On Alexandra Rose Day, 1915, we had a visit from Queen Alexandra and she brought roses to hand to each of the men. I happened to be reading Braille at that particular time and she—not being used to blind people—she was holding out the bunch and I didn't know. She said, 'Oh, I don't think he wants to take them.'" Suddenly my Braille teacher realised and told me that Queen Alexandra was holding out a bunch of roses to me which I then took from her."

There was great excitement when Lord Kitchener came to St. Dunstan's. "He was a great man, so well known to all the men who had seen him in pictures. He was Minister for War, and he formed Kitchener's Army."

"Lord Kitchener spoke to us individually and he was specially introduced to men from regiments he was connected with. He spoke to men from the Irish Guards, Kitchener being an Irishman, I was introduced to him. I wasn't doing Braille that time. I was doing anatomy with the other students and we had all the bones on the table."

Almost inevitably the talk came round again to the personality that dominated

St. Dunstan's in 1915 and 1916. "Sir Arthur Pearson inspired everything with the help of Mr. Rose and the help of Miss Mace, because we had no Council then. Miss Mace—I was going to call her 'Chips', as I knew her then—was Sir Arthur's personal assistant. She was nearly always with him, but she also came among the men. She was a great favourite because she was fascinating, charming—all the men loved her. As soon as she came into the lounge they all greeted her and she had a very attractive way of making friends. To me Lady Fraser is as charming and fascinating now as she was in those early days".

It is Sir Arthur who dominates Tommy's memories of his early blindness. "All the men in those days were known by their surnames. We all called each other Jones or Harris or whatever the names were. When I was discharged from the 2nd London General Hospital at St. Marks College, Chelsea, where I was sent on my transfer from Cardiff, I went straight from St. Marks to St. Dunstan's. As I didn't take a hospital leave, Sir Arthur said 'You'd like to have your mother over here, wouldn't you?' I said, 'Oh, yes'. So he wrote to my home and invited my mother to come over for a couple of weeks and he put her up at the house of some friends of his in Portman Square quite near Regent's Park."

It was the first time Tommy and his mother had met since his wounding. "It was very typical of Sir Arthur to arrange it. I went with the Secretary of St. Dunstan's to Euston Station to meet her and I was standing on the platform. By that time I had recovered from the shock of being blinded and was becoming a fairly useful blind person. When she met me she could hardly believe there was anything wrong with me."

"We whisked her away to St. Dunstan's in a taxi and there Sir Arthur, hearing her call me Tommy, started to call me Master Tommy. I was Master Tommy to Sir Arthur nearly all the time I was at St. Dunstan's. He seemed a very senior person to me. Although I can't imagine that he could have been much more than fifty (in fact, Sir Arthur was 49 in 1915: Editor) he was friendly and very fatherly. He was really fatherly with all the men."

Tommy Milligan, Irish Guards, 1914.



SKI COURSE 1976

Organiser's Account - by Jock Carnochan

This is the third Ski course in which St. Dunstaners have been involved: one in 1971 at Courchevel in the French Alps; last year's, which should have been in Austria but because of the absence of snow was cancelled, and we finished up at Aviemore in Scotland; and this year, from January 23rd to February 1st at Bodertal, situated in South Austria—the Corinthia area, which borders on Yugoslavia, on the edge of Caravanca mountains. This was an excellent course, involving Alan Wortley, Norman Perry and a last-minute substitution of Trevor Tatchell for Johnny Cope, who unfortunately had to meet a hospital appointment for a long-awaited hernia operation—hope you are now recovered, John.

We were accommodated in a typical ski-resort guest house, which was equipped for people walking about with heavy ski boots, etc.—but it was comfortable, and had all the necessary facilities; the food was good, and the service excellent. The conditions for ski-ing were good, with plenty of snow. There were thirty-four visually handicapped potential skiers from Austria and Germany, including five other war-blinded veterans, one of whom was our host and organiser of the course, Willi Hohm—who, incidentally, would like to convey his good wishes to his many friends at Ovingdean.

Slalom Competition

The course was split into five groups, each group with its own standard of competency and visual acuity. The reason for this was evident at the end of the course, when a slalom competition was organised to determine the measure of instruction given, and to prove to the participants, or rather for the participants to evaluate for themselves, their own progress. The course was tough, under five Austrian Army Master Sergeants who were highly qualified instructors in Alpine and long-distance ski-ing, also in mountaineering, so much so that if they told you you did a particular skill well,

they meant it, and if you didn't do it well you were kept at it until you did. I'm sure that after the first two days our group found muscles they never knew existed (even if two of them were Physios). The daily routine was for us to be on the slopes at 9 a.m., with ski-ing instruction until 4.30 p.m., with an hour's lunch break. You can imagine that after nine days one was really fit, and the progress made was most evident from a sighted observation.

Our instructor, Andy, was not only a good teacher, he was always available to help with all the other many demands made by the blind, from getting shopping to sticking on plasters where the skin had been rubbed away by the hard uppers of one's ski boots. He turned out to be a real friend, who would drive you to master skills you thought were beyond your capabilities; and the other four instructors were all of the same calibre.

International Evening

Relationships with the other two countries' groups were good, and our evenings were convivially spent over a beer or some hot Austrian wine, talking about the problems that are common to the blind all over the world; and three or four mile walks in the snow to neighbouring farm-type guest houses were arranged, where local farmers would come specially to sing Austrian folk songs, and Willi would give added entertainment on his accordion. The evening sessions also helped Alan Wortley to improve on his German, as he had started a language course fourteen weeks prior to going to Bodertal.

The last day of the course saw us all competing in a 10-gate slalom, and the value of the excellent tuition given by Andy our instructor was most evident in that, of a group of seven, Alan came third, and Norman Perry also came third in his group of six.

The effort on the slalom was entirely individual, in as much that each competitor did the run solo, i.e. from the

start line to the first gate. The skier proceeded to the voice of the caller standing at the point where he had to turn; when he reached that point the caller on the second gate took over, and so on in a zigzag pattern down the piste, which was 200 metres approximately, with the turning points of 90° at 40 metre intervals. This, as one can imagine, required good ski-ing ability, plus good mobility and orientation. This was Alan Wortley's second course, and as a result our instructor stated that Alan was now at a stage where he could compete favourably with other visually

handicapped skiers; unfortunately too late to compete in the forthcoming Winter Olympics for the Handicapped in Sweden in March. However, all three St. Dunstaners who took part, plus those who have been on previous courses, are to be congratulated on their achievements, and on their courage, and are to be recognised as that little bit special in the way of blind sportsmen, as all the blind skiers are recognised in European countries.

Finally, our special thanks to Mr. Paul James for his services to our three St. Dunstaners on and off the ski slopes.

An Enjoyable Holiday by Trevor Tatchell

As a complete novice I would say that ski-ing under proper instruction is very enjoyable. The visit to Bodertal was a unique experience for me, in that I had never before spent so much time in the company of Austrians and Germans, especially the war-blinded, and I found them particularly friendly. They were even willing to attempt a few phrases in the Welsh language!

My personal experience of having, at the Instructor's direction, to stand with my leg out straight with the end of the ski digging into the snow, trying to balance and not succeeding, makes me suggest that a Can Can Dancer's training would be extremely helpful.

I greatly admired the progress of both Alan Wortley and Norman Perry, and I think Norman's suggestion that he write a brief paper on exercises to be undertaken by trainee skiers some two months prior to embarking on an intensive course of instruction, extremely good and very practical.

A Harsh Taskmaster

One needs determination to master the technique, and my splay feet, cartilage and hamstring troubles did not help; they made me develop a technique that passes imagination. This brings me to the Austrian Army Master Sergeant named Andy, who was to my mind a wonderful man. Whilst he was a harsh taskmaster he nevertheless demonstrated considerable understanding of the problems of blindness, and socially he could not do

enough to ensure the smooth running of the course. I will never forget, that after ski-ing down a 400 metre slope in my fashion, which meant doing a 3-point descent with skis wide apart when they should have been together and with my head on the ground when I should have been upright, Andy would say "Trevin, up again"; this then necessitated trudging up the slope in 9 lb. ski boots and 6 ft. skis, bearing in mind that I have a 28½ in. inside leg, and I developed new techniques in falling in a heap with my skis wrapped around the most peculiar places. Although there were many tumbles with bruised and bleeding ankles, one always felt safe with Andy and it was all great fun. Despite the gruelling course, I found after a time that it became easier and I derived much pleasure from my new ability to ski down slopes.

Willi Hohm

From the expertise and skill demonstrated by the Austrian and German parties it was evident that physical fitness and co-ordination was essential, and Willi Hohm, a war-blinded Austrian and leader of the Austrian Party, will remain in my memory as he seemed to have been born on skis.

One evening the whole party visited a Guest House, apparently "Gas" in German, and I was wondering what we were in for. However, there were many Austrian yodellers there, and we were able to join in and master the chorus of "cuckoo" and "yodel-ee-ee-o" as these words cropped up in the middle of each

line; this, of course, after several mugs of hot Austrian wine! This was the starless night when we were taught a lesson in mobility by Franz, a totally blind Austrian; it was 17° below when we left the Guest House and Franz volunteered to take us the 3 miles back to our Hotel, and he

Norman Perry's Conversion

My environment is at sea-level, my greatest pleasures are the thrills and spills of racing a sailing dinghy, mountains were merely piles of undesirable rubble and Winter Sports not my scene. My reason for accepting the invitation to go on a course to learn to ski was to prove myself right. Bodertal, situated close to the Yugoslavian border, is no luxury hotel; it is made for skiers who want nothing else but to ski. The food was plentiful and good, the accommodation sparse but comfortable, entertainment home made and all the better for it. With five hours a day of first class, well-disciplined ski-ing instruction under the eagle eye of a Master Sergeant of the Austrian Army, one could not fail to progress from a faltering, hesitant slithering idiot into a confident, semi-skilled skier in one week. I still recall the painful muscular agony of those first couple of days; the weary way one had to drag one's aching limbs up the slope again for yet another sliding, tumbling run down again, to be heartened by the occasional word of praise from our patient instructor, who gave us no rest but urged us on to greater efforts and heights. I remember clearly how, on the third day, I found my limbs no longer ached, and the realisation that I had

faultlessly guided us along an icy and slippery path like a Welsh mountain pony.

May I, in conclusion, wish all who take part in the Olympic Ski-ing Sports for the Disabled in Sweden later this year every success. I now fully appreciate their skill and dedication.

fallen only once, and at last I understood what was meant by the pleasure of ski-ing. I found, too, that it had something in common with my dinghy sailing, having to adapt my balance and actions in a rapidly changing situation, all of which I am certain helps me in my everyday life by improving my mobility. The slalom competition at the end of the course, using audible gates, proved to me that ski-ing can be a competitive sport for blind persons, and that for me made it all worth while. I would very much like to emulate the skill of the Austrian blind skiers, whom I thank for the advice and encouragement that they gave us.

Pre-Ski Exercises Advised

Suggestions: if any other St. Dunstaner is invited to try ski-ing then he should be prepared to work hard at pre-ski exercises for at least a couple of months before going; secondly, that each skier should be asked to wear a Continental type identity waist coat which would allow sighted skiers to take evasive action when necessary.

Would I go again? to Bodertal, certainly; Everest, possibly, especially if Andy were there.

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.

Vincent Maurice Evans, of Falmouth, Cornwall, joined St. Dunstan's in November. He served with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps in the Second World War. He is married with two adult sons.

Eric Ernest Henry Ould of Southwick, Sussex, who joined St. Dunstan's on 22nd January, 1976. For many years he worked at a power station, but since retiring due to loss of sight he has been an active member of a local blind club, and has taken up many useful hobbies. He is married, with adult family of a son and two daughters.

Charles Henry Parsons of Cheltenham, Glos., who joined St. Dunstan's in February. He served as a gunner with the Royal Artillery in the Second World War. He is a widower, and has a son and a daughter.

ST. DUNSTAN'S AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY FORMED

At a meeting held at Headquarters on Saturday, 17th January, the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society was formed. Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, our Chairman, has accepted the Presidency of the Society, the objects of which are:

"To create and encourage an interest in, and further knowledge of, amateur radio amongst St. Dunstaners, their contacts and friends".

The meeting, under the temporary chairmanship of Norman French, St. Dunstan's Research Engineer, adopted the Rules and Regulations of the Society.

The election of officers under the new rules took place as follows:

Chairman: Bill Shea G4 AUJ

Secretary/Treasurer: Ted John G3 SEJ

Committee members:

George Cole G4 AWI

Tommy Gaygan G4 AFV

Duncan Sutherland G4 DJI

Only St. Dunstaners will be admitted to full membership of the Society and only full members will be allowed to hold office, nominate officers and vote. Through Associate and Affiliated Membership the Society will be able to include other blind amateurs and blind or sighted supporters.

An entrance fee of £2.50 will be levied on Full members only and Annual

Subscriptions will be at the following rates:

Full Member	£2.50
Associate Member	£2.00
Affiliated Member	£1.00

The Society will apply for affiliation to the Radio Society of Great Britain, the Radio Amateur Invalid and Bedfast Club, the Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society, the Royal Signals Amateur Radio Society and the Royal Air Force Amateur Radio Society.

Secretary, Ted John, is communicating with all known Radio Hams in St. Dunstan's and he hopes others interested will contact him at his home address:

52 Broadway Avenue
Wallasey
Merseyside
L45 6TD
Tel.: 051-638 5514

"One of our aims is to provide the exchange of information between blind amateurs. This will take time, but it is a good beginning", said Ted.

THE VIMY GARDEN SHOW by Leonard Little

Till many years had aged the tale
The major never knew
How much his foolish cup of tea
Amused a certain few.

"I'll have my tea in the garden, Brown,"
Said he at half-past three,
Whereon Brown placed the wherewithal
Beneath the cherry-tree.

Through peephole in the garden wall,
Made by a hostile shell,
The entrances, decor and cast
Could be observed quite well.
A perfect setting, it was clear,
Which needed only action
To make the show what it became,—
A number-one attraction.

The major barely was allowed
To seat himself and pour
When, as the cup approached his lips,
A loud, explosive roar
Sent major in unseemly haste,
Intent on safety first,
To reach his bomb-proofed cellar door
Before the next one burst.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



Harry Graham Davies, of Llanelli, Dyfed, who joined St. Dunstan's in February. He served with the Royal Navy and was a prisoner of war in the Far East during the Second World War. He is married and has four children.

"Was that a whiz-bang, Brown,"
he asked,

"That nearly got my hide?
Most likely just a random shot;
Still, bring my tea inside."

But next day at three-forty-five,
The following at four,
He missed his tea by half an inch
And bolted as before.

And better still the morning show
When out-door plumbing called;
That was the act that really held
The spectators enthralled.
His furtive entry scarce was made
Before a bang and crash
Caused major, mission unfulfilled,
To exit with a dash.

As comedy superbly played
This simple little skit
In London play-house might have been

The season's greatest hit;
But here there was no loud applause,
No gale of raucous laughter,
For who could say what dire fate
Would follow fast thereafter?

The major, though he played it well,
Did not enjoy the role
Which sent him in a frantic rush
To cellar or shell-hole,
Leaving his dignity behind
And muttering invective
Against a whiz-bang sniper who
Could be so damned selective.

But we were not in Heinie's view;
How could he, then, have known
What majors do and when and where
When in the battle zone?
And was it mere coincidence
That there was much ado
About this time when the grenades
Checked short a box or two?

FAMILY NEWS

Marriages

We wish to congratulate St. Dunstaner *Joseph William Langley* of Brighton, Sussex, on his remarriage, to Mrs. Margaret Mary Britton, on 10th January, 1976.

Mr. and Mrs. John Claude Mosley of Solihull, Warwickshire, are pleased to announce that their son Paul was married to Celia Clarke at Doddington Church, Kent, on 20th December.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Nabney of Belfast, Northern Ireland, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Marjorie, was married to Andrew Spence on 3rd January.

Silver Wedding

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson*, of Brighton, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 10th February.

Ruby Weddings

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. James Blakeley*, of Farnworth, near Bolton, Lancs., who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 30th November.

We congratulate *Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Goodhead* of Sheffield, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 26th December.

Grandparents

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Blackmore, of Cardiff, Glam., whose 5th grandchild was born on 17th September 1975; a daughter, Marianne Elaine, for their daughter Ruth and son-in-law.

Frances and her husband, daughter and son-in-law of the late *Ronald Gray*, of London SE12, and of Mrs. Joy Blain, on the birth of a son, Benjamin, on 23rd December.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Grimes of Eastbourne, Sussex, whose youngest daughter, Susan, and son-in-law Harold Gerrard, of Langley, Eastbourne, had a son, Christopher, on 8th December.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Hold, of Yeovil, Somerset, whose seventh grandchild, a daughter for their son Brian, was born recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rosewarne, of Manchester, whose second grandchild was born on 19th November; a daughter, Emma Kate, for their daughter-in-law, and son Malcolm.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Vowles of Portsmouth, Hants, whose daughter Lesley Nuttall and her husband, of Pershore, Worcestershire, had a daughter Kelly Suzanne on 27th December.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

James Barkby, of Houghton-on-the-Hill, Leicestershire, whose wife Ethel died on 20th January, 1976.

Joseph Llewellyn Edwards, of Coventry, West Midlands, whose mother died on 10th February.

Eric Jenkins, of Ferring-by-Sea, Sussex, whose wife Eva died on 7th February.

Alec Rimmer, of Weston-Super-Mare, Avon, whose Mother, Mrs. Janet Rimmer, died in Preston, Lancashire, on 10th January, at the age of 87.

William Clifford Scott, of Winsford, Cheshire, whose wife, Mary Ellen, died on 25th January.

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.

Edward George Anderson. *Royal Engineers*
Edward George Anderson, of 18 Silverdale Court, Woodthorpe, York, died on 27th August 1975, aged 67.

He was wounded in Tunisia in the Second World War, and after training at St. Dunstan's, he moved from York to take up shop-keeping in East Ham. He managed his business very efficiently, ably assisted by his wife, for nineteen years. In 1967 they moved back to York to enjoy a well-earned retirement. He was very interested in local activities, and found rug-making a pleasant hobby.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Dorothy Anderson, and family.

Edward Bower. *Royal Navy*

Edward Bower, of Accrington, Lancashire, died on 30th January in hospital, at the age of 63. He joined the Royal Navy in 1927, but was

invalided out in 1945 with defective vision. After coming to St. Dunstan's in 1961 he undertook industrial employment for a few years, until he retired due to ill health.

He leaves a widow, Emily, and three children.

Richard William Cumberland. *Royal Artillery (L.A.A.)*

Richard William Cumberland, of Burgess Hill, Sussex, died at Pearson House on 14th December 1975 at the age of 70.

He served in the R.A. (L.A.A.) from 1939 until 1942, and was injured by a bomb blast at Tangmere in 1940. He had been a cameraman, and for a time had lived in Rhodesia. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1961, and learned Braille and typewriting. Until prevented by ill health in 1974, he was a journalist, and author of several books.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Coralie Cumberland, a son and daughter.

Herbert Duxbury. *Labour Corps*

Herbert Duxbury of Dewsbury, West Yorkshire, died on 15th January at the age of 80.

He lost his sight while serving in the Labour Corps during the First World War. In 1948 he came to St. Dunstan's, and trained to become a joiner. He worked in this capacity for our Stores Department until his retirement in 1972. For many years he was a Lay Preacher.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Mary Duxbury, and daughter Mrs. Mary Hore and her family.

George Henry Fisk. *Pioneer Corps*

George Henry Fisk, of Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, died on 21st January at the age of 72.

He trained as a basket maker in 1949, after giving up his work in an Ordnance factory, and became a full St. Dunstanian in 1951. His hobby was looking after his greenhouse.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Marie Fisk.

James Alexander McClintock.

Royal Artillery (L.A.A.)

James Alexander McClintock, of Marple, Stockport, Cheshire, died on Thursday, 15th January, at Stepping Hill Hospital, Stockport, at the age of 65.

Mr. McClintock's sight failed while he was in service in the army in 1941, but it was not until 1961 that he came to St. Dunstan's. He worked in handicrafts for our Stores Department, but his main interest and delight was his garden, and his greenhouse, in which he enjoyed growing some of the more unusual varieties of plants. He and his wife played a large part in helping form the Marple Club for the Blind in 1974. Earlier that year our St. Dunstanian took part in a sponsored walk in aid of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, and raised most money out of 300 participants. He was nursed devotedly at home by his wife Florence, until being admitted to hospital just four days before he passed away.

Sidney George Mortimore. *Royal Artillery*

Sidney George Mortimore, of Bournemouth, Dorset, died on 11th February, aged 66.

He served as a Bombardier with the Royal Artillery from 1939 to 1945, and joined St. Dunstan's in 1970. He had been a skilled tradesman connected with making and measuring carpets.

He leaves a widow and members of his family.

Daniel Francis O'Sullivan. *Royal Artillery*

Daniel Francis O'Sullivan, of Goring-By-Sea, West Sussex, died at Pearson House on 18th January, aged 59.

He served in the Royal Artillery from 1938 until 1946. He was born in the U.S.A., but lived in this country for many years. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1971. In 1973 he was married, for a second time, to a V.A.D. who he had met whilst spending a convalescent holiday at Pearson House. His daughter, Mrs. Mary Jensen, flew from America to see her father just before his death.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Enid O'Sullivan, and members of the family of his first marriage.

Vernon Shaw. *Royal West Surreys*

Vernon Shaw, of Braughing, Herts, died on 10th February at the age of 81.

He served in the R.W. Surreys from 1914 to 1917, having previously enlisted in the Territorials in 1912. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1957. He was a manual worker, and had been a widower for many years.

He leaves members of his family.

George White. *Royal Army Medical Corps*

George White, of Guiseley, Leeds, West Yorkshire, died on 29th January, at the age of 78.

While serving in the R.A.M.C. during the First World War he suffered mustard gas poisoning in April 1918, which impaired his sight. However, this did not fail until many years later, and he had already retired when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1964. Being a knowledgeable gardener, he made this his occupation, together with the care of a small greenhouse.

His wife died a year ago, and he leaves a son Peter and family.

Thomas Williams. *South Wales Borderers*

Thomas Williams, of Brynmawr, Gwent, died on 6th February at the age of 80.

He was wounded on the Somme during the First World War, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1974, having retired from his work as a miner in 1958. His wife died in September 1975.

He leaves four children.

John Woodhead. *Royal Army Service Corps*

John Woodhead, of South Shore, Blackpool, Lancs, died on 1st February at the age of 67.

After his war service, he worked as a compositor in the printing trade for a few years, until his failing sight no longer made this possible. He was unfortunate enough to suffer from arthritis to such an extent that he was confined to a wheelchair, but nevertheless was able to enjoy frequent holidays at the St. Dunstan's homes in Brighton.

He leaves a widow, Annetta, and three children.