

Leyland Historic Vehicles

A black and white photograph of a man standing in the doorway of a museum. He is wearing a heavy, dark, double-breasted jacket with a light-colored collar, a dark tie, and light-colored, patterned trousers. He has his hands in his pockets and is looking slightly to the right. Behind him, the museum interior is visible, featuring several historic vehicles on display. One prominent vehicle is a large, early 20th-century motor vehicle with a canopy. Another smaller, vintage car is visible in the foreground to the left. The museum has a high ceiling with exposed beams and lights.

St Dunstons
REVIEW
NOVEMBER

Message from the Chairman

CHANGES IN ST. DUNSTAN'S COUNCIL

Readers of the *Review* will find an item on another page reporting certain changes in St. Dunstan's Council, which will be of great interest to St. Dunstaners.

No mere facts, however, can possibly convey our feelings of personal regret at the announcement that Sir Neville Pearson has decided that the time has come for him to resign the Presidency of St. Dunstan's. For all his adult life, he has worked for the organisation which his father founded; he has given us the benefit of his own wide understanding and deep concern regarding both the running of St. Dunstan's and the welfare of individual blinded ex-servicemen and women and their families. I assure Sir Neville that, though he has resigned as President, he will never lose the special place in our affection which he has won and held for so many years. Sir Neville's health has not been good lately and we send him and Lady Pearson our very best wishes.

Luckily for St. Dunstan's, we did not have far to look for our new President. Colonel Sir Michael Ansell needs no introduction from me—"Mike" Ansell is an outstanding public figure and a St. Dunstaner of whom we are all proud. We welcome him as President and wish him well in the years to come.

Two other changes are also announced. Dr. Donald Hopewell, the senior Member of our Council, has been appointed a Vice-President, as well as remaining on the Council; I know this news will be received with delight by his very many friends in St. Dunstan's. Lord Redcliffe-Maud, whose work for us included his wonderful tribute to Lord Fraser at our Memorial Service, has resigned from the Council; we are all so very grateful for his wise advice and help for many years.

Since its foundation St. Dunstan's has faced many challenges and tried to do its best for all St. Dunstaners. We are indeed fortunate that many distinguished men, such as the valued friends mentioned here, give us the benefit of their service to the organisation and we are ever grateful.

COVER PICTURE: *Showman, Ken Revis, at the entrance of Leyland Historic Vehicles Motor Museum. See article on centre pages.*

Dr. F. le Gros Clark, M.A., D.Sc.

Readers of the *Review* will be sorry to hear of the recent death in hospital of Dr. F. le Gros Clark. A formal obituary appears on another page.

A First World War St. Dunstaner with a brilliant brain, he was renowned in the academic world for his research and writing on such subjects as malnutrition and ageing. At St. Dunstan's, "Clarkie" was well known for his courage and patience in dealing with his blindness and loss of his right hand, his deep interest in his fellow St. Dunstaners and his great kindness. We shall all remember him with pride and affection.

Jon Earnest-Dance

Greetings from Lady Fraser

I send every good wish and my love to all my friends overseas. You and your families will be in my thoughts at Christmas and in the New Year.

COUNCIL CHANGES

Sir Neville Pearson, Bt.

It is with deep regret that the Executive Council has accepted the resignation of Sir Neville Pearson from the Presidency of St. Dunstan's. Sir Neville has been a Member of the Council since its constitution in May, 1923, when he was also elected a Vice-President. He has been a Member of the Finance and General Purposes Committee of the Council since its inception in November, 1946. He was elected President in succession to his mother, Lady (Arthur) Pearson, D.B.E., in October, 1947.

Apart from his work in the Council, Sir Neville has always taken the greatest interest in the activities of individual St. Dunstaners, meeting very many during his frequent visits to the Brighton Homes and his attendance at provincial Reunions each year. His recent inability to attend on these occasions, because of ill health, has been much regretted by St. Dunstaners.

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

The Council is very pleased to announce that Sir Michael Ansell agreed to be proposed and was unanimously elected as President in succession to Sir Neville Pearson.

Sir Michael has been a Member of the Council since 1958, became a Vice-President in 1970, and Vice-Chairman in 1975. A Regular Officer before the Second World War, he was blinded in 1940 and became a P.O.W. in Germany. Since the war he has become extremely well known for his most successful work in the organisation of show jumping in this country. He is an outstanding St. Dunstaner.

Dr. D. G. Hopewell, M.A., LL.B. (Cantab), Hon.LL.D. (Leeds)

It will give pleasure to St. Dunstaners to learn that Dr. Hopewell has been elected a Vice-President of St. Dunstan's. He joined the Council in 1948 and has represented St. Dunstan's on the Councils of the Royal National Institute for the Blind and the Scottish National Institution for the War Blinded for many years.

Dr. Hopewell was our official representative at Her Majesty the Queen's Silver Jubilee Service at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Lord Redcliffe-Maud, G.C.B., C.B.E.

The resignation from the Council of Lord Redcliffe-Maud is also reported with much regret. He was elected a Member of the Council in July, 1964, and his wisdom and influence have been of great value in the affairs of St. Dunstan's.

It was Lord Redcliffe-Maud in his capacity as High Bailiff of Westminster who arranged for the Memorial Service for Lord Fraser to take place in the Abbey and his Address on that occasion was most eloquent.

"NOT FORGOTTEN" GARDEN AND CHRISTMAS PARTIES

The Not Forgotten Association kindly invites a party of St. Dunstaners to each of the above occasions and a list is maintained at Headquarters of those interested in attending. Hitherto this has consisted mostly of local residents but St. Dunstaners living in the provinces are welcome to send their names to Miss Bridger if they would like to take part. Accommodation would be available at Broadhurst Gardens for one or two nights according to the distance from London but St. Dunstaners would be responsible for their own travelling expenses.

The Christmas Party this year will take place on Thursday, 15th December, and names should be sent in as soon as possible.

C. D. WILLS

INSURANCE COVER ON HOMES AND CONTENTS

It is thought that in view of today's economic situation and revised insurance policies, another reminder is due. St. Dunstan's Estate properties are covered for fire and storm damage and certain other perils, but the insurance does not cover house contents. If cover is required for the contents, it must be taken out by the tenants. Those unfortunate individuals who have been burgled, but who had insurance cover, have been successful in obtaining full re-imbusement. Without insurance cover, the loss has had to be born by the tenant. Modern policies cover a whole range of eventualities, such as accidental damage to T.V. sets and Hi-Fi equipment, (hired T.V.'s may not be fully covered by the rental company), to the loss of contents in your freezer due to putrefaction. The occupier of the property, for instance, is responsible for any injury caused to somebody while on his property, e.g. from a falling slate. Most contents policies include cover for third party liability, or occupiers liability, as it is known.

What has inflation done to insurance? Take, for example, the case of someone who insured home and furnishings for £5,000 some 15 years ago, and then failed to take notice of his policy. What could he buy now for the same amount?

An extreme example, but it illustrates the point.

To facilitate the whole business, Sun Alliance have a contract called Master Cover, which is a package policy, containing six sections. There is one simple proposal form, one premium and one renewal date. Claims are paid out at the full replacement cost on most items, provided that the sum insured has been kept up-to-date, and there is now an option to cover most contents on an Accidental Damage basis. Master Cover proposal forms are held by our surveyors and welfare visitors. Any queries about insurance will be answered by Mr. C. H. Lawrence at Headquarters. It should be borne in mind that any premiums paid through the St. Dunstan's agency are normally subject to a 12½% or 15% discount. Those St. Dunstaners who are owner/occupiers, and especially those who are purchasing via a mortgage, should ensure that they are adequately covered in view of today's building costs. Here again, our surveyors will assist in assessing the best cover required.

BRILLE BIBLE

Two years ago, whilst Wally Thomas was touring South Africa, he met 16 year old Andre Brandt, a Rhodesian who is totally deaf and only has a residue of sight. Andre enjoys a variety of physical and mental pleasures and has recently developed an interest in religion. However, he has been unable to get hold of a copy of the Bible or New Testament in Braille, and has, therefore, written to Wally for help. So, if any St. Dunstaner knows where Braille copies of the Bible or New Testament can be found, could he please contact us at H.Q.

Done Roving

After thirteen years as a machine operator at the Rover car plant near Cardiff, Mr. Donald Stott has retired. In appreciation of his service, both he and his wife, Gladys, were invited to an evening at the plant's Social Club, at which they were presented with a Tea's Made, an engraved tankard and a cheque. Don has recently returned from a fortnight in Brighton. "I hope to do some hobby training and there is a bit of adjustment to do, of course."

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.

Ronald Marsh of Walsall, who was admitted to St. Dunstan's on the 21st September. Mr. Marsh served with the Royal Engineers as a Sapper during the Second World War and is married with one grown-up son.

James Frederick Willis of Basingstoke, who joined St. Dunstan's on the 21st September. Mr. Willis served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery from enlistment in 1932 until his discharge after service in the Second World War in August 1945. He was wounded at Dunkirk and subsequently was a Prisoner of War, being repatriated in February, 1945. He is married with adult children.

THE JUBILEE CLUB FOR THE BLIND AND VISUALLY HANDICAPPED

Although we are only a new club, we already have members from six boroughs. Would any St. Dunstaner like to come to our activities at Fellowship House, Green Lane, Goodmayes, on the third Tuesday of each month, 8 to 10 p.m.? We have social evenings with quizzes, guest speakers, discussions, musical evenings, theatre trips, outings, bowls, horse riding, discos, rambles etc. We send out talking news letters and hope to have our own magazine if funds permit.

Malcolm Matthews, Chairman,
59, Cameron Road, Seven Kings,
Ilford, Essex.

73's

George Cole, G4AW1, in hospital, sends 73's and thanks for the get-well card to his fellow radio amateurs.

DOES HE TAKE SUGAR?

At the beginning of October, a B.B.C. Radio 4 programme entitled, "Does he take sugar?" went on the air. The programme lasting half an hour goes out at 3.05 p.m. on Saturdays and is expected to go on indefinitely. It is directed to all handicapped people and will not take the place of "In touch". Listeners are encouraged to ring 01-580 4411 after the programme with comments and views. The line is open until 4.30 p.m. It is stressed that it is not a phone-in programme, but comments will form a valuable contribution.

MY KIND OF MUSIC

Fortunately, Tommy McKay of Brighton did not have to be marooned on a desert island before having to choose seven of his favourite records. For just under an hour, Tommy was interviewed live on B.B.C. Radio Brighton about his life and work, the session being interspersed with "his kind of music". The ether echoed to the Scottish burr of Kenneth McKellar, Bing Crosby and "The Flower Song" from Carmen.

HELEN KELLER CONFERENCE

The first Helen Keller World Conference was held in New York, from 11th to 16th September, 1977. Among the thirty delegates was Mr. Eric Boulter, Director-General of the R.N.I.B. and a St. Dunstaner himself. The highlight of the Conference was the unanimous adoption of a declaration of the rights of all deaf/blind people, which will be drawn to the attention of all Governments and other bodies which have a responsibility to the deaf/blind, and which will be presented to the United Nations General Assembly during its session in New York early in November.

HORTICULTURAL SUCCESS

This month we hear of yet another St. Dunstaner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haskey, who have achieved gardening success, when they were awarded a first, three second and two third prizes at the Headstone Horticultural Society Show. The show was judged in various sections, including Gladioli, Roses, Annuals and Miniatures.



A view of the Palais de Chaillot from the Eiffel Tower taken by Mrs. Audrey Gaygan, our photographer in France.

The Seventeenth Handless Reunion

by Tommy Gaygan

Wednesday, 14th September, 1977 had come around at last—we seemed to have been looking forward to this day for such a long time—and now, here we were, nine lads and two lasses and our escorts meeting up at Ian Fraser House for the start of the Reunion.

The coach left Ian Fraser House at 10 a.m. with twelve of our group and their wives or other escorts. As we got under way, Mrs. Dacre gave us a brief outline of the places we were to see and the people we were to meet. Coffee was served en route and within two hours, we pulled up at Sissinghurst Castle in Kent, where we were met by Mrs. Kilbane, the Secretary and Warden for the National Trust. We were taken straight to the library, where the present owner of Sissinghurst, Mr. Nigel Nicolson, came to tell us something about his home. We heard how his mother, Vita Sackville West, poet, novelist, biographer and gardener, and his father, Harold Nicolson, statesman and author, were looking for a new home and found a derelict Elizabethan property in Kent in 1930 and so went to see the castle. It was only by diligent work

and imaginative planning that the buildings were restored to the excellent state they are in today and the grounds became the great attraction they are. Mr. Nicolson was thanked on behalf of the St. Dunstaners, for his informative and interesting talk and we were then taken to the converted oast houses, which are now the restaurant, for our lunch.

We were joined at our meal by Mrs. Kilbane and other members of the staff. They included two ladies who are the Head Gardeners (shades of Women's Lib?). An absolutely first-class meal was served by Mrs. Stearnes and her family, after which Mrs. Kilbane was presented with a plant pot holder made by a St. Dunstaner. Another speech of thanks and then we all got to our feet for a toast to our hosts and the National Trust. We split into groups and went off to explore, with the gardeners escorting us and giving us much information. Each garden had its own identity; some were walled, others had yew hedges or similar, all perfectly clipped. We heard about the white garden with its roses, gladioli, antirrhinums, dahlias, etc., all white among the varying

shades of green. We went to the orchard which is apparently carpeted with daffodils in the spring, and into the cottage garden with its many shades of orange and red. On into the herb garden, lime walk, rose garden, where rare tropical plants grew and we were lucky to see one flower that would only live for that day.

Our next stop was at Bodiam Castle—quite a romantic looking place with a wide moat skirting the shell of the ruined fort, where we were met by Mr. Loyd, the Chairman of the Trustees of the Castle. We were given a brief history and a mental picture of the way the castle had been lived in centuries before. Our thanks were given to Mr. Loyd and we were on our way to St. Justines Hotel for tea.

On our way back to Ovingdean thanks were given to Mrs. Dacre and Mrs. Williams for organising such a perfect outing. These good ladies obviously have influence in very high places, arranging a whole day of sunshine for us.

Friday, 16th meant early rising and breakfasts ready for the 8 a.m. coach departure for Gatwick Airport, and at 10 a.m. the wheels of our BAC 1-11 rolled down the runway and we were on our

way to put down forty-five minutes later at Charles de Gaulle Airport. Tongues flew, telling us about the latest in airport trappings and we stepped onto the moving walkway—a flat version of the escalator, with its odd motion as you whisked up inclines and around corners. Maybe, we can eventually have one from Ian Fraser House to the undercliff or the White Horse?

By coach through the suburbs and into Paris with the usual city sights, plus a gleaming white Sacre Coeur sitting on the hillside and soon we were pulled up in Rue Blanche at the Union des Aveugles de Guerre, where we were to spend the next two nights. The Union is the equivalent of St. D's and this building is a comfortable hostel for the French blind.

Seven o'clock found us all dressed in our glad rags and ready for the reception and dinner. We were greeted by the President of the Union, Monsieur Amblard, and his wife, together with M. Cornu, General Secretary, and M. Bruzy, the Manager. Four of the French war-blind were there with their wives and we were all to sit down to an excellent meal, amidst much gesticulating and airing of

The party at Bodiam Castle.





Hosts and guests at L'Union des Aveugles de Guerre.

school French—not always successfully, but with plenty of laughter to bridge the gaps. Gwen Obern was soon teaching a few words in Welsh to Valentine and Lucia Perek, and found that Valentine had originally come from Poland, so he was quickly introduced to Joseph Loska and Clare. Raymond Kalitka was there with his wife, Therese, and he aired his very good command of the English language as he greeted the St. Dunstaners he had met when he stayed at Broadhurst Gardens as a student taking a course in London. Eduard and Simone Barbeaux and Louis and his wife, Blanchette, completed the French party.

The meal over and speeches began. Warm words of welcome from M. Amblard, who spoke to us in English and did much to put us at our ease. He told us his wife had come from England and of his feeling for our country and referred to his long association with St. Dunstan's and his friendship with Lord Fraser. Mr. Wills then spoke, also in excellent English, which was ably translated by David Bell junior. Then it was the turn of David Bell senior to reply on behalf of all the St. Dunstaners present, and this he did in French—much to our admiration, finishing

his speech with a presentation to M. and Mme. Amblard of one of our copper Jubilee bowls. It was a splendid evening in every way and much enjoyed by us all.

Saturday morning and breakfast over and into the coach for a two-hour tour of historical Paris. We saw the Louvre and were told of its six miles of corridors—no time to see the Mona Lisa, but on to the Madeleine with its fifty-two corinthian columns and over the bridge on to the island in the Seine for a quick visit to Notre Dame, where we were told of the wonders of the stained glass in the famous rose window. Back to the Union, past the beautiful Opera building and we were all ready for our lunch.

Modern Paris

The afternoon tour was to take three hours and entitled. "Modern Paris" and it was quite a thrill to be told we were going down the famous Champs Elysees and round the Arc de Triomphe, which was built for Napoleon. I had no idea it would be so huge or that the names of all his battles would be inscribed on the pillars. On we sped to the Eiffel Tower, over 1,000 ft. high, where we were to ascend to the first of the three floors for wonderful

views over Paris. The tour was to finish with a visit to Montmartre, with its atmosphere of gaiety and time to visit the Sacre Coeur or the crowded Place de Terte, with its artists at work and paintings on sale.

We had seen so much on our day out, but still more was to come and at 10 p.m. we were on our way to go aboard the Bateau Mouche for a cruise down the Seine. Quite an experience, as the boats were so modern and large enough to seat several hundred. The boat was covered with a clear plastic dome and carried very powerful searchlights, which illuminated the bridges and buildings as we sailed by the Pont Neuf, the oldest bridge in Paris, built in 1604, and the beautiful ornate bridge built for the visit of Alexandre III of Russia, and named after him. The floodlit Notre Dame was shown in all its glory and best of all, the many elegant houses lining the banks, making it so unlike our Thames. On shore again and a ride for our visit to the Nouvelle-Eve, a nightclub, for a Review and the inevitable can-can and the nudes!

Champagne Farewell

Sunday saw some bleary eyes and a sorting out of those stalwarts going to Versailles for the morning, whilst others did as they wished. We were overawed by the size of the magnificent palace and the splendour of the painted ceilings.

At the Union, another superb meal was served with wines for the farewell lunch, and it was especially thoughtful of M. Amblard to say farewell in a typically French spirit and serve champagne. He told us how pleased they had been to entertain us and hoped we had enjoyed our stay. Mr. Wills replied to say how grateful we were for all that had been done to make our visit so pleasant and he hoped a party of French war-blind would visit us next year and spend a weekend at Ian Fraser House. Glasses were raised in thanks to M. and Mme. Amblard, the Union des Aveugles de Guerre and the entire staff, and then to our French friends. Gwen Obern, to the delight of us all, got to her feet and sang a song in Welsh as her thanks to our hosts, and was then joined by Billy Griffiths in a duet. What better way to end our visit.

And so the time came for us to say goodbye. There was nearly two hours



Mr. and Mrs. Wally Lethbridge at Versailles.

delay before our plane left, but 10 p.m. saw twenty-six rather tired people setting foot on terra firma again and we were soon back at Ovingdean, where we were delighted to have an almost royal welcome from Miss Allison and the staff. Within minutes we were tucking into hot soup and drinks. Thanks must be given here to the orderlies at I.F. House, who did an excellent job in getting us ready in time for the activities from there, regardless of it being early morning or late at night. Thank you, boys.

Monday morning, our last day, saw us assembling for a discussion in the Winter Garden, and in the afternoon we were joined there by Dr. Fletcher, from the Limb Fitting Centre at Roehampton, Mr. Wills, Mr. Dufton, Mr. French, Mr. Castleton and Miss Mosley, for the technical discussions which we all found informative and at which most of our queries were answered. These guests joined us again in the evening for the farewell dinner; first taking sherry with the Commandant and Matron and joined by Mrs. Dacre, Dr. Stillwell and some members of the staff. A really first class meal was served and later in the evening this was acknowledged with compliments being sent to the Chef and the staff.

There were more speeches, ably chaired by Mr. Dufton, who was congratulated on his appointment to the Council of St. Dunstan's. He then introduced the speakers—Mr. Wills, followed by Dr. Fletcher, who gave thanks on behalf of the guests. Billy Griffiths, David Bell and Tom Gaygan in turn expressed the thanks of all the St. Dunstaners present for the wonderful Reunion we had had, both in Paris and at home, and thanks were expressed to each of the guests who, in his own way, had done something for us all since the last Reunion. Winnie Edwards was called upon to make a presentation of a pair of engraved whiskey glasses to Mrs. Dacre and we were charmed by her reply and thanks. The Commandant said his piece and, as always, raised a laugh for us.

We all moved into the Winter Garden for the party and it kicked off to a great start with entertainment provided by Rosemary, who played the piano, and

Doug, who was great with his songs, old and new, and his great sense of fun. One of the highlights of the evening was when he donned a wig and sang, "Falling in Love Again", a la Marlene style, exclusively to Mr. Wills, amidst applause. There was even louder applause for Winnie Edwards and Gwen Obern when they danced the can-can for us, with skirts lifted and garters in place! Funnily enough, I thought the applause was louder than it had been for that item when it was danced at the Paris night-club. Keep rehearsing girls, you are doing a grand job. Gwen then sang with Doug, and Alice and Bill gave us a lovely duet. Peggy Brett had us all laughing with a super poem she wrote about the Paris trip.

The evening came to an end with Rosemary and Doug giving us "We'll meet again"—we look forward to just that. The seventeenth Reunion was a meeting we will long remember.

"NO HANDS" ACROSS THE SEA

by Peggie Brett

If you are short of exercise,
In need of slimming down,
Don't read the "Slimmers Magazine"
Then sit around and frown;
Proceed to any airport—
Be it Gatwick or de Gaulle—
And carry just as much, in bags,
As you can safely haul.
You start off at the entrance—
Be it France or Angleterre—
There's no-one "going slow"
Among the passengers—they tear!
You wind your way down corridors,
Some narrow, some more vast,
Through turn-stiles you are shoved
With no regard for creed, or cast.
"Your passports!" or, "Your tickets, please!"
You clutch them at the ready,
Then onto giant conveyor belts—
"Not yet!"—"O.K.!"—"Woa, steady!"
Along you sail, while people stand
To watch you as you pass,
The end, when reached, has been designed
To throw you on your ****!
But the biggest thrill of all comes
When they check for guns or bombs,
They run a mine detector
Head to tail and coat to combs!
At some point in procedure
You will find yourself to be

A sacrificial lamb—fleeced—
In the name of "Duty-Free"!
From there on you've suspended
Still more kilos from your arms,
Which hang down long, like chimpanzee's,
But don't have any qualms;
No sooner have you cast your load
Within the plane's embrace,
Than busy muscles get to work
and snap them back in place.
The flight's a minor detail,
There's no need to take a pill,
You're far too busy eating
To feel sick or make your Will.
And when you disembark,
Be it in France or England—well—
With LUCK your case will reach you
On some endless "Carousel".
Now, watch it—when in Paris—
Should you stand a round of booze,
You're parting with enough, back home,
To buy a suit, WITH SHOES!
Oh yes, the streets of Paris
Are lined with Linden trees,
Behind them lurk young "Olivers"
Who'll snatch your bag with ease!
"Abroad?" Well yes... it has its charms,
Although the costs are steep,
To visit for a while—that's fine!
But Britain is... SO CHEAP!

AS I REMEMBER by George Fallowfield

When one gets comfortable in one's best easy chair and a pipe drawing well, one's mind soon slips back into bygone days and I feel those men who went straight to Regent's Park or Church Stretton from Military Hospitals do not realise what Sir Arthur Pearson did. I am sure they cannot appreciate his initiative as much as those like myself who went straight home to a small town where little or nothing was being done back in 1918.

Associations for ex-servicemen such as the old "D.S.S." and "Comrades of the Great War" were being formed, but these were more like clubs and did nothing to help the handicapped. There were five of these associations and they amalgamated to form the British Legion.

It was Moorfields Eye Hospital who told St. Dunstan's about my case and I managed to arrive at Regent's Park on the 11th May, 1923 going down to Brighton where others were awaiting to enter training at Regent's Park. We all got there in January, 1924. The Matron was Miss Power.

I was keen to learn Braille and my teacher was a Miss Stacey, but she was by no means confined to Braille. She played a big part in all the sports and was the first to take me down to the lake and into a boat. She gave me my first advice on sculling, which, in those days, with rowing, was a very popular pastime. It is a pity this item was one the Second War men missed.

We had the annual Regatta at Putney which was a grand afternoon's sculling and rowing for there were crews of fours and in those days London, Brighton, Birmingham and Manchester had clubs each with a team. You can bet there was some keen competition, not only with us chaps but those ladies who were taking care of a club like Mrs. Spurway looking after the Brum club and getting their teams together. She had a great man in the late Billy Trott who was a fine all-rounder who could scull as well as he could walk or do anything in field events.

We in London had plenty of help in training from local athletic clubs and the Police, and those girls of the Bedford

College were ready to cox a boat at any time.

Of course most of us joined a local athletic club where we got help in training, and while I lived in London I had the good fortune to have an old friend who had been in the Dragoon Guards ten years before joining the Metropolitan Police. He would take me on long all day walks as far as Southend or along the towpath of the River Lea right into Hertfordshire, walking back by the road.

Great days they were and then came our walks round the Outer Circle. We usually started with a one lap 3 miles walk in December, and a 6 miler in January and then a 9 miler up to 15 miles. There was also the annual 15 miles walk in Birmingham. We once had a 21 miler which was 7 times round the Outer Circle and Harry Boorman had a fine escort in Mr. Hind of the Highgate Harriers. When the wind blew into my face he got Harry behind me and as we went round he'd get Harry on the leese of me!

Trip to Manchester

We had a trip to a walk in Manchester, Miss Stacey took us London team and I am sure Harry and Bob Young will remember the happy journey there and back, what a fine dinner we enjoyed on the train! After our race we were well set for that. We did not continue our journey down to Brighton, we stayed the night at Mrs. Wiggins for I continued to represent the London club after moving down here.

There are others I must not forget who played a big part in our walks. Mr. Donoghue our handicapper who did his job well in the backroom and Mr. Jones of the Marylebone Baths who helped with swimming. But I did not take part in any swimming contests, however. Deafness can prevent one indulging in some forms of sport and swimming is one.

During walks escorts did not use the manual alphabet, they wrote in block letters across my back! The most anxious time was when my cox was getting my boat into position for the start of a sculling race and giving me the tip to start which was a smack on my toes.

Sister Paterson was the Sport's Sister at the time I am writing of. One morning she sat on the bank and began to slide down to the lake with nothing to grab to save herself and finally slid into the lake. The water only came up to her knees, but her feet and ankles were covered in thick mud when she was fished out!

Those *were* the "GOOD OLD DAYS". While you can recall such times you are never lonely, you bring so many friends around you again.

NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA

Malcolm Bryce, whose retirement was featured in the March *Review*, writes to say that the Queensland Training and Placement Centre for the Blind, which he founded, goes from strength to strength. They have now acquired a residential centre to be called "Bryce House". Besides the setting up of a sheltered workshop, blueprints have been drawn up for a series of projects to be undertaken by people within their own homes. Malcolm, himself, is about to go to Melbourne to study the long cane and sonar spectacles, while leaving others to examine the intricacies of the Optacon, which they have recently purchased. "So you see, we keep up-to-date as much as possible with all the latest apparatus. Wish we had some more cash, though."

Malcolm also sent a newspaper clipping featuring Ted Blackmore. Ted is the President of the Queensland Blinded Soldiers of St. Dunstan's, Australia, and hosted the twenty-third National Biennial Conference, held from the 6th to the 10th June this year, in Brisbane. Before the war, Ted paid his own way through Business School. He then became Private Secretary to T. C. Witherby, an historian compiling a book on Mussolini, and studied in Italy and France. During the war, he lost his sight, an arm, three fingers and some hearing, whilst dismantling a Japanese booby trap. He is now Chairman of his own cutlery importing company, with an annual turnover of some \$500,000 a year. In 1970, he was awarded an M.B.E. for his services to the blinded soldiers of Australia. He is also a life member of the Queensland division of Birthright Australia, which he founded.

GOLDEN OLDIES

Some years ago, Geoff Butterfield, a former English rugby centre, started a club called the Golden Oldies. This team was made up of former international players of all countries. Joining the team's trip to the Bahamas this year, was Tommy Voyce of Gloucester. Tommy played for England in the 1920's and was on the Executive of the Rugby Football Union, and was its President in 1960-61. One beneficial off-shoot of the journey, was a reunion with Tommy's son, who flew from his home in New York to greet his father in Freetown, Jamaica.

Tommy also visited South Africa and Rhodesia at the invitation of the South African Rugby Board. He had not been back to South Africa since 1924, when he played there as a member of the British Lions. "I met several people connected with St. Dunstan's and I shall especially remember the welcome I was given by Jimmy Ellis, Public Relations Officer and Welfare Officer, in Cape Town. He was always cheerful and charming and invited me to dine at his club, to which he brought an old friend of mine, Owen Smith, who played for Oxford and England."

The ELINFA Braille Cassette Recorder

The world's first ever machine for taping Braille has recently been developed in France. This portable machine can be used as either a conventional cassette player or can record Braille on magnetic tape. As you type in the Braille on 6 keys, so your Braille cells are thrown up on a display, enabling you to correct your work. When you play back the cassette, a display will throw up 120 cells at a time, the speed of which can be determined by the operator.

Other uses for this device are for transcribing. When attached to an IBM typewriter Braille typed into the recorder is simultaneously written on the typewriter in print and vice-versa. It can be used for programming computers, or as a computer terminal. The ELINFA also gets on well with calculators, we are told. No price is given yet, but it will no doubt need a calculator to work it all out.

Stoke Mandeville Senior Multi-Disabled Games, September, 1977

This year saw St. Dunstan's athletes taking part for the first time under the umbrella of B.S.A.D., Sussex, as the rule now by B.S.A.D. is that all clubs must be affiliated to a region before they can take part. Six St. Dunstaners competed, J. Cope, P. Walker, E. Jinks, T. Parkinson, G. Jones and W. Davies. Between them they won two gold medals (G. Jones) and nine Silver, which added to B.S.A.D. Sussex region's total of twenty-two Golds and eleven Silver. This was a very good result, and next year will see more representation from St. Dunstan's, as archery and bowls will be included on a bigger scale. Norman Perry represented his own region, Humber-side, and won the Archery, T.B. section. This was expected, as he is our present St. Dunstan's T.B. Champion. He doubled his score of last year. Well done, Norman, and indeed, well done all those who took part. This was a very good start to the combined efforts of all the disabled groups in Sussex and we look forward to a bigger entry next year.

The 1978 calendar for B.S.A.D. is as follows. Items marked * are applicable to B.S.A.D., Sussex (St. Dunstan's).

*April 15th-16th	Swimming Championships (Senior and Jnr.) Stoke Mandeville
April 29th	Manchester and District Sports Club
May 13th	Hexham Sports Day
May 20th	Hinderfields Sports Day and B.S.A.D. Mini Games
July 9th	Cheltenham Sports Day
July 9th	B.S.A.D. Angling Contest
July 23rd-29th	Stoke Mandeville International Games
Sept. 16th-17th	B.S.A.D. Regional Senior Games

SKI-ING

You are reminded that St. Dunstan's is affiliated to the British Ski Club for the Disabled and, as such, is entitled to take part in any of the functions organised by the Ski Club. It is not always possible to get all the information in time for printing

in the *Review*, but any St. Dunstaners contemplating taking part in or continuing with ski-ing, should write to me. This way, any information received too late for the *Review* can be passed on to those interested. Meetings are now being arranged at artificial slopes throughout the country and anyone interested in starting ski-ing would be advised to get the basics on an artificial slope. Although there is no comparison between that and the real thing, it does give a beginner a good appreciation of what to expect. The cost for hire of equipment at these slopes is minimal.

It should be emphasised that any St. Dunstaner anticipating taking up ski-ing should first of all have a check-up with his doctor and, once being given a clear bill of health, get himself fit for ski-ing, as it does demand a reasonably high standard of fitness. A pre-ski course of exercises can be had on application to me.

Provisional dates and venues for 1977/8

November 17th, 6.30 p.m.

A.G.M., followed by a wine and cheese party for all members and friends, at the R.N.I.B., 224 Great Portland Street.

January 14th, 1978

Alpine Ski Party, venue not finalised. Cost per person £175-£200.

March

Cross country or Nordic ski-ing, Norway. This is open to cross country skiers only.

Date to be arranged

Ski meeting at Aviemore, Scotland.

*JOCK CARNOCHAN,
Sports Organiser*

Chess Congress

Would St. Dunstaners wishing to attend the Chess Congress, on the 3rd and 4th December, and the Bridge instruction week-end, on the 10th and 11th December, kindly book as soon as possible, to enable sufficient markers to be made available. Please let Miss E. M. Bridger, Homes Bookings Clerk, know so that she can book the necessary accommodation at Ian Fraser House.



Stephen Jack recording the Talking Review.

Through a Glass, Darkly

by Stephen Jack

Ray Hazan's description of the operation of the Talking Book Library has prompted the suggestion that I contribute a follow-up comment "from the other side of the glass" (as he put it)—the partition separating the control panel from the reader's desk in the studio. I chanced to hear Christopher Stone's 1941 appeal on the radio for funds for "Wireless for the Blind", in which he made a passing reference to Talking Books. A week or so later I met him in a corridor in Broadcasting House, and asked him to tell me more of this, and he referred me to Leslie Pinder, then functioning as recording engineer and manager (a "one-man band"), in the studio in Regent's Park—a converted coach-house in the grounds of Ian Fraser's burnt-out house.

The first person I met there was Joy Gooch, Leslie's secretary, whose office was in the remaining outbuildings of the

house—and she's *still* secretary to the studio's director today, 35 years later! I started recording Talking Books with Leslie Pinder almost at once, in the spring of 1942—a couple of years later than Alvar Lidell, and fitting in sessions with my broadcasting and Heavy Rescue work, much as he and others did with their news-reading and announcing. I was among the first of the professional actors who became involved in making Talking Books; and I am more than happy to say that I've notched up one session a week on average for the past 35 years, and hope to continue as long as my eyes and voice hold out—though at 75 it's not for me to prophesy! I'm afraid I've lost count of the number of books I've recorded—but I doubt if that matters.

Fairly often, books are earmarked for me if the dialogue implies that the characters speak with an accent or "dialect" (in

which I have specialised throughout my working life)—as, for instance, in the "Poldark" series I am currently engaged upon, and the novels of Nevil Shute or R. F. Delderfield (among my favourites, may I say), most of which I have recorded. Be that as it may, I can recall less than a dozen that I have not thoroughly enjoyed putting on disc or tape in all these years.

Like Alvar (and indeed all the readers in our team), I hope always to have time to read a book right through in advance, but this is not always possible; there are even times when I finish one book less than half-way through a session, and start another "reading at sight". This may seem very risky—but I hope it has never been obvious. Of course, recording on tape provides a safeguard; one can always have the tape wound back and re-record, in the case of a wrong tone of voice or emphasis. How different from early days in Regent's Park or Hinde Street, when a mistake or cough meant scrapping that master-disc and going back to "scratch" on a new one—not to mention more than one occasion when a V.1 or V.2 exploding got itself recorded, but caused the needle to jump and spoil the disc anyway.

Mental Picture

I'm sometimes asked if I have—say—a mental picture of someone sitting listening (or perhaps in bed at night) as I read. Perhaps some readers have; in my case I am always partly aware of the microphone (a blank impersonal object at the best of times), and the control I need over every sound I utter. For the rest—I can only say that so much depends on observation and imagination combined that one identifies closely with the character, or the atmosphere or content of a situation, especially after 58 years of professional acting. The "proof of the pudding" lies in the letters and 'phone calls I have received over the years—some of them very moving—that demonstrate that my listeners identify, too.

Thus we are linked, sharing the stimulus the author has provided, so that almost we join hands. Believe me, that is reward enough in all conscience! Service in fellowship is the mainspring—and in Toc H we treasure Tubby Clayton's epigram (one of many)—service "is the rent we pay for our room on earth."

YOUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED

Have your slippers worn a hole in your hearthrug? Does your bookcase look like a U-bend? Do you need a tray to carry your drinks out into the garden on those long, hot summer days? All over the nation people are being confronted by such problems. St. Dunstan's Employment, Research and Homecraft Department can help provide the answer. Norman French, head of the department, says, "Nearly 100 St. Dunstaners are toiling daily to supply a whole range of items, from tables, trays and bathroom cabinets, ironing boards and bags, to dog-leads, to name but a few." The prices are low, even before you take into account the 25% discount and the free carriage for St. Dunstaners. Your Christmas gifts this year could be individually produced articles by craftsmen. Ask to see the showroom when next at Headquarters or send the tear-off slip below to H.Q. to receive a catalogue.

Stephen Jack is also Reader for the St. Dunstan's Talking Review. If you would like to receive these cassettes regularly *as well as* your print or Braille edition please fill in the coupon below, cut it out and send to the Editor at Headquarters.

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MOTORING DREAMER, DETECTIVE AND DIPLOMAT—Ken Revis

Talking to David Castleton

The first man in this country to visualise the motor car as the transport for the ordinary man, he used the expression "peoples car", was William Morris, later Lord Nuffield, whose centenary is this year, and on his birthday, 10th October, a huge exhibition of his cars and memorabilia was opened in the centre of Oxford. The exhibition will be open for two months. It will include examples from the Leyland Historic Vehicles Museum at Donington Park, near Derby, brought together by Ken Revis. How he came to fulfil his dream of preserving historic British cars is told in this article.

In the Wheatcroft Collection display are these enlarged photographs of the 1938 Grand Prix, showing scenes Ken remembers vividly.



Ken Revis riding high in the driving seat of a 1902 Albion at the Donington Park Motor Museum.

From 1902 to the 1950's and the fastest MG record car ever.



Rain was sweeping across the Midlands the day I met Ken Revis at Donington Park, near Derby. The motor-racing circuit, recently re-opened, was then still being surfaced and under a lowering sky hardly seemed a place of pilgrimage.

Yet for Ken it was. The last motor race he saw took place at Donington Park. It was the 1938 British Grand Prix. Ken remembers it all as if it were yesterday. "It was the race that Nuvolari, the maestro as they used to call him, won in an Auto Union. And here I am back again after 39 years."

A dream brought Ken back to Donington Park after half a lifetime. A dream he has cherished over the years he has worked for British Leyland: the opportunity to play a part in the launching of a museum of the vehicles produced by the many companies which are now part of this British car manufacturing corporation.

They could not have chosen a better man for the job of Co-ordinator of Leyland Historic Vehicles. Ken's enthusiasm goes back to the time when he decorated his bedroom with the portraits

of famous racing drivers. "I used to take *Motor* when I was at school and they gave free portraits of all the idols of my younger days, like Richard Seaman, Hans von Stücker and Rudolf Caracciola and all of them. I had them all round my bedroom walls.

"My interest in historic motor cars and the history of motoring generally stems from conversations with my father. For example, the Motor Car Act of 1904 made number plates obligatory and ensured that cars were properly registered; how licence discs as we know them came in under the Roads Act of 1920."

"My father had his first car in 1925, but it wasn't a Leyland. The first car I had was a 1926 nine horse power 4 cylinder Rover with a boat shaped back. It was aluminium bodied and I bought it for a fiver. I wasn't quite eighteen at the time and, under supervision, it took about a year to rebuild.

"I think the job of Co-ordinator came about because I have been President of the Bull-nose Morris Club since Lord Nuffield died in 1963. I was quite



staggered when I was asked to become President, and very honoured because there have only been two and the other was the great William Morris, Lord Nuffield himself."

Ken joined Morris Motors Limited, now British Leyland, in 1946. He worked in personnel, training, and public relations before his opportunity came following the Government taking an interest in the company two years ago.

"The man they appointed as Chief Executive was Alex Park. He was approached by people who thought that we ought to have a museum and he agreed."

Leyland Historic Vehicles Limited was registered as a company in October, 1975, and Ken was included almost from the beginning: "I think my interest in motoring history was so well known in Leyland that various senior people said, 'Well, surely this is Ken Revis's job' and I got involved that way."

If Ken could have chosen a place for the museum it would probably have been Donington Park, where as a youngster,



An historic Bull-nose radiator: it is being fitted to Lord Nuffield's own 1921 six-cylinder Morris, undergoing restoration at Kennings, Sheffield.

he watched the famous drivers of the 1930's, but its establishment there was more by accident than design.

"It was quite fortuitous that Tom Wheatcroft, restorer of Donington Park, had built five brand new inter-connecting museum halls in 1971. He was using two of them for his racing car museum and we entered into agreement to take two others. So, in fact, the Wheatcroft collection is in the second and third halls—that's excluding the reception hall and the Leyland Collection in the fourth and fifth."

Together the two splendidly displayed collections are an experience for anyone with the slightest interest in the motor car. Ken's aim for the Leyland Exhibition is to . . . "Make this, rather as Tom Wheatcroft has made the Wheatcroft Collection, somewhere where the whole family can come, not just Dad, who is keen on the mechanical side of the motor-car. The site is nice, there are lawns outside. It's a pleasant place to come to on a nice day, and then of course there is the motor racing."

For Leyland Historic Vehicles Ken has further ambitions: "My aim is to locate all our records, or as many of them as have been kept. That is to say drawings, photographs or any other archives which will form part of the collection—not only vehicles—so as to be able to provide a service for the enthusiasts who are writing books or restoring cars; to provide an archive or even a spares service to individuals and clubs."

The museum exhibits have come from the various companies comprising British Leyland, "and some of these companies have looked after their historic vehicles and have taken a lot of trouble over the years."

The oldest vehicle in the museum is, surprisingly, a tricycle made in 1875 by James Starley, whose Starley cycle firm later became the Rover Company.

"That's the oldest machine we have in the museum. We have in our catalogue, although they are not actually here today, an 1896 three wheeled Wolseley; an 1899 Wolseley, which was the first four wheeled Wolseley, we have fire engines, steam lorries, tractors and M.G. record breakers."

Ken, it seems, could almost recite his catalogue from memory. He remembers many of the vehicles because of the part he played in finding them.

Detective Work

"There's a lot of detective work which is interesting and exciting. I was told about a car the other day and, although I haven't finally tracked it down because we are not quite sure whether we own it or not, I have discovered where it is and that is in Denmark."

The starting point for any search is in the Company's records—"But our records are not complete. I must say we have a set of enthusiasts behind us because there is a club for virtually every make of car including Bean, for example. Who remembers that Bean was a car in the twenties? We have one here."

"Who remembers that Trojan was built by Leyland in the early days? Well, we have a Trojan here. They are not cars that people think of today."

"We've got one most remarkable car. We have the only known survivor of the Leyland 8, which was an 8 cylinder, over

7 litre, sports car. The Company only made a few of them and we have the last remaining one. It's the vehicle like the one in which Parry Thomas set up a lap record at Brooklands in the mid-twenties."

Decisions about which cars to preserve are very difficult to make. Ken explained, "For example, in Jubilee Year we happened to buy a 1952 Morris Oxford which we restored in the works at Cowley and that, of course, has been in great demand. We do try to attach history to particular cars but, on the other hand, history was yesterday so we are involved and are interested in anything from the 1875 tricycle to yesterday's Jaguar XJS."

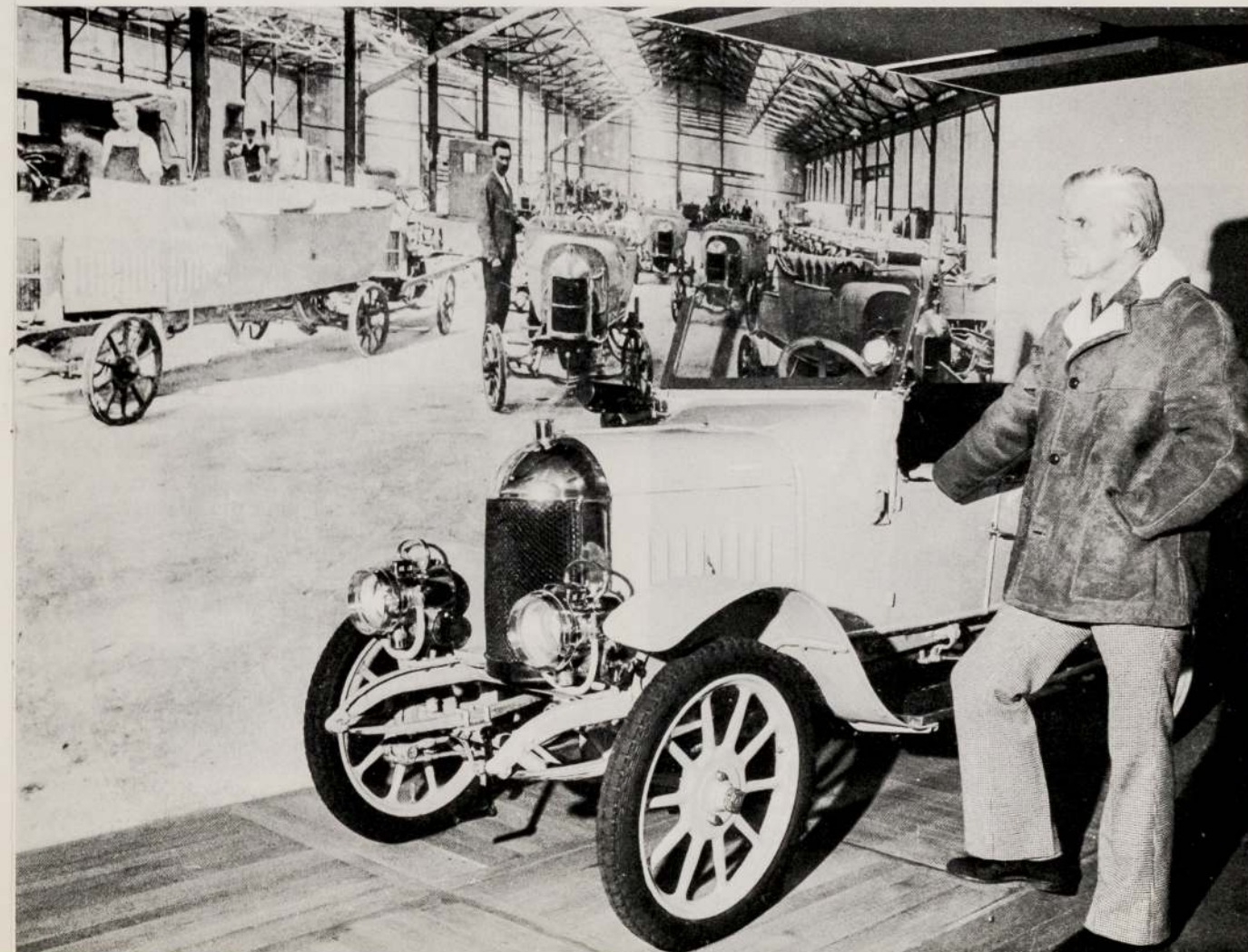
All the vehicles in the museum are in working order. "Our idea is not to have them behind a rope just to be looked at. They should all be runners. We will be able to run vehicles on the new circuit here—in fact we would probably even take people round the circuit on special

occasions. They can be hired to film and television companies or for rallies and fetes."

Having found an historic vehicle, the next problem is to restore it—and that's Ken's headache too. "One of my jobs in connection with the museum is to persuade our distributors to restore some of our cars and commercial vehicles. At the moment one of them in Guildford is restoring a 1924 Rover. I've got a distributor in Cardiff restoring an SS Jaguar, another in Oxford restoring a 1920 Austin and up in Sheffield we have Lord Nuffield's own 6 cylinder Bull-nose Morris coupé being rebuilt. They are doing these, really, as apprentice projects and we are most grateful to them."

Within Leyland Mr. Park has offered a challenge trophy for the plant which does the best restoration job. Here, again, Ken has to persuade the plant directors to agree to their staff handling a restoration

Ken Revis poses with a 1913 Morris Oxford Bull-nose, against a photograph of the original factory.





Ken visits Mann Egerton's, Guildford, where apprentices are working on a 1924 Rover chassis.

project, "Their job is to get production from their plant and persuasion is a difficult job sometimes." So Ken has to be

With the first Leyland product—a steam lawn-mower.



something of a diplomat as well as a detective, but his wide contacts throughout the Leyland empire in Birmingham, Coventry, Llanelli and in Leyland itself, stand him in good stead.

To visit one of these restoration projects is an uplifting experience, because here are the men who are in the motor industry for their interest in cars. The young apprentice mechanics and their supervisors bring these old machines from delapidation to showroom finish. What a sense of achievement they must feel when a fifty-year old engine springs to life again under gleaming coachwork and a piece of motoring history is retrieved through their skill and ingenuity.

This is the stuff of which Ken's dream is made. Visitors to the Leyland Museum at Donington Park, who examine the first Leyland product an 1896 Steam Lawn-mower, or the 1938 Austin Ruby Saloon, or the millionth Land-Rover may not know that one of the keenest members of the team who are putting the collection together can see none of them. But Ken sees these cars in his mind's eye—many of them he can remember and describe in detail and he sees his dream of presenting the heritage of the British motor industry fulfilled.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2594

Flight Of Sparrows & The White Sparrow

by Roy Brown

Read by David Strong

Reading Time 8 hours

Scobie and Keith have absconded from an Approved School. Scobie is the classic tearaway, vicious and aggressive, easily provoked to violence. Keith is quiet, normally law-abiding, innocent of the offence for which he was sentenced.

They take refuge in the basement of a crumbling old house in London. Here they are joined by two more wanderers, Sprog, a diminutive escaper from an unsatisfactory foster home, and The Boy. He is dumb, with a grisly fire-ravaged face, a silent mysterious creature of the night, with his lame mongrel for companion.

The quartet live by pilfering, but when Scobie begins to plan, and then to execute, large-scale robberies, Keith decides to give himself up before it is too late and he finds himself in deeper and more serious trouble. Scobie flatly refuses to join him and Keith, Sprog and The Boy escape from the house as the police close in.

The second story THE WHITE SPARROW deals with the troubled and unhappy wanderings of Sprog and The Boy. They roam the countryside, sleeping rough, the prey to hooligans, existing on milk and eggs filched from delivery vans (when they can get them) until, half-dead with cold and hunger, they are befriended by a girl, the daughter of a second-hand dealer. She provides food, warmth and shelter in a workshop which she is looking after in the temporary absence of the owner.

Eventually Sprog's life is transformed. He finds a settled and secure home with the junkman and his daughter and a regular job helping his benefactors.

But there is no rest or peace for The Boy and finally with his crippled dog at his heels, he disappears into the night.

This is a most moving and skilfully constructed book, written with great feeling and sensitivity.

Cat. No. 2112

The Odessa File

by Frederick Forsyth

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 11½ hours

In a Hamburg slum an elderly Jew, Salaman Tauber, commits suicide. He leaves behind a diary, a detailed and horrifying account of the treatment of the inmates of a concentration camp in Latvia, by the sadistic SS Captain Roschmann, the infamous "Butcher of Riga".

The police inspector shows the diary to his friend, Pieter Miller a journalist. Miller is so shocked by its contents that he vows to find Roschmann and bring him to justice.

With the German defeat, Roschmann and other SS officers had managed to get away, taking with them vast sums of money stolen from their Jewish victims. They are now a rich and powerful underground organisation, secretly pledged to destroy the state of Israel.

Miller sets off on his one-man campaign. It is a trail which could lead to the exposure of Roschmann and his confederates—or to Miller's violent death . . .

This is a fast-moving, all-action adventure yarn in which the baddies are very bad indeed and the solitary goody is an amateur with the dice loaded heavily against him. Forsyth's skilled treatment lifts the book well above the ordinary run-of-the-mill cloak-and-dagger stuff.

Cat. No. 1902

Let's Hear It for Prendergast

by Barry Oakley

Read by Anthony Parker

Reading Time 6¾ hours

Morley, unsuccessful writer and carwash attendant, is sitting in his Melbourne flat when there is a knock at the door. On the doorstep is Athol J. Prendergast, an old school chum. He carries all his worldly belongings and is accompanied by Midas, his faithful cat, a creature of very questionable habits.

Prendergast, two metres of odd humanity with scarecrow arms and Disneyland head, is a rebel, an eccentric and a lunatic poet of doubtful merit. He has been thrown out, flat broke, from his digs. Morley now has a very unwelcome lodger.

For Prendergast has a mad genius for espousing causes, whether they need it or not, and the luckless Morley is dragged, vainly protesting, into his crazy escapades. In the ensuing weeks he has many a sharp lesson on How to Lose Friends and Antagonise People as the ill-assorted duo get into deeper and deeper trouble.

Finally Prendergast excels even his wildest dreams and goes in for arson in a very big way.

A riotous gorgeous romp of a book on no account to be missed. The kiddies would love it but, alas, it's not for them. Some of the bits are very very naughty.

Cat. No. 1299

A Pagan Place

by Edna O'Brien

Read by Elizabeth Proud

Reading Time 6½ hours

An autobiographical novel of life in rural Ireland at the end of the last war. The narrator looks back on her childhood and the magic and the misery of growing up.

The day to day happenings of Irish village life, the gossip, the superstitions, the all-pervading Catholicism, the poverty and the aspirations—all are sharply observed, faithfully recorded in microscopic detail. Here is the humour and the pathos which is uniquely Irish, the end is inevitable and equally uniquely Irish.

A really splendid book written with spellbinding brilliance, but unhappily, not to be enjoyed by all members of the family.

NATIONAL TALKING MAGAZINES

Those of you who possess a talking book machine may be interested to hear about the British edition of "Reader's Digest" which will be available on a monthly basis from October, 1977. The annual subscription will be £6.50 and each edition will be delivered to you by post on, or about, the same time as the printed version is published.

You will be able to retain each cassette for approximately one month, and this should be returned as soon as the second issue is received. The third issue will not be sent if the first has not been returned. The Talking Magazine long play cassettes may be identified from the Talking Book cassettes by the fact that the thumb hole is partially blanked off, and the first side is identified by an adhesive Dymo label stamped MAG.

The cassettes should be returned to National Talking Magazines by the same method as used with the British Talking Book Service, i.e. reversing the address card. The return transit cases are identified by a scalloped edge at the opposite end to the opening flap.

Each magazine will have an audio index at the beginning of track one, which will enable you to find any particular article with ease.

Anyone wishing to order the "Reader's Digest" should write to, National Talking Magazines, Melbourne House, Wallington, Surrey, SM6 8SD.

GETTING THE BIRD

Phillip Wood has written to tell us of an amusing story he heard recently about a visit to Chester Zoo by a party of small children and their teacher. The visit went very well; but no sooner had the teacher reached home than the phone rang. "My little girl has got a penguin," said a worried mother. "She brought it home hidden under her cardigan." The teacher's advice was to immediately inform the zoo. They weren't a bit worried. "Oh, that's alright. Bring him back in the morning."

"But what shall I feed him on?" enquired the still anxious mother. "Fish" was the reply.

So, after a good supper of sardines, Percy the Penguin settled down for the night in the bath, which had been thoughtfully filled, in case he wanted to practice his swimming. The following morning he was returned to the bosom of his family.

Phil suggests the moral of this story is, "If you take your kids to the zoo, watch them. A penguin's alright . . . but what on earth would you give a king cobra for supper?"

INDIA . . . AND ALL THAT

by Don Westaway

Standing on the tarmac of Bombay Airport after a flight from Australia, one is aware of the smell which is distinctly India. For me, it is an exciting place and the smell is part of it, but I understand others don't like it. Many things about Bombay are different to the stories told around the world. Large hotels, good restaurants, dinner dances, beautiful beaches, hospitable people, a wide range of delicious food, are all contrasts to the results of poverty which can also be found there. Some visitors seem to revel in visiting areas of squalor to see human beings living under conditions as far removed as possible from those they themselves are accustomed to. Personally, this approach to visiting another country is not my style. It's rather like visiting a friend and looking in his rubbish bin. Local authorities are doing much to improve conditions and, in fact, from the Central Government down, India is committed to a programme of eradicating poverty and improving conditions for the masses. This won't be achieved in a day, or even a year, and I believe it is better to lend a hand in doing something positive about it rather than being emotionally distressed by too narrow a view.

Government policy controls imports very strictly, and practically everything in the shops is made in India. Within this range of Indian merchandise, a good selection is offered but to shoppers accustomed to Hong Kong, London and Melbourne, it often seems restricted. By Australian standards, prices are good value for money. Providing one likes India, its food, people and conditions, a pocketful of Australian dollars still go a long way in Bombay.

Prohibition

Within the state of Maharashtra, of which Bombay is the capital, there is total prohibition, except for those issued with a permit and this includes tourists. A permit is easy to obtain but not all places serve liquor. Restaurants which do, sell beer but always in a screened off section known as the Permit Room. Local spirits are expensive but imported ones are four

times that price. Wine is seldom mentioned, but it does exist. I tried it once.

To appreciate the food, one must remember India was originally a series of separate states and that over the centuries invaders have left their influence, especially in the north. Even today, there is a noticeable tendency to refer to people as Punjabi, Bengali, and so on. These differences probably imply a different language and types of food and other customs. Locally they will use their own language in schools and other places and learn English and Hindi because it is the national language.

Getting away from it all

For a fantastic week to get away from it all, I recommend a trip to Goa, a few hundred kilometres south of Bombay. This can be reached by air, rail, coach, car or ship. I chose to travel by ship and sailed for 24 hours down the coast of India on the Arabian Sea.

The ship carried passengers on two decks—one was the cabin deck where approximately 50 passengers were accommodated and the lower deck is much more crowded because people sleep on the deck and the fare is cheap. The dining room for the cabin deck is aft and in the glorious climate with both doors open, it was rather like a breezeway. Indian food was served with a limited selection but curried mutton, vegetables or Tanduri chicken were all very much to my liking. Chapattis, fruit, tea and beer, along with congenial table companions made each meal a delightful experience.

I loved the expression, "We will sail with the tide in the morning", and that dictated the time of departure.

The capital of Goa is Panaji, situated on a river. I stayed at an hotel 17 kms. out of the city at one end of a lovely beach 9 kms. long. The hotel is built on the ramparts of an old Portuguese fort built by Vasco da Gama to protect the fresh water spring. Three features of Goa which caught my attention was the high standard of English spoken by those I contacted, the apparent lack of poverty and the claim that all children are literate. A farmer with 100 coconut trees each producing 12 coconuts a year valued at 1 rupee per coconut is considered to be well-to-do.

Curried fish is the main local dish; local cooking has retained a Portuguese influence, bearing in mind they occupied Goa for 400 years and left it only as recently as 1961. Surrounding countryside is lush, green rice paddies and other cultivated fields with red stone buildings and terra cotta tiles. Terra cotta is also the local pottery clay.

Another trip out from Bombay which was fascinating lasted two days. We travelled by jeep 120 miles in a northerly direction to an agricultural village area named Phansa situated on the coast at the mouth of a fairly big creek. The jeep, by the way, is of Indian manufacture but is the old Willy's model. India also makes Fiat and Morris cars of a model about 20 years old.

Conditions at Phansa were definitely rural and in one village we were told nobody within 5 kms. of that village owns a motor vehicle. Walking is the main method of mobility; bullock carts and some horses are used for transport. A local dignitary invited us in for tea and although the ladies of the house prepared and served it, they did not enter into the conversation. Our host and his young son talked to us in very good English. The boy was very well informed about cricket and actually cricket is played extensively in the parts of India which I visited. The simpler type of home we visited had a thatched roof and compressed clay and cow dung floors and stood without shade some distance from the well. Ablutions, I think, were carried out near the well. Box thorn hedges keep cattle and intruders out and the sighted wife of the blind farmer must keep her eyes open to maintain security.

The Watchman

The watchman is a common position in India; most blocks of flats or farming complexes employ them. One watchman I met still called people during the night to catch trains, and so on, he doesn't possess a watch but determines the time by the position of the stars and is reputed to be always accurate within 15 minutes.

In the Phansa area, chillies, mangoes, bananas, coconuts, and, I think, a cereal crop are grown. We came back from Phansa by train. India probably has the

best patronised railway system in the world. Trains are still crowded, travel is cheap. The train we wanted to board was full and a seat was available only in the dining car. The food served was good enough within the limited menu possible from the train galley, but the smell of the toilets wafting down the train corridor was a bit much—even so I like India.

As any trip comes towards a close, there always seems to be a round of last minute shopping with the remaining travellers cheques, a look at the monuments, the Gateway to India, the remodelled Taj Mahal Hotel, dinner with friends and then, reluctantly in my case, out to the airport to board the B.A. Jumbo bound for Hong Kong, Sydney and Melbourne with a headful of hopes and tentative plans for a return to India somehow, sometime.

CANADIAN 4-TRACK, 2 SPEED CASSETTE RECORDER

Mr. Charles Cadwell, Director, Recording Services for the Blind, recently made a trip to Canada during which he was shown the APH 4-track, 2 speed tape recorder. There are 2 models in the series. The first is a playback only machine. A variable speed control and selector switch enabled the playback on 4 tracks at $\frac{1}{4}$ ths i.p.s. (inches per second) or of the standard 2 track $1\frac{1}{4}$ ths i.p.s. The second model is as the first but with recording facilities. Both machines are portable and contain battery packs that are rechargeable from the mains when not in use. They both use standard compact cassettes which are widely available. A C90, for instance, would give 6 hours playing time. The cost of the machines is 50 dollars (approx. £37) and 150 dollars respectively.

Mr. Cadwell was of the opinion that these machines could be beneficial to the blind from the point of view that both Talking Newspapers and Talking Books could be heard on identical equipment. The view of the Talking Book Service as published in the October *Review* expressed some limitations due to the "attractiveness" of cassettes and the ease of pirate copying. It seems highly likely that this is the next generation of tape recorders for listeners, handicapped or otherwise.



At Blackbushe Airfield, Wally Thomas and Ron Ellis, with Dorothy Williams and Alma Hall, pose in front of a Heinkel 111.

DEAF REUNION 1977

by Ron Ellis

Thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Williams, the Entertainments Office and the Welfare Staff, the Muffies were able to have their Mini Reunion again this year. There were three of us this year, Wally Thomas, Teddy Porter and myself, but with great help from our escorts we had a really grand time.

The Reunion started off on the 29th September with a grand opening dinner with the Commandant, Assistant Matron, Miss Allison, and our guest, Doctor Stilwell. We very much missed having with us this year our dear friends Matron Blackford and Doctor O'Hara, and we sincerely hope we shall be seeing them at future Reunions. Dinner at an end, Wally gave a small speech to welcome our new guest, the Doctor, saying it was a pleasure to have him with us. Our compliments to the cooks for a superb dinner and so well served.

Friday morning saw us off early to the Historic Motor Museum at Beaulieu. It was a sheer joy to walk among all the old

vintage cars, made more pleasurable because our guide was taking the barrier ropes down so that we could pass through and touch the different models as he gave us all the details and dates. He even gave us the pleasure of sitting in some of them. It felt great, sitting in some of the models holding the little steering wheels, it seemed to take one back right into the past and made one wonder how they managed to stand the bitter cold when travelling in those days. Never did I think that I would have the pleasure of examining the greatest of all racing cars, the Golden Arrow and the Blue Bird. They were superbly kept.

The tour of the museum over and having thanked our guide for all his kind help and understanding, we made our way to the eats. After lunch we made our way to where an old vintage bus was standing, to take people for a ride around the gardens. Boy, what a lovely old bone shaker, twelve passengers downstairs and twelve up and no standing. Just fifteen miles an hour and an eight hour stint on that and you could say you had earned your basin of broth. After the bus ride we

Deaf Reunion—continued

had a slow browse through the Palace, one word will sum up that little tour. Magnificent, beautiful. 5 p.m. saw us en route for Slindon, near Arundel, where we stopped at the St. George Thomas Arms for dinner.

Saturday morning was pleasantly spent at Shoreham Lifeboat Station, where we were shown over the lifeboat and had a good chat to one of the crew who had a ready answer to all our questions. Hats off to these fellows, for they are very brave men indeed. Good luck to them all.

Sunday morning after mid-morning coffee, we were off to Pearson House to have sherry with Matron Hallett. It is always a great pleasure to me to meet Matron Hallett, as I do not very often go down to Brighton, and also to meet the staff there. Our sincere thanks to Matron for a very pleasant morning.

Lunch was taken at Ian Fraser House, then at 1 p.m. we departed by mini-bus to Blackbushe Airport near Camberley, Surrey, to see Mr. Douglas Arnold's collection of aircraft. On arrival the wind was blowing rather coldly, but not to worry we soon found that there was plenty to make us forget the weather. It was good to be able to feel some of the old aircraft that actually took part during the last war and to have our questions answered about them. The big attraction was the two big German bombers. They sure took some walking around and gave us plenty to feel. I did think to myself: not to worry, she is tamed.

We left the airport about five o'clock and arrived at the Old Priest House, Cold-

waltham, near Pulborough. A lovely dinner was served to us, followed by coffee and biscuits.

Monday, the last day of our great little do. At 10.15 a.m. we were on our way again, this time to Hove Engineerium. Here was something to open the people's eyes. The models on show were superb: the ones that interested Wally and I most were the ones of the railway engines and the pumps. There was even an old traction engine there dated about 1910 and two superb old fire engines dating back into the late 18th century. It was a very interesting morning, and we would like to thank Mr. Minns for his kind help and understanding.

I am very sorry to have to say that throughout our days out, Teddy Porter was unable to accompany us, as he was not feeling too well and we are also very sorry to hear that his wife has been very ill. We wish them both a speedy recovery to good health and happiness.

At half past three we had tea with Mr. Wills and the Welfare Staff. It is always so nice to see them and it is very kind of them to come from Headquarters to see us. We sincerely thank them for all their kindness.

The Grand Farewell Dinner was held at the Eaton Restaurant. Mr. Wills gave a short speech and Wally expressed our thanks. So ended another Mini Reunion to remember. Once again our renewed thanks to our escorts, to the staff at Ian Fraser House for making our stay a happy one, and sincere thanks to all those responsible for making the Reunion possible.

A VERY IMPORTANT PERSON by Micky Robinson

This Wonderful Lady
Your partner in life
With no fancy title
She's just called your wife.

So charming and lively
With style and with grace
Full of courage and devotion
Supreme Queen of her race.

She's calm and composed
So gentle and kind
And Angels like this
Are so hard to find.

And at the end of the day
With a kiss and a smile
Your heart will beat fast
Making life all worth while.

She's all the world's treasures
Just rolled into one
And her many fine qualities
Are second to none.

And to all married men
Who own such a wife
Take care of your darling
There's none better in life.

OVINGDEAN NOTES

It was the first day of the month—that depressing day when all one's correspondence seems to come in nasty little brown envelopes with windows. The weather was unkind, and the outing to Fontwell Park Races had to be cancelled, despite rebellious mutterings from the dedicated punters—altogether it was Disaster Day. We even forgot to say "White Rabbits" for luck on awakening to greet the happy dawn. The Theatre Royal that evening was showing "A Murder is Announced". (Could it possibly be Escort Sister's?)

We invited Pearson House residents who enjoyed playing Dominoes, to come and join our regular Saturday night game. Somewhere along the way wires became crossed. Our guests arrived full of eagerness to win a Silver Cup. We were playing for 3 prizes—total value 50p. We were not surprised to learn that our visitors were somewhat underwhelmed with excitement. Sorry, P.H.!

Rex Davis Retires

It was with regret that we learned of the retirement of Mr. Rex Davis, who has been playing the drums at our Monday night dances for many years. We all send him our good wishes for a long and happy retirement. It is nice that the "percussion section" of the band has been taken over by Henry Kerr, and we hope he beats that hide for a long time to come.

Having survived those first traumatic days of September, we settled down to a more equable existence. The Theatre Royal offered "The Sacred Flame", by W. Somerset Maugham, "The Deep Blue Sea", by Terence Rattigan, and "It Happened in Harrods". (We've wondered WHAT HAPPENED ever since—we really should have seen that play.)

Picnic Lunch

Our racing activities were curtailed by the poor weather, apart from two lovely days at Goodwood, but we doggedly went on with our Drives. The trainees and their instructors took a picnic lunch to Chartwell, and were taken round Winston Churchill's home, which is a remarkable

experience—the great man's presence can almost be felt, and one quite expects to see him painting in his studio, or building a wall in the grounds.

In the House, we had several most enjoyable entertainments—one from a group of young people known as "The Gemini Theatre Group". Another happy evening was spent listening to the delightful music of those old friends of whom we are so fond—Cyril and Dolly, with "Four Hands, One Piano". A new-to-us Concert Party, called most appropriately "The Merrymakers", came from Crawley to give us a really sparkling entertainment. They began in fine style as "The 1st Battalion Crawley Misfits", and from then on, the laughter flowed. We all fell about with the "Laughing Policeman", and were most impressed by the lovely costumes worn during the show. We are fortunate in having secured the Concert Party for Christmas Eve, and hope to see the lounge filled to overflowing.

It was a great joy to have the "Handy Andies" here for their Reunion, though part of it was spent in Gay Paree. We have grave misgivings as to what took place in that naughty city, we will just say that Escort Sister was presented on their return with a confection of elastic, black lace and gold satin. But what on earth shall I do with ONE sleeveband?

Answers on a postcard, please.

CLUB NEWS

St. Dunstan's Brighton Sports & Social Club Dinner dance

As the finale to a most successful season, a dinner-dance was held at the Dudley Hotel on the 21st September. This was attended by members from as far afield as Edinburgh, Lancashire, Stoke and Wales. One point which must be mentioned was the excellent cuisine and service by the management.

The highlights of the evening were the after dinner speeches when Dr. John O'Hara and his good lady—our guests of honour—were presented with tokens of

CLUB NEWS—continued

our esteem and affection. This took the form of a Silver frame containing his Certificate of Commendation from Her Majesty the Queen, upon the receipt of his Silver Jubilee Medal. As we never forget the ladies, who do so much to assist, a cut-glass vase and bouquet were presented to Mrs. O'Hara.

The dance which followed, to the music of Jim Halliday and his Band, was acclaimed a great success.

H. SMITH

MIDLAND

Once again I have the pleasure of reporting on two club meetings, one held in September and the other in October. Both were well attended and very enjoyable.

Dominoes was the main interest at the September meeting, but the October one was a very busy one.

The first item on the agenda was the Annual General Meeting. We were all in agreement that we had had a good year and we have only one main item left on this year's calendar, that is the Christmas dinner.

One or two other items were discussed to do with the internal running of the club, our treasurer told us that we were financially alright, but we are still concerned about the ever-increasing cost of coaches for outings.

The same committee was re-elected but Guy Bilcliff was elected as an additional committee man, and so the committee is now as follows:

Chairman	L. Kibbler
Secretary	D. E. Cashmore
Treasurer	E. Hordyniec
Committee	D. Faulkner & G. Bilcliff

The second item on the agenda at the October meeting was another of our very profitable "Bring and Buy" sales. A number of our friends came along to support us on this occasion and the fine sum of £19 was raised. Thank you, everyone.

Our thanks go also to our wives and ladies of our club for putting on a lovely tea at each of our meetings. We all thanked them in our usual manner.

Do not forget next meeting first Sunday in the month, 6th November.

DOUG CASHMORE

LONDON

With only one remaining match to be played this year for the Gover Cup, the position is as follows:

	pts.		pts.
H. Tybinski	375	J. Huk	323
P. Nuyens	354	H. Meleson	322
B. Allen	347	L. Douglass	320
R. Armstrong	338	V. Kemmish	319
J. Majchrowicz	336	R. Stanners	316
J. Carney	326	B. Evans	308

The results for Saturday, 8th October, were:

	pts.
P. Nuyens and J. Huk	73
B. Miller and J. Majchrowicz	65
B. Allen and M. Tybinski	64
R. Armstrong and H. Meleson	63
V. Kemmish and J. Carney	62
R. Stanners and Mrs. Meleson	51

It would appear that H. Tybinski has the Cup in his pocket, so to speak, but the runner-up is not quite so positive. The final match in this year's series is on the 12th November.

BRIGHTON

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

The last social event of the 1976/77 year was the dinner dance at the Dudley Hotel which was a great success, an account of which is being reported on separately. Our October dance was held on the 8th, another very friendly gathering, the next one being on the 12th November.

The highlight of the winter season will be our Christmas dance to be held on the 10th December, when the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Trophies will be presented together with other Prizes. Results of all competitions will be given at a later date.

Whist Aggregate

Ladies

1st	Mrs. J. Osborne	95
2nd	Mrs. A. McCormack	83
3rd	Mrs. M. Crabtree	81

Gentlemen

1st	—Mr. J. Padley	89
	—Mr. W. Phillips	89
3rd	Mr. W. Burnett	87

BOB OSBORNE

Bowling Club

The Bowling Club held an A.G.M. on the 27th September. The following officials were elected:

Chairman & Captain	J. E. Frearson
Vice Captain	T. Mugan
Committee	J. Morrish
	M. Robinson
Hon. Secretary	Mrs. P. Jones
Hon. Treasurer	Mrs. P. Burnett

The past policy of the Bowling Club was discussed and it was decided it was such a success that policies on the same line would be adopted in the coming year. The Sir Mike Ansell competition will be starting in October and run until the end of the indoor season, and it was agreed that the entertaining of our friendly clubs would carry on once a month as before.

TED FREARSON
(Captain)

Bridge Section

With a number of our players attending St. Dunstan's Bridge Week at Harrogate, only two competitions were held this month. The eighth Individual took place on the 3rd September. The results were as follows:

A. Dodgson and W. Lethbridge	69
J. Padley and M. Clemments	66
W. Phillips and W. Burnett	63
C. Walters and partner	61
R. Fullard and F. Griffie	60

On the 11th September, the eighth Pairs competition was held. The winners were:

North-South

W. Lethbridge and R. Goodlad 54.2

East-West

R. Fullard and Mrs. V. McPherson 59.7

Fishing Section

Fishing this year has been the usual success. We haven't had any really big ones, but we have had happy fishing days, good company and plenty of fish. We welcomed a couple of new members and Mr. Harold Smith of Peacehaven, who had made his first trip with us in June, has won the award for the biggest fish this season with a 6½ lb. pollock. We congratulate Harold and his award will be presented, as usual, at the Christmas dance.

As soon as the new fishing time-tables

are printed, we shall put on the club notice board the dates of our future trips. New members are, needless to say, most welcome and we assure you, we thoroughly enjoy our trips. All members, of course, find their own transport to Newhaven and supply their own food. If you are interested, please contact me and I'll do all I can to help and advise you. For our regular fishermen, thank you for your support and I wish you all a tight line.

BILL PHILLIPS

BRIDGE NOTES

Harrogate Bridge Week

All our bridge players and escorts assembled at Kings Cross station on 24th September to depart on the 11.30 a.m. train to Harrogate. We were busy as usual passing news and generally talking or playing hands of rubber bridge to while away the time until we reached Leeds. I hope you noticed I said Leeds, not Harrogate, for on the platform at Leeds, wearing a huge grin was Pimpernel Smith himself, (or Norman to all the lads). Once Smith arrived, that stopped any bridge or lulls in the conversation. I don't know who was the happiest, Norman or the boys.

On Saturday night we set off for Harrogate Bridge Club to play for the St. Dunstan's Cup, won as usual by Mrs. Monica Campbell and her team. On Sunday we played the Civil Service Club, but due to an error in the marking, it couldn't be resolved who had won. But who cares? We had a lovely evening with our friends. Monday, more friends at Knaresborough, and a loss for us.

On Tuesday we played Ripon friends in the afternoon and I.C.I. in the evening. We had changed the I.C.I. matches around this year and the usual Thursday friends played us on Tuesday, and vice-versa. These matches we won, and by a fair amount of points. Unusual, but good bridge, and it is always nice to win some. Wednesday was Bradford, which was almost a win and again good bridge, the nearest to a win with them yet, I think. Also friends at Oakdale, which we lost.

Then on Thursday we went to the Drovers for lunch to entertain some of our

BRIDGE NOTES—continued

friends of long standing and a very good afternoon this always is, attended by our own Mr. Wills. I am sure he agrees it's one of the highlights of a most enjoyable week.

Finally, on Friday we entertained at the Dirlton Hotel as many friends as could come to a bridge drive. How lovely it is to see all these kind people. Year after year they come, with so many memories of past good times; friends like Mr. and Mrs. Norman Green, Hoppy and Ada. We would need the whole *Review* to name them all and hope they will forgive us if their names are not mentioned. Of one thing they can be sure, they are not forgotten by us players and every one of them, Captains, teams and helpers, will always be our dear friends. I would also

like to thank the staff of the Dirlton Hotel for a wonderful meal.

Our non-playing Captain, Monsieur Nuyens (Shamus), always fools us because every year he excels himself with the organising. It's wonderful the way he plans and carries out all the items we have coming up without any fuss. He is there correcting and just being Paul. He will never know how grateful the boys are to him; also, of course, the four wives who helped and our very dear old pal, Joe Kennedy, and not forgetting Ian, who is doing a first class job for the boys, as we keep telling him.

All in all, it was a very usual Harrogate week, which is always a really wonderful time, with very dear friends. What more is there to expect in life or to receive.

BILL PHILLIPS

EUROPEAN GAMES AT POZNAN, AUGUST, 1977

by J. Carnochan

I was selected as Team Coach and general factotum for the British Team taking part in the above games. These were the first European Games for the Visually Handicapped and are to become a biennial event. I understand the next ones are to be held in Holland or Sweden in 1979. Sad to say that the British team did not do so well, coming 17th out of 17 countries, and with no event winners. In the athletics, the winning team was the U.S.S.R., with the host team, Poland, coming second. The swimming was won by East Germany, with Sweden second. The roll ball was won by Belgium, with Bulgaria second. The United Kingdom came 7th out of 8 teams.

The results below obviously indicate that countries like the U.S.S.R., Poland,

Finland and Norway put much more emphasis on preparation and training, particularly the technical side of field events. It is also interesting to note that, where event rules were the same for the T.B. and P.S. sections, for example, the 100 metres, shot putt and long jump, the difference between the results was small, which proves that, if the technical ability and training is good, then the visual field difference doesn't matter too much. However, let us not despair; there is plenty of good potential in the British blind world and it only needs good training to bring it to the fore. So all you St. Dunstan's athletes intending to be selected for the 1979 European Games, start training now, because three months before the event is much too late.

Event Performances (All European Records)

Event	Section	Country	U.K. performance	Winning performance
Shot Putt	T.B.	Finland	—	11.22 metres
Javelin	T.B.	E. Germany	—	(standing) 39.20 metres
100 metres sprint	T.B.	Poland	13.00 secs.	12.2 secs.
Triple Jump	T.B.	Norway	6.66 metres	(standing) 8.22 metres
Long Jump	T.B.	Poland	3.97 metres	5.57 metres
Shot Putt	P.S.	U.S.S.R.	—	12.54 metres
Javelin	P.S.	Finland	31.00 metres	57.04 metres
100 metres	P.S.	Spain	12.3 secs.	11.07 secs.
Triple Jump	P.S.	U.S.S.R.	11.50 metres	13.65 metres
Long Jump	P.S.	Poland	5.68 metres	6.41 metres

FAMILY NEWS

Marriages

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. James Ernest Blackwell of Bridgwater, are pleased to announce the marriage of their daughter, Jean Margaret to Keith John Roman, B.Sc., on the 3rd September, at the Priory, Bridgwater.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beales of Hereford, are pleased to announce that their son, Robert Francis, was married to Caroline Rosemary Brewer at Holy Trinity Church, Hereford, on Saturday, 1st October.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanislaw Maruniak of Leeds, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Krystyna, was married to Tony Smallman of Liverpool, on the 3rd September.

Mr. John McDermott of Manchester, is pleased to announce that his eldest son, Peter, was married to Moira Cregeen on the 23rd July at Kensington Registry Office. They are now living in Kuwait, where Peter is a consultant in Industrial Design and Moira is a Business Consultant to the Bank of Kuwait.

Mr. Sam Wilkins of Rottingdean, is pleased to announce that his granddaughter was married to Charles House at Lymington, Hants., on Saturday, 27th August.

We apologise for an error in our announcement last month which should have read:

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson of Brighton, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Judith, was married to Peter Moore at Ian Fraser House Chapel on 3rd September. They wish to express their thanks to V.A.D., Miss Jennifer Low, for arranging the flowers.

Silver Wedding

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Major of Bournemouth, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on the 18th October.

Mr. and Mrs. "Freddy" H. Wareham of Poole, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on the 4th October.

Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. John Foster of Redhill, Surrey, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on the 28th September.

Diamond Wedding

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temperton of Hull, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding on 15th September, with lunch at the Queen's Hotel, Hull. Present at the lunch were our St. Dunstaners, Thomas Cooper and Joseph Nicol.

Births

Congratulations to:

Mr. Jack Belton of Teignmouth, Devon, on the birth of his grandson, Douglas, born to his only daughter on the 3rd September.

Emmanuel 'Manny' Corbettis and his wife, Iris, on the birth of a son on the 6th October. He will be called Christopher Daniel Joseph William.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mr. William Dunlop of Balcombe, on the death of his step-father in Cardiff, who passed away in August.

Mr. Roy Mendham of Ilford, on the loss of his mother, who passed away on the 7th September.

Mr. Bronislaw Tomporowski of Wolverhampton, on the loss of his elder sister and her son-in-law.

Mr. William Veness of Lancing, a resident at Pearson House, on the loss of his brother, who passed away on the 9th September.

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.

Dr. F. le Gros Clark, M.A., D.Sc. *3rd Hampshire Regiment*

Dr. F. le Gros Clark ("Clarkie") of Cambridge, died in hospital on the 22nd September, at the age of 85.

He was an Oxford undergraduate from 1911, then served throughout the First World War, being commissioned in 1916. He was blinded and lost his right hand on the last day of the War.

From the time he trained at St. Dunstan's right up to his death, he was engaged in writing and research. At first he wrote short stories, novels, poetry and children's stories, but from the early 1930's he was engaged on research into such problems as malnutrition and ageing, and his writing, public speaking and broadcasting were on these subjects. In 1960 he undertook considerable research for St. Dunstan's, chiefly concerning older men and women, and many St. Dunstaners will recall meeting and talking to him. Bristol University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Science in the Social Sciences in 1972 and he was given a tremendous ovation, not only for his academic achievements but for the way he had overcome his difficulties.

He was married in 1921, widowed and married again, but his second wife died in 1974. He was taken ill quite recently and died peacefully in hospital. He leaves nieces and other relatives and many friends whom he had helped.

Joseph Cooper *East Yorkshire Regiment*

Joseph Cooper of Telford, died in hospital on the 30th September, at the age of 78.

Mr. Cooper enlisted in February 1917 and served as a Private with the East Yorkshire Regiment. He was wounded on the Somme in 1917, when he lost the sight in one eye, but he continued to serve in the Army until March 1919. With the failure of his remaining sight much later in life, Mr. Cooper became a St. Dunstaner in November 1976. Prior to his retirement, at the age of 64, he had been employed as a Security Officer.

He leaves his daughter, Mrs. Vera Lawrie, with whom he has lived since he was widowed, and another daughter and two sons.

Samuel Henry Jacobs *Royal Engineers*

Samuel Henry Jacobs of Wallasey, died at his home on the 28th September, at the age of 69.

Mr. Jacobs was called up on the 1st September, 1939, and served as a Corporal with the Royal Engineers. He was wounded by a bomb blast at Dunkirk in June, 1940 and continued his military

service until October, 1945. After leaving the Army, Mr. Jacobs was employed as an Assistant Inspector with the G.P.O. until September, 1962. Just prior to this, his sight had failed, and in November, 1962, he became at St. Dunstaner.

Mr. Jacobs was a man who enjoyed getting out and about in his retirement. He and his wife liked to take their holidays abroad and in 1974, and again in 1976, were delighted to be able to visit their son in Australia.

He leaves his widow, Dorothy, and their three children.

Cyril Womack *10th Royal Hussars*

Cyril Womack of Leicester, died on the 6th October, aged 64.

Mr. Womack joined the 10th Royal Hussars as a Trooper in October 1932. His sight failed after returning from service in France in 1940 and his discharge from the Army came in May, 1942. In July of that year, he became a St. Dunstaner and trained as a boot repairer, working first in this capacity at our Boot Depot for two years and then on the making of shoes with a local manufacturer in Leicester until 1953. He then went into alternative industrial employment for the remainder of his working life, retiring three years ago.

Mr. Womack very much enjoyed his garden and greenhouse as a hobby occupation, and a good deal of his time was also taken up by the activities in which he participated as a member of the Dunkirk Veterans Association. In 1958, he was proud to be invited to attend the presentation of a new colour standard to his old Regiment, then serving in Germany, and he regularly attended the Reunions held in Dunkirk.

He leaves a widow, Muriel, and their son, Roger and his family.

William Wood *Leicestershire Regiment*

William Wood of Leicester, died on the 12th September, aged 82.

Mr. Wood enlisted in 1916, serving first with the East Surreys and then with the Leicestershire Regiment and attained the rank of Corporal. He suffered Mustard Gas poisoning on the Somme in March, 1918 but remained in the Army until 1923. He was employed as a Post Office Engineer until his retirement in 1955 and, following deterioration of his sight, he became a St. Dunstaner in December, 1974. Unfortunately, he was by then in very indifferent health, although he could occasionally enjoy attending his local Blind Club and participation in their outings.

He leaves his widow, Ellen, and their daughters.