



St Dunstons Review March 1978

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

No. 694

MARCH 1978

10p MONTHLY



In the Council Room at Headquarters, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, Chairman, presents a silver tea set and gallery tray to Miss. Nancy Feaver, who has retired from the post of Assistant Matron at Pearson House. Part of the inscription on the tray reads: "... in appreciation of 25 years gentle and dedicated service to war-blinded men and women".

SIR NEVILLE PEARSON, Bt.

On behalf of St. Dunstaners and staff, we extend warm congratulations to Sir Neville Pearson who celebrated his eightieth birthday on February 13th.

NEW ONE POUND NOTE

The October *Review* described the new one pound note that was due to be issued early this year. The note is now in circulation. It is smaller than the existing note and bears the portrait of Sir Isaac Newton.

COVER PICTURE: Two St. Dunstan's skiers, Ted Bunting and Alan Wortley, are dwarfed by the majesty of the Dolomite Mountains. See 'Ski-ing—Delightful or Dangerous?' on centre pages.

TROOPING THE COLOUR

It is anticipated that we may be allocated tickets again this year for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony on Saturday, 3rd June in the morning and the Private View of the Royal Tournament on Wednesday, 12th July, 1978, in the afternoon.

Any St. Dunstaner who would like to apply for tickets should contact Miss Bridger by Monday, 24th April.

C. D. WILLS

MR. DENIS FRANKLYN ROBINSON

I shall be pleased to act as Honorary Treasurer to a Fund from which to make a Presentation to Mr. Robinson who retires at the end of April. Several St. Dunstaners have expressed a wish to contribute and some have already done so. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and sent to me at 191 Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN.

C. D. WILLS

MR. JOHN JARVIS

The death occurred on January 10th, of Mr. John Jarvis. Mr. Jarvis joined the staff of the Royal National Institute for the Blind in 1946. As well as his posts in the United Kingdom, and on the World Council for the Welfare of the Blind, he was also a Council Member of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind. Mr. Richard Dufon, who worked with him, writes, "As St. Dunstan's representative on the National Uniform Type Committee, my admiration for John Jarvis grew enormously. He was the blind Chairman of a committee which maintains the Standard English Braille Code, collectively benefiting readers, teachers and transcribers. All are represented at annual meetings.

He will be remembered for his work with several sub-committees concerned with modern Braille, scientific notation, and the publication of the current revised book of rules for the Standard Code. John Jarvis' contribution as the International Correspondent for the R.N.I.B. and as Secretary General for the World Council for the Welfare of the Blind, was very considerable. He was widely travelled and always willing to share his experiences with others. I feel it was a great privilege to have known him both as a colleague and in his capacity as a Chairman with great personal charm, devoting a great part of his life to the cause of better communication for the blind".

Identify Your Meter Reader

Our August 1977 issue, 'Magog's' column, "It Strikes Me", included a reference to a scheme introduced by the North West Electricity Board to enable blind consumers to check the identity of a meter reader. A note of the last four

digits of their account number is supplied in Braille and the official identifies himself using these numbers from the records he carries. In Parliament, on February 1st, Mr. Alf Morris, Minister for the Disabled, announced that, "All Electricity Boards in the country are now to participate in a scheme for helping blind people to identify the Board's meter readers. All blind people wishing to be included in the scheme will be helped to identify genuine meter readers through the use of a mutually agreed password, or similar arrangement, in each individual case."

Bowling Tournament

St. Dunstaners wishing to take part in the Bowling Tournament from April 10th-14th should contact Jock Carnochan by March 17th at the latest.

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.

Joseph Christopher Foran of Slough, who joined St. Dunstan's on 25th January. Mr. Foran served as a Leading Aircraftman in the R.A.F. from 1943 until his discharge in 1947 following injuries received while working on bomb disposal in Egypt in 1946. Mr. Foran is a bachelor.

Herbert Holden of Huddersfield, who joined St. Dunstan's on 25th January. Mr. Holden served with the 5th Duke of Wellington's Regiment during the First World War. He is a married man.

Reginald Richards of Northampton, who joined St. Dunstan's on 9th January. Mr. Richards served as a Private, first with the Northamptonshire Regiment and later with the Leicestershire Regiment, during the First World War. He is married with two adult sons and three adult daughters.



St. Dunstan's first 'Gentleman of the Air' for 1978, Ted John, receives the Trophy, which bears the title as a tribute to the memory of the late Wally Wardrop. Mr. John Dickson of the Royal Navy A.R.S., makes the presentation.

Successful Amateur Radio Week-end

by Jim Padley

Friday, 3rd February, saw the arrival at Ian Fraser House of Radio 'Hams' from different parts of the country for the Amateur Radio Weekend. Amongst their luggage could be seen little black boxes containing their transceivers, with which they would communicate with fellow amateurs both far and near. The evening was spent operating the equipment using the call sign GB3STD, specially allocated for this get together. Those not actually operating indulged in a 'Rag-Chew', a gossip session, comparing notes since their last meeting.

At the A.G.M., held on Saturday morning, the Chairman, Bill Shea, G4AUJ, and

the Secretary/Treasurer, Ted John, G3SEJ, presented their reports for the past year. The members were pleased to hear from the Chairman that the club is going from strength to strength with an increasing membership and growing interest among St. Dunstaners. The Treasurer was happy to report on the sound finances of the club and outlined plans to purchase further equipment to be installed at Ian Fraser House for the use of members. During the meeting varied subjects were discussed and one of them in particular was the introduction of a librarian who will, in the near future, publish a list of titles which will have been recorded on

cassette. Jock Innes, G4AJP, readily volunteered for this position to which the members were agreeable.

The existing committee were re-elected unanimously en bloc to serve a further year. Apologies were received from several members and it is hoped they will be able to attend in June. All members were pleased to see George Cole, G4AW1, back in circulation after his unfortunate illness and to hear that he will be back on the key shortly. After a vote of thanks in appreciation of the work done during the past year by all the committee, the Chairman closed the meeting.

The lunch adjournment proved to be a most enjoyable and happy affair. Among our guests were David Castleton and Norman French from H.Q., who have always given us their support and help in the past, Alan Baker, Chairman of the Brighton Radio Club, John Dickson, R.N.A.R.S., Barry Cook, R.A.F.A.R.S., Eric Letts, Mid-Sussex A.R.S., Mr. L. Wooller and Mr. Houlihan, of the Radio Interference Group, Hove. All present were very sorry that Lord Wallace, Capt. J. Cooper, R.S.A.R.S., Con Scarrot, R.A.I.B.C., were, because of varying reasons, unable to attend, but hope that this will be rectified in the future. Our other absent friend was Ralph Cathles,

G3NDF. It was good to learn that he is making good progress towards recovery.

The members were very pleased that Matron Pass accepted the Society's luncheon invitation so that she could be introduced to everyone and have the activities that take place during the week-end explained to her; for example she among the other uninitiated, now knows that QRM means an ever increasing crescendo of radio chatter.

After lunch, Chairman Bill Shea in his speech on behalf of the Society welcomed the guests and thanked everybody concerned for making the weekend possible and continued with a warm moving account of the late Wally Wardrop, G3MOW, recalling Wally's humour and the happiness that he gave to fellow amateurs throughout the world. Because of this, the G3MOW Memorial Trophy was born. This magnificent trophy was presented to S.D.A.R.S., to perpetuate his memory, by Wally's friends both in South Africa and France.

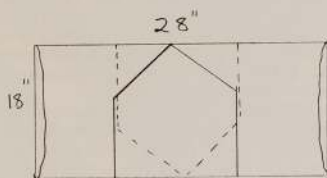
It was decided by the members that the trophy should be presented annually to the member who in the opinion of the Society had in the past year given the most outstanding service. The Chairman in announcing the first recipient, Ted John, was the first to congratulate Ted

Jock Innes, the Society's new librarian, at the microphone during the radio week-end.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ① Bend wires like this ▶



- ② Insert wires into open-ended plastic bag, points opposite one another

- ③ Take tops of wire frames between thumb and forefinger and turn bottoms downwards forming cloche



Radio Week-end—Continued

before asking John Dickson to make the presentation, who in turn congratulated Ted with a few well chosen words. This presentation was the highlight of the weekend.

It was a glowing, satisfied audience that settled down in the Winter Garden to listen to a talk on Repeaters by Alan Baker, including a practical demonstration activating the 70 cm. Repeater at Brighton. The thanks of the Society go to Alan for a most enlightening and descriptive talk, especially having it sprung on him at such short notice.

During the weekend, contacts were made with stations in both North and South America, South Africa, the Middle East, Europe, and the U.K., many of which were amateur radio friends. One pleasant surprise was to hear Louis Varney, G5RV, a great friend of the Society, who is at present in Argentina using the call sign CX5RV in contact with other South American stations; it was unfortunate that he could not be contacted by GB3STD.

This was a most successful weekend, enjoyed by all, but only made possible with the co-operation and help of the Commandant, Matron and all staff at Ian Fraser House and members of the Society wish to thank them and trust that they were not too disturbed when the big

switch was pulled and "Hams" crept down to their respective rooms.

The next weekend is planned for June 10th and 11th, 1978 when it is hoped that the permanent station will have been installed at Ian Fraser House. Any St. Dunstaner who is interested in attending should contact Miss Bridger at H.Q. re. accommodation.

WANTED Dead or Alive

A reward is offered for information leading to the arrest of Eddy Current charged with the Induction of an 18 yr old Coil named Milli Henry found half Choked and robbed of valuable Joules. This Unrectified criminal armed with a Ferrite Rod escaped from Western Primary Cell where he had been clapped in irons since Faraday. With the erg to be free his escape was carefully planned in three Phases. He Fused the Electrolytes then he climbed through a Grid despite the Impedence of the warders whose Re-actance was too slow. Finally he went to earth in a Magnetic Field what seems most likely is that he stole an A.C. Motor. This is a Low Capacity and he is expected to change it for a Mega Cycle and return by a Short Circuit to Hom. He may offer Series Resistance and is a potential killer.

A. C. MAINS-HUMM, Sheriff.

From: Fred Barratt, Dyfed *Economy Cloches*

Here is a good tip for gardeners that will save money and valuable greenhouse room and which is particularly useful in the growing of strawberries and bringing seeds on in open ground.

You require two 30" lengths of stiff wire, about $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick; one plastic bag open at both ends, (similar to a plastic shopping bag. They can be obtained in a deep freeze centre. The clear type are preferable as they enable light and warmth to penetrate). The bag should be 18" by 28" and open each 18" end.

Bend the wire from the centre to form an inverted 'V' like the roof of a house. About 7" from the apex of the 'V', bend each of the two legs to point straight down, thus resembling the outline of a

roof and two walls. Place the plastic bag in front of you with the open ends to the right and left. Insert the two bent wires inside the plastic bag as far as the centre; one wire lying the opposite way to the other so that the apex of the wire lies opposite each other.

By holding the apex of the wire from outside the plastic bag, with the thumb and fore-finger of each hand, and lifting, the four legs will fall downwards, thus creating a cloche 18" long by about 9" wide and about 10" high.

A number of these cloches placed end to end can be made to extend to any length. It is important that, where a long line of cloches is used to stop cold winds damaging the plants, a piece of slate or glass should be placed at both ends. I have used the same cloches for several years.

Derby Sweepstake 1978

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

Tickets are 20p. each, and applications for them should be made as soon as possible, and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, 24th May.** Each application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required and, **with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed,** must be sent to: The Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Draw will take place in the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 1st June the race being on 7th June.

SUPERINTENDENT RETIRES

Of the 27 years as a physiotherapist at the Stratford Hospital, Harry Davies never missed one day through sickness. May Harry find the same state of health in retirement. In 1957, Harry was appointed Superintendent Physiotherapist with a team of seven under his guidance. A gold Braille watch, a set of cut-glass whisky tumblers and a gold banded, rosewood walking-stick were presented to him by colleagues and Mr. Stanley Birch, Chairman of the Warwickshire Area Health Authority for his "outstanding record of service of which he can be justly proud." Harry intends to devote his time now to his gardening and listening to music.



Ray Hazan, Assistant Editor, and his secretary, Noelle Walsh, copying the Talking Review on our new equipment.

Talking Review's First Birthday

It is very satisfying and a sense of achievement to take a seed, watch it grow into a plant and then partake of the fruit. In the case of the Talking Review, the seed was planted at the Handless Reunion in 1976, and in March 1977, the first fruits were being plucked. Now, in March, 1978, the harvest has grown to 190 readers. As well as receiving the monthly cassette, readers continue to receive the print or Braille Review as desired.

We have had, and are still having the odd problem, due mainly to mechanical difficulties on the recording side. Earlier in the year, we purchased a good microphone; in January, we obtained our own fast copying equipment. In theory, we can turn out sixty C 90's in one hour. So, apart from the recording, the whole operation is carried out at Headquarters. Our next aim is to obtain a good recording machine and then we can produce a really top class taped Review.

Our latest feature is to ask for letters or comments to the Editor to be recorded on

the tape being returned. Wrapped conspicuously in paper before being sent back, we can then unravel your dulcet tones here in London. Anyone wishing to indulge in this interchange should write or phone either the Editor or their Welfare Visitor.

TAKING THE PLUNGE

The two Rays of Gloucester are no strangers to their local swimming pool. Ray Sheriff is currently attempting his Life Saving Award whilst Ray Peart trained there for his place in the Disabled Olympic team. Recently, they took part in a charity swim to raise money for a mobile heart resuscitation unit for the Gloucestershire Ambulance Service. Together with a sighted helper, blind-folded for the occasion, they invited the public to guess how many lengths they could swim in one hour. Between them, they swam 65 lengths, one and a half miles, and helped to raise about £400.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2569

The Underside

By H. R. F. Keating

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 12½ hours

This is the strange story of the horrifying Jekyll and Hyde life of a young man in Victorian London.

Geoffrey Mann is a successful artist. Wealthy and cultured, he moves in the highest circles of London society. But he becomes irresistibly attracted to the hovel-brothels of the East End, disappearing for days at a time, and then returning to his old life as man-about-town.

Even his great love for Elizabeth Hills, the young American doctor, is not proof against his frequent lapses. They marry and for a time are ideally happy. They have each other and their work and Geoffrey seems no longer to have any desire to return to his old night-haunts.

But he knows that, like an alcoholic whose craving has been arrested, he is still terribly vulnerable to the call of 'The Underside'.

One evening, while out walking, a woman approaches from the mists...

This is strong stuff indeed, explicit in the extreme with plenty which could shock, even disgust, the more susceptible reader.

This is a very different Keating from the creator of the mild and urbane Inspector Ghote.

Cat. No. 692

Brighton Rock

By Graham Greene

Read by Clive Champney

Reading Time 11¾ hours

This is Greene's classic story of the Brighton race-course gangs in the 1930's. When Kyte is killed by rivals, his place as gang-leader is taken by seventeen-year old 'Pinky', a cold, twisted, psychopathic killer.

His aspirations for the gang, to challenge the supremacy of the rich and powerful Collioni, are doomed to failure from the start. When Charlie, a newspaperman, is found dead on Brighton

front the verdict is 'Natural Causes'. But his friend, the boozey warm-hearted shrewd Ida, is not satisfied.

She starts her own investigations, financed by her winnings from a horse which Charlie had tipped. It is her persistence, her refusal not to let go, which finally brings about 'Pinky's' destruction.

It would be doing this marvellous book less than justice to call it merely a thriller. It is a masterpiece of the story-teller's craft.

Cat. No. 1135

The Farther off from England

By John Chancellor

Read by Anthony Parker

Reading Time 7 hours

The opening line of this very funny book is, I think, well worth recording verbatim... "Fothergill had just finished murdering Mrs. Cantell when the doorbell rang and this annoyed him..."

The caller proves to be one Kevin Marshall, a very large RAF type, hirsute of face and hearty of manner. He has recently left one of H.M. prisons by the less conventional method of climbing over the wall. He seeks succour and sanctuary in the remote Tudor house. He gets very much more than he could possibly have bargained for!

He finds himself helping his host to tidy away Mrs. Cantell — in the freezer. The shrivelled-up, acid-tongued, little Fothergill proves to be a man of many parts. He owns an undertaker's business (which comes in useful for the ultimate disposal of the deceased housekeeper). He is also the owner of flats in a smart part of London, his tenants being genteel, young ladies providing an essential service for their 'gentlemen'.

It is not long before poor Kevin begins to wish with all his heart that he was back in the comfort and security of his cosy prison-cell...

A gorgeously funny book, romping merrily from frolic to frolic — and getting funnier all the time!

Ski-ing— Delightful or Dangerous?

A Report of the 1978 Trip to the
Italian Dolomites

by Ray Hazan
photos by Paul James

"So you're off on a ski-ing holiday." You see the commentator's mind fix on images of you besporting yourself lazily on sunny snow slopes, a break from the drudgery of routine daily living. This is true to some extent, but have they thought of the hard physical effort required and the sheer danger of launching yourself at speed down a crowded slope? It can be hair-raising enough fully sighted. The party this year comprised beginner, Johnny Cope; intermediate, Norman Perry; and experienced, Ray Hazan, Alan Wortley and Ted Bunting, under the watchful eyes of Jock Carnochan and Paul James. All had done some rigorous fitness training at home before the date of departure.

Not even Supertravel, with a name which conjures up pictures of speed, comfort and efficiency, could prevent the inevitable waiting at Gatwick, the delayed flight and the struggle, with two inches of elbow room, to remove the thin, polythene wrapping around plastic chicken, off plastic plates with a plastic fork. Containers of all descriptions, holding salt, pepper, sugar, coffee, butter and eating irons, are specially designed to create the largest possible mound of waste in the smallest possible space and ensure that the air hostess sees the maximum amount of work. Attempt this blind and with one

Among the skiers on this slope are some of the St. Dunstan's group.



The experienced group of skiers, l. to r., Alan Wortley, Ted Bunting and Ray Hazan.

hand and you begin to understand comments about 'flashy, colourful' trousers. "Oh, sorry, it's a tomato stain."

But it was with happy hearts and with strains of Puccini emanating from the coach's tape system, that we made our way from Treviso airport, just outside Venice, to the resort of San Martino di Castrozza. This is only the second year that the British have invaded this delightful village, surrounded by majestic peaks of russet coloured rock and green pines. There was snow a-plenty and even a little rain as we stepped off the coach at 10 p.m. The Hotel Colfosco was run by Mr. Angelo Orsinghuer, a most charming and helpful person. Indeed, all the hotel staff were to prove ministering angels to this group of strange Englishmen. Saint Peter would have been proud of our behaviour too!

Communications deserves a special mention. Very few of the locals spoke English and if an Italian cannot use sign language, he may as well be dumb. But, with a combination of English, French, German and Spanish, we made some progress. One group were seen flapping around the dining-room, clucking like

mad; net result, boiled eggs for breakfast. Our mobility officer simply added an 'o' or an 'e' to every English word; he was strongly advised to stick to mobility.

There are 35 ski lifts in and around San Martino and they were all operated by kindly, helpful men, who would stop them if there was the threat of danger to any of us. There were button lifts resembling dinner plates on the end of nylon cords. The 'plate' was slipped between the legs and it felt like a gentle push from behind. Not everyone will agree with the word gentle; some thought you were expected to adopt an acrobatic stance, one ski in the air and head in the snow. But they soon caught on that something was wrong! There were chair lifts that swung you high over the trees or blasted pop music from every pylon; there were the T-bars which dragged up two at a time. St. Dunstan's chivalry was stretched to the limit when Alan's lift partner, the young, female Supertravel rep. announced, "I'm slipping off." Question — do you nobly relinquish your half of the T and have to walk up? No — another blow was struck for male emancipation.

"Off you go then, see you at the top," was the reply. Finally, for the real enthusiasts of ancient Rome, there was the chariot lift. It really was like Ben Hur without the horses. The two prospective occupants were placed on two coloured spots on the snow. On the command 'go', which, according to our mobility officer, needs no additional 'o', they rushed at the moving chariot and, with luck, were whisked at a near vertical angle to the top of the mountain.

With such a proliferation of lifts, it meant there was quite a variety of slopes for all standards of ski-ing. On the whole, they tended to be fairly crowded and not overly wide, which can be 'exciting' for the blind skier. The fact that we did not have enough escorts, one guide per blind skier is essential, lead to one or two problems. Writes Johnny Cope, "My most vivid memory of those first few days is one of complete exhaustion. No one can imagine the frustration of taking two steps forward, only to slide four backwards. My first day's anticipation was soon deflated, not only by the great weight of the ski boots, they felt like

diver's boots, but also by having to walk in them to the bus which took us to the chair lift. But these frustrations are soon overtaken by the exhilaration of the first time you find yourself going downhill with what seems to be quite a flourish. Jock explained the various stances and how to control the skis by varying the position of feet and torso. This presented me with a few problems as my legs are more suited to horse riding."

Says Norman Perry, "What stands out for me on many occasions, are people more than events. From the kindness and attention given by the hotel staff, from the boss to the barman, and the consideration shown by the men operating the ski lifts, to the convivial company when having a drink and chatting about the events of the day. At this time of the year, a trip to Northern Italy is not of sun, blue lakes and green mountain scenery. When I went out, the sun went in; I had snow up to my chin, the lakes are ice and the white mountains present a challenge — to be climbed on ski, chair or drag lift. Once you have reached the top, there is the energetic and stimulating run to the bottom —

Ted Bunting waits while Norman Perry untangles his skis after a fall.



A mountaineer's view of Jock Carnochan and Ray Hazan.

or is it on your bottom? This is not the sort of pastime for those who are not fit."

What do the blind get out of ski-ing? I had done some ski-ing before I lost my sight. In many ways, this is an asset. I have a visual conception of stance and what good technique should look like. I have seen what it is like to travel at speed in the open, rather than sitting in a car. On the other hand, I know the dangers.

The same thrill and sensations are still there; the excitement of speed, the wind whistling through your hair, the hiss and crunch of the snow under your skis. In fact, there are added feelings. Your feet become extended sensors that feel every bump, dip and rut in the terrain. Soft snow enhances these feelings, whereas the hardness of the ice tends to numb awareness. Your legs become acutely aware of balance and weight distribution. Our instructors' exhortations to 'put ze weight on ze downhill ski' ring all the more true in our ears. Finally, for me, there is the freedom of not being attached physically to an escort; you are largely responsible for your own destiny.

What does it feel like to stand at the top of a slope, all around you the cries, laughter and babble of a crowded piste and the occasional 'swish' and rush of

cold air as a racer plummets by, and then to hear the words, 'Right, off you go?' You push off, the motion is smooth and easy. Am I moving? Jab in a ski stick to find out. The answer is, 'Yes, and how.' Then, all there is in the world is your guide's voice. Your concentration is so intense that, often, after a series of turns, you lose all sense of direction, of people around you, except that still, small voice, calling, 'Left, right, left, right.'

Alan Wortley sums up the trip, "San Martino is a fairylane of peaks and valleys and giant icicles hanging in festoons from the hotel balconies. It is by far the best ski centre I have ever heard of, read about or visited. There are so many ski lifts giving access to varying degrees of descent for the learner or the skilled, the foolhardy or the cautious. This is my fourth trip into the ski world and, thanks to St. Dunstan's, I can say that I am a fairly accomplished artist, getting a thrill out of moving at speed behind an expert in whom one can feel confident. It is a pity there were only two hard pressed guides. Ski-ing is very tiring, needing massive concentration, and I found myself becoming exhausted after about nine days. Perhaps a fortnight is too long and a week to ten days would be more appropriate for the hard-working learner."



Ray Hazan removes his skis after a run.

Alan Wortley on one of the ski-lifts.



On our final evening, Angelo threw a 'gluwein' party (hot mulled wine) for us. He told us the village had both admired and been inspired by our courage and determination. "In Italy, we do not expect the blind to be active. We know the blind can read Braille; we did not realise they can ski Braille."

Just as some use a white cane when out on the pavement to warn others, so some of us donned yellow bibs. This is worn over the anorak on front and back to inform other skiers that we cannot take evasive action. After a while, some got to know this yellow warning and steered clear of us. But we never could decide whether they did this out of wariness or respect.

The party wishes to thank St. Dunstan's for making the trip possible and also 'Jocko' and Paul who worked so hard both on and off the slopes to satisfy all our needs.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Christmas invitations for us at Pearson House started early in December. The 6th saw some of us at Brighton College, where we were most hospitably welcomed by the boys and staff who had prepared a delicious tea, followed by renderings of Carols old and new by the choir, ably conducted by their enthusiastic music master. This was followed on the 9th December by our annual visit to Rodean School for their presentation of Carols and Lessons which was, as always, greatly appreciated.

On the evening of 16th December, we were visited by the Junior Band of the Salvation Army who delighted us with their repertoire of Carols, playing brass instruments (some almost as big as themselves) with great proficiency. The following afternoon the choir of St. George's Church sang Carols around the House.

Christmas was approaching and now the lounges were being transformed with decorations and the entrance hall looked quite different with the magnificent Christmas tree, so beautifully decorated.

Tea time on Christmas Eve in the Winter Garden was an especially happy occasion. Our Chairman, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, accompanied by his wife, paid us a visit and chatted individually with everyone in the House. We were delighted to see them and thank them for their visit. That same evening a number of enthusiastic St. Dunstaners gathered in the Winter Garden to play Dominoes, with special prizes and refreshments.

Christmas Day at Last

At last it was Christmas Day and at 9.30 a.m. we joined the St. Dunstaners from Ian Fraser House for a service of Carols and Lessons in the Chapel at Ovingdean. The Lessons were read by our Chairman, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme and also by Commandant, the Matrons of both Houses and Mrs. Williams. Upon our return to Pearson House there was the distribution of presents by Commandant and then the more hardy of us took a stroll along the seaford to work up an appetite for Christmas Dinner. The less energetic of us relied upon aperitifs! Christmas Dinner was in

the usual traditional style and much enjoyed by everyone. During this time Matron read telegrams and greetings to St. Dunstaners and staff from their many friends all over the world. On Christmas Evening we gathered in the Winter Garden for a super quadrophonic Concert presented by our St. Dunstaner, Bill Jack who delighted everyone with his medley of old and new favourites, which raised the roof.

On Boxing Day Evening the Pearson House Players presented a comedy play reading entitled "Time For Bed" and this was followed by the very welcome visit of our old friend Wally Muspratt and his pianist who regaled us with ballads old and new.

Everyone at Pearson House sends good wishes for 1978 to you all.

M. DANTINNE, Entertainments Officer.

Vibrating Pedestrian Crossing

Experiments are being carried out in the Hendon area on a crossing with a vibrating panel which warns the blind pedestrian that the "green man" is showing. The panel is mounted above the existing push-button and the blind pedestrian is advised to press the button, feel the panel above, and wait for the vibrating signal when it is safe to cross.

Cader Idris 1978

Once again, Mr. Bob Thomas has very kindly offered to organise a climb up Cader Idris in Wales. The event will take place from Friday 9th to Monday 12th June. Climbers and their wives will be accommodated in a local hotel and escorts for the walk will be provided. Anyone interested should write to the *Review*. The final selection will be made on the basis of fitness and previous participation, with priority being given to first-timers.

The widow of a St. Dunstaner would like to sell her late husband's double hunter gold Braille pocket watch, which is in good working order and has recently been valued at £100. Any enquiries should be addressed to: Mrs. Lefrere, Men's Supplies, Headquarters.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

The second match of 1978 for the Gover Cup (individuals) was played at Headquarters on Saturday, 4th February and the results were as follows:

R. Evans and V. Kemmish	69 pts.
R. Armstrong and J. Huk	67 pts.
R. Stanners and J. Carney	65 pts.
B. Allen and F. Dickerson	60 pts.
H. Tybinski and Partner	60 pts.
P. Nuyens and J. Majchrowicz	59 pts.

BRIGHTON

Our Vice-President, Miss F. Ramshaw, has retired, but I am pleased to say she will still be in contact with the Club. Dr. John O'Hara was asked to take her place, and he has accepted. This will be confirmed at the next Annual General Meeting.

I am also sorry to have to announce that our Club Secretary, Mrs. Betty Thompson, has had to resign as she is leaving the district. On behalf of all members, I would like to thank both ladies for the excellent service they have given to the Club.

However, we have been most fortunate in that Miss Mary Stenning of Rottingdean, who has always shown a great interest in the activities of the Club, has agreed to undertake the duties of Secretary.

Bridge Section

After the match with Henfield Bridge Club on January 8th, the West Sussex Inter Club League is as follows:

	Played	Score
Worthington B.	4	57
St. Dunstan's	4	28
Henfield	3	20
Hove	2	6

On the 15th January, owing to lack of numbers, a Howell movement was used for the first Pairs competition. The St. Dunstaners scores were:

W. Lethbridge	61.1
F. Griffiee	53.2
P. McCormack	47.6
J. Padley	42.9
A. Dodgson	39.7
B. Ingray	38.9

Our first Individual match was held on 21st January with the following results:

M. Clements and T. Woods	70
C. Walters and J. Padley	67
R. Fullard and W. Lethbridge	67
P. McCormack and A. Dodgson	56
W. Burnett and F. Griffiee	49

W. LETHBRIDGE

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

After the hectic celebrations of Christmas, the New Year started quietly with the Whist Aggregate Tournament and a friendly game of dominoes on the 4th January.

On the 14th we held our monthly dance and I must thank our stalwart members and friends, who always support us, despite the weather conditions, for once again making this a happy evening. Don't forget, if you are on holiday or convalescing at Ian Fraser House, please join us at our next dance on the 11th March.

On the 12th July, we have made arrangements to visit the Congress Theatre, Eastbourne, for tea followed by the show, which this year has Val Doonican as top of the bill, with a very good supporting cast. Please make a note of this date in your diaries.

Whist Aggregate

4th January

Gentlemen

J. Padley	85
H. Preedy	82
J. Kennedy	82

Ladies

Mrs. P. Lethbridge	90
Mrs. M. Crabtree	84
Mrs. B. Griffiths	80

1st February

W. Lethbridge	93
T. Giles	84

Ladies

Mrs. H. Webster	92
Mrs. P. Lethbridge	80

Domino Aggregate

Mrs. T. Mугan	6
Mrs. M. Blacker	5
Bill Burnett	5
Eddie Quinn	5

R. OSBORNE, Chairman

OVINGDEAN NOTES

January, that bleak no man's land between New Year's Eve and Pancake Tuesday, when everyone is at a low ebb. On the twelfth day of Christmas, our true love says to us, "For Pete's sake, take those withered-looking balloons down off the walls", and, having obeyed that beautifully phrased request, there's not a lot to do with the rest of the month, is there? Or so we thought. In actual fact, although numbers in the House became somewhat low, we did quite a lot.

We began on New Year's Day with a turkey lunch, preceded by sherry with Commandant and Matron in the Lounge. That evening, we were visited by the Rendale Entertainers, who really did entertain. They would be the first to admit that they are no longer in the first flush of youth, but they put a lot of zest and fun into their programme and we enjoyed it all. Renee was an excellent accompanist with Elsie singing "One Night of Love", followed by an impassioned rendering of "Gypsy Love" on the violin, which made us feel quite romantic. On stage came Dorothy, armed with her banjo and a touch of the George Formby's, to sing "Mr. Wu". Romance fled. Near the end of the programme, the can-can was announced but, alas for our soaring hopes, it was music only. Harry Meleson expressed our gratitude at the end of the show, remarking how good it was to see such vitality. We applauded both the sentiment and the performance.

Traditional Pantomime

The following evening, a coachload of St. Dunstaners and escorts went to the pantomime at Worthing, which was Aladdin. Although unpretentious compared with some productions, it was faithful to the old traditions and was not treated as an excuse for a string of variety acts. It gave us so much pleasure to hear the children's laughter—quite the nicest part of pantomimes! Other entertainments we visited were, "Waters of the Moon" and "Pardon me, Prime Minister". "Waters of the Moon" was a delight. The starry cast of Ingrid Bergman, Wendy Miller, Derek Godfrey and Frances Cuka

was all we could have hoped for. The play flowed along without apparent effort, the acting was superb and the costumes and settings absolutely right. We enjoyed it hugely. It made up for the shortcomings of "Pardon Me, Prime Minister", an alleged comedy, over which we will draw a discreet veil.

Breakdown

Our drives this month were to the Brown Owls and the Wishing Well restaurants. The one to Tylden House was cancelled owing to deep snow around Horsham on the morning of our planned visit. Needless to say, by lunch-time, the snow had melted, the sun shone merrily, but it was too late for us to cancel the cancellation, if you see what I mean. (Escort Sister sensibly escaped any backlash by having the following day off). The drive to the Brown Owls was quite an adventure—the coach was in a mood of non co-operation and, shortly after leaving the restaurant, came to a protesting halt. It could not be bribed, coaxed or bullied into resuming normal service. We are informed by a *reliable source* that, in almost forty years, this is only the fourth coach breakdown we have suffered, so we can't grumble. (But, no doubt, some did). In the circumstances, there was only one thing to do and we did it—repaired to the nearest hostelry until reinforcements arrived. The party returned at 7.30 p.m., none the worse for their adventure and we thank V.A.D., Mrs. Frith, medical orderly, Peter Wiltshire and rescue driver, Felicks, for all they did to keep everyone happy.

On Saturday evening, the dominoes enthusiasts were invited to Pearson House to play a match and to meet the Mayor of Brighton, Mrs. Hilary Somerville. Matron Hallett's warm welcome and generous hospitality were very much appreciated and it was a cheerful occasion which we hope may be repeated.

A sad note was struck with the death of an old friend, known to many St. Dunstaners, Mr. Ron Copper, the landlord of the "Vic" in Rottingdean. He will be missed. Speaking of old friends, we were visited by both Mr. Les Harris and Mr.

Ovingdean Notes continued

Michael Hayes. We spent thoroughly entertaining evenings with their choice of records, which was wide-ranging, to say the least. The Brighouse and Rastrick Band played The Floral Dance, which makes us think of elephants dancing the polka; whilst Edward Heath conducted hymns with an orchestra and choir of thousands—or so it seemed. One most unusual and delightful record was of the writer, Laurie Lee, reading an extract from his book, "Cider with Rosie". He spoke of his childhood, and the lonely misery he felt when, at the age of three, he was banished from his mother's warm bed to make way for the new baby. The beautiful, evocative phrases he used, expressed exactly that terrible sense of loss we all experienced at some time in our childhood.

Sonic Whales

A most interesting talk was given one afternoon by St. Dunstaner, Ron Smith, concerning the effect that bats, dolphins and whales have had on research into sonic aids. He played recordings of the homing signals sent out by these creatures, together with comments and opinions given by eminent American researchers. These, added to an account of his own reasearch, made fascinating listening. The time for Ron's departure came all too soon. We hope that he will come and stir up our imaginations again before too long.

Musical Sound Effects

Many of you will have enjoyed Tom Eale's programmes on tape whilst staying at Ovingdean. He arranges them with such care and forethought. This month, he presented "Musical Sound Effects" and we listened to some lovely music. "Singing in the Rain" almost made us turn up our collars against the wet and windy weather. It has been a month of gale force winds here and one Sunday evening, when we intended to have an entertainment in the Winter Garden, the wind defeated us and we retreated to the quiet Lounge. It was a popular move, for the room was warm and cosy and the intimate atmosphere of a smaller space was just

right for the type of entertainment presented by Eddie Barton and John Henson. Their sketches, poems and prose readings had the collective title, "A Touch of Seasoning", took us through the months from the New Year to Christmas candle time, and was a joy to hear. Eddie and John have visited us many times before with Mrs. Anne Goodman, as members of The Arena. They are both versatile and changed the mood swiftly from the moving to the hilarious. We loved the sketch about Mrs. Grumby and William, who splashed £924 on a brand-new package deal holiday, starting at the Arctic Hilton in the North Pole, where Saturday night dances were held in the Aurora Borealis Room. Then Mrs. Higgins told us of her one and only visit to the opera with deaf-as-a-post dad. According to her, Mimi in "La Boheme" "took twenty minutes to die at the top of 'er voice and that St. John's Ambulance woman in the audience never lifted a *finger* to 'elp 'er." There was so much laughter that the quiet Lounge was anything but, and Bob Cunningham spoke for us all, when he asked John and Eddie to please come again—soon. And so January ended. It was really quite nice!

FAMILY NEWS

Marriages

Many congratulations to Diana Fay, daughter of the late *Lieutenant-Commander Robin Buckley, G.M., R.N.*, and Mrs. Pauline Buckley, on her marriage to Anthony Dron of Winterbourne Stickland, Dorset, on January 23rd.

Many congratulations to *Mr. Hugh Ellis* of West Mersea, Essex, on his marriage to Mrs. Louisa Bissell on 14th January.

Silver Wedding

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. William Howarth of Liphook, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on 14th February.

Family News continued



Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Ellis at their wedding.

Grandchildren

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carney of Bournemouth, on the birth of their fifth grandchild, David Mark Stanbridge, who was born on 2nd October, 1977, to their daughter, Christine, and son-in-law, Bill.

Mr. James Costello of Garstang, on the birth of his third grandchild, Jane, who was born on June 19th, 1977 to his son, Jimmy, and his wife, Margaret.

Mr. Sidney Jones of Manchester, on the birth of his first grandchild, Katherine Elizabeth, born on 22nd January, to his son, Brian, and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Thompson of Gateshead, on the birth of two more grandchildren; Claire, born on 17th October, 1977, to their son, Bob, and his wife, Cath; and Richard, born on 3rd November, 1977, to Phil and Catriona.

Edward Watson of Barrow-in-Furness, on the birth of his first grandchild, Wayne Stewart Manson, born on 4th December, 1977.

Examination and Career Successes

We warmly congratulate:

Duncan Sutherland of Rochester, Kent, who recently won second prize at the Maidstone Blind Exhibition for a specialist table in wrought iron.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mr. John Bocking of Morecambe, whose brother, Harry, passed away in hospital at the age of 76.

Mr. Domenic Donnarumma of Southampton, whose brother died on 3rd November, 1977.

Mr. Edmund 'Ted' Mann of Hove, whose wife, Dorothy, died in hospital on 16th January.

Mr. Albert Spencer of Gillingham, Kent, whose wife, Gertrude, died on 23rd January.

Mr. Frederick Taylor of East Oakley, Hampshire, whose wife, Gladys, died at home on 11th February.

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.

John Black *King's Own Royal Rifle Corps*

John 'Andy' Black of Cramlington, died on 26th January, aged 45.

Mr. Black served as a regular soldier, first as a Private with the King's Own Scottish Borderers from November 1951 to November 1958, and then as a Lance Corporal with the King's Own Royal Rifle Corps from September 1961 to September 1964, when he had to leave the Army because of the onset of blindness.

After training at Ian Fraser House, Mr. Black ran a small holding in the West Country for a few years. He later transferred to industrial employment but was eventually obliged to resign from this on health grounds. He then trained as a

In Memory *continued*

joiner and worked for our Stores Department, at the same time attending a local centre for the disabled where he showed considerable skill in the carving of wooden models. He was also a keen gardener and found great enjoyment in singing, often entertaining those at the annual Newcastle Reunion.

He leaves a widow, Evelyn, and two children, John and Christine.

Keith Kitchener Branson *Field Engineers*

Keith Kitchener Branson of Cape, South Africa, died on 9th December, 1977.

Mr. Branson served in the Field Engineers during the Second World War and was blinded in one eye in 1941. Following his discharge from the Army in 1942, he resumed his former occupation, but the sight in his remaining eye deteriorated rapidly and he joined St. Dunstan's in 1950.

In 1952, he began his training as a physio-therapist and returned to South Africa in 1956, where he started work in one of the provincial hospitals. He remained there until 1964, when he went into private practice.

Keith had always been a keen bowler and was chosen as a partially sighted bowler to play in the Blind Bowlers Tournament in England in 1974, when he took home the singles championship cup. After his retirement in 1977, he was able to concentrate on the two main interests in his life, playing bowls and playing his saxophone in a large amateur group which does a tremendous amount of work for charity.

Keith's funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Michael Norman, himself a St. Dunstanian, and the Address was delivered by St. Dunstanian, Jimmy Ellis, Public Relations Officer for St. Dunstan's, South Africa.

He leaves a widow, Joyce, and son, John, and daughter-in-law.

Cuthbert Henry Emery *Rifle Brigade*

Cuthbert Henry Emery of London, died on 21st January, aged 80.

Mr. Emery served as a Rifleman in the Rifle Brigade. He enlisted early in 1915 and was discharged in 1918 following injuries by shrapnel whilst on active service in France. He joined St. Dunstan's in July, 1976, when his sight had completely failed and, despite disability and ailing health, remained in good spirits. During his comparatively short membership, Mr. Emery visited our Brighton Homes on two occasions where his courage and cheerfulness endeared him to all the staff there.

In civilian life, Mr. Emery worked as a tool temperer in a munitions factory until he retired at 77 years of age. He derived much pleasure from the radio and his talking books and, particularly, from seeing his three married daughters and their families, including 11 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren.

He leaves a widow, Annie, three daughters and their families.

Antimus Haji Haralambous *Cyprus Army*

Antimus Haji Haralambous of Winchmore Hill, died on 18th January, aged 62.

Mr. Haralambous served as a Sergeant with the Cyprus Army and received multiple injuries and was blinded during his service in the Second World War. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1947 and, following his marriage the next year, decided to remain in England, where he settled down happily. In civilian life, Mr. Haralambous had been a blacksmith but, on joining St. Dunstan's, he was trained in string-bag making and undertook work of a consistently high standard for St. Dunstan's Homecraft Department up until the time of his death.

Mr. Haralambous had been looking forward this year to visiting his two daughters, Sandra and Helen, as well as one of his step-daughters, who live in Australia, and to seeing his new grandson, born last October.

'Tony', as he was affectionately known, will be long remembered for his sunny and affable nature, particularly by members of the staff in the Homecrafts Department.

He leaves a widow, Kathleen, his two daughters, two step-daughters, and their families.

Joseph Lawrence Robinson

King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry

Joseph Lawrence Robinson of West Worthing, died on 25th January, aged 79.

Mr. Robinson served with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and subsequently with the Royal Horse Artillery. He enlisted in 1916 and, following injuries by mustard gas in 1918, was in hospital for eight months. He recovered sufficiently well to continue his Army service until 1927, when he was discharged. He was then employed by the G.P.O., with whom he remained until his retirement, 17 years ago.

Mr. Robinson joined St. Dunstan's in 1970. For many years, his hobbies were gardening and canework and he derived much pleasure from his talking books.

He leaves a widow, Elsie Ann.