

St Dunstons
REVIEW
APRIL 1978



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

No. 695

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10p MONTHLY

Message from the Chairman

Royal Visit

The visit of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent to Pearson House and Ian Fraser House is reported in this issue of the *Review* and I am sure readers will enjoy the full description in words and photographs.

I should like to add two comments. First, St. Dunstan's was greatly honoured by this Royal visit and we all much appreciated the Duchess's delightful interest and friendliness. She spoke to everyone she could and many St. Dunstaners and others will have happy memories of their talks with her.

Secondly, may I say that this was yet another occasion when I felt a deep pride in St. Dunstan's. Many St. Dunstaners were present, of all ages, both resident and visiting, and everyone made his or her contribution to a very happy and successful day. There, too, were the staff, led by Mr. Wills and Commandant, who had planned and worked to make certain everything went smoothly – I can assure them it did and I add my sincere thanks for their efforts.


We shall long remember Friday, 3rd March, 1978, as a most enjoyable occasion. St. Dunstaners will also be delighted to hear that I have had a very nice letter from Her Royal Highness's Lady in Waiting, saying how much the Duchess enjoyed the opportunity of meeting and talking to so many St. Dunstaners and Members of the staff during her visit. She felt it was a "very special and rewarding day".

Professor D. J. McDougall

Only a very few St. Dunstaners have had strictly academic careers, but those who have turned to university life have given us some of our most interesting stories of personal success.

One such was Professor D. J. McDougall, of Toronto, whose death is reported in this *Review*. Blinded in the First World War, he studied in Canada and at Oxford at a time when there were far fewer mechanical aids to overcome difficulties, and then taught history at the University of Toronto for over thirty years. So complete was his success that upon his retirement he was granted the status of Emeritus Professor, a very great honour in university circles.

We send our deepest sympathy to his widow, who helped him so much in all his work, and to his sons and their families.



COVER PICTURE: Visiting Ian Fraser House, H.R.H., the Duchess of Kent, feels the Braille inscription under the memorial plaque to the late Lord Fraser of Lonsdale.

BACK COVER: A Royal arm to guide Sir Michael Ansell.

THE LADY FRASER OF LONSDALE, C.B.E.

As this edition of the *Review* goes to press we are grieved to learn of the death of Lady Fraser. She died peacefully at her home on March 18th. Full tributes will appear in the May issue.

MRS. MADGE SASSOON

St. Dunstaners who were at the Cornwall Terrace Annexe in 1921/22 will be sorry to learn of the passing away of Mrs. Madge Sassoon, who was in her 92nd year.

During the First World War, she was a voluntary worker at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, and in 1921, she offered her services to St. Dunstan's, together with Mrs. Giorgi and Miss Davis, to relieve the resident V.A.D.'s on some afternoons.

She was a great pianist, having studied

at the Royal College of Music at the same time as Dame Myra Hess, but did not take it up professionally. However, her talents gave great enjoyment to all those at St. Dunstan's to whom she played or accompanied in their songs.

In the Second World War, she worked at the Beaver Club but, nevertheless, still found time in the evenings to look after two St. Dunstan's physiotherapists.

Until a few years ago, she maintained her great interest in St. Dunstan's, greatly enjoying being an escort at the annual reunions. P.N.

MR. THOMAS LESLIE BARKESS

I regret to report the death at the age of 69, of Mr. Tom Barkess on 19th February. He was a driver on the staff at Headquarters from July, 1950 until February, 1970. He returned as a night porter from November, 1970 until he retired in December, 1973. We offer our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Barkess.

C. D. WILLS

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.

Arthur Couatts of Morden, Surrey, who joined St. Dunstan's on 27th February. Mr. Couatts served as a Gunner in the Hon. Artillery Company during the Second World War and was discharged in 1946. Prior to retirement, he was a supervisor at the Imperial War Museum. He is a married man.

William Beatty of Killymitten, Co. Fermanagh, who joined St. Dunstan's on 23rd February. Mr Beatty served with the Royal Ulster Constabulary. He is married with five children.

William Marsh of West Hartlepool, who joined St. Dunstan's on 24th February. Mr. Marsh served as a Private with the Middlesex Regiment during the Second World War. He is married with six adult children.

Albert Peel of St. Helen's, Merseyside, who joined St. Dunstan's on 27th February. Mr. Peel served as a Private with the Royal Engineers during the Second World War. He is married with two adult children.

Alan Duffy of Plymouth, who joined St. Dunstan's on 14th February. Mr. Duffy served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery from 1949, when he enlisted, until March 1950, when he was discharged following injuries received whilst on duty in Germany. He is married with two children.

Alan Wagstaff of Whimple, Devon, who joined St. Dunstan's on 13th February. Mr. Wagstaff served as a Signaller with the R.C.O.S. from his enlistment in 1951 until his discharge in 1953, following multiple injuries received whilst on active service in Korea. He is married with four young sons.

Thomas William Walter of Gillingham, Kent, who joined St. Dunstan's on 14th February. Mr. Walter served as a Sergeant in the Royal Artillery from 1919 until his discharge in 1946, following deprivation as a Far East P.O.W. He is a widower with one adult daughter.



Parliament buildings, Victoria, B.C.

Beautiful British Columbia

by Doreen Thompson

Photos:
British Columbia Government

Les and Doreen Thompson were invited to stay with Don and Chris Tacon in Victoria B.C. Don was an Industrial Placement Officer for St. Dunstan's in the N.E. some 40 odd years ago — working for St. Dunstan's before the war — his wife Chris worked at Head Office.

Don accompanied Wally Rayner on stocktaking, and will be remembered by numerous people connected with St. Dunstons.

From the moment we set foot in Manchester Airport our journey became one of delighted wonderment. Being moderate travellers — popping over to the continent on 3½ hour trips in the usual jets, we were surprised to find that we entered our plane direct from the building, no windswept, rainy tarmac to cross, no steep gangways to negotiate, just a very dignified entrance into the largest plane we had ever seen.

We left half hour early and before long the Senior Hostess announced the service routine. Drinks free of charge were now being served, after which lunch, (or was it dinner!) would be brought, followed by coffee and liqueurs. Bearing in mind that we had been on the road from 7.30 a.m. travelling from Newcastle and it was now about 5 p.m. our time, it perhaps was excusable that after such a lovely meal, we should recline in our seats and 'doze off'.

The next thing I heard was an announcement from the captain that we were flying over Greenland, and so we were. Looking down I saw a tremendous

expanse of snow, not even a mountain, dazzling white everywhere with a temperature outside of 50° below zero. The next announcement was the approach to Northern Canada — 4½ hours flying time gone and another four to go. Looking down, the terrain looked very uninteresting and it was not until a while later as we dropped lower in height that the vast plains of Canada revealed themselves. Lakes and rivers winding their way across the country, numerous forest fires, smoke billowing into the air, and onward to the Rockies.

I was unprepared for the beauty and varied splendour that appeared as we travelled far above them — lakes of the most vivid shades of blue and then green, depending, I suppose, on the mineral content, lay quiet and undisturbed in the valleys and as we dropped height, the vegetation, interlaced with pathways, could be seen clearly. Truly a wonderful sight.

Very soon we were over the Rockies and dropping down over British Columbia and the harbour of Vancouver with



View across Vancouver.

numerous islands lying offshore, visible just before we swung around in line for the airport. We had an hour and a half to wait for the small plane which would take us across to Vancouver Island. When we touched down on the island we were in and out of the terminal so quickly I felt a little bewildered, but at that moment Don and Chris Tacon embraced us — and Luki their dog was prancing around — and it was *Hot* — 4 p.m. in the afternoon (Vancouver time) and 90° temperature.

The roads and vegetation from the airport to Oak Bay, a suburb of Victoria where Don and Chris live, were very similar to our roads in the countryside of Northumberland — the same beautiful conifers, firs, etc., towering on both sides. Oak Bay is the residential section of the city, — most of the streets have open gardens, nearly all with trees, and practically every road leading down to the capital is tree-lined. It is so beautiful and clean, its unbelievable.

Don and Chris were wonderful hosts, the preparation for our enjoyment and entertainment was second only to the

meals planned well before our arrival.

After three days lounging around the garden, enjoying the sunshine and the meals served outside, we packed our bags and left for a week in a motel up-island across the Malahat Ridge, along the Malahat Highway, to a seaside resort called Qualicum. Here we visited a part of the forest called The Cathedral of Trees. Les spent some time measuring the girth of some of these gigantic Douglas Firs — 35' circumference, 12½' diameter, 250' tall — the foliage began about 100' up the trunk, and as the distance between the trees was approximately 7-8', you can imagine how interlaced the branches and leaves were. We also visited the Qualicum Falls and thought both the upper and lower falls were beautiful, but Don was disappointed; the river was not in full spate and, therefore, nowhere near as spectacular as it should have been.

Victoria is a very attractive city, the main road runs right down to the harbour, here we have the State Parliament Buildings, the very old and world famous Empress Hotel, the Provincial Museum



Vancouver sky-line at night.

and the shopping centre with the Hudson Bay Company large store and Eatons department store spreading itself in all directions. Don has worked for Eatons for many years and in 1974 was awarded the trophy for the person voted by all the public throughout all the different firms, as the most popular, efficient, helpful sales-person. Don, of course, was very modest about it, but we thought it was an achievement far above being nominated for sales record.

I was left one morning to wander round the museum, I could have spent all day in there, for it was a combination of all the usual objects of interest, plus a record of the history and development of Canada. The Indian carving in the main hall of a 30' whaling dugout, holding eight natives, one holding the harpoon rope with the harpoon embedded in the whale lying alongside the canoe — a fantastic piece of work. Then upstairs, to visit a pioneer homestead complete with a large horse standing in front of a panoramic view of the plains and mountains, the old hut, the scattered tools lying on the muddy ground, even the farm sounds were relayed on tape. One could stand and look out on the plains and imagine you were really there. Around the corner from this was a constructed lead mine, and further on panning for gold. There was also a reconstructed section of the boat which brought the first settlers to the island.

Each day we saw such magnificent scenery, for every way you looked you could see stretches of water and small islands breaking the placid surface, and

in the distance the beautiful mountain ranges. At night the sunsets were unbelievable, some of the deep orange and purple cloud formations arising from behind the mountains as the sun sank lower, were incredible. Truly a beautiful island in all ways.

We were most reluctant to leave and return home. However, living with Chris for three weeks was a revelation to me, and an inspiration to Les, for through her we have developed a new awareness of the things around us. You know the poem "What is this life if full of care, we have no time to stand and stare" — well now we take time to stand and stare. We watch cloud formation, we take a good look at trees, the colours which make up the foliage, the different shapes of the trunks, and rocks.

We have returned home with so many things to do in our approaching retirement, I do not think there will be enough hours in the day.

Leslie has refitted his workshop and has picked up his tools again, only those who remember the beautiful pieces of furniture he created in the past will realise how delighted I am about this.

So Don and Chris, when you read this in the *Review*, always supposing it is accepted for print, you will know how much we owe to you, how grateful we are for the revitalisation of our flagging existence, and how you will always be near to our hearts and never out of our thoughts, oh! and "Beautiful British Columbia!" and her music will never be forgotten.

BLINDNESS AND PARTIAL SIGHT

by Astrid Klemz

Price—£3.60 (incl. P. & P.) from Woodhead Faulkner Ltd., 8 Market Passage, Cambridge, or any leading bookseller for £3.25.

The main aim of social work with the visually handicapped is to assist blind and partially-sighted people to achieve personal independence and to enable them to live as normal a life as possible. To this end, the greater part of the book deals with specific topics connected with rehabilitation such as, statutory and voluntary services, aids, mobility training, employment, education and leisure pursuits. The author also covers the medical and psychological aspects of visual handicap and a separate chapter is devoted to the specific problems encountered by the deaf-blind.

CHESS INSTRUCTION WEEKEND

For those interested, the chess instruction weekend will be held on 12-14th May. Please contact Miss Bridger re accommodation.

Metro Sports

To be held on 8th July. Entry forms available from Brian Burt, 2 Waterloo Place, Richmond, Surrey, TW9 1EB, and should be returned as soon as possible.

The First National Games for the Blind, Manchester

These games being organised by the Manchester and District Social Club, take place on Saturday and Sunday, 27th and 28th May, 1978. Activities include Dominoes, Five-a-side football and Roll-Ball.

Entry forms, obtainable from Jock Carnochan, must be in as soon as possible.

RETIREMENT PRESENTATION

Phil Todd of Shrewsbury, is presented with a Westminster chime clock by his colleagues on his retirement, after 33 years as a capstan operator at Rolls-Royce.





Colonel Sir Michael Ansell presents Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme to Her Royal Highness.

The Duchess talks with Victor Robinson in the day room at Pearson House.



One of Brighton's thick, white mists that roll in from the sea, hung over Ian Fraser House on the morning of March 3rd. Later, it cleared to give one of 1978's first spring days and so the sun shone on H.R.H., the Duchess of Kent, as she visited St. Dunstan's two houses in Brighton.

That early mist caused a change in plan and, instead of a dramatic arrival in the grounds at Ovingdean by helicopter of the Queen's Flight, Her Royal Highness came to Brighton by train and began her day with St. Dunstan's at Pearson House.

Sir Edward Caffyn, Deputy Lieutenant of East Sussex, presented the Mayor of Brighton, Councillor Mrs. Hilary Somerville, Mr. R. G. Morgan, Chief Executive and Town Clerk and Colonel Sir Michael Ansell, our President. The last presentation was only necessary in the strictly formal sense as Sir Michael is an old family friend who, as soon as ceremony was out of the way, was greeted by an affectionate kiss.

Sir Michael presented Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, our Chairman, who in turn, presented Mrs. Garnett-Orme, Mr. C. D.

The Duchess of Kent visits St. Dunstan's

Report: David Castleton
Ray Hazan

Photos: John Barrow
David Castleton



Her Royal Highness sharing Yorkshire humour with Joe Britton.

Wills, Secretary, Commandant L. Fawcett, Dr. R. Stilwell and Matron O. Hallett.

But the essence of the visit was not in ceremony or formal presentations but in the warmth and the deep, sympathetic interest shown by Her Royal Highness in all she saw and everyone she met.

In just under an hour and a half at Pearson House, the Duchess of Kent visited the Physiotherapy Department, where she met house physiotherapist, Charles Campkin, and some of his St. Dunstan patients. She toured the nursing wing, chatting to St. Dunstaners and staff and visited the room of Joe Britton, a handless St. Dunstaner and permanent resident. She also met St. Dunstaners working in the handicrafts room.

There was a large gathering of St. Dunstaners and staff in the Winter Garden, where Colonel Sir Michael Ansell made a short speech of welcome. He told Her Royal Highness how much her visit meant and how proud St. Dunstaners and staff were that she should spare the time to make this visit.

"St. Dunstan's came into being under

Sir Arthur Pearson in 1915," he said. "Since that day, 6,650 war-blinded have passed through St. Dunstan's. Perhaps this number may sound small, but thanks to Sir Arthur Pearson and then Lord Fraser, the entire philosophy of the blind has set an example to the world. That philosophy was, and still is, to encourage every St. Dunstaner to live and be proud of an independent life; to work, and usually not have a spare moment sitting back and thinking, 'What in the hell can I do?'. I believe every St. Dunstaner is proud and likes to achieve something on his own.

"It was this ideal, encouraged by Sir Arthur Pearson and always by Lord and Lady Fraser, which has been our inspiration, I, personally, look upon St. Dunstan's as a very highly trained regiment and, even more important, a happy one".

"Today, particularly to me, is a very happy one, for I have had the honour and pleasure of receiving you at horse shows, our favourite colour being yellow, the colour of the Cavalry. But, even in more distant years, we met when I was soldier-



George Coote shows the technique for making the seat of a seagrass stool.

ing in Yorkshire, the days you used to come to our parties for the young".

"You are very closely connected with the Services, His Royal Highness having served in, and commanded, the Scots Greys. You are the Colonel-in-Chief of two regiments and how delighted and happy we were to learn that you became the Colonel-in-Chief of the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, the Cavalry Regiment, and I know how proud they would be".

"I, on behalf of every St. Dunstaner and member of staff, who so carefully watch over our interests, am proud and grateful to you for being with us today".

The Duchess spoke only briefly in reply—she spoke at greater length later at Ian Fraser House—but she told her listeners that she had wished to visit St. Dunstan's for some time. "St. Dunstaners are world famous for their courage and the way in which they accept life, taking it in both hands, to become an example to us all", she said.

There was a large crowd outside waiting to greet the Duchess of Kent as she left for luncheon at Ian Fraser House.

The mist had lifted and the sun joined the welcome for the Duchess as she arrived at Ian Fraser House shortly after 12.30 p.m. This proved a splendid augury to a most successful and enjoyable visit.

A chat with David Bell in Ovingdean's lounge.



Her Royal Highness admires the bouquet presented by Blodwyn Simon.

Her Royal Highness was greeted by Mr. Garnett-Orme, who presented Matron A. Pass and Miss Y. Guilbert. Our Chairman showed Her Royal Highness the memorial plaque to the late Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, in the entrance hall.

Both staff and residents were waiting in the Lounge and many had the honour and pleasure to be addressed by Her Royal Highness. It was very clear from her questions and comments that her knowledge and interest were of a high order.

After some warm words of welcome from Mr. Garnett-Orme, in which he said, "We hope you will enjoy seeing some of the work our organisation does. Your interest in disabled ex-service men and women is well known. Some of our St. Dunstaners have had the honour of meeting you at those much enjoyed parties which you give—The "Not Forgotten" Association.

"St. Dunstaners have served the Crown since 1915 in all theatres of war and in peace-keeping operations. Our family is

In the Carpentry workshop, Bob Ashmore and Mr. Patterson, instructor, meet the Duchess.





Below—In the indoor bowling rink, Her Royal Highness talks to Mr. and Mrs. Dick Brett.

Mrs. Garnett-Orme presents an inscribed shield and a mosaic fruit plate.



spread across the globe to those countries which used to be coloured red on our map. Only a few of us are fortunate to be here today and welcome you in person. I know that every member of our family, St. Dunstaners, their wives and the widows, would wish to join in that welcome.

"We are very lucky in having a splendid staff and voluntary helpers. I know I speak for everyone when I say we are very grateful for your coming—thank you very much indeed".

The Duchess of Kent replied, (the actual recorded speech may be heard on the *Talking Review* cassette) "I thought I'd just like to tell you that the traditions you carried out, the service you paid in two world wars, is still being carried on by young members who join the forces. I was in Northern Ireland three days ago and you would be very, very proud of the young men who followed in your footsteps and who are out there.



Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre presents Bob Osborne, Chairman, Brighton Club, and Mrs. Osborne.

Below—Conducting the Brighton Club draw, the Duchess presents a prize to Eddie Quinn.

"The traditions you started, they are following, they really are. So, I think you can take great pride in that fact. They know about you; you are known throughout the world for your courage, for your independence. St. Dunstan's is known throughout the world.

"It is because you have this independence, you are able to laugh and joke and make a life for yourselves after your injuries. That is why you are well-known and an example to the young men who join the forces now. I feel very honoured and proud to have met so many of you today. Thank you so much".

It was with great fervour that the assembly rose to toast Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent. The party then retired to the Winter Garden, where, before sitting down to lunch, Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, Norman French, Head of the Employment, Research and Homecrafts Department, David Castleton, Public Re-





With a parting word for Commandant Lawrence Fawcett, Her Royal Highness leaves Ian Fraser House at the conclusion of her visit.

lations Officer, Raymond Hazan, Assistant Public Relations Officer, Gordon Smith, House Physiotherapist, and Philip Duffee, Braille Instructor, were presented. The specialité de la maison was an apple pie decorated with the Yorkshire Rose in honour of our guest.

In an hour that seemed all too brief, the Duchess went on to examine the work and play of St. Dunstan's, under the guidance of Commandant Fawcett and Matron Pass. This began with a chat to some of the women St. Dunstaners in Wing 2, where Blodwyn Simon presented a bouquet. Miss Guilbert then showed the Duchess round the training classes, typing, audio typing, Braille, mobility and workshops.

In spite of recent problems, the swimming pool and bowling green were in action, though time was too short for any challenges to be taken up. The Duchess was very impressed with the display of mobility aids, gadgets and the talking calculator demonstrated by Norman French.

At this point, Mrs. Garnett-Orme presented to Her Royal Highness an inscribed shield bearing the badge of St. Dunstan's, and a multi-coloured, mosaic fruit plate made under instruction in the training wing. Mr. Bob Osborne, wearing his badge of office as Chairman of the Brighton Club, was presented by Mrs. Dacre and welcomed the visitors to the club room, where members were busy at bridge, dominoes etc. The party left the annexe to three rousing cheers from the club.

So many people are governed by a railway time-table, and today was no exception. The 3.45 royal coach to Victoria was waiting. The sun still shone down on the crowd assembled at the front of the house to wish the Duchess 'bon voyage'. Bearing her bouquet of flowers, a smiling Duchess of Kent thanked our President, Chairman and Commandant and asked if she could come back again next year. The interest she showed, the warm, sincere words she addressed, will ensure that any future visit will be as delightful as this day.



Gardening Supplicant

No. 007 Edited by 'Herb Green'

"The garden should be arranged so as to enhance the natural beauty of landscape and local flora." The natural landscape comprised a virgin patch of some 250 square yards, bordered by unparallel stone walls. This gave the well-known feeling of always tackling the garden the morning after the night before; nothing seemed straight, and no corner at right angles. A mass of thick, deeply rooted weeds made up the floral contribution.

My interpretation of the term, "prepare your ground", was how to justify to the wife the expense of getting someone else to do it. But, with below the belt remarks such as, "It will get the fat off you", there was no alternative but to don clogs and grasp fork firmly in the right hand. And I do mean clogs literally, as the wooden sole offers fine protection to the foot when leaping on spade or fork in order to drive it into a concrete baked earth.

Ever heard of the lost mountain? I can

tell you where they buried it. The fork ended up looking like a drunken scarecrow; spikes sticking out all over the place and, standing proudly in one corner of the garden, a mound of stones that Sherpa Tensing would delight in practising on. I, meanwhile, had to practise side-stepping the manhole cover which stood a foot proud of the ground level, bicycles, tricycles, prams and garden implements left by kids who wanted to "have a go".

Hoses deserve special mention for, as virgin soil breeds life into plants, so the long, rubberised tube becomes alive. It refuses to unravel quietly and in an orderly manner. Whether it has taken a fancy to me is hard to say, but oft times it has crawled up my leg to deliver a cold, wet embrace.

The wheelbarrow should also be approached with caution. This is an equally obstinate creature which will lead you where it thinks fit, and the sonic beacon will lie back in the opposite corner chuckling quietly to itself in an infuriating way.

All this is a mere beginning. Ahead lie the thorny problems of planting roses and shrubs, of heeling in and pricking out, of sandpits and seeds. Will the summer usher in vases brimming with cut flowers and a dining table laden with home-grown produce? Or is primary jungle going to reign supreme? Floods, drought, frost, greenfly, blackfly, club root and sheer laziness are firm contenders. But Rome was not built in a day either.



READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2543

McAuslan in The Rough

By George MacDonald Fraser

Read by Stanley Pritchard

Reading Time 6½ hours

This is a collection of seven stories concerning a Highland regiment serving in North Africa at the end of the war. One character figures prominently in all the tales, one Private McAuslan.

McAuslan is a Glaswegian with the unenviable title of the scruffiest soldier in the British Army. He is a military disaster in a kilt, the crummiest wreck in the Western Allies.

He is unwashed and uncombed. Everything issued to him gets broken, lost or is otherwise rendered useless. He is the butt of his mates and the despair of his officers.

The stories are told by the luckless Lt. McNeil who misguidedly makes himself responsible for this military misfit. The book is very funny and the reader's accent is authentic Scots (or should it be Scottish?) — on occasion just a little too authentic for a mere Sassenach like myself!

Cat. No. 123

No Return Ticket

By Martin Russell

Read by John Richmond

Reading Time 6½ hours

William Megson awakes to find himself on a train, without any idea of how he got there. His briefcase is stuffed with £7000 in notes — and he hasn't any idea how that got there either.

This is the intriguing start of a neat little "whodunit" which features neither murder, nor violence, nor sex — something of a phenomenon these days!

Arriving at Brighton, he is irresistibly drawn to a shabby little cafe called Drigo's, where he is obviously expected. Later he discovers that the money has been substituted for bundles of newspaper. He is arrested and charged with robbing his firm.

The story moves along quite nicely with the finger of suspicion swinging from one character to the other and finally pointing firmly and inexorably at the real villain...

The end is perhaps a bit predictable, and the *modus operandi* a little far-fetched but it's not a bad read nevertheless.

Cat. No. 2626

Twice Brightly

By Harry Secombe

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 8 hours

Larry Gower arrives one cold Monday morning at a dingy little North country variety theatre to begin his professional career as a comic. He is newly demobbed, a Welshman, short-sighted without glasses, the possessor of a fine tenor voice... (now I wonder who that reminds me of?)

The book covers his first week on the stage, a week by no means without incident for young Larry. But I'd better not give any details, it might spoil the fun.

This very funny book is peopled with gorgeous larger-than-life theatrical archetypes, like the temperamental stripper who has seen better days, or the pit orchestra with only the most rudimentary notions of tune and time. There's the large Jewish agent with the obligatory fat cigar, the drunken theatre manager and the "animal trainer", a gin-sodden wreck performing with an elderly, gummy lion. For good measure, there's a marvellous account of Larry's glorious booze-up with the lads from back home.

A delightful, breezy, bawdy, extravaganza of life on the lower rungs of the show business ladder.

Cat. No. 2519

The Dogs of War

By Frederick Forsyth

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 15½ hours

During a routine survey in the mountains of Zangarro, a tiny remote African Republic, huge deposits of platinum are discovered. The unscrupulous head of the

READING TIME—continued

mining company, Sir James Manson, sees in this a golden opportunity to make a vast fortune for himself.

The only obstacle is Kimba, President of Zangarro, a despotic madman, who, should he get wind of the discovery, would exploit it for his own financial gain. Manson decides that his best course is the overthrow of Kimba who would be replaced by his own man.

He enlists the aid of a small elite band of mercenaries, led by "Cat" Shannon. All arrangements are made through an inter-

mediary with the tycoon a shadowy figure in the background.

But the mercenary leader is no fool and he makes some private and exhaustive enquiries on his own account.

The operation against the Zangarran dictator is a complete success — but there is a very nasty surprise in store for the opportunist Manson...

An exciting adventure yarn which combines fast-moving action with a sort of do-it-yourself manual on the purchase of illicit arms!

IN TOUCH HANDBOOK

Print—£1.80 from B.B.C., 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W1M 4AA

Braille—80p plus S.A.E. from Scottish Braille Press, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh.

Cassette—Send £5.60 or 7 C 90's to Charles Cadwell, Tape Recording Service for the Blind, 48 Fairfax Road, Farnborough, Hants., GU14 6JP.

What gadget could help a blind person pour a cup of tea? What aids might help a person with limited vision to read road signs or decipher numerals on a telephone dial? Where can you get large print typewriters, playing cards or bibles?

This revised edition of the first-ever handbook on aids and services for blind and partially-sighted people pays particular attention to the problems of residual vision and details ways in which people can be helped to make best use of their remaining sight. It also describes fully the wide range of official and voluntary sources which offer aids and services to visually-handicapped people. It is designed not only as a handbook for people coping with the problem of visual handicap, but also for doctors, nurses, social workers and others engaged in helping the blind and partially-sighted.

Chapter headings include: the beginning or the end?, how to get help, money, employment, housing and homes, everyday living, in the kitchen, using residual vision, getting around, reading and writing, the pleasures of listening, leisure, holidays and travel, parents and children, education, additional disabilities, and find ing other ways.

MEMORIES OF ARMISTICE DAY, 1918 SOUGHT

From a letter reprinted by permission of Mr. Alan Haydock, Producer, Talks and Documentaries, B.B.C. Radio.

November 11th, 1978 will be the 60th anniversary of the Armistice. I am compiling a radio programme to mark that anniversary. I would be very grateful to hear from any of your readers who have clear and vivid memories of what they were doing on that day, 60 years ago!

Would anyone wishing to contribute please send their reminiscences, by letter or on compact cassette, to the Editor at Headquarters, who will forward them to the B.B.C.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

London Bridge Notes

Our third match in 1978 for the Gover Cup (Individuals) was played at Headquarters on Saturday, 4th March. The results were as follows:

R. Stanners and Partner	71
J. Majchrowicz and V. Kemmish	65
R. Armstrong and M. Tybinski	65
J. Huk and B. Allen	61
J. Carney and H. Meleson	61
P. Nuyens and F. Dickerson	55

ENTERTAINMENTS SECTION

Our next dance will be held on 8th April.
Bob Osborne

BRIGHTON

Bowling Notes

We are all delighted that our bowling green has been repaired and is now fully operational. The winter aggregate for the Sir Michael Ansell Cup, which is now being continued, has produced some keen competition.

We enjoyed a grand afternoon's bowling, as well as a lovely day out, as guests of the Worthing Bowling Club on 8th March, and now we are all looking forward to our summer fixtures.

A. ROBINSON
Chairman

BRIDGE SECTION

Our two monthly competitions were held on 12th and 18th February, respectively. The results of the Pairs match were as follows:

North-South

1st B. Ingre and Mrs. Gover 53.5%
2nd R. Fullard and Mrs. McPherson 53.0%

East-West

1st F. Griffie and Mr. Barker 69.0%
2nd C. Walters and Dr. Goodlad 54.0%

The results of our second Individual match were as follows:

W. Phillips and W. Lethbridge 82
J. Padley and M. Clements 68
F. Griffie and A. Dodgson 66
C. Walters and P. McCormack 49
R. Fullard and W. Burnett 44

W. LETHBRIDGE

FAMILY NEWS

Marriages

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Foster, of Barnsley, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Hilary Margaret, was married to Gerard Anthony Galvin on 11th February, at St. Mary's Church, Barnsley.

Pearl Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. James Legge of Bristol, who celebrated their Pearl Wedding on 31st January.

Grandparents

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Blacker of Peacehaven, on the birth of their grandson, Craig Stuart, who was born on February 4th to their daughter, Sandra, and her husband, Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Green of Portslade, on the birth of a grandson, Anthony George, born on 28th January, to their daughter, Diana, and son-in-law.

Mr. Timothy Kirk of Lancing, on the birth of his tenth great grandchild, Jenny Elizabeth, born to his grand-daughter, Brenda.

Mr. and Mrs. John Perfect of Yealmp-ton, Devon, on the birth of their third grandchild, Daniel Alexander, born on 28th February, to their son, David Maxwell, and daughter-in-law, Ursula.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ripley of West Wimbledon, on the birth of their first grandchild, Thomas, born on 21st January, to their son, Jonathan, and his wife, Stella.

Mr. William Rowland of Lambeth, on the birth of another grandchild, Mark Daniel, born to his grand-daughter, Sally, on 6th January.

Mr. Emrys Tucker of Dulwich, on the birth of his grand-daughter, Susanna Claire, born on 12th February, to his daughter, Patricia, and son-in-law, John.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mrs. Emily McClarnan of Poulton-le-Fylde, whose brother died in December, 1977.

Mr. Parkinson of Blackpool, on the death of his mother who died suddenly on 5th March.

Mr. Arthur Waters of Sevenoaks, whose wife, Marjorie, died on 12th February.

FAMILY NEWS continued

Examination and Career Successes

We warmly congratulate:

James Legge, M.C.S.P., of Bristol, who was presented with a fine quality, eight-day carriage-type clock in recognition of almost 32 years service in the Physiotherapy Department of Rolls Royce Ltd., Bristol. Mr. and Mrs. Legge both attended the Presentation Ceremony on 5th January.

Joseph Wake of Barrow-in-Furness, who was presented with a gold watch in July, 1977, for 40 years service with his firm, Vickers Armstrong.

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.

Robert Farmer Royal Australian Air Force

Robert Farmer of Adelaide, South Australia, died on 7th February, aged 67.

He served as a leading aircraftsman in the Royal Australian Air Force from April 1942 until June 1946.

Mr. Farmer was South Australian President and National Vice-President of St. Dunstan's, Australia. His great interest in life was bowling and in the 1976/7 bowls season, he was remarkably successful, winning the Gold Medal in the first World Blind Bowlers Championships.

Early in 1976, he won the Australian singles Gold Medal in the Australian Blind Bowlers Championships and was selected to represent Australia in the blinded bowlers section and the singles Gold Medal.

He was nominated for the News Limited Caltex Oil Sportsman of the Year Award and was one of the 12 finalists. Messenger Newspapers, which has a circulation of over 300,000, awarded him its 'Man of the Year' award.

He leaves a widow, two daughters and four grandchildren.

Donald James McDougall Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry

Donald James McDougall of Toronto, Canada, died on 29th January, aged 85.

During his service with the Canadian Army in 1915/16, Professor McDougall lost his sight at the battle of Courcellette and came to St. Dunstan's where he studied physiotherapy, passing out with distinction.

After some years as an Instructor in physiotherapy, he went to Toronto University in 1922, where he did so well that he not only obtained his degree, but also won a special Rhodes Scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford. He left Oxford with a First Class Honours Degree in History and was subsequently appointed to the teaching staff at Toronto University, ending up as Professor and Head of Department. Professor McDougall retired in 1962.

He leaves a widow, Agnes, two sons and seven grandchildren.

George Edward Porter 1st Battalion, the East Surrey Regiment

George Edward Porter of Saltdean, died at Ian Fraser House on 17th February.

Mr. Porter enlisted in the 1st Battalion, the East Surrey Regiment in the last months of the First World War, when he was eighteen years old. Although wounded in the face just three weeks before the Armistice, he did not join St. Dunstan's until 1967, after his retirement from the G.P.O. Despite his ill health and deafness, Mr. Porter made seagrass stools of a very high standard.

He leaves a widow, Rose Ann, one son and two daughters.

David Wicks Woodget London Regiment

David Wicks Woodget of Bournemouth, died on 25th February, aged 79.

Mr. Woodget served as a rifleman with the London Regiment from his enlistment in 1916 until his discharge in 1919. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1941, after losing his sight due to the effect of mustard gas and phosgene burns received during the First World War.

His loss of sight cut short a promising career as H.M. Inspector of Taxes and, on joining St. Dunstan's, he undertook a period of re-training in joinery and telephony. For health reasons, however, he was unable to continue as a telephonist for very long and, in 1946, he undertook some joinery work and rug-making for the Stores Department. Nevertheless, Mr. Woodget was determined to return to telephony and, after a period of re-training, he was employed by a large engineering company in 1947, where he remained until his retirement in 1959 due to ill health.

Mr. Woodget's first wife passed away in 1952 and in 1962 he married Evelyn Gertrude Bivington, a St. Dunstan's V.A.D., whom he met whilst staying at Ian Fraser House and who nursed him devotedly.

He leaves a widow, Evelyn Gertrude, and three daughters by his first marriage.

