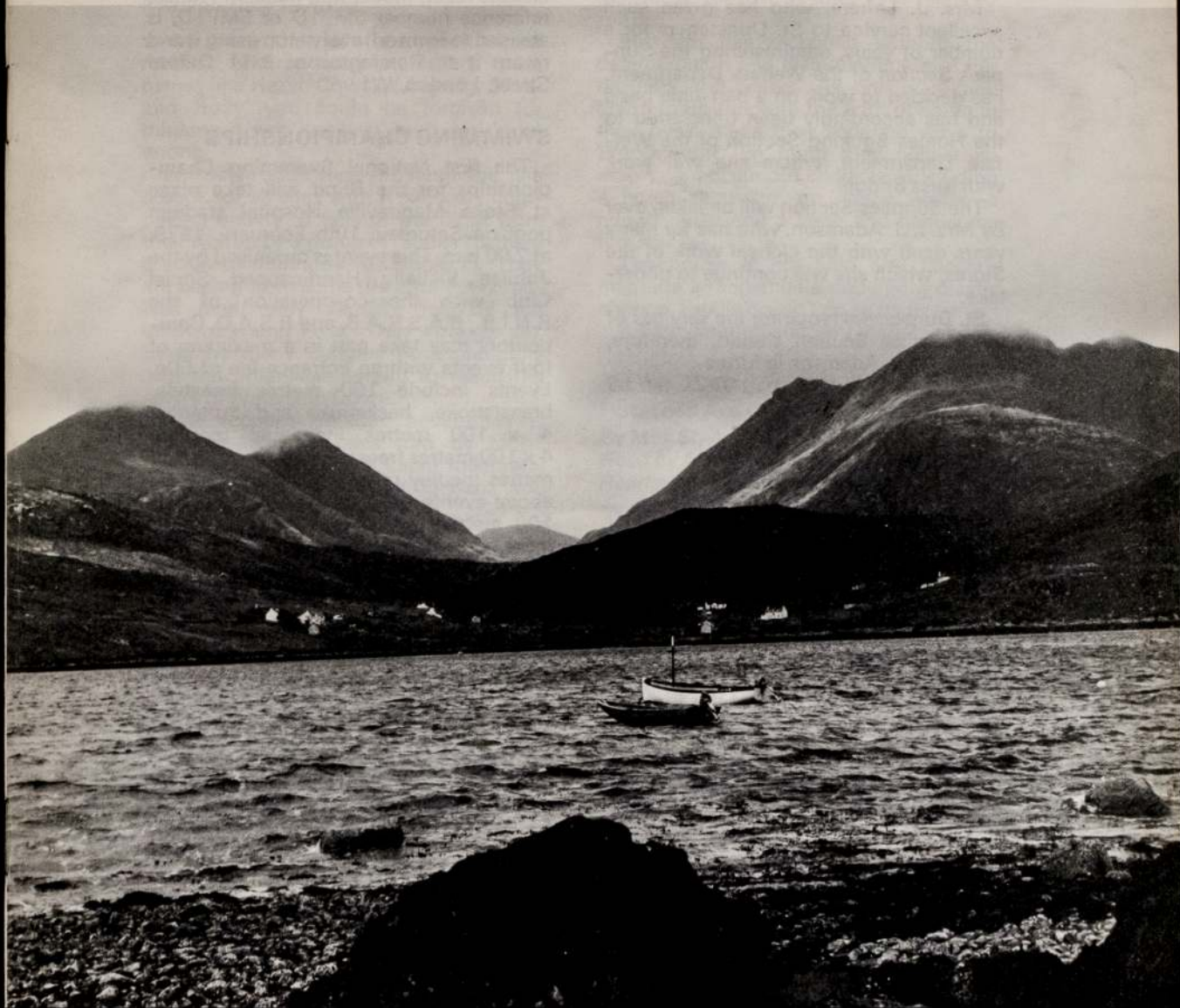


St Dunstons
REVIEW
NOVEMBER 1978



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

No. 701

NOVEMBER 1978

10p MONTHLY

STAFF ARRANGEMENTS AT HEADQUARTERS

Mrs. J. Lefrere, who has given such excellent service to St. Dunstaners for a number of years, administering the Supplies Section of the Welfare Department, has decided to work on a part-time basis and has accordingly been transferred to the Homes Booking Section of the Welfare Department, where she will work with Miss Bridger.

The Supplies Section will be taken over by Mrs. I. J. Adamson, who has for many years dealt with the clerical work of the Stores, which she will continue to undertake.

St. Dunstaners requiring the services of the Supplies Section should, therefore, apply to Mrs. Adamson in future.

C. D. WILLS

FOCUS ON CHURCH STRETTON DAYS

Over the past few months, a series of articles about St. Dunstan's association with Church Stretton have appeared in the Stretton Focus, at the instigation of Mrs. Mary Marsden. Contributions from David Bell, Esmond Knight and Jimmy Wright, representing the three Services, were added to an article about Strettonians such as the Trebbles of the Plough, who were deeply involved with St. Dunstaners.

As a result of the articles, many people have come up to Mary Marsden in the street to talk about their own particular reminiscences and experiences with St. Dunstan's. Above all, the great atmosphere of friendship, gaiety and good neighbourliness that existed in those days, comes through the articles. Many thanks to all those who contributed to the articles.

A view of Loch Tarbert in the Outer Hebrides — see Hebridean Holiday on pages 14-19.

ELECTRIC RAZOR DANGER

Anybody owning a Remington electric razor, model M3, made in France, reference number 5MF1D or 6MF1D, is advised to **immediately** stop using it and return it to Remington at 9-11 Oxford Street, London, W1.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

The first National Swimming Championships for the Blind will take place at Stoke Mandeville Hospital stadium pool on Saturday, 10th February, 1979, at 2.00 p.m. This event is organised by the Jubilee Visually Handicapped Social Club with the co-operation of the R.N.I.B., B.A.S.R.A.B. and B.S.A.D. Competitors may take part in a maximum of four events with an entrance fee of 50p. Events include 100 metres freestyle, breaststroke, backstroke and butterfly; 4 x 100 metres individual medley; 4 x 100 metres freestyle relay and 4 x 100 metres medley relay. For women, all the above events are at 50 metres instead of 100 metres. Assistance regarding payment of accommodation is available. Details of cost and application forms can be obtained from Jock Carnochan at Ian Fraser House.

RAG CHEW

The closing date for items to be included in the Amateur Radio Society's News cassette, 'Rag Chew', has been extended to November 14th. Would all those wishing to contribute, please send their items on cassette to Peter Jones, 69 Prospect Road, Bradway, Sheffield, S17 4JB, by this date.

SKI-ING

Anyone interested in a week's ski-ing trip in the Bavarian Alps around 9th January, 1979, should contact Jock Carnochan immediately.

Applicants must be very fit. They may be accompanied by their wives on a paying basis.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2576

Watership Down

By Richard Adams
Read by Robin Holmes
Reading Time 19 hours

When I say that this is a book about rabbits; anthropomorphic rabbits with names like Hazel, Cowslip, Bigwig, Silver and Holly, you could be forgiven for thinking it was just kids' stuff. You'd be wrong.

Written in adult style and language, it is a book for all ages with a curiously compelling quality. It tells of the flight from their warren by a group of rabbits (is there a noun of multitude for rabbits?). They are fleeing from some dreadful yet nameless peril, only vaguely felt by the intuitive young Fiver. They struggle on, beset by many dangers from predators and the unfamiliar terrain, to reach the safety of Watership Down.

The account of their adventures is interspersed with tales told by rabbit story-tellers, — a kind of 'Lapin' folklore.

I found this an enchanting book and very difficult to switch off.

Cat. No. 2060

The Lark Shall Sing

By Elizabeth Cadell
Read by Andrea Troubridge
Reading Time 5½ hours

When their widowed mother dies, and most of her income dies with her, the Wayne family are faced with a crisis. How can they now afford to stay on in their beloved house, Woodmount?

The strong-minded Lucille, at twenty-three the head of the family, declares it to be impossible. She agrees, however, to let the place for a year and at the end of that time they will make a final decision at a family conference.

The two young boys are packed off to live with a childless aunt, while Julia is sent, protesting, to boarding school. The gentle Estelle takes a job in a London office and Nicholas is still doing his National Service.

At the end of the year, however, Lucille writes to them saying that she has definitely decided to sell Woodmount. She is to be married and is returning to the house for just as long as it takes to sell it.

But she has reckoned without the determination and resourcefulness of her brothers and sisters. As one man they down tools and with the light of battle in their eyes, make their separate ways to Woodmount. En route they collect an assortment of curious characters including a brush salesman, an Italian waiter, a retired nurse and a large and handsome film star...

The house is *not* sold and Lucille's marriage arrangements undergo a drastic change. Estelle doesn't do so badly either!

A light-hearted and very readable book.

Cat. No. 2248

Potatoes Are Cheaper

By Max Shulman
Read by Marvin Kane
Reading Time 5½ hours

The action of the book takes place in St. Paul, Missouri, in the 1930's. There is widespread unemployment and both Morris Katz and his father are out of work. Poppa Katz goes to the public library every day, although he can't read a word of English. One day he slips on the steps and breaks what he calls his 'tail-bone'. He receives 125 dollars compensation.

There is a family conference. How best should they use the money—'a small fortune already'. It is finally decided to send Morris to college, where he will find, then marry, a rich Jewish girl and so mend the family fortunes.

And off he goes to the State University, accompanied by cousin Albert, who has stolen his ma's fur coat to pay his way through college.

The two boys, both compulsive womanisers, go on their merry fornicating way and Morris does meet a rich, though homely, Jewish girl. But the astute Mr. Zimmermann mistrusts Morris's intentions and invariably refers to him, a little unkindly as 'the cockroach'.

READING TIME—continued

Then Morris really falls in love—with Bridget O'Flynn! What a terrible dilemma! Should he marry Bridget and stay poor—and 'dead' to his family—or marry plain Celeste for her father's money—always supposing he can get his hands on any of it! Naturally, he makes the only possible decision...

Written in the first person in racy colourful American-Jewish, and peopled with an assortment of the most bizarre characters, this is a beautiful, bawdy, screamingly funny book, not to be missed.

But be warned! Auntie Mable would be shocked to the core.

Cat. No. 1566

The Gods Are Athirst

By Anatole France

Translation by Alex Brown

Reading Time 8½ hours

Paris towards the end of the eighteenth century. The monarchy has been overthrown and the 'Austrian woman' awaits execution. The Jacobins are in uneasy control. There is civil unrest in France and the Dutch and English soldiers bide their time.

Evarice Gamelin, a young artist, is an ardent and dedicated Republican. Robespierre is his God. Through the good offices of Madame Rochmore, a woman of considerable influence, he is elected Juror on the Committee of Public Safety.

At the daily mass trials he discharges this duty with relentless inhuman zeal. All who are brought before the Committee he regards as enemies of France, summarily to be destroyed. Madame Rochmore and his sister's husband are among the hundreds he sends to the guillotine.

From being a kindly young man, who once shared his meagre ration of bread with a starving woman, he has become a monster, a terrible instrument of state vengeance. Finally, along with Robespierre, St. Juste and other Jacobin leaders, he shares the fate of the thousands he has helped to murder.

Written by one of the great masters of French literature, the book tells graphically of the suffering, the terror and the monstrous misuse of great power during the most cruel period of French history.

Weighty Problem

Didn't he do well!

This solution to the billiard ball puzzle came from Alfred Turner of Shepperton, Middx.

Owing to part of my letter which was published in the October *Review* being omitted, some readers will probably think I am a braggart for not substantiating my claim to know the solution to the problem of the 12 billiard balls. I have decided, therefore, to send you my version of the solution, although I find it almost as difficult to put it on paper as I did when originally working out the problem in my head.

I am numbering the balls 1–12 in order to make the explanation easier (I hope) to follow.

Divide the balls into three groups of four; 1–4, 5–8, 9–12. Place balls 1–4 in the left scale and balls 5–8 in the right scale. If the left scale goes down, commence the second weigh by exchanging ball number 1 with number 5 and replacing balls 6, 7 and 8 with balls 9, 10 and 11. If the right scale goes down, then the odd ball is either 1 or 5. To find out if number 1 is heavier or number 5 lighter, place ball number 1 or 5 on the left scale and a normal ball in the right. If, however, at the start of the second weigh, the left scale had dropped, then the odd ball would be number 2, 3 or 4 and it would be heavier than the rest. Find the ball by placing number 2 on the left scale and number 3 on the right. If the scales move, then you know which is the odd ball, but if the scales remain level, then number 4 is the odd ball. If, however, when starting the second weigh, the scales remain level, then the odd ball is number 6, 7 or 8, and it will be lighter than the rest. Find the ball by placing number 6 in the left scale and number 7 in the right. If the scales move you know which is the odd ball, but if the scales remain level, then number 8 is the odd lighter ball. If, at the start of the first weigh, the right scale goes down, reverse the procedure.

Returning to the first weigh, if the scales remain level, then the odd ball is obviously in group 9–12. Replace balls 6, 7 and 8 with balls 9, 10 and 11. If the scales

WEIGHTY PROBLEM—continued

move, you know it is ball 9, 10 or 11 and whether it is lighter or heavier than the rest. Find the ball by placing 9 in the left and 10 in the right. If the scales do not move, then 11 is the odd ball. If, after the second weigh, the scales had remained level, then ball number 12 is the odd ball, so place it on the scales opposite any other ball to find whether it is heavier or lighter.

Mrs. Olive Evans, widow of our St. Dunstaner, Albert Evans, of Newport, Gwent, has sent us another solution by her son-in-law, Mr. Brian Smith. The methods vary slightly but we have proved them both.

Jim Padley of Saltdean, Brighton, and Paul Walker of Lewes, have both sent us

correct solutions to the apple problem. Jim's version follows:

There are ten bags; the first containing 1 apple, the second 2, the third 4, the fourth 8, the fifth 16, the sixth 32, the seventh 64, the eighth 128, the ninth 256 and the tenth 489. Any number from 1 to 1,000 can be added together from these ten bags.

A Problem of Specific Gravity by Phillip Wood

A thief gains illegal entry into the King's palace to rob the latter of two gold balls. He is spotted and soldiers, valets and chambermaids give chase. There is only one unguarded exit from the palace; a rickety bridge capable of bearing the weight of the rascal with *one* ball only. Yet he manages to escape with both prizes. How did he do it?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Alan Reynolds, Shrewsbury

It has passed through my mind that a little information about domestic appliances for members of St. Dunstan's would be useful. For example, my wife and I wished to buy an automatic washing machine and, eventually, we decided to buy a Hoover. After it was installed, an electrician remarked that Hoover fit Braille knobs and panels and supply a book of instructions. This has now been done and I am very pleased, but had we known before, it would have helped us with our choice.

More recently, we brought a microwave cooker and we were many months trying to make up our minds. We finally settled on one made by Sharps, a small domestic model, number R6460E. I realised that I would need a special timer or Braille marking on the control knob, so I wrote to the manufacturers. They sent a nice letter back, saying that they also undertake this service for the blind, but only on one model. Luckily we had chosen the right one! Again, had we

known this information, it would have been a great help, so I hope, by mentioning this in the *Review*, that other St. Dunstaners might benefit.

From: George Murrell

Handless Reunion

I would like to thank Mrs. Pugh and the St. Dunstaners for making the evening such an enjoyable one for me. Also, the opportunity of accompanying Bill, his wife, and Gwen in their songs was an additional pleasure, one I shall long remember.

Mr. Murrell is the pianist who entertained at Ian Fraser House during the reunion.

Mr. Danny Watkins, formerly of Christchurch, New Zealand, would like his friends to know that, now that he has retired, he has moved to Leslie Road, Canterbury, New Zealand.



Joe Britton at Leeds Castle.

THE HANDLESS REUNION

by
Peggie Brett

As usual, our annual get-together went off splendidly. I say 'ours' because we wives feel very much a part of things. However, when it comes to the men's conferences we know our place! This lies in the heart of Brighton shopping area, whence we return – light of heart and handbag – to our slightly apprehensive husbands!

On the evening of September 14th, we mustered at Ian Fraser House. From England, Scotland and Wales we came, to fill the fifth floor restaurant with twelve month's pent-up chatter. This year, two 'new-girls' joined us; Matron Pass and Mrs. Pugh, our new Entertainment Officer. 'Com' was there, of course, and that no longer 'new-boy', Dr. Stillwell.

Just one note of sadness touched us, and rightly so, when Com called for a moment's silence in memory of our much loved late Entertainment Officer and friend, Dorothy Williams.

During that first dinner-party good food, good wine and effortless conver-

sation left us all in the mood for happy days ahead.

At ten o'clock on Friday morning, we left by coach for Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, in Kent. The weather was perfect; one of those golden days one cherishes when winter lies a little way ahead. At one stage of the journey we were treated to a tape of the castle's history from 1066 to the present day. Recorded in a familiar voice, it covered a generous coffee break and several miles of Kentish countryside! Oh, Com, what a thirst you must have raised . . . we trust suitable lubrication lay to hand?

Next, on a more personal note, we learned that Ted Miller – our Ted Miller – had, in his youth (and I don't mean 1066!) actually worked upon the making of a heavily studded oak door for this very castle. Later, it turned out that every door we passed resembled Ted's description, so we can only hope that he was finally photographed in front of the right one! Certainly, for such a setting, only the

finest craftsmen would have been employed, so there's a feather in your cap, Ted!

On arrival we were taken to the Fairfax Hall, a lofty barn with stone floor and ancient rafters. Here we were served a glorified ploughman's lunch that was far too good to be eaten with restraint. In consequence, when asked to begin our tour of the castle, some of us rose to the occasion with difficulty!

Time and space do not permit a detailed description of what followed, except to say that as castles go Leeds has a quality of cosiness about it that is most endearing. The real loveliness of the place, however, can best be appreciated from the grounds. The shining waters of the moat, decorated by the famous black swans, reflect a fairytale palace, and as we strolled, the warmth of an autumn sun upon our backs, we felt at one with history. Present and past merged under a spell cast by Mr. Ashurst, our excellent guide and companion. Instinctively, it seemed, he adapted his commentary to the needs of blind people. (How about transferring him to Sunday cricket on B.B.C. 2, thus avoiding all those frustrating silences?)

A cream tea set the seal upon a fascinating visit, but it must be confessed that small-talk flagged a little as heads were seen to nod on the homeward journey!

That evening was spent on home ground, with George Murrell at the Winter Garden piano, songs from Gwen and Winnie and Billy and Alice, not to mention a stand-up comedy spot by Joe Britton. Drinks were available, and yet *more* food, so it was 'Goodbye, waist-lines' . . . and so to bed.

Saturday High Spot

The high spot of Saturday lay in the evening. This consisted of a reception and dinner-party in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. Here, our husbands, represented by our Chairman and Mrs. Garnett-Orme, were hosts to some of the kind folk by whom we had been entertained in past years. I think a glance at our list of guests shows them to be worthy of the Royal Pavilion and the King William IV room in which we dined. It read: Colonel Sir Michael Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L.,



Ted Miller and the door he made for Leeds Castle.

President of St. Dunstan's; The Lord Lieutenant of East Sussex, the Most Honourable The Marquess of Abergavenny and Lady Abergavenny; the High Sheriff of East Sussex, Councillor R. G. Edwards Jones and Mrs. Edwards Jones; The Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton; Mrs Elizabeth Dacre; Sir John and Lady Hewitt; Captain Ian Askew, M.C., J.P., Past High Sheriff, Deputy Lieutenant of Sussex; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Reeves, Douglas being the well known organist at the Dome, friend of many St. Dunstaners attending 'Thursday at the Dome' shows; and last but not least, Mrs. Cynthia Campbell, Information Officer of the Royal Pavilion Estate.

After cocktails in the Red Drawing Room, we were taken on a brief tour of the ground floor rooms of the Pavilion by Mrs. Cynthia Campbell, whose remarks and anecdotes very nearly brought the Prince Regent to life to enjoy dinner with us! I'm afraid our meal, delicious as it was, would hardly have suited His Royal Highness, who could tackle thirty courses with ease!



Full attention to the guide at the Castle entrance.

Coffee and brandy accompanied the speeches in which Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme proposed the health of the guests, wittily seconded by Mr. William Griffiths, our Billy, no less! The Marquess of Abergavenny replied. At this point we were invited to 'circulate', an operation greatly assisted by our dear friend, Mrs. Dacre, who flitted among us like a petunia butterfly, ruthlessly cutting conversations short in order to ensure a good 'mix'!

At last, as the clock struck, like Cinderellas, we came down to earth, and were trundled home in the good old St. Dunstan's coach, tired, as they say, but happy!

Indoor Bowls

On Sunday morning, for the good of our health and figures, some of us went bowling on our own indoor green. With difficulty, Jock Carnochan organised us into two rather mixed, if not mixed-up, teams. There was Cannon-ball Audrey, and Acrobatic Alice, Invincible Iris and Stonewall Joan, Pie-eyed Peg and Deadly Dick, Billy the Kid and Tommy the

Praying Mantis. The result was a 3-1 win for Billy the Kid's team, while the rest of us screamed for a dope test!

After lunch it was on to the coach again, this time for a drive through sunny Sussex and a cream tea at The House of Pipes, Bramber. Here we were able to wander through an incredible exhibition of everything connected with smoking from early clay churchwardens and oriental hubble-bubbles, to modern filtered products in pretty colours that would make my old dad turn in his grave! There were snuff boxes to tempt Joe Britton and things I took for good heavy ash-trays, which turned out to be spittoons! The whole collection must be unique and if the habit of smoking eventually dies out, it might well end up in the British Museum.

Do as you darn well pleasy

Sunday evening was spent in the main lounge, listening, singing, and even dancing in the background, to the music of Cliff Gibbon's Band. It was all very free and easy - 'do as you darn well pleasy' - and we appreciated their generosity in coming to entertain us.

And so to Monday, our last day together, and of the 1978 Reunion, with its discussions for the men, and a whole day's freedom for the ladies on the loose! And *still* the sun shone on.

That night, the final dinner at The Eaton Restaurant, Hove, went well. It was good to share it with our friends from Headquarters, such as Mr. Wills, Miss Mosley, David Castleton and Norman French, with Commandant, Matron, and Miss Alison, Assistant Matron, and the tireless Mrs. Pugh! Also present was Dr. Fletcher, a great favourite, not only for his humorous speech, but because of his constant help and encouragement over the years.

Altogether it was a most successful reunion, and our thanks, as always, go to Com and Matron and all branches of staff at Ian Fraser House for their efforts to make it so.

Perhaps a special pat on the back should go to Mrs. Pugh. She took over Entertainments in sad circumstances, but we wish her all the happiness she not only deserves, but contrives to give.

UNDER A FIVER by Phillip Wood

In recent months a new game, assuming almost cult proportions, has swept through our town. The name of the game is "Under a Fiver". Each week in our local rag, pages and pages of small ads appear beneath this caption.

One attractive feature of the game is that you can play it for free provided you use the coupon from the paper. It's also a pleasant spectator sport. Every week we pass a happy half-hour as my wife reads out the more interesting, mysterious or bizarre items.

Like the one which has appeared several times - '... French perfume, cost £12.50, £5.00 O.N.O.' To start with, who on earth in our town would be likely to own twelve-and-a-half quid's worth of French pong! (perhaps it fell off a French lorry.) And why sell it? We came to the conclusion that in these materialistic times, she didn't just hand back his presents, she turned them into hard cash.

Then there was the optimist who advertised, 'Twenty yards of privet, FREE to anyone who will remove it'. In mid-June! In any case, people need privet like they need the Black Death.

The columns are liberally besprinkled with offers of children's outgrown clothing and footwear. 'Boy's cricket boots, hardly worn, £3.00 O.N.O.' But there was no size. I had a mental picture of a long line of embryo Geoff Boycotts all doing their Cinderella bit.

But my favourite is undoubtedly the item which read, 'GNOME ENLARGER, £5.00' Personally, I like my gnomes just the way they are. Their diminutive stature is surely part of their charm. In any case, start monkeying about with nature and you never know where it will stop. They might take over the world!

Having for several weeks enjoyed the game from the sidelines, we decided to participate. Now, for several seasons our lawn had been suffering from some mysterious murrain or pestilence, which gave it a most unpleasant mottled appearance. There had also been a deal of subsidence which made it look like a relief map of the Andes. Pushing a lawn mower up hill and down dale did absolutely nothing for my arthritis.

We had the lawn removed and the area paved. We now have one lawn mower surplus to requirements.

It was past the first flush of youth. In fact, I, who had once loved it, had to admit that it looked distinctly scruffy. The grass-box bore several rusty scars where it had come into violent contact with the edge of the path and other immovable objects. Still, nothing ventured...

We had also rearranged the furniture in the living-room to make more space and moved the bookcase into the hall. We now had a redundant telephone seat-table. It had been consigned to the spare room where everybody had to move round (or fall over) it.

Publication day for our local rag is Thursday - but it comes out on Wednesday (sounds like the Irish Times!) and when our two items appeared we sat back and waited for the action. We didn't wait long.

The phone rang. A woman's voice asked if the mower was still unsold and where did we live if it wasn't. I told her. A few seconds pause. "It's too far" she said "We haven't any transport." The next road would have been too far without transport. A Qualcast roller mower makes a helluva racket when trundled along the pavement.

One down, two to go!

A few minutes later the telephone rang again. A woman again, positively panting to buy our telephone table. She arrived in minutes, took one look at the article and handed my wife a fiver, - the price we had quoted. My wife said she didn't think it was really worth that and gave her back a pound, which rather startled the lady. We all parted on the best of terms. One down and one to go.

Our next call came from a prospective mower buyer. He turned out to be a large cheerful young man. He looked at our Qualcast, which suddenly looked more decrepit than ever, just sitting there apparently awaiting decent burial. "I've got one of these" he announced, "but mine's kaput. It'll do for spares. My wife wants me to have one of those electric jobs, but I'm not keen". He went on to say that his neighbour had severed the

UNDER A FIVER — *continued*

cable of his electric job and was now recovering in hospital.

"And she still wants you to have one!" It occurred to me that he had better watch his step, hide all the sharp knives, have a regular check on his car-brakes, employ a food-taster...

He seemed to read my thoughts "I'm worth a lot more alive than dead, so I suppose I'll be all right!" he chuckled. He left with his purchase tied precariously to the carrier of a bicycle which might easily have given the old Qualcast ten years.

We had sold both of the articles in about thirty-five minutes. And that was that.

It wasn't. The phone rang. "Have you still got the lawn mower?" We said, no, we hadn't. The phone rang. "Have you sold the telephone table?" We said, yes, we had. The phone rang... twenty-five

times during Wednesday and Thursday.

The Wednesday trade was very brisk, with a lull for tea and 'Coronation Street' then picking up at eight and continuing until nine or half-past.

The Thursday people were generally the no-hopers. They usually began, "I suppose you've already sold the telephone table?" or, "I don't suppose you've still got the lawn mower?" The calls went on fitfully until about seven-thirty.

It was all over. It had been quite a pleasant experience. We felt we could so easily get hooked...

There must be something else around the house which we didn't want, but somebody just might take a fancy to... there was the vase, mercifully buried in a drawer in my shed... perhaps there was someone, somewhere, so totally lacking in taste... they just might...

On second thoughts, no, they wouldn't.

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.

George Ball of Birmingham, who joined St. Dunstan's on 20th September. Mr. Ball served as a Private in the 34th London Regiment during the First World War. He is a widower with three adult daughters.

Robert Bruce of Morecambe, who joined St. Dunstan's on 20th September. Mr. Bruce served as a Private in the 5th Seaforth Highlanders during the First World War and was wounded at Ypres. He is a widower with one adult daughter.

Thomas Clark of Newton-le-Willows, who joined St. Dunstan's on 3rd October. Mr. Clark served as a Fusilier in the 1/8

Lancashire Fusiliers during the Second World War and was wounded at Mandalay in 1945. He is a married man with an adult family.

Albert Gardner of Tunbridge Wells, who joined St. Dunstan's on 25th September. Mr. Gardner, who is 80 years old, served as a Private with the Royal Welch Fusiliers during the First World War, from his enlistment in June, 1915. He was discharged in March, 1919, following injuries received the previous year at Armentieres. He is a married man with one adult son.

Brynley Kainey of Rhondda, who joined St. Dunstan's on 4th October. Mr. Kainey served in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War. He is a widower with one adult daughter.

Arthur Lewis of Rotherham, who joined St. Dunstan's on 3rd October. Mr. Lewis served as a Private in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps during the Second World War. He is married with two adult children.

Evan Price of Neath, who joined St. Dunstan's on 25th September. Mr. Price served as a Corporal in the Royal Welch Fusiliers during the Second World War and was wounded in Burma in 1944. He is a married man.

Arthur Snowden of Grimsby, who joined St. Dunstan's on 3rd October. Mr. Snowden served as a Chief Petty Officer in the Royal Navy during the Second World War. He has a grown up family living in Australia.

Good Morning, Mr. Stevens

All roads lead to Chatham this weekend, September 16-17th, from Wales, Scotland and England. Naturally, St. Dunstaners were to the fore, this being the Royal Engineers Veteran's Weekend.

After many months of planning, the coach picked up from Ian Fraser House and further points towards Chatham. We were represented by David Bell, Shirley Blackmore, Ernest Cookson, William Miller, Bill Phillips, Harold Smith and last but not least, our new member from Rhodesia, Desmond Chandler.

Transport was laid on by the Royal Engineers, who supplied escorts and hospitality by making us guests of the W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess. This was indeed a revelation to those who had not been before.

OVINGDEAN NOTES

The summer ended with our Bank Holiday fancy dress ball. As usual, we were hard-pressed to choose the winners; the inventions of the wives, escorts and V.A.D.s, not to mention the St. Dunstaners, in dressing up as song titles, was quite stunning. Jack Martin in naval kit, staggered about as, 'What shall we do with the drunken sailor', clutching a large bottle of wine. Harry Dakin, completely hidden under a sheet and tightly bound in heavy chains was 'Please release me'. Manny Corbettis was a very realistic 'Be a clown'. It took us the rest of the night to rub off his lipsticked nose. Joyce Briant carrying her own lamp, ingeniously made by herself and sporting fish-net tights, was

After "beating retreat", we set up positions for our evening entertainment. The highlight of the evening was when young Desmond presented a plaque and beer mug, both decorated with the insignia of the Royal Rhodesian Engineers, to the W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess. He received a standing ovation and returned to his beer a very happy man. That was not all for the C.R.E.s past and present, for General Willett and General Campbell both came and sat at our table and greeted each St. Dunstaner personally.

The Brighton Royal Engineers Association was represented by D. Welford, T. Grimley, R. Wilson and F. Cook, who attended to all our needs most ably.

The following day, a Colours Ceremony and parade took place at Rochester Cathedral. To describe this most moving ceremony is impossible and will be a proud memory for us all for many years to come.

We rounded off the evening with an excellent dance in the company of old friends and new. Next morning, at the crack of dawn, we were on our way back to Brighton—roll on next year.

HAROLD SMITH

Editor's Note

The Command Royal Engineers' song begins, 'Good morning, Mr. Stevens, It's a windy noche night'.

'Lili Marlene'. Ray Benson was there, complete with tea pot as 'Tea for two', with George Hudson, encased in union jacks, as 'There'll always be an England'. Les Copeland was sporting his 'Green Sleeves' whilst Eileen Williams, clad in night attire and yawning so realistically that we almost dropped off just looking at her, was 'Sleepy time girl'.

George and Betty Stanley were most effective as patient and nurse in 'Nursie, nursie'. Anne Hodges, performing quite a feat by keeping a lighted cigarette in her mouth for some time, was 'Smoke gets in your eyes'. Carl Burt was covered from head to toes in 'Buttons and bows' whilst Margery Ball took the easy way 'Without a

OVINGDEAN NOTES — *continued*

song'. Ted Hill was almost as round as 'Round the world' and Terry Williams in swimming trunks, flippers, snorkel and umbrella, was 'Stranger on the shore'. David Taylor attired for bed and grasping a tiny potty, was 'Chamber music from Poland'. Last, but not least, was Frank Templeman holding a clock as 'Time on my hands'.

They were all so good, but without a doubt Barbara Bell was the Belle of the Ball in a truly regal 'Rule Britannia' costume, quite dazzling in white and silver. Barbara made every bit of this complicated costume herself. How she measured that perfect shield with the cross absolutely dead centre, I cannot imagine.

We pass on our thanks to Matron Pass and Mr. Lester for being judges and to the band, who were, as usual, super.

The weather was kind to us for the racing at Goodwood, Fontwell and Brighton, where fortunes were made and lost.

We have two new drives now added to our list; 'The Heritage', set in the heart of the country in Hailsham and 'The House of Pipes', where Mr. and Mrs. Irvine have a fantastic collection of pipes from all over the world. They gave us a right royal welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyndhurst of Tylden House once again invited us to their annual garden party where once again we met the Chelsea Pensioners. Everyone enjoyed themselves, thanks to the hospitality and generosity of our hosts.

We have had some very good evenings at the Dome. Our visits to the Theatre Royal have been somewhat restricted as the ever popular 'Ipi Tombi' seems to go on and on. However, programmes look promising for the future.

We had a good evening at the Connaught Theatre in Worthing, where we saw Anthea and Arthur Askey in 'When we are married'. The Connaught is a delightful small theatre where we were made most welcome.

There has been a lot of good entertainment in the house. We are fortunate in having an actor in our midst in the shape of V.A.D., Mr. Russ Howarth. He, together with Miss Eve King and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, our escorts, gave us a

first-rate evening of play reading of drama and comedy. We also had a rousing evening of music played to us by the Uckfield Brass Band, a charming and enthusiastic young group of talented musicians, most of them not yet twenty. They have promised to visit us again around Christmas.

Our own Tom Eales gave us two enchanting musical evenings; one of popular and classical favourites which covered everyone's taste and the other, 'Sounds of a summer night', which proved to be quite breathtaking. Such thought and imagination goes into Tom's programmes. Les Harriss also always has something interesting to tell us along with his popular choice of records.

We once again were delighted to have our accordianists, Ted Jinks and Joe Laverty playing for us. Joe entertained both houses with not only his musical talent, which includes his playing of the spoons, but also with his poetry reading.

Autumn is upon us once again, reminding us that winter will soon be here. But every season has its compensations; like the curate's egg, they are all good in parts.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

BRIDGE NOTES

Our first Team of Eight match in the West Sussex Inter-Club League took place on Sunday, 1st October. Our opponents were members of the Lewes Bridge Club. It was an entertaining match, which, I am sorry to report, St. Dunstan's lost by the narrow margin of 8 victory points to 6.

W. LETHBRIDGE

ARCHERY CLUB

Anyone interested in taking up archery is invited to contact Phil Duffee at Ian Fraser House. Any name received will be passed on to our coach, Alf Upton, who will then contact an archery club in the neighbourhood of the enquirer. The club contacted will then arrange for the St. Dunstaner to have a month's tuition in the basic techniques of archery, with the

CLUB NEWS — *continued*

emphasis on the special needs of a blind person, our coach having written to the club coach to explain what is required. There is no age limit as bows come in different weights and sizes to suit almost anybody, from children upwards.

The St. Dunstan's Archery Club hope to arrange fixtures and competitions against other clubs and at the Stoke Mandeville Games.

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

Our first outing under the new programme was to Dieppe. We had a wonderful crossing and a pleasant afternoon looking around the shops in the town. Unfortunately, the last two hours of the return journey were spent in a force 8 gale and several of the ladies were indisposed. But they were well looked after by Pat 'Nightingale' Padley. Thanks, Pat. Apart from this, everyone said that they enjoyed the day out.

A final reminder that our dinner dance is to be held on 17th November. We would still like a few more names. There will also be a dance on 11th November in the Annexe at Ian Fraser House. The results of the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Tournament will be published in the *December Review*.

ROBERT OSBORNE

BOWLING CLUB

We have now completed another bowling year in which we have fulfilled 17 outdoor fixtures and played in 4 different counties. It has been a very enjoyable and successful season with some grand bowling and wonderful companionship.

The Summer Aggregate has now ended and the results are as follows:—

Quadling Cup
1st Mr. T. Mugan
2nd Mr. E. Ould
3rd Mr. R. Brett

Now, we are looking forward to our winter programme which begins on 10th October with the aggregate for the Sir Mike Ansell Cup and we are looking forward to some keen competition. We have

7 home games planned with our bowling friends outside, which will provide some good bowling and some interesting games.

All bowlers who are interested in the bowling handicap to be held from Friday morning, 17th to 19th November, inclusive, should get in touch with me by letter or telephone from 10th to 16th November, as the entry chart will close at 11.30 p.m. on Thursday, 16th November. So rally round and enjoy a grand bowling weekend, where some good prizes will be given and keep yourselves in top gear ready for the start of the tournament on Monday, 20th November. I can be contacted at Ian Fraser House from 10th November.

MICKY ROBINSON
Chairman and Captain

LONDON

BRIDGE NOTES

The winners of the Bridge Drive held in the London Club Rooms on Saturday, 16th September, were as follows:—

1st	J. Huk and S. L'Estrange	1,500
2nd	A. Caldwell and S. Lyons	1,410
3rd	F. Dickerson and Mr. Sterrat	1,380
4th	J. Majchrowicz and C. Evans	940

The Gover Cup match was played in the Club Rooms on Saturday, 7th October and the results were as follows:—

R. Evans and J. Huk	69 pts.
R. Stanners and F. Dickerson	67 pts.
B. Allen and Scorer	67 pts.
W. Miller and M. Tybinski	64 pts.
J. Carney and R. Armstrong	57 pts.
J. Majchrowicz and H. Meleson	54 pts.

With only one more game to play in 1978, the position is:— (Best 5 results so far)

R. Armstrong	340 pts.
M. Tybinski	338 pts.
B. Allen	336 pts.
J. Huk	332 pts.
J. Majchrowicz	329 pts.
P. Nuyens	329 pts.
V. Kemmish	326 pts.
R. Evans	323 pts.
R. Stanners	321 pts.
J. Carney	320 pts.
F. Dickerson	303 pts.
H. Meleson	303 pts.
W. Miller	231 pts. (4 matches)

HEBRIDEAN HOLIDAY by Ron Smith

A cassette containing the full article, narrated by Ron Smith himself, with live interviews and wildlife recordings, is

available from the Public Relations Department by sending a C90 cassette and asking for reference number G3.

Gannets nest in the cliffs on the Sound of Scarp.



Many thousands of years ago as the ice moved slowly southwards in its ponderous destruction, it left behind much beauty in the shape of islands and, of course, we living on the mainland of the British Isles are fortunate in as much as we have so many of the islands and islets scattered around our coastline.

But I'm thinking of one particular group, a chain of islands known as the Outer Hebrides. These act as breakers to the wind and the tides from the Atlantic before they reach the Scottish mainland. When one considers that there is nothing between the Outer Hebrides and the United States of America, one can well imagine the severe battering which these islands take from time to time. Some of them are no more than bare jagged rocks or skerries; others are green, with sheep grazing on them, and many, like Scarp, have a dwindling human population. But on all of these there is a great scarcity of trees, although there is an abundance of bogmyrtle, lichen on the rocks, cotton-grass, iris, and on the mainland, plenty of heather. Here there is peace and tranquillity broken only by the Atlantic rollers onto the rocks, the occasional crying of seals, the wild cry of seabirds, and almost always the bleating of lambs for their wandering ewes, and these could be heard almost everywhere.

I visited this area first of all in about 1937, and I can remember so well being taken aback by all the wonderful scenery. But when I returned during the 1960's as a blind person, I realised that the former visit had left such an impression on my mind that I found it was quite easy to visualise again all this beauty; the tall cliffs, the small quiet coves and bays and the beautiful sandy beaches.

My friend and I made our headquarters in the small village of Tarbert, which lies at the head of East Loch Tarbert, where the West and East Lochs almost make another island of Harris. We stayed in the hotel there, and we found the conversation was always interesting for it was either about ornithology or salmon fishing. Well, as I knew so little about the latter, I decided to go in much closer to listen more carefully and to ask questions. After listening to some of these people I realised that many of them were real experts at this particular sport, but they all suggested that the person I should speak to was a Mrs. Andrews, who came up every year for salmon fishing. Mrs. Andrews happened to be a severely handicapped person, but there was no doubt whatsoever about her knowledge of angling. She mentioned many controversial points which had been argued by other people, but you know the proof

The port of Tarbert on Harris, where Ron Smith stayed.





Lesser Black Backed Gull —
photo Royal Society for the Protection of Birds

of the pudding was in her success, because I noticed that each evening on the marble table of the hall of the hotel, long silver shapes would be laying there, and most of them caught by this very clever lady.

I'd also been told about some of the gillies. I noticed that quite a few would be waiting for the anglers to come out in the morning to take them to the particular lochs, so I asked Mrs. Andrews how important were the gillies, and she told me that a good gillie was priceless, as they were real experts in this particular field. So I managed to speak to her man, Mr. George McLeod, and I asked him about his duties. He seemed quite modest and I can tell you, very afraid of the microphone, but I understood that the gillie's duties were first of all to be in charge of the boat and, of course, if a salmon was caught then it was his job to follow the salmon because otherwise it would take out the whole line and break everything. But a few days later I happened to meet him dressed in the full regalia of the Cameron Highlanders, complete with bagpipes too, and he played for me part of the music of Colonel Bignall; music obviously which

he had been accustomed to in the regiment.

I would like to say a further word about Mrs. Andrews; she was so severely crippled that I often wondered how she managed to get in and out of the boat. But she did, and there is no doubt at all about her great success in this particular sport.

There was one interesting incident which happened whilst I was in the hotel. The hotel manageress had been awfully kind and selected my bedroom where I could hear quite a number of birds and they used to gather mostly early in the morning and again late at night, the simple reason being that there was a fresh water stream coming down the hillside and going down past the hotel and many of the birds used to gather there to bathe in the fresh water — all kinds of birds even including curlews. Well, I thought it might be an idea to place a microphone there and trap it underneath the window, because I'd noticed as I stood there that one or two birds flew past making enquiring calls. Obviously, the occupants of my bedroom had at some time or other fed these birds.

Gull has last laugh

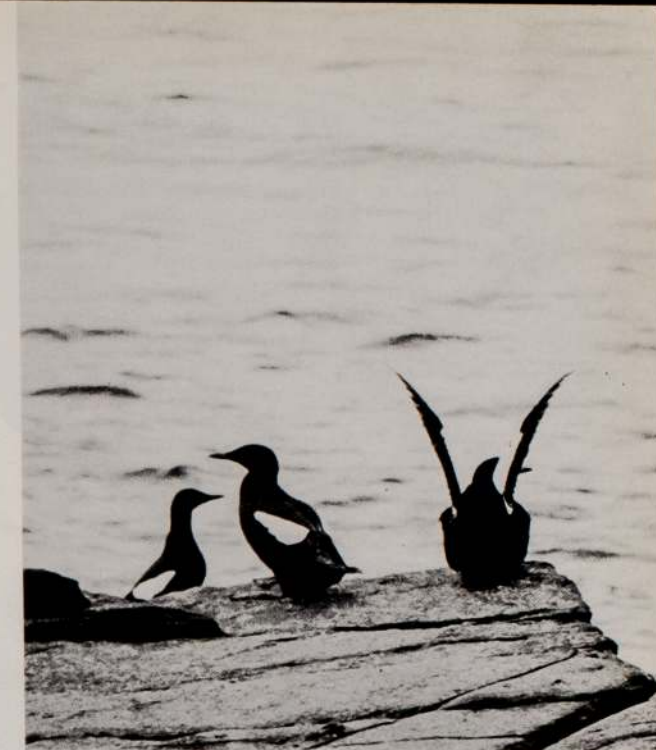
Early in the morning, 3.20 a.m. to be precise, I placed this microphone there. I'd no sooner begun to record when I heard a lesser black backed gull land on the outside of the windowsill. He then, I'm sure, looked inside and made one or two enquiring calls and afterwards gave this terrific call, the laugh of the lesser black backed gull that we know so well. Immediately, I thought of the person in the room next to mine, because I can assure you the walls of those rooms were exceedingly thin, I heard the man grumble even before he got out of bed. He went across to the window and opened it up and the language he used to that gull! I don't think I've heard anything like it in my life. But the gull remained absolutely undaunted regardless of all this verbal abuse, and indeed he called his pal along and together they made sure that anybody sleeping along that side of the hotel were awakened very much before their normal time I really enjoyed that!

Earlier on, when I was talking about some of the islands, I mentioned the dwindling human population. Indeed many of these islands are devoid of any human beings, and when the last person left with all his or her paraphernalia, including possibly the dogs and the shotguns, the flora and fauna took over, reverting back, I'm sure, to what they must have been thousands of years ago.

Shell Sand

My friend and I made our way down to one of these wonderful silver sandy beaches. We could hear some little distance away the plaintive calling of the curlews, the anxious cries of the ring plover, the herring gulls and many oystercatchers. When I made a remark about the silver sand — how beautiful it all seemed to be under foot — I was told very quickly that this was not the sand as I know it but millions and millions of fragments of shells which had been smashed by the savagery of the sea, and don't forget I told you there is an awful lot of sea between these islands and the United States of America. These shells had been blown up by the winds onto the rocks forming a wonderful bed and a covering for many of the unusual plants that people now come across. One particular plant that I knew so well was the sea rocket, I'm sure you will know it — it's got very fleshy leaves — but these were growing quite differently to what I'd known previously. They were so strong, the roots going deep into this calcareous mineral wealth, going deep and finding moisture, and many other plants were doing the same thing. Some were even spreading out almost like a wire netting covering over these shells to hold them all in position. It was really remarkable and there were some plants I'd never come across previously.

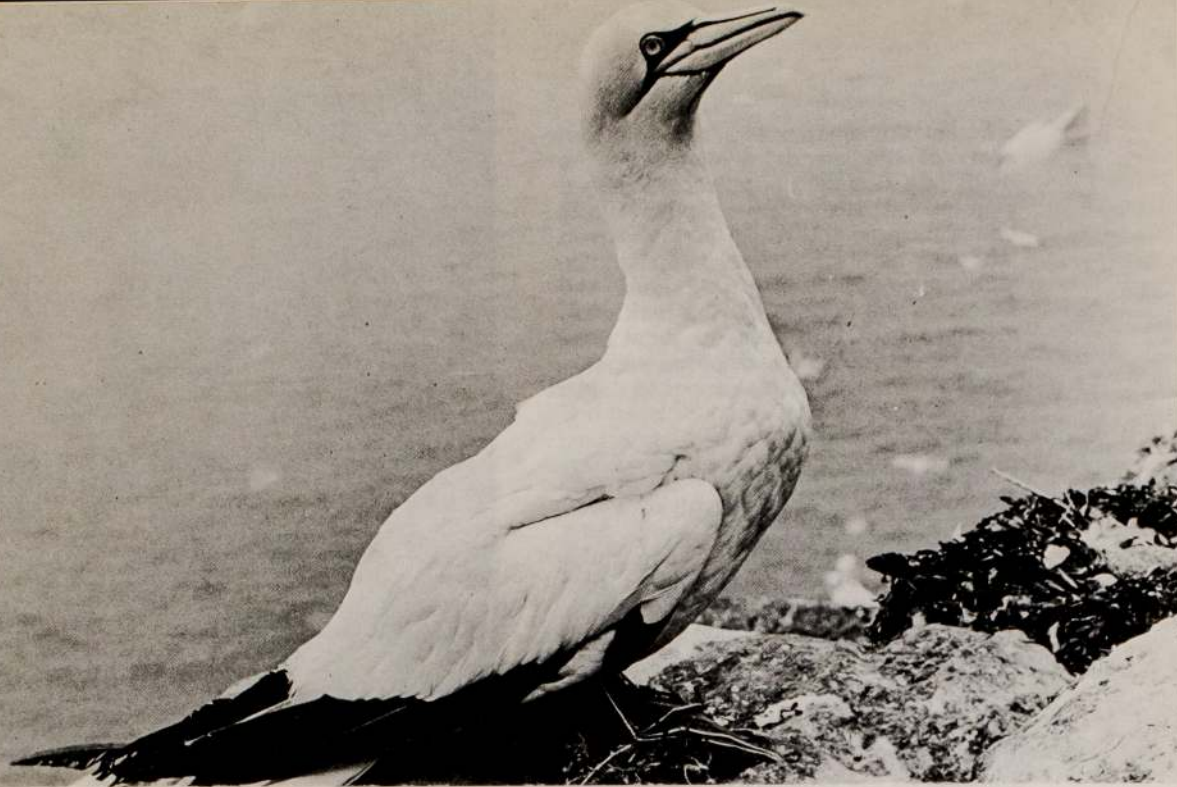
I could also hear a little distance away the calling of the fulmars, or the cackling rather, these very handsome birds with the shiny white head and rather outstanding nostrils. They don't walk very well either, and so it was unusual to find some of these away from the cliffs. I was also told there were black guillemots about. These are very similar, I suppose, to their common relatives but they are dis-



Black Guillemots — Photo R.S.P.B.

tinguished through their blood-red feet and a white patch on the side of the body which can be seen as they stand or in flight.

As we climbed up some of the sand dunes we came across quite a lot of marram grass growing in huge clumps, providing food, shelter and nesting sites for many of the meadow pipets which were there. But I think the best of all seemed to be the skylarks. What a beautiful song that bird has! As we walked we came across a small marshy area. The habitat was changing all the time and so obviously were the birds available there. We disturbed many lapwings — known to some people as the green plover. A snipe suddenly zigzagged away from us and there, sure enough, was the sentinel of the marshes — the redshank. He had no need to inform us we were intruding. We realised that and had already decided to go because the wind was increasing so rapidly and it was making recording impossible and, as the light was slowly fading, we made our way back again to the hotel and said goodbye to another of these beautiful islands.



Gannet — Photo R.S.P.B.

During the evening it was a great pleasure to walk and sit by one particular loch, because by this one there always seemed to be some activity going on, either from the birds or from fish or, indeed, from fishermen. My friend and I made our way along the side and then sat on one of the rocks, just watching and listening. After about twenty minutes, and before we were attacked by the midges, several fish leapt out of the water fairly close by. This seemed to excite many of the sea birds and quite a number of oystercatchers appeared. I think they had seen a smaller shoal of fish coming in but, apart from the birds, human eyes too had observed these, and small boats began to pull off the shingle and to fish. In the recording I made of this I heard one man say to the other "Did you bring any whisky with you?" For about half-an-hour the fishermen seemed to do very well indeed, but after a while they pulled some distance away, and then the real high divers came, the gannets.

I don't know if you realise that about 60 miles off the island and well into the Atlantic there is the island of St. Kildare.

About 2,000 gannets breed each year on that particular island.

So the gannets appear, these high divers. They circle, about 60 feet up, obviously viewing their prey below, and then they begin to dive, partly folding their wings, which guide them onto the spot beneath. Just before hitting the water, they close their wings entirely. Underneath they use their wings to guide themselves onto their prey. They appear at the surface about 10 seconds later repeating the performance over and over again. You would think that the speed at which they hit the water their necks would break! It's remarkable!

Well, after a while, they too had their fill and rested, and the light was now beginning to fade.

*The shoal had fled on freedom bent
The fishermen have gone their catch to
boast
The birds now sit and look unreal
As shadows fall and all is still.*

I don't think there is any cloth so well known as the world famous Harris Tweed, and holidaying on the islands of

Harris, obviously, I had to look into this and find out more about it. Well, there were two factories, one on the island of Harris and one on Lewis. But this tweed was machine-made and although there is no doubt that the various colours had been improved by chemical introduction, I wanted to find somebody who was doing all this work by hand; the spinning, the weaving and the dyeing. But my word what a job I had! My friend and I walked in all about 20 miles in the two days, trying to find somebody who did this.

Eventually we came across a small village of Drinesheader. There lived Mrs. McDonald and we were told she did all this tweed by hand. After an introduction she graciously acceded to my wishes and said that she would talk about it and I asked her many questions. She told me many interesting stories. She was elected to make tweed for Her Majesty and Prince Philip when they made the tour in the 1960's. She was very proud of this achievement because later on she was told by a secretary in Edinburgh, belong-

ing to Sir Compton McKenzie, that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had the tweed made into two beautiful overcoats, and they sent this message through to Mrs. McDonald that the Queen stated she was now a 'Harris Girl'.

Mrs. McDonald then took me down into the small shed where she used to do most of her work. She showed me the intricacies of spinning, what a difficult job, and the weaving and the dyeing all by hand, of course, and the dye she used, all vegetable dyes. When one looked at the hand-woven tweed it was very different to what I saw being made in the mills, but as I mentioned earlier, the colour of the chemical dyes were very bright indeed.

Well, I was almost at the end of my holidays, I said goodbye to Mrs. McDonald and thanked her for the wonderful afternoon she had given us and I said goodbye to her house, 'Cray Gard', which means 'High Rocks', and to the small village of Drinesheader; and we made our way back to the hotel and to the end of a beautiful holiday in the Outer Hebrides.

Loch Meavaig — good for salmon fishing.





Wally Thomas, helmeted, at the wheel of a fire appliance.

DEAF-BLIND REUNION

by
Ron Ellis

A most enjoyable reunion had been arranged for the Muffies this year; a little softly-softly—our age you know—but full of interesting places to visit and with the joy of adding to our knowledge.

The reunion was held from 7th-11th September. A grand opening dinner was held with the Commandant, Matron Pass and our guest, Mrs. Blackford. How nice it was to have Mrs. Blackford with us. It was a real pleasure to see her again and to talk over the past reunions when she was Matron. Let us hope we shall be seeing a lot more of her at our reunions.

We were very pleased to have our old friend with us again, George Fallowfield. It has been ages since George joined us at a reunion. It was nice to be able to have a chat with him and to see that he is pressing on regardless. We hope to meet him again next year. Our sincere thanks to the staff for such an excellent dinner, which was beautifully done and served.

Friday 12th proved to be a very interesting day. We set off to visit that beautiful castle. Leeds Castle. Arriving there a little behind time, we were introduced to our

guide and we decided to have lunch before we started our tour of the castle. Guess what it was? You can't. Well, it was a good old-fashioned ploughman's lunch.

There it was, a great plate with a dozen kinds of cheeses to choose from, all the sauces and pickles you wanted. You should have seen the ladies taking a sly stab with their forks at the pickled onions. I thought that Wally Thomas had said, half-way through the lunch that he had better go and milk the cows. But it was good honest food, finished off with a glass of dark ale. All agreed it was great.

Feeling much refreshed, our escorts sharpened their talking fingers ready for the guided tour of the castle. The tour proved to be a great success. As we passed from room to room our guide gave us a superb short history of each and answered all our questions without a fault. Standing in the middle of the rooms, it made one feel as if you were living way back in time and that jolly old King Henry would come along and shake you by the hand. After all that had been described to us, it seemed impossible that there could

be another castle like it in the whole world. It makes you feel proud of our history and of all the beautiful buildings we have in England.

Time was running short now, so we made our way to the gift shop to have a look see and buy one of those booklets that give you a short history of the castle. Then we said our goodbyes to our guide; our sincere thanks to him for the superb way in which he handled the tour.

Back in the minibus, our escorts were busy having a look at their fingers to see how many they had left. Boy, do they go. Thank you lassies and Mrs. Pugh for all you did, you were great.

Arriving at Ian Fraser House about 6.30 p.m., we all made a mad dash to our rooms for a quick change for we were all off to Lewis to end a most perfect day at the La Cucheno Restaurant.

Feet-up day

Saturday 9th September, was a free day; a day to put our feet up and talk over the lovely day we had had the day before. At 8 p.m. there was a nice quiet game of dominoes in the lounge and then to the buffet for a light supper and so to bed.

Sunday morning was spent pleasantly at Pearson House with Matron Hallett and old friends. Thank you Matron, for a lovely sherry and a pow-pow. The roses which you had cut for us were beautiful. It was so nice meeting you all again.

Arriving back at Ian Fraser House just before lunch, which was taken at 1.00 p.m., we were off again at 2.30 p.m., this time to Roedean Fire Station for a guided tour. A very interesting hour was spent there with the Captain and his men answering all our questions—and there were many as they are fascinating things, these fire engines. They are a lot different to when we were boys. The firemen were really great. They let us sit in the cab while they explained the different gadgets to us and gave us numerous things to handle and feel and touch. Thanks, lads, you were great and good luck to you all.

The tour of Roedean over, the Captain then took us over to Hove Fire Station to have a look at a tender. This is the engine with the very long ladder on it which, I believe, they call a snorkel. It has a cage at the top of the ladder. After being

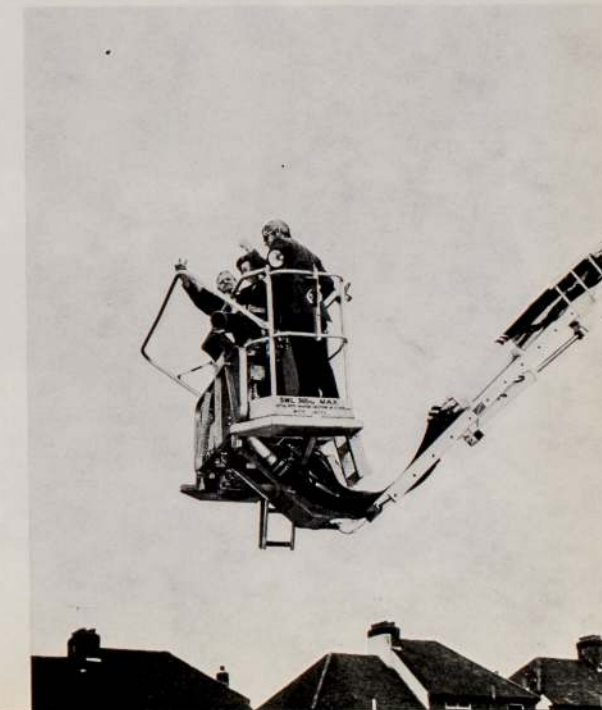
introduced to the officers and firemen, we made our way to the tender and had it's uses explained to us. Then we were asked if we would like a ride up in the cage. All hands shot up, so we all got into the cage.

The fireman who was with us spoke through a microphone to a fellow in the cab of the tender. Then, suddenly, we felt ourselves begin to rise up and up and up, until we had reached about 60 odd feet. Although the ladder could reach 94 feet, it was quite enough to be where we were. It was lovely to feel the wind in your face. It felt something like being in a glider. Our friend, Mr. Barrow, the photographer, was down below taking photographs. Mrs. Pugh told me that he looked the size of a peg from where we were.

Coming down to earth, we were taken over to the dining room and given a much needed cuppa. Then it was time for us to depart. Our sincere thanks, too, to the officers and men of the Hove Fire Station for their kindness and understanding. We wish them all the best of luck. They are a great lot of lads. En route for Ian Fraser House, we stopped at the West End Restaurant for a high tea. With another full and exciting day behind us, we returned to Ian Fraser House.

On Monday, 11th, at 9.30 a.m., we were off again; this time to the Hastings Museum to inspect some very old and rare pottery and models. There was plenty

Our St. Dunstaners and escorts going up in the world with the help of the Fire Service.



DEAF-BLIND REUNION — *continued*

there to hold our interest and we sincerely thank the staff for all their kind help and for letting us touch the different articles as they were explained to us. On leaving the museum, we made our way to the Duke of Wellington for lunch, a really good tuck-in here with a nice glass of brown ale. During the afternoon, we had tea with Commandant, Mr. Wills, Miss Mosley, Miss Lord and Matron. Wally and I would like to thank Mr. Wills, Miss Mosley and Miss Lord for coming down to Brighton to see us. It is always so nice to meet them and have a really long pow-pow. Tea over, we made our way to the lounge for a quiet sit down before getting ourselves spruced up for the farewell dinner.

At 7.00 p.m. we were off the the Eaton Restaurant, where cocktails were taken before the dinner at 7.30 p.m. and what a

dinner. It was beautifully cooked and beautifully served. It was a real grand night, fit for a King. Wally Thomas gave the speech of thanks, mentioning what we were all feeling. There was a touch of sadness through the loss of our very dear friend, Mrs. Dorothy Williams. She will never be forgotten. We also felt a little sad for another dear friend, Ted Porter. We had what they would have wished us to have, a really lovely time.

From the Muffies, Mrs. Pugh, a big thank you for such a lovely get-together. It was a real success. Thanks also to all those concerned with the organisation of the mini-reunion and thank you Matron Pass for making our stay a happy one at Ovingdean. Also, our sincere thanks to our escorts who worked so very hard and to all the staff at Ian Fraser House for all their kind help. Let us look forward to meeting each other again next year.

With Mrs. Pugh to interpret, Ron Ellis learns about breathing apparatus.



D. F. Robinson's

Gardening Column

At this time of the year, the garden is not a very pretty place since most items have gone out of flower and look very straggly and the trees are shedding their leaves. Some spring flowering bulbs are starting to show signs of growth with a few leaves appearing above soil level. The majority, however, won't be starting their lives in the open yet.

There will be leaves all over the place so get cracking with the brush and confine them to the compost heap or bonfire. But do make sure that there are no regulations against bonfires as some councils are totally against smoke in the gardens. If that is the case, you will have to make a compost heap or put all the garden refuse in sacks for the dustman to collect.

All vacant beds should be dug over, manure being added at the same time, and left rough for the frosts to get at. Where you have really heavy clay soils, add some gypsum and lime at the same time. This will make it so much easier to cope with in the spring when the real work starts in the garden.

Those of you in the south who have kept those tender plants outdoors until now, should get them under cover as even the slightest frost can create havoc with all the hard work you put in to rear good plants.

Vegetables

Get all the vacant spaces ready for spring sowing by digging over well and putting in compost at the same time. I have found it a good idea to leave this dug ground fairly rough for the frosts to get to work on and this will make it so much easier when sowing seeds.

Don't forget to keep the hoe going to combat the weeds and to open the ground. Weeds always seem to have a habit of growing well in all weathers and in all types of soil, so make it more difficult for them by continually disturbing their abodes.

Lift the last of the beet and carrots and cover the crowns of the cauliflowers by bending over the leaves and, in very windy areas, tie loosely. Dig up all the other root

vegetables or the frosts will take their toll

In some areas, broad beans and peas can be sown, but I have often found that I get just as good a crop when sown in early spring and without all the heartaches.

Make certain that the late winter greens are solidly in the ground. It is often a good idea in windy areas to tie string to canes and run them along the brussels to keep them upright.

Check the potatoes which are in clamps, boxes or sacks in case there are a few bad ones which can run right through the crop. The same can be said of carrots and onions.

Fruit

A certain amount of pruning can take place this month, but the real work should be left until next month. Cut away some of the extra long growths, plus any that have been broken by winds.

The greater part of the planting should be carried out this month, but if the ground is hard and it is very frosty when the trees arrive, heel them in somewhere until the weather gets more amenable. Cut away any bruised or broken shoots and, if they are in really bad shape, get in touch with the supplier.

Towards the end of the month, spray the trees with a tar oil derivative or one of the newer insecticides which stop hibernation and kill off any live insects. If you haven't already put on the grease bands, put them on at once.

As regards the type of apple tree you should have, I would advise a dwarf pyramid, as it fits into a small space and is easy to look after and to harvest each year. Do remember that a maiden fruit tree will not give a real harvest for several years and it is best to limit the crop so that the tree can grow to a reasonable size before you get all those apples for your store.

Look through your store every so often as one bad item can create havoc amongst the rest. Some varieties such as James Grieve and Ellison's Orange are early varieties and do not keep in store; others, such as Cox Orange and Laxton, are lates

GARDENING COLUMN — *continued*

in the eating types. Most cookers will keep, such as Bramley and Newton Wonder.

Lawns

There is not very much one can do here now as all mowing should have stopped. One can occasionally brush it over with a broom with possibly the use of a rake to keep all those dead leaves off it. If it is rather water-logged, use a fork to spike it over and tidy the edges with a pair of shears.

Flowers

This part of the garden looks a bit forlorn as all the annuals are taken out and many perennials are cut down to ground level.

Dig over all the beds but be careful not to uproot your favourite border plants. A little compost of farmyard manure or even Growmore will do a power of good, but don't add too much.

Many spring flowering plants such as wallflowers and primroses and other biennials such as Violets, Sweet Williams and Canterbury Bells can be planted now. Roses, tulips and many other perennials can also be planted, but do wait for the right weather and if items arrive in the middle of real winter weather, heel them in somewhere for the time being or give them shelter in a frame, if you have one.

Make sure that all those spring flowering plants are in their places by the end of the month. Remember to take up all those dahlias and dry the corms off, placing them in some dry peat or sand and keeping them in a frost free place.

Roses can still be planted although it would be better to leave them until the spring. However, get your orders in and ask that they be delivered later.

Hydrangeas may look a bit untidy with their flower heads spent, but don't cut them away until next spring as these heads will protect the immature flower heads which are forming for next season.

Greenhouse

There is not a great deal to be done here except to keep the temperature up to about 45°F. Make sure that the greenhouse is ventilated on sunny days, but be careful when there is cloud or wind about.

When frost is forecast, put on the heat during the night at least and, on very cold days, leave it on all the time.

Keep watering down to a minimum and, when carried out, do so in mid-morning so that the air can dry out and, thus, not affect the other plants. Not many pests will be around at this time of the year, but moulds can be a nuisance. All those bulbous plants such as begonias, gloxinias and achimenes, should be dried off and the pots stored under the bench on their sides with a few slug pellets spread around them as well as a dusting of sulphur.

Winter or spring flowering pot plants such as calceolaria, cineraria, primula, polyanthus and cyclamen, need extra attention. Dead leaves should be taken off and, in some cases, they may need repotting to a larger size container.

Bulbs can still be potted for late spring flowering and one can often get a cheap lot in the shops. After their show in the pots, they can be used in the garden.

Where you have a continuous source of heat, many seedlings can be raised for an early show next year. They will have plenty of time to grow into really large items to be planted outside and give an earlier show. These early plants will have to be hardened off in a frame before planting in their flowering quarters.

Lettuce can be raised now and so give one a salad at an unusual time of the year. French beans can also be sown now and kept in pots for early use. Even tomatoes can be grown, but do ensure that you are able to keep the temperature around 50°F, which, with the cost of fuel these days, will put them in the luxury class.

HARROGATE BRIDGE WEEK

By R. W. Evans

All members of the St. Dunstan's National Bridge Club will always be indebted to the late Alf Field who was largely responsible for introducing them to the absorbing game of bridge, and whose efforts helped them to progress in this game and to spend many happy hours renewing acquaintanceship with old friends through this medium. With improved skills they have also been enabled

to make many friends among sighted bridge players. In this latter respect the Harrogate Bridge Week plays a principal part and has done so for many years.

Our party of twelve left King's Cross Station on Saturday morning, 23rd September, for the Harrogate Week. What might have been an unlucky group of thirteen was relieved by the absence of that adventurous character, Collis Walters. He had decided to emulate Dick Turpin and travel instead direct to York and so on to Harrogate. A great welcome was given to Norman Smith, former London Club steward, who joined our party at Wakefield. The remaining members were waiting to greet us at the Dirlton Hotel.

Teams of four

For our first engagement on Saturday night we were the guests of the Harrogate Bridge Club to compete for the St. Dunstan's Cup. This is a contest for 'Teams of Four' in which Mrs. Campbell's team was successful and retained the trophy for another year. On Sunday evening we visited the Civil Service Club at St. George's Hall. Here we received our usual warm welcome and were pleased to greet again many old friends. Monday night saw us for the first time as guests of the Moortown Bridge Club near Leeds, a visit to which everyone had been looking forward with great interest. A Pair's Competition was arranged for us. The successful pairs were, first J. Huk, Bob Evans, second Bill Allen, Ron Freer. We were most grateful to Mr. Pearce, Secretary of the Harrogate Bridge Club, who had arranged this new venue and by so doing extended our circle of friends. Tuesday was marked with a double event, going in the afternoon to Ripon Spa Hotel where we met members of the Ripon Bridge Club. Prizes were again awarded to the first and second pairs collected by J. Huk and Bob Evans (first) and Bob Fullard and Collis Walters (second). In the evening we went to I.C.I. Fibres. This has always proved to be an evening in which liveliness and cordiality predominate, and this evening was no exception. Wednesday again had two matches, travelling in the afternoon to Bradford for a match in the splendid rooms of this great club. In the

evening our customary walk to the Oakdale Golf Club was prevented this year by stormy weather. Mr. Norman Green was the popular Director of the Match, which this year included a novel feature. This took the form of a raffle for the St. Dunstan's players in which prizes were won by Mrs. Vi Delaney, Collis Walters and Ron Freer.

Our week now was well advanced and the entire party looked eagerly forward to Thursday's programme, for many years the principal day of the week. We were pleased to have with us Mr. Weisblatt who was paying his first visit to Harrogate on our behalf.

After an enjoyable meal and the loyal toast had been proposed, Mr. Weisblatt paid tribute to our guests who had had long and loyal associations with the Harrogate Week, while absent and well-loved friends were recalled in memory. Mr. Pearce replied for the guests.

The party spirit was still with us when the St. Dunstan's team some hours later held the final rendezvous at Crimble House. In this second encounter with I.C.I., always recognised as a contest of bridge and also in keeping a clear head, our hosts and friends proved successful on both counts.

Traditional Bridge Drive

Our week finally ended on Friday evening with the traditional Bridge Drive at the Dirlton Hotel. There was a good attendance, which gave us the opportunity to honour our friends and sadly bid them farewell. The evening and the week drew to a close with the presentation of prizes by Mrs. Vi Delaney, in which the only successful St. Dunstaner was Bob Fullard who with his partner gained third prize. Paul Nuyens spoke for us all when he thanked Mrs. Slater and her staff and all those who had played their part in making the week so enjoyable. For our own part we St. Dunstaners cannot speak too highly of the services so readily and cheerfully given by our present club steward, Ian Dickson, ably assisted by Joe Kennedy and Norman Smith.

Roll on Harrogate 1979 when we hope to meet again and like the boys of Harrow sing together 'Forty Years On'.



Llew Davies treating a professional soccer player.

ON TOUR WITH LONDON WELSH

by Llew Davies

I had been told many months ago that the London Welsh Rugby Football Club intended to make a tour of the southern states of America; Florida, Louisiana and Texas. At the time, I found it extremely fascinating, but I did not think for one minute that I would be present on that same tour.

But in July, I was approached and asked if I would accompany the side as their physiotherapist. You can imagine my excitement at the prospect of going to the southern states of America for the first time in my life. Therefore, with my passport and my suitcase all in order, I found myself at London Airport on August 14th, around midday, amongst 24 or 25 young fellows who were going to play rugby and 4 or 5 senior members, who were to accompany the side.

At approximately 2.15 p.m. that same afternoon, I found myself strapped into a Jumbo Jet, taxi-ing down the runway. We climbed gently over the M4, the motorway on which I often travel back to my home in Wales, gaining height as we passed over Bristol and the Bristol Channel. We passed over the south coast of Wales, the south coast of Ireland and on to the Atlantic, on our way to Miami, Florida, where I set foot on American soil for the first time in my life.

My first impression was one of heat because the temperature was in the mid 80's, even though it was only 11.00 a.m. London time or 5.00 a.m. local time. Having passed through customs, we all assembled in the lounge for a few drinks as we had a further two hours to wait for the National Airlines flight from Miami to New Orleans.

Landing in New Orleans, we soon got acquainted with those of our American friends we had made arrangements to meet. We were each allocated a host who would look after us during the time we were to spend in New Orleans. They were wonderful hosts and American hospitality is a thing that has to be experienced to be believed.

Two colleagues and myself spent from the Monday to the Friday night in the

homes of two Americans, who made us feel as if we were home from home as far as our accommodation was concerned. On the Wednesday, we had a great deal of touring to do, visiting the various spots in the city which is, of course, of international recognition, having a French quarter within it, with the French and Spanish ways of life still being preserved.

Low-lying city

The thing that struck me about the city more than any other single factor was the flatness of the place, the low-lying aspect of the city. I was informed that the highest point in the city was no more than 9 feet above sea level, whilst the lowest point was as much as 4 feet below sea level.

We visited the Superdome, a large indoor arena which houses American football and baseball and can seat up to 95,000 people. It is all controlled electronically. By the pressing of a button, the stands, large as they are, can be moved backwards or forwards to accommodate the area which is necessary within the middle for the sport which is to be played.

However, the London Welsh were not to play in that kind of stadium but at Toulain University ground, which is approximately 5 or 6 miles away. Here, too, there is a big stand with a synthetic floor which can seat up to 75,000 or 80,000 people.

Opening Match

We played our first rugby game in a temperature of 75°F at 6.00 p.m. on the Wednesday evening. Thankfully, we won this against the Louisiana Americans. We were to stay in New Orleans from the Monday to the Saturday morning and we spent one or two evenings in the company of American footballers and their managers. We had many a sing-song and spun a few yarns, which is common on both sides of the Atlantic.

New Orleans on Saturday morning then was to see the last of us and we climbed into an air-conditioned coach and pro-

ceeded on our way to our next port of call, Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana. This is a distance of about 80 or 90 miles from New Orleans. On the way, we passed the swamps of Louisiana, which has roads travelling in long straight lines for distances of 20 or 30 miles, built up on causeways with pillars of concrete going through the swamps to the rocky, sound surface underneath. We passed miles and miles of swamps with the remains of tree trunks. That part of the country was considered to be a national park and, therefore, there was no development going on there. En route, we stopped off at a plantation and visited one of the old houses. They are very proud of these houses even though this particular house was only about 100 years old. Nevertheless, they would leave everything as it was within these houses and have touring guides to tell you of the way of life during the past.

The stadium in this town was to be that of the Louisiana State University and here, again, the welcome was terrific. We had the opportunity of speaking to many Americans. The arena has to be seen to be believed. Inside it was a running track, one mile in circumference, under cover, and with automatic button pressing devices to lower the nets for the tennis courts and basket ball courts, making each and every indoor court playable within a section of its own.

We spent the evening there with one of the Senator's sons, who was a keen enthusiast of rugby in that part of the world. The next day, we went on a tour of Baton Rouge, visiting many well-known places and during the course of the evening, sitting down in a restaurant watching the play-back of the match we had played the previous evening. It was good to find myself on American television, carrying out the duties of physiotherapist whilst the game was in progress.

During the course of the the Sunday morning, as happened each Sunday that we were in America, the boys of the London Welsh would spend 3 or 4 hours with the American players, coaching them in the way to play rugby as we play it in Britain. It was surprising to see the number of Americans who were interested and turned up for the coaching session. This, of course, gave us an excellent

opportunity to speak to many of them and to discuss the attitude towards the game in America and their feeling towards the game as it existed in the U.K. today.

They were extremely good and keen footballers even though they had possibly not developed to a point of excellence that exists among the British players. But I am utterly convinced that sometime in the future, rugby will be one of the most keenly played games in America. We asked for the reason for this and it appeared that American football (as we see it on television), is an extremely expensive game even for children in school because they have to buy head-gear, knee gear and shoulder gear, whilst in rugby, this is not necessary. Thus, they find the latter a cheaper form of sport. It would not be surprising to find 50 or 60 or even 70 of them present at these coaching sessions. The most interesting factor was to learn from several of them that they would travel 800 miles or so to be present at such a coaching session and, indeed, pay their own fare.

Baton Rouge

Two or three days in Baton Rouge and we were on our travels again, this time by road in the air-conditioned coach along the main expressways between Baton Rouge and down to Houston, 300 miles away, which was covered in about 5 hours. Wide open country with soya beans growing and oil derricks as far as the eye can see form the approaches to Houston. The buildings are modern and low; one or two storeys only. This is because there is such a vast amount of space available that they don't have to build upwards and, therefore, the city is spreading outwards more and more each year.

We had the pleasant experience of visiting the equivalent of the City Hall in London and, indeed, being presented with the keys to the City of Houston. Each of us was made an honorary citizen.

The highlight of the trip to Houston was a visit to the space centre and this I found most interesting because we sat in the control room which had been in operation during the lunar project. We listened to a talk on the space centre and the future of the space programme which, as you know, was started by Lyndon Johnson. I had the

privilege of touching the outside of Apollo 7 and was shown the burn marks made as it re-entered the earth's atmosphere. I had the joy of touching the vehicle which they had landed on the moon and the lunar module itself and, later, I was to walk through one of the American sky labs. Each aspect was given in a recording, which was of great advantage to me as a blind man. We went outside and saw the rockets lying on their sides. These were vast, about 30 feet across and as long as 100 or 200 feet. It was an experience which I shall never forget and which I never thought I would have.

Then, from the sublime to the ridiculous, we toured a brewery where they made German lager and American beer. Naturally, the boys found themselves well at home here and capable of handling the situation with confidence.

Nostalgic songs

On the third day of the second week, having played and won the game at Houston, we were once again on our travels and, preferring to go by coach so we could see the scenery, we set off for Dallas, yet another 300 miles west, well into the countryside of Texas. One can imagine the passage of a little bit of Wales through the Southern States of America with songs that are familiarly sung in southern Wales and rugby clubs in southern England and bringing nostalgic moments to people like myself, being blind and, therefore, not able to see the countryside. Though let me say at once that those in my presence did not neglect me and kept me fully informed as to what could be seen on the horizon.

Dallas itself comes into view many miles before you get to it because it has 3 or 4 or more high rise buildings, which can be seen up to 35 miles away. The shopping centres are magnificent large buildings where you can walk round for a good one and a half hours, with fountains and air conditioning. The temperature in the city varied between 95 and 100° F and, therefore, a cooling system was absolutely essential.

We did not depart from Dallas without paying a visit to the Green Hall to stand on that very road where Kennedy was assassinated, to look at that red building

where the shots had come from and to listen to the discussion from the Americans about that occasion.

Cricket

And so to a cricket match on the Sunday afternoon after the morning session of coaching, again with that mixture of races. The cricket match was between Dallas and the London Welsh and, by the way, we lost the match, as we had done the rugby the day before by 23 points to 16. But I rather fancy that the weather had a great deal to do with this because the temperature at kick-off, four in the afternoon, was 95° F and the boys found it extremely difficult to last the 90 minutes of the game. Many of the cricketers were West Indians who had come from the neighbouring islands of Jamaica and Barbados. But, nevertheless, it was a grand feeling of comradeship and not a nasty word was spoken in anger or in jest and the trip continued in that vein of happy-go-lucky feeling, as it had during the three weeks we were in America.

It was also to be an experience to have my photograph done on a computer and transferred onto a 't' shirt with the line, 'Having a good time in Dallas on 25th August, 1978', which I brought back as a memento.

Al Capone's home

From the Thursday to the Monday went very quickly in Dallas and again we were on our travels by air on our 2½ hour flight back to Miami in Florida. We were to take a boat trip one day through the Everglades. This, again, I found fascinating; to be passing the homes of world famous people like Rocky Marciano, the grandfather of Chris Evert and the homes of gangsters in Chicago like Al Capone, for about 8 hours, from 10 in the morning to 6 at night. The bridges opened at the toot of a horn as it appears that the boats have priority over the road traffic. We went up to the Indian villages to see an Indian wrestling with an alligator and lunched at an hotel on the side of the Everglades. We could see from there the boats, which were in their hundreds because the American status symbol appears to be in

LONDON WELSH — *continued*

the size and number of boats which one has.

Again, we played football on Saturday and coached on Sunday. The net result of it all was total satisfaction with the trip though by this time, I was feeling a certain home-sickness setting in and a willingness to go back across the Atlantic to those one loves. And so, on the Monday night at 5.30, we were at Miami Airport, taking off at 7.30 p.m. and back to London. We were tired and weary but with a vast experience and excitement. From there, I went home to Purley to the arms of my wife and children.

Carrying the flag

I was proud of the fact that I had carried the flag as a blind physiotherapist. I found the Americans interesting because they too had a blind medical man attached to a football team and were very interested in St. Dunstan's, of which I spoke a great deal. Everything one did was on such a massive scale and the information

gained from the trip will benefit both sides for many years to come.

To sum up, a week later, the parts that matter; the vast distances covered, the heat, the necessity to sweat and to drink, the mosquitoes, the torrential rain, the sudden appearance of a thunder storm and then, a few minutes later, the blue skies with sunshine that beats down like in the Sahara, the generosity of the Americans, their desire to make you feel at home, the contrast in our life styles, the contrast in the vastness of travel, the flatness of Texas, the Everglades of Florida and the hotels and coconut palms of Miami. To travel all those miles without sight and yet to have almost every detail explained to you by friends and by players who were glad to have you on the trip, who respect you for your knowledge of physiotherapy. I think it is only fair to mention that all this skill and ability that one has gained over the years has been advantageous, but none of it would have been possible without the influence, encouragement and guidance of St. Dunstan's behind one.

1st BANK TELEPHONIST RETIRES

Alf Bradley (centre) retired on September 29th after 32 years as telephonist at Barclay's Bank, Piccadilly Circus Branch. Alf was the first blind telephonist to be employed by any bank. At his retirement party, he posed with Mrs. Lillian Brown, our telephony supervisor, and three St. Dunstaners who followed him into employment with Barclay's, Bill Miller, Gerry Brereton and Dennis Fleisig.



FAMILY NEWS

Marriages

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Baugh of Stafford, are pleased to announce the marriage of their daughter, Linda, to Leslie Jones, at Stafford Registry Office on 14th September.

Mrs. Lily Filby of Streatham, is pleased to announce the marriage of her son, Colin, to Cheryl Quinton on 8th July, at St. Luke's Church, Kingstanding, Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Gimbrere of Bournemouth, are pleased to announce the marriage of their son, Edward Emile, to Sally Jane Gegan on 9th September, at Deepcut, Surrey.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Windley of Manchester, are pleased to announce the marriage of their son, David, to Isabel Morrison on 21st September.

Ruby Weddings

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. William Allen* of Sunningdale, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 1st October.

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. William Lee* of Liphook, Hampshire, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 3rd October.

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Morgan* of Bristol, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 1st October.

Grandchildren

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Atack of Blackpool, on the birth of their fourth grandchild, Lisa, on 7th September, to his daughter, Linda, and son-in-law, Mike.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Earnshaw of Tarleton, on the birth of their grand-

daughter, Emma, on 31st August, to their son, Ian, and daughter-in-law, Marianne.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foster of Farnham, on the birth of two grandchildren; Tristan, born on 12th April to their son, Barry, and his wife, Linda; and Joanne, born on 28th July, to their son, Clifford, and his wife, Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Mogan of Hove, on the birth of their ninth grandchild, Andrew John, on 15th May, to their son, John, and his wife, Susan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morris of Bournemouth, on the birth of their second grandchild, Dawn, on 7th August, to their son, Brian, and his wife, Anne.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Tatchell of Cardiff, on the birth of their grandson, David Ian Sampson, to their eldest daughter, Kay, and her husband, Leslie.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Windley of Manchester, on the birth of a grandson, Stephen John, on 18th July, to their son Stephen, and his wife, Denise.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

Mr. Percy Carman of Hadleigh, Ipswich, and his stepson, Mr. Paul Sheldrick, on the death of Mrs. Rose Sheldrick on 22nd September.

Mr. Robert Cunningham of Swanscombe, on the death of his mother in July.

Mr. Clarence Hainsworth, a permanent resident at Pearson House, on the death of his sister, Lilian, on 22nd September.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hebditch of Highgate, London, on the death of their daughter, Mary, on 27th September.

Mr. William Orr of Deryaghy, Dunmurry, on the death of his brother on 24th September.

Mr. Donald Stott of Bridgend, on the death of his wife, Gladys, on 25th September.

FAMILY NEWS—*continued*

Personal Achievements

We warmly congratulate:

Tom Daborn of Parracombe, North Devon, who, while deep-sea fishing in Cornwall, made a catch of mackerel weighing 21 lbs. and a pollack weighing 5 lbs. He advises others to go to Looe and do likewise!

Howard, son of *Mr. and Mrs. John Harris* of Reading, who has a diploma in photography and has been successful in passing examinations to become a Member of the Society of Industrial Artists and Designers.

Henry Haskey of Harrow, on gaining three first prizes and five third prizes at Headstone Horticultural Show on 9th September. He was also presented with a

trophy for having the highest number of points for roses.

Jeremy, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Holland* of Newton Abbot, who, for the second year running, has won the rose bowl for the Newton Abbot Club as the best all-round sportsman.

Alison, only grand-daughter of *Fred Mills* of Tavistock, Devon, on being awarded the bronze, silver and gold medals under the Amateur Swimming Association. During the school holidays, Alison also passed her bronze medallion and bronze cross in life-saving.

Albert Peel of St. Helens, who recently won first prize in a race for 2,000 young birds from Dorchester to St. Helens, a distance of 189 miles. Mr. Peel is a keen pigeon fancier and has 12 pairs of birds.

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.

Charles Duckett *Royal Navy*

Charles Duckett of Reading, died on 2nd October, aged 79.

Mr. Duckett enlisted in the Royal Navy in September 1914, at the age of 15, and remained in the Service until 1939. He was recalled at the outbreak of the Second World War and served as a stoker until his discharge in 1942 due to ill health. His eyesight deteriorated after his discharge and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1965.

Although he suffered from severe diabetes and had recurring bouts of ill-health, Mr. Duckett was a cheerful and self-reliant St. Dunstaner and was head of a large and devoted family.

He leaves two sons and four daughters.

Arthur Miles *1st Life Guards*

Arthur Miles formerly of Clacton, died at Pearson House on 15th September, aged 82. Mr. Miles served as a Trooper in the 1st Life Guards during the First World War. It was while he was serving as an ambulance driver during the blitz on London in the Second World War that he suffered damage to his sight. Despite this, Mr. Miles was able to follow a career as an estate agent until his retirement. He joined St. Dunstan's in April, 1978,

and in July, went to stay permanently at Pearson House.

He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Eileen Hooper.

Arthur Savage *Machine Gun Corps*

Arthur Savage of Bollington Cross, near Macclesfield, died on 12th September, aged 80.

Mr. Savage served as a Private with the Machine Gun Corps from March 1917, until May 1919. He suffered mustard gas poisoning a year after his enlistment, which immediately affected his sight and although this gradually recovered to some extent, he experienced much fluctuation in his vision in the years which followed. After becoming completely blind in one eye in 1945, he was able to follow employment as a gardener with the local council until 1960, when he had to retire upon the failure of his remaining vision. He joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1961.

In retirement, Mr. Savage enjoyed working in his own garden, in which he had over 100 varieties of roses, and greenhouse. For a time, mostly during the winter months, he undertook some rug-making and light basket work for our Homecrafts Department. He was also able to enjoy frequent holidays at Brighton until 1976.

He leaves a widow, Edith, and a son.