

St Dunstans Review December

Message from the Chairman

VERY BEST WISHES FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR!

My wife and I send our warm greetings to readers of the Review and we know this happily includes all our St. Dunstan's friends and their families, wherever they may be, from Marylebone Road to the other side of the world.

Your Wife

This message is written direct to each and every St. Dunstaner, as some recent correspondence has made me think hard about the importance of a winter break for your wife.

I know most St. Dunstan's couples have good summer holidays together and they enjoy and benefit from them. However, the winter months are long and difficult and I wonder if you would like to think ahead and plan a good change for your wife within the next few months. We all know how hard St. Dunstaners' wives work and the decision to give them a week or two free from frequent calls upon their time is really a serious duty: even in the closest and happiest of marriages, a wife needs time to herself, to devote to her own interests, possibly to visit members of the family or old friends, or often simply to rest.

The advantages to a St. Dunstaner of a visit to Ian Fraser House during the winter months are considerable—a change of scene when much time must be spent in the house, a chance to meet old friends and make new ones, the entertainment which goes with a stay there—but more important still is the opportunity it gives you to arrange for your wife to ease up and have a break, knowing all is well with you. This was one of the thoughts that gave rise to the building of Ovingdean originally and, as we all get older, its importance in this respect becomes greater.

I know, of course, that some of you have special problems, perhaps with regard to travelling, and it may be in a few cases that Ian Fraser House is not the best answer. However, St. Dunstan's is here to help in whatever way we can and I suggest you discuss the matter with your Welfare Visitor, who will be pleased to talk over possible alternatives.

I do hope you will take my words to heart and make full use of the opportunity our Brighton Homes or some special help may afford you to give your wife the change and rest she deserves.

Commandant Fawcett's Retirement

It is St. Dunstan's loss that, following upon the retirement of Mr. Wills at the end of the year, only a month later another outstanding figure on the staff of St. Dunstan's, Lawrence Fawcett, M.B.E., will be retiring after 33 years as Commandant of our Brighton Homes.

COVER PICTURE: *A study in concentration in the new radio 'shack' at Ian Fraser House: Tom Hart learning to use a soldering gun.*

Many St. Dunstaners he has helped, during their training days at Ian Fraser House and Pearson House or on holidays or longer spells of residence, have enquired about a fund to make a presentation to Commandant. They will be pleased to know that Mr. W. C. Weisblatt has most kindly offered to act as Treasurer of this fund and subscriptions may be sent to him at St. Dunstan's, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN. Please indicate if you wish to have a receipt.

Jon Earnest-Dave

A TIME FOR REMEMBERING

The Chairman writes:

Last month's issue of the *Review* contained articles on the 35th Anniversary of the Battle of Arnhem and a Reunion Tour of members of the Far East Prisoners of War Association, and this month we have reports on the Festival of Remembrance and the Armistice Day Parade at the Cenotaph and the international pilgrimage to El Alamein. They all reflect the mood of this season of the year and our feelings as we honoured those who gave so much for our sakes.

St. Dunstaners will have a further occasion for quiet thought when we have our annual "St. Dunstan's Day" on the 16th December. As usual, in many parts of the world we shall keep this day simply in our hearts as we recall with pride, gratitude and affection Sir Arthur Pearson, Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, and all our blinded ex-service comrades, their wives and others linked with St. Dunstan's who have passed on.

CENOTAPH PARADE

by Doreen Thompson

At 9 a.m. Sunday, 11th November, men and escorts of St. Dunstan's assembled at Headquarters, then proceeded to Whitehall, Horse Guards Parade, through Admiralty Arch then on to the Cenotaph. This Cenotaph is the national memorial

and is unique in as much that it carries no names, yet carries them all. It was here that the armed forces and ex-servicemen congregated to pay tribute to those who gave their lives in two World Wars, so that we may live in peace.

The wives stayed in the lounge of the Hotel Russell, where the staff had so kindly arranged chairs in front of the television, and here we watched the moving ceremony. The silence experienced at the Cenotaph was conveyed to the hotel, it was as though time stood still. The march past was as moving as ever and the St. Dunstan's men bore themselves proudly.

When the service was over the men and escorts returned to the Hotel Russell, where a luncheon had been arranged. There were about 140 persons at the luncheon, 58 St. Dunstaners who went on the parade, one in particular, Bob Young, who first attended the parade 60 years ago.

Before the meal I was presented by Ray Sheriff to an attractive blonde Dutch lady. Her name is Mrs. Freda Linschotem, she lives in Apeldoorn 30 km from Arnhem. You will perhaps recall reading that Ray was given the Freedom of this town, in last month's *Review*.

Mrs. Linschotem has two children and looks far too young to have one aged 23 and one 20 years old. She worked during the war for the Dutch Resistance, and after the war was employed by Queen Wilhelmina in the palace. I understand she was a nurse, and attended concentration camp victims. She is now a very active member of the "Lest We Forget" Association, which is a Dutch project for special Arnhem Veterans. Ray, I believe, is the liaison officer.

After the lunch Mr. Garnett-Orme spoke to us, warning us not to sink into a state of apathy, when we would suddenly awake to find all these sacrifices had been made in vain.

The reply was given by one who described himself as a new invention; the talking Welshman. He congratulated Mr. Garnett-Orme on his excellent speech, then said what a privilege it had been to attend the ceremony at the Cenotaph, and how moving it was. It was particularly emotional when they marched off, as they were enthusiastically applauded, and one lady shouted "Bravo". This was the time when those privileged to be

CHIPS FOR CHRISTMAS

In November's *Review*, we suggested that the Kurzweil Reading Machine may well be too big and pricey for most people's Christmas stocking. The Fidelity Chess Challenger, also mentioned, still challenges the pocket as well as the brain. But the micro-processor and chip have entered less sophisticated areas. Here are three ideas for fun and games for children, from 6 to 60 years of age.

Battleship (£20-£30)

Do you remember the game where two people draw a crossword type square and place ships in some of the squares? You then had to find your opponent's ships. In the electronic version you key in the coordinates of your ships. This requires no special adaption for blind users. You each have a firing button to send your missile at your opponent's fleet. A realistic whining noise is produced when you fire, followed by the sound of an explosion, if you hit your opponent. Some little pegs with which you can record where you have fired may need some adapting to mark the different colours.

Simon Game (£19-£20)

This brain teaser needs no adapting. A round board has four coloured panels which light up, but also produce a particular buzz. A button is pushed to

there, remembered those who were not.

Finally he extended, on our behalf, our thanks to the Council of St. Dunstan's and particularly Mr. Stevens, who had arranged it all. He also thanked the hotel staff, who had provided an excellent meal, with courtesy and kindness.

On a more personal note, my eldest grandchild insisted that everyone watched the Cenotaph Parade. Someone interrupted him and provoked him by saying, "What can you remember anyway, you're far too young". He turned round and thumped his tormentor and said, "My granddad's eyes—that's what I'm remembering".

start the game, which causes the panel to light up and buzz. You have to push the same panel and repeat the buzz. Immediately after, the same panel will buzz again, followed by one other. You have to copy this sequence of buzzes. Each time an additional buzz is added to the sequence making it longer and longer, until the game slowly increases in speed to a total of 14 repetitions at level one. Varying levels of game can be set, depending on your skill. If you depress the wrong panel at any time, the game will blow a raspberry at you! It is just the sort of game to give your guests an upset brain after dinner.

Speak and Spell (about £46)

A synthesised voice will speak out ten words. You then key in the spelling of those words, one at a time. The machine then tells you whether you are right or wrong, and how many points you have scored. Sighted users can play other games too, such as Hangman. The machine has a capacity of about 300 words.

If you are interested in the above, then please contact a local dealer, and not Headquarters. Also, do please shop around as prices do seem to vary. Good hunting, and perhaps a stocking full of patience would not go amiss.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2243

Never on a Broomstick

By Frank Donovan

Read by Eric Gillett

Reading Time 8½ hours

Do you know the origin of the children's game of "Cat's Cradle"? Or why a cat is supposed to have nine lives? Where does the expression "The Devil take the hindmost" come from? For the answers to these and other conundrums you will have to read the book.

It is not, in the accepted sense, a "popular" book on the Black Arts, but a serious and scholarly history of witches and witchcraft from the earliest times to the present day—when "The Craft" seems to be accepted as perfectly respectable.

The book has been finely researched, and the writer quotes extensively from pre-Christian authorities to modern demonologists.

I find it all quite interesting but just a bit too esoteric for my taste. Some of the practices described are rather messy and gruesome, so it isn't a book for those with queasy stomachs or fragile nerves.

Cat. No. 1922

The Catcher in the Rye

By J. D. Salinger

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 7 hours

The story opens with Holden Caulfield, aged sixteen, being told he is being expelled from his private school a few miles outside New York, for not working hard enough. It is three days before the start of the Christmas holidays, when he will have to go home and break the bad news to his parents. He decides to leave there and then and spend the three days in New York.

The book deals with the adventures, the disappointments, the boredoms, the bitter-sweet fruits of a "freedom" he really doesn't know what to do with. It is the story, often moving, sometimes very

funny, of an adolescent trying to find his place in a world he never made, a world of adult stupidity, pretension and greed.

Written in the first person in the racy colourful slang of American youth, I found the book quite unswitchoffable—and wholly delightful.

Cat. No. 491

Mrs. Satan

By Johanna Johnston

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 11½ hours

This is the biography of one of the most outrageous and colourful women in nineteenth-century America.

Victoria Claffin Woodhull shocked a whole continent with her philosophy of free love and the sexual emancipation of women. She was the suffragette *par excellence*, a "Women's Libber" a century before her time.

With her sister, Tennessee, she ran a successful newspaper, expounding her *avant garde* theories and exposing the evils and corruption of a male-dominated rotten society.

For years she fought a running battle with the sanctimonious and lecherous Rev. Henry Beecher and his redoubtable sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe. She ran for President on a Freedom for Women ticket.

With the help of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the sisters became the first women brokers on Wall street. For a time the business flourished, until it was closed down, by the machinations of powerful enemies who felt themselves threatened by Victoria's disclosures, both in her newspaper and through the columns of the *New York Times*.

In 1897, she made a lecture tour of England, married an English banker and settled here. As a curious kind of footnote to her extraordinary story, her grand-niece married Sir Thomas Beecham.

The remarkable tale of a very remarkable lady.



Sir Richard Pease Bt., receives the presentation from Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme.

Mr. Garnett-Orme with Miss Twite, secretary of one of the Gift Clubs.



Presentation to Barclays Bank Gift Clubs

"Barclays Bank have been our bankers since our foundation in 1915", Mr. Garnett-Orme told a gathering of members of Barclays Bank, St. Dunstan's and members of Headquarters staff. The occasion, on 7th November, was the closing down of the Barclays Bank Gift Clubs. These were founded in 1926, by a Mr. L. F. Elvin. Subscribers paid a monthly contribution to the club and when they had enough credit, purchased goods from our Homecraft Department, or they frequently donated their subscription to St. Dunstan's. Mr. Garnett-Orme said that in the last 53 years, some one and three-quarter million pounds' worth of goods had been made by St. Dunstan's. Of this total Barclays Gift Clubs had purchased by far the most.

Sir Richard Pease, a Director of the Bank, has been our Honorary Treasurer for some years. As an expression of gratitude from St. Dunstan's to all the organisers and members of the Clubs, our Chairman presented Sir Richard with a framed picture. The picture consisted of a colour photograph of St. Dunstan's badge, flanked by our banner and the Union flag. The inscription bore an expression of thanks.

After the presentation, St. Dunstan's film 'To Live Again' was shown to the gathering. Several St. Dunstaners from the Homecraft Department were present and after the film they had the opportunity, over a buffet supper, to talk to our guests. Afterwards, it was considered by all to have been a fitting tribute to all those members of Barclays whose generosity has kept many in employment and furthered the work of St. Dunstan's.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

By Reg. Coite, the Honorary Treasurer of the National Federation of FEPOW Clubs and Associations.

The names of Bill and Alice Griffiths are familiar to many FEPOW's, to their families and their friends. Quite a number are pleased to know them as friends, and many hundreds know them by sight.

To many FEPOW's, of course, Bill is remembered as a former "Disabled Sportsman of the Year", and to them his athletic prowess is well known. Others know him as the FEPOW "Public Relations Officer" for the blind, and many more have seen him at FEPOW functions, an ever cheerful man whose speeches are well worth listening to.

For most of our members, Bill typifies the "FEPOW spirit"—the triumph of mind over adversity; the will to succeed when all the odds are stacked against you; the simple fact that when you are at the bottom the only way to go is "UP"!

But, surprisingly, few of them know that Bill and Alice, in addition to their other talents, are accomplished singers, who entertain many hundreds of people

with solos and duets at functions large and small all over the country. And it came as something of a surprise to them when, at the 27th Annual FEPOW Reunion in the Royal Festival Hall on 6th October, organised by the London FEPOW Club, Bill and Alice were featured amongst the artistes who were to entertain us that evening.

The Royal Festival Hall is a vast auditorium, and must give rise to some trepidation in the minds of many experienced variety artistes. But there was no sign of "nerves" as Bill and Alice took their places on the stage that evening. Their repertoire is wide and varied, and the songs they sang that night were greatly appreciated by the many hundreds in the audience. The applause was overwhelming... not because Bill is so severely disabled, but because he and Alice had brought to everyone a lot of pleasure, and helped to give them all, once again... a "Night to Remember".

El Alamein Reunion

by Joe Humphrey

We are on the flight home from Cairo, where St. Dunstaners and their escorts attended a Memorial Service, for those who died in the Battle of El Alamein, which was held on the minefield on the front line. The battle started on 23rd October, 1942 and lasted about nine days. After the service we went to plant trees in the Forest of Peace and I planted one on behalf of St. Dunstan's. The Forest of Peace is in the desert, beside the British Cemetery, which is very well kept, but lacks the greenery of its counterparts in Europe. The predominant sand and sparse foliage provides little colour, but the bright blue of the sea and sky more than make up for it.

The flights both ways were uneventful, except for the wonderful views of the Swiss Alps and the Italian Coast; on the return flight we flew over Hove and had a perfect view of Ian Fraser House, the two

piers and the Marina. There was a slight drama on the way out of Cairo. Egyptair held Tommy Gaygan and his wife hostage. This was due to some disagreement between the airline and the tour operator. However, all was well in the end.

On the previous day we attended the Italian Memorial Service, for their soldiers. Most of the party marched alongside the Italians and joined in the Mass which followed. Our own service was conducted by a Coptic Priest and the British Ambassador to Egypt was present. The most important part of the gathering was the hands of friendship clasped by the representatives of German, British and Italian Armies—Les Thompson represented the British. My wife took 20 poppies with her in case anyone in our party wanted one and she sold the surplus, raising £8.20 for the British Legion Poppy Fund.

Unfortunately our planned visit to the Valley of Kings was cancelled, as was a tour of Cairo, so we did not have an opportunity to go shopping, but we did see the Sphinx and Pyramids. We also visited a city called Fayouhm, where the only activity in the city centre is an enormous water-wheel, which revolves continuously—but we could not find out what it actually did.

We found the Egyptians smiling and friendly, until they learned that we had no Egyptian money, so then they stood and watched us carry our own luggage. The streets and people are filthy and everywhere is overcrowded. We stopped at Resthouses on the desert roads, where they charged an Egyptian pound, about 70p, for a soft drink, and over that for a bottle of Stella beer.

The beaches along the north coast from Alexandria to El Alamein were superb, but the monotony of the Sahara Desert was really terrifying. Eight of the party were farmed out at an excellent modern hotel, near the Pyramids, but this was due to an oversight by the tour operator and they were subsequently forgotten about and were not picked up for the tours which had been booked. However, the boys made the best of it, as usual, and the pleasant surroundings helped to make up for it. The three Great Pyramids and Sphinx at Giza were very impressive, but absolutely swarming with Arabs, old and young, camels and the accompanying noise. At night you had a choice; to sleep with the noise of the air conditioner, or to turn it off and be woken up at 4.30 a.m. by the call to prayer. The grandeur of the hotels in Alexandria and Cairo was marred by the dirt and the condition of the electric wiring—but the lovely views of the Nile, particularly at sunset, will be long remembered.

Egyptian Impressions

by Doreen Thompson

When we first heard of this visit to Egypt, to attend the International Reunion of the Eighth Army Veterans, on the battlefield at El Alamein, I cannot say I was very enthusiastic. Being an emotional type, I try to avoid nostalgic situations, which bring a lump to my throat and tears to my eyes.

However, to my surprise, Leslie, my husband, was most interested and more so when he learned that we would be going to Luxor, to the Valley of the Kings. Here he would visit the tomb of Tutankhamen and would visualise, in his mind, all that he had read. We were also to be taken round Cairo, to the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Mosques, bazaars and museums.

No wonder then, as the days passed by, the lack of enthusiasm diminished and a feeling of eager anticipation took its place.

On the 30th October we arrived at Heathrow airport, accompanied by David and Sybil Bell, and there we met Tommy and Audrey Gaygan and Joe and Margery Humphrey.

Everything went smoothly and we boarded with very little fuss. The flight was extremely good, the meal was excellent and the seats were very comfortable. Unfortunately the clouds prevented us seeing anything down below, and by the time we were passing over Italy it was too dark to distinguish anything at all.

Just the same

In darkness we flew on to Cairo and arrived in a warm climate. *Then* it started, our eagerly anticipated journey, turning the pages of memory back over 40 years. Only those who have been in Egypt will, perhaps, appreciate the following account for I have heard it asked, "What's it like out there?" and the answer comes pat, "Just the same. Only worse". Where there had been a population of 16 million, now it has increased to 41 million. How could *any* government cope with that explosion in so short a time?

We disembarked from the plane and entered a lounge, where all the seats were occupied by dark skinned people in a variety of fascinating garb. Standing there, my eyes were riveted to the face of a Bedouin girl, her features were perfect and her eyes were, without doubt, the largest I have ever seen.

To our dismay, a young man came round demanding our passports, we didn't like this at all, but everyone seemed to be parting with theirs, so we handed them over. We were then told to proceed through the gate. Here we were relieved of our flight tickets, we didn't like that either. From here we collected our bag-



*Planting trees
which will
become the
Forest of Peace*

gage, and were just wondering how to get this little lot outside when a "Ministering Angel" in the form of a handsome young man approached us, introduced himself as being on loan to the organisation who had arranged this Reunion. He promptly produced a trolley, put all four cases onto it and we were on our way.

Maybe I am a bit imaginative, but when we began to walk down this passage with hordes of local people thronging each side, packed tightly behind iron railings, shouting, gesticulating and laughing. I felt like the Christians going into the arena to meet the lions.

Chaos

Outside the airport chaos reigned. It was dark, the ground was rough and uneven, the cases kept slipping off the trolley and with a struggle we reached the roadside where three buses were waiting. All the drivers, couriers and travel agents were involved in heated dispute. Everyone seemed to be shouting, the cases were put down beside the buses and then the Major, responsible for the organisation, materialised from the darkness and dropped the first of many disturbing pebbles into the pool. "I am afraid you cannot go to the Shepheard's

Hotel, it has been overbooked. We have transferred you to the Jolie-Ville Hotel, it has the same rating as the Shepheard's Hotel". What he *didn't* explain was that the Jolie-Ville was situated about 10 miles out of Cairo, at Giza, almost at the feet of the Pyramids.

No flight to Luxor

Then the second pebble dropped with a resounding splash, "The flight to Luxor has been cancelled". The disappointment could be felt, but there was nothing we could do. When the drivers sorted themselves out and we retrieved our luggage, which someone was happily stowing away into the wrong bus, we left the airport and eventually arrived at our first hotel. We couldn't leave the reception because the courier had 20 tickets, 19 people and 18 cases. Joe Humphrey's case was missing. It arrived two hours later.

The next day, in place of the trip to Luxor, two cars appeared to take us out. The first car not only had the driver but a courier, who had no idea of the area, but was willing to take us anywhere we wanted to go. It was a disaster. They took us to a little village called Fayouhm, whose only claim to interest were three

revolving waterwheels, which we couldn't see for the children who swarmed around us wanting their photographs taken.

On Friday morning the bus which should have called to take us round the town never arrived. The whole morning was spent telephoning the travel agency, who firstly didn't know we were at this hotel, had no knowledge of the Major, and knew nothing of the Alamein Reunion. A telex had to be sent to Brighton notifying the organisers that we were stranded at the hotel without any contacts. The reply was immediate and we were able to contact our "Ministering Angel", who was astounded to hear of our plight and promised that we would be collected for our journey to Alamein. By this time we were really worried, despite our joviality, that we would be forgotten.

Trouble on the buses

On Saturday morning one bus arrived full of Italians. We waited. A second bus arrived and then the third, all full of Italians. Before we could say anything, one gentleman elected to speak for us all, and was adamant that we would *not* be separated and be pushed into different buses. He was, of course, perfectly right but it was soon made quite clear that no other bus was coming, so the Four Musketeers of St. Dunstan's made the first move and boarded the bus.

Our first stop was at Waddi-el-Natron, this was a halfway Resthouse which was dirty and uncomfortable. However I was told the Stella beer hadn't altered in 40 years.

We journeyed on to Alamein where our first call was at the museum. This building was set back off the road, in the foreground various tanks, field guns and armoured cars were on display. I think we were all of the opinion that the victors of the battle were not even proportionately represented in this display.

After lunch, at the Alamein Hotel, we were taken to the Italian Cemetery. This was a most imposing structure of concrete blocks, the centre column tapering high into the sky, flanked on both sides by two wings. The Italian men formed fours, got out their flags and banners, donned their bemedalled berets and in

full honours marched up to the building. We decided to pay our respects, and followed behind their ranks. Inside, the centre room was circular, the walls comprised of square marble plaques, each bearing the name, rank and regiment of the soldier; the left and right wings had plaques and the walls were also covered in inscribed plaques.

When we reached the British Cemetery it was difficult to see it. The buildings were placed in a depression in the sand waste and from the road it looked like an oblong block. However, as one approached along the path, the structure seemed to rise from the ground and before us stood a symmetrical building with three arches, through which one could see purple bushes of bougainvillea. These colourful bushes flanked both sides of the path, past the central tomb, right down to the raised dais, on which stood a magnificent cross stretching towards the sky. As we stood looking at it, the sun began to set and the glorious colours gave a glow to the stone and rested on the multitudinous headstones. It was a scene never to be forgotten, even some of the men were visibly moved. We left the cemetery, were collected by our Italian friends and taken to an hotel next to King Farouk's palace.

Nostalgic Journey

Next morning we were collected by the area manager of the travel agency. This time the bus was full of British people, and when Mr. Borg began to explain certain things to the Four Musketeers, we prevailed upon him to use the microphone so that those at the back could hear. From then on it was Nostalgic Journey First Class. Mr. Borg certainly made the day. He took us all the way through Alexandria, round Mohammed Ali square, down the notorious Sisters Street and out on the road to the Alamein battlefield. On the way Mr. Borg pointed out the various ammunition dumps, R.A.F. stations and transit camps which had supplied the desert battlefields. Alexandria is now starting to spread along the Mediterranean coast with hotels and holiday complexes, and unhappily before long the beautiful coastline with the vivid blue sea, will no longer be visible from the road. The only view will



The Four Musketeers outside the El Alamein Museum

be sand and more sand. Back to Alamein, but this time actually on the battlefield, which is only 50 miles from the outskirts of Alexandria.

A table with a small cross was set on the ground and behind this the Egyptian band played a selection of pleasant music. The German, then Italian and British contingents formed a semicircle in front of the table and the service was conducted, in English, by a young Coptic Priest.

Peace and friendship

After the Service of Remembrance and a blessing, that all nations should live in peace and friendship, a one gun salute was fired, followed by the Last Post. Then the ranks broke and everyone was shaking hands. Leslie was grabbed by the Italians, then they got David and Tommy and had them standing alongside the flags with everyone taking photos.

At this point a call to order was heard and we were then asked to select the trees we had reserved, for planting in the Forest of Peace. Joe planted the tree on behalf of St. Dunstan's and the inscription will read, "In memory of those who lost their sight in the service of their country and have subsequently died". David, Tommy

and Leslie planted trees on behalf of their regiments. The Forest of Peace is an effort to re-establish the forests which originally lined the coast, the Alamein trees will hopefully meet those planted in Algiers.

Airport aggro

This was the final event of our visit, I will not describe the aggro at the airport, when the authorities invented every device possible to prevent Tommy and Audrey leaving the country, or the confusion when doling out the passports and losing the tickets. Instead I would pay tribute to the many friends we met, whose kindness and consideration helped to make this, despite all the disappointments, a most interesting and entertaining adventure.

I would personally like to pay my humble respects to these four gallant lads who conducted themselves with dignity and humour, gaining the admiration of all who met them.

Finally, how about the gentleman from Harrow, who had never heard of St. Dunstan's, he said to me—"and are you the escorts?"—to which I replied "not half—night and day".

FEPOW REUNION by George Jakins and Jim Fraser

Apologies to Bill Griffiths that his report on this reunion was not included last month

Friday, 14th September was indeed a Red Letter Day. Two dozen ex-Far East Prisoners of War mustered at Ian Fraser House, to attend their first Reunion. The Reunion lasted till 16th September and we were delighted to see so many there, especially as the Reunion was arranged at short notice and many were away in Singapore at a similar Reunion.

Our first evening was very informal and was devoted to meeting old friends and discovering new ones. There were many tales to tell and many an amusing episode was re-enacted over a glass or two in the village inn.

On Saturday morning we held a meeting in the Winter Garden. Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme sent us a message of greeting and then we had a group photograph taken. At the meeting we decided to make the Reunion an annual event and we elected a committee, under the chairmanship of Billy Griffiths, to prepare a programme for next year. Bill Griffiths was given a vote of thanks for his part in organising this Reunion and the meeting broke up for lunch.

The evening saw a continuation of activities in the annexe, where the barman was kept very busy! Our guests included Mrs. E. Dacre, Matron Pass and three of our lady St. Dunstaners, who were on holiday at Ian Fraser House. For some it was a reuniting of old comrades, meeting for the first time in more than 30 years, but everyone enjoyed themselves and we were entertained with a delightful duet by Gwen Obern and Beryl Sleigh and Bill Griffiths gave us a fine solo.

A Service of Remembrance was arranged for Sunday, but unfortunately the Vicar failed to arrive—due to a car breakdown. Matron ably stepped into the breach and she led the singing and gave a short address. Prayers were offered for those FEPOWs who did not return and for those who have died since the war.

On Monday our numbers dwindled as people departed for home and work. So ended a very successful and enjoyable weekend, with the wish from all of us that there will be many more of these Reunions to come.

St. Dunstaner Lays Wreath

*by Margaret Caiger
former member of Review staff*

At St. James's Church, Holt, a small village in Dorset, the Remembrance Service this year was conducted by Captain James Caiger. The service was slightly different from the Remembrance Services held there in previous years.

Everyone was asked, if they so wished, to bring a garden bulb in memory of a dear one, who had either fallen in war, or had passed on and the bulbs would be collected during the service. Later they would be planted in the Resurrection Garden at the entrance to the Church where, God willing, we hope to see them in bloom for Easter Sunday.

This year at the Act of Remembrance round the Memorial in the Church the wreath was laid by St. Dunstaner, Dr. S. Sosabowski, and he gave the citation.

Captain Caiger gave the address and the collection was for the Earl Haig Fund.

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 Edwin Fearn, of Spondon, Derby, who joined St. Dunstan's on 10th October. Mr. Fearn served as a Stoker in the Royal Navy during the Second World War. He is married with an adult family.

Thomas Leonard Whiteley, of Bishops Stortford, who joined St. Dunstan's on 26th October. Mr. Whiteley served throughout the Second World War with the Cambridgeshire Regiment and was a Far East Prisoner of War. He is married with two adult sons.

AMATEUR RADIO WEEKEND

The Chairman informed the 22 members of the loss of our very good friend Ralph Cathle, who has done so much for the blind radio amateur in general and St. Dunstaners in particular.

The members expressed their thanks to Jock Innes for getting the library set up, Peter Jones for scrounging an excellent set of tools for the "Shack", Duncan Sutherland for the model aerial rigs and a general thanks to all who have helped in every way.

In the afternoon Senior Coastguard Officer, David Foster, gave a very interesting talk on the duties of a Coastguard, how communications were essential in their role of seek and rescue and that a few minutes could mean life or death in serious situations. He also brought home the point of discipline and international acceptance of standard procedure, by comparing the English Channel to Piccadilly Circus at rush hour and the fact that it takes nine miles for a large oil tanker to complete an emergency stop, and with ships carrying thousands of tons of liquid methane the horror of a collision doesn't bear thinking about.

What's this to do with Amateur Radio? Well that's what it's all about, communication, bridging language gaps and finding the common acceptable procedures.

Dates for 1980 meetings will be announced when they are confirmed.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

From: Phyllis Rogers, Minehead

Through the columns of the *Review* may I send my Greetings for Christmas and the New Year to all friends whom I met during my years of service in the Welfare Department, not forgetting St. Dunstaners at Ian Fraser House and Pearson House.

Since my retirement I am happy to say that I frequently look back with pleasure in remembering so many of you. My warmest good wishes.

From: Pat Collins, Farnham

With warmest thoughts and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

TALKING TYPEWRITER

Almost every other month, these days, sees some new application of synthetic speech; for leisure use, the Audio Chess Game and, to a lesser degree, other games as described elsewhere in this issue, and for practical purposes BROMA (invented by our very own Peter Jones, for reading electrical meters), the Talking Calculator, the Kurzweil Reading Machine and now a Talking Typewriter.

Although this is not a totally new concept, I.B.M. have designed a very sophisticated form, with much the same functions as the new reading machine. Once you have typed your letter, the Audio Typing Unit will read the letter out loud to you, either in its entirety, or line by line, word by word, letter by letter and with or without punctuation. In fact, you can type your letter first, without having any paper in the typewriter, then listen to what you have 'written', make any necessary corrections and then push a button and have the typewriter print the letter at a speed of 15 characters per second.

The Audio Unit itself costs £2,800. It consists of three units. Two are like Hi-Fi speakers, about 2ft x 1ft x 1ft. The third is a small control box, 8" x 4" with 12 keys and two rotating controls. The unit plugs into any one of four I.B.M. memory typewriters. One has to admit the cost of the most basic of these typewriters is £3,700. In addition to the previously mentioned functions, the Audio Unit will identify each typewriter key as you press it, tell you how many lines you have typed, where the centre of the page is and when you need to change the ribbon. The typewriter itself has the standard capability of storing many letters, which can be reproduced at the press of a button.

The Audio Units should be available by the middle of next year. So while one hears that technology may be creating redundancies, in this particular case job prospects for the disabled could be widened. Not only does this development strike an important blow in the battle for personal independence, it permits blind typists to stand on an equal footing with their sighted colleagues.

A Latin phrase is said to aver that nothing is invented and perfected at the same time. Certainly nothing is more true than in the case of the motor car.

In the thirteenth century Roger Bacon wrote, "With the aid of science and art alone it is possible to make wagons roll in a fixed direction without the help of draft animals", while in 1804, Oliver Evans, the American engineer and pioneer of the high pressure steam engine, said, "There will come a time when one travels by steam carriage from one town to the next as fast as birds fly. In the morning a carriage will leave Washington, the passengers will have breakfast the same morning in Baltimore, lunch in Philadelphia and dinner in New York."

Bacon must have had in mind the first real self propelled wagons, which relied on simple gravity to move them downhill. During the Persian Wars, and war is always a great forcing house for the development of mechanical contrivances, the invading armies of Alexander the Great were scattered and confused at the approach of gravity driven cars, with their wheels armed with scythes and spears, which were sent rolling down the mountain passes, by their Persian enemies. The Phoenicians in ancient times used land yachts, with huge sails to drive themselves along the level beaches of North Africa, but as we shall see later, wind and many other weird methods of propulsion had so many limitations as to make them impractical. Nearer Bacon's time, when Switzerland was first carving out a country for itself in the centre of Europe, the peasants used wheel mounted scythes on vehicles which, like the Persian ones of 1500 years earlier, hurtled down the Alpine slopes against their attackers, the feudal Austrian knights.

The Wheel

It is said that the wheel was introduced by the Sumerians in ancient Mesopotamia during the second half of the fourth millennium B.C. and that it is the most important of all inventions, but the discovery of the usefulness of the lever and gearing, in addition, made possible some most ingenious moving devices.

The idea of self driven wagons certainly dates back to antiquity and some more or

The Conception and Birth of the Automobile

by Ken Revis
M.B.E., S.S.C., F.I.Arb., A.I.C.E.

Part One

Photos: National Motor Museum
David Castleton

less fantastic plans are mentioned in history from time to time over century after century. Some, although never seeing the light of day as working mechanical vehicles, reached at least the experimental stage.

Mention is made of the trial in 1447 of "A carriage without horse, oxen or people yet the man who built it sat in it", and in the year 1504 we hear of a strange carriage, "A citizen constructs a carriage with wheels and all kinds of springs which could drive without a horse though one person sat in it and worked it". The one person apparently attempted to drive this machine two miles to Dresden, but got stuck in the mud which was said to be "very thick". Following the vague mediaeval records of wagons driven by clockwork springs, weights and levers we can talk about de Fontana, a Paduan artisan whose ingenious manumotive vehicle had two horizontally mounted drums on a wooden chassis. The drums, being connected by loops of rope and hauled by servants, moved the car along, the lower drum being geared to the road wheels. Later in that century Leonardo da Vinci, the great engineer, artist and sculptor, sketched a four wheeled vehicle with two



Ken Revis aboard a 1901 Wolseley in the London to Brighton veteran car run.

horizontally mounted clockwork motors driving the rear wheels internally, with a tandem and tiller arrangement for the front wheels. Then in about 1520 the Emperor Maximilian 1st had a triumphal car constructed and this was driven by working oar-like poles, which dropped between wooden pegs on a horizontal wheel and was assisted in its progress by pedestrians using long rods cranked and attached to the road wheels. This car was illustrated by the famous German engraver Albrecht Durer.

Perhaps the first real mechanically propelled vehicle was the dragon shaped clockwork driven carriage of Johann Hautch in 1649. Used during the coronation procession of King Charles Gustav of Sweden, it so impressed the King of Denmark, in 1654, that he bought one. Hautch built invalid carriages capable of 9 m.p.h., which astounded the onlookers in Europe as they ticked along with motors concealed under the seat.

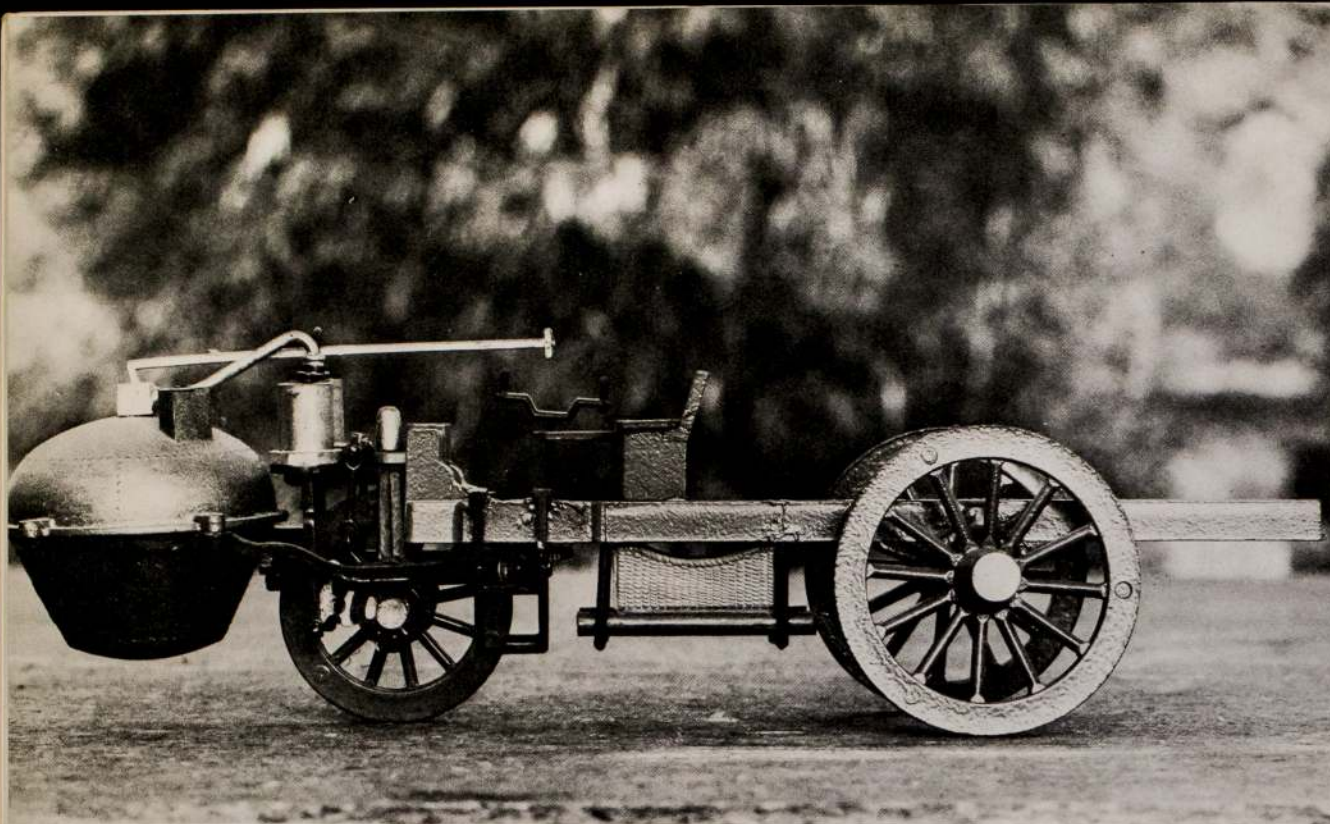
Louis XV was said to have been driven in a mechanical vehicle of some kind at Versailles and later in 1711 an advertisement appeared in a London newspaper, "Invention of wonderful carriage in which people can travel without the help of

horses for several miles and can measure the mileage". Even the great scientist Sir Isaac Newton sketched a reaction carriage in 1680 and although it could not have worked, through lack of mechanical efficiency, it pointed men's minds to the direction of steam, which had such a vogue during the second half of the eighteenth century and the whole of the following one.

Landmark

Another vehicle which may or may not have worked, but is nevertheless regarded as a landmark in the invention of the car, was the model built for the son of the Chinese Emperor in 1668 by a Jesuit priest, Ferdinand Verbiest. He was a missionary and at the time was in charge of the observatory in Peking. His model of about 30 centimetres in length used a boiler with a heat source and a beak shaped nozzle, from which a jet of steam impinged on a turbine wheel geared to another wheel attached to the road axle. The importance of this machine is that the good Father was the first to use the word "motor" in describing it, implying that a motor could be attached to and drive other appliances.

Having briefly run along the path by discussing some of the more fanciful ideas of those pioneers bent on achieving self-propulsion from ancient times, let us conclude this introduction by describing the first steam driven vehicle of which records are complete. In fact not just records, the whole monster wagon can be seen in the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in Paris. The Cugnot machine is really huge and comprises three enormous wheels the height of a man's shoulders, with a globular copper boiler straddling the single front wheel and from which two cylinders punch out connecting rods, turning the front wheel rather like the rider's legs and feet on a pennyfarthing bicycle. This giant steamer was tested in front of the French Minister of War; it was intended to haul cannons. In 1770, on the cobbled streets of Paris, it crashed into a wall while cornering at its top speed of just under 2½ m.p.h. and the story goes that poor Cugnot was put in gaol for his pains. Such was the price paid by the great pioneers but more will be said about this antagonism to progress later, but



A model of Cugnot's 1770 steam carriage.

mainly as it concerns inventors on this side of the Channel.

Now let us spring forward just over a hundred years in time, to the two men who are genuinely regarded by historians as the rightful inventors of the motor car, as it must now be clear that with anything remotely mechanical no invention was ever made by one man, at one time in history. Rather it was a long succession of trials and errors with men building on the ideas, some half forgotten, of others, until something practical and workable resulted, which is accepted as the real first one. I am even contradicting myself here, because there are still some who will argue as to who has the right to call himself the inventor of the automobile. To illustrate my point of trial and error and to introduce the powerful prejudice of non-acceptance, take the example of the pneumatic tyre. In 1845 an Englishman, William Thompson, devised a leather covered tyre with a rubber tube inside for use on carriages. This arrangement, complete with pump, was obviously a tremendous step forward in the riding comfort of the carriages of the day, but the

fact was that their aristocratic owners just would not accept the idea—nor were the roads good enough. Having slumbered for 43 years it was left to Dunlop and Du Cross to reinvent the pneumatic tyre for cycles; Worthington Thomas, in America, to apply the tyre to carriages and Michelin in France to apply the invention to motor vehicles.

The two men referred to earlier are Gottlieb Daimler (1834-1900) and Karl Benz (1844-1929). It was in 1885, that the Benz machine, a passenger carrying, three wheeler with a single cylinder gasoline engine, driven by chain and leather belt, first appeared. In the following year Gottlieb Daimler produced his first car driven by his own engine, for he had been the builder of stationary engines for some time and in fact his son, Paul, had used a motor cycle the previous year on a frozen lake, driven by a Daimler engine. Hence the doubts about the priority of these two men. The fact remains that this is the real period of the invention of the motor car, although the expression "motor car" was not used until some time later. Perhaps the

most extraordinary thing is that Benz was working in Mannheim and Daimler in Stuttgart. It is not difficult to believe, and historians certainly do believe, in view of the state of communications at the time, that although these two produced almost identical machines within weeks of each other, that neither knew of the existence of the other.

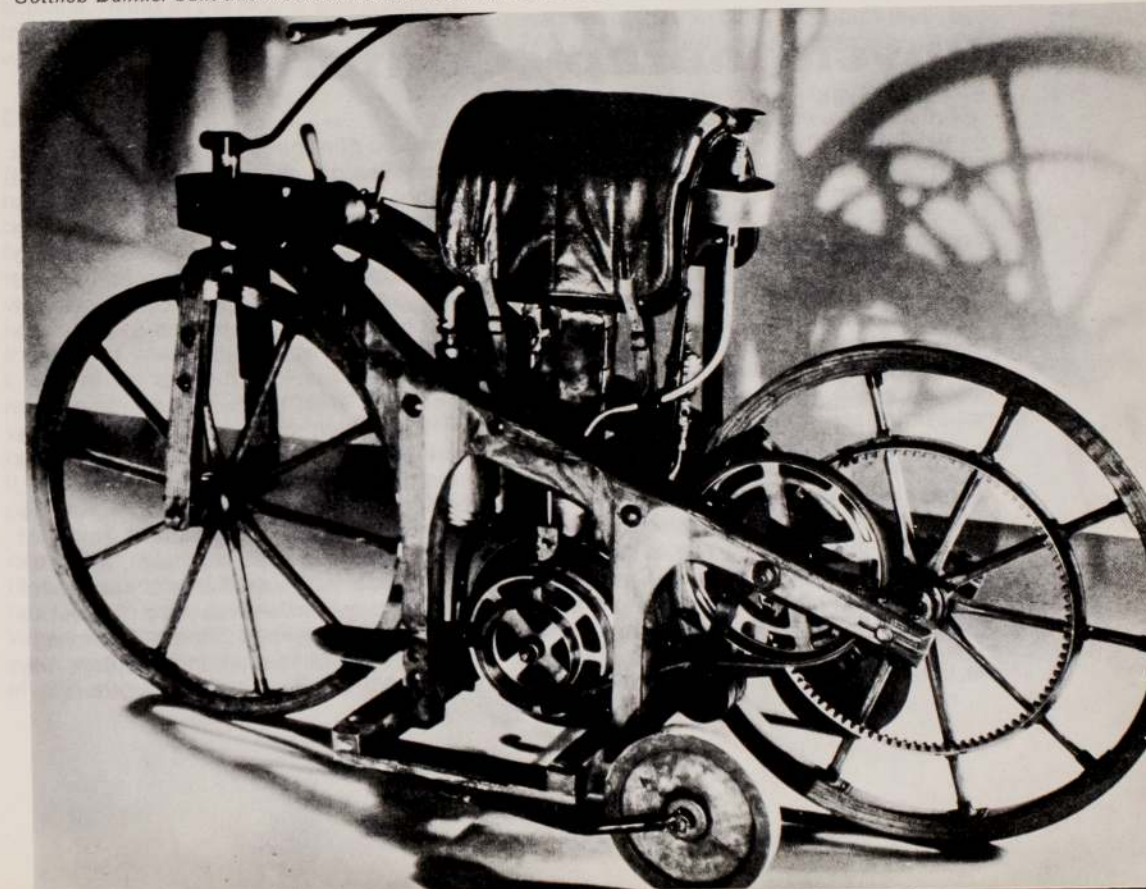
Having interrupted our story to place on the centre of the stage the inventors of the automobile, let us now return to the many events and personalities occupying if not the stage, but surely a position well forward in the wings, who contributed to this great drama during the earlier days of the nineteenth century.

Before we do, however, let us mention some, and there were many, of the more fantastic devices and their somewhat unorthodox means of propulsion. In 1680 the Dutch physicist, Christien van Huygens, devised a gunpowder engine which used the extraordinary system of an explosion of gunpowder to exhaust the air from one end of a horizontal cylinder, thus sucking a piston in one direction and a

similar but surely highly dangerous explosion to return it. Another remarkable and highly complex vehicle was given a patent signed by Napoleon in 1807. Its inventor was Isaac de Rivaz and consisted of a large open topped cylinder, mounted on a chassis having a heavily weighted piston with a rack-and-pinion and ratchet arrangement at its bottom end to drive the road wheels. The *modus operandi* of this Heath Robinson device seems to have been that its driver operated a foot pedal to allow hydrogen to enter the space below the piston, whereupon with one hand he closed the inlet valve. Then, with his other hand, he pressed an electric switch which ignited the mixture and forced the piston to the upper end of its stroke. So far the carriage had not even moved, but by opening an exhaust valve by foot, or hand, or both, I wonder, the piston with its weights descended operating the rack-and-pinion and progressed the machine forward. I cannot believe that its forward motion was anything but jerky and even so must have relied very heavily on the skill of the driver.

To be concluded

Gottlieb Daimler built this wooden framed motor cycle in 1885.





A group of physiotherapists hear about the Versabaille.

Physiotherapy Conference

by Ray Hazan

A painless annual conference for our physio's. Thirty-one keen and enthusiastic physiotherapists turned up at Ian Fraser House on 20th October for the annual conference. Chairman, Mike Tetley, and Vice-Chairman, Des Coupe, were pleased with the turnout, which, while down on previous years, nevertheless, represented a goodly proportion of the total 'work force'. A free evening on the Friday enabled much exchange of news, and not a little entertaining.

Lectures

The main meat of the weekend was consumed on Saturday, starting with the annual conference. This ran as 'smooth as silk', to quote the Vice-Chairman. The conference was followed by two lectures, on "Manipulative Therapy", and "The Management of Intractable Pain", the latter providing an interesting devia-

tion from pure physiotherapy. A third talk was given by the representative in the U.K. of Telesensory Systems Inc., makers of the Optacon and Versabaille. The Versabaille is both a conventional audio tape recorder, and one which can record Braille. As so frequently occurs, potential customers were disappointed with the asking price of £2,250.

Guest of Honour

The weekend grew gradually to a close with a dinner on Saturday evening at which Mr. Howard Johnson, former M.P. for Brighton, was guest of honour. And so a no doubt tired but contented group of St. Dunstaners departed from Brighton to continue their valuable and successful work throughout the country. To quote from our new film, "Being a physiotherapist gives me an independent life style, and, luckily, I can help others".

DEAF/BLIND REUNION

by Ron Ellis

The Reunion was held on 27th September and lasted till 1st October. It started off in fine form, with a sherry and a grand opening dinner with the Commandant, Matron, and Dr. Stilwell, who we were delighted to have as our guest.

The following morning, Friday 28th, at 8.15 a.m., Wally Thomas and I, with our escorts, boarded the bus which took us to the Brighton Marina, for our great day out across the water to Dieppe. On arriving at the Marina our first task was to get through the usual formalities, then on to the counter to get our money changed into francs. The Sea Jet itself looks very like a Jumbo Jet aeroplane and the seats were extremely comfortable. We left the Marina about 9.15 a.m. with our escorts busily telling us about the surroundings. The sea looked like a sheet of glass as it was so calm. The jetfoil flew well above the water and was so steady that you thought you were in an airplane, flying in the sky. It was a superb trip and the stewards and stewardesses were extremely kind and helpful.

Dieppe

We arrived at Dieppe at 11.45 a.m. (travel time 100 minutes). However, we had to be a little careful as French time differs from ours, so it was actually an hour later, we had lost an hour already, but not to worry. The first thing to do was to look for a good restaurant for lunch. That did not take us long, as there were plenty of people around who knew where the good places were. The restaurant we chose was quite large and very clean and comfortable. We soon had our menus. Well, I say menu but to me it was more like a book: it had six whole pages.

One of the places we visited was a marvellous Cathedral, but to my mind there is no other place in the world that has Cathedrals to match our English ones. When we came out of the Cathedral we went and had a much needed rest and after a cup of coffee it was nearly time

for us to go back to the jetfoil. That is the trouble with going away, the time goes so quickly. We left Dieppe at 6 p.m. and arrived at the Marina at 6.40 p.m. (don't forget the time change). On the way back we were able to buy our duty-free gifts, cigarettes and drink; of course there were plenty of things we could have bought in Dieppe. We finally got back to Ian Fraser House at 7.15 p.m., tired but very happy with a memorable day behind us.

Scotland Yard

Our sincere thanks to Mrs. Bicknell who arranged for the Muffies to go to Scotland Yard. This trip was a great success and a thrill to us and our escorts, who certainly had their work cut out, as they had to explain everything to us. Wally and I were very privileged. We were allowed to feel and examine some of the most up-to-date equipment now being used in Scotland Yard. On our arrival we were met in the reception hall by Mrs. Peggy Prinzen, who was our guide, and now our friend.

First of all we were taken to see a glass case, which housed an ever burning flame, in the memory of all those who have lost their lives in the line of duty in the police force. Beside the case is a book listing all of their names. From here we were taken to see Commander Lambourne, the fingerprint man. He asked Wally and I if we would like to have our fingerprints taken.

Chief Commandant Arthur Hammond now joined us and accompanied us on the rest of our tour. In the computer room we saw the men at work and were allowed to touch and feel some of the equipment, such as small computers and walkie talkie equipment. It was all very fascinating and the men there were so very patient with us and answered all our questions, through our escort. After the computer room we went to traffic control. All the work in here was done by television and they had screens covering 640 square miles of road.

As time was ticking on we hurried to the canteen where we had lunch with Chief Commandant Hammond, Peggy Prinzen, who incidentally has recently retired from the Metropolitan Police after 30 years service with them. Phil Bicknell, another new found friend, also lunched with us. The lunch was excellent and after coffee we went to the Commandant's office to say our goodbyes. However, before we finally left, Peggy gave Wally and I a lovely present as a memento. We each received a badge of the Police Force, in the form of a tie pin. Thank you once again Peggy, we shall always treasure it. It will be a great honour to wear it and will remind us of the great work the lads and lassies are doing, on the beat, at the Yard, or wherever they may be. Wally and I send our sincere thanks to Chief Commandant Hammond, Commander Lambourne and Peggy Prinzen and also to all the other people we met, for all your kindness and understanding—thank you for a memorable time.

Westminster Abbey

After the Scotland Yard visit we had time to have a stroll round Westminster Abbey before catching the train back to Brighton and our day was rounded off by a magnificent dinner at the Albion Hotel.

We had a very easy day on Sunday, 30th to help us level out after the past two hectic days. We went off to Pearson House, to visit Matron Hallett and have a sherry with her and some of the staff. It is always a pleasure to me to meet Matron Hallett, as I do not often get down to Brighton, and she always gives the Muffies such a warm welcome. After a chat and a bit of bantering it was soon time to return to Ian Fraser House, the trouble is, whenever you go out the time seems to pass at twice the normal speed. Thank you, Matron, for a most pleasant morning.

After lunch we went to browse round Cheal's Garden Centre. There was plenty to interest us and we had a peaceful afternoon, wandering around in the warm autumn sunshine. All good things come to end and that evening we had dinner in the West End restaurant in Hove. A perfect way to end the day.

On the last morning of our Mini-Reunion we went to ITT Computer works in Brighton. Here they make spare parts for computers and we were shown round various departments to see some of the computers in operation. Many things were explained to us and all our questions were answered by Mr. Dyer—thanks very much for a very interesting morning. In the afternoon we had tea with the Commandant, Mr. Wills, the Welfare Staff and Matron. It is always a pleasure to meet our Welfare ladies, Miss Mosley and Miss Lord, and of course our great friend Mr. Wills. There was plenty to pow-wow about, as usual, and again time seemed so short and before we knew it, it was time to say goodbye. Wally and I sincerely thank Miss Mosley, Miss Lord and Mr. Wills for coming down to Brighton to see us and for all their kind help and understanding.

Good Luck

We had a couple of hours rest before the grand farewell dinner, which we had at the tip top Eaton Restaurant. The food and service there are both superb. After the splendid meal we sat back drinking coffee, looking as though we had won the jackpot on the coupons! I think we all thought the same thing as it was a marvellous ending to a truly wonderful Reunion. Mr. Wills and Wally were the main speakers. During his speech of thanks, Wally voiced all our thoughts by saying that a little sadness had been with us this year. This was due to our old friend George Fallowfield no longer being with us, and the thought that this would be the last Reunion that Mr. Wills, the Commandant and Miss Allison would be attending. We do hope that we shall have the pleasure of seeing them and having them as our guests at future Reunions. We wish them a long and happy retirement, full of good luck and health.

Wally and I would like to say, once again, thank you to Mrs. Pugh and to all those responsible for organising our Mini-Reunion, also our sincere thanks to our escorts who did such a splendid job in keeping us in touch and finally not forgetting the staff at Ian Fraser House, for making my stay such a happy one—thanks to you all.

D. F. Robinson's

Gardening Column

The quality of vegetables has been rather poor this year and there has been a terrible plague of Cabbage White caterpillars. I have found these very hard to contain, despite my using several kinds of insecticide. They must be getting immune. The best kinds of systemics are those taken into the plant via the leaves and roots. However, be careful to use them only on hardy plants.

Dig over the soil, adding humus and gypsum and you will reap the benefits later on. Do all the garden repairs this month, but do not work in the garden when it is frosty, snowy or wet.

Nothing in particular needs to be done to the vegetables, but keep things tidy and shipshape. Hoe regularly to discourage weeds. If you have lettuce outside, protect them with cloches. Check over stored potatoes and onions, getting ready for early seed potatoes, which will be available in the New Year.

Cover rhubarb with straw or compost to protect any early shoots. This also helps to give a better yield during the season.

Lawns

Brush away all worm casts, leaves and other debris from the lawns. In very wet weather sunken parts of the lawn will be water-logged. Mark these areas with a label, so you can level them out with peat or soil in the early spring, before the new grass begins to grow.

Fruit

Carry on pruning the fruit trees, but do wait till the frost has gone. Spray the trees, especially the trunks. Prepare the ground for planting new trees, but don't plant them until the spring. Most soft fruits can be pruned, except for raspberries. Cut away any suckers from the raspberry canes, but leave the main pruning till spring. Now is the time to plant soft fruits, such as peaches and strawberries. Plant the strawberries in large pots for some early fruit.

Flowers

Weed and dig over the flower beds. Firm in the perennials which may have

been lifted out of the soil during storms or hard frosts. Put a bit of straw or compost on the beds to protect bulbs from severe frosts. You can plant roses now, but it is advisable to wait till the spring. Don't forget to order your new bushes now.

Keep the temperature in the greenhouse at a minimum of 45°F, but if you have an exotic range of plants put the temperature up to 50°F. Do ventilate the greenhouse well and don't overwater the plants. If you do have to water them use water with the chill taken off it. Put a bucket of water inside the greenhouse so the water will heat up to the temperature of the greenhouse—this water is ideal for plants.

Dead-head all flowers and take off yellowing leaves. Use a fumigator to combat insects and mildew. Cut back Chrysanthemums as they go out of flower, so you can get some good cuttings for next season.

Spring bulbs, Freesias, Narcissi and Hyacinths can be forced slowly. Don't be in a hurry to pot-on rooted cuttings. Leave them as they are till next month. Remember to order your seeds early, as they may be in short supply, and it is always first come, first served.

May I wish all of you a Happy Christmas and a really good New Year, both in the garden and healthwise.

RETIREMENT

St. Dunstaner James Legge, of Bristol, has taken an early retirement, after 33 years service with Rolls Royce Limited. Jimmy was employed as a Senior Physiotherapist in the Medical Department, where he worked for 19 years as a full time member of staff and for 14 years on a part time basis. On 2nd November, Rolls Royce held a farewell ceremony for him and in the presence of Directors, Managers and Staff, from all sections of the Company, the Senior Medical Officer presented Jimmy with some beautiful crystal cut glasses and an amplified stereo receiver and gave his wife, Doris, a wonderful bouquet.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: S. Scroggie, Angus, Scotland

It is a far cry, at least where St. Dunstaners are concerned, from the days when the popular image of the blind was a pathetic girl, her eyes closed, her attitude redolent of heart-rending appeal, playing a button-key melodion; or a seedy old man with dark glasses, a mangy dog and a tray of matchboxes, a sign round his neck with the stark announcement "blind". Neither do the blind any longer mumble aloud from their Braille bible in public places, tell fortunes, or exhibit empty eye-sockets to potential benefactors on the cathedral steps. All this has changed; the blind have been tidied away into asylums and institutions, they have moved into a dignified era of physiotherapy and telephone-operating, and the very word blind, with all its hideous old connotations, has been delicately replaced by the circumlocution "visually handicapped". One thing remains, however, of the old servitude, the outcast status of former times, and I was electrified the other day to learn that this has come to oust one of the saints from his place in the Christian calendar. For October 15th, my wife informs me, is now called White Cane Day and is in one way or another to be devoted to the interests of what a recurrent notice in the paper here refers to as "those who travel by night".

Blind myself these past 34 years, I find it hard to associate myself with this no doubt well-intentioned development. For one thing I do not think of myself as in any way handicapped more than anybody else in a world crammed with inadequate and incomplete human beings. In the second place I do not like to be lumped together with any old group, with all the diminution of individuality this entails, least of all one, namely the blind, with regard to which segregation must always be more healthy than identification. There is nothing so infectious, as listeners to "In Touch" will have noticed, than the blind mentality. Finally, for a variety of reasons, I do not carry a white stick, seeing this amongst other things not so much as a warning to the sighted, as the

last lingering remnants of the piteous mediaeval outcry of the blind against their condition. In those days they were smitten by God for their sins, nowadays by a self-pity which gleams even in motor-car headlights in the shape of this conventional white stick. The use of it, I am told, is obligatory on the Continent under the law. The Centigrade scale is already infiltrating what is left of our British society, the metre, the tonne and the hectare. The use of crash-helmets is no longer optional, safety-belts will soon be in the mandatory class, and who knows but what a white stick, in these dictatorial days, may not be thrust into my unwilling hand. Unassisted by sighted exhumers, guide-dog or V.A.D., impervious to the subtle magic of White Cane Day, subject alone to his own unaided blind competence, will not Sir Arthur Pearson turn in his grave?

From: Mrs. Peggy Craik, Sale

I would like to write to each of you personally to thank you for giving me such a luxurious retirement present, but I hope you will accept this very sincere "Thank you" instead.

Alex and I were delighted that your representatives were able to visit our home on October 10th, to formally present your gift of a Parker Knoll reclining chair—surely a most suitable gift for a retired welfare visitor to relax in! I could have wished for you all to be with us, but that was a physical impossibility unfortunately.

Especially I would thank Violet Delaney for so regally "unveiling" the chair, and for her kind words and wishes on your behalf.

I am most grateful for your generosity now and your kindness to me over many years, it has been a privilege and a great pleasure to have been your welfare visitor and to have been allowed to share your joys and sorrows.

To you all, I send my remembrances and warmest good wishes for the future.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—continued

From: Mrs. L. Brooker, London

I read the piece about watches and the repair of them. I thought you might be interested to know that my husband's watch has been going for 27 years without any trouble. In fact it is the only timepiece I can rely on.

From: Granville Waterworth, Coventry

When I was at the Navy Camp last year, one of the helpers (the Doctor's mother) was compiling a list of names, ranks, regiments and ages of all the men there. From this list I found out that Reg Newton was in the same Regiment as me (Recce Corps). On speaking to him he mentioned that Wally Thompson was also in the same Regiment, years ago. When I was down at Brighton I met Ferde Bennett, who was in the Recce as well. I wonder if there were any more St. Dunstaners in the Recce Regiment?

BRITISH TALKING BOOK SERVICE

Users of the Talking Book Service, especially those in the southern half of England, may have been experiencing delays in receiving new cassettes. While the library makes no excuses, there are mitigating circumstances. The library is currently being computerised. (See October *Review* 1977.)

This means the library in Bolton, will close down and the 26,000 readers transferred to Wembley. This has already started, and readers whose names start with the letters A or B have been transferred. Besides dealing with the extra readership from Bolton, the Wembley library has also to cope with all new applications and withdrawals and, hopefully, in November, the first pilot run on the computer. It is hoped that readers will understand these important new changes and bear any delays with patience.

OVINGDEAN NOTES

Once again the bowling fever has hit Ian Fraser House, with Championships and Handicaps in full progress.

Our next big event will be the Bridge Instruction Weekend on the 8th and 9th December which is always most popular.

Our drives have been much enhanced by the beautiful Indian summer, an added bonus, which should shorten the winter for us. So many of the restaurants are now closing in the winter, that we will have to find new ones to add to our list.

On a more sober note the Royal British Legion and Co-Ordinated Ex-Servicemen Association gave us a most moving Festival of Remembrance at the Dome.

We had a most enjoyable evening at the Theatre Royal this week, being entertained by Barbara Windsor portraying "Calamity Jane"—her well known attributes were not much in evidence as she was covered from head to toe in deerskin, just as well considering her spirited performance.

Once again Mr. and Mrs. Lyndhurst have invited us to their Christmas Tea Party on Tuesday, 11th December. They are always our most generous hosts and go to a great deal of trouble to make us welcome—which brings to mind how soon Christmas will be upon us. We hope to visit the Pantomime "Peter Pan", which will be showing at the delightful Connaught Theatre, Worthing, this year, so our Christmas programme is speeding ahead and we look forward to seeing you at Christmas.

National Music for the Blind

In the October *Review* an announcement from the National Music for the Blind organisation indicated that the entrance fee for blind persons is £5. St. Dunstaner, Mr. R. Wharton, of Sompting, writes to say that the entrance fee is, in fact, £10, £5 of which is refundable after four weeks if the listener is not satisfied.

SKIING 1980

Once again, the 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment have kindly agreed to host a skiing party. It is likely to conform almost exactly to the arrangements made last year. The trip, to Kranzegg in Southern Germany, will last one week, from a Saturday to the following Sunday, some time around the end of February or beginning of March. The journey will be by air from London to Munich and thence by train. Accommodation will be at a local pension. Wives may accompany their husbands, though unless they are able and willing to ski, the trip is not advisable, as Kranzegg is a small village

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Entertainment Section

Now that the new season's activities are under way, a copy of the draw for the various competitions has been posted on the notice board in the annexe. Please will competitors study it.

The Christmas Dance will be held on Saturday, 8th December in the annexe at Ian Fraser House. Entrance will be by ticket only and these are available from R Osborne, 117 Longridge Avenue, Saltdean (Tel.: Brighton 32115). The tickets are 75p each, including refreshments. Trophies and prizes for the Sir Arthur Pearson competitions will be presented at the Dance.

The Christmas Party (for Club members only) will be on Wednesday, 19th December. Any members wishing to attend, should give their names to Mrs. Joan Osborne as soon as possible, so that catering arrangements can be made.

Nearly 100 members, wives and friends converged on the Dudley Hotel, Hove, on Saturday, 10th November for our Annual Dinner Dance. We were very pleased to have amongst our guests, Mr. and Mrs. Weisblatt, Commandant and Mrs. Fawcett, Mr. Rod Rogers (the Managing Director of Butlin's U.K.), and Miss Sue Barnes (General Manager of Butlin's Ocean Hotel, Saltdean), and also Mr. and Mrs. Paul Woodall, of the Plough Inn, Rottingdean.

with no entertainment or shops. Equipment, apart from clothing, will be provided. St. Dunstaners will be expected to contribute financially to the trip. Will anybody who is interested in going, please contact the Sports Officer immediately, and be prepared to supply a medical certificate stating fitness for skiing.

DEADLINE

Anyone wishing to submit copy for the January *Review* 1980, should send it to reach the Editor not later than the first post Monday, 10th December.

After Grace, which was given by Dr. John O'Hara, we sat down to a lovely four course dinner and wine. We would like to send our sincere thanks to Mr. Rogers, who donated a week's holiday for two, at any Butlin's hotel in the country, as a raffle prize. The lucky winners are Joan and Bob Osborne—good luck and have a good time.

After dinner we all enjoyed dancing to the music of our regular group, The Compact Three, until midnight and, going by the laughter, it seems fair to say that a good time was had by all.

H. PREEDY

Fishing Section

We went on our last fishing trip during an Indian summer; alas the good weather seems to have left us now. Still we are hoping that our future winter trips will be better than last year's, but to be honest it is only the strong winds that bother us; we wrap up warm and with good friends and hot soup we have a tremendous day out.

No one has managed to catch any really big fish this year, although all of us hope to get a 'whopper next time.' The skipper always tells us that the big fish were all caught before we got there and he is more qualified to tell tall stories than we are. Even if the ones we catch are not the biggest fish you have ever seen, with



Bob and Joan Osborne presiding at the Brighton Club Annual Dinner.

all the rising prices they are gratefully received. If you count the pennies you may think that the fish are expensive, but that is not really the object of our expeditions. To catch a fish is a bonus, the real object is to have a good trip, with excellent company and to enjoy a sport that we like.

Jim Morrish wins this year's Biggest Fish Trophy — congratulations. Unfortunately Jim could not come with us on the last trip, due to ill health, but he is now recovered and hoping to be with us for the next day's fishing. Bert Wallage has also been unwell and he too hopes to be back with us soon. Such firm support is the breath of life to our Club, the same spirit exists in other sections of the Club; we cannot fail if we get this kind of support from our members.

The rest of the year's fixtures are posted on the notice board at the Club. Any members who want to come fishing will be most welcome. Expeditions for next year can only be booked after I get the time table for the tides, so that I can pick

the days that suit you, other sections and we hope the weather.

Merry Christmas to all our members and thanks to our old faithfuls, but remember all Club members are entitled to use all of the Club facilities, so we hope to see you there in the New Year.

BILL PHILLIPS

Bowling

We have now begun our winter indoor session and we are all looking forward to some very attractive fixtures on our home ground.

On 12th October, we entertained Burgess Hill Bowling Club, when there was some great bowling by our members and we had an excellent match, which everyone enjoyed.

The Aggregate for the Sir Michael Ansell Trophy begins on 8th January and we will send a list of next year's fixtures to all our bowlers, as soon as they have been arranged.

A. ROBINSON,
Chairman.

Bridge Notes

We have now completed our Pairs and Individual Competitions for the year 1979.

On Sunday, 14th October, we held our final Pairs Competition. A four table Howell movement was used and the winners were:

1st W. Lethbridge and Mr. Goodlad	65.9
2nd B. Ingrey and Mrs. Gover	61.9

On Saturday, 20th October, our final Individual Competition was held. The results are as follows:

R. Fullard and Partner	75
J. Padley and W. Phillips	65
P. McCormack and W. Burnett	64
C. Walters and W. Lethbridge	63
F. Griffiee and H. Preedy	55

Dacre Trophy (Pairs Competition)

The best five percentage scores, played with any partner from a possible nine matches.

W. Lethbridge	301.0
R. Fullard	288.5
W. Phillips	288.2
A. Dodgson	280.8
B. Simon	276.8
J. Padley	263.5
B. Ingrey	257.9
H. Preedy	257.4
F. Griffiee	251.6
P. McCormack	204.9

Gover Cup (Individual Competition)

The best five results from a possible nine matches played:

R. Fullard	347
F. Griffiee	338
W. Phillips	331
W. Burnett	328
P. McCormack	327
J. Padley	
B. Simon	322
W. Lethbridge	
H. Preedy	312
C. Walters	303

W. LETHBRIDGE

MIDLANDS

Our meeting on 14th October was quite a good one. We missed Eddie, Bill and Eileen, but were pleased to have Sallie and Guy with us once again. It is so nice when St. Dunstaners attend our meetings when they are visiting the area.

Members were very pleased to hear a

cassette of Doug, which he did about four weeks before he died. The Burnham-on-Sea Rotary Club started a "Talking Newspaper for the Blind" and Bill Shakespeare had asked Doug if he would mind helping them, by talking about his garden. Doug was very thrilled about this and titled it "Gardening for Exercise".

The Sir Arthur Pearson Domino Competition was played off and the winners were:

1st L. Kibbler
2nd B. Tomporowski
3rd R. Ashmore

As usual we had a lovely tea and once again Marjorie made the beautiful cakes, and the ladies were thanked in the usual manner.

After tea we held our A.G.M. and the members voted for the committee, which is as follows:

Chairman	L. Kibbler
Secretary	J. Cashmore
Treasurer	E. Hordyniec
Two others	D. Faulkner and R. Ashmore

The meeting finished at 6.30 p.m.

Notes on Birmingham United Services Club

The Birmingham United Services Club (where we hold our meetings each month) are planning to rebuild their club rooms and provide limited overnight accommodation, for men and women of the Forces visiting or passing through Birmingham.

We were invited to send two representatives to the inauguration of the Building Fund on 31st October, 1979. Bob Ashmore and Eddie Hordyniec went as our representatives, taking a donation from the club.

The Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Councillor George Canning, opened the meeting, which was attended by representatives from all the ex-services associations in Birmingham. The Lord Mayor in his short speech praised the idea of accommodation for serving personnel and said it was a real need in Birmingham and wished the Building Fund every success.

During his speech of thanks to the Lord Mayor, the Secretary, Mr. S. G. Whitfield, read out a list of donations received so far and invited members of the public to buy shares in the Building Fund at £5 each, interest free. There was

also a raffle for one gallon of whisky at £1 a time. Refreshments were served before the meeting broke up and Mr. Whitfield had announced that £1,000 had been raised.

At our November meeting we received two £5 shares from the BUSC. This being our donation to their building fund.

We had a very hectic afternoon with the Domino Doubles Competition, because Doug was at Brighton and Tommy was absent.

It was very nice indeed to have Bill back with us again, with his wife, Hilda, and we do hope she will come along with Bill to our future meetings.

Another beautiful tea was provided for us, this time by Maisie, Cath and Dot. Thank you all very much indeed..

Our next meeting will be held on Sunday, 9th December, and this will be our Christmas Party.

JOAN CASHMORE,
Secretary.

FAMILY NEWS

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Bagwell, of Salisbury, are pleased to announce that their son, David, was married to Jayne Crossley, on 22nd September.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Higgs, of Binfield, are pleased to announce that their son, Edwin, was married to Anne Marie Longworth, on 1st September.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mead, of Rothwell, are pleased to announce that their son, Raymond, was married to Teresa Wills, on 6th October.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Mills, of Rotherham, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Valerie, was married to Terry Branagan, on 17th February.

Mr. and Mrs. George Torrie, of Peranuthnoe, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Paula, was married to Michael Clarke, on 11th August.

LONDON

Bridge Notes

The final game for the Gover Cup was completed in the Club Rooms at Headquarters, on Saturday, 3rd October. The results were as follows:

P. Nuyens and B. Evans	69 pts.
B. Allen and B. Miller	64 pts.
F. Dickerson and J. Majchrowicz	64 pts.
H. Meleson and J. Huk	62 pts.
R. Armstrong and J. Carney	61 pts.

The winner for the Cup for the year ending 1979 is B. Allen—"Well done William".

Taking the best five results from the eight games played, the final points are:

	pts.		pts.
B. Allen	369	B. Miller	327
B. Evans	357	J. Huk	323
F. Dickerson	342	R. Armstrong	313
J. Carney	332	H. Meleson	306
P. Nuyens	328	J. Majchrowicz	305

PEARL WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. James Minter, of Ruislip, who celebrated their Pearl Wedding Anniversary on 29th October.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Many Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. George Jenrick, of Wallington, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 3rd September.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrish, of Peacehaven, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 11th November.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Slatter, of Alveston, Bristol, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 29th October.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bosley, of Wallasey, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Deborah Clare, to their son Ian and his wife Judith, on 7th September.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morris, of Ongar, on the birth of their seventh grandchild, Michelle, to their daughter Gwendoline and her husband Adel, on 1st June.

FAMILY NEWS—continued

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Nabney, of Belfast, on the birth of a grandson, Neil Thomas, to their son Thomas and his wife, on 11th October.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor, of Leyland, on the birth of a grandson, Michael David, to their son Paul and his wife, on 8th September.

Mrs. Anne Robinson, of Fife, on the birth of a grandson, Craig, to her daughter Alison and her husband Jimmy, on 2nd October.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Rowe, of Minehead, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Sara Leslie, to their daughter Jane and her husband.

GREAT GRANDCHILD

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Alexander, of Bournemouth, on the birth of their sixth great grandchild, Michael David, to their grand-daughter Judith and her husband David Brinkley, on 8th April.

DEATHS

We offer sincere sympathy to:

Mrs. Len Curnow, of Quetheock, whose brother and sister died in September.

Mr. Vic Reeves, of Tunbridge Wells, whose father died on 11th October.

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, family and friends.

John Albert Morton *1st Wiltshire Regiment*

John Morton, of High Wycombe, died on 25th October. He was 82 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1917.

Mr. Morton enlisted at the beginning of the First World War and served as a Private in the 1st Wiltshire Regiment. He was wounded at Ypres, in 1915, and was discharged from the Army at the end of that year.

In civilian life Mr. Morton had been a wood carver, so after a period of training with St. Dunstan's, he continued with joinery. He made various pieces of furniture in his own workshop which were of an extremely high standard and were sought after by local dealers. In 1942, Mr. Morton began to build his own house. With the aid of a sighted labourer he laid all the concrete foundations and made all the door and window frames himself. Lord Fraser personally congratulated him on this enterprise. This encouraged Mr. Morton to branch into the building industry and in subsequent years he was responsible for building a great number of houses in the Wycombe area.

In his retirement Mr. Morton's greatest interests were his talking books, tape recorder and radio; he particularly enjoyed listening to music.

He leaves a widow, Constance, and a son.

William Ernest Sharp *North Staffordshire Regiment*

William Sharp, of Newcastle, died suddenly on 8th September. He was 86 years old.

Mr. Sharp served as a Private in the North Staffordshire Regiment in the First World War, but was discharged in 1919 after being wounded in one eye. His eyesight deteriorated gradually and Mr. Sharp joined St. Dunstan's in 1977.

Mr. Sharp was a railwayman before the War and he continued with this work until his retirement. He was closely involved in church activities and in his leisure hours he enjoyed listening to his talking books. He will be greatly missed by many friends and neighbours, who admired his indomitable spirit and cheerfulness in spite of deteriorating health.

He leaves a widow, Ellen.

Frank Ernest Templeman *Royal Signals*

Frank Templeman, of Hove, died suddenly on 14th October. He was 53 years old.

Mr. Templeman served with the Royal Signals from 1945 to 1948 and before his sight failed he worked in the field of international research and development and for I.T.T., as well as holding several company directorships. He then discovered he had a flair for teaching Braille to blind children and he was appointed Home Tutor at the David Owens School, Flintshire. By 1976, shortly after he joined St. Dunstan's, he was no longer well enough to continue working except in a voluntary capacity. He was preparing to write an instruction book on his method of teaching Braille to children.

He lived latterly in Hove and will be missed by the staff and his fellow St. Dunstaners at Brighton.

He leaves a widow, Margaret, two sons and a daughter.