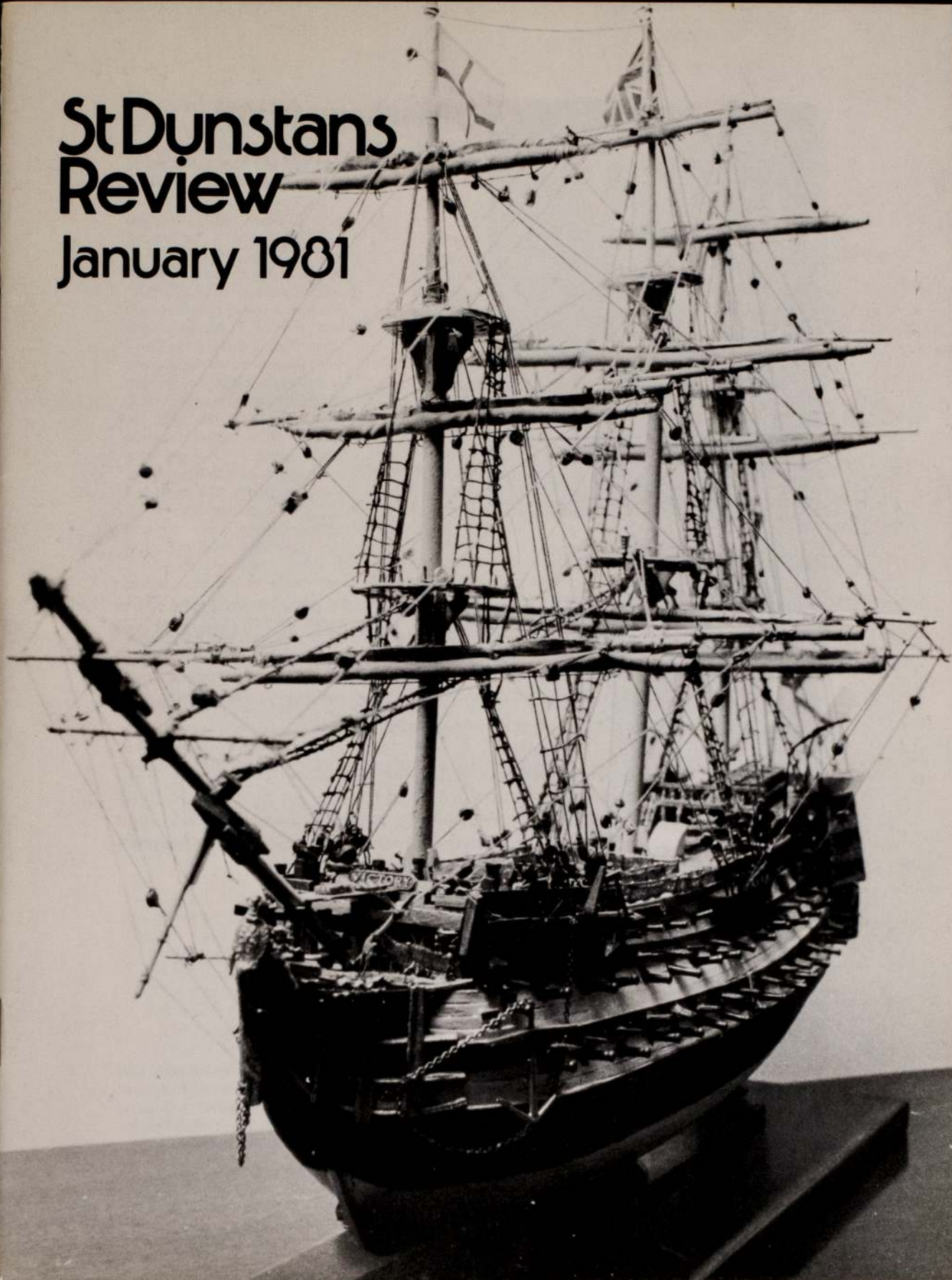


St Dunstons Review

January 1981





Message from the Chairman

Good Resolutions for 1981

Enclosed with this copy of the *Review* you will find a programme of events at Ian Fraser House. Holidays may, of course, be booked at any time and you will see from the programme that particular dates are given for a wide range of hobbies and sports and special weekends. The demand for accommodation is now very heavy at Ian Fraser House and, as the travel agents say, an early booking may save you future disappointment.

The New Year is traditionally a time for making good resolutions and I suggest that this year's resolution might be to make your plans as soon as possible and to let Headquarters know early when you would like to visit Ovingdean. I hope you will enjoy making your choice of activities and have a very good time whenever you go to Ian Fraser House.

Ion Barnett-Dune

THANK YOU

Mr. Weisblatt, Miss Mosley, Miss Lord and other members of staff at Headquarters; Dr. Stilwell, Matrons and staff at Ian Fraser House and Pearson House, thank the many St. Dunstaners both at home and overseas,

who have sent Christmas greetings and regret they are unable to respond individually. To all of you, however, we send the warmest greetings and good wishes for your happiness and health in 1981.

HOUSING ACT 1980

Under this Act any person who has been the tenant of a council house, or flat, for three years or more now has the right to purchase, at a discount, the freehold of a house or a lease for 125 years of a flat. You do not have to have been in some form of council accommodation for that period, nor do the three years have to run consecutively, but any period of three years over the last ten years will qualify. Discounts will be a minimum of 33% on the estimated current value with vacant possession, rising to a maximum of 50% if a person has been a council tenant for 20 years or more. Mortgage finance will be available from the local authority.

Any St. Dunstaner who is in the position to claim the right to buy is advised to consider very seriously taking up the option. It is pointed out that any claim to purchase before 1st April, 1981, can have advantages under certain circumstances of freezing the price to be paid to the market price ruling in August, 1980. The Estates Department will be happy to give you further help and advice on this matter if you wish to contact them.

Additions to Cassette Library

SD 6 Track 1. C60 Sound track of film "To Live Again."
Track 2. Sound track of film "Ability Is Where You Look For It." This film comprises extracts of three of Jimmy Wright's films on the disabled.

R30 C90 Ragchew No. 7. Amateur Radio Society new tape.
SD7 C60 1 track. Stephen Jack reads poetry in regional accents.
G16 6 C90's. The Irwin Modern Keyboard Harmony Approach to Contemporary Organ Playing—part 1. A comprehensive American course of instruction.
G17 7 C90's. Irwin part 2.
G18 7 C90's. Irwin part 3.

St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society

The Annual General Meeting of the Society will be held at Ian Fraser House, on Saturday, 21st February, 1981. All members are requested to make a special effort to attend. The guest of honour is the President of the Radio Society of Great Britain, namely Mr. Basil O'Brien, G2AMV. We look forward to the pleasure of your company. New members are welcome. Any one wishing to attend should make their arrangements with Miss E. M. Bridger, Homes Bookings Clerk, at Headquarters, in the usual way.

Ted John Secretary

From: Norman Nolde, Victoria, Australia

I would like to take this opportunity of commenting on an article in the *Review* dealing with blind golfers. I think I may be one of the first to try this pastime as I started playing golf about six or seven years ago, with the help of my sons, at the local public golf course. I use one of my daughter-in-laws as my escort and 'ball finder'. I have managed to not only keep up with my sons, but actually beat one of them.

St Dunstan's Review

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Cover Picture: A model of H.M.S. Victory built by Claire and Ron Harmsworth, of Aldershot (see article on pages 8 and 9).



Young Mary Jameson reading 'The Warden' on the Optophone.

MISS MARY JAMESON M.B.E.

We are very sorry to report that Miss Caroline Mary Jameson, of Cromer Road, South Norwood, died on Thursday, 27th November, 1980. She was 81.

Mary Jameson was blind from birth and attended the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Upper Norwood, now the Royal National College for the Blind, Hereford, with her sister Margaret, who is also blind.

Mary Jameson was an excellent musician and her ear for music led her to become the first blind person to read from a printed book. The book was 'The Warden' by Anthony Trollope and the ingenious machine she used was called the Optophone.

The machine used a code of musical notes to inform the reader of the letters and words its tiny 'camera' was seeing on the page. Miss Jameson used it all her life to read typewritten correspondence as well as books. Unfortunately, only two or three other blind people were able to master the code.

Miss Jameson became a highly valued helper of the work of St. Dunstan's

Research Department in seeking a better reading machine for blind people and not long before her death she was among a group of blind people assisting in the evaluation of an American invention, the Kurzweil Reading Machine, which using computer processes actually gives a spoken output from the printed page.

In 1936, Miss Jameson was awarded the M.B.E., by King George V, for her part in research with the Optophone. The King died before the investiture so that Miss Jameson became one of the few people to receive an award from the hands of King Edward VIII.

For some 25 years, beginning in 1940, Miss Jameson organised fund-raising activities for St. Dunstan's in South Norwood, where she lived for over 70 years.

She was a Vice-President of the Old Students Guild, Royal National College for the Blind and a Member of the local branch of the National Federation of the Blind.

She leaves a sister, Margaret, to whom we extend the sympathy of St. Dunstan's.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog



Tiger Tiger Burning Bright

Mr. Jo Nicol, of North Humberside, retired on 30th October, after 35 years at the switchboard, the last 20 of them spent with Barclay's Bank, Trinity House Lane, Hull. "The telephonist is the shop window for the bank," he said. Barclay's showed their appreciation by presenting Jo with silver tea and coffee pots, tray and cruet set. Being a keen supporter of Hull Football Club, he was also given a Tiger scarf and hat — the rattle however was omitted.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicol celebrated 39 years of marriage on 15th November. Retirement will allow more time for his work as an Almoner for the Fellowship of the Services. He also hopes to attend hobby course at Brighton. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Nicol a long, healthy and happy retirement.

Pegasus Bridge

Earlier this year Charles Tibbitt, of Folkestone, stood on the Pegasus Bridge in Northern France, which evoked many particular memories spanning 36 years. For the first time that Mr. Tibbitt crossed the Pegasus Bridge was as part of the D-Day invasion force in 1944. "It was a day just like this too. Sunny and without a cloud in the sky," he said.

In 1944 Mr. Tibbitt went on from the Pegasus Bridge with the 2nd Battalion, Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry into Germany, where he was injured. After the war, Mr. Tibbitt went into industrial work, retiring in 1976.

Bionic Pears

We hear that Mr. John Caswell, of Reading, has a prolific pear tree. Two pears, which were typical of the crop and nothing out of the ordinary, weighed 1lb and 15½ozs respectively. Mr Caswell may need to wear a tin hat when he walks underneath the tree—imagine Newton trying out the laws of gravity with those monster pears!

Day to Remember

Mr. Stephen Blake, of Chertsey, had a day to remember when he attended the Not Forgotten Association Garden Party, at Buckingham Palace. Prince Charles stopped to chat to him, asking him about St. Dunstan's and his guide dog. Mr. Blake said about the occasion, "It was a marvelous atmosphere and I won't forget my conversation with the Prince in a hurry."

Used Stamps Required

A letter from Zimbabwe tells of an aim to establish a guide dog training centre out there. Used postage stamps are an asset in raising money. These can be mailed by post free to Zimbabwe if the envelope is marked "Used Stamps For The Blind". Would anyone interested in helping please send used stamps to: Mrs. Alida Stitt The Legion, P.O. Box 39, Salisbury, Zimbabwe.

Former P.O.W.'s wishing to attend the Reunion on 13th-15th February are urgently requested to contact Ted Brown, telephone 0480 55912.

Successfully Parachuted into South China Sea

by Mike Tetley



At the end of August I sent David Castleton the telegram: "Successfully Parachuted into South China Sea" from Pattaya, Thailand, but as I wrote it in Latin script as opposed to Thai or Chinese script it never reached him! Thai telegraphists must be as puzzled by our Latin script as an English telegraphist must be when confronted by a telegram written in Thai script. I can almost hear his remark, "What the hell am I supposed to do with this."

Just prior to leaving the U.K. for Thailand a totally blind civilian fellow had wanted to parachute into the sea and be talked down by radio contact to raise money for charity, but had been prevented by the British Parachute Association as had one of our St. Dunstaners, Ray Sheriff.

Popular Sport

Parasailing is a popular sport for tourists in Thailand. My three daughters tried and enjoyed it. After listening to their comments I felt sure that it would be possible for a blind man to go parasailing and land safely, not on land but drop into the ocean, where the water was well over 70°F. We listened to stories of other people. One had landed on the top of a palm tree and a Japanese tourist had broken his leg. These accidents happened because they had not obeyed instructions. Like every other sport these one or two mishaps were remembered but not contrasted against the thousands of parasailing flights successfully completed.

When the parachute attendants were first approached, they shook their heads, but

being reasonable men we were able to persuade them that our scheme would work. Before I had time to change my mind I found myself stepping into a harness clothed only in my swimming costume and a pair of sand-shoes on my feet, my plastic eye tucked safely into a small pocket in my costume so that the water would not scoop it out on entry. Each thigh went into a separate harness strap, another buckled round my chest, which was well padded.

Monsoon Wind

The harness went to a ring just above my shoulders to which was attached the parachute cords which I held on to. We were on the beach and five hundred feet or more of rope was attached from the rings above my shoulders to a speed boat out in the bay. The two Thai attendants held the multicoloured parachute behind me to catch the monsoon wind and signalled to the boatman that we were ready.

I was instructed to run forward. I do not think that I had taken more than three steps before I found myself airborne and as the rope tightened I soared up to some five hundred feet above the bay. The speed boat went out to sea and described a large figure of eight. It was possible to feel a change of direction as you were turned in the air. It was at this stage when everything was quiet that I had time to contemplate. My daughters had told me that they looked down on the nine storey hotel which in turn was built on top of a cliff. The sea would appear greeny-blue and full of white jelly-fish. The coral appeared as dark patches

against the grey-white sand. It certainly was a pleasant sensation swinging below the parachute. I wondered what free falling was like for earlier this year a member of the S.A.S. had told me that free falling from thirty five thousand feet was more exciting and lasted longer than taking the most beautiful women to bed. He and his friends could, by using their bodies, glide toward one another, touch then separate and glide forward again and it was possible by using your body to glide forward several miles.

Splash

I suddenly became aware of a change of motion. The speed boat engine had cut. No longer was there a forward stream of air against my body, but I was descending vertically downwards. I had wondered how I would know at what point I would enter the water and had instructed the girls to shout at me. Sure enough I suddenly heard my daughter Susan, "Daddy, your coming in now..." Splash! The landing was much less complicated than I had expected. The monsoon breeze had blown the parachute over my head to land in the water behind me. I had not even gone far below the water. In a twinkling I had undone my harness and was swimming free. The speed boat came up to me and I found this the most dangerous part of the whole venture. I was not quite sure where the propeller of the boat was and was apprehensive of making a wild grab at the boat. Friendly arms tugged me aboard. It had been great fun all for a hundred and sixty bhts or £3.25. If any St. Dunstaner is out in Thailand I would encourage him to have a go.

Splash down.



The only difference between my flight and the girls' was that they landed back on the beach. In order to control their descent they pulled a handle on the chute which allowed the air to escape to one side. The ground crew, by opening their arms or folding them together, signalled you to pull or let go and as they came in to land willing hands grabbed them to break the fall.

As a physiotherapist I was interested in the better known Buddhist temples because people come to these for instruction in "right" living and to be relieved of aches and pains. Schools of massage and manipulation have grown round some of these temples. One old doctor at the Temple of the Reclining Buddha showed me double pressure techniques whilst standing in the sunshine. Right out in the open was a large couch capable of holding at least twelve people, fully clothed. Manipulators using these pressure techniques were treating the patients in front of everybody. These techniques had nothing to do with the massage parlours which have sprung up all over Thailand, making it one large brothel. All the hotels had their prostitutes with their rooms on the premises. One evening I chatted to them with my daughters and Lynne's remark was, "They are certainly a happy lot aren't they Dad."

Bad Karma

The blind have a tough time in Thailand. Some Thai people think that you must have had bad 'kharma' in your previous life to have come back blind and those who have blind children in the family must also have been afflicted in some way. There are only school places for about 150 blind children, in a population of 46 million, and these are run by a charity. At one Rotary function I went to in a fishing village no one had ever seen a blind man eating in a restaurant with sighted companions. The waitresses did not know how to serve me but just stood and stared as I used my utensils.

Using the local bus we went some 800 miles into the hills towards the Golden Triangle where the poppies are grown. The notices in the hotels inform you that any Westerner found processing or peddling heroin will be executed. Further down the road I am led to believe that there is a notice erected by the police which reads in English, "Don't moved far alone, will have danger from the murder maybe."

RON HARMSWORTH'S VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS

by David Castleton

I have found a new meaning for Sir Arthur Pearson's slogan for St. Dunstan's, Victory over Blindness, I found it in the military town of Aldershot, where an old soldier spends much of his time making model ships. Ron Harmsworth has returned to a hobby of his sighted days, and, although totally blind and with a reduced sense of touch, has just completed a model of H.M.S. Victory.

"I have always been interested in the history of the Navy, in fact why I didn't join the Navy, I don't know," he told me. Ron served with the Royal Army Service Corps and was wounded at Dunkirk. "After some treatment they restored some sight but I was told it wouldn't last and in 1947 my sight went altogether. That's when I came to St. Dunstan's."

He was trained by St. Dunstan's as a shopkeeper and found himself too busy building up his business to have any interest in building model ships. "Since my health cracked up altogether I obviously couldn't sit here like a cabbage doing nothing. So I wondered whether my capabilities would permit me to do some

simple model making, which I did with the Cutty Sark. That was a plastic kit. It was more or less a case of sticking the bits together."

The plastic kit did not satisfy Ron, who is something of a perfectionist, "I hit upon the idea of doing a model of the Victory and I didn't want a plastic one." The kit he found was all wood and Italian made. The instructions were in broken English but it cost £95. Nevertheless, "I wanted to be able to say I had built it myself. Which in one way is a lie because I could not have done it without my wife, Claire's help."

"Some of the pieces were small and if I could not feel them and know I had them in the correct position, I called my wife. Obviously I could not have made any model without a pair of eyes telling me the positions according to the plans." Claire had no problems reading the plans, "I am used to dress-making patterns you see and all the plans are like the pattern of a dress."

The Victory model was built through Claire's eyes and Ron's visual memories of the ship through numerous visits when he was stationed at Portsmouth during his Army days. It took 19 months, working, on average, around five hours a day. Ron started with the keel and assembled the formers, making the skeleton of the hull. Then came the problem of the planking. The 2mm and 1mm miniature planks which form the skin of the hull were soaked in water and then steamed, "We ruined two saucepans doing it, feeding the fragile wood into the saucepan like spaghetti." Flexibility of the planks achieved, Ron painstakingly bent three layers of them to shape around the hull and glued and pinned them to the formers. "Due to my disability, my fingers are losing their sense of touch and I would stick a pin in and find I'd pinned my finger to the hull—which caused some bad language!"

Then came the detail of decks and upperworks and one of the occasions when, Ron said, "I felt like putting an axe through the model or setting a match to it!" The proprietor of the model-shop came to see their progress and pointed out that the



Working on the Golden Hind.

plans of the decking were wrong. "I had to take off all the taff-rails, the rails round the well-deck and replace them. It marked the decks. They are just stained, you don't paint them so the glue marks are left there and there is no way of shifting them."

The model-shop owner, who later helped with the loan of a book on H.M.S. Victory to supplement the inadequate plans, was very doubtful when he discovered that the customer who had ordered the Victory model was blind, "I know many sighted modellers who would not tackle that," he commented. His accolade for the finished model, with rigging according to Ron's memory,—again those inadequate plans—was, "It's better than I could do."

Now that the model is finished Ron says he is frightened to touch it, "Not even the hull, because I've got all the gun-ports open and I could easily knock them off." He does not find this frustrating, "The reward is making it, occupying my mind."

Would Ron recommend model making as a hobby for blind people? "Provided

they are nimble minded. You've got to think. You've got to plan every move. Start with a plastic kit and work your way up," and, of course, you need the help of an interested sighted person like Claire, who began in amazement. "I knew he had made a model ship when he was sighted but I could not imagine him doing a model ship now. I am hooked by it now. It's very fascinating when you see a model taking shape. I do like the painting. I use tiny brushes and ordinary Humbrol enamel. The gilt is brass filings mixed with varnish. I use masking tape to get a straight line. We're up to all the tricks when it comes to model making."

Ron and Claire have now embarked on their next model, the Golden Hind, and for this Ron has ambitions of perfection. "To me the Victory is a mock-up. I know what I have done wrong and I know it is not a replica of the Victory as it is. It would take an expert mariner to know the difference—but I know the difference from the plan. I aim to make a *real* replica of the Golden Hind.



'ALONE',

by John Ryder

The winning story in the non-fiction section of the Review writing competition

They were distant figures now, little moving dots, shapeless, indistinguishable. I could no longer tell which was Harry, the wiry, sharp featured Australian, or De Vrow, the tall wavy haired Dutch Lieutenant, or Kuypers, the muscular Sergeant with the cheery, wide grin. Soon they would be out of sight altogether, gone beyond the high cliffs of this rugged coastline.

In the morning sunlight the big rocks strewn around the beach glittered and glistened and I could almost hear the heat as it came in from the glass-smooth ocean, like a soft wind that played around the cheeks and strayed close to the ear drums, soundless, but penetrating the senses like a gentle warm breath. In an hour or two it would be hot here on this strip of the South Java coast, protected as it was from any cooling wind by the high cliffs and the dense, impenetrable jungle behind it. The patches of white sand would reflect the full glare of the sun, and the rocks would become red hot baking stones that burned the sole of the unwary foot or the palm of a seeking hand. And I would be alone, completely and absolutely, in a place where no other human lived, cut off by the jungle behind me, the sea in front of me, and the huge, almost unscalable headlands to the east and west of me.

I peered westward again but there was no sign of them any more. They had gone over that jutting headland, clambering with grazed knees and clutching fingers up the bare rock. Now they must be lowering themselves down the other side, with the ocean swilling below waiting for the first one who lost his grip. A couple of miles



beyond, over two more high cliffs, they would find Johnny and Mike where we had left them four days ago, exhausted and with fever coming on.

Things had been desperate enough then. When our little boat had drifted coastwards on the tide and crashed against the rocks, our cask of fresh water had been lost. We had found our water bottles when the tide had receded and we needed to find fresh water quickly, so we'd taken one bottle between the four of us and one tin of nasi goreng each and left the rest with Johnny and Mike. We had searched all day, until we'd dropped, worn out, scratched and bleeding, and very thirsty.

The next day we had found it, high up in the jungle, a stinking, dirty little hole clustered with flies and mosquitoes, but it was water and we'd drunk it, flies and mosquitoes as well.

It was Harry who'd seen the pathway, a small chink in the dense foliage. "Hey!" He had shouted. "There's a path . . . see? . . . there." He was pointing to where the cliffs fell away, leaving just a green slope rising into the jungle. We had gone after him, falling and blundering over the rocks and plunging into the undergrowth, pushing and floundering until we had got to the pathway. There, at the end of it, we'd found the water hole. It was only when we'd finished drinking, and gasping, and laughing that De Vrow had said:

"See? the coconut shell . . . that means someone comes here." He had picked up the shell and examined it. "Not often, but they come."

"Who would come here?" Harry had asked, incredulously.

"There is a special kind of native, a Javanese, who might come," De Vrow had said, "I cannot think of the name you would call him in English but he would be looking for things on the beach, and he would sell them in his village."

"A beachcomber?" I suggested.

"Yes," De Vrow had said, "That is the word I think . . . a beachcomber."

"But how would he live out here!" exclaimed Harry. "There's no food . . . nothing!"

De Vrow had shrugged. "He would bring some dried fish maybe, and some fruit, enough to last for a week perhaps. Then he would go home to his village."

"Where would that be, do you think?" I asked.

De Vrow had shrugged again. "It might perhaps be Batoeoloe."

Kuypers had been looking around. "He is not the only one who drinks here." We had all turned round. "See?" he had said, pointing. "Those are the marks of a large animal, a tiger I think."

Harry was up on his feet. "So long." he had said, and De Vrow had smiled.

"You should not worry, Harry. This is the only part of Java where there are tigers left and then only a few."

"One is enough," Harry had said, and we had all gone back down to the beach, laughing.

Would Survive

It had been funny then, but afterwards the exhilaration had worn off. We had found water. We would survive. What of Johnny and Mike? We had decided to go back for them as soon as we were strong enough to make the journey there and back. Then the fever hit me.

"It's all right," De Vrow had said. "It's dengue, the same as Mike and Johnny had. It will go."

"How can you tell?" I had asked.

"In five days I can tell" De Vrow had said, smiling. "On the third day it will get very bad and then it will begin to go. You will be weak but it will not kill you."

So they had gone back for Johnny and Mike. They would be away two days. Two vital days for me. Tonight would be the third night. If it was five day fever it would get worse. I reached for the water bottle and took a long gulp. There wasn't much water left. That meant a journey up into the

jungle some time before nightfall. I eased my shaking body around and looked up at the thick, green vegetation above me. Suddenly it seemed evil, squatting there like some huge, dark monster waiting to envelop me as soon as I ventured inside. Suppose the animal came to the water hole? There were snakes, too, so De Vrow had said—pythons, and savage pigs as well.

I turned back and reached for the pistol by my side. I'd got this, thank heaven, and eighteen rounds of ammunition. It was a .38 Colt. With trembling hands I broke open the chamber and inserted six rounds. Then I snapped it shut again. Now it was loaded, ready, and I felt comforted.

I lay back resting my head on a flat stone, my eyes closed. Now I could listen better . . . to the faint lap of the water . . . the parakeets in the trees. Now I could think, too. How about food? I had half a tin of nasi goreng. I'd eat half of that about mid-day and keep the rest until tomorrow.

Mad

I had begun to mutter and I looked around guiltily. I must be a little mad! Who could hear me? I was alone. For the first time in my life, really alone. It wasn't the same as being back home. I laughed. There? Where you could jump on a bus and ride amongst people. Where there were houses and hospitals and restaurants and food? No, *this* was being alone. I knew it now and it frightened me. But why? I'd been part of a fighting unit and I hadn't been afraid then, not like this. I had gone into Singapore amid shot and shell, and come out again, ready for more. Then, when Java had fallen to the Japanese, I'd readily joined with Harry and the others in this crazily dangerous bid to cross the South Java and Timor seas in a tiny row-boat. We had disregarded the Jap victory terms . . . just six of us. What would they do to us, now? They would never come here to this god-forsaken part of Java, but we'd have to find food, maybe medical aid before long. I groaned. Why did the boat have to crash like that? We might have made it to one of the islands. Flores or Timor maybe.

I propped myself up on one elbow and gazed down towards the ocean. Out there was freedom. Was that what Harry wanted? Did he come with us because he was afraid, too? He must have been. The Jap was his

ALONE—Continued

bogey man, the terrifying ogre his mother had created in his childhood. For him, they were everything that was evil. He would have done almost anything to avoid being taken by them.

How about the Dutchmen, then? They were a different proposition . . . professional soldiers both . . . with no plantation to run to . . . nowhere to hide. They couldn't change into whites and pretend they were simple farmers. They had no alternative, so they had run, not caring much where it landed them.

And Johnny and Mike? Quiet spoken, gentle boys, both of them. Almost virginal, in fact, and both Catholics. Serious ones, too. Those days in the boat when they'd prayed. It had been pretty moving. We had all been very quiet afterwards, even Harry. And when we'd left them:

"Take more water," they had urged, "and more food."

So they weren't really afraid to die. But they still wanted to choose how.

What did it all add up to, I wondered? The sum total of the force that guided us was . . . what?

Symbol

I picked up the revolver. We had three of them. Johnny and Mike had one. Harry and the two Dutchmen had the other. This, then, was a last link with civilisation; a symbol . . . perhaps of comfort . . . certainly of strength and power . . . the power to destroy, the cure-all. You pulled the trigger and something ceased to exist. You, maybe. Or some other creature.

On the butt I read: 'MADE IN U.S.A.' Some skilled hand had fashioned this thing, and now here it was, in my hand . . . the great protector and destroyer . . . my sole companion . . . my right to live or die.

The sun was really hot now and I realised I was dizzy and sick.

I lurched to my feet, looked dazedly around the shimmering hot beach, and finally found the cover of a large rock.

In the shade there was relief for my smarting eyes. I sat back and fumbled again for the water bottle, gulping greedily. There wasn't much left. I'd have to make the trip pretty soon. I screwed up my eyes to look at the jungle, densely green, cool and inviting. I decided to eat and then go for water. It

might as well be now before I lost my senses altogether. Already I could no longer control the shaking.

I ate slowly, picking out the bits of meat from the fried rice and chewing carefully. When I'd finished I pushed the revolver in my belt, slung the water bottle on my shoulder and started towards the pathway.

As I parted the first leaves the whole place seemed to spring into violent, screaming life. Birds screeched and flew in crazy circles above my head, and something went bull-dozing through the undergrowth ahead of me. I went on up the pathway, watching carefully for any other moving thing, especially along the ground where I thought the snakes might be.

Long Drink

I reached the little clearing around the pool, and knelt down scooping at the water with the coconut shell and filling my bottle with it. Then I had a long drink and got up. I'd gone half-way down the path when I heard the sudden tremendous scuffle on my right. I seemed to see the flash of a tawny body and I heard the pig squeal as its killer landed. Then I was running for dear life on shaking legs past branch and tree until I reached the beach again.

For a long time I lay back against the rock, my aching eyes seeking the places where he might slink out at me. I held the pistol tight, in a clammy, wet hand. I remember drinking again. Then my eyes became weary and I slept. I woke with a start. The revolver was lying by my side. I remember picking it up and holding it close against my chest. Then I slept again . . . and I was riding on the tiger's back, holding its ear with one hand and brandishing the revolver with the other. We cavorted through the jungle and swamp and the animals fled in terror of us. I shot a wild boar with tusks as long as an elephant's, but the tiger threw me and I lay helpless with its huge paw on my chest. Then the pistol rolled near. It had grown, its barrel being the size of a cannon. I had to use both hands and all my strength to pull the trigger, and the tiger was blown to pieces. But I couldn't get up. I was sinking in a swamp. So I clung to the nearest tree and pulled myself out. Then the tree turned into a python and wound itself around my body, its great gaping mouth near my face, and I gripped its neck and squeezed with all my strength until it fell from me.

I awoke cold, the sweat dry on my body, my shirt clammy in the morning air. I was shivering and very weak but clear headed.

"De Vrow was right!" I exclaimed. "It's gone. The fever's gone!"

Soon the sun would be up. Then I'd go and sit in the shallow water and let the waves break over me.

I eased myself up. The jungle looked just the same. Had I seen a tiger? Or was it some other wild beast? How about the pig? Had it really been killed? I smiled. Anyway, I still had the gun. I picked it up and gazed fondly down at it. Then, on jelly-like legs I wandered off towards the water. Lying in the sand I saw an old rusty kerosene tin. When I was within twelve paces of it I raised the revolver, took careful aim, and fired.

I missed it.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 517

Dr. No

By Ian Fleming

Read by Duncan Carse

Reading Time 9¼ hours

007 has been convalescing after being mauled fairly thoroughly by one of his many enemies. His boss 'M' calls him into the office and informs him that he has a nice soft job for him which will get him away from the London winter and into the sunshine of the West Indies.

It transpires that the British agent in Kingston has disappeared, and so has his nubile Girl Friday. They have most probably gone off together but Bond might as well investigate. He has nothing better to do and the holiday will do him the power of good.

But it proves to be not much of a vacation really. When Bond arrives all kinds of nasty things begin to happen, engineered by the sinister, steel-fingered Dr. No from his impregnable island. Our James is not one bit put off by such trivia as people trying to murder him and pushes ahead with his probing. There is the usual obligatory dollop of bloodshed and nastiness — and of course The Girl. When Bond first meets her she is starkus — so what else is new?

The indestructible James sorts it all out of course — and disposes of the infamous Dr. No in a most novel manner.

Cat. No. 1291

As I walked out one Midsummer Morning

By Laurie Lee

Read by Stephen Jack

Reading Time 7½ hours

One sparkling June morning Laurie Lee left his home to seek adventure. He was just nineteen and had never before been beyond his Cotswold village. He took with him a change of clothing, a packet of biscuits and his violin.

A month's walking, busking for pennies on the way, brought him to London, where he worked for a bruising year on a building site. Then he decided it was time to be moving again.

But where? He had made up his mind to go abroad. He spoke no languages save his own, except that is for one phrase he had picked up some where. He could say in Spanish "May I have a drink of water?" So, it had to be Spain.

He tramped the length and breadth of the country. He almost froze to death in a blizzard in the Pyrenees, and suffered the agonies of dehydration in the searing Spanish summer. He earned a meagre pinchpenny living by playing his fiddle to the music-loving Spaniards. He shared the appalling "thin-ribbed poverty" of the peasants, and found great kindness, even love, for the "mad Englishman" wherever he went.

He was living in Castilio when the first faint rumblings heralding the Spanish tragedy were heard, a few rifle shots, a tragically false sense of impending freedom, a sudden stirring of naive euphoria.

Then the town was ablaze with the news that the King of England had sent a ship for "El Orance". With other British nationals he boarded the Royal Navy vessel and stood at the rail watching the country he had come to love, fading to a hazy blur. But he would come back . . .

A marvellous book. Lee sees everything through the eyes of a poet and records everything in his superb prose. I cannot resist giving just one example — " . . . I walked into the sea and pulled it voluptuously over my head and stood momentarily drowned in the cool blind silence, a salt-stung neutral nowhere . . ."

And if this were not riches enough, it is ready by our own Stephen Jack with just the right warmth of a West Country burr.

Cat. No. 2609

The Malaspiga Exit

By Evelyn Anthony

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 9¼ hours

As Kathryn Dexter leaves the New England cemetery after the funeral of her brother, who has died from an overdose of heroin, she is approached by two officers from the Narcotics Bureau. They explain that they are anxious to enlist her aid in smashing the drug ring which helped to kill her brother.

They have strong evidence, but no proof, that the organising genius behind the multi-million-dollar operation is Duke Alessandro di Malaspiga head of an ancient and noble Florentine family. The Malaspigas, stripped of everything after the war for their Fascist sympathies, are now living in the magnificent style of their Renaissance forbears.

Kathryn is a distant relative of the family. What would be more natural than that she should call and make the acquaintance of her illustrious kinsmen whilst holidaying in Italy.

She agrees to help and after a crash course with the Bureau, departs for Italy. In Florence she is graciously received into the Malaspiga household and soon becomes a regular and welcome visitor. But there is a traitor in the Narcotics Bureau and Kathryn is in grave danger . . .

Above average thriller, very well written and peopled with finely drawn characters and an ingenious 'twist' ending. Highly recommended.

Cat. No. 2647

Winter Killers

By Richard Condon

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 10¼ hours

A Crane driver falls from an oil rig in Brunei. As he lies dying he confesses that he was 'second rifle' concerned in the assassination of U.S. President Keegan fourteen years earlier.

But the distinguished Commission of Enquiry had found that no second gunman was involved, and that the assassin, who had himself been killed, had worked entirely alone.

Were the findings of the Commission part of a huge cover-up, a conspiracy of powerful men to hide the truth of the President's death? The President's brother decides to investigate, and uncovers deception, large-scale murder and conspiracy in high places. Finally he comes face to face with the one man behind the assassination . . .

A thrilling and exciting tale with a surprise ending. Typically Condon at his best — but not for the squeamish!

Cat. No. 101

The Corner Shop

By Elizabeth Cadell

Read by Alan Lyne

Reading Time 5½ hours

Lucille Abbey, besides being blonde and beautiful, is the head of a very successful secretarial agency. When, one after the other, three of her best secretaries are summarily dismissed as being incompetent, by the same client, she decides personally to investigate "this Professor Hallam".

He turns out to be a bachelor in his thirties, a professor of surgery, irascible hypercritical and totally unreasonable. He needs a secretary for the inventory of the house contents, his mother having recently died, and with some important papers left by his late father.

Lucille refuses to be thrown out like the others and stays on to do the work, in a kind of Professor Higgins-Eliza Doolittle atmosphere.

It transpires that some paintings have gone missing from the house. The professor tells Lucille that these were done by his mother, who, it seemed, was no Dame Laura Knight — but why is the French art dealer sniffing around the place?

The action shifts to Paris where Lucille is looking after her aunt's shop while she is on holiday. Here, *tout le monde* turns up at the flat, including the Prof., his former house-keeper, the art dealer, the lively Miss Bannister, and the lachrymose Miss Clitheroe, everyone except Old Uncle Tom Cobby. There is much to-ing and fro-ing and the plot thickens like crazy . . .

A jolly romp of a tale. There's mystery a-plenty, but it's all lightweight stuff and nobody gets hurt. Very funny, very readable.

D. F. Robinson's

Gardening Column

Once again we are starting the new season, or should I say the New Year? I only hope that this season will be better for us gardeners than the last one, although it was surprising how well the crops turned out in the end. Mind you, I personally found that some of the hard fruits tended to rot faster than normally, probably because it was so damp and moisture can get into even the best of storage places.

Let us hope for more sun and warmer drier conditions, but not too dry. We do not want a drought, or we will have to keep watering all the time and then the authorities will probably cut down on our water supplies. If this does happen I suggest you buy a couple of large water butts and attach them to the down spouts on the greenhouse, or house. Do remember that water must not be stored for too long. At the end of the year the water should be cleared out and the butt given a thorough wash ready to receive fresh water. This procedure becomes especially important if you have not had to use any of this extra water.

Take Care

Do be careful when you walk round the garden in snowy conditions, as it is very easy to miss the edges of the lawn and fall. Paths can also be very dangerous in icy weather, so go easy. The best thing, apart from seeing to the greenhouse where you have seeds or growing plants, is to keep off the outside garden areas. It is a wonder that gardens do not become more of a wilderness during the winter. Some people will have lost a good many plants in the bad weather, I only hope that you were not amongst them. My greenhouse floor has been much wetter than usual, so when we get some dry spells I will put some cement along the outer walls.

Get the mowing machine to the local dealer for a complete overhaul. Remember it is "first come first served" and perhaps the prices will be a little lower if the dealer has only a few machines in for servicing.

We will be sending out the mixed packets of vegetables seeds, which the majority of you seem to appreciate. We seem to be

able to buy them at much lower prices than you can, as we buy them in fairly large quantities. Seeds left over from a previous season often do germinate, so never throw away spare seeds.

Keep all the rows of growing greens free of weeds by hoeing regularly. Consign any large leaves from the greens to the compost heap, but burn any which are infected by insects or disease and use the ashes on the garden as all infection will have been burnt off.

You can sow seeds now, particularly broad beans, peas and lettuce, although I would suggest that only those of you in the south do so and even then you should use some sort of protection. Early potatoes are available now and can be started in a light, frost-free shed. Many outdoor vegetables can be sown under glass to give you some early outdoor plantings. If you have a good heat source, you can even start off some tomatoes, but they will need a fair amount of bottom heat to keep them going to large pot, bag, or border planting size.

Finish off pruning the fruit bushes, but leave the soft fruit trees well alone, as peaches, apricots, nectarines, cherries and so on should not be pruned until next month, or later. Remove the dead bark from very old trees and give them a wash over with lime, stirred up in water, but only do this when frost is not forecast. Do not plant any new trees this month, but put some compost or manure round the base of the trees and bushes to give the roots new life in the season to come and hopefully a better crop.

Flowers

Carry on digging over the flower beds and fork the soil over round trees, shrubs and bushes. Protect the roots of perennials by hoeing soil over them and give them an extra boost with some compost, as this will give them added nourishment when it gets broken down and forked in later in the spring.

Do not forget to order seeds, plants and tubers as some items will be in short supply and again it is always a case of "first come first served". I notice the price of seed is going up, so do be sure to get good

germination from your seeds, by ensuring a good heat supply from the beginning and do not plant them outside too soon. Do remember to label everything carefully. Do prepare the ground well before planting anything outside.

Cut away any brown and outgrowing branches on the trees, shrubs and bushes. This is especially important where you have branches overhanging pavements. Do not prune the roses fully yet, leave this until the end of March and keep the dead heads on the hydrangeas, as they protect the plant in severe weather. Do remember to tie up and stake any tall plants, such as delphiniums. Now is the time to prepare the ground for your sweet peas. Dig the bed over and put some manure, or compost at the bottom of the trench and it is a good idea to get the stakes in position and to have the string, wire or netting ready to put in place, so that you will not have to disturb the young plants later on.

Greenhouse

If you keep the greenhouse clean and tidy it helps to combat the pests and disease. This is particularly important now as seeds and cuttings will be coming to life. Try to keep the temperature up to 45° F or a little higher where you have growing plants such as calceolarias, geraniums and regal pelargoniums. Put seed trays over the source of heat, so that they get as much warmth as possible. To get good germination put a sheet of glass or polythene over the seed tray to keep up a high level of moisture and then cover it with a sheet of newspaper to keep the light out. Remember to take the newspaper off as soon as germination takes place and prick out the seedlings when several leaves are showing.

Shrubby plants, fuschias and geraniums can be started off so you can get some cuttings from the new shoots. Tuberos plants, begonias, gloxinias, achimenes, smithiantha and dahlias can be started off too, either in their flowering containers, or in trays from which they will have to be moved as they grow. Dahlias are generally started off to produce plenty of shoots and so you can get plenty of good cuttings. Begonias and gloxinias, which throw up more than a couple of shoots can be cut into pieces with the shoot showing, but do dab the cut surface with a mildew/mould combatant—sulphur is very good.

When sowing seeds do remember to cover them with compost, using about as much compost as there is seed. Fine dust-like seeds really need no covering at all, but it is a good idea to mix the seed with some fine sand before sowing them, to get an even distribution of seed. Always spread the seed out evenly and water the compost thoroughly before and after sowing the seed.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



On behalf of St. Dunstan's, we welcome a St. Dunstaner recently admitted to membership the Review hopes he will settle down happily as a member of our family.

James Sydney Port, of Bogner Regis, who recently joined St. Dunstan's. Mr. Port enlisted in Brighton, in 1915, and served throughout the First World War with the Royal Sussex Regiment and subsequently the Royal Engineers. He was wounded at Arras, in 1917, and suffered a mustard gas attack the following year. Mr. Port is a bachelor.

RADIO PRIZE

Congratulations to Peter Jones, of Sheffield, who has been awarded the Norman Reith Adams prize by the Radio Society of Great Britain. This is for the most original article to appear in the Society's journal, *Radio Communication*. Peter Jones article, on his invention, BROMA, binary read out meter adaptor, earned the award. Details of BROMA have appeared in past issues of the *Review*.

The television programme "Unlucky for Some" in which Bill Griffiths appears is being shown on BBC2 at 8.25 p.m. on 10th January, 1981.

PUZZLE CORNER

From Mr. A. Noakes, of Gosport.

Where can you put your left hand so that it is impossible for your right hand to touch it?

Solution: next month

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF DISABLED PEOPLE

From: George McKay, Ilford

Since my early retirement two years ago, I have been involved in voluntary work with my local Social Service Department.

As a St. Dunstaner, I have joined a group in Redbridge to invite the cooperation of local bodies, such as the Police, Traffic Wardens, Park Attendants and the local Chamber of Commerce, in a programme called "Hazards", in an attempt to eliminate, as much as possible, inconveniences caused by carelessness or lack of concern, or thought by others.

It is also hoped to distribute pamphlets and posters, making people not only aware of such hazards, but to inform where help, advice and assistance is already available to those in need when out and about in the district.

Editor's Note: We would be interested to hear from other St. Dunstaners involved in local activities for I.Y.D.P.

From: Charles Cadwell, Tape Recording Service for the Blind.

In the October issue of the BBC In Touch bulletin a list of Reading Services was given and our service was included. However this list was followed by a statement that none of these services would undertake the recording of full length books, which in our case is quite untrue. This is our AIM. Sixty per cent of our work is taken up with recording of full length books and I cannot understand where the BBC have got such information from. Needless to say, I have made strong protest to them about this false statement and I am also writing to all publicity sources in the hope that some space can be afforded to us, to help correct this statement.

Editor's Note:

Enquiries for this service direct to Charles Cadwell, 48 Fairfax Rd., Farnborough, Hants, telephone: 0252 47943.

From Marjorie Hordyniec, Birmingham

As mentioned in the August *Review*, John Cashmore won the British scholarship of the Mario Lanza Award. As a result John was invited to Philadelphia to sing at the Mario Lanza Ball.

He sang "Largo al Factotem" and from the press we read: "Everyone listened intently, waiters stopped moving around, the air was electrifying. By the time John had finished singing he had the whole audience standing, shouting "Bravo," "More", "Well done." Even Damon, Mario's son, was shouting for more, but time would not allow for any more and John left the stage and still the audience were applauding and calling for more."

While John was in America he had an audition and as a result he has now been invited to sing in London, in January, for Pavarotti (the world's greatest tenor) in the semi-finals of the Pavarotti Competition. If he gets through this round he will go back to Philadelphia for the finals and the outcome of this will be to perform in a complete opera with Lucian Pavarotti.

John says that even if he does not win, it will be a great thrill and an honour just to sing for Pavarotti, who is doing so much for young singers today.

Congratulations John, and the best of luck from the Midland Club.

From: Mrs. Mary Petherick, Keighley

There was a mistake in the 'In Memory' section of the October *Review*, as it said my husband "served in the Royal Navy from 1936 until 1945". Well, my husband, Danny, joined the Merchant Navy as a boy on 27th February, 1916 and then joined the Royal Navy as a boy sailor on 30th April, 1919 and he often said he heard gun fire off the coast of France when he was a young boy of fifteen.

LOST BANJO?

A banjo was found on the coach, which brought people back from the camp at H.M.S. Daedalus. If it belongs to you please contact Mrs. Pugh, at Ian Fraser House.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

Bridge

The last game for the Gover Cup, 1980 individuals competition was played at Headquarters on 1st November and the results are as follows:

R. Armstrong and Scorer	79 pts.
J. Carney and H. Meleson	67 pts.
B. Allen and F. Dickerson	59 pts.
J. Majchrowicz and Mrs. Meleson	79 pts.

The winner of the cup is none other than St. Dunstan's National Bridge Club Captain, Roy Armstrong. Well done Roy.

The full results for the year are:

1st	375 pts.	R. Armstrong
2nd	361 pts.	B. Allen
3rd	359 pts.	J. Carney
4th	351 pts.	B. Miller
5th	331 pts.	B. Evans
6th	327 pts.	H. Meleson
7th	307 pts.	F. Dickerson
8th	304 pts.	J. Majchrowicz

BRIGHTON

Entertainment Section

Our annual dinner and dance was held on Saturday, 15th November, at the Dudley Hotel, Hove, and was attended by 103 St. Dunstaners, their wives and friends.

We were pleased to receive among our guests, Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, Lady Morris, Paul and Christine Woodall, of The Plough, Rottingdean, and Fred and Jeanne Kick, our new sighted helpers.

The evening started with the Selkirk Grace, said by Dr. John O'Hara, and then we sat down to a very fine dinner, prepared and served in the usual high standard we have come to expect from the hotel staff.

Our President, Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, opened her speech by greeting our guests and then thanked Bob and Joan Osborne for all the work they have done during the year to help the Club. These sentiments were greeted with loud applause and the audience sang, "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows".

Our Chairman, Bob Osborne, thanked all those present for their support and emphasised that the Club was a St. Dunstan's Club and any St. Dunstaners who happened to be on holiday at Ian Fraser House, or in the Brighton area, would be warmly welcomed at any Club meeting or function.

In his reply Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris showed great interest in the sporting facilities provided by St. Dunstan's and the Club and congratulated all St. Dunstaners on the very high standard they have set in sport.

The rest of the evening was spent dancing and meeting old and new friends and judging by the laughter and chatter everybody enjoyed themselves. A raffle was held and our sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Kick for their hard work in selling the tickets and seeing that everything ran smoothly.

As all good things must come to an end, at midnight we began to make our way home tired but happy in the thought that another evening had been successful. To put any lingering doubts at rest, may I point out that membership to the St. Dunstan's Brighton Social and Sports Club is open to all St. Dunstaners, wherever you live, membership fees are £1 per annum. Further information from Bob Osborne, 128 Lustrells Crescent, Saltdean, Brighton BN2 8FL, Telephone Brighton 32115.

Bowling

November was a quiet month for the club, because of the St. Dunstan's Bowling Championships. Congratulations to all the winners and runners up. Now after all the excitement of the Championships we can settle down and continue our own competition. Good luck and good bowling for 1981.

W. DAVIES
Captain

An illustrated report of the recent Bowls Championships will appear in the February issue of the *Review*.

FAMILY NEWS

GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Terry Horsfield, of Bath, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Gemma Mercedes Ann, on 17th October, to their daughter, Jane, and her husband, Shiloh Hebson, in California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Inness, of Batley, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Helen Ruth, on 23rd August, to their son, Raymond, and his wife, Janet.

Mrs. Jean Lee, widow of *Mr. William Lee*, of Liphook, on the birth of a grandson, on 29th October, to her son, John, and his wife, Sue.

Mr. and Mrs. John McDermott, of Davyhulme, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Ruth Victoria, on 14th November, to their son, Paul, and his wife, Lesley.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McGoohan, of Goring on Sea, on the birth of a grandson, Lee Michael, on 21st October, to their daughter, Anne, and her husband, Stephen.

Colonel Tom Pilkington, of London, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Diana Mary, on 20th November, to his son, Tom, and his wife, Sally.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN Many Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Letch, of Chelmsford, on the birth of a great grandson, on 14th November.

MARRIAGES Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamilton, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, are pleased to announce that their eldest son, Mark, was married to Denise Bird, on 25th October.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Williamson, of Darlington, are pleased to announce that their eldest son, Ian, was married to Christine Atkinson, on 1st November.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS We warmly congratulate:

Mr. Frederick Clay, of Layer-de-la-Haye, Colchester, who has recently been awarded the Polish Cross of Freedom and Liberation.

Gerard Conroy, son of *Mr. and Mrs. James Conroy*, of Middlesborough, who has passed all his professional examinations.

DEATHS

We offer our sympathy to:

Mr. Leslie Bruton, of Birmingham, on the death of his wife, Adelaide, on the 4th December; they had celebrated their Diamond Wedding over a year ago.

Mr. Vic Goodwin, of Hove, whose mother died on 27th October. She was 98 years old.

Mr. Wilfred Rouse, of Abergavenny, whose sister died on 10th November. She was 72 years old.

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.

William James Chapman, Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, Royal Army Service Corps.

William Chapman, of Newnham, near Baldock, died in hospital, on 4th November. He was 89 years old.

Mr. Chapman served with the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry and the Royal Army Service Corps and was wounded in France, in 1915. When he joined St. Dunstan's, in 1974, Mr. Chapman had been widowed and had retired from keeping a Sub-Post Office, which he did for many years, and was living very contentedly in the midst of his close family who had continued the tradition of keeping the local Post Office.

He leaves a son, Walter.

Samuel Davidson, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Samuel Davidson, of Ballymena, died on 3rd November. He was 69 years old and has been a St. Dunstan for 34 years.

Mr. Davidson served with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers from November, 1930, until he was discharged in 1944. His blindness resulted from an accident with a mine while serving in Foggia, Italy, in 1943.

Over the past 20 years, Mr. Davidson had to spend long periods in hospital, but his sister and her husband cared for him devotedly when he was well enough to return to their cottage. Mr. Davidson spent many hours looking after his poultry, which produced excellent free range eggs. He enjoyed listening to the radio and his record player and the companionship of his neighbours.

He leaves a sister, Mrs. Given.

Louis Robert Coussins, Royal Army Medical Corps.

Mr. Coussins served as a Private in the Royal Army Medical Corps from May, 1916 until June, 1918. He was wounded at Abbeville, in 1917, and joined St. Dunstan's in 1928. Mr. Coussins chose telephony as his career and took up his first post in London, in 1930. Two years later he moved to Glasgow to take a telephony appointment with the Ministry of Labour where he remained until 1947, when he transferred to the Ministry's office in Worthing. Mr. Coussins retired in June, 1950 and his garden and greenhouse became his hobby, but he loved to travel and he and his wife spent a number of enjoyable holidays in Israel and America. Mrs. Coussins died in 1971 and in 1977 Mr. Coussins moved back to Glasgow to be near his family.

He leaves three sons.

Carl James Humphries, Bedfordshire Regiment.

Carl Humphries served as a Private with the Bedfordshire Regiment, from March, 1916 until January, 1919. He was blinded by gunshot. Mr. Humphries, a retired market gardener, did not

join St. Dunstan's until April this year, by which time he was already rather frail. He and his wife lived with their daughter, Joan, who cared for them devotedly. Their other daughter lives in Australia, but came to visit her parents in 1979.

He leaves a widow, Clara, and two daughters.

Cecil Douglas Parker, 2/4 Battalion Hampshire Regiment.

Cecil Parker, of Grantham, died suddenly on 11th November. He was 62 years old.

Mr. Parker, who was known as Cyril, served as a Private with 2/4 Battalion, Hampshire Regiment from January, 1942 until 1944. He was wounded by an explosion of a mortar bomb, near Cassino, in May, 1944. Mr. Parker joined St. Dunstan's the same year and after training at Church Stretton worked for three years in industry, but then took up mat making, an occupation at which he became most proficient. He also kept poultry and tended his garden and greenhouse, from which he got excellent results and gave him much satisfaction. His other absorbing hobby was amateur radio and he will be sadly missed by his many contacts on the air.

Mrs. Parker died in 1968, but Mr. Parker had the care and companionship of his daughter who remained at home with him.

He leaves a daughter, Marian, and a son, Gordon.

William Frederick Charles White, Royal Marines.

William Frederick White, of Fordingbridge, died on 30th November. He was 56 years old. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1973, following 18 months active service with the Royal Marines during the Second World War.

Mr. White enlisted in June, 1943, being transferred to a Commando Unit in November that year. His unit landed in France on D-Day and Mr. White was ultimately invalided out of the Forces.

When he joined St. Dunstan's, Mr. White was employed as a clerk in the Civil Service and was already proficient at Braille. However, he undertook a period of industrial training and took up a job as a machine operator. His employers considered Mr. White one of their best operators, but unfortunately his health was deteriorating and he was forced to retire in 1974.

In his retirement Mr. White enjoyed doing wrought-iron work and was adept at D.I.Y. He was a keen domino player and gardener. Mr. White bore his last illness with remarkable courage and cheerfulness and was nursed devotedly by his wife.

He leaves a widow, Ella, and a son, Martyn.