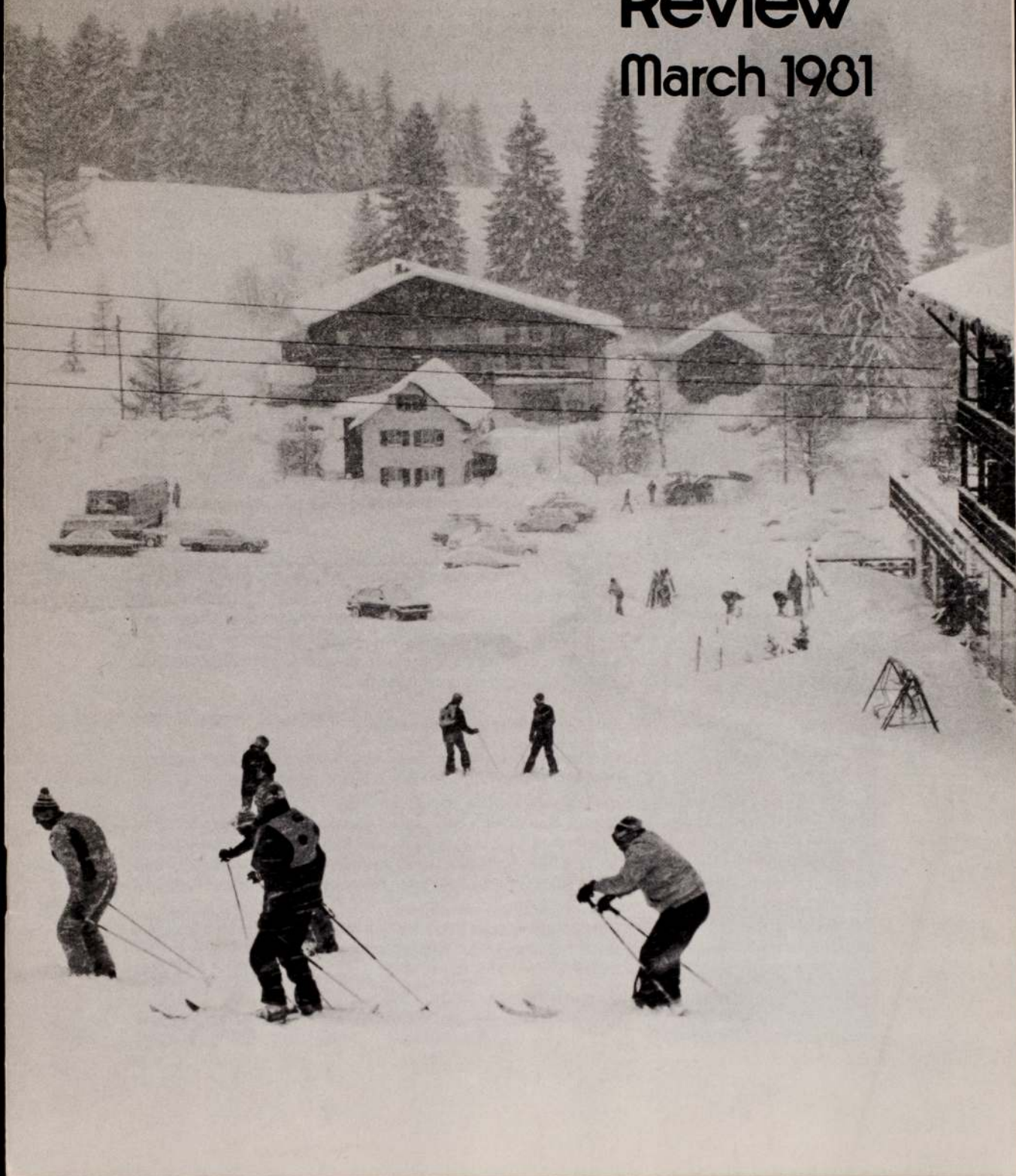


St Dunstons Review

March 1981



Message from the Chairman

The Viscount Amory of Tiverton, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G. Vice-President of St. Dunstan's

It was with deep regret that we heard of Lord Amory's death on the 20th January, 1981.

He was seriously wounded as a Parachute Colonel at Arnhem and as Mr. Heathcoat Amory, had a most distinguished career in the House of Commons until his retirement in 1960, when Lord Fraser invited him to join our Council. Speaking of him at that time, Lord Fraser said "If I were to write three words to describe him . . . I would say that he is able, he is modest, and he is kind. I cannot think of any of three words which I should regard as paying a greater tribute than that." However, within a year he was appointed High Commissioner in Canada and in consequence resigned from the Council, but we were honoured when he agreed to become a Vice-President.

At a Service of Thanksgiving for his life held in Tiverton on the 9th February, St. Dunstan's was represented by our President, Colonel Sir Michael Ansell.

Lady Pearson

Readers of the *Review* will be grieved to learn that we have heard that Lady Pearson has died very suddenly in the United States. Many St. Dunstaners will remember meeting her when she accompanied her husband, Sir Neville, our President for many years, attending Reunions and making regular visits to the Brighton Homes. Lady Pearson warmly supported Sir Neville's devoted interest in St. Dunstan's and, for example, she herself learned the deaf/blind language.

On behalf of us all at St. Dunstan's, I send Sir Neville our deepest sympathy at this sad time.

Open University Degree

Just what retirement means is very much in the minds of the majority of St. Dunstaners these days. Peter Matthews is one who had a very clear idea of what he would do when he left the Estate Department at Headquarters. He was determined — and with Peter that meant very determined indeed — to remain active and use his brain. He enrolled with the Open University and studied a variety of subjects, including Arts and Sociology.

After a great deal of hard work, in which Marjorie was much involved, he has passed his examinations and is now a B.A. — many congratulations from us all!

Ross C. Purse Doctoral Fellowship

Readers who are interested in international blind affairs will recall that the Canadian National Institute for the Blind has a Foundation for Prevention of Blindness named after Colonel E.A. Baker, the First World War Canadian St. Dunstaner who devoted his life to blind welfare and became a leading figure throughout the world. Now Ross Purse, a Second World War Canadian St. Dunstaner who retired from the C.N.I.B. after 33 years' service, including six and a half years as Managing Director, has been similarly honoured by the establishment of the Ross C. Purse Doctoral Fellowship for work directly related to the field of blindness other than prevention.

St. Dunstaners of both generations may well be proud of the success stories of their two Canadian comrades and the far-reaching recognition of their achievements.

Jon Earnest-Dave

TAPE AND GARDENING WEEK

Tape recording and gardening enthusiasts are reminded to make early application for places for these events to be held at Brighton. In order to make programme arrangements it is essential to know how many will be attending.

Closing dates for allocation of accommodation will therefore be:

Tape Recording 20th March.

If there is sufficient support we shall be holding a competition,

- (a) wildlife recording
- (b) music recording
- (c) entertainment.

Gardening 25th March

Ideas from those attending for inclusion in the programmes should be sent to Miss Guilbert, at Ian Fraser House, as soon as possible. To those who have already done so, many thanks.

NEWLY FORMED ST. DUNSTAN'S CLUBS

Archery

Secretary, P. Duffee, Braille Instructor, Ian Fraser House.

St. Dunstan's National Bowling Club

(not to be confused with Brighton Bowling Club) Secretary J. Carnochan, Ian Fraser House

Any St. Dunstaner wishing to join these clubs should in the first instance contact the respective secretary.

ADDITIONAL DATES FOR DIARY

October 2nd — 4th Archery Coaching Weekend and A.G.M.

October 30th — 1st November Chess Instruction Weekend.

TROOPING THE COLOUR

We may be allocated tickets for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony, on Saturday, 13th June, in the morning and for the private view of the Royal Tournament on Wednesday, 15th July, in the afternoon. Anyone who would like to apply for tickets should contact Miss Bridger, at Headquarters, by Monday 27th April.

MASSED BANDS DISPLAY

The Massed Bands of the Royal Anglian Regiment are playing on Horse Guards Parade on 11th June. This will be an evening performance, beginning at 6.30 p.m., lasting about 50 minutes, and if anyone is interested in obtaining tickets they should contact Miss Bridger, at Headquarters, as soon as possible.

BRAILLE PUBLICATIONS

The cost of Braille publications has risen dramatically and it may be that some St. Dunstaners are regularly receiving Braille magazines, periodicals, Thistle or Panda books which they are no longer interested in. If this is so, please contact Men's Supplies Department so that the order may be cancelled.

Additions to Cassette Library

SD8 C90 The History of Medals. Six, 15 minute programmes recorded by kind permission of BBC 2, in which General Hackett relates the history of medals from Roman times to modern day.

R31. C90 Radio Amateur Examination Questions for December 1980.

St Dunstans Review

No.727

10p MONTHLY MARCH

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Cover Picture: On the ski slope at Wertach (see Snow Queen and the Seven Dwarfs on centre pages).



Bill Reid at his wheel.

INVENTIVE POTTER

by Leonie Lengert
of Queensland, Australia

"I still have the first pot I ever made", exclaims Bill Reid, with pride in his voice. He led me gently through his spacious airy studio, in Benowa, which is filled with a bizarre and fascinating collection of vases, pots, aboriginal figures, a buckjumper, moneybox owls and wild Australian goats. Bill senses my appreciation; he is blind.

Bill Reid lost his sight in Burma, during the Second World War whilst serving with the 8th Division, 2nd IAF 22nd Brigade and is a member of the Queensland Blinded Association. In 1945, while he was in hospital recovering from his injuries, Bill said he felt that he "needed to do something and by using my hands and getting some results I wasn't lost." He is now the world's only professional blind potter.

Before the war Bill led an active life in the cattle business. So with a view to earning a living, the Reids moved to Kenmore, where Bill and his youngest son set up a chicken farm. Unfortunately, a bad year crushed the business. By this time Bill had taken up pottery although only as a hobby. However, when the chicken farm failed Bill was left with big empty chicken sheds; he soon put them to good use.

The sheds were ideal for his pottery venture. The budding artist experimented for a time. He worked long hours every day, producing 300 pots per day and for 18 months did not fire a single pot, but recycled the clay using it again for the day's production. Bill admits that this was a valuable time in which he established and developed his own special kind of art. "It was a breakaway from standard pottery" he claims. His newly found occupation represented a new hope and a constructive means of self expression. He was active again.

Bill's struggling and informative years were to benefit potters all round the world. Bill designed the first sit down wheel, the 'Dilly Wheel', named after his wife. The Dilly Wheel was not his only invention. About five years ago he devised a centring arm for the potter's wheel, "the first to be invented in 6,000 years", he claims "and this improvement makes pottery simple". His idea was so good that an Australian television programme, 'The Inventors', asked Bill to feature the device on the show. Bill has also designed a special type of kiln. His kiln provides accurate firing, which is dependant on the circulation of the heat



Bill Reid's centring arm.

and important in producing beautiful glazes. In early times Australian kilns were replicas of the English and German variety, built of brick and wood. Bill's fibre kiln, which he calls 'space age', is a milestone in the design of kilns. The fibre kiln has no weight and holds heat together tremendously, resulting in pottery with the most exquisite glazes. Although the fibre was developed in America and used in spaceships, Bill created the design which is unique to Australia and only available there.

As well as inventing Bill has been teaching pottery for 25 years. He says, "I've always tried to insist upon my students to be different from Jack Jones and then they'll get somewhere." Bill is certainly living proof of that philosophy and if his pupils take heed they can expect some of their master's success, for Bill believes "Creativeness is in us all — every one of us is an artist."

Bill has established the art of original pottery. In his work he captures the harshness and beauty of the Australian outback; pots with the bark of the Banksia tree and tall vases with smooth green glazes which reflect the colours of Ayer's Rock at sunset, echo his love of the country. Bill was born and bred in the country and revels in memories of its ruggedness and simplicity which he feels is characteristic of

Australia and which he reveals in his art.

I admire a pot with the bark of the Banksia tree, and he encourages you to "Feel the cracks within the cracks" and remarks, "That is what it is really like." He is equally fascinated with the special colour and glaze effects produced by using various cigar, cigarette, tobacco, pine cone and seaweed ashes in the firing stage. He even uses burnt garbage and throws salt into the kiln to produce unusual effects in his creations. He also utilizes natural resources — iron and dolomite, from the earth, rutile and sand, which is so abundant on the Queensland Gold Coast.

Bill is still experimenting, especially with glaze, which he says, "Is the most important aspect of pottery." Bill is critical of fellow potters who are "Eager to read about glazes, but are not prepared to experiment with them." It is this attitude and approach which sets Bill apart from our forefathers and the modern potters who continue the past tradition. Bill's success continues with another showing of his work in a private gallery and has furthered the history of Australian pottery and made a contribution to the development of pottery throughout the world, indeed orders have been placed with overseas collectors who want something "different". Demand for Bill's pottery is such that "every pot I throw is sold before it's off the wheel."

RNIB's Catalogue Changes

THE FREE LIST

From 1 January RNIB is adding several items to the list of goods it supplies free of charge to registered blind people:

Talking Disc (catalogue no. 9493)

This is a plastic device embossed with Braille and Moon characters with ordinary letters printed in black, which enables sighted as well as blind people who do not know the deaf-blind manual alphabet to talk to deaf-blind people.

Self-Adhesive Labels (catalogue no. 9412-4)

These come in three sizes and can be embossed with braille and used for labelling a wide variety of articles.

Medicine Dispenser (catalogue no. 9284)

This measures out 5 millilitre doses of medicine accurately, quickly and without spilling.

Cheque Book Signature Guides

Customers of the Big Four UK banks can get cheque book signature guides from their bank managers. RNIB will prepare, free of charge, a guide for users of other UK banks; customers should send a signed cancelled cheque with their order.

Other items on the free list include wrappers for sending Braille letters by post, needle-threaders and top-threading needles, signature guides for pension and allowance books and cards printed with "taxi" or "your help welcomed".

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1981

Once again we invite St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees **only** to apply for tickets in the *Review* Derby Sweepstake. Please remember that every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The tickets are 20p each and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on Friday, 15th May. Each application

must state the name and full address of the sender and the number of tickets required, and with a stamped addressed envelope must be sent to: The Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The draw will take place in London on the 26th May, the Race being on 3rd June.

RETIREMENT

Miss A. M. Jeffereys, known to all St. Dunstaners and her colleagues affectionately as "Jeff", is retiring at the end of March.

Jeff joined St. Dunstan's at Melplash Court, in July 1943 as a cook. Three years later she returned with the St. Dunstaners' to West House, when it was reopened after the War. Apart from the two short periods at Northgate House, first with the St. Dunstaners' children, from 1949-1950, and again in 1970-1972, whilst Pearson House was being modernised, Jeff has been here ever since. She became Housekeeper when the Meal Service took over the catering, in 1967.

We shall miss her lovely dry sense of humour and her anecdotes and stories, which were put on tape for our Christmas and other concerts.

We thank her for over 37 years of devoted service and wish her a long and happy retirement.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 1940

Lady Jane Grey

By Hester Chapman

Read by John Richmond

Reading Time 6¼ hours

The Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Marquis of Suffolk and great-niece of Henry VIII, was born in 1537. As a Tudor she received first-class education from the best tutors in Europe. By adolescence she was an accomplished linguist, classical scholar — and a dedicated and devout Protestant.

With the death in 1548, of the kindly Queen Dowager Catherine Parr, Jane lost her friend and protector and soon fell easy and unwitting prey to a group of scheming ambitious men, led by the scoundrelly Northumberland, "the most evil man in 16th century politics".

Having disposed of Somerset, Edward VI's Protector, Northumberland became virtual Dictator of England. He persuaded the young King to set aside Henry's Will of Succession naming Mary and Elizabeth as rightful heirs to the throne, and appoint Jane to succeed him.

Upon the death of the King, Jane, married to Northumberland's son, Guildford Dudley, was crowned Queen of a bitterly divided England. Northumberland could now see his years of plotting and betrayal bearing fruit, the establishment of a Dudley dynasty on the throne of England.

But the dream and the reign were short-lived. The defeat of Northumberland by Mary's forces sealed Jane's fate (and that of her 17 year-old husband).

The Lady Jane Grey was the stuff of which martyrs were made, stubborn, self-examining, fanatically dedicated to the New Faith, utterly incapable of compromise. Had she been endowed, even in part, with the Tudor genius for compromise, it is extremely doubtful whether she would have died on the block...

A splendidly readable biography of the tragic young girl whose very innocence, perhaps, contributed almost as much as did her religious intransigence, to her cruel and ignominious end.

Cat. No. 1978

Tender is the Night

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 12 hours

Dick Diver is a brilliant young American psychiatrist working in Europe. During a visit to a friend's clinic he meets and falls in love with, Nicole Warren, a beautiful twenty-year-old heiress, undergoing treatment there. Under Dick's care she recovers and the couple marry.

Nicole's money buys Dick a partnership in a Swiss clinic, where he works on his researches and the preparation of a book on his findings. Eventually he becomes disenchanted. He feels restless and unfulfilled. The partnership is dissolved and the Divers move to a villa in the South of France.

Here, for a time at least, they live life to the full. They are wealthy, they have a lovely home and two children. They are surrounded with smart rich friends. Life is idyllic.

But Dick begins to lose his identity and the will to work. He will never finish the book. He grows quarrelsome and discontented. He is increasingly dependent on alcohol.

Inevitably the marriage breaks down. Dick leaves for the USA and the steady decline into mediocrity and obscurity...

Written in his elegant and stylish prose, this is Scott Fitzgerald's classic story of the flawed human relationships and spurious values of the 1920's, the sad feverish age of which he himself became a tragic victim.

Cat. No. 2876

A Remarkable Case of Burglary

By H.R.F. Keating

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 6¼ hours

A bright spring morning in 1871 and Janey, the overworked persecuted little housemaid, is cleaning the front steps of No. 53 Northbourne Park Road, home of Sir Mortimer Johnson, wealthy businessman.

She hears footsteps in the early morning street and Val Leary enters the little skivvy's starved and pinchbeck life.

The Irishman is ragged and unkempt but he has a magic for Janey who falls deeply in love with him. To Val, she seems Heaven-sent. The great house must be crammed with riches, there for the taking. With the unwitting help of this silly little drudge, he could be on easy street for life. But the job is too big for one, he will need expert assistance.

He calls on the villainous Noll Scroggs at his gin-shop in Soho. Scroggs is the "putter-up", the general who plans the coup down to the last detail, selects the team, makes all decisions—and sits back in safety and takes his cut.

During the ensuing weeks Scrogg's plans gradually take shape, built up from scraps of information, painstakingly gathered, faithfully remembered. At last the "putter-up" is satisfied and gives the go-ahead. His well-drilled team is ready, each man knows exactly what he has to do. Nothing can possibly go wrong. He has thought of everything . . .

.. Except the fierce blind jealousy of a cruelly-wronged woman.

A wonderfully compelling book, full of real flesh-and-blood characters, set against an authentic background of Victorian London.

Cat. No. 1849

Screams from a Penny Dreadful

By Joan Fleming

Read by Phyllis Boothroyd

Reading Time 10 hours

Who could resist such a title! The story is told in the form of a diary kept by Miss Severill Stanroyd and concerns events which took place between May and September 1852.

She has twin sisters Vicky and Tessa, eighteen, and they all live with their widowed father, a wealthy Yorkshire mill-owner. But he has a chronic heart condition and it soon becomes obvious that he hasn't long for this world. One day he is found hanged in one of the out-buildings. He has taken his own life . . . or has he? . . .

Hardly have the sisters recovered from this dreadful shock, when there arrives, unheralded, Cousin Bertie. He is a bouncy brash vulgar Colonial Boy, with an eye for the ladies and an abiding passion for the bottle. He claims to be the son of Mr. Stanroyd's estranged brother, newly arrived from Tasmania. But is he really the genuine article? His arrival is, to say the least, most opportune, for his uncle has died intestate and there could be rich pickings for the astute Bertie.

Mr. Dobcross, the young manager doesn't like Cousin Bertie one little bit, and he doesn't think he's the real thing either. But Mr. Dobcross has his own problems. Apart from now running the business single-handed he is secretly and passionately in love with the diarist, and *she* loves *him* like anything. But he cannot declare his love for he comes from humble stock and she is now a wealthy mill-owner, (although there could just be some doubt about that!) . . .

A good read. I enjoyed it.

Cat. No. 1397

Letters of an Indian Judge to an English Gentlewoman

Anon

Read by Garard Green

Reading Time 6 hours

In the early part of this century, a young man, just down from Cambridge with a Law degree, attends his first function in Bombay. He is lonely, confused and intimidated by the smart gathering. He sits alone in a corner. Nobody speaks to him. He is an Indian.

He is befriended by "The Colonel's Lady", the "English Gentlewoman" of the title. From this brief chance meeting springs an extraordinary correspondence spanning more than forty years, although the two were destined never to meet again.

He tells her of his early struggles as a lowly assistant and of the pressures of racial prejudice, which he shrugs off with humour and tolerance . . . "I shall have to try and live down my dark face . . ." He shares with the "Lady Sahib" his great joy at the birth of his children, and the desolation at the death of two of them. He rejoices with her at the birth of her own son,

and years later he sees his great dream come true, when the two young men form a lasting friendship at Cambridge.

Many of the fifty-three letters contain some sound (and astonishingly prophetic) observations about the problems of the world in general and those of India in particular.

He is now an old man and a grandfather, an important and highly respected member of the Indian judiciary. He goes to London to attend a conference on India, and it is there he receives some terrible news about his younger son . . .

A truly marvellous book. I am indebted to the Talking Book Service for my enjoyment of a great book I somehow never got round to reading when it was first published in 1934.

Cat. No. 1534

Mr. Ripley Under Ground

By Patricia Highsmith

Read by Anthony Parker

Reading Time 12 hours

Some years before the story opens the artist Durwatt disappears in Greece. He is presumed drowned, but no body is ever recovered.

Bernard, a close friend of the artist, proves to be an expert copier of the master's work and this gives Ripley and his chums an idea. They "resurrect" Durwatt, place him in a remote (unnamed) part of Mexico, from where the recluse regularly sends paintings to be sold at a London gallery—which happens to be owned by the group. The pictures of course have never been anywhere near South America. They are all Bernard's forgeries.

Durwatt-collecting becomes a cult, with the pictures bringing ever higher prices. The gang are making a killing.

Then an American art collector arrives at the gallery, bringing with him a "Durwatt" about whose authenticity he has begun to have doubts. Ripley disguises himself as the dead artist (in London for a flying visit) and allays the American's suspicions. Then he makes the mistake of inviting the man back to his French house to see his own collection. All is well until, quite suddenly, the American recognises Ripley as the

phoney Durwatt. Tom easily silences his visitor with a bottle of good wine. He belts him over the head with it.

A hue and cry is raised for the missing American and both the London gallery and Ripley's house in France become the focal points of unwelcome attention by police.

But, once again Ripley literally "gets away with murder". He has to, of course. As Ms. Highsmith's meal-ticket he will doubtless be appearing in future books.

Puzzle Corner

From: Mr. A. Noakes, of Gosport.

Place five pennies on a table, not a glass table, so that you can see three heads and three tails.

From: Phillip Wood, of Crewe.

Can you name the species of animal, common throughout the world, which, if they were all to be killed off at midnight, would reappear almost immediately?

ATHLETICS FIXTURES

Metro National Athletics Champions for the visually handicapped will take place on 4th July, at Woodford Athletics Track, Ashton Playing Fields, Woodford, Essex. Entry forms from Alan Weatherley, 38 Beverley Road, New Malden, Surrey. The Manchester Athletics will take place on 18th July contact Ron Goulden, 1 Malvern Close, Prestwich, Manchester.

TALKAROUND

Bert Ward, of Leeds, knows something about talking newspapers. When he retired, five years ago, he set up a talking magazine for blind people in Leeds. He has recently started another. What is unusual about 'Talkaround' is that it is the first of its kind in the country. It is for visually handicapped children. The contents include news, reviews, jokes and pop music. One interesting feature is BOSS – Brain Of Stupendous Size – which reveals amazing facts such as the size of the world's biggest banana.

BRILLE LABELS

As of 1st May medicines on sale at chemists may have Braille and large print instructions available. Do ask if you think this facility could be of use to you.

Snow Queen and the Seven Dwarfs part III

by Ray Hazon

photographs by Captain R. Jackson

The powerful spell which the Snow Queen can wield has already been alluded to in parts I and II of this saga (1979 and 1980). Her subjects are made to dive headlong into snow drifts, get caught on top of Christmas trees, aeroplanes develop mysterious electrical faults and luggage goes missing. What lay in store for our intrepid skiers this time? Over the past eight years not a single bone has been broken, though one participant did drop a heavy couch on his hand, breaking a finger the day before departure.

Our two previous trips to southern Germany had been so successful, surely we could do no better? The snow lay thick,

there were no airport strikes; the omens were improving. The clincher occurred when the following card was received, accompanied by a crisp new German banknote. (Poofnick is a colloquial home-made word for pfennig, a unit of German currency).

Putenzee de poofnicks in de kitty,
We'll not be there — that's a pity,
Mitt der gelt der is knockein —
Not knockein glass, but knockein wein.
Das ist nich wealth,
But just enough to drink our health.
SKI HEIL!!!



Instruction on the slopes.

Surely all was going to go well?

Indeed, the week turned into our most successful skiing venture so far. Returning to the same resort was like putting on old, comfortably familiar clothes after wearing a stiff and formal suit all day. At the station to meet us, the familiar face of Lt. Peter Ralph, 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment. At the Hotel Magnus, the owner, Herr Lipp, was more than pleased to see us again. Remembering the layout from last year, several of our party made their way straight to their rooms only to be caught out by the various improvements completed since our last visit. Thus, some eight hours after leaving Broadhurst Gardens, our five St. Dunstaners were already thinking about their first wienersnitzel and chips, at the Weinstubler Inn.

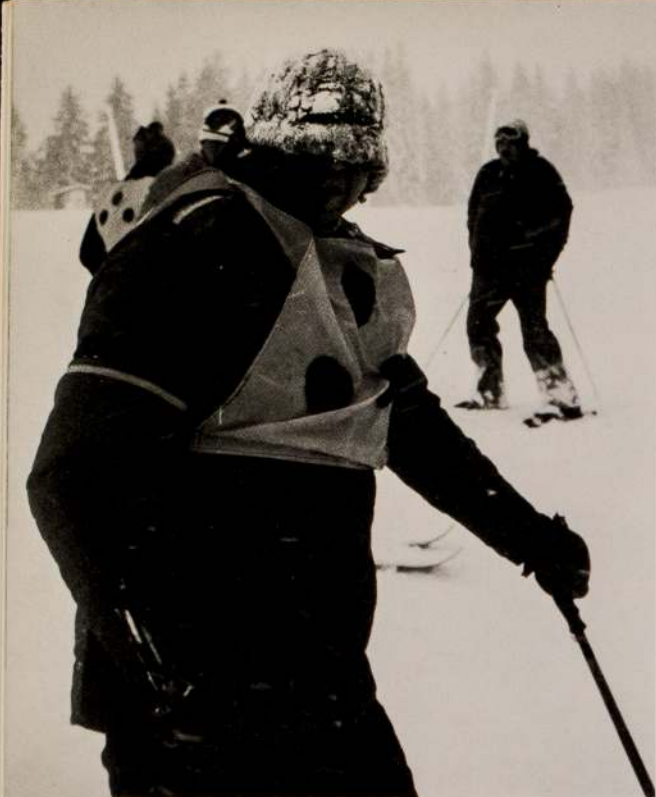
Daybreak revealed a scene a world away from 1980. Then, the sun had shone, the roads were dry and the village full of colour. Now everything was covered with its uniform mantle of white. Long icicles reached down from the rooftops and the early call of the church bells were deeply

resonant as their tolling echoed off the snow.

It was to be expected that on the first day the party was complete for breakfast, a good ten minutes early. As the week progressed, so the breakfast hour became more elastic! That first Sunday morning saw the party hammering on the door of the ski hire shop in eager anticipation. However, our eagerness had to be curbed for an hour; the shop did not open until 10.00 a.m. Did they really expect to lie in on a Sunday morning with all that snow lying about so expectantly?

Again, it was with familiarity that we wound down the spiral staircase to clip on those familiarly heavy boots, to be measured for those fibreglass planks which transport you to fields anew. In no time at all we were off to Austria to meet our guides and instructors.

Austria was all of ten minutes away by car. Although geographically the Jungholtz belongs to Austria, it is only accessible via Germany and is administered by the Germans; thus, there is no border to cross.



No, not the abominable snowman, – just Gerry Jones clad against the elements.

The well known warming glow of the gluhwein, hot mulled wine, seeped out from the hotel at the bottom of the slopes. Above us the remembered clank of the ski lifts toiled. The air rang with the cries and shouts of the skiers, most of them presumably up from Munich for the weekend. We were soon to join them, but there was a more important union to be formed; the tying up with our guides.

The 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment have been based in Celle for nearly three years. They normally tear around the countryside in armoured personnel carriers, but defence cuts have curbed these activities. Mind you, the way some of us ski the words, 'armoured personnel', and 'tearing around the countryside', are particularly apt. For the first half of the week we had the instructors to ourselves. In the second half, we were pleased and privileged to share them with the Band. At this point, it must be stressed that a sufficient number of people to give every blind skier a guide to himself is essential. It is always this factor which governs the size of the party.

Once again it was magic to see how

quickly and ably the soldiers adapted to a new and challenging situation. Under the capable commands of the chief instructor, Cpl. Peter Gloss, the men were allotted; George Coursey and Roy Norman, both of the Battalion ski team, Chalky White, solo clarinetist, Malcolm Smith, trombonist and Geordie, REME mechanic and driver. Only three of these people could be with us all the time, so we could not have managed with two more, who gave up some of their leave to help us. Captain Rob Jackson was taking a breather from his duties in Northern Ireland. He may well have found Ulster more restful than a week with St. Dunstan's. Colour Sergeant, Jim Coltman thought he would have a fortnight's rest in Wertach. By the end of the week he was skiing behind Alan Wortley and, indeed, having a time keeping up with Alan.

Early Morning 'Admin'

Our administrative problems, which included such difficulties as how to put one foot in front of the other at two o'clock in the morning, ordering meals from an incomprehensible menu and trying to get a good night's sleep when Gerry Jones is snoring not three feet away, were all admirably looked after by Peter Barnes, who escorted us last year. This meant that both St. Dunstaners and escorts could slip their minds into neutral, sit back and really enjoy the trip.

The snow conditions this year, apart from the last two days, were ideal. The deep snow crunched under our skis. In soft snow you can feel much more about the slope. One high point for the author occurred during the first run of the day, mid-week. There had been a fall of powdery snow during the previous night. George and I were the first down the slopes, our tracks like twisting vines in the virgin snow. It was like skiing on cotton wool. Away from the noise of the ski lifts all that could be heard was the gentle hiss of the skis and an almost conversational, "left, right" as George guided me down. We were in a world of our own, man and the elements. But that relationship, man and the elements, sadly deteriorated as heavy snow and gusting winds set in for our final two days.

However, being both mad dogs and English, our yellow warning bibs could just be made out in the blizzard negotiating a home-made slalom course of ski sticks, our



The start of a run.

guides being as blinded by the snow storm as we, meant some competitors set out on one course and ended up on the opponents' run. Usually, after a heavy fall, the motorised snow cats drive up and down the slope to pack the snow down. Skiing on newly fallen, deep snow is hard, though the fall is soft! Many of us would enter the cafe looking like snowmen, hats hard down over faces, icicles hanging from eyebrows and with damp necks, where the snow had dribbled down.

Everybody's skiing improved, especially the two who had only ever skied once before, Bill Shea and Gerry Jones. Alan Wortley, Gerry, the two wives, Joan and Jennie, and myself all found it a great advantage to return to slopes previously tackled. Although Norman Perry may have been the senior of the party, his youthful frolics on the slopes were an example to us all. Everyone succeeded in mounting at least one lift higher than in the previous season.

As good as the skiing was the nightlife, which had to be of our own making as, thankfully, the village of Wertach is well off the tourist route. Our favourite cafes were

revisited and much laughter was raised, which in a way is remarkable as we had enough jokes without repeating any from last year. Our Royal Anglian friends were our guests at dinner on one evening. Continental bars are renowned for the fact that they never close. We were able to prove otherwise.

The highlight of our evenings of entertainment was on our last night. At the end of a mile long track, negotiable only in a landrover with four wheel drive and chains, lay the guest house rented by the Anglians. The band organised a concert for us. The Germans love bands and, having asked each member of the party at least three times if it would be all right, Herr Lipp accompanied us.

An excellent meal was followed by an evening of variety which will leave us with many warm memories; the foot tapping rhythm of the Bavarian music, the unprintable jokes, the ballad singing of Jim Coltman, the hitherto hidden talent of Alan Wortley on the side drum, Roy Norman on the spoons and shall we forget the song the lads had made up about us, sung to the tune of 'The Day We Went to Bangor':



Skiing on in the blizzard.

Didn't we find when we followed the blind
As they led us round the Jungholtz
From bottom to top with scarcely a hop
They climbed upon a moving 'T' bar.
Flat on their bum they seemed to have fun
trying to catch a snow snake
Happy as hell they occasionally fell, but
they still skied on.

Now Alan can ski he just bends his knee
Though it took 4 days to teach him
He skis like a nut, just misses the hut
And Jim is really pushed to reach him.
Norman and Bill were parked on a hill
While Robby took some pictures
Then Norman went smack and fell on his
back, but they still skied on.

Gerry and Ray were happy that day 'til Ray
wiped out a German
Poor old Frau Schmidt fell head over . . .
heels and bounced along
The Jungholtz piste
Ray didn't mind he was trying to find the
way he came before lads
Gerry came next just thinking of sex and
they all skied on.

Jennie and Joan were left on their own
Brushing the snow from their ski suits.
Peter skied down right into the town,
Give him a yellow bib with spots on.
Rachel and Sian they skied with such charm
and Richard was right beside them

The instructors flew by while watching
these guys
BUT THEY ALL SKIED ON.

Above all, we shall remember the
warmth of true friendship that had sprung
up between servicemen, both past and
present.

It had been impossible to believe that a
ski trip to the same resort, for the third time,
could improve upon previous years. But
this had. On the very first evening, sitting in
familiar surroundings, several people had
remarked that it felt as though they had
never left Germany in the first place. We
thank St. Dunstan's for helping to make the
trip possible. Most of all, we are indebted to
Lt. Col. Hart, Peter Ralph and all his team for
their kindness, skill and friendship. Peter
Ralph was kind enough to say that the
guides derived as much benefit from our
visit as we did from them. We hope that Rob
Jackson and Peter Barnes feel the same
way, as we certainly benefitted from their
company.

On our return journey, an incident
occurred which gives food for thought. As
the train pulled into a station I enquired the
name of the station. "It seems to be called
Wateräum". The same destination
appeared on the main concourse at Munich
airport. "Oh, that means 'waiting room'".
Perhaps we had better go back again next
year to improve on our German.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Don Westaway, Madras, India

Greetings from Madras. I have come here
from Australia intending to stay as long as
need be to set up a mobility training centre
in India. St. Dunstan's came into my mind
when I was standing on the old cannons
looking out to sea and feeling the cool
breeze of evening. There must be many a
St. Dunstaner among the old India hands
who has also done that and dreamed of
home.

C in C Road, Marshall Road, Police
Commissioners Road, Madras Club, the
Cricket Club are all reminders of an era now
gone. I talked to a waiter in the Connemara
Hotel who was a gunner with an AA Unit in
Burma. He confided how much he missed
those days. A retired Indian Colonel, who
was originally commissioned in the Royal
Engineers, became quite sentimental when
talking about the old army days, over a few
drinks. We even tried to recall the words of
"I love a lassie, a cold black Madras".

My reason for coming to Madras, with a
colleague, named Miss Jane Archibald,
was to carry out a project in collaboration
with the Department of Ophthalmology,
Vijaya Hospital, as the first project for
I.Y.D.P. Five blind ladies were trained to a
standard where they can move about the
streets of Madras and use public transport.
In addition 50 sighted helpers participated
in a six day workshop, learning basic
orientation and sighted guide skills. This
project is stage three of a plan to assist the
National Association for the Blind of India
develop mobility services over a ten year
period. The previous projects were held in
1977 and 1979. The next phase is the
establishment of a permanent mobility
training centre. Blind people and
instructors will be trained there.

Later in the year, I hope to visit Dehra
Dun, where I have happy memories of a
previous visit with the late Douglas Lloyds,
in 1969. Jane and I are volunteers, paying
our own way, so I do not know when I will
manage another trip to London, but will
certainly look forward to talking with you all
when I do.

Every best wish for a successful I.Y.D.P.
to you all at Headquarters.

From: Mrs. Hazel Lattimer, Gateshead

What prompted me to write is the thought
that you may be able to help me find a
Braille pen-friend. As you see from this
letter I am not quite fluent in Braille, but I do
enjoy writing it, using my Stainsby. I do
already have one pen-friend, but she lives
nearby and is addicted to the telephone. I
have always had several pen-friends and
would like to correspond with someone of
any age who enjoys writing as I do. I am just
forty and have been married for two and a
half years. My husband is not blind and
insisted on our marriage going ahead as
planned in spite of my loss of vision. I am a
country girl, born and bred and love
flowers, birds and animals.

From: Denis Wright

May I, through the *Review*, convey my
thanks to all those St. Dunstaners who
contributed so generously to the
magnificent cheque I received from Mr.
Weisblatt on your behalf.

Whilst I have yet to decide upon a suitable
gift, you may rest assured that it will be
something that will be a constant reminder
of the many happy times spent visiting you
all.

Good luck, good health and may God
bless you all.

From: Peter Spencer, Weston-Super-Mare

Many St. Dunstaners, but particularly those
who attend the annual Daedalus Camp, will
be saddened to hear of the recent death of
the Reverend Spurway. Padre Frank was a
true and trusted friend of us all and the
memory of his kindness, guidance and
wonderful sense of humour will always be
with us.

GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS

Does anyone have a 1956, 1960 or 1965
edition of the Guinness Book of Records
that they no longer want. If so please
contact Ted Jinks, High Brigg Hey, Cragg
Vale, Mytholmrody, Hebden Bridge, West
Yorks.

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.

Douglas Havelock Upcott, of Carshalton Beeches, Surrey, who joined St. Dunstan's on 20th January. Squadron Leader Upcott served in the R.A.F. throughout the Second World War and his sight has recently failed. He is married with three grown-up children.

D. F. Robinson's

Gardening Column

This is one of the busiest times of the gardening year, especially if you are raising plants from seeds. Do get all the beds up to standard by digging them over or hoeing. Rake over those beds you have already dug over, as this will give a nice tilth for the reception of seeds. Remember that it is better to sow seeds a little deeper than recommended on the packet and to flatten down the soil on seed beds to give them a firm setting for germination.

Do try growing vegetables from seed. If ever the results are not up to professional standards the taste will be much better than shop bought vegetables and you get a lot of satisfaction out of it.

Make sure the paths are in good shape and clear of grass and weeds. See to the crazy paving and relay any broken pieces.

Vegetables

Practically all vegetable seeds can be sown now, providing the beds are ready to receive them. However, those of you in the north ought to wait until the end of the month before sowing them. Do remember not to plant all the seeds at once. Keep some winter cabbage, lettuce, raddish, pea and French bean seeds for planting later on, so you get a continuous crop. Do put some small canes, or sticks, at the ends of each row as a guide to where they have been sown. Harden off those early peas and

Mr. Reginald James Leach, of Hastings, who joined St. Dunstan's on 22nd January. Mr. Leach joined the Regular Army in 1927 and was discharged in 1959, with the rank of Warrant Officer 1st Class. He was on active service during the Second World War and was a Far East Prisoner of War from 1941 until 1945. He is married with one adult son.

Frederick Reginald Hicks, of Gloucester, who joined St. Dunstan's on 30th January. Mr. Hicks served as a Private in the 77th Welsh Royal Artillery, 239 Battery, during the Second World War and was a Far East Prisoner of War. He is a widower with seven children.

broad beans in frames or cold greenhouse.

When you plant out seedlings do protect their roots against insects, or you will lose plants and those that survive will not grow well, but be rather small. Benlate or sulphur sprinkled over the seeds will help to keep off mildew.

Dip your Brassica (cabbage, cauliflower, sprouts, etc.) plants in some Calomel paste if you are worried about club root, or you are using the same planting area again too soon. Do remember that if you want to grow lettuce, but do not have enough spare beds, you can plant them between the rows of other slower growing items as lettuce mature rapidly.

Fruit

Finish pruning all the fruit trees/bushes this month, as you may have been held up with all this bad weather. Work over the soil at the base of the trees and work in some compost or manure.

Syringe the trees and bushes with insecticide, being careful not to get any on yourself. Afterwards wash yourself and the equipment used. When you mix up the solution it is a good idea to add a bit of tepid water to it. If you have fruit growing on a warm, south facing wall they may flower early and birds and late frost may do damage, so do give them some protection with fine mesh plastic netting.

Start looking after the green sward, giving a bit of fully broken down manure to the thin patches. A general fertiliser, in powder form, meant especially for lawns, can be spread out to boost the whole area. Grass seed can be sown if you want to repair patches, or to set up a new lawn. Bare patches can of course be replaced with new turves.

Flowers

Get all the flower beds clear of debris, dug over and brought up to a fine tilth for sowing the seeds, towards the end of March. I would advise you to sow only hardy annuals and perennials and again those of you in the north had better wait until next month to do this planting.

Where the bulbs are over do not cut the leaves, but let them die off naturally so they can feed and thus produce better sized bulbs for next year. Perennials will be showing through soon, so if you think there are going to be frosts, protect the shoots with compost or peat.

Check over the shrubs and cut away branches and shoots which have been broken or damaged by strong winds. Firm in those that have their roots disturbed. Do tie up and stake the taller plants.

At the end of the month give the roses a good hard prune to an outward facing bud, this will leave the bushes about one foot to 18 inches tall to start off the season. Keep the bushes open, so that light and air can get in, by cutting away all those centre and cross growing shoots. A dose of well rotted manure or compost round the base of each bush will work wonders with the flowers and will also keep the roots moist if we should have a prolonged dry spell. Tie in any of those roses on trellis work, but here again, to get a good number of well sized blooms you must limit the number of shoots.

Greenhouse

A really busy month in the greenhouse with the sowing of bedding plant seeds and pot plants. Re-pot plants which have started growing again. Give them a thorough watering, cut back overgrown shoots which may force further growth and one can take them later for cuttings.

Ageratum, Aster, Antirrhinum, Lobelia, Nemesia, Phlox, Drummondii and Cockscomb are fairly easy to grow from seed for the beds and outdoor pots and

containers and later on you can sow African Marigolds, Sweet Peas, Calendulas, Salpiglossis, Zinnia and so on. Indoors you can try Gloxinia, Cineraria, Calceolaria, Abutilon, Hibiscus, Heliotrope and Streptocarpus, as well as many others.

Tuberous plants, Begonias and Gloxinias, should be started off in trays and then shifted to their flowering containers when there is good growth. Achimenes and Smithiantha can also be started off for an autumn show indoors. Do not forget the Geraniums and Fuchsias which you should have kept dry during the winter; water them well now and cut away all dead shoots. Dahlia tubers can be started and some of the shoots thrown out for plants to put in your outdoor beds. The tuber can also be used if you do not have any success with the shoots.

In the warmer parts of the country Gladioli can be planted on a warm, sunny border, but you in the north should wait a while until the soil gets warmer. If you can keep the temperature up to between 45°F and 50°F (preferably the latter) you can sow tomato and cucumber seeds, provided you give them plenty of bottom heat. Do not prick them out until they are fairly well grown, as temperatures all round should make it much easier to keep them going.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLAND

Quite a good meeting was held on Sunday 8th February, but we were all very sorry to hear that Bruno had had a nasty fall and broken his right arm very badly. Hurry up and get well, Bruno, we miss our "Domino Champion".

We do hope it won't be long before you and Bill are back with us again.

A beautiful tea was put on once again by all the ladies and they were thanked in the usual manner, by Joe, the Chairman.

Several games of dominoes were played and the meeting finished at 6.30 p.m.

Although Sunday, 11th January was a bitterly cold day we had a very good meeting. Bruno had another engagement and Bill, still, is not well enough to join us, but everyone wishes you and Hilda a healthier and Happy New Year, Bill.

The Sir Arthur Pearson Domino Competition got off to a good start. Everyone enjoyed their tea and the Chairman thanked the ladies. After tea a very lively discussion took place, regarding outings and the venue for the Christmas dinner. It was agreed that we have a trip on the Severn Railway which we hope will be on Sunday, 7th June. The Stratford outing will, we hope, be on Sunday, 27th September and the Christmas dinner will again be held at the Austin Branch R.B.L., the date to be confirmed. The meeting finished at 6.30 p.m.

The next meeting will be held on Sunday, 8th March and we shall be holding one of our bring and buy sales on Sunday, 12th April.

Joan Cashmore

BRIDGE

The Bridge Weekend, 30th-31st May, will take the form of a 3 way competition between London — Brighton and the Provinces. If you would like to take part please book your accommodation with Headquarters as early as possible, so we can ascertain the number of players taking part. Would those members in the Brighton area who do not require accommodation but do intend to participate in this event, please let me know as soon as possible.

*H. Meleson,
Secretary.*

BRIDGE DRIVE

A report of the Christmas bridge drive should have appeared in the January Review, but unfortunately was lost in the post.

The bridge drive was very well attended and everyone had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The work done throughout the year by Morris Douse and Robert Goodlad was worthwhile and greatly appreciated. Robert Goodlad is now giving tuition to our beginners so that the Club can continue to grow.

The results of the drive were as follows:

- 1st Mr. B. Ingrey and Partner
 - 2nd Mr. F. Griffiee and Partner
 - 3rd Mr. G. Hudson and Partner
- Consolation Prizes Mr. W. Lethbridge, Mr. M. Tybinsky and Mr. W. Phillips.

Brighton Social and Sports Club Bridge Section

Individual results for Saturday, 17th January:

J. Whitcombe 67
H. Preedy 67
C. Walters 67
J. Padley 65
P. McCormack 61
R. Fullard 57
W. Phillips 55

Any St. Dunstaner Club member who is in Ovingdean, or lives in the area, may like to know that Mr. R. Goodlad will be available for beginners bridge tuition on most Tuesday afternoons, so just come along if you are interested.

W. Phillips

Bowling

On 9th January we entertained Marine Gardens Bowling Club, Worthing, to a match at Ian Fraser House — this was their first visit to Ovingdean. When they arrived, I had to tell them that we had a power cut that afternoon and secondary lighting was arranged by Bob Field and his staff, to whom I offer my grateful thanks for his assistance. After promising the visitors that we would not take advantage of them — under these conditions — (they all had a good laugh), we were in the lead and lo and behold the lights came on, they caught us up and the game ended in a draw. The visiting club thoroughly enjoyed their experience that afternoon. After the match a well organised tea was provided by the ladies and our President — Mrs. Dacre — was present. She welcomed the guests in her usual delightful manner and spoke highly of St. Dunstan's, explaining the work of the organisation.

On 20th January we had a return match at Ovingdean with Rottingdean Bowling Club. Again this was a most enjoyable afternoon and we romped home the clear winners. Mrs. Dacre welcomed the guests and an excellent tea was provided once again by the ladies.

On behalf of the Bowling Section, I offer Mrs. Dacre our best wishes on her 80th birthday on 6th March.

*W. Davies
Captain*

FAMILY NEWS

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, of Perivale, are pleased to announce that their daughter, Valerie, was married to Peter Jones, on 10th January.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Surridge, of Herne Bay, are pleased to announce that their son, Kenneth, was married to Margaret Moore, on 10th January.

PEARL WEDDING

Many Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dadswell, of Perivale, who celebrated their Pearl Wedding Anniversary, on 26th December.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Many Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. George Etherington, of West Byfleet, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary, on 31st January.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

We warmly congratulate:

Rosemary Ann Carman, grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson*, of Warrington, who has passed her final examinations and is now a State Registered Nurse, at Warrington General Hospital.

Ann Minter, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. James Minter*, of Ruislip, who has been promoted to Nursing Sister of the Maternity Department, at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

The Reverend Paul Taylor, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor*, of Blackburn, who has recently obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree from the Open University.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harding, of Bagborough, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Tracy Marie, on 17th January, to their son, Rodney, and his wife, Sandra.

DEATHS

We offer our sympathy to:

Mr. Frederick Clay, of Colchester, on the death of his wife, Dora, on 29th January.

Mr. Allan Hold, of Yeovil, whose wife, Gwen, died in hospital on 20th January, shortly after her 73rd birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Hold had enjoyed a happy marriage lasting almost 45 years.

Mr. Michael Lawton, of Edgware, on the death of his sister, on 6th January.

Mr. Walter Lethbridge, of Saltdean, on the death of his mother, on 9th January.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Parkinson, of Blackpool, on the death of Mrs. Parkinson's father, Albert Lloyd, on 4th December.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Whitley, of Totton, on the tragic death of their grand-daughter, Elaine Wheeler-Osman, on 14th January. Elaine was 19 years old was getting married on Easter Saturday.

In Memory

It is with great regret that we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Jonathan Griffiths, *King's Liverpool Regiment*
Jonathan Griffiths, formerly of Hook, but resident at Pearson House for the past five years, died on 13th January. He was 85 years old and was one of the oldest surviving St. Dunstaners, having joined St. Dunstan's in 1918.

Mr. Griffiths joined the King's Liverpool Regiment as a Private in March, 1918 and was wounded at Ballicourt. Although totally blind, he undertook a period of training in boot repairing and became an efficient craftsman, trading on his own account in Wrexham. In 1924, Mr. Griffiths moved to Coventry and was employed in industry testing telephone headphones, for the British Thompson Houston Company, where he remained for 23 years until he retired and moved to Brighton.

Unfortunately, his wife, Marjorie, died in 1962 and shortly afterwards Mr. Griffiths went to live with his daughter and son-in-law who cared for him admirably until it became necessary for him to be in residential care. In his leisure hours, Mr. Griffiths enjoyed his talking books and making string bags.

He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Olive Briggs.

Frank Albert Morton, Royal Army Medical Corps

Frank Morton, of Peterborough, died suddenly on 19th January. He was 65 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for 28 years.

Mr. Morton was a Private in the Royal Army Medical Corps from 1945 until 1947. When Mr. Morton joined St. Dunstan's he and his wife, Marjorie, were the tenants of a Public House in Peterborough, however due to his declining health they had to give up their work and Mr. Morton took up basket work. He was very proficient at basket work, making a variety of articles from fishing baskets to babies' cots.

Mr. Morton suffered a severe illness in 1974, since when he made a remarkable recovery and went on several holidays to visit his daughter in Jamaica and, in the last couple of years, in Canada.

He leaves a widow, Marjorie, a daughter, Gillian and a son, Bryan.

William Nixon, Royal Engineers

William Nixon, of Sheffield, died in hospital on 15th January. He was 85 years old.

Mr. Nixon served in the Royal Engineers from March, 1916 until November, 1918. Following his discharge from the army, he and his wife, Faith, ran a small general store in Sheffield and after joining St. Dunstan's, in May, 1941, Mr. Nixon undertook a period of training and worked briefly as a telephonist before disposing of his business and taking up basket making, which was his occupation until two years ago. During this long career, Mr. Nixon did excellent work fulfilling orders he obtained locally and supplying our own Stores Department. Sadly his wife died in 1964.

Mr. Nixon leaves one daughter, Mavis.

Albert French Gerald Peel, Royal Engineers

Albert Peel, of St. Helens, Merseyside, died on 15th January. He was 65 years old.

Mr. Peel served from 1942 until 1946 in the Royal Engineers and joined St. Dunstan's in 1978. For 48 years Mr. Peel worked as a labourer with a gas appliances manufacturer until he was forced to take an early retirement, in 1977.

Although Mr. Peel's mobility was restricted by arthritis, his most absorbing hobby was pigeon racing and had his own loft of birds which brought him considerable success.

He leaves a widow, Mary, and a son and daughter.

Ronald George Stanners, 1st Oxford and Buckinghamshire Regiment

Ronald Stanners, of High Wycombe, died on 22nd January in Amersham Hospital. He was 87 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for 64 years.

Mr. Stanners joined the 1st Oxford and Buckinghamshire Regiment in October, 1915 and was wounded at Arras in January, 1916 losing both eyes. After training at St. Dunstan's, Mr. Stanners took over empty premises in High Wycombe and started a tobacconist business, with a few packets of cigarettes in the window. In a remarkably short time he worked up a good trade and finally created a substantial wholesale concern of which he was still Chairman, in 1970. As well as being a good businessman, he was a keen bridge player and will be greatly missed by the members of the London Club and all his fellow players.

His wife, Emily, died in 1975 and he leaves two sons and two daughters.

William John Tingey, Middlesex Regiment

William Tingey, of London, N15, died in hospital on 20th January. He was 82 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1978.

Mr. Tingey joined the Middlesex Regiment when he was 19 as a Private and was the victim of two mustard gas attacks during the First World War. Over the years his eyesight deteriorated seriously as a result and even though he was also severely affected by arthritis, Mr. Tingey retained a keen sense of humour and bore his disabilities with great fortitude.

In his leisure hours, Mr. Tingey enjoyed listening to the radio and reminiscing about the First World War. He enjoyed a happy and close knit family life.

Sadly his wife, Daisy, died on 3rd February and they leave two daughters, Mrs. Court and Mrs. Hawe.