



St Dunstons  
Review  
April 1981

## Message from the Chairman

### International Year of Disabled People

Readers of the *Review* may like to know that, as part of St. Dunstan's contribution to the International Year of Disabled People, we are holding two Open Days at Headquarters on Tuesday and Wednesday, 7th and 8th April. Activities will include demonstrations of Braille, wrought-iron work, wooden toy making, amateur radio, mobility and aids to daily living. There will also be an exhibition of photographs and other material and there will be showings of the films 'To Live Again' and 'After the Parcel Exploded'.

Similarly, Ian Fraser House will be open to the public on Tuesday and Wednesday, 7th and 8th July. Although the programme is not yet finalised, there will be an exhibition, tour of training departments, bowls, archery, amateur radio and film showings.

St. Dunstaners know how well some sighted people understand the needs of the visually handicapped and how their wives and families, colleagues at work, fellow Royal British Legion and club members, and many casual acquaintances lend a hand or keep out of the way as the occasion demands. However, there are sometimes friendly people who still do not appreciate what able blind people can achieve on their own or quite when there is a part to be played by the sighted.

Our Open Days have been planned with this problem in mind. They will be run with the active participation of many St. Dunstaners, our staff at Headquarters and in Brighton, and some of our wonderful voluntary helpers, including sighted 'radio hams'. I am extremely grateful to all these people for their co-operation and hard work.

I hope many friends — and especially young people and children — will learn something and enjoy themselves on their visits to our Open Days.

*Jon Barnett-Dunn*

*Re-printed from the In Touch Bulletin*

### TRAVELLING ALONE

British Rail advise handicapped people travelling alone to warn them in advance of the intended journey. Arrangements can then be made for staff to meet travellers at the departure station and see them safely on to the train and help similarly at interchange stations and at the destination. Full details, preferably in writing, to the Area Manager, at the departure station. 'British Rail and Disabled Travellers', a leaflet available from railway stations or local British Rail Divisional Offices, gives information specifically for blind travellers, including details of travel concessions for the registered blind. These however do not apply to journeys made for holiday or leisure purposes.

### ST. DUNSTAN'S SPORTSMEN

Would all St. Dunstaners who participate in any sport or recreation where they are expected to provide evidence of their medical and visual handicaps please write to the Sports Organiser, at Ian Fraser House, enclosing a passport-type photograph. They will be sent a permanent sports pass indicating their medical and ophthalmic category for sport.

### Apology

We apologise for the misunderstanding in Henry Dakin's obituary which appeared in the February *Review*. Mr. Dakin never moved out of London and only went to Blackpool to recover from injuries received during an air raid

when his shops were burnt out.

### BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY

This is the International Year of Disabled People, and Her Majesty the Queen is holding a special Garden Party to mark the occasion on Thursday, 23rd July. We have been allocated 10 tickets (including wives or escorts) and in addition we may receive a small number of tickets from the "Not Forgotten" Association who will not be holding their own Garden Party this summer.

It is felt that the fairest way to allocate these tickets is by ballot and any St. Dunstaners wishing to attend should send their names to Miss Bridger not later than Thursday, 30th April. Those lucky in the draw will receive their tickets direct from the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

Any St. Dunstaner who is allocated tickets for self and wife or escort will, if necessary, be assisted with the cost of travel and overnight accommodation if the journey cannot be done in one day.

W.C. Weisblatt  
Secretary

### Mr. Slade

Our Pensions and Legacy Officer, Mr. Laurie Slade, will be entering hospital for an operation this month, and will be away from Headquarters for about six weeks.

### National Bridge Club

The Annual visit to Harrogate will take place from the 19th until 26th September. Will intending competitors please let Harry Meleson know as soon as possible. Anybody who comes will have a very enjoyable week.

## St Dunstans Review

No. 728

10p MONTHLY  
APRIL

### CONTENTS

Travelling Alone	3
Garden Party	3
Pensions & Allowances	4
Chess Congress	4
Archery	5
Chairman's Postbag	9
Reading Time	10
Working With the Grain	12
Gardening Column	16
Letters	17
Ex-Prisoners of War Reunion	20
Club News	21



Cover Picture: Tom and Emma Daborn in their garden — see Working With the Grain on centre pages.

## PENSIONS AND ALLOWANCES

The Secretary of State for Social Services has now given details of the proposed increases in pensions and allowances which are that the basic 100% disability pension, at present at the rate of £44.30, will be up to £48.30 a week, and there are to be corresponding increases in those allowances which are to be raised.

For the War Widow who is under 65 years of age, her basic pension is to go up to £38.45 from the present rate of £35.30. Age allowances are to be increased to £3.75 a week for the Widow aged between 65 and 70 years, and for the Widow aged 70 years and over, the allowance is to be increased to £7.50 a week.

Retirement Pensions for a man will be increased to £29.60 a week. His wife will receive an increased Pension of £17.75 a week.

The increases are to take effect from the week commencing 23rd November and the October issue of the *Review* will contain a supplement carrying more detailed information. Should St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstaners' Widows have any enquiries in the meantime, would they please address them to Mr. L.A. Slade, our Pensions Officer, at Headquarters.

Examples of the proposed revised War Pension payments follow:-

### EXAMPLES

Employable	Totally Blind	
	Present	New
Basic Pension	£44.30	£48.30
Constant Attendance Allowance	17.70	19.40
Comforts Allowance	7.70	8.40
Wife's Allowance	0.60	0.60
	£70.30	£76.70
Unemployable	Totally Blind	
	Present	New
Basic Pension	£44.30	£48.30
Constant Attendance Allowance	17.70	19.40
Comforts Allowance	7.70	8.40
Unemployability Supplement	28.80	31.40
Wife's Allowance	16.90	18.35
Invalidity Allowance	1.75	2.00
	£117.15	£127.85

### BLIND PERSONS INCOME TAX ALLOWANCE

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised to increase this Allowance but St. Dunstaners are not entitled to it, nor should they claim it in their Income Tax Returns, as their War Pensions alone exceed the amount of the Allowance.

## 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.*

**Sidney Firrell**, of Hastings, who joined St. Dunstan's on 19th February. Mr. Firrell, who is 87 years old, served as a Lance Corporal in the Royal Sussex Regiment, during the First World War. He was injured on the Somme, in 1916. Mr. Firrell is married with three grown up children.

**Frank Arthur Hugh Wells**, of Reigate, who joined St. Dunstan's on 4th March. Mr. Wells, who is 86 years old, served as a Rifleman with the Rifle Brigade, during the First World War and was wounded at Arras, in 1917. He is married.

### From: Phillip Wood, Crewe

#### WHOLE STORY

Did you hear the story told by John Timpson on the 'Today' programme? The family guinea-pig had died and the children decided to give it a 'proper' burial. They dug the grave in the garden, put the corpse in, while one of them intoned, "in the name of the Father and of the Son and into the hole he goes"!

## CHESS CONGRESS 1981

by Frank Hamilton

*This report should have appeared in the March Review, but was delayed in the post.*

I don't suppose that one normally associates silicon chips and wild excitement with a chess congress; This year, however, we had the lot — the Fidelity Chess Challenger, which introduced itself by saying, "I am your lunatic opponent" — or, at least, that is what it sounded like! We all felt it was one of us!

Then we had a mad chariot race down the centre of the Winter Gardens, when two guide dogs, Foster and Ilk, both fastened to the same chair, decided to race down the centre of the room with Mrs. Blackford and Miss Garland in hot — if unavailing — pursuit.

We did not know if we were in a disaster movie, or in a Whitehall farce. There was a moment of pandemonium, then a sudden silence — during which, Peter McCormack was heard clearly to say, "Where's my -ing guide dog?!"

However, it was after all, a chess congress, and everyone took the chess seriously in a fiercely competitive spirit, which was remarkable both for its keenness, for its good humour and sportmanship.

In all three sections, there was little to choose in skill, between the winners and those who did not win a game. What was important, was that everyone had a stimulating and enjoyable time and that the congress produced worthy winners.

The results in the sections were;

Section 3. Winner Tom Bradley, runner up, Peter McCormack and Ilk.

Section 2. Winner Vi Delaney. Runners up, Elsie Aldred, Bill Miller, and Curly Wagstaff.

Section 1. Winner and Cup Holder for 1981, George Hudson. Runner up, Frank Hamilton.

As usual, Freda and Jack Horrocks were our efficient and helpful congress directors. We were all grateful that Dr. Stilwell gave them a small token of our gratitude. The chess congress is somehow unique in the list of events that take place each year at Ian Fraser House. For a few days, we meet all the new friends and we are locked in single combat, which is at once spirited, friendly, instructive and generous. Mind you, some

generosity has to be refused as one of us found when he tried to take his own bishop with his opponent's queen!

The message of this weekend is clear — we had a wonderful time — but it would have been even better if you had been there too. It would be a great pity if this event were to be dropped from the calendar from lack of support.

Our helpers, Freda and Jack, Mrs. Blackford, Miss Garland, Rolly McCormack, Padre Meek, Mr. Paul and Mr. Warren gave their time generously. They would be even happier to do so, if more of us came to enjoy the congress.

We look forward to the Chess Instruction Weekend on October 30th & 31st and to our Congress next spring.

Tom Bradley said it all when he proposed a vote of thanks to all concerned; "We are grateful to you all for making this a memorable weekend." Let us hope we have many more, and that many of you will come to make this a major event in St. Dunstan's calendar.

**Editors Note:** Fidelity Chess Challengers are available from Selfridges, London and the current price is £279.95.

## WALKERS' GET TOGETHER

A reunion of race-walking comrades took place on 11th March, when a group of St. Dunstan's race walkers were guests at the Annual Dinner of the Metropolitan Police Road Walking Association, at New Scotland Yard.

Tommy Gaygan, Bill Miller, Charles Stafford, Mike Tetley and Jimmy Wright met up with many good sporting friends — particularly Fred Duff, Maxi Elliott, Bill Harris, Ben Mills. Reg Denny, who walked to Everest with Mike Tetley, was also there.

### Puzzle Corner solutions:

Place two with heads showing and two with heads uppermost and place the fifth on edge between the other two pairs.

*The answer to Phillip Wood's puzzle is: a mule.*

## MOZART AND SHAKESPEARE WILL HAVE TO WAIT

by Phillip Wood

*Second Prize in the non-fiction section  
of the Writing Competition*

I think it all started (though I will never be sure) in February 1979. It was a raw freezing day, with that kind of east wind, bitter and malevolent, that scours your face like a wire brush. Chris and I had been to the sauna to cheer (and warm) ourselves up.

When we left there was a fine confetti of snow falling. I had gone only a few steps when my feet found a patch of ice. I hit the ground with the savage force of a wrestler being slammed onto the canvas by a particularly mean-spirited opponent.

Now, I am a great believer in Murphy's Law (or Sod's Law, if you prefer it). You know the kind of thing—if you drop a piece of bread and butter on the ground it always falls butter side down. Likewise, when I come a cropper (which, happily, is not all that frequent) I always have a trouser-pocket full of loose change to fall on. This occasion was no exception. I landed with about a pound's worth of small coins neatly sandwiched between my thigh and the hard tarmac.

My immediate reaction was that I must have broken my femur. I tried to find what small comfort I could from the fact that having been part roasted for a couple of hours in the sauna cabin, I would at least be nice and clean for the surgeons to work on.

A few painful tentative steps allayed my fears. I hadn't broken anything. I managed to hobble the few steps to the car. I arrived home with a murderously painful leg and a six-inch bruise in glorious technicolour.

But next morning, after a disturbed night, I awoke feeling considerably less than 100% fit—apart, that is, from my leg. I had an ominous pain in my midriff. It got rapidly worse and by mid-morning I was writhing in agony, (I can be a fairly spectacular writher when put to it). Alarmed, my wife rang the doctor.

He arrived promptly. We had never met as I steer clear of doctors on principle, and I never did join Pillswallowers Ubiquitous. He was pleasant enough. Indeed, as Mr. Grayson might say he "seemed like a nice boy".

By this time the pains had subsided—they always do. After the usual pertinent questions regarding my personal habits he said, "let's have a look at you." He raised both hands as if he were about to play the piano then began to explore my abdomen. Immediately, a horde (or school, or shoal, or whatever the noun of assemblage is) of rapacious piranha fish began to gnaw greedily at my vitals. He stopped doing it and the piranhas paused for breath. He gave an encore. The piranhas moved in again. With a superhuman effort I resisted the impulse to reach out and strangle him.

He tenderly replaced my duvet and said "um!" Now, when a G.P. says "um" like that he really means "I haven't the faintest idea what's wrong with you." But let us not be too hard on our doctors. They are both human and fallible, and anyway, the stomach has always been something of a mystery. We can send a man on to the moon to bring a bag of dust for analysis, or train a micro-chip to make a frying-pan, sing "Annie Laurie" and pick a team to meet the West Indies, at the same time—but the human stomach is still a closed book, so to speak. "I'll ask the consultant to have a look at you," he said.

Mr. Blank arrived the next morning. His name isn't really Blank, and he will probably never read this, but you can't be too careful, I always say. After question time, during which I confessed that I'd had an absolutely foul night, he went into the laying-on-of-hands routine, which infuriated the piranhas no end, gently murmuring "ah!" at regular intervals.

Now, when a specialist says "ah!" it is a very different thing from the G.P.'s "um!" He means "I have a very good idea what's wrong with you, and I need hardly say you are in very good hands!" Aloud he said "If I send you for x-ray it could take weeks (o-er!) but I don't want to keep you hanging around any longer than is absolutely necessary (my heart warmed to him) so I'll have you in during the next couple of days and do an internal examination. We'll put

you to sleep first, don't worry!" he assured me.

The days passed, but no summons from the hospital. My worried wife rang Mr. Blank's secretary. She metaphorically patted her on the head, told her not to worry and if Mr. Blank said he was going to have me in, then as sure as God made little apples, have me in he undoubtedly would.

More days passed. My stomach swelled alarmingly. I couldn't sleep. Food was out of the question. I hardly dare drink, as liquid was the piranhas natural element, so to speak, and they had a beanfeast each time I took a sip of water.

My wife rang Mr. Blank's secretary again, with the same result. What the girl *didn't* do was to check to see if I were actually on any list. Had she done so, she would have discovered that I wasn't. It later transpired that Mr. Blank had left our bungalow, climbed into his car—and completely forgotten all about me!

### The Other Place

But at the time of course, lying there on my bed of pain, practically at death's edge, I didn't know this. I began to wonder if, having found something nasty during the laying-on-of-hands ceremony, Mr. Blank had just left me there to die as being the easiest (and cheapest) solution to my problems, whatever they were. But surely he wouldn't do that? . . . would he?

Lying there I could find singularly few advantages in dying. Suppose we were due for a summer this year? Or the BBC declared a ban on the inane twitterings of prima donna football managers? Or Wedgie Benn joined the Tories? I would miss out on these and other wonders.

Besides, if I were going to shuffle off this mortal coil, where exactly would I shuffle to? I wasn't really besotted with the idea of going to Heaven. It would probably be full of good people and in my experience good people could be excruciatingly dull. In any case, I couldn't really see myself as an odds-on favourite for entry to Heaven. No, I would probably wind up in The Other Place and join the more interesting of my relations who had preceded me there.

Then a wonderful thought struck me. Wouldn't it be absolutely marvellous if I could meet Mozart and Shakespeare, whom I had drooled over since boyhood. It would be almost worth the trouble and expense of going!

Then, I began to improve, very slowly at first. I was able to take a light diet, and liquids without any apparent ill-effect. The piranhas fish had gone. They couldn't complain. They had lived right royally on about a stone of my flesh. I continued to get better and the thought of chatting up Mozart and Shakespeare began to lose much of its attraction. At the end of a month I was my old complaining unloveable self again . . .

. . . Until April of this year. I was returning from a local shop when, without warning, the piranhas moved in—and this time they brought the more voracious of their relatives. By dint of resting on low garden walls, then tottering a few paces, and sitting again, I managed to make it home, hit the kitchen carpet and writhed.

### Mountain to Mahomet

By the time the doctor got there I had completely recovered. "Just the same" he said, "I think that Mr. Blank had better have a look at you." "Like last time?" I sneered. But on this occasion I was ambulant and the mountain would go to Mahomet.

Mahomet was most affable but showed no sign that we had ever met before. He displayed great curiosity about the Siam-Burma railway and asked me what life in the camps had really been like. I said rather like Butlin's in the off-season with staffing problems. We parted on the best of terms.

A few weeks later I received a letter from the x-ray department. It requested the pleasure of my company to partake of a barium meal. In order to increase my appreciation, I was instructed not to eat or drink for five hours before the appointed time. As an afterthought I was asked to be sure and inform them if I were pregnant.

The hospital is a mile and a quarter from where we live—Chris clocked it once in the car for reasons best known to himself. It is brand-new and not so much a hospital as a hospital complex—and complex is the operative word. It could easily be mistaken for an atomic power station or one of ICI's more ambitious projects. Inside, the visitor needs a prismatic compass, an A-Z and a bicycle to get around.

My wife and I arrived at the appointed time minus fifteen minutes. We crossed Reception, which is like the concourse of Euston Station with carpets, down several miles of corridors and found our way to x-ray.

Here, a nurse led me to a small area of curtained cubicles, pointed me at one and said, "Take everything off except your shoes and socks, put on the gown and robe, then come out here."

The undressing part was easy enough, I've done it thousands of times. Then came "The Gown". This was a huge trapezium fashioned from what seemed to be white enamelled plywood, and would easily stand up without support. There were none of these fancy refinements like various sizes. They were all designed to fit all comers, from Cyril Smith to Ronnie Corbett. I suppose I came midway between at 130-odd pounds. I fought my way into this thing with difficulty. A three-quarter length Joseph's coat in half-inch thick towelling completed the ensemble.

I emerged and presented myself for inspection. The nurse didn't fall about laughing, she just escorted me to the x-ray room and handed me over.

This was a huge dungeon-like place lighted by two 15 watt bulbs and filled with sinister looking machines hired by the day from a horror film set. I took off my Joseph's coat and immediately my shroud shot out sharply in all directions. I must have looked like a cross between the Archangel Gabriel, sans wings, and Asterix the Gaul.

### Vestal Virgin

One of the Vestal Virgins in charge led me into the gloom. We parted company temporarily while I fell over a low step. "Step up and turn around," I was commanded. I found myself standing with my back against an upright surface about seven feet high by three feet wide, and hoped nobody would start throwing knives.

Then a second VV handed me a glass half-pint beer mug filled to overflowing with some semi-liquid concoction. "Don't drink yet!" she warned. "Take the glass in your left hand and place your right arm down by your side." What an imposing figure I must have looked, standing there at attention, my glass raised as if about to propose a toast, resplendent in shroud, Town Treks and Marks & Sparks's socks! I wondered how they would react to a spirited rendition of "The Drinking Song" from "The Student Prince".

The doctor bustled in and seated himself at a replica of the flight-deck of Concorde.

"Drink!" he ordered. The barium tasted a bit like army porridge generously laced with Milk of Magnesia. I drained the glass and handed the empty to the waiting VV.

I then discovered what the two handles on the sides of the contraption were for as with an agonised whirring and clicking and flashing, the whole thing began to tilt backwards until it, and I, assumed the horizontal. On command I lay on my back, on my front, on my left side, on my right side, with one or two more elegant poses thrown in for good measure. All this time the camera was flashing and whirring and clicking like a demented Dalek.

Then we began the return journey to the upright, with me hanging on like grim death. Standing on the step I had still more pictures taken, my right profile, my left profile (the better one) with both hands raised and with one hand languidly raised like some Rebecca who had forgotten her pitcher. And then they let me go.

It was 2.30 p.m. and they said I could eat and drink at 3.30, return for one more shot at 4.30 and again at 9.30 the following morning for the final picture. These latter were just routine lying on a metal bed while the operator did his stuff.

### No News

When, I wondered, would I get the results of all that work? About two weeks, I was told. I waited two weeks. Nothing. Three weeks. No news. I rang the Centre from whence all medical blessings flow. No, said the girl, they hadn't heard, try again in a week. I did. Nothing. Then she had something of a brainwave. Was it Mr. Blank who had sent me for x-rays? I said, yes, it was "In that case, he will have the results." I wondered if he would let me know, or was it, for some obscure reason, now Classified Information?

"Well, if you don't hear anything, then you're all right" explained the girl. This seemed to me just the teeniest bit unsatisfactory. Errors of omission are not exactly unknown in the NHS. Besides, I'd had some experience of Mr. Blank's dodgy memory.

Still, I expect I'll live. I'm a born survivor. They'll have to shoot me in the end, I expect.

In the meantime, Mozart and Shakespeare will just have to wait.

## Archery Club 1981 Indoor Shoot

by Norman Perry

It is always a pleasure to meet new friends at Ian Fraser House. It was an especially great pleasure for the St. Dunstan's Archery Club to welcome the Cuckfield Bowmen, who had accepted an invitation to compete against us. 31st January is a date to remember in the history of St. Dunstan's. Never before has a team of sighted archers competed against a team of blind archers.

St. Dunstan's team 'A', S. Jones, A. Wagstaff, N. Perry and P. Duffee, did their best totalling a score of 769, while our opponents scored 1,134. Our Team 'B', T. Page, C. McConaghy, F. Galway and S. Sosabowski, totalled 555, while the Cuckfield 'B' team totalled 909. We lost the match, but gained a great deal of experience, as well as many new friends, and I am sure that we shall do a lot better when we next meet the Cuckfield Bowmen at an outdoor shoot in the summer.

Monday and Wednesday were given over to the indoor competition at the Worthing Sports Centre. A 'Portsmouth' round, five dozen arrows at 20 meters using a 60 cm target proved a problem for most of the archers on the Monday and it was on

that day's score that a handicap was based for the shoot on Wednesday. Perhaps it was because Tuesday was spent arrow straightening, re-fletching and bow tuning that most people had a better score in the second half of the round. After a complicated mathematical calculation had been worked out the results were announced:

1st N. Perry  
2nd W. Davies  
3rd F. Galway

The rest of the week was taken up with some excellent coaching by Phil Vanburen, L. Austin and the best looking one of all, Marie, to all of whom we are most grateful for the time and effort that they gave us. Also, many thanks to Peter and Tony for their help and to J. Carnochan, the Sports Officer, for all the administration.

A reminder to all members that the Holiday Shoot commences on 1st May and is to be shot three dozen at 30 yards, plus two dozen at 20, using a full target face. Anyone wishing to take part in this shoot should contact L. Austin, or P. Duffee, at Ian Fraser House, before going down for a holiday.

## From the Chairman's Postbag

From: L.R. Hunt, New Zealand

Life out here even with our disability goes on much the same. I am still able to work at my job as a labourer in a wool scouring plant, thanks to the understanding management and work mates.

We live in a small town about 3,500 people in the centre of the North Island. It is mainly a sheep and cattle fattening area, with grain being grown on a larger scale now as a large malt factory has just been completed which can process about 600,000 tonnes of barley a year. Our scouring plant handles about 75,000 bales of wool per year which is sent all over the

world as well as what we use for our own carpet factories.

Before my eyesight deteriorated I was employed on a farm which I enjoyed, as I like the outdoor life. I am still able to do my garden which is a good pastime and provides us with plenty of fresh vegetables. My wife takes me around to various places to visit our friends and relations and I like to play indoor bowls and this year I hope to play in a blind bowlers tournament, which is held in Palmerston North, just a few miles away. Mr. Short, our Blind Representative, said he will get me into a team.

From: C.W.M. Addison, British Columbia

A friend who brought a six meter racing yacht out from Glasgow is training me to crew for him. Although she is 37 feet, the beam is narrow and the cockpit quite small, so I do not move about much. The skipper is laying down a procedure where he and the other crewman handle the rigging while I can take the helm and handle the jib sheets, backstays and mainsheet without moving. When racing every movement is on orders from the skipper anyway, so we know what we are to do and it is working out.

The test came last Sunday when we raced 34 miles in a Force 7 wind and came through jolly well. He said to know your disability is one thing, but we will work on your capabilities. If this works out then I shall go ocean racing which is something I never dreamed of, although I have sailed all my life. Thought you might like to know what the flock get up to.

From: Bob Pearson, Auckland, New Zealand

We had Christmas in Hamilton with our son, Robert, Karen and 20 month old Matthew. At the 10.00 am Church Service the gentleman in the pew in front of me turned and shook my hand, "I saw your St. Dunstan's badge." He knew it from England. I felt humble.

## READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 1509

### The Talented Mr. Ripley

By Patricia Highsmith  
Read by Anthony Parker  
Reading Time 11¼ hours

Tom Ripley is approached in New York by a Mr. Herbert Greenleaf, who asks him to undertake a commission. His son, Dickie, an acquaintance of Tom's, is now living in Italy, and Mr. Greenleaf is most anxious that he return and take his place in the family firm. Would Mr. Ripley like to go to Italy, all expenses paid, and try to persuade the errant Dickie to return to the fold.

Mr. Ripley would. He is flat broke, he has been up to some jiggery-pokery in the city and wouldn't at all mind getting out of New York.

He finds Dickie in a tiny Italian village living the idyllic life of a painter, (though not, in Ripley's opinion, a very good painter) and he flatly refuses to return to America.

Tom moves in with Dickie and for a time everything goes swimmingly. Then there is a spot of trouble, one thing leads to another, until finally Ripley decides it is time that Dickie was killed off. He dumps his weighted body in a lake, goes off to Rome where he assumes the dead man's identity, taking over his assets, including his monthly cheque from home, forgery being one of Tom's less desirable accomplishments. When he is discovered by one of Dickie's friends, he naturally kills him as well.

On more than one occasion he comes within an ace of being found out, but his luck holds out and he lives to kill another day...

A splendid yarn. Tom Ripley is quite one of my favourite murderers.

Cat. No. 1491

### A Little of What You Fancy

By H.E. Bates  
Read by Stephen Jack  
Reading Time 6¼ hours

Ma and Pop Larkin are in bed enjoying (among other things!) their favourite morning drink, a mixture of brandy and champagne, when suddenly Pop "comes over all queer".

The doctor is hastily summoned. It is a mild heart attack. Pop is ordered to stay in bed, take things very quietly and (horror of horrors!) to lay off the booze.

Life on these terms is, of course, not really worth living, but Pop decides to give it a go, admirably supported by Ma and a stunning line in Australian nurses.

When he is deemed fit enough to stand the shock, he is given the catastrophic news — "they" are gong to build a road — straight through his garden.

The call to arms goes out and the whole village rallies round Pop's standard. He manages to recruit the most unlikely (and powerful) ally in the fight against faceless bureaucracy...

Another hilarious tale of the preposterous Larkin family, and a worthy sequel to "The Darling Buds of May".

## ROYAL SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, LEATHERHEAD

by Jimmy Wright

*This report should have appeared in the March Review, but unfortunately was held up in the post.*

As a result of an article which I was asked to write for the January edition of the A.C.T.T. Journal, that's the Union news magazine of the Association of Cinematograph, Television, and Allied Technicians, a BBC Nationwide producer decided to produce a programme on my work as a blind film maker.

During the week commencing 2nd February, Cinexsa were shooting a short film for the Royal School for the Blind, Leatherhead, Surrey; Tuesday, 3rd seemed to be a good day for the Nationwide Film Unit to visit the location in order to film me, with my crew, who were recreating a scene which took place at Leatherhead Railway Station, in 1910, when a Miss Helena Timmins, a sixteen year old blind girl, arrived at the station having travelled with her chaperon from her home in Liverpool, to take up residence at the Royal School for the Blind. The part of the young Helena Timmins is played by actress Alison Dowling, with Ann Godfrey her chaperon, and they are met at the station with a pony and trap, the cabman being played by John Dick.

The opening scenes of the young girl's arrival were filmed in black and white, with everyone in appropriate costume, to create a feeling of those Edwardian days; the remainder of the documentary is in colour.

The purpose of the film is to assist with the fund raising, which is already under way, to finance the massive reconstruction programme which also has already commenced, to remodernise the old Victorian building which went up at the turn of the century when the Royal School, which was founded in 1799, was obliged to move out of London so that the original site could be used to make way for the railways.

The Royal School for the Blind is not a 'school' in the true sense of the word, since nowadays it is the principal establishment in the U.K., providing residential accommodation and training for blind men and women who, as well as being blind, have an additional disability.



*The opening scene of Jimmy Wright's new film.*

The aim of the film is to show how little the building has changed during the past eighty-odd years and to illustrate that despite the rather grim living accommodation for the 150 residents and for the staff, there is a wonderful camaraderie on the part of both residents and staff.

The purpose of commencing the film with the arrival of Helena Timmins is to establish the fact that she is still a resident of the School at the age of 86, having been the Choir Mistress and Organist; her tremendously alert and articulate memory when recounting the early days of her childhood for the purpose of the film, is indicative of the fine work that is carried out notwithstanding the difficult living and working conditions.



Tom Daborn carving a spoon in the workshop

## Ways of Life 43.

### Working with the Grain

Tom Daborn talking to David Castleton.

The A39 is a dramatic road. It leads the traveller on a twisting course, tumbling him down steep hills only to set him climbing back again to the open moorland — on one side the edge of Exmoor, on the other spectacular views of a jagged coastline and the Bristol Channel opening out to the Atlantic.

There are many deep valleys leading down from Exmoor to the sea — one of them is the Heddon Valley. Just before you reach Blackmoor Gate you turn right taking a narrow road which at first runs level. Then after a sharp turn, the road dives steeply down and from the open moorland of the

top the aspect changes to luxuriant woodland clinging to the steep sides of the valley.

The lane leads to Hunters' Inn and then turns back to rejoin the main road to Ilfracombe, further West. To reach Heddon Mouth you must walk. My destination, however, was just short of Hunters' Inn, it was The Barton, a square house built of local stone set in a garden where the valley widens. The Heddon stream runs alongside the garden, primroses grow through the flagstones leading to the front door and Tom and Emma Daborn live here.

"It was built originally as a hunting

lodge", Tom said, "They used to come down here staghunting, I suppose, just over 100 years ago. In fact by the front door, let in the wall are big iron rings where they used to tie the horses up. Across the lane and up the hill opposite are two cottages where the servants used to live and the stables were up there. You can just imagine it, 100 years ago, riding out from Ilfracombe or Barnstaple, tying up the horses and coming in after hunting and having a rip roaring meal here."

#### Fishing

Tom, who was blinded by a sniper while serving with the Hampshire Regiment at Rimini in Italy in 1944, ran a shop until his retirement which gave him the opportunity to live in the valley where Emma had lived and where they met just before the war. Tom is a fisherman and he can fish the river by his house, "Just after we came here, the Water Bailiff came to tell me they had put sea trout and salmon fry in the upper reaches and they hoped they'd have a run. Well, over the past seven years we've had several mystery fish of about 3-4 lbs. coming along the river. This isn't normal because in this stream you get five or six trout to the pound — that's a good size brook trout. But these fish are obviously coming in to try to come up the river to spawn".

He also fishes at sea, going out with local boatmen from Coombe Martin and from Lynmouth.

#### Wood Carving

Tom's other absorbing interest is wood carving. Living in a quite densely wooded valley he is surrounded by the raw material of his craft, but, in fact, he came to carving almost by accident. "At the inauguration of evening classes in Lynton, my wife was signing in for painting and she met a man who was running a woodcarving class. I was introduced to him, and we talked it over. He was obviously taken aback, but he suggested I go along and, when I started cutting and hacking with the best of them, all went very smoothly. He encouraged me no end".

Tom had always been interested in woodwork, "Although my attempts were rather crude. Another thing I liked doing

before the war was to whittle sticks, cut out of the hedgerow and carve a duck's head or something on top of it with a penknife, that's how it really started, I think".

The first thing Tom carved was a cooking spoon in beech to a special design of Emma's, "It had a flat, angled end to it so you could get it right into the corner of the saucepan".

His first bowl was in ash: "It was a nice, curved bowl, I suppose the wood was about 1¼" thick and to help me over the initial problem, the instructor cut the design for me. He also told me the best method for me to do it by myself".

Tom uses a cardboard former made by marking half the shape he requires on the cardboard, folded it in half, "When you open it up you have a matching former which you fasten to the wood. I use drawing pins putting them well in from the edge knowing I'm going to cut the inside out. I scratch round the edge with a sharp gimlet so I start with a definite mark to work to".

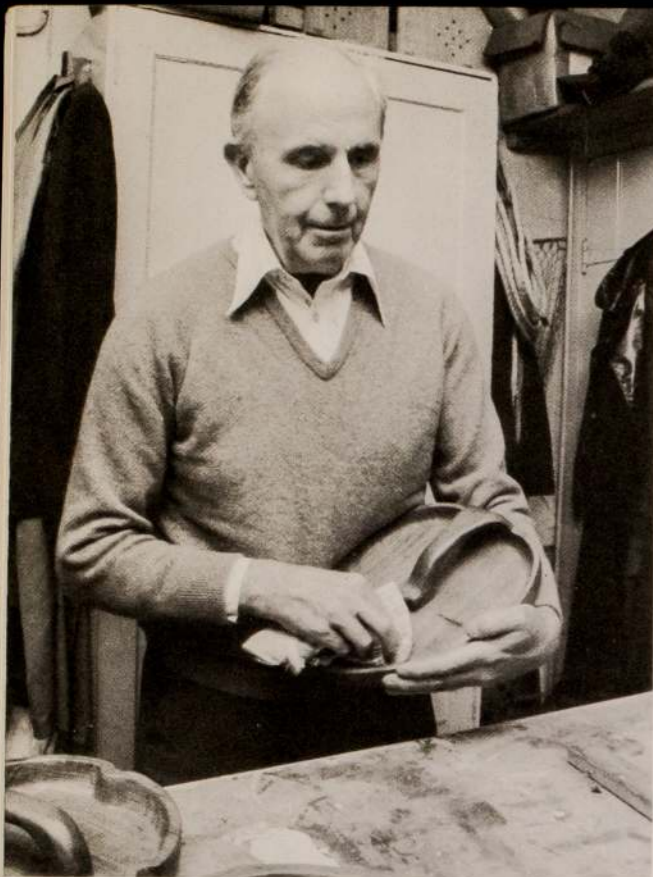
#### Tenon Saw

Using a tenon saw, Tom cuts off the corners repeating the process until he has cut off most of the surplus. Then, with the wood fixed in a vice, he uses a rasp to smooth it to the final shape.

The next stage is the carving out of the wood to form the bowl, "One of the essential things is to have something in the way of a clamp to fix it firmly to your work surface. I use two G clamps and then I start roughly in the middle and start chipping away with a large gouge and mallet, taking out the centre. Then I go round the edge carefully taking out the thickness I want going gradually lower and lower and making sure that I don't drive through the bottom."

Getting a uniform thickness by touch is easy enough at the edge by running the fingers round, but the thickness of the bottom is more difficult, "I've got a metal rule which I lay across the edges, then with a pencil which I just hold vertically so that it just touches the bottom, I test the depth. Then I transfer it to the edge of the bowl and lower it down the side and I can tell how far I've got to go down".

Once the bowl is carved out, the patient process of finishing begins: "The idea is you sandpaper all the rough marks out. You



*Polishing a bowl*

sandpaper it smooth, and, when you think you've got it smooth, you dip it in water, take it out and let it dry. That brings up all the tiny fibres again and, after about four or five times wetting and drying and rubbing down with fine sand paper you get a real, satiny finish. The final finish is obtained by applying linseed oil. In the case of a salad bowl I use ordinary vegetable cooking oil. You rub it and you get a sort of polish; not a surface polish though. If it's possible the glaze seems to go right into the grain of the wood and remain there for all time.

"I've made six or seven bowls now, all different. I try to make them entirely different and not do two alike. If you do, I think one must become a copy. I hope each one is "unique" in inverted commas. If anyone could make another one exactly the same, they would be very clever, I think".

Tom also makes spoons and forks and when I visited him he was working on a pair of salad servers, spoon and fork, with carved spiral handles. To my eye the spirals

were completely accurate; painstakingly cut with the thread taking up the angle of the outside edge of the spoon as it joins the handle.

"First I've got a little, tiny, hacksaw blade which I run round making the saw-cut very carefully to keep the same angle all the way up the spoon handle. I finish off with a small triangular file to widen the saw-cut and then with a rat-tail file — which is a round one — I can put that in the widened saw-cut and take it down fairly deeply to make nice, even spiral".

#### **Jeweller's Tool**

For very small detail, Tom uses a set of jeweller's cutting tools given him by a friend, "I use them a lot on this spoon business, they're ideal for getting into tight corners because with one of these you can get in anywhere".

His main tools are, of course, his gouges — not chisels as I had supposed they would be. "The biggest one I've got is 1¼" with a very gentle curve on it, but it's a very heavy one and you can give it a real whack and get big pieces of wood out. I started with a set of six small gouges and later I bought some larger ones, starting with a ¾". I think you could make a bowl and get by with just one gouge if you were careful".

#### **Sharpening Gouges**

Part of the skill of the craft is keeping the tools in good condition, "You've got to keep them sharp all the time. It's a knack. You've got two surfaces. You've got the grinding surface which gives you the angle and the sharpening surface which is a more acute angle on the end of the grind. That's the one you keep honed. You have a well-oiled stone which you hone on. You don't rub desperately away for half-an-hour, you just give two or three firm strokes on the oil stone, which should be sufficient. When the sharpening bevel becomes too blunt, through continuous honing, it's best to take it to an expert for re-grinding".

Tom pictures his designs in his head. One particularly attractive heart-shaped bowl was based on a china bowl belonging to his mother and remembered since the days he was a boy. This bowl won first prize at an exhibition of craft work in Exeter.



*"I use two G clamps... and start chipping away..."*

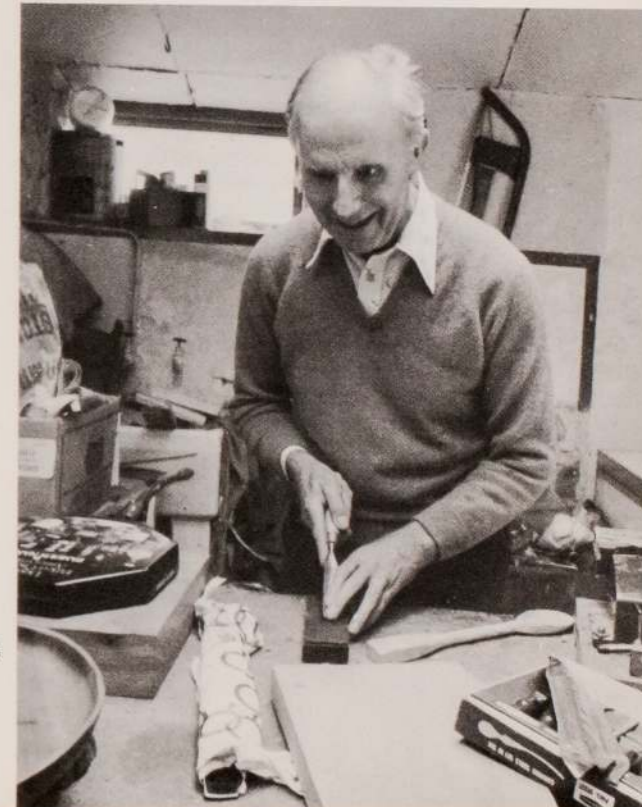
"I've got an idea in mind, now. One of the standard designs we used to do on a piece of wood at school was what they used to call a tudor rose, just a simple rose with four petals which curl up towards the end. My idea is to superimpose a large design on a 12 x 12 piece of elm and have a bowl that would be formed by four petals of the rose. It's still just an idea at the moment, but I think that's what I'll do next".

#### **Unique grain**

Although he says he is not an expert, Tom is pretty knowledgeable about woods, "Ash is a very good wood, and beech, the grain is right and it's very tough and hard wood. You get a piece of ash that has been well seasoned and turn it into a bowl. It's got a sheen and finish all of its own.

"It's hard to work, but the satisfaction is when you finish. The graining that's left in the wood is a thing that has grown from nature and it can't be repeated anywhere."

*"Two or three firm strokes on the oil stone."*





## Gardening Column

The garden is really waking up now, with perennials starting to grow and shrubs coming back to life, so keep the hoe going, use sprays against insects and put down bait for slugs and snails. Ensure that all fencing is secure, especially the junction staves, or the whole lot may collapse. You should finish digging over all the beds by the end of April, putting some compost or manure on top of the soil and a general fertiliser added to the beds 'before planting anything' will help them to get a good start.

### Lawns

The lawns will be starting to grow again now, so set the blades of the mowing machine fairly high for the first few cuts, because if you keep the blades low they will probably stick and pull some of the grass out at the roots. If you have a roller do give the lawn a good going over as the turf may have been lifted by the harsh winter weather. Sometimes the mowings get left on the lawn and some of the longer grass gets bent double rather than cut, so brush the grass with a besom or stiff broom.

### Vegetables

Get the vegetable patch ready for the seedlings to be planted and you should harden off the seeds in a frame before planting them out. Some seeds can be planted directly into the beds, but remember to keep some seed in reserve in case of failures.

Thin out the seeds you planted outdoors earlier in the season, and keep the spare seedlings in a small plot to give you reinforcements in case some of the main plants go down the drain. Plant the potatoes and sprinkle a soil pest deterrent in the rows where the tubers are planted. Before planting them though, rub out some of the growths as it will not do your crop any good if you have too much top growth.

French and runner beans can be sown in their cropping places, but I think those of you in the north should leave doing this until the very end of the month. Put a few seeds in trays in a shed or frame so that, again, you have a few replacements, should you need them.

Do remember to protect the vegetable seeds from slugs and put up netting to keep the birds off. Hoe regularly and use sprays against fly pests, but do not use sprays in windy weather.

### Fruit

Do not plant any more fruit trees or bushes. If you want new trees, wait until the autumn. Complete all the pruning in early April and cut away any dead branches or shoots. Spray the fruit trees/bushes with insecticide, again, only on a still day and do wear some head covering and gloves. Wash carefully when you have finished the job. Make sure all the stakes and supports round the trees, bushes and wall fruit are in good order and well anchored. It is also a good idea to have a plastic or wooden frame for fruit planted on a south facing wall.

### Flowers

Keep hoeing the flower beds to combat weeds, or fork over parts you want to replant with new items. Divide some of the large clumps of perennials and transplant sections to other areas of the garden.

Hardy annuals and perennials can be sown outside, or in a frame. Those outside would do better if covered with a frame covering, or plastic sheeting, which can be left on till the end of the month.

When the bulbs have finished flowering, cut away the flowers, but not the leaves. Tie the leaves back or use a rubber band, so that they can die back naturally and build the bulbs up for next year.

Put in anemones, dahlias, gladioli, ranunculus and so on, but not if frost is forecast. Again, do protect these plants with cloches, or polythene. If new shoots on the roses have been caught by frost, cut them back a bit further down the branches. Some general fertilisers sprinkled around the borders will do a heap of good, as will compost or farmyard manure.

It is a busy time in the greenhouse. You should be sowing all kinds of seeds and tubers as well as potting on some of the plants kept from last year. Get the annuals off to a good start in seed boxes and if you have already sown some, get them planted

## Gardening *continued*

out into boxes to grow on to a good size before planting them outside next month. Any item started really early can be hardened off by putting them outside during the day and bringing them inside, or putting them in a frame at night. If some plants are growing a bit too tall, pinch out the top to make them bushier and you may get a better plant in the end.

Start off the begonias and gloxinias in trays. Some begonias can be used outside, but gloxinias will have to be kept in the house or greenhouse. Take cuttings off tall perennials, but do not get rid of the main plant before you are sure the cuttings have

really taken. Use a hormone rooting powder when you take cuttings, as it helps to get them going and also contains an anti mildew compound.

Harden off the geraniums by putting them out during the day and bringing them in at night, although they will probably be safe in a closed frame at night. Pests and diseases will be on the rampage now, so use sprays and smokes. The latter gets to more parts and crevices than sprays, so do use them regularly, but do remember to open up all the windows and the door before you do much work in the greenhouse.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### From: Jimmy Wight, Shepperton

I am writing, in response to the Editor's suggestion in the January issue of the St. Dunstan's *Review*, to let you know a little about the I.Y.D.P. activities that are going on in my area.

As Chairman of the Spelthorne Talking News, I attend meetings of the Spelthorne Joint Committee for the Disabled, whose Chairman is also blind, and a Vice-Chairman of our Talking News. We arranged a public meeting in December, to which we invited members of the various service clubs, as well as organisations concerned with the welfare of disabled folk suffering from differing handicaps; the purpose of the meeting was to ask for volunteers to serve on a committee comprising mainly of disabled representatives. It was the wish of Surrey County's I.Y.D.P.'s Support Group's Chairman, himself confined to a wheelchair, that wherever possible, each of the sixteen Support Groups in the county, should have a disabled person as Chairman. I rather fancy that my nomination as Chairman of our Support Group came as a result of my films concerned with various aspects confronting disabled people, as well as the production of our Talking News. As Chairman of Spelthorne Integration Group (S.I.G.), it is my responsibility during 1981, to attend monthly meetings at the Queen Elizabeth College for the Disabled at Leatherhead and report on S.I.G.'s progress.

Our first local monthly meeting took place on 2nd January, and as a result of our local press release, telephone calls and letters have flooded in, both from disabled people in need of assistance in one way or another, and from able-bodied people who wish to help. Access and mobility are our main objectives; senior schools in the borough will be undertaking the task of investigating the problems of access for those residents confined to a wheelchair and we shall produce an Access Guide on completion of the research, which will be supervised by an expert who has already produced an Access Guide in one of the London boroughs. The Guide will be fully comprehensive, including useful information for all categories of disability.

Mobility, simply getting from A to B, I always emphasise, when I am asked to speak about I.Y.D.P. is, perhaps, the most important difficulty with which a disabled person is confronted, whether adult or a child, and I always make a special point of including our senior citizens, many of whom have become disabled in one form or another in old age, but more often than not, would never admit to it, but nevertheless, are housebound, and are in need of someone to visit them to help in some way with a home maintenance job, or take them out occasionally to visit a friend or relative.

Although we shall make the most of I.Y.D.P. to fund three new minibuses, one each for our two schools for the mentally

handicapped, and one for a school for the physically handicapped, fund raising as such will not be our principal aim during I.Y.D.P., but rather to create a better understanding of how best the able-bodied can help disabled people, and of the untapped ability that is within the capability of almost every handicapped person, given the encouragement, training, and above all, the opportunity to demonstrate what he or she can achieve.

It comes as quite a shock to most people to learn that the civilian blind receive no disability allowance, merely a tax allowance of £180 per annum, provided one is employed. My approach to our M.P. last autumn produced a negative response from the Ministers concerned with both disability and training and employment; however, we shall continue to pursue our efforts during I.Y.D.P. to put to right what we feel to be a gross injustice, in the hope that, coupled with the R.N.I.B. petition that has been presented to Parliament, a successful solution will ultimately result from everyone's efforts. The really important aim must be that all the good work that is started during I.Y.D.P. must not be allowed to cease on 31st December 1981.

**From: A.C. Pointon, Bexhill-on-Sea**

When, two and half years ago, Ray Hazan published in the *Review* an article suggesting that some of us might like to have a go at skiing, I wrote to various people to find out if, at the age of 57, I might be able to have a go. I was put in touch with the Bowles Outdoor Pursuit Centre, near Crowborough, where the Managing Director, Mr. Randall Williams, met me and showed me some of the gear one has to use.

My first impression of ski boots was that they were made of concrete and a bit tight under the knee caps, but thanks to my instructor's patience and kind tuition it proved to be something I could do and so in 1979 and 1980 I went with Ray's party to Bavaria.

This year, for a change, I went as the only blind member of a ski party organised by Bowles to Madesimo, in Northern Italy and believe me it was a lot of fun. We flew from Gatwick, or Freddie Laker's private landing field if you prefer, to Milan, where we were

met by coach and after a two hour drive stopped at a cafe. On the black and white T.V. in the bar, guess what was on? Would you believe, 'George and Mildred'. I didn't know that the late Yootha Joyce could speak so fast in Italian!

We had been skirting Lake Como and after another hour and a half we arrived at Campodolcino to find ourselves at the bottom of a cable car which hoisted us up to the Casa Alpino which most people think was once a monastery. I must say I was pleased that it has changed its function.

This was the first experience the organisers, or the rest of the 45 strong party, had had of a blind skier and they were absolutely marvellous to me. However, I reckon I must be the original abominable snowman. Last year I frightened the snow away from Bavaria and this year from Madesimo. There was a bit when we arrived and a little fell the next day, but it was like skiing in porridge on glass and by the end of the week there was practically no snow, so we went to St. Moritz every day.

It is interesting to hear of the people and shops in that part of the world and I would liked to have a go on a bob sleigh on the Cresta run, but unfortunately it was closed as it was too warm.

I returned to the U.K. yesterday, having not done a lot of skiing but having had a wonderful experience with some very pleasant people, all of whom went out of their way to be helpful, taking me on lots of shopping trips and to pizza bars etc. It was altogether a very interesting experience, terminating with our flight back from Turin and someone describing the lovely colouring of the Alps from the air.

**From: Mrs. J. Marsden, Polegate, Sussex**

To anyone wanting to move to the South of England, have you ever thought of or heard of Polegate, Sussex.

As a St. Dunstan's widow living on the Isle of Wight. I had great reservations about moving to Polegate, but I need not have worried, I can honestly say it was the best move I ever made. Polegate is a large village if you can call it a village, with a population of over 9,000 inhabitants. It is situated in a beautiful part of Sussex, having its own railway station which gives

easy access to Eastbourne, Brighton and London, and all the lovely places along the South Coast. In fact it only takes 8 mins. by train to Eastbourne, and half hour to Brighton, both places having plenty of theatres and shows going on especially Eastbourne, also there are some lovely walks if you like walking.

There is a thriving Community Centre here in Polegate, where there is something on most days and where you can get to know people. Also there is the British Legion which is reputed to be one of the best in the South. I find the people very friendly, so you soon feel part of the community, so why not think of Polegate if you are wanting to move. I can thoroughly recommend it.

**From: Phyllis Rogers, Ashford, retired Welfare Superintendent**

My conscience pricks heavily at not sending greetings to my St. Dunstaner friends last Christmas, but moving house after 32 years proved a longer lasting upheaval than I had anticipated. I also discovered that builders and electricians needed in our new home did not arrive as quickly as one always hopes! As a result I only managed to send very few cards.

Through the kind offices of the *Review*, I would now like to thank all of you who so kindly sent greetings and letters to me and to take this opportunity of sending you and your families, Easter greetings and a prayer for your health and happiness.

**From: Ike Pellington, Prestatyn, North Wales**

May I take this opportunity to thank everyone who sent me get well cards and for the numerous phone calls my wife received while I was so ill in hospital. It is very nice to know we have so many friends. Thank you everyone.

**From: Jock Forbes-Stewart, Norwich**

May I be allowed to thank Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence for the way they treated me at Broadhurst Gardens, also for the kindness shown to me and the quietness. I am very grateful to them both and hope that Charles continues to take the cup of tea as usual. Very many thanks to you both.

**MRS. E.M. KING**

We are very sorry to report the death in March of Mrs. Edith M. King. Many St. Dunstaners living in the Midlands, in the North of England and Scotland will remember her with affection.

'Mickie' King began her long association with St. Dunstan's as a V.A.D., in June, 1946, following service during the Second World War in Civil Defence. Later, as a N.C.O. Ambulance Driver, attached to the 21st Army Group, she served in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.

She was appointed Welfare Visitor in September, 1949 and worked in the Midlands until 1955 when she took over Scotland and the North of England in an exchange of areas.

In 1967, Mrs. King retired officially, but continued to visit St. Dunstaners in Scotland, where she was living. In June 1974, Mrs. King finally retired and later moved from Scotland to Devon to live with her sister.

Her thirty years' service to St. Dunstan's will be warmly remembered by St. Dunstaners and staff alike.

**BRILLE MEDICINE LABELS**

As mentioned in last month's *Review* Braille medicine labels are now available at chemists. The Dispensary at Ian Fraser House also has a supply of these labels which can be issued to people who would like them. Seven varieties have been designed to carry the most frequently used instructions for taking solid doses, medicines as well as the direction "Not to be taken internally."

Each label measures approximately 2½ x ¾ in. and the instructions are given in large clear print as well as Braille. Labels can be attached around the neck of the medicine bottle, which should still bear the normal dispensing label. They are made of robust plastic and can be reused many times.

**DERBY SWEEPSTAKE**

Do remember to apply for Derby Sweepstake tickets. The closing date is Wednesday, 26th May. The tickets are 20p each.

## Ex-Prisoners of War Reunion

by Ted Brown

The Ex-Prisoners of War Reunion began, on Friday, February 13th, with a Committee meeting in the sun filled Winter Garden. Our first official function was held in the Annexe and, as usual, the most popular place was the bar and a lot of talking, drinking and dancing were done, in that order.

We had a number of guests with us on Friday night: from Headquarters, Mr. Weisblatt, Mr. Stevens, Miss Mosley, Miss Lord, Miss Bridger, Mrs. Burn and Mr. Slade, and from Ian Fraser House, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Pugh and Dr. Stilwell, who welcomed everyone, but who unfortunately could not stay with us for the rest of the evening, and last, but not least, our very dear friend Mrs. Dacre and Miss Stenning.

I must, once again, take my hat off to all the members of staff who were responsible for the wonderful buffet and on behalf of us all I would like to thank Dr. Stilwell and his staff for Friday night's success.

We had a grand raffle—thanks to all those who provided the prizes. Everyone enjoyed the band, because they played soothing dance music, then the two Adlers went on with their harmonicas, Jim Fraser and Laurie Slade. Ha, Ha. We all had a marvellous evening.

We spent Saturday morning meeting and chatting to the late comers and we had a leisurely afternoon before setting out to the Dudley Hotel, where we had a splendid dinner and, I must say, the wine matched the meal in quality. Our guests that evening were the Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton, Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, our guest speaker, Mr. Weisblatt, Dr. and Mrs. Stilwell, Mrs. Dacre, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Pugh.

Sir Douglas made a very good speech, as he tried to put himself in our shoes when we were in captivity as he had been to Changi Jail since the War and he just could not imagine what went on inside. It was in this context that he tried to compare his freedom in the air, while he was flying with his Squadron and we were cut off from the world, not knowing when we would be free again, but he won through in the end.

The Mayor replied, slipping in a couple of

subtle jokes. On our behalf, Bill Griffiths thanked the speakers, guests, wives, escorts and friends for coming and then Mrs. Stilwell presented the Mayoress with a bouquet of flowers on behalf of all the Ex-P.O.W.'s. The rest of the evening was spent mingling with the guests and Sir Douglas was more than interested in all the activities that everyone took part in. The Mayor and Mayoress left us at 10.00 pm and at 11.15 pm we made our way back to Ian Fraser House in very high spirits.

After breakfast the next day, a special chapel service was held, followed by morning coffee and more walks in the marvellous sunshine and a drink before lunch.

I do not ever remember being down at Ovingdean for a week and not hearing the wind howling, but the sun shone for us all and every day, which made things that much better.

On Sunday evening we have a very nice treat in store — a big surprise for some people. We were entertained by the Royal Engineers Association Band, conducted by Harry Ottway and to break the evening up from military music we had three other guests, two pianists and a singer, who performed very well. The surprises came when Harry read out the tunes that he had been asked to play as special requests. They were very varied, from The Thin Red Line to the Matchstick Men and they ended the evening with the ever popular C.R.E. and believe me the throats were dry and sore after that, but what a finish to a great weekend. Before I end this account of those three days, I would like to thank all those who came and completely filled the lounge and I can assure you that the band appreciated it and said they would go hundreds of miles to play to an audience as large as ours.

I must end by thanking Dr. Stilwell and all his staff, the lounge and admin. staff, kitchen staff and not forgetting the transport porters and orderly staff. I hope we will all be together again next year.

Please note that the St. Dunstan's Ex-P.O.W. weekend will be February 19th — 21st, 1982, so please keep in touch and make it a bigger success, if possible.

## CLUB NEWS

### BRIGHTON

#### Entertainment Section

Thanks to the support of our members, we are pleased to announce that the knock-out competitions are going well and the sooner we get them finished the more time we will have to arrange other functions. On February 14th, a Fancy Dress Dance was held in the Annexe at Ian Fraser House and about 50 St. Dunstaners, wives and friends attended. Although the numbers participating in the Fancy Dress Parade were slightly below usual, nevertheless the standard was very good and we congratulate the following members who took part:-

Dick & Peggy Brett. "They tried to tell us we're too young".  
"Cupid"  
Johnny Cope.  
Jim & May Morrish. "Hart to Hart"  
Bob & Joan Osborne. "Love in a Cold Climate".

Ettie Simpson. "Sons & Lovers".  
John Simpson. "Disc Jockey".

It was with great pleasure that we welcomed Mr. & Mrs. John Blackman, of Rottingdean, who judged the Fancy Dress and made a good job of a very difficult task and our thanks to them both. The prize winners were:-

Johnny Cope, and Dick & Peggy Brett.

An outing to Boship Farm, near Eastbourne, has been arranged for the 1st May — this is for a meal and a musical evening. The price to members is £4, inclusive of coach fare and meal. An evening outing to the Torino Winery, Sheffield Park, Sussex, has been arranged for Friday, 29th May at the request of members, the price £1.50 and £2 for non-members, this includes coach fare, entrance fee, wine-tasting and cheese and biscuits.

Anyone interested in either, or both trips, please contact Bob Osborne, Brighton 32115. Our next dance will be held on Saturday, 11th April, in the Annexe, Mon 8.0 - 11.30 p.m., price 50p

H. Preedy.

### Bowling

On 20th February 1981, we entertained Woodingdean Bowling Club to a match at Ian Fraser House, when a most enjoyable afternoon was had by all; the standard of bowling was excellent although we lost by 5 shots. A very nice tea was organised by our ladies on finishing the game. Our President, Mrs. Dacre, was present and once again spoke highly of St. Dunstan's.

Below is a list of the Summer fixtures:-

Burgess Hill	3rd May
Worthing	22nd June
Preston Park	26th June
Southampton	28th June
Hurstpierpoint	9th July
Beckenham	23rd July
Rottingdean	24th July
Mayford, Woking	1st August
Woodingdean	4th August
Hove & Kingsway	18th August
Guildford	6th September
East Preston	9th September
Old Woking	26th September.
W. Davies,	Captain.

### Bridge

#### Pairs Competition Jan 8th Results

##### NORTH-SOUTH

W. Lethbridge	65.4
B. Ingrey	58.
H. Preedy	55.5
G. Hudson	46.4
B. Simmons	44.4
F. Griffiee	42.4
R. Palmer	37.7

#### Results

##### EAST-WEST

R. Fullard	60.3
A. Dodgson	53.2
W. Phillips	52.4
P. McCormack	49.2
V. Delaney	46.4
C. Clements	37.7

#### Individuals Feb 14th Results

J. Padley & W. Burnett	70
W. Lethbridge & H. Preedy	67
R. Fullard & F. Griffiee	65
C. Clements & Mrs Barker	63
W. Phillips & J. Whitcombe	57
T. Bradley & Mrs Gover	56

W. Phillips

## FAMILY NEWS

### GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey*, of Kidderminster, on the birth of a granddaughter, Lucy on 28th September, to their daughter, Jan, and her husband.

*Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Blacker*, of Peacehaven, on the birth of a granddaughter, Haley Marie, on 24th February, to their daughter, Sandra, and her husband, Stuart.

*Mr. and Mrs. Jim Costello*, of Garstang, on the birth of their fifth grandchild, Anna Louise, in mid January, to their son, Jim, and his wife, Margaret.

*Mr. Stan Fowler*, of Beeston, Nottingham, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Jennifer Susan, on 3rd March, to his son, John, and his wife, Susan.

*Mr. and Mrs. Albert Franklin*, of Edmonton, on the birth of their second grandchild, Jodie, on 20th September, to their son, Colin, and his wife.

*Mr. and Mrs. John Ince*, of Southport, on the birth of their second grandchild, Matthew Robert, on 25th February, to their son, Bob, and his wife, Pam.

*Mr. and Mrs. Alan Moore*, of Watford, on the birth of a grandson, Terrance Alan, on 30th September, to their son, Kevin, and his wife.

*Mr. and Mrs. Robert Osborne*, of Saltdean, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Danielle Avril, on 20th February, to their son, Graham, and his wife, Avril.

### GREAT GRANDCHILDREN Many congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. David Hodgson*, of Ferryhill, County Down, on the birth of their first great-grandchild, Simon Scott, on 16th February, to their grandson, Scott, and his wife, Pamela.

*Mr. and Mrs. Harry Perrett*, of Devizes, on the birth of their second great-grandchild, on 7th September, to their grand-daughter, Christine, and her husband, Steven.

*Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wheeler*, of Merton Park, London, on the birth of their third great-grandchild, Olivia Catherine, on 17th February, to their grandson, Richard, and his wife, Jane.

### MARRIAGES Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. Terence Coulson*, of South Woodingdean, are pleased to announce the marriage of their daughter, Debra, to Robin Madville, on 17th March.

*Mr. and Mrs. Philip Duffee*, of Seaford, are pleased to announce the marriage of their daughter, Kathleen, to Barry Hatton, on 14th March. The wedding took place in Australia.

*Mr. and Mrs. Norman Nolde*, of Victoria, Australia, are pleased to announce the marriage of their son, Peter, to Cheryl Milborne.

### SILVER WEDDING Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Barrett*, of Southampton, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary, on 24th March.

### RUBY WEDDINGS Congratulations to:

*Mr. and Mrs. Ken Revis*, of Oxford, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 1st March.

*Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shallcross*, of Farndon, near Chester, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, on 31st December.

### PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS Congratulations to:

Denis Lawton, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lawton*, of Edgware, who has recently obtained a B.A. at the Open University and has been made a Member of the Institute of Management.

### FAMILY NEWS *continued*

*Mr. Alan Reynolds*, of Shrewsbury, who has been offered promotion in the Provincial Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons for Staffordshire and Shropshire from Provincial Grand Overseer to Past Provincial Junior Grand Warden and at present holds the office of Royal Ark Mariners Provincial Grand Rank.

Oliver Wernham, son of *Mrs. Mary Wernham and the late Albert Wernham*, of Rochford, Essex, who was awarded the M.B.E. in the Queen's New Year's Honours List.

### DEATHS We offer our sympathy to:

*Mr. Hugh Gallagher*, of Blackpool, on the death of his wife, Winnifred, on 26th February.

*Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Giffard*, of Littlehampton, on the death of Mrs. Giffard's mother, on 22nd February.

*Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hague*, of Bootle, on the death of Mr. Hague's sister, Margaret, who died suddenly on 23rd February.

*Mr. Victor Reeves*, of Tunbridge Wells, on the death of his mother, on 11th February.

*Mr. Rex Robinson*, of Acton, London, whose wife, Georgina Emily, died on 24th February.

*Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tibbitt*, of Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone, on the death of Mrs. Tibbitt's mother, on 27th January.

Mrs. Robina Vincent, widow of the late *Jack Vincent*, of Bath, whose daughter, Marion, was killed in a car accident in October. Marion was an S.R.N. midwife and training to be a probation officer.

## In Memory

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

**Albert William Chamberlain**, *Queen's Royal Regiment.*

Bob Chamberlain, of Gloucester, died on 8th February. He was 65 years old. Mr. Chamberlain served as a Private with the Queen's Royal Regiment from 1942, until 1944, when he joined St. Dunstan's. He was wounded, in action in Naples, by a gun shot which caused serious injuries to his head, including his loss of sight. Although so badly wounded, Bob pluckily did some training and for a few years was able to do some basket work at home, until his health deteriorated to such an extent that this was no longer possible. He showed the greatest courage and fortitude in bearing his suffering over the years and was cared for by a very loving and devoted family.

He leaves a widow, Edith, and three children, Mary, Jeannette and Denis.

**Bertie Harsent** *Labour Corps*

Bertie Harsent, formerly of Colchester, but resident at Pearson House, died on 24th February. He was 83 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1958.

Mr. Harsent served as a Private in the Labour Corps from 1915 until 1918. Mr. Harsent was the victim of a gas attack while serving overseas which severely affected his health and it was later established that his gas mask had been faulty.

In civilian life, Mr. Harsent had been a Civil Service messenger and in earlier years he had been a keen gardener and was always interested in current affairs and listening to the radio. Mr. Harsent was devotedly cared for by his wife, Edith, until her death two years ago when Mr. Harsent came to Pearson House.

He leaves four step-children.

**Geoffrey Alfred Jacobs**, *Royal Berkshire Regiment.*

Geoffrey Jacobs, of Chelmsford, died suddenly on 6th March. He was 62 years old.

Mr. Jacobs served as a Private in the Royal Berkshire Regiment from 1939 until 1945. Mr. Jacobs had been a member of the Territorial Army and while on active service in Mandalay suffered gunshot wounds to his face and lost an eye as a result of a sniper's bullet.

Mr. Jacobs trained as a telephonist and from 1950 was a valued telephonist and audio-typist with the Essex County Council, retiring on health grounds in 1977. Prior to the Second World War, Mr. Jacobs had been a monumental mason.

He leaves a widow, Brigid.

**William Bertram Hargreaves, *Machine Gun Corps.***

W.B. ("Bill") Hargreaves, of Chester, died in hospital on the 30th January, 1981. He was 89 years old.

Mr. Hargreaves was a schoolmaster, apart from the years when he was commissioned and served in the First World War. He lost the sight of one eye completely in 1918 and his remaining sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1973, some years after his retirement.

He was an active member of the Royal British Legion, where his fine personality and example were greatly valued. In 1977 he and his wife went to live with their daughter, June, who was able to give wonderful help to them both. Latterly, he had been in very poor health, but only last December he and his wife happily celebrated their Golden Wedding with their family.

He leaves a widow, Olive, and daughters June and Diana, who lives in Canada with her family.

**Herbert Seppings Lidiard, M.C., *Royal Fusiliers***

H.S. ("Sep") Lidiard, of Eastbourne, died in a nursing home on 13th February. He was 87 years old.

Captain Lidiard served in both World Wars and was a solicitor in the period between. His sight failed after illness and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1946; he was also deaf and used a hearing aid. He was an enthusiastic member of the Royal British Legion and did a great deal of work for his local branch in East Dean, where he lived for many years; he was a popular speaker and his sense of humour was much appreciated.

He leaves a widow, Bet, and daughter, Pamela.

**Jack Lucas, *Royal Army Service Corps.***

Jack Lucas, of Norwich, died on 2nd March. He was 69 years old.

Mr. Lucas served as a Private in the R.A.S.C., from 1943 until 1946. He was wounded while serving in Belgium, in 1945. Even so, he was able to follow a career as a motor mechanic with the City of Nottingham Corporation for nearly 20 years, until he was forced to retire due to failing health. Sadly his remaining vision failed too and he joined St. Dunstan's in April, 1980.

He leaves a widow, Ruby.

**Ashby Ward-Smith, *Royal Fusiliers.***

Ashby Ward-Smith, of Falmouth, died on 17th February. He was 88 years old.

Mr. Ward-Smith served as a Private with the Royal Fusiliers throughout the First World War and was discharged in 1919, following injuries received from mustard gas while on active service. His health and eyesight deteriorated over the years, and in 1963 Mr. Ward-Smith joined St. Dunstan's.

Following retirement as manager of a Life Assurance Company, Mr. Ward-Smith's greatest hobby was his garden and greenhouse. In 1969 Mr. and Mrs. Ward-Smith celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary, but sadly his wife, Gladys, died in 1978. From that time on, Mr. Ward-Smith was devotedly cared for by his daughters and all the members of his closely knit family, all of whom lived in the Falmouth area.

He leaves five daughters.

**John William Yarwood, *Manchester Regiment.***

John Yarwood, formerly of Blackpool, but resident at Pearson House, died on 11th February. He was 86 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for 60 years.

Mr. Yarwood served as a Private in the Manchester Regiment throughout the First World War and his blindness followed an injury he suffered in 1916. Mr. Yarwood trained in clog and boot repairs and also made mats and rugs until he retired, in 1948, due to ill health.

Mr. Yarwood and his late wife, Sarah, lived in Manchester for many years and after a short period in North Wales, they settled in Blackpool where they lived happily until Mrs. Yarwood's death, in 1976.

He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Pearl Falshaw.