

St Dunstons Review

April 1982



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COVER PICTURE: Gerry Jones skiing at Jungholtz—see Snow Queen and the Seven Dwarfs, Pt. 4, Page 14.

COMPULSORY WEARING OF SEATBELTS

The Secretary of State for Transport has published his proposals for compulsory wearing of seatbelts for adults and children in the front seats of cars. The proposed act accepts the fact that it would be impracticable, or unadvisable on medical grounds, for people with certain disabilities to wear a seat belt. Such people would therefore be required to obtain a medical certificate of exemption from their GP, who would use his discretion to decide whether or not the individual's disability qualified him for the exemption.

BOWLING RINK

As from 1st May 1982, the Bowling Rink will be closed for an indefinite period, whilst re-surfacing is undertaken.

*R. Stilwell
Medical Officer/
Administrator.*

ADDENDUM TO CONSUMER REPORT NO. 2

The following was omitted from last month's consumer report on electronic organs:—The prices quoted for the PS20 and 30 were the sale prices and should read £339 and £449 respectively. Chappell's of Bond St., London, will give St. Dunstaners a 10% discount depending on stock availability. We are particularly grateful to Mr. Lennie Barker of Chappell's for his help in producing this report and for the recordings made for the March Talking Review.

Any enquiries should be addressed to him at: Organ Division Sales, 50 New Bond St., London W.1. Tel: 01-491 2777.

WEEKEND GET-TOGETHER FOR ORGANISTS.

It appears that many St. Dunstaners have already purchased, or are interested in purchasing Electronic Organs. Sid Jones of Manchester, a self-confessed 'organ addict' has suggested a long weekend get-together of interested parties at Ian Fraser House. The proposal is that the weekend should be in early September, programme permitting. Sid would try and arrange for demonstrations of playing, and equipment, and tuition for beginners by the more experienced. It should provide an excellent opportunity for those wishing to find out more about the hobby or trying to decide what to buy. Would those interested please send their names immediately, and by the end of April at the latest, to Sid Jones, 20 Meadowbank, Chorltonville, Manchester. M21 2EE.

FOR SALE—(Brighton area)
Large, Sanyo Microwave oven, with 3 plastic stacker rings. Stacks 4 adult meals. Features include revolving plate, and settings for High, Medium, Low and Defrost. 3 years old, in good condition. £100 o.n.o. Please contact Peter Watson, c/o St. Dunstan's, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN.

RAMBLING

If you are interested in rambling or hiking whilst on holiday here at Ovingdean, please write to me indicating your interest, and if sufficient interest is shown, we can make it possible to integrate with the local Rambling Organisation.

*J. Carnochan
Sports Organiser.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: R.L. Dunne, National Vice-President, F.E.P.O.W. Association.

"Belamy Bill"
Blackpool, London, Heathrow, Abu Dhabi, Singapore, Johor Baru, Kuala Lumpur, Butterworth, Penang, Taiping, Penang, Bangkok, Kanchanaburi, Kwai, Kinsayok, Pattaya, Bangkok, Bahrein, Athens, Frankfurt, Gatwick, London, Blackpool—blinding sun, mosquitoes, tropical downpours, trains, planes, taxis, tri-shaws, river boats, ferries, elephants—surely a list to daunt even the most hardened traveller. Bill, blind and helpless, revelled in it all. Uncomplainingly he accepted the buffeting of a B.R. strike in freezing winter conditions; unmindingly he partook of tropical dishes spiced with chillies and curries; indefatigably he visited what seemed to be endless Temples; stoically he visited war cemeteries; inimitably his speech rendered the High Commissioner of Singapore almost bereft of words; impressively he greeted His Excellency the British Ambassador to Bangkok. In short, his presence lent a lustre to our party of twelve.

If this seems a panegyric to Bill, may I point out that in the Far East he is now known by all as 'Mr. Bill'. My only moment of trepidation was when Bill and Alice boarded the howdah of an elephant. Bill adopted a most unusual diageotropic position there but the Eumenides spared him, to tell the story of his nightmare ride. God bless him.

From: Phillip Wood, Crewe

I have long felt that to heap congratulations on anyone who has attained a certain age is a little absurd. The centenarian is a centenarian because, quite simply, he has survived, very often without making any special efforts so to do, for a hundred years.

Surely it is what men *do* with the years which is of paramount importance. In the case of Stephen Jack, now eighty years young, his long and distinguished career as actor and reader is deserving of the highest praise and our heartiest congratulations. I have been an avid radio listener since the cat's-whisker-and-crystal days, and for many years the name of Stephen Jack figured in the casts of radio plays and his many voices brought a high quality to those golden days of radio drama.

As a reader of Talking Books he brought the same high professional skill and dedication to the service. But it is as reader of our own *Review* that we know him best, and in this capacity he has brought great pleasure to all St. Dunstaners. Let us therefore wish him a belated, though no less sincere, Happy Birthday, and long may we continue to listen to the silver tones of "our" Stephen Jack.

From: John Pointon, Bexhill-on-Sea.

The report on the activities of the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Club in the recent issue of the *Review* was interesting in so far as it demonstrated the high level of interest in this hobby in St. Dunstan's today. However, a few reflections on the past of this essentially blind form of communication may be also of interest. For instance, the fact that our late Chairman, Lord Fraser, was one of the early licensed radio amateurs. I think his call sign was G6SU, and he was once the president of the RSGB. Probably from this interest in radio, those of us who are physiotherapists will know that he was the man behind the development of the Braille milliammeter, which was a considerable achievement, both in our profession, and in radio. Though myself not the first by any means to obtain an amateur licence, which I did in 1958, it has been with considerable interest that I have observed the phenomenal development in electronics from the days when my radio receiver was an RCA AR 88D, with 19 valves and weighing exactly one cwt., and which I once heard an amateur describe as his hearing aid. And my first transmitter, which I built looking like a spaghetti factory in a thunderstorm. To the present day, when miniaturization makes us 'shamateurs', as, although one can trouble shoot, repair or servicing really needs abilities we cannot have, as well as the instruments and the familiarity with those instruments which would be necessary.

I think that it was in 1966 or thereabouts that I wrote to our late Chairman, suggesting that, as there were then about a dozen licensed amateurs in St. Dunstan's, it might be an idea for us to have a get-together at Ovingdean, which suggestion resulted in the first of the Ovingdean Hamfests, and

from which the present expanding club resulted. Now I understand that there is interest in the relatively restricted use of legal CB (Children's Band), which we are finding in general terms is stimulating an interest in radio from which the wider spectrum of a B licence and then an A licence are natural progressions.

These 24 years have also seen a change from the days when gear held its purchase price indefinitely. I think I dropped a fiver on my AR 88 D in 8 years to the present day, when new models are marketed mostly from Nippon every few months and thus depreciate the value of the last and older models. However, for when the weather is too bad to do any kind of outdoor activities, radio is a first class pastime for anyone who is blind, whether as an operator, or experimenter, or both. Over the years, it has given me much interest, and often amusement, like the Miami amateur who told me his name was Bill, and that meant, 'Boy I Like Liquor', or 'Boy, I Like Ladies'. Of course, the rapid growth of repeaters in recent years has also made radio an interesting in-car hobby, and as we are not likely to have to do the pedalling or steering, with both hands free, it makes life much easier to operate the rig. I think that the greatest advance in our gear is that, in general terms, we cause no problems with other services, as TVI is pretty well excluded from the gear on the market for our use, in spite of certain dealers blaming any kind of TVI on 'that radio amateur down the road'.

Considering the development of the last 24 years, one does wonder what the next two dozen years will bring, although it is unlikely that many of us will be here to see it.

From: Granville Waterworth, Coventry.

I was very pleased to note that Stephen Jack has made the front page of the *Review*: I know this honour doesn't come lightly. It is quite a coincidence that I am at present reading 'Gaudy Night' by Dorothy Sayers—and of course read by Stephen Jack. It's marvellous how he changes his voice for different characters, such as Harriot Vane, and other females, such as Dean, Warden, Treasurer etc, of Shrewsbury College; also male voices of Lord Peter Wimsey, his nephew and many other voices. In fact, his reading is just like a play on the radio, by his clever reading, he

makes a good book very enjoyable. Stephen Jack, I thank you.

TO ALL P.O.W.'S

I should like through the *Review* to say a very big thank you to all my friends for their very kind and generous gift given to me as a farewell present from St. Dunstan's. I haven't yet had time to go out to make my choice, but I can assure you that it will be something that will always remind me of you all. There are many letters to be answered and these are being done as quickly as possible. You may rest assured that I will keep in touch. Once again, many thanks to you all, and best wishes.

Mary Burn

KEEPING YOU IN THE PICTURE WITH DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Readers will remember the article in last December's *Review* which featured Ron Marsh's prize-winning Staffordshire Bull Terrier, 'Dunstan's Review'. At the time of his 'Interview', Dunstan's Review had just qualified for Crufts, '82, by winning the Puppy Class at the Manchester Show. We now hear from Ron that Dunstan's Review was duly entered in the Graduate Class at Crufts in February, as he was just one month too old to qualify for the Junior Class. This meant of course that he was competing against much older and more experienced dogs, yet he managed to achieve 5th place, and got a V.H.C.—which stands for 'Very Highly Commended'.

Later in the month, Ron tells us, Dunstan's Review won a diploma and cup for being the best Staffordshire Bull Terrier at the Walsall Kennel Association's 3 shows for the year 1981.

VISUALLY HANDICAPPED SPORTS

The Annual National Metro Sports Competitions for the Visually Handicapped will take place this year at Woodford Athletics Stadium, Woodford, Essex, on Saturday 10th July. All the usual field events, such as shot put, discus, javelin, etc, will be arranged for totally blind and partially sighted categories, as well as the usual track events which will include the three kilometre walking race for the Bill Harris Trophy. Will all St. Dunstaners who would like to participate please apply for an entry form direct to Graham Salmon, 59 Southern Drive, Loughton, Essex. Tel: 01-508 7623.

Smilers spend 100 hours underwater for Charity

The following account is taken from a letter by Sgt. Graham Hazlegrove, R.E., to his father, St. Dunstaner, Ron Hazlegrove, of Canterbury. Graham assisted with the clerical work, and was responsible for the public relations as the sponsored swim was in progress.

Last November in the New Territories, Hong Kong, a team of divers from the New Territories Sub Aqua Club commenced a Marathon Underwater dive for Charity. The Campaign had been entitled "Smile for a Child", 1981 being the International Year of Disabled people. A campaign motif, consisting of a large, round, smiling face, was designed, and the slogan "Sponsored Sub Aqua Marathon Handicapped Children Benefit" was invented. The face and slogan were given to a local T shirt manufacturer who produced 3,000 T shirts with the face on the front and slogan on the rear. The T shirts were then sold throughout the colony to raise cash.

Word of the Marathon soon spread; local TV and Radio stations became interested and the organiser found himself giving interviews about details of the dive and charities to which the money would be sent.

School for the Blind

The two charities chosen were the 'Home of The Loving Faithfulness' near Fanling, which cares for several severely handicapped children. The home was in the process of building a new wing until funds expired. The second charity was the School for Blind Children in Dharan, Nepal (Nepal being the homeland of Gurkha Soldiers,, many of whom serve in Hong Kong) which requires a new workshop for blind students.

Sponsorship money started to roll in and the immense pile of T shirts started to dwindle. A team of 10 divers was formed, 8 male and 2 female, and a small group of volunteers to assist with back-up and administration.

During the marathon, one diver would be in the water swimming around the edge of the pool; another, fully kitted, would sit at the side of the pool in case the diver in the water experienced difficulties, and the

remainder of the team would be either eating or resting or preparing for the next dive. Each diver could expect no more than six hours break between dives.

On the 23rd November, members of the team moved into the pool area, erecting tents for sleeping, eating and changing facilities, plus an area for all the diving kit. Catering facilities were provided by a member of the Army Catering Corps. He had received donations of 90lbs of pre-cut Crinkly Chips and 200 Hamburgers, which he sold to spectators to raise money. A 24-hour catering service was available.

Monopoly

As planned, at 8 o'clock precisely on the morning of the 24th November, a diver entered the water. On the completion of the first hour, he was heard to remark "Jolly good, only 99 hours to go!". The biggest problem the divers faced was boredom. The monotony was relieved by cryptic messages and jokes being sent down on completion of each lap. As time went on, the divers turned the bottom of the pool into a giant Monopoly Board by marking the tiles as they went round. The other problem was for the standby diver, fully kitted out on the side of the pool, who, during the day was extremely hot, and at night extremely cold. However, throughout the whole period of the dive, morale remained very high and no medical or safety problems were encountered.

At midday on the 28th, the 100th hour was completed. Supporters and T.V. cameras were around the pool to record the final moments. All the divers entered the pool to collect money that had been thrown in, and also to have a well-deserved underwater 'champagne' party! As a result of the dive they raised £12,400 for Charity, with money still coming in.

THE ARCHERY WEEK

by Phil Duffee

Veni Vidi Vici. They came, they saw, and some of them conquered. For instance, Charlie McConaghy won the Winter Championship with a handicap score of 1442, Jerry Lynch came second with a score of 1389 and Ted Paris was third with 1384. As you can see, a very close match. The competition was a Portsmouth round, 5 dozen arrows at twenty yards on a 60 cm face, shot at the Worthing Sports Centre.

The other conquerors were in the beginners group. The beginners shot a St. Dunstan's round, 5 dozen arrow at 15 yards on a four foot face. The group was divided into TB and PS classes as at this stage none of them had been shooting long enough to have earned a handicap figure. The results were very encouraging for the future of the Club. First overall was Frank Cargin with a score of 353, this also made him the first of the PS group. Second overall was Doug Howard with a score of 343, and he became second in the PS group also. Third overall was Tom Bice scoring 332, this made him

Phil Duffee supervises Tom Bice's shooting.



the first in the TB class. The rest of the scores went as follows:-

Eric Bradshaw 317 (2nd TB), George Jakins (3rd TB) scoring 305 and Percy Bradshaw with a score of 251 (4th TB). Another very close contest. This time in the Annexe.

The Beginners were shooting for a trophy donated by Tom Page, called the Morecambe Trophy, the winner in each class sharing the honours and each having his name on the trophy. The two winners also received a figurine of an archer which they can keep, plus medals for the runners-up. The standard was very high and reflects the hard work put in by our coaches and the dedication of the newly fledged archers, who put in a lot of effort in the practice sessions.

The Club now numbers 32, not counting those St. Dunstaners who have called in when on holiday in the building and have tried their hand with a bow. Many of these have said that they would like to take up Archery and I would like to suggest that they visit us again, contacting either Laurie Austin or myself, and have another go. We would like you all in the Club as playing members.

The purpose of the Archery Club is to train archers and to encourage them to join sighted clubs. We can help by letting the Club of your choice know what you are capable of and what help you will need to make progress against sighted archers. Some of our members are already in sighted clubs and enjoying themselves while mixing with their fellow archers at shoots and tournaments. We want the public to know that we are not special, just visually handicapped and quite capable of joining in with them in a good sport, enjoying the sound of our arrows sinking into the gold ring and grumbling if it goes into the white area or into the "green."

During the week we had our A.G.M., which was a lively one. Sid Jones and Norman Perry retired from the Committee and Ted Paris was voted on to replace Sid, Joe Prendergast being voted Chairman, to

replace Norman. I am sure that the Club members will approve if I give both the retiring members our thanks for all their hard work over the past two years, on our behalf.

Many of you will be wondering how the Handicap system works and how it can even out the differences between the TB and PS archers in tournaments. Here is an example, all of which is based on the official Grand National Archery Society's Handicap Tables.

Let us suppose that the round shot is at Portsmouth. A PS archer has a handicap of 58; this being arrived at by recording his last three scores and taking the average. This average is read off the table and gives us a handicap of 58. The archer scores 424 in competition, by checking his handicap figure against the Allowance Table we find that he has 970 to be added to his score. This gives him a handicap score of 1394. On those figures Charlie McConaghy, whose handicap figure is higher than 58, would have beaten the PS archer because his handicap-allowed score was 1442. To beat Charlie, the PS archer would have needed a score of 472, slightly above his average figure over three scores. In the case of the Winter Championship, Charlie shot just slightly below his average and was still able to hold off the challenge of the PS archers among us.

I hope the example above has made it clearer how the handicap system works.

The next Archery week proper will begin on 21st June but the Cuckfield Bowmen have invited us to shoot against them on the 20th at their home ground, so come in time for this match and let's get the Summer Championships off to a good start. We all enjoyed ourselves over the week we have just had, including the double Archery and Bowls event we shared with Barclays International and Cuckfield Bowmen on the 6th February. Barclays want a return match at Poole sometime, so I shall be trying to arrange that as soon as I can.

Tommy Gaygan, our handless archer, is making good progress with his archery, using specially made prosthetics. We have some bugs to iron out but once these are taken care of we have other handless St. Dunstaners wanting to compete—so watch our in future for the fingerless fiends!

The other winners who were presented with their prizes were Curly Wagstaff, PS



New Chairman, Joe Prendergast.

winner of the Holiday Shoot, and Fred Galway the TB winner. Don't forget! All of you may take part in the Holiday shoot. All you need do is to ask to shoot it on any Monday or Thursday, from 1st April to 31st October. Your score will be recorded and the winners will be announced at the A.G.M. next year.

Good shooting to you all and looking forward to seeing you at Ovingdean.

Visit of Pope John Paul II

The visit of the Pope is, of course, arousing a great deal of interest and some Roman Catholic St. Dunstaners have asked about the possibility of attending one of the special Services. We have made general enquiries and been told that tickets are being distributed by each diocese to all its parishes and then it is probably a matter of a draw at each church for the small number of tickets available. At the same time, there is a remote possibility that we might be able to obtain an odd ticket or so for a representative St. Dunstaner and anyone wishing to be considered should write to Miss P.M. Barnard at Headquarters.

GARDENERS' WEEK

by Fred Barratt

Vigorous growth is often sought after by some gardeners, especially when a new, healthy plant is carefully tended, awaiting the day it will burst into bloom, presenting itself for all to see as a picture of glowing colour from its many blossoms.

One could really describe St. Dunstan's Gardeners Club in the same way when they gathered for this springtime meeting at Ian Fraser House. It only seems like the other day that about a dozen gardeners gathered with Miss Guilbert for our first meeting, yet today, the number of paid-up members is around the forty mark, and growing. Can growth be more vigorous?

Tribute

Our opening meeting began with a report by the Chairman and fellow committee members, Reg Newton and Terry Coulson. A tribute was paid to the passing of fellow gardener, Trevor Wiggins, and the whole club stood in silence for a few moments to respect a good gardener.

Monday afternoon was devoted to Mrs. Durie giving us a few tips to fill our cupboard from the garden—like boiling hard pears in cream soda; in the view of all who sampled the result, the prepared pears were better than tinned ones.

Tuesday always goes well, and it is difficult to make the claim, but this Tuesday went even better, with a trip to greenhouses and garden at Fontwell, where we were met by Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Aziz, whom we must thank for arranging our trips. Then on to The Swan, Arundel, for our lunch, which was made even better by the welcome given to us by the manager and his staff.

The Unbelievable

Then, on to the unbelievable. Can anyone imagine greenhouses stretching further than the eye could see, with flowers by the million? Chrysanthemums in every stage of growth? It is not difficult to understand why some flowers are dear, when one realises that thousands of pounds a week were required to keep the required warm temperatures during the recent cold spell. The

enjoyment of our visit was abundant, yet Mrs. Turner and Patrick, with other staff, put thick icing on the cake by providing us all with refreshments. No one could have done more for us, but Mrs. Turner did; First, she presented the gems of the club with a pot of flowers. Wally Thomas (our newest member), Winnie and Brenda were our three gems. Then, although there were forty of us, Mrs. Turner gave us each a nice bunch of flowers. What a day to remember! It was all the talk that evening, when we went for our Tuesday night visit to The Bull in Ditchling.

Disabled Gardeners

Tuesday had been a long day; maybe Wednesday would be an easy day off? . . . Nothing of the sort! 10 am brought Mrs. Glen Barker of the *Gardening News* to visit us. She gave us a talk on some gardens belonging to disabled people and, together with her photographer, mingled with our gardeners, talking and gleaning information from them for the *Gardening News*. Susan Smith from Brighton Parks came with two assistants and transformed the Winter Garden into one big potting shed, where three large groups of gardeners potted Marigolds, Pinks and Willows. All this time, Mrs. Barker was taking notes and pictures.

Then on to Wednesday evening, with a little relaxation and a talk on general gardening by Mr. Moore of Peacehaven Gardening Club, which has a membership of 700. I know Mr. Moore, like all others mentioned, will be seeing us again.

The evening was rounded off with some refreshments and a Buffet, and yet another day full of good and interesting items was brought to a happy end.

Thursday afternoon was free, but not before a coach-load of us visited the Roundstone Garden Centre, to make purchases for our own gardens.

The 'finale' day for our Gardening Week was very nicely tapered down with a final general meeting, when future plans and ideas were put forward, and Mrs. Durie brought the week's activities to a very suc-

cessful end by preparing a very good meal in the committee room. Reg Newton said Grace, and thanks were given to Mrs. Durie and helpers by Charlie McConachy, who presented her with a little symbol of our appreciation; then Terry Coulson, our wizard treasurer, paid a tribute to Mrs. Carmen Flued and Mrs. Barbara Wood for the great help they gave in helping us in many stages of the gardening week. Both Carmen and Barbara, together with my wife, Mary, were given a bouquet of flowers in appreciation of their great help in making the Gardeners Week the best yet.

GARDENING AT ST. DUNSTAN'S

Last October, Fred Barratt invited a Mr. George Terry, Vice-Chairman of the Pembrokeshire Multiple Sclerosis Society, to Ian Fraser House during the Gardeners Week, to give him, perhaps, some ideas from St. Dunstan's to use for his own Society. The following is a letter written by Mr. Terry and published in the Journal of the Dyfed Association for the Disabled.

I am a keen gardener and I considered it an opportunity not to be missed when I was invited to go on a weekend (4 days) instructional course to the newly formed St. Dunstan's Gardening Club. All St. Dunstan people have defective sight. Some are totally blind.

But to see them taking cuttings and generally appreciating the colours and structure of flowers and all manner of plants must be seen to be believed.

The branch of St. Dunstan's that we went to was in Brighton and that was daunting. The thought of about eleven hours' driving to get there was enough to make me tremble. The stories I had heard of people not being able to drive many miles without a long stop were uncountable. (I mean people with my form of disability.)

Anyway, with my wife, I started out at 7 am on what I thought was an impossible journey. After many adventures (one nearly ended with us in gaol), we arrived at 5 pm.

After a change of clothes and a shave, I felt ready to face the world again. We were treated to a concert given by five exiled Welshmen singing favourite old songs and requests. That was my introduction to St. Dunstan's and nothing could equal it.

The following day we were shown all around the 'house' as it's called. I was

amazed at the things that go on there. If anyone had told me that blind people can play bowls or chess or archery, I would have laughed at them, but I have seen it.

There is a well equipped gym, and the swimming pool was enough to make me drool. Most of the people at St. Dunstan's are ex-service men, but there are also women and other people who lost their sight while they were in the service of their country on munitions, etc.

We went to Royal Wisley Gardens, where we were shown everything that happens in a place of 400 acres—well, not everything, but it seemed like it. We were shown how to take cuttings by fully qualified horticulturalists and given the results of our enthusiasm to admire for years to come.

On another occasion we went to another garden that prides itself on being a show place for all kinds of tropical plants. The temperature is kept high and there is plenty of water. In no time at all, we all wanted to dispose of our overcoats, but when we went outside, we were glad we had not!

The Chairman of the Gardening Club, who is also blind, had a word with the authorities there and was happy to give us the news that we would be allowed a discount on anything we purchased. After I had arrived home, I was sorry I had not taken greater advantage of that offer.

All in all, I had a wonderful time, but the crowning moment was when the man who is Deputy Administrator at St. Dunstan's asked me if I had learned anything while I was their guest. My answer was, "I thought I was disabled. That's what I have learned".

WARNING LIGHT

Fred Ripley of Wimbledon shares this warning tale: Normally, when he stays at home on a winter's afternoon or evening, Mrs. Ripley leaves a house light on to give the impression of occupation. Unbeknown to Fred, a few weeks ago, the hall light fused, plunging the house into darkness. Later, he heard a sound upstairs, and called up, thinking his wife had returned. But there was an ominous silence. Later, a ladder from an empty house next door was found propped against an upstairs window. Fred had unwittingly scared away a would-be burglar.

One small consolation for Fred, "the burglar must have had an awful shock when he realised there was someone in a completely dark house!"

THE SPIRIT THAT KEPT THEM ALIVE

St. Dunstan's ex-P.O.W.s reunion



Mr. Michael Reid speaking after dinner.

Men who, literally, moved a mountain piece by piece, carrying earth and rock in wicker baskets, men who recalled seeing bodies of comrades floating down the river over which they were building a bridge, men who marched miles across frozen Europe, all survivors of the prisoner-of-war camps, exchanged memories of terrible days during the Second World War at a Reunion of St. Dunstan's Ex-prisoners of War at Ian Fraser House over the week-end of February 20th to 21st.

Despite the fact that all the ex-prisoners, both from the Far East and Europe, have lost their sight, this was a cheerful gathering, where the anecdotes were more of the humour they had managed to find in their situation, or of the tricks and ways they found to survive lack of food, boredom and disease.

Twenty seven St. Dunstaners attended the Reunion, and on two occasions—a Buffet Dance on the Friday evening, and a Dinner on Saturday—they were joined by

their wives or escorts and by members of the staff.

At a business meeting on Saturday morning, Bill Griffiths was elected Chairman, Tom Hart, Secretary, and Arthur Morris, Treasurer. However, the highlights of the week-end were certainly the Buffet-Dance and Dinner. On Friday evening, the Annexe resounded to the music of the dance band, and the floor was a crowded place for the popular dances.

Presiding over Dinner was St. Dunstan's Council Member, Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris with Lady Morris. Guest of Honour was the High Sheriff of East Sussex, Mr. Michael Reid, and among other guests were Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, Mr. William Weisblatt, St. Dunstan's Secretary, with his wife; Dr. Ray Stilwell, Medical Officer/Administrator, St. Dunstan's Homes in Brighton; and his Deputy Administrator, Mr. Simon Conway, both accompanied by their wives.

Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris welcomed the gathering and brought greetings from Mr. and Mrs. Ion Garnett-Orme and members of the Council. He chose as the theme of his speech, Freedom. Saying that his audience knew more about the meaning of freedom than most, he turned to the kinds of freedom St. Dunstan's works to extend to those blinded on service: Freedom of movement through mobility; Freedom to choose forms of employment or recreation through training and the provision of facilities for sports like archery and bowls. Above all, said Sir Douglas, St. Dunstan's gives freedom from fear, in the security it provides for all St. Dunstaners.

Mr. Michael Reid explained that he was a substitute as guest for his brother-in-law, Commander Richard Pool, who was a survivor of H.M.S. *Repulse* and, subsequently, a Far East Prisoner of War. Cdr. Pool was ill with 'flu and could not be at the dinner, but he had asked Mr. Reid to find Leading Stoker 'Charlie' Mantle, the man who had helped to pull him from the sea aboard the destroyer H.M.S. *Electra*, "... and Mr. Mantle is here", said Mr. Reid, "He has had a word on the

telephone with Cdr. Pool, and we hope they will meet some time in the future." Mr. Reid concluded his speech with some amusing stories, told with great talent, which reduced his audience to helpless laughter.

Battleships sunk

After dinner, Horace Mantle, known to his friends as Charlie, told more about the terrible day the battleships '*Prince of Wales*' and '*Repulse*' were sunk in an attack by some 300 Japanese bombers and torpedo aircraft. "The *Repulse* dodged the first attack", he said, "But the *Prince of Wales* was hit. The second concentrated on the *Repulse*. She was hit by probably 12 torpedoes as the 'planes flew through the flack from the pom-poms. I was really too busy to notice much—the *Electra* dove-to as the survivors drifted down towards us. The sea was thick with oil, and some of them choked to death. We had scrambling nets over the side and we dragged them aboard."

Survivor

Charlie Mantle's own ship, the *Electra*, was sunk in the Java Sea, and he and other survivors were picked up by an American submarine, which then had to avoid the attentions of the Japanese by diving deep—Charlie recalls lying down to get the best of the air in the confined and now crowded quarters of the submarine. He was landed at Surabaya to go into hospital, and was captured there by the advancing Japanese.

An eventful story, typical of all the storeis that could have been told around those dinner tables, but the main theme of the evening was summed up by Bill Griffiths, who set the memories of war-time days against the situation of himself and his audience today. This gathering of St. Dunstan's prisoners-of-war certainly lived up to the motto of the Far East Prisoners of War Association, "To keep alive the spirit that kept us alive."

Tom Hart writes to express the thanks of the Ex-POW's to his predecessor as Honorary Secretary, Arthur Morris, now Treasurer, for the arrangements for the week-end, and to Dr. Stilwell and his staff at Ian Fraser House for their welcome and co-operation. The Reunion will be held next year on the third week-end in February. Details will be sent to all Ex prisoners later in the year.

IAN FRASER HOUSE

Meals taken in 5th floor restaurant—Ian Fraser House by St. Dunstaners' wives/husbands

The St. Dunstaner *must* be resident in the House or taking part in organised activity which *necessitates* them being present in the House over the luncheon period.

LUNCH

Times:

12.15 to 12.45 p.m.

Cost:

Nil if escorting St. Dunstaner
Subsidised fee if St. Dunstaner not present

Booking:

RESPONSIBILITY OF ST. DUNSTANER OR WIFE/HUSBAND. BOOK WITH STAFF IN 5TH FLOOR RESTAURANT BY 10.30 A.M. ON THAT DAY

Choice:

As menu of day. No special diets

Other Related Guests:

May be accommodated but at non-subsidised rate and referral should first be made to Dr. Stilwell, Mr. Conway or Miss Bryson before making such arrangements

Children:

Children may be accommodated but referral should first be made to Dr. Stilwell, Mr. Conway or Miss Bryson before making such arrangements

Unrelated Escorts:

Lunch as above, subsidised fee and choice of menu
Booking by 10.30 a.m. in Restaurant.

SUPPER

Provided only for wife/husband of St. Dunstaner resident in House

Time:

Between 5.30 and 6.30 p.m.

Cost:

Nil

Booking:

As for lunch

Choice:

Cold Buffet—Self Service
Please leave Restaurant in a tidy state

Children:

As for lunch

1982 BOWLING TOURNAMENT

by J. Carnochan

There is no telling the surprise results one can get with this bowling expertise. We think we have it sown up, and then out of the blue comes another champion, and the moral of the story is,—don't get carried away with your success, there is always another waiting round the corner to topple you off your perch!

Having only a week to run a singles competition and a K.O. at Triples does not leave you enough time to eat your supper before catching the eight o'clock—or, should I say, the seven thirty transport. Eleven matches a day is a very tight schedule, but thanks to the very prompt attendance of our players for their matches, we did it. Even that allowed for Cathy to give the odd injection between matches!

The Singles comprised twenty eight players playing each other once and finally, the winners of each group playing off in a K.O. to determine the overall winner of each category, i.e. TB and PS.

To conclude the tournament, it was decided to have a Triples K.O., with the added incentive of playing your Joker, which meant that if you chose the right time to do it, even though you were trailing, providing you won the end you chose to play your Joker, you had the option of either doubling your score or halving that of your opponents; What a terrible choice for your Skip! The general idea was to give a light-hearted finish to what was a very serious Singles: but this turned out to be the understatement of the year. The arguments that ensued as to 'Shall we play it now or wait?' made a Celtic v. Rangers football match look like a picnic in comparison. The idea being, that at any end, they could either double their own score or halve that of their opponents, depending on how the Skip read the end of the match. The controversy was such that I thought, we shan't do it again, otherwise we shall need two back pages in the next *Review*.

To conclude the week, we held a D.I.Y. party in the annexe with a Buffet, bring your own bottle and dancing to records, which produced a very pleasant evening enjoyed by all.



Harry Preedy bowling during the Tournament.

The results were as follows:

TB Group Winners:

J. Morrish, J. Cope, P. Stubbs, H. Preedy.
Runners-up: T. Mugan, C. Walters,
T. Gaygan, J. Simpson.

PS Group Winners:

M. Golding, A. Robinson.
Runners-up: R. Forshaw, W. Davies.

Category Winners:

TB—J. Cope
PS—M. Golding

Triples Winners:

R. Forshaw, H. Preedy, W. Burnett.
Runners-up: A. Robinson, G. Hudson,
R. Brett.

Once again, a very special thank you to all those wives and escorts who help out on the green, and to our most excellent umpires, Katie and Len, whose contribution always plays a very great part in making these competitions the great success they are. Also, welcome to our new contingent of bowlers, Bill Allen, Colis Walters, Bob Evans and Dusty Miller; we hope they will get as much enjoyment out of the sport as we all have done.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 3020

Heat and Dust

By Ruth Praver Jhabvala

Read by Elizabeth Proud

Reading Time 7½ hours

The narrator, looking through some family documents, comes across letters and other papers which throw some light on the old scandal of her grandfather's first wife.

The action of the story alternates between the 1920's and the present day. The so-called "scandal" is a bit yawn-provoking, really, and follows a well-worn scenario. India 1923. District Officer (grandfather of narrator) keen, stiff upper lipped pukka sahib. Pretty young wife, fresh out from England, soon gets bored — bored with the climate, with inactivity, with husband's long absences, with other memsahibs, "the old India hands"

Enter dashing handsome Nawab, with palace close by. They take tea together. She is invited to the palace for dinner. There's no harm in this of course, but eventually and inevitably (yes, you've guessed it!) they wind up having breakfast together.

Tongues wag. Wronged husband confronts erring wife. She has disgraced him, his family, her family and very probably the British Raj.

This sorry tale develops bit by bit as the narrator, now in India, retraces the steps, as it were, of the principal characters in the drama. But all things change. The Nawab's once stately palace is now in ruins, the Civil Lines are offices and only the British cemetery remains as a permanent memorial to the glory that was once the great British Raj. . . .

Cat. No. 652

The Sea's in The Kitchen

By Denys Val Baker

Read by Michael Aspel

Reading Time 7½ hours

The author, a freelance journalist, married his present wife within six weeks of their first meeting. With five children, products of previous marriages, they went to live in Cornwall.

This proved to be the first of many moves. They lived in isolated cottages, isolated larger houses, dilapidated houses, and houses of character.

Theirs was a life of permanent threadbare

poverty. They never managed to make ends meet. They were forced to sell treasured belongings, they were frequent visitors to the local pawnbroker. But as members of the roystering free-and-easy artists colony, their impecunious state seemed not to matter very much.

The book is essentially about Cornwall and its curious, almost magical effect on those who went there to write, or paint, or sculpt. It is about the happy-go-lucky bohemian life of the colony, and the characters, many larger than life, who were part of it, their loves, their triumphs and their disappointments. . . .

A most interesting book. A good read.

Cat. No. 3021

The Himalayan Concerto

By John Masters

Read by Garard Green

Reading Time 13 hours

Rodney Bateman is a composer. He is also separated from his wife, we are informed — but this has nothing whatever to do with the plot. As the story opens he is fishing and trekking in Kashmir while collecting material for his major work "The Himalayan Concerto".

Here he meets Chandra Gupta, a journalist and the two men become firm friends. Throughout the book, the Indian has the disconcerting habit of turning up at the oddest times and places. Can he, we ask ourselves, be an agent of the Indian Government?

The beautiful and seductive Ayesha is, however, employed by the Indian Government. She and Rodney meet on the houseboat he has chartered. Naturally, they go to bed (this has nothing whatever to do with the plot, either). At this point the accommodating Rodney changes his composer's hat for that of acting unpaid agent and goes off into the wide blue yonder in search of bits of information and folk tunes for his magnum opus.

It would appear that the whole sub-continent is positively seething with intrigue, involving India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Nepal, Bhutan *et al* — with the Chinese in there somewhere. Who is about to do what to whom is just a little confusing for a time (at least I was confused) but things do begin to sort themselves out after a time.

I felt that most of this book read more like a travelogue than an action-packed cloak and dagger yarn, but things do begin to hot up a bit as it nears the end.

Snow Queen and the Seven Dwarfs – part IV.

by Ray Hazan

Photos: Jim Badger

It has to be admitted that the omens were not good. Could the 4th trip to Germany better the preceding three, each of which had surpassed the other? The Snow Queen had never previously shown leniency, casting her dwarfs hither and thither in the snow like so much chaff.

It started four months before the trip was due to take place, when the travel agents found that all Saturday flights to Munich were already booked. Although it has also to be admitted that people were not unwilling to forgo an extra day off work in order to attend!

Strikes

But this was a mere appetiser. As the 12th February approached, there arrived in conjunction reports that it had been raining in Germany on our slopes: ASLEF had the whole country on tenterhooks as they



Gerry Jones and escort.

changed the days of their strikes: finally, (but this we were beginning to get used to, as it had happened the year before) came the baggage handlers' strike at Heathrow. Would all this not try the surest of optimists?

But let me allay your fears of this being a lugubrious and sorry tale. Although the 'Old Queen' did cause some mishaps, she repented enough to give us the best skiing so far. Indeed, from the time the party sat down to lunch together at HQ prior to departure, it was a marvellous, energetic week, full of the comradeship and zest for living that so many St. Dunstaners must have experienced either during their Service life or since.

It may be better for me not to go on record and describe our strike-breaking at Heathrow. Suffice it to say that British Airways were first class, and our party, by now swollen to 17, boarded—well, I was going to say 'quietly', but have you tried to seat 17, seven of whom are blind, 4 excited under 12's, three teenagers who have 'done it all before', two harassed mothers, and an Army Adjutant, who would probably be more at home with a battalion of 700 than our mob! But with cries of "Sit down, please! Move along! Where's my lunchbox? and 'was it Newton who said that everything that goes up must come down?', we boarded, and took off only 30 minutes late.

The Vikings

In previous years, St. Dunstan's skiers have been hosted, aided and abetted by the 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regt. But this year, the Vikings, as they are called, had just returned from a four month emergency tour on the border in N. Ireland, and were in the midst of preparation and packing, prior to moving back to the UK. We were very grateful, therefore, that they should have taken the care to pass us on to

94 Locating Regt, Royal Artillery, like the Vikings, based in Celle. There is one great difference between the units, apart from their role, of course, and that is that 94 are based permanently in BAOR. This has enabled them to train a highly expert downhill ski team, who have won the Divisional Championships for the past 10 years. Amongst their party was Jock, who came 29th in the world 'langlauf' or cross country skiing championships. This is remarkable, when competing against the Scandinavians.

But we did not know all of this when we boarded a 94 coach waiting for us at the airport. What bliss to sink back in the coach and not to have, as in previous years, to dash across Munich to catch a train, followed by another bus. But we have to take 94 to task on one thing: they seemed to change names each day! Surnames were certainly out. I can therefore only pay tribute to Bill, the bus driver, who drove so carefully and responsibly along a dark, and very foggy



Bill Shea.

Down but not out – Peter Walker.



autobahn, arriving 4½ hours later at Hotel Magnus in Wertach at half past midnight.

What a marvellous welcome from the hotel owner, Alex Lippe, this being our 3rd stay with him. The girls were hugged and kissed, hands warmly shaken, and especially important, the bar opened and the first of many schnapps downed to ferment (and that word is used advisedly) the friendship.

Early call

It is hard to say whether it was excitement, keenness, the dustcart, or the church-bells which awoke us early Saturday morning. Everyone was in time for an 8 am breakfast, and hammering on the door of the ski hire shop by 9am. It is interesting at this point, to view the changing fashion in skis and equipment. Even last year, skis which had safety brakes on were highly fashionable, and correspondingly expensive. The brake consists of two prongs, which, if the boot leaves the ski binding for any reason, project down vertically into the snow, and prevent the ski running away down hill, and possibly doing some lethal damage. Brakes remove the necessity for safety straps, thus saving us a lot of fiddling and time-wasting. Anyway, this year, these skis were on hire for a very small charge. How are the mighty cheapened! I wonder what fashion lies in store next year?

Off to Austria

And so off to Austria, with some worried gunners, wondering if they needed their passports. Being old hands on the Jungholtz, we knew that while territorially, it belonged to Austria, it was only accessible via Germany, and mainly administered by them, so no frontier formalities were necessary. It was interesting to observe the reaction of the newcomers to skiing. Both Don Planner of Sittingbourne, and Peter Walker of Sutton Courtney got off to a fine start, despite the sensations that are so unlike anything a blind person has previously experienced. Don had skied a little before losing his sight, which in many ways, makes life more difficult. The two young Hazans, aged 8 and 5, had obviously been watching too much television. On a slope not half a degree below the horizontal, and at one mile an hour, both were seen adopting the racing, 'egg position', to present the least amount of wind resistance.

It may be hard to picture us all skiing in shirt sleeves, or thin sweaters, but this was the case for 5 out of the 6 days. The snow, over a metre deep, glistened in the sun, and once our first weekend was over, we had the slopes much to ourselves. However, the sun does cause very varying snow conditions. The morning would start bright but cool. This meant icy, hard packed snow. Not only does this mean you have to apply the edges of your skis more to turn or stop, but it also dulls the 'feel' of the snow through your skis. Thus the lack of sensation causes disorientation and the rattle of the ski edges over the ice tends to drown out the guide's directions. By 11 am or 12, conditions are perfect. As Alan Wortley puts it, "The slopes changed from icy hostility to a softer friendliness at mid morning". The sun has softened the surface, which runs fast because of the firm snow beneath. By 2 pm, the top is getting mushy, which slows you down, and sometimes camouflages ice below, which catches the unwary. Thus, not only were our guides controlling our direction, and keeping a wary eye on other skiers, but they had to give a running commentary on the snow conditions.

Skiing backwards

One cannot pay high enough tribute to Lt. Ben Archer, Stan, Jock, Jerry, Allen, Paddy, Peter and Jeggors—with apologies if names had been left out or repeated. -You shouldn't keep changing your names, lads! They all adapted so remarkably quickly to this very unnerving and tiring experience. One instructor even skied backwards ahead of his pupil . . .! Off the slope, they were warm hearted, generous and helpful, and we thank them all from the bottom of our hearts. Without this help, St. Dunstan's would hardly be able to ski to such an extent.

Burning the Candle

Tribute must be paid to the St. Dunstaners involved: Alan Wortley, who must put as much skiing into 6 days as to 3 weeks. Gerry Jones, who can burn the candle at both ends, be the life and soul of the party, and always there on the slopes the next day. Norman Perry and Bill Shea, the 'veterans' of the party, who must be admired for their tenacity and energy, Don Planner and Peter Walker, who both achieved a remarkable



Above: Don Planner.

Below: Ray Hazan.

standard in only 6 days. How good it is to see new blood coming into the team!

Talking of blood does remind me of the times the Snow Queen got the better of us. As one skied down the slope, one passed various landmarks—Norman's tree, Bill's pylon, Ray's ravine, Don's hole, Gerry's shed . . . I shall elucidate no further.

The above paragraphs cover only half the story. For the party played as hard as they skied. Bavarian hostels lend themselves to wonderful evenings. The food is relatively cheap, and simple—no tummy bugs there; the atmosphere is relaxed and informal, and the music has a lively beat. As is now a tradition, on the penultimate evening, we dined out our guides. Our favourite 'Weinstübe' gave us a room to ourselves. Our sighted escort, Captain Jim Badger of the Royal Anglian Regt., provided some amusing and moving folk songs to the



accompaniment of his mandolin. The Wortley children provided tricks and more conservative songs. Our friends retired at the end of the evening, some a little worse for wear, bearing, we hope, fond memories and a St. Dunstan's shield as a memento of our time together.

This story started with pessimistic overtones, but we end literally on a carnival note. The weekend of our departure was the locals' last fling before the more sedate period of Lent. On our last day skiing, the sun shone, music blared out over the ski slopes, the locals were in costume both on and off the slopes, ranging from t-shirts and fishnet stockings, to Dracula top hat and cloak. My wife was thrown to the ground by a clown, who gave her a very lip-sticky kiss which she bore for the remainder of the

JOHN POINTON WRITES:

In 1978 I was one of the lucky ones who went to Kransegg with Ray Hazan's first Ski party, where we had probably the best snow for skiing that I have experienced, and after a week I began to think that I would be able to ski. The following year, we scared the snow away from Wertach, but, even though a barbed wire fence jumped out at me, we had a lot of fun. Last year, for

John Pointon with his statuette.



day. My 5 year old's contribution to the rescue of his mother was to prod the clown in the backside with his ski stick!

It was a tired but very satisfied group who made their farewells to 94 and Herr Lippe. The members of the party join in expressing their sincere gratitude to Lt. Col. A.M. Whyte, Commanding Officer, 94 Locating Regt. RA., to Lt. Ben Archer and his magnificent team of guides, to Capt. Jim Badger for his very hard work, and his delightful singing and playing, to Nathan Jones, Mike Greenslade and Richard, Rachel and Sian Wortley for their help and company. We thank St. Dunstan's for helping to make the trip possible. Our slogan this year was not 'look back in anger', but 'look back where you are going!' Yes, I'm still trying to work it out. Auf Wiedersehen.

a change, I went with the people who had given me dry ski slope lessons before I went with Ray's first party, and again scared the snow away, this time from Northern Italy. On that trip, I met members of the Kent and Sussex Ski Club, and this year, arranged to go with them to Chateau D'oex in what is generally called Switzerland, the CH on their cars denoting 'Confederation Helvetica'. Having tried to learn a bit of German for the Bavarian trips, and Italian for last year's trip, this of course was the French-speaking part of CH. Most of our party of just a score, whose ages ranged from 14 to one other person of my age, were accommodated at a superb hotel, the Victoria, four star standard, run by a M. and Mme. Boul, who were, as most Swiss people were, pro British and extremely helpful in every way. 'Travel-away' organised the trip, and their agent or courier was there to sort out sleeping accommodation. Although our arrival was very late, there was a very good meal awaiting us, reminiscent of the second Bavarian trip, when someone in a restaurant laid on a meal in spite of its being 11 o'clock at night.

There could have been more snow, I was told, and there was some ice, but also a lot of sunshine. Various members of our party skied with me, acting as guide, in particular the lady and her husband who had organised the trip. Everyone went out of their way to explain to me what they could see, like the icing-sugar effect of the snow on the mountains, with small conifers stand-

ing up through as though on a cake. Also, when I was taking it easy, as obviously at my age I cannot ski as long as youngsters, they all came and talked to me and frequently asked me to mind things for them while they skied. I think again that one of the advantages I found was that I skied as much as I felt able to do without fatigue, and then could take things easy without feeling that I was wasting an instructor's time, as I would have been had I had one allocated to me on a full-time basis.

After three days there, we went on to Les Moulins, where there was a long, steady slope from top to bottom, and a delightful Swiss ski instructor gave me two lessons, and these helped a lot. His father has a farm on which he assists and ski-instructs to help out, and I wish I could speak French as well as he spoke English! He really had an incredibly sunny character. Sunday we went to Saanch Moser, where incredibly sophisticated cable cars with beam-operated doors took us up to the ski runs. These six-seater cable cars were really space age stuff, and again another splendid day's skiing. Tuesday we were back at Les Moulins, and I think all finished the week very happy, even if tired, and I obviously should have spent more time on the dry slopes before I went, as the stiffness of being a geriatric athlete takes a bit longer to dissipate, especially when one has worked muscles in a manner they are unused to—like the wide pidgeon-toed stance of the snow plough, which is the basis of speed control etc., and of course lessons beforehand would build up one's stamina for such postures.

Most evenings we just met up and talked but one evening we had a cheese fondue and another time, we went to see an 18 year old lad, who had been with a previous party and who, doing some very ambitious skiing, had fractured his right leg, which the orthopods had done a very fine job on. He was pleased to see us, and to hear about St. Dunstan's, but even more pleased when the younger females of the party went to see him the next evening!

Having returned skis etc. on the Tuesday evening, we left the Hotel Victoria with considerable regret just after breakfast on Wednesday, having had a really wonderful time, which for me was enhanced by the fact that Fred, my instructor, suggested that Travelaway present me with a lovely

statuette of a skier in view of my progress on skis. It now has pride of place on the mantelpiece, and will for ever remind me of a superb holiday spent with super people, all of whom were friendly and helpful and with whom I look forward to travelling again next year.

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.

Norman Johnston Blacklock of Lancaster joined St. Dunstan's on 24th February. Mr. Blacklock served in the 5th Battalion H.L.I. during the Second World War. He is married with one adult daughter.

Lt. Col. William Geoffrey Cass, M.B.E., of Presteigne, Powys, joined St. Dunstan's on the 12th February. Colonel Cass served with the Buffs from 1920 to 1927 and was recalled at the outbreak of World War II, serving at home and abroad until 1948. He is married with one married daughter.

Brigadier Claude Morgan Hutchings, O.B.E., of Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, joined St. Dunstan's on 1st March. Brigadier Hutchings served with the Indian Army from 1917 until he was discharged during the Second World War, since which time he has done voluntary work for ex-Servicemen. He is married with a son and a daughter.

Alfred Alexander Skuce of Chelsea joined St. Dunstan's on 4th March. Mr. Skuce, who is 72 years of age and single, served as a driver during the Second World War initially with the Royal Artillery and then with the Royal Army Service Corps. In civilian life, Mr. Skuce was a wines and spirits salesman and subsequently a self-employed decorator.

FISHING

As the week of fishing on 1st-5th March was 'blown-off', we are arranging another week from the 12th to the 16th July, 1982.

FAR EAST HOLIDAY AND PILGRIMAGE

by Bill Griffiths

Our party of 7 F.E.P.O.W.s and 5 wives namely, Reg Dunne, Vice Pres. Nat. Fed. F.E.P.O.W. Clubs and Asso's. his wife Joan, Ned Peake, Chairman of the Blackpool and Fylde F.E.P.O.W. Club, his wife Louise, Stan Evans, Welfare Officer, George Nash, his wife Vera, Bert Ogden and wife Pauline, Ronnie Parr and Alice and I were given an official send off by the Mayor of Blackpool, Councillor J. Blake on January 7th, and were handed crested plaques and ties to present to our hosts at receptions arranged for us in Singapore and Bangkok. On January 8th I was to have collected St. Dunstan's plaques at Headquarters on route to Heathrow for presentation to the same distinguished people, but alas the atrocious weather intervened, and it also delayed our flight to Singapore for 8 hours. We took off at 2 a.m., and the startling contrast of weather greeted us 6 hours later at Abu Dhabi where several of our party changed into tropical wear, we stayed for 1½ hours and enjoyed a very expensive cup of tea, £1.25p. 6½ hours later we touched down at Singapore.

Singapore

I felt great nostalgia and excitement, being in the area where I had served in the R.A.F. for 6 months prior to the Japanese War and 2 months during it back in 1941-42 when we made desperate, frantic efforts to stop the air bombardment of Singapore and where like many others I had fortunately avoided injury by jumping into open drains etc., before a momentous journey to Java where I was taken prisoner.

Our courier escorted us to the Hyatt Regency Hotel, now well after midnight, local time, we didn't meet our courier again, as Stan had arranged our itinerary in Singapore and journeys to Kuala Lumpur and Penang.

After a few hours sleep and a good breakfast Alice and I with friends attended a service in Singapore Cathedral. During the service the Bishop of Singapore referred to our presence informing everyone that we were F.E.P.O.W.s, and invited us to stand, enabling the massive Congregation to

behold our charms, which couldn't have been bad, as were given a jolly good round of applause. After the service the Bishop chatted to us and much in our conversation was the late Bishop Wilson, a F.E.P.O.W. who was a regular speaker at our London and Blackpool Reunions, and a former Bishop of Singapore.

Next was a visit to the renowned RAFFLES HOTEL which brought back vivid memories to us P.O.W.s of a last ditch stand there against the Japanese in February '42. At that time Bert, Ned and Reg were ordered to smash all the bottles of spirits and wines in the Raffles Hotel to prevent the Japanese drinking it as Singapore fell.

After I enjoyed a lunch of Nasi Goreng (not Alice) we drove and walked along roads around areas that I had known so well 40 years ago, comments from my friends gave me pictures and the atmosphere, and oh! so many memories.

Remembrance

At the Kranji War Cemetery, Singapore, we were joined by the British Air Attaché, Group Captain J. Horrell O.B.E. and his wife Barbara and Major D. Coupland O.B.E. Pres. Singapore Ex-Service Assoc. in a service of Remembrance. Bert recited the poem *The Soldier*, by Rupert Brooke.

Bill Griffiths lays St. Dunstan's wreath at Kranji War Cemetery.



Wreaths were laid on behalf of the British High Commission, Nat. Fed. of F.E.P.O.W. Clubs and Assoc's, Blackpool & Fylde F.E.P.O.W. Club, 2nd Loyals and St. Dunstan's. 24,000 British and Commonwealth soldiers, sailors and airmen are buried here, and as I listened to Alice and our friends reading the names on the grave stones of colleagues whom I had known, although feeling sad, I was glad to be there remembering them.

On leaving the Cemetery we drove on over the Causeway where, unlike 40 years ago, we had to go through passport and customs formalities on entering Johor Baru, Malaya, a long wait here, which resulted in one of our cars carrying George, Vera, Ned and Louise getting lost.

As we travelled through the town and suburbs the sight of extreme poverty and primitive living conditions shocked our ladies who were making their first visit to the East. We arrived at the Sultan's Palace, the object of our visit; again memories of my youthful days driving around there in R.A.F. uniform, and I was assured by my friends that it was just as I had last seen it. Back over the Causeway to our hotel in Singapore, a hearty meal, more memories revived and a rest.

Sail round the Island

In the evening we were driven to the familiar pre-war territory of Clifford Pier, where we boarded a steamer for a sail around the island with dinner on board. As we set sail it rained heavily for the first and only time, but it did not spoil, on the contrary it rather enhanced the interest and enjoyment of the trip, instead of looking out at the rain everyone looked around the boat and talked to each other including an Australian couple who took Alice to one side and asked, "Has your husband been on Australian T.V.?" Alice said, yes, I had, you can imagine the conversation that followed.

Alice groaned when she saw the food, not to her liking at all, but I tucked into my Nasi Goreng with customary relish. As darkness fell I got the picture of the ships and Harbour ablaze with lights, and like my friends was almost overwhelmed with gratitude for the peaceful atmosphere, such a contrast to my last war-time exit. On landing back at Clifford Pier we set off walking to the Masonic Club where one of

my friends had got us all invited for the last hour, however we couldn't find the Club, so Reg hailed a taxi, apparently in a restricted stopping area. As we were on the other side of the road, the driver wanted to move on, Reg told him I was blind and intimated that he, the driver, had no feeling. At this he grudgingly allowed me to cross and get into his taxi. The driver was excitable and obviously very worried about stopping in a restricted zone, as he drove along he waved his arms about, and in broken English kept shouting, "You no white stick. Should have white stick then, I know!", he went on and on, after a few minutes of this, Reg told him to stop the taxi, paid him, and out we trooped, fortunately we were very near to the Masonic Club, where we met up with our friends, and enjoyed a good laugh about it all, the point being that I don't carry a white stick, but we weren't prepared to go into all that with the driver. We were made to feel very much at home in the Club, thus finishing off an interesting and happy day.

Reception

On Tuesday evening a cocktail party was laid on for us at the home of Captain J. Horrell and his wife and daughter, we were introduced to the British High Commissioner and members of his staff, also heads of Singapore ex-service organisations and business community, some of whom were Chinese, Indian, Malayan and Singaporeans. The High Commissioner and Air Attaché had received St. Dunstan's literature which had been passed around the assembled company prior to our arrival. Consequently, questions, and chatter about St. Dunstan's and P.O.W. life flowed as freely as the drinks and delicious snacks. We all enjoyed meeting a lady who had been interned in Java at the age of 8 years in March 1942. During our conversation, she and I realised that for some considerable time we had been prisoners in the same locality.

Reg Dunne, our Vice Pres. Nat. Fed. F.E.P.O.W. Clubs and Assocs. had provided on request, details of himself and fellow P.O.W.s and as a consequence, there was no lack of animated conversation, particularly on the "Bridge Over The River Kwai" topic, and the tragedy of the fall of Singapore. One of our hosts, Air Commodore Millington, was happy to hear that his colleague, Air Marshal Sir Douglas

Morris was a member of St. Dunstan's Council, and he took an active interest in our St. Dunstan's F.E.P.O.W. Reunion.

Reg presented a plaque and ties to our host, then I gave my little speech, the British High Commissioner started to respond, but was overcome with emotion, he later told Alice that he was filled with admiration for our little F.E.P.O.W. Group, and expressed his deep feeling towards us etc., etc.

After 2 hours or so Alice and I, our Vice Pres. and his wife Joan reluctantly left the party with Mr. Ken Jones, head of Royal Insurance Singapore and his wife who entertained us to dinner in grand style at the Marco Polo Hotel. (This had been arranged by a relative of Mrs. E. F. Dacre). A charming couple. On returning to our hotel everyone agreed that the evening was the highlight of our Singapore visit.

Raffles Hotel

Our party entertained Major D. Coupland and his wife, the British Vice Consul, Captain Frederick, Chairman of Singapore ex-service assoc. and others to dinner at the Raffles Hotel, where there had been chaos, devastation and despair 40 years earlier contrasting with this typical British evening out, albeit at the other end of the world. Reg presented a plaque and tie.

Kuala Lumpur

On getting ourselves seated on the train for our journey from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur we saw the "enclosed" cattle trucks that our friends had been crammed into by the Japanese when they were transported to the infamous "Bridge over the River Kwai" area in 1943. When one thinks of the intensive heat, what a horrifying picture that conjures up! What happiness and gratitude I felt for our present situation, happiness and gratitude that was very near to the surface as the train rattled on through the rubber, palm oil, rice, and tin producing countryside, particularly as my friends pointed out and described the actual areas where they had fought the rapidly advancing Japanese troops.

On arrival at Kuala Lumpur the porters and taxi drivers descended upon us full of smiles and laughter as we bartered the cost of getting our party of 12 and luggage off the train and safely to our hotel, where we

were warmly welcomed and made to feel at home for 2 nights. When paying our driver, he saw a £1 note in Alice's hand, he admired our Queen and asked us to include the £1 note in his fare.

During this stay Alice and I took a walk around the centre of Kuala Lumpur where I caught the atmosphere of the East, with the sounds of oriental and asiatic music and the hustle and bustle of tradesmen and customers alike getting on with their business with an air of friendliness and courtesy all around, but having been warned about handbag snatching, at one period of our shopping I had Alice's handbag firmly gripped in the crook of my arm, which greatly amused many young people as they passed us. Later we walked through a native quarter, where I heard constant exclamations and graphic descriptions from Alice, on the subject of poverty of the people, living in bare, broken down wooden huts, patched up with corrugated iron sheets; even so, they were always clean, in particular the children were turned out immaculately.

Penang

The journey from Kuala Lumpur to Penang by train and ferry was again filled with nostalgia, excitement, and light-hearted banter within our party, which certainly filtered through to all the passengers in our section of the Train. Chinese, Indians, Malays and even the ticket inspector and his assistant contributed. The inspector was instrumental in our train staying just a little longer at various stations on route enabling friends to take snaps. At one stage during the journey everybody joined in with a sing song, ending with a spirited rendering of Land of Hope and Glory. We alighted from the train at Butterworth and, now experienced barterers, we were off the train, on and off the ferry, into taxis, and installed into our Hotel, "The Golden Sands", in good time. After our travels we were all ready for the relaxing 5 days in Penang, a lovely island situated on the Malacca Straits. Our very nice hotel was adjacent to the beach and in the vicinity were many stalls and shops, needless to say the ladies were delighted. One particular so called dress shop had an open bar, of a sort, which became our local, and I came to be known as Mr. Bill by the young staff and friendly patrons. I

thoroughly enjoyed swimming in the warm sea and hotel pool and relaxing in the glorious sunshine, also an occasional stroll with Ronnie, George or other P.O.W. friends.

One day our friends Reg and Joan, Alice and I had a hair-raising 60 mile drive to Taiping, Malaya. On arrival we looked around for somewhere to lunch, and were observed with immense curiosity by the townsfolk, being the only Europeans there. We found a table and 4 chairs in a shop which was apparently a cafe with a very restricted menu, all rice dishes, with chop sticks to boot. However, Alice managed to get a spoon to assist me, and satisfied her appetite with a bar of chocolate.

In the past Taiping had been a British Army Brigade H.Q., but on their departure the people had reverted to their primitive way of life.

The reason for our trip was to visit the Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery, situated on the edge of the town where several personal friends are buried with approx. 1000 F.E.P.O.W.s., this is one of the cemeteries seldom visited, and although our mission in essence was a sad one, we were happy and grateful to see the cemetery so beautifully kept in such a peaceful setting. As we left Taiping we called at a prison where F.E.P.O.W. friends had been guests of the Emperor; it is now a civilian prison.

At breakfast in Penang Alice and I were completely surrounded by Japanese holiday makers of our own age group. Alice said to me, "Does the sound of all this Japanese chatter upset you at all?" I replied, "It certainly does not, in fact, it makes me all the more grateful to be free, and to know that they can't throw their weight about now."

We had an enjoyable 1½ hour flight from Penang to Bangkok just enough time for a drink and delicious lunch.

Thailand

We were met at the airport and escorted to a waiting coach and as we travelled along towards the City and our hotel, our courier in typical fashion told us about our itinerary in Thailand, which included a visit to the River Kwai. He embarked upon the subject of how many P.O.W.s had died during the construction of the so called Death Railway. We listened with interest for

a while, until one of our friends could stand it no longer, he called out, "It's alright, we helped to build the damn Railway!" Of course the courier didn't know this, but he quickly joined in the general amusement.

Bangkok was noisy and crowded, buses and trucks always terribly overcrowded, but smiling, friendly people. As our coach proceeded to our hotel we were fascinated to see the pavements littered with stalls selling everything one could mention.

We hadn't been in the Indra Regent Hotel many minutes when the British Air Attaché, Wing Commander John Davies rang to say that he would call upon us in the evening to make arrangements for our stay in Bangkok and Kanchanaburi near the River Kwai.

The following evening our party entertained His Excellency the British Ambassador Mr. Justin Staples, British Air Attaché, Defence Attaché Colonel J. Greenwood and wives to a cocktail party at our Hotel, which caused quite a bit of excitement amongst the staff. The manager made a large comfortable room, 'The Sapphire', available to us in this massive hotel and displayed the notice "STRICTLY PRIVATE, FAR EAST EX P.O.W. ASSOC. PARTY" which pleased and amused us all.

With the Ambassador at the Indra Regent Hotel.



The Ambassador told us that his Uncle had died in a Japanese Prison Camp, and that he, the Ambassador, knew St. Dunstan's well, Ian Fraser House was a familiar sight to him and was situated not far from his home. The Air Attaché also knew St. Dunstan's, he had a home in Sussex. Both said they would like to visit I.F.H., as indeed did the Defence Attaché.

During our first stay in Bangkok we did all the usual tourist routine, visiting the Royal Palace, Temples, and a trip along to the floating market, passing homes and shops sprouting up from the River on stilts, people very friendly, smiling and waving all the way.

River Kwai

After 3 days in Bangkok we were transported to the Rama River Kwai Hotel. A short walk took us to the Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery, Kanchanaburi, which we were anxious to visit prior to our arranged Remembrance Service the following day. When walking back to our Hotel we noticed passers-by on motor bikes, tri-shaws and cars, slowing down, eyeing us with immense curiosity and amusement. Why, I don't know, perhaps I looked quite a dashing and unusual specimen in my shorts, sun hat and hanging on to Alice's arm.

Wreaths laid

The Remembrance Service at the War Graves Cemetery was conducted by our distinguished hosts from Bangkok, Wing Commander John Davies, and Colonel John Greenwood, assisted by Sergeant Avon (British Embassy) and 2 Thai Army Buglers. Members of our party also took part. A considerable number of British Embassy staff attended, and many visitors joined in the service. Wreaths were laid on behalf of the Nat. Fed of F.E.P.O.W. Clubs and Assocs., Blackpool and Fylde F.E.P.O.W. Club, Loyal Regt. and St. Dunstan's. 6,982 F.E.P.O.W.s are buried here. Reading through the registers and the grave stones filled us with sadness, but grateful to be there paying our respects. We felt the same when we visited the Chungkai War Graves nearby on the opposite bank of the River Kwai. This Cemetery is situated on the site of a former P.O.W. Camp, where many of them died, 1,740 are buried here.



At the River Kwai Bridge, Bill and Alice, with Pauline Ogden.

Later we toured various parts of the Burma, Thai Railway, stopping at remote little village stations, Non Pladuk, Banlong, Nam Tok, Saiyok, Kinsaiyok, etc., it was our intention to ride on the train, but being the Chinese New Year Celebrations the train was more crowded, the coach took us to the River Kwai Village, after looking around and standing on the, "Bridge over the River Kwai" we waited for the train, again it was crowded. Whilst waiting there was much interesting reminiscence from our friends who had worked on the railway. Incidentally it was a one track line and people walk and ride their bikes along it, nipping to the side when a train appears. We also visited the Death Railway Museum before returning to Bangkok, where we stayed for another 2 nights for shopping, sightseeing and the pre-arranged highlight of our Thailand stay, a special party for us at the British Embassy.

An Evening to Remember

In addition to the Ambassador, Air Attaché, Defence Attaché and their wives, whom we felt were old friends by now, there were also members of their families and the majority of the Embassy staff all contributing to the very warm, convivial atmosphere. Drinks and delicious eats were in abundance. The Ambassador invited me to sing, I obliged with the song "English

Rose". After this a request echoed out "What about your English Rose joining you in song," Alice and I rendered a selection from the musical "Showboat" after which Ned put his arms around us letting us know that at least we had one fan.

Next the Air Attaché announced that Bert would sing. He couldn't have looked more surprised if Eamon Andrews had said, "This is your Life" and his wife Pauline was rather startled. He soon got our friends around him, to do their party pieces, during this someone put a record on of Colonel Bogey which started them whistling and marching around the room to the delight of everyone. Surprise of the evening was Colonel Greenwood when he recited a monologue about Trafalgar in his best Lancashire accent.

Towards the end of the evening Reg gave an eloquent speech then presented a plaque and tie to the Ambassador and a headscarf to his wife. I had been allotted the pleasure of giving a vote of thanks, but it was difficult to be serious with the friendly banter that came at me from all quarters. It was a truly memorable evening.

Pattaya

The next and final part of our holiday was in the seaside resort of Pattaya on the South East Coast of Thailand for a relaxing 4 days. The only exertion here was to climb upon an elephant and ride for some considerable distance over undulating territory.

During our holiday the ladies did quite a bit of shopping, and consequently the suitcases often gave birth to more suitcases which rather worried Stan our luggage master. He was bothered about excess weight on the flight home and was often to be seen frowning and carrying a pair of portable weigh-scales under his arm. However our luggage passed through alright.

Our Grateful Thanks

Alice and I and our small party of F.E.P.O.W.s are extremely grateful to Mrs. E. F. Dacre M.B.E., T.D., J.P. for putting us in contact with our distinguished hosts in Singapore and Thailand, it certainly made the whole trip more meaningful, fulfilling and very enjoyable.

Our thanks to Group Captain J. Horrell O.B.E. and Mrs. Horrell, Staff and Friends Singapore. To Wing Commander J. Davies and Mrs. Davies, Colonel J. Greenwood

Embassy Staff and Friends, Bangkok, for their wonderful hospitality and kindness to us all.

Alice and I take this opportunity to thank most heartily our F.E.P.O.W. friends and wives for their kindness and help throughout this holiday. It was a dual purpose holiday for Alice, she was able to nip off shopping or rest whilst I slipped away with a F.E.P.O.W.!!

NEW COINS

by Richard Dufton

The Royal Mint's plans to make the first additions to our coinage since decimalisation have been widely publicised, and in June of this year, a small 20p coin will come into circulation. It will be followed in April 1983 by a £1 coin as a replacement for the £1 note, which will be phased out in an overlapping period.

An examination of the latest pre-production sample coins, which have been made available to St. Dunstan's, shows slight changes from those reported upon in the *Review* for May 1981.

The 20p Coin

A narrow boss or shallow border now runs around the circumference, and this has the effect of thickening the distinctive seven sided edge, now the same gauge as that of a 5p. Perhaps of more significance, its diameter has been reduced to only one millimetre larger than a 1p. In appearance, the new coin is a miniature 50p with the same unique property of having a constant rolling diameter. It is not weight-related to existing cupro-nickel coins.

The £1 Coin.

Produced from a dense pale yellow alloy, it is of conventional shape, with a milled edge, which still awaits incused lettering as the final design evolves. The diameter has been increased slightly and is now only one millimetre smaller than that of a 5p, while its thickness is 3.1 millimetres, very nearly one eighth of an inch.

Summary

Undoubtedly the Mint has had to reconcile many diverse factors in arriving at designs possessing the necessary visual and tactual distinguishing features, and yet meeting the stringent requirements of

manufacturers of vending machines, ticket dispensers, and meters of all kinds which will need to be modified or, eventually, redesigned for the future, as our coinage system develops.

Decreased purchasing power has not only increased the weight of overall coinage, it has accentuated the 'gaps' between the 10p and 50p and the £1 note, only too apparent when making purchases or receiving change in which the heavy 10p coin features prominently. Similarly, for transactions between £1 and £5, much heavy coinage can be generated.

While this situation will, to some extent, be alleviated with the coming of the 20p, some benefit will be lost when the £1 coin begins to replace the £1 note next year. Finally, one might have reservations about closing the difference in diameters between the low value 1p and the new 20p coin to only one millimetre (one twentyfifth of an inch) and, although the seven-sided edge of the latter is a strong tactual feature, a little care may be called for in the early stages.

If use is made of a coin management method which seeks to separate and perhaps eliminate all bronze coins from pocket, purse or handbag, then the new coin should not cause confusion, for the 5p with its milled edge is now significantly larger than the 20p. It is hoped that the foregoing information will be of assistance in dealing with the new situation.

"TROUBLE AND STRIFE"

by Dickie Brett

I suppose my wife has more opportunity than most to do her husband a mischief—as witness the following: Each morning, Peggie shaves me, with the aid of safety razor, brush and stick of soap. One morning, while giving my face a thorough lathering, she said she wished I wouldn't suck extra strong peppermints until she had finished. This I denied doing. There was a short pause, followed by a very unlady-like word from my wife. It seems that, instead of using a Christmas-present tube of shaving cream, she had covered my defenceless mug with Toothpaste!

Editor's note: Dickie Brett, of course, is one of our handless St. Dunstaners, perhaps other readers, with similar 'tales of woe' to Dickie's, would like to write in and share them with us?



All is not as it seems in this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lynch!

D.F. Robinson's

Gardening Column

So far, as I write these notes, it has been a bit better weather, and I must admit that I have been able to get all the digging done. Seeds both inside and out will be being sown by the time you read this. Insects amongst the plants and trees will be starting their work of destruction, so have the sprays ready and cover the plants with the sprays as preventative, even if nothing has been noted. Don't forget to spray on the ground round the crops and put down slug and snail bait in the form of pellets. I have found that the smaller pellets are better and don't break down when the rain comes as rapidly as the larger ones. There is also a slug spray which can be used from a watering can, especially when you set out young plants. Don't be too discouraged if you find many items outdoors have been ravaged by winter weather, but start again. I have lost practically all my tuberous items, such as Begonia and Dahlia, plus Fuchsia and Geranium though they were kept in places I thought were frost free, but I will know better next winter. A question put through to a well-known gardener by Alan Reynolds of Shrewsbury has resulted in the name of a Rose called Zephrin Droughin, which is thornless and scented, but is

rather susceptible to mildew and needs to be planted in a warm spot. Don't order any now, but leave till the autumn as it is past the time for planting.

Vegetables

The ground should be made ready now for the seedling plants of Sprouts, Cauliflower, Cabbage, Lettuce and Broad Bean which were grown earlier in the greenhouse and hardened off in frames. It would be better for those of you in the North to wait till late in the month as there is always a chance of frosts to undo all your hard work. Also get main crop Potatoes in at the end of the month. Give the position where you are to have Runner Beans a really good digging and add plenty of compost and manure at the bottom of the trench, but it would be unwise to plant out any you have already raised, for the present. Ensure that all the framework is ready for the beans to cling to as soon as they get their tendrils pushing out, but I think that it might be wise to tie in to start, in case the winds work damage in the early stages. All kinds of vegetable seeds can be sown, either where they are to come to maturity or in separate seed beds for transplanting later on, or to give one spares in the rows where seeds have not come up too well. Do remember to label each row so that you know where the seedlings are and not like me on occasions, wondering what was coming up! Thin out some of the earlier sown items such as Lettuce, Carrot, Onion, Beetroot, etc., in order to get size and quality. Carry on hoeing between the rows of crops and make a good tilth for light air and moisture to penetrate. A little general fertilizer, such as the pellet-type like Growmore, would be a good thing to spread along the rows to give the items a boost. When sowing seed, planting out and putting in Potatoes, sprinkle some soil pest powder or granules in the rows and holes. It might also be a good thing to dip the roots of the Cabbage family in some Calomel paste when putting them in as a precaution against Club Root and other root flies.

Fruit

Don't try and put in any new trees or bushes now, but wait till autumn if you are thinking of having replacements. Get the sprays ready for putting on all types of trees and bushes as a protection against pests and diseases. Lime Sulphur is a good item

for Mildew and Scab. All the other modern insecticides will work in well with this Lime Sulphur, but get it all done before the flowers are fully out. Raspberries being a surface rooting fruit, would appreciate a good covering round their roots and then soil piled on the top in order to give them real warmth at root level.

Lawns

The grass will certainly show signs of growth, so get out the mower and give it a cut, with the blades set fairly high. The use of a rake on established lawns will be a good thing to get out any dead grass and moss, plus the last of the leaves which were blown onto the lawn during the winter gales. Towards the end of the month, a dose of fertiliser-cum-weedkiller will be of help to make the grass grow well and retard or kill those weeds which seem to come along even on the best kept lawns.

Flowers

As I said last month, carry on getting the beds ready for the season of colour. Hoe and rake regularly to make the soil friable and easy for the sowing of seed of annuals later in the month, but give some form of cover, such as a piece of plastic sheeting. Those in the North, delay the sowing of seed till the end of the month or early May. Where you raised bedding plants earlier and they are in frames hardening off, give plenty of air, but if frost is about, close at night. Empty frames can be used to sow the annuals rather than in the beds, and at least it saves losing seedlings from the ravages of birds and slugs. Gladioli corms can be planted in drifts so that you can cut a few stems for the house without taking all the colour away. Dahlia, Fuchsia and Geranium can be set in the warmer beds. I think that I would leave the setting out of the Begonia, both tuberous and fibrous rooted types, till next month, but if you are in a rush to get them out, give cover at night with cloches or plastic sheeting. Tie down the leaves of Daffodil and Narcissus so that the bulbs can be built up for next year. Cut away the withered leaves of other bulbous items, and it might be a good plan to break up the large clumps of Crocus to plant in areas which are scarce of colour in early spring.

Don't forget to put in the Anemone corms and another semi-bulbous plant called Schizotylin, in red and pink shades. Once established, they give a wonderful show

and make a fine cut flower. After a time, the clumps can be broken up and re-planted. Make sure that you get all the Sweet Peas planted out and ensure that they are in a warm, sunny position and get the frames up for the erection of some plastic netting. Complete all the pruning of your Roses plus the division and re-planting of large clumps of perennials. Plant out all the Chrysanthemum plants which were grown from cuttings and well rooted and put in stakes at the same time. At the end of the month, give the borders a dose of general fertilizer such as the pelleted form, and it will give all the plants a boost.

Greenhouse

The greenhouse will be at its busiest now, with all the seedlings being raised for outdoors and in pots. Perennial pot plants will be making a move and some have to be moved to larger containers. When doing so, knock some of the old soil off the root ball before putting in the new container. Put some new compost at the bottom of the pot, so that the plants will settle a bit lower than the rim of the pot, put more compost and, if peat based, don't ram down hard, just knock down on the staging to get the soil just above the top of the old soil ball.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON BOWLING SECTION

We apologise to Mr. Preedy that the first part of his bowling notes was not set in time for the March Review due to a misunderstanding with our printers.

The weather rather curtailed our activities during the early part of January, and owing to heavy snow and very icy roads, our match on Jan. 8th due to take place at Ian Fraser House, against our friends from Marine Gardens, Worthing had to be cancelled.

On Friday Feb. 5th we were hosts to our friends of Hurstpierpoint Bowling Club, who were making their first visit to Ian Fraser House, and we were very pleased to see them, a very interesting and hard fought encounter ended in a narrow victory for the visitors. Many thanks to our ladies who once again provided a fine tea.

Water in thoroughly. Start off all those tuberous items such as Begonia, Gloxinia, Achimenes, etc., which weren't started last month. Where seedlings have germinated well, plant on to growing containers and give plenty of light on the outer parts of the staging, but bring back to the centre if frost is imminent. Sow all the other bedding plants that don't want so much heat, also out-door Carnations and Pinks for planting out late summer or early autumn. Many pot plants for giving a show in the greenhouse and house during the summer, autumn and winter, can be started now from seed such as Schizanthus (poor man's Orchid), Cyclamen, Solanum, Coleus, ornamental Pepper, Cineraria, Calceolaria among other things. Pot on your Tomatoes into their containers for cropping where you can keep a reasonable heat or just put into larger pots for transplanting later. Ventilate the place well on warm sunny days but close at night for the present. Use a smoke against pests and mildew but keep the seedlings covered at that time. Where you use Tom bags for your Tomatoes, pierce a few holes near the bottom, as water tends to stay at the bottom and you will have over-watering and rotting of the roots.

What a great sport this game of bowls is for giving us the opportunity of meeting so many people and making so many new friends, for example, on Sunday Feb. 7th, a coach full of members of Barclay's Bank International, Poole visited Ian Fraser House, and we were privileged to supply the opposition for a Bowls Match. Although we were complete strangers to each other, after a couple of minutes on the bowling green, we were all laughing and joking like real old friends. The match was very enjoyable, and I am sure that our friends from Poole enjoyed it as much as we did.

It is nice to see new faces joining the Section, and we give a very warm welcome to Robert Evans, Dusty Miller and Collis Walters, who have recently joined us, and we hope we will have the pleasure of their company on our outings during the summer season.

On Friday, 26th February, we were hosts at Ian Fraser House to our very good friends from Marine Gardens Bowling Club, Worthing, and a very enjoyable and interesting match ended in a narrow win for our guests.

On Wednesday, 3rd March, a party of bowlers and wives made the journey to Worthing as guests of the Worthing Indoor Bowling Club. The rinks at this Club are a joy to see, and we were all pleased to meet so many old friends and make quite a few new ones. All the matches played were very tight affairs with not more than two shots between the winning and losing sides. We were pleased to have Monty Golding and Bob Forshaw with us on this trip as the weather had curtailed their fishing activities for that day.

*H. Preedy
Vice-Captain*

Bridge Results

Pairs Competition played Feb. 14th.

N/S	W. Allen & Mrs. Delaney	60
	W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	51.3
	W. Phillips & Dr. Goodlad	50.8
	G. Hudson & Mrs. Benson	49.1
	R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	48.3
	B. Ingray & Mrs. Gover	40.5

E/W	M. Tybinski & Mrs. McIntosh	63.3
	A. Dodgson & Mrs. Dodgson	62.9
	F. Griffiee & Mrs. Andrews	53.7
	C. Clements & Miss Steynning	42.9
	C. Walters & Mrs. Tibbett	39.6
	P. McCormack & Mrs. Buller-King	31.6

Individual Competition played Feb. 20th.

G. Hudson	92
P. McCormack	81
R. Evans	79
W. Lethbridge	78
R. Goding	76
R. Fullard	75
J. Whitcombe	69
C. Walters	69
W. Phillips	68
F. Griffiee	65
H. Preedy	64
M. Tybinski	62
W. Burnett	51

The Pairs Competition for May will be played on the 2nd, due to the Bridge Congress in May. Will all members who wish to attend the match at Horsham on Sunday, April 18th, please ring me as soon as possible on Brighton 3303. Thank you.

*Bill Phillips,
Captain.*

Entertainment Section

The Section have now settled down again to their weekly meetings—and the various competitions are now underway. Despite some rather inclement weather, quite a number of members attended the February Dance. Dates for the forthcoming dances are: 3 April 82, 8 May 82 and 12 June 82—and we hope to see as many members as possible—for we do need all the support that you can give us.

It is hoped that by the next issue further dates can be given to you for some of the summer 'outings' that we are in the process of arranging, and we look forward to them in, hopefully, some fine summer weather.

*Jeanne N.H. Kick
Secretary*

MIDLAND.

Due to the terrible weather in December and January, this was our first meeting in the New Year. However, we did manage to hold our Christmas Dinner on 5th December at the Austin Branch of the Royal British Legion, where all the members who attended had an enjoyable time and we were made very welcome as always.

At the meeting held on the 14th February there was much to talk about between our members, owing to the cancellation of the previous two meetings. An excellent tea was put on by the ladies and they were thanked by the Chairman in the usual way. The Chairman also expressed his deep sympathy on behalf of all the club members to Bruno Tomporowski, on the death of his beloved wife Elizabeth, who passed away in January. Everyone was very pleased to see Bruno and his daughter Anna at the meeting, and we all hope they will continue to join us at our meetings whenever possible.

Prize-giving also took place at this meeting for the Domino Tournament.

The Singles Domino winners were:

- 1st Bruno Tomporowski**
- 2nd David Taylor
- 3rd Doug Faulkner

The Doubles Domino winners were:

- 1st Joe Kibbler and daughter**
- 2nd Bruno and the late Elizabeth Tomporowski.

Prizes were chosen from a varied selection on display.

Janet Coles.

FAMILY NEWS

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Les Fensome, of Coventry, who are pleased to announce the birth of their second grand-daughter. The baby, to be named Leanne, was born on 21st January to their son Stephen and his wife Gail.

Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Morgan of Bristol, who are pleased to announce the arrival of a grand-daughter, born to their daughter Ruth and her husband on March 1st.

Mrs. C. Nolan, widow of *John Nolan*, dec'd of Acton, on the arrival of her fourth grandchild. A daughter, to be named Louisa Jane, was born on February 28th to her son, John, and daughter-in-law, Kathleen.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Smith of Lancing, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Samantha Jane, to their daughter Mary and her husband William Rock, on 17th August last year.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Walker of Sutton Scotney, Winchester, on the birth of their first grandchild, Carolyn Jane, to their son Michael and his wife on January 6th. The christening, to be held in May, will be at Bullington Church where Mr. Walker is a bell ringer.

Stan and Kitty Moseley. Photo: *Evening Gazette, Blackpool*.



GREAT GRAND CHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Meadows of Leamington Spa, on the birth of their first great grandchild, David John, born on 11th November 1981, to Richard and Catherine, who live in Kenya.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. F.W. Scull of Canterbury, on the marriage of their son, Ian John, to Miss Jane Linda Bowden on the 18th March at Hove.

RUBY WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. R. Theobald of Ipswich, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on October 25th last year.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. George 'Sabu' Brooks and his wife, Louie, of Saltdean, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 27th February.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley C. Moseley of Blackpool, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 22nd February. They marked the occasion with a party for family and friends.

DIAMOND WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holden of Huddersfield, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 25th February.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. George Brooks of Saltdean, whose sister, Mrs. Winnie Litchfield, of Bedford, passed away suddenly on 16th February.

Mr. Robert Fearnley of Brighton, whose wife, Lillian Celia, passed away in hospital on March 3rd. Mrs. Fearnley was in her 82nd year.

Mr. A. Ketteringham of Norwich, on the death of his wife, Ellen Maud, who passed away in hospital on 17th February. Mrs. Ketteringham's health had been failing for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. John McDermott of Manchester, on the death of their youngest son, Paul, who passed away suddenly on 24th February. He leaves a widow and two

little girls, the youngest born only on January 31st, this year.

Mrs. Vickery, wife of *Bill Vickery* of Plymouth, whose brother died on 1st December last year.

R. Taylor of Wolverhampton, on the death of his younger brother.

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.

Walter Brooksbank, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Walter Brooksbank of Leeds was very seriously ill at the time of his admission to St. Dunstan's, and sadly, he passed away last December.

Mr. Brooksbank served in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders as a Private during the First World War and was wounded on active service. Until his retirement, Mr. Brooksbank worked as a lift attendant in a departmental store.

Our sympathy is offered to his widow, Mrs. Elsie Brooksbank, who cared for her husband so devotedly during his illness, and to all members of the family.

R. Bruce, 5th Seaforth Highlanders.

Robert Bruce of Manchester passed away peacefully in hospital on February 11th. He was 88 years of age, and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1978. Mr. Bruce served as a Private in the 5th Seaforth Highlanders. He enlisted in 1917, and was discharged later that year due to serious wounding at Ypres, which resulted in the loss of his right eye. Before joining the Army, Mr. Bruce was an Insurance agent and after his discharge, he owned an ironmongery business for many years.

Mr. Bruce was a widower, and was cared for devotedly by his housekeeper, Mrs. Ann Moss, who very sadly died just two days before our St. Dunstaner.

Our deepest sympathy is offered to his daughter, Miss Margaret Gordon, and all members of the family.

G. Bryson, Northumberland Fusiliers.

George Bryson of Cambois passed away at his home on 16th January at the age of 84. Mr. Bryson served as a Private in the Northumberland Fusiliers from 1914 to 1919 and his loss of sight was the result of a gun shot wound. Even so, he was employed for many years as a coal miner, and had already retired by the time he became a St. Dunstaner in 1970. Mr. Bryson took a keen interest in his garden, from which his produce won a number of prizes. Being a

widower, Mr. Bryson lived with his son Stanley, to whom we send our sympathy, as well as to all members of the family.

W.J. Carthy, R.A.F.

William James Carthy of Goring-by-Sea passed away on 13th February in Pearson House, where he had been since the beginning of this year due to his deteriorating health. He was 81 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for 13 years. Mr. Carthy served as a Sergeant in the Royal Air Force from 1938 until 1943, when his vision began to deteriorate. On joining St. Dunstan's in 1946, Mr. Carthy began a period of training in Braille and typewriting and the following year took over a tobacconist and newsagents shop in Mansfield, which he operated with great efficiency with help of his first wife who, unfortunately, passed away in 1964. In 1954, Mr. and Mrs. Carthy accepted a post as steward and stewardess at Nottingham University Air Training Corps Wing. Our St. Dunstaner remarried in 1964, but by then his vision was seriously affected and ultimately they moved to the South of England and, only last year, to Goring-by-Sea. Until 1973, Mr. Carthy's hobby was making string bags, but latterly he was unable to pursue further interests due to failing health. Throughout, he was cared for devotedly by his wife, Edna.

We send our condolences to his widow, his daughter Mrs. Irene Bull, his stepson and all members of the family.

G.E. Jackson, R.A.M.C.

George Edgar Jackson of Bridlington passed away in hospital on 21st January after a short illness. He was 87 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1961. Mr. Jackson served in the R.A.M.C. as a Private from 1915 to 1918. A gun shot wound caused some loss of sight but even so, after discharge from the Army, Mr. Jackson was able to work for many years as Transport Manager of a local haulage firm, retiring at 60 years of age. He then kept himself happily occupied with his garden and string bag making, and he was also a keen member of his local blind club. We offer our sympathy to his widow, Ethel, their son and daughter and families.

W.M. Jones, Royal Field Artillery.

William Matthew Jones passed away on 16th February in the Royal Sussex County Hospital. He was 83 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for twenty years. "Matt" Jones served in the Royal Field Artillery from 1916 to 1918 when he was wounded at Lens by a Howitzer shell. He lost one eye and was admitted to St. Dunstan's until 1924, when he happily recovered the sight in his remaining eye. He was a schoolmaster for many years and was re-admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1967. Mr. and Mrs. Jones lived in Southampton and they were both keen gardeners, growing all their own vegetables and soft fruit. Mrs. Jones died in 1971 after a long illness and Matt then became a permanent resident at Pearson House, where he will be sadly missed by friends and staff alike.

We extend our condolences to his son, Derek, and his family.

Major C.R. Land, R.A.S.C. and R.A.O.C.

Major Cecil Raymond Land, of Lee-on-Solent, died in hospital on 3rd February. He was 76 years of age.

Major Land served in the Army at home and abroad from August, 1939, to 1952. His sight ultimately failed and he joined St. Dunstan's in 1978, when he had already lost both feet and was a very sick man. He faced his difficulties courageously and was devotedly cared for by his wife at home, but in recent months his health deteriorated further and he entered hospital.

Our sympathy goes to his widow, Anne, all their family and her sister Mrs. Clayton-Wright, who helped them both so much.

G. Lawther, Inniskilling Fusiliers.

George Lawther of Newcastle-upon-Tyne passed away on 13th February in the residential home where he had lived for several years. He was 91 years of age, and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1980. Mr. Lawther served as a Private in the Inniskilling Fusiliers from 1914 to 1917. His sight began to fail during his war service, but he was able to work as a crane driver for many years. Our St. Dunstaner was one of the brothers of the late Sir William Lawther, the well known Miners' Leader and T.U.C. General Council member since its formation in 1921, and he came from a family which was active in local government and the Co-operative Movement.

Our sympathy is offered to his brother Jack, and all relatives and friends.

J.E. Lewis, Royal Artillery.

Joseph Edwin Lewis of Manchester passed away in hospital on 31st January, after a period of ill health. He was 74 years of age, and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1973. Mr. Lewis served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery from 1940 till 1946 and he was a prisoner of war in Java and Singapore. Before his Army service Mr. Lewis worked

for many years for Vickers Armstrong and, after a period of training at Ovingdean, he was able to resume employment with them until 1957, when he had to retire on health grounds.

We offer our deepest sympathy to his widow Elizabeth, who nursed her husband so devotedly during his illness, their daughter Gwendoline, and all members of the family.

W.G. Medhurst, Middlesex Regiment.

William George Medhurst passed away at Pearson House on 25th February. He was 90 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1970. Mr. Medhurst served in the 1st Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, and was wounded in October 1918, when he lost his left eye. He was able to continue working on a farm until normal retirement age, and, on joining St. Dunstan's at the age of 79, he was still accustomed to walking at least three miles a day and enjoyed life to the full. He remained in good health until the end of his life, and greatly enjoyed his visits to Ian Fraser House.

Mr. Medhurst was a widower, and we extend our condolences to his family and to Mrs. Jarrat, who had looked after him for many years.

L. Robinson, R.A.S.C.

Lincoln Robinson of Chatham passed away at home on 11th February. He was 89 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1974. Mr. Robinson enlisted in the R.A.S.C. in 1913 under the name of Jack Hodges, by which he was known throughout his Army career. He served in the Balkans in the First World War and lost his sight for six months in 1918 when suffering from malaria in Salonika. He remained in the Army, however, until 1925, and it was not until 1952 that his sight deteriorated again. Mr. Robinson visited Pearson House on one occasion only for several months as he was severely crippled with arthritis. His wife died in 1975 and we extend our condolences to his two sons and his grandchildren.

E.J. Scutt, R.A.F.

Ernest James Scutt, of Chatham, died in hospital on the 11th February. He was 71 years of age.

Mr. Scutt enlisted in the Royal Air Force in 1926, was commissioned during the Second World War and served until 1945. He later worked at the Chatham Naval Base. His sight ultimately failed and he joined St. Dunstan's in 1977. He much enjoyed several visits to Ian Fraser House, where his cheerful, friendly personality made him a popular figure. He was taken seriously ill in the New Year and entered hospital near his home for specialist treatment, but his condition deteriorated rapidly.

Our sympathy goes to his widow, Doris, and their daughter and son-in-law.