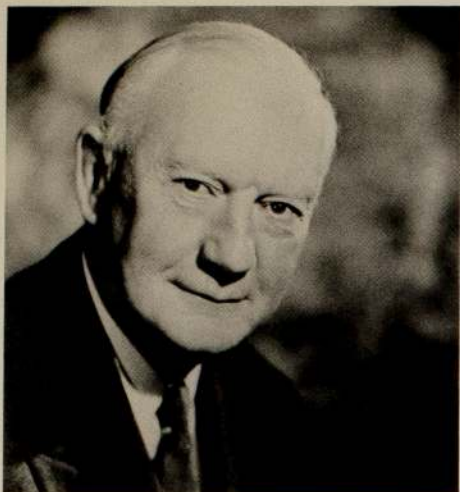




St Dunstons
Review
July 1982



Message from the Chairman

A St. Dunstaner's Grandson

We were all very grieved to hear of the death of Percy Stubbs' grandson, L/Cpl. Paul Lightfoot, of the Royal Corps of Signals, died in the Falklands when a helicopter came down in the sea whilst a specialist group of men was being transferred from one ship to another.

Percy is a very well-known St. Dunstaner and a great bowls player and their many friends will sympathise deeply with him and Kate in this sad loss. Later on in this *Review* you will read a very nice letter from Percy to us all.

News of a Traveller

News reached me the other day of the marvellous time Mrs. Spurway was having in India and I felt I must let all her good friends in St. Dunstan's know about it. She is revelling in the heat and not having to do housework or cooking. Also, I understand her family has a boat and Avis is so much enjoying sailing, which she never thought she would be able to do again. Now I believe she is returning to England for July and August and then plans to go out to India once more.

We shall all look forward to seeing something of Avis this summer. What a wonderful example she is of someone who always puts so much into life and deserves every good thing which may come her way!

Ion Garnett-Orme.

LOYAL GREETINGS

Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme sent a telegram of greeting on the Queen's official birthday. The text of his telegram and Her Majesty's reply appear below:

ON BEHALF OF ST. DUNSTAN'S BLINDED EX-SERVICEMEN AND WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD I SEND YOUR MAJESTY MOST LOYAL GREETINGS AND VERY BEST WISHES FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.
ION GARNETT-ORME,
CHAIRMAN,
ST. DUNSTAN'S

I SEND YOU AND THE ST. DUNSTANS BLINDED EX-SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD MY SINCERE THANKS FOR YOUR KIND MESSAGE ON THE CELEBRATION OF MY BIRTHDAY.
ELIZABETH R.

REEL TO REEL TAPES

Thames Television have kindly donated 100 x 5 inch reels of recording tape. Each is in a library box. Anybody interested in having any should contact the PR Department.

ST. DUNSTAN'S GARDENERS, IMPORTANT REMINDER

There has recently been a spate of St. Dunstaners sustaining eye damage in their gardens. You are accordingly reminded that whilst out in your gardens, for your own sake you should wear protective glasses or goggles when you are in the vicinity of stakes or branches likely to cause eye injury. In the unhappy event of your sustaining an injury, go immediately to the Casualty Department of your Hospital.

SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS

It was another very popular year for Derby Sweepstake tickets. 3,284 tickets were sold, and the total prize money, less the cost of printing the tickets, amounted to £642.

There were 18 runners this year, and the pay-out was as follows:-

- 1st Prize £321 G. Pennells**
Golden Fleece Ticket no: 2900
- 2nd Prize £128 G. Hudson**
Touching Wood Ticket no: 3121
- 3rd Prize £64 F.A. Bennett**
Silver Hawk Ticket no: 706

All those holding a ticket for the remaining 15 horses received the sum of £8.60.

CASSETTE LIBRARY ADDITIONS

SD16 C60. Operating instructions for Casio VLI tuner. This is a combined calculator and mini-electronic organ. See December 1981 *Review*.

NEW CB RADIO

The distributors for Midland CB Radio sets announce the Midland 2001 T. The principal feature of this mobile rig is that, a few seconds after selecting a channel, the channel number will be announced in a synthetic voice. Otherwise, the features are what you would expect on a mobile rig. The rig is priced at £99.95. Bear in mind that a large part of that price is for the synthetic voice output.

For further details send a stamped addressed envelope to: Plustronics Ltd., Hempstalls Lane, Newcastle, Staffs. ST5 0SW. Tel: 0782 615131.

St Dunstans Review

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Cover Picture: Gerry Jones and his escort, Craig Bradford, who took part in the London Marathon

TO ALL FELLOW ST DUNSTANERS, COUNCIL AND STAFF.

As many of you will know, while my wife and I were at Weston-super-Mare with the St. Dunstan's National Bowling Team, we received the sad news of the death of our grandson, Paul Lightfoot, whilst serving with the S.A.S. in the Falklands Campaign. He was more than a grandson to us, as he spent most of his school holidays and leave from the Army with us while his parents were serving abroad. We wish to thank all the men and their wives for their help, comfort and sympathy when we received the news.

For several years, all members of the Bowling Club have thanked Katie for the help she has given at Ovingdean and at other tournaments and she now wishes to say, "How wonderful you all were".

May we both, through these pages, thank the Council, Staff and my fellow St. Dunstaners and their wives for their kind messages and flowers sent to us in this time of sadness.

Our gratitude and thanks to you all, and especially to Jock Carnochan for the wonderful kindness shown to us both.

Kate and Percy Stubbs.

From the Chairman's Postbag

From: Alf Lincoln, Wirral.

Mrs. Lincoln and I attended the Liverpool St. Dunstan's Reunion on April 24th when Air Vice-Marshal Colahan gave a witty and entertaining speech. It was also a pleasure talking with Mrs Colahan. I was rather surprised when it was announced that out of thirty-two St. Dunstaners present, I was the only one from the First World War.

Mrs. Lincoln and I have a kind thought for all Second War St. Dunstaners, for we had two sons away for some years during this War. One was a pilot in the Royal Air Force based on the West Coast of Africa. The other son was based on Gibraltar and Malta, serving with the Motor Torpedo Boats and Minesweepers. They both had 'near misses' and returned home safely.

We have a Silver Cup, 9" high, on our sideboard, won by my grandfather for "Most hits at Long Range, four hundred yards and nine hundred yards, by Colour Sergeant Lincoln" dated July 1861, 121 years ago next July. I shall then be 84. . .

ELECTRONIC

Organists Weekend.

Ian Fraser House Programme

3rd -6th September

Friday 3rd Sept 10.45 am. Introductory meeting in the Winter Garden. Programme yet to be arranged, but will be in the form of seminar and workshop.

Friday afternoon 2 pm. Seminar and workshop continued.

Friday evening, 3rd Sept. Mr. K. Hamsa, the new manager at the White Horse Hotel, Rottingdean, will arrange for his organist, Mr. Bobby Pagan, to play for us in the White Horse Hotel and to introduce any St. Dunstaners willing and able to play the electronic organ in public during the evening.

Saturday 4th Sept, 10.30 to 11.30 am. Mr. Bobby Pagan will give a talk at IFH illustrated with music on the electronic organ. Possible venue—the Winter Garden.

Saturday afternoon. Mr. Tony Back, of Music Centre, Brighton, will arrange a demonstration and instruction on electronic organs, supplied from his stock, Elka and Casio. Possible venue—Winter Garden.

Saturday evening, 4th Sept, (also, morning and noon Sunday Sept 5th, and morning and noon, Monday 6th Sept.) Mr. Arthur Griffiths, Aura Sounds Ltd., will arrange for a professional organist, possibly Mick Leary or Chris Giles, to give a concert on the electronic organ. Possible venue Winter Garden.

Sunday 5th Sept. Morning. Instruction and demonstration for outright beginners by Aura Sounds Ltd.

Sunday afternoon. Instruction, and demonstration for more experienced players by Aura Sounds Ltd., who will provide Farfesa and Wersi organs for the above sessions.

Sunday evening. Mr. Back will give a concert on the electronic organ. Possible venue the Lounge or the Winter Garden. Mr. Back will also try to be present at IFH some time during the day on Sunday.

Monday evening 6th Sept. Mr. Ernie Took will include music at the electronic organ as a special feature for the Monday evening dance in the Lounge. This event will bring the Electronic organists week-end to a close.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie Only Old Generals Die.

'I was on my first patrol with you, Sydney', the salt sea surged on the pebbles of Ballachulish, wind moaned round the Pap of Glen Coe; 'And I was on my last patrol with you, too'.

It is a fine thing, I dare say, to hobnob with generals and field-marshal, to savour their retrospect of campaigns in which your youth was involved, but, given the choice, I would rather have the confidence of those once under you in war than all the strategic analysis of rank and red tabs.

Jimmy Stewart, the shepherd of Shingag house, had been with me in Italy, and round his log fire, the Ben a' Ghloes brooding in darkness outside, the talk was of casa and vineyard, vino in water-bottles, the shriek of mortar-bombs falling on dugouts below. Donald McDonald, Ben Eige looming over his boyhood, knew the wartime Rockies as I did, skied the ice of remote Shovel Pass, shared my snow-hole at 10,000 feet in the name of embattled Democracy. And now it was Wee Bobby Vance in the Glen Coe Hotel, beer and tobacco-smoke, who spoke of the garrison days in the Faroes, how they plundered the NAAFI of whisky and fags, hiding the swag

on the shore till the Redcap involvement died down. All the bravura of Monty, the modesty of Slim, know nothing of such things as these.

The typewriter-ribbon at Army H.Q. was one thing; The sweat and fear of slit-trench quite another. There is nothing of beefeater English aplomb about Bobby; nothing of dour Lowland industry, either. His antecedents are those of the other and mystical Scotland, the clash of claymore and targe, the pibroch that wailed in the boulders and bogs of the past. He thinks in the Gaelic that crooned the old lays of Glen Coe. Skurr a' Fannaidhe means more to him than the Column of Nelson, the corries of Bidean nam Bian more than any Holyrood House, a rise of trout on the waters of Achtriachtan more than all the quasars and pulsars of Space. An oyster-catcher pipes its way up the glen, rounding off the reminiscence of spandau and shell. Bobby is not speaking to me now, but Margaret, touching her arm. He nods his head in my direction 'I was on my first patrol with him' he says; the Onich gulls crying, a curtain of rain on Ben Fhada; 'and his last patrol, too'.

KILLER PLUGS WARNING

We would draw the attention of all our readers to a recent warning issued by the Department of British Trading Standards:— There are millions of electrical plugs being sold in shops throughout Britain which have been found to be dangerous. The plugs are fitted with faulty fuses and, when in use, become extremely hot, which means a high risk of fire or electrocution. They also have other defects which are potentially dangerous.

The plugs carry the brand name of FLORA or FLORA (the lettering is not easy to read); the British Standards number BS 1363, and the words, "Made in India". You are advised to check all plugs in the house, and anyone finding one of these faulty ones should remove it immediately and replace it. You should then contact the retailer from whom the plug was bought and your local Trading Standards Officer.

LLOYDS BANK - MORE HELP FOR THE VISUALLY HANDICAPPED

With the help of micro-processor technology, Lloyds Bank is expanding its services for the visually handicapped. To help maintain independence and confidentiality, the Bank has purchased a new system which will enable it to provide a Braille correspondence service for the first time and to produce its own documents in Braille. The system is the fastest in this country and can produce Braille at the rate of 160 Braille cells per second.

Called BITS, (Braille and Ink-print Text-processing System), the equipment enables a typist with no knowledge of Braille to produce information in contracted Braille at the same time as providing an ink-print copy. Lloyds Bank is the first major company to use the system.

BITS has been developed and produced

by the Research Unit for the Blind at Warwick University. It comprises a micro-processor which translates the text into contracted Braille, a printer to produce the ink-print copy, and a Braille embosser.

The Bank has also produced a gauge to help the blind identify the denominations of notes. A simple plastic aid, it has graded 'steps' to identify £1, £5, £10, £20 and £50 notes.

For further information on Lloyds services for the visually handicapped, please contact your nearest branch of Lloyds Bank, or write to: Public Relations Dept., Lloyds Bank PLC, 71 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3BS.

NATIONAL BOWLS

As Chairman of the St. Dunstan's National Bowls team, I should like to congratulate all the men who took part in the Weston-Super-Mare Tournament to make it a great success, both winners and losers.

Good Luck and Good Bowling for the future.

Percy Stubbs.

GARDENING WITHOUT SIGHT

The RNIB have recently published 'Gardening Without Sight', a booklet for visually handicapped people who enjoy growing flowers or vegetables in their garden, allotment or indoors. As a deaf and blind gardener said, "sighted people cannot always come just at the time I need them, so I work things out for myself". The booklet describes some of the ways inventive blind gardeners have overcome particular difficulties, using aids which are home-made and devised from personal experience. Suggestions range from choosing a mower to finding the middle of a 90 mm pot, from germinating seeds in soft toilet paper (liquorice and thin cigarette paper are alternatives), to planting annuals in a pattern using curtain wire as a plan.

The booklet emphasises that gardening without sight means learning different methods of working, which may be slow and frustrating at first. However, as a totally blind lady who can now push her lawn mower in straight lines confessed, "I went all over the place at first, but it came with practice".

The booklet, which is available in print and on tape – the Braille version is in preparation – is free to blind people from the RNIB, 224 Great Portland St., London, W1N 6AA. (50p postage and packing for the print version, please.)

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2177

The Exorcist

by William Peter Blatty

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 10½ hours

Chris McNeal is a successful film actress. She lives with her daughter Regan, aged eleven, in a sumptuous Washington apartment. The child begins to behave very strangely. She is changing mysteriously and frighteningly from a well-adjusted, happy little girl into a disturbed, often violent stranger. During these attacks her language is coarse and vulgar, full of unspeakable obscenities.

Exhaustive psychiatric tests and treatment prove unavailing. Her condition deteriorates alarmingly. Strange noises emanate from her room and the furniture and other objects seem to be moved by an unseen awesome power. Chris seeks the help of a young priest Fr. Damien Karrass, but all his efforts prove fruitless.

Day-to-day life in the apartment becomes a terrifying nightmare until finally the Church consents to an exorcism. It is now accepted that Regan is possessed by powerful and malevolent demons. The exorcist, assisted by Fr. Karrass, battles for days to save the child...

A dark, violent book full of horror and obscenities and most certainly *not* for the squeamish. But what could so easily have been a mere blood-and-thunder "shocker" is transformed by the skill and superb craftsmanship of its author, into a brilliant piece of imaginative fiction.

Cat. No. 3063

Enemies, A Love Story

By Isaac Bashevis Singer

Read by Gabriel Woolf

Reading Time 8½ hours

This is the story of a small group of Polish Jews, survivors from the Hitler Holocaust, living in New York just after the war. They have brought with them not only language and custom, but fear of uniformed authority, mistrust of strangers and deep and lasting scars.

The principle character is Hermann Broder, an intellectual, a sensitive and deep-thinking man, beset by grotesque fantasies of Nazi invasion. He is married to Jadvega, a gentile, formerly servant to the Broder family. She had successfully concealed him from the Germans during the Polish occupation. She speaks neither English nor Yiddish and is consequently isolated within the close-knit Jewish community. But she is content to look after her tiny apartment and minister to Hermann's every need.

He spends long periods away from home, ostensibly as a travelling book salesman. In reality he works as a "ghost-writer" for the worldly and wealthy Rabbi Lampert and his time is spent with his mistress Martia. He is perpetually tormented by a terrible guilt, torn between his great love for Martia and his loyalty and duty to Jadvega. He has money worries and is increasingly unable to communicate with those around him. Then he receives the astounding news that his first wife, Tamara, whom he believed dead, shot together with their two young children, has arrived in New York and wants to see him...

This is the beautifully written, tragic and haunting story of a group of people trying to come to terms with a new life, a new set of values, searching for a New Jerusalem they are doomed never to find.

Cat. No. 3110

The Great Pursuit

By Tom Sharpe

Read by David Strong

Reading Time 7 hours

Frederick Phrensick, a successful literary agent, receives through the post the manuscript of a novel. "Pause O Men For The Virgin" is lewd, crude, filthily obscene and monstrously pornographic – all the right ingredients for a runaway best-seller. Phrensick is delighted.

The MS has come from a firm of solicitors acting for the author, whose total anonymity must be strictly preserved. Phrensick hasn't far to look for a name to put on the cover – Peter Piper.

Peter Piper is a literary non-starter who regularly re-writes his dreary autobiography – which Phrensick as regularly turns down. With the help of his American partner, Sonia Futtle and a publisher friend with money troubles (which would disappear with the

publication of the book), Phrensick sets to work softening-up the reluctant stooge, mainly with alcohol and fair words. Piper succumbs.

The next step is to persuade Hutchmeyer, a rough, tough, less-than-honest American publisher, to publish in the States. With the aid of a little artful skulduggery this is accomplished.

Piper is despatched on a promotional tour of the USA, where McMaude, Hutchmeyer's outrageously inventive publicity man, has a few devastating surprises waiting for him. Now all that Phrensick has to do is to wait for all that lovely money to come rolling in.

But "the best-laid schemes" – and agley his schemes most certainly gang...

An absolutely hilarious book crammed with richly-funny situations, including a New York riot, organised by McMaude, which goes slightly wrong and almost gets Piper killed, some spectacular arson, the arrest of the naked Hutchmeyer and much, much more.

Sadly, however, I have to say that much of the dialogue is liberally besprinkled with four-letter words and crude obscenities which some readers may find just too much to stomach. Which is a pity.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

FROM: Mrs. N. Bohannon, Brockenhurst

Back in the early 20's, my husband gave me an oak tray with fine brass handles, made by the service men at St. Dunstan's. In January '81, my dear husband died, aged 86, and it was decided I must move and be nearer my son. It was when we were clearing a shed that we found the tray, which I'd not seen for years. It was very stained and dirty, but my son stripped, oiled and stained it, and I've polished it and am delighted to have it again. Where we bought it, I can't remember, but it cost 4s. 6d. It must have been after we were married, on December 6th 1923. Perhaps they were for sale at the Reunion dinners that had started about then. My husband was in the 21st London, 1st Surrey Rifles – I think that name is changed now. HQ was at Hodden Rd., but it's a long time ago. He served in Palestine and was with Gen. Allenby when they captured Jerusalem.

REUNIONS

IPSWICH 20th MAY

In the 60's and 70's, it was deemed that 'big is beautiful'. But what the Ipswich Reunion lacked in numbers it made up in quality. Of the 14 St. Dunstaners present at the Copdock Hotel, 3 were from the First World War—a tribute to their health and perseverance. Air Vice-Marshal Colahan, presiding, went on to give his credentials for being at the reunion. He lives in Lincolnshire, his son hopes to join the Royal Anglian Regiment, his daughter lives in Norfolk, and his grand-daughter was born in the area 2 years ago.

After giving the numbers of St. Dunstaners throughout the world, Air Vice-Marshal Colahan went on to talk of the warm affection and admiration that the members of Council had for St. Dunstaners and their wives. "They have turned a calamity of, in some cases, many years, into an opportunity to discover talents and develop those talents. They have gone on to lead exceptional careers in many different walks of life."

The Air Vice-Marshal concluded with reference to events in the South Atlantic. "One thing we can be certain of, and that is that the Task Force will be exactly as good as their forbears. We hope very much that none of them is called upon to make the same sacrifice as St. Dunstaners have made. I am sure you will all wish to join me in wishing them every success in their endeavours and a safe return home."

Mr. Bill Slade replied on behalf of the gathering, thanking Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Colahan for their presence. Miss Newbold was warmly thanked for organising the event, as well as the staff of the hotel. Mr. Wills and Miss Mosley were mentioned with gratitude for all they do. And so ended another quiet and very pleasant Ipswich Reunion.

BIRMINGHAM 22nd May

The Albany Hotel was the setting for this year's Birmingham Reunion, and 43 St. Dunstaners were present, of whom 5 were First War men, 35 were Second War, and 3 post-war.

Before beginning his speech, our President, Col. Sir Michael Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., asked everyone to rise and drink to the health of our servicemen in the Falklands.

Sir Michael felt it a great privilege, as a St. Dunstaner himself, to welcome everyone to the Reunion. He paid tribute to our Chairman, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, who is following in the illustrious footsteps of Sir Arthur Pearson and Lord Fraser. "There is no person who does more for us, or takes a greater interest in our doings, than he and his wife."

Over the last few years, Sir Michael has been very fortunate in paying visits to Canada, New Zealand and Australia, to see fellow St. Dunstaners. There was no doubt in his mind that St. Dunstan's has set the example to the blind to remain independent. Whilst acknowledging that many St. Dunstaners, like himself, were getting older, and therefore not able to continue their jobs of work as in the past, he felt that the need to keep occupied and to take exercise was all the more important.

Gardening he cited as a superb pastime, and one which is ideally suited to the blind; cookery was another – and he drew attention to the Cookery Course which has been started in Brighton, "for the *men*, not just for the ladies!" His third suggestion was knitting, a pastime which he himself took up as a P.O.W. and which, he admitted, had provoked many surprised reactions from those around him: from the blank face of the German nurse who helped him pick up a stitch in the ambulance train from France into Germany, to the raised eyebrows and lowered newspapers of his fellow commuters in the train from Exeter to London.

Sir Michael concluded, "It is for me to thank you for setting the example to St. Dunstaners and the world of the blind of going on being independent and 'doing things'. And we owe a great and sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme, Mr. Weisblatt, Mr. Wills and all the staff at St. Dunstan's, who encourage us to be independent and to try things, and always 'have a go'."

"How I can get 37 years of thanks into 2½ minutes is beyond me, but I'll have a shot." So began Mr. Alf Bradley, replying on behalf of St. Dunstaners. And indeed, in those 2½ minutes, he delivered a warm-hearted, eloquent speech and it came as no surprise to his audience when he confessed that he was due to be licensed as a lay-reader in a month's time.

Mr. Bradley went on to thank the marvellous wives for all they do, the Hotel staff for the lovely meal, and to thank Miss Newbold:

"I read that at the Southampton Reunion, Mrs. Lyall said that St. Dunstan's men were the salt of the earth. Well, if St. Dunstan's men are the salt of the earth, Miss Newbold is the savour". This was greeted with loud applause. He concluded his speech with a toast, "To St. Dunstan's, for all they have been to us in many years past, all they are to us today, and maybe, all they are going to be".

The afternoon continued in the usual manner, with dancing, a raffle, and tea.

LONDON 5th JUNE

"I now ask you to drink with me a toast to all the men and women of our armed forces, the Merchant Navy and the civilians who are at risk, both in the campaign to free the Falkland Islanders and in maintaining the peace in Northern Ireland." One hundred and twenty people in the Hotel Russell, London, on 5th June, fervently joined Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme in his toast to our forces, at the London (Kent and Surrey) Reunion.

Later in his speech to the guests, Mr. Garnett-Orme returned to the subject of the conflict in the South Atlantic: "Our thoughts during the last two months have been dominated by events in the Falkland Islands. We have followed with admiration the organisation in a matter of days of a great force equipped with all the weapons, munitions, food and clothing necessary to journey 8,000 miles and then attack the large occupying force which the Argentinians had established on the Islands. We hear with pride of the determined courage, skill and daring of our Forces in the terrible weather and terrain conditions which exist on the Islands in winter".

Our Chairman reminded his audience that Sir Edwin Arrowsmith, a member of St. Dunstan's Council, was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Falklands from 1952 to 1964, and went on, "Our Task Force is upholding the high traditions of our armed services, which you yourselves have always maintained, and at the same time they are giving every consideration to saving lives on both sides. You will have read of the leaflets to this end, which are now being dropped on Port Stanley. Nevertheless, our hearts go out to the wives and nearest and dearest, who must wait at home fearing bad news. Your splendid wives have experienced similar terrible times and they espe-

cially will understand the strain involved.

"As you would expect, St. Dunstan's is ready, as always, to give every help we can in training and after-care to any blinded or eye-damaged casualties who are eligible to become St. Dunstaners, and I have been in touch with the authorities to try to make sure we get the earliest possible information, so that we can visit them and explain how St. Dunstan's can help".

Earlier, the Chairman had welcomed three St. Dunstaners attending their first Reunion: Mr. J. Bane of Morden, Mr. A. Campion, of Ewell, and Mr. H. O'Neill, of Orpington. He also welcomed Mr. Eric Boulter, C.B.E., a member of St. Dunstan's Council, and his wife and visitors from Australia, the Reverend Arthur Wilkins and Mrs. Wilkins. He told St. Dunstaners of the presence of other guests: Miss Elspeth Grant and Miss Diane Hoare, together with retired and present members of staff. "We have nine St. Dunstaners from Northern Ireland here this afternoon – two of whom were blinded in the recent troubles. For the moment, publicity is concentrated on the South Atlantic, but let us not forget the suffering of so many in Northern Ireland. It is good that St. Dunstaners from there have made the journey to be with us today."

Mr. Brian Jubb, of Orpington, rose to respond on behalf of St. Dunstaners and thanked Miss Stewart and Miss Blebta, the Welfare Visitors responsible for organising the Reunion, and the hotel staff, "For making this Reunion as enjoyable as it is". Mr. Jubb took up the point made by Mr. Garnett-Orme, that our troops in Northern Ireland should not be forgotten, and mentioned a conversation he had had while visiting Australia, in a town called Churchill; "He said, 'You are a Pom aren't you?' I said, 'Yes, and I am very proud of it'. We talked about Northern Ireland and he said, 'If you meet one of those boys, you can tell them they've got the greatest respect from Australians for the job they do in Northern Ireland, where they can be blown up or shot in the back'".

Although, as might be expected at this time, the speeches sounded a rather serious note, the fifty St. Dunstaners and their wives or escorts set out to enjoy the opportunity of meeting up with old friends and making new ones during the afternoon, when there was dancing to the music of Bill Rickard's band, who are themselves old friends at the London Reunions.



Frank Hamilton

At the Northenden Golf Club, Manchester, 180 golfers were competing in teams of four on Sunday, 9th May, in the Barratt 'Mancunian' Open Amateur Golf Tournament, in aid of the Lord Mayor of Manchester's Appeal Fund for the Disabled. 90 of the players were the top qualifying pairs of players from a League Table Competition among Manchester Golf Club members. 45 were celebrities, including Sir Matt Busby, Sir Laurie Barratt, Bobby Charlton, Ian St. John, Johnny Briggs and many others. Finally, the teams were completed with the inclusion of disabled golfers, headed by Sir Douglas Bader, and including our St. Dunstaners, Frank Hamilton and John Kerfoot.

Frank was a member of the Organising Committee, and wrote a paragraph in the programme on behalf of the disabled golfers. He welcomed Sir Douglas Bader and went on, "We are unanimous in hoping that he wins the second prize but only the

Mancunian Open Golf Tournament

St. Dunstaners wins

Photos: Daily Mirror

second prize because . . . we all have a keen competitive edge and we could not think of a nicer person to come second!"

Certainly, Frank's competitive edge turned out to be very keen. His team of four, D.C. Bayley and A. Ford, qualifiers from Northenden Golf Club, Scottish footballer Arthur Albiston and himself, won the Tournament. Frank made three holes at par and was only one over par on six others! Frank's team had been 'bought' by his family in an auction sponsored by Qantas Airways. The 'owners' of the winning team were to receive two free tickets to Australia, so there was a most attractive additional prize!

He had prepared for the Tournament, playing several rounds of golf at Brighton while there for St. Dunstan's Chess Congress and, later, walking the course at Northenden with his son, John, and recording on a memo tape recorder, distances, features and which club to use.



Putting towards the sound beacon, which can be seen in the foreground

"Our first nine holes were respectable but not exciting", said Frank, "As we set off from the 13th tee, the whole character of our golf changed—thanks to Bobby Charlton. His drive off the 12th tee came down the fairway and struck me on the shin. From then on, Arthur and I decided that if the opposition were so keen to remove us, then we had better show them!"

On the last hole, much depended on a good score. Frank had a 30ft putt, with his wife, five sons and youngest daughter watching. "The situation was melodrama. Here I was in an amateur golf tournament, with £2,000 worth of air line tickets depending on my putt. I found it difficult to keep the club still. It went very quiet. All I could hear was the insistent, double tone of the Sound Beacon. The gasp from the crowd told me it was near. John put me out of my misery by saying, "If you can sink a six inch putt,

you've got an eagle!"

Two other teams came in with similar scores but the Northenden four had the best score over the last nine holes and won, according to the rules.

The Sound Beacon Frank referred to, he uses as a guide to direction on the fairway and putting. His sighted son, John, places the beacon beyond the hole on the green and in front of Frank, in the line of direction he must play on the fairway. Frank plays off a handicap of 20. Now, with the Qantas tickets, Frank is off to Australia later this year, where, if plans go right, he hopes to play a match against an Australian St. Dunstan's golfer—again for charity. The Lord Mayor's Fund benefitted from the Barratt 'Mancunian' Tournament to the extent of over £20,000! Frank says, "To the many St. Dunstaners who have sent money to sponsor Sir Douglas Bader, John Kerfoot and myself, I send sincere thanks",



GERRY JONES AND THE LONDON MARATHON

26 miles: 3 hrs 57 min.

It was all Craig Bradford's fault. Craig, an old friend, had approached me in August of '81 outside our local paper shop. 'How about doing the London Marathon next year?' was his question. It came as a complete shock. I had not seen Craig for some time, although he only lives about 200 yards from me. I had expected mundane chat about our wives, the state of the economy and when we last got a little drunk. Nothing more than a whim, I thought to humour him. "OK, but as long as we train for it." I promptly forgot all about it, until Craig popped around to say he had sent for the application forms. These forms arrived whilst Craig was on holiday. He had left detailed instructions about when they were to be sent. Marian duly filled the forms in for the two of us, quite a complicated procedure, detailed and in computer layout. Half the information for Craig we made up, including his second name!

By now it was November and on his return from holiday, Craig and I started to realise that we had better start thinking seriously what we had let ourselves in for. Craig, an accountant, aged 36, played squash twice a

week, swam with his two sons, did not smoke and drank beer on a Friday. Although a good Rugby player, he had not indulged on a regular basis for some years. I jogged twice a week three or four miles, I smoked cigars and liked my pint of beer. The jogging was of a gentle nature and designed mainly to let some air through the smoke to my lungs and also keep the beer paunch a little under control! My word, we needed help! — And we got it, from Ted Mansell, a local builder who had behind him the experience of over 50 marathons and was still planning more.

Frightening Programme

We first established that this was to be a one-off venture. Ted gave us a programme which was frightening on first sight; however, he promised that if we could see it through, he would guarantee that we would finish the race properly. Besides certain exercises, we had to aim to run five or six times each week. During the first month, once a week, we would have to complete

eight miles; the second month, once a week, it went up to 10. This process continued to the last month, when we should have reached 15 miles and be able to do that distance without feeling distressed. We never thought it would be possible.

Because of other commitments, we could not start training properly until the first Sunday in the New Year. Fitting the training in was difficult. Most evenings we could not start until 6 p.m. After one week we realised that to run locally was not on; there was no street lighting and Craig had trouble finding his own way, without guiding me also. So, in future, we had to drive into Truro, some 8 miles away, run for half an hour and then travel back. This obviously made even our short runs develop into two hour stints, with changing time and the to-ing and fro-ing. We carried on with this system until the middle of February, when the evenings started to lengthen slightly. During this period, I learnt that I had been given a place in the race but Craig had not. Reprieved, I thought! One thousand names had been selected by ballot, mine amongst them. I wrote to the organisers explaining that, for obvious reasons, I could not run by myself and offered my place to Craig, if they were in agreement. They kindly wrote back, giving Craig a place also! So now we knew it was really on and we got stuck into the training with a vengeance. We had both bought good running shoes and were into our second pair before March.

Horrific weather

I kept a strict record of our training times and in the remaining months, we managed to complete 62 hours. Our training had been reduced from 18 to 16 weeks. One was completely wiped out through horrific weather, and we both lost a further week, Craig through illness and myself from a week's holiday. This total of 62 hours may not seem a lot, but it must be remembered that at the start of our schedule it was the middle of Winter and also, we were quite incapable of running for more than 30 minutes at one time. The last month saw us training up to 5 hours or more and this really gave us little trouble. We would go for our long run on Saturdays as a rule. We had arrived at our target, completing 15 miles in the two hours and not feeling at all bad. On reflection, I would have liked to have had one more

month but I am not sure that Marian and Jackie could have put up with our boring routine and paranoid fears of injuries and odd aches and pains. We talked of nothing else but the Marathon, our tactics, and had we done enough to make it. Our training ground was in our favour, hills everywhere and always the wind, whereas the London course was flat and, hopefully, we would leave the strong breezes behind in Cornwall.

Starch for Stamina

Friday the 7th May we travelled to London, taking Jackie with us. We were in good spirits, determined that, whatever else, we were going to soak up the atmosphere of the whole weekend and really enjoy ourselves. We registered our entry at the Piccadilly Hotel and in return were given our official entry numbers, plus a computer disc for use at the start and finish and also a goodies bag, containing a variety of items. These included a sweat band, pen and Gillette razor, and a book on the funnier side of long distance running. Already there was a sense of occasion, with many officials, hundreds of participants, videos showing the previous year's race, sportswear equipment on sale, drinks manufacturers and so on and so on. Did I say a lot of people? Well, on the Saturday when Craig and Jackie were sightseeing in London the queue of those trying to register stretched around the building three times. We were staying for the three nights at a friend's house in Welling, only ten minutes drive from the start point on Blackheath. That night we dined out Italian style, eating as much Pasta as we could force down; this apparently is the thing to do as it is a quick way to store starch which breaks down for the second half of the race as energy.

Saturday was spent quietly in the house. A few exercises in the afternoon, an early meal and then to bed by 10 p.m.

Honey for Breakfast

Sunday at last. Up at 6 a.m., plenty of tea and breakfast of cereal, toast and honey, and then more tea. We left at 7.15, wearing our running gear, track suits but not our shoes. We were through the check point in Greenwich Park and sitting on the grass by the start point by 7.45 a.m. The weather was brilliant, lovely sunshine, no breeze, and the

air was filled with the chatter of thousands of people. Although we thought we would arrive early at the start and avoid the crush, probably half the field had got there before us. Immediately, the feeling of goodfellowship was there. Now, this is what it was all about, all those months of training by ourselves in awful conditions, with the constant reminders from other people that you were most probably mad; yes, this was all now worthwhile. There was a constant reminder of the time by the organisers in other languages, which reminded us that there were 42 countries represented by the 16,800 starters.

9 a.m., time to change footwear. Vaseline rubbed between the toes, powder on the feet, socks on, make sure there are no wrinkles, shoes next, not too tight, track suit off, sweat band on, and then Craig was off to put our bag with the kit in it onto one of the 32 London buses present for that job; they were to be moved to the finish ready for us when we arrived.

Short and Sweet

Now then, a last few exercises and then we moved amongst those lining up for the start. We thought 3 hours 45 minutes would be about our finishing time and there we were with minutes to go. Lots of nervous chatter, no one seemed to think they had done enough training, but Kenny Lynch, who was next to us, kept us all fairly loose with his lively comments. One minute to go . . . a whistle blew, we all surged forward 10 yards, and stopped dead. "Well, that was short and sweet", said one wag, and the tension was broken. The Royal Artillery let rip bang on 9.30 a.m. We were off! Or rather, we weren't. Nothing really happened; a lot of whooping and shouting, laughter and then, gradually we started to drift forward. First, just a shuffle and then, yes, we were actually walking; a slight trot and then back to a walk. Well, this was not too bad and I reckoned that I could handle this pace for the next 4 hours. We then slowly broke into a trot and passed through the start line, 4 minutes after the start gun had gone off. During this period and for the next 3 miles, whilst the runners were really congested, there was no bumping or shoving; everyone was patient and quite happy just to soak up the atmosphere. The crowds were out in force and there came the continuous clap-

ping and shouts of encouragement. Runners waved to the crowd, and one or two were spotted by friends, and the banter of the wits amongst us was already to be heard.

We have been advised to drink little and often and at the first refuelling point, just outside Woolwich, 12,000 first-time marathon runners tried to do just that. It was impossible; Craig and I, joined as we were with our inch-wide elastic, proved a danger to anyone who tried to pass between us. Never mind, carry on! The pace was very easy and it took us 20 minutes to complete the first two miles. There was nowhere to go, this great long human crocodile stretched as far as Craig could see to the front and also to our rear.

Chariots of fire

The pace improved slightly and we passed the 6 mile post in the hour. The next 7 miles went very well and we reached Tower Bridge and the half-way mark by 1 hour 55 minutes, so things were getting back to schedule. The crowds all along the South side of the Thames were amazing. The air was electric, a carnival atmosphere prevailed. There were bands of all descriptions, Drum Majorettes, people with Hi Fi sets hanging out of their windows blasting out the music from 'Chariots of Fire'. There was so much going on during this stage that you did not really know you were running. Craig was doing a magnificent job, getting us through small gaps and round slower-paced runners. This was a most difficult task and when the water stops came along, he would dive into the melée and come out with two cups of liquid and usually three or more runners that were hooked up with the dreaded elastic. No one seemed to mind, and apologies came from both sides. Runners were getting tired and at water points there would be hundreds of runners trying to get this at each side of the road and then there would be those walking and some who just sat in the middle of the road. Consequently, at these points, we would have to walk for maybe 150 to 200 yards, and this tended to play havoc with the rhythm.

Jackie and John, our host, shouted out to us at Tower Bridge and on we went, half way and feeling good.

Craig at this time seemed to be entering a bad patch and, after stopping and starting,

we decided to separate. It was not something we wanted to do, but we had discussed it before the race. The slower pace was knocking the stuffing out of me, and Craig just needed a little time to get over his problems. Craig found me a willing helper and I was off again. Into the Isle of Dogs. Isolated communities giving us a traditional London welcome, more bands, flags waving, dancing and merriment all the way. My young running partner seemed alright, but announced he only had two more miles left in him and, sure enough, at the 17 mile mark he handed me on to his running partner, but at 18 miles, *he* decided to take a breather. I was very grateful to both those lads and later on, one was seen running right behind us, so I am sure he made it home. My final running mate turned out to be a first-time marathon runner, Laurence Hicks, aged about 50 (I hope I do him no injustice). He came to my rescue! We chatted as we went along and we soon worked out a system of 'to me', or 'to you', or 'straight ahead', which then meant he wanted a little spurt to get me through a small gap and then he would follow.

Hard Slog

Wapping Wharf and runners were falling out or walking everywhere. The odd ambulance picking someone up gave us little comfort. A hard slog this now, and it seemed a long 4 miles from the 18 mile mark to go under the North span of Tower Bridge along the cobbled way past the Tower Hotel into the City. Around the Tower, I felt very tired and the cobbles tended to throw me all over the place. Laurence kept me going and, once on the tarmac, I improved fast.

Urged on.

We had 4 miles to go and we both intended to finish so when one felt low the other would seem to come good and we would plod on. The crowd were still magnificent, urging the runners on. They could be heard urging people to get off their knees and start running again. The last person to overtake us had been at Wapping and he had patted me on the backside and told me, "Well done and keep going".

Under Charing Cross now, and up towards Trafalgar Square. 2 miles to go. We

were tired, but well enough to enjoy the crowd and let the feeling wrap all around us. The crowd would jump into the road waving, shouting, willing everyone to finish. Down Bird Cage Walk, and we could hear the announcer on the finishing line. We would beat the 4 hr. mark and so we decided to finish with a bit of a sprint. It felt like we were flying, though in reality I suppose we made an extra mile an hour. Westminster Bridge and that was it. Suddenly it was over. We wrapped our arms around each other.

Made it!

We had made it and we shared the elation we both felt. A personal triumph, yes, but shared with all the other runners and the crowd. We parted company as quickly as we had joined, as I developed cramp and was whisked away by an insistent and thorough St. John's Ambulance nurse.

An hour later, I met up with Craig, Jackie and some more friends. Craig was fine and looked a lot better than I felt. He had come in nice and steady, 18 minutes after me. The race was over and we knew as we stood on the South Bank along with probably 20,000 other people, that it had all been worth it. A day never to be forgotten, a day with a multitude of feelings and emotions slipping through the mind and body.

Thanks

My grateful thanks to Craig Bradford, without whose help I could never have contemplated entering, Laurence Hicks, who finished with me, and Marian, my wife, who has just gone through the most boring 4 months of her life, but, as usual, supported me all the way.

Mr. Garnett-Orme writes:

I am sure this description has delighted a great many readers and perhaps especially those St. Dunstaners who were walking and running successfully many years before Gerry was born or anyone thought of the London Marathon. Many congratulations to him for carrying on a St. Dunstan's sports tradition and also—a point which he does not mention in his story—for getting himself sponsored, so that his magnificent effort earned substantial sums for various charities.

In Double Harness

by Craig Bradford

18,059 entries were accepted for the 1982 London Marathon and by the lateness of my acceptance, I was probably one of the last nine. This is definitely the most difficult time, increasing the training, but not knowing if you will be a starter. Eventually the letter arrives, saying that you are one of the 'lucky' ones; at the time, the word 'lucky' seems totally misdirected.

Running with Gerry for the weeks before the race proved quite an experience. Roads we thought were flat in a car turned out to be hills in the initial weeks, but fortunately, only slopes in the later weeks. Country lanes around St. Agnes offer a varied selection of road surfaces, all fairly good, but laden with booby traps for the unsuspecting runner. Most of these can be avoided when one is fresh, but as tiredness sets in or you are running in the dark, or twilight, even the smallest stone can twist the ankle, or drain-cover jar the knee, or cow pat speed one's down-fall...!

I personally found the most difficult time was during the middle of our training when we were attached by elastic, 'as one'. The novelty of being attached had ceased and at times, especially when tired, I forgot I was joined, only to be reminded when I turned sharp left and Gerry didn't, or I went up a curb without informing him.

The other big problem at the back of my mind was that, physically, we are quite different builds. Gerry is ideal runner shape (apart from ostrich legs), and carries no excess weight. I, on the other hand, lost over a stone and a half during training and have a much thicker (I must be!) build. The problem being, that during any distance runs, it is difficult to both run at the same pace all the time. There are times when one wants to run quicker or slower than the other. This did, as I always feared, cause a problem on the 'Actual Day'.

The other problem on 'The Day', which Gerry overcame better than myself, was that we had never run with so many people before. Initially, the pace is directed by the sheer number of people in front of you. However, as the run progresses you are able to set your own pace, that is, until a wall of slower runners appears in front of you. You then have to slow to this pace, wait for a gap

to appear, execute a couple of side steps and select a more comfortable pace. These banks of slower runners were quite noticeable in the first ten minutes. Finally, insurmountable problems are there when two people run joined together, but these are small compared to the pleasure I have experienced over the past months running with Gerry.

NEW PHONES

THE BLUE PAYPHONE

British Telecom is introducing a new payphone which has been specially designed to meet the growing needs of public telephone users at busy locations. Called the Blue Payphone because of its blue accessories, this new payphone has push-button calling and a digital credit display, which indicates how much of the value of coins you have inserted is left at any time during your call and also warns you when you need to insert more money if you wish to continue it. On replacement of the handset, coins which you have already inserted but are not needed to pay for your call are refunded.

Both a visual and an audio warning (5 pips) are given, 10 secs. before your credit expires, to give ample time to insert more money.

If you anticipate that your call will be relatively expensive, it is suggested that you insert a suitable combination of 2p, 10p and 50p coins, (but not more than four 2p coins—including those already inserted for the minimum fee—four 10p coins, or five 50p coins). This will help to enable the payphone to take only the minimum value of coins necessary to pay for your call.

If, at the end of a call, you have any credit left, you can either hang up, in which case a refund of coins not needed to pay for your call may be made, as explained above, or you can make a further call(s) by pressing the Follow-on-Call Button (see lay-out description at end of article) and use up your remaining credit. This payphone does not give change, it merely refunds coins inserted by you of which no part of the value is needed to pay for your call. As well as normal STD call facilities, the Blue Payphone offers full International Direct Dialling (DD) facilities, which means that you will be able to make direct calls to such places as the USA and Australia.

Description of the blue payphone

The handset hangs on a projection at the top left-hand side of the unit, with the mouth and ear piece pointing away from you. Underneath where your knuckles would be when you pick up the handset, and facing you, is the 'Follow-on-Call Button'. On the flat part of the unit, just to the right of the handset, are the three slots for 2p, 10p and 50p, from left to right. Beneath the coin slots, the unit slopes towards you. On this section, and again, beneath the coin slots, are the push-buttons, which are small and light to the touch. To the left of these are the visual displays. The cup for returned coins is on the bottom left of the unit. The square cup has a flap at the front. The booth may well have no door.

The Cardphone

Another new innovation made by British Telecom is the introduction of the Cardphone, a new, cashless payphone.

Cardphones are easy to use, especially for longer calls. They offer full international direct dialling (including to such countries as Australia and the USA) with none of the interruption to speech needed to insert coins on Pay-on-Answer coin telephones. You can obtain a 40-unit card for £2 or a 200-unit card for £10 at Post Offices and shops which display the Cardphone sign, which looks like an enclosed noughts and crosses sign. The card is a welcome alternative to carrying around a pocketful of loose change.

Cardphones will accept only British Telecom Phonecards, not telephone credit cards or coins. Emergency '999' and Inland Directory Enquiries calls can be made from Cardphones, free of charge, but not other operator connected calls. Coin payphones will always be sited nearby and can be used for these calls. Phonecards have tracks of 5p charge units which are erased automatically from the card during the call. The 40-unit card has one track. The 200-unit card has 2 tracks of 100 units each, which can be used in any order. It is not necessary to use one track completely before starting on the other.

How to use a Cardphone.

Lift the handset and listen for dial tone (continuous purring or new dial tone—a high-pitched hum).

Insert the card into the slot, green side up

in the direction of the arrow and press it fully home. (There is virtually no embossing on the card to enable a blind person to determine the correct side of the card. It is suggested that either at the Post Office, or with 'sighted help', a corner of the card be cut, or a notch filed.) The digital display will show the number of unused units on the card (or on the track actually inserted in the case of a 200-unit card.)

Dial the number you want. Listen for ringing tone and speak when connected.

The credit units are progressively erased as shown on the digital display.

Follow-on-Calls

If you have unused units remaining on a card and you wish to make a new call, do not replace the handset. Instead, briefly depress and release the handset rest. As soon as you hear dial tone again, you can dial your next call.

Using a new card during a call.

Shortly before the units on the card or track are used up, the display will begin to flash and an expiry tone (rapid pips) will be heard. If you wish to continue your call with a new card, (or the other track of a 200-unit card,) press the button situated directly above the card slot; the display will stop flashing, the Cardphone will memorise the remaining units and eject the card. Retrieve the card and insert a new one (or an unused track of a 200-unit card). This operation will not interrupt your call.

When you finish your call, replace the handset and the card will be ejected automatically.

One drawback of the Cardphone for blind people is that sighted help is needed when ascertaining the number of units left on the Card, as this information only comes on the visual display.

Description of the Cardphone.

The handset is mounted on the unit in the top left. On the right of the unit, and down from the top, are the push-buttons. There are, in fact, 12 buttons, ie., two extra, either side of the 0. The extra buttons have no use. They are there because the unit is of foreign design. 7 o'clock of the push-buttons is a square button for ejecting the card. Beneath the eject button is the slot for the card. In the centre of the slot is a large, round indentation, to allow you to grip the card.

The booth may well have no door.



Alan Mitchell and Dougie Calder

CHESS CONGRESS

by Frank Hamilton

Photos: John Barrow

Joint winners of the intermediate Section: Vi Delaney and Wally Lethbridge, with Dr. Ray Stilwell



The Chess Congress held at Ian Fraser House from 30th April to 2nd May was a huge success, enjoyed as much by the band of organisers and helpers as by the players. As usual, Freda and Jack Horrocks made the job of directing the tournament look simple—despite a late entry in the top section, which meant reorganising most of the games, and an unusually large number of uncompleted games which had to go to adjudication.

The players were so evenly matched that two of the three sections had joint winners. In fact, when it came to the last boards in the top section, on Sunday afternoon, any one of three players could have won the cup. In such a tight competition, it is a pity there have to be any losers. Eventually, the results were:—

Top Section: Joint winners and Cup holders for 1982—George Hudson and Frank Hamilton.

Intermediate Section: Joint winners—Vi Delaney and Wally Lethbridge.

Primary Section: Winner—Alan Mitchell

When everyone plays so spiritedly and with such good humour, it may seem inappropriate to single out one individual. But no report of this event would be complete without a reference to Dougie Calder. On



Joint Cup Holders: Frank Hamilton and George Hudson receive the trophy

the Tuesday prior to the Congress, Dougie had never played Chess. He knew nothing about the moves, or even how the pieces were placed on the board. By the Sunday afternoon, however, he had played three matches and had enjoyed them enough to order his own board and pieces. Naturally, a few of his moves would not be found in any Chess textbook, but, for this very reason, it gave his opponents something to worry about!

One thing Dougie has not yet learned is the mysterious language of chess. He was heard to remark that "swiping" knights, "forking" queens, and "threatening" kings all seemed somewhat violent, in such an academic game. When someone mentioned he had "finchettoed" his bishop, Dougie remarked wryly that this must surely be deserving of excommunication!

Well, it is over for another year. We hope in 1983 to see some of the familiar faces missing this year. In future, the Chess Congress will take place during the week immediately prior to the Bridge Congress. This should avoid any problems of divided loyalty for those who play both games.

It was very good to see Mrs. Blackford with her usual band of helpers: the Misses Garland, Padre Meek, Mr. Rutland, Mrs.

Pugh and, of course, Freda and Jack Horrocks. We owe our enjoyable weekend to the efforts and interest of these people. They have our very warm thanks.

D. F. Robinson's

Gardening Column

I do hope that you were able to get all the bedding plants in earlier on and so have a good show now, plus plenty of colour from all those perennials and Roses. I was lucky to be able to get all my plants in during dry spells and then showers came down at the right time. Good luck also for the vegetables and soft fruits.

When going away for a holiday or break of some kind, try and give everything a good soaking unless the weather has been a bit unkind with plenty of rain about. Stake all the tall growing items and cut away all broken heads and other parts of plants which have taken a battering. A neighbour or friend may give you some help with the greenhouse if you can give them some instructions, (especially if they themselves don't have any glass) but will be better qualified if they have a greenhouse.

Remember that even at this time of the

season when everything is growing well, there are still many jobs to be carried out, such as hoeing regularly, tidying up and giving a dose of fertiliser either in powder, pellet or liquid form, to keep the plants at their peak. Do let us know of any prizes you win at local shows. Give details to Mr. Castleton at the Publicity Dept.

Vegetables.

Keep the hoe and rake going regularly to maintain a good tilth in the soil and stop the weeds getting control. Where early crops of Cabbages, Broad Beans and Peas etc, have been gathered, clear up all the haulms and stems, consigning them to the compost heap or the incinerator. Fork over these areas lightly in case you wish to put out more plants and sow seeds of Spring Cabbage, Lettuce, Onions and Radish. Remember that it would be better to plant any of the Cabbage family in the spaces where the Beans and Peas were cleared or, should you use the early Cabbage areas, dip the roots in a paste made up of Calomel dust as a precaution against Club Root. Mulch the main crop of Carrots in wet weather and if they are still a bit close together, do some thinning out to ensure size and good quality. Ensure the strings and stakes are in place for the Runner Beans and give the Potatoes a last earthing up. Outdoor Tomatoes, unless they are of the bush type, should have their side shoots nipped out. Give plenty of water in dry spells and don't forget to feed regularly when the fruit is a good size. Tie in well, especially in the open and windy areas. Marrows will also need an abundance of water and try and make it tepid if possible.

Lawns.

Carry on cutting the grass regularly, except in very dry weather, when it is wise to cut down the mowing periods a little. It would be a good thing to give the lawn a good soaking with the sprinkler and moving it all over the grass to get an even soaking. Tidy the edges by cutting with long handled shears, which will save back-ache a good deal, and don't forget to clear up all those cuttings. A well-tended and tidy lawn always sets off a garden, so keep it that way.

Fruits.

Pick all the soft fruit as it ripens or you may have a lot of rotten fruit, and certainly nothing good enough to put in the freezer. Thin out the hard fruit on the Apple and

Pear trees where you have had a very heavy set. This will give you better quality and size at the end of the ripening period. Apples often get an attack of mildew, so give them a spray of one of the special fungicides which are available in local garden shops. In very dry weather, give all trees and bushes a thorough soaking with the hose to get the moisture right down to the roots. It is often a good plan to get a mulch down as soon as this hosing has been done.

Flowers.

Keep the borders tidy and productive in colour by dead-heading regularly and in dry spells, water thoroughly. Don't forget to give a feed in the shape of pellets, powder or liquids. Stake up those items which are growing rather tall and leggy especially in those open areas subject to the strong winds. Keep the hoe going to stop the weeds or any spare grass taking over. Complete the planting out of those half-hardy bedding items which really should have gone in last month. They will give a good show and for a longer time towards the autumn. Also, it will be a good idea to get in those new perennials for giving a good show next year. Cut the Sweet Pea blooms regularly to increase the length of flowering. Tie in as they grow and give plenty of water and liquid feeds. Cuttings of most hardy plants can be taken now to increase those plants which you found so attractive. These young-rooted plants will give better colour next season and some of the older items can be taken out and replaced by your new cuttings. Don't let those outdoor Chrysanthemums have too many shoots, so pick out some. Ensure that they are well staked and tied in. When you cut Roses for the house, cut some way down to an outward facing bud, in order to keep a good shape to the bush. Spray with a fungicide where you have an attack of Black Spot and if there are any leaves about, pick them off and consign to the incinerator or dustbin. Spray regularly with insecticide and fungicide, but ensure that the one you choose is safe for some items. The systemics, which take in the spray through the leaves and go down into the sap, are more likely to be safe for all plants but go by makers instructions on the label.

Greenhouse.

Give as much ventilation as possible, especially during warm weather, and keep the atmosphere fairly moist and don't forget to

give regular feed to those plants growing strongly. Any bulbous items which are at the end of their flowering season should be gradually dried off and put aside for next season, like the Amaryllis. Let the leaves gradually go off and cut down the watering slowly. Flowering perennial plants which have finished their period of colour need cutting down a little, and kept on the dry side but give a little water from time to time. Re-pot Cyclamen into their flowering-sized pots and slowly get them to start off by watering regularly. Spring-flowering Azaleas and Rhododendrons should be stood outside in a warm shady position to mature for their new year of flowering. Stake Carnations and late flowering Chrysanthemums. Pick Tomatoes and Cucumber regularly and stop the side shoots on all the Tomato plants and tie in as they grow. Give plenty of water and liquid feeds. Keep the place free of debris and get the sprays or smokes set up every so often to keep all the pests and disease at bay.

CLUB NEWS

NATIONAL BRIDGE AT IAN FRASER HOUSE

The three-way tournament was held at IFH on Saturday 8th May and Sunday 9th May. On behalf of all the players, I should like to thank Mr. S. Conway and Mrs. Pugh and all the Staff who assisted in making this a successful weekend.

Mr. Goodlad directed the tournament, ably assisted by Mr. Douse, who managed the Rubber Drives. The Cup and Prizes were presented by Mrs. E. Dacre.

The results were as follows:-
1st Provinces.

2nd Brighton with London in the Cellar.

The main Bridge Drive on the Sunday afternoon was won by:-

- 1st **W. Phillips and Mrs. Goodlad**
2nd W. Miller and Mrs. Tebbit
3rd Mr. and Mrs. J. Padley
4th Mr. and Mrs. A. Dodgson

It gives me much pleasure in announcing that the following players:- Mrs. V. Delaney, W. Lethbridge, R. Evans, W. Allen and W. Miller, reserve, succeeded in winning their section at the London Business House League.

W. Allen, Secretary

MIDLAND

There was a good attendance at our May meeting held on the 9th May. We played off more of the domino competition, and also made final arrangements for our outing in June. This was held on Sunday 27th June, and we spent the day at Stratford on Avon, with tea and evening meal at the Royal British Legion.

After our excellent tea, Joe Kibbler, our chairman, told us he had been to the Anzac Day Commemorative Service at the British Military Cemetery on Cannock Chase, where he had met Eddie Hordyniec, who laid a wreath on behalf of the North Birmingham Royal British Legion. Connie Faulkner gave Eddie a newspaper cutting from The Lichfield Mercury, which had a picture of Eddie laying the wreath, and also one of the Legion Standards, of which there were over 100 on the Parade.

Our Club meeting closed at about 6.30 pm with all members looking forward to the next meeting on 13th June, and the outing on 27th June.

Marjorie Hordyniec.

BRIGHTON Bridge

Results of individuals match played 11th May

1. R. Evans	56-2
2. J. Whitcombe	53-4
3. R. Pacitti	53
4. R. Goding	51-7
5. W. Lethbridge	51-1
6. J. Padley	50-6
7. W. Phillips	47-1
8. M. Tybinski	47-1
9. F. Griffee	46-6
10. R. Fullard	43-2

Results of pairs match played 23rd May

N/S 1. W. Lethbridge	60-4
2. J. Majchrowicz	57-1
3. R. Evans	55-8
4. B. Ingray	45
5. E. Hannett	35-4
E/W 1. M. Tybinski	58-3
2. W. Phillips	51-9
3. F. Griffee	50-7
4. P. McCormack	46-6
5. A. Dodgson	46-2
R. Pacitti	46-2

CLUB NEWS *contd.*

Bowls

On Saturday May 29th, 18 St. Dunstan's Bowlers, accompanied by wives and escorts, made the trip to Chertsey, as the guests of the Chertsey Bowling Club. A grand afternoon's bowling was enjoyed by all, and we would like to send our sincere thanks to our St. Dunstaner, Steve Blake, who was the prime instigator in arranging this match. Well done, Steve, and many thanks.

On behalf of the Section, I would like to congratulate the following St. Dunstan's bowlers:

Collis Walters, winner of the Totally Blind Section.

Bob Osborne, runner-up of the Totally Blind Section.

Bob Forshaw, Walford Davies, Monty Golding, and Micky Robinson, who were runners-up in the teams of four competition. Well done, lads.

Here are a few dates of our away matches, and any member who would like to join us, please contact Bob Osborne, Brighton 32115.

July 6 Hurstpierpoint
July 9th Hove & Kingsway
July 23rd Rottingdean
July 31st Mayford, Woking
Aug. 3rd Woodingdean
Sept. 8th East Preston
Sept. 18th Old Woking

H. Preedy

FAMILY NEWS

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Steven Terence Coulson, son of our St. Dunstaner, *Terence William Coulson* and his wife, Valerie, of South Woodingdean, who was married to Karen Joy Symonds on 5th June in St. Dunstan's Chapel, Ovingdean.

Dominic Donnarumma and his wife, Angela, of Southampton, who were married at Southampton Registry Office on June 14th.

Fred Harley of Elstow, who was married to Mrs. Edith Coutts on May 26th.

Michael, son of *Mr. & Mrs. Norman Hopkins* of Cardiff, who was married to Helen Kathryn Gordon on June 5th at Disley Parish Church, Cheshire. Michael is a film editor with Harlech T.V.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J.N. Collins of Cardiff, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 27th December, 1981.

DIAMOND WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. Cyril Aldridge and his wife, Florence, of Lancing, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on the 18th June. They received a telegram of congratulations from H.M. the Queen.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Gerald Durrant of Driffield, who has been awarded the Swimming Trophy for Endeavour by the Humberside Disabled Sports Association, Octopus Swimming Club. Mr. Durrant is the first person to receive this new trophy.

The three grandsons of Mrs. Daisy Giffin, widow of the late *Paddy Giffin*, of Crawley. All three have graduated with Honours from the Universities of Canterbury, Aston and London. Mrs. Giffin writes that two of them are teachers, and the third is a Computer Engineer.

5 of Mr Fred Morgan's grandchildren are members of the Bristol Unicorn Band and the other 3 belong to the Bristol Drum and Trumpet Band. The Unicorn Band have just won the Supreme Champions Award for the second year in succession. Next year, they plan to visit the States and we wish them all the very best of luck.

Mr. Alan Reynolds of Shrewsbury, on his further promotion in Freemasonry. Last year he was promoted to Past Provincial Grand Junior Warden, and he has now been made Past Grand Standard Bearer. Mr. Reynolds was one of about 100 Masons to be invested by Prince Michael of Kent at the Grand Lodge Temple on June 8th.

BIRTHS

Congratulations to:

Peter and June Watson of Woodingdean, on the birth of their son, Adrian, on Monday 17th May.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. A. Duffy of Plymstock, on the arrival of a grandson, Christopher, born to their son and daughter-in-law, Graham and Barbara, on the 23rd April.

Mrs. M. Kempe, widow of the late *S.N. Kempe*, of Camborne, Cornwall, on the arrival of her twenty-fourth grandchild

Mr. and Mrs. S. Maruniak of Leeds, on the birth of their second grandchild. A girl, Anna, was born at the beginning of May to their daughter, Krystyna and her husband, Tony Smallman.

Mrs. Edna Somervell, widow of the late *Alan Somervell*, of Papakura, New Zealand, on the arrival of a grandson, Brendan Lane Barber, born to their daughter, Shirley and her husband, David on May 9th. Mrs. Somervell writes that her daughter's godfather was the late Malcolm MacLaren, who trained at Church Stretton with Mr. Somervell.

GREAT GRANDCHILD

Congratulations to:

Rev. Denis Pettit of Northampton, on the arrival of his great grand-daughter, Helen, born on April 1st to his grandson and wife, Anthony and Jane Price.

GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILD

Congratulations to:

Mrs. A. Nobbs, widow of *B.C. Nobbs* of Farlington, on the recent arrival of her fourth Great Great Grand-daughter. Mrs. Nobbs has 14 grandchildren, 23 great grandchildren, and 4 great great grandchildren.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mrs. Dorothy Cowing, wife of our St. Dunstaner, *William Cowing* of Basingstoke, on the death of her father in early May.

Mr. R. Gadsby of Oakwood, Leeds, on the death of his mother, who passed away on 12th May.

Mr. Anthony Gibbins of Christchurch, Bournemouth, on the death of his mother, who passed away on the 11th May.

Mr. T. O'Connor of Birmingham, on the death of his sister, Sarah, who passed away on the 3rd March at the age of seventy-five.

Mr Ernest Russell of Crossgates, Leeds, on the death of his sister, Mrs. Edith Thomas, who passed away on the 18th May at the age of 77.

Mr. George Torrie of Perranuthnoe, Cornwall, on the deaths of his two cousins and his nephew, who were all members of the crew of the life boat which was lost at Penlee, Mousehole.

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.

E. Laycock, Royal Army Service Corps.

Edward Laycock of Hull passed away on the 14th April at the age of 89. Mr. Laycock served as a Private in the R.A.S.C. during the First World War and was a victim of a mustard gas attack. He nevertheless followed a successful career as an electrical engineer until retirement, and with a further failure of his remaining sight, he came to St. Dunstan's in 1979.

We offer our sympathy to his widow, Anna, who nursed her husband so devotedly during his many years of poor health.

W. R. MacKay, 3rd Canadians.

Walter MacKay of Caithness passed away peacefully at his home on the 22nd April at the age of 94. He had been a St. Dunstaner for 63 years. Mr. MacKay served as a Corporal with the 3rd Canadians from 1915 to 1919, and was totally blinded by a shrapnel wound in France. After coming to St. Dunstan's in 1919, and taking training in boot repairing, Mr. MacKay returned home to Canada in May 1920. Two years later, he came back to England with his wife and family and they settled in Caithness where he operated a small car hire business for a while, as well as doing some boot repairing.

Mrs MacKay passed away in 1963. Because of her frail health, a niece, Miss Jean Lyon, had joined the household some years earlier, and she remained to give the utmost care and attention to our St. Dunstaner.

Our sympathy goes to Jean and to our St. Dunstaner's two sons, William and George, and their families.

In Memory contd. —————

W. Glover, Royal Artillery

William Glover of Sutton Coldfield passed away on the 31st May whilst on holiday in Durban, South Africa. He was 66 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for 40 years. Mr. Glover served during the Second World War as a Gunner with the Coast Battery of the Royal Artillery and was blinded in 1941 following the explosion of a tear-gas shell. Having been employed in industry prior to the War, Mr. Glover was retrained at Church Stretton and commenced working in 1943 at a Birmingham factory. When our St. Dunstaner was made redundant in 1973, he moved to Bristol with his wife, Rose, and family, but his health was deteriorating and he was unable to return to industrial employment. In 1978, Mr. Glover and his wife returned to the Birmingham area to live, and following a serious illness last year, they travelled to Durban in April so that our St. Dunstaner could have a recuperative holiday with his brother-in-law and family. Sadly, 'Bill', as he was affectionately known, became seriously ill whilst there and was admitted to hospital where he passed away. We offer our sincere condolences to his widow, Rose, their daughter and two sons and their families.

G. Prosser, Royal Army Service Corps

George Prosser of Hunderton passed away in hospital on the 31st May, 6 months after reaching his 100th birthday.

Although just too young to serve in the Boer War, Mr. Prosser was a member of the Territorial Army, and he enlisted in the RASC in 1912. He was among the expeditionary force to the Dardanelles in 1915, and was severely wounded in a shell explosion at Gallipoli in the same year.

Between the wars, Mr Prosser ran a successful Greengrocery business in Leominster and was a keen Market Gardener on his 2½ acre smallholding. Sadly, his wife died in 1961, but, although totally blind in one eye, Mr Prosser lived alone until he was 94, when he moved to Hereford to live with his son and daughter-in-law. With the failure of his remaining sight, he came to St. Dunstan's in 1980.

George Prosser was the first St. Dunstaner to reach his 100th birthday, and many readers will remember the article in our January issue, when he featured on the front cover in celebration of his centenary. As well as a telegram from the Queen and Secretary of State, Mr. Prosser received a presentation from his old regiment and a silver-plated tea-service from Mr Ion Garnett-Orme on behalf of St. Dunstan's.

We offer our sincere condolences to Mr Prosser's

son and daughter-in-law, Douglas and Olive, who cared for him so devotedly for several years, his elder son and his daughter, and all members of the family.

V. Goodwin, Royal Navy

Victor Goodwin of Hove passed away at the Royal Sussex County Hospital on the 30th May. He was 64 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner for 13 years. Mr. Goodwin enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1940 and was injured in the same year, suffering damage to both eyes. He formerly lived in the North of England but on his admission to St. Dunstan's, moved South. He was a keen dancer and walker and enjoyed the weekly dances and his frequent holidays at Ian Fraser House. He was unmarried but will be remembered by his many friends, fellow St. Dunstaners and the Staff of St. Dunstan's.

J.S. Port, Royal Sussex Regiment, and Royal Engineers.

James Sydney Port of Bognor Regis passed away on the 12th May at the age of 87. Mr. Port enlisted at Brighton in 1915 in the Royal Sussex Regiment and later served with the Royal Engineers. He was wounded in the head at Arras in 1917 and in 1918 he was gassed. After the First World War, Mr. Port became a market gardener, although his sight began to deteriorate from 1926. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1980. Last year, Mr Port moved to a nursing home in Bognor Regis. Although he never visited our Homes, he knew Matron Paine, and had family connections in Brighton. Mr. Port was unmarried, but we extend our sympathy to his nephew and relatives.

T. H. Wilson, Royal Artillery

Thomas Henry Wilson of Grimethorpe passed away on the 30th May. He was 74 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for 20 years.

Mr. Wilson served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery during the Second World War and was discharged from the Army in 1944, having been the victim of an enemy torpedo attack in the North Atlantic. It was over six hours before he was rescued from the sea and, as a result, Mr. Wilson lost the sight of one eye completely. The remaining vision in his other eye deteriorated over the years and on admission to St. Dunstan's, he undertook a period of rehabilitation in Brighton including a typewriting course. Mr. Wilson's greatest interests were his allotment, garden and green house and he was truly a man with 'green fingers'. Over the years, he exhibited his crops at many local shows and was awarded numerous prizes, cups, medals etc. including nomination as the best allotment holder in the area during 1971. From 1973, our St. Dunstaner's health deteriorated but he was able to remain reasonably independent with the kind help of many good friends and neighbours. We offer our condolences to his family.