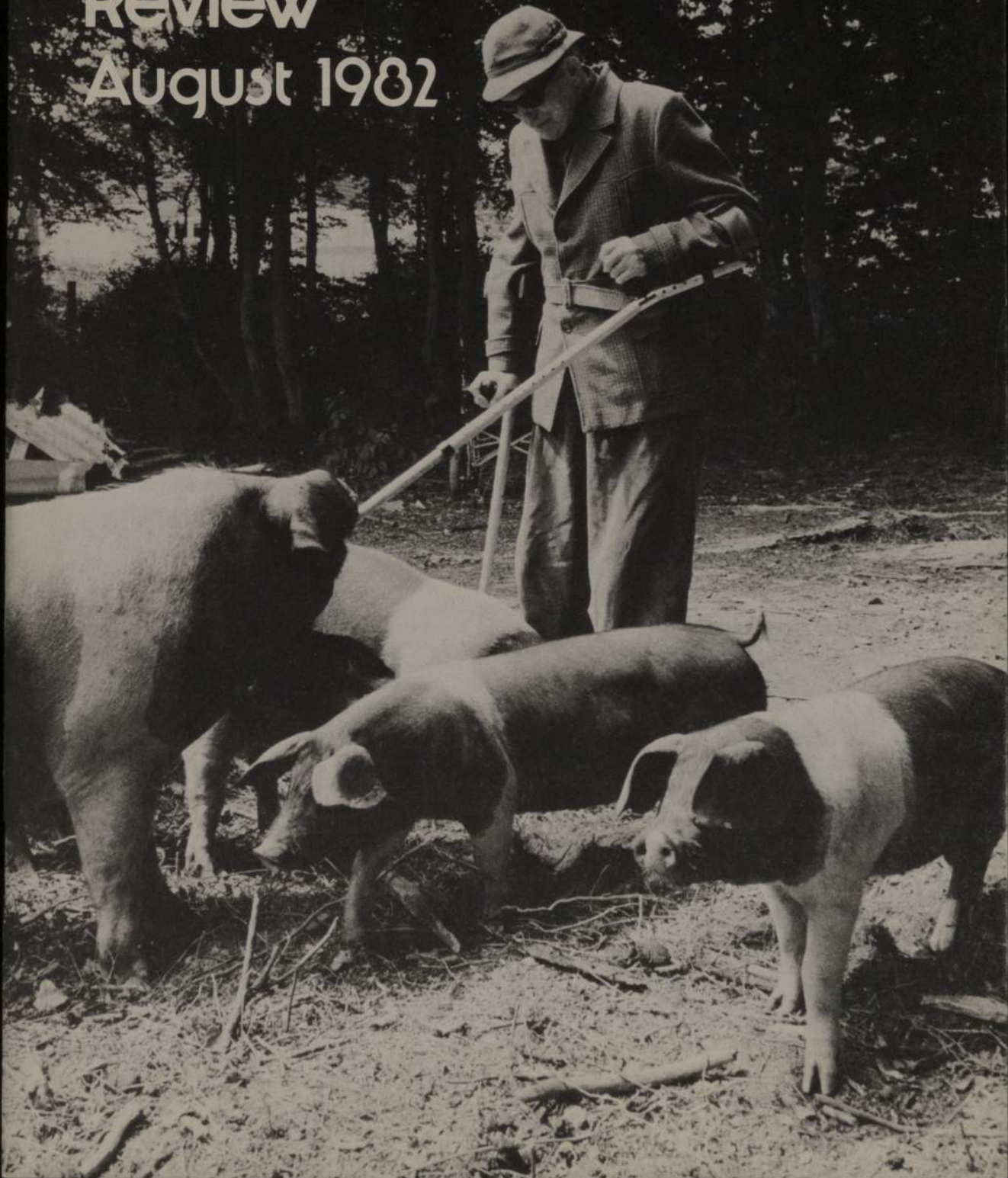


St Dunstons
Review
August 1982



Message from the Chairman

After the Fighting

Now, the actual fighting in the Falkland Islands is over but there are still some horribly dangerous, unmarked minefields to be cleared by our Forces. However, let us hope there will be no further casualties in the South Atlantic.

Our wounded are coming home and, whilst one cannot help feeling that it will be almost a miracle if there do not turn out to be further eye damage casualties who may become St. Dunstaners, you will be glad to hear that up to the time I write this (early July) we know of only one, a Chief Petty Officer, who has joined us. He is welcomed to St. Dunstan's later in this *Review*.

We are, of course, maintaining our contact with the appropriate authorities and all the hospitals to which our wounded are being sent, so that we may get the earliest possible information about anyone we might help.

At the Reunions I attended this year, I spoke of both the Falklands and the continuing struggle in Northern Ireland and the warm response showed yet again that St. Dunstaners and their wives and friends care deeply about our servicemen and women and the sacrifices that some are called upon to make. I know that any new young St. Dunstaners will be made to feel welcome in our family and will always be given the special understanding and encouragement of their fellow St. Dunstaners.

Welcome Correspondence

Whenever there is a reason for me to write to our St. Dunstan's widows, I know I will receive a batch of delightful letters in reply. I should like the ladies concerned – many of whom are in their eighties and even nineties – to know how much I appreciate and enjoy their cheerful and interesting letters. I often have the opportunity of sharing some of them with my wife or members of our Council and they, too, are most grateful for all the news and the nice messages about St. Dunstan's. Thank you all so much for writing.

Jon Lamont-Dunn

ST. DUNSTAN'S TIE

Several months ago, Fred Dickerson of Bristol suggested the introduction of a St. Dunstan's tie. The Supplies Department now has a number in stock. The tie is made of Jacquard woven polyester and is available only on a navy blue background. A single St. Dunstan's badge, approx. 3" high, embroidered in red and gold, ends up a few inches below the knot. Those interested should send a cheque, payable to St. Dunstan's for £2.20, to Mrs. R. Adamson, Supplies Department at Headquarters.

NO SEPTEMBER REVIEW

Following normal practice, we will not be publishing a September *Review*. The next *Review* will be in October.

FEPOW FORUM

Ex-Far East Prisoners of War may like to know that the magazine, FEPOW Forum, is regularly recorded at Headquarters. Anyone interested should send their name and address to the PR Department. Also currently available are extracts from past magazines. Please send in a C90 cassette requesting SD17 if you wish to receive a copy.

W. Griffiths

CASSETTE LIBRARY ADDITIONS

R40 C90 Ragchew No. 10, June 1982. Edited recording of AGM.

R41 C90 R.Ham on morse keys; Joan Ham on Chalk Pit Museum; Elaine Howard on 'Practical Wireless Magazine'.

SAILING

A dinghy sailing course for the visually handicapped is being run from 18th to 25th September at the Island Cruising Club, Salcombe, Devon. All are welcome, from complete beginners to very experienced sailors. For further details please phone Salcombe (054884) 3481.

ARCHERY

A full report of the Archery Championships held in June will appear in the October edition of the *Review*. The October shoot will be held for a week from 4th to 10th October. Please book in early.

FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE 1982

It is anticipated that we will again be allocated a small number of tickets for both the afternoon and the evening presentation of the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, 13th November.

Any St. Dunstaner who has not previously had the opportunity of attending is invited to apply to Miss Bridger at Headquarters before the 13th September next for two tickets per St. Dunstaner and, should it be necessary, a ballot for these tickets will be held. Please indicate preference for the afternoon or evening performance.

A St. Dunstaner who is allocated tickets will, if necessary, be assisted with cost of travel and overnight accommodation in London and invited to join the St. Dunstan's contingent attending the Cenotaph Parade on the Sunday morning.

E. Bridger

St Dunstons Review

No. 743

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AUGUST 1982

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Cover picture: Matthew Watson-Brown with some of his saddleback pigs. See "Breeder of Rare Pigs" on another page.

STOCKHOLM INTERNATIONAL PHYSIOTHERAPY CONGRESS

By Mike Tetley

The 9th International Congress of Physical Therapy was held in Stockholm over 5 days. Some 2,000 delegates from 57 countries came to listen to the 160 papers and see the demonstration of equipment, or watch the continuous showing of films on Physical Therapy subjects. There were five lecture halls running concurrently, and as the papers were supposed to last only 20 minutes in theory, it was possible to listen to one lecture and then rush to another theatre to be present at the start of another paper in a different hall. Though the conference was in Sweden, English and French were the official languages and 95% of the papers were in English. In addition to the papers, meetings were arranged for 13 specific interest groups such as manipulation, orthopaedics, pediatrics, private practice and, for the first time, a group entitled the 'Vocational Training of the Blind as Physiotherapists'. This last meeting was chaired by Mr. Teager, the Principal of the North London School for the Visually Handicapped.

Blind Physiotherapists

The meeting opened with a paper entitled, 'The Vocational Training and Work of the Visually Handicapped Physiotherapist in Scandinavia', and was read in Braille by Mr. Husveg, who is a blind physiotherapist and is now the Secretary General of the Norwegian Association of the Visually Handicapped. He claimed that there are 30,000 blind people in Scandinavia, 8% of whom are working, and 150 of these are physiotherapists. The blind physiotherapy candidates are accepted at an ordinary school, but undergo a three to four month preliminary course in anatomy, physiology and hospital practice. They are expected to be proficient in Braille and typing and good at mobility. Instruction is also given in the use of magni-vision. Apart from this, selection is the same as for sighted candidates.

Following the opening lecture, a number of questions were asked, such as this one from an African delegate: "Is there any alteration in machinery necessary to enable

the blind to manipulate the equipment?" It was pointed out that in the U.K., all newly-trained blind physios left the school with a few simple devices like tuning aids, and no alteration was necessary to hospital equipment. Mr. Cox, Chairman of the A.B.C.P., said that he operated a physio department in an industrial complex that had been fitted out for a sighted person and he had had nothing altered.

From Finland came the statement that there were some obstacles in training blind students and they were – the lack of dedicated teachers to help the blind, and the fact that some doctors felt that blind students could not use electrical apparatus. Some members of the public also doubted their ability. Mr. Teager wisely commented that the blind had to go on and on proving their ability to the present and future generations and it was a never-ending task.

Challenge

Mr. Tetley challenged Mr. Husveg by asking him if recently blinded young adults would be barred from taking up physiotherapy as they would not be as proficient in Braille or mobility as those who had been educated in the system. Mr. Husveg then wavered on his rigid standards and said that exceptions could be made. Mr. Teager then said it was easy in a sighted school for the teachers to select a large number of candidates chasing a few places in a school as they then selected those with the highest academic qualifications. In the selection at a blind school, mobility and other factors, which he did not identify precisely, influenced the choice. He wanted blind people to be fully rehabilitated before they started training. Mr. Tetley pointed out that the average St. Dunstaner was rehabilitating more and more during his training and that, by the modern selection method they would not be given the chance to start. Mr. Humphrey took up the theme and said that physiotherapy schools for the visually handicapped liked to use the word Schools for the Blind when they wanted to raise sympathy and funds, but they did not want

to teach the totally blind, as it was a little more difficult for the teacher. Mr. Teager entered in an exchange with Mr. Humphrey which became heated, but in the end, when he was asked if any servicemen from the Falklands would be given a fair chance, Mr. Teager gave Mr. Humphrey this assurance.

A physiotherapy teacher from Finland said it was very hard to teach congenitally blind students and give them a concept of space. She had only once trained a person who had lost his sight in adult life and his concept was excellent and he made the best physiotherapist she had ever trained. This was a most sympathetic teacher as she tried to help the totally blind and in a lot of discussion that followed, she felt that men like those blinded on active service could make excellent physiotherapists.

Working models of knees and shoulders, with elastic ligaments, were on sale and could prove useful to demonstrate to patients their condition. The interest in back-pain was high, and a special sunrise session on this subject started at 7.30 and went through until lunch. During the week, Mr. Teager was elected 2nd Vice President of the World Congress of Physiotherapy. We would like to congratulate him on being voted into this high office.

In all, it was a worthwhile conference and St. Dunstaners were by far the largest contingent of blind people and we would like to thank St. Dunstan's for the financial help they extended to us and for the splendid travel arrangements.

Social Side

By Joe Humphrey

The first reception of the Congress was given to all participants on the first evening after registration, where those of the party who attended met all the old acquaintances from previous years and colleagues from their own home-towns. A substantial buffet supper was provided at 6 o'clock. Here it was obvious that far more young people than hitherto had come and that the standard of dress had become much more casual over the years, e.g. denim jeans and running shoes were not out of the ordinary.

The next day, the Opening Ceremony was conducted by Princess Christine, sister



Members of the St. Dunstan's party at the Church in Uppsala where the Vikings came from.

of the present King of Sweden – it was a colourful affair, lively music provided by the orchestra and most attractive choir of about 30 girls, between the ages of 12 and 15, all dressed in white and singing French, English and Swedish songs in harmony and unaccompanied.

The Ballet on Monday night was superb entertainment; the Prima Ballerina and six or seven other members of the Swedish Royal Ballet performed some popular excerpts from *Giselle*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, and others and the *Dying Swan* was danced in the role created by Pavlova. The programme concluded with an amusing modern programme reminiscent of the 1930's, to the music of George Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue', 'Embraceable You' and 'Strike up the Band'. The concert pianist was Sweden's famous Lars Roos.

Tuesday night saw the Reception at Stockholm's City Hall, where even the most voracious appetites were more than fulfilled with delectable varieties of fish, egg and meat dishes, fresh fruit, wine and beer. The St. Dunstaners consumed their fill and most of them viewed the remainder of the impressive building as invited. Those who could see were overawed by the wonder of the

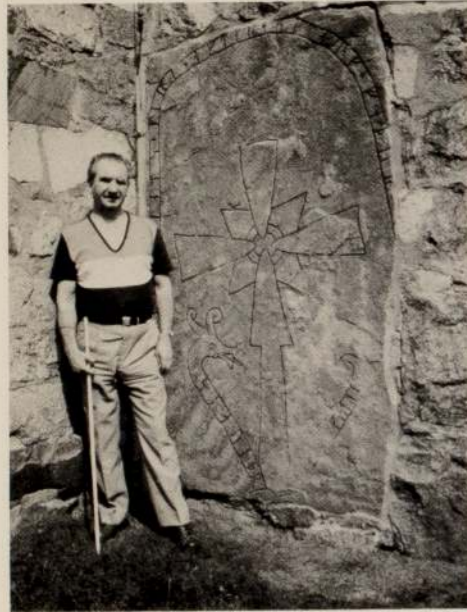
magnificent gilded Banqueting Hall, covered with 18½ million gold-foiled mosaic tiles, the vaulted ceilings and wonderful tapestry drapes and curtains.

Wednesday night saw us again eating and drinking more than our fill at an island called Waxholme in the Swedish Archipelago. After an interesting sea trip, we were welcomed ashore by the Oompah-pa band in grand, but rather faded uniforms, who escorted us while drinking our hot punch to the outdoor banquet.

'Man in Action', the theme of the Congress, was put to the test on Thursday evening in the King's Park, where everyone was invited to come in National Costume. One of the group tried hard, with a sweat-shirt bearing the word 'Guinness' across his chest, but we had to give the accolade to those from Scandinavia, the Netherlands, India and Brazil, for their colourful outfits. Everyone was coaxed into dancing as the Swedes do themselves on Midsummer's Night, and Woman was very much in Action, too. It was a beautiful warm summer evening, the first since arrival.

The closing ceremony of the Congress included some musical items by the Sweet Adelines Ladies' Barbershopping Group,

Joe Humphrey at the Rune Stone which dates back to Viking times.



who were led by a Physical Therapist from Sweden; they have just won some gold medals in the European Competitions. That night, some of the party received hospitality in the homes of Swedish Therapists and were impressed by the high standard of accommodation and splendour of the meal provided.

The tour commenced in earnest on Sunday, 30th May, when we boarded a ferry of the Silja Line for an overnight crossing to Helsinki. The 'Finlandia' was built in 1981 and there was nothing left to be desired from the superb decor, comfort and cleanliness and the giant Smorgasbord meal in the evening. Everyone slept soundly after this and we were all packed up and ready to land at 9 o'clock in the morning, having consumed a gargantuan breakfast. We were met by a coach and a guide and after a tour of the Finnish Capital, boarded the train for Leningrad.

8-hour Journey

The 8-hour journey can best be described as an experience. What with the delays for Customs by the Finns and the Russians, the constant commands of 'Stand' and 'Out' by the latter, whilst they took everything apart, including the luggage – the task of filling in Customs Declarations for each member of the party, giving all details of currency, travellers' cheques, and jewelry and putting 'none' in the right places – all in 80 degrees heat, and some of the train windows completely unopenable – all this was somewhat of an ordeal, relieved greatly by the provision of Russian tea, which was presented in half-pint glasses in an attractive metal holder, brewed up at the end of the corridor in a boiler fired by lighted wood chips.

Arriving in Leningrad, we nearly lost one member of the party when we saw him slowly disappearing down the wide gap between the railway coach and the platform. One small lady with little legs had to be carried across the formidable space. And so to the City of the White Nights, where in Summertime it is never dark.

The hotel was a pleasant surprise after the dreary appearance of the streets of Leningrad and the drab clothes of its inhabitants and the noticeable lack of private cars in the wide streets. Hotel rooms were very spacious, 1300 of them in all, and the reception lobby and landing areas were enormous, with

many of the floors made of white marble. The food was a little strange, but most of it edible.

On Tuesday morning we were off early for a tour of the city to see December Square where the Revolution started in 1917 (funny how no one wanted to talk about it) and to become acquainted with the River Neva, its wide, sparkling expanses and hundreds of bridges washing the pastel-coloured facades of the Hermitage and Winter Palace and Admiralty, all dominated by the massive gold dome and golden spires of St. Isaac's Cathedral. Inside the Cathedral, the gold, green malachite and blue lapis lazuli pillars with the many icons depicting Czars and Czarinas.

St. Peter and Paul's Fortress in the afternoon brought us to the base of the tallest slender golden spire, which dominates the sky-line, and then on to the prison for political prisoners, of whom Maxim Gorki was one, and amongst others, his cell was visited.

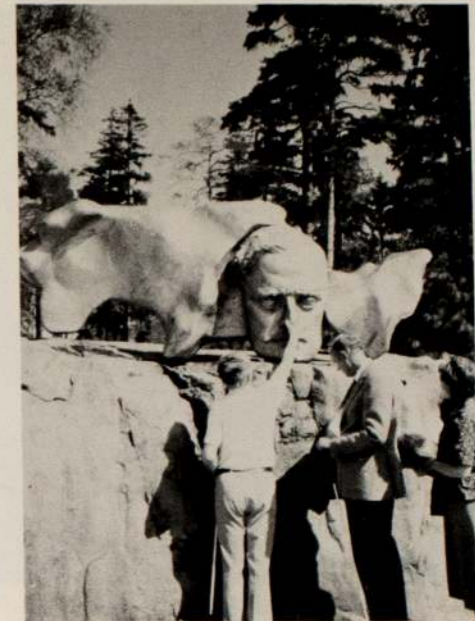
That evening, some of the party went to a Russian Folk-nite, which was splendid entertainment in a new, enormous Concert Hall under the auspices of 'Intourist', the organisation responsible for all tourists whilst they are in the Country.

Hermitage Museum

Tuesday morning, we visited the four buildings which comprise the Hermitage Museum, one of which is the Winter Palace, built by Catherine the Great, finishing with a collection of French Impressionists which comprises 40 rooms. At one time, 500 people were employed to polish the floors alone. The throne room of Peter the Great was very impressive, the throne itself made of English silver, which was gilded, the seat and back being red velvet.

In the afternoon we visited the Palace of Culture for the Blind and in the evening a real treat for the Balletomanes: Don Quixote, danced by the Leningrad Corps de Ballet, with guest dancers from the Caucasus, was the programme. Although the Opera House was an old building, the revolving stage was tremendous, sometimes holding 50 or 60 dancers, and after a 3½ hour programme of sheer brilliance, the audience thundered applause and cheered itself hoarse whilst flowers were thrown to the dancers.

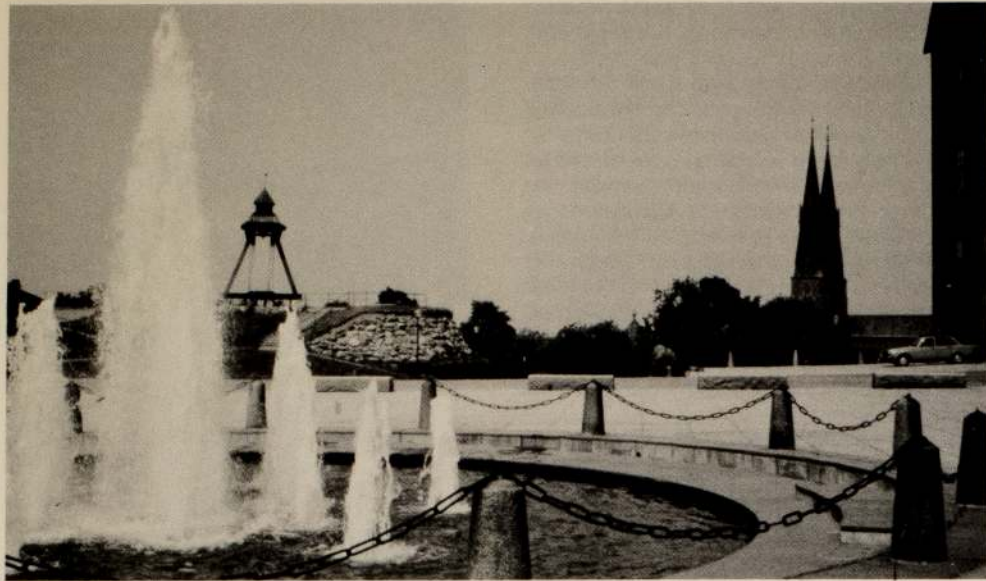
In leaving this spectacular city where so



At the memorial to Sibelius in Helsinki.

much history has been made and where so many lives have been lost (no one wanted to talk about the 900-day siege in the Second World War, either) one cannot but have mixed feelings as to the former grandeur of the Czars' Courts, and the drab work-a-day lives of the population now, with its much-publicised treatment of dissidents to the present regime. The party had been warned that everything must be declared, both going into and coming out of the Soviet Union – all receipts must be to hand to support purchases. It is a punishable crime to take in or take out Roubles. One must not be heard making derogatory remarks about the country or its people, even in private conversations. Russian Currency must be obtained at the first stop over the Russian border.

Another early morning start saw us on the train back to Helsinki with extremely strange packed lunches. We all had half of an enormous cucumber, which we sat round eating like apples, washing them down with Russian beer. The first smiling Russian we met was the Officer who searched the carriage, examined our Passports and called us all by our Christian names—he refused, however, to accept the proffered gift of a Mars Bar.



Uppsala Cathedral from the Library.

On Friday, on our way back to the Ferry, we toured Helsinki and its environs, passing again the remarkable memorial to Sibelius, consisting of different lengths of stainless steel cylinders welded together, some of them nearly thirty feet high, the whole rather reminiscent of organ pipes and said to be most beautiful in the snow, which of course in all the countries we visited is prevalent for at least six months. One Finnish guide said the Finns are like the Bears – they sleep all winter when it is dark and stay awake all summer.

Our last day started with breakfast on the ferry, a tour which included Uppsala, the University town north of Stockholm, also the home of the original Vikings; having our last Smorgasbord meal at a restaurant beside a lake and opposite a castle, travelling through pine forests dotted with little red-wood summer chalets to Arlanda Airport, onto a DC9 and home to safety, sanity, fresh water on tap and beautiful rain.

Ambassador's Cocktail Party

by Charles Stafford

It was with great pleasure that we received and accepted our invitation to a Cocktail Party

from the Ambassador and Mrs. Murray at the Ambassador's Residence in Stockholm. The Ambassador is Mr. Donald Murray and he and Bill Shea served with the 41 Royal Marine Commando. Bill was responsible for arranging our visit to the Ambassador's Residence.

A military and naval attaché called for us at the Hotel Continental, where we were all staying.

On our arrival, we were given a very warm welcome by the Ambassador and his wife, and were immediately introduced to the Senior members of the Embassy staff and their wives. Also attending were representatives of the British Ex-Service organisations, and the Stockholm Radio and Press – a photographer who was attached to the Embassy was extra busy with his camera.

There was no lack of conversation as we all circulated – everybody was most interested in St. Dunstan's and all were very keen to hear of the experience of our boys and to relate some of theirs to us. The Ambassador had lost a leg.

The drinks flowed most generously, and two or three very charming young teenagers kept us supplied with most delicious canapés.

During the evening, the Ambassador spoke to us about his residence and some

of its treasures. His descriptions were very vivid and our boys had no difficulty in imagining the setting. The living room in the house, which we understood was a favourite of Mrs. Murray's, looked out over a lake – a fantastic view – very pleasant indeed.

Before our departure, Bill presented our host with a St. Dunstan's plaque. In thanking us, the Ambassador said the plaque would be hung in a special prominent position with other treasures at the Residence. There we reluctantly had to say farewell, but all agreed it was a most pleasant experience.

Impressions of Helsinki

by Norman Perry

We paid a visit to the 'Nordic Museum' which displays the mode of living and crafts of early years in Sweden. One section displayed the uses that had been made of wood, there being an abundance of that material; it was an exhibition especially set out for the visually handicapped. A table had been laid out with a plan of the exhibits with raised sections to show where the items were placed, and a Brailled title to each. A rail guided one around the display and at each object was a Brailled description and, for those with partial vision, a printed one, and to aid the reading, a magnifying glass attached to a chain. It was possible to handle each item, making it a most interesting exhibition. My only complaint about it was that all the Braille was in Swedish. . .

We left Stockholm on Sunday evening in glorious sunny weather, no breeze, and a calm sea. The 'Finlandia' which is claimed to be the World's largest ferry, (and I wouldn't doubt the claim), was described by some of the party as being like a floating hotel; I would describe it more like a floating town. Nine decks high, cabin accommodation for a thousand, a similar number of reclining seats with shops, children's play areas, lounges, cafes, restaurants, and discos, with lifts to all decks. She was so stable that I am sure that they could have included a snooker table. That evening is one that I am sure those on board will remember for a long time; it was the cruise brochure come to life. Sailing down the Archipelago, which consists of 24,000 small islands, some inhabited, and most with trees, with a blue sea and sky. It



Lutheran Cathedral, Helsinki.

was a delight to sit on deck and watch it all go by and see the sun slowly setting in the N.W. The sunset was long in coming and was quickly followed by the dawn, so unless you are very quick, you miss the night!

We disembarked at Helsinki and were met by a bus in which we were shown the City, American-style. In the space of two hours, we were shown at whirl-wind speed the Cathedral, Presidential Palace, Parliament buildings, Sibelius Monument, shopping centre, market place and "Rock Church"; – the latter being a most interesting place, as it has been carved out of solid rock and the interior was designed in a most attractive way and with sufficient natural light so as not to give the impression that one was in a cave. The main body of our party were dispatched to Russia at the railway station, and Ina and I went along to our hotel.

The return journey to Stockholm was again on the "Finlandia", and proved as pleasant as the previous voyage. To occupy our time before our flight, we were taken to Uppsala, to visit the place where the old Vikings assembled to conduct their various rituals, most of which sound fairly gruesome. From the Old to the New Uppsala, to view the University and its treasures. The most interesting of these was the Great Silver Bible, so named because it is written with silver ink on parchment and bound in a cover; it dates back to the 5th century and is the only remaining copy written in the

Gothic Language. Then on to the airport and Home.

We noted that the thermometer at the airport had changed from 9°C on the day we arrived in Sweden, to 29°C on our departure!

All-Russia Blind Association

By Tom Hart

Whilst in Leningrad we made arrangements through our Russian Courier to meet members of the All-Russia Blind Association at the Palace of Cultural Art for the Blind. On arrival at the building, our first impression was of hearing the sound of a bird. This was arranged to enable the blind to identify the entrance and so make it easier for them to find their destination in a street full of buildings.

It was a large building containing a Theatre, Gymnasium and Museum. We sat in the theatre and, through the Courier, asked the several blind Russians present questions about their organisation and way of life.

They have no separate organisation for the War Blinded; most of the fit blind are working at various jobs, they have government support for accommodation and help with fuel bills and free transport. Those blinded on War Service are pensioned and pay no taxes.

Our group seemed to do all the questioning. One of the Russians informed us that there was one Physiotherapy School where blind people were trained and then took up appointments in Hospitals and clinics. Bill Shea took the opportunity of asking about Amateur Radio as a hobby for blind people, but they didn't seem to know much about this.

We then went into the Museum where there were lots of photographs of blind persons who had been successful in life and had done a lot for Russia in all different modes. They were very proud of a Braille book that once belonged to Louis Braille. It was in very good condition and the dots in it were very clear.

Whilst in the Museum, Joe Humphrey and a young lady got on very well indeed, Joe manipulated her neck and then they both massaged each other's arms—Joe tells us, only up to the elbow!!

We thanked the Director and his staff for their warm welcome.

GLIDING IN CANADA

Jeff Bond of Cambridge, Ontario, writes to Jimmy Wright:

I am dropping you a line to tell you that I flew sail planes for 30 years out here in Canada from 1950 to 1980. I quit just two seasons ago, when the club got too large and the aircraft availability not adequate, rather frustrating when one arrived at the field at 5.45 a.m. and then had difficulty getting two flights in per day. Anyway, I had had 30 good years and now enjoy gardening and just being around the house, though on a warm summer's day, when the clouds are just right at some 9 or 10,000 feet, it is very tempting to rejoin!

I thought you might be interested in a few of my observations re. flying as a semi-sighted person. It took me some eight or ten years to be able to follow a tow-plane, where a sighted person could do that quite well within some ten flights; that was really the only difficult part of the whole exercise. I was able to judge my air speed within two or three miles per hour with the side window just slightly ajar. I could feel skids and slips before my number two could tell me the variation, and could maintain level flight and airspeed in cloud, where sighted pilots had some difficulty. In the later 15 or 20 years, I was able to take off and land, carrying out a complete aerobatic programme, with the co-pilot only calling out air speed going into manoeuvres, relationship to the airport, altitude and the whereabouts of other sailplanes. A most enjoyable recreation for many years. One day I had an 8-hour and 40-minute trip in a Blanik, a Czechoslovakian, all-metal, completely aerobatic ship, which trimmed out to fly hands off, had air brakes and flaps. It was the first one ever in Canada. That was some 18 years ago. A great flight, climbing sometimes at 1400 feet per minute.

There is now an audible variometer available, which can be set to produce a sound at any pre-selected feet-per-second climb-rate, and with a volume control it only cuts in when the climb-rate reaches the pre-selected figure and the note rises with rate of climb. Sighted people use them in conjunction with a sighted variometer and only switch on when flying very low, too low to look at the instrument panel, i.e. when competing and trying to stay air-borne when they would normally have been putting down.

PAT OWENS: A Tribute

George Patrick Owens, of New Milton, Hampshire, died in a nursing home on the 23rd June, 1982, at the age of 70 years.

Pat Owens' life was one of service with the Army, Police and St. Dunstan's. From an Army school he went into the Royal Engineers for seven years and then joined the Kent Police Force. He was recalled to the Army in 1939 and was immediately involved in training Sappers in a wide variety of technical subjects, especially Bailey Bridge building, in which he was an expert. He became Regimental Sergeant Major on Training and was then commissioned and became Second in Command of 262 Field Coy Engineers. He was three times Mentioned in Despatches and the French authorities awarded him the Croix de Guerre for his bravery clearing the beaches on 'D' Day. It was after he had supervised the laying of a Bailey Bridge under considerable fire in Germany that he trod on a mine and was severely injured.

He became a St. Dunstaner early in 1945, trained, joined Headquarters staff in 1947 and was our Industrial Director until 1976 when he retired. He moved to Hampshire, where he and his wife, Eileen, had many friends and shared a quiet, happy life; they would have celebrated their Golden Wedding this August.

At Pat's funeral, St. Dunstan's was represented by Mr. Weisblatt, Mr. Willis and Mr. Wiggins, and St. Dunstaners especially by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Matthews, who were old friends.

Military friends who also attended the funeral spoke afterwards of the high regard in which the Sappers had always held Pat Owens who "had a commanding presence, but never raised his voice, lost his temper or was other than kind and thoughtful of others, even under the most trying of circumstances". Many St. Dunstaners, too, will have their own memories of Pat and the vital help given by him and the strong team in his Department in finding them employment in industry, telephony, shopkeeping or homecrafts and then being ready with expert advice and any necessary support throughout their careers. He had a deep faith, coped without fuss with his own double handicap and pain, and was a humorous, understanding and extremely kind man, whose friend-

ship was greatly valued by St. Dunstaners and his colleagues.

Mr. Garnett-Orme writes:

Both on behalf of the Council and personally, I pay tribute to Pat Owens. He was a big man in every way, whose friendly approach with individuals and wise and sensible views on St. Dunstan's affairs were equally familiar to many of us. His service to our country and to St. Dunstan's was outstanding.

We all mourn the loss of a fine St. Dunstaner and offer our deepest sympathy to Eileen and her family.

Introduction to the Masters—II by Bert Ward

In my first article on classical music, which was printed in the May issue of the *Review*, I suggested a number of titles and certain passages in these pieces which I had found most pleasing to the ear. In other words, the 'melody content', which may be lost in a whole symphony selection. In practise, I have found that the use of the cassette tape is by far the best method of selecting passages from a work. For the blind person, the handling of a disc is a very risky business; for example, one may buy a very expensive recording and damage it on the first playing while trying to find a particular movement as I suggested. The cassette tape does not involve this danger, one can fast-forward wind, rewind, and change over with gay abandon.

The quality of modern tapes and equipment is very good and even the purists of "*The Gramophone*" are accepting this fact now. It does pay, of course, to keep your cassette head well cleaned, with dry and wet audi-head cleaners.

A further important aid to your listening is the labelling of your tapes or records. I have found the best material is labelling foil, this is in sheets which will fit into the 'Stainsby' and, when cut into strips, makes excellent labels. I hope these few simple hints will help improve your listening and appreciation of the wonderful music which is now available.

The BBC, of course, provide splendid music on Radio 3, and if you have not been a regular listener to this programme, for starters, try 'Mainly for Pleasure' at 5 o'clock each evening.

I hope some of you managed to secure some of the records I suggested in the last issue, but if you had problems, I list below a number of records and tapes which have been highly recommended by a reputable publication.

Bach – Concerto for violin and oboe. EMI/HMV label. English Chamber Orchestra, with Perlman and Barenboim. Record only, No. ASD 3076.

Beethoven – 'Für Elise', included in "Delicate Piano Music", played by Wilhelm Kempf, Tape No. 3300254 Deutsche Grammophon.

Brahms – 1st Symphony. On Decca label, Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Record No. SXL6924. Cassette No. KSXC6924.

Benjamin Britten – 'Simple Symphony' on Decca label. Record No. SCL6405. Cassette No. KSXC6405.

Dvorak – 9th Symphony in E minor (from 'The New World') EMI label. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Record No. ASD3407. Cassette No. TC-ASD3407.

Haydn – Symphony No. 96 in D. ('Miracle'). Philharmonic Hungarica Orchestra. On Decca label. Record No. SDD501. Cassette No. KSDC501.

Mahler – Symphony No. 5 in C sharp minor. London Philharmonic Orchestra. EMI label. Record No. SLS5169. Cassette No. TC-SL5169.

Poulenc – 'Les Biches' – Ballet Suite. EMI label. Record No. ASD 2989. Cassette No. TC-ASD2989.

Rachmaninov – Piano Concerto No. 2. London Symphony Orchestra/Ashkenazy/Prévin. Decca label. Record No. SXL6554. Cassette No. KSXC6554.

Eric Satie – Gymnopédies 1 & 3. EMI label. Record No. ASD2989. Cassette No. TC-ASD2989

Shostakovich – Piano Concerto No. 2 New Philharmonic Orchestra/Ogden. EMI label Record No. SXLP30514. Cassette No. TC-SXLP30514.

Tchaikovsky – Symphony No. 5. Boston Philharmonic Orchestra/Karajan. Polygram label Record No. 6B2524 108. Cassette No. 334108.

Vaughan-Williams – 'The Lark Ascending'. London Philharmonic Orchestra. EMI label. Record only – No. ASD2847.

Vivaldi – 'The Four Seasons'. EMI Concert Classics. Record No. SXLP30419. Cassette No. TC-SXLP30419.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Mrs. Jean Bryett, Falmouth

For many years I have been sent St. Dunstan's *Review* and each time I read it, I feel a great uplift of spirit. I am so grateful for the good that comes to me through it that I want to thank you. I very often get from my library the books that are reviewed. I always read the gardening notes. I love all the articles and travelogues. I have prayed for my 'soldier and sailor friends' since I was a tiny child and I am privileged to have been able to do this. I cast my bread upon the waters and it now returns to me greatly increased with your wonderful magazine each month. Some years ago, I had to leave my beloved Rhodesia, which is now Zimbabwe, and make a new home in England, and your magazine helped me in many ways. I am now an elderly person and welcomed the courage and cheerfulness I found there. So I send thanks to all your staff and to all the St. Dunstan's men and women, and may God bless us all.

From: Mike Tetley, St. Alban's

On behalf of myself and my fellow St. Dunstaners who attended the World Congress of Physical Therapy in Stockholm in May, I would like to thank St. Dunstan's not only for arranging the trip but for financially helping us meet the conference registration fees and the flight to Stockholm. There was a great deal of comradeship between the St. Dunstaners during the fortnight. I would also like to thank the chairman of the P.A.C., Bill Shea, and his wife, Joan, for liaising between our party and the travel agents so that there were no hitches.

The next conference is in Bombay and I hope more St. Dunstaners will join the party to help us show the flag. As Mr. Teager said at the conference, the blind physiotherapist not only has to show that he can do the job, but continue to prove to the public, year after year, that he can do so. In view of this, I would encourage any St. Dunstan's physiotherapist to join us at the annual conference of the C.S.P., in England, and, whilst showing the flag, enjoy the lectures and comradeship.

LETTERS contd.

From George McKay, Ilford

It is very possible that a number of those Royal Navy personnel who take care of us St. Dunstaners so well at H.M.S. Daedalus each year have been in action in the South Atlantic. I take the liberty on behalf of my fellow St. Dunstaners to wish those chaps all the best and a safe return.

Can you Ride Tandem?

By Alan Wortley

With school half-term approaching, I was looking forward to another few days walking in Yorkshire. We often borrow a cottage near Whitby in the middle of glorious country.

However, my children, now aged 14, 12 and 10, suddenly seem to have developed minds of their own. "Dad", they said in unison, "You can go walking on your own, we're tired of it; it's not our scene anymore." "We will compromise, however," they told me, "and take you cycling for a week." I'm not sure that Mother didn't put them up to it...

So I found myself sitting on the back-seat of a tandem, two heavy panniers behind me and my son Richard in the driving seat, leaving Lincoln at the crack of dawn, with the girls and Joan in convoy. The weather was great, sun and wind behind us. We hadn't gone far, riding through a village street, when I heard a man's bawling voice screaming for us to stop. He ran across to the tandem and insisted on taking off the chain and synchronising both cranks. Apparently, both riders' legs should go around in unison. And this was typical of the camaraderie we found between cyclists during the whole of our trip.

A few miles further on, cruising at speed down Rigby Hill, there was a crash as something ran into us, tearing away our panniers. I was certain it was a Sherman tank on manoeuvres, but it was Sian, our youngest, out of control. This was our only accident and we learned from it. A cycle shop at Barton sold us a new mudguard for a pound and we repaired the panniers.

We made over 40 miles that first day and found bed and breakfast right alongside the Humber Bridge. Some of you folks may not have heard of this mammoth construction, but it links 'you-know-what with you-know-

where'. At night from our bedroom window, the whole mile and a quarter length of it looked magnificent, lit up from end to end like Blackpool Prom.

We had no problem the whole week (the first week in June) in finding accommodation, and we found friendship and helpfulness everywhere. We cycled on to Hornsea, where the children swam in the sea and, finding the water warm, they were in it again before breakfast the following morning.

Bridlington was our next stop, a pleasant combination of busy fishing port and holiday resort. For the first time, we saw and tried bumper boats – something like a motor-driven car tyre, with a plastic seat amidships; everyone was soaked!

Filey came next, with more swimming and then, that mecca of all resorts, Scarborough. We were travelling fast down the Valley Road into the town, and passed about a hundred of the competitors in the Cycling Milk Race. Richard told me we were passing them and they all waved in friendly fashion... They were travelling in the opposite direction, of course!

We found a wonderful "Grandad" on Scarborough Front, whom my children adopted for a couple of days. He took us to his daughter's who looked after us royally for our stay. "Grandad" had a ride around the sea front on our tandem and was thrilled... it was the first bike he had ridden.

Three pints of Guinness

Through the beautiful Dalby forest to Malton; beating sunshine all the way. I think I earned the three pints of Guinness and the steak and kidney pudding in the "Green Man" in the town square. It was the biggest pub I'd ever been in in my life! Castle Howard was a peaceful pause the next day, and then on to York, through lanes so narrow and tranquil. Never a drop of rain did we have all week and hardly a cloud in the sky: we were all burned so brown. At the station at York we threw the bikes on to the train and had a pint in Singapore-like heat. In fact, I think we had several pints. The 180 miles pedalling was behind us and we had only the pleasant train journey to go. Strangely enough, we had lightning, thunder and pouring rain!

I was sceptical and nervous about a cycling trip but in truth I enjoyed it so much we are planning our next one...

REUNIONS

NEWCASTLE, JUNE 10TH

Anyone attending that most friendly of occasions, the Newcastle Reunion, is sure of a warm welcome. This year, one special guest revelled in his welcome and a reunion of his own. Andy Milbourne lost both hands and an eye at Arnhem. After repatriation, he was in hospital at Chapel Allerton, near Leeds, where he met David Hodgson. In the Royal Station Hotel, they met again and swapping yarns which told of the systematic undermining of discipline at the military hospital! 51 St. Dunstaners and guests sat down together for luncheon with our Chairman, and Mrs. Garnett-Orme. As at the London Reunion, Mr. Garnett-Orme proposed a toast to all the men and women of our armed forces, the Merchant Navy and the civilians who were at risk in the campaign to free the Falkland Islanders and in maintaining the peace in Northern Ireland. The toast was heartily endorsed by the company.

In his speech, the Chairman welcomed a new St. Dunstaner, Ronald Benson, of Seaton Ross, and referred especially to the presence of two First War St. Dunstaners, Albert Dean of Hawick and William Pinder of Peterlee. He also welcomed the guests, Mr. J.A.O. Shaw, a surveyor, who assists the Estate Department looking after homes in the North East; Mrs. A.I. Plaxton, retired Welfare Visitor; and, particularly, Mr. Andrew Milbourne and his wife.

"Looking back at the records, I see that many things have happened at St. Dunstan's since my last visit here", he said; "It is quite right that change should take place, as any organisation that is alive and active must change to keep in touch with the world outside. Many members of our staff have gone to well-earned retirement, but I know you will receive the same warm welcome from our newer staff, whether you come to visit us at Headquarters or in Brighton." The Chairman referred again to operations in the Falklands and St. Dunstan's readiness to give every help to any blinded or eye-damaged casualties. At the time of the Reunion, there had been no notification of any eye casualties but, "The more one reads in the papers of these terrible flash burns and fires which were started in ships, the more one fears that it must be almost



Reunion at Newcastle for St. Dunstaner, David Hodgson and guest, Andrew Milbourne.

inevitable that some of these chaps must be blinded".

Returning to the day's events at Newcastle, he said he and Mrs. Garnett-Orme were looking forward to meeting and talking with many friends, old and new, and he concluded by proposing the toast of St. Dunstan's, coupled with the name of David Hodgson.

Speaking on behalf of St. Dunstaners, David welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme to the Reunion. "We all know that Mr. Garnett-Orme is a Yorkshireman – not a Geordie – but he is proud of it. And we are all proud that Mr. Garnett-Orme says we will extend a welcoming hand to any of the boys that come under the category of St. Dunstan's in the fighting. I know that all you St. Dunstaners will join with me if they do come – God forbid that they will be many – but if they do come, we will welcome them with advice – advice that we've known, we've learned through our wives and through the organisation of St. Dunstan's."

David Hodgson, of course, had a special word for his old friend, Andy Milbourne. He thanked St. Dunstan's and the staff, particularly Miss Mosley, our Welfare Superintendent, Mrs. Inman and Mrs. Skinner, who had organised the Reunion, and recalled the difficulties they had encountered during the bad winter reaching the homes of St. Dunstaners. He had a word of welcome for new St. Dunstaners, urging them to visit Ian

Fraser House; "Never mind about the fishing, forget that. Come down for the bowling", he said. "You'll find friendship, companionship and happiness down there".

There was a great deal of happiness to be found among the groups chatting during the rest of the afternoon and over tea, which concluded the day.

SHEFFIELD, JUNE 12TH

Just two days after Newcastle, on June 12th, the Grosvenor House Hotel, Sheffield, was the scene of the mainly Yorkshire reunion. Although some hundred or so miles to the South of Newcastle, Sheffield is still very much part of the North of England and its reunion has the same feeling of northern camaraderie and genial welcome – even for someone from South of Watford Gap!

The member of Council presiding was another Northerner, albeit from the other side of the Pennines, Major M.E.M. Sandys, J.P., who was accompanied by Mrs. Sandys. He welcomed 28 St. Dunstaners, including Miss Marjorie Ball, with their wives or escorts. With staff and guests, the company numbered more than 60.

"As the years go by", said Major Sandys, "and I get to know more and more about St. Dunstan's, the more it is brought home to me what a very remarkable organisation Sir Arthur Pearson and Lord Fraser and our other founder members built up over the years. It all requires money, especially in an age where inflation, at 10% per annum compound is with us, and looks like being with us for some little time yet. When I was a boy at school, I was told that 10% per annum compound over 20 years doubled your money. Well 10% over 20 years, the *wrong* way, halves your money, and this is the problem that we all have to deal with. We are keeping our head above water, and I think it right to mention that we are very thankful to those who look after our affairs."

Turning to the Falkland Islands conflict, Major Sandys drew some conclusions: "Ever since the end of the Second World War, there has been a feeling abroad, that Britain has declined both materially and psychologically. It took the brutal invasion of the Falklands and some callous cruelty towards some 1,800 people of British stock to arouse the anger and determination of

the British people. It takes some doing, and it is sad that something as tragic as this was needed to produce that determination. It is now clear that the spirit which, I think, all of you will remember in 1939 and some, now all too few, will remember from 1914, is still there."

Major Sandys concluded his speech saying how much Mrs. Sandys enjoyed accompanying him to the reunion and wishing all the company a very happy and enjoyable afternoon.

Speaking for St. Dunstaners and expressing their pleasure at meeting Major and Mrs. Sandys again, Ernest Russell recalled their hospitality towards the lady St. Dunstaners during their last reunion. "After reading the article in the *Review*, we feel we are closer to them now. We know what their home is like and how it is situated in that beautiful countryside of Cumbria. Although they couldn't bring perfect weather for the ladies on that occasion, their hospitality to them was magnificent!"

Ernest Russell paid tribute to the staff at Headquarters, referring to the difficulties encountered during transport strikes, and to the Welfare Visitors, who managed to maintain their visits to St. Dunstaners during the bad weather last winter. He asked his audience to join with him in special thanks to Mrs. Parry, who, assisted by Mrs. Inman, had

Major Sandys chatting with Arthur Simpson at the Sheffield Reunion.



arranged her first reunion, "...and if this is the rehearsal, we look forward with pleasure to the reunions in years to come".

He concluded by taking up Major Sandys' reference to the Falklands, saying that St. Dunstaners and their wives were in a favourable position to help the families of any casualties; "If you hear of any family who have injured ones, try and make it in your way to reassure them. Go and call upon them, give them a word of encouragement".

The day's formal proceedings concluded with the presentation of a bouquet to Mrs. Sandys by Marjorie Ball, but the afternoon went on with dancing and talk and laughter until tea.

BRISTOL, 3RD JULY

The Crest Hotel laid on a very fine reception for the 55 St. Dunstaners attending the Bristol Reunion. Of those, 6 were from the 1st World War, and 2, Mr. William Bradshaw of Redditch, and Mr. David Hughes of Aberdare, were attending their first Reunion.

Sir Edwin Arrowsmith, presiding, prefaced his speech by quoting his links with the West Country. "I started an undistinguished academic career in the kindergarten of Cheltenham Ladies' College. The first blind man I ever got to know well, was Sydney Tarry." He was a physiotherapist from the 1st War, and was continually patching Sir Edwin up during his sporting days.

Sir Edwin said how sorry he was that Mr. Archibald Luxton was unable to attend his first reunion. That was a name to conjure with in the Falklands, where he had been Governor from 1957 to 1964. The grand old Lady of the Falklands was 82-year-old, Connie Luxton. "We were all terrified of her. When I spoke to Rex Hunt the other day and asked after Connie, he replied, 'We're all terrified of her!'"

Sir Edwin went on to recount several anecdotes of his time on the islands. How the Argentinians had been led to believe that the islands were inhabited by a Spanish-speaking peasantry, kept in their place by British landlords. He spoke of the village atmosphere, of the friendship and hospitality. The Bristol Reunion had brought back one vivid memory. The firm, warm handshakes of the St. Dunstaners as they arrived was so reminiscent of the Falklanders.

"One often wonders about the climate down there. It is only as far South of the

Equator as London is North, except there is no Gulf Stream. The mean average temperature is only 43 degrees, and there is a pretty constant high wind of 20 knots." The following passage was quoted from the *Daily Telegraph*, written by an islander, Sydney Miller, well known to Sir Edwin: "The magnificently high degree of military skill, the very high professional training of these British troops has left us with a deep feeling of wonder, coupled with the sure knowledge that the very high calibre of Britain's fighting men in all three Services, and their weapons, will have been noted in many other countries. We deeply mourn those who died, and will always remember the sacrifice for us islanders, that has been made by their loved ones in Britain."

One casualty

Sir Edwin continued, "We know of one casualty, Chief Petty Officer Terry Bullingham, blinded whilst serving with the Fleet Air Arm on HMS Antrim. We welcome him to St. Dunstan's and hope he will be the only one".

Sir Edwin concluded by asking the gathering not to forget the men and women serving in Northern Ireland, who were fighting a hidden foe. "We owe them an enormous debt of gratitude. The work of St. Dunstan's will go on as long as there are people alive, blinded on service."

Len Curnow rose to reply on behalf of St. Dunstaners. He started by complimenting the Crest Hotel on their reception. He went on to pay tribute to Mr. Wills, Miss Mosley and Miss Lord for all their work. Miss Meyer and Miss Newbold were warmly thanked for their efforts in organising the reunion. As Deputy Chairman of the Royal British Legion in Cornwall, Len went on to describe how the RBL had been working to help those involved in the Falkland crisis. "Through St. Dunstan's, the past has linked up with the future. On the 6th June, I attended an RBL ceremony, with the son of a former Secretary of St. Dunstan's, Mr. Lloyds. I could not have achieved what I have in the Legion, without the help of St. Dunstan's."

Although the dark clouds of a rail strike loomed on the horizon, the day itself was a sunny occasion. After lunch, groups moved out onto the patio, while others sat inside or danced. Wales and the West Country had joined in fellowship and warm greeting.

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.

Chief Petty Officer Terry Bullingham R.N. (Fleet Air Arm) of Portland, joined St. Dunstan's on 2nd July. C.P.O. Bullingham was totally blinded whilst on active service in the South Atlantic in H.M.S. Antrim during the recent operations in the Falkland Islands.

He has been married to his wife, Joyce, for almost three years. They have no children.

Robert Alexander Coleman of Beaumaris, Anglesey, joined St. Dunstan's on 18th May, 1982. He was commissioned in the R.F.A. in World War I and in the R.A.F. in World War II. He is a widower with one daughter and grandchildren.

ANNUAL NATIONAL BOWLS TOURNAMENT

by Percy Stubbs

The Annual National Bowls Tournament was held at Bognor Regis from Sunday 27th June to Friday 2nd July. 10 St. Dunstaners participated in this competition against some of the best players from clubs all over Great Britain.

There were 3 categories, of which 4 entered Class "A" for the Totally Blind, 4 entered Class "B", 3/60ths, and 2 entered Class "C", 6/60ths. Throughout the week our bowlers put up an excellent show, although some of them had to enter a category above their usual one. Those in the Totally Blind showed their skill by winning many of the matches in that group. Billy Burnett was runner-up in his group of 7 competitors and Dickie Brett with his handicap played some excellent games, as did Johnny Simpson in his group, Class "B", 3/60th, which included R. Osborne and H. Preedy. Although totally blind, they distinguished themselves in this category of the partially sighted.

D. Hodgson was winner of his group, winning against some players who had previously been selected to play for England, and in the final, played well and came runner-up in the Class "B" 3/60ths competition. T. Whitley also played very well and suc-

THE AMERICAN PRINTING HOUSE 4 TRACK CASSETTE RECORDER

These recorders are now sold to blind people, as well as to organisations, direct by the Audio Reading Trust. They are no longer available through RNIB. Enquiries from now on should be sent to: The Audio Reading Trust, 12 Netley Dell, Letchworth, Herts. SG6 2TF. Tel: 04626 74052.

WINDOW SHOPPING - BY CATALOGUE

To enable blind people to 'window shop', the RNIB have compiled a new catalogue of a wide variety of articles on general sale in shops and by mail order. The selection of goods listed was made by visually handicapped people and items range from coffee-makers to washing machines to burglar alarms. RNIB welcomes suggestions for useful items for later editions. Entitled "Useful Articles Sold in Shops or by Mail Order", the catalogue is available free to blind people from the RNIB, 224 Great Portland St., London W1N 6AA. Please send an S.A.E. for the print version. The Braille version is in preparation.

cessfully competed against players in this group.

M. Golding and R. Forshaw entered in the Class "C" category which again was a group above their vision and played extremely well and R. Forshaw won this section, with Monty struggling to beat him all the time.

All of us bowlers and our wives enjoyed a wonderful week's competitive bowling at Bognor Regis Bowling Club at Waterloo Square, and the weather was kind and helped to make the week a great success.

All of us who took part wish to thank the markers, helpers and the people who organised the competitions. A special mention we feel should be made by us to the following: The President, Mr. J. Shearing; Vice-President, Mr. G. Hollands; Secretary/Coordinator, Mr. F. Bell. Also, the Ladies Bowling Club and the wonderful people who supplied the refreshments and snacks during the competition. Lastly, to the Green-Keeper, Mr. Ray Davies, who took so much trouble and kept the Green in a marvellous condition throughout the week and worked so hard to make our playing and games so enjoyable.

WISH YOU WERE HERE – PART II

by Doreen Thompson

Those of you who read my account of our early days out here, and survived, may be interested in our adventures with the Water Gremlin. One would have thought our experiences with the electricians in our "luxury" villa would be enough for anyone to bear, but no-one warned us about the Water Gremlin.

Our first encounter with the little gent was in our 'super, fully equipped kitchen'. (This said, may I say, with my tongue firmly in my cheek.) We couldn't believe our luck when, against all predictions and knowing advice from the veteran residents on the island, our toilets worked and the water, through the length of the house to the bath and shower, also appeared at the turn of the tap or the raising of a lever. But, the kitchen... That was a different story!!

It all began with the mixer tap. The hot water tap worked perfectly, but when I turned on the cold tap, no water appeared, so I turned it a little more, and a little further, and again a little further... then suddenly, without warning, the cold water emerged with such velocity it hit the ceiling, the walls, the bench, the floor, soaked me to the skin... and not one drop in the sink!

The little perisher up in the tap would be sitting there saying, 'Go on, turn it on a little more and some more', then, 'go on, let her have it!'. . . After my carefully-combed hair had been soaked numerous times and I was getting a little fed up with resembling the proverbial drowned rat, I called in the plumber responsible for the installation of the water system. He came, all affable bonhomie, turned the tap on and off, and the water behaved fairly normal (wouldn't it just!), and he was about to turn away, with the customary raising of both hands to shoulder level, shoulders rising at the same time, and a smile on his face as he explained, "No problema, es perfecto". . . I tapped him on the shoulder, "Not so fast, mate; – un momento". Over to the tap went I, turned it on... no water. Repeat performance, this time with the plumber standing right beside me. I was praying to the Gremlin to let us have it in his usual inimical fashion and sure enough, he did. We were *all* soaked to the skin!

To be brief, our friend the plumber called four times, with four different valves which proved to be either too long, too short, too thick or too thin. By this time I thought he was taking up residence! However, the day came when he arrived with a box containing a brand new mixer tap. "Ah, this is it", thought I, foolishly elated. "He is going to replace my faulty tap with a new one." Only, they don't work that way. . . "You like this one?" said he, waving a large arm in front of my eyes. "Oh, si, si" says I, so off came my little one and on went the large one. He then proceeded to undo the cap from off the cold water tap, and to my amazement, from the new mixer tap he withdrew a valve and fitted it perfectly into mine. He turned on the tap. . . Perfect! All smiles, he carefully replaced the faulty valve in the new mixer tap, replaced it in its box and departed, so happy because he undoubtedly had a well-satisfied customer. Peace reigned in my kitchen, and, let me not tempt the gods, it still does.

We thought we had said goodbye to our Water Gremlin, but, Nay, not so. . . He only removed himself to the garage beneath the house wherein lies the filter system. It is also Leslie's workshop. One opens the garage door, and walks down the full length of the floor, which of course is not level, nor does it slope towards the door where an open gully carries the excess water out to the main drainage. The floor is *concave*. . . At the far end is a wall through which all the pipes from the pool emerge. One of these is the main drainage pipe, it takes a downward curve into the pump and just before the bend there is a large stop-cock. . .

Les and I had spent the best part of the day sorting his good timber and placing it in the wall brackets he had just completed. It was about 8 p.m. and the light was fading fast. "There are only 3 large pieces of oak left on the floor, Les", said I. "Leave it now, I'll go upstairs and light the gas under the veggies, the roast pork will be about ready." Famous last words. I had not reached the door when there was a loud bang in the garage, followed by an unprintable oath and then a real Sergeant's bellow: "Doreen, come here at once and see where this water is coming

from"! I ran back into the garage but was unable to see a thing, because, as you will have guessed, the electrician had never been back to fix the light. Upstairs I flew, grabbed a torch and raced back downstairs. The noise was terrific – it sounded like High Force in full spate. Water was gushing out of a pipe into the sump, at the bottom of which lay a large piece of pipe complete with stop-cock, knocked completely off by a large piece of oak. Yes, you have guessed it right, the water from our pool was pouring away down the drain and we couldn't think what to use to stop it.

The young man from the house next door came in answer to our frantic plea, and he found some large pieces of 1" thick foam rubber, which he tried to push into the pipe; – a good idea, except that he was dressed in his Sunday best and as he pushed the foam into the hole, so the water sprayed outwards and almost gave him a shower. I do not think he really wanted one at the time, so he hastily jumped aside, leaving yours truly to take over. Fortunately, I was better equipped, not having had the time to change from my bathing suit and towelling dress. The latter I peeled off and there was I, soaked from head to toe, sitting on the rim of the sump, ramming this foam rubber up the pipe. After a while, to my utter relief, the flow was reduced to a trickle. Now, you may ask, what was my devoted spouse doing while I was thus engaged? I mean, apart from plodging around in four inches of water and making a lot of exasperated noises. Then he says, "wherever are you, and what are you doing?" – just as though I was sunbathing on the Riviera and hadn't the right. "Well", says I, from the lowly depths of the sump hole, "you have heard sometime about the little Dutch lad who held back the water of the Dykes with his thumb stuck in the hole? Well, now, bonny lad, I am sitting down here with *my* thumb stuck up this pipe holding back 9,000 gallons of water, and my arm is numb up to my elbow, so you had better get a move on with the reinforcements." This had immediate results, the fairies must have decided to give us a helping hand, for it seemed magical the way the correct size of lat appeared in Leslie's hand, and in no time, this was pushed up the pipe holding in the foam rubber, then the lat was wedged into the sump. With a sigh of relief, we left that, then attacked the water lying on the floor. . . Eventually, we staggered upstairs to find the

pork had shrivelled and fizzled to a piece only fit for a sandwich – who would have a swimming pool!

This was not the last encounter with the Water Gremlin, but let me just say, with heartfelt thanks, that we think he has hopped over the fence into the next house, for I believe they also have problems. . .! P.S. A week has passed since I typed this narrative, and I have indeed incurred the wrath of the Water Gremlin, because he is back in the mixer tap with reinforcements – this in the form of a machine gun. Not only do we have the sound effects, we also have, for good measure, the violent shudders, thumps, bangs and clunks, then, whacko, we are all drenched again. . . As you will have concluded, it takes someone with a very strong sense of humour, and a fair amount of philosophy to deal with the 'problems'. . . We only hope ours has the strength to last out!

MEMORIES OF JAVA

Bill Griffiths with Mickey De Jonge on the front at Blackpool. Mickey De Jonge was Bill's Dutch nurse in a prison camp hospital in Java. They last met in 1972, when Bill was the subject of "This is Your Life!"



Water Skiing The Florida Trip

By John Pointon

Photos taken in England
by Michael Pointon



About 490 years after Columbus had discovered America, give or take a week or two, in the afternoon of 17th April 1982, my wife took me to Gatwick, to fly in a DC 10 of Air Florida, Flight No. GH 201, to Miami. At Gatwick, the staff, who are kindness personified and obviously well used to aiding disabled people, put me on to the plane, which took off a little later than scheduled, and arrived after an eventful journey 8½ hours later, i.e. 11.45 BST, but 5.45 EST, at our destination. When I was invited by the staff to leave the plane, there was a wheelchair waiting for me and, in spite of my remonstrances that all I needed was an arm, I was prevailed upon to sit in it. The Sky Captain trundled me through lots of corridors until we arrived at Immigration, where a bored-sounding lady asked my name, where I was going: "Grove-land"; "How long for?" – "A fortnight – sorry, two weeks in your language". "Purpose of visit?" "Water ski instruction."

I think I felt the draught from her elevating eyebrows as she exclaimed, "Water ski instruction?!", looking at me, totally blind, and in a wheelchair. With 4 hours to wait for my connection to Tampa, the Sky Captain took me at my request to a bar, where I sampled Pina Colodas, to my pleasant surprise.

Eventually, I was conducted to the Boeing 727, Flight No. DL 592, to Tampa, where I was met by Peter Bryant, one of the staff of the Liz Allen Water Ski School, who drove me the 90 miles to where the school is situated in the middle of the citrus belt of Orange and

Grapefruit trees which, I am told, is 200 miles by about 500 to 600 miles in size. By the time we arrived I had been awake for 22½ hours and, in spite of having had my suitcase lost, was not sorry to get to bed at what was then 1 a.m.

The next day, after a good sleep, I met some of the other students. We were sorted out into groups, and informed that we got up at 10 to 6 in the morning to be on the lake at just after 7 and ski twice before breakfast, twice more between then and lunch time, and once after lunch, – quite a holiday. I met the principal, Liz, a charming, young, petite lady who is shortly to marry one of the Canadian national ski team and has the distinction of having held and made more records in this sport than anyone else.

My first ski on Monday morning was not good, as I had expected, so I declined the second one before breakfast, after which things went better and by the end of the day, could start from deep water alone, although I still had a lot to learn and by the Wednesday night, having skied 14 times, began to wonder just how good I was going to be in a fortnight (– sorry, 'two weeks'). On the Thursday, I got the answer. Muscles I didn't know I had were raising hell, and giving a good imitation of jelly, but I skied three times on the Thursday and Friday and felt that I had made good improvement in the week, but I was very grateful for a lazy weekend to recover. Incidentally, my suitcase was delivered to me on the Monday morning, as, in the U.S., if they lose one's



case, they see to it that they deliver it to you.

During the weekend the clocks went forward one hour, so that when we arrived at the lake on Monday 25th, it was still dark. My offer to drive the Master Craft Power Boat was not accepted, but for the rest of the second week we had breakfast at 7 and on the lake at 8 and skied to lunch-time, four skis, and one after lunch. I was gradually improving all the while, until on the Thursday afternoon, my two instructors, Peter Bryant and Bernt Jung (Baron) from Munich, told me that this was it, I was going on my own. To my intense satisfaction, this worked perfectly, and by the time the end of the second week arrived, I was lifting one ski up and skiing on one.

I had had 39 skis in all in that time, reduced my waistline by over an inch and collected a tan, which is very comfortable, having taken care not to over-do it in temperatures of 88 degrees Fahrenheit and flat calm – ideal for what I had gone to Florida for!

Among the students were people from Sweden, France, Austria, Germany, Italy, Yugoslavia, Lebanon, Winnipeg, Calgary and Quebec and most of the US from Oregon and California to New York, nearly all about a third of my age and all extremely helpful, including the other two English students. For the second week my room-mates were a 55 year old Murray Fink and a 71 year old Al Wagner, both from California, who were pretty good at slalom. I understand that, although I am not the first blind water skier in the world, I am certainly the *oldest* who has ever learnt how to water ski.

How did this all come about? First, Ray Hazan starting snow skiing, and then, water skiing, to me, being a natural progression, I phoned one Charles Martin of Windsoe Engineering of Hastings, whom I have known for years, and who sent my name up for the first seminar for disabled water skiers in 1978, where I met Anthony Travers Edge, with whose British Disabled Water Skiing Association I did the Windermere trip. Then Mick Bronson and members of the Lydd water ski club, who helped as much as they all could and now, of course, the Liz Allen Water Ski School and above all, St. Dunstan's, without whose generous assistance and encouragement nothing would have been possible, let alone being the first old blind water skier; and those people whose generosity made St. Dunstan's possible financially, and those whose generous practical help we receive every day, one way or another. As I say, I chose my parents carefully and my lucky stars even more carefully, so that I received no other injury than loss of sight, and have not contracted any since. I do try not to eat or drink or sit around too much, which are the chief dangers for blind people, but am very conscious that the first two factors are the most important ones.

By the way, with apologies to Joe Humphrey, there were no Irishmen on the course as they don't have sloping lakes in Florida.

Where do I go from here? Again, it will depend on our weather which, if at all reasonable, will allow me to practise what I have learned so far, and the chief lesson is that one only learns slowly. Next step is to ski on one ski in order to slalom, then possibly the jump and barefoot, maybe even trick skis, but at least I now feel that I am in control of the bike.!

BREEDER OF RARE PIGS

At Sedlescombe, in Sussex, a St. Dunstaner is involved in saving an historic breed of pigs. Matthew Watson-Brown's Littlehurst Herd of British Saddlebacks is registered with the Rare Breeds Survival Trust.

"The Saddlebacks are descended from the original pigs that grazed in the New Forest. They had pig herds to look after them, but they virtually ran wild living on the acorns", said Matthew.



"They're supposed to be one of the oldest breeds. There used to be an Essex Saddleback and a Wessex Saddleback. The breeds have been amalgamated because they became so few."

Matthew blames hybrid breeds – crossing breeds to produce better bacon – for the decline of old breeds like the Saddleback, "I keep them because they're quiet and because they're in danger".

He was born on a farm near Bishop Auckland, in September, 1898 and has always bred stock, despite his blindness due to service in the First War. The depression brought him south in 1927 and he has lived at Littlehurst Cottage for 55 years. Now in his 84th year, Matthew is too frail to carry on the day-to-day care of his pigs. His wife, Rosemary, with some outside help, does this. He has made a study of genetics and plans the breeding.

"We have two litters of piglets, 17 in all, from two sows served by different boars. We are saving a gilt from each litter and one boar. We shall breed from the original sows and the gilts when they are old enough – there will be some in-breeding, but we do have litters from different sows and boars. The others will go to market. We plan to increase the numbers, choosing the best gilts and breeding from them."

Rosemary Watson-Brown said, "The interest for Matthew is seeing how the breeding works out. Next time we could have around 40 piglets!"

CHURCHTOWN FARM FIELD STUDIES CENTRE

The Churchtown Farm Field Studies Centre in Cornwall is this year offering a week's course for the blind and partially sighted. The course will run from Wednesday, 20th October, until Wednesday, 27th October.

- Day One: Arrival, unpacking, introduction
- Day Two: At the Centre; ponding on the nature reserve, mammal trapping, visiting the farm, orientation within the grounds and buildings.
- Day Three: Trip into the local countryside to look at local history, archaeology, churches and castles.
- Day Four: A woodland walk and fungal foray. Different types of forests, wax bark rubbing, the sounds of nature.
- Day Five: Horticultural day; sowing seeds; soils, herbs, flowers and flower pressing; herb drying and uses of herbs. Pool canoeing in the evening.
- Day Six: Adventure activities. Options from canoeing, sailing, rock-climbing, (all with specialist equipment and trained instructors).
- Day Seven: A seashore ecology day, followed by Lostwithiel shopping and social evening.

Each day a tape recording will be made, and a final tape presentation produced at the end of the week. Visitors will have full use of the Centre's equipment which includes tape recorders, metal detectors, parabolic reflectors and so on. Each evening, a range of activities will be available, including pottery, ceramics, games, art work and use of the heated swimming pool.

As this course is being run in an off-peak period, it is being offered at only £83 for adults and £64 for children, and this includes transport to and from a station should this be required.

Further information and booking forms can be obtained from: Churchtown Farm, Lanlivery, Bodmin, Cornwall.



A Place in the Sun

They tell me there are places in the Mediterranean, around the Black Sea, up the Adriatic and so forth, where holiday-makers go in search of the sun. This has always seemed to me a strange habit, seeing there is more than enough sun at your own door, here in the British Isles, to satisfy even the most ardent sun-worshipper. It is only a matter of arranging things to suit this predilection, and if annual tan is the criterion, I personally acquire as much of this here in Strathmartine as any frequenter of Benidorm or Lake Bled. Rising over the chimneys of Bridgefoot village, the sun has always encountered my bare shoulders at breakfast-time, any chill breeze from the west shut out by wooden door and coal-shed wall. Sinking towards the trees of Rosemill, this same sun has always irradiated me at my evening meal, at this time of day the house protecting me from the on-shore breeze from the east which inevitably sets in each hot, sunny day. Heading for work in the morning, I walked up the road every day, Spring, Summer, and Autumn, with my shirt off, got a further instalment of it at lunchtime (this during a walk of two miles to a country pub), and what with all this and the evening return home, I would be as brown as a Pakistani before April was out, and up to my maximum before June came in. The great thing about taking the sun in these latitudes is that it is not accompanied by excessive heat – often the very reverse, for

A Moment to Spare with Sid Scroggie

hailstones have bounced off my bare back before now, and I have got home with arms benumbed and lifeless in the bright sunshine but bitter wind of a March afternoon. But I prefer this to the torrid days remembered from Tuscany and Romagna, the Apennines hazy with heat, the sun beating down on dusty slit-trench, no escape from sunrise to sunset from what had ceased to be a friend and had become an inveterate foe. Certainly I got my tan in these wartime days, but it was at a price I am not now willing to pay in terms of hot holidays abroad. I do not care for the nodding palms of Bali, the scorched granite of Majorca, the shimmering Sahara, the burning shores of Ibiza, but elect instead for the finest weather in the world, an east-coast Scottish summer when a temperature of 70 is assuaged by cool greenery, low humidity, and a breath of air from the sea. If it is an all-over tan you want, this can be arranged without the expense of admission-fee to Côte d'Azur sun-club, the threat of legal action as in Spain; all you need are thick bushes round your garden and a degree of vigilance. A certain girl, long accustomed to naturism in a nook at the bottom end of her garden, found herself on the nudy beaches of California. "What's it like", I said to her, "to have nothing on in public?" Mary in these respects is her father's daughter. "Well", she said, "when you've got your bikini on, you're worried about what might be showing. When you've got nothing on at all, then your worries are over". A chill breeze off the Pacific, Mary tells me, resulted in quite nostalgic all-over Scottish goose flesh.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No 2191

The Haymaker

By Elizabeth Cadell

Read by Arthur Bush

Reading Time 7 hours

When Nell Berg's father, a millionaire ranch owner in Arizona, dies, she discovers to her astonishment that her mother (who died when she was three) was the Lady Ellen Stapling, daughter of the late Lord Bosfield of Stapling Manor. The Manor is now Nell's property.

When she and her cousin Mrs Saltery arrive there, they find the redoubtable Lady Laura, 72 and the surviving sister of Lord Bosfield, very much in occupation. She lives the life of a feudal Lady of the Manor. She is universally feared and detested by all around her and has the ageing family solicitor and sole trustee, Cosmo Brierley, very much under her thumb. She has also turned the Manor into a commercial enterprise, with shows and pageants depicting the (spurious) turbulent history of the Bosfields – who had, from time immemorial, been a dull, unadventurous lot, indeed.

An intriguing situation. How will the awesome and autocratic "Aunt Laura" receive the "upstart American gel" and, equally to the point, how will the spirited, forthright Nell react to her high-handed and anachronistic aunt? . . .

And I almost forgot. There is a young archaeologist, very handsome, very pushing, in the offing. He and Nell naturally fall in love.

A jolly little book – lightweight, but quite entertaining.

Cat. No 1834

Atlantic Rendezvous

By William Murray

Read by Michael de Morgan

Reading Time 11½ hours

The author was a radio operator in the Merchant Navy. In early 1940 his ship was sunk by enemy action and the survivors taken aboard a prison ship where the living conditions and food were very poor.

During the weeks that followed they were transferred to a second, then a third ship, with the diet and living conditions becoming progressively poorer. Eventually they were landed at Bordeaux, where the prison camp

conditions were, if anything, worse than those on the ships.

After some weeks they were marched to a train en route for Germany. Murray and a friend managed to escape undetected while crossing France. Their goal was unoccupied France.

Moving by night and hiding up by day, exhausted and hungry, and with badly blistered feet, they finally managed, with the help of kindly and courageous French friends, to slip into unoccupied territory, where they were arrested by the Vichy police who handed them over to the French Army, who treated them with consideration and kindness.

They escaped from the fort where they were being held and after weeks of freedom were re-arrested and returned there. Undaunted by this cruel setback, they resolved to try again . . . and again.

But it was to be only after many months of hardship and privation, including a perilous night climb of the Pyrennees and incarceration in a brutal Spanish concentration camp, that they were to reach England and freedom. . .

An absorbing story of courage and determination and the incredible lengths to which men will go to escape from bondage.

D. F. Robinson's

GARDENING NOTES

The garden should be in its full glory as regards the flowers in the beds and under glass, plus vegetables giving a good return for early work. I have found that, as I write these notes, everything is in good heart and many items in the vegetable garden much better than last year. It must be due to the hard winter putting down some of these pests below soil, though it is generally put out that this is not so. Perhaps it's because I put in more items to keep all the belligerents at bay, plus keeping the weeds down. There have been quite a number of days when one appreciated sitting out in the garden in strong sunshine and plenty of lovely scents from the flowers. This makes one appreciate a garden even more.

Vegetables

Keep the beds clear of weeds and all the remains of gathered crops and it might be a good idea to fork over the empty beds.

Remember to mark out the beds which have been used for various crops so that you can carry out the rotation next season. This especially is necessary for the Cabbage family as they must have a break of three years before using the same patch for them or you may get large outbreaks of Club Root. Towards the end of the month, dig up a few Potatoes to see how they are cropping and if doing well, the main digging can start in a few weeks. In any case, you can use them for the house and stop purchasing any more. Outdoor (Ridge) Cucumbers, Tomatoes, and Marrows will need lots of water and regular doses of liquid fertiliser. Pick the fruit as it ripens. Stop the Tomatoes and don't let any further fruit set after the end of the month, as it won't be long before we have some early frosts and all the fruit will be ruined.

Plant out any Cabbages for spring cutting and sow Cauliflower seed for early heads next season. Clean up all the stakes and netting which were used for the Peas and if some are still cropping, pick regularly, or they may be a bit hard for use in the house. However, one can save some of the seed for next season's sowing. Give plenty of water to the Runner Beans and keep all pests at bay by regular spraying. Try and do these jobs in early evening when the sun is on the wane or you may have lots of burnt leaves and flowers.

Lawns

Carry on with the mowing but not as much in very dry conditions. It will be a good idea to put on a dose of liquid fertiliser, one made especially for the lawn, in moist conditions. This will green the grass up and give the roots a boost. A special weedkiller can also be used but I think it might be better to do it in early spring, when things are starting to grow. Keep the edges of the lawn neat by cutting regularly and pick up all the pieces as soon as possible.

Fruit

Thin out the Apples, Pears and Plums if there has been a heavy set or you may have rather poor size and quality. It will take too much out of the trees as well. Give the roots round the trees a good soaking, especially in dry weather and put some mulch or compost or even grass cuttings down where you have watered to keep the moisture in position and not dry off too soon. Where you

have Apricots, Peaches and Nectarines on a wall, try and let the fruit have as much sun as possible by bending the leaves away from the fruit or even cutting a few leaves off round the fruit. Cut away the canes on Raspberries and Loganberries which have fruited. Unwanted layers on Strawberries should be taken off and any straw which was used as a bedding for the fruit, got rid of and put on the compost heap where it will break down very rapidly. Harvest Currants and Gooseberries as soon as they ripen or you may lose a whole lot, since they will soften rapidly.

Flowers

Keep the borders clear of debris and weeds, using the rake to get some of the bits out which were difficult to get at after hoeing. Cut away all dead heads and leaves, since this will make for more flowering later on among perennials and half-hardy plants. In order to get good sized Dahlias and Rose blooms, pick off the smaller buds amongst the clusters at the head of the plants. Cut away all dead and dying flowers on the Sweet Peas and give regular liquid feeds as these items are very hungry plants and also need plenty of water. Don't forget to tie them in as they grow upwards. Carnations and Pinks can be layered where you want newer plants to replace the existing ones, which may have got a bit tatty and be giving poor blooms. Cuttings of most border plants can be taken, especially Geraniums and Fuchsias for next year's show. Sow seeds of spring flowering items such as Antirrhinums, Wallflowers, Pansies, Violas, etc. Where you have sown seed of perennials and they have got a bit crowded, try and get them in their permanent quarters. Divide up the perennial plants and replant, plus Polyanthus. Catalogues will be along soon with the list of spring flowering bulbs and also in the shops, so get your orders in early to ensure you get the items you want. Remember to keep all the beds in a moist state during dry spells and a feed in liquid or powder form every so often will do a power of good.

Greenhouse

Keep the atmosphere moist, especially when the sun is around all the time, and make sure that the windows are kept open all the time. Beware of insects and other diseases and use sprays or smokes

regularly, but do this at night with all windows closed. Open them wide, and the door, for a few hours before you do any work inside. Spray water over the Tomatoes, especially the flowers, to make sure of a good set and feed at every watering. Pick fruit as it ripens to give a chance to the following Tomatoes to ripen before the cooler weather comes along. Start off the old Cyclamen corms and put the Azaleas into a slightly larger pot with new compost, one without the chalk addition. Keep it for the present outside in a shady but warm spot, water regularly. Disbud the poor Chrysanthemums, keep them tied onto stakes as they grow and

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Hurstpierpoint Bowling Club were our hosts on July 6th, when 15 bowlers, together with their wives and escorts, spent a very warm and pleasant afternoon on this delightful green. We were very pleased to be supported by members from other parts of the country. After the match, we sat down to an excellent tea, followed by a drink at the 'local'.

A few days later, on the 9th, we were again on the greens at Hove and Kingsway Bowling Club, which are situated a few yards from the beach. Unfortunately, the weather turned unkind, and after several showers, we were invited indoors for an early tea. We were pleased to have the company once again of our President, Mrs. E. Dacre, and our honorary secretary, Miss Mary Stenning, who always try to support us at our local matches.

R. Osborne

MIDLAND

The meeting held on Sunday, June 17th was a small one, owing to some members being on holiday and one down at Ian Fraser House on the cookery course. We played off some of our doubles in the Domino Competition before and after tea. The tea was put on by the ladies and was enjoyed by all.

We had a member of the Norwegian Veterans Association visiting us, who was made very welcome by all members and,

keep moist. Still time to sow some of the half-hardy annuals for winter colour in pots. Put some Freesia bulbs in pots for a colourful and scented show in December. They will not need any heat as long as frost is kept away from them. All the bulbous summer flowering items may be coming to the end of their colour, so gradually cut down the watering until the leaves fall and then they can be dried off and kept in their pots in a frost-free place. The items which I mention are Begonias, Gloxinias, Achimenes etc. They can all be started again in the early part of next year, provided that you have some bottom heat.

before the end of the meeting, he thanked us for having him and said how much he had enjoyed himself. The meeting closed at about 6.30, with all members looking forward to the outing in two weeks time.

The Outing

We left Birmingham on the morning of 27th June for our outing to Stratford on Avon. The weather was kind to us after a week of rain and storms. Most of us had picnic lunches which we took down to the river bank, and sat watching the boats going up and down while the ducks and ducklings tried to avoid them. Others of the party, feeling more energetic, toured the town and the places of interest.

We all returned to the Stratford Royal British Legion for tea at 4.30, where the women's section had put on a ham salad tea for us with trifle and cakes to follow. After a day out in the open we did full justice to it! All members were very pleased to welcome Mrs. Dennick and her family who joined us for tea and the evening. We also thanked Mrs. Dennick for the donation she gave us towards expenses. The St. Dunstan's men of our party were all given a drink from the legion members before returning home at 8.30 after a very enjoyable day out. We were all very sorry that Joan Cashmore was unable to be with us, owing to her being away on a War Graves pilgrimage with the Austin Branch of the Royal British Legion, but we hope to see her at our next meeting.

Marjorie Hordyniec

FAMILY NEWS

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. Robert Austin of Elland, Halifax, who was married to Mrs. Marion Hargreaves on June 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Miller of Perivale, whose youngest daughter, Geraldine, was married to Mr. Richard Miles of Northwood on June 12th. The wedding was held at St. Nicholas Church, Perivale.

RUBY WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bradley of Burton-on-Trent, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on the 9th August last year.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. G. Bilcliff of Hardwicke, who are pleased to announce the arrival of their 15th grandchild. A boy, Adam Guy, was born on June 7th to their son, David and his wife, Sylvia.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bradley of Burton-on-Trent, who are pleased to announce the arrival of twin grand-daughters, Judith and Fiona, born to their son Philip and his wife, Lilian, in April.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Craddock of Warrington, who are pleased to announce the arrival of a grand-daughter. The baby, named Zoe, was born to their son, Peter and his wife, Karen, on 22nd May.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McCarthy of Northampton, who are delighted to announce the recent arrival of their latest grandchild, Daniel Edward, born to their son Richard and his wife, Margaret.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Mr. Arthur Morris of Ongar, who won a Certificate of Merit for his waste paper basket at a local exhibition. The winning

article, one of over 600 entries, has subsequently been on display at an exhibition in Westminster.

Mr. Joseph Nicol of Cottingham, who recently won a second prize and Certificate of Merit for his wrought iron work at a War Pensioners Exhibition in Leeds. Joe has only been doing wrought iron work for about a year.

Susan Smith of Hull, grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. Alex Scott* of Belfast, who has obtained a B.A. degree in Librarianship. Susan is continuing a family tradition, as librarianship was Alex Scott's career, and also that of her mother. Congratulations, too, to Mr. and Mrs. Scott's other grand-daughter, Gillian, who has obtained an Honours Degree in Creative Art.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Bradley of Burton-on-Trent, on the death of their grandson, Thomas. The baby, recently born to their son David and his wife, Elizabeth, only lived for sixteen hours.

Mr. Tom Evans of Flint, on the death of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Rosie Jones, who passed away on 23rd June.

Mr. William Kelly of Workington, whose younger brother, James, passed away on April 22nd at the age of 52.

James Spink of Croxley Green, whose son, Ernest Joseph Spink, passed away on 13th March at the age of 71.

Mr. Arthur Waters, formerly of Sevenoaks and now resident at Pearson House, whose son-in-law, Malcolm Chapman, passed away on 15th June at the age of 39. Mr. Chapman was the husband of Mr. Waters' only daughter, Valerie, and he also leaves an 18-month old son, Simon.

Mrs. L. Wolkowicz, widow of *Stephen Wolkowicz*, passed away on 19th June. We offer our sympathy to her son, George.

In Memory

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

R.F. Haslam, Royal Air Force

Roy Francis Haslam of Blackpool passed away on the 18th May after a short illness, at the age of 61

Mr. Haslam was serving in the R.A.F. in Rhodesia in 1944 when he received injuries to his eyes and suffered the loss of his left forearm in a bomb explosion. Upon his return to England, Mr. Haslam spent some time receiving treatment at the Queen Victoria Hospital, East Grinstead, and St. Dunstan's Hospital Unit and this was followed by a period at a rehabilitation centre before he successfully passed a Civil Service examination and joined Customs and Excise in 1948.

He was obliged to give up this career in 1963 because of further deterioration in his remaining vision and he then ran a secretarial agency with the help of his wife for two or three years before becoming a St. Dunstaner in 1966. Mr. Haslam enjoyed woodwork as a hobby occupation but his most absorbing interest was Amateur Radio, and he will be sadly missed by all his St. Dunstaner friends in the Amateur Radio Society of Great Britain.

He leaves a widow, Doris May.

E.R. Jensen, Royal West Kent Regiment

Ernest Renton Jensen of Hillingdon passed away on the 8th July at Michael Sobell House, Mount Vernon Hospital, following a painful illness borne with great courage and fortitude. He was 62 and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1944.

Mr. Jensen served with the Royal West Kent Regiment. He was wounded in Italy at the Sangro Crossing and suffered multiple head injuries as well as losing his sight. He trained for industry at Church Stretton and worked on the assembly line at Hoovers for twenty-nine years. He was always a most diligent and cheerful worker and made several suggestions for the increase of production, which were put into effect.

Following his retirement on medical grounds in 1976, he was able to visit Ian Fraser House and attend the Lee-on-Solent Camp, which he greatly enjoyed. He became ill a year ago and spent a long time in hospital, although latterly he was nursed devotedly by his wife at home.

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

G.P. Owens, Croix de Guerre, Royal Engineers

George Patrick Owens, of New Milton, Hampshire, passed away in a nursing home on 23rd June at the age of 70.

A tribute to Pat Owens appears on another page.

F. Palfrey, 2nd Battalion, Suffolk Regiment

Frank Palfrey of East Dereham passed away on 20th May at the age of 74. Mr. Palfrey served as a Private in the 2nd Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment during the Second World War. Having been wounded in Burma, he came to St. Dunstan's in 1944. Before enlisting in the Army, Mr. Palfrey was a carpenter by profession and after training at Church Stretton, he became a shopkeeper. Mr. and Mrs. Palfrey managed their confectionery and tobacconist shop at Osterley, Middx., for 20 years from 1947 to 1967. In his well-earned retirement, Mr. Palfrey enjoyed gardening as a hobby and he lived for a while in Norfolk and then Dorset, before finally returning to East Dereham in 1980.

He leaves a widow, Ruby and a daughter, Joy.

G.A. Parkes, R.A.M.C.

George Arthur Edmund Parkes passed away on 17th June at the age of 85. He was a widower. Mr. Parkes served with the R.A.M.C. as a Private from January 1915 to May 1919, during which time he suffered mustard gas poisoning, which damaged his sight. After his discharge from the Army, our St. Dunstaner followed a career as a coach builder and in his retirement he was a laypreacher and public speaker with his church. It was with a further failure of his sight that he came to St. Dunstan's in 1980, and he was able to enjoy a holiday with us at Pearson House in 1981.

Mr. Parkes recently moved to Pocklington Place, where he made many friends by whom he will be sadly missed.

L. Scales, Essex Regiment

Leonard Stanley Scales of Hitchin passed away suddenly in a Brighton hospital on 7th July - his 70th birthday. 'Len', as he was affectionately known to numerous St. Dunstaners, served as a Private in the Essex Regiment. He enlisted in 1940 and whilst on active service in France during the 2nd World War, was involved in a mortar explosion and invalided out of the Army in 1945. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1951 and undertook training in Telephony, Braille, Typewriting and other handicrafts, and from 1953 until his retirement in 1977, was a highly efficient telephone operator and a valued employee. He worked for many years for Barclays Bank, and subsequently Barclays Insurance Company, where he worked alongside his fellow St. Dunstaner, Ted Dudley.

Mr Scales will be greatly missed by many St. Dunstaners and, in particular, the members of the Bowling Club at Ian Fraser House, with whom he regularly attended tournaments. He was Vice-Chairman of St. Dunstan's National Bowling Club, and he also handicapped for our Bowling Club at our Brighton Home. His cheerfulness and sense of purpose endeared him to all at Ian Fraser House, where he was a frequent visitor. He leaves a widow, Elsie, and two daughters.