

St Dunstons Review

December 1982



Message from the Chairman

Sir Neville Pearson, Bt.

With the death of Sir Neville Pearson in America, St. Dunstan's has lost one of its oldest and best friends. He was a boy when his father, Sir Arthur, founded St. Dunstan's in 1915 and later for very many years, until his health failed, Sir Neville served our Organisation wisely and generously. He was our President for 30 years. Our Council benefited from his keen interest and active participation in our affairs and St. Dunstaners appreciated his personal kindness, understanding and humour whenever they met him. He was a particularly welcome visitor at our Homes, where he showed great sympathy for the older men and those who were ill or had additional disabilities.

St. Dunstan's and all of us individually who were fortunate enough to know Sir Neville remember him with affection and gratitude. We honour his memory.

Service to the Civilian Blind

A report on another page tells of Walter Thornton's latest appointment in his many years of service to the blind. As Chairman of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, he will be making still further use of his wide experience in matters of training, welfare and mobility, and of his local knowledge. It is good to know that a St. Dunstaner has been appointed to such an important post.

We all send Walter and Margaret our warm congratulations and wish him every success in this new challenge.

Christmas, 1982

Warm greetings to all St. Dunstaners and their families, wherever they may be, and to all readers of the Review!

My wife and I send you our personal good wishes for Christmas and the coming year.

Jon Barnett-Dance



The late Sir Neville Pearson speaking to Wally Thomas, using the deaf-blind hand code, at the 1966 Southampton Reunion. Photo: Southern Newspapers Ltd.

SIR NEVILLE PEARSON, BT.

Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., President of St. Dunstan's for thirty years, died in Hightstown, New Jersey, U.S.A. on November 6th. He was 84.

Sir Neville was the son of our Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E. Born in March 1898, he was educated at Eton. He served in both World Wars, having been commissioned direct from school into the Royal Field Artillery in 1917.

Shortly after the death of his father in 1921, he was elected a Vice-President of St. Dunstan's and in 1932, he became our Honorary Treasurer, holding this office until 1939, when he rejoined the Army. He served again with the Royal Artillery and later was appointed to the General Staff. In 1942, representing the Periodical Press, he went to Australia and New Zealand on a special mission for the Ministry of Information.

In 1947, he became President of St. Dunstan's succeeding his mother, Lady Arthur Pearson and continuing the long association of the Pearson family with the leadership of St. Dunstan's—an era which came to an end when he resigned the Presidency due to his declining health in 1977.

Outside St. Dunstan's, Sir Neville was President of the Fresh Air Fund, a charity founded by his father to provide holidays for children in need. He was Chairman of the publishers C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and a Director of George Newnes Ltd., Country Life Ltd., London Opinion Ltd., and Newnes and Pearson Printing Co. Ltd.

Sir Neville Pearson was no mere figurehead as our President. St. Dunstaners will remember him warmly for his attendance at reunions. He played a prominent part in the great occasions of St. Dunstan's history: the Royal visit to Ovingdean in 1962; the fiftieth anniversary celebration at St. James's Palace in 1965 and others between the wars. In administration Sir Neville was an active Member of Council and the important Finance Committee.

St Dunstons Review

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Cover Picture: St. Dunstaners and escorts pose on a bridge at Bourton-on-the-Water, during the Ladies' Reunion week-end. See Centre pages.

The first Remembrance Parade after the Falklands

by Joyce Pringle

Remembrance Sunday must always remain significant for us but this year the day seemed to have a very special quality. A whole new set of human beings were abruptly brought into contact with anxiety; for some this was resolved in joyful homecoming, some in bereavement and some in coming to terms with disability. All must have been marginally aware that anyone serving in either war, and those they left behind, had suffered all this.

The St. Dunstaners rolling up at Headquarters were their usual spruce, bemedalled, voluble selves. Mr. Stevens, pen flying, marked off each arrival. Hilda Chow and Ian Dickson dispensed hot tea. The coaches came, one two three, off went the marchers and escorts in one direction to the Cenotaph and off went the wives in another direction to the Russell Hotel, where we were joined by Mrs. Garnett-Orme.

We felt very sorry for you marching in the rain while we were snug and dry watching the Service on television. Just before the March was televised we watched the programme 'Link', on I.T.V. at 10 a.m. Ray Hazan and Terry Bullingham were interviewed. Ray is always splendidly articulate and has a gift for putting over what sudden blinding involves. Terry is marvellous, well-balanced and very much his own man.

After the Service, Alice Griffiths buttonholed your correspondent and related one of those mini-miracles that seem to abound wherever St. Dunstaners are. She and Bill had been strolling in the vicinity of Devonshire Street when a couple passed them. The woman turned back because she felt sure she had seen Bill's face somewhere. They introduced themselves as Australian St. Dunstaners Bob Joyce of Port Stevens, New South Wales, and his wife! Bill made a swift phone call to Mr. Stevens and Hey

SIR NEVILLE PEARSON

A Memorial Service for Sir Neville Pearson will be held in the Chapel at Ian Fraser House on Thursday, 16th December, at 12 noon.

Transport will meet the 10.05 train from Victoria, due at Brighton station at 11.06.

Presto, there was Bob marching at the Cenotaph and both of them joining us for lunch!

The television coverage of the march was very good; the camera stayed on our contingent for quite a long time and we could pick out lots of you. I think I counted 6 wheel-chairs.

After lunch Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme 'volunteered' Trevor Tatchell for the singing of the National Anthem. The Chairman then rose and said,

"Our contingent on the Parade this morning was 76, the largest number I have known, and now, with our wives and escorts, we are about 140 sitting down to lunch.

Looking back by chance the other evening at an old *Review*, I noticed that the number on Parade then was 25 and, when one considers that 15 years ago there must have been many more St. Dunstaners than there are now, it is interesting to speculate why our contingent has grown so much in recent years, but certainly the crowds around the Cenotaph seemed to me larger than ever this year and perhaps the reason is the continuing casualties from Northern Ireland and this year, of course, from the South Atlantic campaign, together with the generally increased coverage the media seem to give our Fighting Services. The applause which the crowds gave you was as heart-warming as ever.

It is a privilege for me to be with you and your splendid wives and other good friends today and I give you all a warm welcome. It is good to have Bob Young and Nicholas Henman with us to represent the First World War St. Dunstaners. Bob was blinded in 1918 so he has been a St. Dunstaner for 64 years. It is also very nice to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Joyce on a short visit from Australia, and Harry Wheeler.

How proud we all are of the tremendous skill and courage shown continually in Northern Ireland and by all those men and women of our armed forces and their civilian comrades in the Falklands campaign. One realises how ably the younger generation is following the splendid example and carrying on the traditions set by all of you in your service days.

When one stands in front of the Cenotaph and remembers those who have given their lives so that we may be here to-day in a free country, one thinks, too, of those who have survived, but suffered grievous injuries. At St. Dunstan's we acknowledge especially all those like you in this room, who by your own grit and determination have so largely overcome your disabilities, and I suggest we should think, too, of those St. Dunstaners who are so ill that they are housebound in their own homes. They and their wonderful wives and families who look after them day in and day out can never come to any of our reunions and their only contact with their fellow St. Dunstaners is through our welfare visitors and anyone who goes specially to see them.

I often wonder what special quality it is that has made your triumph over disability possible for you. Dogged determination and immensely hard work—yes—but there is a further quality which seems to me tremendously important and that is fortitude. Fortitude sounds a rather old-fashioned word because we use it so seldom, but it means moral and physical courage, unflinching resolution to persevere to the end and firmness in the endurance of pain or adversity. Fortitude is not a passive virtue but an active one. It is not just a question of putting up with adversity, but also of developing the strength of will to transform adversity into triumph. Fortitude is perhaps the most important of all virtues when things go wrong because without it life becomes an intolerable and humiliating series of surrenders.

May I quote the headmaster of a well-known school? When he is asked by boys or girls which virtue above all others they most need to develop in life, he replies: "develop honesty, temperance, trustworthiness and compassion, but above all develop fortitude, because life is still a battle and fate has some tough challenges in store for us all."

This is only too true but I remain confident from the way you have tackled tough challenges in the past that you will face up to and defeat any challenge which fate may produce for you in the future. Like the crowds this morning, I salute you all.

Before I give you the toast of 'St. Dunstan's', may I mention the name of Sir Neville Pearson? Some of you may have seen in the press that he died in America on

the 6th November after a long illness and the announcement will have stirred many memories. Sir Neville was the son of our founder, Sir Arthur Pearson. He fought in both wars and he gave many years' wise and generous service to St. Dunstan's as a member of our Council and especially as our President. He was a great friend to St. Dunstaners and we all remember him with affection and gratitude.

Ladies and gentlemen—I give you the toast of 'St. Dunstan's, coupled with the name of Colin Beaumont-Edmonds'".

Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds said, "Mr. Chairman, I lost my sight in 1943 and trained at Church Stretton. It was there that St. Dunstan's retrained me for a new life. Others of you will have trained in different places, possibly Ovingdean, which looks out over the beautiful downs. I like to think that you will hold those places in the same regard as I do Church Stretton. At that time we were possibly sharing the same thought, that blindness would cost us the loss of independence and we would require help from those around us. To quote from our Chairman, Arthur Pearson was a man who had fortitude; he also had imagination and foresight. Sir Arthur gave us the Spirit of St. Dunstan's. How fortunate that our Chairmen, blind or sighted, have inherited these qualities. We have a Council with the imagination to grasp new technologies. Our horizons as blind people have been widened. We all came to St. Dunstan's as young people. St. Dunstan's found us new employments. Now the organisation has a new task. Many of us are already retired, the majority of us are approaching retirement. You have only to read in the *Review* accounts of all the hobby training which is going on to know that our retirement is not going to be a quiet one. I would also like to thank the staff of the hotel for their cheerful and willing help."

Mr. Garnett-Orme writes:

With thoughts of remembrance in our minds may I suggest that those who wish to do so keep Sunday, 12th December, as our special 'St. Dunstan's Day'. It is perhaps an occasion for shared memories, sad and cheerful, but all of them proud and grateful as we think of the St. Dunstaners themselves and their leaders, wives and good friends who have passed on.



DACRE TROPHY WEEKEND

by Phil Duffee

Photos: John Barrow

Actor and Bowman, Robert Hardy.

We had waited for our guests a little anxiously, not knowing what to expect. Passing the time by competing in a sponsored Postal Shoot in aid of the Arundel Disabled Archers Fund. Hitting the targets, missing some, with groans of anguish, one eye on the clouds, as it looked as if it might rain. We could hear people gathering on the bank behind us, ready to see Robert Hardy in the flesh. And we waited.

There were seven of us plus our coaches, Phil van Buren, Ted Bradford and his hat, Laurie Austin and John Grout's little army of bowmen from Cuckfield.

Archer of Distinction

Then our guests arrived and in a short space of time we were captivated by the presence of a longbow archer of distinction in our midst. The onlookers saw Robert Hardy, the actor. "Wasn't he good as Churchill?" "I liked him as Siegfried in the 'Vet' series." "D'you think I could have his autograph?" But the archers present, blind and sighted, saw Robert Hardy the bowman—the man who was a consultant on the "Mary Rose" project—the longbow historian—a fellow archer—prone to have bad days and good ones, just like us! We discussed bow weights, sight marks, the problems of hitting a target you can't see,

training and competitions. We were grateful to have this very busy man and his wife as our guests and grateful to Mrs. Dacre for arranging it for us.

The presentation took place in the lounge. Joe Prendergast won the trophy, second was Phil Duffee and third was Fred Galway. Flashlights popped everywhere as photos were taken on a variety of cameras with varying skills—I wonder how many prints will have Robert Hardy decapitated?

Robert Hardy expressed his wonder and admiration at the prowess of the visually handicapped archers and then extended an invitation to the Archery Club to use his bowman's knowledge whenever it could be fitted into his busy schedule—an invitation we accepted with alacrity through our Chairman, Joe Prendergast, when he thanked our guests for coming.

After tea we, archers, guests, Cuckfield friends etc., all went up into the Winter Garden for a stronger drink and a crack. Robert Hardy gave us a talk on the "Mary Rose" finds, bows, arrows and archers' equipment, found in abundance during the underwater excavations. We discussed the problems of equipping an army of bowmen—most of the bows were imported from Italy. Robert Hardy explained how the longbows varied in draw weight depending on what they were used for, i.e. light bows



Joe Prendergast receives the Dacre Trophy from Robert Hardy.

for sniping from the rigging of a ship on to the enemy deck, heavy bows used almost as light artillery would be used today.

Most of us think of the people of Henry VIII's time as being small and stocky—based on the low doors and ceilings in Tudor peasant houses—but some of the skeletons of bowmen were found to be those of six-footers! Armguards were found embossed with the Royal coat of arms, obviously originally ornamented with gold leaf. Those bows which had been tested by Mr. Hardy were in amazingly good condition; the horn string nocks and the strings themselves had disappeared but enough was left to keep the conservators busy for a long time.

We could have talked all night but finally, reluctantly, we let our guests depart. Our thanks and appreciation were given to all those who had helped us and especially to our friends from Cuckfield Bowmen and our coaches. We were glad they could share with us in a unique opportunity to meet Robert Hardy, bowman, actor and historian, and we look forward with interest

to the time when we accept his invitation to make use of his services, when all the members of the Club can share the privilege with us.

CLUNK-CLICK – 31st January, 1983

Very few persons will be exempt on health grounds from the new Law about the wearing of seat belts, which comes into force on the 31st January, 1983. To obtain exemption one must, in the first instance, obtain a medical report at a cost of up to £19.00. However, persons in receipt of Supplementary Benefit, Mobility Allowance, Attendance Allowance, Constant Attendance Allowance, Industrial Injuries Disablement Pension or who are registered as Disabled with the Department of Employment, will get a free Exemption Certificate if it is appropriate.

ADDITION TO CASSETTE LIBRARY

R1 C90 1982 updated licence schedule.

R47. 2 x C90's. Instruction manual for Trio TS 130 S radio trans-ceiver.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Roy French, Port Shepstone, South Africa.

As the Christmas Post final date is at hand, I extend to you and all members of St. Dunstan's, especially FEPOW, who might remember me, best wishes for the festive season, and a happy New Year.

It might be of interest to you that a local Councillor, who has just spent a holiday in England, called in at Ovingdean because I had told him so much about it. He and his wife were very, VERY impressed, and were especially impressed about the fact that they were conducted around with so much hospitality.

From: Granville Waterworth, Coventry.

The article in last month's *Review* on gliding has prompted me to write to you about my gliding experiences at HMS Daedalus in August. Two years ago, when down at camp, and up in a glider, having taken over the controls, I asked Bunny Hayles if I could loop the loop and he replied, "No, we are not high enough". Anyhow, this time, before I went up, I asked him again if we could loop the loop, and he replied, "Yes, if you want to". So, when we arrived at 1,500 ft., he said, "Are you ready?" and he began to dive to get the speed and then turned up and over. It was quite a pleasant experience, more so as I didn't think it was possible. Apparently, they are not keen on doing this because it puts a lot of strain on the wings and if one doesn't get the correct speed in the dive it can be very dangerous. I wondered if any other blind persons had looped the loop in a glider?

From: Mrs. Gwen Perry, Penpoll, Nr. Lostwithiel.

Firstly, I had better explain who I am; I used to be a Typing Teacher at Ovingdean long ago, and then I became a V.A.D. This was during Matron Ramshaw's time. I still keep in touch with St. Dunstan's. I receive the *Review* each month, for which many

thanks. Also, Miss Feaver, who used to be Assistant Matron at Pearson House, is a great friend of mine.

I noticed in the August *Review* the availability of a week's course at Churchtown Farm Field Studies Centre, Lanlivery. Because of my past work with blinded people I offered to help in any way that I could. I went to the Centre on the Wednesday evening and met the staff and people on the Course. They (the holiday-makers) ranged from a schoolgirl of 14 to a lady in her 70's. We also had three guide dogs.

I have only been used to blind people in a working environment (although my own sister is registered blind) and was literally amazed at what was offered. I know skiing courses, and rock climbing are regularly mentioned in the *Review*, but this was quite different. A week of everything. I actually spent just two days at the Centre. On the first day, we went on to a beach and collected specimens—we escorts as well. Dr. Mike Cotton, the Warden of the Centre, is very knowledgeable and explained things found on the sea shore and in the rock pools. Tape Recordings were made and photographs taken. In the afternoon we went further West and walked part of the Cornish Coastal Footpath. Everyone, including the dogs, enjoyed this.

On the second day, we went up on to Bodmin Moor and walked and climbed up to several very interesting 'standing stones', including the Cheese Wring. I was amazed at how well everyone joined in, all ages and all conditions. The Warden once again spent a lot of time explaining the various areas we visited, and of course the people were able to feel the various outcroppings of stone of all kinds and once more enjoyed themselves immensely.

I write this to give you some idea of what that Course offered on the first two days. I know the evenings were crammed with other pursuits, including pottery, etc. . . . I heard from the Centre today and they are hoping to have more Courses for the blind in future.

From: Ken Revis, Oxford.

I have just read with interest the article in the October *Review* on Power Gliding for the Disabled and I see that my friend Jimmy Wright says that it means that disabled people may take part in a sport only pre-

viously enjoyed by the able bodied. Leaving aside the flights given to St. Dunstaners at the Daedalus Camp, which of course Jimmy knows all about, may I point out that I went on a public gliding course at the Yorkshire Gliding Club in the late fifties and joined the club just after that, driving the tractor and dragging the gliders about between flights. In 1961, I was made an honorary life member of the club on a certain T.V. programme, reported by the *Review*, and I totalled about one hundred flights, some of which were of more than one hour in the air, as well as full aerobatics, including spins and loops. These were not organised for disabled people in general, I was just an ordinary member of the Club and the machines were Slingsby T 21 gliders, the Slingsby works being close at hand and visited frequently by all of us. Not being powered gliders, of course, we were winch-launched and often released at 1,400 feet.

FREE TUBE TRAVEL

The notice in the October *Review* announcing free travel on the London Underground incorrectly stated that *all* blind people would be eligible for the travel permit. We apologise to readers for this misleading error.

The facility is, in fact, only available to those registered blind who live *within the Greater London Council Area*. It is an extension of the concessions already given by the London Transport Travel permit, issued to Blind Persons. Anyone eligible, who does not already hold a Travel Permit, should apply to the Social Services Department of the London Borough in which they live. (If you are now resident in London but are on the blind register elsewhere in the country, your local Social Services Department will need to obtain details of your registration from the department with whom you are registered) NB. Those receiving retirement pensions will already hold (or are entitled to hold) a Senior Citizens' Travel Permit, available from the G.L.C., which gives free travel at *off-peak periods*.

REMINDER

We will not be producing a *Review* at the beginning of January. Instead, a combined January/February issue will be produced during the last week of January.

SIR DOUGLAS BADER MEMORIAL SERVICE

The late Sir Douglas Bader, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., who died in September at the age of 72, was remembered with deep and cheerful gratitude at a Service of Thanksgiving held at St. Clement Danes in The Strand on Wednesday, 27th October.

Among the 900 people who filled the Church—with some watching closed circuit television in the crypt, and many more thronging outside—were representatives of members of the Royal Family and the Prime Minister. Our Chairman, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, represented St. Dunstan's and there was one St. Dunstaner present, Mr. John Palmer of Throwsleigh, Nr. Okehampton, Devon. Mr. Palmer and Sir Douglas spent some time in adjacent cells in solitary confinement, following an unsuccessful escape attempt. The episode, and their method of communicating with each other, are described in the book, "Reach For The Sky". Others at the Service who will be known to St. Dunstaners were Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., member of our Council, and Dr. I. Fletcher M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., from Roehampton.

Mr. Garnett-Orme said that it was a very moving moment when the insignias of Sir Douglas Bader's Orders, Decorations and Medals were borne to the Sanctuary by three Battle of Britain pilots: Air Marshal Sir Denis Crowley-Milling, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.E., Air Vice-Marshal J.E. Johnson, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., and Wing Commander P.P.C. Barthropp, D.F.C., A.F.C.

Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., giving the address, spoke of Sir Douglas as "... a born leader, who used that great but dangerous gift in the service of his country and for the benefit of others".

Lady Bader later announced the setting up of a new Charity, the Douglas Bader Foundation, whose aim is to carry out research and provide help for those who have lost legs. The Foundation has set itself the preliminary target of raising £1 million.

Fine music played by the Central Band of the Royal Air Force graced the Service, which was brought to a close with a somewhat unusual recessional, "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines"—the theme from one of Sir Douglas' favourite films.



A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

BLOODLESS WAR

"Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by, that here, obedient to their laws, we lie". This is stirring stuff, no doubt, but it was more with the light-hearted side of war that I grew up, deriving knowledge of Festubert and Vimy Ridge not from the casualty-lists, but from funny stories passed on to me by my mother. The fact that she lost her husband as a result of the Great War did nothing to diminish the relish with which she would intone the following: "The practice must cease forthwith of referring to our noble and gallant allies as the bloody Portugese". She got such stories from my father, caught his own attitude towards battle and could better honour his memory therefore in the facetious vein than in the solemn.

There is far too much talk of killing nowadays in connection with soldiers; I never heard anything about it in my day and Arnold J. Toynbee is right when he says it is not the business of a soldier to kill, but to gain his objective. If he does this without killing or being killed, he is all the better a soldier. There have always been homicides, of course, who lurked around disguised as soldiers, I have met them

myself, but Lt. Col. J.A. Scroggie took Toynbee's view, survived four years in the trenches, and emerged at the end of it with the reputation of the best raiding-officer on the Western Front on either side. It was an inoperable piece of shrapnel that did for this brilliant infantryman when he was on the threshold of a peacetime military career.

"Your father, Scroggie," said Cy Peck, V.C., "was the best soldier produced by Canada in the 1st World War". How was it that he did it, that the boys, as I learned from a humbler source, were happy to follow him into No-man's land? A visitor to his XVIIIth century man o'war put a technical question to its captain. He was referred to a pink-cheeked young midshipman. "Ask young Nelson", said the captain; "He knows more about naval tactics than any sailor afloat". Perfect knowledge of any subject is the prerequisite of innovation, and it was his capacity for doing what had never been done before that won Nelson his Trafalgar. The Jesus who went on to impart a new conception of God is represented as having mastered in his very boyhood the Law and the Prophets.

In the torrid heat of a Montreal summer, I found myself in company with an old brother-officer of Scroggie's. "How was it," I said, "that my father got on so well?" Major Staunton weighed his words. "Because," he said, "when the rest of us were whooping it up in the estaminet, your father was sitting in a dugout studying tactics." None of the 16th Canadian Scottish died, no German wives were widowed, if at least one officer's military knowledge and forethought could prevent it. It was due to a reconnaissance of his that a whole Jerry trench was taken without a shot being fired. I never knew him, yet an anecdote of Sidney Johnston brings him in focus, not some grim slaughterer of the foe, but the light-hearted colonel of 27 years of age. Sidney was a subaltern under my father in those days of mud and barbed-wire. His back a mass of scars, a Frenchman stood with his shirt off in the Mess, asserting that, of all surviving soldiers on the Western Front, he had endured the worst wounds. "Take you shirt off, Sidney", said my father, "and show him..." here he paused significantly "... your front". One look and, black with chagrin, la Grand'Armée slunk discomfited away.

was designed to incuicate so thorough the procedures to this end, that they ne can be erased. An SOS call heard durin sleep causes instant arousal and waku fulness. Her talk was fascinating, and delivered in such an easy and informal style. We hope she will come again.

Tony Bailey, G3WPO, of "W.P.P. Communications", gave a lecture

Walter Charles Burn of Scarborough joined St. Dunstan's on the 27th October. Mr. Burn served as a regular soldier in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. He is a married man.

William E. Hannaford of Hednesford, Staffordshire, joined St. Dunstan's on the 22nd October. Mr. Hannaford served in three regiments—the Royal Engineers, the Kings Own Scottish Borderers and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He is married, with six children.

1983 SAILING COURSES FOR THE BLIND

The RYA Seamanship Foundation announce that their National Cruiser Sailing courses will take place from the Hayling Island Sailing Club, Hants., from 26th June to 3rd July, 1983. Cost per head will be £60 approx. The courses will be open to those who have attended previous courses as well as to beginners.

Application forms are available from the Sports and Recreation Officer, RNIB, 224 Great Portland St., London W1N 6AA. These forms should be returned completed by 14th February, 1983.

BOWLERS - PLEASE NOTE:

1983 Indoor Handicap Championships will be held from Monday, March 28th to Friday April 8th.

HEADQUARTERS

St. Dunstaners and others may like to know that with effect from January 1983, the Headquarters office will be open between 7.00 a.m. and 7.00 p.m. Monday to Friday. The office will not normally be open during the evening or at weekends, although special arrangements will be made for meetings of the London Club and other occasional events.

Office hours, during which the different departments can be contacted by telephone, are 9.15 a.m. to 5.15 p.m. Monday to Friday.

DISABLED PERSONS' RAILCARD

The Disabled Persons' Railcard, introduced experimentally during the International Year of Disabled People, is to continue as a permanent feature. Any St. Dunstaner who travels by train will find this card an invaluable money-saver.

The card costs £10, and enables the holder, plus one accompanying adult, to travel at half the normal adult fare. This reduction applies to off-peak reduced fares as well as to ordinary single or return tickets. St. Dunstan's will refund £5 to all St. Dunstaners who apply. Full details, and an application form for purchase or renewal, are available at any B.R. Station.

NB All cards issued before the end of 1982 will be dated to expire on the 31st December, 1983. All cards issued after 1st January 1983 will be valid for 12 months from date of issue.

GREATEST UNPAID SOCIAL WORKER

A local Merseyside newspaper recently carried a heartfelt tribute to our St. Dunstaner, Bill Collins of Liverpool. The paper had been printing a series of letters about "Merseyside Greats"—ordinary Merseyside people whom the writers considered deserving of mention for their personal contribution to the community. Bill was described by "Grateful" of Liverpool 4, as a "...seemingly insignificant but totally sincere son of Merseyside, who dedicated the best part of his life to the youth of the deprived Scotland Road area of the City".

Bill, it was revealed, had pioneered the City's first inter-street football competitions in the 1950's and 60's, and thus united the members of a tough community through their common enthusiasm for the game. He was also a local Scoutmaster, giving the boys in his charge the rare opportunity of escaping from the concrete jungle, "...teaching and showing them the better aspects of life".

The anonymous writer concludes his letter "I would like to say thank you, Bill Collins, for all you did for my generation. You were the greatest unpaid social worker ever".

Our congratulations to Bill on this well-deserved tribute.

St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society

By H. E. Rowe

Some twenty members of the Society gathered at Ian Fraser House for the Autumn meeting, which was held over the week-end of October 15th-17th, 1982; and enjoyed a programme which included a Guest Speaker, a demonstration of equipment and the setting-up of a Special Event Station. No out-of-the-building events had been planned, which was just as well, for the weather was wet and windy.

To set up a Special Event Station, a special licence is required, which covers a limited period only, and a special call-sign is issued. Our call-sign for the meeting was, as it is for most of the Ian Fraser House meetings, GB4 STD. Apart from any other reason for using this call-sign, it is hoped that it may entice some rare and distant stations into our net: there is always the chance that we may contact a Buddhist monk doing a solo Pacific crossing in a rowing boat. So far, we've been unlucky, but ... you never know.

As the committee chatted over future business, the equipment was being set up and tested, and the members then tuned the bands, or sat in small groups exchanging 'amateur' talk. These conversations range widely over a rich field, and can go on and on, as indeed they did on Friday evening, leaving no antenna and no amplifier unturned, no transceiver and no aerial tuning unit "untouched".

Society's Business

The whole of Saturday morning was devoted to the Society's Business. Peter Jones, G3DRE, the Chairman, conducted the meeting, while Bob Davis, manning his tape-recorder, caught every word. Ted John, G3SEJ, Secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting; they were fully discussed, accepted as a fair record, and eventually signed. There was a long discussion on the method most likely to ensure a higher voting percentage for the G3MOW Award, which resulted in the decision that the Secretary would collect votes verbally at meetings, as well as sending out voting slips prior to the Annual General Meeting.

Peter Jones expressed some disappoint-

elf, but Lt. Col. J.A. Scroggie took /nbee's view, survived four years in the nches, and emerged at the end of it with the reputation of the best raiding-officer on the Western Front on either side. It was an inoperable piece of shrapnel that did for this brilliant infantryman when he was on the threshold of a peacetime military career.

"Your father, Scroggie," said G. P. ... proceedings of the business meetings and the recordings of speeches and demonstrations. These would be recorded in full, and the tapes made available to any member who wanted them.

George Cole, G4AWI, F.O.C., put forward the suggestion that Sunday morning should be used for some kind of competition among members. Various suggestions from other members as to the nature of the competition were discussed, but no conclusion was reached, and it was decided to allow people a little longer to think on the matter before adopting a particular form of contest.

A girl among many men

At the afternoon session we were joined by Ron and Joan Ham, Bob Knight, G6DZM, and Elaine Howard, G4LFM, who gave a talk on the training of Radio Officers for the Merchant Navy. Elaine is now the Sub-technical Editor of "Practical Wireless", but she gave a vivid description of the rigours of the Radio Officer's course, which she had herself undergone a few years previously. She said that, as a girl among many men, she had felt herself to be very much on her mettle, and had early formed the resolution to go on to the bitter end, in spite of the fact that there was always a very high 'wastage', due to the difficulties of the training. Learning to read Morse at twenty words per minute under simulated conditions of extreme difficulty, having to find faults in equipment devised by devilishly clever instructors, and having to climb on to radar turrets with the possibility of someone turning on the power to rotate it while you were there, were a few of the delights awaiting the would-be Officer! Elaine pointed out with great clarity the real reason for being a Radio Officer: the maintenance of safety at sea. It is not their sole function, she said, but by far the most important, and one to which all other functions are subordinated. The training

was designed to inculcate so thoroughly the procedures to this end, that they never can be erased. An SOS call heard during sleep causes instant arousal and wakefulness. Her talk was fascinating, and delivered in such an easy and informal style. We hope she will come again.

Tony Bailey, G3WPO, of "W.P.P. Communications", gave a lecture-demonstration on Sunday morning. He was assisted by Roy Bannister, G4GPX. They demonstrated the 'talking' frequency counter which Tony himself had recently developed for non-sighted operators. They also demonstrated the commercial form of the audible meter adaptor, BROMA, that our own Peter Jones has done so much to develop. There was a lot of interest in these devices, and Tony went away looking very thoughtful.

Manuel Cruz, G4LQS, was also with us on this occasion. Manuel, a sighted operator, is Spanish, but he has lived in England for many years. He had come to discover what aids are used in Amateur Radio by the blind, so that he could give help and information to blind operators in Spain.

It was an enjoyable week-end, and so it went by quickly. We are grateful to St. Dunstan's for making it possible. The staff are always cheerfully attentive and helpful, and we would like to express a particular thank you to our Honorary members, Bob Field and David Mitchell, who braved the wind and rain in order to ensure that our antennae were in good order before the week-end started.

EX-P.O.W.'S REUNION

The Ex-Prisoners of War Reunion will be held at Ian Fraser House from Friday February 18th to Sunday 20th.

The week-end will begin with a Buffet-Dance in the Annexe on Friday evening. The Annual General Meeting will take place on Saturday morning with the Reunion Dinner in the Winter Garden on Saturday evening. The Guest Speaker will be Mr. R.L. Dunne, Vice-President of the National Federation of FEPOW Clubs and Associations.

On Sunday morning there will be a Service in the Chapel and in the evening a regimental band concert in the lounge.

All names and booking should be submitted to the Bookings Office at HQ not later than the middle of January.

STAFF RETIREMENT

Charles Lawrence, who is probably well-known to most, if not all, St. Dunstaners, has held the position of Insurance Clerk since the beginning of November, 1972. In that time, he has not only helped St. Dunstan's itself with its insurance problems, but has dealt with numerous claims, proposal forms and other insurance matters on behalf of St. Dunstaners.

The time has now come for Charles to retire and hand over the reins to Mr. L.K.L. Cheong. He retires on the 31st December, 1982, although he and his wife will still continue to run the hostel at Broadhurst Gardens.

If anyone wishes to mark their appreciation of the work Mr. Lawrence has done for them, would they please send a donation to: Mr. Trevor Lloyd, Estate Department at Headquarters.

FREE TAPE RECORDED LIBRARY

Mr. and Mrs. Ron Hall of Maidenhead run The Free Tape Recorded Library for the Blind. The library contains a long list of titles covering a wide range of topics, from travelogues and fiction stories (eg. their 8th Catherine Cookson novel is just being completed), to musicals, (such as "My Fair Lady") and interviews with well-known personalities. Ron has conducted most of the interviews himself, and he and his wife have compiled the travelogues over many years, turning their holidays at home and abroad into hard-working business trips!

Many of the readers are school teachers, and Ron has a team of 7 people who deal with all the mailing, which is done twice a week. The work is done on a purely voluntary basis. To help with running costs, an initial subscription charge of £1 is made, but after that, membership is completely free. Any donations would be gratefully received, however. A full list of all the titles in the library is available in print, on request. The titles are all recorded on compact cassette, but many are also available on 5" open spools. To obtain any title, please send a stamped addressed 8" x 4" envelope, giving details of the type of tape recorder you possess, to: Ron Hall, 26, Laggan Road, Maidenhead, Berks. Or telephone: Maidenhead (0618) 20014.



LADIES' REUNION

by Margaret Bingham

Photos: David Castleton

Margaret Bingham visits Lloyds Bank in the model village, with Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, distinguished member of the Wheelchair Pushers' Association!

The 7th Ladies' weekend reunion took place at Cheltenham in the middle of October. 17 girls attended and what with our escorts, 3 members of HQ staff—Mr. Wills, Miss Mosley and David Castleton—and Miss Newbold and Miss Meyer, who had made all the arrangements, we made a happy and carefree crowd. Our first surprise came on Friday, when we were joined at tea by the Mayor and Mayoress of Cheltenham, Councillor and Mrs. Guy Herbert. They spoke to each one of us and then the Mayor gave a potted history of the town, mentioning the well-known Music Festival, the Spa and the famous Colleges. A lovely gesture was then made, when each one of us was given a spray of freesias in cellophane wrapping tied with a bright pink bow and 2 boxes of chocolates and sweets to help sustain us all on our coach outings! Later, we had dinner in the hotel and afterwards a free and easy evening until bed-time.

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Saturday morning was free, but it rained heavily all day and some of us decided to stay in the hotel and reminisce. The braver ones, donning macs and waterproof head-coverings, defied the elements and went round the shops. A good shopping centre by all accounts and not far from the hotel, so it would be a pleasure which even the rain could not spoil.

Our hotel, The Carlton, was in a fairly quiet area about 100 yards from the well-known Ladies College. It was very comfortable and the food was excellent—as much as we could eat and more! The staff without exception were kind and were pleased to help us in any way they could. A little piece of interest here, just below the entrance was a Victorian pillar-box, 5-sided, with the V.R. cypher. Sudely Castle, which we visited in the afternoon, was built circa 1440, but was rendered almost uninhabitable for about 200 years after the Civil War. It is steeped in history and many



Perhaps not singing in the rain, but certainly not down-hearted, are Gwen Obern and her escort, Ira Lloyd, at Sudely Castle.

great names are connected with it, such as Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord Chandos, Queen Elizabeth I, and Queen Mary. Catherine Parr was buried in the lovely little chapel there. One fact I myself found of particular interest was that in the early 19th Century, two brothers named Dent, merchants from Worcester, purchased the property and a lady from the family married a Brocklehurst. (There is mention of my home town, Macclesfield, and silk for which it was famous, and Brocklehurst is a well-known name here in the manufacturing industry). St. Mary's Chapel is highly decorated with gargoyles and pinnacles and 'looks rather like a garden folly'. Upstairs in the Castle was a collection of beautifully preserved medieval dolls and there were many paintings, some by such great artists as Van Dyck and Rubens.

Our visit to the Guildhall, Worcester, to meet the Mayor and Mayoress, Councillor and Mrs Neal, was an evening to



Cheltenham's gracious welcome for the Ladies' Reunion: Brenda Rea receives a spray of freesias from the Mayoress, Mrs. Guy Herbert.

remember. We were met at the entrance by our own Dickie Richardson and Mrs. Richardson. In the Mayor's Parlour, his Worship entertained us with a glass of sherry, then gave a very interesting talk on the City of Worcester in general and the Guildhall in particular. The Coat of Arms motif was woven into the carpet many times and we handled beautiful solid silver drinking cups and the heavy gold-inlaid scabbard, to name but a few items. After a sumptuous dinner, Mr. Weisblatt made a speech, followed by the Mayor. Blodwyn presented the Mayoress with a lovely basket of flowers and we all signed the Visitors' Book, having one whole page to ourselves. Whether it was the atmosphere of the ancient Guildhall, or the after-effects of a good dinner and wine, or a combination of both, I don't know, but we just sat and talked until almost 11 p.m., with the caretaker impatiently waiting to lock up.

The sun shone on Sunday until late after-

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Above, Winnie Edwards and Blodwyn Simon with the Mayor of Worcester, Councillor Neal.

Below, Elsie Aldred assisted by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ella Aldred, and Miss Meyer, makes a serious examination of Worcester's ceremonial sword.

Top right, The Penny-Farthings entertain.



noon so, as the morning was free, we were able to have a look round the town. After lunch we were taken by coach to Bourton-on-the-Water and stayed for a little time to visit the model village, walk by the river or look at the quaint—but expensive—shops. Then on through typical Cotswold villages to Winchcombe, where we had tea in a 15th Century hostelry. The owner—named June—had been a student at Brighton College in 1947 and, with some of her fellow students, had escorted some of our men on walks. We were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme for lunch and dinner on Sunday and they accompanied us on our drive to Bourton-on-the-Water. After dinner, Mr. Garnett-Orme spoke a few words and Gwen replied in her usual amusing manner. A presentation was made to Mrs. Garnett-Orme, then to members of our Staff—Miss Lord, who unfortunately was in hospital, was not forgotten. Then, we were entertained by a lively group from Bristol called "The Penny Farthings" (the leader is a cousin of Miss Meyer's) and they soon had us singing with them and laughing at their antics. And so another reunion came to an end. We all enjoyed it immensely and we thank Miss Newbold and Miss Meyer for all the work they had put in to make everything run so smoothly. Also to Mr. Wills, Miss Mosley and David for the help they gave us. And lastly, I would like to give a personal thank you to all members of our Staff for the way help was given to me in my chair, but especially to Mr. Garnett-Orme. The way he negotiated me round the Model Village was no mean feat, as a wheelchair is a cumbersome vehicle and I am happy to say he has passed his A.D.T. and is now a fully-fledged member of the Wheelchair Pushers' Association!

BLINDNESS AND VISUAL HANDICAP: THE FACTS.

by John H. Dobree and Eric Boulter.

Reviewed by Ray Hazan

Blindness and Visual Handicap: The Facts, published by Oxford University Press at £6.95, is one book of a series on the facts about topics such as Arthritis and Rheumatism, Asthma, Alcoholism and Back Pain. The flyleaf explains that there are 42 million people in the world suffering from serious eye defects, and the aim of the book is to help those working with and for the blind, and to help the blind themselves. By explaining causes and effects, the feelings of those who suffer, and the services and agencies available, all involved should have a better understanding of the problem and be able to work or cope with it more easily.

The book is divided into two parts, the first, by John Dobree Consultant Ophthalmic Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, dealing with all medical aspects. It is one of the best coverages of the subject that I have read. It goes into considerable detail, but in a comprehensible language. The chapters are extracted from lectures delivered to medical students, and written in an informal and informative style. All too often, the medical profession credit the layman with less intelligence than is deserving. Although these chapters may well contain details over and above that which is essential for some professionals working with the blind, nevertheless, at the end, the reader has a comprehensive knowledge of all forms of visual handicap. This section of the book contains medical diagrams, and a glossary of medical terms at the end of the book will mean it is a useful reference work.

Part two of the book, by Eric Boulter, former Director-General of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, and member of St. Dunstan's Council, is wide-ranging, from a history of visual impairment, through services and agencies, communication, rehabilitation, famous blind people, and details on how the volunteer can help. Indeed, the criticism could be made that, because of the wide range of subject matter and desire to keep the length of the book to

a manageable size, some areas are only dealt with superficially, for example, the Chapter on Movement and Travel is only one page long. But, perhaps, to ignore what goes on in other countries would mean a complacent attitude here in the UK and consequent lack of will to improve our own services. There can be few people, however, better qualified than Eric Boulter to describe work overseas. He spent many years in America as Executive Head of the American Foundation for Overseas Blind; he is a holder of the Helen Keller International Award, and is currently a member of the UK delegation to the World Council for the Welfare for the Blind.

Being blind himself, Eric Boulter is able to write from the heart. However, a little more could perhaps have been made of the problems of being blind. Poor mobility, or lack of confidence, can lead to a much curtailed way of life. Although the low numbers of Braille users are explained, the difficulties of learning Braille could have been more emphasised. There is a very good and detailed Chapter on registration, local and central Government Services. Parents of blind children will derive much benefit from the Chapter on blind children. Particularly effective is the description of the psychological effects on the family.

Mr. Boulter makes out a strong case for a blindness allowance. The expense of being blind, and the difficulty of obtaining employment, are not compensated for in the UK, unlike many other countries. There is obviously room for 'Trail Blazers' who have a Chapter of their own, and International cooperation. The book ends with advice as to how members of the public can help the blind, either in their homes or with voluntary agencies. In addition, there are photographs of various activities, a bibliography and glossary and a list of international agencies.

Here are 225 pages of facts, most of which will not become outdated for quite a while. It would be an excellent introduction for social workers, technical and mobility officers. Newly blinded people will find the parts of the book which are relevant to the UK of great use. Those requiring the medical facts will be amply satisfied.

The book closes in the hope that some readers will "respond to the challenge"; "We extend warmest thanks and our wishes for happiness and success in their chosen field of endeavour."

For your Christmas-time reading, we print the winning entry in the fiction section of our 1980 Writing Competition.

Force Ten . . . Plus

by John Ryder

Something kept urging me to phone Michael Brooks. All the week there had been this odd feeling, and yet I knew perfectly well there was no hurry. True, the weather was unusually warm for early October, with temperatures well into the seventies – ideal for recording the wild life and filming the migratory birds. They would be stopping and resting on that part of the east coast before heading south. I knew I might get some good shots of the wild geese – possibly a pair might stay to idle for a few days, or even weeks, on the warm dyke waters. I told myself it must be that sort of prospect that made me keep glancing towards the phone but, somehow, I knew it wasn't true.

Normally I would have gone to the coast a little later on after the very high Autumn tides; and then I heard the forecast. The fine spell could last over the weekend, but that was about all. If the anticyclone collapsed quickly it would let in an area of rough weather from Iceland and there was a further deepening low over the northern continent. But the experts thought the anticyclone would hold up long enough for the bad weather to miss the British Isles and move away. So I rang Michael at the Pelican and booked my room. I would stop Friday and Saturday night and travel back on Sunday evening after dinner. I asked him what the locals thought: "Oh, they're divided", he said. "Some say it'll break now, others say by Sunday." "Well, I'll chance it", I told him. "I'll be there around four o'clock."

As I drove down, the strange feeling of urgency seemed to drift back. It was enough to make me drive a bit too fast. I eased down and switched on the radio. The music and the voices interposed in my thoughts, and as I turned off the main road and headed for the coast I began to feel more relaxed.

I reached the coast road and began to drive along parallel to the shore. The sun was already getting low in the sky, sending amber-laden shadows across the fenland, tingeing the bushes and reflecting little shafts of orange light from the pools and the tiny rivulets of running water reaching out from

the sea, and criss-crossing the gorse and grassland between the road and the shore. I was approaching my favourite part of the coast now. The area had a history of floodings dating back many years, but in more recent times, especially since the disasters of 1934 and 1947, the problem had been controlled with the construction of two sea defence systems.

The vulnerable area was a bay, about half a mile wide, standing in front of marshland stretching back two hundred yards inland. When this flooded it spread each side to farm lands and was a danger to crops and animals. So two large dykes had been cut, each about 15ft deep and 10ft wide, on each side of the bay, and in front of these dykes, a large sand and earth bank had been piled ten feet high, spanning the entire bay. That was in 1934 and the bank had since overgrown with moss and grasses. Then in 1948 a second wall was built of quarry stone and reinforced concrete slabs welded together with tons of cement. It squatted, rock-like, behind the first bank, seemingly indestructible in its sheer thickness – a massive monument to man's ability to control the forces of nature. When the high tides came, any water that managed to squeeze around the walls was channelled into the two dykes and these then became two miniature rivers, with a depth of two or three feet, but for most of the year the dykes simply took the seepage from the marshland and were gently flowing shallow brooks, perfect for sea and marshland birds.

The bank of the most northern dyke had been flattened along the rim to form the crust of a narrow road and this led finally to a steep bank of shingle, rising sharply from the marshland. At the top and along a narrow lane was the only inhabited dwelling in the area. It was surrounded by neatly clipped thorn hedges and stood at the end of a long garden, and the name on the gate read: SHINGLE COTTAGE. Its whitewashed walls could be picked out from the beach and it served as a useful marker.

A small track led from the cottage up to

the main coast road and it was at this point that I often used to park my car when I went on my recording sessions to the beach. The people who lived in the cottage had been there ever since I had been coming to the coast. I often saw the woman, a short plump little figure, with greying hair and cherry-pink cheeks, and bright eyes the colour of the sea. She worked the garden, growing fine vegetables and flowers. "Well, Dan isn't able to do it now", she told me, "he's in the wheelchair most of the time." Her husband had developed arthritis and it had spread to his legs and arms. "He did forty-five years on the land all for the same farmer, and still made time to do some fishing", she said. "Oh, he's a hard worker, even helped build that second wall in 1948." "Well, it's helped to make you both feel safe now", I had remarked. "The sea'll never reach us here" she had replied, "never has, not in 34 or 47." "If both sea defences went though?" I had ventured to suggest. She had laughed, "Dan says it would take the H bomb to move that lot."

I was just over a mile from the Pelican when I passed the cottage on my right. The road wound around and away from the coast and finally there was a gentle incline up to the pub. I drove into the yard at the rear, parked the car and went in.

Michael was there to greet me. "Good journey?" he enquired cheerfully. I nodded. "I feel like a good stretch, though", I said. He gave me my key. "You've plenty of time, Dinner will be at half past seven."

I went up to my room and put on a pair of stout boots. I peered out through the small lattice window. The light seemed odd outside. I donned a wind-cheater and went downstairs. "I'll go across the fields", I told Michael, "then walk back along the beach and cross to Shingle Cottage. Then come back along the road." I left the pub by the yard door and crossed the first of the fields. I turned to look at the sun, but it had been obscured by a long streaky cloud. There was a greenish pallor about the sky, and I began to think of turning back, but as soon as I came out on to the beach I decided to go on. I breathed deeply of the clear, tangy air as I began my walk alongside the dunes. The tide was already reaching its height. Broad, foaming fingers of water rushed and hissed towards my feet and I hopped out of the way and made towards the dunes. This was the week of the very high Autumn tides and the first row of dunes would be half covered at

full tide. I was ploughing my way through soft sand. I went down into deep hollows, sliding and slipping until all I could see on the horizon were tall grasses bending in the breeze. Then up the other side, digging my toes deep into the soft sand until my head rose above the sand level and I could see the incoming tide again. Some way out over the sea it had become very dark indeed and the seas looked leaden. I heard a rumble of thunder, not too distant. I thought about finding shelter, and I remembered the old army hut. It was built between two steep slopes of scrubland and bracken. Its timbers were still strong and the roof was intact although the corrugated metal had rusted. There was just an opening where the door had once been and adjacent to this was a large round crater, now grown over with whinberry bushes and bracken. This was where a bomb had landed, leaving the hut on the edge of the hole. The hut had then been shored up and used until the war ended.

The light was going very rapidly now. A great smack of thunder broke overhead, very close. I began to quicken my pace, heading for the hut. The wind was increasing. It had changed direction quite suddenly and was now sharp and fierce from the north east. I turned to look back at the sea and the first spots of rain hit my cheeks, but it was what I saw that stopped me in my tracks. It was awesome . . . frightening. There, stretching across the entire sea, and coming lower all the time, was a huge rolling pall of jet black cloud, heaving and rolling in savage disarray at great speed. Under it the sea was like some enormous boiling pot, the turbulence being pushed along in front of the cloud.

I began to run with the rain now lashing into my back. The incoming tide had built up a continuous roar, and with the increasing shriek of the wind, it was deafening. I was soaked to the skin when I reached the hut and stumbled inside, gasping, and wiping away the rain from my eyes and face. It could only be a matter of minutes before the main fury of the storm struck inland. I leaned against the wall and then I realised it was right overhead. Quite quickly it went dark, almost like night. A cluster of uprooted bushes crashed into the side of the hut and bounced off to swing high in the air. A part of the corrugated roof was clanking furiously. Then there was a rending noise as it was ripped away and sent twisting into the dark-

ness. "Good grief", I exclaimed out loud. A voice from somewhere at the back of the hut said: "It's bad . . . very bad . . ."

I was startled and peered into the gloom. "I can't see you", I called. "I didn't realise . . ." I heard movement and then I could make out his outline . . . broad shoulders . . . he was closer now . . . a mop of hair straight up from the forehead seeming to curl back across the head . . . he was quite close now . . . some kind of sweater or pullover . . . and wellington boots turned down around the tops to form a grey band. "Hello", I said, "are you local?"

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, it was just that I thought you might know of some pathways across the marsh."

"None", he said shortly. "You could go back over the dunes, but you would have to know your way and keep to the centre."

"I would be aiming for the Pelican", I explained.

"No", he replied, "you won't be able to cross the fields. They'll be flooded soon."

"So the only way is across to Shingle Cottage", I said.

"Yes", he answered, moving to the doorway. He stood there, listening. "Did you hear it?" he asked.

"Only the bedlam outside", I said.

"The bank's gone", he sounded very positive.

I joined him at the doorway. "How can you tell", I asked.

"It's gone", he said simply. "I heard it."

"Surely not", I argued. "Even a force ten gale . . ."

He interrupted me. "Force ten?" he queried. . . "force ten, plus." He turned to face me and I could just make out the features now . . . a strong chin . . . wide forehead . . . "It will be thrown at the wall like a battering ram", he said. "Your only chance is to go now."

"What about you?" I asked.

"I'll go north across the dunes. I have to go that way." He paused, and then went on: "you must get to the cottage, that's your job." He was almost instructing me, it seemed. "Get those people out."

"You think the cottage will go?"

"Once the main wall collapses; and when it does you'll have about ten minutes . . . that's all."

"Look", I said, "I'm not at all sure about this."

"Go", he said. "This place will be awash very shortly. You've no time left. Neither

have I." He turned and was gone out into the darkness.

I took a deep breath and went, head down, out into the storm. Immediately the wind tore at my body and legs, hurling me sideways. I scrambled along, teetering sideways like a crab. Pieces of rotted wood smashed into my body. I was fighting hard to keep my senses. I blundered along until I came out near the dyke. To my horror and dismay it was already a raging river. I couldn't see the pathway along the rim. I went down on all fours feeling cautiously beneath the water and then I found the pathway. I stood up and began moving slowly along, up to my ankles in water. I trod gingerly, searching for the hard crust or the solid bits of stone, but there was no hard crust any more. It was slippery mud and I slid and slithered one way and then another, fearful of the swirling waters on the left. Bits of the bank had already got round the wall and were being hurled along, skimming the water and crashing down and sinking into it. The wind was in my back now, pushing me along, and then in a sudden gust, I was picked up and blown left. I went deep into the dyke, my boots thrashing water. I clutched for the bank but found nothing. I was carried along like some bobbing cork and sinking all the time. I felt the water in my mouth and I took a deep breath before I went under. I closed my eyes, holding my breath, floundering and kicking to try to reach the surface, all the while being taken further inland. When I broke the surface my lungs were hurting with the effort. I gasped air and was driven into the bank. I clutched along the rim and found a stone. I put both hands round it and pulled. My legs were carried sideways and I tried to get a foothold on the muddy sides of the dyke. "Kick man, kick", a voice seemed to say. So I kicked, making a hole for a toehold, and with a final heave I rolled over on to the rim again. The water was up to my waist as I knelt there, panting and puffing. Above the din I heard a long staccato cracking noise, followed by a deepening rumble of rushing water. The wall had broken . . . that was it . . . now, I had ten minutes if he was right. I had to gamble. I couldn't afford to go into the dyke again. I tried to judge the centre of the pathway and then, head down, I went at it, running in what I hoped would be a straight line. The shingle loomed in front of me. I'd got there! I began scrambling up it on all fours. A piece of concrete, half my size, with a spike of reinforcement wire protrud-

ing, crashed and rolled into the shingle away on my left. I clawed my way to the top and then I was in the garden and at the back door, hammering and yelling.

Dan's wife opened the door. "What on earth?" she began.

I pushed past her. "I'm sorry", I apologised, "I am really, but you have no time. Where's Dan?"

He was in the wheelchair in the sitting-room.

"The wall's gone", I said. "It's chaotic out there. You must go."

She came in after me, looking shocked. "We checked about five minutes ago", she said, "but we couldn't see much. It just seemed like a very bad storm." She was bustling about the place. "I've got some money and valuables in a case", she said, "I'll get them."

"That's all you've time for", I said. "Have you any transport?"

"In the shed. It's old, but it goes first time."

"It had better", I told her grimly as I pushed Dan's wheelchair out through the front door. I got him to the shed and opened the doors. She hurried in and in a few moments the old car was chugging away. I got Dan into the back and we moved off up the track.

"Thank you", she said simply, peering at the swishing wipers on the windscreen, "you must have had a rough time of it."

"Yes", I said, "I'm sorry about your cottage though. Half that wall will be thrown at it."

It was Dan who replied. "It'll be laid flat." His voice was toneless. He was deeply shocked. "After all these years . . . so quick . . . everything gone."

I looked at Dan's wife. "Where will you go?" I asked.

"To my sister's. It's about six miles, that's all. I can drop you off at the Pelican. You look like you could do with a bit of attention."

"There was a chap with me in the hut", I explained. "We'd all be gone, but for him. I didn't know him. We had no time for names."

"What was he like?" she asked curiously.

"Youngish", I said. "Mop of hair, sort of high off his forehead. Wearing a pullover and gum boots with the tops turned down." The car lurched right.

"Sorry", she said. "It's the gale."

We were climbing the rise to the Pelican now and we stopped outside.

"Do you know him?" I asked as I got out.

"Yes, I think so", she said. "Anyway, we must see you again and thank you properly. Right now you need a good hot bath and a meal."

When I went in Michael looked very relieved to see me. "Thank God", he said. "I thought you must be a goner. We had no chance of getting down there to you. This place has been bedlam. They blew the sirens but few people heard them and the telephone lines are down. They've been dashing by car to the farms, but we didn't know the wall had collapsed until just before you came in." He took me by the arm. "Come on", he said. "I'll get you a shot of whisky. Then you can get those togs off and have a good long soak."

I was still feeling like someone who had just come out of a mesmeric trance, as I lay soaking in the bath. Everything seemed just a little unreal, but I was starting to think . . . to piece things together. That chap in the hut? I had been so concerned with my problems at the time that I hadn't really thought about him. He'd been so positive, so sure of himself.

I dressed slowly and then went down into the lounge. Michael came to the bar.

"Another whisky?" he asked. "On me. We'll make it a double."

I went to the bar. "That hut", I said. "What was it, really, during the war?"

"Well, I wasn't here then, of course", said Michael, "but I'm told it was for spotting low flying aircraft. There was a small squad of them there. They had a telephone in a hut just outside the one you sheltered in and they used to ring the warning through when anything nipped in under our radar screens."

"H'm", I said, "sounds feasible."

"Yes. Well, the story goes that one of the lads spotted this low flying object and went to the telephone to ring the warning through. The phone rang this side but all they heard was the bomb going off."

Michael went round the counter and into the public bar. He came back with a framed photograph. "They used to come up here, it seems", he said. "The villagers got on well with them. They organised a darts league and it became quite a thing. So I have to keep this hanging in the public bar." He put the photograph down. "I'll just pop in to see if it's ready", he said, and he went into the dining-room.

I stood there at the bar with the glass of whisky in one hand and the photograph in

the other. I could feel a cold chill starting at the base of my spine and working slowly upwards. Tiny beads of sweat were on my forehead, and as my eyes went down to the photograph, the small hairs on my neck seemed to turn to sharp icicles. He was there, sitting at the end of the front row in his army pullover . . . the square shoulders, and mop of hair . . . the gum boots turned down at the tops.

Michael was standing in the doorway. "It's ready", he said. He was looking at me, as I gazed down, thinking I was contemplating the whisky. "Bring it with you", he said. With trembling fingers I raised the glass to my lips and drank the whisky in one long gulp.

"No need", I said, and put the empty glass down.

EIGHTH ARMY VETERANS

On Sunday, 30th May, St. Dunstaner George Cole of Shoreham-by-Sea joined a contingent of the Sussex branch of the Eighth Army Veterans' Association who attended a Service at Binsted Parish Church, where Field Marshal Montgomery is buried. After the Service, a ceremony was held in the Churchyard to mark the presentation to the Parish Church Council of a garden seat.

Making the presentation, the Association's National Chairman, Col W.M.S. Jeffery, said he felt sure the Field Marshal would have approved of the simplicity of the carved inscription on the seat:

"Presented by the Eighth Army Veterans' Association in memory of a great Commander".

NEW BRAILLE PRINTING PRESS

The Autobraille, a revolutionary printing press developed in Britain by the Royal National Institute for the Blind, was officially commissioned on Thursday 14th October by the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, OM, FRS. The Autobraille took seven years to develop and cost the RNIB £½ million. The unique 25 ton embossing press head holds 24 double-sided Braille printing plates so that 48 pages can be embossed at once.

Special paper had to be developed for use on the Autobraille. It incorporates many novel solutions to problems of embossing and paper handling, at speeds never before attempted in Braille printing: it produces 1,000 copies of a 48 page magazine every hour.

Said Mr. Edward Venn, the RNIB's Director General, describing the press: "We can now get even more radio programme information in the post to blind people within 12 hours, instead of the 72 hours it used to take just to print it".

CHAIRMANSHIP FOR WALTER THORNTON

St. Dunstaner Walter Thornton, of Edgbaston, has been elected Chairman of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind.

Readers of the *Review* will be aware of the pioneering work Walter Thornton has been involved in over many years, particularly in the field of Mobility. He worked in association with St. Dunstan's Research Department in the evaluation of the Sonic Torch and Binaural Sensor—devices using ultrasonic energy to detect obstacles and landmarks—but he is best known for his pioneering in this country of the long cane technique, which led to the establishment of the Midlands Mobility Centre, now the National Mobility Centre, Birmingham.

It is believed that Walter Thornton is the first blind Chairman the Birmingham Royal Institution has had in its 150 years history. The Institution is among the more important organisations for the blind in the United Kingdom. It has a school for blind children, an assessment and development centre for blind adolescents, a day occupation centre, a home for blind women, a residential hostel for additionally handicapped blind people and it administers several pension schemes. With the R.N.I.B. and St. Dunstan's, the Institution is a member of the consortium running the National Mobility Centre.

TRIP TO ISRAEL 21st May – 4th June 1983.

Would anybody interested in the trip who has not received an insurance policy form please contact Ray Hazan at HQ as soon as possible.

Christmas greetings and every good wish for the coming year.

Pat Collins.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No 1111

Birds, Beasts and Relatives

By Gerald Durrell

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 7¼ hours

The first story concerns sister Margot who, suffering from the twin horrors of adolescence, namely obesity and acne, is despatched to London from the Durrell home in Corfu for a "cure".

Here she comes under the influence of a bizarre medium and her Red Indian "spirit guide" who prescribes, among other things, cabbage leaves tied around the face as part of the treatment. Following an agonised SOS from the aunt with whom Margot is staying, the whole Durrell family moves in, like the US cavalry, to the rescue. In this chapter there is also an hilarious episode involving eight Bedlington puppies and a nightmare journey by Tube.

The rest of the book deals with Durrell's boyhood on Corfu, his growing love of, and obsession with, living things, his ever-growing menagerie (mostly creepy-crawly), the constant bane of his suffering family. On one occasion he dissected a long-dead and overpoweringly malodorous turtle on the verandah of their villa. This act aroused the terrible wrath of brothers Larry and Leslie and necessitated the resuscitation of the maid who had fainted clean away from the murderous smell.

There is much to be enjoyed in this delightful book in which the author's family are often as interesting, colourful and eccentric as the specimens he assiduously collects.

And as a bonus there are some stunning descriptions of the beautiful island of Corfu.

Cat. No 2295

The Judy Story

By E. Varley

Edited by Wendy James

Sub-titled "The Dog with Six Lives"

Read by John Richmond

Reading Time 5½ hours

Judy (the name is a corruption of the Chinese word for "peace") was a liver-and-white pointer bitch adopted as ship's mascot by the crew of HMS Gnat of the Yangtse gunboat fleet just before the Second World War.

It soon became apparent that she was no ordinary dog, and even as a puppy displayed an uncanny facility for scenting danger well in advance. On one occasion she alerted the crew in time for them to repel an attack by river pirates and several times gave warning of approaching Japanese bombers.

With the outbreak of War, the gunboat fleet was ordered to Singapore, all boats being subsequently lost by enemy action. When the 'Gnat' was sunk, the survivors managed to reach a tiny, uninhabited island, but there was no fresh water. Judy found fresh water.

Eventually they were taken prisoner by the Japanese. In the camps, Judy was in constant danger of being killed and eaten by the guards, but an astonishing "sixth sense" saved her on innumerable occasions. She and her master survived the horrors of the prison camps and were finally repatriated. Judy became a national heroine, was awarded the canine "V.C." and her story attracted worldwide publicity. . .

In the ordinary way I give animal stories a very wide berth, since all too often the mush and saccharin content are more than I can stomach. But this book is very different. The style is unfussy and objective and the writers have successfully resisted the temptation to become maudlin or over-sentimental about this remarkable animal.

Since the book is basically about man's inhumanity to man it is by definition rather harrowing in parts. I can vouch for the fact that it will bring back none-too-pleasant memories to FEPOW readers.

Cat. No 2122

The China Governess

By Margery Allingham

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 10 hours

The story opens with two senior police officers investigating a case of vandalism in a London flat. The destruction is savage and total, and there is a cryptic message written on a mirror.

The scene moves to Suffolk and the problems of a young couple, Julia Laurel and Timothy Kinnit, both Oxford undergraduates, both from well-heeled families. Their wedding plans have suddenly been scuppered by Sir Anthony Laurel withdrawing his consent to the marriage

because of the mystery surrounding Timothy's birth. He is not, it now turns out, a *real* Kinnit, but adopted, and his antecedents might just be, to say the least, "not quite nice".

But what, you may ask, have the troubles of these "star-cross'd lovers", to say nothing of a century-old murder, (to say nothing of a contemporary one) to do with a comprehensively vandalised flat in the East End? And where do "Ag" and the worthy Councillor Cornish fit in?

All is revealed in the fullness of time, and that nice man, Albert Campion, comes up trumps as usual. The plot is just a bit thin and not a little convoluted. And, I'm not all that keen on some of the prose, either, like—

JULIA: "What about me! You're forgetting about me!"
TIMOTHY: "My god, girl! Don't you think that's what I'm trying to do!" His cry was as old as civilisation itself. . .
. . . Ouch!

Cat. No 3311

The '44 Vintage

By Anthony Price

Read by Robert Gladwell
Reading Time 12 hours

It is 1944 and corporal Jack Butler is serving with his infantry regiment in Normandy when he is ordered to report to another unit "for special duties". At the same time, 2nd Lt. Nick Audley, tank commander, receives the same instruction.

Their new C.O. is Major O'Connor, a hard-bitten veteran of the First World War, commanding Operation Chandos.

To the newcomers the small group comprising Chandos Force seem more like a gang of bandits than a disciplined unit—not surprising as they have recently returned from Yugoslavia where they have been fighting with the Resistance.

Their objective is to locate and then bring back "something of great value, the property of the British Government", which has lain buried in German-occupied France since 1944.

At least this is how O'Connor describes the mission. But all is not what it seems and Butler, Audley and the American sergeant they "collect" en route face constant danger from all sides before their mission is finally accomplished. . .

A well written, well constructed tale of wartime adventure, with plenty of action and a somewhat surprising *dénouement*.

D. F. Robinson's

GARDENING NOTES

May I wish you all a Happy Christmas and a good New Year all round for 1983 before getting on with the notes.

There isn't a great deal to be done with plants at this time of the season, except for tidying up both inside and out and getting everything ship-shape for the forthcoming year. Don't get on the ground when it is frosted hard or, on the other hand, when the soil is saturated with moisture. Get all the fences repaired and tidied up, plus all the paths, and keep them free from snow and ice as they can be a hazard when walking under these conditions. Once again, don't forget to contact me through HQ, should you have any problems and I'll do my best to give you the right answers.

House Plants

I don't as a rule give any ideas about these plants, but at this time of the year a gardener is often given a plant or two as Christmas presents and some may be a bit tricky. Try and keep all the plants in full light, but away from direct sunlight all day. Take them away from the windows at night as the temperature drops very rapidly there, and it's good thing to try and keep temperatures even all the time. Water sparingly—it would be better for the plants to dry off than be overwatered and feeds should be kept to a minimum. Early flowering bulbs, Cyclamen and Azaleas, will need more water than the others and a fair amount of feed.

Vegetables

Get all the empty areas dug over and add manure, compost etc. as you go on. Where you are dealing with new areas and clayey soils, leave the top rough after digging so that the frost can get at it and then it will be much easier to crumble up, and get manure added as you dig over once again later on. One can raise some early Lettuce under cloches, but give added protection at the bases of these cloches in the shape of peat or compost when really severe conditions are threatening. Check over all the Carrots, Beet, Onions and Potatoes which are in stock and discard any going rotten and use the ones that you are not sure of at once. I

have been given quite a good idea as regards the protection of Lettuce seedlings particularly and other vegetables of the Cabbage family. Utilise all those plastic fruit drink and milk containers by cutting the bases away and placing over the top of the seedlings. Not only will it keep the birds etc. off, but it will act as a miniature greenhouse and give quicker and better growth. Watering can be given by dousing the soil all round with water.

This tip was passed on to me by a St. Dunstaner, and he would like all the rest of you to have a go.

Lawns

Nothing is to be done here, apart from brushing off the fallen leaves and twigs. This will also help to keep the worms at bay by getting rid of the casts as they appear. Try and keep off the grass when it is thoroughly sodden after large doses of rain and snow. Also, when the lawn is well frosted.

Fruit

Pruning can still be done, but not when there are hard frosts or snow about. Thin out large and well-established Apple and Pear trees by cutting away in the centre so that light and air can get in. Also, some of the tall branches could be cut down to a reasonable size. Both these things will probably make for a better crop and greater ease when picking. Don't plant any new trees at this time of the season, but leave for the Spring. Just prepare the ground on the spots where you are to put them in and an addition of some manure or compost will be well settled by the time the trees arrive. Spray the trunks of the trees with insecticide to stop the pests from getting up into the branches and making quarters for the winter in the cracks and crevices.

Flowers

Not much to be done here except keep the beds clear of any late weeds and leaves. Give some protection to hardy annuals and bi-ennials plus the beds of Anemones in severe weather. It is also a good thing to check over the shallow rooting items such as Carnations, Pinks, Pansies etc. after severe frost, as the roots tend to come well above the soil level, so press them down again and add a bit to the top of the roots. Roses and Michaelmas Daisies can be

planted, but early on. If you have really bad weather conditions, I would be inclined to leave the Rose planting till the spring. Once again, I must say tie up all the shrubs which have bent over in gales and heavy snow. Cut away those branches and shoots which have broken away. Cut below the breakage at a leaf joint or bud facing outwards. Try and clear away heavy snow from the borders as they will weigh down the shrubs and small trees. This will also give any bulb leaves which are showing a chance and any buds from early bulbs such as Snowdrops and Crocus species. Check over all the Dahlia roots and Gladioli corms which are in store and discard any which may be showing signs of rotting or softening up.

Greenhouse

When you have plants in pots either in flower or getting on that way, try and keep temperatures to a minimum of 45°F. Put these plants and any cuttings which are rooting or in the process thereof near the source of heat. Keep all the plants clear of dead leaves to avoid the arrival of moulds and mildew which can easily make headway on other plants. Some pots of bulbs such as Freesia, Hyacinth and Narcissus, which are showing signs of good growth with good buds, can be given a bit more heat and brought nearer the sources of light.

Chrysanthemums which have finished their season of flower should be cut down to encourage the growth of new shoots for new cuttings. Discard the old plants when you have enough of these cuttings. Keep watering down to a minimum, even with the potted items, but give a feed every so often. Maintain a good flow of air during the day by opening ventilators wide on sunny days, but only a minimum in cold, wet and windy weather. Use the fumigation cones every so often as a protection against pests and diseases. Use these at night and open everything up the next morning and don't go in for a few hours. It will very soon come to the time when you have to start greenhouse and bedding plants from seeds corms, tubers etc., so see that all the equipment and compost is ready for use. Get all the orders in to the firms supplying the seeds etc. at once, since the first orders will get the items, whereas late orders may miss some of them since new ones may be in small quantities.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Bridge

Pairs Results for October 24th

1. Miss Stenning and Miss Sturdy	63.9
2. W. Phillips and Dr. Goodlad	62.5
3. R. Evans and Mrs. Barker	55.4
4. W. Lethbridge and Mrs. McPherson	50
5. Mr. Dodgson and Mrs. Dodgson	48.6
6. G. Hudson and Mrs. Gover	34.7
joint J. Majchrowicz and Mr. Douse	34.7

Individual Results for October 17th.

1. F. Griffiee	59.9
2. J. Padley	59.1
3. R. Freer	53.8
4. W. Lethbridge	51.5
C. Walters	51.5
6. J. Whitcombe	50.7
7. R. Evans	50
8. W. Phillips	49.2
R. Pacitti	49.2
10. R. Fullard	42.4
11. H. Preedy	41.6
12. J. Majchrowicz	40.9

Yearly Result, Best 5 from 10 for 1982

1. J. Padley	289.9
2. W. Phillips	276.6
3. W. Lethbridge	275.9
4. R. Evans	264.3
5. C. Walters	260.1
6. F. Griffiee	259.5
7. R. Goding	259.1
8. R. Pacitti	256.1
9. P. McCormack	255.2
10. J. Whitcombe	249.1
11. J. Majchrowicz	248.7
12. R. Fullard	244.5
13. M. Tybinski	239.4
14. H. Preedy	231.7

Congratulations to Jim Padley. Well done, Jim. Soon, next year's competition will be on and best of luck to you all. Thank you all for your excellent support.

Bill Phillips
Captain.

Bowls

Once again, the curtain rose on another Indoor Bowling Season, and this was celebrated by the visit to Ian Fraser House of our old friends from Burgess Hill Bowling Club on Friday, 8th October, and a very enjoyable afternoon was had by all. May I remind all members interested in our indoor competitions that they will be held every Tuesday afternoon, and will consist of eight ends of two woods, the best fifteen scores of the season to count. We hope that any member wishing to participate in this grand sport will join us any Tuesday afternoon, when they will be given all the help possible.

H. Preedy.

FAMILY NEWS

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Simpson of Doncaster, who are delighted to announce the marriage of their son, Malcolm Arthur, to Irene Myers, which took place on October 22nd.

RUBY WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. George Cole and his wife, Elsie, of Shoreham, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on the 24th October.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. C.E. Davies of Church Stretton, Shropshire, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 2nd November.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bilcliff of Gloucester, who are delighted to announce the arrival of their 17th grandchild, Zara Michelle. Zara was born on the 5th October to their son, Robert and his wife, Gail.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Freeman of Coventry, who are delighted to announce the arrival of their grand-daughter, Clare, born to their son, Raymond and his wife, Linda, on the 16th October.

Mr. J.D. Laverty of County Down, Northern Ireland, who is delighted to announce the arrival of a new grandchild, Kristy Louise. Kristy was born to Mr. Laverty's daughter, Kathleen and her husband, Alan Brown, of Australia, on September 30th. Mr. Laverty is planning to visit Australia shortly to meet his new grand-daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Parish of Norwich, who are delighted to announce the arrival of their third grand-daughter, Laura Kathryn, born on the 22nd September to their daughter, Margaret, and her husband, Brendan.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. T. Beckett of Lurgan, Co. Armagh, who is delighted to announce the arrival of his first great grandchild, Darren Alan Hazley, born on May 22nd to his grand-daughter, Diane and her husband.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Ken Revis of Oxford, on his appointment as a member of the BBC Local Radio Council for Radio Oxford. As a member of this advisory body, he will have quite a say in the content of material broadcast on the Radio. Ken writes, "I have always wanted to push for home-grown music, talks and even humour on our station, so this will be my chance".

8-year old Emma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A.C. Warren, who, after only four lessons, has received a certificate for swimming 25 metres.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. Frank Bell of Porthcawl, on the death of his brother, who passed away in early September at the age of 92.

DEATHS contd.

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. T. S. Cooper of Hull, on the death of his son-in-law, Laurance Coverdale, who passed away on October 12th at the age of 60.

Mr. H.J.R. Martyn of Winchmore Hill, London, on the death of his sister-in-law, who passed away in August following a long illness.

Mr. Alan Naylor of Mansfield Woodhouse, on the death of his mother, who passed away on the 15th October.

Mr. J. Wheeler of Wembley, whose mother passed away on the 29th October at the age of 88.

In Memory

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

F. H. Morris, 22nd London Regiment

Frederick Henry Morris of Mottingham, London, passed away at Pearson House on the 18th October. He was 88 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for four months. Mr. Morris served in the 22nd London Regiment, the Queen's, from 1914 to 1917. He was wounded in 1916 when he lost his left eye, but his remaining sight failed only recently.

Mr. Morris was a widower and he leaves two married sons.

Lt. Col. W.G. Cass, M.B.E. Royal East Kent Regiment and Intelligence Corps

Lt. Col. William Geoffrey Cass, of Presteigne, Powys, passed away in hospital on the 28th October, at the age of 82.

Colonel Cass served in The Buffs for some years between the two World Wars and was recalled in 1939. He held many interesting appointments in the Army at home and abroad until his discharge in 1948. In civilian life he had business interests. His sight failed and he joined St. Dunstan's earlier this year, but he became seriously ill and was admitted to hospital.

It is sad that Colonel Cass had no opportunity of meeting other St. Dunstaners, as he had a long family connection with St. Dunstan's, his father having been a St. Dunstaner for some years after the First World War.

Colonel Cass leaves a widow, widowed daughter and grandchildren.

In Memory continued

A. Dean, 11th Royal West Kent Regiment

Albert ('Dixie') Dean of Hawick passed away in hospital on the 12th October. He was 86 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for 60 years. Mr. Dean served as a Private in the 11th Royal West Kent Regiment, having enlisted in 1914. His loss of sight was due to a shell explosion, following which he was discharged from the Army in 1917. Before joining the Army he had been employed on steamships and after training with St. Dunstan's he ran a very successful boot and shoe repairing business until 1953. Our St. Dunstaner was a widower with one daughter, his wife having sadly died in 1959, following a serious illness. After his wife's death, Mr. Dean lived in Brighton for a number of years, where he concentrated on string-bag making. In 1964 he moved to Scotland to make his home with Miss Annie Riddell, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, Mr. Robert Riddell, who had been an old friend of Mr. Dean. Our sincere condolences are extended to Annie, who cared for Mr. Dean devotedly over many years, to his daughter, Daphne, and all family and friends.

A.P. Phillips, 3rd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

Albert Pretorious Phillips of Bristol passed away in his sleep on the 29th October at the age of 82.

Mr. Phillips served with the 3rd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry from 1917 to 1919. He lost an eye during his service and became a St. Dunstaner in 1967, when his sight finally failed. He trained in making string bags and continued to supply our Stores until they closed. In earlier days, Mr. Phillips was a frequent visitor to Ian Fraser House, but sadly his wife's increasing ill health prevented him going latterly. He and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1980.

He leaves a widow, Hilda, and two sons.

A.H. Phillips, Royal Navy

Arnold Hector Phillips of Dartford passed away on the 15th October, at the age of 65. He had been a St. Dunstaner for only ten months.

Mr. Phillips joined the Royal Navy as a boy and served as an Able Seaman. In 1937 he was the unfortunate victim of a fire at sea, when he suffered serious injuries to his face, body and one eye. His eyesight deteriorated over the years and he came to St. Dunstan's in December last year.

Despite failing health, until comparatively recently our St. Dunstaner was doing Committee work for the Royal Naval Association and was a member of the Union Jack Club.

He leaves a widow, Dorothy, to whom he had been married for 44 years.

C.H.S. Gibbs, Royal Garrison Artillery

Clarence Hugh Stanley Gibbs of Stubbington passed away at his home on the 12th October after a short but serious illness. He was 85 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1979. Mr. Gibbs served throughout the 1st World War as a Private in the Royal Garrison Artillery. He was wounded in 1918, when he was blown up and lay for two days in a shell-hole, exposed to mustard gas, before being rescued.

Prior to his retirement, Mr. Gibbs was a poultry farmer, and subsequently a Post Office employee. In January 1980, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary, when their family laid on a surprise party and they received a telegram from H.M. the Queen.

He leaves a widow, Kathleen and two sons.

A.J. Porter, Royal Army Service Corps.

Arthur James Porter of Wickford passed away on 2nd November. He was 88 years of age and his passing coincided almost to the day with his admission to St. Dunstan's 64 years ago, following active service as a Private in the R.A.S.C. Mr. Porter enlisted in 1916 and was wounded at Cambrai just a few weeks prior to the Armistice. Our St. Dunstaner was trained in Braille and Typewriting as well as Basket-making and in 1920 set up in business from his own workshop. Mr. Porter was a highly-skilled worker and had a thriving trade for many years until he was forced to retire on health grounds in 1965. In earlier years, Mr. Porter was a keen gardener and had a great interest in his greenhouse. Latterly, he enjoyed listening to his talking books and radio and until comparatively recently, always looked forward to his visits to our Brighton Homes and the company of his fellow St. Dunstaners. Sadly, his wife, Clara, whom he had married shortly after enlisting in the Army, passed away in 1975.

He leaves a son, Robert, a daughter, Joan, and grandchildren.

E. Simpson, Lincolnshire Regiment

Eric Simpson of Blackpool passed away suddenly at his home on the 11th October at the age of 56. Mr. Simpson served as a Private in the Lincolnshire Regiment from 1943 and received serious injuries from a gunshot wound in Germany in 1945, which resulted in the loss of his sight. He came to St. Dunstan's in August of that year and, after training at Church Stretton, he took employment as a capstan lathe operator in Salford in 1947. Although he enjoyed his work, it unfortunately placed too much strain upon his health and in 1953 he was obliged to give it up in favour of a homecraft occupation and he chose to do rug-making.

He leaves a widow, Ellen.