



**St Dunstons
Review
March 1984**

From the Chairman

As the Spring approaches another round of Reunions will soon be starting. Mary and I greatly look forward to these because they enable us to meet so many St. Dunstaners in all parts of the country. When I first took over as Chairman we contemplated covering them all in the first year but quickly realised that this would hardly be possible. We therefore hope to complete the coverage in the course of the next two years.

We plan to go to the following geographical Reunions:

April 6	Brighton
April 14	London (Kent & Surrey)
May 3	Ipswich
June 23	Southampton
July 7	Sheffield

In addition we look forward to attending a number of functional Reunions:

March 2	Amateur Radio Society
September 7 w/e	Ladies
September 20	Handless and Deaf
October 6	Physiotherapists

I am strongly in favour of Reunions and believe they serve a very useful purpose in drawing people together once a year. I also like to hope that those attending derive enjoyment from them and regard them as fun. I hope they will be kept going and wish you all a thoroughly good Reunion Season.

* * * * *

New subject. My wife and I have received many letters of thanks and good wishes from our widows. These are very much appreciated and serve as yet another fine reminder of courage and independence. Well done.

Henry Leach

AMENDMENT TO ANNUAL EVENTS CALENDAR

The date of the Mason's Weekend at Ian Fraser House has been changed. It will now take place from 14th-15th April 1984 instead of 12th-14th May as previously published.

WORD SEARCH COMPETITION RESULTS

We are pleased to announce the winner of the Word Search Competition. She is Miss Barbara Bell, of Ilkley, West Yorkshire, who managed to derive 991 words from the phrase "never go with a stranger". Barbara wins first prize of £10. The second prize of £5 is won by John Gilbert, of Poole, in Dorset, who thought of 570 words. Congratulations to Barbara and John and well done to all of the other thirteen entrants. We hope to organise more competitions in the future.

HOME BOOKINGS

You will have read in last month's *Review* of the building work that will be executed at Ian Fraser House during the next 12-15 months. This work will be planned and undertaken so as to ensure that Fraser House remains open and that a minimum of inconvenience is caused.

As the work progresses there will inevitably be some restriction on the number of beds available for use but at this stage it is not possible to be precise as to the extent and timing of these restrictions.

Please let us have a note, in the usual way, of holiday and or other events which you would wish to enjoy at

Ovingdean, during 1984 and the early part of 1985, and every effort will be made to accommodate you. If it proves necessary to have to limit numbers it is intended to give preference, as far as possible, to those St. Dunstaners who live outside the Greater Brighton Area. Bookings which have already been made for this period will be subject to this same criterion.

TROOPING THE COLOUR

It is anticipated that we may be allocated tickets again this year for the Trooping the Colour on Saturday, June 16th in the morning, and the private view of the Royal Tournament on Wednesday, July 11th in the afternoon. Any St. Dunstaner who would like to apply for tickets should contact me by Monday, April 30th.

Mrs. T. Coyne

FIRST DAY COVERS

Jimmy Wright's record breaking parakiting exploit has been commemorated by a special first day cover. Andy Cowley, the world parascending champion who accompanied Jimmy, produced a limited edition of 200 first day covers to commemorate the event. Accompanying the covers, which are autographed by both Andy and Jimmy, is a card giving full details of the event, which was in aid of the Royal School for the Blind Building Appeal. A small quantity of these first day covers are available from Jimmy at a cost of £5 each. All proceeds go to the Royal School for the Blind at Leatherhead, Surrey.

Please write to Jimmy Wright, 209 Manygate Lane, Shepperton, Middlesex, TW17 9ER.

St Dunstons Review

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CONTENTS

Annual Events Amendment	3
Home Bookings	3
Trooping the Colour	3
Jimmy Ellis Tribute	4
Syd Scroggie	5
Golden Dancers	6
Ski-ing for Bronze	8
Pointing the Way	10
Welcome	11
Reading Time	12
Letters	13
Chess Weekend	13
Ways of Life	14
Paul Baker in	
Jordan	19
Cassette Library	22
Derby Sweepstake	24



Cover Picture:
Reg Newton tending his roses (see *Ways of Life* on centre pages).

TRIBUTE TO JIMMY ELLIS

from Natalie Opperman, Chairman, St. Dunstan's (South Africa)

Jimmy Ellis, known to so many St. Dunstaners in the UK, died in South Africa on January 18th, 1984, from an illness borne with the fortitude and courage with which we had come to identify him.

He was born in London in 1913 and after working at the London School of Tropical Medicine joined the 10th Hussars. Having emerged from Dunkirk unscathed, he was blinded and lost his left hand, with severe damage to the right, in the Middle East. After long hospitalisation he went to the military hospital in Oribi, Natal, from where he was transferred to 'Tembani', the St. Dunstan's training home in Wynberg, Cape.

He was repatriated to England in 1944 where he continued his training at the St. Dunstan's war time training home at Church Stretton and was later employed by St. Dunstan's in their appeals department. However, the call of South Africa proved too strong and he returned here in 1950 to become head of our appeals department.

When our fund raising ceased the SA National Council for the Blind welcomed Jimmy with open arms and he acquitted himself there for the next seven years with the same outstanding success as with St. Dunstan's.

When we reorganised our office, Jimmy returned to St. Dunstan's to take up the appointment of public relations and welfare officer and editor of our *Review* until he retired in 1978. During his retirement Jimmy continued to edit the *Review* and to act as liaison officer of the two trusts administered by St. Dunstan's – the John Ellerman Memorial Trust and the Ian Fraser Memorial Bursary Fund.

His great contribution, not only to St. Dunstan's but to the blind world in general in South Africa, has been tremendous and he will be deeply mourned by the many to whom he was such an outstanding example of courage and for the ability he displayed in turning a handicap into an advantage.

A trained musician before his accident he continued, with his grave physical disabilities, to play the organ, piano and trumpet and had a voice above average. He gave much enjoyment to so many people with his musical talent.

Jimmy had great self discipline and courage and his compassion overflowed where children and animals were concerned. He was a family man, never happier than with his wife, children and grandchildren.

TOYMAKER TO THE MAYOR

Reg Goding was the guest of the Mayor of Gosport on January 24th in honour of his generous donation of some of his hand made wooden toys, to be sold at a coffee morning in aid of the Gosport Family Resource Centre.

Reg says that it was a complete surprise when he was contacted and an official Rolls Royce arrived at his home to take him and his wife, Phyllis, to meet the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Williams.

'Making toys is a form of therapy,' says Reg, who has donated his wooden lorries, tractors and cars to many charities, including a toy lending library for mentally handicapped children in Essex.

Now Reg has become something of a local celebrity. A story about his meeting with the Mayor was published in *The News, Portsmouth* and Reg was amazed when a local taxi driver said 'Hello there I've read your piece,' and several others stopped to chat to him about his toymaking.

Photo: By courtesy of *The News, Portsmouth*.



A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

Those That Have Eyes

I often feel I was especially privileged in what I saw when I could see. Mind you, I was a seeing person, much given to just staring at the landscape with all its variety of forms and colours even when duty dictated I should have been doing something more profitable. A friend of mine was the same, and it was a sunset on one occasion which took up his attention rather than the laborious business of digging his father's garden. The reddening west revealed him not turning over the clay but leaning on his spade with an imperial air of leisure. Marlowe came into his head. "See where Christ's blood streams o'er the firmament", he declaimed, "one drop would save my soul". At this he went indoors, and the garden remained undug till some evening less rich in visual material.

For myself, I never saw a sperm whale breaching, a hundred feet of it clear of the water; I missed the eruption of Vesuvius by a month or two when its flames shot skywards and it blackened the landscape of Campagna in 1944; and what Halley's comet looked like when it last appeared brightly dominating the night sky, I owe to my mother at second hand. Nevertheless, I saw the great aurora of 1938, and no one who saw that rippling curtain of green fire, the zenith red as blood, the horizontal bands of brilliant colours, yellows, reds, blues and greens, piled up in the north, the terrestrial landscape eerily reflected these phenomena, could ever be quite the same person again.

Then there was a certain sunset in Braeriach, stones and lichens around the granite gravels of the high Cairngorms, when innumerable wisps of cirrus burned in the last flame of a sun already set, the whole world smouldering in reflected redness from above. I know, too, what it is



to see the skyscrapers of Manhattan Island, the turgid Hudson brown in the darkness of a winter morning, tier upon tier of bright illumination rising to a dark and misty sky, the Statue of Liberty gliding by on our port side against New Jersey's snow. "Vede Napoli e poi muouri", say the Italians, "see Naples and die". Even the great aurora of 1938, Braeriach's apocalyptic sunset, could barely rival the appearance of that glaring city on a summer morning, Vesuvius with its pink cloud of vapour aloft, the sparkling blue of water, feluccas with red sails, and the crags of Sorrento and Capri, white villas, blue olive-groves, green vineyards, to port and starboard as our liner slipped between.

If I saw many things when I had sight, from meteorites and eclipses of the sun and moon to dewdrops on some budding rose, there are those who having eyes see nothing of the sumptuous world of sight around them. More did I see in five-and-twenty years, much more, than thousands whose eyes survive their youth. In Church Stretton, in the days when Ian Fraser ruled, I sat on a hilltop with a Canadian V.A.D. Romans in their day had marched these roads, the fields of Shropshire were a patchwork at our feet, church-spire and village dotted an ancient landscape, the Long-Mynd rose above, and over all blue sky and puffy clouds embraced the wide horizon. "What can you see, Gladys", I said. She surveyed these infinite wonders. "Nothin', Scrog", she said, and rising led me to the tea and crumpets of the Orange Tree Cafe.

Golden Dancers

Report & Photographs
David Castleton



Audrey and Reg Page dancing at their class.

Last December St. Dunstaner Reg Page visited Bexhill for an examination in ballroom dancing. The result: He was awarded the Gold Star with honours which meant his marks over five dances were more than 85%.

Reg is the only blind pupil in the Joan Luxton School of Dancing. Of him, Miss Luxton says, 'I don't see why he should not go on to the Supreme Award in ballroom dancing. It is very good by any standards to get the Gold Star in five years.'

Reg's next immediate target is the Gold Star in Latin-American. In getting there he has had to pass Popular, Bronze, Silver and Gold Medal grades in ballroom dancing and Latin-American. He has collected seven commended certificates and four honours.

'I never believed I could get so high,' says Reg, 'My dream was to get to the Gold Medal now I'd like to go on until I can't go on any further.' His success is due to his patience and determination: 'Miss Luxton will say I'm ready for an exam but I often say I will work a bit longer. I want to make sure I get through with flying colours so people can't think I've scraped through and been passed because I'm blind.'

Reg's wife, Audrey, is also an excellent dancer. She has the Gold Star in both ballroom and Latin-American but she has

been learning two years longer. 'Audrey takes only seven months to prepare a sequence for an exam. It takes me, as a blind person, twelve months,' said Reg.

After Reg took his first 'popular' examination, Joan Luxton asked the advice of the adjudicators as to whether he could go further. Their answer was 'yes' but there were problems to be overcome. She explained: 'Normally I will demonstrate and sighted people can see the steps. For Reg, if I want him to cross one foot in front of the other, I take his hands and move them to show him, letting his hands represent his feet. On one occasion when he was trying to understand that I wanted him to keep one leg straight while the other was bent, I got him to feel my knees move. This caused some laughter - we like to have a little humour in our lessons!'

Latin-American is the most difficult for Reg, as his partner separates from him. 'In the jive,' said Miss Luxton, 'I move one way and he the other.' 'I just keep dancing,' said Reg, 'and hope my partner comes back.'

He began dancing, without training, when he was 15. 'I took to it like a duck to water, strictly ballroom, no Latin-American.' When the war came Reg joined the Essex Regiment and from then on his dancing was largely confined to service dances. He met Audrey when he was posted near Sun-



Above, Joan Luxton teaching Reg a new step by moving his hands to represent the positions of his feet.

derland. 'I even remember our first dance together, it was to "A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square".'

When he was wounded and totally blinded during the Battle of Caen, Reg thought he was past dancing. At St. Dunstan's he found he was dancing nearly every night while he was in training. Audrey, who was in the Women's Land Army, came to see him and later they were married. They ran a small shop which left little time for dancing during the years they were in business.

When Audrey joined Miss Luxton's school, Reg was reluctant to go too. 'I thought I was too old.' It took two years and some scheming by Audrey to tempt him on to the dance floor. After she had taken an examination, Audrey introduced Reg to Joan Luxton and suggested they had a trial dance. 'She said I was very basic but had a good sense of rhythm. So I went back to my favourite hobby after all. I have a very good instructor, she is very kind and very patient. It became a joy to go dancing and go to lessons. It is so lovely to take part. It's jolly nice to have these medals, said Reg, 'It gives you confidence to dance with anybody. It is good to feel I can hold my own with sighted people on the dance floor.'

Below, Reg with his collection of medals and certificates won in just five years of dance tuition.



Skiing for Bronze

by 'Tiny' Pointon

Buying one's first snow skis a few days before one's 63rd birthday may seem somewhat optimistic but that is just what I did on Wednesday last when I was told that I had in fact passed the bronze award test for skiing in Chateau D'Oex. This of course was only or rather would only have been possible due to the best ski instructor I have ever met, Michel Bertholet, whose patient tuition enabled me to reach the required competence. This year as the Kent and Surrey club were in any case going somewhere else and I wanted the services of Michel again, I booked through Ski Travelaway to go alone with of course the proviso that the booking included the ski instruction which Michel gave me by collecting me from and returning me to the hotel De L'Ours each day. Oliver and Jacqueline Nicole had taken over the hotel three months earlier and during the whole stay were kindness personified as were their staff.

Dry Slope Preparation

Having had three one hour lessons on the dry slope at Newhaven to work out some of the stiffness of ski posture I had booked for 13 lessons, starting on Sunday 15th. We went for the first one on the lower slopes of Mont Chevreuils (Goat Hill) at Les Moullins, which is as well as a strongish wind had stopped the cable cars running, but by Monday where we were the T. bar was o.k. and ski legs came back pretty well. There had been more snow by Monday and skiing improved but what happened Tuesday? Rain all day washed away all that lovely snow which meant a day without skiing until the snow returned.



We went to Gstaad on the Wednesday to ski the Deggli slope. This is the area where one can pay £200 a night at an hotel so I don't think many physios stay there but Prince Rainier and his daughter ski there as does Roger Moore who is a member of the Gstaad ski club. Pity I didn't meet him as I would have liked to tell him about another saint, namely Dunstan. It was a lovely sunny day and of course I had forgotten to stick the disc camera in my pocket. The space age cable cars are a joy.

On the Thursday as it was snowing all day, which made transport along roads a problem, we did not venture beyond Mont Chevreuils and skied in steady snow, riding up again on the T. bar. We came back soaked with snow from the outside and sweat from the inside. On the following day slight rain made it slippery however I had bought new ski boots which gave me more control. On Saturday I had a beautiful run at Saanamoser but on Sunday there was very heavy rain and so back to Mont Chevreuils. I had changed my skis from the hire shop for longer ones which proved a good idea of my instructors.

The old enemy insomnia kept me awake on Sunday, so I was not really fit to ski but there was a blizzard anyway so I did a bit of

shopping. I took my bronze test on Wednesday. There had been overnight snow of 70cms and the sun shone all day. I scored 29 out of a possible 36 (the minimum pass being 24) and not many do better than that. I was told that I had got the bronze award that night and dined with Lucy and Michel at their flat. Then we went on to a Bon Accueil bar where a trio of musicians gave an excellent entertainment.

I skied at La Braye the next day where the run down is about three and a half kilometres. The weather was good but I did have some problems traversing across slopes, perhaps not helped by a late night. We returned to the top for a cheese fondue that evening after which there was a torchlight run down by the more competent skiers with the instructors skiing backwards and the whole being described to me by a Dutchman I had met named Anton.

We took it easy at Les Moullins on Friday being the last day of skiing, and instead of returning my skis to the hire shop, having achieved a long standing ambition, I bought them to celebrate, not even thinking of how I was going to get them home. That evening in the hotel the skiers were

told the results of their tests and given their awards. Simon Drake the Ski Travelaway rep organised the proceedings and everyone was very enthusiastic when cheering my result. Right at the end Simon made some observation about a presentation to be made for the skier who made the best progress which is a small figure on a plinth and was awarded to me two years ago on my first Ski Travelaway trip. Imagine my surprise then when it was awarded to me again. Those youngsters about half a century younger than me really went to town making the rafters ring.

I came home wondering why on snow, although working hard and concentrating even harder, one gets so hot but why it is so cold back in England except for the warmth of memories of a superb holiday; meeting some very pleasant people, and hearing the children well behaved but really animatedly enjoying what was not available when we were that age. Naturally the first letter I wrote on my return was a repeat booking for next year, by which time I hope to have information about two further tests, the first called the station and then the silver, training for which starts right now!

Apres-ski.



Receiving his bronze award.





Tony chips out the sand and cement, careful not to chip the brickwork.

Sighted people frequently lose sight of the fact that blindness can be extremely frustrating. They think they are helping by stepping in. But for the blind person, it is the very state of dependence and the denial of pride and achievement which are the cause of the problem. Add to this stubbornness, ignorance of danger and frequently taking on more than one can cope with and you have a pretty explosive situation. Some of these ingredients were to be found at Argyll Road, Blackpool, home of St. Dunstan, Tony Parkinson.

After leaving school at 16, Tony spent three months on a building site as a labourer which he found hard and with little prospects. He consequently took up the offer of an apprenticeship as a bricklayer and completed two of the five year course before being called up for National Service. Tony was medically discharged with failing sight a year later, after contracting an eye disease whilst on manoeuvres in Germany. Amongst other things he did a year's carpentry course at Ovingdean before participating in the homecraft scheme making bookshelves, tables, cabinets, etc.

About three years ago Tony, now totally blind, decided that his 21ft garage needed repointing. That is to say the sand and cement between the bricks was beginning to crack and come away. Re-pointing

Pointing The Way

By Ray Hazan

Photographs · Lois Stringer

means chipping out the sand and cement on the outside to a depth of about half an inch and replacing it with a fresh mix. The strips of new sand and cement must be smoothed in such a way as to lean out, like the cowl over a fireplace. This causes rain water to drain out beyond the brick below.

The garage took 18 months of determination, frustration, experimentation and will power. Using a balsa chisel with a three inch face and a lump hammer, Tony learnt to perform a remarkably clean job when chipping out the sand and cement, not chipping the bricks at all. Tony uses one of his daughter Julia's old play buckets as a measure and has arrived at exactly the right mix of sand and cement for him. This is then smoothed into place with what looks like a large flat edged pallet knife. Tony admits that this activity does not do much for the tips of the braille reading fingers even though he wears rubber gloves.

Next came the trial of strength between Tony, his wife Joyce and St. Dunstan's, as he turned his attention towards the re-pointing of his house. Initially Tony lost and he agreed to let a firm come in and do the work. However 'cowboys' seem to abound at seaside resorts. With frustration and anger he discovered the 'cowboys' removing a mere eighth of an inch of the

sand and cement and performing that task with a fireman's axe which did not do much for the bricks. It was almost with a sense of relief that Tony set to himself and purchased a four foot square scaffolding tower. He has currently paused for the winter but hopes the task will be completed by next winter.

During the next few months Tony will carry on installing the double glazing he began at the beginning of last winter. A keen citizen's band radio operator, he has now started evening classes with a view to becoming a radio amateur. While from the warmth of his house the family will be able to gaze out on the lawn and patio which he laid.

An eye specialist living in the same road has had to examine Tony's eyes to prove to himself the achievements of a blind man. At least that gives you faith in blind people.

Tony strongly advises anyone who has no experience in the building trade *not* to tackle this mammoth task on their own as it does involve months of frustrating work and it needs a lot of patience to achieve a proper job with satisfaction at the end of it.



Mixing the sand and cement in Julia's play bucket.

TALKING MAGAZINE'S HUNDREDTH EDITION

The *Leeds Talking Magazine* for the Blind celebrated its hundredth edition in January. St. Dunstan's Bert Ward, chairman of the Leeds Talking Magazine Service, made appearances on both Yorkshire Television and Leeds Radio to talk about the success of the magazine which he started in 1975. Eight years later the talking magazine is received by 1,400 people throughout the country.

The Leeds Talking Magazine Service also produces the *Leeds Sports Echo Weekly*, a round up of local sports news, and *Talkaround*, for blind children between the ages of nine and sixteen. *Talkaround* is unique because it is the only cassette magazine available specifically for blind children. It has been in production for five years and is distributed nationally. Half of the material for *Talkaround* is recorded at a local high school by the children themselves while the second half, usually a reading from a book, is recorded at Leeds Teacher Centre.

Bert says that the magazine owes a great deal to the people of Leeds whose generous donations continue to fund the project,

no financial help is received from any official source, and in the past have enabled the Service to buy high speed copiers to meet the ever increasing demand. At present the *Leeds Talking Magazine* is recorded at the language centre at Leeds Polytechnic but the Talking Magazine Service is negotiating for its own recording facilities.

Many St. Dunstan's now receive the *Leeds Talking Magazine* and others are welcome to join the service. It is free of charge although donations are always welcome. Please write to Bert Ward c/o P.R. Department at H.Q.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



Arnold Rimmer, of East Grinstead, joined St. Dunstan's on January 31st.

Mr. Rimmer, who is 59 years of age, served as a bombardier with the Royal Artillery from 1946 until his discharge in 1958. He is a married man with one son.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 1899

Girl, 20

by Kingsley Amis

Read by Michael de Morgan

Reading Time 8¼ hours

The story is told by one Douglas Yendell, musicologist and friend of Sir Roy Vandervane, the eminent conductor.

Sir Roy, in his fifties, alternates his public performances on the rostrum with private performances in the bedrooms of a string of mistresses who get progressively younger. His wife, Lady V, remains consistently not being amused. His current light o'love is seventeen, a beautiful, adorable totally fascinating creature – according to the infatuated conductor. Actually, she is a ghastly loud-mouthed female with very few scruples and even less brains.

Her father, the editor of a musical paper, for which the narrator works, is appalled by this sleazy liaison and threatens to ruin Sir Roy if he doesn't break it off, and fires Yendell for being his buddy.

The rest of the book deals with Yendell's constant, sometimes desperate efforts to prise Sir Roy away from his atrocious bird. . .

This book is *not* in my 'Top Fifty'. It is peopled with characters ranging from the mildly eccentric to the near-insane. The only well-adjusted person seems to be the narrator, who describes pop 'music' as 'uncouth minstrelry' (for which he gets my mark)! He is also terribly civilised to the point of sharing his mistress, on a strictly observed rota, with another man!

Cat. No. 2841

All my Burning Bridges

by Pat Phoenix

Read by Carol Marsh

Reading Time 9 ½ hours

The Manchester born actress begins her autobiography with the uncompromising statement 'I am a bastard' and technically,

so to speak, this is true. When she was eight, it was discovered that the father she loved, the ebullient colourful extrovert 'who never stopped talking' was a bigamist.

Her mother, an Irishwoman with high moral principles, reacted immediately and characteristically. She took her daughter and walked out of the comfortable home in Ducie Street, never to return. For a time they lived uneasily and poorly with relatives. Then she got a job modelling clothes which involved travelling all over the country, taking the young Pat with her. In this make-believe world were sown the first seeds of her passion for the stage.

Upon leaving school her first job was in the gas department of Manchester town hall where her total inability to understand figures proved a disaster. The wrong people got the wrong gas bills for the wrong amounts and it was a long time before the department fully recovered.

Like most of her profession hers was no fairy tale overnight success. She endured many years of grinding poverty, dreary 'digs', 'fit-up' productions in down at heel theatres, more mealtimes than meals. At last, flat broke and with no prospect of an acting job, she went back home a failure, finished with the theatre for ever. . .

And then came 'Coronation Street' and the role of Elsie Tanner. Predictably, much of the book is devoted to 'The Street' (equally predictably, all the members of the cast are warm and wonderful people). From its first screening the soap opera exploded into one of television's all-time successes, compulsive viewing for tens of millions of the faithful throughout the world.

This is quite an interesting book but for fans of 'Coronation Street' it must rank as required reading. An unusual, not to say unique, feature is the inclusion of a short story written by Pat Phoenix, the need or reason for the inclusion of which totally escapes me. The title, for those who like to know these things, is taken from a poem by Dorothy Parker.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Mr. L. Slade, Kingston, Surrey

Good Friends

Just before Christmas I received a letter from Headquarters telling me that the cheque enclosed therewith represented the proceeds of the collection you had thoughtfully instituted for me.

I just do not know how to thank you enough for your kindness and generosity, so perhaps you will accept a simple 'Thank You'.

Then came the difficult task of what to do with the cash when I had a need and a want. The need was dentures and the want a canteen of cutlery. The question arose as to which metal for the denture plate and which metal for the knives, forks and spoons. I decided upon silver for the cutlery – the case to be suitably inscribed – and the denture plate is being made in lower metal, appropriate to the jaw!

Not to detract from the magnificence of your gift, I would also like to say how very much I appreciate the letters I receive from you – I have acknowledged many and promise to reply to the remainder – your Christmas greetings, the calls you give me over the telephone and the way you receive me when I call upon you by invitation. I am deeply grateful.

I hope to be in employment shortly, but will remain.

Yours aye,

Laurie Slade

From Mr. Jimmy Wright, Shepperton

The eighth annual National Metro Sports competitions for the Visually Handicapped will take place at the New River Sports Stadium, White Hart Lane, Wood Green, headquarters of the Harringay Athletic Club, on Saturday, 28th July this year. (The nearest station is Wood Green on the Piccadilly Line).

In addition to the usual field events, there will be a three kilometre walking race. Many of our older St. Dunstaners will know that we pioneered race walking for the visually handicapped as long ago as 1923, and it would be a good chance for us to give

some more encouragement to civilian blind sportsmen to participate in this event. There will be a three kilometre walking race for the totally blind and a separate one for the partially sighted. There is a danger that walking races for the visually handicapped will disappear from the sports calendar since they are not now included in the international sports competitions for disabled people. I am sure that those of us who have participated in this particular sports event will agree that it is an ideal event for blind people and perhaps we British sportsmen can encourage those overseas to revive interest in this particular event, which is so easy to practise.

Anyone who would like to take part in the sports competitions should contact Jimmy Wright for an entry form – his address is 209 Manygate Lane, Shepperton, Middlesex, TW17 9ER – Telephone 0932 225950.

From Mrs. Joyce Pellington, of Prestatyn, North Wales, widow of the late Ike Pellington.

I would like to send my heartfelt thanks to all our many many friends of St. Dunstan's for the numerous expressions of sympathy I received, also the wreaths sent by Mr. and Mrs. John Cope and the bowlers and St. Dunstan's. Also a big thank you to all the staff of St. Dunstan's and Sir Henry Leach, Miss Mosley and Miss Sweeting for the kindness and help they gave me at this sad time. Thanks again everybody.

Pat Collins' New Address

Pat Collins is now living at 8 Combe Rise, Latchwood Lane, Lower Bourne, Farnham, Surrey GU10 3HB.

Chess Weekend

So far there are too few entrants for the chess weekend, planned for April 28th-29th at Ian Fraser House, to make the weekend viable. So please if you would like to go send your entry to Mrs. Pugh at Ian Fraser House and your booking to H.Q.

Ways of Life

Nearer to Creation

Reg Newton talks to
David Castleton



To see him, a lean, rather angular figure, working quietly in his garden, tending his plants with gentle hands, it is hard to link him with his past. His service during the Second World War took him through Dunkirk, El Alamein and Salerno, after which his luck ran out and he was blinded in action between Salerno and Naples.

Reg Newton's life, in any case, has not been an easy one. Born in Balham in South London in 1917, he went to an orphanage when he was twelve, 'Not because I hadn't parents but because of the 1930's depression which made things very difficult for a mother and father with five children. Money was very, very short in those days. I was too young, really, to understand. To be honest, when I first went I was very unhappy, very upset. Why me? Why not my eldest brother? Why not my eldest sister? But in the long run it made me'.

Reg's parents' sacrifice and his own opened up an opportunity to follow a vocation that has brought him fulfilment and comfort, 'If I get worked up or in a temper, which is very seldom, I go out into my garden and when I come back everything is clear. Time in the garden is the happiest time of my life'.

His interest in gardening had been aroused when he was only nine: 'One of the

Sunday School teachers of the church took me out for tea and showed me round her garden. She had some pots with small plants, sweet peas and later the same year she showed me the same plants up the trellis with all the beautiful blooms'.

The orphanage was at Goudhurst, Kent, called The Training Farms, Doctor Fagan's Homes. Its boys learned horticulture and agriculture with the opportunity to go to Canada for further training and subsequent employment on farms there. Because he was more interested in horticulture Reg was advised by the head of that department at Goudhurst to go to do some practical gardening in this country.

His first employer lived at Ightham in Kent, 'He had been in India. I was about 16 and worked single-handed. He had some very interesting and sometimes peculiar ways. For instance, if he were growing sweet peas he insisted that the trench I dug was six feet deep and, what is more, when he came home in the evening he would measure the blessed thing. I think he was used to Indian labour'.

After about ten months Reg was offered work in the garden at Mainsfield, also at Ightham and the home of the, then, Chairman of Martins Bank. There were five gardeners and two greenhouse gardeners. Reg began working partly in the gardens



Calling Betty in for consultation.

and partly in the greenhouse. By the time he was 21 he was head gardener.

'Some of the older and longer serving gardeners thought it was wrong that I should have been in charge. I think, perhaps, they were right in certain respects but I had quite a bit of knowledge and I was young and eager and very keen.'

When his employer inherited his father's estate at Hildenborough Reg was offered the post of second gardener there, but there were other factors to be considered: 'I had joined the Territorial Army at Sevenoaks and I had also met the lady who became my wife'. Reg had met Betty when he was engaged in freelance work in the Salfords area where she lived. A job laying out a sports ground for the Monotype Corporation nearby came up at the right time and Reg moved to Salfords.

'I laid their ground out and remained there maintaining it. While I was there war was declared. I had transferred from the Royal West Kent T.A. at Sevenoaks to the Queen's at Reigate. I was 22. The Territorial Army was embolded - we just got the telegram, "Report by midnight". It was on a Friday evening and war was declared on the Sunday morning. I reported to Reigate and, after the normal medical checks and

giving out rifles and things like that, our first job was guarding Farnborough Airfield.'

That rather quiet opening to Reg's war service in England was short-lived. Within eight weeks he and his colleagues were on their way to France. After a few months of the 'phoney war', they found themselves in Brussels. 'We were there about 14 hours when the First Army got pushed back and we retreated with them. Then about four days after that we received the order, "Every man for himself" and we came back to Dunkirk.'

Although he had no special knowledge, Reg had, Army fashion, been 'volunteered' as first-aid man. He was still wearing his red cross at Dunkirk and found himself helping the wounded. 'My job was to carry the men and wrap up and clean up minor wounds.' On June 4th Reg was among a large group moving along the bomb-damaged mole to embark. Three railway sleepers had been placed to bridge a gap and the bottleneck caused great crowds of wounded and their attendants as they converged on the makeshift bridge.

Seeing this, Reg came to his own decision - to swim for it. 'I knew that the bombing and strafing from the 'planes was



Planting out.

so great that the chances of being picked up by a boat from the mole were limited. I am not brave but I could swim and there were quite a lot of people there who couldn't. They were wounded or slightly shell-shocked. I decided there was nothing to really worry about, after all I could lay on my back and drift back if I wanted to.'

Reg went off the mole and swam. 'It must have been two hours, I don't really know. Then I was picked up, first by a small boat and then on to one of the bigger boats which was already jammed tight like sardines. It came into Newhaven. That was a lovely sight - ladies and men everywhere with a bun and a cup of tea and, believe me, we wanted it.'

It was not long before Reg was going back to war. He had gone to France as a member of 131 Anti-tank Brigade. After Dunkirk the Brigade was re-formed as the 44th Reconnaissance Regiment. Within a few months they were on their way, via Scotland, to the Middle East. They got there in time for the Battle of El Alamein.

'Being a reconnaissance regiment we were up ahead. We went through May and



At work in the greenhouse.

June minefields and the 44th Division was badly hit. For a while we were stragglers but then because we had our armoured cars and light tanks, the 44th Reconnaissance was made into a corps and from then on we became the reconnaissance for the Seventh Armoured Division. We were with them the whole way through the Desert. I was lucky enough to see the white flags being shown at the end when the First Army, which had landed at Algiers and in Morocco were coming up behind them.'

Only another short rest and they were embarked for Italy, they landed at Salerno beach. Four weeks later, in an action to take an airfield between Salerno and Naples, Reg's war ended. 'We were held up because a road bridge was badly mined. We were deployed either side, the Recce, to see if we could find a way round. We came about three-quarters of a mile and turned. We could see the Germans working underneath the bridge putting the mines down. As we were turning down to get them in a cross-fire under the bridge, I saw in front of us a German 88mm gun. I was on

a Bren gun carrier then, ahead of tanks. There was no time to do anything but keep going before the gun started blazing. While doing this my carrier hit a mine, my gunner lost his leg and the bottom part of his stomach. I had most damage to my nose, arm and stomach; my sight and my hearing.'

Reg's comrades did their best to help. They took away the wounded but they thought Reg was dead. 'However, some nuns came along and they must have seen a movement or something. They picked me up and took me. One of them pinned a cross on me, I've still got it to this day. I wouldn't part with it for anything. I tried my hardest to find out who they were as I would have liked to write and thank them. All I got was the fact that they were Christians doing their job and they wouldn't expect any thanks.'

Borderline

He returned to England via military hospitals in Algiers. It was late 1943. 'I was sent to St. Dunstan's but after most of the wounds were settled and the eyes were done - one fitted with an artificial eye, the other given a corneal graft and I got some vision back. I was made a borderline.'

Reg went back to work for Monotype. He was married now to Betty and they lived with her mother. Then relatives who had been bombed out in London came needing shelter so that Betty and Reg had to find a home of their own. At this time Monotype's management wanted Reg to work in their factory as well as tend the sports ground.

'I didn't feel happy about that because I didn't want to work inside. I was very unsure of myself in those days. I was coming from a totally sighted person to losing an eye and part of the sight in the other. Not having the certainty of St. Dunstan's behind me, it was a matter of earning money. I had to take a job near enough to where I was living so that I could go there under my own steam. I had never worked indoors.'

For a while they lived at Outwood in a friend's cottage, Reg working the two acre garden in return for the accommodation and a wage which took into account the value, in rental, of the cottage. When the original gardener returned from the services, they had to move.



Edging the lawn.

He became a horticultural instructor at the Philanthropic Society's school in Redhill, starting as an assistant and later becoming instructor. Failing sight brought about his recall to St. Dunstan's and training at Ian Fraser House in 1960. 'When I first came to St. Dunstan's I had done quite a bit of the training as a borderline. So when they made me a full St. Dunstaner I did not argue. I took the job which was offered me.'

It was a job at Redhill in a factory so Reg went indoors after all. 'I went there with Mr. Wiggins and saw the job I was going to do. We went back to Ian Fraser House again where we set up and made some of the little parts I would be doing.' This work was on a capstan lathe but later he took charge of the parts store, labelling everything in braille. After twenty years he retired for reasons of health but went back for a while, working two days a week changing his braille signs for the benefit of sighted workers.

He had spent twenty years in factory work but he had not been happy. 'I was happy enough among the people I was working with but I didn't like it. It wasn't me but St. Dunstan's had been very good to me in training me and, having done so, I didn't like to say, "Well, look, I'd much prefer to go



Getting the feel of his plants.

back outside". Also, my sight having gone so much, I wasn't certain I could have done it anyway. As the factory work was giving me money on top of the addition I'd got through St. Dunstan's on my war pension, life was beginning to work out. The point is that you get stuck in a rut. I made friends and I accepted the situation for what it was.'

Fortunately he had another outlet, his garden. 'When I'm out there time has gone. I forget time. Gardening is my greatest interest. These days I tend to forget varieties and names – getting old I suppose – but to get out in the garden, I feel there has been a purpose in life. They say talk to your plants. Betty does this, but certainly there is a feel of plants. They tell you something: almost ask you to water them, almost ask you to put a ventilator down in the greenhouse, literally by feeling them.'

'You walk round the garden and you can feel two leaves, one of them getting a bit rusty, a bit hard, a bit dry. You feel them and the others at the top are alright so you think, well, that can't be lack of water. In this case I have to call Betty over and she'll say, "You've got leaf miner", so just by touching, although I've got to ask her to come for final analysis, I can do it and I can, literally, feel them growing.'

The amount of vision Reg has helps him to move around his garden, but he must remember where everything is. 'I always know my own planting. I start from the bed and I've got my trowel and my old collapsible blind stick. It is a 36" stick, break it in half, you've got 18", break it again and you've got 9". Put a plant in here, lay your stick down and you've got 9". If I put those plants in I know exactly where they are and even if the slugs, as they are this year, are murdering the garden, I can say I know I put one in there and perhaps I'll find just a little bit of stem. If somebody else plants things in the garden, I'm running my hands over the top and I say, "A little bit of groundsel here", and I tend to pull them out. So, although people try to be helpful, to me, as a blind person – or almost blind at any rate – it doesn't really pay.'

Creating a Garden

When he had sufficient sight, Reg's greatest pleasure was to create a garden from scratch. The first thing to do, he says, is to take a spade-full of soil. 'I want to know whether it's clay or sandy soil, or if there's lime or chalk in it. I judge what soil I've got and I plan it accordingly. I still believe that no plant is a plant if the soil has not got the ingredients necessary for their particular needs. So at first the plants themselves are not a great interest to me. The soil is, and getting the beds ready, especially where that garden has a lot of cooch and underground weeds.'

'I'm very lucky here. I have no underground weeds at all. One or two thistles but they're out now so you won't find them. I haven't done any garden creation or landscaping now for many, many years, except my own garden here. Nevertheless, I still get asked, "What should I do with this?" and this gives me a boost to think, at least they'll come and ask.'

We came back to that lean figure in the garden, working steadily as a summer afternoon turns towards sunset. A calming activity Reg calls it – after an eventful life, perhaps?

'I don't know anything better, David. I'm a church man and I believe a lot in my faith, but I don't think you can be nearer to nature or the Creator than when you are working in your garden.'

CRUISE BACK IN TIME

by Paul Baker

I am sorry that physiological conditions do not permit me to indulge in the activities of many. Alas, I have not sustained an effort with my vocal chords nor inspired the citizens of Vienna to adopt a new form of the waltz as I rush along the pavements, long cane in hand and sonic torch at the ready. Nor have I wandered around the ancient monuments of Greece with my braille Homer under my arms – no, but I think I can now claim 'first' for one nearing the O.A.P. stakes

I enjoy finding out about the past and a recent holiday cruise took me to Petra, in Jordan, to see the ruins of an ancient city which was the centre of an Arab kingdom in Greek and Roman times. The site is approached from the east by a narrow gorge one and a quarter miles long. How does one get through this reasonably lengthy defile into the valley? On horseback. This I had to do.

Cowboy Extra

There was one snag, however, those of us who are ex Middle East types know the arabic for 'get a move on' but not 'stop' and too often suddenly being led into a canter demanded a considerable feat of balance. Admittedly I had had lessons on how to mount but these were not much use as actually we had to mount down on to the horse from a huge block. This was made even funnier by my wife who got the legs wrong and almost mounted backwards, so I might not have been the only blind person to have ever ridden into the valley. Jimmy Wright if you want a cowboy extra remember me!

To find out how these ancient people lived, in homes built like caves into the valley's side, is amazing. Only the Romans could conquer them and that was by cutting off the water supply. For years the place was literally lost, only being rediscovered in 1812, and it is now a tourist attraction. Leaving aside the politics and problems of those parts one does go over Old Testament ground and I wondered what the line 'Moab is my washpot over Edom I cast out my shoe' means, Scroggie

will probably have an answer. We went close to those parts and to where Aaron is said to have died. Nowadays they are trying to make the Bedouins live in little homes but they prefer their old tents and nomadic ways, and why not, as they are, it seems, the oldest continuous civilisation in that area.

Port Said

Earlier on our trip we had been down to the Suez Canal, changed since the war years, wider now and no longer spanned by a railway bridge. Also in Port Said where the famous department store 'Simon Artz' no longer exists but the flies are still persistent, along with the ever hooting horns. The Imam does not now go up the long stairway and Call. Out of loudspeakers and with disco-like din cometh the Call now.

We had passed through Ismailia where there were still signs of the Jewish-Egyptian wars and through the Bitter Lakes where Moses is said to have escaped. We also visited Luxor and the Valley of the Kings. Going down into the tomb of Tutankhamen one realises from its miniscule size, compared with the Rameses tombs, how much the robbers must have got away with from those. It is all incredible compared with the aeons or years it took us in the northern parts to make or build anything worthwhile.

Roman Shopping Precinct

And so home, having begun in Naples and visited Pompeii where we had found that the Romans were ahead of their time with a shopping precinct and also a street of low repute! Also we had visited a Greek Orthodox church in Athens where preparations for a wedding were afoot. There they have them after office hours, all rather too ornate and yet more colourful than ours.

It all gives you a greater understanding of what, after all, some who may have been our forefathers were like and shows how far ahead they were, those ancient cultures and civilisations.

D. F. Robinson's

GARDENING

NOTES

Firstly, may I thank all of you who sent Christmas cards to Dorothy and me. I hope that you all got through the winter successfully, with good health and few losses in the garden. There may be a little time now to cope with the following jobs before the main sowing and planting takes place.

If you have little or no garden and like to have colour in the house and window boxes, sow some seeds that you like in compost in small plastic containers such as those used for margarine, butter or ice-cream. Don't sow the seeds too deep and just cover with compost, ensuring that it is well watered. Make some holes in the bottom of the containers for drainage, set on saucers and place in the airing cupboard for germination. Check them every so often and water if they are drying up. When the seeds are up quite well transfer to well lit, warm sills and as they grow further transfer them to larger containers. In May they can then be placed in window boxes or pots to show through the season.

Vegetables

Give a dose of lime to all beds which were dug over in the autumn and a double dose to areas where you are to grow greens. Then fork in and rake over to give a good tilth to the top making it easy to sow seeds. Don't forget to label the rows or you may sow different types on one area. In the south east most seeds can be sown now but northerners should wait until the end of the month unless they have some cloches.

Peas and broad beans can be sown direct in their beds right now. Runner and french beans would be better sown in boxes or in small peat pots so that the plants can get away at once when transferred to their permanent quarters. Remember to dust all rows of seeds and plants when sowing and planting as a deterrent against soil pests. Members of the cabbage family will do better with a dusting of calomel powder

and pest powder, or make a paste with the calomel powder and dip the roots of plants in it when they are transferred from their seed boxes or beds. This will help as a deterrent against club root.

Check over early potatoes and move around in their trays to make sure the shoots get good light, therefore rapid growth. Rub off the smaller shoots when planting and keep them to the upper side in the holes. Remember to dust with soil pest deterrent.

Fruit

Do get all the pruning finished if not already done. Also spray all trees and bushes with an insecticide as a protection against aphids which will be on the war path now. Some powdered sulphur mixed up in tepid water and sprayed at the same time will give added protection against diseases. This is the last month to plant new trees or else delay until the autumn.

Check that all the canes of raspberries, loganberries and blackberries are safely tied onto their supports as they grow, in case winds take their toll. It might be a good thing to fork round the root area of the trees and add some manure or compost to give them an added boost for the season and give a base for moisture to be retained during dry spells.

Lawns

Rake over the grass early on and then mow with the blades set at a high level. A light forking and raking of bare patches will give you a good base to sow some seed. Give a cover of peat and sand mixture. Lawn fertiliser cum weedkiller can be spread over the whole area with a watering can making certain that you don't get any onto the flower beds.

Flowers

Get all the borders tidied up, forked and raked over, clearing away all weeds. The roots of some of the perennials may be showing above ground level so give them a coating of extra soil in case late frosts develop. Make sure that the areas where you are to plant are well forked and raked over. Try and ensure that you keep dwarf items near the front and work back for the tall items.

A number of perennials which are getting rather large are better divided up with the

Gardening Notes – continued

help of a couple of forks dug in at the back to lever up the whole clump. Some of the outer pieces with good roots can be planted in empty places where items have died off. Make sure you dig a large hole when planting so that the roots can spread wide apart and sprinkle soil as you plant. Press in well with your feet and water in.

Dig deep sweet pea beds and add manure before putting in the well grown plants and water in. Ensure that all the stakes and netting are in place ready for the plants to cling either by their tendrils or tying.

Greenhouses

This is the start of the busy period here. Clear away items that have finished their blooming season, many of which can be retained for a second year's growth, such as cyclamen and azalea. New items will have to be started from seed. Try and keep the heat at a minimum of 45°F but of course very much higher in the propagating frame.

Get all the bedding plants into seed boxes and in the propagator at once, if not already done. Fuchsia and geranium cuttings should be taken from your old plants. Start them off around the edges of smallish pots, about four or five to each pot. Cut these items off the main plant with a good sharp knife and dip into a hormone rooting powder before setting, as this contains a deterrent against diseases.

Start bulbous items in shallow trays filled with peat and set the bulbs just at the top of the peat or slightly lower. Give a good soaking and make sure that they don't dry out. Remove those wanted for indoor use when a small amount of growth is made and remember to put them in a good compost. Others that you want to use outside should be left to make really good growth and certainly maintained indoors till May or June.

Get those tomatoes started from seed unless you are to purchase large well grown plants for large pots or growbags, or even put them in the open soil in the greenhouse border. I hope that you sterilised this soil some time ago or you may have trouble with bad growth and all sorts of diseases. Remember to get canes ready for the plants as they grow.

May I wish you all the best with the flowers and vegetables both grown inside and out.

GARDENERS' QUESTION TIME

As part of their Gardening Week, St. Dunstan's Gardening Club are to take part in an edition of 'Gardeners' Question Time' to be recorded at Ian Fraser House in March. The BBC's Ken Ford will host a panel of three gardening specialists, Geoffrey Smith, Dr. Stefan Buzacki and Daphne Ledward. The programme will be broadcast at two minutes past two on Sunday March 18th and repeated on the following Wednesday morning at two minutes past ten. Do tune in and hear the Gardening Club in action!

HONOURS DEGREE FOR PETER MATTHEWS

Many St. Dunstan's who knew Peter Matthews when he was Estate Manager will be pleased to learn of his success in a new direction. Since his retirement, Peter has been following a general arts and sociology course with the Open University and as a result has just been awarded an upper second class honours degree. He is now going on to study 'The Rise of Christianity' as an associate student with the Open University. Congratulations Peter.

RIGHT NUMBER, PLEASE

Eric Ward Rowe has been having problems with his telephone: 'Outgoing calls went haywire and incoming calls were not registering, giving the impression that I was out', he said.

Complaints to the local area office brought no cure so Eric sent a teletmessage to Mrs. Thatcher and a copy to the General Manager, British Telecom, Preston Area.

This brought rectification of the fault, in an underground cable, a letter of apology and a rebate of payment overcharged.

It also brought a television crew to Eric's home, recording an interview broadcast on breakfast television, an item in the John Junor column of the *Sunday Express* and other publicity in regional newspapers and television.

There is no doubting where the public sympathy lies when the little man takes on a monopoly giant.

CASSETTE LIBRARY LIST

Any of the following cassettes may be obtained by sending the appropriate size and number of tapes to P.R. Department.

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| G 1. C60. | P. Jones, DIY hints. | I 6. 2 C90's. | APH Vari Speech 2 manual. |
| G 2. C90. | R. Smith, ultra sounds, bats, whales. | I 7. 2 C90's. | Instructions for Sharp EL640 Talking clock and calculator. |
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| G 4. C90. | R. Dufton on research and TSI Open Day, 1978. | I 8. 2 C60. | Monarch 120 switchboard, description and brief instructions. |
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| I 1. C60 | Instructions - Fidelity Chess Challenger. | R 19. C90. | RAE question papers for May '79. |
| I 2. C60 | Instructions - Sharp Talking Clock. | R 20. C90. | Telecommunications. |
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| I 5. C60 | Metalcraft Manual. | R 23. C90. | Ragchew no4, Nov '79. |
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| | | R 27. C90. | Ragchew no6. |
| | | R 28. 12 C90's. | Guide to Amateur Radio. |
| | | R 29. C90. | Various appendices to above. |
| | | R 30. C90. | Ragchew no7, R 31. C90. RAE question papers, Dec '80. |
| | | R 32. C90. | Ragchew no8, Apr '81. |
| | | R 33. C90. | Talk by Pres., RSGB, Jul '81. |
| | | R 34. 6 C90's. | RAE Manual. |

Cassette Library *continued*

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| R 38. 2 C90's. | Smith Kettlewell Technical File (SKTF), summer '81. |
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| R 40. C90. | Ragchew no10, Jun '82. |
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| R 44. 2 C90's. | Ragchew no11, Aug '82. |
| R 45. C90. | TIB, Jan '82. |
| R 46. C90. | TIB, Apr '82. |
| R 47. 2 C90's. | Instruction manual, Trio 130 S. |
| R 48. C90. | Ragchew no12, Dec '82. |
| R 49. C90. | TIB, Jul '82. |
| R 50. 2 C90's. | SKTF, spring '82. |
| R 51. 2 C90's. | SKTF, summer '82. |
| R 52. 2 C90's. | SKTF Fall '82. |
| R 53. 2 C90's. | SKTF winter '83. |
| R 54. C90. | TIB '82. |
| R 55. C90. | Ragchew no13, May '83. |
| R 56. C90. | Ragchew no14, Aug '83. |
| R 57. C90. | TIB Jan '83. |
| R 58. C90. | TIB Apr '83. |
| R 59. C90. | TIB Jul '83. |
| R 60 C90. | IRTI catalogue for spring '83. |
| R 61 2 C90's. | SKTF spring '83. |
| R 62 C90. | Ragchew No 15, Oct '83. |
| R 63 2 C90's. | SKTF, summer '83. |
| SD 1. C60. | Visit by HRH Duchess of Gloucester to IFH. |
| SD 2. C60. | Lord and Lady Fraser Memorial Service. |
| SD 3. C60. | St. Dunstan's Dance Band 1927. |
| SD 4. C60. | Lord Fraser, Wireless for the Blind appeal, in Town Tonight, 1952 |
| SD 5. C90. | Track 1. KRM Press Conference.
Track 2. KRM extracts from radio and TV. |
| SD 6. C90. | Track 1. sound track, "To Live Again".
Track 2. Sound track, "Ability is where you look for it". |

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| SD 7. C90. | From BBC 2. History of medals, Gen. Sir John Hackett. |
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Track 2. Film on sailing by J. Wright. |
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| SD 26A. C90. | Savoury recipes. |
| SD 26B. C90. | Sweet recipes. |
| SD 27. C90. | Gardener Magazine Jul '83. |
| SD 28. C90. | Gardener Magazine Oct '83. |
| SD 29. 2 C90's. | Electronic Organ - G. Watkins, talk, concert. |
| SD 30. 2 C90's. | Elec. Org. - Mick Leary, talk and concert. |
| SD 31. C90. | Elec. Org. - T. Back in concert. |

Additions to Cassette Library

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------------------|
| G 19 4 C90's. | The Beginners Computer Handbook. |
| G 20 C90. | Using the Computer by N. Ardley. |
| SD 32 C90 | Baking Day - British Gas. |

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1984

Once again we invite St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees *only* to apply for tickets in the *Review* Sweepstake. Please remember that every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The tickets are 20p each and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on Friday May 18th. Each applicant must state the name and address of the sender and the number of tickets required, and with a stamped addressed envelope applications must be sent to: The Editor D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered. Tickets will be issued consecutively and are limited to twenty-five. The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and expenses, will be distributed as follows: 50 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse. 20 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse. 10 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse. 20 per cent to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts the race.

No prize won in the Sweepstake will be paid to any person other than the person to whom the winning ticket was sold.

The draw will take place in London on the 29th May, the race being run on June 6th.

NEW BRAILLE WRITING MACHINES

Erica 500 Picht Braille Writing Machine Catalogue No. B049001

An upward braille writing machine with a conventional braille keyboard and back-spacing carriage release and tabulator. It has a separate reading platform which slides over brackets at the back. It is compact, weighs 13 lbs. and has a briefcase-style case. The machine uses manilla paper size 10 x 13½ ins. and gives 30 lines a page and 31 characters a line.

Full list price: £108. Concession price for blind people: £36

Mini-Picht Braille Writing Machine Catalogue No. B049000

A small sheet braille writer which weighs only 7lbs. 8oz. It is very compact, easily portable and quiet. The mini-Picht has a conventional braille keyboard but does not have backspace, carriage keys or tabulator. The machine gives 23 characters a line and 18 lines on a sheet of manilla paper maximum size 5 7/8 x 8 1/4 ins. Paper cut to suit this machine is also available from RNIB.

Full list price: £98. Concession price for blind people: £32.67

If you would like to order any of the above please contact Men's Supplies at H.Q.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON Entertainment Section

The Brighton Club resumed its meetings on January 4th following the Christmas break. A dance is planned for March 10th in the Annexe and there will be a buffet and bar, we hope that many members will support this.

Plans are in hand to arrange a suitable date for a visit to Beaulieu, the cost will include a meal.

Phyllis O'Kelly.

BRIGHTON CLUB Bridge Notes

This year the three way bridge competition will be held during the weekend of May 4th-6th at Ian Fraser House.

All those wishing to take part please make their booking as soon as possible through Mrs. Coyne at H.Q. and also inform the bridge captain, via the escort office at Ian Fraser House, who will arrange the teams.

Pairs Results — Sunday, January 8th

North/South	
W. Phillips & Dr. Goodlad	53.1
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	52.5
Mr. & Mrs. M. Douse	50.0
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	48.8
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	45.6

East/West	
J. Majchrowicz & Miss Sturdy	58.1
M. Tybinski & Mrs. Macintosh	57.5
R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti	53.8
R. Fullard & Miss Stenning	44.4
J. Padley & Mrs. Padley	36.2

Individual Results — January 14th

R. Pacitti	61.4
J. Majchrowicz	59.1
J. Padley	58.0
R. Evans	56.8
Mrs. K. Pacitti	52.3
R. Fullard	51.1
M. Tybinski	50.0
P. McCormack	48.9
W. Phillips	47.7
R. Freer	45.4
W. Burnett	35.2
W. Lethbridge	34.1

Midland Club Notes

For news from the club we have to go back to December 3rd when we held our annual Christmas dinner. Once again we were invited to meet at the Club Rooms of the North Birmingham Royal British Legion, to sit down to dinner at 5.30 p.m. As last year, an excellent four course Christmas dinner was served and enjoyed by everyone. After dinner we joined in with the Legion members for a very entertaining evening consisting of a bingo session, raffle (Dot had a winning number) and music and singing provided by a 'country and western' duo until midnight. We thank the Legion for making us so welcome and for their invitation for the future. Many thanks to Eddie and Marjorie for arranging such a good night.

Moving on to December 11th, we held our Christmas party at the club rooms with all St. Dunstan's members present, also many friends and grandchildren. Due to the help of wives and friends everybody sat down to a Christmas tea enjoyed by adults and children alike. Father Christmas appeared to the joy of the children with each receiving their present, domino prizes were also handed out. We thank Bruno's friend for acting out Father Christmas so well. Drinks were handed out to one and all and taped music switched on. A good time was had by all, with the party ending at 7.45 pm.

The weather being good we were able to hold our January meeting which was well attended. We talked amongst ourselves before sitting down to tea. After tea suggestions were made for our annual outing; we are thinking of going to Rhyl for a day and hope to make a definite date at February's meeting. Anyone who would like to come along with the club on this day out would be welcome and should contact Marjorie Hordyniec by phone if possible. We were able to get started with the domino matches. Wishing each other a Happy New Year the meeting ended at 6.30 pm.

Since our January meeting the club has heard of the death of our member, St. Dunstan Tom O'Connor. He will be sadly missed at the club as he was such a staunch supporter. Flowers were sent from the club. Amongst the many mourners at the funeral were, Miss Newbold, Eddie and Marjorie Hordyniec, Joe Kibbler and his son, Kath Androlia, my wife and myself.

Doug Faulkner

FAMILY NEWS

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Benjamin, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Barker*, of Westward Ho! on his marriage to Valerie Carrasa on January 28th. The wedding took place in Connecticut, U.S.A.

Pamela Jane, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner* of Sutton-Coldfield, on her marriage to Charles James Stuart on December 17th 1983.

Neville, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Peter Logan*, of Midsomer Norton, on his marriage to Mandy Margaret Porter on January 21st in Portland.

William, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Bill Phillips*, of Saltdean, on his marriage to Joan Jung on 27th October, 1983, at the Methodist Church, Harlow.

Mr. David Taylor, of Birmingham, who was married to Mrs. Emily Bailey on February 14th.



SIXTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

On September 6th, 1918, George and Doris Pullen were married. They had eloped. 'We'd booked for a holiday' says George, 'and I told Doris I'd put the banns up and we were married without telling anyone.'

George had been wounded and lost an eye serving at the Dardanelles with the Essex Regiment. When his other eye failed he came to St. Dunstan's in 1976.

Before that George was an accountant and worked for 20 years with Bowrings at Lloyds. When the firm evacuated during the Second World War he and Doris ran the village post office at Danbury, outside Chelmsford. After the war they returned to London where George was a freelance accountant.

Now George is 88 and Doris 87. George a keen gardener, still works in his greenhouse and, indoors, writes stories. Doris plays the piano and has written music, although she has never been taught.

With their 65th wedding gifts they have begun a handsome collection of brass ornaments. Appropriately a piece depicting a guide dog is George's favourite.

Looking back over their time together

Doris said 'One thing about George, he's always been a strong man and that's good, especially when things go wrong!'.

GOLDEN WEDDING Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lawson, of Warrington, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on February 3rd.

RUBY WEDDINGS Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Ashby, of Coventry, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Harris, of Thatcham, near Newbury, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on February 12th.

BIRTHS Congratulations to:

Randall and Dana Williams, of Leytonstone, on the birth of a son, Jared Vaughn Franklin, born on January 2nd.

GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. John Cowan, of Rottingdean, formerly of Boreham Wood, are happy to announce the birth of a grandson, Matthew James, born on January 20th to their son Stuart and his wife Gilly.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davies, of Llanelli, who are pleased to announce the birth of their first grandchild, Jonathan, born on December 19th to their daughter Angela and her husband Philip.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyn Edwards, of Coventry, who are proud to announce the birth of their grand-daughter, Joanna, on January 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Logan, of Midsomer Norton, who are happy to announce the birth of their grand-daughter, Michelle Margaret, born on January 7th to their daughter Sonia and her husband.

Mrs. Joy Forster, widow of the late *Bob Forster*, of Leeds, who is delighted to announce the birth of a grand-daughter, Jessica Elizabeth, born on November 3rd to her daughter Hilary and her husband Brian.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Moore, of Oxhey, who are happy to announce the birth of a grand-daughter, Lisa Patricia, on January 12th to their son Kevin and his wife Christina.

Mrs. Enid Shorter, widow of the late *Mr. Leslie Shorter*, of Southwick, who is happy to announce the birth of a grandson, Matthew John, born on January 19th to her son Graham and his wife Deb.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS Congratulations to:

Emma Warren, daughter of *Tony Warren*, of Pearson House, who has recently won her silver swimming medal for "personal survival". Before working towards her gold medal she is going to try for her diving badge.

Sally Walton, grand-daughter of *Percy Bargery*, of Aylesbury, on becoming a qualified State Registered Midwife.

DEATHS We offer sympathy to:

Mr. Dennis Beddoes, of Birmingham, who mourns the loss of his brother who died on December 16th.,

M. Alf Dodgson, of Ian Fraser House, whose son-in-law, Alex Palmer, died on January 20th, aged 29. Alex leaves a widow Elaine and daughter Suzy.

Mrs. Frances Forster, wife of *Philip Forster*, of Sidcup, whose sister Mary passed away suddenly on January 8th.

Mr. Bob Fullard, of Saltdean, whose father, aged 89, passed away on January 30th, only ten months after the loss of his mother.

Miss Beryl Sleigh, of Hampstead, whose younger sister Vera passed away suddenly on January 25th.

Mr. Ronald Tingay, of Peacehaven, whose mother passed away on January 15th.

In Memory

It is with 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.

A.E. Bettaney, 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers

Albert Edward Bettaney passed away at Pearson House on the 6th January, 1984. He was 90 years of age.

Mr. Bettaney served as a private with the 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers from May 1915. He was wounded in France in April 1916 and became a St. Dunstaner in July 1917. Following a period of training he took up tray-making as an occupation and after living in London and Brighton for a few years, he moved back to his native Staffordshire in 1936, making his home in Stoke-on-Trent. In the late 1930s Mr. Bettaney went in for a little dog breeding and had some success with his alsatians in local shows. In 1949 he gave up tray-making in favour of light carpentry, working on a quota basis for our Stores Department until retiring some ten years ago. Mrs Bettaney died in 1977 and in February 1981 our St. Dunstaner came to live with us permanently in Brighton.

Matron Goodwin and her staff will remember Albert with great affection. He leaves two nieces, Mrs. Jean Carruthers and Mrs Mavis Fox.

IN Memory — *continued*

J.W. Blatchford, Hants and Dorset Regiment

John Walter Blatchford passed away at his daughter's home on the 17th January 1984, after a very short illness. He was 95 years of age.

Mr. Blatchford served as a corporal in the Hants. and Dorset Regiment from April 1915. He lost the sight of one eye through a gunshot wound in November 1917, as well as sustaining other injuries and he was discharged from the Army in September 1919. He then followed a career in the Civil Service until his retirement in 1945, following which he enjoyed his garden in Teignmouth for many years.

It was with the failure of his remaining sight that Mr. Blatchford became a St. Dunstaner in September 1982. At this time he and Mrs. Blatchford were living with their daughter near Benfleet, Essex. Towards the end of last year the family moved to Shelley, a village in West Yorkshire.

He leaves a widow, Georgina, and daughter Edwina.

S. Kelly, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers

Stephen A. Kelly, Military Medal, passed away at Pearson House on the 26th January 1984 at the age of 85.

Mr. Kelly served as a Lance Corporal in the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers from March 1915 and lost his sight when wounded at Cambrai in March 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in July that year, his discharge from the Army taking place at the same time. After training in massage he took up his first appointment at the Shepherds Bush Orthopaedic Hospital in London in July 1921, but after a short while moved to Leytonstone where he had his own clinic. He married in 1925 and his son Derek was born in 1928.

After suffering bomb damage to his London home in 1940, Mr. Kelly and his family moved to North Wales and our St. Dunstaner worked for a few months with a mobile Red Cross Unit before returning to Leytonstone in 1941. In due course he took a part-time appointment at the Langthorne Hospital in Leyton in 1949 but had to retire because of poor health in 1958 and then, in 1962, he and Mrs. Kelly moved to Anlaby, near Hull, to be close to their son and his family. Very sadly Mrs. Kelly's health failed and when it became necessary for her to go into a Nursing Home in 1968, our St. Dunstaner came to live with us permanently at Brighton. His wife died three years later.

He leaves a son, Derek.

Matron Goodwin and her staff will remember Stephen with great affection.

T.P. O'Connor, 2nd Border Regiment

Thomas Patrick O'Connor died suddenly at his home on the 13th January 1984. He was 74 years of age.

Mr. O'Connor was a regular soldier, having enlisted in the 2nd Border Regiment in December 1927, and serving in the rank of Lance Sergeant. He was wounded by sniper bullets in Burma in 1945 which caused the loss of his sight and he became a St. Dunstaner in May of that year. After industrial training Mr. O'Connor commenced work with a firm in Birmingham in September 1946 and thereby began a career which was to span the next 34 years. He was always a hard worker and held in high esteem by his various employers and he only took his retirement in 1980 when his job at that time came to an end. He was a staunch member of the St. Dunstan's Midlands Club, where he will be so sadly missed by his many friends, and he was a regular visitor to Ian Fraser House for the Goodwood races and Christmas each year.

His wife died in 1971 and he leaves a son, David.

W. Rowland, Nottingham and Derbyshire

William Rowland of Lambeth passed away on January 17th, aged 86. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1974.

He was injured in the shoulder at the battle of St. Quentin in 1918 whilst on active service during the First World War with the Nottingham and Derbyshire Regiment. Despite the disabilities which resulted, Mr. Rowland was a Civil Defence volunteer during the Second World War. Whilst acting as a stretcher bearer he suffered injuries to his face and eyes following a bomb explosion. As a result of his combined injuries in both wars, our St. Dunstaner was no longer able to work. However, in his leisure hours Mr. Rowland thoroughly enjoyed listening to his talking books and radio.

Mr. Rowland and his wife, Elizabeth, celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary last Christmas Day but sadly his health was already deteriorating. Soon afterwards he was admitted to a Home nursing home.

He leaves a widow, Elizabeth and five daughters.

J. Sugden, 1st West Yorkshire Regiment

John Lawrence Sugden passed away on January 15th at the age of 55, after a short and sudden illness.

Mr Sugden served as a Corporal in the 1st West Yorkshire Regiment from March 1943 to July 1954 and his blindness was the result of a severe head injury sustained in Malaya. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in August 1954 but was not able to undertake any form of training and he became a permanent resident with us almost immediately. His great enjoyment was going to concerts and the theatre and he was a well known figure in the Kemp Town area where he will be missed, as much by the local residents, as by Matron Goodwin and her staff.

He leaves a sister, brother and step-brother.