



**St Dunstons
Review**
March 1985



From the Chairman

I have been giving careful thought to what we do for widows and am very conscious of the importance of keeping closely in touch with these ladies who have given invaluable support to their blind – and sometimes severely disabled – husbands, in many cases over a great number of years.

I am glad to announce that, as something of an experiment, St. Dunstaners' widows will be invited to attend the Area Reunions commencing in 1986, and the present intention is that this invitation will be repeated every other year. An announcement will be made in the *Review* in due course telling widows who wish to attend their local Reunion how to apply.

I hope that this change of practice, which in some small measure recognises the debt that St. Dunstan's owes to these ladies, will be widely welcomed.

Henry Leach

ROYAL VISIT

St. Dunstaners have responded enthusiastically to the news of the visit to Brighton by The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh on July 19th and at the time of writing, applications for tickets are still flooding in.

It now seems clear that a ballot for places will be necessary and, similarly, there will have to be a ballot for accommodation at Ian Fraser House, both for double rooms in the South Wing and for single rooms, during the week of the Royal Visit and no bookings can be confirmed until these ballots have been held.

The arrangements will take some time to complete but St. Dunstaners will be kept informed of progress and will be advised as soon as possible whether or not they have been lucky in the ballot.

W. C. Weisblatt

NEW CRUSADER MAGAZINE

Would any 8th Army Veterans interested in receiving this quarterly magazine on tape, please contact Ray Hazan at Headquarters.

and a wide variety of essential information. For the first time, the publication deals with trips around Europe, including a full list of French motorway service areas with appropriate facilities and five suggested European holiday tours with a list of hotels on the way.

POP-COIN DISPENSER

This is a coin dispenser, which can hold up to 5 £1 coins. The dispenser is shaped like an over-size 50p piece, just under 3 inches in diameter. The coins are fed in through a hole in each edge. The coin can be felt through a hole on the top surface of the dispenser. The coin is then dispensed by pushing it down and forward. When loaded to maximum, it is quite a weight in your pocket, but the ease of dispensing makes it a handy gadget.

Available from Supplies Department, H.Q.

AA GUIDE

The latest edition of the Automobile Association's *Guide for the disabled traveller* lists more than 300 hotels in Great Britain suitable for overnight stops and contains general touring advice

The Guide for the disabled traveller 1984/85 is available from all AA centres, free to members and £1.50 to non-members.

NEW READING SYSTEM FOR GAS METERS

North Thames Gas is planning changes with the reading of meters in the near future. Not all areas will be affected – if your area is included you will have received or will be receiving, a leaflet in the post notifying you of the change.

The change is basically that meter readers will now visit you every six months instead of every three. You will still, however, receive the gas bill every three months, and this will be estimated when the meter reader has not called – you'll find the letter 'E' printed against the current meter index.

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Cover Picture: A long-tailed tit building a nest: Ron Smith's latest nature article appears on page 16. Photo: S. C. Porter, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

'LEARN TO BE BLIND' – SECOND BROADCAST

'Learn to be Blind', the BBC radio documentary on St. Dunstan's – well worth listening to, if you missed it the first time, as it is very well presented and researched – is to be broadcast again on Easter Sunday, April 7th, at 7.30 p.m. on Radio 4.

MARATHON RECORD ATTEMPT

In April Gerry Jones will run his fourth London Marathon. Once more, he will be sponsoring for the Royal School for the Blind, Leatherhead. This time, Gerry will make an attempt on the world blind Marathon record. This is currently thought to be three hours and one minute run by a totally blind American in the Vancouver Marathon last year. Gerry has so far run three hours, 23 minutes. We wish him the best of luck. Anyone wishing to sponsor Gerry should contact him by letter via HQ.

9TH ANNUAL METRO SPORTS

As recorded in the January/February issue of *The Review*, the 9th Annual Metro Sports Competitions for the Visually Handicapped will take place at the New River Sports Stadium, White Hart Lane, Wood Green, headquarters of the Harringey Athletics Club, on Saturday, 27th July this year. (The nearest station is Wood Green on the Piccadilly Line). 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.

In addition to the normal field events such as discus, javelin, shot put, high jump and various track events, there will be a three kilometre walking race for the totally blind and a separate walking race for the partially sighted. Race walking was pioneered by St. Dunstaners soon after World War I and figured prominently in the St. Dunstaners' sports calendar during the 20's and 30's, with regional competitions culminating in a final London event. Under the expert management of the late Bill Harris, many World War II St. Dunstaners have

continued to keep this sport alive, under the leadership of Bill Miller, who was secretary of the St. Dunstan's Sports Club, Walking Section. Sadly Bill Miller was obliged to discontinue the monthly walking races at East Ewell nearly ten years ago, due to the small number of St. Dunstaners walkers who were living in the London area and able to participate. Last year five St. Dunstaners took part in the National Metro Sports walking race, and by mustering the same support this year we will ensure the continuity of race walking for visually handicapped sportsmen, and hopefully give encouragement to more civilian blind persons to take part in this event.

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1985

Once again we invite St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees *only* to apply for tickets in the *Review* Derby 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 17th. 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 4XB, 12/14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB. 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 25. The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and expenses, will be distributed as follows: 50% to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse. 20% to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse. 10% to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse. 20% 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 May 28th, the race being run on June 5th.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE LILIAN KEMP

We are sad to report the death of Mrs. Lilian Kemp, a voluntary escort and helper to many St. Dunstaners at Ian Fraser House and Pearson House for more than 20 years.

Although she stopped working two years ago, due to illness, the St. Dunstaners who experienced her service and kindness will never forget her. She was known never to refuse help to anyone that needed it,

always approachable and kind. Mrs. Kemp had been widowed just after the war and lost her daughter at the age of five, but despite her losses, always put the comfort and well-being of other people first. She has been described as a 'marvellous and wonderful woman' and as such, we are humbly grateful for her service to St. Dunstan's.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Mr. S. Scroggie, Kirkton of Strathmartine

We're grateful to Ken Revis and Mike Tetley for giving us their impressions of the Soviet Union, all the more so because when credible witnesses are available it saves us the trouble and expense of going there ourselves. Many are the friends of ours who've holidayed there, and from their reports emerges a kaleidoscopic impression.

Moscow airport is a matter of sub-machine guns and filthy toilets; you get arrested for lighting up under a statue of Lenin; Moscow's stuffed mammoth is subject to funny museum hours; collective farms are not open to expert foreign inspection; tourists' tights fetch a high price in roubles; you can't get a battery for your torch; only in direct ratio to their distance from the capital do Soviet citizens dare to be communicative, and then only the women; the only English language newspaper to be had is the *Morning Star*; any spare butter or sugar is quickly snapped up by your courier; there's manifestly one life for the Party, another for the rest; a general dreariness and ugliness prevails; and so on and so forth – but at least you can sneak off and get drunk with Russian sailors in Leningrad.

We have already formed our own opinion of life in the U.S.S.R. however, and this is based not only on the testimony of tourists but on contemporary literature emanating from the U.S.S.R. itself. Radio 3 did a series some time ago comprising short stories culled from Soviet periodicals – some on a rural background, some on an urban, and since everything in the Soviet

Union has to be sieved through the censorship it may be supposed these stories represent modern Soviet life in the best possible light. If this is the best life the Kremlin has to offer its citizens, then thank God for the life the very humblest of us can lead in Great Britain today. The lot of the serf, whether under the Tsars or the Commissars, is not for us.

CORRECTION

In the December edition of the *Review*, Ken Revis in a letter to the editor mentioned that close on 40 years ago, he and his wife were involved in the work of St. Dunstan's – the copy reads 'Cicero's Bodyguard Lines' but it should have read, the 'Viceroy's Bodyguard Lines' – in Dehra Dun during the last days of the 'Raj'. We apologise for this error.

WITH THANKS FROM LYNDON MASON

Mr. Lyndon Mason would like to thank all the St. Dunstaners and staff at Ovingdean, who so generously gave to his retirement collection.

Mr. Mason retired towards the end of last year, having been an orderly at Ian Fraser House for 35 years. He was presented with a watch as a gift from the Council for all his years of service to St. Dunstan's. May we take this opportunity to wish him once again, through the *Review*, a long and happy retirement.

George Reed's Musical Boxes

Story and Pictures: Carolyn Howell

'Bun' and George Reed with some of their musical boxes.



Meet Mr. and Mrs. George Reed from Farnham in Surrey! Mr. Reed, a Lieutenant in the war, formerly of the Rifle Brigade and then in the South Wales Borderers, has been collecting musical boxes of all shapes and sizes since 1948.

Mr. Reed joined St. Dunstan's in 1946, after being seriously wounded at Anzio in 1944 where he lost his sight and his right arm. In 1948 he was running a cigarette and confectionery shop in Weybridge, and that was when he bought his first musical box – a pewter tankard – 'the best one I ever had', he says, because that started the collecting craze. Musical boxes were quite difficult to get after the war, and the pewter tankard has since been abroad with him on his travels, acting, it seems, like a 'magnet' in attracting more weird and wonderful boxes of its kind! His collection amounts to more than 60 now, and he has had to stop collecting for a while until he can construct a bit more shelf space.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed are both fond of travelling and go on annual cruises. This has made it quite easy to collect boxes from several different places of origin, although the majority were bought in England. Take, for instance, a beautiful water jug, hand-carved from wood, that he bought while they were on holiday in Malta. As you pour from the jug it plays a melodious tune. Or the lovely little Spanish girl from Gibraltar, who sits sedately in a chair that revolves while the music is playing; or the miniature grand piano from Armand. From nearer

home we have a thatched cottage from the Isle of Man that plays a legendary tune when you lift up the roof. And two Dutch windmills whose blades revolve as the music plays. From Guernsey an old-fashioned little brass gramophone with a horn: when you place the needle arm the record rotates, playing 'Smoke gets in Your Eyes.'

Some of the boxes involve the most intricate shapes, delicately carved or painted. Like the wooden gondola – the lid of the cabin opens up to reveal a cigarette box, and while a couple dance on the foredeck, the whole thing revolves on its stand as the music plays. A life-size Japanese lacquered coffee table plays when you pull the drawer out. And a painted Greek bazouki has four little strings as well as being musical. And then there are three or four alarm clocks to wake you up with charming tunes: one has a little figure dancing on the clock face; on another the clock faces upright and at right angles to it, three couples whirl around on a rotating record.

Quite a number of the musical boxes cover a 'drinking' theme – the tune of 'Beautiful Dreamer' emanates from a rather plastered – looking china dog, a ballerina revolves inside a Bols gin bottle as golden flakes flutter down round her, and on the side of a decanter entitled 'Don't I Love Thee' a man hangs around a lamp post – Mr. Reed's daughter, Sheila, bought this for him because she thought it reminded her of him! He also has several cigarette-



dispensing musical boxes and lighters – one is a pewter knight in armour – but his favourite is the smallest in his collection, a tiny key-ring about postage stamp size.

And for Christmas there are plenty of decoration-type musical boxes: a globe encompassing a nativity scene that also is a lamp, a snow-covered cottage with a chimney out of which Father Christmas bobs up and down as the music plays, a silver bell, and a revolving musical Christmas tree! . . . It's just impossible to list them all by name.

Mr. Reed started out as a conjurer and used to practise ventriloquism when he was younger, as his father did before him, but that's another story. Suffice to say that he is proud to still have the very doll his father used! And that his own first doll was given to him by St. Dunstan's. The musical boxes are only brought out on special occasions (I was very lucky!), however, he has plenty to fill up his time – with a laser beam disc player and several tape recorders – and he does carpentry when he has some time to spare. Mrs. Reed also has a wonderful collection of coloured glass items and coronation china, so between them they could just about open a gallery of extraordinary curiosities and exhibits!

Above: For my lady – a cream-painted miniature grand piano decorated with roses plays a tune when opened to reveal a jewel box with tiny, pink-lined compartments.

George with the smallest item in his collection – a musical box on a key-ring.



NEW PUBLIC PAY PHONES

By Ray Hazan

This year, British Telecom are launching an updated public telephone network costing £165 million. In brief the update will consist of new electronic equipment and new booths with greater emphasis on ease of handling and access for disabled people.

The first public telephone was installed in 1886, and the familiar red kiosk in 1927. Although these latter will gradually disappear, some will remain in areas of conservation interest. There are some 76,500 public telephones in the UK, and 293,500 pay phones in hotels, pubs, etc.

We first reported on the new pay phones in the July 1982 issue of the *Review*. The equipment has been much simplified by two new factors. Firstly, the coin operated phone has one slot to take all coins, and secondly, there are only 10 push-buttons, where some previously had 16. The new pay phones are divided into 3 categories; the Blue Pay Phone 2 (coin operated), the Account Call, using a personal credit card, and the Card Phone using a credit card purchased from retail outlets.

The Coin Operated Phone

This has a single slot located at the top centre of the box. It will take all coins from 2p to £1. These coins can be fed in before and during a call. A visual display lets sighted people know the cost as it goes along. Below the 10 push-buttons is a flap covering a chute down which refunded coins will drop. It is important to stress that only unused coins will be refunded. The unit does not refund change. Thus if you put a £1 coin in and make a call costing 10p, you have lost 90p. You are, therefore, advised to put in coins of differing value.

The Account Call

In this case, you are given an account, and personal identification number. This is then keyed into the phone on the push-buttons, and your call thereafter is debited to your business or home telephone account. At Heathrow and at Waterloo Station, there will be phones that will accept an Access, Visa or American Express credit card. The minimum charge for any call by this method will cost 50p.

The Card Phone

There are currently 1000 of these phones in operation, and their number is to be increased to 8000. This avoids carrying any money around, but does have some drawbacks for blind people. A credit card costing £4, £10 or £20 may be purchased from post offices or other retail outlets. The card, rather than coins is used to make the call. The units on the card are electronically erased as the call proceeds. Again, a visual display tells the sighted when their card is running out. In the case of a blind person, pips will sound 20 seconds before 'your money is up', and the card will be ejected. This gives you time either to insert a new card, or turn it round to use the new portion.

This telephone is different from the coin operated phone. Under the push-buttons, you will feel a very thin slot, with a hemispherical cut out in the centre of the slot, to enable you to hold the card. The £4 card has just one track of units along the edge. The others have 2 tracks along two edges. It is just possible to tell from slightly embossed printing, which is the top side of the card. The card cannot take any braille embossing as the card would not then fit the narrow slot. However, if you put the card in the wrong way, it will be 'rejected', so the problem should be relatively easy to overcome.

All these phones are electronic. They will automatically notify the engineer if there is a fault or if the coin box is full. In both cases, you can still make a 999 call. Why you cannot call the operator is a mystery! Pips will sound both on the coin phone and card phone 20 seconds before time runs out, giving you the chance to 'reload'.

The New Booths

On the one hand, it is a sad reflection of modern life that vandalism and terrorism must play an important part in the design of a new booth, but heartening that the needs of the disabled are considered. After much research, it is inevitably to America that BT have turned to for help. Unpainted anodised aluminium and stainless steel have been used to foil the graffiti writer. Extra lighting will help deter the vandal and



One of the new telephone booths which will be appearing on Britain's streets. Photo: British Telecom.

assist the partially sighted. Booths are acoustically padded, and have wide apertures and equipment located at a height for easier use by wheelchair users. There are 3 types of booth. For outside use, the booth has no step, a lighter sprung door with a larger handle. Those located in stations, etc. have no door and are only about 12 inches deep. This might seem a strange concept acoustically and yet, one gets a definite feeling of a quieter surrounding once 'inside'. Lastly, some phones are simply covered by a hood. All telephones are fitted with an induction coupler for those with a 'T' position on their hearing aid.

This programme will take effect over the next 10 years, so do not expect to find this equipment universally, straight away. Towards the end of the year, it will be possible to find pay phones on coaches (London to Newcastle), and on British Rail, located at the end of the first-class section, and on ships. With the current state of technology, and the profits made by BT one might say this is about time. "Your 3 minutes are up", is obviously a thing of the past!

GAME FOR A LAUGH

The following piece was actually part of a letter from Phillip Wood to Capt. Hazan, who thought it was so amusing he showed it to me and I agreed, so I thought we'd share it with you, permission being obtained from both parties. So here it is! — Editor.

On January 1st 1984 I broke a golden rule and made, not one, but two resolutions: 1) To shed half a stone in weight, and 2) to write a book. I now weigh my normal 10 stone and am about to start on the final draft of a book. And I'm dead chuffed! Mind, any fool can write a book (some of them have) but publishing it, there's the trick. So keep your fingers crossed for me during the next few months!

... A friend ordered a new telephone from B.T. A few days later came the invoice large enough to paper the kitchen, with a tiny sliver of printed matter stapled in one corner. Knowing my interest in Gems of Deathless Prose, she donated it. Being basically a decent chap I do so love to share my joys with others, so here it is:

It is headed 'Corrigendum'... which is a good start! Why not use the common English word 'correction'? Then follows the passage, delivered in one single breath, sans commas: '(6) Each provision of this paragraph is to be construed as a separate limitation applying and surviving even if for any reason one or other of the said provisions is held inapplicable or unreasonable in any circumstances and shall remain in force notwithstanding the termination of this contract.' And there you have it in a nutshell! Some nut!

Well what would you have done, finding yourself in possession of such a priceless document? ... Of course you would. And that's exactly what I did. I sent it back to B.T. with a perfectly reasonable request: 'Would you be kind enough to have the attached translated into English and return the result to me.' I did sign the letter 'sincerely', but I still await a reply.

And now I really must go. I have to go and get measured for my *Save our Quid* tee-shirt.



A solitary lighthouse settlement on the coast of the Inner Passage, British Columbia.

Alaska — The Last Frontier

By Bob Lloyd

One thinks that Alaska is one big cold and snowy wilderness. That may be true in the winter time, but I can tell you that it's hot in the summer. I found it so when I was there in June, 1984. At times it was 80 degrees — hot as any English summer day. My trip to Alaska started about 27 years ago. That is to say it started in my mind, at the time my wife and I made our first trip to British Columbia, just nine months after we were married. Whilst we were there, we heard about the 'Inner Passage' — a passage which goes up the coast of British Columbia through hundreds of islands called the Queen Charlotte Islands, from Vancouver to Juneau, the capital of Alaska. At one time, it was thought that no large liner could make the passage, and only small ships and ferries were making the journey. So, for 27 years I had been wondering if my dream would ever come true. But this year was the 25th Anniversary of Alaska becoming a full state of the United States of America, and so 1984 was a very special year for the Alaskans. They were putting on a special show, and as I am getting a bit long in the tooth, I thought it would be this year or never for me, to realise my ambition.

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We had heard that the Holland-America line was putting on a new boat specially for this occasion and it was to be the vessel's maiden voyage. Holland-America never do things in halves and are renowned for the wonderful service and food they provide for the passengers. This proved to be the case in the *Nieuw Amsterdam*. We left Vancouver on June 8th. We deliberately chose this trip firstly because it was the maiden voyage and secondly because we would be up in Alaska in mid-summer, with about 23 hours of daylight each day. This was most important, for as I am rather a mean sort of chap, I wanted to get the biggest value for my money.

We left Vancouver and headed towards the Pacific Ocean but soon turned northwards heading for the islands. How can I describe the journey through these islands, seen through the eyes of my wife? They were just beautiful. So unspoiled and most were quite uninhabited. Some had Indian reservations and sacred burial places of the various Indian tribes who are still living in this part of Canada. The islands were a haven for wildlife and this is very carefully protected by the government. Conserva-

tion is the watchword here. We saw many bald eagles, seals, dolphins and whales, to mention a few.

The liner cruised majestically through the narrow channels and occasionally we would see small settlements of wooden houses on the shore and apparently, fishing was the main industry for the inhabitants. Alaska has always been a large provider of fish, particularly salmon, crab and lobster. One can only marvel at the way the ship was manoeuvred through these very narrow and treacherous channels, and at times, the overhanging cliffs seemed so close. I have learned since, that some cruise liners have come to grief in these waters, in fact this happened to one such vessel just ten days after our return.

After going ashore at Ketchikan, we took a tour to the Totem Bight State Park where we visited an old Indian campsite, covered with old totem poles, and we were escorted into the old Indian ceremonial house for a taste and talk on the ancient Indian culture. We returned to Ketchikan via a large fish hatchery and a Totem Heritage Centre where old totems are restored and preserved by native Indians. Ketchikan has 15,000 inhabitants and they live in simple

wooden houses with boardwalks, just as they have done for so many years. We returned to the ship and continued our journey, and the next port of call was Juneau, quite an attractive city, with many of its old buildings still intact. One feels very much at home wandering along its streets which are fairly narrow and winding, and not at all like the modern American city. It is probably America's most scenic capital, and boasts 25,000 inhabitants.

Fishing Centre

It is the centre of fishing and river rafting, and flying by helicopter to see the Mendenhall glacier is within the city limits. As you approach the glacier you are aware of its enormous proportions — 12 miles long by 1½ miles wide. From time to time large pieces break off and fall into the Sound as icebergs. Within this mountain range there are over 100 glaciers. Footpaths had been made for us to walk to the edge of the Mendenhall to see everything at close quarters and it was thrilling to see how the icebergs came into being. We returned to Juneau and toured the city, seeing the haunts of the old timers, the old saloons, and the houses

The Indian Ceremonial House at Ketchikan.



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The Nieuw Amsterdam's tender with the liner in the background.

where ladies of pleasure used to live.

We left the boat at Juneau, but before proceeding further, I would like to tell you about the facilities on board. At each port of call, we were ferried ashore by excellent tenders and on arrival at the quayside, there would be refreshments already laid out for us, and waiting for us on our return. Every comfort was available to the passengers on board; I just can't speak too highly of the food and staff. The captain, a Dutchman, gave us a champagne party the second night out and every evening there was an excellent floor show for which they had imported the stars from Broadway, New York, especially for our entertainment. On board, refreshment service was available almost all day. We had two heated swimming pools, usual deck games, dance hall, card rooms, and, most important, several bars each having different but topical decors. I didn't support this side of things very much, as the meals provided were enormous and very varied. A week on that ship would add many pounds in the wrong places.

We left Juneau by coach to a staging point on the edge of the Lynn Canal. This is

a 100 mile-long natural waterway between Juneau and Skagway. There are mountains bordering the canal which soar straight upwards for thousands of feet. We now boarded a smaller vessel for the trip. It was a journey never to be forgotten. Lynn Canal is named after King's Lynn in England, because this wide waterway was discovered by Captain Vancouver, who came from King's Lynn. We spent the whole day on this smaller vessel, another highlight of the tour. There were virtually no signs of human habitation and wildlife was abundant. Here we saw our greatest number of bald eagles and seals. As we proceeded up the waterway, we saw glaciers coming right down to the water's edge and waterfalls sent torrents of mountain water crashing into the canal. It was a most impressive journey. The day was warm and sunny and we were able to go out on deck in light clothing. Every time you turned, there seemed to be a new spectacle. Surrounding us were mountains galore, capped with snow and ice. Whales and dolphins popped up around us whilst colonies of sealions sunbathed on the rocks and eagles swooped down to the water to catch fish. It

was a naturalist's paradise.

At the end of the day we reached Skagway. This little town is the point where most of the miners assembled in 1898 in preparation for the gruelling climb over the mountains to the Yukon, Dawson and Whitehorse. Skagway is an attractive little place, and the Alaskan government is trying to resuscitate it and bring it back to its original state – most of its old buildings, log cabins, saloons and some notorious establishments, so that the visitor may obtain an authentic picture of what life was like at the time of the great Klondyke gold rush, in the last century. The Parks Warden took us around the town on an extremely informative tour. Some information was a little lurid!

On each occasion we stayed ashore, we were put into extremely nice hotels – very modern and very new. They were all built in the old style depicting the era, to merge in with the original old-time buildings. Food was absolutely great. The tour was arranged by West Tours of Seattle and I must give them full marks for the way the trip was organised. We boarded a coach in

Skagway next morning, and this was to take us right over the top of the range of mountains, down to the Yukon River. It is said that when the goldrush was on, 40,000 men set off for the goldfields, but only 10,000 managed to reach their destination. Thousands of men and horses died en route and thousands turned back unable to cope with the rigours of the climate there. Many of the would-be miners had come straight from offices and shops, still in their light clothes and shoes, with no preparation for the extreme hazards which lay ahead. Many stories were told to us by the courier of what had happened, it would take too long to tell them here – suffice to say that this journey down to the Yukon was another highlight of our trip. We were very lucky that day. Our courier said that on most days, the mountains are shrouded in mist and cloud, but we were very favoured. It was a brilliantly sunny day and everything was clear and sharp. We could see for miles, completely surrounded by peaks covered in snow and ice, valleys, waterfalls and rushing rivers.

We eventually arrived at a small place

Early wooden houses in Ketchikan.





'The unspoilt narrow Yukon River' — this photograph, from the Canadian Embassy, illustrates the breathtaking natural splendour of the steep mountain slopes rising up from the Yukon River.

called Carcross — over the main part of the mountain range after having travelled through the White Pass, and this is where the miners would have assembled at Bennett Lake. A settlement formed here with

hotels, saloons, stores etc., where one could obtain all the tools and paraphernalia to take them on the remainder of the journey. Close to the town is the smallest desert in the world. It was formed by the debris from a melting glacier, centuries ago. Lake Bennett was the starting place for the trip down to the Yukon, Whitehorse, and eventually to Dawson City. Here, the would-be miners assembled rafts, built canoes and boats or any means of transport they could, to paddle down to the Yukon River, but unfortunately, en route there were some very severe rapids, where many a miner perished.

Our day ended at Whitehorse, and again we were most fortunate in having a nice hotel. We then took a trip on the Yukon River. Again, like the Lynn Canal, it was absolutely unspoiled. It was not very wide, but along its banks, one could see evidence of where the old-timers had settled. It was a lovely trip, but I cannot report much wildlife. It was in the afternoon, and I guess we would have seen much more if we had gone in the early morning or late evening. I'm very glad I did it, as I don't suppose I shall ever had the chance to sail on the Yukon again. Lying on the bank of the river at Whitehorse, is an old stern-wheeler named S.S. Klondyke and we had the opportunity of going over it. It was last in service in 1955, fuelled by logs, and the Parks Department have kept it completely as it was when operating on the Yukon River.

Festive Farewell

Our last night in this area was spent at a leg show with music hall additions. It was a show, in the old style, which the old timers might have seen in the gold rush days. The performers were dressed to fit the part, as did the jokes and music. Naturally we saw the can-can! This just seemed to round off the trip. It all went far too quickly, and the time came for us to leave this wild, but lovely part of the world. The next morning, we flew to Vancouver. It is a trip I can thoroughly recommend, within the scope of an adventurous blind man, provided he has a good escort with him. Facilities are made for the disabled, both young and old, and if you have someone who can give you a good running commentary as I did, and who can take photographs for you so that you can talk about it afterwards, I am sure you would enjoy it just as much as I did.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

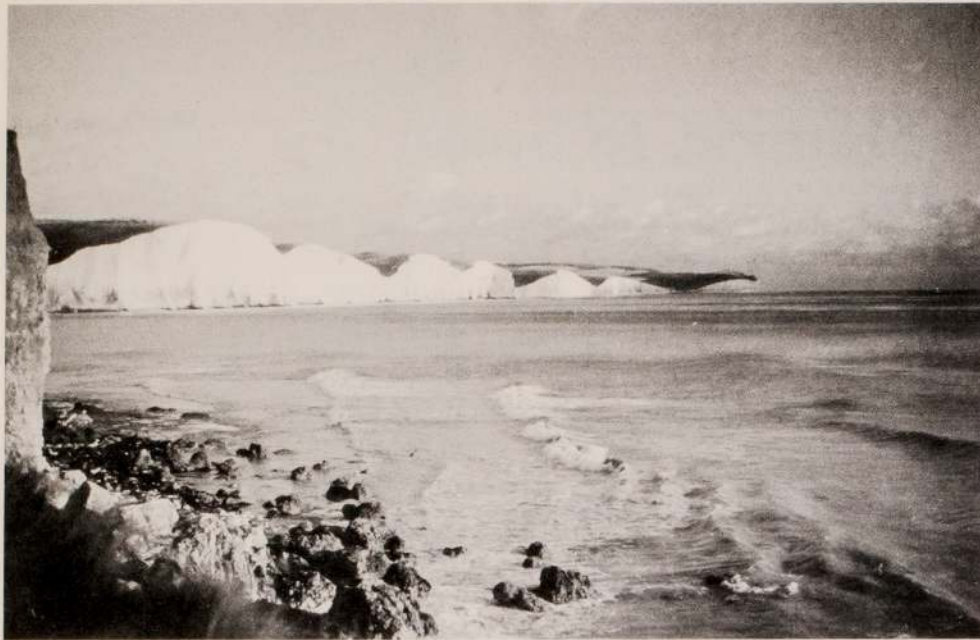
THE WHITE STUFF

'Dogs, bairns and the half-daft love the snow', old Mr. Brown used to say at our local pub, the *Birkie Inn*; yet I'd like to think there was a fourth category of snow-lovers, not quite so damning, which includes myself. For I'm a lover of snow, whether it's dazzling under blue sky and sunshine, flying over dykes, plastering itself on trees, or even in the form of dirty old drifts. If likes and dislikes are acquired in childhood and are enduring reflections of early experience, then I must have been particularly happy in Kingston, Ontario, when I was three, for that was where I first encountered the snow I was to love for ever. Snapshots in the family album show igloos made by myself and my brothers.

In adult life the hardest day I can remember was connected with snow. When Colin Brand and I crossed the hills between Aberdeenshire and Angus there were nine inches of unsettled snow on the road from Ballater to the Spittal of Glenmuick, deep drifts on the 2,250 foot Capel Mount, and ice all the way from Braedounie to Newbigging, yet we were young enough and strong enough to manage the 22 miles in a very short time. On this occasion it was a fine, sunny January day, and when night fell, clear and starry; but this was not so in the same area some thirty years later. The track from Bachnagairn wood leads down to a footbridge over the Esk, and in this part the storm was so wild, the flying powder so suffocating, that we could hardly breathe, and had to get down behind a boulder for shelter, wrapping scarves round our faces. On the glen road we had to avoid drifts as high as the telephone-wires, and the last mile to Newbigging was an epic of storm, darkness and struggle. Grizzled old Jim Harper was the farmer at Newbigging, and

one year we were stuck in his house, Denis Fagan and I, due to a blizzard. They call snow the poor farmer's manure, but it wasn't this aspect of the storm which took up Jim's attention. Electricity had recently come in, and this took priority in his mind. The ewes were buried in drifts; byre, steading and privy were virtually inaccessible, the County snow-plough wasn't expected; but Jim puffed his pipe at the fire and spat. 'Och, well', he said, 'the sparkie's aye bidden anyway'. That's to say, the electricity at least hadn't gone off.

I get my exercise in summer on the lawn-mower, in the autumn sweeping leaves, in the winter shovelling snow; and the last winter but one was a disappointment in this respect, for there wasn't more than a scriffing from November through to the spring. Last winter was better, the wobbly old shovel was constantly in use, and in the end it became a question of which way to throw, so high were the piles of cast snow. When this winter was over my wife Margaret and I motored up the glen. Bulldozed drifts stood higher than the car on each side, though the snow on the hills was beginning to get patchy. Between Newbigging and Braedounie we got out of the car, clambered over piled snow, and made our way up to a corrie high on the east side of the glen. All was white there, Arctic hares hopped about, the burn couldn't be heard under frozen drifts, and ptarmigan had left their tracks everywhere. Down in Strathmartine I'd put away my shovel by this time, there was only one last drift on the lawn, but here in Bonhard Corrie the snow still prevailed, and would do so for some weeks to come. There were no dogs, bairns or half-daft around in the silence up there, only Margaret and me.



The Seven Sisters — 'great hills of the South Country.'

Sounds of the Forests and Downs of East Sussex: Part 1

By Ron Smith

"The great hills of the South Country
they stand along the sea,
And it's there walking in the high woods,
that I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a
boy walking along with me."

These lines of Hilaire Belloc aptly describe my feelings for this adopted county of mine. Yes, East Sussex is where my recordings have come from in 1984, though some of the sounds on the tape go back further than that, like the opening scene.

In early January, some years ago, there had been several severe frosts and the birds were very hungry. This is the kind of sound anyone can hear in the garden, especially if they are feeding the birds. Don't forget that millions of birds are saved each year by people feeding them.

"I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there,
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare."

In the foreground are starlings. Also in evidence are greenfinches, chaffinches, dunnocks and others. Loudly screaming overhead are the blackheaded gulls which come around here every winter. I hear them as they dive repeatedly at the birds on the ground, trying to drive them away from the food. The blare of the Newhaven foghorn gives this sound-picture atmosphere.

I think the starlings are wonderful mimics. They are closely related to the mynah birds of the pet shops. Some people think that starlings are very greedy birds but that

is what makes them so successful and they make devoted parents. I love the whole range of sounds they make, as well as the mimicry. The starling's descending whistle has turned many a human head!

Foxes are at their noisiest between December and February. For three consecutive years I listened for them at this time but there was always something to prevent a good recording. Then, at last came a spell of windless weather at the right time.

I had made a reconnaissance of the place where I wanted to rig up my equipment, so on a wintry Sunday morning, at 1.30 a.m., I set off alone, loaded with apparatus. The mournful note of the Newhaven foghorn told me that there must be a mist. Unfortunately, I wandered by mistake into someone's front garden. Finding my way out of those rose bushes must have wasted a precious fifteen minutes and I was perspiring freely, in spite of the chill air, by the time I escaped.

At last I reached the right place, rigged up and sat down to wait. At about 2 a.m. came a contact call from a fox some way off so I switched on the tape and recorded as he came nearer, along his own private path. Lapping seawater and the wailing foghorn created a telling background for the fox's yelping cries. At 3 a.m. both he and I were rewarded by the high-pitched, three note scream of the vixen.

Mating ritual

It was on another winter Sunday morning, this time at 4 a.m., when I was awakened by a shrilly yelping, squealing pair of foxes in the roadway outside my house. This seemed to be some sort of ritual they go through before mating. I caught a lot of this on tape (the machine is always ready) but also found I was picking up some footsteps approaching. Perhaps it was some man on tidework at the sea front. The foxes waited while the intruding footsteps faded, then went squealing on their way. Oh, these human beings!

Several years ago, with Kay Smith, I paid a winter visit to Arlington Forest. This is nearly nine hundred acres of Forestry Commission property, known locally as Abbotswood. We knew there were large numbers of rooks and jackdaws spending the winter nights in the centre of the forest and wanted to get close to them. We were surprised to hear, roosting with them, a

group of fieldfares, those invaders from Norway, their "Ch-ch-ch-ch" cries almost obliterated by the thousands of raucous rooks. Although it was only just dawn, Kay said it seemed as though the sky were filled with those dark forms. We listened as thousands of jackdaws took to wing at the same time.

During recent years in England we have lost hundreds of thousands of elm trees. In March, 1983, Mavis Coates and I went back to Abbotswood before dawn to see if this had made any difference to the rook population. We were pleasantly surprised and able to add some worthwhile sections to my recordings of winter-roosting rooks. To add to the sound-picture, a pair of Canada geese flew up, honking, into the paling sky, giving Mavis, at least, quite a turn.

It was also in March that Kay and I took advantage of this good time to record the great tits in Abbotswood. We taped their piping notes and more Canada geese as they passed close to us on their way to the pond. The tape brings out the annoyance of the coots there at this invasion.

Green woodpecker

The handsome green woodpecker is often called the yaffle. My tape shows why. Once heard, its crazy laugh is not easily forgotten. It was near the downland village of Litlington, close to the more famous Alfriston, that I recorded this cry. Then a male and female began drumming on the same old tree. This was a bonus as all I had been recording was a mistle thrush and after two hours had been on the point of packing up when the yaffles surprised me by joining in.

In April 1984, the days were beautiful but the nights were cold. Kay and I made our way, late one evening, to Folkington, another gateway to the downs. Among the thick trees surrounding Folkington Manor a blackbird was demonstrating his flute-like song in sharp contrast to the squeaky "chucks" of a flock of guinea fowl which had already flown up to roost. There was much jostling as the senior birds demanded the best positions. To pull the curtain down on our short visit, the manor peacock announced to the world that all was well.

In the second week of that April we visited the garden of Charlston Manor, well-known for its festivals. At that time, few immigrant birds had arrived and there was



A green woodpecker. Photo: S. C. Porter, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

a lack of variety in the birdsong as we walked the path outside the estate, taping the odd chaffinch or wren with a few cattle bellowing in the distance. It grew later and colder – cold enough for frost. Distant traffic sounds died away. I sat on a stile by a cornfield and thought of going home. Suddenly a red-legged partridge struck and gave me a splendid interview. What peculiar sounds it makes!

The clear weather of April '84 encouraged large crowds to visit the Seven Sisters Country Park at Seaford so I could take no recordings there in the daytime. I went down there, with Mavis, to the Cuckmere estuary, early on Good Friday, arriving at about 6 a.m. Mavis told me that tall wisps of mist were rising from the Cuckmere, slowly twisting into strange shapes.

As we walked seawards we were able to put on tape a skylark, mallards and several scoter (the only all-black duck) with sheep and herring gulls for a background. There were canada geese here too, very noisy with their bell-like call. Nearer the sea, piping redshanks joined in, agitated as always. At the lagoon, near the sea, I asked Mavis to

describe the view. She said the shallow lagoon had been scraped out of the flat river valley but that islands had been left where birds can nest in safety. Beyond that were the green downs and chalk cliffs across the bay.

Sheep with lambs grazed around us and I recorded one little chap who sounded as if he had a sore throat. Another skylark sang to us very nicely on the way back, his song fading as he mounted higher and higher.

Close to the Cuckmere estuary is the edge of Friston Forest. This was once planted with beech trees and, as a protection, thousands of conifers. One recording which always carries me right back there was caught when, by sheer luck, I was in the right place at the right time. Thousands of pine cones are bursting open in the sun to release their seeds. It sounds like a crackling fire and in the foreground we hear a chaffinch, a wren, some tinkling goldfinches and a bumble bee.

Over the years I've been very fortunate in the help of two friends, Kay and Mavis. They are both very interested in natural history. Mavis is also President of a natural

history society. She and her wild garden give encouragement to many forms of wild life. Stoats, weasels and a squirrel visit. Foxes and badgers pass through in the night and rabbits get in. They look cuddly but do a great deal of severe pruning!

I visited this garden towards the end of April and found the dawn chorus there well worth putting on record. A good thrush started up first, then other species in turn, the house sparrows only joining in after forty minutes. They are always late risers. A vigorous fight began when collared doves challenged the wood pigeons for possession of a tree and this recorded very well. From the farm fields beyond came the "kor-kuk" of a cock pheasant and a high "pee-wit".

In early June, Mavis and I made our way to Rye Harbour. We arrived at about 3.45 a.m. and the walk to the hide meant facing a chill breeze from the sea. We were followed by a black-headed gull, his beady eye on my haversack.

Once in the hide we were amazed at the sheer volume of birdsound. We heard black-headed and herring gulls, skylarks, oyster catchers and redshanks, harsh terns, quacking ducks and the bubbling cries of little grebes. This cacophany was fascinat-

ing but so difficult to sort out that I recorded only a few moments of it. The area must be ideal for many birds. Mavis said there was a long stretch of brackish water, surrounded by shingle, with a lot of islands where the birds were breeding.

By 4.45 a.m. we were on our way to the track by the river mouth, on the edge of the reserve, hoping to record the various species just a few at a time! Mavis cast an eye on plants we passed, finding her old friend, the sweet briar, once again. Between us and the estuary were mud-flats and saltmarsh vegetation. Waders would feed well here, I thought. Way out from the village is a snug cottage, surrounded by flowers, huddling low against the wind. Some rugged individualist lives there!

The birds on the reserve to our right, anxious because of their nests, decided to scold us and sound the alarm and I put on tape a sound-picture of this. Two redshanks sat on fence posts to pipe while three oyster catchers circled, crying, overhead; skylarks rose up, singing; peewits pee-witted and a solitary curlew joined in. One of the redshanks finally made her point by flying to perch, piping angrily, on a notice board which said, "Rye Harbour Nature Reserve." It seemed time to retreat.

A black-headed gull nesting close to the water. Photo: S. C. Porter, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.



I WAS THERE HUNGARY 1956

By Lieutenant-Colonel
Noel Cowley

This is the first of an occasional series of articles by St. Dunstaners who have been involved in interesting events, great or small.

Colonel Cowley, who came to St. Dunstan's in 1980 when his sight failed, due to his service with the 24th Lancers where he suffered a head injury in 1944 during the Normandy landing, was Military Attaché to the British Legation in Budapest at the time of the Hungarian uprising. This article is a summary of a chapter contributed by Colonel Cowley to the book 'As Luck Would Have It.'

In Budapest, the day of October 23rd, 1956 opened with the population going about their business in the normal way, but events began moving quickly as the day wore on. Public meetings of students took place and a march was arranged through the city. This march was at first made up of students, but it was quickly joined by people of all descriptions – men of all walks of life, women and children and members of the armed forces, in all building up to many thousands. It was observed from the British Legation as it made its way along one of the opposite sides of the square.

It became abundantly clear that some momentous event was taking place. People everywhere were hurrying to the main square of the city and, indeed, Pötofi Square, named after a hero poet of the 1848 Revolution, was almost full. The least responsive of observers could not have failed to sense the atmosphere of tension and excitement.

Several aspects of the day of October 23rd were, to some extent, obscured by confusion. At students meetings on October 22nd it had been decided that the youth of Budapest would hold a silent



demonstration of sympathy in front of the Embassy of the Polish Peoples' Republic. They avowed that the demonstration of sympathy would take place in the spirit of Socialist democracy and promised to maintain order and discipline. This was supported by the Hungarian Writers' Union.

However a decree from the Minister of the Interior was broadcast on the radio banning any public meetings or demonstrations but, realising that this ban had exacerbated the situation and would be ignored anyway, some two hours later it was withdrawn. At this time Ernö Gerö, First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, who was visiting Yugoslavia, returned hurriedly and broadcast to the nation in the late afternoon. He said that there must be no loosening of the ties with the Soviet Union and that everyone must go home and give up the demonstrations. Many Western observers believe this speech did much to further the Revolution, and it showed clearly Gerö's inept remoteness from the real situation and complete lack of understanding of the feelings of the people.

On the edge of the city park in a vast open

square stood an enormous bronze figure of Stalin about 20 feet high, mounted about 40 feet high on a long concrete plinth. During the course of the evening a very large proportion of the crowd surged towards the monument. Ropes were attached to the statue and attempts made to pull it down; at one time trolley-buses were hooked to the ropes, but the enormous bronze figure resisted all assault until some resourceful members of the community arrived on the scene with oxyacetylene burners. After the application of these to the knee joints the figure of Stalin crashed to the ground, to the vast roar of approval from the extensive and delighted crowd.

By this time in the evening the spirits of the population were up; the whole of Budapest was infected by this intense atmosphere of revolt against Russian oppression and domination.

Since the Communist takeover of Hungary the national tricolour flag of red, white and green had had imposed on it the Soviet insignia of the hammer and sickle. By the time these events were taking place the flag began appearing with the hammer and sickle cut out, leaving only the national colours of Hungary. Soon this symbol of patriotism was being displayed from the windows of buildings in the city.

At the nearby barracks, which was in a stage of siege, the crowd were calling on the soldiers to join their cause. Already amongst the crowd was a considerable number of Army officers, some of quite high rank, who gave encouragement to the soldiers in the barracks. It was learned later that the soldiers, after draping the new

cut-out flag from their barracks, joined the crowds which were also swollen by a Polish students' contingent and a large party of workers from the industrial plants of Csepel Island. In this atmosphere of exhilaration the spirit of national identity, pride and patriotism knew no bounds. For years during the Communist rule no one in Hungary had really dared to laugh openly, for the only interpretation which the authorities placed on it was that it was mockery or disapproval of the system, but now the crowd were laughing just for the joy of laughing. It was a state of morale for which any general before battle would pray with all the fervour his soul could muster.

The main activities of the demonstrators centred around the Budapest radio station, where the students pressed ever harder for their demands to be broadcast and for the radio station to be in the hands of the people. It was a state of confrontation and it was here that the first shots of the Revolution were fired by the AVO (State Security Police similar to the KGB in Russia), and fatal casualties were sustained by the unarmed demonstrators. Some Hungarian tanks, sent by the Ministry of Defence to disperse the demonstrators, arrived, but the soldiers in them went over to the side of the demonstrators, and the Major who had commanded them was shot by the AVO. These events caused the crowds to overrun the natural bounds of restraint; until that time the demonstrators had been unarmed, but, now in the fury of the circumstances, arms began appearing among them.

I was out all night, mainly watching





events round the radio station, returning to my house in Buda at about 3.30 a.m. for a change into more practical clothes and some breakfast. Returning to the city at about 4.30 a.m. I met up with a column of Russian tanks driving into Budapest. From time to time they were loosing off bursts of machine-gun fire, apparently at nothing in particular, but probably intended to frighten the inhabitants.

From the bloody fracas at the radio building, armed groups of what had now become known as Freedom Fighters established themselves, and centres of resistance built up in numerous parts of Pest, the main bastions being the famous Kilián barracks and some adjacent areas around. However, there was no central command, and co-ordination between the groups appeared to be non-existent in any general sense; each seemed to be fighting its own battle, determined to resist to the end.

The fighting during the day of October 24th spread across the river to Buda from Pest and the bridges over the Danube connecting the two became unusable. This meant that many of the staff in the Legation were cut off from their families in Buda, and they prepared to camp the night in their offices, not thinking at that time that it would be some six weeks before they would be able to return to live in their own homes.

The Government of Hungary by this time was clearly in a state of turmoil and apparent impotence. Hegedüs, the Prime Minis-

ter, was replaced by Imre Nagy, it seems as a gesture to the people in the hope that his presence in authority would calm them. Nagy appealed to the nation to lay down their arms and to cease fighting and he promised as soon as possible the systematic democratisation of the country in every field of the Party, State, political and economic life. This appeal went unheeded, and it was clear that the Hungarian Army and 'blue' police were quickly going over to the side of the people, leaving only the Secret Police to resist. The AVO had no alternative but to fight in order to defend itself.

Through the course of the next four or five days fierce and bitter fighting was waged by the Freedom Fighters against the Russian forces and against the AVO. The Freedom Fighters were made up of men, women, boys and girls of a considerable range of ages, occupations and interests. Youngsters, boys and girls of an age of 12 or 14 were armed and taking part in this struggle.

The Freedom Fighters were having some surprising success against the Russian forces, their most effective weapon in the circumstances being the petrol bomb thrown on the louvres of the tanks, and often dropped from the upper windows into the armoured personnel vehicles carrying soldiers. The Russian vehicles had to drive through narrow, old-fashioned streets to reach the centres of resistance and were thus helplessly vulnerable to this form of guerilla attack. In the later stages of

this first phase of the uprising reports came in of fraternisation between the Russian forces and the Hungarian people. Certainly Russian tanks were seen going about the city carrying on them Hungarian people and children in almost a carnival spirit. There were reports of a number of incidents when Russian soldiers discussed the situation with the Hungarians, and it seems certain that many of them were sympathetic with the aims of the revolution.

Probably the most deplorable incident of the entire uprising occurred on October 25th. Several thousand people had gathered in a large square in front of the Parliament buildings: they were completely unarmed citizens, including large numbers of women and children, in a peaceful demonstration. Suddenly machine-guns opened fire on the crowd; estimates of the number of people killed vary, but it must have been in the region of four to six hundred. Responsibility for the shooting has been placed on both the AVO and the Russians, but most certainly Russian tanks took the larger part. The horror and carnage of the scene appalled the most hardened and callous imaginations. It seems that the enormity of the debacle was quickly realised by the authorities, who rushed lorries to the scene and carted away bodies by the wagon-load in a non-stop service.

Gradually over the last few days of October a situation akin to stalemate began to develop in the fighting, and as observers could move more freely the situation became more apparent. It was obvious for all to see that the Soviet troops had suffered incredibly high casualties amongst men, tanks and other armoured vehicles. Burnt-out and disabled tanks and armoured personnel carriers lay about the streets in the areas where the fighting had been heaviest; and the bodies of dead Russian soldiers were scattered in profusion. Although fighting was still going on in some parts of the city the Russian forces seemed to have pulled out of the fiercest areas. The Freedom Fighters had not achieved the remarkable results they had without heavy casualties in their own ranks, and many had been buried in hasty graves in the city squares where they were marked by small wooden crosses and, perhaps, a few flowers. Throughout the city the Hungarian flag, with the Soviet emblem of the hammer and sickle cut out, hung in

what seemed a never-ending display in every street. But hanging also amongst them were black flags of mourning, and in some windows were displayed lighted candles of bereavement.

Apart from Imre Nagy, who was already established in the respect and affections of the people, there emerged as a leader and symbol of the Freedom Fighters Colonel Pál Maléter. Early in the uprising he joined the insurgents, moved into the Kilián barracks and organised it into a virtual fortress, to which its old massive stone construction lent itself. Maléter was to play a leading role as events unfolded in the following weeks.

Colonel Cowley's article on the events of 1956 in Hungary, will be continued in the next issue.

TALKING BOOK SERVICE UPDATE

First of all, as from 1985 the title of this service has been changed to the *RNIB Talking Book Service*, recognising that the service is totally managed and administered by the RNIB.

Current membership is 59,450 – 2,500 more than last year, and the overall average age of subscribers is 71. In 1984 the best week's distribution came to 49,860 cassettes in one week! At any given time there are about 155,000 books in circulation.

The RNIB would like to remind members that the distribution system runs on a one cassette issued for one returned basis, so remember, you cannot get a new one until you have returned the old one. If your book is on two cassettes please send the first back as soon as you have read it. Do not wait to send both cassettes back together. The recent computer problems have all been corrected now, so things should be running smoothly, but if you encounter any specific problems, contact the RNIB at Wembley. Telephone: 01-903 6666.

The service will be 50 years old this year, since it started in 1935, and it is hoped to hold a service of dedication at Westminster Abbey in the summer and a full open day at the Wembley Library later in the year. More details will follow when known.

D. F. Robinson's

GARDENING NOTES

Those of you in the south and east have certainly had a bad time in the early part of the year – much worse than we have had in the north (usually the worst hit). We have not had such heavy snow, and temperatures have gone down. My greenhouse has had very low figures and I only hope that I have not lost any items, despite keeping a heater on all the time. I hope you have managed to keep things alive. I am told by other experts that as long as you have the temperature around 35 degrees Fahrenheit, all will be well.

Normally one has seedlings of all kinds started off and growing well, but I hope that you held them back – a few weeks will mean that you have a longer show in the beds. I wonder if we shall have a good spring and summer to compensate for the hard winter. Water should not be short. Put in order and repair all paths which may have been damaged by hard frosts.

Vegetables

See that all beds which were left rough are dug over, and that others which were seen to earlier on and left for frosts to break down, are forked over and given a good raking. This will make the soil nice and fine for the sowing of seeds. Where you are to grow the cabbage family, add a little extra lime which will give good leaf colour and will be a deterrent against club root.

All kinds of seed can be sown now provided there are no frosts. It is a good thing to sow in areas where plants are to grow, since transplants take a bit longer to settle down. Do ensure that you have a good line, with a stout string between stakes, and sprinkle some powder to keep soil insects at bay, such as *Bromophos*, which I find most effective. Don't sow too deep and give a small covering of fine soil, and firm it lightly. Don't forget to label the rows. Water in and, if there is dry weather, keep the soil moist. Naturally peas and broad beans will need to be sown fairly deep.

Where you are a bit doubtful of sowing outdoors put seeds in shallow boxes and put in frames, if available, or greenhouse. A

shed or garage will be alright near the windows. Early potatoes can be planted if they have sprouted well, and also put soil insect powder in the bottom of the holes. Where you have sown seed outdoors it would be a good thing to get some fine mesh plastic netting, and to spread it over the seed area to keep off hungry birds.

Fruit

Try and get all pruning completed by the end of the month. Also spray well with insecticide to keep pests at bay. You will have to give further sprays, but this will stop many items settling on the branches. No more new trees should be planted now till autumn. Place some compost or good farmyard manure round the base of all trees and bushes to give them a good start to the season.

Lawns

Start cutting the grass, but do set the blades high or the grass may be bruised rather than cut. A combined fertiliser/weedkiller can be sprayed over the lawn since young grass will appreciate a feed and as weeds are also starting to make good growth, the weedkiller will really get at them. Keep edges neat and tidy by cutting regularly with long-handled shears. Where you have determined to set a new lawn and the base is ready, get it seeded towards the end of the month. As a protection against birds, put some cross tapes or string from short staples set at the edges or put some fine mesh netting down.

Flowers

Now is the time to start clearing the border and giving soil a fork-over, and raking over portions where you are to sow seeds of biennials and perennials which are pretty hardy. If you have had really hard frosts, there may be some perennials and shrubs pushing out of the soil, so heel them in tight and add some more soil round the roots. Cut away any broken shoots just above a new bud which should give you a good new shoot later in the season.

Many perennials will probably be a bit large at root level, so dig up and split. Replant outer portions but get rid of the centre. Spread roots out when replanting and water in after firming them in. Where you are short of perennials, such as lupins, delphiniums, phlox etc., order them now for early delivery. Roses can also be ordered and get the beds ready by digging over well and adding some compost or farmyard manure so that they have a good start to the season.

Existing rose bushes should be pruned towards the end of the month and don't be too soft, cut down to within a foot or so of the base. Remember to cut above an out-facing bud. A good spraying of insecticide and fungicide at the same time will stop insects and fungus such as black spot, getting a hold. When you have planted new items, firm them into place and water in. It might even be a good idea to put stakes in and tie them up in case of strong winds wrecking all the good work you have done.

If you have no greenhouse and want to grow your own semi-hardy annuals, seeds can be grown in seed boxes with a little help from the airing cupboard, provided your wife agrees. Most need to be in the dark till they germinate, then on a nice warm windowsill so they grow well. When they have grown to about an inch or so, transplant to other containers and grow on for planting out in early June. Don't forget to keep them well watered.

Greenhouse

I hope that you have managed to get the whole place cleaned out and disinfected on nice sunny days when you could put the growing plants outside for a while. Since the early part of the season has been so cold, I should imagine that the starting of items from seed has had to be delayed but it won't make all the difference since annuals will go on for a longer time in autumn. Make sure that the heater is working well, as it will need to be kept on for 24 hours.

Sow seeds in trays and give them a slight covering of seed mixture, then some newspaper on top, since most seeds will germinate better away from bright light. Some seeds like begonia, gloxinia, streptocarpus etc., are very fine and need no covering of compost. I find the best way to get an even spread of this seed is to put a sprinkling of silver sand in the envelopes. Ensure that you have got seed compost

moist before sowing and use a fine hand-spray over the top to settle them in place.

Start chrysanthemum, fuchsia, geranium and carnation going by watering well so that you can get some new shoots and start these in other small pots. Tubers of dahlias, begonias, gloxinias and achimenes etc., can be started off by setting them in moist peat and giving them some heat. When you have some good shoots, put them in separate pots for their flowering life, apart from dahlias, which are for show in the garden.

Once again, this is the start of the season for insects and fungus to do their ill deeds, so use a smoke regularly. If you are using a paraffin heater, open windows during the day to disperse the fumes.

GARDENING CLUB TRIP TO HOLLAND

I understand that accommodation may be available at IFH prior to our departure to Holland and on returning.

In case you have forgotten times and dates, they are as follows:

Depart IFH – May 6th at 7 a.m.

Return IFH – May 10th at approx. 10 p.m.

Will you please contact HQ with regards to booking this accommodation. The final payment will be due eight weeks prior to departure. Any problems regarding this, please ring me at 07914 5581.

Harold Smith

NOTICE TO ESCORTS OF ST. DUNSTANERS ON PORTHCAWL GARDENING CLUB TRIP

The Matron at our base in Rest Bay, Porthcawl, has asked me to notify her of any medical requirements for St. Dunstaners going to Porthcawl. H.Q. are helping me in this matter by filling in a card sent by Matron for each St. Dunstaner. Although elementary, it is stressed that escorts make sure that they take their own general medication with them on the trip to Porthcawl.

Escort co-operation in this field will help to make the week run all the more smoothly. Everyone should note that Monday, May 13th is the date they should arrive at Rest Bay, Porthcawl, S. Wales. No Welsh passports are required!

F. Barratt, Chairman



Jimmy Wright with members of the cast, production team and sponsors after the showing at the Barbican Centre in London.

Sailing Film Launched

Blind Faith, a new film made and produced by St. Dunstaner, Jimmy Wright, with director Nick Galtress, had its first showing on January 11th. 26 minutes long, the film centres on the experience of a first-time student on the RYA Seamanship Foundation Sailing Course in July 1983. The courses have been held for 10 years so far, and Colonel Douglas Hurndall, Director of the Foundation, approached Jimmy Wright to make it in order to encourage more boat owners to make their boats available for the courses, and more yacht clubs to act as hosts for the week.

It shows Sue Lawrence, a blind physiotherapist, receiving instruction from Jenny Killingbeck, an instructor, on board the *Gibbs III*. We watch her progress until day five when Sue can confidently steer the boat by the feel of the wind on her face. There are some 16 boats on the course, containing students from beginner to advanced levels, and they all converge on the Royal Fowey Yacht Club in Cornwall, where a party has been arranged for them. St. Dunstaner, Mike Tetley also took part in this course (you will remember his article on the 1984 sailing course in the December *Review*) and appears in some sequences of

the film. Commentary is by Paul Vaughan, and we hear the thought-voices of Sue, and Stuart Whiting, skipper for the first time, with additional comments by Jenny Killingbeck and advanced student, Barrie Hayward.

The sound track *Blind Faith* is now available from the Cassette Library. Reference number: SD 38. C60. On one track only.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



On behalf of St. Dunstan's, we welcome a St. Dunstaner recently admitted to membership and the Review hopes he will settle down happily as a member of our family.

Sydney George Reynolds, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, joined St. Dunstan's on January 11th.

Mr Reynolds served in the First World War as a Platoon Sergeant in the Royal Fusiliers. He is married and his wife's name is Ethel May.

READING TIME by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 4092

Go West, Inspector Ghoti

By H. R. F. Keating

Read by Garard Green

Reading Time 9½ hours

Mr. Ranji Shihani, a wealthy Bombay businessman has sent his daughter Nirmullah to California to be educated. But she has joined a religious commune run by 'The Swami With No Name' and her not inconsiderable bank account has been cleared. She ignores her father's order that she return to India immediately.

Mr. Shihani has friends in high places and Insp. Ganesh Ghoti of the Bombay CID is despatched to California to investigate. He finds Nirmullah unrepentant and more than ever determined to stay with the sect.

The Swami seems to have strange powers and a God-like influence over his disciples. But is he a genuine *Guru* or an unscrupulous charlatan? Ghoti keeps a watching brief, 'assisted' by one Joe Hoskins, a red-faced beefy bone-headed private eye (a somewhat unkind caricature, this!)

Then comes the news that the Swami is to be investigated by the police concerning his activities with under-age girls. After keeping watch on the guru's house for an hour Ghoti goes inside and finds him lying on the floor with his throat cut. He has been dead only minutes, the blood has not yet started to congeal. But nobody could have gone into the place unobserved, especially since, as Ghoti discovers later, it had been under police surveillance for hours.

In spite of the most thorough search by a squad of police officers, no weapon is found. The Swami's followers are confident that he committed suicide and then caused the knife to disappear by powerful Indian magic, a view not shared by Ghoti and the police. But the fact remains that they are confronted by the 'impossible' crime. Then the Inspector remembers the old partially dismantled bicycle.....

A real teaser for the redoubtable Ghoti but with his customary dogged determination he comes up with the answer in the end.

Cat. No. 4437

Dutch Treat

By Tristan Jones

Read by Andrew Timothy

Reading Time 11 hours

It is May 1940. The German army is advancing across Europe, and Holland is in great danger. The British have contingency plans to bring out the Dutch Royal Family and these are put into effect.

At the same time a small party leaves for Amsterdam on a hazardous mission – to rescue the Dutch Royal treasures. The group consists of Col. Channing, a submariner, Goffin, a junior British officer and two civilians released from prison for the purpose, Mitchell, an experienced safe-breaker and Lynch, an explosive expert.

As they reach the palace the first German tanks are arriving. Channing and his men enter by way of the sewer and with expert help from the two ex-convicts, bring out the jewels and documents. Lynch, with his explosives, creates havoc among the assembled German tanks.

They make good their escape and in disguise are taken to a car-ferry where they are accepted by the Germans as 'enemy diplomatic staff'. The boat runs aground and passengers and German guards are marooned for six days until the high spring tide re-floats the vessel. But Lynch has made plans to take the jewels for himself, even if it means killing everyone on board.

A first-class thriller set against the brilliantly depicted background of the Dunkirk evacuations and the epic voyage of the Thames sailing barge the *Beatrice Maude*.

TAPE RECORDER FOR SALE

Nakamichi 550: this is a fairly large but portable cassette recorder of professional quality. Facilities include stereo/mono, Dolby, mains/battery, with phono/din and ¼" jack input/output sockets. There are two manual input level controls for left and right channel or both together. Asking price £30 o.n.o. Please contact Ray Hazan at HQ.

CHILD OF COURAGE

Andrew Boosey receives Award from Princess Anne

Princess Anne presented *Woman's Own* 'Children of Courage' awards to ten children, aged 2 to 13, on December 19th at Westminster Abbey. One of these brave children was Andrew Boosey, aged 11, grandson of St. Dunstan Mr. D. C. Tufnell and Mrs. Tufnell, of Painswick, Glos. They must be very proud of young Andrew, who acted quickly to bring a speeding car under control while both his mother and sister lay unconscious.

Andrew, his mother and sister, Felicity, were driving to Bristol to get Andrew's hair cut when a run-away horse collided with

the car. Andrew's mother collapsed after the impact, with her foot on the accelerator. Having only escaped injury because he was bending down at the time, Andrew quickly climbed over the seat and tried to bring the swerving car to a halt. He pulled the hand-brake and managed to bring the car over onto the central reservation. Mrs. Boosey and Felicity both suffered injuries, but it could have been much more serious if Andrew hadn't acted as he did. He has since featured with the other children in *Woman's Own*, the *Telegraph* and *The Times*, and on TV.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON Bowling

On Saturday, January 5th we had a visit for the first time from the Southampton & District Bowling Association, comprising members from 25 bowling clubs within a radius of 12 miles of Southampton.

On this occasion the President, the Vice-President, the Deputy Vice-President, two past Presidents and four Officers (past or serving) participated in the match so the St. Dunstan's players were faced with a formidable task! However all was not lost, and we had a thoroughly enjoyable game with many exciting ends and Joan Osborne did her very best to gain extra shots for the St. Dunstan's team. It was all taken in good heart and we had many laughs.

Both Captains expressed their pleasure at this first-time meeting and hoped that future matches would be arranged. The ladies were congratulated on providing an excellent tea, after which we all retired to the recently installed St. Dunstan's bar to have a parting drink in real comfort! Many thanks to Major Neve who kindly took the visitors on a tour of Ian Fraser House which they thoroughly appreciated.

A. Miller

Entertainment Section

Two dates for your diary: March 9th, our usual dance in the annexe. The "Not Forgotten" Association have kindly invited us to tea at Rustington on Wednesday, June 5th - we would appreciate names so that arrangements can be made for catering at both events.

We are deeply sorry to report the death of Mrs. Pat Cunningham after a long illness borne with great courage. Our sympathies are offered to Bob and the family.

Phyllis O'Kelly

Bridge

**West Sussex Inner Club League -
for teams of eight.**

**St. Dunstaners won 16 points to nil against
West Sussex.**

W. Lethbridge
J. Padley
W. Phillips
R. Evans
R. Pacitti
A. Dodgson
M. Tybinski
R. Fullard

Individuals - January

M. Tybinski	60.2
W. Phillips	59.1
R. Evans	56.8
J. Padley	55.6
W. Burnett	52.3
Miss Sturdy	50.0
J. Huk	48.9
A. Dodgson	47.7
W. Lethbridge	47.7
J. Majchrowicz	45.5
R. Fullard	43.2
R. Pacitti	33.0

Pairs - January 13th

M. Tybinski & Mrs. Barker	60.0
W. Phillips & Dr. J. Goodlad	59.2
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	52.5
J. Majchrowicz & Miss Sturdy	50.8
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	49.2
W. Burnett & Mr. Douse	47.5
R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti	40.8
M. Clements & Miss Stenning	40.0

MIDLAND

On Sunday October 7th we held our Bring and Buy Sale after tea. Good bargains were to be had and a profitable event was made possible with everyone supporting us as always.

As Remembrance Sunday is on the second Sunday in November, our meeting was brought forward a week. We played the final games of dominoes and made final arrangements for our Christmas dinner and Christmas party. We held a traditional Christmas dinner on Saturday, December 1st at the North Birmingham Royal British Legion, enjoyed by all who attended. We were made very welcome by the committee of the Legion and we had a pleasant evening of music and bingo and good company. St. Dunstaners, St. Dunstaners' children and grandchildren attended our club Christmas party on Sunday, December 9th. All the food was prepared by all the ladies of the club: Connie Faulkner undertook to cook the turkey for sandwiches and as always it was cooked to perfection; Marjorie Hordyniec made us a beautiful Christmas cake and everyone enjoyed a wonderful tea. Then Father Christmas came and handed out presents to all the children, also presenting the domino prizes - first prize in the singles going to Joe Kibbler and second prize to Bruno Tomporowski, the doubles prizes going to Doug

and Connie Faulkner (first), and Joe Kibbler and his daughter, Janet (second). A special present of a book token was given to Joe Kibbler's 11 year old grandson, Gavon; he attends every month and helps to run the raffle for the club funds. Gavon appreciated this gesture, the party was enjoyed by all and ended our meetings for 1984.

In 1985 we will continue to meet at the Ex-Service Men's Club (a short way from the Hall of Memory) in Broad Street, Birmingham, on the second Sunday of every month, from 3.30 to 6.30. We would like more St. Dunstaners to join us at our club meetings - the more the merrier - so if you'd like to join us, why not come along to the Ex-Service Men's Club. You will be made very welcome.

Mrs. J. B. Coles

FAMILY NEWS

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Jill Lesley, daughter of *Mr. G. Durant*, of Goring-by-Sea, on her marriage to Mr. Colin Hemington on January 26th.

John, son of *Mr. and Mrs. J. Spence*, of Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, on his marriage to Caroline Flear on October 6th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Bentley, of Birmingham, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hazelgrove, of Blean, near Canterbury, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding anniversary on February 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McConnell, of Bangor, Co. Down, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 15th.

Ruby Weddings – continued

Mr. and Mrs. D. Parmenter, of Heathfield, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Summerson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 6th.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bane, of Morden, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on February 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Clark, of Warrington, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on January 26th.

BIRTH

Congratulations to:

Martyn and Bobbie Barrett on the birth of their daughter, Jennifer Charlotte, on January 18th. She is the grand-daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Barrett, of Southampton.

GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. J. O'Hara, of Wimbledon, on the birth of their grand-daughter, Lee, a second child born on November 27th to their daughter, Jill, and her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Rowe, of Minehead, on the arrival of their 9th grandchild, Benedict Mark, born on December 5th to their eldest daughter, Jayne, and her husband, John Shinner.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN Congratulations to:

Mrs. Pinder, widow of the late Mr. W. Pinder, of Peterlee, on the birth of her first great-grandchild, Emma Elizabeth Stansfield, born on October 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Whitley, of Southampton, on the birth of a second great-granddaughter, Jade Amy, born on January 1st to Steven and Beverley.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Mr. D. J. Freeman, of Coventry, on being elected District Chairman of the Scouts in September 1984, and Chairman of the City Advisory Panel for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme earlier in that year, which awards grants for training to youngsters, aged 14-25, from various youth organisations. He has been involved with the Scouts since 1974.

Mr. Trevor Phillips of Paignton, Devon, on obtaining his amateur radio B licence. He is currently awaiting his call sign.

WITH GRATEFUL THANKS

Appreciation and thanks go to:

Good friends belonging to the Brighton Club and all those who sent flowers, from Mr. 'Bob' Cunningham, whose wife, Patricia Dorothy died at home on January 16th.

All those who sent messages of sympathy to Mrs. Jennie Hodgson, on the death of her husband, Mr. David Hodgson, and especially to bowling friends; also to members of St. Dunstan's staff for their help and support.

Matron and her staff, from Mrs. A. Savory, widow of the late Mr. S. Savory, of Pearson House, for all the help and kindness they showed to Sid, her husband, and to them both, throughout the years he was a St. Dunstaner and during his last illness.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

The family of Mrs. J. M. Black, widow of the late Mr. R. J. Black, of Gateshead. Mrs. Black passed away in her sleep, on January 16th, aged 89.

Deaths – continued

Mr. R. G. Cunningham, and his family, of Saltdean. Numerous St. Dunstaners, their wives, and friends of 'Bob' Cunningham in Saltdean and Brighton and, in particular, members of the Brighton Social Club, will have been deeply saddened to hear of the untimely passing of his wife, Pat, on January 16th. Mrs. Cunningham was in her 48th year and they had been married for just under three years.

Mr. I. Ostle, of Cumbria, whose elder brother passed away on January 24th, aged 74.

Mr. C. G. Paddick, of East Barnet, whose wife, Iris, passed away on February 2nd,

aged 71. They had been married for 36 years.

Mr. J. Perfect, of Plymouth, whose mother passed away on Christmas Eve, aged 90.

Mr. A. 'Micky' Robinson, of Patcham, and his family, whose wife, Elizabeth, passed away in hospital on January 7th, aged 72. They had celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at the end of September.

Mr. Geoffrey Stanners, son of the late Ronald Stanners, of High Wycombe, whose wife and daughter died last November as the result of a shooting incident.

Mrs. P. Sunderland, wife of 'Fred' Sunderland, of Ruislip, whose mother passed away in December, aged 91.

In Memory

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

A. J. Benham, Royal Sussex Regiment

Andrew Jack Benham, of Hove, passed away in Pearson House, where he was convalescing after a serious illness, on February 2nd, aged 91. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1973.

He served as a Private in the Royal Sussex Regiment during the 1st World War and suffered serious gunshot wounds to his head, face and foot. Despite his disabilities and deteriorating sight, our St. Dunstaner retained a great interest in world affairs and sporting activities. Until comparatively recently, Mr. Benham was a regular swimmer in the pool at Ian Fraser House and will be greatly missed by many fellow St. Dunstaners who admired his tenacity and strength of character.

Mr. Benham leaves a widow, Ruby, to whom he was married for 22 years.

J. A. Bocking, 1/10th Manchester Regiment

John Arthur Bocking, of Barnoldswick, near Colne, passed away on January 10th in Pearson House where he had been staying since October 1984. He was in his 92nd year and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1915.

Lance-Corporal Bocking served in the 1/10th

Manchester Regiment during the 1st World War, having enlisted in 1915. A few months later he was badly wounded at Gallipoli and discharged from the Army.

He was trained for telephony and, having mastered shorthand and typewriting also with great efficiency, was employed by the Oldham Gas Corporation until retirement on health grounds in 1945. Unfortunately Mr. Bocking's wife, Clara, to whom he had been married for over 60 years, passed away in 1978. The following year he married Mrs. Annie McWhinney who cared for him devotedly during a period when his health was seriously deteriorating.

He leaves his widow, his nieces, stepson and members of the family. Mr. Bocking will also be greatly missed by Matron Goodwin and her staff at Pearson House.

W. C. Burn, Duke of Wellington's Regiment

Walter Charles Burn, of Scarborough, after many years of ill health borne with great courage and fortitude, passed away on January 3rd. He was 74 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner for less than three years.

Mr. Burn enlisted as a Private in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1926 and was discharged in 1930 following serious injuries

In Memory – continued

caused by an explosion whilst on Army exercise on Dartmoor. Our St. Dunstaner was able to work in earlier years when his health permitted, mainly in the hotel trade, but for the latter part of his life was confined to a wheelchair, due to his very limited mobility. Nevertheless, despite his disabilities, Mr. Burn enjoyed the company of his close-knit family and many friends. He participated in board games and greatly enjoyed a visit to Ian Fraser House and attending the Sheffield Reunion in 1983.

He leaves a widow, Louise, to whom he was married for 46 years and who cared for him devotedly, and his son and three daughters and their families.

E. H. Carpenter, Royal Marines

Ernest Harry Carpenter passed away at Pearson House on January 10th, aged 91. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1919.

Ernie, as he was affectionately known to all, was a Sergeant in the Royal Marines and an Old Contemptible. He enlisted in 1912 and served throughout the First World War, but his vision failed in 1919. He trained as a poultry farmer and with the devoted help of his wife, Elsie, built up a highly successful business at King's Langley, which they finally sold in 1965. They were also great travellers and enjoyed their winter cruises to many parts of the world. He last went abroad in 1981 to visit Jerusalem, at the age of 88.

His wife predeceased him and Ernie was a resident at Pearson House for almost ten years. He will be sadly missed by all his family, as well as by Matron and the staff, and his many friends in and outside St. Dunstan's.

A. J. Lewis, Royal Army Ordnance Corps

Arthur John Lewis, of Rotherham, passed away in hospital on January 14th, aged 73. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1978.

Mr. Lewis served as a Private in the R.A.O.C. during the 2nd World War and was discharged in 1944. In civilian life he was able to follow employment as a coal miner and a railway porter but then joined the Civil Service and for 12 years was involved with Post Office Security, until having to retire on medical grounds in 1964. Although his health continued to deteriorate Mr. Lewis was ever cheerful and in retirement kept himself busily occupied with weaving, making plastic baskets and tiling coffee tables and ash trays, receiving several prizes for his handiwork which was exhibited. He greatly enjoyed attending our Reunions.

He leaves his wife, Dorothy, to whom he had been married for ten years and who cared for him devotedly. He also leaves two children from his first marriage, and other members of the family.

H. Petty, B. E. M., Royal Engineers

Henry Petty, of Garforth, near Leeds, passed away on January 10th. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1942 and was 70 years of age.

He served in the Royal Engineers during the 2nd World War and, following injuries received whilst in the Middle East, was discharged in 1944. On admission to St. Dunstan's, Mr. Petty was trained for telephony and was a highly valued employee of Shell-Mex & B.P. for almost 30 years, retiring on health grounds in 1974.

During the latter part of his life, Mr. Petty's health deteriorated greatly and he became seriously handicapped, although he continued to enjoy visits to Ian Fraser House. He was devotedly cared for throughout by his wife, Elizabeth, to whom he was married for almost 40 years.

He leaves his widow, their two sons and two daughters, and members of the family.

S. Savory, Pioneer Corps

Sidney Savory, affectionately known as 'Sid', passed away on January 20th, aged 76. He had been a permanent resident at Pearson House for the past three years.

Mr. Savory served as a Private in the Pioneer Corps from the onset of the Second World War and, as a result of injuries received when an ammunition dump exploded in Guildford, was discharged from the Army in 1944. At the time he became a St. Dunstaner in 1980, Mr. Savory was resident at the Star & Garter Home in Richmond and confined to a wheelchair, and he was ultimately transferred to our Brighton Home.

Despite his disabilities, Mr. Savory remained remarkably cheerful and will be greatly missed by Matron Goodwin, her staff and many fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a widow, Agnes, to whom he was married for 45 years, his son, two daughters and members of the family.

W. C. Taplin, Coldstream Guards

William Charles Taplin of Southwick, Wilts, passed away after a short illness on January 21st, aged 85. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1916.

Mr. Taplin enlisted in the Coldstream Guards on his 17th birthday and was injured some months later in an accident which left him totally blinded. He was the last of the First World War physiotherapists and practised in the West Country for 40 years, continuing to give his services whenever needed in the early years of his retirement. He and his wife retired to the country where both were keen gardeners. They grew many unusual plants and won several prizes at local shows.

Mr. Taplin was twice married. His first wife died in 1960 and his second wife in 1983. He had no children. He leaves other members of his family and many friends.