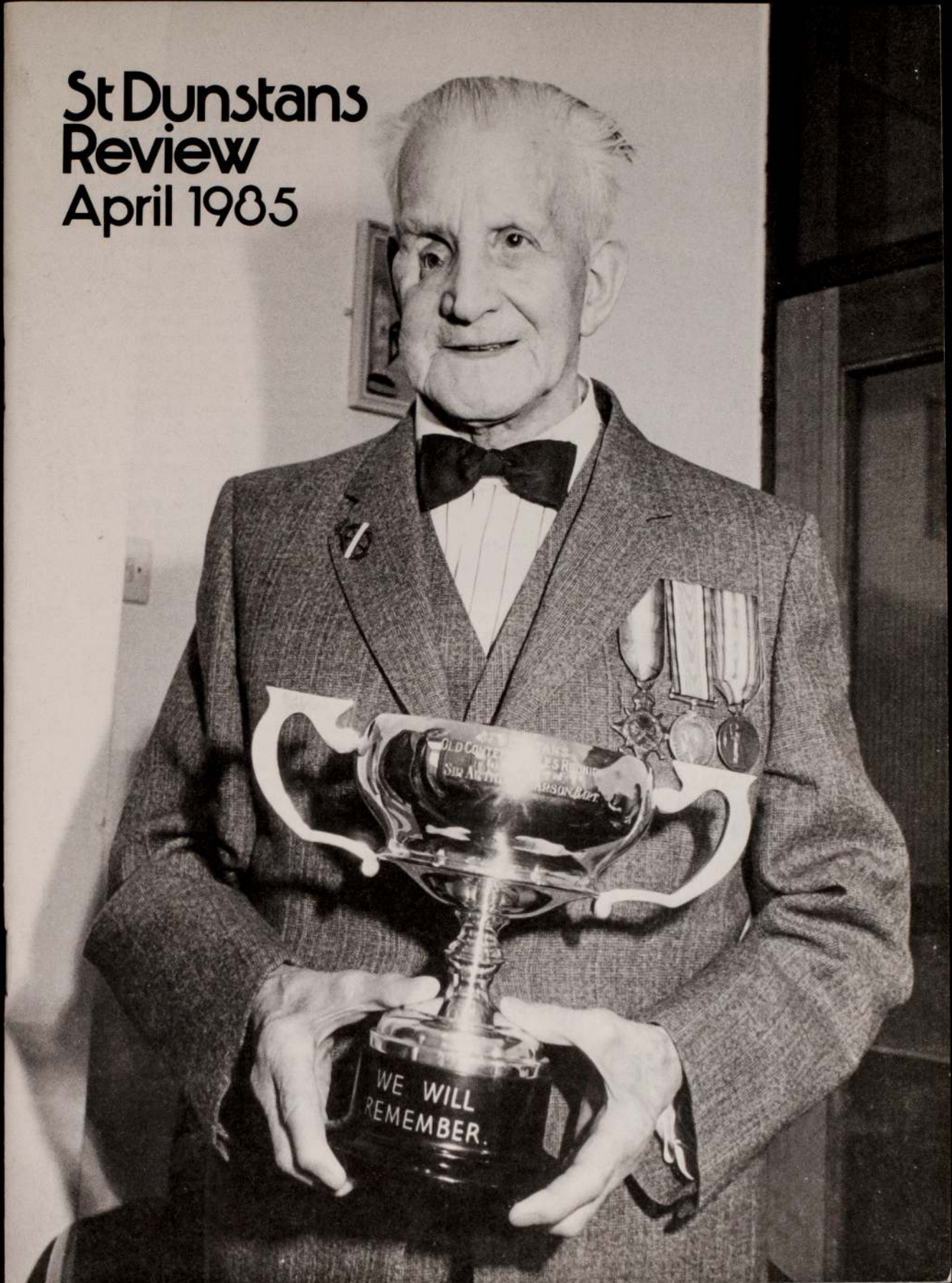


**St Dunstons
Review
April 1985**





**From the Chairman
To Colonel Sir Mike Ansell
*Happy Eightieth Birthday!***

To Colonel Mike on his Four Score Years
We give our warmest, resounding cheers.
First we salute him as A MAN
Who has led us so well over such a long span.
Secondly for his best friend THE HORSE
(Excepting Hermione Wynn of course!)
Then for his love of Fishing and Flowers
And SHARING HIS INTERESTS with those of ours.
But really it is as A FRIEND that he earns
Our many and heartfelt Happy returns.

Henry Leach

BIRTHDAY

Our President, Colonel Sir Michael Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., celebrated his eightieth birthday on March 26th. We send him warm congratulations.

ROYAL SERVICE

The Royal British Legion have at short notice been able to offer us five places for the Service to commemorate the 40th Anniversary of the end of the 2nd World War at Westminster Abbey at 11.30, Wednesday, May 8th, in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen.

The invitation is for St. Dunstaners only and escorts will be provided by St. Dunstan's. Please apply urgently, by telephone if possible, to Mr. Weisblatt at HQ.

RECITAL

On Tuesday, April 30th, Mrs. Runcie, wife of the Most Reverend and Right Honourable Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, will be giving a piano recital in the Great Hall, Lambeth Palace, in aid of the Royal School for the Blind. The tickets cost £15, which includes a buffet supper in the 'Guard Room' after the recital, and may be obtained from Mr. J. E. F. Wright, Chelmick, Manygate Lane, Shepperton, Middlesex, TW17 9ER.

NEW PAY PHONES AT IFH

Two of the new type of single coin slot pay phones, as described in last month's *Review*, have been installed on the main floor at IFH. It is important to note that you cannot call the operator on these telephones. Reverse charge calls are out for the moment, therefore.

**WALL PLAQUES –
IFH BAR**

We would like to thank our President, Sir Michael Ansell, for presenting us with his regimental wall plaque, and St. Dunstaners, Jack Fulling and John Foster for their offer to purchase their regimental plaques for display in the bar at IFH.

Plaques from other St. Dunstaners would be very welcome. If you have not got one, but would like to donate, then a cheque for £11 to the Deputy Administrator will result in an order being placed for the regiment of your choice.

TROOPING THE COLOUR

It is anticipated that we may be allocated tickets again this year for the Trooping the Colour on Saturday, June 15th in the morning, and the Private View of the Royal Tournament on Wednesday, July 10th in the afternoon.

Any St. Dunstaners who would like to apply for tickets should contact Mrs. T. Coyne at HQ by Monday, May 6th.

**DERBY SWEEPSTAKE
REMINDER**

Do remember to apply for Derby Sweepstake tickets. The closing date is Friday May 17th. The tickets are 20p each.

**THE HON. MRS. GEORGE
BORWICK**

As we go to press we are deeply sorry to announce the death in South Africa, of the Honourable Mrs. George Borwick on Sunday, 10th March. St. Dunstaners will remember her as Lady Ellerman. A tribute will appear in the May *Review*.

**St Dunstans
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APRIL 1985

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Cover Picture: Bob Finch with the Old Contemptibles Trophy.

Ex-Prisoners of War Reunion

by Alf Lockhart

The P.O.W. Reunion was held on the weekend of February 15th-17th, 1985. The weekend was made auspicious by the presence of a number of distinguished guests, among whom was our Guest Speaker, General Sir Anthony Farrar-Hockley, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Henry Leach, G.C.B., and Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, C.B.E. The guests were met and welcomed by the President of St. Dunstan's P.O.W. Club, Mrs Elizabeth Dacre, M.B.E., T.D., J.P., and the Club's Chairman, Mr. William Griffiths, M.B.E., who then introduced them to various Club members.

I think it is appropriate at this stage to give our most grateful thanks to Commander Conway and his staff at IFH. Amid the upheaval caused by the rebuilding programme, they have worked exceedingly hard, under the most adverse conditions, in order to keep things running smoothly over the weekend. The excellent meals provided by the catering staff are all the more praiseworthy because of the very limited cooking facilities that were available to them. They produced an excellent dinner on Saturday evening, delightfully served and thoroughly enjoyed by the diners.

Buffet-dance

There were some points of interest that cropped up over the weekend, so for those who were unfortunate in missing this reunion, I will give a brief precis of the weekend. Friday was marked by a most friendly social evening, our usual buffet-cum-dance. Paying us a visit from London HQ, were Mr. C.D. Wills, O.B.E. and Miss Mosley. Throughout the evening we danced to the foot-tapping music of Ernie Took and his band, and very enjoyable it was too. We had plenty to drink, a lovely buffet, tuneful music and good company. What more could one ask.

The A.G.M. on Saturday started on a sad note, with our President, Mrs. E. Dacre, saying the Prayer of Remembrance for those members who had died during the year. Sadly they were seven in number.

After a respectful silence, the meeting got under way. The election of Club officials produced only one change, that of Hon. Treasurer. Arthur Morris, our out-going Treasurer, felt unable to continue in the post, mainly through health and family reasons. A vote of thanks was given to him and the post was filled by Alfred W. Lockhart. Mrs. Daphne Ingram was then introduced to the Club. Mrs. Ingram was in the Q.A.I.M.N.S. during the war. Her service had taken her to France in 1940. She left as did so many, via Dunkirk. Later she made her way to Hong Kong and was working as a Nursing Sister in a Mission hospital when the colony was over-run by the Japanese. She was taken prisoner, and was interned until the end of the war. It was proposed that we invite Mrs. Ingram to become an Honorary Member of our Club. Mrs. Ingram said she would be delighted to join and was duly enrolled as an Honorary Member.

Club badge

We were all sorry to hear that Mrs. Hart had not been too well lately, and we send her our best wishes for a speedy recovery. Mrs. Hart had hitherto taken the minutes of the meeting for Tom, but as she is no longer in a position to carry out this job, Mrs. Dacre asked a young lady whom she knows, Pat Stone, to carry out this task. The young lady said that she would be glad to volunteer, so now, Pat Stone is Tom Hart's assistant. Mrs. Dacre then showed slides of two designs for a Club badge, basically, one oval and the other circular. These were shown to the wives who were present, and 'acting on information received' the men voted. The circular design had by far the most support, so it was decided to go ahead with the production of the badges. Details will be made known as to the cost and availability of these badges in a later issue of the *Review*.

On Saturday evening we gathered in the main dining hall for the reunion dinner. Whilst we were having a pre-dinner sherry, our guests, with their lovely and charming wives mingled and chatted with the Club



Sir Anthony with ex-Glo'sters and Paras: Bill Orr, Ray Sheriff, Sir Anthony, Ellen Orr, Alf Lockhart and Dave Bamber. Mrs. Orr also served Sir Anthony as a Mess Stewardess with the W.R.A.C.

members. During this interlude, Sir Anthony Farrar-Hockley met two of his old comrades-in-arms: St. Dunstaner, Bill Orr, who had served with him in Korea and who had been taken prisoner with him at the battle of the Imjin River (that episode in Sir Anthony's career, had been during the period he was serving with the Glo'sters); the other man, although not a St. Dunstaner, is none other than the House Steward at IFH, Dave Bamber. Dave served with Sir Anthony in the Parachute Regiment, and said the Battalion was proud to be known as 'Farrar's Paras'.

We then sat down to dinner, and Mrs. Dacre, who was presiding, read out a telegram from Harold Payne, who is President of the F.E.P.O.W. Federation, in which he wished us a successful reunion. Our guests for the evening were: Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Henry Leach, G.C.B., and Lady Leach; General Sir Anthony Farrar-Hockley, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Farrar-Hockley; Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, C.B.E., and Mrs. Garnett-Orme; Commander and Mrs. Conway; the Reverend and Mrs. Meek; and Mr. and Mrs. W. Weisblatt. Mrs. E. Dacre, M.B.E., T.D., J.P., welcomed the guests and expressed our deep disappointment that St. Dunstan's President, Colonel Sir Mike Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., and the Marquis and Marchioness of Nor-

manby were indisposed and unable to attend this reunion. Our Club Chairman, Bill Griffiths, M.B.E., said Grace and we enjoyed a well-cooked and well-prepared dinner.

After the Loyal Toast, Sir Anthony made a speech in which he praised St. Dunstaners for their will-power and tenacity in overcoming their handicaps. He also made the observation that the modern tendency of the young men of the media is to criticise and to denigrate the past achievements of our Armed Services, and even to question our right to defend ourselves against armed aggression. A true observation, and one wonders how these so-called experts, and pseudo-intellectuals come to be in a position that enables them to broadcast their effete propaganda to such a wide audience as they possess. Sir Henry Leach responded for St. Dunstan's, mentioning Sir Anthony's very active and distinguished career, and thanking him for honouring us by attending our reunion dinner. Mrs. Dacre then called upon Bill Griffiths. Bill spoke of St. Dunstan's, and the work that is done by them. He mentioned two Honorary Members that were present, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme whose service history is well-known to us, and Mrs. Daphne Ingram and her captivity in Hong Kong. Mr. Lockhart then spoke on behalf of his Club mem-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Dr. S. Sosabowski, Wimborne, Dorset
Re: Talking Book for the Blind, 4919, 'Graffiti' by Peter van Greenaway. This is well-written and cleverly set but under the thin veil of anti-nuclear and unilateralist sentiments, it is a shameless attack on the established democratic government of Britain, the monarchy and the established Christian religion. Advocating murder, revolution and the formation of worker soldiers' government. It is supposed to be a science fiction, happening tomorrow possibly.

I wonder why such precious time and money is wasted on publishing this kind of naked alien propaganda.

From Mr. Colin Johnston, Warwick, Queensland, Australia.

As a St. Dunstan's physiotherapist, now retired, I have always found the reports of the yearly Physiotherapy Conference of great interest, and the 1984 account in the November *Review* is no exception.

I was interested to note that the number attending was down to 24. How well I

remember my first conference at Ovingdean in the middle 50's. Together with Mike Tetley and other students, I was overawed by the gathering of 110 physiotherapists, but after all that was 30 years ago. Those were great weekends – but it is clear from the reports that the quality has been maintained, even though reduced in size.

I was also interested in the item concerning the lecture given by Don Roskilly from the RNIB Library. The machine referred to must be the 'four-track' unit which we in Australia changed to about five years ago. It has proved very good indeed and it is certainly compact and portable and has the added advantage of playing standard type cassettes. The majority of our members, however, did not like the idea of losing the English recordings and not hearing the magnificent voices of the regular readers. However it was decided by the Department of Veterans' Affairs that we could keep if we desired the Clarke & Smith machine in addition to the four-track, so we have the best of two worlds.

Ex-P.O.W. Reunion — continued

bers. He thanked the Honoured Guest and all concerned for making this a memorable reunion. Madam President then declared the bar open and we then adjourned to do whatever one does when a bar is declared open.

On Sunday morning we held a Service in St. Dunstan's Chapel, which all our guests of the previous evening attended. Tom Hart read the Lesson. This he did extremely well, for he was not reciting, but reading directly from a braille Bible. Bill Griffiths, with permission from Rev. Meek, sang 'The Captive's Hymn'. This hymn was composed by an English Missionary, named Margaret Dryburgh. Margaret Dryburgh was taken prisoner in Sumatra and put into a prison camp, where, amid all the privation and suffering, she composed this lovely hymn.

Sunday evening we were entertained by

Ron Smith and his *Big Band*. This proved to be one of the most enjoyable evenings I have spent at IFH, and I would like to give our sincere thanks and warm appreciation to the band and their lovely singer for giving us such a wonderful evening. From the start of the reunion weekend to the last thing Sunday night, Mary Stenning who is Mrs. Dacre's friend and companion, was tireless in her efforts. Apart from being an invaluable helper to Mrs. Dacre, she gave invaluable assistance to every member of the committee. Thank you very much Mary, your help was most welcome.

It was noticed that quite a large number of members had forgotten to send their annual subscription. This matter can be rectified if those who have not yet sent in their annual subscription would send £1 to the Hon. Treasurer, A. W. Lockhart at 30, Wren Gardens, Dagenham, Essex, RM9 5YH.



Sir Henry Leach presents the Old Contemptibles Trophy to Bob Finch.

St. Dunstan's Last Old Contemptible Bob Finch wins 'Stayers Handicap'

In a modest ceremony at Pearson House on February 16th in front of a small audience of his St. Dunstaner friends and the BBC television cameras, Robert Finch received from our Chairman, Sir Henry Leach, a handsome silver cup honouring him as St. Dunstan's last surviving Old Contemptible.

The Old Contemptibles are those who were awarded the 1914 Star for their service with the first British expeditionary force to France from August to November 22nd, 1914. The Kaiser referred to that force as 'Britain's contemptible little army' but his epithet has become an honoured name in the history of the British Army.

Robert, who is 91, served with the 1st Worcestershire Regiment. He survived the battles of Passchendaele, Neuve Chapel, Lens, Loos and Arras, but was wounded at Mametz, on the Somme, in 1916. He was blinded and deafened by shrapnel in a bombing raid on a German machine gun post. His hearing partially returned but not his sight. After training with St. Dunstan's

he returned to his home in the Midlands and worked as a mat-maker, winning prizes for his work in national competitions. Since the death of his wife in 1979, he has lived at Pearson House.

His award is the result of a bequest by a fellow St. Dunstaner Old Contemptible, the late Alan Nichols, who died in 1959. Alan founded the St. Dunstan's branch of the Old Contemptibles Association and, as he put it, 'to give his comrades the will to live', he left a small sum of money in savings certificates and the silver cup for the last surviving war-blinded member of the Old Contemptibles.

Robert coped very well with the broadcasters who wanted to interview him. He told Radio Sussex: 'We called it "The Stayers Handicap", which meant the last one living should receive that cup and the savings certificates, and I'm the last one to receive it'. He has certainly proved his staying power and we wish him more happy years among his friends at Pearson House.

Big Game Fishing

by Col. Sir Michael Ansell

By chance we left North Devon the very day before the roads became impassable. As it was, we slithered on icy roads and went through two snow storms before getting on to the motorway. On arrival in Nairobi we both were affected by the altitude; the ground heaved and knees turned to India rubber, but next day all that was forgotten. On we went to Malindi, just over an hour's flight, on the Indian Ocean coast. First impression was not only the heat (90°) but a humidity of 70%.

We stayed at the Driftwood Club, right on the shore. All staff were extremely nice and helpful and the food first rate. We had a "cottage" – a large building standing in its own garden full of hibiscus, bouganvillea, frangipani, flame trees and many colourful shrubs. Large and beautiful butterflies were everywhere. Pawpaws, pineapples, mangoes and the most delicious green bananas were brought over for breakfast, which we ate on the verandah, watched by small lizards on the pillars or on the ceiling.

King Fish

From the Driftwood we had two days deep sea fishing, an excellent initiation for what was to come later. In all I caught 15 king fish, all about 20 lbs., 3 yellow-finned tuna, 18 to 20 lbs., and one smaller and most lovely fish of the Caraux family, bright green and peacock blue. The method of playing these fish (large to me but locally considered small) was to raise the rod, then lower it slowly while reeling in. It is very hard work and heavier than I ever imagined. Sail fish are scarce on that part of the coast, although we went 10 miles out; but catching what we did was great fun and very exciting. The razor sharp teeth of the king fish are to be avoided at all costs.

At the end of the first week we hired a car and drove directly south, through Mombasa, to Shimoni, just short of the Tanzanian border; a very hot and sticky drive through open bush country, then immense



Sir Mike with one of his two sail fish.
Photo: The Honourable Mrs. Wynn.

sugar, sisal and coconut palm plantations. The only wildlife was one baboon who crossed the road just in front of us – no beauty! The Shimoni Fishing Lodge consists of 8 cottages, painted white with palm thatch, among bouganvillea of all colours, pink, red, orange and purple. The Dining Room, or rather the place where we ate, is out-of-doors, overlooking the sea, with a huge pepper tree for shade. Across the Pemba Channel is Wasini Island. There is always some activity, local people fishing from their dugout canoes, some with outriggers of a design unchanged throughout the centuries.

The two days – after sail fish or marlin – were the most thrilling ever. The skipper was having a recurrence of malaria, so the crew of three, with virtually no English, took us out about 15 miles. I may mention that to get me out of a dinghy and into our 32 ft. boat, whose side was some 4 ft. higher up, with a roughish sea running, presented no difficulty to the crew – they just threw my legs over the side, then I was up and over and installed in the fighting seat in the stern. No one listened to my protests!

At 11 a.m. one of the lines screamed out. The boat stopped while the sail fish made off, its speed estimated at 85 m.p.h. When the line slackened eventually and the fish is presumed to have swallowed the bait (a fresh fish of about 2 lbs. caught by us en route) the man at the wheel puts on full power. This engages the hook, then it is up to the fisherman. The other rods are quickly reeled in, your own reel clipped on to your harness, the butt of the rod is put in a socket in the seat of your chair and the really hard work begins – rod up, slowly down while reeling in. *What* a weight! Not for a long time do you see exactly what you have, when it is off the end of the boat. The other crew members gaff it and haul it inboard and Heaven help you if your feet are in the way.

THE WEIGHT TALKER

by Ray Hazan

'Weight Talker' scales are of sturdy construction and elegantly finished in a beige colour. The platform measures 13" by 14" and stands 3" off the floor. There is no visual display. All announcements are in clear, standard synthetic voice. There are two sets of controls on the front and back edges.

Front Controls

There are four controls here, which, although small, once set, need never be changed. 1. Switches memory on and off. 2. Announcement in pounds or kilograms. 3. Final announcement says 'Have a good day', or 'Goodbye'. 4. Slider volume control.

Rear Controls

These comprise seven buttons about an inch square. They are able to be operated by a toe! 1-5 are memory buttons, 6 is a 'guest button' and 7, on the extreme right, is the 'on' button.

Operation

With the memory off, you push the 'on' button, whereupon you are invited to, 'please stand on the scale'. After a brief pause it will announce your weight and end with 'Have a good day' or 'Goodbye' and switch itself off.

Coming up the Channel in the evening we proudly flew a red pennant, denoting one sail fish. A yellow pennant would have told onlookers we had caught a marlin.

It was one of the most thrilling moments of my life and I could scarcely believe my luck. He weighed 50 lbs., and when hung up to be weighed, once ashore, he measured 8 ft. from his tail to the tip of his bill. Next time out I didn't dare think it might happen again, but by 9.45 a.m., there again was that wonderful scream of the line going out. I was too thrilled for words to have caught *two* sail fish.

My memories of three weeks in Kenya are of the happiest. The crews on each of our four days at sea always shared our triumph, with beaming smiles and rather fishy handshakes.

With memory on, after pushing the 'on' button you are invited to 'select your memory number'. Up to five people can have one of the square buttons on the rear, which memorises their weight from the previous occasion. Pressing your button, it will again invite you to stand on the scale. This time, after announcing your weight, it will say 'You have gained/lost x pounds'. Alas, there is no escape!

Memory can be used for weighing parcels, dogs, etc. First weigh yourself with memory on, then yourself plus parcel. The 'weight gained' announcement will be the weight of the object.

The 'Weight Talker' takes 7 AA batteries, which should last for 1000 announcements. However, the unit will announce when its batteries are running low.

The cost of the unit is £43.70, inclusive of VAT. Delivery is free within the Greater London area. Otherwise, postage and packing will depend on where you live. So for enquiries, please contact:

Hadley Trading Company
Unit 1, 1st Floor
Wembley Commercial Centre
East Lane
Wembley
Middlesex
Tel: 01-908 4799



I WAS THERE HUNGARY 1956 (Continued)

by Lieutenant-Colonel Noel Cowley

On the evening of October 28th Imre Nagy addressed the Hungarian people on the radio and announced that agreement had been reached with the Soviet Government for the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Budapest. He also said that negotiations had been started to settle relations between the Hungarian Peoples' Republic and the Soviet Union with regard to the withdrawal of all Soviet forces stationed in Hungary. Nagy also promised the organisation of a single State police force and that the organs of State Security would be dissolved. In addition to all this he promised that there would be no reprisals against those who took part in the armed fighting, and the old traditional flag of Hungary was to be restored.

On October 30th the Soviet Government in Moscow announced that they would negotiate a withdrawal of their armed forces, not only from Budapest, but from

the whole of Hungary. With these promises in front of them, naturally enough the Hungarian people were jubilant. They thought they had won. Political parties – the Social Democrats, the Workers' Party, and the Peasants' Party began to re-form and law and order was restored in a remarkably short space of time. Workpeople appeared to clear away the debris and rubble, and telegraph poles were reinstated. The country began astonishingly quickly to return to normal and the agricultural workers drove their carts into Budapest and distributed fresh vegetables, fruit and milk, which they gave away to the people and to hospitals.

The intractable hard-line Stalinist, Ernő Gerő, had been removed as First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, and Imre Nagy formed a new Government more in keeping with the developments of the time. In this Government Colonel Pál Maléter, the national hero of the Kilián bar-

racks and now promoted to the rank of General was appointed Minister of Defence. In that capacity I was able to arrange an interview with him which took place in the Kilián barracks where Maléter insisted on continuing to base himself. Clearly he was sceptical about the situation and did not trust the Soviet Government's promises.

At this phase in the uprising the country began astonishingly quickly to return to normal. Everybody thought that there would shortly be elections and that Hungary would have, at least, a measure of autonomy, if not full independence. This showed a lack of realism, as events proved. This state of affairs lasted until shortly after midnight on the night of November 3rd/4th, when, to a co-ordinated plan, some 2,500 Russian tanks re-entered the city and Russian artillery began shooting down into Pest from the high ground to the west of the Danube. Then the fighting began again.

At times a considerable amount of fighting took place around the Legation, which was not entirely unscathed as broken windows and bullet-marked walls showed. Diplomatic immunity suffered a sharp surprise when a machine-gun bullet whistled

through the window of the Minister's office as he sat at his desk, and buried itself in the ceiling above his head. He expressed his indignation in characteristically measured terms, doubtless, with nostalgic memories of his early training as a subaltern in the Gurkha Regiment.

There is no doubt that in this second assault on the city the Russian 'steam-roller' was well at work, and the tanks and artillery used the full weight of their armament to reduce to rubble by heavy bombardment points of resistance in a relentless progress. But still the Freedom Fighters stood their ground, and contested every attack by the Russians by any means they could devise. They only gave up when the building around them was smashed to pieces and in most cases the defenders were dead. If ever there was a fight to the finish this was it, but against what odds and with what desperation?

Throughout the uprising and particularly during this second assault the mass of the Hungarian people were convinced that the Western Powers would go to their aid; they simply could not understand that military help was not forthcoming, and there were constant rumours that Western troops had landed. As the Hungarians saw it, they were



fighting a battle for the West against U.S.S.R. Communists and, in those circumstances, the Western Powers were bound to help them. The Legation received many telephone calls from beleaguered strongpoints with nerve stretching pleas of desperation, some saying they were running out of ammunition and would the Legation send them replenishments. One call was from a defence point saying that Russian tanks had arrived to attack them: shortly, they said, they would be dead, but 'For God's sake do something to save Hungary.' Such calls were sincere cries of dying people, deeply moving to the Legation staff — but neutrality was the role that had to be played. At the same time the Legation received an almost constant stream of Hungarians appealing for political asylum, but always the stand had to be made that help could only be given to British subjects.

Political events after the return of the Russian forces moved quickly. General Pál Maléter and the Chief of Staff of the Hungarian Forces had been arrested by the Soviet K.G.B. when they had been lured to the Russian Headquarters on the pretext of negotiating the withdrawal of Russian Armed Forces from Hungary. The Government of Imre Nagy disintegrated and Nagy and some of his colleagues sought refuge in the Embassy of the Yugoslav Republic. A new Hungarian Government was set up by the Soviet Union called the Hungarian Revolutionary Worker-Peasant Government. This was led as Prime Minister by János Kádár, who had replaced Gerő as First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party. Earlier in the uprising he had disappeared to Moscow and now returned to head this puppet government. He officially moved into Budapest in Russian armoured vehicles on November 7th and installed himself in Parliament Buildings. Attempts were then made to bring the country back to normal and to get the workers back to the factories.

Despite his claims to represent the people, Kádár was regarded by them as a traitor and was treated with contempt; certainly he had no hope of restoring order and normality on his own, but only by the force of Russian troops, and even then it took him many weeks to obtain the

minimum control. It was at this time that the great betrayal of Imre Nagy and his colleagues took place; the Government gave assurances that Nagy and his party would be unmolested and free to leave the Yugoslav Embassy and return home. A bus arrived at the Embassy, ostensibly to take the party to their homes, but instead drove straight to the Russian Headquarters where they were all arrested. Two members of the Yugoslav Embassy who had boarded the bus to supervise the safe conduct were ejected roughly by the Russians during the journey.

Nearing the end

One of the last organised demonstrations was a gathering of some 2,000 women, all dressed in black, in the square outside the Legation. They came together there from all parts of the city in sombre processions or clusters, and they congregated so that the whole seemed to form a funeral cloud. They sang the Hungarian National Anthem and national songs, a great gesture of mourning and despair tinged with the unsuppressable national pride which characterised the whole uprising. The whole episode was the more impressive by its simplicity, but the pathos and grief it expressed was overwhelming. The Russians lost little time and set about dispersing the gathering by driving their tanks amongst the assembled women, forcing them to scatter for their lives. Some observers regarded this as their most poignant memory and one which they will never forget or recall without the emotion of the moment returning.

The sheer weight of the Russian assault which never faltered, gradually wore down the Hungarian resistance, as it relentlessly eliminated one strongpoint after another, and the fighting continued sporadically until November 11th or 12th. As the fighting died down the AVO, with the protection and assistance of the Russian troops, were back in action; mass arrests of hundreds of people were made, mostly indiscriminately. They were summarily sentenced to long terms in Russian labour camps and despatched in train loads to Siberia.

Clearly much thought was given in Western circles to the calls for help by the Hungarian people, but Hungary is in a tragic geographical and political situation. On one side is Yugoslavia, a Communist-



aligned country, Rumania, a Communist country under Russian control, a stretch of common Russian/Hungarian frontier, then Czechoslovakia, another Russian-ruled country; and finally neutral Austria, whose neutrality is guaranteed by Britain, France, America and the Soviet Union. Consequently no Western intervention could have been carried out without violating somebody's territorial integrity.

However, the course of the turmoil in Hungary was thrown into some confusion by a twist of fate far beyond their control when, on October 31st, 1956, French and British forces mounted a campaign on the Suez Canal in an effort to retain their rightful ownership in the face of nationalisation by President Nasser of Egypt. To Western observers in Hungary this was a devastating blow to the Hungarian fight for freedom, which placed so much hope in action by the international community to support its cause in the Security Council and General Assembly of the United Nations. In the British Legation it was apparent, in the face of this turn of events of such world-wide significance, that Suez would overshadow the affairs of Hungary which, to the United Nations, would from then on be regarded as a triviality. Clearly, the unfortunate Hun-

garian goose was being irrevocably cooked, and the chances of the Hungarian people in that world forum were virtually 'left at the post.'

Three months after the uprising had been finally crushed, the doyenne of the Hungarian musical comedy stage appeared in a revival of 'The Count of Luxembourg'. After all, life had to go on and the people needed a tonic. This star of the show was a national figure who had enormous popularity in the country and was a reigning toast for longer than it would be gallant to recall. On the first night the British Minister sent her a bouquet that had been specially made in concentric circles of the national colours of Hungary, red, white and green. Contrary to usual practice, she did not have it brought out to her at the end of the operetta but she carried it on to the stage herself, between the curtains which had fallen after the second Act. The magnificent full evening dress she was wearing set off the colours to perfection and, as one, the audience rose in silence — the dress was black.

There is a book called 'The Uprising' about Hungary available from the Talking Book Library, Cat. No. 4228, on three cassettes.

BEHIND LEARN TO BE BLIND

The Story of St. Dunstan's

by John Hosken of the B.B.C.

As children, we all wondered idly from time to time what it would be like to be blind. There was even a party game which, they tell me, may go back to the caves of our early ancestors when the only artificial light was the flickering of the fire.

For me, blindness was not a matter of idle curiosity or a diversion before the jelly and the banana custard. I never had much time for blindman's buff.

Because my mother was blind. She went blind just before the war got serious, a lively woman with strong community spirit and more than the hint of the actress in her – stricken as the mother of three young children by a tumour on the optic nerve.

The operation in Oxford which took away her sight also took away her sense of balance. There would be no skill with the cane or infuriatingly almost perfect guide dog for her. We had to lead her everywhere; except around the house, of course. Though I remember we never moved any of the furniture.

Her blindness became part of the family, like the dog. I believe she coped with it better than we did. Her balance was so poor we had to lead her by holding her firmly around the waist. I was so good at it I could walk her a mile while pushing my treasured drop handlebarred bike. Mother, I fear, was the less monitored of the two!

Radio was her eyes and ears on the

John Hosken recording Bill Griffiths singing at the Old Comrades Club, Blackpool. Photo: John Lomas Photographs, Blackpool.



St. Dunstan's Music Makers contributed to the programme: Ernie Cookson, sax; Bob Forshaw, bass; Jerry Lynch, drums; John Gale, trumpet; Ernie Took, piano; Ken Revis, vocals; Robert Pringle, trombone.

world. When she started hearing me as a broadcaster, the radio became extra-special. I'm glad that, unwittingly, I was able to give her such tailor-made pride in her youngest.

It was my work as a State occasion commentator which led to the St. Dunstan's programme. I thus became known to the Outside Broadcasts Department. And it was a young OB Producer called Helen Gill who first got the idea (there had never been a full programme on St. Dunstan's before) and asked me to do it, not knowing of my affinity with the blind.

You probably heard the outcome. It's going to be on the air again, anyway, on Easter Sunday.

Within the BBC, save for a predictable fit of the vapours from 'In Touch', it has had a staggeringly high appreciation. I'm not just saying that.

Each week BBC Broadcasting Research produces 'reaction profiles' on about fifty

selected programmes. A listening panel of outsiders is asked to fill in forms and the results are published. "Learn to be Blind" got an RI (that's Reaction Index incidentally) of 89 out of 100. The highest of the week; indeed, one of the highest for a very long time.

But then, what else can you expect with Bob Young's impersonation of Arthur Pearson, with Winnie Edwards' account of feeling her growing children's faces with her tongue, with Ray Hazan's talking computer and so casual an approach to his blindness that it almost takes your breath away, and with (it brings a lump to my throat to recall it) Bill Griffiths singing "Give Me My Dreams"?

I store other memories, too. Like David Castleton's delighted face as he traded finger talk with a blind and deaf man at Ovingdean.

Thank you St. Dunstan's. May I toast the beginning of a life-long friendship?

Amateur Radio Weekend

by Alf Lockhart S.W.L.

The weekend of March 2nd/3rd saw the A.G.M. of St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society at IFH. As most members arrived on Friday, the day was given over to operating and general discussion, mostly about who had been doing what since our last meeting in September 1984. In these get-togethers we hear quite a lot of news about our friends, mainly the ones who are active in other hobbies, for many members of the Radio Society have a wide range of interests. Perhaps some members of other St. Dunstan's clubs might consider adding Amateur Radio to their own leisure activities.

Saturday morning saw the A.G.M. 1985. We were all pleased to hear Trevor Phillips had passed the R.A.E and was now the proud possessor of the call sign G1 LZJ. Well done indeed Trevor, but don't rest on your laurels - prepare yourself for the morse test and a G.O. licence. All the committee agreed to stand for re-election as Club Officers, and they were all duly elected, unopposed, for a further year in office. We then had to settle the problem of

finding somebody to take over the duty of Signal Clerk, to deal with the Q.S.L. cards. This chore had previously been carried out, for many years, by G4 AFV's XYL (Mrs. Audrey Gaygan, to the uninitiated). After a call for volunteers, which was followed by a deathly silence, Marie, the wife of Norman French, kindly offered to take on this duty for the Radio Society. We expressed our grateful thanks to both Mrs. Gaygan and Mrs. French for their efforts in doing this very necessary job which can only realistically be done by a sighted person. Thank you ladies. Because of the building work which is still very much in progress, and very much in evidence, we could not make any definite plans for the future.

The meeting was then closed with the information that sherry would be served in the winter garden at 12.30. There, we were very pleased to meet St. Dunstan's past Chairman, now Vice-President, Mr. Ion-Garnett-Orme, C.B.E., accompanied by Mrs. Garnett-Orme. Our Guest Speaker for the afternoon was Jim Bacon G3YLA of the London Weather Centre. Among the other

Chairman, Peter Jones, presents Frances Woolley with her badge.



Bob Davis receives from Jim Bacon his commemorative shield as winner of the G3 MOW Trophy.

guests were: CRS Mike Puttick G3 LIK and Mrs. Puttick; Frank Harrop G3 DVL; Barry Cook G4 BWJ; John Houlihan G4 BLJ; Roy Hill G4 HLH; Frances Woolley, B.E.M., G3 LWY; and John Dickson G2 HV. Non-Radio Ham guests were Commander and Mrs. Conway, Major Arthur Neve, Mr. and Mrs. French, Mr. and Mrs. Castleton, and Bob Field. We sat down to a truly excellent meal, for which the Catering Department deserves our highest praise and deep appreciation.

After lunch our Chairman, Peter Jones, B.E.M., G3 DRE, made a short speech in which he gave the A.R.S.'s heartfelt thanks to all concerned at IFH for making such splendid arrangements for our A.G.M., and in particular to Commander Conway and Major Neve, for their organising ability under such chaotic conditions which exist here at the present time. Peter then went on to congratulate Mrs. Woolley on her award of the B.E.M. in the New Year's Honours list. He told Frances how pleased we all were for her and that she was a most

worthy recipient of the honour. He then invited Frances to become an Honorary Member of St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society. Mrs. Woolley graciously accepted, and was duly enrolled. Jim Bacon was then called upon to present the G3 MOW Trophy, which is awarded annually. This year the award went to Bob Davis G3 ZIK. Congratulations Bob, this is a well-deserved acknowledgement of the extensive and worth-while work you do for the club. But like Trevor, don't rest on your laurels, continue to carry on the good work.

The Club members were unanimous in their praise and admiration for our Hon. Secretary, Ted John, M.B.E., G3 SEJ. In spite of having his leg in plaster due to a broken ankle, he made the journey from Merseyside down to Brighton with the help of a wheelchair and crutches, in order to facilitate the smooth running of the A.G.M. Thanks very much Ted, your efforts are greatly appreciated by us all. Later in the afternoon we were given a talk on the weather by Jim Bacon G3 LYA (I was told

not to make any remarks about Jim Bacon being a Radio Ham). As this talk was about the English, it was not all dry, but well interspersed with outbreaks of laughter as Jim spoke of the many pitfalls that befall the presenters of TV weather forecasts. A recording of this talk, well worth listening to, was made and will probably become available in the *Ragchew* from London HQ in due course.

On Sunday morning, Bob Davis showed us the cordless telephone. He described his own use of the instrument, and gave a very good account of its advantages and disadvantages. On balance, it would appear the cordless telephone is quite a good thing for anybody with less than 100% mobility, but perhaps not such a good idea for more agile persons. He also had with him a *Marlburg* braille tape writer, its chief interest being the very robust and hard-wearing tape it uses. This was suitable for use by the most heavy-handed of braille readers. Bob was followed by Paul Hawes, from the Foundation for Communications for the Disabled. Mr. Hawes demonstrated a Microwriter and an associated Speech Synthesizer. These machines, while possibly very useful to those who do full-time work, appear to be of limited use to the average Radio Ham. Even so, it is very good of Paul Hawes to bring these innovations to our notice.

Thus ended another successful weekend. St. Dunstan's A.R.S. must again give their thanks to the Commander, and to his entire staff at IFH, we are always made to feel so very welcome when we arrive here. And to the catering staff the sincerest of thanks and heartiest of congratulations, for providing us with an excellent lunch. I am already looking forward to next year's A.G.M.

On Saturday afternoon of the next meeting, June 22nd, a visit to the Chalkpits Museum, Amberley, has been arranged. Members wishing to go please contact Ted John as soon as possible so that he can arrange escorts and transport.

ADDITIONS TO CASSETTE LIBRARY
SD39. C90. 'Learn to be Blind', from Radio 4. Story and work of St. Dunstan's.
G27. C90. George Reed on his collection of music boxes.
R4. C90. New amateur radio schedule, 1984.



LEGION HONOUR

We would like to congratulate Mr. R. Thorne, of Derby, on recently being awarded a Certificate of Appreciation from the Royal British Legion, acknowledging his distinguished voluntary effort on behalf of the Poppy Appeal.

The Legion's annual Appeal depends entirely upon the efforts of voluntary organisers and helpers. Mr. Thorne, who was a P.O.W. in Singapore in 1942, has been connected with the Legion since 1946. After joining St. Dunstan's in 1964, he began making toys to be sold in aid of the Poppy fund. He has been on the Poppy Committee for 15 years.

AUDIO BOOKS OFFER

The Audio Reading Trust is now providing a lending service for its audio books, free of charge, through the post to anywhere in the U.K.

These audio books, however, are designed to be played on the APH (American Printing House) recorder, but apparently, any variable speed four-track tape recorder will do. The APH recorder can be purchased from the Audio Reading Trust.

For a list of titles and further enquiries please contact: Advisory and General Administration, Equipment and Audio Book Centre, Spirella Building, Bridge Road, Letchworth, Herts. SG6 4ET. Telephone: (04626) 77331.



New Barn Bottom, Seven Sisters Country Park. Photo: J. Gascoigne.

Sounds of the Forests and Downs of East Sussex: Part 2

by Ron Smith

A favourite spot, for me, is the high point of Lullington Heath, way up above the villages of Litlington and Alfriston with their milling visitors. To the south is the two thousand acre Friston Forest and to the north, a vast expanse of open downs. Up there, among the gorse and copses, I often think of that wonderful naturalist, William Henry Hudson and his riveting book, *Nature in Downland*. I asked a friend to read some of it while I recorded and was reminded how the old downland shepherds used to trap thousands of wheatears as they migrated south.

'In July the shepherds made their "coops" - as their traps were called - a T-shaped trench about fourteen inches long, over which the two long narrow sods, cut neatly out of the turf were adjusted, grass downwards. . . . On some of

the high downs near the coast, notably at Beachy Head, at Birling Gap, at Seaford, and in the neighbourhood of Rottingdean, the shepherds made so many coops, placed at small distances apart, that the downs in some places looked as if they had been ploughed. In September, when the season was over, the sods were carefully put back, roots down, in their places, and the smooth green surface was restored to the hills.'

Hudson quotes here a shepherd called John Dudeney. 'The farm extending along the sea-coast, I caught great numbers of wheatears during the season for taking them, which lasted from the middle of July to the end of August. The most I ever caught in one day was thirteen dozen. We sold them to a poulterer at Brighton, who took all we could catch at eightpence a

dozen. From what I have heard from old shepherds, it cannot be doubted that they were caught in much greater numbers a century ago than of late. I have heard them speak of an immense number being taken in one day by a shepherd of East Dean, near Beachy Head. I think they said he took nearly a hundred dozen; so many that he could not thread them on crow-quills in the usual manner, but took off his round frock and made a sack of it to pop them into, and his wife did the same with her petticoat.'

Thank goodness that practice has now finished!

Up high on the downs, recording can be difficult as there is so often a wind blowing but I have made some good sound-pictures up here. Imagine a hot, still, July day and half an acre of gorse in bloom, smelling of coconut. The wild raspberries are ripe and have attracted thousands of humming insects as well as birds to feed on these insects and their fragrant fruit. Here are a robin, a lesser whitethroat and a willow warbler. Yellow buntings and linnets, with their delicate song, are there, too, as is a skylark, energetically singing as it rises vertically into the sky far above.

Hope Gap

Next comes a visit to Hope Gap, where the downs meet the sea. Once again it was very early morning. The recorder picked up the lapping waves of a calm sea on the rocks below. These are not fallen chalk but a reef of harder stuff. This is the greensand layer which underlies the chalk.

Mavis and I sat till 5 a.m., then moved inland to some thick scrub where the birds were awake. Collared doves were calling and, wonder of wonders, a nightingale! It was a long time since I'd heard one down there. It shows what a good job the warden, Mr. John Gascoigne, is doing. The menacing call of a magpie warned the other birds that he was looking for breakfast. A brave wren defied him, loudly.

Mavis described the view to the east. Down in the valley she could see the meanders of the Cuckmere River, its waters shining and steaming in the strengthening sun.

We passed a clump of the white campion. Almost at the car again we heard, and recorded, a beautifully clear solo by a bold blackcap who didn't mind us at all. This

was my best-ever blackcap and made our visit very worthwhile.

The cuckoo is with us only a short time, coming in April and flying away in July. I pursued it with a microphone for years finally getting close enough to one in Abbotswood. Here, too, Kay and I recorded nightingale, great tit and turtle dove. On the way back, we stopped by a trickling culvert where a goldfinch kept returning for a quick dip while nearby lambs created a background.

John Gascoigne

As my friends and I spend a good deal of time in the Cuckmere Valley and the Seaford Head reserve, I wanted to record an interview with the man responsible. I met the Warden, Mr. John Gascoigne, at the Seven Sisters Country Park headquarters.

He told me that the area under his control was about a square mile. 'East of the river', he said, 'the land is owned by the county council and on the west side it belongs to Lewes District Council. When this was bought it completed eight and a half miles of coastline in public ownership. The Cuckmere is the only undeveloped river estuary in the south of England.'

I asked Mr. Gascoigne if he were contemplating any further developments, like the scrape down near the sea. He pointed out that this lagoon had simply been recreated as it was before 1846 when the river was canalised. He doesn't like the word 'scrape' which he said was 'coined at Minsmere'.

'When I first came here in '71, he said, 'there was a big population of caravans and tents. There was a Home Office closure order in 1968 but the place was not bought till '71 and not opened till '78. We have not planted trees here. This is downland. Our job is to fight to keep what we have. We do this by a system of grazing disciplines. Bare downs, remember, are not natural. They have evolved because of the way Man has used the downs.'

I asked John Gascoigne about all those visitors with dogs and if there are any controls. 'Yes', he replied, 'we call them leads! We had noticed a row of binder-twine lengths hanging up in the car park under a prominent label 'dog leads'.

'The worst thing about dogs', John Gascoigne went on, 'is the droppings. Look at



John Gascoigne. Photo: Evening Argus, Brighton.

Hope Gap. It's a glorious viewpoint but it's become a place to walk dogs. The dog-fouling there, over the years I've been here, has actually altered the botany. It's all that extra nitrogen and phosphorus. It's not practical to take a little kid down there now.'

I remarked that it was good to hear the nightingale there again after twenty years. 'The habitats are being created again', John Gascoigne replied. 'A study in Ashdown Forest showed that nightingales like to nest in scrubby vegetation which is not too tall.'

I asked about his museum. 'It's not a museum', he said, 'it's called an interpretive centre - a liaison between ourselves and the public. What most people come to see is the Living World exhibition, where all kinds of invertebrates, like scorpions, snails, shellfish, bees, wasps, moths and ants are living and breeding. It was set up in the barns by two enterprising young chaps. School kids come here in parties. Last July we had eight hundred to a thousand a day - too many!' The tape can't show his rueful smile.

Asked about general management and crowd control, John Gascoigne explained

that there are three zones in the Country Park. The nearest is an activity zone, with car park and Centre. Beyond that is a buffer zone, with the remote zone out towards the sea being one and a half miles from the car park. Most of the visitors walk about happily in the buffer zone, sown with grass and looking like downland. Paths, he said, have to run parallel to the contours of the land to avoid erosion.

'This is a wonderful spot', he said. 'It's the pearl in the oyster! Where else could you walk from a wave-cut platform to a cliff edge, then a shingle bank, a river estuary, over river alluvium to scrubland, downland and forest, all in half an hour?'

After this lively interview, the tape returns again to Hope Gap, this time in July. This was late in the year for birds but I wanted Mavis to tell me about the plant life. 4.30 a.m. found us sitting at the top of the cliff steps with dawn just breaking.

Mavis described the flashing light of the Royal Sovereign Tower out on the horizon. This is the weather station you hear mentioned every day on the radio. I think it is automatic. It was made some years ago, bit by bit on the beach at Newhaven, then towed the seven miles out.

This morning, three fishing boats were still at work on the calm sea, looking quite pretty with their red and green lights at port and starboard (or is it the other way round?). The tape here only records the waves dragging at pebbles on the water's edge. I had hoped for kittiwakes.

As the light increased Mavis exclaimed that the ground was littered with rabbit droppings. The grass pathway through the scrub was alive with rabbits which leaped into hiding at our approach. One of them was just four inches long. A heavy fragrance hung in the moist air. This was privet; not the hedge plant of gardens but our native one, with masses of white bloom, later to provide berries for the birds.

There was a lot of bedstraw about, underfoot. This, too, produced a very sweet scent. There were dog roses, brambles, blue vipers bugloss, various thistles and yellow St. Johns Wort. A distinctive apple-like scent emanated from a ten-foot high sweet briar and, flung over the bush, the grey-green shoots and tendrils of white

bryony. This is another berry-producer for autumn-feeding birds, as is the elder which grows here in abundance.

We walked back beside a barley field. I thought the barley, now almost ripe, seemed on the small side, perhaps because the summer had been a dry one. Could this huge, downy burdock have taken up nitrate run-off from the barley field? I remembered how, as schoolboys, my friends and I had put the hooked burdock fruits in each other's hair and some had to be cut out!

A five foot hogweed carried big, flat umbels of white flowers, covered with insects feeding on the nectar. They were mostly red soldier beetles, which do *not* suck blood. Neither do they buzz, so they can't be heard on my tape.

My Sussex sound-picture ends with the piping of a ringed plover and a gentle Hope Gap linnet, singing a delicate goodbye while a meadow pipit planes down through the summer air.

My thanks to all who helped to make this tape possible.

D. F. Robinson's

GARDENING NOTES

Get all paths tidied up and spray some weedkiller in the cracks, but be careful not to get it on the beds. Some cement in very large and deep cracks will make a good show, so one can walk around without tripping up. For those of you who are finding that vegetable gardens are getting a bit too much to manage, it would be a good idea to sow grass seed so you have a larger area of lawn. Don't forget to let us know if you don't want vegetable seeds any longer. Do contact me if you have any problems a bit beyond you and I will try to sort it out or put you in touch with someone who can do better than I.

Vegetables

Ground here ought to be free from all that snow and frost by now, which stopped us from getting the forking and digging-over ready to get early seeds in place. It won't be too late to start those early items such as peas and broad beans, so get them in. Sow all the rest of the cabbage family, plus

root crops in a nice sunny position, plus lettuce which can be moved to permanent places later on. It might be a good thing to keep all those raised from seed under cover for a while longer as there may still be some late frosts. Open covers during warm sunny days so that they can be hardened off for placing in their permanent positions. Where you have some early seedlings poking out of the soil it might be as well to give them some cover at night in the shape of plastic sheeting for a while.

Runner beans and french beans can be started in boxes or small peat pots in warm spots, and planted in their growing places later on when the weather gets warmer. Get all the main crop potatoes in their places and do remember to put some anti-pest powder down as you set them in their holes, to stop pests from eating into tubers as they form later on. It's too early to put out tomatoes, unless you have a warm spot, but cover with plastic sheeting.

Gardening Notes — continued

Fruit

Don't plant any new fruit trees or bushes unless some items which were ordered earlier, have come along rather late, owing to the weather. Give the roots of these items a thorough covering with manure or compost as a protection against cold, and to retain moisture at a fairly high level. A spring wash would be a good thing on apples and pears to keep sucker and midge away.

Where there is some big bud on your black currants give them a wash of lime sulphur regularly for a few weeks or even sprinkle yellow sulphur powder. There are some modern sprays these days but I have often found older things more effective.

Lawns

Mow grass regularly with blades high at first but gradually lower them to get a closer cut. Some sweeping will be a good thing to get rid of old winter grass and dead weed leaves from the spraying in late autumn. See to edges and cut regularly, so as to make everything look nice and tidy.

Flowers

Growth will be starting amongst shrubs and perennials so get some slug pellets scattered around, as these pests like new soft growth. Get the hoe going to keep weeds at bay and a little light forking to open up the earth making it easier to pull out those deep rooted weeds, such as dandelions, buttercups etc. A scattering of a general fertiliser such as *Growmore* will give all plants a good start as well as the annuals you put in later on. Hardy annuals can be sown now but wait till next month for the half-hardy ones, when the weather and soil are a bit warmer.

Tie back the taller leaves of daffodils and leave for several weeks so that some of the feed can go back into the bulbs for next year's flowers. Some people dig up bulbs after flowering and plant in spare plots for a while, and then replant towards the end of the season. I always like to keep them where they are for several years so one has a good, really fine show. Many tulips will be showing colour in their buds, as will species with open flowers.

Get the beds for sweet peas ready to receive the plants which were under glass

or in frames. One can also sow seeds in their flowering beds. Ensure that you have all stakes in position for the plants to cling onto. Some perennials which were ordered earlier will probably be along, and can be planted in their flowering quarters. Get roots well down in the soil and put some canes or sticks in, to keep them in position, in case some strong winds arrive. Press soil well down round plants and do give them a watering in.

Greenhouse

There is still time to get those half-hardy annuals for planting outside, started from seed, if you haven't done it yet, especially during the very frosty weather of late February. However if you did get them started they should be in their growing boxes, and if a bit tall their growing points should be nipped out to make good bushy plants for planting in the beds later on. It would be a good thing to put boxes in the coolest part of the house, or even outdoors on the sunny side of the greenhouse during warm days, in order to get them hardened off and ready for going into their beds.

Get the bulbous items such as begonias, gloxinias, freesias etc. going well in their flowering pots. Give regular watering and some feeding. Fuchsias, geraniums, dahlias etc. will be growing well by now and if you are a bit short of plants, some cuttings can be taken from those with plenty of shoots. Keep one or two pots for show in the house or at the entrance of the house. Pinch off the top of some of the taller growing shoots in order to make the plants bushier and so to give more colour.

Put in tomato seeds which won't take long to germinate and prick off at an early stage into small pots or containers. Keep them in the warmer part of the greenhouse. Give plenty of ventilation during the day especially when there is a lot of sun. Close windows in early evening. Pot plants which are growing well and near to flowering will need a good deal of water and some liquid feeds. Pests and diseases will be starting to make a show by now, so get sprays going regularly either in the shape of hand pumps or smokes started up in early evening, making certain that you have the windows shut. Remember to open doors and windows in the morning for an hour or two before starting to work inside.

READING TIME by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2965

The Takeover

By Muriel Spark

Read by Carol Marsh

Reading Time 10 hours

Maggie Radcliffe is 45, beautiful, many times married and filthy-rich, American style. Among other things she owns three luxury villas near Rome. One is occupied by Hubert Mallindane, living rent-free as Maggie's long-time friend. He is a queer fish (not to say, a queer 'gay' fish) who believes he is the descendant of the union between the Emperor Caligula and the goddess Diana. Living in the other properties are Maggie's newly-married son and wife (very rich) and a lawyer (also very rich). Maggie's latest husband is an Italian nobleman, and – yes – he too is very rich.

There are those, however, who are most anxious to separate Maggie from some, at least, of her wealth. Mallindane is busy having the priceless furniture and pictures copied and flogging the originals in Rome. Lorro, her flashy young major-domo, is an enthusiastic collector of other people's valuable baubles, Maggie's included. She is robbed of a large part of her jewellery by professional thieves and her financial adviser is doing very nicely indeed, diverting some of her money in his direction . . .

A very odd book – which I didn't like very much.

Cat. No. 4428

No Comebacks

By Frederick Forsyth

Read by Ian Craig

Reading Time 9½ hours

This is a volume of short stories and the first concerns Mark Sanderson, millionaire property tycoon.

He has had many affairs of temporary duration, but no lasting relationships with any of his women. Then he meets Helen on a short visit from her home in Spain. They are mutually attracted and Sanderson begs her to divorce her husband. She refuses.

She cannot leave the ineffectual and inadequate Archie, he needs her too much. She returns to Spain.

Sanderson, used to having his own way, is not prepared to give up that easily. If she will not leave her husband, then *he* must leave her – permanently. Money will buy anything, including the services of a professional killer. Everything goes according to plan and Helen is widowed by an assassin's bullet..... There is a very neat, wholly satisfying twist in the very last sentence of this tense story.

There are ten stories in all, every one a little gem in its own right, and each confirming, if confirmation be needed, Forsyth's superb mastery of the art of the story-teller.

Cat. No. 3355

The Girl with a Squint

By George Simenon

Read by Carol Marsh

Reading Time 6½ hours

Marie and Sylvie grew up together in a small French town. 'One day I shall be a very rich lady and you will be my maid', Sylvie declares during their childish games.

It is now 1922 and the girls, both 17, are working for the season as chambermaids in a little *pension*. Sylvie is beautiful, unscrupulous and ambitious. Marie is thin, pale, unprepossessing, 'the girl with a squint'. There is a tragedy at the *pension* for which Sylvie is, morally, partly responsible. She remains unmoved and unrepentant. Marie is shocked and troubled by her friend's attitude and by her growing promiscuity.

The season over, the girls move to Paris where Marie gets a job as a waitress in a small cafe. Sylvie becomes the 'secretary' of a man who had been a guest at the *pension* but is forced to leave when the man's wife discovers the truth. Eventually Sylvie's questionable lifestyle becomes too much for Marie to tolerate and she walks out of the apartment, and out of Sylvie's life.

It is 25 years before the two meet again, by chance. Sylvie, still beautiful, is very much 'the rich lady', the notorious 'kept woman' of a wealthy industrialist. Marie, plain and dumpy, is the nurse/housekeeper to a senile, deaf old man. Sylvie's great wealth has brought her little happiness, she has acute personal problems. One day Marie arrives at the mansion, dismisses Sylvie's personal maid, and takes over. Sylvie's childhood prophecy seems finally to have come true. . .

A brilliant story. Written more than 30 years ago, this is pure vintage Simenon.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



On behalf of St. Dunstan's, we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership and the Review hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.

Eric Richard John Church, of Bath, joined St. Dunstan's on February 25th.

Mr. Church, who is 61 years of age, served as a Private in the Somerset Light Infantry during the 2nd World War and was injured in action on the Rhine in 1945. He and his wife, Iris, have been married for 41 years.

Fred Harman, of Hainault, joined St. Dunstan's on February 25th.

Mr. Harman, who is 77 years of age, served as a Private in the 2nd Battalion Northants Regiment during the 2nd World War and was wounded at Anzio, Italy, in 1944. He was in the building trade before retirement. Mr. Harman and his wife, Gwendoline, celebrated their Golden Wedding last Boxing Day.

Gordon S. Thrower, of Diss, Norfolk, joined St. Dunstan's on February 18th.

Mr. Thrower served as a Private in the First Battalion, Norfolk Regiment, during the Second World War. He is married and his wife's name is Molly.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Entertainment Section

We are sorry to report that Joan Osborne is again in hospital in Southampton. We all wish her a speedy recovery and return to Brighton.

The tournaments are progressing slowly and we would like to see them moving to a conclusion, before other activities take place.

Please do not forget to put your name down for our yearly visit to Rustington which will be June 5th. We anticipate that more members will come to the meetings on Wednesdays when this bad weather leaves us.

Phyllis O'Kelly

BRIGHTON

Bowling

On Friday, February 8th, we continued our indoor bowling season with a visit from Marine Gardens Worthing Bowling Club. Both teams consisted of eight players and as it was a first-time occasion for most of the Marine Gardens' team, they were looking forward to a fine afternoon's bowling. Play commenced at 2.30 p.m. and St. Dunstan's bowlers were in very good form. There was much humour on the green and finally the St. Dunstaners were very good winners. The Marine Gardens team plans to get its revenge when we visit them in June!

In the absence of Bob Osborne, Jimmy Morrish, our Vice-Captain, welcomed our visitors and thanked them for a good afternoon's bowling. Both Captains thanked the ladies for a very enjoyable tea, after which we all retired to the bar. Our visitors were very interested in the history of St. Dunstan's and Mrs. Dacre gave a short account of the organisation – its beginnings and as it is today.

On February 27th, a party of 12 bowlers and seven escorts visited the Field Place Indoor Bowling Club, Worthing. This is a

Club News — continued

visit we always look forward to and again on this occasion we were very warmly welcomed by our hosts. We played on three greens and enjoyed a good afternoon's bowling. Thank you ladies of Field Place for providing such a lovely tea which was much appreciated by the bowlers and escorts. Following tea, we enjoyed an hour's chatting over drinks kindly provided by our friends. Thank you Field Place and we look forward to a return match at Ian Fraser House.

A. Miller

Bridge

Individuals — February 16th

R. Evans	64.7
J. Majchrowicz	61.4
R. Pacitti	56.8
Mrs. Pacitti	56.8
J. Padley	52.3
W. Lethbridge	51.1
W. Phillips	48.9
A. Dodgson	47.7
Mrs. F. Andrews	45.5
Mr. Douse	45.5
R. Fullard	40.9
J. Huk	28.4

West Sussex Inter Club League — teams of eight — February 17th.

West Worthing: 9, St. Dunstan's: 7

W. Phillips
R. Evans
W. Lethbridge
J. Padley
J. Huk
Mrs. F. Andrews
A. Dodgson
R. Pacitti

West Sussex Inter Club League for teams of eight — February 24th.

St. Dunstan's: 1 Worthing: 15

W. Phillips
R. Evans
W. Lethbridge
R. Fullard
A. Dodgson
R. Pacitti
W. Burnett
J. Huk

FAMILY NEWS

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Sandra Dee Harding, eldest granddaughter of *Mr. and Mrs. H. Harding*, of Bagborough, on her marriage to Richard Kirle on September 22nd, 1984.

PEARL WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. P. Logan, of Midsomer Norton, Somerset, who celebrated their Pearl Wedding Anniversary on February 5th.

SILVER WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Pepper, of Coggeshall, near Colchester, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding anniversary on March 5th.

BIRTHDAY

Congratulations to:

Caroline Attfield, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. 'Joe' Attfield*, of Paignton, Devon, on the occasion of her 18th birthday on February 28th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Collingwood, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, who are pleased to announce the birth of two more grandchildren: Nina Alison, born on October 30th, 1984 to their son and daughter-in-law, Neil and Diana Collingwood; and Josephine Dorothy, born on February 22nd to their daughter and son-in-law, Dorothy and Ernest Poggio.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fensome, of Meriden, on the birth of their first grandson, Michael Edward, born on January 30th, to their son and daughter-in-law, Stephen and Gail.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Miller, of Perivale, on the birth of their grandchild, Charmain, born on October 31st 1984 to their daughter, Yvette, and her husband. It is their first child.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Morris, of Ongar, on the birth of their grand-daughter, Kirstie Louise, born on February 17th to Heather and David Thwaites.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. W. W. Burns, of South Shields, whose mother passed away in January after a long illness.

Mrs. D. B. Giffin, widow of the late *Mr. Robert Giffin*, of Crawley, whose daughter passed away on March 4th.

Mrs. C. McKay, widow of the late *George McKay*, of Ilford, whose father passed away on Christmas Eve.

Valerie, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. W. Miller*, of Perivale, whose husband, Peter, died on January 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pryor, of Bearsted, who mourn the death of Mrs. Pryor's mother early in February.

Mrs. J. Ransom, widow of the late *Mr. D. Ransom*, of Bookham, on the death of her son by her first marriage, Roger William Russel Robertson, on February 3rd in Auckland Hospital, New Zealand while on a short visit. He had been ill for some time but continued his Social Work until the end. He was 41 years of age.

Mrs. E.A. Robinson, widow of the late *Mr. L. C. N. Robinson*, of Worthing, on the death of her sister in January after a serious operation.

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.

E. S. King, Royal Army Service Corps

Edward Samuel King, of Southend, passed away on March 4th, shortly after his admission to Pearson House from hospital, after a serious illness borne with great fortitude. He was in his 70th year and had been a St. Dunstaner for over 40 years.

Mr. King served as a Private in the 2nd R.A.S.C. Armoured Division, having joined soon after the onset of the 2nd World War. He was severely injured whilst on active service in Italy and totally blinded, and his hearing greatly affected.

Following his discharge from the Army at the end of 1944, Mr. King undertook a period of industrial training at Church Stretton. Until the end of 1977, when he retired on health grounds, our St. Dunstaner was a highly efficient and valued machine operator, being employed by only two companies throughout all his working life. Until comparatively recently, carpentry and

metal-work remained his main hobby and was of a standard which evoked great admiration, in particular his model of a steam engine which was displayed at the 1981 Open Day in IFH.

Sadly, his wife, Amy, to whom he was happily married for over 40 years, passed away in July 1983. He leaves his only daughter, Janet Miller, who cared for both her parents with the greatest devotion, and two grand-daughters, son-in-law and members of the family.

C. R. Lewis, 1st London Civil Service Rifles

Cecil Reginald Lewis, of South Croydon, passed away in hospital on March 2nd, aged 86. He had been a St. Dunstaner for only three months, and had been in poor health for some time.

Mr. Lewis was a Rifleman in the 1st London Civil Service Rifles and whilst on active service during the 1st World War, in France he suffered

In Memory – *continued*

injury to both eyes through mustard gas. In civilian life he had been a Ship-Owner's Clerk with the Union Castle Line.

He leaves his widow, Kathleen, who cared for him devotedly, three children and other members of his close-knit family.

J. D. R. Linton, Royal Scots

John Darg Rowe Linton, of Burnley, passed away on February 7th, aged 67.

Mr. Linton served as a Private in the Royal Scots from May 1935. He was taken Prisoner of War by the Japanese and it was the privation he suffered during captivity which caused his loss of sight. He was discharged from the Army in April 1948. At the time of his admission to St. Dunstan's in October 1972, Mr. Linton was working with a hosiery company in Worksop, Notts., but his health was very frail and he had to give up his employment in 1975. He and his wife then moved to Southport where they were able to live a quiet life in retirement until, sadly, Mrs. Linton passed away in the spring of 1984.

He leaves a step-son and daughter-in-law, Peter and Joan Jenkins, with whom he had shared a home in Burnley for the past year.

A. Smith, 14th Durham Light Infantry

Alfred Smith, affectionately known as 'Alf', passed away on February 23rd in Pearson House where he had been resident since the death of his wife, Harriet, in 1979. He was 93 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1917.

In 1915, Mr. Smith enlisted as a Private in the 14th Durham Light Infantry and whilst on active service during the 1st World War, was wounded on the Somme.

On admission to St. Dunstan's, he was trained in poultry-keeping, mat-making and netting and, with the assistance of his wife, ran a very successful small holding with adjacent tea-rooms in West Hartlepool. They remained there until his retirement in 1953 when they moved south to Rottingdean. He was an enthusiastic and excellent bridge player and attended many congresses. In December 1975, Mr. and Mrs. Smith celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary. They had no children.

He leaves a niece, Mrs. B. Rigelsford, her husband and members of the family. He will also be greatly missed by Matron Goodwin, her staff, and many fellow St. Dunstaners.

P. Sutton, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers

Patrick (Paddy) Sutton, of Bray, Co Wicklow, passed away at his home on March 1st. He was 70 years of age, and he had been seriously ill for the past year.

Mr. Sutton's sight failed while he was serving

in Burma with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and he was discharged from the Army in December, 1944. He came to St. Dunstan's almost immediately and after training in industrial employment started work in June 1946, making his home in Audenshaw, Manchester. This was the beginning of a career in industry which spanned almost 20 years.

In 1982 Mr. Sutton moved to Bray to share a home with his youngest son and daughter-in-law, Stephen and Mary and their family, a happy move for him, as they cared for him devotedly and it brought him into closer contact with other relatives. He leaves this family and the family of his eldest son, Kevin.

D.G. Tickner, Royal Navy

Dennis Glyn Tickner, of Worthing, passed away at his home on February 24th following a serious and prolonged illness borne with remarkable courage and fortitude. He was 59 years of age and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1944.

Mr. Tickner enlisted as an Ordinary Seaman at the age of 17 and saw active service in H.M.S. *Talybout* during the 2nd World War. In 1944 he was severely wounded in action off the coast of France resulting in the excision of one eye and subsequent deterioration of his remaining vision.

On admission to St. Dunstan's, Mr. Tickner was trained as an upholsterer and was employed in this field for a short while before being retrained for industry. Until his retirement on health grounds in 1977, our St. Dunstaner was a highly efficient and valued drilling operator, and until two years ago, enjoyed gardening, woodwork and toymaking in his leisure hours.

He leaves a widow, Beatrice, who cared for him devotedly during his serious illness, and their son, Gary.

H. A. J. Williams, Essex Yeomanry

Henry Alfred John Williams, of Ely, affectionately known as 'Fred', passed away in hospital on March 3rd, one day before his 67th birthday, following a long illness borne with great fortitude. He had been a St. Dunstaner for only two years.

He enlisted soon after the onset of the 2nd World War and, whilst on active service in Normandy in 1944 as a Gunner in the Essex Yeomanry, suffered a serious gunshot wound to his head. Mr. Williams was discharged from the Army in May 1946 and was able to return to his employment in civilian life with the Ministry of Works and, subsequently, with Rank Hovis McDougall. However, his health was deteriorating and he was forced to retire in 1979.

He leaves his widow, Edna, to whom he was married for almost 46 years, their two sons, and other members of the family.