



**St Dunstans
Review
May 1985**



From the Chairman

Plans are well advanced for the visit of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to Ian Fraser House on July 19th.

The closing date for applications for places by St. Dunstaners is well past and we have been able to assess the numbers involved. It will be possible to offer admission (primarily to IFH but for some, drawn by ballot, only to the grounds in the immediate vicinity) to all who have applied. A ballot will be necessary for those wishing to be accommodated overnight in the building.

In addition invitations will be sent to 50 widows, drawn proportionately from the areas in which they live. It will not be necessary for widows to apply as we regret that this is the maximum number that space will allow after giving priority to St. Dunstaners and their escorts.

Henry Leach

MUSIC MAKERS' NEW DATES

St Dunstaners planning to take part in the Music Makers' week at Ian Fraser House, please note that the dates have been altered since publication of the 'What's On in 1985' supplement in the January/February *Review*. This event will now take place from Monday 16th to Sunday 22nd September.

REEL TO REEL TAPES

The PR Department has for offer a small number of second hand reel to reel tapes. Reels vary in size from 2 to 7 inch. They will be handed out on a first come, first served basis.

FOR SALE

A Siele organ, model HB 720. Asking price: £600. If you are interested, please contact Mrs. Joyce Howard, 233 Ashford Close South, Croesyceiliog, Cwmbran, Gwent, NP44 2BH.

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE

The closing date for Derby Sweepstake tickets is Friday, May 17th. Please hurry!

WELFARE VISITORS TO RETIRE

Miss Rosemary Blebta and Miss Muriel Meyer officially retire at the end of June. It has been suggested that presentation funds be opened and Miss P. Lord will be happy to receive donations at Headquarters - cheques and postal orders only, please, made out to St. Dunstan's.

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death of Mr. P. Townsend, a staff member at IFH, on December 14th 1984. St. Dunstaners and staff will remember Mr. Townsend being in charge of the Basket Department for many years, from 1934, when he joined, until his retirement in 1968. After he retired he continued to return to St. Dunstan's on a part-time basis until 1979. We offer sympathy to his family and friends.

NATIONAL BRIDGE CLUB NOTES

The Harrogate Bridge Week this year is from September 7th-14th. Names please to Ian Dickson at HQ as soon as possible. Also mention your partner, if arranged.

B. Allen, Sec.

CORRECTION ON PRICE OF WEIGHT-TALKER

The retail price of the weight-talker is £69.95 and not £43.70, as quoted in last month's *Review*. Hadley Trading Company will however, be able to supply the weight-talker direct to customers at the cost of £49.95 plus £2.50 postage.

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

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Cover Picture: Skiers on the slopes. See J'y suis, J'y reste on page six.



Esther Borwick with Lady Fraser.

TRIBUTE

The Hon. Mrs. George Borwick

In the April issue of the *Review* we made brief reference to the sad news of the death, in South Africa, of the Honourable Mrs. George Borwick, better known to all at St. Dunstan's as Lady Ellerman.

With her first husband, the late Sir John Ellerman, she took a great interest in the work of St. Dunstan's through friendship with Lord and Lady Fraser. The Ellermans both learned braille so they could correspond directly with the personal friends they made among St. Dunstaners here and in South Africa.

Lady Ellerman spent part of each year in South Africa where she was involved with the work of St. Dunstan's (South Africa) as a Director of the Board and, later, as a Patron.

She will be remembered for her friendship and generosity towards war-blinded men and women in two continents.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S POSTBAG

From Mr. R.J. Sadler, Hon. Representative of St. Dunstan's (New Zealand) Blinded Services Association

At our Annual General Meeting held last Saturday I was asked to convey to you and your Council members greetings and best wishes from all St. Dunstaners in New Zealand.

We had a reasonably successful meeting with some 20 members present. This was considered satisfactory as it represents a third of our total membership from around the country.

Following the meeting a social gathering was held with our wives, widows and friends joining us. Opportunity was also taken at this stage to say farewell to the Director of Blinded Servicemen's Trust Board, Mr. Ted Puddick, and to Miss Eve Patchett who has given almost 35 years of service to the Board as an Occupational Therapist.

MEMORIES OF THE EARLY DAYS

by J. Hicks

I first joined St. Dunstan's staff in early 1919, after some war-time Boy Scout duties at the Foreign Office. I have no recollection of how or who created my transfer at the age of 15 or 16.

My first duty was as town guide to Captain Lowry and David MacLaren, from which followed other duties under Mrs. MacLaren of cleaning and maintenance of the braille machines and typewriters used by the blind students, and otherwise being generally useful. The instructors were civilians apparently recruited from the N.I.B. Running round on errands made one familiar with the whole area and other instructors and executives: Mr. Kessel, the accountant/treasurer; Captain Russell-Roberts, the adjutant (one-time wild-life hunter); Mr. Ottaway, the instructor of the basket and matwork shop; Mr. Wilson and Mr. Phillips (both blind, N.I.B.) typing instructors; and Mrs. Bates who was I think associated with after-care. Regrettably this dear person died in South Africa many years ago. One other pleasant memory is a beautiful red-head, Miss Openheim.

It was not unusual to find Sir Arthur Pearson walking around the work-shop areas, together with tutorial staff, studying ideas to improve comfort and safety in hazardous areas: to reduce bumping of heads (some chaps were six-footers) in doorways, and to lessen the strain of men learning their way about the many boardwalks, by counting the feel of little knobs placed at critical points such as turns and stairways along the wooden rails of the many walkways. At one time or another Sir Arthur discussed with Mrs. MacLaren the need for variations in the sizes and designs of desks and typing chairs as more new 'boys' arrived.

Sports and social affairs were in desperate need by today's standard. I do remember that some officers were allowed the privilege of the Bath Club swimming pool in Piccadilly. On one visit with Captain MacLaren, just as he was about to use a changing cubicle, he was stopped, and those men who were already swimming in the pool were asked to get out. I was told to make myself scarce in a corner. Then to my surprise, two gentlemen dived in for a swim: the then Prince of Wales and his brother George of York. I just could not

stand there all the time at strict attention, so it was 'hat off and at ease', until a steward took pity.

My pleasant memories of those devoted staff at St. Dunstan's may have little interest for today's occupants, but as Sir Arthur did often comment: 'Great oaks from little acorns grow'. I have tried to tell how some of these acorns were planted - by loyalty to their much-loved leader and source of inspiration, Sir Arthur Pearson.

TOBRUK MEDALLIST



Pictured here is Captain B. Gordon, D.S.C., and St. Dunstaner Sergeant Leslie Thompson, D.C.M., on Armistice Day 1984, in Tenerife. He is wearing the Tobruk Medal, awarded only to those who survived the nine month siege of Tobruk, and we think that Mr. Thompson is possibly the only St. Dunstaner to receive this award.



La Plagne from the ski-lift.

J'y Suis, J'y Reste – Skiing 1985

by Ray Hazan Photos: Duncan Harris

'J'y suis, j'y reste – I'm here, and I'm jolly well not moving!' If the sun were hot, the sky blue, the air crisp and the mountains magnificent, would you? For the second year, the St. Dunstan's skiers headed for Geneva airport and thence across the border to La Plagne in France. There followed a week of thrills and spills, laughs and groans and above all, the great sense of achievement.

The 6 resorts which make up La Plagne in the Haute Savoie, lie at over 7000 feet, within view of Mont Blanc. It is a purpose-built ski resort, which means you do go for the skiing and not the quaint local architecture, which is non-existent, or the night-life, which is exorbitant! In most cases, the ski runs are within yards of your accommodation.

In previous years, we have stayed in *pensions*, or self-catering apartments. This year, it was the turn of the 'chalet girls' or 'snow rangers'. These delightful young ladies are responsible for a chalet each,

with its cooking and cleaning. All you have to do is to try and get through the 3 rich courses that are put before you each evening. They will show you around the village, shop, and generally act as cheerful hostesses.

The party was split into 3 chalets. The Hazan and Wortley families shared a small but comfortable 2-floored house under the care of Mary-Anne. Angela, an occupational therapist taking time off, looked after the guides and single men – an uphill struggle! The 'quieter' members of the group, together with the ladies, were looked after in a more spacious chalet by Jo. Although there was inter-change between chalets for meals, and on social occasions, we did miss not being all together. Mind you, it was probably a lot quieter this way!

Again, the French authorities could not have been more generous with their help. All lift operators had obviously been warned, and, at the approach of our yellow

warning bibs they would slow the lifts down, or even hold unruly queues back whilst we sailed to the front. So conditions were ideal. The sun shone most days leaving a sea of peeling foreheads and noses. The snow was soft and made a wonderful crunching sound under boot and ski. Overnight falls of snow left a soft powdery surface for the morning. The vast range of ski-runs meant you could escape the worst of the crowds. Although the snow line lifted by some 500 ft. while we were there, and rocks began to appear on the lower reaches, the resort is so high that these last never caused a problem. We were truly lucky, as the beginning of the season had been a problematical one.

Skilful Guides

The disbanding of 94 Locating Regiment, Royal Artillery, who have provided guides for the past 3 years, could have proved a problem. But, fortunately, whether by design or accident, the nucleus of guides, Peter Zamudio, and Olly Allport were relocated in Dortmund, rather than back in the UK. They, together with Sgt. Dick Rothwell of 12 Air Defence, Gnr. Pop Popitt, Major Peter Barnes and Maya, Pete Zamudio's Swiss fiancée, proved an invaluable asset to the party – indeed, it would not have been possible without them. Peter Zamudio was 10th in the Army championships and holds the English and German Gold instructor's awards, amongst others. His skill, combined with the determination of John Harris meant the latter made an excellent start at skiing at over 60 years of age. This is a remarkable achievement, and John was awarded our downhill trophy, an Alpine cow bell. This should give others plenty of warning of his approach in future years! John's son Duncan accompanied the party, and being in the film editing business, was unanimously elected official photographer.

Maya may have wondered what she was letting herself in for, when she offered to 'get involved'. People wonder why we only go for a week. The guide must examine the ground ahead of his pupil, check over his shoulder before turning across the slope, watch out for the many uncontrolled skiers that zoom down, and not even consider his own skiing; quite enough concentration for one week. How often have we been timidly helped across a quiet street? Maya coped



John Harris.

with all this as well as having one of our most competent and hard working skiers, Alan Wortley.

Olly Allport is an old hand at this game, and with Don Planner, made a competent team. Olly is also a hard working and most generous character 'off piste'. For Dick Rothwell it was a first experience. His technical ability saw Bill Shea make good downhill progress! It was also Pop's first time. What a competent young man he turned out to be. To have someone behind you whom you know to be an able skier himself, confident in his commands and concerned with his charge, is an uplifting experience.

We did have two accidents this year! One guide had his skis stolen from outside the chalet. Later that same morning, he dropped his contact lens down the sink, and broke the pedestal whilst dismantling the U-bend to retrieve it! He skied me into my wife! He later left his wallet on the plane! And then 4 of us came to grief on a bad piece of meat at a cafe and had a 'busy' day off! May our accidents always be confined to these sort!

Our sad loss this year was the absence of a regular participant, Gerry Jones, due to medical reasons. On our celebratory dinner



Ray Hazan.

night, a letter from him was read out, and his health drunk with his generous donation. We managed to telephone him, but it was a poor substitute. Here follows his rather amusing letter!

"I expect with Ray's superb planning that you are giving the guides the customary dinner tonight. As I have not been thinking of you at all this week, I thought I would give you a few moments now.

"Not for me the gluwein for breakfast, the lager for elevenses and yet more for lunch, and more gluwein for tea. Of course I have not missed the ski-ing at all; I shall just have to pack away my new tight poser ski pants until next year.

"Of course I have no sympathy for our old established guides, they should have known better, but my arms go out in sympathy to the new boys. Have they aged this week? By now they should be getting a little tatty around the edges. However, with the skill that St. Dunstaners have, I am convinced they will have conned them into thinking they are enjoying themselves.

"Tell Richard that I shall miss him buying me a beer. Two years he lectured me on the evils of drink, last year he found a taste for it and this year was his turn to buy. Sing up girls, give it to them one more time, GREEN KNICKERS!!

"I know you will all have had a marvellous time so to help tonight's party along please put the enclosed towards a drink. To say I have missed you all would be a gross understatement."

Our other celebration included Rachel Wortley's 15th birthday, and Alan and Joan Wortley's 18th wedding anniversary. A drinks party preceded a fondue dinner in a local restaurant. Pans of boiling oil on the centre of the tables reflected the shining and flushed faces of the diners. Meat sizzled, the disco rang out and a sunken dance floor swayed and reeled, or was that me?

All too soon, the inevitable air traffic delay came round and we were sitting twiddling our thumbs on a grounded Tristar. We came back to earth with a bump - wind and rain - we were home. But if we needed a reminder, we only had to feel our sore and peeling foreheads and noses!!

As usual, we thank the Colonels of the Regiments concerned, our 'snow rangers', guides and all families and friends who helped make the week a humorous and easy going affair. Finally, we thank St. Dunstan's for making the trip possible.

We are always looking for new recruits, so if there are any St. Dunstaners or members of their family who are interested, will they please contact me during the summer.



HISTORY OF A REGIMENT

Paul Francia, seen here with Mr. Peter Willis, is interviewing former members of the Middlesex Regiment to compile a historical record of the Regiment's part in the Normandy landings and subsequent actions in Europe. Mr. Willis was his 53rd interviewee and by the end of his research, Paul expects to have completed 60 interviews including two, by tape recorder, with ex-servicemen in Illinois and British Columbia. He has already begun to compile his text, which will be 80% quotations from his interviews. Having started with the bonus of official photographs taken just before the invasion, he has created his own system for photographing his subjects, 'Photos help recollection', he says, 'and it is interesting to see what they look like after 40 years'. The polaroid camera is clamped to the table at an optimum height and Paul sits in the subject's chair asking his sighted interviewee to check through the viewfinder that the camera is perfectly aligned. Then a quick change of places and Paul presses the button for another picture for his collection.

He hopes to complete the first draft of his history this year and when it is completed a copy will be presented to the Regimental Museum.

THE GUIDE DOG AND THE LION

Mike Tetley has been to the special exhibition for blind people, 'Discovering Mammals', at the Natural History Museum in London. (Announced in the Jan/Feb Review.) 'The whole thing is well done', he said. Among the exhibits blind people were allowed to touch were whole animals and there were tape recorded commentaries available.

From an attendant Mike heard the story of a reluctant guide dog, 'At the entrance was a huge stuffed lion, the largest I have ever seen. This guide dog got as far as the entrance, saw the lion and turned tail. Nothing could persuade him to come back.'

The exhibition closed on March 31st.

GAME FOR A LAUGH

A life-sized plastic Alsatian dog, used for collections for the blind, has been stolen from outside a shop in Drake Street, Bolton. A police spokesman said 'We are looking for a lead'.

Manchester Evening News



Just an Instrument, Not a Crystal Ball

Stan Coe talks to Ray Hazan

Photos: Lois Stringer

Life is full of riddles and unsolved mysteries. From the earliest of times, man has striven to explain the why's and wherefore's of his ways. Fact and fiction, belief and disbelief, witness and denial all flirt with one another to suggest a myriad of answers. The subject, pushed to its limits can be a matter of life and death; life, through faith to many, and death to as many others for their beliefs. It was, therefore, with intense interest, that I went to talk to Stan Coe, of Eastcote, Middlesex, about, what for him, has been his 'resurrection' – the power and the spirit of clairvoyance.

Clairvoyance is described in the dictionary as 'abnormal faculty of seeing what is out of sight' or to possess 'deep insight'. It is not, as many people imagine, the art of gazing into a crystal ball and foretelling the future. But let me not fall into my own trap and look ahead, for we have yet to discover Stan's past!

Stan was born in Jarrow in 1922. He admits to letting the 3 R's slip in favour of athletics, drama and dancing. He soon realised that the former 3 subjects were at least as important as the latter 3, and whilst 'serving time', a northern expression for 'serving an apprenticeship' as an engineer, took evening classes. A year later, the war broke out. Stan went on to complete 6 years of apprenticeship, intermingled with other jobs, in and around the dockyards. Both his

father and brothers were connected with the army, so, being the man he is, and having been turned down by the RAF as he wore spectacles, he joined the Navy. By this time, the war had not long to run. But in this short space of time, Stan was to have an accident which caused the contraction of a blood disease, later, to have disastrous consequences.

On leaving the Navy, Stan had a brief sojourn on a farm in Norfolk. Two incidents demonstrate his ability with things mechanical and natural. His days were spent hoeing beet – 'square miles of it, not acres!'. One day he heard expletives coming from the tractor shed. His offer of help was scorned at first, after all, what could a farm 'yokel' know about mechanics? Naturally, the tractor ran as smooth as a whistle after his ministrations, and he subsequently found himself forsaking the hoe and maintaining all the agricultural machinery.

There were on the farm, two 4-year-old, untameable Sussex horses. 'My father was a riding master, so as kids we were all properly schooled – you got a clip round the ear otherwise.' The waggoner was astounded when Stan walked into the yard one day leading one of these horses. 'You just have to show you are not frightened.'

It was shortly after this agricultural episode, while Stan was carrying out some

experimental work on V1 and V2's that the disease struck. Total paralysis was but one of the symptoms. It was diagnosed as TB, a disease very prevalent in the north east at that time. Thus it was decided that Stan should be sent to convalesce in the Swiss mountains, having already spent 12 months in the West Middlesex Hospital. His first doctor was knocked down and killed not long after his arrival. His replacement took one look into Stan's eyes and said: 'Ah, you have ze Behcet's disease. In 6 months you will go blind. But I know you can take it – you British!'. Regrettably, the doctor's prediction was correct, and 6 months, almost to the day, Stan went blind. Behcet's is a virus of the blood, which, amongst other things, produces painful ulcers in different parts of the body, paralysis and swollen joints. The patient has on and off days. Strangely to some, but understandably to those who are optimists in life, Stan's initial reaction was relief at not having TB!

His second reaction was to stagger to the room of a fellow guest and ask her to read his daily letter from his wife, Muriel. 'Could you now type a letter back for me, please?'

'I could, but wouldn't it be better if you typed it for yourself?' After a very brief period of instruction, Stan was typing his own letters home. Stan returned to England on September 15th, 1950, after 10 months in Switzerland.

Clairvoyant master

Stan returned to a bleak future; a prefab in Heston, near Southall, National Assistance and certainly no chance of a job thanks to his state of health. Yet, there were two glimmers of light which were to change his life. In 1953, his son Barry was born, and in August, 1955, a visit from a very old friend, now a Methodist minister, and Barry's godfather. 'Stan', he said, 'there's a man at home, healing my father. He's feeling great, so, naturally, we thought of you.' Stan went along reluctantly as he had no feelings 'for that kind of rubbish'.

'I argued with this chap for two and a half hours. Then, during a coffee break, he came and sat on the arm of my chair. He went through my life in great detail – the things I had done, places I had been to. Some of it was not pleasant to hear, but I couldn't argue – they were true. 'I've knocked you down', he said 'now I'm going to build you

up.' For eight months, his clairvoyant master, Mr. Morris Day tended Stan regularly every week.

At Whitsuntide, 1956, the crunch came. At his insistence, Muriel had taken Barry out to watch a carnival. 'While I lay there, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned round and there was a figure with a blue cap and cape – a monk. He said "Don't worry, your golden days are coming". As soon as Mr. Day walked through the door the following Monday, he said, "don't tell me, I know", and he proceeded to tell me it was Brother John, a monk who had been at the Vatican some 350 years previously. "Now", said Mr. Day, "you are on your way; you are on your own". I have never stopped since.'

A member of St. Dunstan's

St. Dunstan's has played its small part, though it was chance which drew Stan to the attention of the organisation. When the local undertaker came to make the funeral arrangements for Stan's father-in-law, he asked if Stan was receiving a war pension. Stan's reply is not wholly repeatable, but the undertaker promised to do something as President of the local British Legion branch. The case failed, but was won on appeal, though Stan actually learnt about it in his local paper from a neighbour. This incident was followed shortly by a letter and examination by Mr. Cross, and in 1966, Stan became a St. Dunstaner.

This enabled him to carry out his work under his own steam, with a 'jingle in my pocket. Money is not everything, but it helps!'

What is the life and work of a clairvoyant? Wherever and whenever he meets people, there is someone looking for help. These requests could be a phone call from a would-be suicide in the middle of the night. I was shown a letter from an Italian scientist seeking advice on which radioactive uranium to use in an experiment for the treatment of leukaemia. Stan admits to being no scientist. It can be a formal gathering overseas. 'Now I'm not the clever guy doing that – not at all. I am just an instrument. If you want to light your room, you go to the switch and turn it on. I am just the switch. Switch me on and you shall have light. I do what has to be done. I have no worries – my guides never let me down. I have already mentioned Brother John, but amongst others, there is Dr. Hammond,

who worked in London some 400 years ago, and Margareta, a little black girl. It is they who are working through me – I am their instrument.

'Now many people will smile wryly behind their hand. I did the same thing until I was proved wrong. And I do mean it was me. I am not trying to prove anyone else wrong. We have had hundreds of lives before this, and we shall have many hereafter. Personally, I hope to go over to the spirit and work from there. So, in a nutshell, my life is to act as an instrument, and thereby help others.'

Is a clairvoyant and a healer one and the same thing?

'I think of myself as an instrument who helps heal the mind. I do lay hands on occasionally. It is the guides who send their power through my hands.'

'Do you believe in central deity?'

'We are all part of the great mind, a natural law. Each blade of grass, animal or human is part of that natural law. Religions are a yardstick, and I say nothing against those yardsticks. When we look in the mirror, we see God. We all fulfill that natural law in our own way. Life is full of locked doors. We sometimes have difficulty in finding the right key amongst an enormous bunch we carry. But there are times when it all clicks, and we find the right key straight away. We can help make things click by aspiring to the three most important commodities in life – wisdom, knowledge and understanding. We are in this life to obtain as much as we can of these commodities and so rise above our "neighbour". This may sound a selfish approach, but it is the way life must work. But, in order to attain to a higher evolution, then one has to hand out some of what you have learnt. You must never turn people down. This is my fulfillment in life. I cannot refuse to lend a helping hand.'

'If you wish to live your life through Buddhism, The Koran, Christianity, etc., or any other of the thousands of religions, you may do so. They in effect can be called "your yardstick" in life, and every man is entitled to live his life by his own 'yardstick'. For myself, I embrace every living thing that I find around me, whether it be another man's way of life or whatever. In essence, I live by Natural Law which we are all in ulti-

mately. As I have lived many lives before this one, and therefore embraced many religions, I am now the sum total of my whole existence.'

Lunch was a sober affair, though there was no lack of wine on the table! Someone in the office had commissioned an astrological chart. Although Stan has never seen, met, or even heard of this person, he used a description coinciding to the exact words as used in the chart. He went on to comment on a painful shoulder suffered by my assistant, to whom he had hardly spoken until lunch. Lois had, in fact, fallen on that shoulder the previous week; two small holes perhaps in a pair of hands?

It is hard not to be impressed by Stan's fluency, enthusiasm and joie de vivre. 'I can say that life is wonderful, because, had it not been for the state I am in now, I could not have done this sort of thing. It has given me exactly what I wanted. I am now living. I live in comparative luxury compared to the early days. So much has been given to me, so how can I not help others? I do not charge for my services.'

Stan knows there are many who cannot share his beliefs. But he is the last to want to impose his ideas on others. Each person must make his own choice. 'The more you think to yourself, embrace more and more of each minute, of every hour, of every day – and you only live one minute at a time – you cannot have more than that. Tomorrow, well, who knows?'



A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

Postscript to a Professor

I could have met Professor J. Norman Collie, he was alive in my time, but our paths were destined never to cross: he the scientist, alpinist and lover of Skye; myself a young chap in his teens who had at least one thing in common with the great man – that I liked climbing hills. Collie discovered neon gas and produced the first medical X-ray ever taken, I had about as much in common with him in this respect as a palaeolithic man might have had with Sir Isaac Newton.

However I feel close to him in the way that you can with people you've never met, and this rapport has been intensified recently by two things, our having read a biography of Collie, my wife Margaret and I, and our having visited his grave on the shores of Loch Harport in Skye. For though Collie mountaineered in the Alps and Lofoten, the Himalayas and Canadian Rockies, doing original work in all of them, it was the Cuillin in Skye where he felt most at home, where a lifelong passion for the range was early evoked; and there was no place else this distinguished Victorian bachelor wanted to be buried than some kirkyard commanding a view of the Cuillin. This he found in the little clachan of Struan, and when the Last Trump sounds, not only will Collie immediately see his Scurr Alasdair again, jagged against the red dawn of that day, but so also will his friend John McKenzie, for the old Skye guide lies buried beside him. Each has a peak called after him in the Cuillin, the names 'Norman' and 'McKenzie' rendered in Gaelic equivalents quite undecipherable by those who don't understand the language: 'Thormaid' means Norman; 'MhicCoinnich', McKenzie.

Collie's biography, by a chap called W. C. Taylor, a Canadian of Scottish birth and upbringing, is called 'The Snows of Yesterday', and where it records Collie's adventures in the Canadian Rockies at the turn of the century, it establishes a connection between Collie and myself which may

be a bit on the tenuous side, but which I like to think of nevertheless as strengthening the bond between the austere, pipe-puffing, Victorian, and the 65-year-old Scotsman, a stranger to austerity in any form, who now reflects upon these matters. The Columbia Icefield is a nodal point of North American geography, for its glaciers give rise to three rivers: one flows to the Atlantic, one to the Pacific and one to the Arctic Ocean; the Saskatchewan, the Columbia and the Athabaska – and it was Collie who discovered this icefield in the course of a long, arduous expedition to the north of Banff, Alberta. He climbed a local 11,000-footer, naming it Mt. Athabaska, but for want of provisions had to return to base without attempting the highest peak in the vicinity of the icefield, the 12,294-foot Mt. Columbia, second highest of the Canadian Rockies.

He never returned to the area, and I like to think of myself as his alter ego in this respect, for in the winter of 1943-44 I had the good luck to find myself in this area, my regiment in training for the war against Hitler. Mt. Athabaska I didn't get up, its red crags towering over the glacier of the same name, but I took the boys up Mt. Columbia, and there is a snapshot here at Roseangle showing me, gloved, goggled and parka'd, on the snows of the summit. This expedition called for two nights in snow-holes at 9,000 feet, the full moon shining, the thermometer showing 40 below zero; and perhaps it was because the ghost of Collie was around that everything went off without a hitch. Now I had a Canadian with me whose uncle had been a Banff horse-wrangler and guide in the old days, a man with a glacier called after him, in fact, in the wild country down there. Bill Peyto was my Canadian friend's name, and Bill Peyto that of his uncle, and this was the very man who was with Collie on that great and original expedition in 1901. His nephew and I, it amuses me to think, climbed Mt. Columbia on Collie's behalf.



Village built over the water in Sabah.

TRIP TO BORNEO

by Mrs. Betty Ford, wife of St. Dunstaner, Ernie Ford

'The holiday of a lifetime', our friends and relatives said as they wished us Bon Voyage before we set off on April 17th 1984, to visit our youngest son, Michael, and his family in Bintulu, Sarawak, Borneo. It certainly was, beyond our wildest dreams and expectations.

As first time flyers we were excited and a little apprehensive too! After 14 hours of flying we finally arrived in Singapore and were whisked away to the fabulous Holiday Inn where we spent two nights. Then on to Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, where we changed into a smaller plane, and after refuelling once along the way, we arrived in Bintulu, our family there to greet us – how wonderful to see them! The camp-site is about half an hour drive from the now booming town of Bintulu. A modern bungalow with all the comforts of home awaited us. And a beautiful beach, deserted most of the week, with the jungle coming down to the edge and the lovely warm South China sea. We could hear the sounds

of the jungle – beautiful butterflies hovered around, crickets chirped in rain drains along the roads, and cicadas flew blindly into us on our nightly stroll around the camp.

We went out in the jeep up jungle roads, out to the coral reefs in a small boat and up a jungle river which looked as if it had been untouched for a thousand years, really beautiful. We also went for a trip up the wide Bintulu River on a larger boat, crammed with people and goods of every sort – including the odd suite of furniture and rolls of cheap floor covering, coconuts, fruit and vegetables. This is the Malay way of travel, since good roads are few.

We also visited a long house (where a whole family lives under one roof). We were taken in a Dayak long boat up the river to the house, built on stilts. We had to climb a narrow plank from the edge of the river to the platform outside the house. Finally we made it and got a very friendly welcome. It was the Dayak New Year, so we were given

rice wine and small biscuits, very sweet. Our host and his family, quite extended – with great grandma making baskets and sister, sisters-in-law, wife, cousins, etc. all there, talking to us while Michael was taking pictures of them all. We had a great time. Climbing down from the house and getting back into the shallow long boat was even more hazardous after those 'friendly' drinks! We also had a 'Malayan' evening to celebrate the Dayak New Year, watching dancers in their beautiful costumes doing traditional dances while eating a supper of Malayan food.

In June, Ernie and I went to Sabah, 'the land below the wind', at the top of Borneo, for three days, staying at Kota Kinabalu, the capital. Torrential rain greeted us. From the balcony of our posh hotel, I tried to describe the scene to Ernie: the wide expanse of placid sea, the numerous differently shaped islands, the hundreds of boats of all shapes and sizes. In the mornings and evenings the boat traffic was like London in the rush hour, with all the islanders who came to work on the mainland. Later we explored the town, most of it very modern, because the Japanese virtually wiped it out during the war. It was called Jesselton then, after an English Governor. Now it is called

Ernie Ford outside a mosque in Sabah.



Kota Kinabalu, after the highest mountain in Malaya, which could be seen far away when the mists cleared.

Next day we hired a car and driver to take us on a tour of the surrounding countryside (coach tours are not available there yet). We visited a Chinese temple, after many years still being added to and beautified; a village built on stilts right over a tidal inlet with a wide wooden walkway from one side to the other and little gangways linking the houses, and most amazing of all, piped water to every house. Then we drove through small villages, with paddy fields on either side of the road, and water buffaloes – some working in the fields, others grazing with their young at the side of the road. Then to a mosque, with golden domes, newly finished at a cost of seven million pounds. Further along the coast we went to an open-air market where we bought ramanans, small and delicious bananas, mangoes, and small green oranges which taste like mandarins.

Back at the hotel I sat by the wide window to write postcards and Ernie stretched out to have a snooze. I suddenly realised how dark it had become and looking up realised how everything was blotted out by the rain, you couldn't see anything beyond the

Trip to Borneo *continued*

window-pane. The sun was shining again the next morning and we went shopping in the open air and covered markets. We saw many different kinds of fish, exotic and familiar fruits, and vegetables of a high quality. Shops and cafes were open-fronted but cool inside, fans stirring up a welcome breeze. A great number of Filipino people work or have stalls in the markets, like the Vietnam boat people they have fled their country and been allowed to settle on some of the offshore islands. They cross daily to sell their fish, pearls and handicrafts made of mother-of-pearl. On a walk we came across the War Memorial, restored after the bombing and the end of the Japanese occupation, now also commemorating men who had died during the Independence struggles. In the afternoon we flew back to Bintulu and our family, where events crowded in on us and there was no time to be bored, despite the tranquility.

We were invited to join in everything going on in and around the camp. We all spent a lovely Gala day, with a fancy dress for the children, in celebration of the Dutch Queen – there are quite a few Dutch people in the community, as well as Americans,

At a Malay evening in Bintulu.



Canadians and 'Brits'. We went to a dinner dance in the clubhouse, and one Sunday the children had a swimming gala. We also saw the eclipse of the sun. We sometimes went into town in the evenings for a 'real' Chinese or Malay meal. Everyone seemed to be on the streets at night wandering through brightly-lit market stalls. Many were food stalls with sweet cakes, biscuits and drinks. Malay people like sweet things. We learnt to avoid tea with an inch of thick sticky condensed milk at the bottom of the cup – we drank ours black, fresh milk being unavailable.

One day Michael took us along a jungle road in the jeep and we stopped by a long house. The children were very shy, but curious too. Our grandchildren have fair hair, bleached even fairer by the sun, which makes them a rare sight amongst these friendly dark people, so they liked to touch our grandchildren, giggling as they did so. They still lead a very primitive way of life, bathing and washing clothes in the river – I have never seen so much washing hanging out to dry as I did in Sarawak, whether outside a shanty hut or a rich merchant's villa, there were always lines of washing.

Kuching, and on to Singapore

At the end of July, after several farewell parties, it was time for us to leave. We had to change planes in Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, so we decided to stop over for the weekend. Here we saw the old Colonial buildings, reminders of the days of the 'White Rajah' – the Brooke family, the courthouse, the Brooke Memorial and the fort across the river, the beautiful National Museum set in lovely grounds and filled with exotic treasures. Also the gold-domed mosque, the teeming markets, the modern buildings, and a very impressive War Memorial at the end of the People's Padang, an open green space. Across from the hotel stood a large English church – a rare sight among so many Chinese, Buddhist and Muslim temples and mosques. It was also a joy to see the children dressed in their smart school uniforms, the girls in turquoise.

And then back to Singapore again. We were to meet Rachel, our eldest granddaughter on her way from school in England to home in Sarawak. Until then we went on a few sightseeing tours and paid a visit to Kranji War Memorial – one can't

adequately describe the feeling of actually being there. It was beautifully kept, the gardeners, mostly women it seemed, on their hands and knees picking up leaves, etc. The whole place was in immaculate order, and the names, row upon row.

FEPOW memories at Sentosa Islands

We had a trip around the harbour in a converted Chinese junk and I was able to see the many small islands as we passed, some with the gun emplacements, pill boxes and searchlights still there. We also visited Sentosa Islands. F.E.P.O.W.'s will remember it as Pulau Blakang Mati which meant Isle behind Death. Its new name means Peace and Tranquility, and it is a lovely place to visit, with a hotel complex and many amenities for holiday-makers. Most famous of all is the Art Centre which depicts the Surrender Chamber, with 27 life-like figures including Lord Louis Mountbatten. Unfortunately there is also now a display of figures in another room depicting our surrender to the Japanese.

Coach tour through Malaysia

With only one week left, we set off on a coach tour, our fellow travellers mostly Singaporeans of Chinese extraction. First we crossed over the Causeway into Johore. Our morning break was at Ayer Hitam, then on through the beautiful countryside to Malacca where we had lunch. We arrived at Kuala Lumpur at about teatime when we had to change coaches for the trip up to the Hotel and Casino at the top of the Genting Highland. This proved a scary succession of hair-pin bends in torrential rain. Coming down the next morning was just as scary, but the views were outstanding in their beauty. We visited the Perak Cave Temple and then took the ferry over to Penang, the 'Pearl of the Orient' as it is called. Here our 'caravan' rested in the Oriental Hotel where we had dinner and then set off to explore the main streets, teeming with people. The next day we were off to visit the Snake Temple, the Batik factory where colourful materials were being handprinted, Ayer Itam Temple which is supposed to be the most beautiful in Malaysia, and also the Botanic Gardens. After lunch we toured the Siam Temple with its 31-metre reclining Buddha, third largest in the world, and then

Penang Hill, by funicular railway in two stages, for a panoramic view of Penang itself. After dinner, we were out again, joining the jostling throng in the brightly lit streets. It was all too exciting to miss.

Early next morning we were on our way again, en route for the Cameron Highlands, stopping at the Taiping Lake Gardens where I have never seen such varied and enormous water lilies. We finally reached the small town of Birchang high up in the Camerons, just outside of which was the largest and highest vegetable farm around, terraced on the hillsides. Next day we set off for Malacca. All along the edges of the road the houses were on stilts, above the level of water, with just a path to reach them. I supposed this was to enable the people to grow rice. We also saw various tree plantations, mile after mile. At Malacca we visited the 'Bastion of Santiago', a fort that was built by the Portuguese and was famous in its time, but badly damaged by the Dutch in 1641. Later the Dutch restored it and put the Coat of Arms of the Dutch East India Company over the gate. The Portuguese also built St. Paul's Church, now very much a ruin. The Dutch utilised the church walls to bury their more prominent citizens of the time. The bricks are a warm pink, said to have been used as ballast in the ships which took such rich merchandise to Europe from Malaya. There was time to shop for local products and a glimpse of the busy river which runs through the town, the main waterway for the numerous boats carrying cargoes to the upper parts. Then it was Yong Peng in time for dinner and then back to Singapore – one day left to visit the shops and see sights. All those people hurrying along, a colourful kaleidoscope – something that I do not think either of us will ever forget.

Surprise on the home-flight

On Sunday we were at the famous Changi Airport once more, and on the plane a huge birthday cake for Ernie, courtesy of Singapore Airlines! We saved the cake and brought it home to share with Melanie, another of our grand-daughters, who shares her birthday with her Grandad – so our separated families were linked from one side of the world to the other. A fitting end to the 'holiday of a lifetime'!

Just One of the Boys!

by Mrs Shirley Gillberry
Photos: Colonel G. K. Gillberry

I have just returned home from a three week stay at Ian Fraser House. I was there to undergo assessment and start training in braille, mobility and other skills. As an ex-servicewoman I was there under the terms of the Gubbay Trust and I am, I believe, the first woman to undergo training under this Trust.

To say that I was made welcome would be to understate grossly the warmth and understanding that I was given by staff and St. Dunstaners alike. On my first evening I was initiated into the game of dominoes. During the games, when I asked, jokingly, for concessions to be made to my sex, I was firmly told by a St. Dunstaner who definitely had a twinkle in his voice: 'Shirley, while you are here, you must expect to be just one of the boys!'. And so I was. No quarter was asked or given from then on and I had a most enjoyable time.

Braille revival

The next morning training started in earnest. I began the uphill task of reviving my braille. I had tried to learn a few years ago shortly after being registered blind but due to the intermittent nature of the lessons and probably due to my own lack of motivation at the time it just fizzled out. Phil Duffee's expert tuition and the gentle pressure he put on me is going to change all that. In the three weeks I have had so far I have made good progress.

Due to the several house moves necessitated by my husband's Service career my mobility training had been fragmented and inadequate. I was placed under the eagle eyes of Jock Carnochan who gave me a comprehensive course in indoor mobility. The great outdoors had to wait, as for most of my stay at IFH we were snowed up.

As a reasonably competent cook I did not need the full course in cookery but was given a few sessions with the microwave

oven which convinced me that a blind cook is not fully equipped without one. I now have to convince my husband of this.

Between all the other activities I managed to fit in a bit of typing. As I have been a typist for 30 years it was only necessary to polish up my typing skills. Handicrafts occupied some of my time. When I first went blind, five years ago, I was put off basket-making by the people who told me that of course now I was blind 'they' would teach me to make baskets. This instant stereotyping of me as a blind basket-maker put my back up and I vowed that I would not make baskets until I felt I wanted to do so. While in Lene's tender care I decided that the time had come to start cane work and I made my first cane tray. When I return for further training I shall continue to learn this skilled work.

Swimming Pool

The swimming pool proved a pleasant source of exercise during those snow-bound January days. One day I was swimming up and down in its balmy waters whilst outside the temperature had dropped to an unfriendly minus ten degrees centigrade.

For one such as I, who came in from the cold, less affluent world of 'civilian' blind welfare, Ian Fraser House provided a warm and caring environment in which to train. In any case, a house entirely designed for the comfort and safety of blind people is a place in which to feel secure and free from the struggles of the outside world. To coin a computer phrase, Ian Fraser House is 'user friendly'. It is a place where to be blind is the accepted and acceptable state: a place in which to learn skills for independent living; a place for rest and refreshment in an environment designed for blind people. It is a place where I can be 'just one of the boys!'.



Shirley practising her typing skills at the Talking Computer (Vincent Work Station). This article was composed and printed by her on this machine.

Shirley the cook — the purchase of a microwave was a direct result of her appraisal at St. Dunstan's!



A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL FOR THE BLIND

by Walter Thornton

Chairman & Hon. Appeal Director of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind

If this were a St. Dunstan's quiz, the question might be, 'What is the connection between a telephone call from Ian Fraser, an American University, and raising £350,000 for a College of Further Education for the Blind in Birmingham?'. The answer would be the long cane.

It was in 1964 that Ian Fraser rang me to ask if Cadburys, my employers, would be prepared to release me if St. Dunstan's wanted me to go to the U.S.A. to look at their methods of mobility training. The following May, I went as a doubting Thomas to the University of Western Michigan, Kalamazoo, to be converted to the conviction that the long cane represented a new dimension of freedom for blind people. With the enthusiasm of the convert, I wanted on my return to see that these benefits were made available to blind people in this country. There was opposition in many quarters, and attitudes and opinions had to be changed. The first measure involved St. Dunstan's in bringing over Stan Suterko, my instructor at the University of Western Michigan, to spend August staging a month's demonstration course at Ovingdean.

The following year, his university released him for twelve months to set up the Midlands Mobility Centre (now the National Mobility Centre) in Birmingham, the city to which I had moved after the war. Unlike almost all the other agencies, the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind was sympathetic to the American technique, and provided premises and facilities for the Midlands Mobility Centre, support which, incidentally, it continues to give to this day.

Largely because I wished to be in a position to influence decisions affecting the Centre, and partly to show my appreciation of the support given by the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, I got involved in its work, principally by serving

on committees. Some five years ago, the B.R.I.B. was going through a difficult stage financially. It could not envisage the capital expenditure required to update the operations of its Queen Alexandra College, a national assessment centre established in World War Two, and particularly well known for its engineering training. A real need was seen to establish further education facilities for blind and visually impaired young people of post-school age, most of them, as is the trend today, with additional disabilities. The concomitant need was the provision of the necessary facilities to fit the college to undertake this task. The necessary funds were just not available.

My proposal that we should launch an appeal to raise the estimated £350,000 required, met with general support from the B.R.I.B. Board of Governors, but interviews with professional fund raisers proved particularly discouraging. Finally, I yielded to persuasion to take on the responsibility for raising the money, secretly believing that the task was beyond us, but that whatever was raised would be useful. A group of professional and business men was recruited, which included a sizeable proportion of fellow Rotarians, to advise on fund raising. Our first hope was that a goodly amount might be raised from local industry, but Birmingham was just entering the worst depression of its history. We kept postponing the date of launching the appeal, in the hope that things would improve. When it became apparent that the difficulties facing local industry were far more deep-rooted than we had at first believed, the appeal was launched by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham at a function in the Council House on March 5th, 1981.

The situation was not helped by the fact that our appeal had been anticipated by a much larger one from the entirely different but similar sounding Royal School at Leatherhead.



Some of the people who helped raise money for the appeal: (left to right) John Daintry, London Marathon Sponsored runner; Tommy Godwin, Olympic medallist, who at the age of 60, cycled from Lands End to John O'Groats in 10 days; Pauline Andrews, Appeals Assistant; and Walter Thornton.

However, four years later, the amount of £350,967 has been raised, with expenses amounting to less than two and a half per cent. The money has been spent as soon as it was available to enable the Queen Alexandra College to provide for the needs of those for whom there was otherwise no provision. Access and facilities for young people in wheelchairs have been created. Dining and catering facilities have been improved. An 'Education for Living' Centre, which I believe to be a model of its kind, has been established. The engineering department has acquired a new automatic lathe. Arising directly out of the fund-raising activities, the Cycle Mechanics course, which has been very successful in placing its trainees in jobs, has been doubled. (I believed that this was a pioneering development until I learned that this was a trade popular with St. Dunstaners of the First World War.) A 'Linkwork' project has been exploring over three years the establishment of a department to link the college

working conditions with those in open industry. The number of residential places has been increased to take four supervisors and 19 students. In this latter provision is included a 'Learning Through Living' block where four of the 17 places comprise a flat for four students in wheelchairs.

I believe that the success of the appeal is due to the fact that it has attracted community support right across the board, from the widow's mite to substantial donations from Charitable Trusts. A local publican organised a fete which included a football match between teams of his lady customers. Sponsored events proved productive. There were parachute jumpers; a participant in the London Marathon; cycle ride from Lands End to John O'Groats in 10 days by an over 60 Rotarian and Olympic bronze medallist; together with a successful cross channel swim, under very difficult conditions of fog, by a local doctor. Contact with people such as these – and many others – have made involvement in the appeal a truly rewarding activity.

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.

James Henry Norris, of Northwood, joined St. Dunstan's on March 11th.

Mr. Norris served as a Corporal in the R.A.F. from September 1940 until March 1945. He was taken prisoner of war in Java during 1942. He and his wife, Doris, have been married for almost 37 years and they have two adult daughters.

Leonard Victor Neasham, of Walsall, joined St. Dunstan's on March 25th.

Mr. Neasham served in the Norfolk Regiment during the 1st World War and was wounded on the Somme in October 1916. He is a widower.



The Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton, Councillor and Mrs. John Blackman with John and Lorna Chatfield, who celebrated their wedding anniversary at the reunion.

BRIGHTON REUNION

The first reunion of our 70th anniversary year was held on March 29th, appropriately in Brighton. A company of 145 gathered at the Bedford Hotel including 62 St. Dunstaners with their wives or escorts. The principal guest was the Worshipful Mayor of Brighton, Councillor John Blackman, who was accompanied by the Mayoress. Other guests were Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre and Dr. John O'Hara.

In the enforced absence of Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, who was indisposed, the reunion was presided over by Mr. William Weisblatt, St. Dunstan's Secretary. Our Chaplain, the Rev. G.E. Meek said grace before an excellent luncheon.

Afterwards Mr. Weisblatt rose to welcome St. Dunstaners on behalf of the Council. After mentioning the guests he went on to refer to two St. Dunstaners: Douglas Field, of Partridge Green, and Arnold Rimmer, of East Grinstead, who were attending their first reunion; and to

four St. Dunstaners who served in the First World War. 'When we remember that the First War started over 70 years ago and finished some 66 years ago, it is remarkable and splendid that we should have them with us', he said. 'I don't need to tell you there have been sad losses amongst the ranks of St. Dunstan's all over the country and in Brighton as well, over this last year, and while we enjoy this occasion we must, of course, spare a thought for those no longer with us and for their families. Among the losses in recent weeks has been a rather special lady, Mrs. George Borwick, Esther Borwick or better known to us all as Lady Ellerman, who died in South Africa after a long illness. I hardly need to say what a great friend she has been to St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners and we shall all miss her.'

'There are also happier occasions', he continued. 'Earlier this week our President, Col. Sir Mike Ansell reached the age of 80

and I am sure you will join me in sending good wishes. It is quite a remarkable year in our own history - as I have already said we are 70 years old, or young. We've got the remarkable alterations going on at IFH. In a few weeks the new wing will be open and the occasion will be sealed by a visit from the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on July 19th this year. Now you all know about this occasion, many of you have written to say you would like to be there. All I would say is we are still processing all this. We very much hope to have a very high proportion of those who want to be there present on the day and we are sure it will be a very happy occasion.'

Councillor John Blackman, 'Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking', expressed his thanks for his invitation to the reunion and brought laughter from his audience in a short and amusing speech.

Finally Ron Freer spoke for St. Dunstaners, 'There is no better occasion on which we can say thank you to all of those who have done so much for us during the past year,' he said. He paid tribute to Miss Lord and the Welfare Department, 'Also Miss Stewart who has a social and human involvement with all of us. In conclusion may I say that as St. Dunstan's members I feel sure my colleagues will join with me when I say we are more than proud, we are profoundly grateful.'

In declaring the more formal part of the proceedings closed Mr. Weisblatt announced that John and Lorna Chatfield were celebrating their 37th Wedding Anniversary that very day at the reunion.

Dancing to Ken Lyon's band filled the afternoon until tea and the prize draw brought the reunion to a close.

UNESCO PUBLICATION FOR THE BLIND

UNESCO has informed us of their main publication, the *Unesco Braille Courier*, a quarterly magazine published in four languages (grades I and II braille), and distributed free of charge anywhere in the world. It contains specially selected articles on all aspects of education, science, culture and communications. The cassette version is also distributed free.

Requests for copies should be sent to: Mr. Frederick H. Potter, Managing Editor, *Unesco Braille Courier*, OPI/COU, Unesco, 7 Place de Fontenoy, 75700 Paris, France.

D. F. Robinson's

GARDENING NOTES

This new season has been very chaotic with the weather being so cold and it has been difficult to get seeds started off, even in a heated greenhouse. I certainly have not been able to. Don't worry too much about vegetables, as they will come along all right, but bedding plants will be showing their colour rather late in the year and even going on till autumn. Since I have been gardening, I have never known the soil so cold and frosts over such a long period, plus snow!

Vegetables

Keep soil open by hoeing regularly, and this will also get rid of weeds which always seem to come in spite of heavy frosts. Even the pests will be there soon, so get sprays going every so often. Plant out those sprouts, cauliflowers and cabbages raised in boxes earlier, under cover. It would be a good idea to dip roots in a calomel cream or to sprinkle calomel dust in planting holes as it will act as a deterrent to club root in doubtful areas, or even where you haven't planted for three years or so. Also put in celery and onions plus the last of the late potatoes. Remember to sprinkle some soil pest deterrent granules when planting all these items.

Get some radish and lettuce seed planted in small quantities now, and follow up plantings to give you replacements throughout summer. Sow some runner bean and french bean seed where soil is warm, or leave for a while. Seedlings which you have raised under glass and hardened off, can be set out if there has been plenty of warm weather. Do get canes, etc. in place so they can climb as they grow, and are not smashed about in strong winds. Some tomatoes and marrows raised under glass could be put out by the end of the month but do choose warm spots. Get canes in place for tomatoes and tie in as they grow. Water well and give some feed every so often. Where you want them to grow on

Gardening Notes *continued*

one stem, pinch out side shoots, but it is often a good thing to let them grow so far and then pinch out the main growing point to make them bushy, by letting some side shoots grow.

Fruit

When you have had a dry spell give a good watering, especially to young items, and even a good mulch of manure or compost. New trees with a good set should be thinned out or you may take too much out of the tree. Even older trees with a lot of fruit would do better with thinning out – to give a better size at the end of the season. Thin out raspberry cane suckers and excess runners on strawberries to get a good crop. Try and get some good straw placed between the plants so that the fruit will be clean.

Lawns

Keep the mower going regularly with blades at the lowest level. See that edges are tidied up with shears. Give cutters a good clean after each use with an occasional oiling of the joints. During very dry weather give the whole area a good soaking with water from the outdoor tap. A sprinkler attached to the hose and moved regularly will do the grass a whole heap of good. A dose of fertiliser cum weedkiller will be a great help towards making a nice green sward free of weeds. Don't do this in very dry weather however, or you may cause scorching.

Flowers

Try and get all half-hardy annual bedding plants in their places by the end of the month, provided you have got them to a reasonable size, as the long period of wintry weather may have delayed their development. It may be wise to keep begonias (both tuberos and fibrous) for a bit longer, but dahlias can be set in a warm sheltered spot and tall growing varieties should have a stake in position when you are planting them.

You can break up some perennials which have been in one place for a long time and are getting a bit large. Dig up and separate into pieces, discarding the middle, and plant in bare patches in the beds. I am think-

ing of aquelegia, correopsis, delphinium, gallardia, lupin and phlox. Make sure that roots are well down in the soil and pressed down. Give a good watering. You may get some colour this year, but most likely next season. Many people tend to lift all the bulbs when flowering is over but I have found that leaving them in position is better and you get as good a show each season. Mind you it is a good thing to cut away leaves when they die off.

Tie in sweet peas regularly and you will get a better show while keeping the whole lot much tidier. Cut away flowers as they mature, as well as straggly growth. Keep them moist and give plenty of liquid manure feeds. Sometimes a spray of water over the whole lot may give you a better set of flowers. Give a sprinkling of pellet form feed throughout the border and this will give a better show of colour and keep plants going for a longer period. Aphids of all kinds may start to arrive, plus other pests, so give a regular spray with insecticide and vary the types in case the insects get used to one. In addition give plenty of water in dry weather.

Greenhouse

The sun will be making its presence felt, so open windows daily and perhaps even at night during really hot conditions. Get glass covered on the outside with special paint which is retained no matter what the weather conditions are, even heavy rain. One can also put on green plastic sheeting but this is often ripped off by strong winds. I have tried this indoors but it's not very good and some of the taller plants such as tomatoes get entangled. Start regular dosing of the whole place with sprays or smokes so as to keep insects and diseases down. I have always found smokes much better.

Nearly all half-hardy bedding plants should be out now, either being hardened off, or in their places on the borders. It will have been a good idea to have retained a few for pot or trough work. All tuberous items such as achimenes, begonias, gloxinias, plus a few geraniums and fuchsias for pot work indoors, should be in their final pots. The majority of fuchsias and geraniums are best used in the borders to set off annuals.

Tomatoes will be coming along well so tie onto canes or strings from the top of the

greenhouse. Flowers will be showing colour, so a fine spray of tepid water will help to get a good set. Pinch out all side shoots as they appear at the leaf joints, but do ensure they are not flowers, and water well with some fertiliser every so often. Where you are using grow bags, make certain that there are plenty of drainage holes at just above floor level or you will get roots rotting off because they are being flooded all the time.

Don't have too many cucumbers on your plants and pick off all male flowers or the cucumbers may be rather bitter. Most varieties grown these days are those with female flowers only, where the cucumber is behind the flower. If you want to have the doors open during the day, it would be better to have some plastic netting on frames fitting doorways, in order to keep out birds, or even cats which tend to wander all over the place from far afield.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Bridge

Pairs – March 10th

M. Tybinski & Mrs. Beevers	75.0
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	61.7
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	53.3
G. Hudson & Mrs. Douse	49.0
J. Majchrowicz & Mr. Douse	49.0
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	47.5
R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti	43.8
W. Phillips & Dr. J. Goodlad	37.5
J. Huk & Miss Stenning	33.3

Individuals – March 16th

W. Phillips	58.0
R. Fullard	56.8
G. Hudson	54.5
R. Freer	52.4
J. Huk	53.4
Mrs. K. Pacitti	53.4
A. Dodgson	52.3
M. Tybinski	45.5
W. Lethbridge	44.3
J. Majchrowicz	44.3
R. Pacitti	44.3
R. Evans	39.8

W. Sussex Inter Club League – March 17th

St. Dunstaners: 12 Avenue Bridge Club, Hove: 4

W. Phillips
R. Evans
W. Lethbridge
J. Padley
M. Tybinski
R. Fullard

A. Dodgson
R. Pacitti

Easter Bridge Drive – March 31st

A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	2490
W. Lethbridge & Mr. R. Goodlad	1840
W. Allen & Dr. J. Goodlad	1640
F. Dickerson & P. Surridge	1610

We would like to thank the 13 St. Dunstaners and 17 markers for attending.

Bowling

On Saturday, March 9th, we welcomed a party of 47 bowlers and escorts from Woolston Bowling Club, Southampton. This year they were able to arrive at IFH without experiencing any travelling difficulties and play commenced on time. This is a match we all look forward to and our visitors were in a very enthusiastic state of mind and were anxious to get on with bowling. Play was exciting but not too serious and a happy atmosphere prevailed throughout the match.

Thank you ladies for working so hard preparing a lovely tea, as the number of helpers were very few. Following tea and speeches we retired to the bar and dancing commenced at 7.30. During the dance,

Bowling *continued*

Jimmy Morrish, our Captain for the day, presented an engraved gavel to the President of Woolston Bowling Club in appreciation of the kindness and friendship shown to St. Dunstan's Bowling Club over the past years.

Our visitors thoroughly enjoyed their day out and are looking forward to our visit to Woolston in July.

A. Miller

Entertainment Section

Following the bowls match on March 9th, the Woolston Bowling Club members and wives stayed for the Brighton club dance. Dr. John O'Hara made a speech and Jimmy

Morrish presented a gavel to the President of the Woolston team, and there were two plaques for many years of service to the Brighton club; one to Harry Preedy; the other to Bill Phillips, who was unable to be present. It has never been known for Harry to be speechless! We thank Mrs. Dacre and Dr. John for all their support. Ernie Took provided the dance music. It was disappointing that some of the club members were unable to be with us.

Thank you Commander Conway for a superb buffet, and for the transport, the evening ended at 11 p.m. We do hope that the members who have entered competitions will come and play, to bring them to a conclusion. Please do not forget to put your name down to go to The 'Not Forgotten' Association at Rustington on June 5th.

Phyllis O'Kelly

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Charlotte, grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. R. Vowles*, of Portsmouth, on recently attaining second place for a song and dance routine in a children's stage talent contest with many entrants. Charlotte amazed the adjudicators as she is only five years old.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. W.R. Crombie, of Horsham, on the birth of another grand-daughter, Madeleine Dawn, born on November 22nd to their daughter, Allison, and son-in-law, Bernie Verblow.

Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Hodder, of Hull, who are pleased to announce the birth of their second grandchild, Claire Marie, born on January 17th to their son, Philip, and daughter-in-law, Cheryl.

Mrs. W. Kirkpatrick, widow of the late *Mr. W. Kirkpatrick*, of Purley, on the birth of her grand-daughter, Alice Amy Peace, born on January 24th to her daughter Sharon, and her husband, Christian Lang.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Caroline Louise, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. J.F. White*, of Burton-on Trent, on her marriage to Anthony David Rutter on March 30th.

Margaret, daughter of *Mr. W. Burnett*, of Patcham, on her marriage to John Walter Marriott on March 16th.

SILVER WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Tucker, of Ynysybwl, near Pontypridd, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary on March 19th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. 'Bert' Dunkley, of Lancing, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on April 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Barton, of Hawkshead, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on April 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Gallagher, of Sunderland, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on March 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. J.D. White, of Chilwell, Nottinghamshire, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on April 2nd.

DIAMOND WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. W. Barker, of Scarborough, on the occasion of their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on April 20th.

WITH GRATEFUL THANKS

Appreciation and thanks go to:

All those who sent messages of sympathy to Mrs. Edna Mooney, on the death of her husband, the late *Mr. J.J. Mooney*, of Middleton, near Manchester, in September last year, and to the staff at HQ for all their help and kindness.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Kathleen, wife of *Mr. Roy Armstrong*, of Walthamstow, whose brother passed away recently in Australia.

Mr. 'Joe' Atfield, of Paignton, Devon, whose mother, Mrs. Emma Nora Atfield, passed away on March 19th, aged 87.

Mrs. G. Carpenter, widow of the late *Mr. A.H. Carpenter*, of Ipswich, and her daughter, Louise, who mourn the death of Peter

Thomas, Louise's husband, on March 4th in Norway. On Arctic service in the Royal Marines, he was on his way home to attend his brother's funeral, who had died two days previously. He leaves a baby daughter, Shelley.

Mrs. M. Flynn, widow of the late *Mr. Ernest Flynn*, of Horley, whose daughter passed away suddenly in March.

Mr. Bill Griffiths, of Blackpool, whose mother passed away on March 14th, aged 84.

Mr. Kenneth W. Hedges, of Bexley, whose brother, Albert, died on September 30th, 1984.

Mr. W.H. Hodder, of Hull, whose mother passed away on March 4th.

The family of Mrs. Joy Longden, widow of the late *Mr. Pat Longden*, former Secretary/Treasurer of St. Dunstan's, Australia. Mrs. Longden passed away on February 15th, aged 71, after a long illness borne with great fortitude.

Mr. Arthur Morris, of Ongar, whose wife, Florence, passed away in hospital on March 12th. They had been married for 39 years, and have one son and two daughters.

The family of Mrs. May Puddefoot, widow of the late *Mr. E. Puddefoot*, of Dawlish. Mrs. Puddefoot passed away on March 8th in a residential Nursing Home, aged 99.

Mrs. Shepherd, widow of the late *Mr. T. Shepherd*, of Margate, whose mother, Mrs. Mary Shepherd, passed away on March 28th.

Mr. Albert Steer, of Billingham, whose sister passed away in Canada recently.

Mrs. Beatrice Tickner, widow of the late *Mr. D.G. Tickner*, of Worthing, and her family, on the death of Mr. Tickner's brother, James Tickner, on the same day as her husband.

Mrs. M.E. Woods, widow of the late *Mr. E.L. Woods*, of Malmesbury, whose sister passed away in November, aged 93.

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.K. Cotterill, Royal Artillery

Alan Kenneth Cotterill passed away at his home on March 25th, aged 49, after many years of crippling illness borne with the utmost courage and fortitude.

Mr. Cotterill was a Gunner in the Royal Artillery from 1953 to 1960 and his loss of sight was the result of service in Egypt. He became a St. Dunstaner in 1973, one of the most severely disabled ex-servicemen to come under our care. In spite of this, however, he was always able to remain at home in the care of his loving and devoted family, being nursed constantly by his wife, June. He proudly watched their only daughter, Amanda, succeed in her schooling and training as a nursery nurse, and her marriage last year was an occasion of great joy for him. Mr. Cotterill also found music and television stimulating, and enjoyed outings to his caravan in the countryside when the days were fine enough.

He leaves his widow, June, to whom he was married for 25 years, his daughter, Amanda, and her husband, Frank, and other members of the family.

T. O'Reilly, Pioneer Corps

Thomas O'Reilly, of Rishton, Blackburn, passed away on March 7th, having been in failing health for some time. He was 77 years of age.

Mr. O'Reilly served with the Pioneer Corps from July 1942. He was wounded by a booby trap mine in Holland in February 1945, and came to St. Dunstan's a month later. Because of the severe injuries he had received, in addition to his loss of sight, he was unable to consider any outside employment, but after a period of training, was able to do basket work as a hobby over a number of years, as and when his health permitted. Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly were so proud when their only daughter, Kathleen, obtained a Degree in Social Services from Manchester Polytechnic, and even more pleased when she later married and presented them with three grand-daughters.

He leaves his widow, Louise, who cared for him devotedly for so many years, and Kathleen and her family.

A. Roebuck, Royal Artillery

Albert Roebuck, of Withington, Manchester, passed away suddenly at his home on March 13th, aged 71.

Mr. Roebuck served with the 65 Anti Tank Regiment, Royal Artillery, from 1940, and he was

wounded by a mine explosion in Italy in 1943. He came to St. Dunstan's at Church Stretton in 1944, but did not stay for long as he was fortunate enough to recover some useful vision in one eye which enabled him to return to his former employment with a wholesale fruit and vegetable merchant. Mr. Roebuck was able to work until 1974 when his remaining vision failed, and he became a St. Dunstaner three years later. His health was failing then, so he could not undertake any hobby training but, being musically inclined, he spent many hours playing the organ and enjoyed attending our annual reunions.

He leaves his widow, Edna, and their five children and families.

J.R. Sinnett, Royal Artillery

Jack Sinnett passed away at the Varese Nursing Home, Torquay, on March 26th, aged 91. Major Sinnett had been a St. Dunstaner for ten years.

Major Sinnett joined the Army in 1908, serving in the Royal Artillery in the 1st World War and taking his discharge in 1923. He was a victim of a mustard gas attack in 1917. His wife, Dorothy, predeceased him in 1974 and they had no children.

He leaves his good friends, Mrs. Snell and Mr. Walter Savage.

H. Southgate, Royal Army Service Corps

Henry Frederick Southgate, formerly of Chelsea and resident at Pearson House for the past four years, passed away peacefully in our Home on March 25th. Mr. Southgate, affectionately known as Harry, was 92 years old and had been a St. Dunstaner since 1949.

He served as a driver in the R.A.S.C. during the 1st World War and prior to enlistment had been with the Air Ministry Constabulary. Sadly, his wife, Ellen, passed away in 1978, three years after celebrating their Diamond Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. Southgate's greatest pleasure was frequent visits to his three married daughters and their families but towards the end of 1980 his health deteriorated and he gave up the independence of his own home to become a permanent resident at Pearson House.

He leaves three daughters: Mrs. V. Hughes, Mrs. W. Shalders, Mrs. D. Head, and their families. He will be greatly missed by them all and also by Matron Goodwin and all members of the staff at Pearson House.