

St Dunstans Review

October 1986



From the Chairman

To be able to participate in sport, and whenever possible with sighted people, is the aim of all St. Dunstan's sports clubs for their members. This summer has seen some excellent examples of this on the bowling greens and the archery shooting lines, at sea and in the hills.

I have just heard that one St. Dunstan's bowler, Arthur Carter, was a member of a six-man team representing Bolton Bowling Club which won the Double-Triples event in the Lancashire County Championships for sighted bowlers. His St. Dunstan's club-mates have been on their round of summer visits to sighted bowling clubs in the south of England and, against blind bowlers, carried off a number of trophies at the Weston-Super-Mare tournament.

In April our archers beat a Royal Air Force team on handicap. They gave demonstrations at the 'Not Forgotten' Association's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace and the 1986 Game Fair at Harewood House in Yorkshire.

As this *Review* is published members of our Fishing Club will probably be at sea taking part in the third fishing week held this year.

An annual event is the expedition of a party of St. Dunstaners to ski-slopes in Europe where they ski downhill guided by sighted skiers. Another yearly gathering takes place in Wales where St. Dunstaners climb, guided by members of the Rhinog Mountain Rescue Team, tackle climbs in the Welsh hills. This year they succeeded in a difficult ascent of a mountain called Tryfan.

Whether they succeed or fail, win or lose, the point for our St. Dunstaners sportsmen is the opportunity to get out in the open air — to meet a challenge and enjoy the comradeship, the jokes and the inquests afterwards — perhaps in the club bar or some country inn. Long may they continue to enjoy their sport.

Henry Leach

St Dunstons Review

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BRIDGE CONGRESS REMINDER

Would everyone who wants to attend the Bridge Congress at Ian Fraser House from December 5th to 7th, please remember to arrange bookings through Tina Coyne at HQ. The Congress will also be holding their annual dinner and dance at IFH, on the Saturday, December 6th.

RNIB PRESIDENT

The Duke of Westminster has been appointed President of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, in succession to the Duke of Devonshire.

SKIING 1987

Would anyone interested in participating in a skiing holiday in France from March 22nd-29th, 1987, please contact Ray Hazan for details. The trip is available to anyone connected with St. Dunstan's.

TEMBANI REUNION SUGGESTED

Tembani, at Wynberg, Cape Province, South Africa was established as a St. Dunstan's training centre from 1942 until 1945. It has been suggested that a reunion be held at Ian Fraser House some time during the coming winter. St. Dunstaners who were at Tembani and

who would be interested in such a reunion are asked to write to the Editor of the *Review* at Headquarters.

FEPOW ART EXHIBITION

For FEPOW or other St. Dunstaners and their wives who might be interested, the pictures which formed the Charles Thrale Exhibition in 1946 — an immortal memorial to all POW's of the Japanese whether they lived or died — are now in possession of the Department of Art at the Imperial War Museum in London.

The pictures were painted in the camps with whatever materials were available and are arranged and set to a story. Charles Thrale, the artist, preferred to call it an 'exhibition of the heart.' They can only be viewed by appointment made in advance and the department is open from Monday to Friday, 10.00 a.m. until 4.30 p.m. To make the necessary arrangements, telephone the museum on 01-735 8922 and ask for the Department of Art. The museum is situated in Lambeth Road, London, SE1.

APOLOGIES...

... Due to pressure on space we have had to hold over Charlie Mantle's article on the HMS Hood Association and HMS Electra.

10p MONTHLY

Free to St. Dunstaners

OCTOBER 1986

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Cover picture: Lynne Tetley, whose Channel swim is reported on page 4, 'warming up' on her swim to the Isle of Wight and back. Photo: Dario Milidieri.

SHE DID IT!

Yes, Lynne Tetley has swum the Channel, making her the first diabetic to achieve it, and what's more, in the excellent time of 11 hours and 44 minutes.

She left Dover at 9.46 a.m. and says that the swim went quite smoothly, as well as her insulin injection which was given to her after eight hours. Unfortunately she got stung by some nefarious jellyfish and suffered a 'couple of bouts of cramp', and towards the middle of the Channel the water became very cold. She says, 'When it began to get so cold I urged myself on thinking how many people were willing or wanting me to finish and that if I didn't do it this time I'd definitely want to do it another time and I really just couldn't go through this hell again!'

As she approached the shore of France at Wissan it began to get dark — she swam the last two hours in complete darkness. Three people in the dinghy attempted to lead her in to shore, but because of the wind and waves it proved very difficult as they kept being swept parallel to the shore. She eventually reached the beach and then joined the others in the dinghy to return to the pilot boat but then they couldn't get back out again as the dinghy was being swamped by huge waves. During all this Lynne was gradually freezing up! They finally decided to knock on the door of a nearby French abode where the



Photo: Dario Mitidieri.

kind inhabitants supplied her with a hot bath and, after they had managed to contact the pilot boat, drove them 20 kilometres up to Calais to meet it. So, now, she's feeling fine and happy she says, but 'very sore!'

A big thank you to all who so kindly and generously supported her in this attempt by sending donations for the British Diabetic Association.

THE LONDON MARATHON

By Gerry Jones

The London Marathon once again proved to be an outstanding day out. The weather prior to the race was cold and extremely wet. However, after one hour into the run the skies cleared and we were left with a strong, cold wind. These conditions did not trouble us unduly as we had trained throughout the winter in atrocious weather.

Maurice Saddington took the reins for the race and Bob Gay tracked us for the first ten miles. Bob had seen me through most of our training and we probably ran something like 500 miles linked with our

two-foot long piece of inch-wide elastic.

Maurice and I had hoped to run a sub 3-hour race but this proved to be impossible. We needed to run each mile at about 6 minutes 50 seconds. The start in London is always slow due to the number of runners, but we were not unduly worried when at three miles we were one and a half minutes down on that time. We thought that the route would clear as it had the previous year. This was not to be, so Maurice tried continuously to find a way past the hordes of runners. At the ten mile stage we were still only one and a half

minutes down on our schedule but to achieve this we had changed pace all the time and moved from one side of the road to the other in an effort to find a way through. At the half-way point we were three minutes down and the pace of the runners was getting slower. Despite all our efforts progress was not good and at 18 miles we had lost ten minutes.

At this point in the run the way ahead did clear somewhat but we were still weaving about. There was no chance then of getting below our target of three hours so we tried to relax and enjoy the last eight miles. I then started to go through a bad patch with severe pains under my rib cage on the right side and this remained with me for the remainder of the race. Between the 20 and 24-mile posts I felt at times completely disorientated and had trouble with my general balance. At times I was reduced to running with my hands on my hips in an effort to sort myself out. In the last two miles things improved and we eventually finished quite strong.

On reflection I think the continuous weaving and change of pace took its toll. Long distance running should be done at a steady pace but we were having to put in short, sharp bursts to take the best advantage of any gaps as they appeared. I know at times Maurice was running on and off the edge of the pavement whilst he tried to keep me out of the gutter. A single runner can find his way through the maze but for two side by side it's virtually impossible. I realise that we could have chosen one of the several hundred other marathons in the country to run our sub 3-hour time but our aim was also to make as much money as possible for charity and the London Marathon is the only race which gets the publicity and captures the public's imagination.

I feel that blind runners have a case for starting at the head of the field. Either they could follow on immediately behind the wheelchair athletes or behind the class runners. More and more blind and disabled athletes are taking up the marathon and if it could be established that they start at the front or as near as possible I am sure we would all be sincerely grateful.

I would like to thank Maurice and Bob

for their sterling work in training and during the run and thanks also to all those who so generously contributed in sponsorship money.

Maurice Saddington writes:

Running with a non-sighted partner did not appear as difficult to me as I would have expected. However, problems do arise. In my case, my partner's stride pattern was very similar to my own, which made for more fluent running. In a race as large as the 'London' the opportunity for fluent running was nigh impossible, and the constant stopping, starting, zigzagging etc. placed extra strain on the tiring joints and legs.

Our training for, the most part, was done in the country roads and lanes which made for fluent running, apart from the odd speeding vehicle, but in the main, traffic was considerate. I found training much more enjoyable than racing. In the 'London', picking out the pavements, potholes and other obstructions in the route was made very difficult by the sheer mass of runners and were not seen until too late! In the early stages when fresh, any small stumble was easy to cope with but in the latter stages a small stumble seemed like a major catastrophe.

At the end of the race I found that I was mentally quite tired, more so than physically. I also found that because of talking throughout the whole race in giving directions, describing the 'scene' and keeping up morale, my throat and voice became strained. However, in spite of all these small difficulties, I have found both training and racing with my partner most enjoyable.

CORRECTION

In the Gardening Club Spring Week report, in the July Review, a paragraph mistakenly reads as if Mrs. Fleet is Secretary of the Club; whereas Ricky Richardson is Hon. Secretary of the Gardening Section. Mrs. Fleet is the organiser of the Gardening cassettes, which as was stated, can be obtained from Ray Hazan at HQ by sending a blank tape.

TRIBUTES

J.F. Armstrong

We are deeply sorry to announce the death of Mr. Jack Armstrong, of Sandal, Yorkshire, on July 12th, aged 83, after a long illness. Mr. Armstrong was closely involved with the Bridge Club from its inception, and was very well known to all St. Dunstan's bridge players, giving them much support and friendship through the years.

Jack Armstrong, a civil servant, was first introduced to St. Dunstan's in the mid 1920's when (as he wrote in an article on bridge in the March 1977 Review) 'I was allowed to play "solo" in the company, with one exception, of a quartette of sass-nach practical jokers. The exception was the host "King Robert the Young" and the venue his "digs" at St. John's Wood. We had many amusing, hectic and exciting sessions with the remainder of the company comprising Drummer Downs, Reg Coles and Micky Burran.'

He continued to play with St. Dunstaners and organise frequent bridge drives until about 1936 when he and the late Alf Field were largely responsible for the formation of the London Bridge Club in 1938. Then in 1949, when the thriving Ilkley St. Dunstan's committee organised the first annual bridge congress, Jack Armstrong acted as an escort to the St. Dunstan's team and continued doing so for no less than 21 years, even after the venue moved to Harrogate.

He described himself as a 'Kibbitzer' — an enthusiastic spectator — but that is only a small part of what he contributed over all this time. He thought the world of St. Dunstaners and did everything he could to help them, and will be remembered with much affection by all as a very good organiser — always cool, calm and collected — and a very, very good friend to everyone.

He leaves his widow, Mrs. J.B. Armstrong, and their daughter, and to them both and members of the family, we offer sincere sympathy.

J.E. May, M.B.E.

We regret to announce the recent death of Mr. James E. May, of Auckland, New Zealand, who was St. Dunstan's Honorary Representative there for many years. He also devoted much of his time and energy to the welfare of the civilian blind in New Zealand for which he was awarded an M.B.E. in 1961.

Mr. May, who sailed with the First Echelon as a member of the 19th Battalion, was commissioned in 1941 and later posted to the 25th Battalion, and was blinded in 1943 in the Middle East. On his return to New Zealand, after initial training, Jim became the first Director of St. Dunstan's training centre at One Tree Hill established by the Government in 1945 for the training of blinded servicemen as they returned from overseas service.

In 1947 Jim transferred to the Royal New Zealand Foundation for the Blind where he became Welfare Superintendent and Assistant Director, a position he held for over 30 years until his retirement in 1979 due to ill health, when he was succeeded by R.J. Sadler in 1980. As St. Dunstan's representative he also occupied a seat for many years on the government sponsored Blinded Servicemen's Trust Board and was elected a Life Member of St. Dunstan's Association for his services to the board. Several St. Dunstaners will remember meeting him when he came to England for the St. Dunstan's Commonwealth Conference in 1960 and also for Lord Fraser's Memorial Service in 1975 to represent New Zealand.

He leaves his widow, Nancy, to whom we send our deepest sympathy, as well as to all members of his family and friends.

Colin Rogers

It is with sadness we announce the death of Mr. Colin Rogers who was well-known to many St. Dunstaners, on August 24th.

Formerly an insurance salesman, Mr. Rogers joined St. Dunstan's in Church Stretton days on the transport staff and then he became an orderly at Broadhurst Gardens until his retirement in July 1963. He was always known to be a firm friend

and a popular and helpful escort to St. Dunstaners. After retiring, he continued to help St. Dunstaners a great deal by becoming a very proficient reader for them. Always cheerful and enthusiastic, his great 'fund of stories' will linger on in the memory of many St. Dunstaners with much affection.

We offer our sympathy to his family and friends.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



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

Gerald Jackson, of Poynton, Cheshire, joined St. Dunstan's on July 4th.

Mr. Jackson served in the Royal Scots Fusiliers from 1942 to 1944 when he was wounded in action in Italy. After the war he trained as a Chartered Physiotherapist and worked as Assistant Superintendent at Stockport, and then Senior Physiotherapist at the Devonshire Hospital in Buxton. Mr. Jackson also served as a local Councillor for six years.

DISABILITY AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

Eric Ward Rowe, of Poulton-le-Fylde, is a busy campaigner on behalf of disabled people, acting as a 'one-man' pressure group in contact with his local Members of Parliament and with other Members and Ministers known to be interested and involved with the needs of disabled people.

Recently he visited Brussels where he met the Head of Bureau for Action in Favour of Disabled People, Commission of the European Communities. Next year the European Commission is planning to introduce guidelines for member countries on employment, mobility, access and housing problems. Later similar

guidelines on social security and benefits will be issued, Eric Ward Rowe told the Review. He is looking forward to continuing contact with the European Commission.

ROYAL ANCIENT ORDER OF BUFFALOES

The Buffaloes would like to thank Commander Conway and all the staff at Ian Fraser House, also the Red Ball catering staff for waiting on the Buffaloes at the dance on the Saturday night. Also our thanks to Ernie Took and his band who were assembled together very, very rapidly. As you know the venue had been moved and Commander Conway did a terrific job getting everything going.

I would also like to thank Pat for driving us around on the Monday, Wednesday and Friday, to different Lodges. Monday to the Pride of Eastbourne Lodge, at the Black Horse. Wednesday to the Harmony Lodge, at the Eaglets in Hove and Friday to the Thomas A'Becket Lodge, in Worthing. We would also like to thank whoever arranged the weather. It was a terrific week. We perspired all the time — apart from one night when it absolutely poured down. But why worry, one night is nothing out of six or seven nights. If there's anyone we've forgotten we would like to thank you too very sincerely for what you did for us during the week.

We thank Headquarters and Sir Henry Leach for allowing us to have these weeks and weekends down at Ian Fraser House.

Tom Page, R.O.H.

P.S. Brethren, the other Buffalo weekend at Ian Fraser House has been changed from 14th/17th November, to 21st/26th November, 1986. If you haven't already, Brethren, please get your bookings in now and make it a success.

You know that we have three Lodges who come up to Ovingdean to help us to have a good time. All right they take our money off us, but why worry. If we can't help them for what they do for us then it's time we packed in. Thank you once more.

Tom Page

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Mrs. M. Bingham, Macclesfield.

You will be interested to know that at the Royal Garden Party I was presented, by an official, to Princess Diana. When I remarked I was visually handicapped it was made possible for me to be in a prominent position and she asked my name and where I came from. Then we started talking about children, and she said her children were very excited about the Royal Wedding, and that Prince William had just been for the last fitting of his outfit.

Being in a wheelchair does have its uses sometimes!

From Paul Baker, Sidmouth.

I do not wish to usurp the work of our Official Reader of Talking Books, but I do have a book to recommend, having heard the author speak. I did not know it was recorded, and to the author's amazement nor did she, and also that it is under the Childrens' Section, which I guess few read. I have not had it yet but if it is anything like her talk, and as we types who bashed the Hun etc. tend to forget others, this is a unique story of a young girl caught in France for all of the war. Catalogue number and title: 4619, *Little Resistance* by Antonia Hunt.

From Mrs. Thelma Bugbee, widow of the late Mr. E.L. Bugbee, Harefield.

I would just like to thank the staff at Ian Fraser House, and St. Dunstaners and their wives who gave me such support and kindness during the period of my husband's illness. Thank you all so much.

From Mrs. Priscilla Nobbs, Redhill

I would like to ask if anyone has a **small pocket frame: 8 line, 18 cells** which they no longer want, for a blind piano tuner. I'd give any extra ones sent to me to the Torch Trust for the Blind who constantly receive requests for frames from overseas (mainly African countries). These smaller frames are no longer available from the R.N.I.B.

From Ken Revis, Oxford.

I really do agree with Paul Francia's point of view, expressed in the July *Review*, that it would be excellent if we knew more about the lives of our fellow St. Dunstaners, before we read it in the obituary column. We hear of some good hobbies and holiday stories and the occasional 'Ways of Life' articles, but I too would love to hear of the social, sporting and professional achievements of my friends on a more regular basis or, dare I say it, in a consolidated book form. Could you please help in this matter of the 'doings' of St. Dunstaners Mr. Editor?

From Mr. W. Bick, Southam.

I read in the *Review* last month a letter from Mr. Paul Francia, of Portsmouth, that he would like a membership list of all St. Dunstaners sent to everyone. I thoroughly agree with this, and I hope in future that more people will agree with Mr. Francia and myself. This is a good idea and I hope it will snowball.

Editor's Note: Paul Francia's interesting suggestion has been given a lot of thought. The cost of compiling a kind of 'Who's Who in St. Dunstan's', and keeping it up to date, would be considerable in time and money even with the aid of a computer. The *Review* will continue to publish articles in the 'Ways of Life' series and we will try to expand our 'Achievements' section which includes shorter items about successes in careers, recreation and education.

From Mr. and Mrs. N.F. Nolde, Melbourne, Australia.

We would like to thank all at St. Dunstan's HQ and Ian Fraser House for the extremely warm welcome extended to us on our recent trip to England. We arrived at the House during the bowling period and were accepted into their ranks as one of them. We shall always remember the hospitality and friendliness of a number of the team and in particular Ted Brown,

Tom Whitley, Jackie Pryor, Bob Osborne and Percy Stubbs and, of course, their wives — who could do without them? A special mention to Ron Freer and his wife who took us into their home and footed the bill on our night out — but then Ron is a very old friend and comrade from Hong Kong. We wish to thank all these and others who included us in their activities and functions. Ted will always remember the Pommie Aussie who won a couple of ends! 'Young' Allen, keep up the good work on the organ.

My wife and I also attended the Ex-P.O.W. reunion and met old friends and comrades from Hong Kong, particularly, 'Bomber' Mills, a fellow Sapper who, like me, ended up as a guest of the Japanese. This was really an unforgettable weekend. I was very honoured to meet the one and only Odette, a very great and brave little lady; Lord Newborough, and, of all people, a very old acquaintance and brother Scout, the Very Reverend Bishop of Sherwood who was also entertained by the Japanese in Hong Kong. I also have to thank Bill Griffiths for his gift of his own badge which I shall treasure and wear with pride. Believe me, I shall have plenty to talk about at the next meeting of the Australian St. Dunstaners.

MESSAGE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S CAMPERS AT HMS DAEDALUS

I really find it most difficult to tell you all how tremendously touched and thrilled I was to receive such a totally undeserved gift from you all. The decanter is quite beautiful and the glasses so delicate I shall hardly dare to use them and you may be well assured that they will be greatly treasured and proudly displayed on the lovely tray which came with them. I would especially like to thank all those campers who contributed to the gift who were not at camp and did not hear my stumbling thanks at prize giving — I really was overcome! With many many thanks to you all, as I said I feel so proud and humble to have so many good and kind friends. With my love and blessings to you all.

Elsbeth Grant

Lastly, we wish to thank all those at the 'House' who contributed to our well-being during our visit. There are many names I would like to include but all I can say to Commander Conway and all those who serve under him is THANK YOU.

From Mrs. Doreen Patchett, Lantzville, B.C., Canada, daughter of the late Mr. F. Matthewman.

Appreciation and thanks to all who sent messages of sympathy and flowers on the death of Mr. Freddie Matthewman, and to all his friends and colleagues at St. Dunstan's, and particularly to Matron and staff for their dedicated care and kindness.

From Mrs. E. Tucker, Ynysybwl, near Pontypridd.

I would like to thank Pam in the Cookery Department on Wing Four, IFH, for the training she gave me on the Microwave oven, and I am glad to say I got on very well with it. I would also like to thank the staff at Ian Fraser House for the nice time I had while I was there to cook for three weeks. I am happy to tell you that I have bought a Microwave cooker. I am also glad to say that the weather was grand while we were in Brighton. That's all for now.

TREVOR TATCHELL ON RADIO CYPRUS

While on holiday in Cyprus in June this year, Trevor Tatchell was interviewed by the British Forces Broadcasting Service about the British Wireless for the Blind Fund.

Each year BFBS hold an annual appeal to all British Servicemen overseas for contributions to the fund, and this year a record was set when they managed to raise about £10,000, thanks to the generosity of all those who contributed. As Trevor is a member of the executive committee of the Fund, he was able to explain its aims, namely to supply new radio and cassette sets to as many registered blind people as possible, and he commented how the fund was 'always staggered at the tremendous response it receives from British Forces overseas'.



The scene in sunny Queen's Park and evidence of some accurate bowling in the groups of woods.

THREE WEEKS BOWLING

by Ted Brown

Having just got over the hazards of the cold and wet open tournament at Weston-Super-Mare, we were looking forward very much to the Nationals at Southport from June 28th to July 4th 1986. As it was six weeks later the weather was absolutely perfect. We left home in brilliant sunshine and it remained so all the way.

Friday came with another promising opportunity of a good day's bowling, and boy we were right. The sun shone all day, and with the sun on our backs and our faces from one end of the rink to another, we lapped it up, every minute of it, and to think of the dreadful conditions we were bowling in the month before! Believe me, it was a good sign of things to come, and was that sign right? You bet.

There was a lot of activity early on Saturday morning, getting the cases and other luggage down to the entrance ready for loading. With breakfast over we went down and met the local bowlers who had been brought in by the transport section and who were to play a big part in the next three weeks. Time came for everyone to get aboard the coach, and after a roll call

and having made sure the tea and lunch boxes were on, the order was given: 'Move 'em out,' and the coach moved slowly out of Ovingdean to our destination, Southport. What a very good journey it turned out to be. We made fabulous time to our first scheduled stop for tea and you know what. The weather was still sunny and warm, and it followed us all the way. The new motorways have certainly made travelling very quick and comfortable. After the allocation of rooms, and the conveying of cases to our rooms where we unpacked, showered and changed into something comfortable for dinner. But after we had finished dinner there wasn't much left of the evening because the service in the dining room was so poor. Most people had an early night and were looking forward to the next day, Sunday, when the tournament started.

The tournament was opened by His Worship the Mayor of Southport, with the usual opening welcome speech, and then delivering the first bowl down the green and declaring the tournament open.

The local interest and from outlying

districts especially Bolton, was absolutely magic. As a matter of interest to all you readers some of the bowlers from the sighted club of Bolton were so impressed they stayed in hotels quite close to the greens instead of going home each day. You may have read before about sighted people being amazed at the high standard of bowling throughout the whole week. Also, to play in the sunshine every day it was more than a joy to do two if not three matches a day, win or lose. While I am on that subject of winning and losing, I think that Southport was the best tournament for sportsmanship, markers and helpers, and the weather couldn't have been better if it was specially ordered for the occasion. If the hotel service in the dining room could have matched that, it would have been next to heaven.

We had two trips out with some of the other competitors, but it didn't turn out as well as we had expected. But the next trip to the fashion show was enjoyed by the wives; while the men got together and chatted about different things — you can bet most of it was about bowls and how much the ladies were spending. On the Friday night a reception was given by the Mayor in the hotel, which was very unusual as they usually give the reception followed by the presentation of trophies. But as he seemed to be full up with other engagements, we had to have it in the hotel ballroom where the dancing commenced after the Mayor's party had left, but that didn't really last very long because there was the rest of the packing to be done. An early night was indicated, ready for the long haul home back to Ian Fraser House.

Trophies

Although the bowling was of a very high standard and the Nationals are always more competitive than any of the other tournaments, we only managed one first and that was in the totally blind section. But because of the quality and consistency of our bowlers, three have been asked to represent England against Wales in Penarth in September. I'm sure you'll be interested to know who they are: in the totally blind section, J. Cope and P. Stubbs;



Steve Blake, winner of the singles, pairs and triples at Queen's Park.

and in the partially sighted, Ted Brown. Unfortunately, through personal reasons, Percy and Katie will now have to decline the invitation.

By playing for England this year, and being consistent for the rest of the year, we will go a long way towards being chosen to play in the fourth World Bowls in three years time, and that's a good goal to go for, so keep the good work up and good luck to you all for the rest of the season.

Fun Bowling at Queens Park

With the weather still holding well on Monday, July 7th, we started what we called our fun fortnight. It consisted of one week's bowling of mixed triples and pairs, and a separate one for singles in each category, and what a contest it turned out to be. Surprises? I'll say, 'No, I didn't win anything,' much to everyone's surprise, but how nice it was to see bowlers winning something for the very first time — it makes up for all the other disappointments.

It was a tournament with a difference. Instead of trophies for the bowlers, we gave presents to the wives and that went



A crucial measure decides the outcome of the singles final between Steve Blake and Ron Freer at Queen's Park.

down very well with them — it was a little appreciation shown to the wives for the help they give on the bowling green throughout the year. But I think one bowler was just a little disappointed he didn't win a trophy, and that was the star of the tournament . . . Yes, it was the star of Wonder, star of Light, not even a beauty, but boy how he did fight — yes, it was the one and only Stevie Wonder (Steve Blake). He has been playing for 27 years and has never won a trophy, but he won the singles, pairs and triples. Don't let us forget the others in the pairs and triples that helped him on to his hat-trick.

But you haven't heard the funny bit yet: after he had won two of the competitions, his wife said to him, 'What will you get for that Steve?' he replied, 'I don't know, go and ask Ted.' She did, and when I told her, 'Nothing', she repeated, 'Nothing?' I said, 'That's right my dear, what would you like?' I don't know if she was disappointed or stunned, but I can assure you when it came to the presentation I think they were all very happy with the presents they received. I'll give you an idea of some of them: there were carriage clocks, silver

goblets, silver-plated hip flasks, miniature ice buckets, a beautiful bell in very nice pottery, souffle dishes, and the one special for Steve, was a very nice rosebowl.

Presentations were made in the annexe on Friday night, July 11th, where everyone seemed to have had a great time. We had a very good raffle with an abundance of prizes, so we saved some of them for the Saturday night hop. I would at this juncture thank all those people who gave so generously with the prizes, and sellers of the raffle tickets — on both nights you did a magnificent job girls, I can't express my thanks enough for all you've done. And on the list of thank you's, let me thank Commander Conway for supplying a wonderful buffet, and to Paul and his staff for presenting and laying it out so well, as he always does. I would also like to thank Major Neve for once again presenting the prizes, and spending the evening with us all. The band was in its usual lively mood. We also had as our guests members of the Royal British Legion Bowling Club against whom we were to play a match the following week, Mrs. Evelyn Bridge, Tom Fisher and Ted and Vi Bradford who have

helped us throughout the year, in and outdoors. At the end of the evening we were beginning to get a little tired and we had to get away after breakfast in the morning for our first away match.

Margate

On the Saturday morning 20 bowlers with their wives, helpers and escorts, left Ian Fraser House to put Margate on the map as regards visually handicapped bowling. We were acting as ambassadors for the ENAVHB, and Margate is where the National Tournament is being held in 1987. After having a little difficulty in finding the actual bowling greens, which by the way is called the Lucas Dane Bowling Club, we were met by their secretary and after everyone had assembled the Mayor and Mayoress arrived and said a few words of welcome and then opened the game by the usual delivery of the first bowl.

What they didn't tell us was that we were to play the fully sighted team as they had only four visually handicapped bowlers, but I can assure you it didn't deter our players at all — they got on with the game and made a marvellous job of it. When it was over the club had to admit that they wouldn't want to play us under our conditions — that's how impressively the team played. After having a welcome cup of tea speeches of thanks were made by both captains and they assured us there wouldn't be a lack of help in the next year's tournament. We left Margate feeling very proud that the Association had been well represented. On the way back to Brighton we called in at a lovely old hotel, I think it was called the Royal Oak Hotel. After we had finished our dinner we all said that we would like to go there again sometime in the future. Yes folks, the food was marvellous and all home-made, superb, that's all I'm going to say as it's making my mouth water.

Sunday was a day for those who wanted to go to church and then rest up for the day out on Monday. This trip took us to Leeds Castle in Kent, and what a day. The weather was still very hot and the sort of day you want for walking round the grounds of any place. We had a beautiful lunch in the most attractive looking barn,

which consisted of dining areas, bars, shops and other things to spend your money on, and I'm sure everyone had a good day. After a light tea we made our way back to Ian Fraser House again. I think most of us went to bed early because of the early start we had to make in the morning.

Day Trip

We left at 8.30 and made our way to Newhaven for our day trip to Dieppe. I must say the Immigration staff were very helpful indeed, letting our party aboard first, and also first off. This happened both ways, and I know everyone in the party appreciated the help very much. Most of us sat on the deck in the sun until we were half way there, then the mist came down and got thicker as the boat got nearer to France, but at least it wasn't cold.

We went ashore and went to our favourite restaurant and had a very nice lunch, and a good drink of wine, and then the ladies went off to the shops and left us happily sitting outside in the warm sun drinking lager. With the exception of cream cakes I don't think they got much shopping done, but they waited till they were back on board and went to the duty free shops — very sensible I thought. When we arrived in Newhaven, an officer took us to the front of the gangway and when the boat docked, took us a short way out, straight through to where our bus was waiting. By the time we got back we were almost whacked, which meant straight to bed after another very enjoyable day. After a rest on Wednesday, we went and did battle against the British Legion Bowling Club. As usual we all had a great time. This has become an annual event and everyone looks forward to it each year. We don't worry about results in these matches, we test our skills against theirs, and like every other side they are more than surprised at our skill.

Elmbridge was the next team on our list, and we played them at Preston Park on the last Saturday. It ended in the annexe with music on records, and we entertained Elmbridge until sadly, time came for them to return home, but a jolly good time was had by all, and would you believe? They



Congratulations all round at the end of a match between 'Johnnie' Cope and Percy Stubbs.

have booked a day for next year. That's right.

Words of thanks

It doesn't matter how much you thank people for helping you. You just couldn't say enough to cover it all, but please be a little more patient. I will try and be as brief as possible.

Firstly, I must thank the staff at HQ for the marvellous way that they organise things from start to finish. A great big thank you to Mrs. Tina Coyne who must be absolutely worn out at the end of a day, what with the booking accommodation, then the transport, and the forms before and after a stay at IFH or in London — our grateful thanks to you Tina, and keep up the good work.

Now to the various sections at IFH. I must at this stage thank all the members of the transport staff. A big thank you to Felix and his drivers, they did us proud. They were very helpful wherever they went, short or long journeys, and obviously without their co-operation we couldn't have achieved much at all. I don't know how to start thanking Joyce in the

transport office. She was magnificent, organising transport all times of the day, not only that, making sure that refreshments had been ordered for various trips. And of course when Joyce wasn't there you can bet your boots that Barbara was there to help. I know how much running about she does for everybody — without thanking her and the rest of the office staff would be a sin.

I must thank all the catering staff upstairs and in the dining room, they certainly put up with a lot during this year, but I think they take it all in their stride. It is nice to be able to have a laugh and joke with them when things get hectic — thank you very much, and to Paul and Billy for the wonderful buffets you lay on when required — smashing.

Last but not least, or not quite last, I would like to thank Commander Conway and his staff for the help and co-operation shown during our stay, and a very happy one it was too. Thanks to all the C.A.'s that gave their time indoors and on the outdoor greens — you were a great help. I would like to thank Commander Conway personally for sparing so much of his time to make a lot of things possible, especially in the last week. Thank you again Commander, very much.

I have left until last to thank a man that altered more papers than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that man is Jock Carnochan. From one competition to another he is continually receiving entry forms from all over the country, especially after the closing dates have been announced, but he will always do his utmost to see if he can squeeze anyone in the programme, as he did repeatedly this July tournament. And Jock, I would like on behalf of all the bowlers, their wives and friends to thank you very much indeed for the hard work you put in for our last tournament which was a great success. By the way Jock, I did apologise for you on the Friday night and everyone understood your heavy programme in the next fortnight. Thanks once again.

By the way everybody I have been saying 'I would like to thank ...' but I have been doing it all on your behalf, I'm sure you realise that. Cheerio all, and good bowling till we meet again.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

Now and Then

When my wife Margaret and I followed the rough path to the Iron Bridge the other day, built by the Cairngorm Club of Aberdeen before the First World War, we were revisiting the spot which last saw us descending from Aviemore. The Larig Gru is the longest and most arduous hill pass in the British Isles, and when you stand amongst the boulders of its summit at 2,733 feet, you are flanked on one side by Braeriach and on the other by Ben Macdhui, two of only seven 4000-footers in these islands. Ptarmigan croak, a buzzard soars above you, and if it is sunset the rocks burn red here in its last refulgence.

There are three shelters in the Larig, as it is called: Luibeg, Corroul and the Sinclair hut, and on that distant occasion Margaret and I spent nights in all of them, getting the primus going, unrolling our sleeping bags, and thinking about what to do next day — an ascent of Carn a' Mhaim, Braeriach, or the Devil's Point, a stroll into the gloomy abyss of Glen Giubhseachan, or just resting where we were and chatting with what climbers or walkers might look in.

A blind man is slowed down to a snail's pace in the boulders of the Larig, especially on the descent, and as we dropped down to the Sinclair hut, my hand on Margaret's rucksack, my big stick helping me along, it's not impossible that beetles were overtaking us which happened to be going the same way. Here we were accosted by a middle-aged Pole, a very well-dressed one with map and binoculars, who would question us on some matter of topography or terrain. What he said next has long been a family joke at Roseangle. 'But only,' said our expatriate friend, 'if you're not in a hurry.'

Well, in due course on this expedition we got down to the Iron Bridge, the waters of the Beanaidhe burn babbling below, the pines of the Rothiemurchus whispering, and now here we were again, Margaret and I, some 12 years subse-

quently and under circumstances so different as to suggest another planet in another age. Far from roughing it in howffs and bothies, heather on the floor and globules of damp on the walls, we were accommodated in the luxury of the Coylum Bridge Hotel, television in the bedrooms and tea-making machine, accommodated there furthermore not at our own expense but that of the body who had got us up to Aviemore in the first place, Scottish Television. While Margaret assisted the assistant-producer, her yoke being easy and her burden light, I was to fraternise in front of the cameras with someone who might be called the doyen of present day Scottish mountaineering — the climber, ornithologist, photographer and writer, Tom Weir. Perhaps his sister, Molly, may be remembered as Tattie McIntosh in Tommy Handley's wartime ITMA extravaganzas.

On a golden September day, reflections in Loch an Eilean and flocks of crested tits flying around, the filming was concluded in eight hours, we parted from Tom Weir, the production crew, and one Dermot McQuarry's assistant, the delicious Morag, but as we motored down the A9, Margaret and I, by way of Drumochter Pass, Blair Atholl and Dunkeld on the way home, it was less of our present experiences that we were thinking — the meeting with old Tom Weir, the extravagant intricacies of making a film for TV, the Iron Bridge as this now stood for a new world and a new era — than of epic past day when ptarmigan croaked in the Larig, a buzzard soared overhead, and at the end of a day on Carn a' Mhaim an ascent of Braeriach, a stroll in the past-hags and rocks of Glen Giubhseachan; luxury consisted not in sole mornay and black forest gâteau at the Coylum Bridge, but a roaring primus in Luibeg, Corroul or the Sinclair hut, a fire of bog-stumps hard won from the hags of Glen Dee, a sleeping bag soiled with bacon grease, peat dust and paraffin.



Bett and Dick Hall with their hosts Don and Joan Smith in the 'Blue Mountains.'

A TRIP 'DOWN UNDER'

An Australian Holiday, by Dick Hall

Hong Kong had been a bit of a disappointment. We had decided to 'stop over' for a couple of nights, but having been unlucky with the weather we were glad to be settled down for the 8-hour overnight flight to Sydney. We had some lively company too, because inadvertently we had chosen to travel on the Chinese New Year's Eve and the plane was packed with Chinese families 'going home' for the holiday.

Sydney took us by surprise — as we stepped on the tarmac it was rather like walking into a Turkish bath (104°F and high humidity at 10 o'clock in the morning.) Fortunately our Aussie friends Don and Joan Smith were there to meet us and whisk us away to their delightful home, about 10 miles south of the airport. First stop — the swimming pool, followed by ice

cold drinks and then forty winks to lay the jetlag bogey.

The special 'welcome barbecue' which was laid on for us that evening marked the beginning of a week during which we were taken around the sights and entertained practically non-stop.

It was Don, a war-time and civilian pilot with 43 years flying time behind him, who 'marked our card' so that we didn't fall into the tourist trap of trying to see the whole of Australia in five minutes — instead we found ourselves early one morning on a luxury coach heading north up the Pacific Highway to Brisbane. The service (the only one of its kind) is a daylight one with an overnight stop at Port Macquarie, where we had been booked into a comfortable motel. On arrival the

following day at Currumbin, famous for its bird sanctuary, we were met by old mates of ours, Frank and Peggy Gander, who had emigrated from Brighton last year. Once again we were treated like royalty — wining and dining and meeting lots of kind folk. On one of the rare occasions when I was allowed to take the chair, we took our hosts to the RSL Club (Returned Servicemen's League), Twin Towns, so-named because it represents Coolangatta in Queensland and Tweeds Head in N.S. Wales.

More about RSLs later . . . but suffice to say that after a first-class meal in one of the three restaurants (Max Bygraves was doing his cabaret act in the one upstairs) we adjourned to the bar for drinks and to 'play the pokies.' 'Play what?' we asked. We soon found out, because we went into the next room — about four times the size of the Lounge at IFH — in which were installed 450 of what we call one-armed bandits. Try to imagine the scene: rows and rows of these pokey machines with their flashing lighted screens, looking like a giant Chinese laundry, and the punters chucking in their ackers like there was no tomorrow!

Bill Reid

The only addresses that I had of St. Dunstaners were miles away from anywhere, but just before leaving home I had recollected a story in one of the *Reviews* about a blind Australian potter. Bett found the article about a chap named Bill Reid in the March 81 issue. The only clues about his address were the names 'Benowa' and 'Kenmore' in Queensland. With a bit of help from Frank we located Kenmore about 60 miles to the north; of Benowa, not a trace. Eventually, after a great deal of phoning, wire-pulling and name-dropping (sorry Sir Henry!) we nailed down Bill at his seaside apartment at Surfers Paradise on Queensland's Gold Coast, with glamorous views across the Nerang River and Pacific Ocean.

Our meeting with Bill and his charming wife Dilys was a memorable one. Pre-war Bill had been 'in beef' — a grazier, and like most people brought up in the Outback, a

man of few words, but what he does say is very much to the point! He suffered a stroke two years ago which has left him unable to do his beloved pottery. Bill lost his sight in Burma whilst a Jap POW and commenced potting in 1945 at Concord Repatriation Hospital in Sydney. All his work is both decorative and functional, his famous bark pots are a distinctive reminder of the Bottle Brush tree bark as he remembers it, and are collectors' pieces in 29 countries. With overseas markets for his centring arm device well established, Bill is an inspiration to all who know and admire his work. He also continues to do a spot of lecturing to his pottery students — at the age of 76! When we left Bill gave Bett one of his vases as a memento of our visit — it now has a special place in our home.

Some 'serious' touring

The following morning saw us back on our travels, on the coach heading south towards Sydney (600-odd miles) but this time with five weeks to do it in. We had booked 'open tickets' which meant that we could stop where and for as long as we liked, so the world (at least the N.S. Wales Pacific coast) was our oyster.

First stop — Ballina. It turned out to be ideal — a small town on the coast at the mouth of the Richmond River and noted for its fishing and sailing facilities. As we had booked into a comfortable motel we decided to stay over for three days — three weeks would not have been too long. But we have to move on, next stop Grafton, about three hours coach ride through superb scenery. Arriving at Grafton in the sweltering heat of the afternoon, the first person we spoke to to get our bearings turned out to be the town drunk! We were rescued by Fran Hampshire, a charming lady who promptly loaded our cases into her car and off we went. First stop, the town jail (which incidentally bears a remarkable resemblance to our own Lewes Prison) followed by a non-stop tour of all points of interest including the city's pride and joy — the 4000 trees including the hundreds of jacarandas for which Grafton is famous and which provide very welcome shade in the heat of the day. Fran called us the next day and drove us out

Holiday in Australia *continued*

into the hills where they are building their new home and where we met the family and were made to feel thoroughly 'at home'.

Grafton has managed to preserve a certain kind of serenity and old-time charm which fits in with its enviable climate. Its setting on the banks of the mighty Clarence River with Susan and Elizabeth Islands at the doorstep makes it a memorable picture for the mind's eye. We ended a four day stay at Grafton by catching the coach south to Coffs Harbour. Here we found ourselves sitting on the steps of the courthouse with a delightful travelling companion, Sharon Teece. She introduced us to her mother, Sue ('She's a good sport') who immediately packed us, bags and all, into her car. She dropped us off at a handy motel with an open invitation to her home around the corner. Sharon had been away for a year working in a gold mine in Western Australia where they get their full quota of sunshine. She was 'as brown as a berry' as they say, and those legs of hers are another one for the mind's eye!

The area around Coffs Harbour is known locally as the 'Banana Republic' because of the large number of banana plantations which seem to stretch for miles around. It is used very much by people from Sydney who slip off up to the Pacific Highway (about 400 miles!) for a weekend's fishing or sailing. Sue Teece sent us off on our renewed journey south by laying on an old-fashioned afternoon tea — home-baked scones and cakes — and delivering us spot-on at the coach terminal.

Port Macquarie

And so to Port Macquarie . . . Here's the place Bett had set her heart on — and she wasn't far wrong. We had been tipped off by a couple, whom we had met up with in Ballina (they were on the same hookum as ourselves i.e. travelling 'light and easy') about some private apartments. We had phoned the owner, Mrs. Mary Mersner, who, as soon as we mentioned the name of our contacts, said that if she wasn't there to see us in 'she'd leave the key in the door'.

Needless to say we knew we were onto a winner! We stayed for nearly two weeks at what must be one of the most desirable spots in the world, let alone Australia. Our apartment, which had every amenity but in a homely style, was ideally located — about 100 yards north of the Hastings River and 200 yards east of the Pacific Ocean. Add to that the fact that we hardly saw a cloud in the sky during our stay and you can get some idea of a very pleasant 'billet'.

My 'introduction' to Roy Power took the form of a non-sale — I had gone into a sports shop for one of those floppy white hats popular with cricketers these days. When I tried one on the proprietor said with a grin 'Looks like a pimple on a . . .' I finished it off for him by adding ' . . . Pig's behind, (although the latter wasn't the word I used!) We both knew then that we came from the same background — Roy turned out to be a 'refugee' from Brighton — he had gone out to Australia after an eventful life — the Marines, racing car driver, 'minder' — you name it, he'd done it — a terrific guy. We got to know him and his wife, Jill, because he used to insist on our calling in at least once every day — just to listen to our lingo, he would say.

Roy and Jill made sure that we enjoyed our last day with them. They picked us up in the morning, then over to their home where we met 'Mum' for drinks and lunch. This was followed by a trip out into the bush, over dirt roads ending up at a gloriously rural homestead by a billabong where, of all things, the highlight was a 'Devonshire Tea' — served with four different flavoured scones and an assortment of five home-made jams (the scones where that big I said they reminded me of babies' heads — Bett said I mustn't be rude!) plus a great big platter of . . . you've guessed it . . . Devonshire cream!

Whilst in Port Macquarie we were able to get a good insight into the running of an RSL Club. We were welcomed the first evening and made honorary members for the duration of our stay. The club premises are modern and boast every possible amenity — a restaurant and a cafeteria (first-class catering at value-for-money prices), three bars and the

inevitable 'pokey' machines, swimming pool, theatre, ballroom, snooker room (6 tables) and a gymnasium — all under the control of a professional management team headed by a General Manager.

There is also a separate part of the building where the offices of the sub-branch are located. The sub-branch is almost identical to our own Royal British Legion and similarly looks after the welfare side of ex-servicemen and women. They hold their meetings in the 'Hut', so-called because their first premises were a nissen hut! I had the privilege of meeting the President, Mike McGrath, who quickly made me feel at ease, and concluded by giving me a couple of souvenirs to take home with us. Yes, the RSL's are a way of life in Australia, and any visitor would be well-advised to get to know them — there's always a 'Welcome' sign on the mat.

CALIBRE

CALIBRE is a free postal lending library of books recorded onto ordinary standard cassettes for the blind and handicapped, in fact for anyone unable to read printed books. The library has around 3000 titles, fiction and non-fiction. In addition to the well-known classics, current and new best sellers are added every week. All books are full and unabridged as published, read on to tape by professional readers i.e. actors and actresses, voluntarily in their own homes.

CALIBRE is free to individuals who supply a certificate signed by a doctor stating that they are 'unable to read printed books.' Members are then entitled to two books which can be kept for four weeks. For an application form and a sample sheet of books write to CALIBRE, Aylesbury, Bucks, HP20 1HU, or telephone (0296) 32339 or 81211. When the forms are returned, with doctor's certificate, your first book will be despatched together with a full printed catalogue of books.

The service is made possible by the generosity of donors and benefactors. As it costs around £16 a year to supply each member with two recorded books, any donations are much appreciated. Running costs are kept to a minimum as most of the work is done by volunteers.

Our last few days were really a sort of assignment. I had promised Jimmy Wright we would try and look up an old friend of his. After a bit of 'research' we located Vida O'Dwyer in Kurin Gai, a small hamlet about 25 miles north of Sydney. She and husband Jack, a pre-war jumps jockey, had booked us into a Toohey's motel. We arrived on St. Patrick's Day so you can imagine what a lively evening we had with all those Irish connections. Our last evening was spent with the O'Dwyers at their RSL Club — a memorable evening with a charming couple for company.

All good things come to an end, so early next morning a fast train into Sydney — coach to the airport and up and away. Stop-over again for a couple of days in Hong Kong — much warmer this time — then the final hop into Gatwick and 'Home Sweet Home'.

RECIPES BY TOM AND BETTY PAGE

Malt Loaf

Ingredients

1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
1 cup All-bran
1 cup dried fruit
1 cup self-raising flour

Mix all ingredients together, except the flour. Leave to stand overnight, then add flour. Mix well and put into a greased loaf-tin. Bake for 1½ hours, regulo 300°F, Gas 2.

Coconut cake/Walnut cake

Ingredients

4 oz margarine
3 oz castor sugar
6 oz self-raising flour
1 egg
2 Tbspns milk
1 Tbspn syrup
2 oz chopped walnuts (for walnut cake) *or*
2 oz chopped coconut (for coconut cake)

Cream margarine and sugar, then add the syrup, milk and egg, then add coconut or walnut, and then the flour. Stir the mixture well. Pour into a 7 or 8-inch baking tin. Cook at 325°F or Gas 3 for 50 minutes.



The shooting line in the garden of Buckingham Palace.

Archers' Command Performances

Story and Pictures: David Castleton

Tommy Gaygan in action at the Palace.



On July 22nd a St. Dunstan's coach drew up at the Grosvenor Gate of Buckingham Palace to be ushered in by the policeman on duty. Soon targets and bosses were standing on the immaculate lawn in the Palace garden not far from the lake. A net was erected to prevent the loss of stray arrows in the water and practice shooting began.

The occasion was the 'Not Forgotten' Association's Garden Party for disabled ex-servicemen and women and even before the scheduled start of the demonstration crowds gathered to watch the 'sighter' arrows being shot.

Our team members clad in their uniform black track-suits, their ladies acting as spotters all in white dresses, were Eric Bradshaw, Tommy Gaygan, Jerry Lynch, Charlie McConaghy, Norman Perry and Stan Sosabowski. Their coaches, Ted Bradford and Laurie Austin were there with the club's Lady Paramount, Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre. Many of the onlookers found it hard to believe the archers

were blind as arrow after arrow found the target — many in the gold. Conditions for the shoot were excellent — smooth ground and no wind.

Afterwards, during the entertainment which followed tea in the great marquee, our team was asked to stand to receive generous applause from the company of some 450 people.

From the stately home to another almost as prestigious, Harewood House, Leeds, St. Dunstan's archers went to take part in the 1986 Game Fair organised by the Country Land-Owners' Association.

This time they were George Allen, Eric Bradshaw, Tommy Gaygan, George Hudson, Jerry Lynch, Charlie McConaghy, Ted Paris and Norman Perry. Once again the coaches in charge of shooting were Ted Bradford and Laurie Austin. The Fair attracts hundreds of thousands of people over three days — this year from Thursday July 31st to Saturday August 2nd. It represents a hard four days for the archers and their wives and helpers — Wednesday

being devoted to setting up the shooting area and practice, this year in very wet conditions.

The archery was placed on a sloping site just below the house and overlooking a valley and lake. For the Fair this valley and the grounds all around had been turned into a city of marquees and tents — archery, fishing, sporting dogs, Morris dancers, clay-pigeon shooting, it all happens at the Game Fair, which created traffic jams all around Harewood, morning and evening.

This meant early starts from the hotel in Harrogate for the team to be in place by 9.30 each morning. The demonstration was continuous all day, the archers shooting four at a time in alternating sessions. To make the sport more interesting for archers and spectators two teams were chosen: Norman Perry's *Perishers* and Tommy Gaygan's *Gargoyles*. The *Perishers* and the *Gargoyles* competed over the first two days of the Fair — on their combined overall totals the *Perishers* won by 5382 to 5104.

The Buckingham Palace team: (left to right) Ted Bradford, coach in charge; Eric Bradshaw; Charlie McConaghy; Tommy Gaygan; Stan Sosabowski; Laurie Austin, coach; (kneeling) Norman Perry and Jerry Lynch.





George Hudson explains the finer points of his bow to two young visitors.

Jerry Lynch on the shooting line.



Details: (Individual positions are shown in brackets.)

<i>Perishers</i>	
Norman Perry	1471 (3)
Jerry Lynch	1047 (8)
George Hudson	1595 (1)
Eric Bradshaw	1269 (4)

<i>Gargoyles</i>	
Tommy Gaygan	1577 (2)
Ted Paris	1190 (5)
George Allen	1187 (6)
Charlie McConaghy	1150 (7)

On Saturday, the final day of the Fair, a team of eight from the Lancashire Visually Handicapped Archery Club came to challenge St. Dunstan's. Although the day was dry and sunny, there was a strong wind to contend with. Despite this, good scores were obtained and the result was a clear win for St. Dunstan's. Three dozen arrows were shot at 20 yds in a 60cm face and three dozen at 20 yds on a 122cm face.

The top three archers on handicap adjusted scores were:

- 1st Tommy Gaygan (St. Dunstan's) 1520
- 2nd Phyllis Hayes (Lancashire V.H.A.C.) 1487
- 3rd Ted Paris (St. Dunstan's) 1486



Shooting at the Game Fair: Tommy Gaygan; Eric Bradshaw; Ted Paris and George Hudson.

Top scorers were:

- Joe Prendergast (Lancashire V.H.A.C.) 592
- George Hudson (St. Dunstan's) 494

Presentations were made by Captain Mark Arkwright, Country Land-Owners' Association Liaison Committee Member, who congratulated both teams — and there was a huge cheer for Tommy Gaygan, our handless archer, when he received the cup.

After freshening up at the Dirlton Hotel in Harrogate, both teams dined together at the Hospitality Inn nearby. After dinner the company returned to Dirlton Hotel, where they took over the Lounge for a sing-song and celebratory champagne toast in Tommy Gaygan's cup.

Laurie Austin, coach and pioneer of archery in St. Dunstan's, and his wife Amey received a presentation from the St. Dunstan's team for their 45th wedding anniversary that day. The team also presented a sculptured stainless steel target and stand to Ted Bradford, Chief Coach.

The Lancashire team departed with thanks to St. Dunstaners for their hospitality and friendship, bringing to an end a week that all agreed had been exceptionally good.

Charlie McConaghy in a determined mood.





Lieutenant-General Sir Maurice Johnstone with Stan Coe.

LONDON REUNION, July 5th

It has become the tradition in recent years that the reunion season is wound up in London at the Hotel Russell and so it was on July 5th, 1986. It may have been the year's last reunion but there were two firsts. It was the first time the two halves of the London Reunion were brought together and it was the first reunion presided over by Lieutenant-General Sir Maurice Johnstone, K.C.B., O.B.E., who was accompanied by Lady Johnston.

88 St. Dunstaners with their wives or escorts and 24 widows made up the greater part of the company which, with guests, staff and retired staff numbered 227.

Sir Maurice welcomed them all when he rose to speak after lunch. He began: 'This is my first reunion since I joined St. Dunstan's in January and firstly I would like to say on behalf of my wife and myself that I am really 'chuffed', if you understand the expression, really 'chuffed' to have joined an organisation full of such wonderful people who do so much and who make me feel very humble in the way in which they cope with all their difficulties, the way in which they have so many interests and activities. The list I have read

of all the activities of St. Dunstaners here today is staggering. I wish I could do even a quarter of them myself!

Sir Maurice had a special word of welcome for the widows of St. Dunstaners attending, saying he was very glad to have been part of the Council that took the decision to invite widows to future reunions. He paid a warm tribute to the late Mr. Douglas Wills. 'As I am sure most of you know,' he continued, 'There are enormous improvements going on in our four establishments. Harcourt Street has been completed, Ian Fraser House has been completed and work is going on now at Pearson House and our hostel in London. We are trying to bring the accommodation up to the most modern standards and those of you who have seen the tremendous improvement to Ian Fraser House and Harcourt Street will know the standards we are trying to set.'

He concluded with further welcomes to Mr. F. Harman, of Ilford and Mr. E.J. King, of Colindale, St. Dunstaners attending their first reunion and to Mr. Gerard Frost, recently appointed Chief Accountant to St. Dunstan's.

Mr. Tom Hart, of Sandwich, spoke on behalf of St. Dunstaners, saying how delighted everyone was to have Sir Maurice and Lady Johnston at the reunion. 'When I was in Ian Fraser House a few months ago I was reminded of the time, in 1946, when as young students, we were invited down there for a physiotherapy conference held by First War St. Dunstaners. We thought they were all fuddy-duddies but, when we look back, they were only in their fifties — 15-20 years younger than we are today. But they were great characters and we held them in great esteem and had great respect for them and they gave us a tremendous lot of help.'

In those days at Ovingdean each floor was one big dormitory, Tom recalled, 'From the screen doors down to the fire doors at the other end there was just a row of beds stretching out in the distance with the ablutions near the walls. To try and get an early night was impossible, the others came in counting the beds with their sticks. I wonder what they would think, if they came back to the place as it is today with its first-class accommodation and everything that goes with it. We can only thank the Council of St. Dunstan's for

their foresight and for bringing these things about.'

'I am sure you would all like to send to Sir Michael Ansell, our retiring President, our very best wishes and hope that the flowers on his farm will bloom for many years to come. Last of all I would like to say congratulations to our new President, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, who is a wonderful blind man, who will help us and help the name of St. Dunstan's for many, many more years to come.'

'I would like to thank the organisers of this reunion today — Miss Lord, Miss Davis and Mrs. Jackson for this, the biggest reunion we have had in London for many, many years.' Tom Hart thanked the staff of the Hotel Russell and concluded with a final word of thanks: 'There's only two of them left, from Lord Fraser's day; who spend their time down in the cloakroom making sure St. Dunstaners are comfortable and they've washed their hands before they come to lunch!'

The rest of the day was filled with chat and reminiscences, there was dancing before tea and the prize draw — and when we left there was another first for many years: it was raining when we all emerged into Russell Square!

Mrs. Dudley presents a bouquet to Lady Johnston.





David Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mills, Bernard Blacker and Elsie Aldred at the Thames Barrier. Photo: Lois Stringer.

Tape Recording Week, June 1986

By Jim Padley

Our annual meeting opened on a sad note as our thoughts were with Harold Smith, who sadly passed away last December. He and Winnie had in past years organised our week for us with great enthusiasm and energy. Harold will be missed by us all.

David Bell offered to chair the meeting and is now our new Chairman supported by Barbara Bell, Bernard Blacker, Gordon Smith and Jim Padley. Fred Mills was welcomed as a new member. Suggestions are requested for future interesting venues. We listened to a recording of bird songs which had been recorded by Roy David who unfortunately was not able to be with us this year.

Our first trip out was to the Bentley Wildfowl and Motor Museum. We all went our different ways: some straight to the Wildfowl Park where there were hundreds

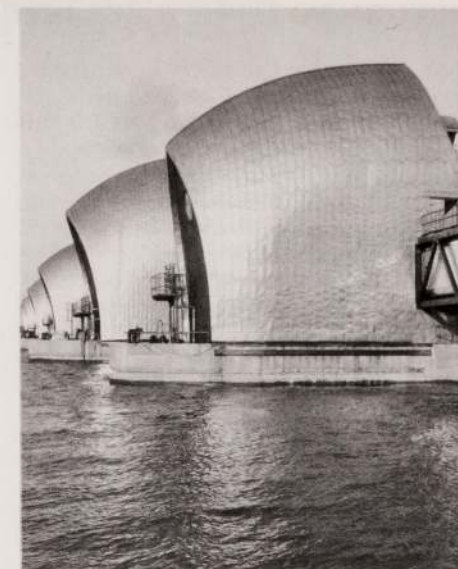
of geese, ducks, flamingoes and swans all making a cacophony of sound though none so strident as the peacocks who were roaming everywhere. Others of us went to the Motor Museum where we were lucky enough to have a very knowledgeable young lady guide, Miss Angela Simpson, who explained all the Veteran, Edwardian and Vintage vehicles to us in great detail. We also had a short tour of Bentley House with another helpful guide.

Our day to visit the GLC Thames Barrier started in the rain at Westminster Pier where we boarded our boat to travel downstream. The bar, for hot rum toddies etc. was well used while we sat and listened to a very detailed commentary of the buildings we were passing and learnt of the changes over the years. We arrived at what is known as the 'Eighth Wonder of

the World' and walked in the rain along the new riverside promenades and terraces to find the coach and Ben with our packed lunches. The visit to the exhibition centre where we were entertained by an audio-visual presentation was overwhelming, we were surrounded by sounds of the river and its environments from pre-Roman days through the war to the present day, and also heard how with the use of modern technology the Thames Barrier itself was constructed, a real modern miracle.

Thursday was 'Bird Song' day which started with Ivor Robinson, who is an enthusiastic wildlife recordist, giving us a practical demonstration of the equipment he uses and outlining the careful procedure necessary when recording in the field. In the late evening Ivor took us to a West Sussex wood where we tried to put into practice what we had learnt from him. Some of us were lucky enough to record several bird songs including the cuckoo, thrush and the rare and unusual sound of the nightjar. At another stop on the way home we were very lucky to be able to record the beautiful song of the nightingale.

Our final visit was to the Radiophonic Workshop of the BBC at Maida Vale. This was a privilege as visitors are not normally allowed. We were met by the Head of the Studio, Brian Hodgson, who told us of the early days and how the studio came into being with a very interesting selection of the electronic sounds that had been composed for various BBC programmes, including a wonderful interpretation of 'Peace on Earth' which was a Christmas Day broadcast on Radio 1. We also met Paddy Kingsley who did his best to explain Voltage Control Synthesizers to us and Elizabeth Parker explained how she is composing the electronic must for



A close-up of the piers which house the hydraulic machinery powering the gates. Photo: Thames Barrier Visitors Centre.

an Australian saga which is due to be broadcast on Radio 4 from October 1987 to January 1988 — we look forward to hearing it. We now know what the famous BBC tea tastes like — or was it coffee! This was a very enlightening visit and I am sure that we all now listen to background music with more understanding and appreciation.

Once again our thanks go to Major Neve for the help he gives us in organising our weeks' activities and to Paul James, Catering Manager, and his staff for our packed meals and the excellent lunch that was arranged for us at St. Dunstan's headquarters. We expect that our next get-together will be the first week of June 1987 when we look forward to meeting any new tape recording enthusiasts.

MOBILITY ADVICE AND VEHICLE INFORMATION SERVICE (MAVIS)

This service has been set up by the Department of Transport in the hope of eventually providing a network of regional centres to supply practical advice on driving, car adaptations and car choice, both for disabled drivers and passengers. Besides this it offers free

information on all aspects of public and private transport and outdoor mobility for people with disabilities. For further information write to the Mobility Advice and Vehicle Information Service, Department of Transport, TRRL, Crowthorne, Berks, RG11 6AU, or phone 0344 779014.

RETURN TO THE BOCAGE 1986

John and Evelyn Cowan, of Rottingdean, recently accompanied his regiment, the Royal Norfolk Regiment, on a return visit to the Bocage in Normandy, one stop of a series in their slow and tentative progress through Europe during the war — the site of the long and bloody battle of Sourdeval on Pavée — to remember and pay tribute to all their comrades who died there.

Mr. Cowan, who was a No. 1 Bren gunner in B Company of the 1st Battalion, walked around with other ex-Servicemen from the regiment as they tried to retrace their footsteps, looking for the overgrown paths leading to Lebissey Wood and finding relics from the battle, like old water bottles. At Pavée they attended the unveiling ceremony of the memorial to Corporal Sidney Bates, also of B Company, whose bravery in the battle of the Perrier Ridge saved many lives and earned him a V.C. Mr. Cowan says he found it 'a very moving ceremony to a very brave man,' which evoked many memories, as did the visit to the Bayeux Cemetery on the last day. He met and had 'a good chat with' friends for the first time in many years, including Major Eric Cooper-Key who had commanded his company, and Ernie Seaman, a former stretcher bearer who had rescued him later on during the war. They also went to Grimbosq, where a memorial was unveiled in memory of



John Cowan, wearing regimental tie and badge.

Captain David Jamieson V.C., of the 7th Battalion.

Mr. Cowan will be joining members of his regiment on another trip, this time to Heilmond in Holland — the first place to be liberated, and this attributable to the action of the Norfolk Regiment from September to November 1944. He says that the Arnhem drop took place six days later, and he had 'watched them go over.' From there the regiment went to Germany where sadly, 23 days before the war finished, John Cowan was wounded.

Mr. Cowan has also been getting more involved with his regiment in other ways: in his spare time he has been busy making things for a raffle which is to be held at Christmas in aid of the ex-Servicemen of the regiment. He has sent them a stool, which 'they were very impressed with', and then a tray which has four 'pubs' on it.

The 'B Company': standing 7th from left is Major Cooper-Key, and 10th from left, John Cowan.



D.F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

Most of the colour in the garden will have gone now, apart from one or two spots, especially if there have been early frosts from the North Midlands upwards — so put some of the tender plants which are for flowering later on, under cover; or if they are tuberous cut away any surplus growth, dig them up and store in dry peat for next year. Keep them in places which are free from frost. Many trees will be starting to shed their leaves so get the broom going and put leaves on the compost heap or store them separately for future use round the roots of shrubs.

Fork over vegetable and flower beds which have finished their useful life. Cut off branches which have broken away on trees and shrubs. Where you have items getting a bit too tall, cut away the top growth. Give gravel paths a good roll and fill in any sunken places. Ensure that paved areas are tightly packed and if they are tending to part, fill in with cement when there is no frost about. This will keep weeds from taking hold in the cracks.

Vegetables

Keep the beds where you have items growing, free from weeds by hoeing regularly. Carry on forking over areas which are empty and give a sprinkling of lime. The frost will break down large lumps of soil.

Take up all root crops such as beet, carrots and potatoes and store for winter use. Remember to keep the beet and carrots in sand, and the potatoes in hessian sacks and cleaned of soil. All must be stored in places which are free from frost. Down in the South you can still put in some lettuce, provided they have some sort of cover like plastic sheeting. Lettuce can do all right in the greenhouse but do give some heat under frosty conditions, particularly at night. Sprouts planted for a later crop will need attention especially if they are growing a bit tall, so put in stakes, particularly in windy areas. Rhubarb crowns can be planted, but don't pick much during the first season.

Fruit

New trees can be planted towards the end of the month provided you have dug over areas and put compost and peat in the bottom of the holes, but don't plant during frosty conditions. It would be a good idea to put in a stout pole and tie the tree to it, so that roots are kept firm during windy conditions.

Put grease bands on the main trunks of apple trees, if not already done. Gather apples and pears as they get ripe but be careful not to bruise. It is a good thing to store apples wrapped in newspaper in boxes but do ensure they are all in good condition. Check over regularly to make certain you have no rotten fruit.

Prune apricots, cherries, currants and gooseberries. Growth on loganberries which bore fruit should be cut to the ground. Cut out canes of raspberries which fruited and leave only three or four for next year's crop. All runners on strawberries should be cut away.

Lawns

Put away the mower for the winter, see that it is fully cleaned up and put some oil on the moving parts. It might be a good idea to book in the machine for its annual overhaul and sharpening, so you are among the first to have the job done. Apply fertiliser this month to build up the grass on poor lawns which have not done too well this year. Fork the lawn over to let moisture penetrate, and fertilise. This will also allow the roots to get some air.

Flowers

Fork over all empty beds, especially where you had half hardy annuals etc. Dahlia tubers and gladioli corms should be lifted and dried off and then placed in containers (or sand or peat) in frost free places ready for use next season. It might be a good idea to sprinkle some yellow sulphur on them just in case there is mildew about.

Make certain that polyanthus are planted in their spring flowering places where there is a little shade so they get plenty of moisture. A few can be planted in pots to give a show on window sills or porches. I have found that they last a long time if they don't get too much heat, with plenty of moisture and feeding as they show colour.

Do ensure that you have all spring flowering bulbs in place, especially tulips which flower later on. Fork over anemone beds, which should be in sheltered places, and then put in corms. They often do well round the bottom of trees. It is also a good time to plant perennial seedlings and hardy spring flowering annuals, but don't put in half hardy annuals.

Greenhouse

Temperatures will be dropping, so see that windows are kept shut except in sunny warm conditions, and certainly shut each night, especially where there is frost about. Keep watering down to a minimum and no moisture in the atmosphere. It might be wise to set up a smoke cone and light it one evening, about halfway through the month, as a protection against pests and diseases. Check growing plants and discard any leaves and shoots which are in a poor state. Cover breakages with some yellow sulphur powder. I find this stuff heals many breakages, as well as leaves which are going off a little. In the

North, if you have some pot plants, it might be a good thing to have the heat on during frosty nights.

Where you are growing schizanthus for a good colour show in the New Year or even at Christmas, it will be a good thing to pinch out the tops to get really bushy plants and more of a show. Get all begonia tubers out of their pots and store in dry peat for the rest of the year. Here again, a sprinkling of yellow sulphur powder will keep them in good condition, as also for other tuberous items which are being kept till next year such as achimenes and gloxinias. Many people tend to dry these off in their pots by putting them on their sides and sorting them out early next season, to start off again. Carnations and chrysanthemums need disbudding to give good sized flowers of good quality. Tie in the main stems regularly so they don't break.

House plants

Keep all items away from windows, as frosts will be coming along soon. Don't put them too near radiators or they may dry off too quickly. Do keep plants moist, but not too much, and give feeds every so often. Fibrous rooted begonias will still be full of flower for a long time, but tuberous types will be just about over, so keep moisture down a little, then dry off and keep in a dry, warmish place for starting off next year in early spring.

KEN REVIS MAKES A PRESENTATION

Four ex-Sappers — Shirley Blackmore, Ernie Cookson, Bill Miller and Ken Revis — recently attended their annual Royal Engineers Veterans Weekend at Chatham on August 30th and 31st.

On their arrival Ken Revis was asked if he would present, on behalf of the Brighton branch of the Royal Engineers Association, a picture to the Regimental Sergeant-Major for their Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess. The picture is a reproduction of an oil painting which hangs

in the Imperial War Museum and depicts the little ships evacuating troops from Dunkirk in June 1940. The inscription reads: 'To the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess, Depot Regiment Royal Engineers from the Royal Engineers Association Brighton Branch.'

Ken adds, 'It was a very enjoyable weekend in all. And I would like to offer special thanks from St. Dunstan's to the Brighton Branch for escorting us all the way to Chatham.'



Arthur Carter (kneeling) with the Bolton bowling team. Photo: Bolton Evening News.

Arthur Bowls them over!

St. Dunstaner, Arthur Carter, of Bolton, turned in an amazing performance recently to help Bolton Bowling Club beat the County Triple Champions on the way to winning the Lancashire title. Aged 62, Mr. Carter was injured on war service with the Navy in 1944, is blind in one eye and has only 10 per cent sight in the other. He is a national team player for St. Dunstan's and 'plays all the time,' he says.

Mr. Carter has only been competing against normally sighted players for two years and receives some help from his team-mate, Brian Hindle, who tells him the exact length of the jack and uses the clock face method to indicate the position of his bowls. Mr. Hindle says of Arthur Carter's bowling at Bolton: 'He consist-

ently got three bowls within two feet of the jack of a full length. I was astonished to see how well he played.' The Bolton team beat the Southport team, which boasts five county players including the Lancashire Triples Champions, in the final of the Doubles-Triples event in which aggregate scores are taken from two three-man teams. Mr. Carter says: 'I received a telephone call to participate in the event; it was the first time I had played in a county match and I was the only visually handicapped player to play. I didn't know I was playing the County Triple Champions, so I'm feeling quite marvellous in that we actually beat them.'

His exploits were published in the *Bolton Evening News*, from which part of this article is an extract.

CareLine

LONDON'S NEW BUS SERVICE

A new bus service took to London's roads on July 20th, specially designed to cater for disabled and elderly people, or anyone who has difficulty using conventional transport. Called 'Careline', the service will provide a link between the mainline railway stations with its ultimate destination being Heathrow Airport.

There will be a bus every hour, seven days a week, to all four terminals at Heathrow and calling at Paddington, Euston, Kings Cross, Waterloo and Victoria Stations and at Victoria Coach Station. Passengers will be able to travel between stations as well.

The buses are conventional buses that have been converted by Alder Valley North, a National Bus Company subsidiary, who are operating the service. Each one has a front entrance lift enabling easy access for wheelchairs, which reverts to normal steps when not in use. Timetables are displayed at each station and at Heathrow Airport terminals, and arrangements are being made for the many Dial-a-Ride services in and around London to feed into Careline at convenient points. A special team of drivers has been trained to



Photo: Carolyn Howell.

look after passengers' needs on the new service.

The fares are: station-to-station £1, station-to-Heathrow £5.

slipping into the block of flats where he lives. One of the flats is occupied by one Tony Cheng who earns an honest crust as a male prostitute.

Arthur can hardly believe his good fortune and loses no time in sending the Judge a letter demanding £5000. But the Judge has no money. A heavy drinker and compulsive gambler, he is up to his neck in debt to his businessman son-in-law. He ignores the letter. Arthur sends a second demand, 'Pay up or else ...' Whereupon the Judge decides to call it a day and commits suicide.

Then Cheng's naked body is discovered

in the flat. He has been stangled. To his surprise and horror Arthur is arrested, not for attempted blackmail, but for the murder of Cheng.

His appearance at the Old Bailey is short lived. Some ill-natured person in the public gallery, mistaking Arthur for somebody else, tosses a hand-grenade into the well of the court. This piece of ungentlemanly conduct results in Arthur's sudden demise ...

End of case. Justice has been rather more than done. Everybody is happy with the result ... Except Arthur's solicitor that is, who, incidentally just happens to be a bright young woman, who is beautiful with it (wouldn't you know it!) She starts beavering away and eventually puts the finger on the killer ...

Wildly improbable — but with three deaths, a spot of blackmail and a bursting grenade, one gets value for money, I suppose.

Cat. No. 3679

Some Die Eloquent

By Catherine Aird
Read by David Sinclair
Reading Time 6½ hours

Beatrice Wandsdyke, elderly spinster and retired chemistry teacher, is dead, apparently from natural causes. A long-term diabetic, she had nevertheless enjoyed good health thanks to strict adherence to diet and regular self-administered insulin injections. But the post-mortem reveals that there is no sign of insulin in her blood and she has obviously been without it for some days.

Another startling fact which equally excites the curiosity of Det. Insp. Sloan is that this woman of slender means has left a quarter of a million in her bank account. Her executor, nephew George Wandsdyke, is totally mystified by the discovery.

Another odd fact is that Miss Wandsdyke's dog has disappeared without trace. P.C. Crosby, digging in the garden of her house unearths the body of the unfortunate animal. Its throat has been cut.

Suspicion of murder falls upon Nicholas, Miss W's ne'er-do-well nephew and her sole beneficiary, especially when he

vanishes. But as all readers of the genre will know, he didn't do it ... of course he didn't.

But somebody killed Miss Wandsdyke and her faithful pooch. But who? And why? And where did all that money come from?? ...

A nice little tale. The style has a light, almost flippant touch which I enjoyed immensely.

BRAILLE 'N' PRINT

Ink print can now be produced in conjunction with the standard Perkins braille, providing the facility of instant ink copy.

The Braille 'n' Print fits underneath the Perkins and is attached to a small 80 column printer which accepts either single sheets or continuous computer paper. Braille can be input in either grade 1 or 2, or a mixture of both. Special commands from the Perkins control special printer functions such as expanded print.

The B 'n' P costs £650, and the 80 column printer £210, excluding VAT, and are available from John Bradburn (Computer Systems) Ltd., St. James Mill Road, Northampton, NN5 5JW. Telephone: (0604) 55142. Accessories include: spare ribbons — £3.60 each, 11" × 9½" paper — £11.04 per box of 2000 sheets, and A4 plain paper — £5.00 per ream. All prices exclude VAT.

URIAH'S SON

I have a little compost heap, named Uriah Pong,
Lovingly I turn it, and it comes on pretty strong,
The neighbours run for cover as I turn it once
again,

They're sure one day it will explode and leave a
nasty stain.

It's ready now to serve its cause, my humble
little heap,

I'll put it to bed with the peas and beans, and
watch the seedlings leap.

Sweet and juicy will be the crop, and when the
season's done,

I'll put in a heap the rotting remains, and call it
Uriah's son.

Bert Wood

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 3761

Crime Upon Crime

By Michael Underwood
Read by Malcolm Ruthven
Reading Time 5¼ hours

Arthur Kedby is a petty crook who has thus far escaped detection. To further his nefarious aims he has managed to get himself elected to a rather smart club. One day in the club he sees a man he has seen before — but in very different circumstances. He discovers that the man is Judge Gerald Wenning.

Arthur, who misses nothing that might be to his advantage, has seen the Judge

SPACE TAPES

For anyone who's interested in space travel there's a feast of listening which has been donated by Mrs. R. Slade, of Croydon, widow of the late Mr. R. C. Slade, in the form of six reel-to-reel tapes covering the exciting decade of discovery in the 60's that culminated in man's walking on the moon.

They are all recordings that were diligently made by Mr. Slade of American and British broadcasts, starting February 1962 when the first successful orbit of the earth was made, following all the major American and Russian achievements (and a few setbacks) in space, including the momentous Apollo 11 trip when man first stepped on to the moon and the subsequent Apollo 12 and 13 voyages.

There is a more detailed list of contents available, so would anyone who is interested please contact the P.R. Department, H.Q.

Short Story Winner

At last, after some delay, here follows Shirley Gillberry's short story. As you will remember she was a joint winner of the competition, with Esmond Knight.

FOOTSTEPS by Grady

That Wednesday she missed hearing his footsteps. Each morning at 7.30 a.m. precisely she heard him pass her gate. In fact he was so punctual that she used the sound of him passing down the Close as the signal for her to get up. She had grown used to the distinctive thump crunch as he dragged his game leg behind him.

But this morning she had missed the sound and had not got out of bed until a quarter to eight to go and let Pandora out into the garden and get her morning biscuit. It was strange she had not heard him as he was usually so punctual. She did not know who he was or anything about him except what Mrs Beaty next door had told her, which wasn't much.

'Well, dear,' she had said, 'He's a er... a cripple. Mr Beaty and I don't know him but he lives at Number Fifteen.'

Mr. and Mrs. Beaty were the retired couple who had been very kind to her since she had moved into the Close two months ago. They had helped her find the local supermarkets.

She was strangely concerned about the man at Number 15. He was such a good time-keeper. She found the unusual footsteps he had fascinating. She wondered how he had become disabled. She often wondered where he went to work. She had tried asking the Beatys but they would not be drawn into saying anything more than that he was quite young and a cripple. Hateful word, she thought.

Throughout the day she was concerned about him. She was at home most of the day except for when she and Pandora went for a walk to the park and then to the supermarket. She knew he usually returned from work at about 5.30. The time came and went and she did not hear him come past.

'I wonder if he is all right?' she mused out loud to Pandora who came and laid her head on her knee to be stroked.

By 7 o'clock she was really worried about him. More worried than the situation really demanded she realised. He may have taken the day off. He may have friends or even a wife to take care of him anyway. But still she worried on. She knew, living alone as she did, how many things could go wrong.

'Well, Pandora, perhaps it is better to make a fool of myself than to risk something terrible having happened to him. Don't you think?' The dog's only response was to wag her tail gently against her mistress's leg.

She put the dog's harness on and let herself out of the front door and Pandora led her up the street to Number 15. She knocked on the front door but nobody came to answer. She knocked again and was just about to leave when she thought she heard a faint cry. The girl and Pandora walked round to the back door and she knocked again. This time a voice called:

'Who is it?'

'I am Jane. I live at Number 7. Are you all right?'

'No' he replied. 'I have had a bad fall and cannot get up off the floor. I think the door is unlocked. Can you come in and help me?'

Quickly she and Pandora went in and at first there was a strange silence. Then he said:

'I am sorry. I did not realise you are blind.' Laughingly she said:

'Well, it doesn't matter. Just tell me how I can help you!'

Working to his instructions, she helped him get up from the floor and get into the kitchen chair. She then felt her way around the kitchen and with his verbal help made him a cup of tea.

'Do you think I should phone the doctor?' she asked. 'How long had you been there on the floor?'

'I got up early this morning' he replied 'and decided to hang the new curtains I bought yesterday for the kitchen windows. I slipped when I was standing on the draining board. It must have been wet. So I have been here since about seven this morning. I thought nobody would come. I am awfully glad you came round. What made you come?' he asked.

'Well, I had got so used to hearing you walk past my house on your way to work. I did not hear you today and I thought something must be wrong. Are you feeling all right now or should I phone for the doctor?'

'No thank you. My leg is coming back to life now and I think I shall be fine.'

'Do you think you could walk down to my house so I can cook you some supper. I think I should find it hard to do in a strange kitchen!'

'Yes, that is very kind of you. But I think there is something I ought to tell you first.'

Wondering what on earth he was about to tell her she said:

'You do not have to tell me anything if you don't want to.'

'That's just the point. I know I don't have to tell you but I think you should know. I imagine none of the neighbours have told you and you can't see for yourself. I am not just lame. I was in a car crash two years ago and my face is badly disfigured. Scars and things, you know. I mean, I am not the sort of person a pretty girl like you would want to be seen walking down the street with!'

His voice had a curiously flat tone when he spoke, as though he had been very hurt by other people. They probably looked away rather than look at him, she thought.

She was silent for a moment while she thought what to say. 'When you are blind, as I am, you learn to value people for characteristics rather than looks. You sound to me a very nice person. I like the courageous way you live alone and the independent spirit that makes you want to hang your own curtains rather than get someone else to do it. If your face is disfigured it is not going to concern me at all, is it?'

'Thank you' he said. 'You have restored my faith in human nature. When I lost my looks and the ability to continue with my job as a salesman, and had to take a job as a telephone operator, my fiancée left me. Most of my friends could not take it either. I hope you will let me return your kindness in some way when I am fully recovered from this fall.'

'Take my arm,' she smiled, 'We can talk about that over supper!'

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Entertainment Section

We have come to the end of this year's tournaments, and would be pleased if members could put their names forward for the next round of competitions. Please would members contact Joan Osborne if they wish to be included for the Annual Dinner and Dance on November 1st.

Phyllis O'Kelly

Bridge

Individuals — July 5th

Mrs. K. Pacitti	60.2
Mrs. A. Clements	58.0
R. Pacitti	56.8
W. Lethbridge	54.6
W. Allen	54.6

Club News

Individuals — July 5th *continued*

R. Goding	54.6
G. Hudson	51.2
R. Fullard	42.0
W. Phillips	42.0
R. Evans	42.0
Miss Stenning	42.0
Miss Sturdy	42.0

Pairs — July 6th

Mr. & Mrs. Turner	58.5
G. Hudson & Miss Stenning	58.0
Mrs. V. Delaney & Miss Sturdy	55.0
W. Allen & Mrs. A. Clements	55.0
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	51.5
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	50.0
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	47.5
R. Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti	47.5
Mrs. R. Bushell & Dr. J. Goodlad	39.5
W. Phillips & Mrs. Phillips	37.5

Pairs — August 3rd

R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	72.4
Mrs. V. Delaney & Mr. McMillan	67.2
Mr. & Mrs. R. Pacitti	65.5
Dr. J. Goodlad & Miss Stenning	61.2
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	55.0
Mrs. McPherson & Mrs. Walker	51.7
F. Dickerson & Miss Sturdy	43.0
Mrs. McMillan & Mrs. Gaze	40.0
Mrs. Bushell & Mr. Douse	38.9
Mrs. Evans & Mrs. Douse	38.0
Mrs. Clements & Mrs. Murch	36.2
Mrs. Andrews & Mrs. Tebbitt	30.9

Summer Drive — August 3rd

Dr. J. Goodlad & Miss Stenning	2480
Mrs. V. Delaney & Mr. McMillan	2130
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	2000
Mr. & Mrs. R. Pacitti	1200

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Stephen, son of *Mr. and Mrs. Bob Forshaw*, of Bognor Regis, who was recently appointed the new manager of the King Street branch of Marks and Spencer PLC in South Shields. Mr. Stephen Forshaw joined Marks and Spencer eight years ago.

Charlie Hague, of Bootle, on having completed his million yard swim at Ian Fraser House. His certificate and plaque for this achievement were presented to him on the prizegiving night at the Lee on Solent Camp in August.

Anne, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. F. Hamilton*, of Menai Bridge Anglesey, who was awarded a distinction in her Grade 8 piano exam, the last exam before diploma level.

Fiona, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. P.V. Lowry*, of Saltdean, who has been successful in obtaining a Bachelor or Science Joint Honours Degree in Business Finance and Economics. Miss Lowry is now articled to a

firm of Chartered Accountants in Crawley.

Ruth Hoyland, grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. H. Meleson*, of North Wembley, who gained First Class Honours, B.Sc., in Mathematics and Religious Studies, at the University of Surrey. The Degree Ceremony took place at Guildford Cathedral on July 18th.

Mr. H. Meleson, of North Wembley, who entered a child's desk that he had made in the War Pensioners' National Homecrafts and Art Competition. It was included in the exhibition at the Victory Club in London and was awarded a Certificate of Merit.

Ray Peart, of Gloucester, who passed his amateur radio A-licence on April 9th at the N.E.C., Birmingham. His new call sign is G0 FHK. His wife, Claire, resits her B-licence in December and hopes to take over Ray's initial call sign F1 FHK.

Sally, eldest grand-daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. T.A. Renshaw*, of Gotham, who has just obtained a B.A. degree in Economic History.

Mrs. June Shepherd, wife of *Mr. Jimmy Shepherd*, of Pangbourne, on receiving the Golden Award from the Royal British Legion — the highest accolade possible, presented for devotion to duty and hard work over a number of years. Mrs. Shepherd has been a member of the RBL for 33 years and a standard bearer for 31, and has been involved in a number of fund-raising activities including the Poppy Appeal during this time.

Esther Jane, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. D. Thomas*, of Bury, who recently passed her exams, following a 3-year course in Physiotherapy at Withington Hospital School, Manchester, which qualifies her as a Chartered Physiotherapist. She has taken up an appointment with the North Manchester Hospital.

Roger, son of Mrs. M. W. Womack and the late *Mr. C. Womack*, of Leicester, who recently passed his amateur radio exams. His call sign is G1 TPD and he would like to get in touch with St. Dunstan's amateur radio enthusiasts.

Mr. J. Wright, of Shepperton, whose company, Cinexsa Films, received the Silver Award for the film, *Educating Brian* at the British Industrial and Scientific Film Association's Festival in Bristol recently, in the Public Welfare and Social Questions Category, for which there were 26 entries.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Pamela Backhurst, widow of the late *Mr. B. Backhurst*, of St. Brelade, Jersey, on her marriage to Mr. John Griffin on August 20th.

Alex, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. F.N. Cross*, of Birmingham, on her marriage to David Hiam on July 26th in Stratford-on-Avon.

Jeanne, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. A. Lockhart*, of Dagenham, on her marriage to Peter Neal on August 28th at Enfield.

Joanne, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. A. Naylor*, of Mansfield Woodhouse, on her marriage to Gary Blyton on August 16th.

Captain W.A.L. Purves, of Winterbourne, Bristol, on his marriage to Margaret Taylor on September 6th.

Alison, youngest daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. G. Roake*, of Catford, on her marriage to Stuart Patterson on June 28th at St. Paul's Cathedral. Their kneelers were the same ones used by Prince Charles and Princess Diana at their wedding.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Farrant, of Torquay, who celebrated their 38th Wedding Anniversary on July 3rd.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. A.T. Chappell, of Chorley Wood, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Coe, of Eastcote, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Gray, of Altrincham, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. A.T. Hall, of St. Athan, South Glamorgan, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hobson, of Hastings, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. W.G. Morris, of Southbourne, Bournemouth, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. H.J.R. Pilon, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 20th.

Ruby Weddings *continued*

Mr. and Mrs. F. Smith, of Sutton, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Smith, of Tooting, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Walker, of Sutton Scotney, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on July 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilson, of Southwell, Notts., on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. H.C. Wood, of Brentwood, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on August 13th.

SILVER WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. G. King, of Newmarket, Suffolk, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary on August 28th.

DIAMOND WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. F.A. Livermore, of Surbiton, on the special occasion of their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on August 20th, for which they were pleased to receive a telegram of congratulations from H.M. The Queen. Mr. and Mrs. Livermore have two children living in the United States and two in England, 21 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J.E. Cooper, of Southsea, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on September 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Farrer, of Hull, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on August 29th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Peggy Booth, widow of the late *Mr. P. Booth*, of Wimborne, on the birth of her twin grandchildren, Peter James and Carla Francesca, born on December 24th 1985 to Jane and Gary Stevenson.

Mr. and Mrs. S.R. Jones, of Leighton Buzzard, on the birth of their third grandchild, a little girl, Aime Peta, born on July 16th to their son and daughter-in-law, Michael and Penny.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Jubb, of Petts Wood, on the birth of their grand-daughter, Rebecca Louise, born on August 4th to their daughter, Kathryn, and son-in-law, Michael Green.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Naylor, of Mansfield Woodhouse, on the arrival of their twin grandchildren, a boy, Ricky, and a girl, Donna Marie, born on June 18th to their daughter, Angela, and her husband, Dennis Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. R.J. Vowles, of Portsmouth, who are happy to announce the safe arrival on July 11th of their grandchild, Alexandra Claire, born to their youngest daughter, Julie, and her husband, Geoff Rich. They now have eight grand-daughters and one grandson.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. G.C. Andrew, of New Southgate, London, whose sister passed away on August 18th.

Mr. C.E.V. Dale, of Worthing, whose son-in-law, Captain Ryan Price passed away on August 16th, aged 74, following a long illness. Captain Price was a well-known race horse trainer in Findon for many years. We extend sympathy to his widow, Dorothy, and members of the family.

Mrs. Peggy Frith, wife of Mr. D. Frith, of High Wycombe, whose mother passed away in January, aged 93.

Mrs. Lucy Read, wife of Mr. J.L. Read, of New Haw, whose sister passed away in March following a serious illness.

Mrs. and Mrs. S.C. Moseley, of Blackpool, who mourn the death of their son, Brian, after he had been seriously ill for a long time.

Mr. W.H. Wainman, of Sheffield, whose son, Ron, passed away on September 3rd.

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.

H.G.S. Boorman, *The Buffs*

Henry George Slade Boorman, passed away at Pearson House on August 1st, aged 87. He had been a St. Dunstaner for almost 65 years.

Mr. Boorman enlisted in 1917 and served for two years in the Buffs before suffering an accident which blinded him. On joining St. Dunstan's he trained as a telephonist and started work in London in 1923. In the 30's he moved with his firm to Peterborough and remained with them until his retirement at the end of 1963 after 40 years' service. Always active, even in retirement, he enjoyed bowling, dancing, walking, dominoes and bridge, and for several years supplied seagrass stools to our stores. His wife sadly predeceased him in 1959 and in 1968 he became a permanent resident, first at Ovingdean and then at Pearson House. He will be greatly missed by Matron, the staff and his friends in St. Dunstan's.

He leaves a son and daughter and other members of his family.

E.L. Bugbee, *King's Shropshire Light Infantry*

Ernest Leslie Bugbee, of Harefield, passed away at Ian Fraser House on July 2nd, one week short of his 70th birthday. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1945.

Mr. Bugbee enlisted in 1940 in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry and was injured in action in Holland in October 1944 when he was totally blinded. On admission to St. Dunstan's he trained for industry and was employed by the same firm in Harefield for 30 years until he retired at the age of 60 on health grounds. He looked after his widowed father for 39 years but following his retirement he and his wife enjoyed several holidays in the Channel Islands and in Malta. Mr. and Mrs. Bugbee celebrated their Ruby Wedding in 1980.

He leaves his widow, Thelma, their son, Leslie, and two grandchildren.

G.W. Coote, *2/19 London Regiment*

George William Coote passed away on July 15th at Pearson House, where he had been a permanent resident since 1976. He was 88, and had been a St. Dunstaner for 13 years.

Mr. Coote served as a Private in the 2/19 London Regiment until he was wounded in Jordan, in 1918, when he lost his right eye. Later in life the vision in his remaining eye deteriorated, and in 1972 he became a St. Dunstaner. By this time he had retired from his work as a piano maker, was widowed and living alone in Cleveleys in Blackpool, where he looked after himself with the help of this brother-in-law, neighbours and friends. It was because of failing health that Mr. Coote came to us in Brighton, but happily this brought him nearer to the homes of his two sons.

He leaves his two sons, Donald and Bob.

H.J. Croft, *Royal Navy*

Henry John Croft, of Leigh-on-Sea, passed away on July 11th, aged 85. He had been a St. Dunstaner for four years.

Mr. Croft was a Signalman in the Royal Navy during the First World War and was discharged in July 1919. He then started his own egg and poultry business which was very successful and rapidly expanded. He sold up in 1941 and became a lorry driver until retirement nine years later when his sight was beginning to deteriorate.

Harry, as he was affectionately known, was always a welcome visitor to Ian Fraser House and was delighted to have been able to have a chat with H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh during the Royal Visit to our Home. In 1984, in celebration of their Pearl Wedding Anniversary, Mr. Croft and his wife had a very enjoyable five-day cruise on the Queen Elizabeth II.

He leaves his widow, Henrietta, a son and daughter and their families.

W.M. Jack, Army Service Corps

William Morrison Jack passed away on August 25th in Pearson House where he had been a permanent resident since 1966. Aged 85, he had been a St. Dunstaner since 1921.

Bill, as he was affectionately known, served as a Driver in the Army Service Corps during the First World War. He was severely wounded and totally blinded in 1918 while on active service in Cambrai. Although a ship's steward prior to the war, on admission to St. Dunstan's he trained for telephony. However, he was an accomplished musician and played in St. Dunstan's first band, formed in 1921, for many years. In the early days this band regularly supplied music for dances twice a week, and several gramophone recordings were made of their playing.

Mr. Jack will be greatly missed by Matron Goodwin, members of the staff and fellow St. Dunstaners, and we extend sincere condolences to his family.

P.H. Dent, Welch Regiment

Percy (Pat) Hubert Dent, of Wimbotsham, near King's Lynn, passed away on August 20th, after a short illness, aged 63.

Pat Dent served as a private with the 4th Bn Welch Regiment from September 1943. He was wounded in action in France in August 1944 and after joining St. Dunstan's in the following December, took training as a smallholder, an occupation which he carried out very successfully with help from his parents. Following the death of his father and in view of his mother's failing health and greater competition within the poultry industry, Pat gave up his holding in 1965 and accepted another challenge by re-training for factory work, to which he adapted very well, but unfortunately the complete change of environment took its toll upon his health. Pat retired on medical grounds in 1969, but even so, he was always a happy and contented man, keeping himself occupied with his garden and greenhouse, and enjoying his braille reading and radio.

He leaves his brothers and members of the family.

G. Jones, Royal Artillery

Glyndwr Jones, of Cheriton, passed away on August 8th, aged 78. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1966.

Mr. Jones enlisted in 1940 and served in the 77th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment of the Royal Artillery. He was taken prisoner in Java in 1942 and on his return home became a bor-

derline St. Dunstaner. He trained as a telephonist, working first at the Military Hospital, Shorncliffe and then at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Folkestone. In 1966 he became a full St. Dunstaner and in 1967 returned to his native Wales, transferring to the Singleton Park Hospital in Swansea. Due to his failing health he took early retirement and returned to Kent, settling at Cheriton in 1968. Mr. and Mrs. Jones celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1983.

He leaves his widow, Ethel, their three children and members of the family.

F. Matthewman, 16th Yorkshire Regiment

Frederick Matthewman, of Northampton, passed away on August 5th at Pearson House where he had been a permanent resident for some years. He was 90 years of age.

Mr. Matthewman enlisted in the 16th Yorkshire Regiment in 1915, and served as a Private until 1917 when loss of sight caused his discharge from the Army. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1927 and trained as a physiotherapist, commencing work in Goole, Yorkshire, where he held a post at the Bartholomew Hospital and also did some private practice. In 1934 Mr. Matthewman moved with his family to Northampton where he then practised until Mrs. Matthewman passed away in 1968. It was then that he decided to take his retirement and come to us at Brighton. He will be sadly missed by Matron Goodwin and her staff, and also by those St. Dunstaners with whom he shared such a passion for bridge.

He leaves his daughter, Doreen, and son, Colin, both of whom are living in Canada with their families.

R. Newton, Royal Air Force

Roy Newton, of Oldham, passed away suddenly at home on July 29th, aged 52.

Mr. Newton joined the RAF in November 1952, but with the failure of his vision was discharged from the service two years later. After becoming a St. Dunstaner in May 1955, he trained for industry and proved himself a very hard worker in his occupation until declining health forced him to retire from his last job with the local blind workshops in Oldham in 1978. Mr. Newton, who was very musical, at one time did quite a lot of singing in local clubs and other venues to raise money for charity.

He was a devoted family man, and leaves his widow, Muriel, and their daughters, Elaine, Diane and Catherine, and members of the family.