



**St Dunstans
Review
March 1987**



From the Chairman

When I wrote in last month's *Review* of the winter's gales, snow and hail I did not know how quickly my words would be fulfilled after a relatively mild November and December.

The short, sharp cold snap caused many problems and I know our Estate Department has been helping to sort them out. Heating grants have been sent out and I am sure these will have been helpful to our members and our widows in keeping the cold at bay.

The winter is not yet over but whatever happens we shall do our best for all the members of St. Dunstan's family.

Harry Leach

NATIONAL BRIDGE

Please note that the Three-ways Competition will take place at Ian Fraser House on the weekend of May 2nd and 3rd. Anyone wishing to take part please notify Homes Bookings at HQ.

TYPEWRITER WANTED

Harry Wheeler, now a resident at Ian Fraser House, asks if anyone has an Imperial Messenger, portable typewriter that they no longer use. If anyone can help, please send the machine to Harry Wheeler, care of Ian Fraser House.

CHANGE IN BOWLING DATES

Please note that the Bowls National Tournament which, on your Events List, was to take place at Weston-Super-Mare from May 16th to 23rd, will now be taking place from **May 9th to 16th**. Remember to alter arrangements accordingly.

MUSIC REMINDER

The St. Dunstan's Band has been able to arrange a long weekend at IFH from Friday April 10th to Tuesday April 14th. All musicians and others are welcome to attend and booking should be made through Homes Bookings, HQ.

WANTED

Any St. Dunstaner with an old *Stella* four-track tape (four-speed) recorder not in use, who would be willing to sell please contact Mike Tetley 0727 54924.

CORPS OF ROYAL ENGINEERS

Unfortunately it was mistakenly reported to the *Review* that the Bicentennial of the Corps of Royal Engineers was to take place in July. This event took place in February instead, which meant that there was not time enough to obtain tickets. However, there are three events taking place which Royal Engineers are invited to attend. Please do not delay in applying for tickets through the Homes Bookings Office, HQ.

March 18 – Dedication of the Corps, Westminster Abbey.

July 8th – Royal Tournament, Earls Court.

July 25th – Day reunion for all branches of Corps of Royal Engineers.

AMATEUR RADIO AGM

The Amateur Radio AGM will be held in the Annexe at IFH during the morning of Saturday, March 28th and Mr. David Laycock, Director of the Computer Centre for the Disabled at the Polytechnic of Central London, is to give a talk on 'Digital Information Technology' in the Annexe at 2.15 p.m.

The dinner will be held in the Winter Garden when members will be able to dine with their guests – 6.00 p.m. for 6.30, dress informal. The dinner will be followed by a dance in the Annexe.

Arrangements to attend should be made through Alison Johnson, Homes Bookings, HQ, in the usual way.

St Dunstons Review

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Free to St. Dunstaners

MARCH 1987

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Cover picture: Australian St. Dunstaner, Laurie Greenham, perched on his ladder, starts lopping his 80-ft. tree. See story on page 4. Photo: David Taylor.

BLIND MAN TACKLES TOWERING TREE

Australian St. Dunstaner, Mr. Laurie Greenham, of Perth, happily set about cutting down an 80 foot tree in his front garden after the State Energy Commission for Western Australia visited him to say the tree was interfering with high tension power lines — without realising that he was totally blind.

Mr. Greenham, aged 65, who for many years has been State President of the Blinded Soldiers of St. Dunstan's West Australia, and for the past seven years Vice-President of the Federal Body of the Blind Soldiers of St. Dunstan's, Australia, was blinded by a bomb in 1942 while serving as Air Crew in the R.A.A.F. But being blind did not deter him from tackling the tree: 'I had a quote from a professional tree lopper and they were going to charge me \$1,000 to cut it down and cart it away,' Mr. Greenham said. 'As I was due to retire I thought that removing the tree myself would give me something to do in my spare time.' Mr. Greenham had been a switchboard operator for 40 years on the main switchboard of the Commonwealth Bank in Perth before retiring.

So he straight away began lopping limbs off and then proceeded to 'nibble away' at the tree which at times involved techniques that most sighted people would not have taken on. When the ladder could not reach he climbed out on the limbs. When there were no limbs, he drove spikes into the tree to climb up. But as soon as the SEC heard about his disability, they went round and completed the job for him.

This incident is apparently only one of many that indicate the courage and determination of this St. Dunstaner. He is also an authority on cars and carries out all his own vehicle maintenance and repairs. Once when he began having trouble with his TV aerial he climbed on to the roof to fix it. One of his neighbours saw him up there and hurried over to urge him to get down before he killed himself. Not wanting to cause concern he obediently climbed down. But in the middle of the night, when everyone else was sound asleep, he climbed back on the roof and finished the job!

TOP DANCING AWARD

The highest award in ballroom dancing has been won by a St. Dunstaner — **the first blind person** to succeed in this 12 dance test.

Reg Page, of Bexhill, won the Alex Moore Trophy with Honours on February 1st. His marks for the set dances were:

| | | |
|----------------|---------------|-----|
| Ballroom | — Waltz | 83% |
| | — Foxtrot | 88% |
| | — Tango | 86% |
| | — Quickstep | 84% |
| Rhythm Foxtrot | — fast | 90% |
| | — slow | 90% |
| Latin American | — Rhumba | 89% |
| | — Samba | 92% |
| | — Pasadoble | 85% |
| | — Cha Cha Cha | 92% |
| | — Jive | 94% |

Reg and his teacher Joan Luxton are especially pleased with the judges' remark: 'Congratulations to dancer and teacher!'

PETER JONES AND RADIO SHEFFIELD

The Board of Governors of the BBC has invited Peter Jones, our St. Dunstaner, to become a member of the Local Radio Advisory Council for Radio Sheffield.

Peter will be a member until April 30th 1990 and attended his first meeting on Wednesday January 7th. The Council has 16 members representing a cross-section of occupations and interests. Its function is to advise the BBC and the local station Manager on programme content and programme policy, to assist and promote the local radio station and to help it to integrate with the community, reflecting its aspirations and traditions.

'I hope to be able to make a useful contribution to the work of the Council, particularly in meeting the needs of disabled and visually impaired people in the Radio Sheffield area,' Peter told the *Review*.

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1987

We invite St. Dunstaners and widows *only* to apply for tickets in the *Review* Derby Sweepstake. Please remember that every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The tickets are 20p each and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on Friday, May 15th. Each applicant must state the name and address of the sender and the number of tickets required, and with a stamped addressed envelope, applications must be sent to: The editor D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 4XB, 12/14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered. Tickets will be issued consecutively and are limited to 25. The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and expenses, will be distributed as follows: 50% to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse. 20% to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse. 10% to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse. 20% to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts the race.

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

The draw will take place in London on May 26th, the race being run on June 3rd.

ADVICE FOR THOSE WITH HEARING AIDS

The following applies to those who wear hearing aids fitted with the 'T' or 'Telephone' position. As you are aware, this enables sound to be fed directly into the aid from an induction coil, and leads to much easier hearing. Most public telephones are fitted with an induction coil, which is very useful on a noisy station concourse, as these extraneous sounds are blocked out. BT can fit a coil into your

phone at home, though I have heard of £23 being charged. Dial the operator and ask for your local BT Sales 'Freephone' for enquiries.

Another very handy addition to the hearing aid with the 'T' position, is the neck-loop. This is a cloth covered wire loop, which fits over the head and rests on your shoulders, with about three feet of cable. It comes with a 3.5mm jack (standard radio, tape recorder ear socket), and quarter inch (Talking Book) adaptor.

Again, speech from the Talking Book, for instance, is fed directly into the hearing aid. Someone standing right next to you cannot hear anything; useful if you want to read in bed without disturbing your wife, or have a book unsuitable for family listening! I have sat near a television going full blast and read undisturbed. I have plugged it into the ear piece socket of a 'walkman' recorder on the train, and again, listened undisturbed, until a tap on the shoulder from the ticket inspector made me jump out of my skin! You will, of course, only receive sound in mono.

Orders for a neck-loop, which costs around £20 (including postage and packing) should be addressed to Men's Supplies.

R.L.H.

AIDS — GOVERNMENT LEAFLETS NOW IN BRAILLE

The RNIB have put recent Government Information Leaflets on AIDS into braille, and by February 6th, these will have been sent to all blind people who receive braille magazines and TV Times from the RNIB.

Three other leaflets have also been brailled: The Health Education Council Leaflet, *AIDS — What Everybody needs to know*; the Department of Employment Leaflet, *AIDS and Employment*; and the leaflets produced by the Terrence Higgins Trust.

These leaflets on AIDS have also been put onto tape. Copies of both the brailled and tape versions are available from the RNIB, 224 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6AA.

Mrs. Thatcher goes a-visiting

It is reported that the Prime Minister asked for a visit to the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, more popularly known as the BRIB, to be included in her recent tour of the West Midlands. Such a report is difficult to verify. Perhaps credence is lent to it by the BRIB having had the Rt Hon Kenneth Clarke, M.P., the Paymaster General, and the Rt Hon Normal Fowler, M.P., the Minister of State for Social Services, among its visitors during the last six months. This year also happens to be the 140th anniversary of the BRIB.

The links between St Dunstan's and the BRIB go back many years. St. Dunstaners in the Birmingham area, more particularly those resident at Pocklington Place, make use of the BRIB's facilities, including the new Rehabilitation Centre, whose establishment St D's supported. In 1968 Colonel Michael Ansell opened the BRIB's Elizabeth Gunn Centre for the Additionally Handicapped. Two years previously, the BRIB and St Dunstan's combined to set up at Harborne the first Orientation and Mobility Instructors' Training Centre, based on the use of the long cane, to be established outside the U.S.A. 40 years ago the BRIB's centenary booklet carried a foreword written by Sir Ian Fraser, C.B.E., M.P., and it is interesting to quote part of what he wrote. 'This booklet tells the story of how the men and women, who founded the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, were among those who laid the foundations on which the edifice of a sound welfare system has been built, not merely for Birmingham and the Midland Counties, but for the whole of England and Wales. As we read the history of the Institution we see how, over and over again in the course of the century it has been in the van of progress, and its committee members have repeatedly shown a willingness



Mrs. Thatcher receives a bouquet from Lickey Grange School pupil Louise Nicolau. On the right is Walter Thornton. Photo: Dugmore & Constantine.

to make experiments, and to take risks, that is the hallmark of a healthy state.'

Two cases where the present-day governors match up to the examples of their predecessors are the BRIB's Queen Alexandra College of Further Education, and the Elizabeth Gunn Centre for the Additionally Handicapped, both located on its ten-acre site at Harborne.

During the past four years, the College has greatly increased its numbers and extended its facilities to cater for those with additional handicaps, and to introduce high tech. to increase employment opportunities. A clearance and building programme, coupled with refurbishing of old industrial buildings, has transformed a site that was previously overgrown and derelict. The Prime Minister's attention was directed particularly to the College's computer centre, to the computerisation of its engineering workshop, and to the development of the cycle mechanics'

training, as a promising avenue for employment, supported by an experimental business, the Harborne Cycle Surgery, to give practical experience in running a business to cycle mechanic graduates. Mrs Thatcher's scientific background was evident in the probing questions which she posed. She declined to be drawn when one of the partially-sighted students produced a large print display on his close circuit television, with the words 'Spring Election?' She was particularly interested in the computer numerically controlled lathe, with synthetic speech and braille output, which enabled blind operators to produce the brass cannon with which she was presented, and which is a model of that standing at Carisbrooke Castle.

Remarkably, she managed to speak to all the staff and students on her route.

It was, however, at the Elizabeth Gunn Centre that she was seen in a light quite different from that usually presented. The members have a whole variety of disabilities additional to their visual impairment. There is a soft room, so that they can get exercise without fear of injury. Visitors are asked to take off their shoes when they go into this room, but Mrs Thatcher had taken her shoes off before the staff had time to suggest it. A deaf blind girl, not quite sure what was going on, was feeling at the Prime Minister's leg. She discounted the staff's concern, and stood holding the girl's hand reassuringly, whilst they explained.

BRIB, Cycle Mechanics Department.



The Elizabeth Gunn Centre has greatly broadened its approach in the last few years. Its programme seeks to develop the potential of members — sometimes with remarkable results. She sampled a cake made by one. She clearly appreciated the efforts of the music group. She assured the member who presented her with a wickerwork tray which she had made, that she would use it in her kitchen at home.

She had a word for everybody, including the members of the Board of Governors who were presented to her.

Finally, after short speeches, and the presentation of a posy by six-year-old Louise, a pupil at the BRIB's Lickey Grange School, which is built round the former home of Lord Austin, (the house which was the birthplace of the Austin 7), she unveiled a commemorative plaque. This was to have been the end of the visit. Much to my surprise, she said, 'There were some people in one of the rooms that they would not let me go into. With your permission, I'll go and have a word with them'. This she duly did before taking her leave, after a visit which all who were there will long remember.

Perhaps it was summed up by one of that group of devoted workers in the Elizabeth Gunn Centre: 'It isn't true to say she doesn't care. She's nice'.

This article was written by St. Dunstaner, Walter Thornton, O.B.E., who is Chairman and Hon. Appeal Director of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind.

TRIBUTES

Mr. W.H.I. Stephens

Many Amateur Radio enthusiasts of St. Dunstan's will be very sad to learn of the death of Mr. Bill Stephens G3TFK, of Bucknell, Shropshire. Bill died, after a very long illness, at Knighton Hospital, on Monday, January 26th 1987.

Bill was known to Radio Amateurs, world wide. When working with Cable & Wireless he held Radio Licenses in other countries, including Bermuda, Ceylon, Gibraltar, Jamaica and Kenya. His present call sign, G3TFK, was obtained after returning to this country.

Almost daily contacts, with St. Dunstaners, commenced 19 years ago, with Cyril Parker G3XTV (deceased). The group grew, until it often comprises as many as ten St. Dunstaners, together with some sighted operators. His meticulous records confirm over 5000 regular radio contacts with St. Dunstaners. Over the years he had managed to meet several of the members of this group.

Last year, the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society, awarded Bill their G3MOW trophy for his help, and advice to their members. The inscription on this trophy, 'The Gentleman of the Air', may surely be said of Bill. He was always ready to share his experiences and give good advice. He was proud of his St. Dunstan's plaque, kept in his radio room, at home.

His wife, Joan, has bravely helped Bill during his long illness. Their friends, in St. Dunstan's send her their deepest sympathy.

Norman Maries

Miss H. Pease

We regret to announce the recent death, on January 30th, of Miss Hester Pease, at the age of 93.

Miss Pease was a well-loved After-Care Visitor for St. Dunstaners in Yorkshire from 1931 until June 1942 when she went to South Africa to take up the post of Matron at Tembani. After Tembani closed down in December 1945, she returned to

England and resumed her duties as a Welfare Visitor for Home and Eastern Counties until her retirement in 1953. She maintained a close correspondence, after her retirement, with many St. Dunstaners who will always remember her for the kind help and understanding that she offered to anyone in need. She kept herself busy during retirement in other ways too: in March 1959 she was appointed to the Board (North) of the Ministry of Pensions and also worked on the Earl Haig Settlement which she found most enjoyable and satisfying.

We offer sympathy to her close friend and neighbour, Mrs. H. Brooks, who helped nurse Miss Pease for the past 22 years, following a severe accident to her hip, until she went into a nursing home.

Tribute to Miss Pease by Arthur Simpson, Doncaster

It was with regret that I heard on January 30th that Miss Hester Pease had died that morning in her 95th year. I am sure that all the St. Dunstan's men who passed through Tembani, Cape Town, South Africa will remember her as a kind and devoted person.

I have been in contact with Miss Pease since 1943. For the last few years she has been bedridden but bore her pain with great courage and never complained about anyone or anything, and when we talked about the old days at Tembani, she always referred to the men as her boys.

Her funeral service was held at St. Mary's R.C. Church, Knaresborough, on Wednesday, February 4th. My wife and I attended and I was very pleased to represent St. Dunstan's. The priest, in his tribute to Miss Pease, spoke of her as a Christian and very generous person, of her care for others and for St. Dunstaners. Miss Pease was interred in the family plot at Whitwell, East Yorkshire. I am sure all her boys along with me will have been grateful to have met Hester Pease.

The Hon. S.T. Stephens, M.L.A.

We regret to announce the recent death of the Hon. Stanley Tunstall Stephens, M.L.A., an Australian St. Dunstaner and Minister for Housing in New South Wales. We offer sympathy to his widow, Mrs. E. Joyce Stephens, and family.

Mr. Stephens served as a S/Sgt. in the 2/17 Btn. of the Australian Forces, fighting in the Western Desert during the Second World War. He was wounded in October 1942 and became a St. Dunstaner. In 1944 he became a member for the Byron seat in the New South Wales Parlia-

ment and was appointed Minister for Housing and Co-operative Societies in New South Wales in 1965. He fortunately had some vision restored after a critical eye operation in 1970.

The Late Mary Barratt

Members of St. Dunstan's Gardening Club will have been sad to hear of the death of Mary Barratt who did so much to help the club. The committee sent a floral tribute on behalf of the members.

STORY WRITING COMPETITION

The following have kindly agreed to be the competition judges:

Gillian Hosken, Producer of BBC World Service.

John Hosken, Air Correspondent for Radio 4.

Air Vice-Marshal W.E. Colahan, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., Member of St. Dunstan's Council.

So far we have only received two entries, under the following noms-de-plume: Luke Jones and Maurice Dancer. So how about some more? Everybody must have had a most memorable experience in their life; whatever it may be, let's hear it! May we remind those who will still be sending in entries, that they must be in by the end of March. And please don't forget to enclose the separate sealed envelope, as stated in the December 1986 *Review*, in which is written your nom-de-plume, the title of your story, your actual identity and full address.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S POSTBAG

Another cheerful note of thanks from Bert Wood!

*My little comforts are overjoyed at such a princely sum,
For a noggin' of grog once a day, keeps one healthy and young,
Just sixty years plus a few, and one foot hovering o'er,
One hundred and sixty thanks I send, to St. D's, and you,
and mo'er. (Oh dear!)*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Katie Stubbs, Norwich

May I thank all St. Dunstaners and their wives, Miss Mosley and the staff at HQ for their get well cards and good wishes for a complete recovery. The wonderful spring flowers I have received to brighten my bedside will help me to make a complete recovery. Hope to see you all again soon and to keep you under control down on the mat!

NEWS FROM BRITISH TELECOM ABOUT FAULT REPAIRS

British Telecom will be adding some new options to their fault repair services in 1987.

People who have a severe disability and live alone or are housebound, will continue to receive free repair maintenance from British Telecom. Others will still have access to the BT normal repair service which promises repair of a fault within two working days — this service is included in the normal rental charge on your telephone. But now, if you wish, you can apply for Prompt Care Service which offers a four-hour response to faults on weekdays, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. at an additional price of £3.80 per quarter (excluding V.A.T.); or Total Care Service offering a round-the-clock four-hour response, costing £10.45 per quarter.

The Farm Dog that made history

This article appeared in the GDBA Magazine, Forward

Twenty-five years ago, guide dogs often came from unlikely sources. Derek Freeman recently talked to us about a remarkable collie called Sweep that he acquired in the early 1960s.

Among the many approval dogs that we looked at before the breeding and puppy walking programme developed fully I can recall a black and white male collie that was much bigger than the average collie you see around nowadays. I got a phone call from a farmer in a village not far from Leamington. Apparently another farmer who had owned the dog had gone away and left him on the farm.

The farm was empty and the dog had been adopted by this other farmer at the opposite side of the road. As they had dogs of their own they didn't really require him but they didn't want to neglect him so took to feeding him for three or four weeks. They were a bit worried about him getting knocked down because he was a very confident dog and as there were tractors and other vehicles moving around the place, they left him tied up in an open Dutch barn most of the day. I said I doubted whether the dog would be any use to us, but at the time we were scratching around for anything really, so I said we'd go and have a look.

I remember going and looking at him and there was this dog of nice substance and character tied to a post supporting the Dutch barn. Now you could have expected a dog as big as him, and being as neglected, to be a bit protective about his pitch, but he wasn't. He welcomed everybody. I put him on a collar and lead, and as I couldn't assess him walking around the farm I took him. They didn't want him back in any case, so we could either use him or find a home for him. That also applied to the fleas he harboured. He had no owner, no home, no pedigree and no name.

He is one of the few dogs I've ever walked that exploded every myth about puppy-walked dogs. He'd never been off a farm, never been into town, never had any

experience or education apart from farmyard language he'd picked up himself. I remember taking him up to the top of the Parade in Leamington. There are wide pavements so gave him plenty of room. There were cars coming past and periodically he would stop and look at them and watch them go past. He didn't panic. If you could have ever said a dog had a human expression that scruffy dog did.

As we went on I was talking to him and I remember a woman coming out of the butcher's shop at the end of the Parade with a pushchair. As he rounded the half-blind, the blind flapped and he just stood back from it. Then this jet-propelled pushchair came straight at him, enough to make a number of experienced dogs run. He just stood back from it. As the pushchair went past he smelt the scruffy kid in it and his tail was going like mad. I thought Funny! it must smell familiar (like a farmyard, I suppose). I showed him red buses on top of the Parade and he didn't panic at all as I stepped on and off the platform.

His expression at the things he was seeing was absolutely amazing. I took him in shops and as soon as he felt the slippery floor he hesitated, but with a bit of encouragement he got going. At first, it was as if he was walking on hot cinders, not spread-eagled like a lot of dogs would at that experience. He was walking just as if the floor was hot, picking his feet up like a horse trotting.

Then he could hear people talking over the counter and he looked up, fascinated by it all. I wish we could have got it on camera. Then he was confronted by a big flight of steps. Well, I gather he'd never seen steps before because there was no way he knew how to tackle them. That was the first time I'd seen a bit of apprehension in him. He wanted to rush them but, after several attempts up and down, he got the measure of them.

He didn't know about travel because he hadn't done any. So we took him with us when we went out purchasing pups. He was a good traveller. He was good with

cats. We also checked him on food. We took food from him and gave it back to him. In the end he looked upon this as a game.

The dog eventually qualified and I often wondered if his owner knew what limited experience that dog had before we got him. He's been a farm dog and he blows to the wind everything that I believe in about early socialisation and exposure. I also think that he happens to be the one exception to the rule. He was a very sound dog, of good courage, willingness and correct sensitivity and you don't get many like him. Most dogs that came to us with that type of background are nervous wrecks, aggressive or protective.

Sweep was totally confident, totally serene, totally unflappable and of charming disposition. He made an excellent working dog despite his unfortunate start in life. Yes, Mr Tetley, he finally became your guide dog. Any snippets or stories about him as a guide dog? Was he the dog that won the GDO a wager by finding a certain hotel in London in quick time?

Mike Tetley writes:

Sweep was thought to be a cross between an alsatian and a black and white collie. Friends said that he had a most unusual set of amber eyes that looked right into you. They frightened some people because he had an air about him that said 'I will do as I am told but I will stand no nonsense.'

He was kind to all animals and we often left him in the garden running free with the guinea pigs. He would look after them all day. He loved running and herding. If he was not herding the guinea pigs and my children brought friends into the garden he looked upon them as his flock of sheep, keeping them together either by pushing them with his body or nibbling at their fingers.

Years later I was surprised to find out he used his body to clear a way for me through a crowd. On some occasions, when I was in a hurry to catch a train, if the way was blocked by a number of women talking and dawdling he would come up behind them, stick his nose between their legs, lift their skirts and blow. If this did not work he would put his shoulder against



Mike Tetley and Sweep arriving at St Dunstan's in September 1961 after walking 33 miles from Luton. Photo: Daily Sketch.

their knees and push them out of the way, making sure that my right shoulder never touched anybody.

I understand that most guide dog owners have a special rapport with their first dog because it is the first experience of regaining freedom of movement. I had that with Sweep. He had a fantastic word vocabulary. For instance, when I taught him to find the Piccadilly Line at St Pancras, I sat him at the top of the steps leading to the Piccadilly Line and repeated the command. 'Find the Piccadilly, find the Piccadilly, find the Piccadilly.' Then he would hand me his paw. I never knew whether that meant 'I understand' or 'Shut up'. At St Pancras I could ask him to find the Piccadilly or the Circle Line. Sometimes if I did not use the word 'Piccadilly' for about six months he appeared to get a bit rusty and not move quite so confidently until I had reassured him.

In the same way, I had taught him to obey the commands 'Find Boots', 'Find the Post Office' and 'Find the florist'. When he was six we moved from Luton to St Albans and in St Albans I tried to teach him to find 'Boots'. I could not. As far as he was concerned Boots was in Luton and you could not have Boots in St Albans.

I thought another useful command would be to 'Find a lavatory', particularly on a station. This was quite simple but on more than one occasion he took me to the women's side. I dropped this command. Once when I was in a public lavatory I knew that Sweep must be popping so I said to him 'Come on boy, your turn, Get busy'. He moved straight forward, cocked a leg, aimed straight and stood back and indicated to me 'What next'. As I left the room I heard the attendant say to the other patrons, 'Did you see that dog?'

Maurice Hall had told me that this dog would take me anywhere. I decided to put him to the test, so I set out to walk from Luton to London just with Sweep, a distance of 33 miles. We left Luton after lunch on a Saturday and covered the 11 miles to St Albans in four hours. The A5, being a Roman road, was straight. I checked in at the Red Lion Hotel. During the walk Sweep made only one error. He took the left side of a Y junction but as the volume of traffic diminished I was able to correct the error.

The next day I did, however, ask for help to cross the A41 where it crossed the A5. It was very busy and not knowing the exact layout I was frightened. Sweep may have been able to do it but I did not give him the chance.

It took us eight hours to walk the last 22 miles to Marble Arch where we tried to check in at the Cumberland Hotel. They would not let us stay there as it was their policy not to admit dogs, but they did put me up at the Rose Court Hotel, one of their subsidiaries. I had walked in shorts and thereafter every time I put on shorts Sweep thought he was in for a long walk.

Off duty, Sweep was the family dog. The children would dress him up. One day when I could not find him, I wandered round the house calling. In the kids' bedroom I eventually heard a flapping noise and on investigation found Sweep lying between the sheets with a bonnet on his head and a dress on . . . He was the wolf in Red Riding Hood.

As Mr Freeman said, he must have been brought up on a farm and had little knowledge of social behaviour. When he first came home we had to train him how to be civilised. To my wife's horror she

came in one day to find him sitting in the middle of her dining room table looking out of the window.

When I first got Sweep home he was an escape artist. Our garden had a fence six feet high. He jumped this. I put it up to seven and a half feet. He jumped this. Only when it was eight and a half feet and inclined inwards did we stop him. But not for long. I hope that no reader is so naive as to believe dogs cannot think. Sweep escaped over this fence because he had found a packing case in the garden measuring about four feet in every direction. This he pushed with his nose until it was about five feet from the fence. Then he ran back, turned, ran forward, jumped on the case and then over the fence. Just to make sure that this was not coincidence I moved the packing case. He then replaced the packing case and repeated his performance. I therefore had to remove the packing case.

Thank you, Mr Freeman, for giving Sweep another chance in life. He justified the confidence you put in him. Thank you, Mr Hall, for enabling the best to be got out of him. Thank you GDBA for giving me back my freedom. Above all, thank you, Sweep, wherever your spirit may be, for being my constant companion, my friend and my mentor to whom I poured out all my troubles in the early days of blindness. You always had your tail turned right over proving that you were a confident, care-free but magnificent mongrel.

And more about Sweep . . .

In a later issue of *Forward*, there appeared further information about Sweep from Mr. John H. Gray, of St. Albans, who, because of his initial admiration for Sweep, became an active member of the St. Albans branch of GDBA and is now Vice-President of its committee.

It all started when Mr. Gray saw Sweep negotiating the early morning business traffic and crowds at the station one day, for Mike Tetley. Mr. Gray was then working for the Diamond Corporation in London. He was so impressed at seeing Sweep and his owner going to the correct platform, that he persuaded the various departments at the Corporation to make

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 3758

Athabasca

By Alistair MacLean

Read by Marvin Kane

Reading Time 8½ hours

Two of the biggest oilfields in the world, one in Alaska, the other in Arctic Canada, receive identical threatening letters, 'Soon there will be a minor spillage — just a little one — just to prove that we can strike wherever and whenever, we choose, and cut off *all* oil supplies.'

A pipeline is breached and two men are murdered. The companies call in Jim Brady Enterprises, Industrial Sabotage Investigators, and the team of Brady, Dermot and McKenzie move in. Very soon they are convinced that the threats are coming from inside the industry, especially when two more killings are discovered.

Then Brady's wife and daughter are kidnapped but the gang's helicopter is traced to a desolate Arctic hideaway. There follows a typical MacLean rescue and shoot-out . . .

A fast-moving thriller and a 'must' for all MacLean fans.

Sweep continued

regular collections to the GDBA. With the support of the directors, over the years there were many presentations of sums of £250 and £500, and one day Mr. Gray asked his director, Mr. Monty Charles, if the company would match what the staff did, doubling the collections.

Then, in 1969, the Board of Directors agreed to give £35,000 for the purchase of Tollgate House which turned into the Breeding and Puppy Walking Centre where Mr. Derek Freeman, who had rescued Sweep from a deserted farm 25 years ago, is the controller.

More is owed to Sweep than we knew!

Cat. No. 774

Maigret In Society & Maigret's Failure

By Georges Simenon

Read by Richard Baker

Reading Time 8¼ hours

Det. Insp. Maigret of the Paris Judicial Police is sent to a house in the most exclusive district of the city to investigate a murder. The victim is a former Ambassador, a man in his late seventies. He had been shot through the head several times.

The crime appears to be motiveless. Le Comte de St. Hilaire has been out of the Diplomatic Service for many years and has no known enemies. During a search Maigret discovers countless bundles of letters all written by La Princesse Isobel de V.

The strange story of the relationship is told by the Comte's nephew, Alain Masserand. The Comte and the Princess had fallen desperately in love more than fifty years before, but by this time the Princess was married. Since that time they had exchanged letters every day, passionless letters on the day to day trivia of daily life.

Every tenuous lead draws a blank until the Comte's ageing maid servant pays a visit to her confessor and then to police headquarters . . .

One day Maigret receives a visitor, a M. Fumel, who demands police protection because of the death threat letters he has been receiving. He is an objectionable bully of a man who has made a vast fortune by devious and ruthless means.

The following day, with a police officer standing guard outside the house, Fumel is found dead in his study. He has been shot in the back.

He had made countless enemies on his way to the top. Any one of the dozen or so men he has ruined in business would be only too glad to see him dead. But all leads prove fruitless. The mystery deepens when it is discovered that Fumel himself wrote the threatening letters.

Finally, through lack of progress the case has to be shelved. It is some twelve years later before the mystery is solved . . .

Not one of Simenon's best efforts.



This photograph shows Des Coupe and his wife, Alice, at the surprise party organised by their son, Barry (on left in photo), to celebrate their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, announced in the Jan/Feb Review. Mr. and Mrs. Coupe had arranged to go out to dinner with longtime friends at the Queens Hotel in Bournemouth. On arrival, they were met by the manager who invited them to have a look at the hotel's new suite before having dinner. When they entered the suite, says Des, 'We were confronted with 40 people of various generations and an accumulation of memories. It was the best kept secret in Great Britain! A nice unexpected surprise.' Also in the photograph is Barry's wife, Mrs. Shan Coupe (right) and five-year old Matthew Coupe.

ST. DUNSTANER MASTER OF THE SCYTHER

This article about St. Dunstaner, Frederick Bully, appeared in the *Hampshire Chronicle* on November 14th 1986. Mr. Bully served as a Private in the Labour Corps during the First World War. He died in 1960.

50 YEARS AGO

Saturday, November 14th, 1936

Romsey. — The manipulation of the scythe is supposed to be a most difficult thing for an unskilled man to achieve. Now, it is announced that a blind man, totally unskilled in the use of the implement, has mastered the art and thoroughly enjoys working it. He is F.E.C. Bully, a war blinded St. Dunstan's man, of Crampmoor, Romsey. Bully, who came to St. Dunstan's for training after having been blinded in the war, was trained as a poultry farmer at the St. Dunstan's Poultry Farm at Kings Langley and is now making a successful living with his own poultry farm, the Spring Poultry Farm, at Crampmoor, in which he was established as long ago as 1920. He has obtained a first prize gold medal for Rhode Island Reds in a two year laying test.

SKIING BLIND

This article is written by J. Platts who acted as a skiing guide for Gerry Jones in Austria, and it was published in Ski International Magazine, December 1985/86.

Skiing blind conjures up images of thick swirling snow and an ever increasing feeling of panic. Imagine what it would be like if you were truly blind.

Gerry, who came on holiday to ski, lost his sight in a flying accident ten years ago. Over that period there was a gradual decline which has left him only with the ability to distinguish between light and dark. He wanted me to act as his eyes whilst he had a go at skiing the Olympic Ladies Downhill at Axama Lizum near Innsbruck in Austria. Not wishing to de-

flate his supreme confidence I agreed. The snow conditions were not good, sheet ice covered with a thin layer of snow, but it was a sunny day and we had plenty of time. Unfortunately because of the lack of snow it meant that every skiing aficionado in Austria had made the pilgrimage to the Olympic slopes knowing that skiing was at least, a possibility. They did not seem, however, to be aware of the significance of the three black balls that Gerry wore over his ski-suit to indicate his disability. On the very first turn he cannoned into a very large German lady whose expletives were not stemmed by a rueful British smile of apology. Friendly relations were only restored when I pointed to the balls hanging over his jacket and said, "Blind Skier". Gerry was convinced it was not my broken German that changed her attitude but the size of his three appendages.

The ski technique we adopted was based solely on what was best for Gerry. He decided that the best method was for me to shout, "And left", or "And right" with the emphasis being on the 'And' so that he had time to adjust his body weight and make the turn. Apart from making sure that I knew my left from my right it also meant that I had to try and pick out good snow for him to turn in advance. This was easy enough on the gentle slopes but when it got steeper I had to think about my own skis as well — I could not afford to let him get away from me as he was totally reliant on my commands — and would keep skiing on the same plain until ordered to do otherwise. We also had a fail safe call of 'Bale out' if things got out of control.

It became apparent after the first few turns that the biggest problem he was facing was not the severity of the slope but the sudden change from hard packed ice to soft slushy snow. On two or three occasions his body pitched forward as his skis hit the soft snow resulting in spectacular crashes. But Gerry remained undaunted continuing to put a frightening faith in my ability to see that he did not pitch headlong down the mountain.

When we reached the wide snow bowl halfway down we were going well using every metre making wide turns and only occasionally stopping to refix a ski. On



this terrain his technique was faultless and it was only when the slope got steep and narrow that he resorted to the normal novice's practice of turning the shoulder into the slope. It was a fault I didn't feel qualified to correct at the time, and on reflection it seems a logical act of self preservation when there is no visual aid to supplement one's awareness of the severity of the slope.

After an hour of fierce concentration and a liberal supply of spills we approached the final schuss, something which Gerry had been agitating for since the start. He couldn't wait to throw caution to the wind and take off down the fall line. Responsibility must have weighed heavily on my shoulders as I wouldn't allow him to go until we were half way down the final steep section with the finish two hundred metres away, then casting aside any thoughts of danger we pointed down the hill and hurtled towards the finish with me struggling to keep up and shouting belatedly "Left a little" or "Right a shade".

At the finish gravity slowed us to a halt — it had taken one hour and forty minutes. The sweat was pouring from our bodies and dripping uncomfortably down our backs but it was worth it just to see the look on Gerry's face — he had skied the Olympic Downhill.

Leader in the House

Bertie McConnell talks to Ray Hazan

Photos: Lois Stringer

To be a representative of the people may put one in a prestigious position, but it demands a lot of hard work, time, energy and back up. Lord Fraser attained that position in the House of Lords, Howard Simcocks in the House of Keys, Isle of Man, and Bertie McConnell in Stormont, the Northern Ireland Parliament. The fact that Bertie stood as an Independent makes it a singular achievement, having no party machine behind him.

Bertie McConnell is a Bangor, County Down, man born and bred. He was born there on March 27th, 1921. He left Bangor Grammar School at 16 and went to work at Gallagher's. Just before the outbreak of war he joined the 8th Belfast Heavy Anti Aircraft Regiment, T.A. He was mobilised with the unit in August 1939. Following a bout of pneumonia, he spent a short period in France but was returned to the UK when it was discovered he was under the minimum age for going abroad.

Bertie was involved with the defence of London during the Battle of Britain. Anti Aircraft gunnery was not a very exact science in those days. As radar progressed it became more accurate, but most of the night-time firing appeared to be a civilian morale booster. The battery did, in fact, have six enemy hits.

In 1942, Bertie was commissioned and posted to within a mile of Bangor. He spent until D Day on various ack-ack missions within the UK. He followed D Day



invasion forces into Normandy and the Germans after suffering heavy casualties, escaped through the Falaise Gap. His regiment played its part in their pursuit. When nearing the Belgium Frontier on October 10th 1944, there was a loud bang beside Bertie and that was the last he knew for at least two or three weeks.

'My lads packed hot water bottles and blankets around me, and I was 'casevac'ed' on my camp bed back to a base hospital in Amiens. It was here that the new drug, penicillin, saved my life. There I was recognised by a doctor called Washington, whom I had previously met in Northern Ireland, and he was able to keep the folks back home posted.' Bertie lost both eyes and 52 pieces of metal were removed from his body.

It was only some three weeks after his accident, on arriving in the UK that Colonel Smiley said to him, 'You're a brave lad, and I think you can take it, because the news I have is not good. I'm afraid you have lost both eyes.' Bertie's only concern at the time was how he would break the news to his fiancée who had given up her job to stay in a Red Cross hotel nearby.

'I sweated all afternoon,' he said, 'and then I heard her footsteps along the corridor. As she sat on the bed, her first words were, "So they have told you then!" Bertie laughed uproariously at the recollection. 'I had no feeling of depression, or sense of loss. All I knew was that I wanted to be

mobile, and have a guide dog but what my future was going to be, I hadn't a clue.' On January 8th 1945, Bertie and Olive were flown back to Northern Ireland, and were married a week later.

From March until the end of the year, Bertie went to Church Stretton. He was thrown in at the deep end. 'When I got there, the room was empty. Eventually, the crowd returned. His room-mate asked what was wrong with him. 'I'm blind,' replied Bertie. 'Well that's a bloody silly thing to be,' came the reply. Geoff Preston and Bertie became the best of friends thereafter. Bertie related another incident. Amidst the hilarity of VE night, there was a hideous scream. A St. Dunstaner who was missing his right hand and whose left was paralysed, had felt a receptacle with his artificial aid and assumed it to be an ashtray. It turned out to be an old lady's ear trumpet!

He was still undecided as to his future, but Gallagher's, the firm for whom he had worked prior to the war, wanted him to go back there. He had hoped for a job involving personnel or welfare work. But, in the event, it turned out little better than a typing job. He left them in 1950 to set up his own business as a shop keeper. Bertie and Olive ran a retail confectioners and tobacconist.

Shopkeeping and Politics

Gallaghers generously kept him on half pay for a year, to give him a start. 'It was a job which I could do, and had some responsibility. Its success would depend on me. We had one rule: a place for everything, and everything in its place. We worked long hours — 1 a.m. on Christmas Eve, by the time we had balanced the books'. The shop kept them busy for 23 years, but in 1973 Bertie decided to make politics a full-time job.

Again, Bertie did not feel mentally extended. 'I was beginning to grumble at the local borough council about things they hadn't done. But better than grumbling, was to do something about it. So when an election came up in 1957, I decided to stand as an independent. I drew up my manifesto, and went canvass-



Election-winning team: Bertie with Olive, Michael and Alan at the count.

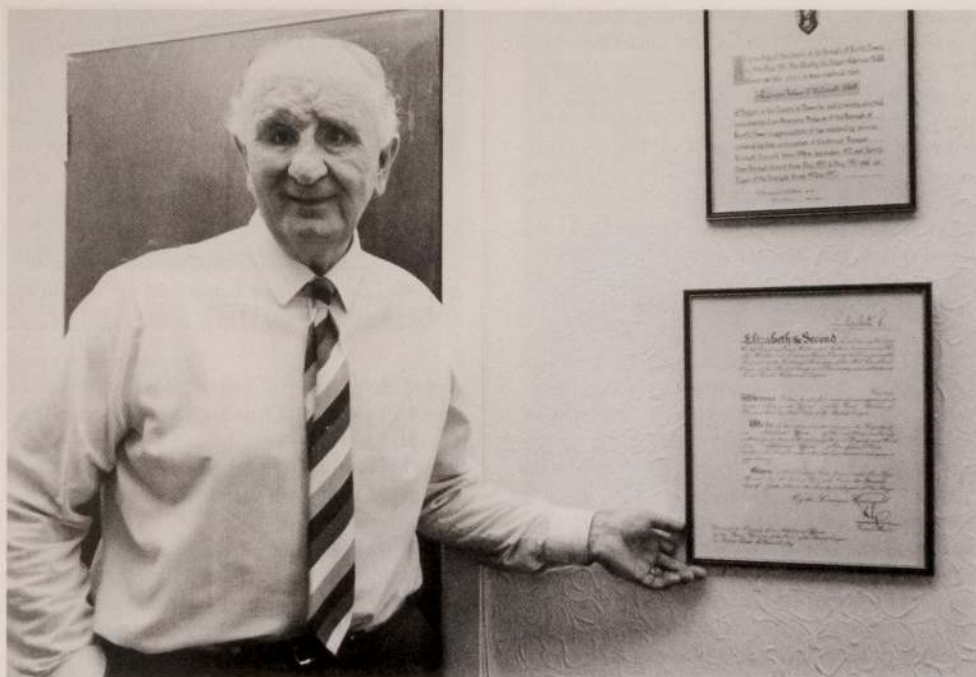
ing with 'my team', Olive and my two boys, aged 12 and 10. One lady said to me, "But you're blind — you won't be able to see them put my rates up!" Bertie came top of the poll, the first of nine that he subsequently won.

Meetings took place in the evenings. Bertie was particularly interested in sitting on the finance, housing, harbour and gas committees. It meant much work for Olive, reading through agendas, minutes and reports. 'Owning a shop in the middle of town meant I was easy meat for anyone with a problem. I had a small room at the back of the shop, which I used as a surgery. The most satisfying part of public life, was to be able to help people by cutting through some red tape, speeding things up etc. That gave me more satisfaction than anything else.'

In 1974, Bertie was elected Alderman. This is purely a title, and is only held for four years, unlike in England, where the title is held for life. In 1976, he was elected Mayor of Bangor, and in The Queen's birthday honours in 1977, he was made an O.B.E. for services to local government.

In January 1981, Bertie announced his retirement, but before that particular council came to an end, they unanimously elected him a Freeman of the Borough. Thus Bertie withdrew from some 24 years of local government.

Bertie's term in Stormont took place concurrently with his local government activities. During a period of re-organisation, Bangor was created a constituency in its own right, so in January 1969 Bertie stood as an Independent Candidate for election to the Northern Ireland Parliament and subsequently won the seat by a



With framed records of honours awarded at national and local level for services to local government.

handsome majority, defeating the Unionists.

Ted Heath suspended the Parliament in 1972 and a Northern Ireland Executive took its place. This never really got off the ground thanks to Paisley and his supporters. 'Had they joined the coalition like all the other parties, we would not have the troubles we have now. I was not very happy in the first Parliament as it was sectarian, and the official Unionists were always able to bulldoze their way through.' Bertie's one near success was the introduction of a bill to abolish hare coursing. This only just failed by default when Parliament was dissolved.

He has two anecdotes to relate. It was the tradition in Stormont not to use notes when making a speech. During one of Bertie's addresses, Gerry Fitt rose to make a point of order. He had reason to believe that the Honourable Member for Bangor was transgressing by reading braille notes concealed in his jacket pocket! Bertie had his hand there, in fact, to curb his wilder manual flourishes; it was all in jest! On

another occasion, the lights failed in the House during a strike by power workers. Bertie was the only one who could find his way in the dark. So a long conga line was formed with Bertie in the lead; they headed straight for the bar, which, he hastens to add, was closed. Thus, for a brief period, he became 'Leader of the House.'

Bertie sees a coalition, as was intended in 1972 as the way ahead for Northern Ireland. But with Paisley's determination 'never to serve together with the SDLP and vice versa' this appears to be an impossibility. Bertie loves his country and his fellow countrymen. They want peace. It must be an anguishing time for him.

Guide dogs have always played a large part in Bertie's life. In 1946, he trained with his first dog, Jock, at Leamington. It has to be born in mind that St. Dunstan's was not very pro guide dogs in those days, but Bertie has an independent streak in him. He recalls one of Jock's first outings from St. Dunstan's training centre in Avenue Road to the local pub, and leading fellow 'inmates' home, each holding onto

the cane of the man in front, with Jock in the vanguard. A less direct route was made one evening after some 'kind' person had been feeding Jock sugar lumps soaked in whisky! His election to Stormont caused an obvious stir. When asked by the press if he was going to take his dog with him, Bertie replied that 'he did not believe in cruelty to animals!' Bertie does his regular 5-mile walks nowadays with his sixth dog, a vivacious and affectionate German Shepherd called Solomon.

Blindness has never worried Bertie. Whilst naturally causing frustration at times, it has not prevented his main interest and satisfaction in life, that of dealing with and helping people. He is gregarious and jovial by nature. He is grateful to his wife Olive for not interceding and doing those things which he is capable of doing. Solomon gives him independent mobility. He is proud of his two sons, two daughters-in-law and five grandchildren. Michael is a Civil engineer out in the Far East, while Alan runs a poultry farm in Co. Cork. He loves listening to his radio, music

on his hi-fi system, and cleaning and polishing cars. Olive looks after the immaculate garden!

Local and national government have held out to Bertie the challenge and stretch he sought and have provided the satisfaction of his giving to and helping others. Bertie's maiden speech at Stormont was typical of the man. By tradition, subjects of a controversial nature are not dealt with. He forsook that and pleaded with the House as one who was neither Orange or Green by conviction, for them to lay aside their differences even for one week, to give the country a much needed respite. 'Let there be no marching, nothing that will antagonise either community.' The next day, John Hume and Ivan Cooper of the Nationalists as the SDLP were known then, promised that co-operation. But two months later, an Orange parade in the vicinity of a hurling match ended any hope of peace. However brief, Bertie McConnell had made his mark.

Olive and Bertie with Solomon.



Welcome to St. Dunstan's



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

Hipolit Jastrzemski, of Bristol, joined St. Dunstan's on January 12th.

Mr. Jastrzemski served as a Lance Corporal in the Polish Army in the Second World War from pre-1939 until his discharge in 1947. His sight was affected by illness in 1944 and he became a St. Dun-

staner in 1948. He trained as a capstan lathe operator and was employed in industry from 1949 to 1952. On regaining some sight, he ceased to be a St. Dunstaner.

Mr. Jastrzemski is unmarried.

Alfred Edward White, of Gloucester, joined St. Dunstan's on January 20th.

Mr. White served as a Gunner with the Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery from March 1915 to May 1921. Following his discharge, he worked as a Foreman Checker until his retirement. Mr. White is a widower, aged 90, and shares his daughter's home.

D.F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

May I thank you all from my wife and self for all cards you sent over Christmas. I know my thanks are a bit late but these are the first garden notes written since Christmas.

I only hope you are able to make a start outside since the awful New Year weather and that you haven't had any more since. I wasn't able to get outside as everything was solid — just kept geraniums and such going in the greenhouse with heating on day and night.

Vegetables

Fork over all beds, then rake to get a smooth tilth ready for seeds towards the end of the month if the weather is suitable. Those in the north should, I think, wait till early next month. Remember to have plenty of labels available for setting at the head of rows showing items sown. Do get anti soil pest powder such as *Bromophos* and *Calomel* to offset diseases. Powder rows as you sow. Also add when you put in potatoes and well grown seedlings raised under glass earlier on and hardened off. And add some extra Lime where you are growing the cabbage family.

In order to deter birds spray some deterrent or peg down some plastic netting, plus some stakes along rows where you have sown garden peas and broad

beans. Owing to the severe weather in early January, there may be a total loss of the early-sown peas and broad beans, so sow more in the same places. Put some outdoor tomato seeds plus some runner beans in small containers towards the end of the month for setting in their permanent places in early summer. If you have no real heat in the greenhouse, sow seeds for the airing cupboard and then place on a sunny windowsill when grown.

Fruit

Make certain that all pruning of hard fruit has been done by the end of the month, better still by the middle, as the buds will be showing quite a bit of growth. It is the last month for planting anything in the fruit line till autumn. Do a good spraying with insecticide this month to keep pests away from young growth.

Plant out all new fruit bushes and mix in some manure during planting so it mixes in with the roots. Don't forget to move roots about as you plant so they settle and form in well. Give a good dose of water. It might also be a good thing to put in some strong stakes in case winds come along at the wrong time.

Lawns

A good time to give a dose of fertiliser cum weedkiller, which act better on young

leaves. Towards the end of the month, grass will have grown enough to get the mower going, but do have blades fairly high and the grass box off, as the small amount of grass leaves will act as fertiliser. Finish off by cutting edges to neaten everything off. Also fork over the lawn to improve drainage and allow air into young roots. Do clean mower fully when you have finished.

Flowers

All borders should be forked over, especially vacant ones. Others also, but go easily as you may disturb roots, especially of tulips which should be beginning to show buds. Firm all shrubs and perennials which may have been loosened up and it might be a good thing to add some fresh soil plus compost or manure to give them a good start to the year. Some perennials may need cutting down hard to soil level, but don't do this if there is frost about.

Start the main pruning of roses provided there is no frost. Cut down shoots to one or two buds from the main stem. Spray all round with an Aphis and Disease compound, which generally copes with Black Spot. Also spray all soil round about the roots of the plant. Burn all prunings or put in the rubbish bin if you have had a bad season of Black Spot. After spraying and pruning give a good dose of manure or compost round the root area so roses get a good start to the season, and later on in the summer perhaps, give a special powder fertiliser. Check over all shrubs and cut away broken or damaged shoots. Ensure all ties to canes or stakes are good and replace with new ones if you find poor or broken ones.

Sow hardy annuals and some perennials such as delphiniums, lupins, pyrethrums etc. Place in sheltered spots and spray against birds. Some plastic sheeting raised on canes will help to keep warmth in and so improve germination. I think those of you in the north better wait a bit longer unless you have heat on the kitchen window or in the airing cupboard. Plant out all sweet peas raised earlier from seed and hardened off. Plant well down in the soil and dig manure or compost into the soil as you plant to give roots a good start.

Greenhouse

Keep temperature above 40°F and perhaps a bit higher and don't forget to open ventilators during nice sunny days — but do close at night.

Diseases and insect pests will be on the rampage now so set smokes, especially combined ones, several times during the month. Set at about 7 p.m. and make sure all windows and doors are tightly closed. Early next morning open everything wide and leave for several hours before you work inside. White Fly can be a nuisance and need a special spray for several weeks.

Try and get all new greenhouse seed items sown as near to the source of heat as possible as they need more heat than most things. These include begonia, gloxinia, streptocarpus etc. which if grown well will flower in late summer. The seed of these items is like dust and needs no covering. It is a bit difficult to spread, so add some silver sand to the package, give it a shake and then sow. Press into position and soak the seed tray or pot until water just appears at the top and then drain off.

Get all tuberous items started off now such as begonias, achimenes, gloxinias and dahlias. When the latter really get started it will give several shoots. These can be cut apart with a growth on each, potted separately and planted in their flowering quarters when well grown. Towards the end of the month get all half hardy bedding plants set off from seed to give plenty of colour in your flowering borders. Some seed is very fine so add some silver sand to packets and sow with very little or no covering. Geranium seeds are very large and easily sown in small pots, although some are very expensive. One can get mixtures which are cheaper and give one many more seeds.

Cuttings of all perennials that you have indoors such as geraniums, carnations, chrysanthemums and fuchsias should take quite easily. Many of the bulbous items which gave you such a good show in the house at Christmas can be hardened off outside now for planting out later on. Hyacinth I have not found very successful. I have actually kept daffodils and narcissus in their pots, replanted to other pots later on and they flowered very well the next spring.



Photo: Martin Haswell.

SILVER AWARD FOR 'EDUCATING BRIAN'

Readers will remember our announcement in the October 1986 Review, that Cinexsa Films' *Educating Brian* won a Silver Award. Here, Michael Capon, a member of the British Industrial and Scientific Film Association, presents the award to Jimmy Wright at Bristol on June 27th 1986. They were competing against 26 entries in the Public Welfare and Social Questions Category.

1987 DINGHY SAILING COURSES FOR THE BLIND

Two courses in dinghy sailing are again being organised this year by Island Cruising Club, Salcombe. The courses will take place during the weeks beginning Saturday, May 9th and Saturday, September 5th. Overall cost per student will be £100 and £130 respectively (after ICC and RNIB subsidies in both cases, have been applied.)

For further details and an application form, contact the Island Cruising Club, Salcombe, S. Devon, TQ8 8DR. Tel: 054884 3481.

Holiday Guides for Disabled People

The Royal Association for Disability and Rehabilitation (RADAR) now publishes two annual holiday guides, one dealing with holidays in the UK, the other with holidays overseas.

The British guide, *Holidays for Disabled People* includes a wealth of information on all kinds of holiday accommodation such as hotels, apartments, nursing homes and holiday centres, and grades the extent of their suitability. It contains sections on accommodation with nursing care, accommodation for children and young people, and for groups. There are large sections on transportation and activity holidays, and details of voluntary and commercial organisations involved in holiday provision for people with disabilities.

Holidays and Travel Abroad - A Guide for Disabled People is published as a separate publication and gives information on travel by sea and air, as well as on coach or escort services. It provides useful contact addresses in countries as varied as Barbados and Yugoslavia. It not only gives country by country information on accommodation, but also offers useful hints such as where to hire and repair wheelchairs.

Holidays for Disabled People can either be obtained from W.H. Smith, price £2, or from RADAR at £3, including postage and packing. *Holidays and Travel Abroad* can only be obtained direct from RADAR, 25 Mortimer Street, London W1N 8AB, price £1.50 including postage and packing.

A moment to spare with Syd Scroggie

The Basis of Friendship

W.B. Yeats, the Irish poet, used to allude to someone he knew as 'my old friend and enemy', and certainly it's a good thing in a friend that he should be hostile enough to your opinions, or some of them, to provide the basis for vigorous discussion whenever you should be drinking a dram together round an evening fire. Two old Scotsmen in a J.M. Barrie sketch regularly fell out over the merits or demerits of old prints, but this was a facet of their friendship, not a negation of it, and in my case an evening of heated altercation with a neighbour of mine, old Jimmy Johnston, would end with Jimmy warmly shaking me by the hand. 'That's been a great evening, Scroggie,' he said.

Total unanimity, I would argue, is not consistent with authentic friendship, only its pallid counterpart, acquaintanceship. You've got to tell the other chap what you think, and this is well brought out in an anecdote relating to an Italian tenor and a friend of his who remained ominously silent, or at best evasive, when the tenor asked him what his friend thought of his latest performance. 'You hide something,' said the tenor at length, seizing him by the lapels; 'You tell me what it is or you are not my friend.' Thus cornered, the friend revealed the fact that although the tenor sought to impersonate on the operatic stage a man of 50 his motions and gestures were those of a man half that age.

A great friend and enemy of mine over many years, long alas deceased, used vehemently to accuse me of being a fascist, as much hoping to rile me as anything else, whereas I for my part poured scorn on the socialism which in his case was a merely emotional thing. At least my fascism, if that's what it was, had something of an intellectual basis. Actually I was a Platonist with regard to social arrangements, and my friend's attacks on me arose not so much out of a disagreement with me on political matters as anger that I had read

Plato while he had not. We remained on excellent terms, and neither would have seen the other without fags when he had them, done anything not to cover up for the other in time of need, or fail to defend him stoutly in the event of his being criticised unfairly.

You have to keep your friendships under constant repair, said Dr. Johnson, and this is as much attended to by snarlings and bickerings as ever it can be by feigned agreement and pusillanimous conciliation. Give each other hell, and a long continuance may be predicted for that friendship which is built on properly sound foundations. Love your enemy, says Jesus, and W.B. Yeats' remark may best be interpreted along these lines. This doesn't mean, by the way, that you should like your enemy; love goes beyond mere liking. And here we come up against the inadequacy of English when it comes to translating the Greek of the New Testament. There are not one but four Greek words for love: Love between parents and children; love between man and woman; love between friends; and love between man and God, and it is this last word, 'agape', which Jesus is represented as applying to the proper attitude regarding your enemy.

It's got nothing to do with any of the three other 'loves', and therefore it is as hard to imagine as the fourth dimension when compared with the three ordinary ones. In that he sought to destroy my convictions the late Les Bowman was my enemy, in that I sought to destroy his I was also, and it was 'agape' that bound us together in the teeth of all expectation to the contrary. Mere 'filia', 'eros', and 'storge' fade into insignificance as bonds between humans compared with a force such as this. I remained a fascist to the end as Les saw me, Les a socialist as I saw him, and 'agape' saw to it that our relationship stood firm to the last.

SMALL GAME HUNTING

By Phillip Wood

This was written before the sad death of my wife in March 1986. She never got round to reading it but I think she would have approved and enjoyed a giggle at her own expense.

My wife is one of those kindly caring people, about whom friends and neighbours would say, "She wouldn't hurt a fly!"

And they'd be wrong. She *would* hurt a fly. Indeed I would go further. She becomes a merciless killer when confronted by the common house-fly. Let just one fly penetrate her defences and he — or she — is pursued with relentless vigour and a rolled-up *Guardian*.

She has one inviolable rule — no living creature shall enter the premises without her express permission. This does not apply to human beings. She is very fond of human beings. Nor the dog next door. She is very fond of the dog next door.

But any creature which crawls or flutters or flies — all are *persona non grata*. However, not all intruders are despatched to the appropriate Happy Hunting Grounds. She does make exceptions. Spiders, crane-flies and moths are taken outside, liberated and told firmly not to come back.

The few bees we do get are well named. They *bumble* into trouble as soon as they arrive. They immediately make for the kitchen window and kick up a tremendous fuss because they can't fly through the glass. Getting them out is a ticklish business. This involves pulling up the venetian blind without squashing the unfortunate insect between the slats. This done, a tumbler is placed carefully over the bee, a card slipped between it and the glass and the prisoner is liberated with an admonitory warning to go away and sin no more.

But the fly is hunted down and without mercy summarily executed. Given half a chance they will walk all over your food and you never know where their feet have been. I often wonder why they bother to come in the first place. My wife is a fanatic about cleanliness and hygiene. If pushed

you could perform a surgical operation in our kitchen. Any visiting fly would have a very lean time indeed. Perhaps we just get the half-witted ones who don't know any better.

Come September and another marauder is on the hit list... the wasp. Given the opportunity he too will trample all over your fruit cake. He too is bumped off with ruthless enthusiasm.

A few years ago we had a four-footed intruder. At that time we had a fan-assisted coke fire in the lounge. The fan developed a sickness and expert help was called in. The workmen removed the perforated air-brick from the outside to get to the fault, then went off for the night without replacing it as workmen are wont to do.

The next morning our son was sitting in the lounge preparatory to leaving for school. he called out 'a mouse has just popped up from the grate!' 'Don't be silly!' I said 'we don't have mice!' 'We do now!' he replied.

Sure enough some enterprising little rodent had made the trip along the air-pipe, negotiated the silent fan and was now going walkabouts all over our bungalow. He was fleet of foot and uncatchable. He soon developed a touching affection for my wife which she in no way reciprocated. A muffled scream from the bedroom or bathroom and we knew she had been joined by the too-friendly Michael.

It seemed reasonable to assume that, since he was a field mouse his diet would consist of grass and weeds and such like. As no such delicacies were to be found under our roof he might be encouraged to go out and find them. We left all doors invitingly open. He refused to take the hint. 'There's nothing for him here' said my wife, 'so why does he stay?'

But stay he did until my wife had had enough. She stocked fridge and freezer as though for a protracted siege and announced her intention of visiting our married daughter in Kent. 'I'll be back

when you've got rid of that confounded mouse!' She said.

Efforts were redoubled until Michael was captured and taken, a wiser and presumably leaner, mouse, to join his brethren in the field. On receiving the news by telephone my wife returned home.

Sometime after the departure of our four-footed friend we were once again faced with another, but this time, six-footed problem. There was a deep groan from my wife at the top of the hall. I went to investigate. 'Ants!' she told me. 'Little black ants! Thousands of them!' Allowing for her proneness to slight exaggeration, I guessed that there must be at least twenty-five.

'They're coming from a little hole right at the bottom of the door frame' she said.

'They must be coming from the other side. Look in the porch.'

'I have and they're not!' she replied, 'They seem to be coming through the floor.'

This I felt was most unlikely. Our bungalow is built on a concrete raft several inches thick. This surely must be an unsurpassable barrier to the most dedicated hard-nosed ant. I said so.

'I don't really care where they are coming from!' she said — a mite testily, I thought — 'But I do know where they're going! And they've got to be stopped!' She produced a polythene 'puffer' and began to operate it with a fine careless rapture. Dense clouds of fine white powder rose in all directions. As I was practically asphyxiated on the spot, I judged that the powder should prove somewhat disastrous to an ant's miniature lungs — always supposing he had any.

The disaster area was inspected hourly. 'The stuff is not working' announced my wife, 'We now have white ants! I would swear they were eating it, and enjoying it!'

She brought up the second line of attack. From a small tube she squeezed blobs of a gooey substance on to a tile and placed it in close proximity to our snowy ants. 'Apparently they take it back to the nest and it kills all of them' she explained.

I thought that this was a little unsporting but *pour les grands maux, les grands remèdes* as the French have it. It worked and in forty-eight hours we were happily ant-less.

A little while ago I heard about a man who, hearing strange noises in his roof space went up to investigate and found that a colony of bats had moved in.

And he is stuck with them. He is not allowed to give them notice to quit. They are protected by the law of the land. He can throw his mother-in-law, even his wife, out onto the streets and he might get away with it. But not his bats. They have the awful majesty of the law on their side. They will move if, and when, *they* choose.

'What would you do if you discovered that we had bats?' I asked.

'We would move house, immediately!' she replied promptly.

And I believe we would too.

BANDLEADER FRIEND OF ST. DUNSTANERS DIES

By Ernie Cookson

All St. Dunstaners and everyone who knew the dance band days will have been saddened to hear of the death of Harry Leader on January 19th. Harry Leader was famous as a big band leader from the age of 21 and throughout the big band era until the present day. He made countless recordings and broadcasts throughout the 30's and 40's and made a big band broadcast as late as 1983. Harry Leader, whose famous signature tune was 'Music Maestro Please', wrote many popular hit tunes, one of which 'Little Man You've had a Busy Day' sold a million copies.

Harry was a particular friend of all Music Makers in St. Dunstan's and during the music weeks at IFH he used to come along almost every day to give advice and encouragement to anyone interested in music and kept everybody amused for hours with his witty stories about his early life and his early days in the music world. He will be very greatly missed at all our future musical gatherings at IFH.

Harry made a cassette biography with music just before his death. Under the title, *Music Maestro, Please — The Harry Leader Story* by John Henty, it is sold at £3.50 plus 54p postage and packing from: Mrs. Rona Leader, 114 Preston Drove, Brighton, Sussex.



Cassette Library List

Any of the following tapes may be obtained by sending the appropriate number of blank cassettes to the PR Department. Please state clearly, the reference number of the library tape required.

- R 1. C90. New RAE format — R. Canning.
- R 2. C90. Interference — J. Hoolahan.
- R 3. C90. Repeaters and 70 cms.
- R 4. C90. New licence regulations.
- R 5. C90. Morse code, slow time.
- R 6. C90. Morse code, quicker time.
- R 7. C90. Satellites — R. Ham.
- R 8. C90. G5RV antenna.
- R 9. C90. Experiences with the BBC — F. Hennig.
- R 10. C90. Radio teletype.
- R 11. C90. 'Worked all Britain' award.
- R 12. 2 x C90's. RAE revision notes.
- R 13. C90. Experiences in S. America — L. Varney.
- R 14. C90. Microwaves.
- R 15. C90. Ragchew No. 1, No. 1978.
- R 16. C90. Ragchew No. 2, May 1979.
- R 17. C90. NE555 — i/c timer.
- R 18. C90. Wiring by touch — P. Jones.
- R 19. C90. RAE question papers for May 1979.
- R 20. C90. Telecommunications.
- R 21. C90. Ragchew No. 3, August 1979.
- R 22. C90. Talk on HM Coastguard.
- R 23. C90. Ragchew No. 4, November 1979.
- R 24. C90. Life with BBC — H. Hatch.
- R 25. 4 x C90's. 'So you want to pass the RAE?' from *Practical Wireless*.

CHRISTMAS REUNION IN TORONTO & TRADITIONAL JAZZ

By Jerry Lynch

Last year we decided to spend Christmas in Canada with our daughter which turned out to be a wonderful holiday. First, we made contact with Verna Richie and her husband, Herb. Verna was known as Johnny at Church Stretton, and worked in the Hobby Hut down at the centre. Her partner in crime was Eleanor Shaw, now Mrs. Joe Johnson and has been for 40 years. Eleanor has just been made president of Willowdale Bowling Club. Verna had a very bad throat infection so we just had a conversation by phone. Eleanor invited us home to tea. Joe, her husband, kindly picked us up and brought us home after a lovely tea and a long chat about old times. Incidentally Joe was a P.O.W. for

four years while in the British Army.

Then I had the opportunity to play drums with the best traditional jazz band I've heard in Canada, which made the visit even more enjoyable. The *Climax Jazz Band* have travelled widely in Canada, United States and have made several visits to New Orleans and even to the Edinburgh Festival. I joined them with apprehension, but the session went very well — so much so that I was invited as a guest another night.

It was also very nice to hear that all the Canadian Red Cross girls who were at Church Stretton have a reunion every year. They all send best wishes to everyone for 1987.

- R 26. C90. Ragchew No. 5, February 1980.
- R 27. C90. Ragchew No. 6.
- R 28. 12 x C90's. 'Guide to amateur radio'.
- R 29. C90. Various appendices to above.
- R 30. C90. Ragchew No. 7.
- R 31. C90. RAE question papers for December 1980.
- R 32. C90. Ragchew No. 8, April 1981.
- R 33. C90. Talk by Pres. RSGB July 1981.
- R 34. 4 x C90's. RAE Manual.
- R 35. C60. 'Becoming a radio amateur', RSGB publication.
- R 36. C90. Ragchew No. 9, October 1981.
- R 37. C90. Auditory aids — G. Day.
- R 40. C90. Ragchew No. 10, June 1982.
- R 41. C90. Speakers at March 1982 AGM — R. and J. Ham, E. Howard.
- R 43. C90. Technical Innovations Bulletin (TIB), brochure.
- R 44. C90. Ragchew No. 11, August 1982.
- R 45. C90. TIB, January 1982.
- R 46. C90. TIB, April 1982.
- R 47. 2 x C90's. Instruction manual — Trio 130s.
- R 48. C90. Ragchew No. 12, December 1982.
- R 49. C90. TIB, July 1982.
- R 54. C90. TIB, 1982.
- R 55. C90. Ragchew No. 13, May 1983.
- R 56. C90. Ragchew No. 14, August 1983.
- R 57. C90. TIB, January 1983.
- R 58. C90. TIB, April 1983.
- R 59. C90. TIB, July 1983.
- R 60. C90. TIB catalogue for spring 1983.
- R 62. C90. Ragchew No. 15, October 1983.

Cassette Library List *continued*

- R 64. C90. TIB, October 1983.
 R 65. C90. TIB, December 1983.
 R 67. C90. Ragchew No. 16, March 1984.
 R 68. C90. Ragchew No. 17, October 1984.
 R 69. C90. Ragchew No. 18, March 1985.
 R 70. C90. Ragchew No. 19, July 1985.
 R 71. C90. Ragchew No. 20 for October 1985.
 R 72. C90. Ragchew No. 21 for March 1986.
 R 73. C90. Ragchew No. 22 for June 1986.
 R 74. C90. Ragchew No. 23 for October 1986.
- G 1. C60. P. Jones — DIY hints.
 G 2. C90. R. Smith — ultra sounds, bats and whales.
 G 3. C90. R. Smith — trip to Outer Hebrides.
 G 4. C90. R. Dufton on research, and TSI open day, 1978.
 G 5. C90. BBC 2 — 'Gardener's World'.
 G 6. C90. R. Smith — trip to Shetlands.
 G 7. C60. Acol bridge system.
 G 8. C90. Track 1: Machines that talk.
 Track 2: Machines with ears.
 G 10. C90. Black box in flight recorder.
 G 11. C90. Track 1: A guide to Windsor Castle.
 Track 2: Introduction to RAF Uxbridge wartime operations HQ.
 G 12. C90. BBC Micro computer, with speech: keyboard, demo, intro to programming.
 G 14. 2 x C60's. 'Bird's eye view of New Zealand'. 4 programmes recorded from NZ TV.
 G 15. 3 x C90's. Philips 'Guide to Business Computing and the Electronic Office', (abridged).
 G 16. 4 x C90's. 'Basic, basic; an intro to programming.' (abridged).
 G 18. 2 x C90's. Spanish grammar revision and verb tables.
 G 19. 4 x C90's. 'The Beginners Computer Handbook'.
 G 20. C90. 'Using the Computer' by N. Ardley.
 G 21. C90. Votrax speech synthesizer appraisal.
 G 22. C90. ESSO, story of oil.
 G 23. C90. Guide to Leeds Castle.
 G 24. 2 x C90's. Guide to Canterbury Cathedral.
 G 25. C90. BBC Computer keyboard (description).
 G 26. C60. Editing Program instructions for BBC Micro.
 G 27. C90. Music box collection of George Reed.
 G 28. C90. R. Smith. Sounds of East Sussex — 1984.
 G 29. 2 x C90's. An introduction to computing (BBC Micro).
 G 30. C60. (1 track). Fire precautions in the home.
 G 31. C60. British Telecom Annual Report 1984-85.
 G 32. C60. Guide to using public telephones.
 G 33. C60. Crime prevention in the home.
 G 34. 4 x C90's. Tasks of Gavin Lee by Domingo Sweetman.
 G 35. 3 x C90's. Conaloo: Tell Mom I Love Her, by Gipsy Goldpiece.
 G 36. C90. Extracts from World of Stanley Holloway.
 G 37. C90. Western Birt Arboretum, compiled by Bristol University.
 G 38. C90. R. Smith. Talk on insects.
 G 39. 3 x C90's. Reference Manual to 'Inter-Sheet' computer program.
 G 40. C90. Journey by Royal Mail Coach. From New Zealand TV.

- I 1. C90. Instructions — Fidelity Chess Challenger.
 I 2. C90. Instructions — Sharp Talking Clock.
 I 3. C60. Instructions — Sharp EL620 Talking Calculator.
 I 4. C60. Instructions — Cassio VL1 tuner.
 I 5. C90. Metalcraft Manual (wrought-iron patterns).
 I 6. 2 x C90's. APH Vari speed 2 recorder manual.
 I 7. 2 x C90's. Instructions — Sharp EL640 Talking Clock/Calculator/Calendar
 I 8. C60. Monarch 120 switchboard; description and brief instructions.
 I 9. C60. Elke electronic organ manual.

- SD 1. C60. Visit by HRH Duchess of Kent to IFH
 SD 2. C60. Lord and Lady Fraser's Memorial Services.
 SD 3. C60. St. Dunstan's dance band, 1927.
 SD 4. C60. Lord Fraser; 'Wireless for Blind' appeal, 'In town tonight', 1952.
 SD 5. C90. Track 1: KRM press conference.
 Track 2: KRM extracts from radio and TV.
 SD 6. C90. Track 1: Sound track 'To Live Again'.
 Track 2: Sound track 'Ability is where you look for it'.
 SD 7. C90. BBC 2: 'History of Medals', Gen. Sir J. Hackett.
 SD 8. C90. Track 1: J. Wright, BAFTA award; Radio 4: 'Profile'.
 Track 2: Radio 4: E. Knight, 'Death of the Hood'.
 SD 9. C60. Track 1: D Day recordings.
 Track 2: Film on sailing, J. Wright.
 SD 10. C90. Radio Brighton at IFH.
 SD 12. C90. FEPOW Forum — extracts.
 SD 13. Electronic Organ course. Part 1 — 6 x C90; part 2 — 7 x C90; part 3 — 7 x C90.
 SD 15. C90. D. Reeves — Musical talk and demo.
 SD 16. C90. T. Back — talk and demo on Yamaha organ.
 SD 17. C90. T. Back in concert.
 SD 18. C90. M. Leary on Wersi organ.
 SD 19. C90. B. Pagan — musical talk and demo.
 SD 22. 4 x C90's. 'To Revel in God's Sunshine', story of RSM Lord.
 SD 23. C90. S. Jack reads poems by John Masefield.
 SD 24. C90. Radio 4: 2 programmes on FEPOW's.
 SD 26A. C90. Savoury recipes.
 SD 26B. C90. Sweet recipes.
 SD 29. 2 x C90's. G. Watkins — talk and concert on Wersi organ.
 SD 30. 2 x C90's. M. Leary — talk and concert on Wersi organ.
 SD 31. C90. T. Back on Elke Organ
 SD 33. C90. Gas Board recipe hints.
 SD 34. C90. Nat. Tape Magazine feature on IFH.
 SD 35. C90. 75 years of army songs: Harry Wheeler, Bill Harris, Peter Spencer.
 SD 36. 2 x C90's. J. Man on Eminent electronic organ.
 SD 37. C90. M. Leary on Dr Bohm organ.
 SD 38. C60. On 1 track only — 'Blind Faith', film on sailing by Jimmy Wright.
 SD 39. C90. 'Learn to be Blind.' Radio 4, February 1985.
 SD 40. C90. Visit to museum of mechanical music.
 SD 41. C90. Evening of songs at IFH — June, 1984.
 SD 42. C90. Radio Sussex coverage of Royal Visit to IFH, July, 1985.
 SD 43. C60. Track 1: Sound track of Jimmy Wright's film, 'Educating Brian'.
 SD 44. C90. Microwave recipes.
 SD 45. C90. Story of Accomplishment (History of St. Dunstan's).
 SD 46. C90. Christmas Concert 1986 at IFH.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Bridge

Pairs — January 25th

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| Wally Lethbridge & Mr. R. Goodlad | 67.3 |
| Alf Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King | 53.5 |
| Reg Goding & Dr. Jane Goodlad | 52.8 |
| Jim Padley & Mrs. Padley | 51.4 |
| Bob Evans & Mrs. Barker | 50.0 |
| Miss Sturdy & Mr. Douse | 47.2 |
| Bill Phillips & Mrs. Phillips | 42.4 |
| Ralph Pacitti & Mrs. Pacitti | 35.4 |

Entertainment Section

At the Christmas Party on December 17th we celebrated the birthday of a First War widow, Hilda Webster, who is unable to join us every week. Also with us was Joan Killingbeck, and we hope she will join us again. We missed Theo Giles who was helping his very sick mother. Everyone enjoyed the afternoon games, Fred Bentley winning the dominoes, and there were small prizes for bingo until the tea was ready when we were joined by Mrs. Dacre and Miss Stenning. Our thanks to Commander Conway for a super meal and also for the transport.

On December 20th at the Christmas dance, Mrs. Dacre introduced the President, Mr. Colin Beaumont-Edmonds and his wife, and Commander Conway and his wife also joined us. The President presented the trophies for competitions held during the year — Tiny Pointon was the winner of the fishing and the previous *Review* contained all the other winners. Jim Padley presented an inscribed crystal goblet to Mr. Goodlad and a St. Dunstan's plaque, commenting on the many years he has helped and supported the bridge players. Another plaque for Mr. Frankland, the Hon. Auditor, was presented by Mrs. Dacre.

Mrs. Beaumont-Edmonds kindly consented to draw the raffle tickets after the interval for the buffet supper. It was a very happy and enjoyable evening which came to an end around midnight. We thank Ernie Took and his band, and Commander Conway for the buffet and transport to and from the house. We would also like to thank Bob and Joan Osborne for all the hard work they put in to running the Brighton Club and the dances. We should be pleased to see any members who are visiting the house during the year. A Happy New Year to all.

Phyllis O'Kelly

FAMILY NEWS



PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. D. Freeman, of Coventry, who were presented with certificates by Chief Scout Major-General Michael J.H. Walsh in recognition of their outstanding service to the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme for Young People. This photograph

appeared in the *Coventry Citizen*. Photo: Mike Barnes.

After Europe, the world — in last month's *Review* we reported Barry Coupe's architectural award by the United States Army Air Force. We now learn that his design work for an airbase in Europe has since earned him a world-wide design award for 1986. Barry is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Des Coupe.

Frank, aged 38, son of Mr. and Mrs. J.L. Douglass, of Ruislip, who, formerly a senior computer consultant, has now started his own computer business with two of his former workers under the name of Frank Douglass Computer Services Ltd. The firm is based in London.

MARRIAGE

Congratulations to:

Michaela, only grandchild of Mrs. M. Millen, widow of the late Mr. G.A. Millen, of Birchington, on the occasion of her marriage to Robin McGregor at St. Peter's Church, Broadstairs, on September 27th 1986.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. G. Cooke, of Crewe, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on December 14th 1986.

Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Cowan, of Rottingdean, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Wake, of Barrow-in-Furness, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on December 16th 1986.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Watkins, of New Zealand, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on December 21st 1986, while on holiday in England visiting members of family and Ian Fraser House.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Windley, of Irlam, Manchester, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on December 21st 1986.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. E.E. Bradshaw, of Northampton, on the birth of their grand-daughter, Rachel Clare, born on November 14th 1986 to their daughter, Marion, and her husband, Graeme Gooding.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Inness, of Batley, West Yorkshire, on the birth of another grandchild, Philip John, born on December 6th 1986 to their daughter, Kathryn, and her husband, Peter Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Bagwell, of Salisbury, on the birth of their grand-daughter, Stephanie Jane Lynam, born on September 30th 1986 to their daughter, Sylvia, and her husband, John.

Mrs. E. Black, widow of the late Mr. J. Black, of Cramlington, Northumberland, on the birth of her grandchild, Sarah Emma, born on September 28th 1986 to her son, John, and his wife, Helen.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hawes, of Birchington, on the birth of their grandson, Alister David Miller, born on December 2nd 1986 to their daughter, Bryony, and son-in-law, Raymond Caron.

Mr. and Mrs. J.F. White, of Burton-on-Trent, on the arrival of another grandchild, Jamie Paul, born on December 20th 1986 to their son and daughter-in-law, Robert and Joanne.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mrs. J. Kempe, widow of the late Mr. S.N. Kempe, of Camborne, on the arrival of her two great grandchildren: John, born on October 10th 1986 to her grand-daughter,

Great Grandchildren *continued*

Tracey and husband, Michael Kent; and Claire, born on December 16th 1986 to her grand-daughter, Linda, and husband, Phillip Phelp.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Watson, of Aldridge, Staffordshire, on the safe arrival of their great grand-daughter, Kate, born on September 9th 1986 to their grand-daughter, Julie, and her husband.

Mr. H. Harding, of Bagborough, on the safe arrival of his great grandson, Christopher Stuart, born on November 22nd 1986 to his grandson, Stuart, and his wife, Vickie.

Mr. C.E.V. Dale, of Worthing, on the arrival of another great grand-daughter, Laura Claire, born on December 1st 1986 to his grandson, Joe and wife, Helen.

Mrs. D. Hoare, widow of the late *Mr. H.C. Hoare*, of Gillingham, Dorset, on the birth of her first great grandchild, Sarah Louise, born on January 1st to Tracey and Stephen Hannam.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. H. Harding, of Bagborough, his two sons and their families, on the death of his wife, Jeannie, on January 23rd, aged 74.

Mr. T.L. Giles, of Saltdean, whose mother passed away in Yorkshire on January 18th, aged 82.

Mr. R.B. Thurston, of IFH, and *Mrs. L.F. Chapman*, widow of the late *Mr. R.M. Chapman*, who lost their elder sister, Win, on December 17th 1986.

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.

J. Dickey, *Royal Air Force*

John Dickey, of Poole, passed away in hospital on January 3rd following a brief illness, at the age of 76. He had been a St. Dunstaner for over 30 years.

Mr Dickey served throughout the Second World War as a Corporal in the Royal Air Force and suffered severe deprivation as a Far East Prisoner of War, which affected his eyesight over the years. For eight years, he was in our borderline category but when his sight seriously deteriorated in 1955 he became a St. Dunstaner. He had already been trained in braille, typewriting and handicrafts and on admission undertook a joinery course at which he excelled.

In 1956 he decided to take over a small-holding for poultry keeping and ran a thriving and efficient business until moving south with his family in 1965. Mr. Dickey then undertook quota work for our stores making nests of tables of the highest quality until 1971. Until comparatively recently, gardening remained his greatest hobby, and he frequently enjoyed holidays with his wife in the UK. In 1980, Mr.

and Mrs. Dickey celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary.

He leaves his widow, Hilda, daughter, Linda, son-in-law and grandchildren who will miss him greatly.

E. Kippax, *Cheshire Regiment*

Edwin Kippax, of Burnley, passed away on January 14th at the age of 91.

Mr. Kippax served as a Private in the Cheshire Regiment from January 1915 to December 1918. He suffered mustard gas poisoning but in spite of the damage to his eyes and chest he was nevertheless able to follow employment in the textile industry and then as a foreman in an iron foundry. It was later in life that his sight failed and he became a St. Dunstaner in 1975. In retirement Mr. Kippax enjoyed his garden. When his health began to fail and he became housebound, he spent a lot of time listening to his Talking Book.

He leaves his widow, Ada, herself an invalid, and their daughter, Willa, who has given constant loving care and support to her parents over so many years.