

Area Headquarters South Wales Area



St Dunstons Review
April 1987



From the Chairman

We have recently held our 1987 Welfare Visitors and Area Surveyors Staff Conference. We now do this annually with the result that contact is closer, communication better and action to improve shortcomings quicker. Discussion is free and frank and leads to decisions on a number of important issues; these are implemented without delay.

I want to tell you how very important I regard these 'Field Staff' members of our organisation. They are the day-to-day links between St. Dunstaners in their homes and our team (especially Welfare) at Headquarters. It is through them that we are able to respond quickly and positively to a local problem or need as it arises and generally to keep in touch. They travel long distances in all weathers and work to a heavy programme of visits. We owe them a considerable debt of gratitude.

But, like any machine that runs smoothly and well, it is easy to take its performance for granted. And I have to tell you that in some areas there are increasing instances where a Visitor or Surveyor, despite having previously made an appointment, arrives on the doorstep to find the house empty and a note explaining that the occupant has gone off to some social activity. Such irresponsibility is not only time-wasting and inefficient, it is plain rude and not acceptable for a member of St. Dunstan's. Those concerned know this perfectly well; I ask them to sharpen up on their manners.

Henry Leach

St Dunstans Review

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CLIMBING DATES

The annual expedition to North Wales for climbing, abseiling and other strenuous activities is planned for the long weekend June 5th-9th. St. Dunstaners wishing to take part please contact Jock Carnochan, Sports Officer at IFH.

1987 LONDON MARATHON, MAY 10th

This year, St. Dunstaner Don Planner will be taking part in the Marathon and hence is seeking sponsorship for the Royal School for the Blind Development Appeal, Leatherhead. If you would like to obtain a sponsorship form to collect sponsorship on his behalf, or simply to make a donation which will be very gratefully received, please write to Jimmy Wright, Chelmick, Manygate Lane, Shepperton, Middlesex, TW17 9ER.

GUIDE DOG OWNERS

Central Independent Television would like to hear of any amusing experiences shared with your guide dog, or relating to your guide dog. Please send them, enclosing your address, in braille, on tape or in print to Louise Webb, Central Independent Television, 46 Charlotte Street, London W1P 1LX.

SCULPTURE CLASSES

The new term of sculpture classes for the visually handicapped at the Hulton Sculpture Studio has recommenced in March. The classes are held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 6.30 until 8.30 p.m. A nominal fee is payable weekly. As numbers must be restricted, if you would like to join the class contact as soon as possible: The Hon. Secretary, Hulton Sculpture Studio for the Visually Handicapped, Royal Society of British Sculptors, 108 Old Brompton Road, South Kensington, London, SW7 3RA. Telephone: 01-373 5554.

TAPE RECORDING WEEK '87

A reminder to all tape recording enthusiasts to make certain they have booked their accommodation for the week June 1st-6th. Also, will any member who may have their own sound recordings they consider suitable to be played at one of our sessions bring them along.

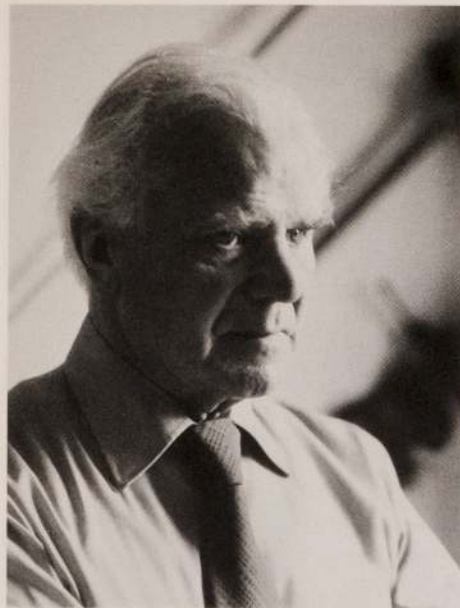
Our Chairman, David Bell, has circulated the proposed week's activities which we trust everyone has received.

Looking forward to our next meeting.

Jim Padley



Cover picture: Norman Follis meets Ray Hazan and Zeph. See 'Perseverance opens Doors,' page 12. Photo: National Coal Board, South Wales.



ESMOND KNIGHT — a tribute

by David Castleton

In this tribute Richard Dufton refers to Esmond Knight's help with St. Dunstan's theatricals. Before his death Esmond had submitted an amusing article on the same subject. It seems appropriate to add his own words to our tribute and the article appears opposite.

In 1942, less than a year after he was blinded in *HMS Prince of Wales* during the *Bismarck* action, Esmond Knight's photograph appeared on the cover of *Illustrated*, a weekly picture magazine. Inside was an article with the heading: 'I'll end my Days in the Theatre'.

The sadness of the news of his death at the age of 80 on February 23rd, was tempered slightly by the knowledge that he died as he would have wished, and in fulfilment of that resolution expressed in *Illustrated*, while filming on location in Egypt.

From his first appearance on the stage in Ibsen's *Wild Duck* in 1925, until the Second World War and service in the Royal Navy, Esmond Knight rose to become a popular actor on the West End stage. He played in Shakespeare, in Drury Lane musicals and in films.

However, his real triumphs must surely be the many parts he has played since the war despite his handicap. They began with the role of a German Nazi Gauleiter in the film *Silver Fleet*, made in 1943, and continued in the theatre, in films and on television up to 1987 and his death while

working in a film adaptation of Olivia Mannings' 'Balkan Trilogy'.

Through the pages of the *Review*, St. Dunstaners will be familiar with some of his work as a writer and as an artist. He wrote and illustrated a shortened version of his one man play *Agincourt — The Archer's Tale* and also allowed us to publish his account of the sinking of *HMS Hood*.

Among those who trained with him at Church Stretton is Richard Dufton, now a member of St. Dunstan's Council: 'I have very clear memories of him taking a leading part in St. Dunstaners' theatricals produced by Lady Buckmaster and at a moment's notice he could take up secondary parts often ending up playing two or three. He had an extremely active mind and could converse on a very wide range of topics, especially country life. I recall him broadcasting a very well received series of programmes on ornithology.'

Our family is diminished by the loss of a St. Dunstaner whose eagerness and zest for life was never quenched and we send deep sympathy to his wife, the actress, Nora Swinburne.

It's Only Acting

by Esmond Knight

Don't you think it would be rather fun to do a play? This was the indefatigable Lady B speaking and, though she made the suggestion sound like an idea she'd suddenly hit on, it was, in fact, very sure that this was what we were going to do. It was November 1941 and the potent smell of fallen leaves coming through the window told us that it was time to be thinking about a Christmas play. Joan, as some were privileged to call her, had persuaded Clemence Dane to write a play suitable for St. Dunstaners to perform and she had cast it from those to be heard at typing and braille lessons in the training centre at Church Stretton. I suppose Joan thought that she was almost bound to cast me for one of the characters, since I was the only one in that batch who'd had any experience of the professional theatre. I forget now how many there were in the play... Joan had cast us all strictly to type... and though I had been at it since 1925, I was on an absolute par with the rest; we were all amateurs. We were all in the same boat in that all of us in the cast were totally blind.

Play-reading

We had a meeting after tea one day and Joan read the play out loud to the cast and our lines were handed out neatly printed in braille set out in a small book form, just as one's lines were typed in the real theatre. Members of the cast were allowed to ask questions, of which there were many. Questions which, interestingly, would crop up at any professional reading — 'Do you think this man should have an accent, if so, what?' 'What about make-up; this man is 70 isn't he? Well, I'm only 28.' 'Can we wear our own clothes?' 'Will we be allowed to smoke on the stage... might be rather a good way of showing an audience how good I am at lighting a fag.' 'How long do we have for rehearsals and when is the first night?'

Joan, of course, was able to answer with authority and certainty to all these queries, and suggested we read the play in braille. We'd had a chance to read our own lines at this first curiously nervous attempt, but it was instantly apparent, as it always is, that those who had taken the trouble to study their lines, instantly made an impression and came over to the ear like real people. Joan, who'd been an actress of some distinction herself with J.B. Fagan, an outstanding Rosalind in *As You Like It*, gave a little lecture on how to approach lines you'd never seen before. How not to be afraid in rehearsal to try something extreme, then to listen to what the others were doing and form your character accordingly. To get hold of a copy of *Hamlet* and read his speech to the players, one of the best lectures on acting ever.

First Rehearsal

I forget where we had our first rehearsal. It does not matter, for if you can't see, you could be in the Roman Colosseum or Covent Garden, as long as you know how the stage is arranged — it's all the same. Joan called us all on and carefully explained how the chairs and tables and doors were arranged and, most important of all, where the audience would be on the night. If one has nothing to steer on, as it were, it is sometimes difficult to fix in your mind exactly where is centre stage and when you are looking dead ahead. Years and years later, and this was when I'd regained a little sight, I was doing a one-man act I'd concocted. Something I'd done many times on different stages and thought I knew how to establish a definite angle of speaking. At the end of it, my wife said, with a curious lack of enthusiasm, 'Mm, yes, not bad, dear, the only trouble was you were speaking almost directly off stage right all the time.'... That sort of remark can put one down a peg or two but

it makes one take a bit more care next time.

On the first night of rehearsal, we presented ourselves and waited for Joan to give instructions for the very first scene. We were all in the same boat. We were all embarking on something none of us had done before. I, personally, tried to buoy myself up with the thought that I should be rehearsing, surely, with a huge start on the others, having been produced by Hitchcock, Hammerstein, Stephen Thomas and with Paul Martin for UFA in Germany. I kept quiet about this, however, as I felt curiously insecure for this rehearsal. I thought, 'Well, let the proof of the pudding etc.', for one or two of the cast seemed to have adjusted themselves to being a 'good St. Dunstaner' quicker than I; had learned braille far more easily; had been able to memorise lay-out of rooms and doors more clearly, so could well turn out to be far more expert in coping with the unknown difficulties of acting, dealing with sometimes complicated business and, which was most important, giving a performance.

Actors Evolving

As with any rehearsal in any part of the world, it was interesting to see how one individual actor evolves. Those whom one would have thought would be able to invest their parts and lines with an inventive interpretation could appear curiously lacking and, like a great many amateurs, would only be heard just 'saying' or 'reciting' words and bringing no life or reality to them. Others, on the other hand, perhaps of a far less privileged background, would very soon be seen to be creating a character full of humour and astute observation. Joan had said it was going to be a bit of fun and one member of the cast whom Joan had picked because he 'looked so right' having reluctantly agreed to take part, gloomily observed 'Oh well, I suppose I'd better say yes, after all it's only acting...'

So, it was just going to be a bit of fun and it was only acting! When described like that it sounds like nothing more exacting than dressing up in Father's soft hat and Mother's high heel shoes and giving a

funny imitation of Nanny at a Christmas party. Those new to the game, soon found that it was going to be neither of those things. People outside 'Show Biz' often ask one, 'Did you enjoy playing so and so?' I'm afraid I always answer, No, I didn't enjoy it, not as a child dressing up in borrowed clothes; it's far too exacting. I do not imagine that any great actor giving any great performance, or any great painter or pianist in the actual act of painting or playing, has time to think 'Oh, how I am enjoying this, isn't it fun.' It's too damned difficult and if you are going to do it to the best of your ability, you must concentrate only on the truth of what you are doing and using every scrap of art in your fingers, face and hands to put it over. No, no good performer can ever be conscious of enjoying himself, for if he can he's only a show-off and as the poet said, a poor player.

Instinctive Ability

That was all 45 years ago now and I don't remember what *Shivering Shocks* was all about but I do remember that some of that cast showed an instinctive ability to act with no previous experience and succeeded in convincing themselves and us, that absolutely real characters had been created, while others looked and sounded like chaps asked to learn some lines and just say them being unable to invest them with any reality at all. How's it done; who can explain it; no one can. It is, as has been said, a mystery. Ralph Richardson, on being asked how he thought up his characters once said, 'I don't know, it's a rum business, acting; it's no good asking me how to do it, I just don't know.'

Some actors can take direction, as it's called, others can't or won't and this applied to that comic production in Church Stretton all those years ago. It would have been so wonderful if only someone had taken a recording of it, just to hear what we sounded like and how the performance came over. Quite a large proportion of our audience for that one performance we gave would have been blind so, for them it would have only been another play 'on the wireless', and radio acting is probably the most demanding of

all forms of the art, since there is nothing visual to aid the listeners. Only last night, and this is October 1986, I heard a play on Radio 3 which was a good example of just how convincing radio production can be. It had been most artfully cast, with voices so different in timbre and quality that there could be little difficulty in knowing who was speaking, effects and sounds cleverly produced by the radio workshop and the general excellence of the acting making it, as usual for me, quite the most satisfying form of theatre available today. As with any acting, either seen or heard, if it is sufficiently good, one can really forget altogether that they are people reading from scripts about a microphone, or those who have rehearsed in a stuffy room somewhere, but that they are real men and women and as one of an immense audience, one is privileged to be watching from some hidden nook just out of sight.

Trial and Error

It is impossible to say now how good or bad we were. I can only remember that we jostled and bumped our way about the stage in rehearsals and through hard trial and error found a way of doing it, whatever it was — finding one's way to a chair down stage right, from a door up stage left; getting up and shaking hands with a new character and finding his hand without fumbling for it; pouring out drinks; lighting cigarettes, and the much rehearsed fight and exchange of blows. This blind acting was obviously something which none of us had had to cope with before and some met the extremely daunting challenge with more interest than others for, as has been said, some had accepted our condition more readily and were resolved to enter into this odd business of acting as just another problem which, for this particular occasion, had to be met and overcome or be utterly defeated by. I never found out if the others discovered one remarkable truth which became plain during that pre-Christmas bit of fun which was both in the period of rehearsal and while we were actually doing it in front of an audience, the 'nerves' which had habitually beset one in sighted days, seemed completely to evaporate. It was as



Esmond Knight as the tale-telling archer.

if one was contained in a sort of cage in which one was quite invisible to anyone else, except those to whom one was talking. One was never disconcerted by catching sight of something or someone which could have caused one to 'dry' in former days. One seemed to lose all self consciousness and this little *bon bouche* alone should have helped to make one a better actor. I wonder if it did? I do not now remember if that unusual experience was, indeed, a bit of fun or whether it was one more dream.

I do not remember the names of all who took part in *Shivering Shocks* but as far as I know, none of them was so intrigued with the adventure, to induce them to take up 'Show Biz' as a profession. As far as I was concerned it was a heaven-sent opportunity just to test out if blind acting was actually a possibility. Less than a year later, my old friend, Michael Powell, asked me to play in a new movie which was to star Ralph Richardson, and Googie Withers. My part was an extremely nasty Nazi Gauleiter for which fellow no feeling of false pity could possibly be aroused. The tricks I learned during those rehearsals in Church Stretton came marvellously to my aid in *The Silver Fleet* so that when it came to blocking the first scene, I went at it with the confidence of one who had, as a matter of fact, done it before!

SCENT, INSECTS AND SHRUBS

by Ron Smith

Not all of us appreciate that the form, colour and scent of flowers is not nature's gift to Man, neither, indeed, is it a happy accident. It has important biological values and there are cunning devices and blandishments to attract the insects.

I'm sure you will agree that odours play an important part in the lives of visually handicapped people. So what is scent?

I can tell you that it is an extremely difficult subject and, according to one book which deals with it, many chemical compounds make a contribution. Generally, they are referred to as essential oils which can be seen as minute droplets in the cells of scented plants. These oil-storing cells are usually called glands and can be found in the surface or subsurface layers of leaves or flowers.

When the time is right the oils are secreted to the surface but are still protected from the air until the bud opens. When this finally happens the oils are exposed to the air, become oxidised and turn into scent.

According to Professor Alan Gemmell, 'Scents are difficult to classify for they are not usually the result of a single chemical resource but are a blend of a number of oils. This is exactly what the perfumer does when he adds different chemicals to perfect a particular perfume because scent is a blend and can be likened to a chord of music where individual notes combine to produce the final effect.'

So scent, then, attracts insects. What is an insect? It is a small animal with a head, thorax and abdomen. The thorax is divided into three parts and on each part is a pair of legs. The forward part has either one or two pairs of wings.

So Nature's message to plants is to use their flowers to attract insects. Scent, carried on the wind, will lure insects from some considerable distance. The insects follow this wind-borne fragrance and as they get closer to the flowers the perfume becomes stronger and at last they can home in on the plant. Should these insects

be nocturnal then they are helped on the final leg of their journey by the flowers being white or pale, enabling the creature to see it in the half-light.

When the insects arrive they are bribed by pollen and nectar to linger among the flowers, passing from one to another, scattering and spilling the pollen grains as they go. In this way they unwittingly achieve cross-pollination which is essential to most plants.

Bees, we know, are good pollinators but they are not the only ones. Others are wasps, butterflies, moths, two-winged flies, beetles and even some tropical birds are attracted by the pollen and nectar of flowers. All will play their part in transferring the pollen grains from stamen to stigma.

Honey bees and humble bees are quite selective in their choice of flowers. They like, among others, heather, clover, lavender, lime blossom, nasturtium, dog rose, sage and iris. Both kinds of bees seem to require a landing platform on the plants but if there is a selection of flowers in the garden the humble bee will choose the larger flowers with deeper nectaries. They also go to pressure and trigger flowers like antirrhinums and foxgloves which can be activated by the larger bees.

Wasps can also be seen on many of the flowers previously mentioned but, generally speaking, they are poorer pollinators. In my opinion they are nectar addicts.

In my sun room, on either side of the door, are two plants of *Hoya carnosa*, which is a honey plant. These have small, pink, wax-like flowers in clusters from the end of July until early September. The flowers have a penetrating scent which permeates right through the house. On the ends of the stamens are droplets of nectar which seem to encourage hordes of wasps but I have never been stung by them. They seem too drunk and incapable.

There is also a six foot tall *Citrus mitis* and, close by it, the Hawaiian Garland

Plant, or *Hedychium*, both delicately fragrant. These also encourage wasps and other insects.

Butterflies and moths belong to the Lepidoptera, a group of insects so named because of the scaly wings. They prefer blossoms with deep throats and nectaries at the base. As butterflies settle before feeding they prefer flowers in a cluster, like *Buddleia*, but there are many others, such as honeysuckle, jasmine, soapwort, marjoram, mint, red valerian, heliotrope, and lavender.

Different species of butterflies have their own favourite flowers. Moths, unlike butterflies, will hover while feeding and they seem to prefer flowers with a heavy scent and deep nectaries. Honeysuckle, evening primrose, *Nicotiana*, privet and night-scented stock are a few of the flowers they select.

Don't forget what I said previously about cunning devices. Many flowers have very little fragrance during the day but in the early part of the evening and through the night they produce very heavy scent. This is specifically for the nocturnal pollinators.

Few people realise that insects have a highly-developed chemical sensitivity. Did you know that the Red Admiral butterfly tests food with its feet which are two hundred times as sensitive to sugar as the human tongue?

The antennae play an important part in the mating process of the Lepidoptera. Butterflies' antennae have clubbed ends while those of moths taper to a point or may be feathery. It is with these antennae that the males detect the females for in these insects the antennae are the seat of odour perception. The males of some moth species enjoy the remarkable faculty of discovering their mates from some distance away, perhaps up to three miles. The champion suitor seems to be the Emperor Moth, whose detective powers, according to the Guinness Book of Records, has been measured at seven miles.

Of the 2400 moths found in Britain we only see a fraction, as many of them are creatures of the night. They range from the tiny Pigmy Moth to the very large Death's Head Hawk Moth, so named



The Calamondin orange.

because of skull-like markings on its thorax. This moth has a wing-span of five inches and has often been mistaken for a bird. Each moth species is identified by its own pheromony to which only the appropriate mates will respond.

About 100 of the British moths can be seen flying around in the day time. About three years ago there was an influx into Britain of the Hummingbird Hawk Moth which came from southern Europe. A friend of mine looking through the kitchen window observed one of these feeding on the honeysuckle. It was almost impossible for her to see the colour because of the fast wing beats. It fed, then it was away like a flash.

Moths seem to have been on this earth for millions of years. There is a piece of rock in the British Museum with a very fine fossilised specimen of a moth embedded in it. The rock is 140 million years old.

There are many questions which seem to be unanswered. Have moths, or the majority of them, always been nocturnal? I wonder, because some of these night-fliers are so beautiful. Why should they be so

coloured? Did the evolution of birds drive the majority of them to night feeding? The brilliant red Cinnabar and the black and yellow Cream Spot Tiger are so strikingly beautiful that they have often been mistaken for butterflies.

Moths are hoverers, seldom touching the flowers which often hang out horizontally. They may carry pollen on their eyes, tongues, heads and backs. Some of the most impressive pollinators are the hawk moths. These will grow almost to the size of humming birds and will act like them, hovering with watch spring-like tongues thrust deep into the flowers. They sip the nectar and slip quickly away.

There is an orchid in Madagascar with a nectary eleven inches deep. This flower was cited to Darwin during the storm of protest that followed the publication of his work. His adaptation theory was ridiculed with the argument that there would have to be an insect with a tongue eleven inches long to pollinate the flower. No such insect was known at the time but shortly afterwards an enormous hawk moth was found in the region, its tongue eleven inches long!

There is a plant in the Andes, called the Datura, with an extremely deep nectary. We knew that humming birds are nectar addicts but, until recently, none had ever been seen with a bill long enough to penetrate to the depth of the flower. The Sapphire-winged Hummingbird had been seen clinging to the flower but even this, with its extremely long bill, could not reach the nectar. A suitable and curious bird has now been found. This is the Sword-billed Hummingbird, with a bill longer than the rest of the body. It has proved to be the perfect partner for the flower.

Now, to conclude, here are a few shrubs which seem to have a double purpose in life. First they provide food for thousands of insects during the spring and summer. Then, later, they produce berries which will provide food for the birds during autumn and the cold winter days. Skimmia, holly, cotoneaster, pyracantha, crab-apple, rowan, daphne mezereum, various privets and mahonias all do this, as do those berry-laden shrubs of the wild garden, the elderberry and hawthorn.



Ray Sheriff striding out with the long cane.

SEVEN SISTERS MARATHON

The Seven Sisters Marathon must surely be one of the toughest 26 mile courses. It is almost entirely cross-country with a total ascent of 3,000 feet. Add in the negotiation of 32 gates, as well as bridges, cattle grids and 280 steps and you have a real test of ability and endurance.

Our St. Dunstaner, Ray Sheriff already has two other Marathon walk medals but not satisfied with them he has successfully tackled the Seven Sisters. He completed the course in 8 hours 40 minutes, 'This time included four stops of 10 minutes for liquid refreshments so, just 8 hours walking time,' he told the *Review*.

'I can't say I found it too easy. I was quite in control up to the 18 mile mark but the last 8 I found more difficult to cope with. The seven hills of the Sisters plus a couple leading up to Beachy Head really slowed me down. It was a case of gritting one's "tooth"!'.

'My escort was absolutely marvellous. He was so helpful, watching my every move. I think he was quite worried where we had to negotiate a good quarter of a mile of deep snow, sometimes sinking to waist level.

'I have now completed my third marathon,' he concluded, 'Will I do another one?' Our guess is that he will — Ray Sheriff has always been a glutton for punishment!



'FIT FOR WORK' EVENT

Representatives of 100 winners of the Manpower Services Commission's 'Fit for Work' Award were in London on December 2nd, 1986 for a reception at Lancaster House. The Award is given in recognition of companies' achievements in employing disabled people. Here, St. Dunstaner Terry Bullingham is seen in conversation with The Rt. Hon. The Lord Young of Graffham, Secretary of State for Employment, and Lieutenant General Sir Stuart R. Pringle, Bt., K.C.B., D.S.C., President of St. Loyes College for Training the Disabled for Commerce and Industry.

West Lancashire European Society for the Disabled

The inaugural meeting of the West Lancashire European Society for the Disabled, founded by St. Dunstaner, Eric Ward Rowe, took place at the Imperial Hotel, Blackpool on February 20th. The society, which is the first of its kind to be set up in the UK, aims to promote the social and economic integration of disabled people. Among those attending were (left to right) the Mayor of Blackpool, Councillor John Lambert, JP; Michael Welch, Euro MP; Eric Ward Rowe, Chairman, Disabled '86; and Norman Miscampbell, QC, MP.





PERSEVERENCE OPENS DOORS

Norman Follis talks to Ray Hazan

Photographs by Carolyn Howell

To start life the son of a farm labourer and retire as a member of the senior management of British Coal is no mean achievement, with sight, let alone without it. But such is the life that Norman Follis, of Pentyrch, near Cardiff can look back on. He moved to the village at the age of four in 1931, and has remained there ever since. 'It was an idyllic life. Despite the heavy unemployment, which we didn't notice of course as kids, we never wanted for anything. All the cottages had large gardens, we never bought a vegetable in our lives. We were surrounded by fields, an ideal setting for a child. I was always keen on the visual side of life, and have those vivid pictures in my mind today, still.'

The school leaving age was 14, but as Norman had a natural talent for technical and mathematical subjects, he went on to Caerphilly Technical College, where he was top of his class for the two years he was there. His headmaster felt that Norman was destined for greater things, but as the eldest of five children, with a crippled

mother and a sick father, Norman felt his obligation was to find work and help support the family. 'I started in the building trade and found myself having to turn my hand to most things. There were no new buildings going up, just repair jobs. As most of the cottages and their boundary walls were of stone, I particularly enjoyed the masonry part of the job. At the same time, I was studying civil engineering in the evenings. My paternal grandfather had been one, and I wanted to follow his footsteps.' Norman took the first of the five exams required for civil engineering just before being called up for National Service in 1945.

A month before the end of the war, Norman was recruited into the mines under the Bevin scheme. This scheme went on into the 50's, so it was not just a matter of serving two years. Mines were not a strange environment to Norman, as his father had spent time underground. Given the choice, Norman would have served in the Royal Navy. Many of his relatives on his mother's side had done so.

Knowing that he was going to be in the mining industry for some while, Norman transferred his studies from civil to mining engineering at the Glamorgan School of Mines. 'All this was an advantage as it meant I could be at home to look after the family. My parents were pretty ill by this time. I was well on my way to qualifying as a colliery manager by the age of 22 (although legally, Norman could not have held that post until the age of 25), when an accident put an end to all of that.'

Norman was helping a Deputy blast a ten-foot high heading along a coal seam. They had fired one charge, and Norman went forward to connect the cable from the electrical firing mechanism to the detonator for the second charge. He was standing on a pile of rock and debris from the previous charge, with his face opposite the hole in which lay three piles of gelignite, and was in the process of twisting the electrical wires together to make contact. At that moment, another boy from another heading, seeing that blasting was about to occur, took refuge beside the Deputy. The latter thought it was Norman, and fired the charge. Norman received the blast full in the face, and was thrown back against the metal roof arches. He never lost consciousness, a credit to his hard head! 'I thought the darkness was due to my lamp being blown out by the explosion. But when the Deputy came forward to my shouts, and I realised I could not see his lamp, I knew what had happened. Norman also received burns to his chest and arms, but, miraculously, no broken bones.'

Norman's injuries were such that for the first two weeks in the Cardiff Royal Infirmary, he had only a 50% chance of survival. But the nursing staff did a wonderful job in removing all the debris from his face and he returned home just before Christmas, 1947, blind, but without the blue scars which he had expected. 'I remember my home coming vividly. My father had always had a dread of going blind himself. What happened to me broke him completely. And it was when I came through the door and met my kid sister, barely five, that the delayed shock of the incident hit me. In hospital, I had believed that the surgeons would restore

my sight. Then, of course, I could not really understand what blindness meant. In a way, I have never really accepted blindness. I feel it is that lack of passive acceptance that has given me the fire in my belly to do all the various things that I have achieved.'

Rehabilitation

Shortly after his arrival at home, Norman was visited by a representative of the then National Institute for the Blind, and was offered a three month rehabilitation course at America Lodge, Torquay in the summer of 1948. By that time, Norman had already taught himself to type, and had taken only three weeks to learn the braille code. Both these skills stood him in good stead when he got to Torquay. He had met Joan when travelling to and from Caerphilly, he to technical school, she to the girl's grammar school. He would type letters from Torquay, and Joan would respond in braille; what better incentive to develop communication skills! 'But that was all I wanted to do — write letters to my girlfriend. After a fortnight, the warden, Tom Drake, gave me the finest dressing down in my life. Unless I took a fuller part in all the activities, I could go home, and he wouldn't bother with me any more. It was the best thing that could have happened to me. After that, I had a great time participating in gardening, sports, the workshop, handicrafts, typing, braille, and so on.'

On leaving Torquay, Norman attended a 12-month shorthand-typing course in Shropshire, and was re-employed at the South West Division headquarters of the National Coal Board in Cardiff. This was in 1950, and in December of that year, Joan and Norman were married.

One of Norman's first jobs was being involved in the drafting of the procedure manuals for the Finance Department of the newly nationalised coal industry. The one aspect that Norman found hard in the change from engineering to letters, was the environment. 'I had always been a physical person. I enjoyed the outdoor life, manual work and playing rugby for my village. I took into the office the usual prejudices that manual workers have for office workers. We regarded white collar

workers as a necessary evil! Yet, I soon realised how important they were. The changeover was not too strange for me. In those days in the Rhondda Valley, education was held in high esteem. Parents wanted to give their children a better start in life than they themselves had had. It was the only way to get out of the mines. At home, there were always the great classics to read.

'The office was a real obstacle course; narrow stairs, fire places jutting out. My colleagues were marvellous; they never offered to do what they knew I could do by myself. It was the perfect rehabilitation centre!'

Community Involvement

From early on in his blind career, Norman became involved in his local community. For 25 years he held one office or another with the Pentyrch Rugby Club. During his term as Secretary, the club was made a member of the Welsh Rugby Union, a much sought-after honour. He also started writing reports for the local press in his spare time, attending local government meetings and sports events. 'I listened carefully to the shouts of the visiting spectators, so as to get an unbiased view. Had I listened to my companion only, I would never have known there was another team on the field at all!'

He gave up reporting in 1970, but by then, had become so interested in local government, that he became a parish councillor, becoming Chairman the following year. In 1976, he became a borough councillor for one term of office.

'I was working as a shorthand typist with the Coal Board, and getting to like secretarial work. I wanted to go further and determined to get the highest possible qualification, and become a Chartered Secretary.' He was advised that this was an impossibility for a blind person because of the accountancy content in the course. But as access to computers by the blind was coming of age, he persevered, was accepted for membership by the Institute of Chartered Secretaries and embarked upon a correspondence course with the

Metropolitan College. The time allowed for his first accountancy test paper was three hours. It took Norman thirteen hours! 'I used a braille shorthand machine. Everything had to be dictated to me. You can imagine trying, with that, to add columns of figures! I did all my studying in the evenings. My wife and son Gareth, who was then 15, read on to tape for me. Economics was not Gareth's subject; you could hear him yawning his way through it all! Lots of friends and colleagues from work also read for me.'

In 1972, after just under five years of studying, Norman passed his exams and became an Associate member of the Institute, the first blind person in the country to do so. 'I was very pleased, not just because of what I had achieved, but because I had opened up another career for blind people. The scope of choices available has always been limited. Here was one good thing that had come out of my blindness.' He went on to become the Board's Staff Welfare Officer, and secretary to the Divisional Welfare Council. 'Here I was as a blind person, being involved in the welfare of able bodied people.' Norman was concerned with the organising of both sporting and cultural activities. He himself sang with the staff choir. His job took up many evenings and weekends. 'I put a lot into it, and got a lot out. It was great fun, and the chance to meet many people. Many, from all levels, would come and discuss their problems with me. Here, again, I felt I was making a contribution. Recognising other people's problems helped, of course, to minimise my own. Visual handicap is a severe problem, but compared with some psychological and domestic problems, well, I consider myself lucky!'

Management Material

Norman transferred to the Secretariat Branch in January, 1976. He also, at this time, undertook, and passed an Open University degree course. He had a sabbatical from O.U. studies for one year, during which time he mastered the Optacon reading device. This was to be essential if he was to read confidential let-



Norman Follis with his secretary, Miss Audrey Mold.

ters. These further qualifications enabled him to obtain a career ambition in 1979. Norman was promoted into the management stream. This involved him in one of the busiest jobs in the building, that of secretary to 14 specialist management committees. He was responsible for the correspondence from these committees to members of Parliament, Councillors and environmental groups, to name a few. With the Aberfan disaster still in people's minds, and over 300 spoil heaps in use, environment was a responsible subject.

To carry out his work, Norman had a very able assistant, who read on to tape for him, and dealt with much of the correspondence. Norman was one of the first people in the country to use the Versabril, a word processor with braille output. He used it as a register, and had over 40 cassettes of material. Each cassette can hold up to 400 pages of braille information.

Norman's interests are not confined to industry. Norman has specialised in communications, in which he believes blind people can excel. He is a Director of Cardiff Broadcasting Company PLC and a

Governor of South Glamorgan Institute of Higher Education, where he chairs the Faculty of Business and Communication Studies. He is on several committees concerned with the education of handicapped students. He is Chairman of the local branch of the National Federation of the Blind. He was a founder and is now Chairman of the South Wales talking magazine which was his introduction to St. Dunstan's. It was when ringing headquarters for the names of local St. Dunstaners to interview, that he learned that his case satisfied membership requirements. Another of his campaigns of which he is proud was the raising of sufficient funds to build a village hall for Pentyrch. It took six years, during which time the cost was steadily rising.

As if all this was not sufficient, Norman has further involved himself with the affairs of the village with the rest of his family. Some two and a half years ago, his son and daughter-in-law sold their house and car, and with Norman and Joan, bought the local newsagents. Norman was of great value with his background in setting up the accounting side of the business.



Sundays now mean a 5 a.m. start and 22 paper rounds before the shop closes at 1 p.m. He is there every morning before breakfast.

At the end of 1986, Norman took early retirement from British Coal. Perhaps he will now find more time to indulge in his love of the Channel Islands, and sailing. He looks back over an active working life. 'There is always so much to do, but never enough time. I do get frustrated by my blindness because it does prevent me doing more. I would like very much to have developed an interest in the fine arts. I feel I have made a unique contribution to my work because of the technical and then administrative qualifications I obtained. Whatever I have achieved, I hope, is to demonstrate to employers, to educationalists, that the blind have no closed horizons. One can push back the frontiers all the time. I feel there is no limit, and with modern technology, the sky is the limit. I have never ceased to be angry at being blind, but it is that anger that has fired my will to succeed.'

D.F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

We are now coming to the real growing part of the year, and those rather dead looking perennials will be showing signs of growth coming up from the base. Weeds will also be coming up everywhere, so get the hoe going regularly but don't push the blade down too far or you may cut away roots from your good plants. Aphids of all kinds will be starting their lives too, so get the spray going. As slugs and snails will be on the rampage sprinkle pellets among the plants, especially young plants in the vegetable patch. Those of you with greenhouses will find it pretty full of seedlings needing pricking on, so get on with the job.

Vegetables

Make certain that beds are ready for the cabbage family, plus lettuce and broad beans that you have raised under glass and hardened off. They would be better kept out of the garden till the end of the month

as a precaution against late frost. Sow some other items such as carrots, beet etc. Do remember to sprinkle powder against soil pests when sowing seed or planting young plants. I have always found that some *Bromophos* plus *Calomel* will help protect the cabbage family against club root. Thin out early sown onions and give autumn-sown peas and broad beans a dose of *Growthmore*.

Do make certain you have put labels at the head of each row, since it is very easy to forget what you have put in. Keep the hoe going regularly to open up soil and to cut down weeds when they are still small and easily broken down. Keep some seeds in hand in case you lose all growing plants after a hard frost. Do ensure the bed for runner beans is ready by digging deeply and adding manure or compost, so it is in good shape to receive the fairly well grown seedlings, later in the year. Main crop potatoes can be planted, but I find it best to wait till next month.

Fruit

Only prune in the first week of the month. Give the root area of all hard fruit a good dose of manure or compost plus a little sprinkling of *Growthmore*. It might be a good thing to spray apples and pears with an insecticide to stop an early invasion from midges etc. Black currants, being very liable to big bud, should be sprayed with a special solution easily available at garden shops. All soft fruit such as raspberries will be growing well so tie them to canes or strings to protect them from being destroyed by strong winds. Cut away all strawberry suckers not needed for next year and give a dose of manure at root level, plus some straw, so that flowers will be above soil level and all fruit nice and clean.

Lawn

Set blades of the mower lower now as the grass will be growing pretty rapidly and needing to be cut more often. A dose of fertiliser cum weedkiller may be a good thing towards the end of the month, if not already done in March. Keep edges of the lawn nice and tidy by cutting regularly with a pair of long-handled shears.

Flowers

Ensure that you keep weeds down by hoeing regularly but not too deep or roots of perennials and top rooting bulbs will be disturbed. A sprinkling of *Growthmore* will give everything a good start to the season. Hardy annuals and perennials can be sown now but do give some protection in the shape of nylon nettings or the like, against birds, and sprinkle some anti-slug and snail pellets before pests eat up all seedlings and young growing plants. Where you have good clumps of perennials such as lupin and delphinium, dig up and split into small pieces, replanting outer pieces all over the place. Polyanthus can also be split up.

Get half hardy annuals sown under glass or even in warm spots in the kitchen or the airing cupboard. Those hardy annuals which you grew from seed in autumn will need to be thinned out in their flowering places, and put others in

spare spots. Geraniums from last year and any cuttings in a good state, can all be placed outside in beds or troughs for a good show in summer, but do leave till it is sunny and the soil has warmed up.

Greenhouse

Try and give plenty of ventilation when weather is good but do shut up at night. Remember that pests and diseases will be starting to make a nuisance of themselves so use sprays regularly or set up smokes a couple of times in the month. Plants breaking out into flower should be given a dose of liquid manure every 14 days or so, and don't let them dry off or be over watered. Really good sunny days will be coming along now, so it might be a good thing on a dry day to spray or paint white solution on to keep them shady. It won't wash off in the rain once it has dried. This solution can be bought at any garden shop.

Any bedding plants sown earlier should be ready for hardening off in a frame or placed in nice sunny spots during the day and returned to colder spots in the greenhouse at night. The taller growing tops should be pinched off to make plants grow bushy. There is still time to sow half hardy annuals and they will germinate much quicker now. Prick out any seedlings which are growing tall and stopping others from getting on properly. Take cuttings of all soft wooded plants such as fuchsia and geranium and they will take very rapidly.

Get all dahlia and begonia tubers going at once so you have plenty of shoots from each, ready to place outside or in pots for flowering. Some garden shops may have a few tubers of these items left over and perhaps you will get them cheap if you have lost some of your own. Pot up tomatoes into their cropping containers, either large plastic pots or plastic bags especially set out for tomato growing indoors. Water plants in well and set canes in place so that the main stem can be tied in place. Keep watering down to a minimum whilst they are small or you may lose them very quickly. Don't forget to stop all shoots at leaf joints so the plant grows upwards properly. It might also be a good thing to take out the early flowers at lower level.



Welcome to St. Dunstan's

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

Albert Edward Charles Ascott, of Horsham, joined St. Dunstan's on February 16th.

Mr. Ascott, aged 72, served as a Private in the Royal Berkshire Regiment from June 1940 until May 1945. He was wounded in Italy in 1943 and in civilian life was a Civil Servant, retiring in 1978.

Mr. Ascott is a widower and now resides in a Civil Service Home in Horsham.

Clifford Edward Fisher, of Romsey, joined St. Dunstan's on March 2nd, having been in our Borderline category since 1959.

Mr. Fisher, who is 55, served as a Craftsman in the R.E.M.E. from 1950 to 1952, and was initially enrolled as a St. Dunstaner in 1952. However, after surgery, he regained useful vision and was removed from our register. He was originally a poultry farmer and after retraining in 1966, is now employed as a telephonist with Nat West.

Mr. Fisher is married with five adult children.

George Green, of Epsom, joined St. Dunstan's on March 2nd, following his original admission to Gubbay Trust benefits in 1974.

Mr. Green, aged 61, served in the Royal Navy as a Stoker First Class from April 1943 until November 1946. He served on *HMS Nelson* in the Malacca Straits and was involved in the D Day landings. Mr. Green was employed in industry for some years and subsequently worked as a basket-maker, but is now retired.

Mr. Green and his wife, Brenda, have one adult son.

Albert George Sweeney, of Romford, joined St. Dunstan's on March 2nd.

Mr. Sweeney, who is 89, served in the Rifle Brigade as an Acting Sergeant during the First World War. Whilst in France

in 1918, he suffered gunshot wounds to his head with loss of vision and was enrolled as a St. Dunstaner. He recalls being at Regents Park, and Ovingdean just before the Second World War, and worked from home as a basket-maker. He regained a little vision subsequently and was removed from our roll.

Mr. Sweeney is a widower with two daughters. He lives with his elder daughter and her husband.

Geoffrey Ernest William Young, of Old Coulsdon, joined St. Dunstan's on March 2nd.

Mr. Young, who is 76, served as a Trooper in the Royal Tank Regiment from 1940 to 1945, and suffered an eye injury when he was the victim of a bomb blast on his tank at El Alamein in 1942.

Mr. Young and his wife, Anne, will be celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary in June this year, and they have one adult son.

BRITISH TELECOM EXHIBITION IN LIVERPOOL

British Telecom will be holding an exhibition for disabled customers in Liverpool on April 29th and 30th, 1987. A wide range of equipment will be on display specifically designed to help customers with visual, mobility, speech and hearing impediments. Programmes are being produced in braille and large print and there will be people available to escort visitors around the exhibition.

The exhibition takes place in the Carnatic House, Carnatic Hall of Residence, Elmswood Road, Liverpool from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day and entrance is free. A shuttle bus service specially adapted for use by disabled people will be operating from Liverpool city centre to Carnatic Hall at regular intervals during the exhibition.

OBITUARIES

F. Reid

From Mrs. Irene Reid of Clacton, we have learned of the death of her husband, Frederick 'Jock' Reid on December 15th 1986, at the age of 65. He will be remembered by St. Dunstaners who trained with him at Church Stretton and by many of our physiotherapists.

Jock Reid was blinded and lost a leg at Dunkirk while serving with the Royal Engineers, 38th Field Company. After completing his physiotherapy training in 1944 he married and emigrated to South Africa where he took up a hospital appointment and practised privately in Pietermaritzburg. While in South Africa he was transferred to the Scottish National Institution for the War Blinded and remained under their wing when he returned to this country in 1951. During the Second War a smiling Jock Reid appeared on a St. Dunstan's appeals leaflet which Mrs. Reid still possesses. He leaves a daughter, Brenda, a son, Barry and four grand-daughters.

A.L. Wilkins, O.A.M.

We regret to report the death, on October 28th 1986, of a well-known and loved Australian St. Dunstaner, Rev. Arthur Wilkins. St. Dunstaners will remember an article in the June 1986 *Review* about 3RPH, an information radio for the blind in Aus-

tralia. Mr. Wilkins was Director of 3RPH and Chairman of the Operations Committee.

Mr. Wilkins served in the R.A.F. and for 35 years in the Christian Ministry. He decided to resign in 1968 having completed 15 years as Pastor of Kew Baptist Church, after suffering a massive coronary in January of that year. Despite his deteriorating eyesight, soon after his recovery he resumed contributing his utmost to society and became Manager of the Blind Citizens Community Centre, Kooyong, for the Association of the Blind. He decided to retire in 1976, but didn't stop there, becoming Director of 3RPH and accepting responsibility for a weekly programme, and he was later elected Vice-President on the committee of the Association. In 1981 he was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia for his outstanding service to the community. A man renowned for his cheerfulness and goodwill, he did much to motivate the confidence of the blind and sighted alike and so brought members of the community, from all walks of life, to a closer understanding of what can be achieved in a spirit of fellowship and joy. He was loved and will be remembered by many.

We send sympathy to his wife, Eileen, with whom he had shared 52 years of marriage, and the family, and his friends.

RELAY

Community Radio Magazine on Tape

Relay is a bi-monthly magazine keeping its readers up to date on the latest community radio developments in Britain, reporting on training projects and government moves, covering technical and theoretical issues and looking at CR around the world. It has great potential for involving blind and partially sighted people as an audience and, more importantly, as active participants: making programmes and establishing a forum for exchange of information and ideas.

Usually *Relay* is produced in an A4 magazine format; a tape has now been produced in an attempt to realise community radio and give some idea to readers of how it might sound. If there is a positive response to this tape, tape issues will be considered in the future.

Anyone interested in listening to issue No. 15, should send a C90 to the P.R. Department, H.Q. Further enquiries to *Relay*, Unit 109, Bon Marche Building, 444 Brixton Road, London SW9 8EJ.

Cairo by Concorde

by Christine Stalham

In October 1986, Christine Stalham, wife of St. Dunstaner, Bill Stalham, of Camberley, had a two-day holiday of a life-time by way of a thank you gift from her husband for all she has done for him over the years.

At 8.05 a.m. the Concorde began to taxi into position, starting very imperceptibly, then on the runway it prepared for take off at 8.30 a.m., quite rapidly, and very smoothly. We settled down and could see London and England below, and soon, the coast and France. We saw the Alps, Mont Blanc among them, and Innsbruck. Then we had breakfast — tender melting steak with asparagus, mushrooms and tomato, preceded by grapefruit and orange segments. Mints accompanied coffee. Naturally we had champagne! We were over Venice at 9.38 a.m., two miles above. After climbing, we broke the sound barrier at 9.45 — slight wobble. We were now flying 23 miles every minute, 1,380 miles per hour. We visited the flight deck, full of dials and three pilots and a clear all round view.

We were soon reaching the end of our journey of 2,220 miles from Heathrow to Cairo. Cairo has an area of 216 square miles with 12 million inhabitants. We landed 11.35 local time and boarded our coach, which departed through the somewhat dreary outskirts of Heliopolis. We passed the City of the Dead which, Bill has told me, was a village wiped out by the plague some hundred years ago. It is now a graveyard, with mausoleums and little mosques here and there. A few people live there.

We then arrived at the Citadel. We avoided the party and took to the battlements to view Cairo. The view was awesome: we saw the pyramids dimly in the heat haze, domes and minarets, skyscrapers, and nearer, some rather unsavoury sights. We then caught up with the main party and entered the portals

leading to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali. This was built in the 19th Century, copied from a mosque in Istanbul. Mohammed Ali, who built it, lies in a tomb to the right after the entrance. Prior to entering, Arabs had put canvas overshoes on our shoes, and we flipped about in them. The mosque is quite an imposing building, with pink marble pillars and domes painted crimson and gilded.

Khal el Khalil Bazaar

The coach then took us through thronging streets to the Khal el Khalil Bazaar. Battered and twisted vehicles seemed to crisscross with pedestrians, absolutely packed tight. One could hardly give the shops a good inspection for the traffic, and looking at the hazardous footpaths, we returned to the Square and sat upon a high kerb, becoming the observed group instead of spectators. One black-shrouded woman laughingly commented about us to her friends, came to one of us, Claire, and pulled down her dress. Claire was very nicely dressed and we'd not have thought she was offensive at all. Amongst the shops there were some horrible butcher shops, the poultry hanging from rods. Breadshops and cafe's — I'd rather starve! Everything everywhere was covered in a layer of yellow dust, the Sahara blowing in.

As we sat, I watched a small dustcart pulled by a donkey with a foal beside her — animals in Egypt deserve more food, the humans seem to be quite well fed. We saw rush hour buses passing us, absolutely overflowing with workers and shoppers. They took great offence at a member of our party for taking photographs, gesticulating they'd cut our throats for it. I've read that it is insulting to the poor of Egypt to have their pictures taken. We rode towards the Ramses Hilton Hotel on new

roads, some of which are flyovers side by side, but on different levels, to dilapidated roads and footpaths full of masses of people walking to and fro. The filth has to be seen to be believed: the flat roofs are full of debris — one rooftop was covered with tyres piled up high — as well as on the ground. But even so, I imagine considerably cleaner than in days of yore! And not so smelly, for in place of modern vehicles they had camels, donkeys, mules, horses, goats and sheep and water buffaloes.

The Pyramids

After checking in at the hotel, we went to our bedrooms to change and then returned to the lobby for our journey to the pyramids. A half moon was shining when we got there, and presently the lights played on the pyramids and the sphinx in a variety of ways, together with music and narration which I sadly missed. The sphinx glowed redly towards the end of the show. We then sped away in the coach to the Hena Oberoi Hotel where a buffet dinner was laid on, with Egyptian wine and welcomed bottled water. We left at about 9.45 to return to the Ramses Hotel where some of the passengers disembarked, leaving the remainder to tour the city. As late as past 10 o'clock there were shops and stalls in business, and men were lounging outside cafes, some smoking opium, like the caterpillar in Alice in Wonderland. After our return we had drinks before going up to bed for quite a fitful night's sleep.

We rose at 7 a.m., packed up and went down for breakfast — I had mango juice and scrambled eggs. Afterwards we went up to the top floor to view Cairo and take photographs, and then boarded the coach for the Egyptian museum. I was fascinated by the many and varied objects from Tutankhamen's tomb, went further and saw huge statues of various pharaohs and wives, and other objects of the Old and Middle Kingdom. I also saw a lovely mosaic floor that had been in a palace and was damaged by hostile villagers when discovered. It was removed from its site and laid in this museum, and in spite of the damage it was an impressive piece of flooring.

At around 11 a.m. we left to visit Giza again. At the pyramids, I took a camel and rode it up to the great tombs. I enjoyed the ride but it was too brief, and the camel did not run! Then we returned to Cairo, stopping by the Nile to step on to a boat. We walked towards an arch where a couple of Pharaoh's guardsmen stood dressed in Ancient Egyptian garments. They held spears across the archway, withdrawing them as we entered onto a red carpet while pretty slaves strewed rose petals over us. Some red coated men sounded their horns at intervals and we enjoyed cooling drinks on the top deck, viewing the scenery.

Presently we went down to the restaurant, decorated with symbols of Ancient Egypt on the walls, and helped ourselves to a buffet meal which was very nice. After we had dined, three damsels came to do sensuous dances — one dressed in brilliant orange, one in royal blue and the third in emerald green. Then they did individual dances in other costumes, one of which was real belly dancing, although not nearly as erotic as one would expect in nightclubs. The *Nile Pharaoh* glided up and down the Nile so smoothly and silently — I wonder what the power was that drove it. River traffic was not very heavy, although we saw two water skiers as well.

The Flight Home

We disembarked and boarded coaches again for the new terminal, opened only a month previously, very palatial and empty. We waited half an hour and then a bus took us to the Concorde. It was quite dark by this time and the half moon still shone. We took off after a few minutes' delay as brakes were overheated. Flying in the dark, one had the sensation of being stationary, while eating a feast of smoked salmon and caviar, bubbly champagne, lamb chops and potatoes the size of marbles, mushrooms and finishing with biscuits and cheese. I remember laughing a lot, but cannot remember why!

A trip that was immediately like a dream. Had it not been for a souvenir or two, I would not believe I had been to the fabled land of the Pharaohs! Thank you very much Bill, for such a fabulous gift.

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 3629

The Scorpion Signal

By Adam Hall

Read by Robert Gladwell

Reading Time 10½ hours

There is a flap on at HQ. British agent Shapiro is missing in Moscow. If, as suspected, he is back in Lubyanka for the second time, he might be compelled to spill the beans and the 'Leningrad Cell' would be 'blown'. Quiller is sent post haste to get him out — or shut him up.

He doesn't make a very auspicious start. The 'safe' truck which is taking him over the East-West border proves anything but, and is fired at by the guards. The truck overturns and catches fire but Quiller escapes with minor injuries. He continues his journey to Moscow.

Here he is arrested by a patrol but gets away. The second time he is not so lucky. The KGB pounce and whip him into Lubyanka for 'the treatment'. They draw a blank and send him under heavy guard to a psychiatric clinic for a more concentrated dose of the 'We have means of making you talk' stuff.

During the short journey Quiller manages to grab the steering-wheel, overturns the car and escapes with sundry cuts and bruises. (At this point the discerning reader will have noticed that our hero has not done a great deal of rescuing but has spent all his time trying to stay alive.)

However after a short rest he starts again and gets involved in a very messy gun-fight in which he collects a couple of bullets in his shoulder. These, of course don't rate much of a handicap to him and, steering with his good hand takes part in a classic breathtaking chase through the darkened, snow-covered streets of Moscow. He eventually finds Shapiro and the whole caper ends in a most satisfying blood-bath...

An entertaining load of rubbish but the tension, the thrill of the chase and the all-pervading sinister presence of KGB are quite well done.

Cat. No. 334

Snowfall & Other Chilling Events

By Elizabeth Walter

Ready by Duncan Carse

Reading Time 6½ hours

A collection of five stories of the supernatural. The first is about a young man who is hopelessly lost in a blizzard in remote Wales. He is rescued by a stranger who apparently appears from nowhere. As they make their way across the fields to the stranger's cottage, the young man discovers to his horror that his Good Samaritan is leaving no footsteps in the deep snow... which is a satisfying, if not entirely original start to a horror story.

My own favourite concerns a young couple who move into their brand-new house on a very ordinary brand-new estate. During the night they are awakened to the sound of a woman's chilling cackle echoing through the house. They investigate and find nothing. The sounds persist night after night. The husband does some research and discovers that their house is built on the site of the old gallows. The last person to be hanged there in 1821 was a woman.

Then the baby falls mysteriously ill and falls unconscious. The doctor brings the child 'back from the dead'. The baby opens his mouth to cry. To their unspeakable horror the parents discover that the ghost has taken a terrible revenge...

Very satisfying flesh-creeping stuff if you like that sort of thing.

STORY COMPETITION

We acknowledge further entries: 'Unknown Way' by Road Runner and 'My Outstanding Memory' by Aries.

Entries have been slow in reaching the Review office and we have decided to extend the closing date of the competition to April 30th. So there is still time for busy people to complete their stories on 'Your Most Memorable Experience' in not more than 1,000 words.



ARDENT SWIMMERS

While the swimming pool at IFH was closed for several weeks due to repairs being carried out, a few St. Dunstaners living in and around Ovingdean started suffering 'withdrawal symptoms,' without their daily swim. So when Newhaven Public Swimming Pool and Roedean College offered their pools as temporary venues, St. Dunstaners jumped at the chance. Seen here at Newhaven, after a plunge, are St. Dunstaners Ron Tingay, Alf Dodgson, Johnny Cope, Jim O'Donnell and his escort. Kneeling, are driver, Tom Murray and lifeguards, Cherry and Andy. The IFH swimming pool was officially reopened on February 19th.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Bridge

Pairs — February 8th

Mr. & Mrs. Pacitti	55.9
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	53.6
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	51.2
R. Fullard & Mrs. V. McPherson	47.6
Mrs. J. Goodlad & Miss Stenning	47.6
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	44.0

Individuals — February 21st

W. Lethbridge	61.9
Miss Stenning	61.9

R. Pacitti	57.2
Mrs. Barker	52.4
Mrs. Pacitti	47.6
Mr. Douse	47.6
R. Evans	38.1
Mrs. Meleson	33.3

FAMILY NEWS

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Mrs. M. Barton, widow of the late *Mr. Ted Barton*, of Ambleside, Cumbria, who, standing as a Liberal Candidate, won a by-election in her area, the South Lakeland District Council on January 29th. She received 289 votes in a close finish over the Conservative with 274. Mrs. Barton has served as a Liberal Borough Councillor in Huddersfield some years ago.

Mr. Colwyn Lloyd, of Llanelli, who recently received the Kathleen Smith Rose Bowl as the most improved St. Dunstan's bowler and for his contribution to the Bowling Club.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Michael, son of *Mr. and Mrs. F. Bentley*, of Saltdean, on his marriage to Julia Cappuccitti on January 31st in Birmingham.

Paul, grandson of *Mr. J. Wheeler*, of Wembley, on the occasion of his marriage to Joanna Wright on September 22nd 1986.

Michael, son of *Mr. and Mrs. T. Mogan*, of Hove, on his marriage to Louise Ferguson on November 15th 1986 in Australia.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. D. Atkins, of Hemel Hempstead, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on March 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Green, of Hove, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on March 3rd.

Ruby Weddings *continued*

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ford, of Middlesborough, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on March 8th.

SILVER WEDDING

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonald, of Leicester, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary on March 10th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mrs. K. Bailey, widow of the late Mr. J. Bailey, of Guildford, on the birth of her grandson, Tom Roland Douglas, born on February 8th to her daughter, Penny, and husband, Tom Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. R.J. Oakes, of Clacton-on-Sea, on the birth of their grandson, Shane Robert, born on February 12th to their daughter, Sandra, and son-in-law, Jim Gillett.

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. R.H. Finch, of Leamington Spa, on the birth of their second great grandson, Jacob, born on January 14th to their grand-daughter, Fiona, and her husband, Berne.

Mrs. A. Jolly, widow of the late *Mr. J. Jolly*, of Leicester, on the birth of her great grand-daughter, Samantha Jane, born on August 18th 1986 to her grand-daughter, Susan, and husband, David.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mr. T.L. Giles, of Saltdean, whose mother died on January 18th.

Mrs. Phyllis McKay, wife of *Tommy McKay*, of Brighton, whose sister passed away in New Zealand earlier this year, following a serious illness.

In Memory

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

H. Jastrzemski, *Polish Army*

Hipolit Jastrzemski, of Bristol, passed away on February 15th following a long period of ill-health borne with great courage and dignity. He was 77 years of age.

He served as a Lance Corporal in the Polish Army during World War II, having enlisted prior to 1939, and was discharged from the Army in 1947, by which time he was residing in the United Kingdom. Mr. Jastrzemski's sight was affected by illness and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1948 where he was trained as a capstan operator. From 1949 to 1952 he was employed in industry but, on regaining some sight, he ceased to be a St. Dunstaner. Subsequently, his vision and general health seriously deteriorated and he was re-admitted to membership only a month ago.

Mr. Jastrzemski was unmarried but shared his home with an old and valued friend, Mr. A. Klimek, who cared for him devotedly until the end. He will also be greatly missed by many friends in the Polish Community.

E. Knight, *Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve*

Esmond Knight, of Chelsea, London, died suddenly while filming on location in Egypt, on February 23rd, aged 80.

He was wounded in action in May 1941 while serving in *HMS Prince of Wales* and came to St. Dunstan's in October of that year. A tribute appears elsewhere in this *Review*.

He leaves his widow, the actress Nora Swinburne and a daughter, Rosalind, by a previous marriage.