



**St Dunstons
Review
May 1989**

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Cover Picture: Inflating the hot air balloon that took Tiny Pointon above the Alps. See page 14.



From the Chairman

For a quarter of a century I haven't bothered too much about my gardening tools. For practical reasons of space and usage, the majority have been stored in a corner of the Greenhouse, some in a remote part of the Barn, and others in that all-embracing come-in-handly passageway known to the family as 'The Garden Room' (sounds good); there was little logic and less certainty of location about any.

Last Autumn my wife and I decided to extend the growing area of our Greenhouse to embrace the part previously occupied by the tools. The decision was taken in cold blood with our eyes wide open to the inevitable consequence — building a toolshed. This has now been done. The resulting D.I.Y. structure is unique: the walls are made entirely of old doors. Two I already had in store, the remaining four I got from the nearby pub (which was being tarted up) for a modest five pence. Roofing I had to buy, together with a quantity of brackets and screws. The corner pillars existed as come-in-handly, and after considerable effort and a lick of old black paint the monster is up and Steptoe's Hut is operational.

Now, when the cutting North wind blasts, the frosts burn, the rain pelts, the hurricane howls (or just that I'm knackered by the Big Fork act) — I've promised my wife that I will not seek relief in the toolshed with a bottle of Johnnie Walker.

Henry Leach

PRINCESS EUGENIE OF GREECE

Princess Eugenie of Greece, whose death in France at the age of 79 was reported in March, was the daughter of Prince George of Greece and Denmark, a first cousin of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh and the late Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent. She was in South Africa during the Second World War and St. Dunstaners who were at Tembani will remember Princess Eugenie and her cousin, Princess Katherine because they both worked as V.A.D.s there.

St. Dunstaner, Arthur Simpson remembers them well. 'They were two of the best people I ever knew. We went to their place, they lived in a nice big bungalow in the Wynberg area. At Tembani they would serve us tea, make the beds, take us for walks or to the pictures. I remember going with them and Harry Petty to the seaside and we all took off our shoes and paddled! We enjoyed their company.

'Princess Eugenie used to speak a lot for the Greek Red Cross and before she went she would practise on us. She was the easiest person to meet of anyone I have ever met.'

DIARY REMINDER: David Bell wishes to remind all St. Dunstaners who were at Tembani that the Reunion at Ian Fraser House this year will be from the 6th-9th October.

TRAINING WORKING PARTY

A working party consisting of members of staff, welfare visitors and St. Dunstaners, has been formed. The aim is to examine all aspects of training within the organisation relating to St. Dunstaners, Gubbays, wives, families and staff. They are to recommend possible changes and, if so, how they might be implemented.

The working party is keen to hear, preferably in writing, from all those connected with St. Dunstan's, who feel they have a constructive comment to make.

Please write to Ray Hazan, at HQ by the end of May.

BRAILLE PHYSIOTHERAPY BOOK WANTED

A young physiotherapist has been hunting for a braille copy of the 'Physiotherapists' Guide to Anatomy' published in 1954 by the Scottish Braille Press, for several months without success. If any of our retired Physiotherapists have a copy and no longer need it, and would be willing to permanently loan, or even sell it, please contact Sean Kelly at Headquarters, who will pass the information on.

HMS DAEDALUS — LAST CHANCE TO BOOK

Have you remembered to book your place for camp at HMS Daedalus this year? If not, you should contact Elspeth Grant by telephone on 0799 22874 immediately, and certainly no later than May 12th.

TAPE RECORDER WANTED

George Cole, of Shoreham, St. Dunstan's ace morse amateur radio operator, has always kept his logs on a reel to reel tape recorder. His old Telefunken has now come to the end of its days and a similar machine is hard to find. If any St. Dunstaner has a 7" reel to reel machine in working order that he would be willing to part with, George would be most grateful. Please contact him direct; George Cole, Termoli, 19 Oxen Avenue, Shoreham-by-Sea, W. Sussex, BN4 5AF. Tel: 0273 455240.

ST. DUNSTAN'S T-SHIRTS AND SWEAT SHIRTS

Spring has sprung, the grass is ris, and there couldn't be a better time for investing in the vital fashion accessory for this Summer — the St. Dunstan's t-shirt or sweat shirt. T-shirts cost just £4.00, and sweat shirts £7.00 — a bargain at twice the price. Please contact Angela Higson of the Supplies Department at HQ.

Balancing the Books

by Ted Bunting

This is the first of a new series of Talking Book reviews written by St. Dunstaner Ted Bunting.

Flash For Freedom

Author: George MacDonald Fraser
Reader: Bruce Montague
Duration: 13 hours
Catalogue number: 4862

'Cheats never prosper', the proverb says, but Harry Flashman did, or at least that's what Macdonald Fraser tells us, because according to him, the despicable bully of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' won fame and honour as a soldier after he was expelled, and all by dishonest means.

'Flash For Freedom' is just one in a series of hilarious, rip-roaring yarns, in which Sir Harry Flashman V.C. recounts his remarkable adventures. It tells of his unwilling involvement in the West African slave trade, it exposes his cowardice in the face of every foe he encounters, and it boasts of his lechery in three countries.

For anyone enjoying fast, swashbuckling adventure, and having a broad-minded tolerance of unashamed vulgarity, this book, along with all the other 'Flashman' novels, is an absolute must.

'hilarious, rip-roaring yarn... an absolute must.'

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Randolph

Author: Brian Roberts
Reader: Andrew Timothy
Duration: 18 hours 30 minutes
Catalogue Number: 5304

If you have ever wondered why Randolph Churchill, the son of the great Winston, achieved so little success during his life, despite being showered with so many advantages, then this book may provide you with some answers. It will, however, also present considerable food for thought.

Of course, you might consider that no

sapling could ever have flourished in the shade of so mighty an oak, as his father was, but, as you follow Randolph's path, with this book as your guide, it is more than likely that you will seek answers to many other questions. For example, must an indulged infancy invariably lead to an over indulged maturity? How can a supposedly brilliant youth apparently learn so little at Eton on the one hand, and yet possess all the wisdom he needs to become another younger Pitt on the other.

You will also wonder, I'm sure, if it could possibly be true, as the author says, that the lower ranks in Randolph's army unit had threatened to shoot him if ever they got the chance. And you might also wish to know how Randolph went from subaltern to major in one jump if there is no such thing as nepotism.

Nevertheless, if you are honestly prepared to have your faith in all the Churchill's put to the test, and you like a good writing style, a style which pulls no punches, you will certainly enjoy reading Bryan Roberts' sad study of a lion cub who developed into a pathetic ginger tom.

'If you like a good writing style which pulls no punches, you will certainly enjoy this.'

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Doors Of the Mind

Author: Michael Bentine
Reader: William Abney
Duration: 7 hours
Catalogue Number: 5495

In spite of being written by one of the 'Gooners', there is nothing very amusing to be found in this book. Indeed, it is a serious attempt to explain psychic phenomena of all kinds. Or at least, I think

it is, for although there is undoubtedly a certain 'something' in all of us which prevents us from dismissing the existence of 'ghoulies, ghosties and long-leggedy beasties' out of hand, Mr. Bentine is surely exceeding the tolerance of even the most credulous person with this traddle.

Of course, I cannot refute his claim to have 'seen' a thousand bomber raid at the time of Dunkirk, nor any of his other claims to have seen into the future,

TWO OLD FAVOURITES AND A NEW TITLE . . .

RADAR (The Royal Association for Disability and Rehabilitation) has recently published the 1989 editions of its two well-known Holiday Guides. One has undergone a title change since it was last published, but they continue to provide information that will be useful to disabled people planning holiday breaks — whether in the UK or abroad.

'Holidays in the British Isles 1989 — A Guide for Disabled People' (previously published as 'Holidays for Disabled People') covers options and opportunities in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The Guide carries information on transport, activity holidays, special interest breaks, ideas for places to visit and other useful sources of reference. Accommodation is listed region by region — from Scotland's Highlands and Islands down to Jersey and Guernsey, covering all the major tourist areas in between — as well as a few that readers may not have thought about visiting. There are also helpful indications on what the accommodation concerned can offer its disabled guests — ranging from that which is accessible for people with disabilities to those places providing the particular care and support some disabled people require when taking a break.

'Holidays and Travel Abroad 1989 — A Guide for Disabled People' lists opportunities for the disabled visitor to over 40 countries worldwide, and information covered includes transport, insurance, accommodation, and other useful addresses.

Both Guides are on sale at branches of W. H. Smith and Son Ltd. 'Holidays in the

because experiences of this nature are confined to the individual, but when he talked about black magic, I swear I could actually hear the cods walloping. As I say, don't choose this book if you are looking for entertainment. In fact, unless you wish to be disappointed, don't choose it at all.

'Mr. Bentine is surely exceeding the tolerance of even the most credulous person with this traddle.'

British Isles 1989 — a Guide for Disabled People' retails at £3.00 (£4.50 including post and packing direct from RADAR). 'Holidays and Travel Abroad 1989 — A Guide for Disabled People' retails at £2.00 (£3.00 including post and packing direct from RADAR). All mail order enquiries should be addressed to the Publications Department, RADAR, 25 Mortimer Street, London W1N 8AB.

COMIC RELIEF AT IFH

Paul and Maureen James with Billy Rundle in costume. With the help of their staff, they raised £831 for Comic Relief, of which £100 came from Compass, our caterers. Paul is grateful to Commander Conway for all his help.





DOCTOR FOOTBALL

by David Castleton

In 1977, Dr. John O'Hara retired as Medical Officer to St. Dunstan's after 27 years' service. A busy chap, Dr. John, and one wondered how he would fill his time in retirement. Absolutely no problem: he has a voluntary job that takes him from his Rottingdean home to London three times a week and to Lilleshall, near Stafford, a dozen times a year. Now a sprightly 80 plus he is still an active member of the Football Association and has been for the past 21 years.

'I am a Life Vice-President and a member of important committees including the Cup Committee which runs the Cup, the committee which runs all the international matches and the Executive Committee which runs the Football Association. Most important of all I am the Chairman of the Medical Committee.'

Dr. John's lifelong interest in football was aroused early on: 'My grandfather was a co-founder of the Glasgow Celtic Football Club, the first British club to win the European Cup. So I was born into and brought up in an atmosphere of football

at the highest grade. I was a very good football player, in fact I always say I was a better football player than I am a doctor! But my father would only allow me to play amateur football, not professional, and as such I played for Scotland against Iceland in Iceland in 1928 when I was a medical student. After I qualified as a doctor I went to Durham to start with and I carried on with football for the local village team which, when I was there, made great headway in the English Amateur Cup getting to the fifth round which is something tremendous for a junior team.'

Football took a back seat in 1950 when he took up the appointment of Medical Officer to St. Dunstan's Homes in Brighton. 'I was immersed in the great interests of the men and particularly their rehabilitation in St. Dunstan's. Too busy, in fact, making friends at St. Dunstan's to bother about football.'

Then problems in the Sussex County Football Association drew him back into the sport as an administrator. In 1955 he agreed to stand as President and was

elected at the A.G.M. Two years later, with problems ironed out, he intended to resign, 'I said, "I've done what you told me to do now I can get home," but I'm still there, they wouldn't let me give up.'

Through his work in Sussex he became a member of the Council of the Football Association. 'They managed without a Medical Committee for over a hundred years. I had been a member for 12 years and I decided they could manage no longer. After a lot of debating, a lot of opposition, it was formed and its first purpose was to advise the F.A. on medical matters.'

'The Committee was very small at first because I was the only member of the Council of the F.A. who was a doctor. Obviously a committee of one couldn't run but an old ruling allowed me to co-opt experts and so I co-opted two orthopaedic surgeons, a professor of surgery and a professor of sports sciences, a neurological surgeon and the two England team doctors. This is an excellent committee — all these experts working hard for sports medicine.'

'We decided that counselling the Football Association was not enough, we had to do something positive. We decided that we must help many young players, profes-

sional and others, who seemed to be taking a long time to recover from injuries and some of whom never recovered and were forced to give up their profession.'

Dr. John was telling me all this on the Inter-City to Stafford. We were on our way to see the result of that Committee's decision, the Football Association's National Rehabilitation and Sports Injury Centre at the National Sports Centre, Lilleshall.

About midway between Stafford and Shrewsbury, the Centre is based on a former hunting lodge built for the Duke of Sutherland in 1831, now owned by the Sports Council. The drive extends some two miles from the road to the house around which modern and specialist buildings have grown up to serve the Centre. Among them are the buildings which house the Rehabilitation Centre and the Human Performance Centre. These are fully equipped with therapeutic and exercise apparatus for the treatment of injured athletes.

'The Medical Committee was formed in 1981 and the Rehabilitation Centre was opened in 1986. In that time it has flourished. It has helped many young players get back to playing football and I can think, off-hand, of five young players who were told they would never play again but

In the huge remedial gymnasium equipped with every kind of exercise apparatus.





Below With John Brewer observing Sue Lindsey, a young hockey international, in the Human Performance Centre.



who are now back again playing top class football, one of them with Nottingham Forest and one of them in the England international side.

It cost about £100,000 to set it up. We were helped by a grant from the Football Trust, which is a Trust which gets, I believe, a very small amount of money from every *Spot the Ball* coupon sent to the Pools promoters. It is a very wealthy institution and does a tremendous lot to help football. The other moneys came from the Sports Council, which is a body which gets money from the Government to help sport of all kinds throughout the country to flourish. The balance was made up by the Football Association.

Measuring Human Performance

Just over a year and a half ago we decided that we would set up a centre called the Human Performance Centre where we would completely examine footballers or athletes of any kind who wished to know their medical condition, what weaknesses they had and how they should go about training for their particular sport and how they should live their lives in the form of what they should eat, how much exercise they should take and so on. This we opened in 1988 and, again, this has flourished.

'Many football teams bring down groups of players, Glasgow Rangers send all their injured players to our Rehabilitation Centre. They also send players down for health checks, for assessment of their abilities and for instruction and advice in their training methods and you know how well Glasgow Rangers have done in Scottish football.'

When Dr. John showed me over the Centre, members of the England Women's Hockey Team were in the Human Performance Centre. Under the supervision of Mr. John Brewer, Sue Lindsey was running herself to exhaustion on the treadmill/oxygen analyser. She ran for eight and a half minutes, part of the time with her nose clipped and an oxygen pipe attached to a mouthpiece in her mouth. The machine's electronics were recording information about her oxygen intake and

other aspects of her performance which would help the Centre's staff to advise on the best training methods for her.

There are six physiotherapists at the Centre, four full-time and two part-time. The Medical Officer, a young doctor keen on sports medicine, lives just two miles away and comes in twice a week. He is on call every day and the Centre also has the benefit of the advice of a Professor of Orthopaedic Surgery attached to the hospital at Shrewsbury, who will come in at any time.

All this is doubly important to the Centre in connection with another activity at Lilleshall. Dr. John was not travelling up just to show me around. He was to supervise the work, that weekend, of his team carrying out medical examinations of boy footballers applying to attend the F.A.'s school of excellence: 'We have a two year course, 16 boys in the first year and 16 in the second, who have been picked by scouts from all over the country as being the best boys of their age, that is 14 and under, in the country.'

Expert coaching

'They have to attend the local comprehensive school because we expect them to take their O levels and they all do. In the evenings and at the weekends they have coaching by a team of expert coaches led by a man called Dave Sexton, who many will remember as manager of Chelsea, Manchester United and Queen's Park Rangers and who is now the assistant to Bobby Robson, the England team manager.

'They are taught all the best methods of playing football including self discipline and most of them comprise the English Schools Football international team. Some of them, the older boys, also play for the England Youth Team which plays international matches all over the world.

'Now as well as being picked as the best players in the country these boys have to be physically examined to make sure they are fit to take up the strenuous career of professional football. We have about 35 boys coming to be examined and of these 16 will be picked. It is possible that one or



With young candidates for the soccer School of Excellence.

two may be found unfit. To their great disappointment they will have to go back home but, hopefully, the information we send back to their doctor will enable them to have treatment and while they can't come back to the school they may be able to take up their chosen career of professional football.'

Another aspect of the work of the Centre is the programme of courses run for physiotherapists wishing to specialise in sports injuries, many of them belonging to Football League Clubs. The courses are intensive and candidates undergo a strict examination at the end. Courses in sports medicine are run for doctors and conferences arranged and organised, for which Dr. O'Hara takes responsibility.

His most immediate ambition for the Centre is the provision of a thermal pool. 'A thermal pool is one of the best methods of treating any injured patient, particularly injured limbs. The patients are able to use their limbs against the gentle force of water and that gets them better very much more quickly so it is a very important adjunct to any rehabilitation centre. We have started already with the preliminary plans and I hope it will be ready in about a year's time.'



Smiling members of the under 21 International Hockey Team have forgiven Doctor John for the tests they have endured.

In the longer term he would like to see his Centre become the national centre for all sports but he recognises that the task of bringing this country's many different sports organisations together, will take time. In the meantime the Centre is becoming internationally known and with it Dr. O'Hara. He has addressed conferences in Brazil, Canada and West Germany and at the time of our visit to Lillleshall was looking forward to an international conference in Tahiti.

At home he also helps the Football League, giving advice on coping with injuries during matches. Each season he makes twelve random visits to first-class professional matches to make tests for drug taking. He is happy to report that over five years of carrying out these tests he has yet to find a positive result.

The Football Association doesn't just look after professional players, it looks after the amateurs as well. Throughout the country there are 41,000 clubs which we administer, take care of and help. While I've been on the Football Associa-

tion, my 21 years, the number of these clubs has increased to 41,000 from 33,000, so you can see that football is still growing. It means that any week-end from a million to a million and a half young boys, older boys, youths, young men and not so young men are playing and enjoying football.'

There are Centres of excellence all over the country training young players and run by the County F.A.'s. Some also have medical centres under supervision of the F.A. Medical Committee. In his work with the Sussex F.A. and in the Council of the Football Association John O'Hara is contributing at both levels. Which part of his activities does he regard as most important? 'I think the Centre is the most essential part because there we are able to give back health and strength to young athletes. The last time I was up we had a girl, the French skiing champion. She had heard about us and come over. Anything that repairs broken limbs, repairs broken health is, of course, of paramount importance — even more important than playing football.'

GARDENING NOTES

by D.F. Robinson

I hope that you have good weather for planting the Summer plants in order to get a good show of colour later, and a good return from the vegetable patch. Don't forget to keep the soil nice and moist in all beds, and free of weeds.

Vegetables

Fork over the beds in order to allow the moisture to get down to the roots, and so the sun can warm everything up. Ensure that you have stakes on the runner beans, as young plants tend to grow at a very rapid rate. Some of these young shoots may need tying in place to start them off. Sow vegetable seeds every few weeks in order to ensure a steady supply for the table. Make certain that you have the outdoor tomatoes growing well in a frame in pots, or other small containers. They can be settled in their main positions towards the end of the month. Pumpkins and marrows can be planted out towards the end of the month when there are no frosts about. Earth up the early potatoes to get good growth. Aphids and diseases of all kinds will be on the leaves of plants, so get the sprayer out, and sprinkle slug pellets about. Give a dose of fertiliser, in either pellet or powder form to give everything a boost.

Fruit

When the ground around the trees and bushes is dry, give them a mulch of manure, and then a dose of water from the spray. Thin out all the fruit on trees to make for a better size and quality, and give the trees a spray with an anti-aphid liquid. Thin out some of the suckers on the raspberries, and cut away all the runners on the strawberry plants which won't be wanted to make fresh new plants. Straw litter should be placed between the plants to keep the fruit clean.

Lawns

The grass should be growing pretty rapidly now, so get the mower out at least

once a week with the blades down to the lowest level. Some fertiliser might be a good idea, and the edges of the lawn will need regular tidying up.

Flowers

Get all the hardy and half-hardy annuals in their flowering places with the dwarf items in the front of the beds, and taller items toward the back. Where you have some spare items, put them between the shrubs and perennials. Set out all the tubular begonias in the middle of the beds, possibly in clumps of mixed colours. The fibrous rooted begonias will be better set in the front of the beds amongst the other annuals. Busy lizzie, lobelia, ageratum and verbena are amongst those which always give a good show. Position dahlias, and put stakes by the larger ones, spreading some anti-pest soil powder since they seem to like the roots of this plant. Don't forget to tidy the sweet peas as the season goes on, cutting away all old flowers, and tidying in the new growths which don't set themselves properly. Give the plants a dose of liquid manure every so often as they will need plenty of fertiliser. Give flower beds some compost or manure as the season goes on, and put down some slug pellets.

Greenhouse

From now until the Autumn little heat will be required in the greenhouse, as all the seeds and seedlings will have been planted out in beds or pots, and the sun will be warm enough, so turn off any artificial heating. Leave windows open during the day, especially if the weather is very warm. Some pot plants, such as flowering begonias, should be ready for a show in the next few weeks, and gloxinias and achimenes will also give a good show of colour for the house or greenhouse. Cuttings of many plants can be taken now, as they root very rapidly now. Water them well, and cover them in a plastic sheeting in a warm place. Insects and disease will be on the go now, so use your sprays on them, and if possible set smokes at night, which are more effective than sprays.



Albert Grimshaw, celebrating his 95th birthday at Pearson House, cuts his cake with the help of Care Assistant, Zena Stewart.

A LIBERAL DOSE OF COUNSELLING

by Marjorie Barton

During the 21 years we were in Huddersfield, whilst Ted was with the I.C.I., we were both involved in all sorts of things, and as our children got older, I became first a magistrate, then a Marriage Guidance Counsellor, and then I was asked to stand (by the Liberal Party) as a candidate for the Borough Council where I won the seat. I had a short but very interesting career as Councillor for a big urban ward.

A great part of the satisfaction of all this was Ted's delight in it, but it was cut short when a breakdown in Ted's health caused him to retire at 48, and all of us move to his beloved Lake District.

For the next 20 years my only commitment was approximately one morning a month at the local Magistrates' Court — a wonderful contrast to the big city Court in Huddersfield. We both kept up our political connections, but the only possibility

was to act as supporters, and only when we could do things together. In the last part of Ted's life this too became impossibly difficult. I had in fact resigned early from the Bench for this reason just shortly before he died.

No need to tell any St. Dunstan's widow of the huge void that the death of a disabled husband leaves. Even when things have become enormously tough, one's whole life has been lived so much as one that in a very real way you feel halved. For me I was blessed with an understanding and loving family, and I lived (and live) in a little village which literally bore me up at that time, and somehow the first year went by, then came what seemed a completely crazy invitation. The local District Council Member had to retire, and there was therefore a by-election pending.

I was then 68, and if that didn't disqualify me I belonged to a party which was going through an extremely difficult period, and would be fighting a seat which was traditionally regarded as safe for another, so I said no. Then I thought about it, and my children and their children put subtle pressure on me. My grandchildren, I think, liked having the idea of a granny fighting an election! So I did — a three cornered one — and most unexpectedly, and after a recount which raised the blood pressure of my supporters at the count. I got in!

So began an extraordinary new and very active life all over again. As a councillor for a very large rural area I have three Parish Councils to attend, and constituents over the three parts of the ward which must be one of the loveliest in Britain. It stretches from the west shore of Windermere to the east shore of Coniston Water and includes lovely Esthwaite Water as well as the village of Hawkshead and Beatrix Potter's Sawley.

All my main meetings are in Kendal, which is 19 miles away, and very occasionally one is in Ulverston which is a little nearer. I am on the Housing, Environmental Health and Planning Committees, and the National Park Sub-Committee, and each one is absolutely full of interest. We have acute problems about housing local people, in an area where second

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

When St. Dunstan's Royal Patroness is on holiday at Balmoral, she can see Lochnagar, a 3,786 foot hill rising to the south beyond the pines of Ballochbuie Forest, the 'bonniest plaid in Scotland', as this used to be called. Lochnagar is a funny name for a hill, since 'loch' means 'lake' and in fact this wasn't originally the name of the hill at all. How 'Ben Ciochan' became 'Lochnagar' makes an interesting story.

There's a little loch some way up the hill, a cold dark tarn under the crags of the N.E. Corrie, and here the poet Byron used to fish, knowing it as Loch nam Gabbar, 'Loch of the Goats'. Byron would have known the name 'Ben Chiochan', for his ghillie would have told him it, and when

Liberal Counselling *continued*

homes and the holiday market in general cause house prices to hit the roof. In environmental terms we have problems of where you tip your waste without spoiling glorious country, constant concern about nuclear waste disposal on our doorstep at Sellafield, and the need to clean up Morecambe Bay. Planning controls often seem inadequate to deal with the enormous pressure on an area such as this, and it is a constant battle to strike a balance between meeting people's aspirations and protecting a most rare and beautiful environment.

I had said when I offered to fight the by-election that I reserved the right not to defend my seat 18 months later, but by then I was completely hooked, and that time we got away without a recount!

he wrote his poem 'Dark Lochnagar', he wasn't thinking of the hill but the tarn, crags rising above, the setting Byron describes in the phrase 'the steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar'. Due to this poem the tarn got confused with the hill, and so it was towards a Lochnagar thus erroneously named that the two of us made our way in March, 1964.

We had hard snow under our boots between Cairn Damff and the Tolmount, and as we forded the Dubh Loch burn cirrus clouds were touched with sunset fire. Gloaming dwindled into twilight, stars came out, and by this time we were on the summit of the hill, the tent pitched in soft snow, and frost on our eyebrows as we looked down on the lights of Ballater 3,000 feet below. It's a grand thing to find solitude once in a while, and on the summit of Lochnagar that Winter night, the two of us were as remote from fellow citizens as ever Scott was at the pole.

Queen Elizabeth has climbed Lochnagar, but in her case security men lurked behind boulders, and it was not Winter but Summer. Neither has she spent a night on the summit like Gavin and me in Winter, Barabbas and me on a subsequent occasion, this time around midsummer 1974. This time a hot wind blew, and as the sun sank behind Ben A'an the two of us lay comfortably in a nook of the granite tor which constitutes the summit of the hill. Ptarmigan moved around, we were alone, and there was not a cloud in the sky. The night was starless because it never got dark, and when next day the sun rose behind Ben A'chie the same hot wind still blew.

Ten years earlier there had been snow on the capel track as Gavin and I made our way back to Glen Clova. This time, with Barabbas and me, it was almost too hot to be endurable. We made our way through boulders to where a track zig-zags downwards, passed by the Fox's Well, and in due time came to where The Queen's deerstalker Johnny Robertson lives. A question baffled us that night on Lochnagar. You would think twelve midnight is exactly between sunset and sunrise, but it isn't, and though this apparent aberration has been explained to me by an astronomer I remain as baffled as before.



I understand that there is an expression, coined by a Scot, which briefly states that no matter how carefully one may plan, things are apt to come unstuck. We plan on, however, hoping for the best, and I for one am no exception.

After acquiring my silver award during my 1988 trip to Chateau D'Oex, I determined to work even harder in preparation for this year's trip, in order to achieve even better proficiency. To this end, I clocked up 41 miles in the Ian Fraser House pool, and 6,000 miles on my exercise cycle (I

Snow at last.



UP IN A BALLOON AND DOWN ON SKIS

by A.C. 'Tiny' Pointon

wonder what happens when I reach 9,999 miles — do I get the jackpot, or just something very interesting like start at zero again?). I also needed to buy a camera, and a tape recorder to take on my travels.

Having remembered to pack everything (except a spare braille watch) I rose at 4.15 a.m. on Saturday February 25th, a habit I would rather not get into, and prepared for the trip. Catching the cab later, we were delighted to be told by the driver that it was snowing on the A23. When we reached Gatwick, we were as usual given the red carpet treatment, and our flight for Geneva set off just three quarters of an hour late, the journey lasting seventy minutes. On arrival at Geneva it transpired that whilst my suitcase had travelled with me, my skis had stayed at Gatwick, and it would not be possible to recover them that day. Global, however, went to a considerable amount of trouble to get them back for me, and we were later reunited.

We arrived at the hotel to the traditional warm welcome from Madame Lang and all the staff at the Hotel D'Hours Global, and spent the first day recovering from the early start, even though I had

spent most of the coach journey sleeping. My friend, guide and philosopher Michel Bertholet called in to see me, rather apologising that there was no snow to ski on for the first time in eight years. As there was no snow, I spent the first few days socialising, and made some new friends. Among the many interesting people I met were a couple from Ashbourne in Derbyshire, whom I had known in my sighted days. He was a central heating engineer, and she worked for a building society. I spent the Sunday afternoon visiting Michel and his wife, and their 17 month old daughter.

During the Sunday night it snowed, but the high winds on Monday caused the closure of the cable cars, making skiing impossible again. On the Monday night there was a fall of powder snow, and so on the Tuesday we managed to get onto the slopes at Les Moulins, where we managed to do seven or eight runs, giving Michel and I a chance to establish communication.

It was to be Thursday before we managed to get down to some real skiing, and even then the snow was soft, making any effort produce too much sweat.

Thursday concluded with a fondue party at the top of La Braye, which was attended by many of the skiers. It rained during the evening, and consequently most people were soaked by the time they got back to the hotel. On Friday I was beginning to wonder if I had packed the right type of gear — should it have been water skis and a wetsuit?

The following Sunday I had a call telling me that provided the weather stayed sunny and not too windy, my planned trip in a hot air balloon was on for the follow-

Casting a shadow from 1,800 metres.





With Michel Bertholet.

ing Monday morning at 9.00a.m. Sure enough the weather stayed fine, and on the Monday morning, Simon Drake collected me in the truck, with the balloon on the trailer. After a short journey we arrived at the launching site, and Simon's team soon had the vast envelope laid out, and the whicker basket loaded with all that was necessary for the flight. The balloon is absolutely enormous, and when fully inflated, can lift six full bottles of fuel, and six people. In addition to Simon and I, there were three others going up: Ian MacAlpine, Nigel Swiffen and Grant, a New Zealander who, incidentally, took the photographs in the balloon for me.

We took off at about 11.00, and rose at a speed of 500 feet per minute, feeling the wind rushing against our faces. We stopped rising at about 1,800 metres and as you go with the air currents, you feel no wind — a very curious sensation. We rose to a height of about 3,000 metres before making our descent, and then making our way to a local hostelry to celebrate and be interviewed by a local news reporter. Due to a lack of sleep, I was, not surprisingly, disinclined to ski that day.

It was snowing again on Tuesday, and so

after lunch Michel and I made our way to the blue run. The skiing was good, despite the sunshine, but by the time we reached the bottom the grass was showing through the snow, and we made our way to the steeper red run. Wednesday and Thursday followed a similar pattern, and on Friday I finished off all the shopping I had been meaning to do.

Rising early on Saturday morning, I was met by the Global representative, who wouldn't let me carry my skis downstairs, insisting that he would come back for them. Half way to the airport, he remembered that he hadn't gone back for them, but assured me that they would be sent on straight away. Three days later I was still waiting for them, and remembering the time three years ago when the skis did the same thing, eventually reaching me by way of Paris. I'm sure they have a mind of their own.

Mrs. Kathleen Harding

Mrs. Kathleen Harding, widow of Harry Harding, of Bagborough, would like to thank all those who sent messages of sympathy and support on her recent bereavement.

DISABLED TRAVEL ON BRITISH RAIL

Over the past few years British Rail have paid much more attention to handicapped travellers. It is their aim to allow the disabled passenger the opportunity to travel as independently as possible and without anxiety. For instance, wheelchair users can travel alongside other passengers and not be banished to guards vans or special compartments.

Inter City trains have wide access doors, automatic interior doors, grab-rails, a removeable seat for wheelchair access, removeable tables in standard class to allow more leg room, useful if you have a guide dog. Two thirds of Inter City services enable the wheelchair bound to travel in the passenger saloon.

Provincial and Network Southeast services are improving their stock all the time. Wide door openings, low level floors, a public address system, good illumination and the use of bright contrasting colours in the decor. Also the toilets will be large enough to admit a wheelchair on some medium and long distance routes.

Many stations have disabled access and facilities which include: dedicated car parking spaces conveniently sited, station wheelchairs, induction loops at ticket offices and payphones fitted with inductive couplers, lifts operated by either staff or passenger, access to catering facilities, guide dogs permitted in all areas, hand-rails on all staircases and grooved coping stones at platforms. Usually there are white markings on stair heads, landings and the edges of platforms.

A computerised message system is being introduced which will greatly improve the ability of staff to give help at stations and on trains to those who need it. Disabled persons are encouraged to give BR advance notice of their travel plans. However, it is essential that disabled people contact their local station manager giving as much prior warning as possible. The traveller cannot simply arrive at a station and expect all or some of the above mentioned help. The Disabled Persons railcard was introduced to encourage people to travel, at reduced fares. It also

provides for reduced rate travel for one companion.

On the whole the visually handicapped can arrive at most stations, board the train and arrive at their destination feeling quite calm and relaxed. Yes, there are some exceptions and some stations are not manned and there are still some quite wide gaps between train and platform.

As a member of the BR Watchdog Committee I would welcome any comments, experiences, particular hazards or problems that you may have come across.

R. Hazan, Assistant Public Relations Officer

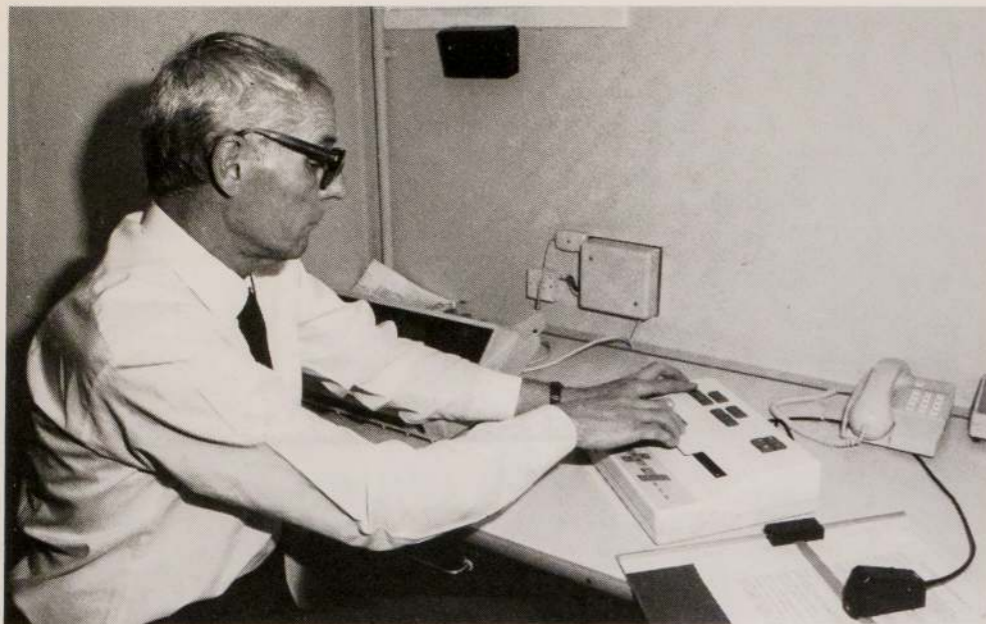
EASTER BONNETS AT IAN FRASER HOUSE

This year's Easter Monday Dance at Ian Fraser House was again brightened up by a parade of Easter Bonnets. The standard was so high that judging was even more difficult than last year. In fact, all the entrants got a prize; even Jane Farrant whose hat had to come without her as Jane herself wasn't well enough. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Sue Reynolds and Sheila Morris did the judging and finally settled on four main prizewinners:-

- 1st Prize: Vi Delaney in her Bunny Girl Bowler.
- 2nd Prize: Elsie Aldred in a fashionable little number reminiscent of a Spanish Policeman's hat.
- 3rd Prize: Brenda Rea in a really Eggs-iting creation.
- Most Original: Sheila Wellings — sheer Animal Magic with floral overtones.

Can you do better? Make it a date for next year, ladies!



Cliff Fisher operating the Delta — the camera and the printed material is in the right foreground.

Technology and Telephony

by David Castleton

Two St. Dunstaner telephonists, both employed by the National Westminster Bank, are experimenting with equipment that is enabling them to take on a wider variety of work. At Winchester, Cliff Fisher is using a Delta electronic text reader and at Poole, Don Planner has a Braille-n-Print machine.

Cliff's Delta has a micro-camera, rather like the camera St. Dunstaners will remember as part of the Optacon reading machine, which is used to scan along the lines of print or typewriting. The letter outlines are recognised and processed into braille which is presented to the reader in raised pins on the keyboard. There are also braille keys enabling the user to make notes. These are held in the Delta's memory which can hold 32,000 characters. Notes can be recalled to the braille display or transferred to any IBM compatible computer or to a braille printer.

Cliff is enthusiastic about his new equipment, 'I have been a telephonist for

more than 20 years and it has always been just the telephone because there's been nothing else on. This is a great opportunity. It opens up all sorts of possibilities.'

A sympathetic and enthusiastic management envisages Cliff working on his board in the mornings when it is busiest — and it is busy! — and carrying out more varied duties making use of the Delta in the afternoons. They suggest he could, by reading from typed lists, 'phone customers with invitations to events or to arrange appointments, or scan computer print-outs for sales opportunities and follow them up on the telephone.

The Delta gives Cliff access to the quantity of printed information that is available to his sighted colleagues. An average of two or three circulars are received each day from the Bank's Head Office and there are numerous internal circulars and information sheets.

Cliff points out that there are limits to the Delta's capabilities, 'I can read typed material but only if it is clear, however you



As Don Planner types in braille, a print version of his note is also produced.

can adjust the camera to take up very small print. All in all it must be an advancement. It is great independence.' He is willing to talk to any St. Dunstaners who might be interested in the Delta.

At Poole Don Planner finds the Technovision Systems Braille-n-Print a great time saver in taking messages for sighted members of the staff. This machine fits neatly under a standard Perkins braille. Extensions to the braille's key mechan-

isms activate the Braille-n-Print which translates the braille code into signals which drive an ordinary computer printer. So that, having made his notes in braille, Don can produce a sighted print-out without the need to re-type it on a conventional typewriter.

Like Cliff, Don finds that technology is widening his work horizons, 'It makes me that much more useful in my job.'

DIARY OF A QUIZ CONTESTANT

by Sue Reynolds

Sometime last Summer

17.00 hours. Escape scaffolding and drilling at Ian Fraser House, and seek refuge at Pearson House. Rewind Video Recorder and play back daytime television. Put kettle on. Return to lounge with mug of tea to see old Air Force friend competing in morning game show. Enjoy the show and think if he can do it, I ought to have a go. Take no immediate action.

Sometime around Christmas

17.00 hours. Still fleeing drilling at Ian Fraser House, but now have very own retreat at Peacehaven. Again rewind video

recorder, this time to watch Channel Four's Fifteen to One general knowledge quiz. At the end of the show there is a plea for contestants for the next series, and a special request for more women. Take down address given.

A day or so later

Write letter volunteering self as contestant.

A few days later still

Receive application form asking for repeat of details already supplied in letter.

Under the heading 'Any other information you think might be useful, including any previous television experience, hobbies and comments.' Disregard the appearance of my back view on Blue Peter, notwithstanding particularly good shot of back of hand. Decide to admit to ex-W.R.A.F., radio interviews as M.O.D. spokesperson, interest in historical buildings, theatre, art, reading, travel, collection of leather bookmarks and a B.A. in Geography. Then tick 'Brighton' as preferred audition, despite attractions of Edinburgh and Manchester; despatch forms.

January 20th 1989

Late rising on day off but eventually open mail box to find letter inviting me to audition at Brighthelm Centre on February 17th at 14.00 hours prompt. Return acceptance card. Worry slightly about request to bring photograph. Never keen on having photograph taken, but recall having print of self in office at Ian Fraser House by Commander when experimenting with his new camera.

Sometime before February 17th 1989

Tell all and sundry have been selected for audition, then decide I cannot do this alone. Take leaf out of St. Dunstaners book and go to lounge desk to ask for an escort. Get Mary Frith who, like me, is on day off on February 17th 1989.

February 17th 1989

12.00 hrs. Meet Mary, both fresh from hairdressers, lunch in Chinese Restaurant, go easy on the wine. 13.45 hrs. Cross road to Brighthelm Centre and join over 60 others for audition. 14.00 hrs. Quiz master arrives and briefs would-be contestants to get in line and hand over photographs in exchange for £15, towards travel expenses. Resist temptation to grab the £15 and run, and return to seat to await developments. Audition to be a modified form of the quiz itself, and I join second group of 15 contestants. My first question is desperate, being con-

cerned with terminology in classical music, a subject omitted from my education. Can't answer it, however manage better with the majority of subsequent questions. Return to seat and discover Mary knew answer to the music question. Whilst researchers are assessing the contestants, quiz master entertains us with anecdotes of the show and answers questions about it. He also explains that since we all applied it has been decided to run the show in the Spring and the Autumn, so about ten of us will be selected there and then, and the rest of us will hear within a fortnight. He also tells us not to try and judge our own performances as they are looking for a cross-section of people. Am not selected there and then, but leave the centre just after 16.00 hrs having had an interesting afternoon.

February 22nd

Open mail box on return from work and find bulky envelope from Regent Productions. Dying to go to the loo, so have to wait a few minutes before opening the envelope. Envelope disgorges an invitation to compete in the show and to report for recording at a studio in Wandsworth at 9.00 hrs on May 10th. Acceptance to be telephoned to the company on February 28th.

February 28th 1989

Ring to accept invitation and verify that escort can attend in addition. Have already persuaded her to take a day's leave to be available and have told boss if I can't have leave I may be A.W.O.L. on May 10th.

March 11th 1989

See David Castleton at Amateur Radio Lunch at Ian Fraser House and tell him of forthcoming television debut. He suggests an article for the Review. This is IT. More after May 10th, although results of recording may be top secret if show is not due to be screened until Autumn. Watch this space...

CHARLES CADWELL — READING SERVICE PIONEER

Charles Cadwell, who will be well-known to many St. Dunstaners who made use of his individual reading service, died on February 25th. He was a pioneer in providing a tape recording service which undertook to record any non-fiction, or fiction if it were needed for study. There was no fee. It was only necessary to send sufficient tape cassettes and a self-addressed label. The books were read by volunteers sometimes in their own homes but more often in Charles Cadwell's own studio which he built himself at his home.

It all began when he acquired a tape recorder and began corresponding. One of his correspondents began reading him extracts from newspapers and magazines and this made him realise what a boon an organised service would be. In 1977 he was awarded the M.B.E.

His own sight deteriorated as a result of glaucoma but he worked in industry from 1950 until his retirement in 1983, managing his recording service in his spare time. One St. Dunstaner who made use of his service is our President, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, who sent the *Review* the tribute which follows.

CHARLES CADWELL, M.B.E.

I was amongst the first of Charles Cadwell's 'customers', and for over 20 years I have been receiving cassettes from his readers all over the country, having sent him reading matter reflecting my many and varied interests — local government and politics, Scouting, annual reports and programmes, equipment instruction manuals etc. His Recording Service has been a wonderful help to both my wife and me, for I have been able to listen to the reading just whenever it suited me, and to play it over and over again, if I so wished and to make notes, which might entail frequent stopping and starting.

In addition I used to receive the quarterly 'In Touch' bulletin on cassette from him, and this has kept me in touch with new equipment and services as they have been introduced.

I was delighted when he was awarded the M.B.E., for it was so well deserved, and there can be few people who have found a hobby which has brought so many benefits to so many blind people and, on reaching retirement age, provided him other another full-time occupation.

FREE TRAINING OPPORTUNITY FOR BLIND AND PARTIALLY SIGHTED PEOPLE

An exciting new training course for blind and partially sighted people, entitled Enhancing Communication and Organisational Skills is being offered jointly by the Leeds Polytechnic Centre for Community Education, and the Association of Blind and Partially Sighted Teachers and Students.

The course will consist of training in increasing your confidence in various situations, asserting your rights and getting equal treatment, getting the most from presenting and circulating information, and playing an effective role as part of a group or committee. All training will be carried out by blind or partially sighted trainers.

The course, which consists of two residential weekends, will take place on September 1st-5th for Part One, and Part Two from October 16th-20th. Tuition fees, together with full residential accommodation and catering expenses will be paid for you to attend.

Obviously, only a limited number of places are available, so if you are interested in attending, then write to Fran Faflik, Leeds Polytechnic Centre for Community Education, Calverley Street, Leeds LS1 3HE as soon as possible. You can also telephone (0352) 462931/462958 during the day, or Nick Clarke on (0484) 517954 during the evening.

On this day . . .

by Sean Kelly

'Let no man boast himself that he has got through the perils of winter till at least the seventh of May' wrote Anthony Trollope, and can only assume that even any man boasting on the eighth is bestowed with more optimism than intelligence. No matter, let us proceed with proceedings, namely May's precedent proceedings.

On May 2nd, 470 years ago, Leonardo da Vinci, artist and premature inventor of helicopters and submarines, died at the Chateau Cloux. His most famous painting is of course 'Nature Boy.' No, hang about . . . 'Mona Lisa,' that's it. I knew it was a Nat King Cole song. Anyway, you may not be aware that the Mona Lisa which hangs in the Louvre in Paris is very possibly a forgery. Apparently there are a handful of 'originals,' all practically indistinguishable, and the Louvre has one of these. Considering all the confusion and the fuss she's caused, no wonder she's smiling.

On May 6th 35 years ago, Roger Bannister ran the first sub four minute mile in Oxford, with a time of 3 minutes, 59 seconds. One of those in charge of verifying this time was Norris McWhirter, later to found the Guinness Book of Records with his brother. On May 9th, 40 years ago, the first self-service launderette in Britain was opened at Queensway in London. May 22nd 130 years ago saw the birth of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of the world famous Sherlock Holmes, most well known inhabitant of Baker Street. Sir Arthur, unfortunately, was not as meticulous as his creation, for throughout the series of stories, Dr. Watson speaks of his war wound from the Crimean War. This miraculous wound, however, is given to moving from his leg to his shoulder, depending upon which story you are reading.

Three hundred and thirty years ago on May 31st, Samuel Pepys stopped writing his diary, which he had kept for nine years.

Whilst giving us a tremendous insight into London life at that time, it cannot, however, be recommended for the quality of his theatrical 'reviews'. He described Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet as 'a play that is the worst I ever saw in my life,' and A Midsummer Night's Dream as 'the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw.'

Finally, spare a thought for the equally accurate report carried in the Literary Digest a century ago, when it stated 'The horseless carriage is a luxury for the wealthy. It will never, of course, come into such common use as the bicycle.' Of course.

DISCOVER NUGGETS

Who beat King Arthur to Tintagel? The man who gave us Billy Bunter. When everything wasn't alright on the night. No, not the start of a crazy story or a crazy mixed up computer: these are just a few headings of recent articles in our pocket sized braille monthly *Nuggets*. The editor, Kay Lord, provides a collection of articles from current newspapers and magazines; some serious, some less so but always interesting and stimulating. It is an entertaining way to keep up your braille and keep up with the stories that are often in the background and out of the news broadcasts. You can pit your wits against the puzzle page and have your ribs tickled by the page headed To make you smile. A line or a telephone call to the P.R. Dept. at Headquarters will get you on the mailing list.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Frost

Mr. and Mrs. H. Frost would like to thank Miss C. Mosley and staff for the beautiful bouquet of flowers, and the Council for the cheque, which arrived on the occasion of their Golden Wedding.

ST. DUNSTAN'S AMATEUR RADIO WEEKEND

by Arthur Taylor (Short Wave Listener)

When we arrived at Ian Fraser House for the Annual General Meeting it was quite evident that the major programme of structural alterations was still in progress but, on this occasion, the noise and upheaval within the building, which had been such a feature at last October's get-together, was now barely noticeable.

The Radio Shack, however was still out of commission, but has not been completely re-decorated and the floor carpeted. The latter item alone should have the effect of improving the acoustics, and it will be interesting to see how this works out in practice. The only item that now remains outstanding is the installation of the new aerial system to replace the one written off as a result of the damage caused by the hurricane that struck Brighton during the early hours of 16th October, 1987. There is a good deal of preparatory work to be carried out before it can be erected, but it is hoped it will be ready for the next meeting in July, and it is highly likely that the membership will by then be eager to get to grips with the equipment in the Shack.

Friday, 10th March, was COMIC RELIEF DAY and, just in case any of us had forgotten, the early morning public address system announced 'Your red nose breakfast is now being served in the dining room.' And that wasn't all, for on arrival we found that the cheerful bunch of ladies who wait upon us there had all been transformed into the Belles of St. Trinian's for the day. Some of the gents, too, had decided to dress in a similar manner! It was all great fun and all in a good cause.

Later that evening, members gathered in the Winter Garden for informal discussions. This can be a very rewarding period because it gives everyone the opportunity of catching up on what has happened since they last met and, perhaps most important of all, it gives newcomers a chance to get to know their fellow members.



Pat and Jim Padley with the G3 MOW Memorial Trophy.

On the following morning, the Society's Chairman, Bill Shea (G4AUJ) welcomed everyone to the AGM in the Annexe and said that, on this occasion, it gave him very great pleasure to welcome another two new members, viz., Ray Peart (G0FHK), accompanied by his wife, Clair (G1FHK), and John Gale.

After the Minutes of the 1988 AGM had been read and agreed, the Secretary, Ted John (G3SEJ) began the business of the day by referring to the annual award of the G3MOW Memorial Trophy. For the benefit of new members he explained the background of the award which requires the membership to nominate each year the name of the person who, in their opinion, has done most for the Society during the past year. Nomination forms are sent out with the Secretary's letter which sets out the arrangements for the AGM, and members are requested to complete the voting slip and post it to David Castleton, Public Relations Officer at Headquarters, who very kindly acts as scrutineer. Unfortunately, there is always a proportion of nomination forms which are never submitted, although this year's ballot

produced a higher return than usual. This was very encouraging, and we looked forward to the day when a 100% return could be announced.

By the same token, said Ted, when it came to making the arrangements for meetings he was always in some difficulty when there was a discrepancy between the numbers who had either stated their intention of attending and those who submitted apologies, against those who had failed to make their intentions known. Hitherto, he had taken it upon himself to telephone those members who fell into the latter category, but this was a time-consuming exercise as well as being costly. In the circumstances, and this was agreed to by members present, through the medium of the *Review* and *Ragchew*, members are asked to note that henceforth the Secretary will assume that **all** members would be attending a meeting unless he has an apology for non-attendance in advance of the due date.

Kaleidoscope Competition

Last year, a 'Kaleidoscope' Competition was launched and, up to the deadline date December 31st, 1988, two entries were submitted, one from Peter Jones (G3DRE) and the other from Bill Shea (G4AUJ). David Castleton, St. Dunstan's Public Relations Officer, very kindly produced a well designed Award Certificate, and Bill was presented with his later that day. Unfortunately, Peter was unable to attend the meeting due to a spell of ill-health, but his certificate will be forwarded to him in due course. Members sent their best wishes to Peter and hoped that he would be feeling better very soon. Congratulations to both Peter and Bill on their achievement.

For information, the basic rule of the Competition is that when an operator makes a contact and that station's call-sign has a last letter that coincides with any of those that go to make up the title "St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society", then that counts for entry. When all the 29 letters in that title have been achieved the entrant is eligible for the Award. All that is required of him then is that he produces copies of his log book entries that show his 29 separate contacts, because many of the

letters in the title appear more than once. It has now been decided that the Competition is to be ongoing and there will be no deadline date set. The Competition is open to both licence holders and short wave listeners alike. The certificates are there to be had, and we look forward to seeing more members receiving their awards next year.

Cross-Channel Trip

A proposal was put forward at last year's AGM for a cross-channel trip to be made during the course of the July, 1989, meeting, and the arrangements would be made provided a sufficient number of members wished to go. To date, fifteen members have given a firm undertaking, and if there are any others who would like their names to be added to the list, will you please inform Ted John **immediately** after this issue of the *Review* is received as it is necessary to make final arrangements well in advance. Those going on the trip are requested to kindly organise their own escorts if necessary. Commander Conway recommends that we depart on the 0700 hours ferry from Newhaven which is due to arrive at Dieppe at 1200 hours (French time — one hour ahead of BST), and return from Dieppe on the 1730 hours (French time) ferry, which arrives at Newhaven at 2030 hours BST. By so doing we would have 5 hours in Dieppe — adequate time to have a decent French lunch!

At the conclusion of the morning's business, members adjourned to the Winter Garden to join their guests for lunch. The guests were welcomed, many of whom were old friends and there were some who were with us for the first time, to whom a particular welcome was afforded. At the conclusion of the luncheon, Bill Shea, our Chairman, was presented with his Kaleidoscope Award Certificate. In his speech of thanks, he turned to Commander Conway and asked him to convey our most sincere and grateful thanks to all members of staff for their hard work to make our weekend so successful. He also expressed similar sentiments to Paul James, the Catering Manager, and an Honorary Member of the Society, and requested that they be conveyed to his staff for an excellent lunch and for their contribution to the occasion.

At this point, the Chairman said that it gave him very great pleasure to introduce the Guest Speaker, Jim Harris (G3DRV), and requested him to present the G3MOW Memorial Trophy to the man who had been voted unanimously to be a worthy holder. When the name of Jim Padley (G3NHJ) was announced there was terrific applause, and as Jim approached the top table one of the gathering spontaneously began singing 'For he's a jolly good fellow' and this then was immediately taken up by everyone in the room. Jim said that the Award had come as a complete surprise and he felt highly honoured at having been selected for the Trophy. From the reception he received, it was quite obvious that Jim was a very popular recipient of the Trophy.

Members and guests then proceeded to the Annex to hear Jim Harris deliver his talk on the subject of the New Licence Regulations and his role as the Local Regional Representative of the Radio Society of Great Britain. It was a fascinating insight as to what goes on behind the scenes when an organisation such as the RSGB is asked by the relevant Government Department (in this case the Department of Trade and Industry) to submit their observations on any new regulations that may be in the pipeline. It was interesting to note that our U.S.A. counterparts revise their conditions on a very regular basis, and their licensing regulations now run into something like 25,000 words, whereas ours average 5,000 words. His audience quickly warmed to the subject under discussion, and the best evidence of that could be gauged from the many questions put to him from the floor. He said that each Regional Representative aimed to visit each club within his area at least twice a year and this involved him and his colleagues in a fair amount of travelling. In point of fact, Sussex had now been divided into East and West for more flexibility in those areas.

At the conclusion of Jim's talk, the meeting came to an end, and it was agreed that this had been another very useful and successful session.

The weekend had now finished, however, the morning of Sunday was given

over to another informal discussion period in the Winter Garden. There was a subtle difference in comparison with the proceedings on Friday evening, because another mode of communication was used. Towards the latter end of 1988, an ETM 8C C-MOS Electronic Memory Keyer was presented to the Society and, since then, Ted John had been evaluating this sophisticated piece of equipment. He reported that there were advantages and disadvantages in so far as a blind person was concerned. Ray Peart, a personal friend of Frank Watts (G5BM), the U.K. Distributor, was able to bring along the version of the keyer without memory, and he and Ted demonstrated both types.

Before long, these demonstrations turned into a 'chat Show' as groups on either side of the Winter Garden indulged in a bit of fun by communication in Morse. Ray offered a welcome piece of information to the effect that if any member of the Society was interested in purchasing either of the items, Frank was prepared to offer a 10% discount.

After this, we all took leave of each other and prepared to depart to our homes, with the prospect of the next meeting — July 21st-23rd — very much in mind. Perhaps it is not too late to close on a timely reminder — If you have not yet booked your accommodation at Ian Fraser House for that weekend, and for the weekend of October 20th-22nd, then don't hesitate or you may find that a 'House Full' situation is in existence.

See you all in another few weeks!

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

Bridge

We played our fourth league match of the season on Sunday, 12th March against West Sussex 'A' which was very closely contested and we won by 9 Victory Points to 7. At the time of writing I do not know whether we have qualified for the semi-final but have to wait for the collation of all the results by the League Secretary.

**Easter Bridge Drive —
Sunday, 19th March, 1989**

Results:

1st Chris Sturdy and Daphne Barnes
2nd Vi Delaney and Peter McMillan
3rd Bill Phillips and Fay Andrews
4th Bill Allen and Audrey Clements

On Sunday, 2nd April, 1989 we travelled to Horsham for our annual fixture but unfortunately only five St. Dunstaners were available to play and the team was made up by Mrs. K. Pacitti, Miss C. Sturdy and Mr. Douse.

We were made most welcome as we always are at Horsham and a very enjoyable afternoon resulted in a win for our hosts.

Our team was: Bill Phillips, Bob Evans, Wally Lethbridge, Johnnie Whitcombe, Ralph Pacitti, Mrs. K. Pacitti, Miss Sturdy and Mr Douse.

**ST. DUNSTANS BOWLING CLUB
OUTDOOR MATCHES 1989**

5th May Friday — Newhaven
12th May Friday — Hove and Kingsway
26th May Friday — Burgess Hill
8th June Thursday — Hurstpierpoint
13th June Tuesday — Hollingbury
16th June Friday — Southampton District
24th June Saturday — Chertsey Wine Makers
28th June Wednesday — Elmbridge (home)
2nd July Sunday — Guildford
16th July Sunday — Windlesham
20th July Thursday — Newhaven
27th July Thursday — Worthing Visually Handicapped
14th September Thursday — East Preston
21st September Thursday — Marine Gardens
29th September Friday — Southampton Woolston
7th October Saturday — Old Woking and District

Any bowler staying at I.F.H. and wishing to play in any of these matches please contact either J. Pryor on 0273 582523, or J. Osborne on 0273 302115.

FAMILY NEWS

BIRTHDAYS

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Charlton senior, mother of the late *Mr. F.W. Charlton*, who celebrated her 100th birthday on April 4th. Mrs. Charlton was a regular visitor to Pearson House when her son was a permanent resident there from 1955-66.

BIRTHS

Congratulations to:

Mrs. E. Black, widow of the late *Mr. J. Black*, of Cramlington, Northumberland, on the birth of a grand-daughter, Erin Rebecca Black, on December 2nd, to her son and daughter-in-law, John and Helen Black.

Mrs. L. Filby, widow of the late *Mr. W.E. Filby*, of Streatham, on the birth of a grandson, Graham, born to her son Keith and his wife on December 20th.

Mrs. G.C. Milewski, widow of the late St. Dunstaner *S. Milewski*, of Coventry, on the birth of a grandson, Mark James, born to her daughter and son-in-law, Yvonne and Raymond Hutchinson, on December 28th.

Mrs. M. Millen, widow of the late St. Dunstaner *G.A. Millen*, of Birchington, Kent, on the birth of her first great grandson, Ben Jones, born on December 31st.

Mrs. E. Shorter, widow of the late St. Dunstaner *L.J. Shorter*, of Southwick, on the birth of her fourth grandchild, David Neil, born on December 8th to her son Graham, and his wife Deborah.

Mrs. D. Stephens, widow of the late St. Dunstaner *R.H. Stephens*, on the birth of great grandson, Scott Nicholas, born to their grand-daughter Kay, and her husband Simon Freedman, on October 16th.

Mr. G. Waterworth, of Coventry, on the birth of a third grandchild, Deborah Elisabeth, born on February 2nd, to his son Raymond, and daughter-in-law Margaret Waterworth.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. B. Frost, of Moston, Manchester, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on March 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Spring, of North Chessington, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on April 1st.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. C.O.H. Barker, of Westward Ho!, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, celebrated on March 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Grimes, of Eastbourne, on their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on March 26th.

DEATHS

We are very sorry to report the deaths of:

Edith, sister of St. Dunstaner *John Beattie*, of Mobberley, who passed away recently.

John Broadley, son of Mrs. C. Broadley, widow of the late *Mr. John Broadley*, of Felixstowe, who passed away recently.

Mrs. D. Champion, widow of the late *Mr. Albert Champion*, of Ewell, who passed away on March 7th, aged 90. We extend our sympathy to her family and friends.

Mrs. G. Duncan, widow of the late St. Dunstaner *Mr. T. Duncan*, of Wrexham, who died on April 4th, aged 98. Our sympathy goes to her devoted daughter Jeanne Eagles, and her husband, Len, whose home Mrs. Duncan shared for the past 20 years.

Mrs. A. Griffiths, widow of St. Dunstaner *H. Griffiths*, of Loughborough, who died on December 1st, aged 100. We offer sympathy to her son, Bob, and daughter-in-law Irene, who looked after Mrs. Griffiths devotedly over many years.

The brother of *Mr. J. Hancock*, of Ipswich, who died suddenly in December.

Mrs. J. Hargreaves, widow of the late St. Dunstaner *H. Hargreaves*, of Accrington, Lancashire, who passed away on March 28th, aged 96.

Peter Hughes, brother of St. Dunstaner *John Hughes*, who passed away suddenly during March. We offer sympathy to John, his Mother, and sister Beryl.

Mrs. R.A. Kilvington, widow of St. Dunstaner *J.H. Kilvington*, of York, who passed away on March 23rd.

Mrs. F.M. Lipscombe, wife of St. Dunstaner *F. Lipscombe*, of Exeter, Devon, who passed away on March 4th, and her brother, who died on March 3rd. We extend our sympathy to Mr. Lipscombe and other members of the family.

Mrs. M.A. Patience, wife of St. Dunstaner *H. Patience*, of Pearson House, who passed away on April 7th. We extend our sympathy to Mr. Patience and all members of the family.

The sister of Mrs. E. Proffitt, widow of the late St. Dunstaner *E. Proffitt*, of Epsom, to whom we offer our condolences.

The brother on February 4th, and sister-in-law on February 6th, of St. Dunstaner *J. Pryor*, of Peacehaven. We offer condolences to Mr. Pryor, and other members of the family.

Mrs. A. Reed, widow of the late *Mr. G. Reed*, of Aldershot, who passed away on March 29th. We offer our condolences to her family and friends.

Mrs. E.M. Rees, widow of the late *Mr. J.M. Rees*, of Hereford, who passed away on March 30th, aged 86. Our sympathy goes to her two married daughters and their families.

Mrs. C.M. Robbins, widow of the late *Mr. P.E. Robbins*, of Salisbury, who passed away on February 28th. We extend our sympathy to their daughter and friends.

Mrs. I. Sayer, widow of the late *Mr. E. Sayer*, of Ramsgate, who passed away on March 12th. We extend our sympathy to their son and daughter, and other members of the family.

Mrs. H. Taylor, widow of the late St. Dunstaner *S.W. Taylor*, of Shepshed, near

Loughborough, who passed away on March 25th. Our sympathies are extended to their daughter and son, and their families.

Mrs. M.J. Tootell, widow of the late *Mr. T. Tootell*, of Farnborough, who passed away on March 5th.

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.

B.M. Dunkley, Royal Navy

Mr. Bertram Matthew Dunkley, of Lancing, passed away in hospital on March 29th, aged 69. He had been a St. Dunstaner for 39 years.

Mr. Dunkley enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1939, and was wounded in North Africa early in 1941. Five months later he suffered head and leg injuries when his ship was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, and he spent the remainder of the war as a P.O.W. in Germany. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1949, and trained for industry, but was later forced to retire in 1956 when his health deteriorated. Nevertheless, he remained determined to keep as fit as possible, with exercise and daily walks, gardening and fishing. For many years he lived in Northampton, only moving south in 1981 following his wife's retirement.

We extend our sympathy to his widow, Gwendoline, to whom he was married for over 40 years, and to their son and two daughters.

C. Pennells, Royal Engineers

Mr. Cecil (Cyril) Pennells passed away at Pearson House on March 27th, aged 81. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1945.

He enlisted in 1939, and served with the Royal Engineers as Lance Corporal until June 1945, when he was wounded in Holland while clearing a mine field. The following year he received training at Church Stretton, and in 1949 married Alice Mabel, who sadly died in 1982. After that he was employed in industry doing inspection work, before retiring in 1972. His interests included gardening and rugmaking.

In 1987 he remarried in St. Dunstan's Chapel at Ovingdean to Frances Emily Rolf, whom he had known since he was a young man, and we extend our sympathy to her and other members of the family.

J.P. Sheridan, Royal Artillery

Captain John Patrick Sheridan passed away on March 31st at Pearson House. He was 84 years old, and had been a St. Dunstaner for 43 years.

Mr. Sheridan served in the Royal Artillery during World War Two, and lost his sight as a result of a bomb explosion in Singapore in 1942. He was a Far East Prisoner of War from 1942 to 1945. In 1946 he undertook some training and typing with St. Dunstan's, and then left for Kenya where he did different types of farming. There followed a period of years when we had no news of Captain Sheridan, until he contacted St. Dunstan's in 1988 having lived in Spain for a number of years. He returned to England, being reunited with his family, but due to ill health took up permanent residence at Pearson House last October.

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Bridget Abraham, his daughter, and other members of the family.

E.G.M. Warren, Royal Artillery

Mr. Edward (Ted) Warren, of Porthcawl, passed away on March 10th, aged 72. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1947.

Mr. Warren served as a Gunner with the Royal Artillery during the late 1930's and the beginning of World War Two. He was badly wounded at Dunkirk in 1940, suffering the loss of his sight, and multiple injuries to his body. After the war Mr. Warren joined St. Dunstan's, and undertook training in braille, typing and various crafts. Upon completion of his training, he set up in business as a shopkeeper, running a shop with his wife for nearly 20 years. In 1967 Mr. and Mrs. Warren moved to Porthcawl in South Wales, where they enjoyed their retirement, and our St. Dunstaner kept himself busy in the garden.

We extend our sympathy to his widow, Mary, their son Jim and his family.