



St Dunstons Review

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Free to St Dunstaners

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Cover Picture: British and German Handless groups, united in friendship, with the Duke of Norfolk, at Arundel Castle.



From the Chairman

Hate is a strong word describing a powerful emotion: is it justifiable?

Despite advice in the Bible about loving one's enemy I think the answer to this question, at least in practical terms of human understanding, must be 'Yes'. Personal torture, wartime atrocities and privations, brutal murder of a dear relative are all examples of situations which might reasonably generate hatred and I would seriously doubt that many people experiencing them would honestly be prepared to turn the other cheek. Which opens up the second question: for how long?

That is more difficult and varies from the harsh 'for ever' to the softer 'until it works itself out of my system' — and it is not a subject for generalisation. What is certain is that if our great country's enemies of, say, the last two centuries had all been put in the 'for ever' category, today it would be a very small world in which the British could conduct friendly business — something like Portugal and the Isle of Wight.

You may conclude that I am not a good hater, at least not for long, but then I have not experienced a PoW camp nor lost my eyes or limbs.

These thoughts, put crudely in the interests of brevity, were sparked by the enormous success achieved by our Handless Group with their German counterparts during their exchanges of visits last year and this. Personally I welcome this and believe it to be absolutely right.

Henry Leach



CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

This year Boots Christmas Catalogue is being made available in braille and on compact cassette. The Scottish Braille Press is providing this free service which is financed by Boots.

St Dunstan's has arranged with the Braille Press that all readers of our braille *Review* will receive a copy of the braille catalogue, which will be mailed to them separately.

In addition a limited supply of braille and recorded catalogues will be available from the Editor of the *Review* at Headquarters on a first come, first served basis.

TACTILE SCULPTURING WORKSHOPS

Do I hear the question all round the country? 'What is Tactile Sculpturing?' Well, I will do my best to explain.

It is a form of art work involving any materials you would wish to work with, creating shapes and objects either based on a theme or abstract.

Recently here at Ian Fraser House, Ken Revis produced a round piece of artwork using pieces of metal collected from the West Pier in Brighton. As Ken has very strong links with the West Pier this became his theme, and angled pieces of metal formed into a circle seemed a good contrast for abstract art. This was filmed on video by Lewes artist Jamie Allen.

Jamie worked closely with Ken on his sculpture, offering encouragement, and is willing to do the same with other St Dunstaners.

We would now like to know if anyone is interested in attending a workshop on Tactile Sculpturing. The project theme that has been suggested by Jamie is 'Texture'. This workshop can either be attended on an individual basis or a group basis. One thought is, that if any clubs would like to attend as a group,

the materials used could have a common theme based around your club. Once again I would be delighted to hear everyone's views on the subject of 'Tactile Sculpturing'.

Ring me, Christine Dickens, Training Officer, 0273 307811 ext. 3288.

MAXIMARKS

Packets of Maxi Marks — 12 raised plastic dots and dashes with an adhesive backing which will stick to a surface for tactile marking — can be obtained from Supplies for £1.18p per packet. Full instructions for their use are included on the packet.

Locator-dots are also available. These adhesive raised dots for marking keyboards and knobs come in packets of six for 55p.

All enquiries should be addressed to Angela Higson at Headquarters.

BRIDGE CONGRESS

The Brighton National Bridge Congress will start on December 5th.

All participants are requested to book in with Frances Casey at Headquarters. This is the last reminder.

Readers should note that the Congress starts a day earlier than previously announced and will comprise coaching and competition. This is to encourage beginners to take up the hobby and for more experienced players to 'polish up'!

Frances Casey adds that she is booking people in for December 4th, to leave on December 10th.

DIARY DATE FOR PoW's

St Dunstaners who are ex-prisoners of war are asked to note that their 1992 weekend at Ian Fraser House will be held on April 10th, 11th and 12th.

Golfing Dave strikes gold at the end of the Rainbow

IN September, a prestigious new golf tournament was launched at Wentworth, Surrey, pitting a team of British blind golfers against their American counterparts. St Dunstaner Dave Morris was part of the victorious British team and gives his account of the Rainbow Cup 1991.

My first knowledge of what was to become the Rainbow Cup was a phone call from the Captain in June, when he casually asked if Paul Muscroft, and myself, were available to play for Great Britain against an American team at the West (Burma Road) Course at Wentworth in September.

It took me all of half a second to decide, knowing the Burma Road course to be one of the biggest and most prestigious in the world. When I told Paul I had volunteered him, he was equally excited and we started to sharpen up our game.

The format was to be as follows: On Sunday, September 15th, it was a four ball competition (two players from each side with the lowest score in each side counting). I played my match with Ron Allfree, from Woodford Green, in Kent. We won eight and six, that is eight holes in the lead with only six left to play.

On Monday morning, it was the singles. This was kept to a nine hole competition due to the weather (it poured down!) This time I was drawn against Chuck Mayo from California.

The big shock came when Paul and I arrived on the first tee. Golfing professionals, Sandy Lyle, Nick Faldo, Ronan Rafferty and Ryder Cup Captain, Bernard Gallagher, were watching, together with the BBC TV cameras and the biggest gallery you can imagine.

As if our nerves weren't in enough tatters! When Paul led me to the tee, it was like taking an unset jelly out of the mould. Sheer panic! I could not concentrate. All I could think of was the audience, praying that the ball would go off the tee and hop-

ing that I wouldn't make a fool of myself or let the British team down.

So, abandoning all my training, I hit and hoped — and managed to get the ball away. It went about 190 yards to the left into the trees, but it didn't matter — we were off the tee.

I recovered to finish the hole with a six (par five) which won the hole. We then went on to win the second, third, fourth, and finished with a par on the fifth to win the match five and four.

The afternoon game consisted of teams of four. A professional golfer, or celebrity, two amateurs and a blind golfer. The professional in my foursome was Gillian Stewart. This game was pleasant and sociable. It was very relaxed and I played well. It was based on Texas Scramble, where they played the best shot of each team member. I am pleased to say that I had a positive input to the final result, as they played three of my drives, five of my approaches to the green and sunk six of my putts. We came in six under par, but as we automatically lost five shots, due to having a professional in the team, we came in one under par and finished second.

The evening was a perfect climax to the golfing weekend. We were honoured by a visit from Prince Andrew who spoke personally to each of the blind golfers and our guides and presented the awards. He was genuinely interested in our achievements.

The euphoria of playing such a magnificent and prestigious course as Wentworth, to be able to use the facilities of such a splendid club, (indeed we were given every hospitality and accepted most sincerely) and the wonderful atmosphere of the weekend is something that each and everyone of us will always remember. It was in every way a truly royal weekend.

*Any golfers or would be golfers out there? I'd be interested to hear from you. Perhaps, at some future time, we can form our own St Dunstan's team!

A firm base for data setting

By Colin Beaumont-Edmonds

One of our guests at our March Computer Weekend, at Ian Fraser House, was Mike Gammon, a tutor at Northbrook Technical College, Worthing. This was the beginning of an interesting training development for those of us who use computers, and during the first week of September, we saw the benefit of this co-operation.

A pilot course on computer database took place at Northbrook College on September 5th and 6th. There were six St Dunstaners attending.

Although the official term had not started at the College, Mike Gammon had us sitting at computers, each with his own Apollo synthesized voice, and introduced us to the intricacies of a database.

Before we arrived, Mike had gone to a lot of trouble compiling a database, with a dozen names, addresses, telephone numbers, and other details, so that we could learn how to add or delete relevant information concerning them, or how to instruct the computer to tell us how many of them live in Bath.

For two happy days, six Apollo voices competed with one another. We either felt pleased with what they told us, or frustrated and turned to seek Mike's help. We were so enthralled that we hardly noticed the noise from the alterations being made to a neighbouring classroom.

We were quite surprised how quickly the time came for a cup of coffee, which we had while sitting at our keyboards; and lunch too, which was provided by the College's own catering department and served in an adjacent committee room.

We shall be using the database to advance our many and varied interests, but despite such an excellent and enjoyable introduction to the subject, it is comforting to know that we can always reach Mike Gammon on a 'Help Line' at Ian Fraser House every Thursday afternoon.

A most successful course, and already one is hearing of subjects that might be suitable for another one.



Christine Dickens — Training Officer writes:

I have received feedback from Mike Gammon who, like Mr. Beaumont-Edmonds, is pleased at how the course progressed.

Mike felt that six people was the maximum for a course like this, but thought everyone would have received a little more individual attention had there been less.

This is not a criticism from the participants.

We discovered the need for headphones as the voiceboxes were all competing with each other, along with some temporary markers for the keyboards. Both small problems that can be corrected for the next course.

Mike suggests more introductory database, and intermediate and advanced database for future courses. I have also received a request for a course on spreadsheets.

All of these are possible, please contact me at Ian Fraser House and as soon as I have four or five people requiring a course I will organise it with Mike and Northbrook College.

TRUST GUIDES

The National Trust have produced braille visitors' guides for nearly 30 of their properties around the country.

The Trust invite people to ask for these guides and are promising to produce more in response to demand.

The final words of Paul Francia

As read by
the Reverend C. Le M. Scott

Mr. Paul Francia became a St Dunstaner after service in the Middlesex Regiment, 1942 to 1945. He died on August 28th and a formal Obituary Notice appeared last month. He left clear instructions for the conduct of his funeral and — remarkably and wonderfully — for the Address to be given on that occasion.

'These are words written for you by Paul Francia. The first 36 years of my life were spent as an ordinary citizen, sharing the common lot. The rest of it I have sustained as a blind person. In retrospect, all my experience of life and all work that I have done — my studies, my lecturing, my writing bestowed only the certainty that God in His Grace does give redemption, resurrection and life after death.

'So, in the 65th year of my life I set down these words knowing them to be seemly upon the lips of the Minister conducting my funeral today. Be sure that in spirit I am with you and that no essential part of the man you knew inhabits any coffin present here.

'As certain knowledge of his end is denied to man, I cannot know where or when this Service will take place, but being childless and having few relatives I am sure the congregation will be small.

'Some will be here in duty bound — executors and undertakers — all of whom I thank for their work this day. There may be neighbours or acquaintances here, or perhaps a comrade from St Dunstan's, or my regiment. I thank you for your friendship, for the times we have shared, and the things we have achieved. If I did you any service I am glad; if I did you harm, try to forgive me.

'If there be any here who loved me, You I embrace heartily. Knowing myself both weak and vainglorious, I strove to be courageous and honourable. Only you



who loved me may truly judge of those intentions.

'Now I cast aside the white cane and, liberated from earthly blindness, go to meet our Father in Heaven, and the earthly father I never knew.

'When the minister has prayed, and the hymns have been sung, go out and enjoy the refreshment I have provided, dispersing in the certainty that all stands well with me now, as it shall, one day, with you.'

Paul Francia's ashes were committed to the sea by the Chaplain, from the Brighton Life Boat, on September 17th.

Rose Show

Hot on the success of the Hampton Court Palace International Flower Show, the St Dunstan Rose was on display at the prestigious Shrewsbury Flower Show.

Rose expert Keith Jones was also on hand with Mary Marsden, of Church Stretton, who initiated the idea of the St Dunstan Rose.

Each bush costs £5.25, with delivery charges of £2.95 per order for the first two bushes and £3.95 for orders of three or more. There is a ten per cent discount for St Dunstaners.

The Public Relations Office is holding a supply of C & K Jones order forms at Headquarters. These are available on request.

Remembering The Somme

Veterans recall lost comrades at the Thiepval Memorial in France



Above: Fred Hobbs and company disembark outside the Town Hall at Albert, France. The area has been entirely rebuilt in the years since the devastation of the Somme.

Below: Roy Thomson, with the St Dunstan's wreath, and a fellow Royal British Legion member approach the memorial at Thiepval, France.



This year is the 75th anniversary of one of the most bloody and drawn out conflicts this century.

The First Battle of the Somme, in 1916, was a four-and-a-half month offensive against the Germans that cost the Allied Forces dear. It started with heavy bombardment on July 1st and came to a muddy close on November 13th.

Over 20,000 British troops were killed on the first day and by November casualties had exceeded 400,000.

Progress was slow and even the introduction of a new weapon — the tank — made little impression on the securely entrenched Germans.

In July, veterans of the Battle returned to France to remember those who fell during the carnage.

The pilgrimage of the World War Veterans Association was covered in depth by Sky News, the satellite television news channel, and St Dunstaner Fred Hobbs was filmed at the remembrance service at Thiepval.

'The Duke of Kent gave the memorial speech,' said Fred, talking of his journey.

'It was the first time I'd been back there. I thought it was amazing that there were no signs of war. It was just peaceful countryside — just like it must have been before.'

He added that some local woods still bore the scars of war, although others had been replanted.

A wreath was laid by builder Roy Thomson, on behalf of St Dunstan's, at the monument in Thiepval.

Gardening Club at Kingsteignton

by Margaret Bingham

'What a blooming healthy-looking bunch we are,' one of our party was heard to say as she cast her eyes round the bar lounge. 'Tanned faces, reddened arms and one or two noses beginning to peel. Everyone must have made the most of the sun we have had.' But this was only the first day of our Gardening Week in Kingsteignton, Devon! So what we looked like after a week is only conjecture.

Our venue was the Passage Hotel, a large building with numerous facilities backing on to the River Teign. It had such a welcoming appearance with large containers of flowers — pink and mauve petunias, aubretia and other colourful blooms — that we felt at home immediately.

At the General Meeting on Wednesday morning our Chairman, Tom Hart, outlined the programme which sounded both interesting and pleasurable. Our only hope was for the weather to remain good. The whole programme was to be easy-going with no really early starts on the day trips. All told, there were 61 of us here for our Autumn Gardening Week, six members having had to cancel — mainly for health reasons. (You were greatly missed and we send our very best wishes.)

Major Arthur Neve was our special guest, and during the course of the meeting he made a little speech in which he thanked the members of the Club for his retirement present — a very useful trouser press. It was sad to hear of the death of Mrs. Kleinwort and we hope that the Gardens, Heaselands, will always remain in the immaculate condition that we remember. Liz and Bill Pearce were to join us on some of the occasions. There were a number of excellent suggestions from the floor, including one from Pat Harris enquiring why the Christian names of wives and escorts were not included on the Members Attending List (I suggested this also some years ago). For the St Dunstaners with bad memories, this omission causes a distinct handicap.

There was much hilarity and ribaldry at

some of Tom's remarks, but this free and easy attitude does help to make the meetings very, very pleasant. Elizabeth Walbrugh who took on the secretarial duties (as we have not as yet been able to cajole a St Dunstaner into that little chore) read out the minutes from the last Annual General Meeting (held at Church Stretton).

John Walbrugh, our Treasurer, said he was sorry to inform the Club that as the cost of visiting gardens and charges made by guest speakers had increased, he felt it necessary to increase the yearly subscription. The Club as a whole agreed that £10 a head would be fair and this was proposed by George Cole and seconded by Ralph Pacitti.

Sensory garden

Our Club has had quite a few unusual activities in its life and Wednesday afternoon was to be no exception. Our St Dunstaner, Richard Bingley, saw the fruition of a seven year dream — a 'Sensory' Garden, scented plants which the blind can sense and smell.

This is to be situated in a corner of Courtenay Park, in Newton Abbott, Richard's home town where there used to be a sensory garden. As we turned off the main road for our coach-stop beautiful beds of flowers could be seen with a large expanse of park land surrounded by trees and bushes. As we walked to the designated site we could hear children laughing and shouting as they played on swings in a playground. As games of bowls were in progress I think it can be assumed there were also tennis courts. A small crowd of people awaited us, local dignitaries resplendent with gold chains, wheelchair users, blind people with their white sticks and Richard with a very happy smile on his face!

We gathered round to hear how Richard had achieved his object of raising £850 for the garden by holding coffee mornings in his flat, having a sponsored



Picture: Mid-Devon Advertiser.

Richard Bingley, Dennis Bowles, chairman of Teignbridge District Council, Newton Abbott Mayor Ted Hawkins, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds and Gardening Club chairman Tom Hart lift the first turf to start work on the sensory garden at Courtenay Park, Newton Abbot.

walk in Brighton and the selling of toys etc. made by St Dunstaners. The turf-lifting was very capably performed by Mr. John Bowles, Chairman of Teignbridge District Council. After a few words from the Mayor and Richard, Tom Hart on behalf of the Club, presented two park benches suitably inscribed with title and date, both in letter-print and braille. Well done, Richard!

The occasion was graced by a visit from our President, Mr. Colin Beaumont-Edmonds and his charming wife, Joyce. The President made an appropriate speech in which he complimented Richard on his achievements. I am sure all Club members hope to see the sensory garden in the future when it will be in full bloom. On a later day Richard informed me a gentleman — who wishes to remain anonymous — had donated 20 St Dunstan's rose bushes for the garden.

Killerton

We were very fortunate to have the help of two local people to act as guides on our various outings, Pat and David Wright, relatives through marriage to Tom.

As we wended our way to Killerton Gardens on Thursday morning, David vividly described the outlying countryside. The purple heather and yellow gorse on either side of the road as we approached Telegraph Hill, the fir trees in a steep-sided valley on the one side and from the crest a view of the River Exe estuary can be seen on a very clear day. Killerton is a working agricultural estate of some 10 square miles and it includes more than 20 farms and about 1,000 acres of parks and woodland which is open to the public.

Continued overleaf

Gardening *continued*

In 1944 it was given to the National Trust by Sir Richard Acland. His family, which originated in North Devon, has descended in the male line since 1150. First impressions of the House were of plainness, but the original front door c. 1179 was quite impressive.

Crossing the beautifully kept lawn with wide herbaceous borders we climbed a rather steep path to reach the Bear Hut dating from the early 19th century. A rustic summerhouse built in a variety of materials, it housed a pet bear for a short time. Very interesting, but what really intrigued me was a long narrow stained glass window at the rear. In the area was a large Ice House which could hold up to 40 tons of ice, enough to supply the house for three years. Growing wild in the lush green grass, were miniature pink or white cyclamen and, on a large buddleia bush, a good many different coloured butterflies could be seen.

Knightshayes Court

Our next venue was Knightshayes Court, two miles from Tiverton, about half-an-hour's drive from Killerton House and another National Trust property. It's a very impressive looking building, appearing rather like a French Chateau with its gables and turrets.

Knightshayes (I think someone said this name was derived from the area where knights of old tilted or jousted) was always a family home and had never been left empty and deserted as in so many old houses. During the two World Wars it was in use, firstly as a Red Cross Hospital and then during the 1939-45 War as a Casualty Clearing Station — ending up as a Rest Home for U.S. airmen.

I think there was a beautifully planned formal garden to the front of the House, but flowering shrubs were amassed amongst rarer plants in the wooded area. Tree species like magnolia, birch and maple had been used to replace others while climbing roses had been encouraged to climb up some of the trees. Quite a few of the trees in the park are of a great age and size and the Turkish oaks border-

ing either side of the drive and introduced in 1735 have a girth of 25 feet.

A new feature, to us anyway, was the availability of 'buggies' to transport us along the drives to the various buildings we visited. On a very hot day it was a boon to the leg-weary.

Medieval

Friday proved to be another warm, sunny day and the destination was Dartington Hall, via Totnes. This is the only medieval manor house of its period left in the country. Built from 1390 by John Holand, Duke of Exeter, many of the medieval buildings are still in use today. Later the Champernowne family acquired the Manor, living there for nearly 400 years, and extended both the Hall and the garden, planting many beautiful trees. A row of Spanish chestnuts, not less than 400 years old, are still fruiting.

At three p.m. we boarded the 'Dartmotion' belonging to Red Cruises and started our delightful cruise up to Totnes.

This beautiful stretch of the river has many inlets where the wealthy have acquired desirable houses in idyllic surroundings. (During 1944 this stretch was choc-a-bloc with American invasion craft.) Upon landing we found Bob and Roger awaiting us with the coaches and we returned to the hotel after a most satisfying day.

It was quite a long drive to Buckland Abbey on Saturday, but David regaled us with many interesting facts concerning Dartmoor, which he knows so well having walked its large area many times with the Scouts. He pointed out that the road was fenced to prevent the animals wandering on to it and getting killed. There were numerous ponies and sheep to be seen, but many of the ponies are of Arab stock and have white on their coats whereas a true Dartmoor pony is dark brown with a black mane.

People were picnicking near the waterways and, as ponies ambled amongst them, it looked as though they were feeding the animals which is a legal offence! Buckland Abbey, originally a Monastery, was built in 1273 and many great names in



Jolly japes in the jacuzzi? We are assured that John McDermott and the girls were on their best behaviour and that references to 'John and his harem' were made with tongue-in-cheek.

history are associated with it: Sir Richard Grenville, his son Roger, who drowned with 500 of his men when he commanded the Mary Rose, and Sir Francis Drake, when he became Mayor of Plymouth in 1582 and moved to Buckland Abbey that same year.

Sunday morning was free, so some of us went to Church, others went for a walk and no doubt a few stayed in the hotel. We had just about taken every room as we were such a large party. But we enjoyed our stay and found the staff very kind and obliging. Built about two years ago it has conference rooms, caters for weddings and parties and has a swimming pool, jacuzzi and beauty salon. And the food was great. There were fresh carnations on the tables each day. Mr. and Mrs. Weisblatt stayed with us during the weekend. Lovely to see them!

It was slightly cooler by now with more cloud about, for which we were thankful as two or three had found the heat trying in the extreme. We were very fortunate to have Jackie from Dispensary at IFH with us but she was Winnie's escort and had not expected to do anything but that. I myself had an ongoing problem which necessitated two visits to Torbay Hospital. Mary, who was Tom's escort, accompanied me on both occasions. (I am indebted to Jackie and Mary for all the extra running-about they had.)

Our visit on Sunday afternoon to Buckfast Abbey was like the icing on a very tasty

fruitcake. Two of the Brothers escorted our individual parties and gave graphic accounts of how the Abbey had been founded in 1018, had experienced times of peace, turbulence, grandeur, ruin and eventually restoration. Restoring the monastery took 30 years and a small band of dedicated Benedictine Monks (only one of whom had any building knowledge) completed the work in 1937.

I am sure we were all filled with a great sense of peace from this huge lofty building and we are grateful to the Monks for giving us their time. A look round the Abbey shops then back to the hotel.

At the wind-up meeting on Monday morning we agreed it had been a fantastic week and we would like to pay a return visit. (Tom saw Mr. Little, the Manager, in due course and a provisional booking was made for September 1993.) There were no real complaints (apart from the toilet seats being weak and wobbly!) and the Committee was thanked for arranging such an interesting, well-planned week — our smiling sun-tanned faces bore witness to this. Our sincere thanks to all who helped — conducting, pushing or in any way at all.

A visit to Cockington had been planned for Monday afternoon but because of the narrow winding road the police had advised against it. A shopping trip to Teignmouth was arranged in its place.

Dates in your diary in 1992: May 11-15 and May 18-22 at Ian Fraser House.

STORY WINNERS

The Story Writing Competition 1991 ended in a teeth-clenching tie. *Flamenco Magic*, by Thomas Johnson, of Saffron Walden, Essex, writing as 'Lofty', and *Up the Creek*, by Walter Cross, of Bromborough, Merseyside, writing as 'Luke Jones', were declared winners by the judges, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Wills.

Their tales follow.

Flamenco Magic *By Lofty*



THE most memorable evening I can recall took place some years ago. To celebrate our silver wedding, my wife and I had taken a holiday in Spain. We were staying near Malaga and, during our first week, we visited the city of Granada, the Alhambra Palace and the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Even in June these mountains were snow capped, a wonderful back cloth to the Spanish countryside. We had then taken a short trip to Morocco, visiting Tangier with its famous Kasbah and other interesting locations.

On returning to Malaga we learned that a very special event was to take place the following day and that guests were invited to join the party for an evening out. A group of Spanish gipsy flamenco dancers were touring Andalusia and had arrived in Malaga to give a performance. They were famous throughout Spain but only visited this area every eight or nine years

so that it would be unlikely that we should chance to see them again. Transport was arranged to take us to the Spanish farm, or hacienda, high up in the hills above Malaga, for an evening of flamenco. A meal of paella would also be provided and wine would be available, so it was hoped a memorable evening was in store. And so it proved it be!

We boarded the coach about six o'clock on a warm Spanish evening for the journey up into the hills. The road wound its way up in a series of great bends until after about an hour we arrived at the hacienda which looked down on the Bay of Malaga, a most impressive location. We discovered that the hacienda was built on three terraces up the hill. The lowest terrace had beautiful gardens with winding paths running through them. In the centre was a cool inviting swimming pool for our use if we wished. The next terrace had bridle paths along which magnificent horses were trotting gracefully. These were also for our pleasure and we enjoyed ourselves there for some time.

So we finally arrived at the top terrace, a long flat plateau. Here a huge barbecue had been constructed, and we saw that it was already being filled with mouth watering sea food, rice and colourful vegetables. This was the paella, being made ready for cooking over the charcoal fire below. At the other end of the terrace, seats were arranged around a circular solid wooden stage on which the dancers would perform. Everyone found a seat and was served with cool, sparkling wine. The atmosphere was magical, looking down on the Bay of Malaga, the harbour lights twinkling in the distance and beyond the blue sea the setting sun. As darkness fell lights along the terrace and over the stage were switched on. Then through an archway and on to the stage the dancers

emerged. They were a family of four, all gipsies, father, son and two daughters. Father played the guitar and sang the words of the story which the son and daughters danced in the flamenco. The boy wore a gleaming white shirt, black trousers and a wide waistband. He wore the flamenco dancer's thick soled shoes with high, solid heels. The two girls were dressed in shimmering full length dresses, one green, one red, castanets in hand and thick soled shoes similar to their brother's.

The dancing began, slowly at first, then gradually increasing in tempo, rising to a crescendo, fading gently, then rising again. The stage became a vivid combination of throbbing guitar, clicking castanets, foot stomping, swirling colourful dresses and flashing dark eyes, hypnotic in its effect on the audience. Then suddenly it stopped. We looked up and realised that these artists had been performing for a whole hour without pause. Their clothes were soaked in sweat, wringing wet, and they looked quite exhausted. Then to our delighted surprise it was announced that after an interval they would appear again.

Up the Creek *By Luke Jones*

DAWN comes quickly in the tropics; as darkness makes a hasty retreat. The sun pops up like a golden ball. Alas, it soon becomes enshrouded in mists rising from the mangrove swamps and is the beginning of another humid energy-sapping day. This is the Whiteman's Grave of West Africa.

It was on such a morning that the Senior Medical Officer told me to be ready to accompany him in half-an-hour, and to bring the Sanitary Sergeant with me. We were going on a secret mission and would be away for most of the day.

We set off in a runabout truck driven by the Senior Medical Officer. He drove the length of the airstrip then turned and made for the River Jui and the Mangrove Swamps. On reaching the river we saw a small jetty which the Royal Air Force used

By now the food on the barbecue had been cooked and it was served to us, washed down with champagne (Spanish of course) while wandering minstrels — students from the University — strolled around playing Spanish music. Then once again the dancers returned, in fresh costumes and with new dances. They gave another hour of sheer magic. Theirs was not the softly tripping dancing seen in hotels and night clubs, but the strong, vigorous, gipsy flamenco handed down through generations to these masters of their art. As one lady traveller to Spain said in the 19th century, after seeing the gipsies, 'It excites and rouses the emotions until you feel like making love — or war'.

And then, when this performance ended, to great applause, the dancers invited the audience on to the stage, to take part in a little impromptu dance with them. And we have the photographs to prove it. This really was the icing on a most delectable cake!

The journey home, at midnight, in the warm moonlight, passed as in a dream. We all agreed that it had been a most memorable night.

to ferry aircrew to and from Sunderland Flying Boats anchored down stream. Waiting for us, with his long dugout canoe, was a native of the Timini Tribe. The S.M.O. told me to climb into the front of the canoe. He sat in the middle, the sergeant behind him and native in the rear.

We left the jetty and headed straight for the swamps. As we entered through a gap in the dense growth, walking fish, called mudskippers, moved over roots sticking out of the mud. Hermit crabs with shells on their backs crawled around and fiddler crabs played hide and seek, waving their one big claw in an effort to catch the female. The native pushed on into darkness and all I could see was his white eyeballs dancing up and down like ping-

Continued overleaf

Up the Creek continued

pong balls. As we moved forward I began to wonder if he was using my head as a means of navigation because every time my head hit a branch he altered course.

Suddenly, he whispered 'Boss! We are over de den of nah Jui Crocodile. Kep 'em quiet.' I froze and sweat began to pour down my face, my hair stood up at the back of my neck. I knew everyone else must be feeling the same for I could hear their heavy breathing. I had seen this terrible black reptile once; his broad head, tapering snout and massive jaws had watched me with a sinister grin on his face but then I was far enough from him; even so I froze. Now he was lurking below us in filthy water that stank of dead flesh. With skill the native manoeuvred his canoe away towards the light in the distance.

We emerged from the swamps as quickly as we had entered; brilliant sunshine and not far away a stretch of golden sands and a pretty island. The native ran

his canoe on to the beach; we got out and helped him to haul it clear of the tidewater. Then a noisy crowd of half naked men and women came towards us. Leading them was a short grubby fat man with a big belly. He was their chief. As they came nearer the S.M.O. went forward to shake hands and we followed. He said in a strong Welsh accent 'I am Doctor Blewitt, from Cardiff, Pleased to meet you, Chief'. The dirty little fellow gave him a shifty look then shook hands. The M.O. then said 'This is my corporal.' The chief put his hand out but I did not offer mine so he went into a rage. 'Why don't you shake hands?' he bellowed. 'Throw them off the island, they are no friends of ours.' I told the S.M.O. to tell him that I was a Welshman and in my country we never shook hands — we just bowed and smiled. The chief accepted this explanation then started bowing and smiling. But every time he bowed his big belly hit the ground and the more he did it the more he looked

REFLECTIONS

Time brings changes. Two years ago the Berlin Wall was breached. Freedom for those in an evil empire . . . and the end of a strange hard dream that, behind a wall, could arise a world where there were no longer rich and poor, haves and have-nots, no longer (almost) right and wrong, but equality. Other dreams are possible — of one nation separate from its neighbours, of old scores paid back, of hopes for many and wealth for some.

We, who watch from safety, wonder about the future of Russia and Yugoslavia and Albania and so on. Then, one year ago the romantic Middle East boiled over. The balance of the oil-dependant world has been maintained by great military endeavour, but secondary eruptions are not apparently deterred.

And this year we have, at last, hopes of peace between Israel and her neighbours; and the release of hostages seems to be at hand. Even South Africa changes its laws.

It is all to do with liberty, bursting the bonds of oppression and letting the cap-

By the Reverend C. Le M. Scott

tives go free. This is the glory of humanity, the effort to achieve and give liberty — relieve the cause of immense suffering and raise hope of a new world.

What do you do with your release, when it comes? First, of course, you do, at last, what you like. Then, inevitably, you come up against the restraint of the rest of the world. For new freedom demands new strength and my freedom is likely to mean a limitation on the accustomed benefits of others.

As the captives go free, as the Prisoners of War return to those who love them, and we rejoice. We also remember that freedom to laugh will also mean freedom to weep. Freedom for happiness is also freedom for sorrow, don't you think? In the end freedom must mean freedom to find out and do what is right. This is hard. The one true man — the "proper man" as Luther called him — found his freedom in choices which led to his torture and death. His story should be held in mind as we struggle for freedom.

like a comical bouncing ball. I thought he would never stop. When he did, the sergeant was introduced and once again there was an exchange of handshakes.

Another bunch of natives came running up. These were just as dirty and stark naked, and many of the women were pregnant and ugly. At the head was the chief's son. He had a big dirty belly too. The same introductions as before: the same angry reaction until an explanation of my seemingly rude behaviour was given.

When the M.O. told the chief that the Royal Air Force wanted the island, all hell was let loose. Bellowing at the top of his voice, the chief told the mob to throw us into the sea and that we were no friends, we were enemies. As the situation worsened, the Senior Medical Officer told him that if anyone of us was harmed they would have to answer to the Royal Air Force. He understood and let us go.

We returned to the canoe. The native had seen that something was wrong and had the canoe in the water ready for us to make a quick get-away. We made straight for the gap in the mangrove bushes and again passed through the filth and stench of the Jui Crocodile's hiding place. After what seemed an age we re-emerged into hazy sunshine.

On leaving the dreadful place we made for the jetty. The S.M.O. dismissed the canoe man then pitched into me.

'What the hell do you think you were up to, telling that chief you were a Welshman?' He carried on: 'You wait until the Commanding Officer hears about this; you'll be court-martialled and stripped of your tapes.' Choosing my words very carefully, I said 'With all due respects, Sir! I was not going to shake hands with natives riddled with tropical scabies and running syphilitic sores.' He exploded: 'Why the bloody hell didn't you tell me?' I said, 'Well Sir! It was not for me to tell the Senior Medical Officer what was wrong with them, I thought it was obvious.'

He drove back to camp like a madman and on arrival ran along the corridor shouting: 'Where's the bloody Lysol, where's the bloody Dettol.' As they disappeared I went to have my cuts attended to and I wondered what tomorrow would bring.



Story-tellers supreme Thomas 'Lofty' Johnson and Walter 'Luke Jones' Cross receive their prize from Council Member Ken Wills and his wife, Nan, at a small ceremony at Headquarters.

Rules and instructions on how to enter the 1992 Story Writing Competition can be found on page 29.

POET'S CORNER Remembrance Day By Ruth Smith

The column gleams white in the sunshine
The bands play a haunting refrain
The crowds stand in reverent silence
It is time to remember again
The hands on Big Ben reach eleven
The guns roar and everyone hears
Each heart has its own reminiscence
Some eyes shed their own private tears
In silence both regal and stately
The first wreath of poppies is laid
Then follows each row in succession
As genuine homage is paid
The choir boys sing so angelic
Those time honoured words are then said
And nations unite with each other
To mourn and remember the dead
The bands march away and then slowly
The great wave of people walk past
There's some old, some young and some
wounded
Each one with memories that last
The column gleams white in the sunshine
Round its feet bright red poppies lay
For some who still suffer in silence
Each day is Remembrance Day.



Balancing the Books

by Ted Bunting

The Day of the Jackal

Author: Frederick Forsyth

Reader: David Broomfield

Duration: 15.25 hours

Catalogue number: 1630

There are very few thrillers so exciting and absorbing as this one, and I thoroughly recommend it! According to the story, a professional 'hit man' code-named 'The Jackal', has been hired to kill President Charles de Gaulle, and although we know from history that the attempt must ultimately fail, it's amazing how simple it is to wish the Jackal every possible success in his mission. He's utterly ruthless, however, and not at all the chap you'd want to be the wrong side of, or have your daughter bring home, but despite his unfortunate habit of murdering people he meets along the way, it still seems to be quite a natural thing to be firmly 'on his side'.

Now perhaps the reader automatically supports the killer like this because it was always so easy to dislike Charley de Gaulle: (I'll bet I'm not the only one who resented his lack of gratitude to Britain, both during and after the war, and there were certainly plenty of Frenchmen who wished him dead), or perhaps it is the possibility that 'The Jackal' is a clever and resourceful Briton which has us all rooting for him.

Personally, I believe that sympathy for The Jackal comes from that instinct which seems always to incline towards the under-dog. When you've heard the recording you must make up your own mind, of course, but if you don't finish up wishing that every jackal might also have its day... well, mon ami, you can call me a truffle hound.

Anna Karenina

Author: Leo Tolstoy

Reader: Judy Franklin

Duration: 36 hours

Catalogue number: 5458

It is said that a man once claimed to have read this very long book in less than ten minutes. 'It's about Russia', he declared.

And indeed it is. There is scarcely any aspect of 19th century Russia which is not included in it, whether it be the land, the climate, the agriculture or the people.

But above all else, *Anna Karenina* is about human nature: the fact that the events described are chiefly set in Russia, is almost coincidental. Every emotion which humans are capable of is explored in great detail, and transmitted to the reader with near perfect accuracy. There is jealousy, anger, greed, bravery and cowardice, there is hatred, malice and spite, and most important of all, there is love. There is the love of a mother for her child, the love of a son for his father, the love of a saintly girl for all mankind, and the all-consuming passion of a love affair that must ultimately end in destruction.

I feel Tolstoy wrote this great novel in an attempt to discover the essential meaning of human existence. Certainly he places his characters in every conceivable condition, from poverty to luxury and from robust health to terminal illness.

Anna Karenina, has been called 'the greatest of all novels' it wasn't me who so described it, I hasten to say, and I wouldn't expect anybody to take my word for it even if I had. I do recommend that everybody should find time to read it though, because once read, it is not likely to be forgotten again. In any case, a bit of 'culture' will do you good.

Music! Music! Music!

By Ken Revis

Traditionally St Dunstan's Music Club has held two 'Weeks' at IFH and in May the first for this year got off to a good start with a Buffet Dance to the music of Ernie, Arthur and Lou, assisted by Bob and Gerry.

A warm afternoon on Tuesday saw us around the Bandstand at Eastbourne, listening to a fine concert by the Staff Band of the W.R.A.C., while in the evening Johnny Nichols delighted us on violin and saxophone with Joe on trumpet, George on piano, Lou and Gerry on percussion and Bob on bass. I'm sure we were all moved by the spirited playing of Robert on his late father Ernie's alto saxophone — Vi should be very proud.

Finally for that week we listened to a short guitar and vocal duo during our meal in a Brighton restaurant...

The second week was in August and an expanded group, now calling itself the Music Club, listened to my illustrated talk on the History of Jazz and went to a really super Cole Porter evening in the grounds of Arundel Castle. There was a five-piece band with vocals by Elaine Delmar and Paul Jones.

This was part of the Arundel Festival and the next evening, a splendidly talented group re-enacted, in music, the life of Edith Piaf, the great French 'Little Sparrow'. It served to remind Jo and I of driving through Paris the day she died in 1963. It seemed as if the whole of the City was out in the streets weeping.

On Wednesday, August 28th, we had two choices, jazz at the King and Queen (the best band I have heard there and a scratch one at that), or an organ recital at St. Peter's Church. A great treat the next day was a visit to the famous Finchcocks Piano Museum, where the Group heard a most erudite and amusing talk by a concert pianist and a demonstration on wonderful historic keyboard instruments from early 18th Century clavichords and harpsichords to 19th Century pianos. Not only that, we were served with a really splendid meal in the vaulted cellar under the beautiful Georgian house.

The final day, Friday, was a very special

one. Derek Morris came from Cambridge to give us a highly amusing illustrated talk on Barber Shop Quartets and through his persistent personality got us all singing. Not altogether harmoniously, but I can use an expression I have always frowned upon — 'a good time was had by all!'

That evening was special too! It was the occasion of the fine dinner in the Winter Garden. During my speech, presents were given to Carol for her wonderful work of organisation and shortly afterwards Winnie Edwards presented Jo with a lovely arrangement of silk flowers for her help during the week — from the members.

The Johnny Nichols trio, violin, 'cello and piano, was warmly applauded as they played during the meal and at the end of the formalities we all trooped off to dance to Ernie and his boys.

Sound Levelling

DIY enthusiasts can now take advantage of a new device which will keep horizons horizontal and vertices vertical.

An audible level, made and marketed by Peter Cartwright, of Birmingham, has already been tried by several St Dunstaners who are pleased with the results. Now the device is on sale to individuals.

'It's very good,' said Alec Carter, of Sidmouth, Devon. 'You can distinguish between left and right. One side gives a slow series of bleeps and on the other side it's faster. When it's level, you get a continuous tone.'

'I've been using it for posts, door frames, shelves and paving stones. There wasn't anything quite like it before.'

Any St Dunstaner wishing to buy the level can order it through Headquarters' Supplies Officer Angela Higson. The price is £39 and a multi-angle attachment and aluminium bar cost £8 and £5 respectively. Post and Packing is £2.

Ted Miller reports on the success of the Handless St Dunstaners' Reunion 1991, which ran from September 18th to 24th and included a visit from their German counterparts.

At last the day arrived! It was a rather special occasion this year, as we were returning the very generous welcome we had received from the German Blind & Handless War Veterans, at one of their homes in Bad Berleburg last year.

Ray Hazan met our German visitors at Heathrow Airport around 1 p.m. and escorted them to the coach which was to bring them to Ian Fraser House. Among the party was Doris Hansen, BKD Secretary, English speaker and interpreter for the German group.

The BKD is an association financed entirely by the German Government for all persons blinded in the war.

On arrival at IFH, where a light lunch was prepared for them, introductions were then made, and they were taken on a tour of the House, before getting ready for the 'welcome' dinner.

There was plenty to talk about, meeting old and new friends. We were pleased to see our new Vice-President, Colonel Philip Hislop, and Mrs. Hislop on this occasion.

After an excellent meal, Mrs. Dacre, our President, rose to give the first speech welcoming our guests to IFH. She was in her usual good form and not looking a day older, my wife informed me. David Bell, our Chairman, also welcomed our guests and this was followed by Manfred Galda, one of our German visitors, who presented Lt. Col. Bray with a lovely pewter plate, engraved with a coat of arms. His speech was interpreted by Doris Hansen and it was then that I realised how important all the interpreters were going to be.

I understand that some of the interpreters came from the Bridge Centre, Bain Rise, Brighton, and Ruth Read and David Bamber, members of St Dunstan's staff also spoke German. We thank them all for their help throughout the reunion. We certainly could not have managed so well without them.

After a very pleasant evening, where we were entertained with accordion music,



HANDLESS REUNION '91

The Duke of Norfolk shows our German guests around his ancestral home.

we eventually finished up in the bar — a tired but happy party.

On Thursday morning, we departed for a tour of Brighton Pavilion. When we arrived, we were divided into two parties. The Germans had a German speaking guide to accompany them. I wonder what they made of the oriental and Indian splendour of the Royal Pavilion? They certainly have nothing quite like it in Germany and to mention all we saw would require a book. You really have to visit the Pavilion and wonder at it all.

Afterwards, we made our way to the Hospitality Inn for an excellent lunch and then explored The Lanes shopping area. After supper, our evening was free and we ended the day, having a drink and a sing-song with our German friends.

On Friday at 9.30, we boarded the coach for our visit to Penshurst Place — the home of the Sidney family. On our arrival, we were met by the guides and staff before meeting Viscount De L'Isle, who gave us a short summary of the history of the house.

His father, the first Viscount, who died in April this year, inherited Penshurst in 1945, and he and his mother — the only daughter of Lord Gort — who set about repairing the ravages of neglect suffered during six years of war. On Derby Day 1946, it was again reopened to the public.

Strangely Viscount De L'Isle's late father held the VC for bravery at Anzio and his grandfather, Lord Gort, also won the VC.

We were given a very interesting tour round the house before we went to lunch in the private dining room where we met Lord and Lady De L'Isle and their guest, BBC Chairman, Sir Marmaduke Hussey.

It was a lovely day, we enjoyed it all, including visiting the garden and we thank our hosts and guides for making it so. Colonel and Mrs. Hislop shared the visit with us.

On Saturday morning, the St Dunstan's Handless Group met for a short get-

Continued overleaf



BKD member Herbert Kelm, from Freiburg, with his guide, Max Schneider, at Penshurst Place.

ahan, whom we all love, Dr. Fletcher, Norman and Marie French, Colonel and Mrs. Hislop, and Lt. Col. David Bray and his wife, Beth.

We were privileged to have Colonel and Mrs. Elberg from the German Embassy, where he is Military Attache. Also present were Mr. Bill Weisblatt, Miss Cynthia Mosley, Mrs. Annette Armstrong, David Castleton, Mrs. Dacre, Miss Stenning, Sue Reynolds, and many other friends.

After another very good meal and the Loyal Toast to Her Majesty The Queen and to the President of Germany, Mrs. Dacre rose to give a speech of welcome to our guests. David Bell followed with a few words before presenting a framed picture of Lord Fraser to our German guests. Sybil Bell presented a small token of our love to Mrs. Dacre and Ann Colahan.

There was a reply from Colonel Elberg on behalf of our German friends and also a speech from Mr. Manfred Galda, who then presented us with a BKD plaque. Sir Henry gave an excellent speech in German which went down very well.

After all the speeches and presentations, Billy Griffiths spoke a few words before singing two songs — one in English and one in German — which raised a cheer from us all.

Music was played throughout the evening by the John Nichols Trio and was much appreciated. It reminded us of the Palm Court Orchestra of many years ago.

We had a free afternoon on Sunday and at 6 p.m. we boarded the coach, this time for supper and drinks with Mr. Peter Dunn, M.A., a past High Sheriff of East Sussex, and his wife, at their home near Heathfield. It was a lovely olde worlde house and we were made very welcome as we sat down to enjoy an excellent meal of fresh salmon.

Monday proved to be a very busy day for us all. We gathered at the Main Entrance Hall at 9.30 a.m. for our visit to Arundel Castle.

It took about an hour to get to Arundel and we were met in the Quadrangle by His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk. He is no

REUNION *continued*

together in the clubroom to discuss any matters arising, while our German visitors were entertained by Mrs. Dacre at her house, followed by coffee at the Trellis Cafe, Rottingdean, and we all joined up for lunch.

While the afternoon was free for our German party, our group met again in the clubroom for technical discussions.

My wife, Iris, Josef's wife, Clare, and Bill's wife, Alice, took the opportunity to visit Peggie Brett while we were having our meeting. They found her frail but cheerful. She sent her love.

Audrey, Tom's wife, had intended to go with them, but unfortunately was very unwell on Saturday and couldn't make it, but happily she was feeling better on Sunday and was able to enjoy the rest of the reunion.

At 7 p.m. we again assembled in the Winter Garden, where our guests were already waiting to meet us. Among our guests were our old friends, the Chairman of St Dunstan's Sir Henry Leach, Ann Col-



Ruth Read translates for Manfred Galda as he is interviewed for BBC Radio.

stranger to us as we have met him several times before.

The Duke welcomed us all and told the Germans of his time in their country. I think it was about eight years in all, during and after the war.

We were split into two parties again. The Duke and Mrs. Dacre took the Germans round and the English party were shown round by a charming Castle guide called Kitty.

We started the tour in the chapel. The private chapel is the finest Victorian room in the Castle. The columns are of polished Purbeck marble and there are some beautiful stained glass windows. It is a very large and beautiful chapel.

From there we went through the Stone Hall and into the Armoury. There is a fine collection of armour and swords. The oldest sword is 'Mongley', a two-edged English longsword dating from the 14th Century. There are also four suits of Maximilian-type armour which contains original 16th Century German pieces.

This is only a short description of some of the lovely things we saw in the Castle and our thanks go to our guide for making it so interesting.

We had a most enjoyable lunch in the Castle and after the meal, Mrs. Dacre thanked the Duke for his hospitality and called on Gwennie to give the Duke an inscribed St Dunstan's plaque from us all. Mr. Galda also thanked the Duke and pre-

sented a medallion on behalf of our German friends.

The Duke gave us all a guide book of Arundel Castle to remind us of our visit. After a quick trip round the gift shop, we made our way to the coach where he was waiting to say goodbye.

Back at IFH, we had a light tea in the Drawing Room and then left by coach to visit Harvey's Brewery in Lewes. The brewery has just celebrated its bicentennial year and is still controlled by descendants of founder, John Harvey.

For two centuries, the Harvey family has brewed beers in the Bridge Wharf Brewery on the banks of the River Ouse, flowing through the ancient county capital, Lewes.

We were met by Miles Jenner, the head brewer, and after climbing an iron staircase to the upper floor, he started telling us all about the brewing of beer — from picking hops to the finished product. I never thought it could be so interesting.

It was just as well that the sampling room was on the ground floor as our visi-

Continued overleaf

Hugo Brenner, inventor of aids for the blind and handless people, chats with Winnie Edwards.





Above: David Bell presents a gift to Doris Hansen.
Below: Gwen Oborn presents our shield to the Duke.

REUNION *continued*

tors seemed to appreciate a glass of real ale.

We returned to IFH around 9 p.m. and went up to the annexe for a farewell dance and buffet. Everyone in the House was welcome and it was a very jolly affair.

Singing and dancing to the music of the normal Monday night dance band — a very fitting end to our 1991 Reunion.

The following morning — we said our goodbyes to our German friends and wished them all 'Bon Voyage'.

I know I speak for us all, when I thank Lt. Col. Bray and all his staff and all the staff from headquarters for all they do to make our reunions such a success.

And to Mrs. Dacre, a special thank you for her tireless devotion to our little group.

It was lovely to see Winnie and Gwennie and all the boys again.

Mrs. Joan Wall

We are deeply sorry to report the death of Mrs. Joan Wall on September 20th. She was the wife of Mr. John Wall, Chairman of the Royal National Institute for the Blind and the representative of that organisation on the Council of St Dunstan's. On behalf of all St Dunstaners we offer him our sympathy.

Cheers! GMB makes our day

It may only have been beer money, but when the General, Municipal, Boilermakers and Allied Trades Union, kept a long tradition and charged for drinks, St Dunstan's didn't come up short.

The GMB donated £1,000 for training facilities at Ian Fraser House during the Labour Party Conference at Brighton last month. The cash was raised at a reception where guests were charged £1 for each drink.

The move was praised as being 'progressive' by the *Daily Telegraph*.

A cheque was presented to Tom Hart at Ian Fraser House, by John Edmonds, General Secretary of the GMB.

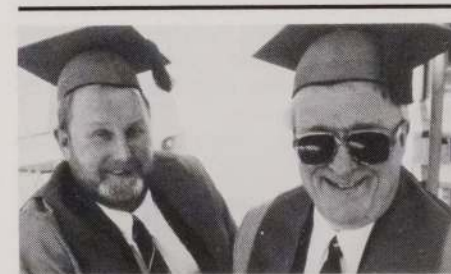


Dr. Anderson wins ANZAC award

An Australian St Dunstaner has been feted for his medical work and his dedication to the welfare of other veterans.

Dr. Robert Trevor Anderson, a resident of Melbourne, has been named Anzac of the Year by his peers in the Returned Services League in Australia. The award praises his achievements, both professionally and voluntarily.

It was 1969, when Dr. Anderson had his eyesight destroyed by an exploding mine



St Dunstaner Norman Follis has been awarded an honorary fellowship from the Cardiff Institute of Higher Education.

The honour was bestowed upon him for his role in helping other disabled people gain an education.

Norman, of Pentrych, Cardiff, received the award alongside South Glamorgan councillor, Peter Perkins.

in Vietnam, where he was serving as a Regimental Medical Officer.

Returning to Australia, he learnt braille, touch-typing and passed a specialised degree in psychiatric medicine at first attempt. Four years ago, he qualified as a Fellow of the Australian and New Zealand College of Psychiatry.

Dr. Anderson is a member of the Victorian Institute for the Blind, currently serving as Vice-President, and the Victorian Blind Soldiers' Association.

He also helped to develop the Vietnam Veterans' Counselling Service, a support body set up on a 'shopfront basis' to counter problems in returning to civilian life.

This led to a position on the National Advisory Committee to the Minister of Veterans' Affairs. He is also a consultant to Peter MacCallum Hospital and teaches medical studies at Melbourne University.

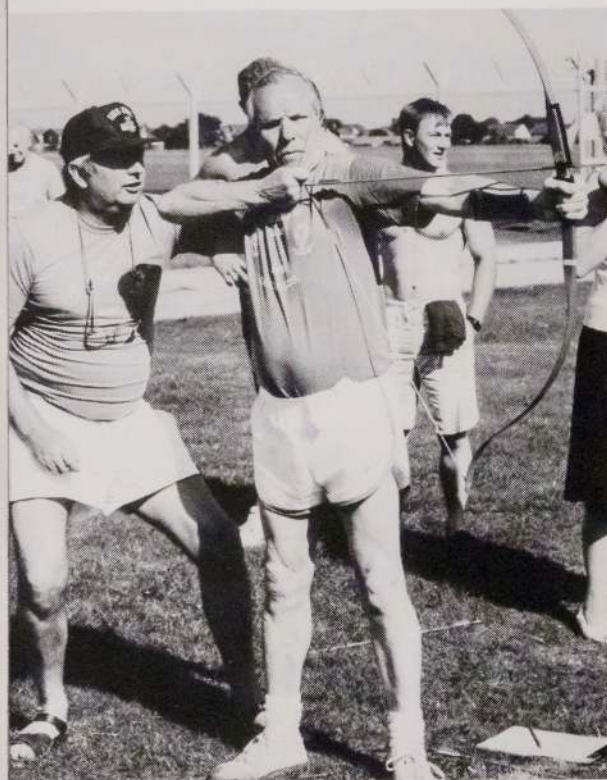
Dr. Anderson and his wife, Janice, have four children, Penelope, Hamish, Virginia and Emily.

Janice Anderson told the *Review* that Dr. Anderson had been surprised by receiving the Anzac of the Year Award. 'He was very flattered though,' she said.

John Blanch, Federal President of St Dunstan's, Australia, added that he couldn't think of a more deserving person to be named Anzac of the Year.



Above: Trevor Tatchell throws a mean javelin.
Below: Bowman Billy Miller hopes his aim is true in the archery contest.



High flying at

Friday, August 9th

Twenty-seven St Dunstaners arrived at *HMS Daedalus* including four new campers, Alec Carter, Eric Church, Jim O'Donnell and Carl Williams who were all given a warm welcome.

The 1991 Camp was an outstanding success and, in particular, I would commend the ingenuity of the committee for the following innovations: Pigeon Shooting, Sunday Lunch at the Officers Mess, and the Helicopter Trips.

After supper we all gathered in the lounge of the PO's Mess where Elspeth Grant, and the new First Trainer, Dave Burrows, announced the names of the campers and the programme for the week. Elspeth also said she had a message from Lee Gilholm (who was working in France) to us all for a very happy camp.

Later in the evening we all gathered in the W.O. Mess where we were greeted by the Mess President, W.O. Dennis Day, and had a pleasant get-together.

Saturday, August 10th

An innovation this year, no morning walk around the airfield. Instead there was swimming at *HMS Collingwood* and, in the afternoon, a bowling match in Southampton with the Mayfield Bowling Club, who gave the bowlers a most pleasant afternoon and hospitality.

In the evening a very pleasant social in the W.O. Mess dancing to a disco, meeting old friends and new.

Sunday, August 11th

A pleasant extra half hour in bed after a late night and then to church for a most moving service taken by the new Padre, Rev. David Goodburn, RN, a former mounted policeman.

The hymns were sung with great gusto and John Gilbert read the lesson beautifully. Prayers were said for Lady Leach.

Following the service we all strolled to the lawn in front of the Ward Room where

HMS Daedalus

By Trevor Tatchell

we had our photographs taken to a chorus of ribald cries. Then into the Ward Room to be entertained by Captain Langton, Commander Welton and their officers to coffee and drinks and a chance to talk to old friends who joined us for the service. Then we were all ushered into the magnificent dining room of the Ward Room, where four enormous mahogany tables were decked out with flowers. We sat down, some hundred of us, friends, St Dunstaners, 'dogs' and helpers to a splendid lunch.

Later the archers tottered off to spend the afternoon shooting with the Gosport Bowmen while others took to the air and the thermals over the Solent, or just relaxed and contemplated.

In the evening we had a great evening in the P.O.'s Mess where we danced the evening away to the music of 'Flo & Mo' and all the St Dunstaners won a prize in the generous raffle laid on by Andy Salter, the Mess President, and his team.

Monday, August 12th

Monday is always a good day and it did not let us down. There was a light breeze and glorious sunshine as we were wafted across the Solent in the *Solent Enterprise*, entertained by Joe Humphrey on his accordion and refreshed by splicing the Main Brace in naval tradition.

We were warmly received at The Royal British Legion in Cowes and given a great reception, enjoying the hospitality there and having walks around Cowes admiring the yachts in the Marina still there after Cowes Week.

Some of us who are rather more adventurous had a dip in the sea — very invigorating.

We arrived home tired, but happy after a wonderful cruise across The Solent and spent the evening quietly.

Tuesday, August 13th

Chariots of Fire! Today is the great day for sports and the fit and not so fit gathered on the airfield to test their prowess in archery, throwing the discus, javelin, shot and goal kicking. This year archery and the walk being included in the events for the *Victor Ludorum* was an innovation. The sports were well organised by CPOPTI Martyn Webb, an old friend, ably assisted by CPOTI Terry Godfrey and Dave Burrows, next year's First Trainer, and his band of 'dogs'.

Continued overleaf

Step to it! Left, right, left, right! The walking race is off and running.





DAEDALUS *continued*

We were joined during the morning by Lt. Col. David Bray from Brighton and Mrs. Brenda Kent who had both come to see what we get up to at camp – I hope they were impressed!! During the sports the *Portsmouth Evening News* came and took photographs and interviewed David Bell, so we were in the news!

When we had cooled off and changed, a large party took off for lunch on *HMS Invincible*, an outing arranged by John Arscott and invitations to which were much prized.

We had the best ever tour due to the tremendous enthusiasm of the P.R.O. who went to great lengths to describe the activities on board – most impressive.

Others took to the skies again, or went



bowling for the doubles match, and in the evening we all took off for *HMS Dolphin* where we were entertained in the W.O. and C.P.O. Mess by W.O. Craig and his Mess members. The artist being Martin Reed, the son of Bill and Bridget.

Wednesday, August 14th

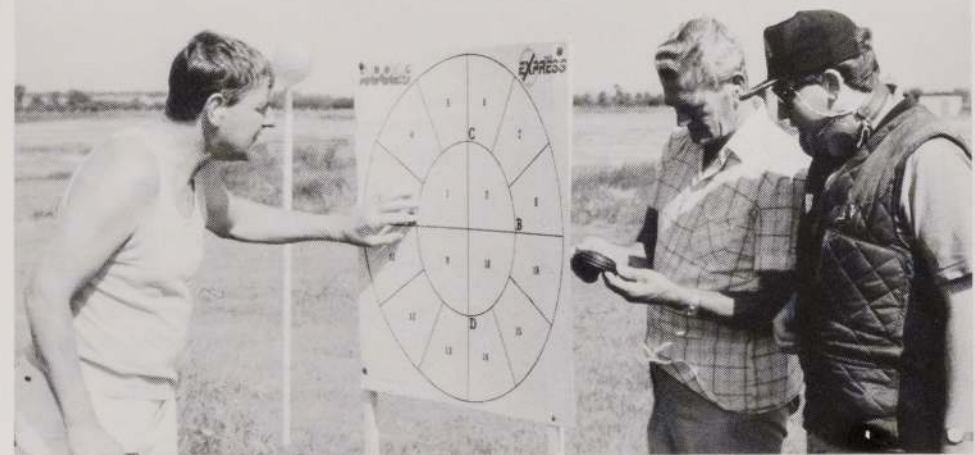
Another innovation today with Clay Pigeon Shooting. We were taken through the parts of a shotgun by Lt. Mel Walton who, with infinite patience, explained all the finer points of shooting with a shotgun.

He and his helpers had lined up some six foot poles, to which balloons were fastened, and we had to shoot them off which many of us did most successfully. He also had 'rabbits' running along the ground to be shot and some targets. I do not think anyone disgraced themselves and it was most enjoyable and instructive. It was most reminiscent as most of us had not had a rifle in our hands for decades.

Later we all lined up to take part in the mystery car drive, with the braille clues in rhyme. This led us quite a dance and we ended up finally at the Conservative Club where the members had prepared us a wonderful lunch and liquid refreshment in the garden – the flowers were a riot of colour and the smell of them scented the whole area as we sat in the sun and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Later some of us went off to bowl, some to glide again, and others to swim either in

Left, Stan Tutton plays safe on the shooting range.



Crack shot Alan Mitchell, far left, checks out his final score, above.

the sea or at the vast pool at *HMS Collingwood*, while the brainy few sat on the lawn and took part in a quiz organised by the P.O.'s Mess staff.

In the evening off we all went by coach to a social in the W.O. Mess at *HMS Collingwood* and the end of another very pleasant and full day.

Thursday, August 15th

Awake to another smiling, sunny day and first of all a trip to *HMS Victory* in Portsmouth. We were given a wonderful reception and treated to a personal conducted tour around the old battleship by Lt. Commander David Harris' team of guides who were most hospitable and regaled us with many stories and refreshed us with 'strengthened coffee'.

Meanwhile those left at home tried their hands at clay pigeon shooting and were also treated to a flight in the Search and Rescue Helicopters of HM Coastguards – a fascinating trip.

Lunch time and a trip to the Senior Rates Mess at Haslar, where we were greeted and entertained most splendidly.

I should add, that practically every morning Commander Welton and his gang of 'Hells Angels' were waiting for us to do a turn round the airfield on one of their tremendous motorbikes – I hear that Elspeth funk'd it this year!

In the evening a highlight of the week – Prize Giving. Always a nail biting affair until we know who has won what.

The Dance Hall was decked out in rows of chairs and the stage set with chairs for the Commander and his wife, Joanna, our

hard working P.R.O., Lt. Cdr. Jim Broadley, and his wife, Shirley, and our host in the Mess, W.O. Dennis Day, and his wife, Pam. The medals and cups made a shining display and as CPOPII Martyn Webb announced the prize winners there was a hush of excitement and a roar of applause as each winner went up to receive his trophy. The prize winners were as follows:–

Archery

Shields and medals presented by the Gosport Bowmen

For the totally blind with a score of 97

Norman Hopkins

For the semi-sighted with a score of 82

Arthur Carter

For the novice archer with a score of 84

Carl Williams

Bowls

The Ben Mills Pairs Cups winning three games with 31 points

Ted Brown & Eric Church

Runners-up Mansel Lewis and his 'Dog'

winning two games with 28 points

Singles winner with 8 points **Ted Brown**

Runner-up with 6 points **Arthur Carter.**

Kath Riley Trophy for Mystery Car Drive

Braille Reader

John Gilbert

Driver

Chris Stilton

Navigator

Sue Stilton

Continued overleaf



Carl Williams takes aim.

DAEDALUS *continued*

The Walk

First **John Gilbert**
 Second **Billy Miller**
Denny Deacon Veteran's Cup **Stan Tutton**

Sports

Goal kicking for the totally blind
Tom Whitley

Goal kicking for the semi-sighted
Arthur Carter

The Sheila McLeod Cup for the Best Beginner
Carl Williams

Victor Ludorum for the semi-sighted
Jesse Mills

Victor Ludorum for the totally blind
Brian Lang

The Winning Team **The Holy Rollers**
Eric Church, Capt.
John Gilbert
Brian Lang
Bill Heffernan

The Ladies Team **The Skinny Minnies**
Yvonne Rixon, Capt.
Pam Wybrant
Sue Stilton
Pat Westbrook
Jan Sherriff
Liz Walker

Valerie Webster, Cheer Leader

Leading lady on points **Sue Stilton**

Special award for the most attentive 'DOG'
Mick Eley

Finally the last to come up for their team prize were our lady helpers team known as 'Skinny Minnies' and to our delight they became a cabaret team and

sang the following song to the tune of *My Old Man's a Dustman*:

The Skinny Minnies' Song

*You've heard of Busy Lizzies
 We're told they grow quite high
 But we're the Skinny Minnies
 Brilliant, unique and shy
 Latin names are for the flowers
 They're really quite 'au fait'
 Ours are plain but lovely
 Much easier to say
 I'm Liz, Pat, Pam, Sue, Jan, Yvonne & Val
 We've loved the camp we make the noise
 And hope you're here next year.
 We are the Skinny Minnies
 It's your turn to buy the beer!*

They were given a great reception.

A final and surprise award was announced, one which had given a great deal of difficulty in its choice since all the 'dogs' had been so magnificent, but Mick Eley was chosen as being the most attentive and devoted 'dog' of the camp. His proud master was Granville Waterworth.

The ceremony ended with a gracious vote of thanks to the Captain, Commander and Ships Company by Alec Carter and to the Mess Presidents, Trainers, Field Gun Crew and 'Dogs' with a special congratulations for their magnificent doings at Earl's Court by Bill Heffernan. Elspeth then thanked all those who helped her over the years in doing so much unseen to make the camp a success as well as the Commander for all his motorbike rides and Jim Broadley for all his help.

The Commander made the final and very gifted speech and looked forward to seeing us all next year. The evening ended with a pleasant social gathering and dancing.

Friday, August 16th

Our last day alas. The morning was spent swimming and gliding. There were also further trips in the S & R Helicopter, then it was off to the King's Head, in Wickham, for our annual skittles match. As usual it was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

Then in the evening our final dance in the W.O. Mess with Tomo's monster raffle enticing us all and which raised a magnificent sum of nearly £400 for the camp

funds. Many old friends came to join us so it was a great reunion. Some of the revelers stayed up late and came to breakfast directly from the W.O. Mess bright and cheery.

The 1991 Camp was a very happy one and I would encourage all those who have never been to join us next year.

Saturday, August 17th

The coaches rolled in and we took our places and away we all went to points north, south, east and west with our warm memories of a wonderful camp and hope of another one to come in 1992 before the dreaded day when *Daedalus* is no more as Mr. King is threatening — we will face that day when it comes but for now lots to look forward to and many happy memories.



St Dunstaner Alan Duffy, of Plymstock, Plymouth, talks to Lord Henley, Parliamentary Secretary for Social Security, at the War Pensioners' National Homecrafts and Art Exhibition.

Mr. Duffy received first class certificates of merit for the model fork lift truck (seen here with Lord Henley) that he made and some brass rubbings also included in the exhibition.

Lord Henley opened the exhibit which featured a special display of work by the blinded servicemen of St Dunstan's.

DIRECTORY ENQUIRIES

St Dunstaners can still apply for exemption from the 43.5p charge when telephoning Directory Enquiries.

Further details can be obtained by calling 0800 919195.

STORY WRITING COMPETITION '92

Calling all budding wordsmiths! Your hour of glory is nigh and this could be your chance to win £50! The *Review* is throwing down the gauntlet once more and inviting everyone to spin a yarn for the Story Writing Competition 1992.

In previous years, the Editor has set a subject for the contest but this year the sky's the limit as he has decided to give entrants a free hand.

You can choose any subject you please — adventure, comedy, romance, a combination of all three, or anything else that the muse throws into creative inspiration.

As with previous contests, your story can be fact or fiction and will be judged by an independent panel. They will assess the entries and prizes will be awarded to the two best story-tellers. The winning entries will also be published by the *Review*. **First prize is £50 and second prize is £25.**

The rules for the competition are as follows:

1. The competition is open to St Dunstaners, their wives or husbands, and to widows.
2. Only one entry per person. The story should be between 500-1,000 words, must be original and not previously published. Please type manuscripts with double line spacing. (The average typewriter will produce about 400 words on an A4 sheet of paper).
3. Entries are to be submitted under an assumed name. Write your nom-de-plume, the title of your story, your real identity and full address on a sheet of paper. Seal this sheet in an envelope and write your nom-de-plume on the front.

Attach the sealed envelope to your entry and send them together to the *Review*. (These envelopes will not be opened until the judges have chosen the winners).

4. Entries should reach the Editor by the closing date — March 31st, 1992.

Send your tale to Story Writing Competition 1992, St Dunstan's Review, 12-14 Harcourt Street, London, W1A 4XB.

Ambling over the airwaves

ST DUNSTAN'S AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY — JULY MEETING

By Doug Field, short wave listener

To get July's proceedings off to a good start, St Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society gathered in the Winter Garden at Ian Fraser House on Friday, July 19th, and an informal get-together took place. The topics ranged from radio to computers, and just about every subject one could think of — we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

At the start of the meeting on Saturday morning, members stood in silent tribute to Lady Leach, wife of our President, who will always be so happily remembered.

Chairman, Bill Shea, accompanied by Secretary, Ted John, took the roll call. The new lectern, amplifier and microphone system was loud and clear enough for us all to hear — a boon to the hard of hearing.

Next, congratulations and well done to Ray Hazan, who has passed the Radio Amateurs Examination. Ray was also taking his Morse test on the Sunday morning and, of course, with help from our friend, Charley-Whisky George, we are sure he must pass. Ray told us that a receiver had been donated to St Dunstan's by one of our widows. We offer our thanks and gratitude. I would like to state that it has been lent to me, and I am now an official short wave listener.

All is going well with the organisation of George Cole's Morse class. Ron Ray, G3NCL, and other members of the RAIBC have the question of the equipment need under control. I shall have to join — the only problem being that my Welsh is not so good! Speaking of Welsh, I am told that George spoke to someone for the first time after having CW contacts with him for years. It was such a surprise, the set blew up! Was I having my leg pulled?

The attention of members was drawn

to current licence conditions, particularly when using the Club station, and a letter on his subject is being sent to all members, in due course. A reminder — from 1st April, 1991, the licence fee has been increased from £12 to £15.

The provision of ceiling fans in the two rooms of the Radio Shack has made a distinct improvement in the atmosphere, particularly in the inner room.

We are grateful to St Dunstan's for supplying them and to Ray Castle and his team for installing them.

During the afternoon, Robin Bellerby, accompanied by Sarita and Richard, came along to give us a talk, with slides 'for the benefit of our wives', on Malaysia with a view to a possible visit in 1992. One humorous point — Robin asked Ted if it would be dark enough for slides. 'Yes,' said Ted. 'Pitch black!' Of course, it wasn't so only part of the screen could be used.

Bare facts

All the wives enjoyed the pictures. Robin said it was so hot and humid, one could walk around naked. My wife informed me there were girls on the slides with no clothes on and, although we missed the visible evidence, most of us got the bare facts! It was a most informative talk. Thank you, Robin!

The rest of the weekend and nearly the whole of the following week were spent operating and listening. Propagation was not too good but contacts were made with stations in Kuwait and Japan, Canada and the Americas, together with South Africa and Algiers. Thanks to Colin Mills, who happened to be tuning around the HF bands, contact was made with JY6ZZ, the base station of the Royal Jordanian Radio Amateurs Society, from where members operated whilst in Amman, and we were able to send our 73's (best wishes) to the many friends made there.

The Society hit the headlines in the July edition of RADio COMMunication, the journal of the Radio Society of Great

Britain. The front cover showed the group outside the Treasury House at Petra and the inside story covered two pages. We are yet again grateful to Robin Bellerby for writing the article and arranging its publication.

A copy of the book, *Blind Man's Vision* was sent to His Majesty King Hussein, who always takes an interest in the Society's activities, and a letter has been received from The Chief of Protocol expressing His Majesty's appreciation.

All the talk of places foreign, inspired enquiries as to whether it might be possible to visit Canada, America, or Australia — or them all! All suggestions will be mulled over, in due course.

Whilst attending a conference in Adelaide, Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, President of St Dunstan's, met Alan Redenbach, VK3MCR, one of the two Australian St Dunstaners known to be licensed amateurs, the other being a gentleman named Lloyd, VK2BLK. A schedule was arranged on a frequency between 21.160 and 21.180, but despite continuous efforts no contacts were made. Please try and work them if you can. Alan is hoping to encourage more Australian St Dunstaners to take up the hobby. We wish Alan and Lloyd well and send many 73s (best wishes).

Alf Lee

We were sorry to hear that Alf Lee, G4DQS, our QSL Manager and Log-keeper, had suffered another heart attack but, thankfully, when our Secretary went to see him he was in good spirits and is abiding by the doctor's instructions — so he says! Our very best wishes to you and Betty, Alf, and continue to make good progress.

A big thank you to all the staff at Ian Fraser House who contributed in any way to a most enjoyable and successful week and, of course, for the excellent hospitality extended to us all.

Might I add that Ray sat his Morse test on Sunday morning and came out smiling. Could there be a GØRAY?

Ray Hazan did indeed pass his Amateur Radio 'A' licence that weekend. His call-sign is GØPQQ.

Fiver life ends

Can you tell if that's a five pound note in your hand, or is it 20 pounds?

British banknotes have been going through changes recently and there are more on the way. The old fiver, with the Duke of Wellington, measuring $5\frac{1}{16} \times 3\frac{1}{16}$ inches, will be withdrawn from general use on November 29th.

That will leave the smaller fiver, $5\frac{5}{16} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, with George Stephenson on it, as the sole legal tender note.

However, for the time being, we will continue to have two £20 notes. The old one with William Shakespeare ($6\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches) and the new with Michael Faraday ($5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches).

The new £20 is awkward to distinguish, because its dimensions are a mere 16th of an inch smaller than the current £10 note.

No plans have been set to take the old £20 out of circulation as yet, but the Bank of England say they intend to issue a new smaller £10 note next year.

'We knew there would be some overlap and we've tried to make it as painless as possible, but there was no way we could avoid it', said a Bank of England spokesman.

'We withdraw notes through wastage. The old five pound note is going on November 29th because there aren't that many left. How long it will be before the £20 is recalled is impossible to say at present.

'The reason we print banknotes in different sizes, is so that people with sight difficulties can tell them apart', she added. 'We're sorry for any inconvenience while we're changing over.'

DON'T LOSE YOUR VOTE

Any St Dunstaner with an interest in imminent elections will find a new Home Office leaflet handy.

Titled 'Don't Lose Your Vote', it explains how it is possible to vote without dragging out to the polling station.

The *Review* is currently holding a small supply of the leaflet, which is available on request.

Shooting to thrill

S.D.A.C. LATE SUMMER
CHAMPIONSHIPS
September 1991

The blue skies over IFH were marred only by one dark cloud when, on our arrival, we were greeted with the news that Lawrie Austin had been retired from his post as in-house archery coach.

How quickly time passes, it's some 17 years, since the suggestion was put to Lawrie that St Dunstaners should be encouraged to take up archery as a sport. With only his own experience as a bowman and with no real idea of how to shoot without sight he undertook the task. Using Charlie McConaghy as a guinea-pig he set to work to evolve a system that enables blind persons to enjoy the sport of archery.

The measure of his success can be gauged by the way in which St Dunstan's Archers have progressed. In the first competition held at IFH in 1976, the distance shot was a maximum of 30 yards. Now the club shoots at 50 yards, some

By Norman Perry

members get reasonable results at 60 yards, and the scores have more than doubled from that original competition.

Lawrie will be greatly missed at the Tuesday and Thursday sessions at IFH, but fortunately for the members of S.D.A.C. he will still be with us as Vice-President and we hope that he will be able to attend all our meetings.

Many thanks Lawrie for all the work you have put in on our behalf. So long as there is a St Dunstaner on the shooting line you will not be forgotten. May your successor Ernie Elliot, continue the work you started and carry it to further success.

With Lawrie on the whistle, the week's shooting commenced under the watchful eye of Ted Bradford, aided by Ernie Elliot and Phil Varden, and the heavy gang that set out the field, namely Roger MacMullen, and what a good week it turned out to be. With only two trophies to shoot for, the rest of the week was taken up by coaching and fun shoots.

The Royal Insurance Trophy, shot over a maximum distance of 50 yards, provided good scores by all.

Light Stan-tastic

If you want to cut a rug or tango the night away, then seek out St Dunstaner, Stan Grimsey. He's a distinguished dancer and has the certificate to prove it!

The Jean Cantrell School of Dancing were called in to give Ian Fraser House care assistants lessons on which foot should go first when gliding across the dance floor — but it was Stan who ended up stealing the show.

He took 'A Popular Dance Test of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing for Ballroom and Latin Dances'. The test required Stan to dance a 'waltz, social fox trot, and cha-cha-cha'.

He passed with flying colours and was presented with a certificate of achievement by Lt. Col. David Bray.

'Stan has a good sense of rhythm, is very enthusiastic, and a pleasure to teach,' said instructor Jean Cantrell.

Picture by Roy Scott



IFH Care Assistant Chris Weaver puts her best foot forward and follows the lead of distinguished dapper dancer Stan Grimsey.

The honours went to:

1st	Tom Hart	1501
2nd	Bill Grimes	1450
3rd	George Hudson	1419

The Spurway Memorial Trophy, shot over a maximum distance of 40 yards, resulted in:

1st	Tom Hart	1495
2nd	George Hudson	1490
3rd	Stan Sosabowski	1483

The Grand National Archery Society Handicap Improvement Medal, which is judged by the results from the scores achieved during the year, was won by Bill Grimes. Lowering his handicap from 91 to 85, Bill showed great determination from the beginning of the year despite having to sit to shoot. In all fairness to the others, he did have extra coaching from Cathie.

The fun shoots were worked in with the coaching, by Ted Bradford, and were for cash prizes. Some archers found this costly whilst others a very lucrative exercise. For tax purposes the winners of the cash prizes wish to be nameless, but it should be noted that Bill Grimes is having a new set of tyres on his wheelchair, that George Hudson is buying a new pipe, and that Phil Duffee is having a new hat.

It was great to have Phil Duffee back on the line again and now that he has a little more spare time it is to be hoped that he will continue to shoot with us. Likewise it is always a pleasure to see new faces and a warm welcome was given to Patrick Murphy.

Our last shoot of the week was an invitation to compete against Cuckfield Archery Club at Ditchling. Always a most enjoyable day out, this year was no exception. Perhaps because the weather turned dull and the S.D.A.C. archers were feeling the strain of the week's activities that Cuckfield won but only by 68 points.

For a blind person to shoot well they must develop a skill in handling the bow and practise a technique in drawing and loosing an arrow. All of which would come to nought with the second shot if he was not correctly informed of the result of the first by the spotter. The spotters, that happy band of wives and friends, who suffer all privations imposed by sun and rain, who are blamed for all the missed shots

and bad hits, but without whom no archer would achieve anything. Long may they peer through their binoculars hoping to see the arrows in the gold. To Jonathan Ridge and members of the in-house staff who provide refreshments on the field and generally assist in moving men and equipment up and down the hill to the big house many thanks.

Talking Bus Stops

London Regional Transport is spending close to a million pounds on experimental 'talking bus shelters' that are expected to come into service next January.

Hi-tech electronics will be utilised to tell passengers when the next bus is due. 'We're using digital voice technology, so it might sound like a Dalek,' said London Transport spokesman David Hales. 'Mind you it's getting better all the time, so hopefully it won't sound that bad.'

Plans call for about 50 stops of Route 18, between Sudbury and King's Cross, to be converted to the special shelters.

Beacons placed on lamp posts along the route will beam location details to passing buses which will then transmit that information, along with speed readouts, to a central computer at London Bus's headquarters.

'That means we'll know exactly where every bus is,' said David Hales. 'Once you have that sort of information, it's relatively easy to tell how long it will take a bus to get to the next stop.'

'The computer will calculate the time and transmit it to the bus stop.'

The automated speaker announcing imminent arrival will be operated by pressing a button.

Wider application of the new equipment could be dependent on the final outcome of reorganising London's bus authorities after the Government's deregulation plans — opening routes to any operators — come into effect next year.

Welcome to St Dunstan's

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

Mr. Edward Hinton, of Wolverhampton, joined St Dunstan's on September 19th.

Mr. Hinton joined the Royal Leicestershire Regiment in 1937. He served in India, Palestine, and Malaya before being captured at the fall of Singapore. He is one of the few remaining St Dunstaners wearing a North West Frontier medal, having served in the last campaign on that front in 1938. Mr. Hinton is married and has six adult children.

ROMANIAN THANK YOU

Romania at Heart send their thanks to all Review readers who sent donations to their appeal. They will be writing personally to everyone who sent their name and address with their donation.

CLUB NEWS

CHRISTMAS DANCE

The Brighton Social and Sports Club Entertainments Section will hold its Christmas Dance at Ian Fraser House on December 14th.

BRIGHTON CLUB BRIDGE

Pairs match played on Sunday, September 15th.

Results	Name	Score
1	A. Dodgson & Mrs. Holborough	58.5
2	W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	57.0
3	R. Freer & Mrs. P. Lynch	54.0
4	G. Hudson & Mrs. White	53.5
5	J. Lynch & Mr. White	53.0
6	Mrs. A. Clements & Miss Stenning	51.5
7	R. Evans & Mrs. Andrews	46.5

8	Mrs. P. Padley & Mrs. Evans	46.0
9	W. Phillips & Dr. J. Goodlad	42.0
10	J. Huk & Mrs. Combridge	38.0

Individual match played on Saturday, September 21st.

Results	Name	Score
1st	W. Phillips	59.1
2nd	Mrs. P. Lynch	56.8
3rd	Mrs. P. Padley	54.5
4th	J. Huk	52.3
5th	R. Goding	51.1
7th	R. Freer	50.0
	R. Palmer	
	G. Hudson	48.9
9th	Mrs. McPherson	44.3
10th	R. Evans	44.3
11th	A. Dodgson	43.2
12th	J. Lynch	40.9

FAMILY NEWS

BIRTHS

Congratulations to:

Jim and Doris Mead, of Rothwell, Northamptonshire, on the birth of their fourth grandchild on September 25th. He is Joshua Peter, born to their son, Raymond, and their daughter-in-law, Teresa.

Stuart and Jean Planner on the birth of their first child, Joshua, on September 17th. He is the first grandchild of Don and Sharon Planner, of Parkstone, Poole.

At 43-years-old, this makes Don Planner St Dunstan's youngest grandfather.

Harry and Margaret Davies, of Llanelli, Dyfed, who are delighted to announce the arrival of a grand-daughter, Rebecca, born on May 18th to their son, Timothy, and his wife, Gaynor.

Ted and Beryl John, of Wallasey, Merseyside, are delighted to announce the birth of their second grandchild, Joshua. He was born on September 19th to their daughter, Liz, and her husband, Peter McCarthy.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Elizabeth Ward, of Chandlers Ford, Hampshire, widow of Kenneth Ward, on the marriage of her grand-daughter, Lorraine

Jane Harfield, to Jonathan Nixon at Copythorne Church, near Cadnam, Hants, on August 3rd.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

We offer our congratulations to:

Dennis and Joan Brown, of Linden Village, Buckingham, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on October 4th.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Stuart Hodgson, grandson of St Dunstaner James and Hilda Mash, of Jersey. He has just won the Kleinwort Benson (Jersey) Financial Degree Sponsorship Award for this year. Stuart is going to Reading University to study business economics.

Frances and Zoe Ward, twin grand-daughters of Bert and Mavis Ward, of Leeds, have both obtained 'A' passes in Italian at GCE O-level. Their achievements are particu-

larly outstanding as they took the examination a year early at the age of 15 and after part-time private lessons. Next year, at school, they will be taking nine O-level subjects including French and German.

DEATHS

We offer our condolences to:

St Dunstaner Norman Hopkins, whose mother died peacefully on September 17th. We offer our sympathy to all the family.

Dennis and John Devlin and family, who mourn the death of their mother, Annie Devlin, of St. Helen's, Merseyside, who died on September 14th. She was the widow of Thomas Devlin, who died in 1951.

Mrs. Nancy Evans, of Neston, Wirral, passed away on September 18th. She was the widow of William Evans. Our sympathy goes to her nephew, David Roberts, and his wife, Valerie.

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, family and friends.

Albert Percy Pearson, Royal Air Force

We regret to announce the death of Albert Pearson, of Birmingham, on September 28th. He was 81 years old.

Mr. Pearson enlisted in 1940 and served for five years in the R.A.F. In 1945, while serving in Burma, he was struck down by malaria and the quinine prescribed for this condition seriously affected his eyesight.

He did recover some useful vision, however, and was able to work for the Dunlop Rubber Company until he retired, aged 64.

Mr. Pearson married his wife, Margaret, in 1940 and they have two sons, Robert and Richard.

Mr. Pearson joined St Dunstan's in February, 1983 and enjoyed several visits to Pearson House, but his activities were curtailed as his wife's health was not good and his younger son, Richard, is also disabled. However, in spite of serious health problems, the family managed to stay independent and were very content.

Sadly, Mrs. Pearson died in 1987, but Mr. Pearson and Richard continued to live together.

Our sympathy goes to Richard, Robert, and his wife, Dorothy, and their family.

Wilfred James Vickery, Cheshire Regiment

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Wilfred Vickery, of Yeovil, Somerset, in hospital on October 7th.

He was 92 years old and started work at the age of 12, with a textile manufacturer. In 1917 he enlisted in the West Somerset Yeomanry and fought in the third battle of Ypres, being one of the few survivors from this very old TA Regiment.

With the other survivors, he was rebadged as a member of the Cheshire Regiment and was discharged in 1919.

In 1939, he volunteered for the Local Defence Volunteers, which became the Home Guard and received eye injuries whilst on a night exercise in 1940. Despite this, he continued working in the textile industry until retirement age.

Our St Dunstaner was a married man with one adult son from his first marriage.

We send our sincere sympathy to his widow, Edith, and the rest of his family.

