

St Dunstons Review



February 1993

12-14 Harcourt Street,
London W1A 4XB

BI-MONTHLY

Free to St Dunstaners

FEBRUARY 1993

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Cover Picture: John Gale blows some cool notes during the Pearson House Christmas Concert. More details, plus news of the Ian Fraser House show, are on page 12.



From the Chairman

Those of you, St Dunstaners and escorts, who have stoutly joined the Remembrance Day march past the Cenotaph will have realised the great difficulty we have experienced over recent years in keeping the step because of the absence of bands along the route. This shortcoming is bad enough for fully sighted people; for St Dunstaners it is impossible. I have therefore represented strongly to the G.O.C. London District and the National President of The Royal British Legion, General Sir Edward Burgess, that there should be a major improvement this year. Incidentally, General Burgess (who hands over to his successor in a few months) has asked if he may march as an escort with the St Dunstan's contingent in future — a generous offer which has been gratefully accepted.

I wish you all a very Happy 1993.

Henry Leach

THANK YOU FOR CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Members of staff at HQ, Ian Fraser House and Pearson House, Visiting Staff and those who have retired, thank the many St Dunstaners and other friends, including widows, at home and overseas, who have sent Christmas greetings, and regret they are unable to respond individually.

To all of you, however, we send the warmest greetings and good wishes for your happiness and health in 1993.



NOTICE BOARD



NEW PENSION DATES

Since the publication of the Pensions Supplement, we learn that payment of the increases has been put back from April 7th to April 14th.

COMPUTER COURSES

The short Computer Courses proved very successful last year and the following dates have been organised for 1993. They are bookable through Training Officer Christine Dickens or April Hadert at Ian Fraser House.

Introduction to Computers	February 11/12th
Software	
Hardware	
File Management	
Main Applications	
Wordperfect/Letterperfect Intermediate	April 15/16th
Mailmerge	
Labels	
Formatting discs	
Macros	
File Express Database	June 10/11th
Basic or Intermediate	
Aseasy Spreadsheet	August 19/20th
Basic or Intermediate	
Qbasic Programming	October 7/8th
Basic or Intermediate	

CALLING ALL ATHLETES

Budding sportsmen with a taste for field and track events are reminded that the National Metro Sports will be taking place at New River Stadium, White Hart Lane, London on July 3rd.

The day runs from 10.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. and application forms are available from Derek Mileman, 29 Gilda Court, Watford Way, London NW7 2QN. Tel: 081-203 1286.

MEDICINE PRIZE FOR SIR JOHN

Sir John Wilson, who enlisted St Dunstan's aid for Impact UK's Operation Cataract (see last Review), has been

awarded the 1993 Albert Schweitzer International Prize for Medicine.

Blinded in a school chemistry laboratory experiment, Sir John, aged 73, will be presented with the prize in America next month.

COMPUTER TRAINING

by Christine Dickens,
Training Officer

Due to the advancement of workplace computers and a greater need for computer knowledge for people either in work or thinking about a change of employment, the Training Department is putting together some very specialised courses. Subjects will include the use of a voice box alongside the computer or large print screen systems.

We are offering concentrated computer courses in phases. Phase One will be a three week course, with computer training during the morning. Students will be free in the afternoons when the pool and gym will be open, or a booking can be made in handicrafts.

On completion of Phase One you will be able to produce, edit, spellcheck and print a document, have a basic understanding of the voice synthesizer, and retrieve documents from a directory.

There will be a break before Phase Two begins. Again, this will be a three week course, the content of which will develop skills from Phase One.

As these courses are intended to help those people in employment, we are prepared to be as flexible as possible with the dates for the first course.

Each course will have a maximum of three spaces. They will be bookable through the Training Office at Ian Fraser House, ext. 3288 or 3263. Please ring either myself, Christine Dickens, or April Hadert for more details.

HONOUR FOR MONICA

Mrs. Monica Robinson, wife of St Dunstaner Bill Robinson of Davenham, Cheshire, has been made a Deputy Lieutenant of Cheshire.



GENERAL BRIGADY
STANISLAW F
SOSABOWSKI
8 V 1882-25 IX 1967

TRIBUTE TO MAJOR GENERAL SOSABOWSKI

A newly erected monument in Krakow, Poland holds great significance for St Dunstaner Dr. Stan Sosabowski.

The statue (pictured above) pays tribute to the late father, Major General Stanislaw Francis Sosabowski, CBE, who led the First Polish Independent Parachute Brigade at Arnhem. It was unveiled before an audience of Polish paratroopers and the ceremony concluded with a march past of Maj.-Gen. Sosabowski's 6th Polish Pomeranian Airborne Brigade.

Stan's family was represented by his cousin, Wieslaw, who is deputy mayor in a town in southern Poland.

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1993

St Dunstaners and widows can now apply for tickets in this year's Review Derby Sweepstake.

Tickets are 20p each and will be issued consecutively to a maximum of 25 (costing £5). Applications for them should be made as soon as possible. Closing date is Friday, May 14th.

Each applicant should send their name and address, the number of tickets required, and an SAE, to The Editor, DSS Department, St Dunstan's Review, P.O. Box 4XB, 12/14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.

Cheques should be made payable to St Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered. Every application made in the British Isles

must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing expenses, will be distributed as follows:

50 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.

20 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.

10 per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.

20 per cent to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts the race.

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

The draw will take place in London on May 19th. The race is being run on Wednesday, June 2nd.

LEGION OF PILGRIMS

The Royal British Legion have announced a programme of 22 pilgrimages to 16 different countries for this year. Administered as part of the Government's Pilgrimage Scheme, it includes visits to war graves in Burma, Germany, Singapore, Tunisia and Thailand.

In some instances there are substantial discounts for war widows, though prices generally may be subject to fluctuation.

The first pilgrimage (to Belgium) starts on April 16th. Full details for all 22 can be obtained from **The Pilgrimage Department, The Royal British Legion Village, Aylesford, Kent ME20 7NX. Tel: (0622) 716729/716182/717172.**

TALKING PUBLICATIONS AVAILABLE

A wide range of magazines and newspapers, catering for all tastes, are available from the Talking Newspaper Association.

Tapes are posted regularly on a returnable basis (like the taped Review) and include popular titles such as *Amateur Gardening*, *Private Eye* and *The Geographical Magazine* (which was once edited by a late St Dunstaner, Lt. Col. Hingston).

Many St Dunstaners already take advantage of this service and a list of current titles can be obtained from Supplies Officer, Angela Higson at HQ.

CUP FINAL TICKETS

This year's E.A. Cup Final is on May 15th and it is possible that St Dunstan's will be allocated tickets for the match.

Any St Dunstaner wishing to go should send their name and address to Pat Carlton at HQ. A draw will be held if we receive tickets.

BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS

The Bridge Club is seeking new members and cordially invites any interested St Dunstaner, wife or widow, to join the club.

Anyone who cannot play, but would like some tuition, should phone Clare Woods (0273 307811 ext. 3221) at Ian Fraser House. If there is sufficient response, then a seven to 14 day 'Beginners Course' will be organised at IFH.

TELECOM DISCOUNTS NOW AN OPTION

British Telecom have a scheme that offers residential telephone users a discount on high bills.

Called Option 15, it offers a staggered rate of discounts in return for a flat quarterly fee of £4 including VAT. System rental (the charge for the line and phone) is not included in the calculation and neither are Chargecard, operator assisted, or diverted calls.

On £50 worth of calls the discount is five per cent, up to £100 it is eight per cent, and over £100 it becomes ten per cent. BT says that the break-even point occurs when call charges reach £62.16. (That would be £73.04 with VAT, but still excluding system rental).

BT offer advice and information about Option 15 on 0800 800 862 which you can call free of charge.

FREEZER WARNING

A warning signal for folks who forget to close their fridge or freezer is now available for £15.

Kold-Gard is a new battery powered device which will start beeping if the appliance door is left open. A handy size at 3" x 2.5" x .75", it can be obtained from ATC, 19 Donegall Pass, Belfast BT7 1DQ. Tel: 0232 2324840. The price includes post and packing.



THE EATING OF STEPHEN'S CAKE

During his visit to Ian Fraser House, General Sir David Ramsbotham, KCB, CBE, ADC Gen was presented with a Dundee cake made by Rifleman Stephen Pendleton. Back in Whitehall, he cut the cake to share with Major General Brian Pennicott (Assistant Chief of the Defence Staff, Commodore Rod Lees, RN (Director Defence Personnel), Lt. Gen. The Hon Thomas Boyd Carpenter, MBE (Deputy Chief of the Defence Staff), Colonel Charles Moorhouse (Chief Staff Officer), Admiral Sir Michael Livesay, KCB (Chief of Naval Personnel and Second Sea Lord), Michael Gainsborough, Esq. (Assistant Under Secretary of State), Air Chief Marshal Sir Roger Palm, KCB, OBE, ADC, RAF (Air Member for Personnel).

ROTARY AWARD IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Rotary Club of Table Bay has honoured Lauraine Jones, Chief Executive Officer, St Dunstan's, South Africa.

They have awarded her a Certificate of Merit, citing her 'outstanding and invaluable services to the community'.

D-DAY ANNIVERSARY PLANS

Plans to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of D-Day are gaining momentum with the launch of a quarterly newsletter from the Southern Tourist Board and Normandy Tourist Board.

The first free eight page issue of *D-Day 50th Anniversary Year 1994 Travel Trade & Veterans Newsletter* came out in November with a mix of information and reminiscence.

The Southern Tourist Board have made a general appeal for news, articles and photographs for future issues. Further information can be obtained from Frances Fee, Overseas Marketing Manager, Southern Tourist Board, 40 Chamberlayne Road, Eastleigh, Hants SO5 5JH. Tel: 0703 620006.

BRAILLE SECURES NEW TEN POUND STAMP FROM ROYAL MAIL

The first ever £10 stamp, which is environmentally friendly and baffles forgers, could be opening a new vein of access to the Royal Mail for blind people.

Launched in January, at the National Postal Museum, the stamp is the first to be embossed with braille. The value £10 can be distinctly felt on the surface.

Braille was chosen as a security feature rather than a convenience for blind people, but asked if they would introduce braille to other stamps, a Royal Mail spokesman told the *Review*: 'We may.'

The stamp has been printed using a process called foil blocking which uses metallic inks to deter would-be copiers. The process also eliminates the need for a pollutant chemical.

It will be the highest value stamp in Britain (the Royal Mail carries over two million items requiring £10 or more) but not the world — a Kenyan stamp has a value of £100.

Depicting Britannia, the stamp will be available from Post Offices from March 2nd. The Exhibition that launched the stamp — *Britannia Depicta — Quality, Value & Security* — will be at the National Postal Museum, King Edward Street, London EC1A 1LP until May 28th. Admission is free.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Drop us a line or tape at 12-14 Harcourt Street, London W1A 4XB.

From: Sydney Scroggie, Kirkton of Strathmartine, by Dundee, Angus

Two chaps got blown up on mines. A posh Englishman, a common-or-garden Scotsman, both of them finished up in the 92nd British General Hospital, Naples.

The Englishman, Frank Romer, was a tank man, acquainted both with the Mareth and Gothic lines, myself, the Scotsman, knew what it was to skirmish with the Jerries in the Appenines of Tuscany and Romagna, so that the only connection between us anybody could see was a common experience regarding

88 mm guns, mortars, Spandaus and Schmeissers.

We had both dodged all of these, only to fall foul of mines in the end. Frank had various brothers and sisters, he said, one of these latter called Marian, and when I heard this name, Marian Romer, I remembered an occasion in my grandmother's house when my uncle, Tom Bewick, was introducing to his family the girl he was going to marry. 'Did your sister', I said to Frank, 'have red hair with gold lights in it, in which case she's now married to an uncle of mine.'

Frank is now dead; so are Marian and Tom, but another sister, Stella, spent a few days with us here at Roseangle. The sound of 88 mm guns wasn't far away, the shriek of mortars, Frank's voice on a stifling night in a ward in a Naples hospital.

From: Betty Bentley, Saltdean

I would like to say a big thank you to Edwina and Carol and staff for the concert they put on for us at Christmas. We missed Pearl's singing and dancing (so hurry up and get better, Pearl). Many thanks to Jeff in the surgery when some of us ran out of medication.

From: Margaret Bingham, Macclesfield, Cheshire

I would like to thank Matron King and all members of her staff at Pearson House for making the Christmas and New Year period such a memorable occasion.

The food was delicious and the staff put themselves out to make sure we had a lovely time.

From: Ray Sheriff, Rottingdean

I wish to take this opportunity to express our most sincere thanks and appreciation to all members of St Dunstan's Staff for their most kind and generous support to my recent sponsorship to benefit the charity CLIC — Cancer Leukaemia In Children Trust.

As a result of such generous support over £700 was pledged and collected within St Dunstan's as a whole. Which in turn resulted in a grand total of over £2,000.

You can read more about CLIC on page 20.

INVITING ENGRAVING

If you are looking for a way of personalising a special gift, John Gasston could have the answer for you.

The Findon St Dunstaner has set up his own engraving business and undertakes a wide range of engraving tasks for his clients.

Chances are that anyone staying at Ian Fraser House will have a sample of John's handiwork in their back pocket. He engraved the smart new brass key tags that identify each room key, rather apt since that is where his interest in engraving was born.

'I gave engraving a brief try while on a course at the RNIB at Torquay, but didn't think much of it,' said John. 'But when I did a proper course at IFH, I really found it to be both challenging and stimulating and soon developed a liking for it.'

The idea of pursuing engraving professionally blossomed. John acquired an extremely versatile, reconditioned Pantograph engraving machine which was further renovated and adapted by Gary Glowa and John Walker to suit John's requirements. A special electric circular saw and a bevelling machine were purchased for the preparation of materials. The previous owners of John's house had built a 'tack room' to store saddlery, which with a few additions was transformed into a comfortable workroom.

Thus armed, he started engraving commercially under the name Art Engraving.



John sets up a trophy.

Equipped with a wide and constantly expanding range of character designs, John can offer a variety of lettering to suit all applications. After setting up the required text with the large brass 'copy', adjustments are made to scale this to the required size on the finished article. Lettering varies from about 1/16" to one inch in height, depending on the ratio chosen.

John has engraved cups, tankards, watches, pens, trophies, shields, medals, plaques, nameplates, key tags, silver and stainless steel cutlery and much more. He can engrave on virtually any flat or domed surface and most irregular shaped objects. This year's St Dunstan's and Greenways Archery Club's trophies and medals were supplied and engraved by John.

There are many materials on which engraving can be done: brass, acrylic sheet, gold, silver, bronze, steel and aluminium.

John is experimenting with the manufacture of braille signs which, although quite expensive, may be of interest for special presentations or permanent signs.

Anyone seeking an engraver can contact John on 0903 873926.

RANDOM ACCESS Computer hints with Ray Hazan

Christmas has passed, but just in case your stocking was stuffed with bank notes, which you have not yet spent...! This only applies to non 386 owners, who can really justify the need to themselves! Bill Shea decided to upgrade his system, rather than purchase a completely new one. In his case the cost was around £300. Do take advice, for it may be worth considering, although I may be cursed by your wives for putting the idea into your head!

COMPUTER WEEKEND April 17/18th Provisional Programme

Saturday morning. Demonstration of latest Apollos and workshop by Dolphin Systems for the Disabled.

Saturday afternoon. Demonstration of the new Kurzweil *Reading Edge* by Sight and Sound.

Saturday evening. Annual dinner.

Sunday morning. Workshops and Open Forum.

ST DUNSTANERS AT THE CENOTAPH

ST Dunstan's contingent marched past the Cenotaph on Remembrance Sunday over 100 strong, including nearly 70 St Dunstaners, 12 in wheelchairs. The youngest St Dunstaner on parade was 23-year-old Steve Pendleton, a Northern Ireland casualty, 75 years older than him was Albert Grimshaw, a 98-year-old veteran of the First World War. In between were men and women St Dunstaners from the Second World War and campaigns since, including Kenya, the Falklands and the Gulf War.

Sir Henry Leach headed the column guiding Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, President of St Dunstan's and veteran of the Second War, and Terry Bullingham blinded in the Falklands War. As always there was generous applause from the crowds lining the route as the St Dunstaners marched through Whitehall, Parliament Square and back to Horse Guards Parade where the salute was taken by His Royal Highness The Duke of York.

St Dunstaners, their wives and escorts lunched at the Hotel Russell after the parade. Sir Henry spoke of his pride in leading St Dunstaners on this occasion. He referred to the presence of Albert Grimshaw as the only First War St Dunstaner on parade and thanked Keith Martin for organising the day so well.

Sir Henry took the opportunity to report on the state of St Dunstan's. 'In general terms we are in a slightly less unhealthy state than a year ago but we have been badly hit by the recession and I think it will be *at least* another two years before we can hope to be back on the level again,' he said.

'Meanwhile we have made substantial savings from the widespread economies we have implemented and we have switched our investments to maximise income. But our people are getting older and more in need of (often expensive) treatment and help over travel; our legacies have fallen and the housing market is stagnant. This has meant we have been unable to sell-off unwanted properties at a reasonable price. And this year for the first time for many years the intake of new St Dunstaners has exactly equalled the number of those who have died.

'We are continuously searching for further *responsible* economies but you may rest assured that the quality of care and service will in no way be reduced — indeed may even be *increased*. These are the areas that really matter and I give you my word on that.'

Tom Hart responded on behalf of St Dunstaners. He said that 50 years ago in 1942 he became a St Dunstaner as a prisoner of war, one of Lord Normanby's pupils. When they were repatriated and came to Church Stretton they found that the First World War St Dunstaners were ready to stand aside to allow their new colleagues to undertake their training. He assured Sir Henry that, had the Gulf War produced numbers of blinded servicemen, he and his fellow Second War St Dunstaners would have been equally ready to stand aside.

After expressing thanks to all who had been involved in the organisation of the occasion, he went on, 'A couple of years ago, down at the Warminster Camp, I was asked to respond to a toast and I said then that St Dunstan's was a dying organisation. Dying because I felt that the body of St Dunstan's, which is the St Dunstaners, was getting old and dying off. But we all know that the letterheadings on St Dunstan's paper these days is not for men and women blinded on war service but men and women blinded in the Services. I am sure we are all grateful, especially the young chaps, to know that we can come to St Dunstan's to be trained and resettled.

'We greet them with pleasure and, while we hope that they don't have to come, if they do lose their sight it is nice to know that they will have St Dunstan's behind them to put them back on their feet.'

Tom concluded: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I am sure that Sir Henry and the staff of St Dunstan's will all have our support in whichever course they have to take. All I can say, Sir Henry, is that I hope that efficiency is not at the expense of the spirit of St Dunstan's.'

The Chairman replied: 'Thank you Tom, and let me assure you that, whatever suspicions you may have had, no way will efficiency, or any of those other hard words, ever be allowed to compete with the true, caring spirit of St Dunstan's.'

PEARSON HOUSE LIFE 1918 1993



Miss Hancock talks to Jack Newton.

RCN CHIEF VISITS PEARSON HOUSE

'A unique Home' is how Miss Christine Hancock, BSc (Econ), RGN, who, as General Secretary, is the chief executive of the Royal College of Nursing, described Pearson House during a visit on December 9th.

Miss Hancock was accompanied by Mr Paul Dugdale, RGN, RNMH, Senior Officer of the South East Thames Region, Royal College of Nursing. Their visit began with a discussion with Matron Chris King and RCN members of the staff of Pearson House.

Afterwards they toured the Nursing Wing, meeting St Dunstaners and Staff. They were clearly impressed with the standard of nursing and accommodation and the spirit of the St Dunstaners they met, who included Harry Wilson, Jack Newton and Alex Scott.

PEARSON ON PARADE

Once again a strong representative band of Pearson House St Dunstaners joined the annual Cenotaph Parade, Service and March Past. What a moving experience to be there.

Up at the crack of dawn, 11 St Dunstaners from Pearson House, with their various escorts, assembled with other 'marchers'. In wheelchairs were, Alex Scott, Dennis Morris, James Mash, Harry Wilson, Tom Higgins (the youngest) and Jack Newton. On the hoof, upright and in step, strode Simmy Simpson, Frank Riley, Jo Huk, Stan Tutton (veteran of many marathons and other events), and Jim O'Donnell.

The morning was mild, thousands lined the route. The mood of the marchers was one of fellowship and togetherness. The Cenotaph and the whole parade was impressive.

The two minutes silence was reverent and total, and enhanced by some leaves falling silently and symbolically from overhead trees.

What an experience — what a day! Can I go again?

Molly Jones

REFLECTIONS

by The Reverend C. Le M. Scott

This is Lyn's story. I hope he will pardon me for using it without his permission.

He went into the Albion Hotel, down the steps into the bar. He put a five pound note on to the counter to pay for his drink. And then — it had gone. Lyn looked round, as far as he could. Only one person was near enough to have snapped up the note.

'You've taken my money.'

'I have not.'

'You did — you took it. You are a scoundrel, to steal a bit of money from a near-blind fellow. You deserve to be thrown out of every bar in the country. You wretch.' (As a matter of fact, the precise words used by Lyn were rather more suitable than those I have typed.)

'I did not take your money.'

'You did.'

'All right, if you want a fiver I'll give you one.' And the stranger took out his wallet and gave Lyn a five pound note. Lyn said: 'I suppose that means you have squared your conscience.'

Lyn paid for his drink and received the change into his hand. Then, moving away, he saw on the floor the note he had thought he had lost. He turned to face the man he had accused. But he had gone.

The man accused, the man reviled had made, without complaint, a gift. The St Dunstaner was the sort of man who could tell a story against himself.

This is a better sermon than I can usually preach.



A Clown Too Many

Author: Les Dawson
Reader: Stephen Thorne
Duration: 7.5 hours
Catalogue number: 7048

In case you do not recall that old story about the man suffering a morbid depression, here is a reminder . . . He consulted an eminent physician, who said to him: 'You must learn to be happy; laugh and forget your cares for a while. Go and see Grimaldi the great clown, who is in town at this very moment.' The patient, of course, replied: 'But I *am* Grimaldi.'

It seems there is always much sorrow in the life-stories of clowns, and *A Clown Too Many* is no exception. There is ill health and bereavement in full measure, and heartbreak and anguish almost from cover to cover.

All in all, I found this to be a very melancholy book indeed. But not from its pathos alone. It is naturally sad to hear of the miserable conditions which the author endured during the struggling days before he was 'discovered', but it was sadder still for me, to learn that he habitually sought relief in strong drink and casual sex. His sexual encounters in fact, enter the narrative far too often for my liking, because what might otherwise have been interesting, became very little better than 'sordid'.

I can excuse, however, Mr. Dawson's frequent attempts at a flowery prose-style which is neither well constructed nor appropriate to his subject, but I excuse it only on the grounds that he seems to know no better; as if his 'rise to stardom' had rendered him remote from the world the rest of us live in. Why else would he so proudly repeat the corny old 'mother-in-law' jokes which only demonstrates how thin his talent always was?

If Les Dawson is still amongst the best comedians in this country of ours, as some think he is, then The Lord protect the others, says I!

BRIGHTON

Members were most disappointed that Alice and Walter Briggs of Huddersfield were unable to attend the weekend, which was understandable, as they were at home celebrating their golden wedding anniversary! We wished them and Terry and Maria Bullingham, who had just got married, many more key clicks together in the future!

It was a weekend full of 'new updates'. Dolphin are bringing out two new Apollo speech synthesizers — a desk top model with a larger speaker and a smaller portable version for lap tops. Eureka now have a smaller hand held scanner for reading print. Musical tones on the Eureka help maintain accurate scanning. The company marketing the Digital News (as described in the December *Review*) have a screen reader, similar in function to HAL but takes up far less memory.

There were three sets of demonstrations. Tom Taylor exhibited his *Language Master*. This is a stand alone unit measuring some five inches square by one inch thick. It contains a vocabulary of 300,000 words and is a talking dictionary, thesaurus, plus confusables, antonyms, synonyms, word games and is a small note taker. There is complete spoken output and keys can 'identify' themselves. The cost, at the time of writing, cash with order, is £300. There are cheaper versions in the shops, which claim to 'speak', but they only spell out the word typed in.

Mark Pilbeam and two representatives from IBM gave us fascinating demonstrations of their screen reader programme, which is able to translate 'icons' or pictures displayed on the screen, into speech. This is an important development as the jobs of many blind people working in larger companies will be threatened in the future as screens become more graphic, or picture orientated. Instead of having to type a command into the computer, sighted users simply 'point' at a picture, i.e. a dustbin, which will then delete your work. Those using computers in the home environment are unlikely to be affected by these developments.

Mark himself showed us a voice input system linked with the IBM screen reader. He was able to dictate a letter straight

DOWNLOADING Ray Hazan on November's Computer Weekend

onto the screen, make corrections, read it back, etc. The user speaks 200 words initially into the system so that it can 'learn' his voice. Subsequently, it will improve its knowledge of the speaker's voice pattern as it goes along. The standard vocabulary is 80,000 words, which can be added to, and should satisfy most authors! The more powerful the computer system, the faster one can dictate. The voice input and output systems cost around £4,500, including the computer. Like all prices, it has dropped dramatically in the past year, so be patient!

On Saturday afternoon, Charlie Daly talked about accessing the Bank of Scotland by linking the computer to the telephone line. The system will be

described in detail in a future *Review*. Ray Hazan talked about the St Dunstan's bulletin board, i.e. a computer located at HQ, accessed from your own computer via telephone line, where one can leave messages, pick up mail, news items and software. These facilities were then demonstrated.

Sunday was a most useful and interesting brain storming session. Requests were made for the new Kurzweil stand alone *Reading Edge* machine, and the latest Dolphin products to be demonstrated at the next weekend. This has already been arranged.

So please book in for either April 17/18th or November 20th/21st — preferably both!

A soldier's day with a fighter squadron

by Tommy Gaygan

December 11th was a very special day for me. At 10 a.m. I received a phone call from Flight Lieutenant Ray Jones to say he was coming to whisk Audrey and I away to Northolt Aerodrome.

Hot coffee awaited us there and shortly, Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre arrived with Air Vice-Marshal Allison, the Station Commander at Bentley Priory.

Greetings over, we climbed aboard the Air Vice-Marshal's executive jet and were on our way to Coningsby Air Force Station in Lincolnshire. The half-hour journey was extremely comfortable, though little or nothing could be seen of the countryside. We did see the fighter planes on the apron as we came in to land.

We were warmly greeted by the Station Commander, A. J. Lockwood, and taken to one of the hangars where 60 or so airmen of No. 5 Squadron were formed up in front of one of the fighter planes.

Wing Commander Lockwood stepped on to the rostrum and introduced Mrs. Dacre who presented the Dacre Trophy to No. 5 Fighter Squadron. They were judged to be the best in 11 Group this year.

The Trophy is a very impressive bronze sculpture of three archers about to let their arrows fly. We were told it is very keenly contested for by the fighter groups.

It had been given to the RAF in memory of Air Commodore and Mrs. Dacre's only son, Kenneth, who was killed in a sortie over Germany in the last war.

No. 5 Squadron were receiving the award for the second year running and for the sixth time overall.

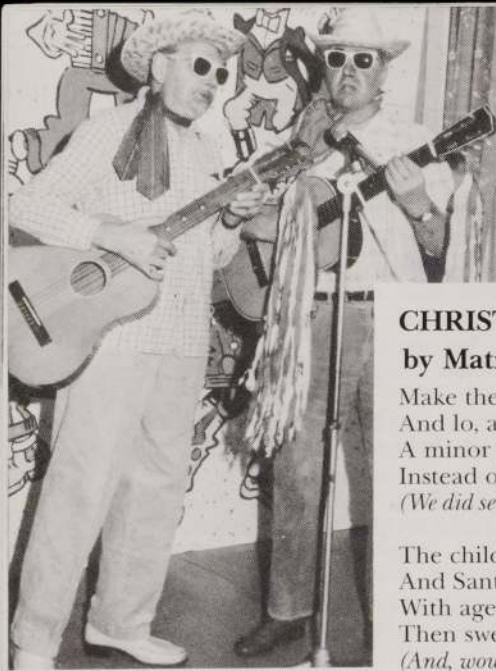
We moved on to visit the ground crew and to learn a little about the exacting job of servicing the planes.

On we went to meet No. 5 Squadron aircrew. They made a great impression on me, they have so much enthusiasm for what is, after all, a dangerous job, and it was a great honour to lunch with them.

After the meal, Mrs. Dacre rose to speak. She told them the history of the award and the story of the sculptor. She received prolonged applause. After such a speech I found it very difficult to give the vote of thanks.

The Wing Commander presented Mrs. Dacre with a silver brooch and a splendid leather bound album of photographs taken earlier during the visit.

I am so grateful to Air Vice-Marshal Allison for the invitation and to Wing Commander Lockwood for the visit, and to Flight Lieutenant Jones for escorting us and to Mrs. Dacre. It was a day to remember.



IT'S SHOWTIME

Seasonal celebrations went with a suitable bang

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR AT PEARSON HOUSE by Matron Chris King

Make the place look Christmassy was Matron's fervent cry
And lo, a host of decorations dangled from on high.
A minor problem soon arose, the fir tree for the Hall
Instead of 12 foot as we asked, t'was 25 foot tall!
(We did send it back and got the right size)

The children came to sing for us, 52 or so
And Santa waited on the roof to greet them cheeks aglow.
With ages ranged from five to eight, their songs were sweet and clear,
Then sweets and drinks and sticky buns were quick to disappear.
(And, would you believe it, only two of them felt sick)

The Christmas Concert on the stage, it really was a laugh
With Jim and Charlie, Les and John and quite a lot of Staff.
They worked so hard to entertain St Dunstaners and all
Who came to listen to the show and had themselves a ball.
(The performers didn't enjoy it until it was all over — too much stage fright)

The Carol Service Christmas Eve was followed by mulled wine
Then Christmas Day more food and drink to help to pass the time.
With Father Christmas Christmas Morn and Bingo Christmas Night,
The verdict seems to be from all — it really went all right.
(Thank goodness Christmas only comes once a year)

And then to New Year's Eve we come — let everyone join in
With punch to start the evening off and then to dance and sing,
And greet the New Year at midnight with glasses of champagne
It's only fifty-two more weeks until we start again.
(And a Very Happy New Year to you all).

IFH CHRISTMAS by Christine Dickens

A change was in the air at Ian Fraser House on the night of December 23rd. A packed hall, a hushed silence and the show began with *Carols around the piano*. A gentle opening to what was to prove yet another successful show stopping evening of entertainment. A wonderful chorus of *Hello St Dunstan's* began a concert which was to follow an American theme.

Numbers included *Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend* by Marilyn and Co, alias Joan Peskett from the switchboard with the help of Tony Starr and George Chapman. Our versatile and talented manager,

David Bray, teamed up with Carol and Gerry Aggett for a song and a dance routine and a couple of swells were found to be Mary Scourfield and Clare Woods in disguise.

Our high kicking Care Assistants pulled on their fishnet tights again for a brilliant routine of *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and *Ballin' the Jack*.

Our scholars of the night, complete with mortar board and gown, were Edwina and Olive, who not only performed *Brush up your Shakespeare* but also found time to produce the show and gently encourage everyone to do their bit. A late entry from Cherrie Duncan and myself, was a comedy routine from the



Top left: *St Dunstaners*, Jim O'Donnell and Ken Martin.
Bottom left: *Carol Chapman* sings *Big Spender*.
Above: *Three Cheers for the Dumb-Belles* in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.
Below: *Word-perfect*, Albert Grimshaw, aided by John Willard, entertains.
Above right: *Charlie Clark* croons at *Pearson House*.
Centre: *Double-decker* curtain calls at both Houses.
Bottom right: *Gerry Brereton* sings at *IFH* while *Matron Chris King* sees *Mummy* kissing *Santa Claus*.



future. Two more comedy routines came from Olwyn Jenkins, who always manages to raise a laugh.

Our thanks to the *St Dunstaners* who took part; Albert Grimshaw treated us to a very humorous rendition of an old war time poem, while Peter McCormack and Gerry Brereton both sang for us.

Our star of the show this year was Clare Woods, who wrote her own words to *You Can't Get a Man With a Gun*.

Finally, Cherrie and I would like to apologise to all those mentioned in our sketch, no offence was intended and we hope everything was taken in the good humour it was meant.

P.S. We haven't been sacked yet!





VIVA POLOGNE

Zofia Ksiazek-Bregula
talking to David Castleton

On a recent visit to England Zofia Ksiazek-Bregula, our only Polish lady St Dunstaner, gave an interview in which she described her experiences in the Warsaw Uprising in 1944 during which she was blinded.

IN June, 1939, a young aspiring actress left her home town, Kielce, deep in the centre of Poland, to study in Warsaw. Zofia Ksiazek was just 19 when she began preparing for the entrance examination for drama school. Two months later Germany invaded Poland. During the devastating air attacks on the Polish capital, Zofia worked for the Red Cross with other young girls making bandages for the wounded.

'From September 8th, Warsaw was surrounded by the Germans. I was lucky I was not wounded myself. Capitulation came on September 28th and five years of German occupation began. The Germans banned all higher education and all forms of Polish arts — music, literature and theatre. Almost at once an underground system of arts and education began.

Although she had no family in Warsaw, Zofia decided to remain in the city — perhaps there might be some way she could

renew her studies. She obtained a live-in post working as a home help for a lady with a young baby.

'Before the war came I had lessons with a professor at the dramatic art school. In October there was an advertisement in a Warsaw newspaper announcing that this professor was giving lessons in diction. I knew that there must be something behind this advertisement so I wrote to him. The professor answered that he was very proud of me, that I was a brave girl and please come.

'They were opening underground colleges, high schools, universities — everything was organised underground. The lessons were held in the private flats of our professors and only in groups of five or six together.'

Meanwhile the everyday life of Warsaw resumed. 'The shops were open. If you had money everything was there to buy. These were Polish shops, the Germans had their own. They were afraid maybe we would give them poison and they were right. So they had their own restaurants, own coffee houses and shops with signs 'Only for Germans'. We had our own restaurants and coffee houses where we had written 'Forbidden to Germans'. Life was not too hard then but it began to be worse and worse when they were beginning to arrest people and shoot them but the Polish people never lost their courage and their spirit.'

Zofia, like her fellow students, had to find work to earn money. She served in

Above: The sign of Polish resistance.

Left: Zofia during her recent visit to Ian Fraser House.



one of the coffee houses which became the centres of Polish culture. The nine o'clock curfew meant the closing of theatres. Polish actors, actresses and singers gave concerts and recitals in restaurants or, if the programmes were patriotic and national, in private flats in secret from the Germans. Chopin's works were outlawed by the occupying force but he was played behind closed doors and drawn curtains.

So, in 1942, Zofia joined the underground movement. 'But I was only in the section of culture. I was giving underground concerts, first of all. Everything we were doing was dangerous. Very often our lessons must stop because we heard that in some part of Warsaw, the Germans had arrested young people in the underground college and our professors stopped lessons for a month or two weeks.'

Only elementary schools were not forbidden. 'Because the Germans said that they were preparing the Polish people to be their slaves and it was enough that they know only how to read and to count. All colleges and universities were closed down but secret teaching was organised marvellously. We had had experience of such a thing before in 123 years of occupation from 1795 until 1918.'

In 1944 Zofia graduated. 'I passed the last exams on June 18th and I passed very well. My professor said, "Zofia, you must take your suitcase and go to your parents in Kielce because the war will soon be over and you will have a leading part in a play." I was very angry with him. I quarrelled with him. "How can you say such a thing? How can I now think of my private dreams?" Because I knew — every young person knew — that Warsaw would be waiting for the day to be revenged for all the shooting.

'They arrested people, they were taken into the street and their mouths were gagged because the young people, before they were shot, were shouting "Viva Pologne". The Germans made people watch. I was a witness of executions in the street. They put up posters: "Now 50 or 100 Polish banditen will be shot". Banditen, murderers they called us, the underground movement.'

The underground leaders were in touch with London and the insurrection

Armageddon 1944. The devastated streets of occupied Poland.



A wounded resistance fighter is carried through the ruins of war-torn Warsaw.

was first planned for July 29th, 1944 but it was postponed until August 1st — and Zofia joined the fighters in search of revenge.

The uprising began earlier than planned because one of the young people in position in the centre of Warsaw was seen by German soldiers who were going to fire on him. The young man got his shot in first and it opened the battle at half-past three in the afternoon. 'In the first days, the first week the whole of Warsaw was ours, Polish, because, I think, the Germans were taken by surprise and were not well enough prepared. We had underground production of guns and Polish pilots were flying by night from Great Britain to drop guns for Polish partisan groups guided by flares lit by the partisans.

'I was in the centre of Warsaw, stationed in a bank as liaison girl. I was going very far from our building for bread, for example, bringing bread for the whole company. There were two liaison girls who were doing this and carrying messages between our building and the other command which was quite far from us. In our unit there were 22 boys and two liaison girls. We belonged to the Third Company of Levar. Levar was a false name. Boys were taking such names as bull or eagle or sometimes a funny name. My name was



Zaneta, it was a part in one of the plays I was going to do after the war.

It was really dangerous because, over the weeks, we were fighting too long, the Germans were capturing more and more of Warsaw and we had no help. We had been told that the uprising would last one week and the Soviets would help us by then. Before the uprising Soviet aeroplanes were flying over Warsaw dropping leaflets. They were saying, "Poles, take guns, we will help you. Now is the hour, rise!"

Warsaw lies by the River Vistula. On the left bank is the town and on the right is a suburb. The Soviets were on the right side and the Vistula at that time in August had very little water. They could have crossed during the night but they didn't. When the uprising started they left that right part of Warsaw and went to villages 10 kilometres away. They left Warsaw to burn. To the uprising went what we called the flower of Polish intelligence — all the young, intelligent and talented people.

Abandoned by the Russians, the young Polish patriots were besieged in Warsaw. Food and weapons were running low and the fighters had to rely on supplies dropped from the air. Here, again, the Russians were cynically unco-operative:

"We were beginning to eat dogs and cats. The Soviets didn't allow aircraft from Great Britain and Italy to land to refuel on the part of Poland they occupied. They said no. So, of course, it was very difficult, almost impossible, to fly many miles over Warsaw and go back without landing but some of them did and some were shot down by the Germans. In the north of Warsaw there is a monument for American pilots who, twice, were coming over Warsaw.

The first time was August 6th. I remember it was so hot, it was such a lovely day and we saw in the sky two silver aeroplanes, shining in the sun. All the people were kneeling and praying and they were so happy that we had help from the West.

By September 2nd part of the old city was captured by the Germans and the defenders were escaping through the centre of Warsaw, some by underground tunnels and others above ground. To protect these, attacks were made against the Germans from three parts of Warsaw.

"Our group of 22 boys were attacking. I

don't know why but some from other parts were not attacking and that time we had many wounded boys. Two of them were badly wounded, one had lost a hand. So we were taking them to hospital which was only two streets further. Of course, almost all hospitals were underground in cellars. This one was in a bank and there were two floors underground. For something underground you could say this was a big hospital. I was told by my captain that I should go there too because there were so many wounded boys. So many, not only boys but girls also, that the Red Cross sisters and nurses couldn't cope — it was too much.

"So I went there and for two days I was bringing water in a bucket from another street because all our street was burning. The houses were burning. I was running — it was very difficult to get water because almost all the pipes were destroyed. I went, of course, every day to that other building we were defending to bring them something to eat also."

Destruction

On the third day Zofia returned to her group to find the building totally destroyed. Her captain and her girl colleague were wounded in a battle with tanks. Despite being armed only with petrol bottles, the defenders had destroyed two tanks before being forced to retreat. In the smouldering ruins all Zofia's personal belongings, including precious photographs, had been burned. She was ordered back to the hospital to look after the two young men from the unit already there.

"I went back to the hospital. It was evening and during the hour that I was not there it was bombed again. In that building the second floor was the main command. Probably the Germans knew and they were bombing that hospital. It was very silly to have the main command in the same building as the hospital. I was so tired and my legs were swollen so much that I couldn't wear any shoes. I lay down on a wooden bench and slept.

"Someone, a nurse, woke me and said that the building was burning above and I must help them to take the wounded who could not walk into the cellar below. So I did and one of my boys was put into a

small room. The other had a very high temperature and it was very hot in that room. In the corridor there was a little air so I put that boy in the large corridor on a little bed. I was going from one to the other. It was a great to them to take a towel and fan them.

"I was sitting by the boy who had lost his hand and he began to say "Oh, Sochia I will not swim, I will not ride a horse", he just broke down. He asked about our commander. I knew he had been wounded but I didn't tell him, I said everything was all right. He said: "You know I lost one hand but I will be able to shoot with a pistol. In two or three days I will go to our unit." I said: "Yes it's true . . ." — his name was Edward and I looked at him and he had such lovely big blue eyes — I said: "Yes, it's true you lost your hand. It is horrible but can you imagine what it would be to lose your sight. That would be such a tragedy." He thought for a moment and said: "Yes, you are right, I shouldn't grumble. I must be brave." Then I kissed his forehead and said I must go to Gregor to see how he is.

"I went into the corridor to that other boy and asked how he was feeling — he had two legs broken with many wounds from shrapnel. "Change my bandage because the metal in my heel makes a big hole," he said. In that corridor there was a nurse with a white apron. Her eyes were closed and she was very pale. I said, "Sister please change my friend's bandage because he is so badly wounded and I have nothing with me."

"Without opening her eyes she said, "I will not change the bandage." When I asked why, she said: "Because I am terribly tired." I lost my temper, I said: "Tired? Everyone is tired but it is a Sister's duty . . ." But I didn't finish that word duty because I heard such a horrible noise. When I awoke I was lying on the floor and my first thought was "my eyes, my eyes" I wanted to get up but I couldn't. Twice or three times I fell down on my face. I began to shout "kill me". Then came fear, no, I don't want to die. So I shouted "Help".

"Everywhere I heard water running and shouting, there were so many wounded. These wounded were wounded a second time. It was a very heavy shell from a German tank. Through this shouting I heard Gregor say "Sochia, it's you!" because he recognised my voice. He said: "God, why



Zofia before the war.

wasn't I wounded a second time?" Because the boys liked me, they were all younger than I was and I still remember their eyes. I do not know how long it was because I lost consciousness. Someone, I remember, came to me and just picked me up from the floor. I remember great pain.

She awoke to find a priest preparing to administer the last rites. As the Germans advanced into Warsaw it was necessary for the patients to be moved to areas still in Polish hands: "That was at night and as there was no stretcher two boys carried me in a blanket through all the debris in the streets.

It was some time before anyone could be found to treat Zofia's eyes — and when they did, after a week, her condition was such that they could only bathe and clean the infection. The doctors expected her to die and once again the last rites were administered.

"But I didn't die and they took me again to the eye specialist. It was the second month of the uprising and capitulation came on October 2nd. Warsaw was 95 per cent destroyed. The Germans told us that all wounded would be taken to hospitals in towns in Poland which were not destroyed. They were lying. For the first time in history girls and women were treated as soldiers. By October 6th, the girls who were not wounded were going as prisoners.

"They took me on a stretcher — I had one shirt and one towel. My head was bandaged — only my nose could be seen — and so were my hands and legs. They were gathering the wounded in one place and



they put us in cattle trucks. During the journey the German Red Cross gave us some bread to eat for the first time because we were starving. They were like human beings, the Red Cross. For three days and four nights the train took us very slowly into Germany to a prisoner of war camp at a place between Berlin and Magdeburg, Grosslübals. Five kilometres from us was a camp for Polish officers captured in 1939.

Our doctors and our nurses went with us to Grosslübals. When we arrived, the German Red Cross nurses went away and the SS came with their dogs. They were looking for guns we might have brought from Warsaw. They took all the medicines and bandages which our doctors had brought with them.

They put us on wooden beds without straw or hay or anything. I just broke down. Among the German doctors in the Polish officers' camp was an eye specialist but he refused to come and help me.

In one eye I could still see light. We were starving because all they were giving us for the whole day was one teaspoon of sugar, a little piece of margarine, and a small piece of bread as thin as my finger. This was for breakfast and for supper. Sometimes for lunch they gave us a soup of old peas full of worms. Of course the girls didn't eat it, but I did because they didn't tell me what was in that soup! After two months I was able to get up, I could walk and I began my concerts, reciting.

After three months all the girls and women — from 15 years to 50 — went in cattle trucks to another camp called Oberlangen, five kilometres from the Dutch frontier. Before the war it was a camp for German communists. It was among marshes, the air was very bad. In that second camp two Polish women doctors came and took away the bandages

Zofia, standing fifth from the left, in a rare picture from Oberlangen. Around 2,000 women were incarcerated in the camp by Nazi forces.

from my eyes and I was given black eye-shades and after that I wore dark glasses. I used to walk from barrack to barrack — everyone knew me because I was the only blind girl. My guide was a girl of 16, a beautiful girl who had to walk with crutches.

There were 2,000 women and girls in Oberlangen — all prisoners from the uprising. There were 8 or 10 barracks and the wounded had one barrack to themselves. We lived a little better and we were warmer and we, of course, were not made to work. The other girls who were healthy were taken to work with the Dutch. Every morning they had *appeln* and they were counted. They had to cut peat for fuel and bring this to the camp. German guards went with them but the girls met Dutch people who, when they were told who we were, sometimes gave them bread.

It was 1945, the war was coming to an end. During the night the prisoners would hear aircraft overhead. We heard the planes and began dreaming that maybe the British, maybe the Americans would liberate us. I began to learn the English language.

But by one of those coincidences of war Zofia did not need her small English vocabulary when liberation came. We heard shooting and all those who could walk left the barrack. I could hear shouting and then a Red Cross nurse came to me shouting, "Polish soldiers, Polish soldiers!" They were from a Polish tank regiment. The Dutch people told them that in the camp nearby were girls and women from the Warsaw uprising. It was typically Polish — they only took two tanks

and maybe 10 or 20 soldiers. They didn't know how many German soldiers were there and like crazy they came at once, attacking the electric fences around the camp. Thank God there were only three or four soldiers, and the Commandant in the camp. They killed them and in ten minutes our camp was liberated and the Polish flag the girls had sewn secretly was flying.

I was led to a soldier and touched his Polish uniform — I was crying and the soldiers were crying and swearing about the Germans taking girls as prisoners. It was April 12th, 1945, maybe 7 p.m. and getting dark. They said: "We are taking all invalids to Holland and then to Great Britain". They put us in jeeps, the most injured girls, I was among them.

Zofia spent her first night of freedom in a Dutch barn. How she spent her years of freedom since we hope to tell in a future issue.

OLD JOKES REVISITED

The anonymous joke that follows was uncovered in a dust enshrouded file in the Review office.

The average age of other items was seven years, but we suspect that radiocarbon dating tests would reveal the joke to be considerably older.

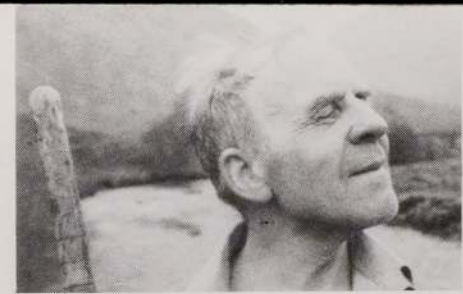
A huge juggernaut lorry pulled up at a transport café and the driver went inside. He ordered steak pie, chips and peas, rice pudding, and tea. He carried his tray to an empty table in the corner.

He was just about to start, when the door was flung open and three Hell's Angels swaggered in. In silence they walked over and slowly pushed one of the plates onto the floor in a mess of steak pie, chips and peas. A second did the same with the rice pudding, while the third drank the man's tea.

The driver got to his feet and, without a glance or a word, left the café. Seconds later, there came the roar of the engine as the lorry moved off.

The three thugs were highly delighted with their handiwork. 'He ain't much of a man', one of them called across to the girl at the counter.

'He ain't much of a driver, that's for sure!' replied the girl. 'He's just run over three motorbikes.'



A moment to spare

... with Sydney Scroggie

The city of dreaming spires, said a wag, quoting Matthew Arnold's celebrated line, has become the city of screaming tyres; and it was to Oxford that I proceeded from London, in particular to New College where in the wake of William of Wykeham, its 14th-century founder, such worthies as Edward Germain and Julian Huxley preceded me in my capacity of undergraduate.

The strange and idiosyncratic Dr. Spooner was Warden. This mild and scholarly near-albino, whose service to New College spanned well-nigh three generations, visited Switzerland, primed with geological data relating to the effect of ice. 'My wife and I got to the head of the glacier,' he said; 'and found ourselves surrounded by erotic blacks.' In his topsy-turvy way he alluded to stray boulders deposited by the melting ice-sheet, more properly 'erratic blocks'.

As I tapped my way around the High and the Broad, lunched on dahl and halwa at the Taj Mahal restaurant, studied Stubbs' charters with the assistance of a reader, or attended tutorials in my commoner's gown, the first thing that happened was that a girl fell in love with me, one of those English girls, I believe, with golden hair, a peaches-and-cream complexion, and big, adoring blue eyes. Our relationship must have been getting pretty close, for one day she said to me, 'Sydney, if we were to get married d'you think we would have any babies?' I replied that in the ordinary course of nature this was not unlikely, but what was it that had put this into her mind. 'If we had babies,' she said, 'would they be born blind?' I don't think this admirer of mine actually took the veil, but certain it is that my reply to this led to a cooling of our relations, eventually to their termination. 'Yes', I said, 'and they'd have little wooden legs too.'

Helping the fight to save young lives



Ray, accompanied by Betty and Martin Ramsay, presents the cheque to CLIC's Felicity Hanley.

ANDREW, just three years old, was very busy and quite at home. He had 'borrowed' a billiard ball from the games room and was experimenting with a spring-loaded launcher designed for a much lighter plastic ball. Only his close-cropped head betrayed the fact that he was undergoing treatment for cancer.

Ray and Betty Sheriff met him when they visited CLIC House in Bristol to hand over £2,000 raised by Ray's sponsored tandem parachute jump. CLIC stands for the Cancer and Leukaemia in Childhood Trust. Like St Dunstan's, CLIC thinks of itself as a family because it exists to give support to the sick children in its care and their parents.

Welcome to St Dunstan's

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

Mr. John Webb of Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset joined on November 26th.

Serving in the Royal Army Service Corps, he was posted to Singapore and was captured by the Japanese in 1942. He was among the first British prisoners to work on the Burma Railway and on the River Kwai bridge. He was later forced to work in a Japanese zinc smelting factory.

He developed a corneal ulcer on one eye whilst there. A fellow prisoner, a doctor, operated with a shard of metal and used human eyelashes to stitch the

CLIC House is a home from home for children from all parts of the South West who are undergoing treatment at Bristol Children's Hospital. There, they and their families can stay free of charge. Without this facility parents would be faced with sleeping in hospital corridors or providing their own hotel accommodation. CLIC is establishing similar houses near other treatment centres in various parts of the country. In addition, a staff of domiciliary nurses supports the families of terminally ill children in their own homes.

The establishment of the specialist post of Consultant Paediatric Oncologist and a Day Bed Unit at Bristol Children's Hospital were two more successful CLIC projects.

In 1977 CLIC funded two research workers, now it has its own research unit within the University of Bristol's Medical School and information is exchanged with other organisations engaged in research on both sides of the Atlantic. Ray and Betty learned that the success rate in treating children has risen from 30 per cent to 70 per cent.

A visit to CLIC House is inspirational and all those in St Dunstan's who supported Ray's fund-raising jump can be sure that their generosity is being put to good use for the benefit of children with cancer or leukaemia.

wound. The surgery was not successful.

Discharged in 1946, Mr. Webb joined the electricity board as a storekeeper. He retired in 1970.

December 3rd saw the addition of **Mr. Sydney Kirkham** of Wirral, Merseyside to our ranks. Mr. Kirkham joined the Army in 1940 as an infantryman and served with The Cheshires, then The Loyal Regiment, and finally The Middlesex Regiment. He received gunshot wounds in Singapore and after being captured he spent four months in Changi Prison before being sent to work on the Burma Railway. He was discharged in 1946. He is married with one daughter.

Jeff clocks off

Ralph Pacitti bids adieu to a Bridge Club mentor

At the end of a very nice meal, Violet Delaney came forward and presented Jeff Connell with a brass chiming clock. Earlier Enid, his wife had been presented with a ladies' brooch.

For over 50 years St Dunstan's have played bridge in Harrogate. I mention this because, during the presentations, I cast my thoughts back to Alf Field, who is still talked about with great affection. Alf, always told us all, 'You are one and a half tricks behind your sighted opponents.' Personally I always thought this one of my many lessons in psychology. If you think of it, if you are always one and a half tricks behind your opposition, then you are never deceiving yourself. In other words, enjoy your game, Alf taught us all our basics.

The club with well over 100 members, needed some help. This is over 25 years ago, enter Jeffrey Connell. It was quite amusing. Alf thought Jeff's ideas were more modern. Could this new form of acol take on?

We had a teaching weekend in February. When Jeff taught us all 'Benjaminised Acol' many of our players played it straight away. And you know, Jeff, it's become even weaker in its opening. These were happy times, when the odd dispute between Jeff and floor, would end with a good laugh.

Then on your own at the Congress, where 'Datum' scoring and all sorts of odd things happened. Three things I remember well, first your whistle, when you blew that everything stopped. This was always followed with your instructions, I fancy you knew exactly who was not listening. Thirdly, the markers, were never far from your thoughts. With you continually circulating everything was guaranteed to run smoothly. At the dinner you always praised the markers, it is true without them we have no game.

Enid was always kept busy with the beginners. This is by no means easy, and we are most grateful to you, Enid.

And so after more than 25 years, it's not



Jeff and Enid Connell, with Bill and Nancy Phillips, display the presentation clock.

farewell, but *au revoir*. We hope you will come along and see us all. Before your speech Jeff, we sang *He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. That's how we all feel.

Roland Bolton, ran for us his first Congress. We are most grateful to you Roland.

I conclude this report, with due thanks to Lt. Col. Bray and staff. The drivers taking us to and from the house. The staff in the dining room, at the escort office. The dinner in the Winter Garden, can only be praised, the continuity of service could not be bettered.

CLUB NEWS

National Bridge Report by Ralph Pacitti

Belatedly, but sincerely meant on behalf of all bridge players, we thank you all at headquarters, IFH and Pearson House for all your help and wish you all the good things of 1993.

There was just a little uncertainty about our fixture at Harrogate. But our committee were quite resolute that it would be kept. There were numerous problems but slowly they were ironed out, and we arrived in Harrogate on September 26th for one week.

Our first competition was for the coveted Harrogate Cup. The form being teams of four, it was congratulations to Harrogate on retaining the cup.

Sunday evening, we were guests of the Ripon Club. Many thanks to the Spa Hotel manager for the use of that lovely hotel. The result although close, went to the home team.

Monday, we were entertained at the Civil Service Club. We missed our friend Ernie, who has run this meeting for years.

St Dunstan's notched up their first win.

Tuesday, has become a combined team, CEEB with ICI. The result ended up quite close, with the unified home team creeping through.

Wednesday, we were entertained at Bradford, where we have always been well feasted, for a happy afternoon's bridge. Somehow the visitors came through just at the end to win.

Thursday evening, Oakdale Club for our final match. The match seemed to be swinging about, possibly Oakdale weakened, but we won again.

Friday, it is with thanks to Reg Goding, who organised our luncheon at the Drovers, where we hopefully return some of the hospitality to our friends. Everywhere we play throughout our week, we are made most welcome.

The impact the St Dunstan's Bridge Club has made over the last 52 years will live long after our last trip. Alf Dodgson spoke on behalf of his friends with wit and sentiment. Cedric Cockroft, whom we are all most grateful to, responded in his usual flowing manner.

We completed our week back at the Civil Service Club. Cedric ran a bridge drive, we offer grateful thanks to Joyce and Alf for presenting lovely prizes. At the end of the evening, Bill Phillips (Captain) closed the week, by thanking one and all.

The National Bridge Congress results for 1992.

Sir Arthur Pearson Cup for pairs
Alf Dodgson and Ralph Pacitti

Paul Nuyens Memorial Trophy
Kaye Pacitti, Bill Phillips, Reg Goding and Don White

Alf Field Memorial Trophy
Violet Delaney and Wally Lethbridge

Lord Fraser Cup for Individual Championship
Ron Freer

Sir Arthur Pearson Cup for teams of four
Violet Delaney, Wally Lethbridge, John Whitcombe, Bill Allen

Drummer Downs Trophy
John Whitcombe and Ron Freer

Gover Cups:

Victor Ludorum
Ron Freer

Brighton
Joe Huk

The Dacre Cup
Bill Phillips

BRIGHTON BRIDGE CLUB CONGRESS BRIDGE DRIVE

The Congress Bridge Drive was held at IFH on December 7th. A very enjoyable day was had by all and the winners were:

1st Mrs. Hannant & Bill Phillips	1290
2nd Mrs. Meleson & Mrs. King	620

The Christmas Bridge Drive played at IFH on December 13th.

1st Vi McPherson and Mr. Douse	1490
2nd Alf Dodgson and Mrs. Holborow	1480

LEAGUE WIN

Brighton Bridge Club won by a decisive 13 victory points to three when they played against East Grinstead in the opening match of the West Sussex League.

Our team comprised W. Lethbridge, P. Lynch, A. Clements, R. Fullard, R. Goding, L. White, G. Lynch and R. Freer.

FAMILY NEWS

BIRTHS

We offer our congratulations on the birth of: Daniel Birchall on November 5th. He is the grandson of *John and Sheila Wellings* of Neston, South Wirral.

David Lang on November 20th. He is the grandson of *Brian and Margaret Lang* of Liverpool.

Lee Joyce, great grandson of *Harry and Sylvia Meleson* of Wembley, London.

Glenn Odlin on December 6th. He is the grandson of *Brian and Judy Munday* of Norwich, Norfolk.

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Terry Bullingham and *Maria Reid* of Worley, West Midlands on their wedding on October 26th.

Shaun and Carol Dixon on their marriage. Shaun, who serves at RAF Coltishall, is the grandson of *Arthur and Marjorie Birkett* of Barton-upon-Humber, Humberside.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

Congratulations to:

Jimmy and Janet Wright of Shepperton, Middlesex on their Silver Anniversary on November 11th.

Raymond and Barbara Wharton of Sompting, Lancing on their Silver Anniversary on November 23rd.

Frank and Margaret Cross of Birmingham on their Ruby Anniversary on December 20th.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Martin Fullard, son of *Bob and Emilie Fullard* of South Benfleet, Essex, on earning his BA degree with the Open University.

Hamish Ibba on gaining a BA (Hons) in Humanities/Social Studies at Anglia Polytechnic University. He is the grandson of Mrs. Louisa Curnow of Quethiock, Liskeard, Cornwall, the widow of *Len Curnow*.

DEATHS

We regret to announce the death of:

Mrs. Clare Loska of Brighton on November 22nd. She was the wife of *Jozef Loska*.

Mrs. Annie Emery of Billericay, Essex on November 23rd. She was the widow of *Cuthbert Emery*.

Mrs. Constance Stevens of Derby on November 23rd. She was the widow of *Frank Stevens*.

Mrs. Kathleen Collins of Colchester, Essex on November 24th. She was the wife of *George Collins*.

Mrs. Eileen Fowler of Saltdean on November 24th. She was the widow of *Joseph Fowler*.

Mrs. Mabel Callow of Flitwick, Bedfordshire on November 27th. She was the widow of *Ernest Callow*.

Mrs. Dorothy Wright of Teignmouth, Devon on December 10th. She was the widow of *Reginald Wright*.

Mrs. Emily Crook on December 11th. She was the mother of the late *Ernest Crook* of Pearson House.

Mrs. Hannah Newland of Bromley, Kent on December 11th. She was the widow of *John Newland*.

Jim Hodges, brother of *Anne Hodges* of Pencombe, Bromyard, on December 14th.

Mrs. Annie Popple of Llandybie, Dyfed on December 29th. She was the widow of *Richard Popple*.

Mrs. Pearl Langton on January 1st. She was the widow of *Horatio Langton* of Bottesford, Nottingham.

Mrs. Frances Forster of Dartford, Kent on January 6th. She was the widow of *Philip Forster*.

Mrs. Doris Stevens on January 10th. She was the wife of *Robert Stevens* of Orpington, Kent.

Our sympathy goes to their families and friends.

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.

Fredrick Dunn, Royal Air Force

Fredrick John Dunn of Clacton-on-Sea, Essex died on October 29th, aged 87. He enlisted in 1940 and served as an AC2 in the RAF until he was discharged the following year after being wounded in a bomb blast.

Mr. Dunn was a self-employed builder until normal retirement age and he became a St Dunstaner in January 1990.

Our sympathy goes to his son and daughters and all members of the family.

Frank Griffiee, 1st Somerset Light Infantry

Frank Griffiee of Worthing, West Sussex died on November 22nd, aged 92. Enlisting in 1917, he served as a Lance Corporal in the 1st Somerset Light Infantry. He was discharged the following year after being wounded in France.

He had worked as a railwayman, but on his return to civilian life he became a telephonist for the Bristol Evening Post. Later, he and his wife managed a newsagents until 1956 when they retired to Cornwall.

Our sympathy goes to his sons, Alan and Peter, and all members of the family.

Thomas Gann, Royal Army Service Corps

Thomas Gann of Barkingside, Essex, died on November 29th, aged 82. Enlisting in 1940, he served as a driver with the RASC. He was

discharged the following year after an ammunition explosion.

Mr. Gann worked as a wholesale fruit representative and retired in 1986. He was a keen gardener and dancer.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Mary, his son Raymond, and all other members of the family.

Desmond Coupe, Royal Navy

Desmond Coupe of Bournemouth, Dorset died on December 25th, aged 69. Enlisting with the Royal Navy in 1942, he served in light naval coastal forces as an engineer in a motor torpedo boat. The war ended for him during an attack on enemy ships in the Adriatic, off the coast of Yugoslavia, when he was blinded by shrapnel.

Back in the UK, he started a physiotherapy practice in his native Lancashire. He was physiotherapist to Preston North End Football Club and treated several famous footballers such as Tom Finney and Tommy Docherty.

In 1976, his family moved to Bournemouth. Continuing his successful practice, he became Chairman of the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee, presiding over their conferences held at IFH.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Alice, his son, Barry, and all other members of the family.

Richard Shed, Royal West Kent Regiment

Richard George Shed of Burgess Hill, Sussex died on December 27th, aged 79. Known to all as George, Mr. Shed served as a Corporal in the Royal West Kent Regiment. He was injured by a mine whilst in action in Italy. He lost his sight and had to have his right leg amputated. He was discharged in 1946.

Before the war, he had worked as a builder, but returning to civilian life, ran a tobacconist shop, taking over the business in 1972.

Mr. Shed enjoyed playing the organ, gardening and picture framing. He was an Amateur Radio enthusiast (call sign GONUJ) and was part of the St Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society group who, at the invitation of King Hussein, went to Jordan in 1990.

He was also Provisional Primo in the Royal Antidiluvian Order of the Buffaloes.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Rose, son, Robert, daughter, Patricia and all other members of the family.

Joseph Corrigan, Royal Engineers

Joseph Corrigan of Hornchurch, Essex died on December 30th, aged 69. Enlisting in 1942, he served with the Royal Engineers as a Driver until he was injured in action in Normandy. He was discharged in 1944.

Mr. Corrigan came from a family of famous Yorkshire showmen and found on his return to civilian life that he missed circus life greatly. Married in 1945, he toured fairgrounds with his wife. Later, he owned a good part of Ramsgate front overlooking the harbour, running a bingo hall and amusement arcades. After this, he ran amusements in Canvey Island.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Megan, their three daughters and all other members of the family.

Ernest Crook, Royal Corps of Signals

Ernest Crook of Worthing, West Sussex died on December 31st, aged 65. He enlisted with the Royal Corps of Signals and served as a Signalman until he was wounded in Palestine in 1948. His discharge followed a few months later.

Having previously worked as an apprentice fitter and turner, he became a physiotherapist and ran a full time practice until 1987. A good typist, he had a great interest in social science subjects, psychology in particular, and was preparing a book on tin mining.

Our sympathy goes to his brother, Arthur, his nephew, and all other members of the family.

Robert Evans, Royal Air Force

Robert William Evans of Saltdean died on December 31st, aged 79. A schoolmaster before the war, he enlisted with the RAF in 1940 and served as a Leading Aircraftman until his sight failed whilst on night duty. He was discharged in 1943.

He took up physiotherapy and practised until retiring in 1978. Among his patients were well known jockeys such as Lester Piggott and Joe Mercer.

Mr. Evans was a keen bridge player and attended many tournaments nationwide.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Lyn, their son David, and all other members of the family.

George Hudson, Royal Air Force

George William Hudson of Peacehaven, West Sussex died on January 6th, aged 78. For five years he served as a Leading Aircraftman in the Royal Air Force, being discharged on health grounds in 1945.

Mr. Hudson worked in industry until becoming a St Dunstaner in 1969. In earlier years, he greatly enjoyed ballroom dancing with his first wife, Rebecca, who died in 1984. He took up various hobbies, including wrought iron, archery, bowling, fishing and bridge.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Joyce, daughter, Sandra, stepsons, Nicholas and Christopher, and all members of the family.