

St Dunstons Review

May 1984





From the Chairman

Usually May is one of our best months. One can expect two to three weeks of fine weather and the combination of warm sun and clear skies dispels the last traces of winter. Sporting instincts are everywhere aroused and St. Dunstaners sharpen their skills to astonish the sighted public with their abilities.

Archery, Bowls, Canoeing, Climbing, Pony Trekking, Walking, Fishing and even the London Marathon and the Metro National Athletic Championships feature prominently in our programme. And all St. Dunstaners, whether competing or supporting, may feel proud of their contribution.

Such achievements, individual or team, are high enough aims in themselves. But there is another attribute which I believe transcends them. It is that these activities bring us back into personal close contact with the fully sighted and, in many cases, the young people on whom so much depends. It is refreshing and invigorating – just the tonic we need – and long may this mix of abilities and generations continue. There will always be much for each to learn from the other.

So, my admiration and congratulations to St. Dunstaners on their truly amazing feats. And my deep gratitude to all those who help them so generously; it is very greatly appreciated.

Henry Leach

THANK YOU FROM PAM BARNARD

Now that spring is well on its way, I do want to let my St. Dunstan's friends know about my plans for my wonderful retirement present from you all and to thank you so much for making them possible. My small London garden is going to benefit greatly as I am ordering a really beautiful teak bench and am having some paving done and turfing in place of the current area of grass (a courtesy title for a nice mixture of weeds!). Then there will be extra tools and plants to keep me busy, when I am not just sitting back and relaxing, and indoors I am getting a new push-button wall-mounted telephone to make speaking to friends even more convenient.

Thank you all so very much for your generosity and kindness to me, not only on my retirement, but also in your gift of friendship through the years, for which I am deeply grateful. God bless you all and your families.

THOMAS COOK TRAVEL COMPETITION

Thomas Cook have just announced a new travel competition to help open the doors of employment for people with physical disabilities. The competition is for disabled persons only.

The prize is free travel to and from a place of learning/business in Europe, plus two weeks full board and accommodation at a Thomas Cook recommended hotel, in October this year; to enable a disabled person to study and report on, from the European viewpoint, present and future job opportunities open to disabled people.

To enter you must write, in not more than 500 typed words, about your achievements, the location of your proposed visit, and how the visit will help create real jobs and improved career prospects for other disabled people.

Entries must be received by July 31st, 1984 when the panel of judges will agree a short list of four for final judging in the form of an interview. Send your entry to: Thomas Cook Travel Competition, c/o Opportunities for the Disabled, 1 Princess Street, London EC3R 8EU.

RNIB CATALOGUE ADDITIONS

A new range of lightweight fibreglass telescopic canes is now available from RNIB. The canes, which come in lengths 70cms to 140cms are divided into sections which telescope into each other to a closed length of approximately 300cms. They are not recommended as a means of support.

Full list price: £6.82. Concession price for blind people: £2.27.

Please order all items from the RNIB catalogue through Men's Supplies at H.Q.

ST. DUNSTAN'S TIES

Quality ties in navy blue with woven St. Dunstan's badge, are available from Men's Supplies at Headquarters. £2.20 each.

CORRECTION

We offer apologies to Ted Brown and Tom Hart. Ted, not Tom, was the author of last month's article 'Ex-P.O.W. Weekend, 1984'.

St Dunstans Review

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CONTENTS

Touching Time	4
September Gardening Dates	6
Reading Time	6
Suggested Fraser Group	7
Gardeners' Week	8
Welcome	11
Ways of Life	12
Letters	18
Cassette Services	19
Gardening	20
G3STD Calling	21
New Talking Book Phone Line	22



Cover Picture:
Syd and Margaret Scroggie
in Glen Clova (see Ways of
Life on centre pages).

Touching Time

Article and Photos
by Sue Doherty

* With acknowledgements to the British Museum

Watches are something we all take very much for granted. Today, a variety of watches is available for the blind, incorporating all the latest electronic advances, but have you ever wondered who invented the first braille watch? That question was asked by a schoolboy at one of Robert Pringle's talks. The search for an answer started a train of discovery which led to the British Museum and some interesting finds.

Surprisingly the development of a watch which could be read by touch was not made originally for the blind. It was initially designed for sighted people to see in the

Le Roy's ornate pocket watch.



Isaac Ebner's early seventeenth century tactile watch.

dark. Watches with a raised metal knob to mark each hour were called 'tactile' watches. First introduced in the early seventeenth century, these watches had an obvious advantage in an age when people spent many hours in semi or total darkness as light was not available at the touch of a switch.

An example of an early tactile watch is found at the British Museum. It's inscribed with the name Isaac Ebner, a watchmaker from Steyer in Austria, and was made in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. The watch, set in a finely worked gold case, has a single gold knob to mark each hour set onto the outer ring of its face, marked with Roman numerals.

The next advance in the manufacture of watches that could be understood in the dark was the introduction of a repeater mechanism which chimed the hours. An hour repeating mechanism was first invented in 1676 and by the late eighteenth century accurate minute repeaters had been introduced.

As was the case with all early watches only the rich could afford the tactile or repeater variety. Watchmaking in those days was an art. Of all the early tactile watches on display at the British Museum, none is quite as elaborate as a pocket watch made by Le Roy, a famous French watchmaker, in 1795. The face is made of translucent enamel and

turquoises, taking the place of raised knobs of metal, mark the hours. Small pearls placed between the turquoises mark the half hours and the single, large hand is studded with diamonds.

Tactile watches were in common usage, among those who could afford them, throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. 'The Great Duke of Wellington always wore one', according to J.F. Kendall in his book on the history of watches, published in 1892. It was not until the First World War that all watches really began to be produced cheaply, on a large scale and that the potential of tactile watches for use by the blind was realised. With the introduction of luminous painted watch faces, which also took place during the War, tactile watches were no longer needed by the sighted.

From its inception St. Dunstan's gave each newly war-blinded man what came to be known as a braille watch. The braille watches, given by Sir Arthur Pearson to new St. Dunstaners, were of the same basic design as the early tactile watches, with the addition of specially strengthened hands. These watches marked the first step in the rehabilitation process for thousands of men. Lord Fraser wrote that with this watch, 'I was able to do something that had always been a visual act'.

St. Dunstan's has a particularly interesting example of a so-called braille watch which dates from 1915. It is unusual because the raised knobs depress themselves on the hour and the time is told by feeling for the depression on the face of the watch. Just as interesting as the watch mechanism is the puzzle of its origins. The watch's silver case is embossed with a crown under which are the initials AA. This was the emblem of Queen Alexandra, St Dunstan's patroness from 1915 to 1925. Perhaps the watch was one of several presented by the Queen to St. Dunstaners.

So far it has not been possible to trace any specific details about the beginnings of the production of braille watches for the blind. The watches given by Sir Arthur Pearson were adaptations of the hunter watch. When and where these watches were first produced we don't know. In later years the Waltham watch company in America became the major producer of watches for the blind.

New ideas for marking the face of a watch for the visually handicapped have been



Queen Alexandra's insignia on the case of the watch presented to St. Dunstan's.

Note the depression at 12 o'clock and the specially strengthened hand.



tried but have not gone into general circulation. Ingersol produced a prototype, probably during the 1950's, which was marked with actual braille numerals. However, it never went into mass production, probably because the face would have been too confusing with the presence of so many dots.

Despite the introduction of repeater and talking watches, the braille watch is still used by many blind people today. The RNIB sold approximately 4,000 wrist and pocket watches last year. Isn't it fascinating that a seventeenth century development has been used to help so many blind people perform what is for the sighted the simple act of telling the time?



High on the downs behind Brighton is a special plot of land reserved for St. Dunstan's in the Bear Road Cemetery, Brighton. Recently the widow of a St. Dunstaner expressed regret that she was unaware of the existence of this plot as she would have liked her husband to have rested with fellow St. Dunstaners.

Our photograph shows the centre piece where the names of those whose ashes are scattered there are inscribed and some of the headstones, each of which bears the St. Dunstan's badge above the name of the deceased.

September Gardening Week Dates

Owing to the increase of Gardening Club membership and the work being carried out at Ian Fraser House it has been decided, at least for the September session, to hold two gardening weeks. The first week will start on Monday, September 10th, 1984 and the second will begin on Monday, September 17th.

Both weeks will be identical. According to the amount of applications received it might be necessary to allocate accommodation in the first or second week, so for the present all applications will be provisional. When a clear picture is to hand I will notify through H.Q. what weeks gardeners have to attend.

Naturally the whole scheme will be treated in a very flexible manner and every effort will be made to make any adjustments when and if possible.

Fred Barratt

READING TIME

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 2779

Down the Rabbit Hole

By Winifred Lear

Read by Carol Marsh

Reading Time 12 hours

Winifred Lear was born in Crewe in the first decade of this century, the youngest of a large brood of siblings from more than one marriage. The family was middle class, the substantial house boasted a 'drawing room' and they sometimes had the curate to tea.

At seven she started school at the grandly named Crewe Academy, a curiously pinchbeck establishment of learning occupying rooms in the Town Hall. To its credit the Academy successfully prepared her for entrance to Crewe Grammar School as a fee-paying pupil. The book ends with her leaving to take up a degree course at Liverpool.

This cannot be said to be riveting stuff. Much of the book concerns the day-to-day trivia of school life and reads rather like extracts from 'Mandy, the Heroine of the Upper Fifth' with more than a touch of the 'jolly hockey sticks'.

The writer has an unhappy penchant for over-elaborating the trivia. She spends five hundred words plaiting grass and dwells ad nauseam on the relative moralities of Cain and Abel, the peccadillos of the citizens of Sodom, and what she said, and to whom, at the confirmation classes.

While much of the book is rather tedious, it does have a certain nostalgic charm. It deals with the vanished age of innocence, giggling in class, violent 'crushes' on the mistresses and senior girls (never, never on boys), cycle rides in the summer evenings, tennis in the park, magic lantern shows, an age when 'living together' was a mortal sin, when 'gay' simply meant light-hearted and glue was used exclusively for sticking things together.

For me there was a small spark of interest in the book since the action – such as it is – takes place in the town in which I now live.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF LORD FRASER'S DEATH

'FRASER GROUP' TO HONOUR OUR FORMER CHAIRMAN

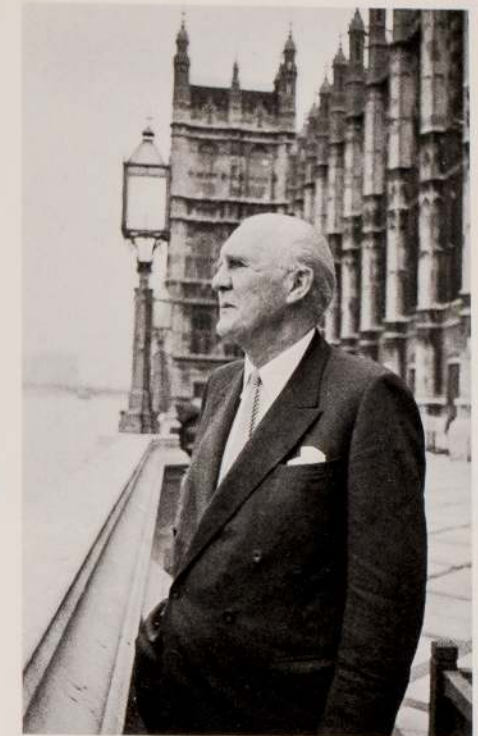
by Eric Ward Rowe

In December it will be ten years since Lord Fraser died. He was our Chairman and guiding light for more than fifty years.

A former President of the British Legion, for the most part of his early parliamentary life he enthusiastically used his skills, foresight and business acumen to establish a future for those ex-servicemen who were disabled from both world wars. Being blind himself he knew that the severely war injured would need, probably for the rest of their lives, a permanent umbrella of welfare and attention. For many hard years he was a lone voice pleading the cause of war pensioners and the welfare of those who needed it.

Then Sir Ian Fraser, he travelled Great Britain and met ex-servicemen in almost every town and hamlet. He took a keen interest in the welfare of all injured ex-servicemen and women, and among ex-servicemen and older people practically all knew Ian Fraser. Such a man should not be forgotten and it is appropriate that on the tenth anniversary of his sad and sudden death that his work should be not only suitably remembered, but practically acknowledged. Therefore, among other suggestions now being considered, I put forward the formation of a society to be known as 'The Fraser Group'.

Lord Fraser was a man of many parts, he followed the daily tick over of our nation, he used his enterprise to develop business and create jobs. He was a friend of all think-



Lord Fraser reflecting on the terrace of the House he loved so much. He could have been thinking of us.

ing top people, from the Royal Family to others in all aspects of social and civil life. He was the embodiment of a great mind, constantly opening up new thoughts, new ideas and new circles of interest.

All who are interested in creative thought, interesting people and places; all who have some individual thought, I ask to contact me through the *Review* for an inauguration meeting of this proposed Fraser Group. If response is adequate, the intention is that the new society will meet for three days three times a year, for the purpose of creative discussion and exchange of ideas. It is hoped that the Group will have a guest speaker, someone topical in the news, to make the three day conference a forward looking forum of creative merit.

This Group would be an internal organisation of St. Dunstan's for St. Dunstaners only, and a structure laid down as a permanent society in memory of our great champion to whom we all owe so much.

All those interested please write to me, c/o of The Editor, St. Dunstan's Review.

St. Dunstan's Gardeners' Week

by Fred Barratt

At Wisley, Fred Barratt and Margaret Bingham make a close examination of the plants – photo *The Times*.



When the powers that were at St. Dunstan's H.Q. gave Miss Guilbert a dozen 'seeds' to start a gardening interest among St. Dunstaners, no one knew if any of those seeds would grow or die. In fact, those first seeds grew into a club with roots reaching out to every part of the United Kingdom and beyond, with a membership that is now 80 plus. 'It's like the old days', said one, as Ian Fraser House groaned with the very large number of St. Dunstaners and escorts who trooped in for one or other session of the Gardeners' Week.

The week started with the opening meeting in a crowded Winter Garden. With bowed heads we stood for a few moments in silent tribute to Bob and George and the wives who have since joined them. Then to business with the drill and aims of the club, subs and a run down of the week's programme.

At the invitation of the Peacehaven gardeners a large group went to their hall for a gardening quiz. Our team of J. Walbrough, Bob Alty and C. Rentowl gave a good account of themselves and came second. Our thanks to Mr. Moore and Peacehaven gardeners for a great, novel evening.

Everyone was up and eager for the Tuesday trip, to visit Chartwell, the gardens and house of Sir Winston Churchill. Although dry it was rather cold preventing too much time being spent in the garden but inside the house it was very interesting. The clear manner in which each group were told details of the house's history warrants the highest praise to the staff of Chartwell.

How amusing it was to learn that Sir Winston's wish, to have the goldfish in his pond fed regularly with live maggots brought by rail from a northern town, was stopped by a British Rail rule against live animals. Now the fish are fed with pellets.

Then it was time to return to Ian Fraser House to meet Ken Ford and the BBC's Gardeners' Question Time team of Daphne Ledward, Geoffrey Smith and Dr. Stefan Buczacki. Although Ken Ford did much to make us feel relaxed, taking part in the programme tested the nerves of many but everyone put on a great show. It was unfortunate that, as Mr. Ford said, all who took part would not be included in the programme, solely due to the fact that time did not permit. However, after the show the BBC team stayed and enjoyed talking to St. Dunstaners over a glass. To Ken Ford and the BBC team our thanks for putting the icing on our Tuesday cake.

Wednesday provided living proof to dispel the feeling that St. Dunstan's Gardening Club's ventures are camouflaged booze ups! Three large groups went to Plumpton Agricultural College. With farmyard smells strong in our noses we were shown cattle breeding in many stages and told of breeding and milking methods. Willie Beatty, himself Seyile, a farmer from Northern Ireland, did not quite agree with the milking methods and was quite vocal in pointing out his views.

Small calves won the admiring smiles of the ladies but they could not restrain the mothering instinct when we were shown



the sheep, as many ewes were giving birth to their lambs. Some were only one or two days old and twins were born at the very moment we were there. The crushing moment came when young lambs were handed to the ladies to hold. A great fear came over me as I read the thoughts of these ladies including my own wife – sheep rustling. I know the thought of hiding one under their coat passed through more than one person's mind.

Then into the pig breeding section we trooped, splashing our way through inches of a liquid matter that oozed from somewhere in their pens. I somehow feel that the club could get a small token from the dry cleaner's shop which would receive a lot of trade from that visit. Some day we will have another visit to the animals of Plumpton Agricultural College.

All work and no play does make Jack a dull boy so with Wednesday completed, we visited the Clayton and Keymer Royal British Legion for a social evening. In one short move the whole club was thrown back into the Victorian era by a local amateur vocal group who, dressed in clothes of that period, sang many of the old greats. Chorus support was not found lacking from St. Dunstan's. A wonderful evening and a terrific group of singers, topped with a superb buffet. Our thanks to Dick Hall and his friends at Plumpton and the Legion.

We had an early start to Wisley on Thursday where we were picked up by a lady and gentleman from *The Times* who had got

wind of our visit and spent the day meeting and talking to St. Dunstan's gardeners. Independently we trooped through the greenhouses and other gardens, each choosing our own subject to visit and study. After a midday meal, taken in sections because of our numbers, and a short tea break, we were off to Ian Fraser House for the evening when we were to meet our president, Mr Richard Dufton.

Sadly due to the illness of Mrs. Dufton our president was unable to attend but we were pleased to have with us Mr. Wills, from headquarters, and Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, together with Commander and Mrs. Simon Conway. There was a great raffle with many prizes of unusual novelty standard, including cuddly toys, bottles of plonk, a year's free shaving and coffee sets. My committee's thanks for all who made the evening such a success.

Friday ended the week with a trip to Roundstone Nurseries and our closing meeting when a sounding was taken to find how many were interested in a proposed trip to Holland, in 1985. The feeling was that I should investigate further. So ended a great week.

It was felt by the club that Mr. and Mrs. J. Moore, who do so much to help our club in arranging programmes, etc., should be made vice-presidents. After discussing this matter at headquarters I am happy to report that Mr. Weisblatt agrees with the wishes of the club and that Mr. and Mrs. J. Moore are to be made vice presidents.



Then and now: A.C. 'Tiny' Pointon with his new I.C.O.M. rig. This micro computer transmitter and receiver has synthesised speech output and speaks the frequency. Although he says he is still 'learning to drive' Tiny says the speech output is a great step forward.

Below, he is seen in 1958 with his first 19 valve Radio Corp. of America AR 88D rig. Of modern amateur work Tiny urges care in what is said over the air about the value of equipment and queries the use of suffixes M and A to call-signs indicating working mobile or away from home. 'Telling the world you are away is more than careless talk, its an invitation,' he says.



Welcome to St. Dunstan's



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

Thomas Samuel Cox, joined St. Dunstan's on March 20th. He is 64 years old.

Mr. Cox enlisted in the Devonshire Regiment in May 1939 and served in France. His skull was fractured in 1940 and he was discharged in 1942.

Thomas and his wife, Mary, live in Bristol. They have three sons and one daughter.

Ronald Bertie Thurston, of Cambridge, joined St. Dunstan's on March 7th.

Mr. Thurston served with the 1st Cambridgeshire Regiment from December 1939 and is an ex-F.E.P.O.W.

TO EDINBURGH GARDENERS

It was found that a slight overcharge was made for the midday meal at Edinburgh University. I have already reimbursed the majority of those who went and after I have contacted Arthur Carter, Frank Cargin, John Harris and Norman Hopkins I think everyone has had the adjustment repaid to them.

If anyone has been missed will they contact me.

Fred Barratt, Chairman

BUFFALOES HELP BLIND

St. Dunstaner Jimmy Mash, the 1983 Provincial Grand Primo of the Jersey Province of the RAOB, decided to support the Jersey Blind Society during his year in office.

Jimmy's highly successful appeal was supported by the 'Buffs' with jumble sales, raffles and sponsored walks. At the end of his term Jimmy proudly presented a cheque for £1,750 to Judith Taylor, the social worker for the Jersey Society for the Blind, at an informal ceremony at the RAOB Club. The money will be used to train a guide dog.

GAME FOR A LAUGH

Our first contribution comes from Mary Morris who works at Pearson House.

P.S. God, by Mike Harding

I don't want to sound silly dear God,
But I've been thinking very hard
'Cos my teacher said, you make all the world

And even bits of our back-yard,
But I want to know, do you get dressed up
On a Sunday and go walking out
In 'itchy' clothes and squeaky shoes
An' if you get 'messed up', does the 'Holy Ghost' shout
An' give you a clout?

I don't want to sound daft, dear God,
But I've been thinking quite a lot
Ever since I pinched a penny chew
From the counter at the corner shop,
My teacher said 'thieves go to hell'
And if that's true then I'm sure
If I'd known then, I was going down there
I'd have pinched a lot more than a chew
I would have had two, or nine or a few

Well, I don't want to sound 'stupid' God
In this letter I'm sending to you
But does your mum make you eat cabbage
Like my mum makes me do?
I think cabbage tastes rotten
I don't like cabbage or peas
Why did you have to invent that stuff
When you could have had ice-cream trees
Instead of cabbage and peas

Well, that's really all dear God
But P.S. just a minute
Last Christmas Day I got a cracker
And it had nothing in it.
The other kids had blowers and things
And they were letting them off,
I don't want to spoil your birthday
But I think Santa's ripping you off,
'Im an' his elves is helping themselves.

Love Tommy

CONTENTED CATS

Mrs. Ede's daughter runs a boarding cattery in Brede, East Sussex. She offers 'Deliberately limited boarding to leave us time to love your cat!' Further enquiries to: Spike's Island Boarding Cattery, Furnace Lane, Broad Oak, Brede, East Sussex. Tel: Brede (0424) 882165.



Ways of Life

It Has Just Been Different

Syd Scroggie Talking to David Castleton

Only a week from the end of the Second World War a member of a patrol of Lovat Scouts in Italy was severely wounded while disarming an enemy schumine. His platoon commander, recalling the incident, said, 'I took a step to the left while considering what to do – daylight fading and all the rest of it – and I stood on a mine as well'.

That platoon commander, Sydney Scroggie, lost a leg and his sight in the resulting explosion, yet he can say: 'It never occurs to me for a moment as being unfortunate. If I hadn't been blown up and blinded my life would have been one thing.

Syd, furthest from camera, at the switchboard.



As it is, my life has been another thing and I cannot imagine for a minute that it could have been more interesting or more exciting. I couldn't have met more stimulating people, encountered more creative ideas. It has just been different – not in any way inferior'.

That, of course, is Sydney looking back over nearly forty years of blindness – at the time it was different: 'I was perfectly happy for quite a long time in hospital. I was going great guns. I was the miracle patient. Then it hits you and you go into recession. You get depressed and you get anxious and you can't do anything. That lasts you a while. You work through that one into a new integration. I would say it took me ten years, really, to achieve fully the new integration'.

Those ten years saw Sydney Scroggie through training at Church Stretton and Ovingdean, placement as a telephonist with National Cash Registers in his home town, Dundee, marriage to his first wife, Barbara, and the birth of his two sons, Jamie and Sydney. In 1955 his daughter, Mary, was still to come. 'I suppose you might say I raised my family well. The interesting thing is that Jamie, Sydney and Mary are perfectly happy now to come around the house and blether, which is always a good sign isn't it? You have committed all the errors, all the follies of a

father, but your family, in the end, decide to forgive you.'

No doubt raising a family had something to do with coming to terms with blindness, but there was a more dramatic watershed: Sydney's return, blind and with an artificial leg, to the Scottish hills he had so loved in his younger days before the war. 'I remember a pal of mine saying to me, "Well, at least, Sydney, you've got the hills out of your system". He knew how important the hills were to me and he seemed to see a readjustment of my soul so that I didn't need the hills any longer. It wasn't true and, in fact, the same guy, some years later, suggested we should have a trip in the hills.'

Turning Point

The expedition was to be around the Larig Gru, in the Cairngorms, the greatest pass in the British Isles. 'I was still in my prime at the age of 35. I thought, in fact, it could possibly be impossible and that was what made it interesting. It was only seven miles from Derry Lodge to Corrour Bothy, where we were going to spend the night, but I knew from previous experience that they were seven very, very rough miles. I didn't know if I could do it and my pal didn't know if I could do it. That is, without any doubt, the hardest thing I ever did in my life. Not from the physical difficulties but because of the psychological difficulties. When we made it I knew, after that, it was O.K. I could do anything now.'

So, in 1955, Sydney came to a turning point in an eventful life which had begun in Nelson, British Columbia, Canada. His father had emigrated in 1910, only to return as a member of the 1st Canadian Infantry Division in 1915. On his first leave he married Sydney's mother, the girl he had known when they belonged to the same church in Dundee. After the war the couple settled in Canada, where Sydney and his twin brother, Jack, were born in 1919, joining an older boy, Jim.

Their return to Dundee was the result of a family tragedy. 'I had a Canadian accent when I arrived in Dundee and I was three and a half years of age. My father had a job with the Royal Military College. The Canadian Army took him on a permanent basis because he had a brilliant career in the infantry. He was studying for promotion exams and he despatched his wife and



Until his retirement Syd daily walked three miles each way between his home and National Cash Register's Building.

three little children back to Scotland for a holiday. 'It was while my mother was over here that she got the dread telegram, "Your husband is gravely ill".'

As fast as the sea crossing could be made she returned to Canada. 'As she put her hand on the door of his room, he said "Is that you, Kate?". He only lasted half an hour after that. He had kept himself alive. He died at the age of 33.' Kate returned to Scotland to bring up her family there. Sydney and his brother, Jack, were sent to an institution for fatherless children in Edinburgh. 'It was an excellent place to go: strong emphasis on physical exercise, a good education in small classes. I had a marvellous five years at that school. We had a janitor cum gym instructor who had been an international gym champion in his day and he trained us so that we won all kinds of competitions all over Scotland. I had a natural bent for gymnastics and sport. I loved cricket, running and rugby and enjoyed that phase of my life!'

With school days over he was qualified to go on to university, but it was more important to obtain a job to bring some money in for the family. He joined the famous publishing house of D.C. Thomson in Dundee,

working as a sub-editor on a boys' magazine, *The Hotspur*. Sydney was one of a group of sub-editors who, 'Attempted to produce the ideas which were inevitably dumped by the editor as inadequate. We produced the top lines, the tail pieces; we thought out the ideas for the illustrations, we produced the captions. We corrected the work sent in by writers. That was our job and we cooked up supplements which were designed to increase the circulation of the magazine'.

That is quite a job specification for a sixteen year old, but Sydney spent three happy years with the firm. It was a time when, as he puts it, he and his pals were prowling round the hills, rock-climbing and living rough at the weekends. 'I am rather pleased that we put up some efforts before the war which are still remembered, notably the Glen Clova in Angus. There were rocks there which had never been exploited by rock-climbers, the sport being a fairly new idea. It had been the monopoly of the well-to-do and public school types and the working class and the proletariat and me were just moving into it at this time.'

Their gear was rudimentary, 'We had

Stiles present no real problems for Syd.



rope, which as often as not was your mother's clothes line adapted to the purpose. We had nothing very fancy in the way of boots but we used to put rock-climbing nails in the edge of them. We probably had an old raincoat which we cut down and belted up and I never remember having anything apart from a pair of old lounge suit trousers with, perhaps in the severest weather, a pair of John L. Sullivans underneath and maybe an old quilt sewn up to make a sleeping bag.

'We weren't pushed, we weren't led, we just happened to meet someone who'd done that kind of thing and our imagination was enslaved. In those days there was no R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Team. Nobody was going to help you if you got into trouble. Consequently, you were a lot more careful about what you did.'

War Service

When the war came, Sydney volunteered, asking for posting to an infantry regiment. By 1941 he was a lieutenant in the 7th Cameronians, part of 156 Brigade 52 Division and quite by chance, found himself, with the Division, training in mountain warfare in his beloved Cairngorms. 'I enjoyed it. I was a square peg in a square hole, but after three years of this and being at loggerheads with my Commanding Officer, he summoned me to the Orderly Room one day and said, "Scroggie, there's a regiment called the Lovat Scouts, semi commando troops. They're busy rock-climbing in Wales and they're looking for volunteers. Are you interested?" So I said yes and found myself in the Lovat Scouts rock-climbing in Wales which was very nice.'

St. Dunstan's climbers will be interested to know that in those days Sydney was involved in a climb on Tryfan. 'A guy called Jack Cumberbatch, who was one of the instructors, took me up the Grooved Arrete on Tryfan. It was severe standard in nailed boots. When we got to the top he said, "You haven't climbed Tryfan until you've jumped from Adam to Eve and from Eve to Adam". These are two megaliths of stone and it's a wee bit tricky to climb on to one, jump from one to the other and back again. The stone is not a rough granite, it's a kind of hard, polished porphyry stone. With old clinkers on your boots you had to be kind of careful to land on a bent knee and if you



On a walk not far from home Syd and Margaret find a copse savaged by the wind in the Sidlaw Hills.

came unstuck you had a long way to fall on a rather ugly boulder below.'

From the mountains of Snowdonia, the Lovat Scouts took Sydney to the grandeur of the Canadian Rockies. There they spent six months in very high country and very low temperatures learning the techniques of fighting and survival in the bleakest of conditions. In contrast to his young days in the Cairngorms, Sydney was now kitted out in the very best of American equipment: string vest, jerseys, parka, windproof trousers, goggles, gloves and sleeping bag in which it was possible to sleep outdoors at 50 degrees below zero. 'We were mostly in the open for the whole six months either living in bush bivouacs or in tents in snow at six to seven thousand feet where the timber fizzles out. Beyond that for the next five thousand feet nothing stirs, just ice, snow and rock. There's no life at all.'

The outstanding event of that period for Syd Scroggie was leading a platoon of soldiers to the top of Mount Columbia, the second highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies, 12,294 feet. 'It was my job to get them up the hill and get them down it again. It had never been climbed in winter before. We had no trouble whatsoever, the weather was beautiful and we had our first night in snow holes in the ice field at ten thousand feet, having skied up the glacier to get there. Under a full moon I looked at a

thermometer hanging on a ski pole outside my snow hole. It said 40 degrees below zero, 72 degrees of frost! We got the boys up to the top and we got them down again. I've got pictures covering the whole expedition.'

The Lovat Scouts had certainly been toughened up, I suggested to Syd, 'I suppose so but when I look back on my wartime career, which technically included a lot of tough work, nobody asked me to do anything half as hard as I'd asked myself to do before the war, or half as hard as I've asked myself to do since the war as a blind man with a tin leg'.

Back to the war in Italy and action in the Apennines, where, with the last days of fighting so nearly over, Syd was wounded. After hospital came training at St. Dunstan's. 'I picked up my braille, I picked up my handicrafts and got a bit of reading. I met a lot of very nice guys and very nice people. Then I had my five terms at Oxford. God bless the late Lord Fraser, he felt the more education a blind lad got, up to his capacity, the better. It might not affect the money he got every week but it might help his leisure. I went away to Oxford and, I am perfectly sure, had my intellect sharpened and my capacity to look at things. I learned to look with a microscopic scrutiny at the written word and say, "Is that guy right or is he wrong?"'



Looking up into Winter Corrie from Glen Clova.

Refreshment from a mountain streamlet on the climb to Winter Corrie.



Sydney did not pursue his history studies at Oxford to the point of taking a degree. 'What was the point of taking a degree? Where would that have got me? Nowhere. Maybe teaching, but I've got no vocation in that direction whatever. There are the top careers and people like Alan Milne, who finished up as Professor of Political Theory, or K. Kitson, who finished up lecturing in Law. They had that particular capacity I hadn't. So if you're not going to make mats there's only telephone operating and physiotherapy. They won't take you for physiotherapy if you have a second disability. I might have done physiotherapy if I'd not had a leg off because I'm interested and bones and muscles. So I eventually settled for telephony.'

It was between calls on the switchboard that Sydney began writing poetry in braille on his St. Dunstan's shorthand machine. His first poem was entitled 'Long Ago' and began, as he can recall:

'On Broadcairn I remember still
The knitted boulders green and cold
Hang on the shoulders of the hill
Like chain-mail hammer'd on of old'...

A collection of his verse was published in 1978 under the title, 'Give Me The Hills'. His poetry, sometimes written in dialect, has powerful imagery and it is not surprising that, recently, nine of his poems were included in an anthology, 'Poems of the

Scottish Hills', alongside such literary giants as John Keats, G.K. Chesterton, Hugh MacDiarmid and Robert Louis Stevenson.

All his poems have a strong visual element, surprising in a man who has not seen for nearly 40 years, and he explains: 'When I could see, believe me, there's nobody got more use of their eyes than I did, because I was always looking. I was a natural see-er. So I've got any number of images of a visual nature in my mind. I can see in my mind's eye so clearly the hill scenes, both in general and in the tiny detail of the drop of water on the granite pebble on the track, the stones and slats on the roof of the hut and the bleached logs flung by the storm fifty years ago'.

So, now, when he goes into the hills, Syd can still picture his surroundings. He and Margaret – they were married in 1981 after Syd lost his first wife, Barbara, in 1980 – took me into Glen Clova in the Grampian Hills. Together we climbed into Winter Corrie, aptly named as, in June, snow still lay in odd corners. The Corrie, or Coombe as it would be called in England, is 2,250 ft. up. It was a steep and rough climb, but nothing to the walks and climbs Syd has made with sighted friends and with Margaret since he was blinded.

Now, despite his visual memories, his impressions of the hills must come some other way? 'In actual fact, what you get out of being on top of a hill has nothing to do with sight, nothing to do with smell, nothing to do with touch. It is a psychological experience which is nothing to do with the senses at all.

'It's very nice if I smell the heather in bloom. It's very nice if I hear the grouse calling. It's very nice if I feel the texture of a stone with my fingers. It's not these things that count but something else.

'The Hindus say the man who climbs a hill is looking for his mother! I haven't fathomed what it means, but there is something in it. In that what the Hindu is saying is that climbing a hill is some kind of psychological thing going back to your very earliest childhood. I don't want to climb a hill for a feeling of conquest or a feeling of being able to look at the kingdoms of the world like Jesus in the New Testament. No, all these things are irrelevant. All I know is that I like getting to the top of a hill and getting down again.'



Standing beneath the Grampian Stone, a gigantic boulder in Winter Corrie.

'... and getting down again,' Syd and Margaret follow the stream, back to 'base camp' for this expedition, the Ogilvy Arms.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Frank Hamilton, Manchester

For some little time now, I have been toying with the idea that the *Review* is, in some way, lacking for people like myself who are, to a greater or lesser extent, newly blind.

I will have to try to explain that without appearing stupid! In 1917-1919 and 1942-46, there were many men and women who had been blinded on war service and who benefited from the fact that there were many more just like them! So, it was natural that the progress of some individuals would be the result, not of their instruction, but of the competition and rivalry that they met from their fellow St. Dunstaners.

This healthy and productive rivalry is for all practical purposes non-existent today and we are missing one facility that those men in 1918 and 1945 had; the chance of asking daft questions and expecting people to give us sensible answers. As an example, I used to wonder how one made sure that one's socks were the right way 'out'. The answer 'seams' simple – once you know it!

But how do you associate the right ties with your various suits, and I refuse the answer of 'Sell all but one suit!' I know the answer now but it took me months to learn it. It was not that nobody knew the answer, I just did not know all the questions that I needed to have answered.

What I would like to suggest, therefore, is that you should have two 'columns' for want of a better word. The first would highlight a comment, a remark or a criticism that one of us has found particularly informative over the last month. My offering for such a 'column' would be a remark that Jo made when we were driving from Calpe to Halon in south eastern Spain. She stopped the car so that and the children could go back to the corner of the road and look back down the valley from which we had ascended. She shouted to me, 'Frank! Come and look at this! It is worth looking at – even if you cannot see it.' Anyone who is blind and who does not understand that cry has my profound sympathy and my gratitude because he has helped me to understand the benefits which I have in a family which is now dedicated to comparative thought.

Their descriptions of a place or of an event usually start with:- 'Do you remember 'x' in Scotland? This is just like that, but with sun.' I believe that, when we come to appreciate how accurate are these statements, that we will understand, also, how much love and attention has gone into their formulation.

But there is a practical side, also, to the columns which I am suggesting. I want to know how other people faced difficulties and overcame them. You may not know but, when I first came to Ian Fraser House, I was determined not to learn braille because then I would have accepted that I was blind. I met Blodwyn Simon – against whom I had played Bridge for Geoffrey Fell's English Team in, I think it was 1955. Blodwyn refused to accept that I did not now play Bridge 'because I do not want to read braille'. She left a message for me at the desk that she would meet in the braille room after supper and that I could go to bed 'only when I could read a pack of cards'. I now play Bridge AND read braille, albeit slowly!

I think that the contributions should be anonymous, because some people may not want to appear foolish in asking the questions and others may not wish to appear know-alls in answering them! If you want a question to start you off:- Roses. I love roses for their shape, perfume and for the pleasure they give to other people. But I have two problems; How do I prune them without getting badly damaged by the thorns? When I have been damaged by the thorns, how should I treat the wounds to avoid their going septic?

Scratches and splinters from rose trees seem very prone to going septic, is this a chemical thing – deposition of atmospheric rubbish on the wood of the tree or bush, or is it part of the plant's protective mechanism? Someone may have solved both these problems, and if they have, I am sure that many of us could benefit.

From: Joseph Huk, Ian Fraser House.

A truly remarkable gardeners' club week enjoyed by all, Our thanks go to Fred and Mary Barratt who were primarily responsible for the success of it.

The numbers in the club have exceeded all boundaries which is proof of its popularity.

The Tuesday afternoon we spent being

shown round Chartwell was really delightful with the atmosphere of Sir Winston Churchill still pervading in that homely residence, and then to be taken on the Thursday to Wisley Gardens with its enormous amount of grounds and the most interesting hot house plants in the greenhouse was like being in another world.

I never heard one note of discontent regarding the food we were provided with at both places; it was super. I must admit though there was a little flutter of the heart experienced by a few in the hired coach when the driver made three attempts to cross the river over a small wooden bridge which was only wide enough for a bubble car, but even that made the week all the more memorable.

Our thanks go to the staff and administrators for the extra work it entailed at Ian Fraser House. The week finished at a pleasant social evening where an excellent buffet was provided. I and the rest of us, I'm sure, look forward to September when we all get together again.

CASSETTE SERVICES FOR THE BLIND

News from three organisations whose service benefits blind users.

The Audio Reading Trust is progressing well with its Audio Books Project. The first batch of audio books on compact cassette appeared on the shelves of Letchworth Library early in March.

The Trust still has some places open for local people to take up their offer of free loan of the Telex playback machine for one year. Approximately 60 British titles are now available, including Romantic, Detective, Adventure and Historical fiction, together with non-fiction covering Biography, Music, Humour, Travel, History, the Countryside, etc. Anyone interested in participating in the Project should write to or telephone the Audio Reading Trust.

Also, by special arrangement with Tandy, the Audio Reading Trust now stocks their new Realistic VSC-1000 two-track, variable speed cassette recorder with built-in pitch control. A personal shopping service which they hope will eliminate some of the difficulties encountered in choosing audio equipment from commercial outlets.

The APH Cassette Dictionary will soon be available from the Trust. This consists of 55

cassettes recorded on four tracks and voice-indexed to enable specific words to be located easily.

Information about any of these items may be obtained from the Audio Reading Trust, Spirella Building, Bridge Road, Letchworth, Herts, SG6 4ET. Tel. 77331.

The *Tape Recording Service for the Blind* provides facilities for visually handicapped persons to have letter press material recorded on to cassette. Any material, i.e. instruction manuals for domestic appliances, hobbies, home study courses, text books and journals for professional people and students, sports and recreations, good class fiction, etc.

If you have any work that you wish to have recorded, send it together with sufficient cassettes and a self-addressed label, to: Tape Recording Service for the Blind, 48 Fairfax Road, Farnborough, Hants, GU14 8JP. The work will then be passed on to a volunteer reader and returned to you as quickly as possible.

A number of periodicals and stock items, such as language, braille, dinghy sailing and typing courses, are available from the Service. A list of these may be obtained from the above address or by telephoning 0252 547943.

Seminar Cassettes is an organisation which supplies cassettes to stimulate discussion on a large variety of topics. The cassettes are all produced by an expert in the field discussion. At a cost of £4.95 each the cassettes cover five main areas of thought:

Searching Mind:-
How the human mind works and what it may be capable of;
Life On This Earth:-
Conservation, pollution, population and technology;
Communicators:-
Psychologists, artists, writers and men of action;
The Traditional Psychologies:-
Evaluation of the ancient traditional psychologies of the East and West;
International Report:-
A number of topics from sport and politics to traffic control. Produced by Reuters journalists.

Full details of the cassettes available may be obtained from: Seminar Cassettes, 218 Sussex Gardens, London, W2 3UD. Tel: 01 262 7357.

D. F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

The borders will be a bit on the sorry side now as the bulbs will have come to the end of their glory and colour won't be showing from the perennials, shrubs and annuals for some time. Those vegetables of all kinds should be in their places to give one plenty for the kitchen table and freezer. Fruit will be showing in the shape of flowers coming to an end or fruit setting.

When you are having trouble with birds at the plants, spray with a deterrent which does not kill but has a nasty taste where the birds are concerned. This solution is readily available in garden shops. This is the start of the busy summer season, so get the beds ready, keep the hoe going and put down baits for the slugs and snails. Also have the sprays on hand so that they can be used as soon as needed.

Vegetables

Get all the beds ready, if you haven't got the seedlings coming up now, so that you can get seeds of quick growing items set out such as lettuce, radishes, etc., plus further croppings of broad beans, peas, french beans and runners. Do make certain that you have got the bed for the runner beans deeply dug and manure or compost set at the bottom plus the frames for the beans to climb up. Plant out those early sown cabbages, cauliflowers, sprouts and broad beans. Remember to put some calomel powder down and root insect deterrent such as Bromophos. Water in well and heel in hard before watering.

Keep the hoe going regularly between the rows of growing crops in order to stop weed growth and to open up the soil for moisture and warmth to get in. Set some canes in place and add strings between where you have some rather tall growing broad beans in case of strong winds, a thing I forgot to do last year and had a problem with straightening them up. There are often some very dry periods about now so give the plants a good watering with the a hose.

Insect pests of all kinds will be on the rampage, so keep them at bay with early sprays. I find that Derris is an easy item to use and not so dangerous to other wild life and birds. Black fly appears at the top of the

broad beans and just nipping off the portion covered with the fly will solve the problem. Some general fertiliser such as Growmore between the rows of the plants will give them a boost.

Fruit

Where you have some newly planted trees and there is a good show of small fruit, thin them out so that there are only a few left. This will not take too much out of the young roots and so give good croppings in the years to come. Give some fertiliser mulch in the shape of compost or peat enriched with fertiliser. This will not only build up the roots but retain moisture when the rains come along and when there are dry spells a dose of water with the sprinkler or hose will benefit everything and, as I mentioned before, there will be a retention of the moisture you have added.

Thin out suckers on raspberry plants. Cut away all strawberry runners which are not wanted for young plants next season. Set some good clean straw litter round the plants to keep the fruit off the soil.

Lawns

Mow the grass regularly if you have the normal weather of sunshine and showers but keep the mowing down a bit in very dry conditions when it might be a good idea to hose the whole area or leave a sprinkler going, moving it from place to place. Some fertiliser cum weed killer can be used when the soil is moist. Don't forget to keep the edges nice and tidy by using some edge shears.

Clean the mower blades after use and a drop of light oil at the axles and blades will keep the machine going smoothly. Coil the leads of the electric machine tidily, so that you don't have any cracks.

Flowers

Ensure that all the beds are ready for planting out those annuals. Set them firmly and give a bit of space between each item, keeping the dwarf ones in the front of the border and grading the taller ones towards the back. Give a good watering to settle them firmly in position. Spring flowering items such as polyanthus and various primulas can be divided up and placed in new positions.

There is still time to sow annuals if you like to raise your own plants and it certainly is much cheaper. The seed can be sprinkled in small clumps where they are to flower

and when growing well can be divided up and some replanted in bare spots.

Many items for a show next year can be sown now and these are such as polyanthus, primula, lupin and delphinium. Put them in a warm corner of the garden. Get the dahlias and gladioli in place and set stakes at the same time so that as they grow one can tie them in. People in the south can get the begonias, both fibrous rooted and tuberous, planted in warm sunny positions. Give a good watering to settle the roots. Those of you in the north would be better to leave till next month.

Do keep the hoe going regularly to keep the weeds down and make the beds look tidier. A sprinkling of a general fertiliser when the plants are growing well and near flowering will help them on. When there are some rather dry spells get the hose or watering can out.

Get all the geraniums in place and if growing a bit too tall, the tops can be cut off and these can be used as cuttings to get more young plants. Hardy fuschias will be growing well with flower buds forming, so give a dose of liquid or powder fertiliser round each plant. The same can be said for the paeony and hydrangea. Set the stakes in position where the chrysanthemums are growing. Give regular sprays against the insect pests which are on the rampage at this time of the year.

Greenhouse

Where you are not using the greenhouse very much it would be a good plan to give it a good clean out during this period or a bit later in the summer. Soap and water over the framework and staging, keeping any growing items outdoors in a sunny spot for the few hours the cleaning is being done. Then put plants back as soap won't do any harm. As soon as this is done, get the tomatoes going again in pots or bags plus those items which are for winter or early spring colour.

Quite a number of things can be started from seed as they won't need quite so much bottom heat. These things are; begonias, cinerarias, calceolarias, coleus, gloxinias, primulas of all kinds and schizanthus. This last gives a lovely show in a short time of growing. Normally the sun at this time of the year will give enough heat for the seedlings when they are pricked out but do try and keep them from the full light of the sun. Shading in the shape of blinds or

special liquid solution painted on the outside of the glass. This won't come off in rain but can be easily wiped off at the end of the season with a cloth.

Water pot plants regularly and every so often give a feed. Tomatoes should be coming along well now in their fruiting places. See that the canes are in place so that the plants can be tied to these as they grow. It might be a good thing to get some strong string stretched along the top of the greenhouse so that strings on the canes can be attached to it, to stop tilting over. Water regularly and it is a good thing when flowers are open to give a fine spray of water to get the fruit to set. Don't forget that pests and diseases are on the rampage at this time of the season, so use sprays and smokes regularly.

G3STD Calling

How many of you reading this article listen to the radio? Listening to the radio is how the majority of radio amateurs started. Tuning round the short-wave bands listening out for stations from the other side of the world, such as the chimes of the Melbourne Post Office Clock and the song of the kookaburra from Australia and other identification signals of far off countries. Then finding the amateur bands and listening to them talking to each other from all parts of the world. It was at these times that the realisation of the magic of radio was apparent.

In the early days of radio the receivers were very simple, but today the receiver is a very sophisticated and efficient piece of electronics and there is such a wide choice.

Within St. Dunstan's there is a group of members who have experienced ambition to become a radio amateur and also those who like to listen on the short waves, they are all members of the St. Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society. We meet three times a year at Ian Fraser House, our next meetings this year are in June and September. There is always an interesting programme on the Saturday, including a talk in the afternoon.

So any reader who gets pleasure or would like to be introduced to the pleasure of tuning the shortwaves with the prospect of becoming an amateur please come and join us and see whether we can help you.

Jim Padley

RUNNING FOR THE OLYMPICS

Ray Sheriff, guided by Jock Carnochan, was among 1,300 people who took part in a three mile fun run at Preston Park, Brighton, in aid of the British Olympic team's visit to Los Angeles.

It was an early start on Sunday, March 25th - 9.30 on the morning the clocks went back! 'I was surprised I was able to complete a three mile run without distress as I haven't really run since about 1940', said Ray. 'It was a cold easterly wind but fortunately the rain didn't come until half an hour after the finish and we had managed to stagger into a local by then'.

Ray and Jock finished 187th and 188th out of the field of 1,300 and the fun run yielded £1,300 at £1 per entry.

RUNNING IN DIALECT

Syd Scroggie's daughter Mary, 27, is running in the London Marathon. Syd writes, 'She doesn't expect to win, isn't trying to, but at least as between the Dundee and Aberdeen events she has improved her time by 12 minutes. Blind observers will be able to pick her out, for she runs with a Scottish accent'.

NEWS FROM THE RNIB

New Talking Book Line

From March 12th members of RNIB's Talking Books Library have been able to get information about the latest titles by a recorded telephone announcement. Ring 01-930 6668 between 5pm and 8am and all day Saturday and Sunday. This new service is being tried out for three months. The Library will welcome comments on it.

The titles list will be changed on the first Monday of each month and is broken down into:

Monday night - Recent fiction;

Tuesday night - Biography and autobiography;

Wednesday night - Other non-fiction;

Thursday night - Thrillers, adventures, westerns;

Friday night - General fiction

Saturday and Sunday - More general fiction and children's books.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

On Febuary 2nd, a party of 22 had a very good lunch at the Brighton Technical College. Since then we have proceeded with the indoor tournaments and we would wish to get these completed as soon as possible.

March 10th was the date for the Dance. This was very well attended and we were joined by the members of the Woolston Bowling Club, Southampton. Please book May 30th for a day out to Windsor, the cost is £5 for members and £7 for non-members and includes a meal and visit to the castle. We hope as many as possible will be able to support this.

Phyllis O'Kelly

BOWLING SECTION

On February 29th a party of 12 bowlers and escorts left Ian Fraser House to visit Field Place Indoor Bowling Club, Worthing. This is a very fine club and we were made especially welcome by the captain and members of the club. We occupied four greens and at halftime we were served with a cup of tea to help keep us going. Play was keen and the final results were close.

The ladies of the club provided a very appetising tea after which the wives and escorts were presented with a memento pen to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Worthing Indoor Bowling Club. Before leaving to return to Brighton, extra liquid refreshments were kindly offered to us and there was no shortage of conversation on our way home!

Thank you to Field Place and we look forward to your visit to Ian Fraser House.

We played host to our friends from Southampton on Saturday, March 10th. Unfortunately, due to transport difficulties, they were late arriving and as a result the bowling match was curtailed and very few bowlers were able to take part. However, St. Dunstan's bowlers took advantage of a very good start and expressed their commiserations to the losers.

Following the match the ladies worked

very hard and provided a hot meal which was much appreciated by everyone. A dance was arranged for the evening and, together with our friends from Southampton, we all had an enjoyable time and were reluctant to leave for home.

We look forward to a return match at Southampton on July 29th.

A. Miller

BRIDGE

Saturday, 10th March

North/South Pairs	
W. Lethbridge & Mr. Goodlad	60.0
R. Evans & Mrs. Barker	59.3
A. Dodgson & Mrs. Buller-King	56.2
Mrs. Tebbit & Mrs. Andrews	43.8
Mr. Bushell & Mr. Douse	30.7
East/West Pairs	
J. Padley & Mrs. Padley	57.5
W. Phillips & Dr. Goodlad	54.3
J. Majchrowicz & Miss Sturdy	48.1
Mrs. V. Delaney & Miss Stenning	45.7
J. Huk & Mrs. Douse	44.4

Saturday, 17th March

Individuals	
P. McCormack	63.6
J. Majchrowicz	52.5
J. Whitcombe	55.7
R. Fullard	52.3
R. Evans	51.1
W. Phillips	50.0
Mrs. Paccitti	50.0
Mrs. Barker	50.0
J. Padley	46.6
W. Lethbridge	42.0
J. Huk	40.9
R. Paccitti	35.3

Easter Bridge Drive

1st April

A dozen pairs competed.

G. Hudson & Dr. J. Goodlad	1980
Mr. and Mrs. C. Turner	1730
W. Allen & Mrs. Paccitti	1700
W. Phillips & Mrs. McPherson	1680
W. Lethbridge & Mrs. N. Tebbit	1560
R. Evans & Mrs. D. Barker	610

MISPRINT

The price of the Braille Writer is £1,170 and not £1,770 as printed in the April Review.

FAMILY NEWS

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Robert Deves, grandson of *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bane*, of Morden, on his marriage to Gillian Webster at St. Lawrence Church, Morden, on March 10th.

Vincent McDermott, grandson of *Mr. Thomas Cooper*, of Hull, on his marriage to Victoria Burgess on March 10th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Max Ash, of Exeter, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on March 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bumby, of Newquay, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on April 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. George Collins, of Colchester, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on April 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ron Ellis, of Upton St. Leonards, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on April 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Pecket, of Gorton, Manchester, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on March 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Taylor, of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on March 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Warren, of Porthcawl, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on March 25th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kerfoot, of Clayton-le-Woods, Lancs, who are delighted to announce the birth of twin grandsons, born to their son Brian and his wife Madeleine, on December 9th, 1983.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Logan, of Midsomer Norton, who are happy to announce the birth of another grandchild, Philip, born on March 8th to their son, Brian, and his wife, Jackie.

FAMILY NEWS—continued

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Doris Woffenden, of Leicester, widow of the late *Ernest Woffenden*, who is delighted to announce the birth of her second great-grandchild, Daniel Steven, born on December 30th, 1983, to her granddaughter Ann and her husband David.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Paul Cox, grandson of Mrs. Ellen Shaw, widow of the late *James Shaw*, of Reading. Paul graduated with a Master of Music degree from Reading University in December 1983.

Guy, grandson of *Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hart*, of Sandwich, Kent. Guy emulated his sister Lisa, by winning the first prize in the T.V.S. Children's Paper Leggo Competition. The

prize was a £25 box of Leggo. Lisa had come second in the Silver Wedding Competition.

Debbie Rutland, grand-daughter of *Mr. George Fone*, of Enfield, on passing her Queen's Guide Award at the age of 12 and a half.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Marjorie Gimber, wife of *St. Dunstan Stanley Gimber, M.C.S.P.*, of Whitton, whose mother passed away recently at the age of 101.

Brian and Robin Phillips, sons of *Mrs. Hilda Phillips*, of Bristol, who passed away on March 13th, aged 86. Hilda was the widow of our late *St. Dunstan 'Bert' Phillips*.

Cyril Wood, of Petersfield, whose sister passed away on March 5th, after having been involved in a serious car accident.

In Memory

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

F. Divers, 2nd Battalion, The Buffs

Frederick Herbert Divers died peacefully at Pearson House on April 1st, aged 94. He had been a *St. Dunstaner* for only a few months.

Mr. Divers served in the 2nd Battalion, The Buffs from 1909 to 1919, in India, France, Salonika and Malta. He was wounded at Ypres in 1915 which caused total blindness in one eye. He was a widower and before his admission to *St. Dunstan's* had been cared for by his relative, Mrs. Stevens, in Whitstable for many years. Matron Goodwin and her staff will remember him with affection.

He leaves two sons.

A.S. Emerson, 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment

Alan Stewart Emerson, of Clacton-on-Sea, passed away very peacefully on March 14th. He had not been well since suffering a stroke last summer but had been able to remain in his own home due to the devoted care and attention of his daughter, Sylvia, living next door.

Mr. Emerson served as a private with the 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment from March 1918 until his discharge in May 1919 and, with the failure of his sight, came to *St. Dunstan's* in October 1919.

Having been a farm bailiff before the First World War, our *St. Dunstaner* undertook a period

of training in poultry keeping as well as mat making and for some years had his own farm where he reared and sold a considerable number of birds. In 1937 he moved from Colchester to the Clacton area where he continued poultry farming in a smaller way, an interest he was able to maintain until comparatively recently. In earlier years, Mr. Emerson was also a keen gardener.

Mr. Emerson and his wife, May, celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1970 but, sadly, Mrs. Emerson died in 1979.

He leaves a daughter, Sylvia.

S.G. Stark, Royal Air Force

Samuel Groswyn Stark, of Yatton, Bristol, passed away suddenly at home on April 4th, aged 69. He had been a *St. Dunstaner* since 1946.

Mr. Stark enlisted in the R.A.F. and served in India and Burma. At the end of hostilities he contracted an illness which caused his blindness. On his return home he was admitted to *St. Dunstan's* and undertook industrial training. He settled and worked in the West Country until ill-health enforced an early retirement in 1971. He was a regular visitor to Brighton in later years and will be missed by the staff at both our Homes.

He leaves a widow, Joyce, a son and a daughter.