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Free to St. Dunstaners

MARCH 1987

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Cover Picture: Part of a map of the Burma-Siam Railway. See Alf Lockhart's article on page 11.

From the Chairman

The major structural work carried out on Ian Fraser House in 1984-85 was largely confined to the North and South Wings. Although it was known that certain repairs to the Central Fuselage would be necessary in due course, partly because the need was not urgent and mainly in order to provide as much continuity as possible in the facilities provided while the main refurbishment was underway, these repairs were postponed.

Last autumn's storm damage revealed a degree of deterioration to the main structure and parapets of the Fuselage which requires immediate rectification. The work will involve extensive scaffolding which is expensive. We are therefore minimising disruption and cost by renewing the defective windows in the Fuselage (some of which were shattered by the storm anyway) at the same time. Beyond the inevitable inconvenience of temporarily re-housing the normal occupants of the Fuselage there will be little effect on the facilities inside the building. The work should be completed within the year. I hope that repairs to the Swimming Pool will be completed in May and those to the Chapel by the end of July.

* * *

New subject. Two Members of our Council have had to retire through ill-health. Mr. Eric Boulter (himself a St. Dunstaner) joined the Council in 1980 on his retirement from the post of Director General of the RNIB and for many years has been an international figure in blind welfare. He had been bravely fighting serious illness for some time and finally had to resign from the Council. Major Mervyn Sandys had been an active Council Member for over twenty years. He recently had to undergo major heart surgery and although this was successful he has been ordered by his Doctor to take things more easily in future. The long journeys from Cumbria to Council meetings and other events are not compatible with this and he has had to leave. I am sure I speak for us all in expressing our deep gratitude for their long years of invaluable service to St. Dunstan's and in wishing them well in the future.

To end on a brighter note, a warm welcome to Mr. Peter Matthews (a St. Dunstaner) who has joined the Council. For long years he was Estates Manager and on retirement continued to maintain a lively interest in St. Dunstan's activities.

Henry Asch

ESTATE DEPARTMENT STAFF CHANGES

Mr. P. C. Leonard Payne, who has been a member of the Estate staff in charge of the South Western Estate Office since July, 1950, is retiring from full-time employment from 31st March. He has agreed to help us for the next year or two by working part-time to look after Estate matters in Somerset, Devon and Cornwall.

Mr. J. Wright has had to tender his resignation as area surveyor for Brighton on health grounds with effect from 29th February.

Mr. S. Booth, who joined St. Dunstan's in the summer of 1978, retires from his work in the Midlands area on 31st March. He was associated with some of our St. Dunstaners prior to joining the staff when, for some years, he looked after St. Dunstan's properties in Staffordshire as an employee of Messrs. Louis Taylor and Sons.

Mr. W. J. Woodward and Mr. A. Little are now in charge of the South West and Midland areas and Mr. K. Wotherspoon is helping us on a part-time basis in Brighton.

Trevor Lloyd, Estates Manager

THE PLOUGH'S LANDLORD PASSES ON

Bill Trebble, landlord of the Plough Inn, Church Stretton, passed away on December 23rd. Bill and his wife (who died several years ago) will be remembered by many St. Dunstaners for their kindness, making sure that after the many parties in the Plough they were pointed in the right direction to make their way home.

Bill, who was to be a guest at the Church Stretton Reunion Dinner, unfortunately became ill and was admitted to hospital a couple of days before the event. Their daughter, Pauline, now Mrs. Haycock, of Church Stretton, was a guest at the lunch and to her goes our deepest sympathy.

RADAR ANNIVERSARY

1988 marks the 10th Anniversary of RADAR, the principal umbrella organisation in the field of physical disability. RADAR has campaigned vigorously for the integration of disabled people into society and the provision of services that allow that integration during its ten years, and has been responsible for many of the improvements for disabled people during this decade.

GEOFFREY BUNTING

Mr. Geoffrey Bunting, of Norwich, would like to thank the Chairman, members of St. Dunstan's staff at Headquarters and Ian Fraser House, Miss Newbold, Major Neve and members of St. Dunstan's Bowling Club and everyone who sent flowers and letters of sympathy on the death of his wife, Elsie.

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED — IN THE CASSETTE LIBRARY

The most recent addition to our cassette library is a copy of Jack Higgins' *The Eagle Has Landed* read by Edward Fox. This is on two cassettes, and is available by sending two blank 90 minutes cassettes to the Public Relations Department.

We are grateful to a supporter of St. Dunstan's, Mr. E.G. Sambrook of Reading, for this gift.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Alf Bradley, of Northwood, Middlesex.

It was with a feeling of deep sadness that we read of the death of Mrs. Phyllis Lang. The recent reunion and Service of Commemoration at Church Stretton brought back very many memories, and I know that many St. Dunstaners will join with me in sending this word of tribute to the treasured remembrances of Matron Lang of Denehurst.

Matron's charm and bearing did a very great deal to help us in those early days of rehabilitation and training.

A Moment to Spare with Syd Scroggie

Victory on Eagle's Ridge

In any life which has been adventurously lived, not closeted within the muffling walls of convention, there must be moments when a man throws his bonnet over the windmill, burns his boats, crosses the Rubicon, does something which commits him irrevocably to some course of action, from which there is no drawing back. I was a bit of a rock-climber in my day, and when I open the pages of J.H.B. Bell's 'A Progress in Mountaineering,' or my wife Margaret does on my behalf, I am reminded of a moment in my life when failure to accomplish a certain move on a certain rock-climb, one admitting of no retreat once undertaken, would at best have involved me in serious injury, at worst led to my death.

Rock-climbing, let it be said, is like close combat with the enemy in battle in that all hangs on the present moment of existence; there is no looking back, no looking forward, and as such it represents living at its most intense, a total concentration of the personality on the job immediately in hand. In this book Bell deals with a climb on Lochnagar called Eagle's Ridge, describing it as the greatest climb of its kind in Scotland, and the point here is that in the making of this climb myself and an even younger friend of mine took some preliminary part. Lochnagar, 3,786 feet, rises somewhat to the south of Balmoral Castle, and its north east corrie, gouged out by glaciers in geological times past, is backed by a rampart of crags, these dissected by cracks, chimneys and gullies, and as you stand on the col between Melkie Pap and the main massif of the hill you can see Eagle's Ridge ahead of you, 500 feet of clean granite between Parallel Gully on one side of it, the Douglas-Gibson Gully on the other. At the foot of the crags, its surface rippled by wind, a dark tarn broods amongst its enclosing boulders, and it's this tarn, Lochnagar, which

gives its name to the hill. Lord Byron wrote a poem about it, but this was far from the thoughts of John Ferguson and me as we came up from the glen below, made our way down into the corrie, and pitching our tent on a flat table of rock surveyed Eagle's Ridge where in all its hitherto inaccessibility it towered above us into the evening sky.

John had studied photographs of it, detected a likely line of ascent, and next day we roped up at the foot of the ridge, myself leading, and tackled the chimney which was the obvious means of access to our climb. It was raining heavily, there was a howling gale, and mist shrouded the crags down to the level where I began to search for holds, however small, on the rock which rose up above me into the obscurity beyond. Two hours later saw us on a small stance where a smooth wall overhung us, the narrow arete dropped down steeply below us up which we had just come, and a move suggested itself to the right which at the same time seemed so precarious that an hour was spent in fruitless attempts to force a continuation of our ascent by other means. But there was no possibility of further progress to the left, where the abyss of the Douglas-Gibson Gully dropped away, so it was this move to the right or nothing, and to this I addressed myself, John securing me by means of a hitch whereby the rope round my waist passed over a spike of rock and hence into the hands of John.

If I stretched my leg over as far as I could there was a hold for my right foot, something to balance me offered itself for my left hand, above was a scooped out bit of the rock which obviously indicated the immediate line of ascent, but at the same time, once supported by my right foot on that hold, there was no possibility of retreat; such was the balance of the thing that either I had to get up onto that scoop

or I must inevitably fall off in time. Here Parallel Gully dropped down below me, 300 feet of bouncing and thumping if it came to a fall, this ending in the boulders of the corrie below. I committed myself to the move, got my right foot on the hold, balanced, then reaching up found a good hold for my right hand just inside the lip of the scoop. The rock bulged out into my chest, but releasing my left hand I found a second good hold in the scoop, so that I was now hanging on by my hands while one foot at any rate was securely placed. Coiling myself I leapt upwards, pulled with both arms, and after a monumental struggle got myself inside the scoop,

jammed within its steep sides by elbows and knees. Here I secured myself, hammering an iron spoke into a convenient crack, and anyone who has not experienced such a situation can imagine how relieved I felt once the rope was related to this spike and tension put upon it by my vigilant companion below. If I had never known it before I had lived life to the full in these few preceding moments, and everything subsequently must be related in point of excellence to that rightward step, that finding of holds in the scoop, and the frantic effort that saw me to safety there on the rainswept remoteness of Eagle's Ridge.

D. F. Robinson's GARDENING NOTES

Let's hope that the weather has improved by now, and you have been able to get started in all areas of the garden. Up here in Liverpool as I type these notes out the weather is very bad, and consequently we have not been able to get into the garden, as the place has been under water. We will, however, get the flower seeds and some of the tuberous items started off. Get a start on the lawn and finish off the pruning, clear up and repair the paths, and give a dose of weed-killer to prevent any new weeds growing. Do ensure that you have the composts for the greenhouse and fertilizers and sprays in case of diseases and pests.

Vegetables

Rake over the beds and give a sprinkle of lime where you are to start items from seed, and transfer these to the main growing area when they are large enough. Certain items, such as beans and peas, should be kept growing where they are sown. The cabbage family should be transferred to special areas which have been given an extra dose of lime as a protection against club root. When the vegetables are growing well give them an extra dose of Growmore fertilizer, in addition to some slug pellets down the rows to stop the leaves being eaten completely. Keep insects at bay by regular spraying.

Get early potatoes in place with a distance of 18 inches between each tuber,

and add some soil pest deterrents to each hole as you plant them. Sprinkle some fertilizer between the rows when you have done the planting. Dig down deep where you intend to grow runner beans, adding compost and manure as you do, as this will last until you put the seeds in place. Make sure you get the canes in place before any planting or sowing. Those of you in the south can do any of the sowing now, whereas in the north the very end of the month, or even early April, might be better. Should you sow early, place some polythene sheeting over the rows as added protection.

Fruit

This is the last month to complete any pruning, and you should resist putting in any new trees and bushes until the Autumn, although areas where you intend to plant them can be prepared now. Dig these areas over well, and add compost and manure, and ensure that the beds are wide enough to take the roots easily. Some general fertilizer or Growmore can be placed around all growing trees and bushes, in addition to spraying them with a weak solution of pesticide as a protection for the start of the season. Cut away any loose hanging branches which are broken to a bud near the main stem. Where trees seem wobbly from the recent gales, put in some strong stakes, add more soil at root level, and make this firm.

Lawns

A start can be made here if everything has dried up, but do have the blades set fairly high and don't have the box on, and put some fertilizer/weedkiller on. Where you have some rather bare parts, rake over and sprinkle a good grass seed, and then cover with soil. Plastic netting can be used to prevent birds getting at the seeds.

Flowers

Lightly dig over, and clear weeds out of beds which are to receive plants. Only plant hardy annuals at the moment, adding fertilizer to give them a good start. Most of the half hardy items should be started off under a bit of warmth. If you have started these already in a greenhouse, they should be growing well and ready to be moved to larger containers. Perennials such as delphiniums, lupins, pyrethrum and coreopsis can also be started now, but should be retained in their present place until they are a good size for transplanting to their growing spots. If bad conditions have prevented the planting of layered carnations, rooted chrysanthemums, pansies and roses etc., then now is the time to do it. Old roses should be given their annual pruning,

cutting back really hard to buds which are facing outwards. Perennials which you were unable to thin out and move can be sorted out now. Take all the outside pieces with good roots and plant in new areas, throwing away the centres which will not come to anything. Ensure that you have the bushes tightened in the ground, and add a few canes to stop wind tearing them away.

Greenhouse

Get the heat going well as the seedlings will be starting to show above soil level, adding a little extra water. If you intend to grow some of them as house plants, then towards the end of the month they should be large enough to put in trays or pots. Start some of the items which will be used in the house or greenhouse during the winter. Tubers of begonias, gloxinias, achimenes, and fnesia may be used in the beds, although some may be better used in the house or greenhouse. Some tomatoes can be used in small places amongst the vegetables and cucumber seeds may also be started. During fairly sunny and warm conditions keep the ventilator open in the day. During the night smoke cones can be used to ward off insect pests.

Avis Spurway, M.B.E.

A lifetime of service to St. Dunstan's ended on January 1st 1988, with the death of Mrs. Avis Spurway. While mourning her, many friends among St. Dunstan's will be glad to know she died peacefully. Although she was 90 in August 1987, she still maintained an active interest in St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners, and she attended our Annual General Meeting in October last.

During the First World War, then Avis Hodgson and in her late teens, she served as a V.A.D. in a military hospital in Stratford, established by her parents in their own home, and Avis was mentioned in despatches in recognition for her valuable services rendered. After the war, while visiting London, she was invited to St. Dunstan's in Regent's Park and, despite some doubts about her ability to cope with blinded men, she went: 'I sat down

and I found they were all around me in a minute. I was back again among the troops. They got their claws into me straight away'. St. Dunstaners were to have their 'claws' in her for the rest of her life.

At first she became an outside helper coxing the boats on the lake every day but by August 1920, she was a Sports Sister. In this post she was involved in all kinds of sporting and recreational activities – still rowing and sometimes cycling, precariously, on the front of a tandem. Sports and recreation for blind people became her great interest and her contribution in this area, not only for blind sportsmen, but those with other disabilities too, has been immense.

She founded the Birmingham Club in 1921. After her father's death in 1932, she moved to London and while keeping up



her interest in the Birmingham Club, was involved with the Brighton and Manchester Clubs and took over the London Club in 1933. In the sporting field she organised rowing for the Birmingham Club, walking races, notably an annual event from Stratford to Birmingham and began the first recreational camps in Stratford in 1924. The following year camps were also started at Little Gaddesden at the house of Avis's first cousin Bridget Talbot – still fondly remembered by some campers. These camps continued until the Second World War began. In 1925 The Reverend Frank Spurway came to the camps as a padre from Toc H in Birmingham, and ten years later they married, and Mr. Spurway took a living in Hampshire. With a young family, Avis had to take a less active role in her St. Dunstaners, but during the Second World War she found time to visit newly blind men in military hospitals in the south, and spend some time at Church Stretton.

In 1945, wishing to get to know the Second War St. Dunstaners as well as the First and to bring the two generations together, she decided to resume her annual camp. Now it had to be in a Royal Navy setting

With the late Mr. W. G. Ashew at a special reunion for the Silver Jubilee in 1935.





Coxing at Regents Park.

and owing to the kindness of Commodore Lancome 50 St. Dunstaners were invited to the Fleet Air Arm Base at Lee-on-Solent, H.M.S. *Daedalus*. A tradition was begun there that has continued annually ever since and Avis has been involved all along. She charmed successive officers commanding and an army of dedicated helpers inside and outside the services. It is a tribute to her that even without her, there is no danger of this tradition failing. In 1947 Frank and Avis, with their daughters, Odeyne and Jandy, moved to Holmwood, near Dorking, where she ran a very happy house, and was able to involve herself with St. Dunstan's once again, starting the walking races at Ewell, organising dances for the men in London, and visits to Ovingdean.

Holmwood became the stopping place for the taxi men's outing for disabled ex-servicemen, and several of her St. Dunstan's friends participated in this annual event, taking home flowers from parishioners gardens, and many happy memories — often Fred and Avis would meet taxi men who they had met on these occasions and get a free ride in London. In 1966 Frank retired and they moved to Somerset. In 1958, St. Dunstan's honoured her by making her a governor, and in 1961 she was appointed a Member of the Order of the British Empire, 'for services to St. Dunstan's.' She became involved in sport for disabled people generally when she became St. Dunstan's representative on the Committee of the late Sir Ludwig Guttman's British Paraplegic Sports Asso-

ciation which set up the Disabled Olympics at Stoke Mandeville.

This led to an opportunity to take a team of St. Dunstaners to an international event at Kerpape, in France, where they won three gold medals. Avis was widowed in 1980 and the following five winters were spent in Bombay with her younger daughter Jandy Paton and family — characteristically she put her 'all' into this experience and enjoyed it tremendously.

Through nearly 70 years Avis Spurway won the hearts not only of hundreds of St. Dunstaners but also staff members and sighted voluntary helpers. She spared nothing in her efforts for 'the troops' even in the face of declining health in recent years. She will live on in the history of St. Dunstan's and in the memories of all who know her.

Memorial Service

A Memorial Service for Mrs. Avis Spurway will be held at St. Marylebone Parish Church on Wednesday March 23rd, at 2.30 p.m., followed by refreshments at Headquarters. Those wishing to attend should inform Mr. William Weisblatt at Headquarters by Monday, March 14th, at the latest so that where necessary arrangements can be made for travelling and accommodation.



The impressive skyline of Hong Kong Harbour.

GIN SLINGS, KOALAS AND NOODLES

By John Harris

It was the chance of a lifetime to visit the wonderful cities of Singapore and Hong Kong on our journeys to and from Australia this year, and I am very glad that we made the journey.

At Changhi Airport, Singapore, the reception area was covered with orchids, a foretaste of things to come — there were orchids on the tables at breakfast, dinner and tea, garnishing the ice cream, and at the Botanical Gardens, of course, where we saw them growing.

Singapore is well named as the Garden City of the East. At a factory we visited we saw semi-precious stones being cut and polished by rows of natives, whilst upstairs in air conditioned rooms artists were designing and assembling beautiful collage pictures with the stones of many colours. These were very cheap by our standards. On visiting the Indian Temple, with its images of sacred cows and Indian Goddesses, we had to leave our shoes outside. We next visited an exotic Chinese Temple, which was all red lacquer and dragons. From the highest point of the city there were fantastic views of the sea. Even though some of us were still reeling from the effects of the doubles served free by Singapore Airlines, we felt it was a tourist must to visit the famous colonial

Raffles Hotel for the original 'Gin Sling'. The chief characteristic of this drink is the colour, which is that of a lurid sunset. We were later taken to see a workers flat (shoes left outside) where a bemused diminutive Malay lady, who did not speak English, stood smiling proudly as dozens of us traipsed through each room of her home. No air conditioning here, and bathrooms were shared between flats.

From Singapore we flew to Sydney, Australia where, before being allowed off the aircraft, we were greeted by immigration officers giving us a good spray all over in case we had bought any spores (that's right, spores) in with us. We discovered that Sydney had a vast, beautiful harbour, and we travelled its length and breadth many times. There are rocky islands, sandy coves, waterfront homes, parks with magnificent fig trees reaching down to the blue waters and many boats to admire. Manley Beach, with its beautiful white sand, was only twenty minutes away by ferry, and Bondi Beach (Bondi from the Aborigine 'breaking wave') was surprisingly quiet. Sydney people are very fortunate to have so many lovely beaches and the clear warm waters of the Pacific within cheap and easy reach.

The fish restaurants were good, indeed

all the food was good value. The pubs are not what we are used to, but there was some good jazz and plenty of life in the Rocks area. The Changing of the Guard is open to the public once a week and the ceremony was very impressive, and afterwards we had a guided tour of the colonial style barracks. Down at the Opera House you can sit out and look at the harbour and Coat Hanger Bridge while the gulls dive bomb the tables. Our host invited us to a marvellous Australian evening at the Town Hall. The tables were groaning with all the best Aussie grub, beer and wine. We sampled Aussie Snags, Lamingtons, roast jumbuck, damper bread (we were told it is made from leftovers — and we believed this) and delicious Pavlova. 'Ned Kelly' was there, and all the locals were dressed in the costumes of the first settlers of two hundred years ago. Then there was sheep shearing, folk dancing, wood chopping competitions, wool spinning, opal cutting, koalas and much, much, more.

It was a long day flying from Melbourne across the red, trackless wastes of Oz, and then to the South China Sea, but on reaching Hong Kong with Norman and Mary Hopkins, we apparently landed on the water in the middle of the harbour. The small island colony was founded in 1841,

The Canon Jade Princess.



when the Chinese had made Canton, 90 miles up the river, too hot for the British and their opium trading. Over 99 per cent of the population is Chinese, and many do not speak English. Many of the street signs are Chinese, making it difficult to navigate at first.

The British Navy has an obvious presence and fire the noon day gun. We went up an almost vertical funicular to Victoria Peak to view the very oriental landscape; many islands, sharp densely vegetated peaks, often mist capped, giving a rural appearance, and of course the fabulous harbour. We took a bus round the island, the road is cut into the steep rocky slopes tumbling with jungly plants, trees and waterfalls, and we saw some of our own house plants growing wild.

It was raining when we visited Stanley Market, where the densely packed stalls sell bargain priced silk ties, designer clothes and jewellery etc. alongside a lovely sandy cove, where we remembered all those British prisoners who were murdered there during World War Two. The Star Ferry which connects Hong Kong to Kowloon on the mainland must be one of the world's best for value — for about six pence a trip across the grey water, choppy with traffic and the old Chinese junks and vessels painted in primary colours, and



Relaxing with a gin sling at the Raffles Hotel.

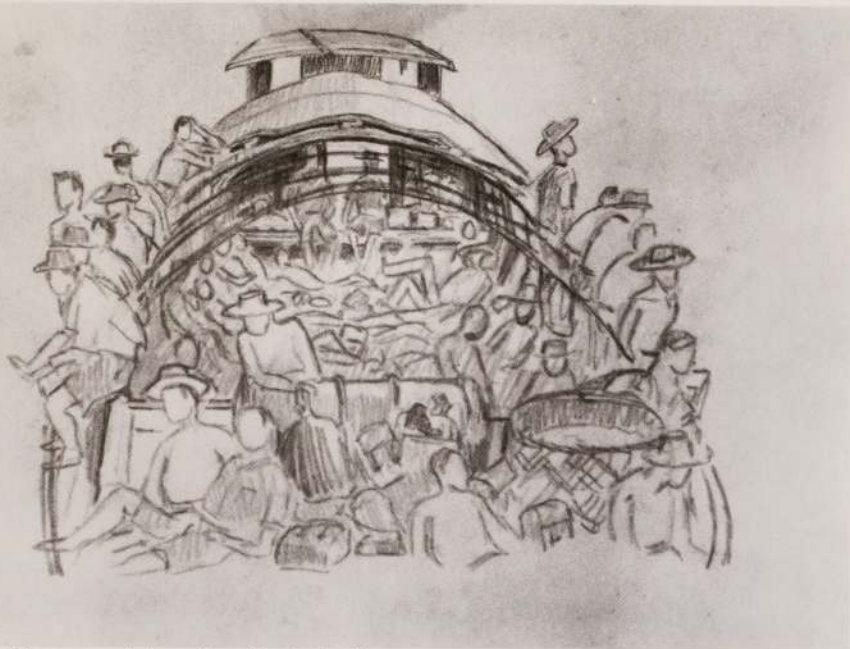
the exciting Manhattan type skyline backed by the jungle covered peaks — there is always a lot going on. In Kowloon are fabulous indoor shopping centres with miles of moving platforms. The cruise liners dock alongside and decant the passengers directly into these, and in this shoppers' paradise we had suits and shirts made up for us very reasonably in two days. Spectacles and hearing aids are cheap too. A young lady wrote our names for us in Chinese, and told us their Chinese meanings. Elegant Water Lily is the wife while my name reads as Diligent of Good Reputation. A visit to one very Chinese restaurant was a bit hilarious, not being used to the dolls tea set sized plates,

chopsticks and oriental ambience, my noodles took on a highly animate life of their own. When someone knocked my neighbours wine over, the waiter brought a pristine white cloth and laid it on top of the whole ghastly mess and we happily carried on. It was a noisy, friendly place, and a chef was making noodles in the middle of the room to much encouragement and applause from the Chinese diners.

The five days sped swiftly by and soon we were on the non-stop Cathay Pacific jet flying over India and the U.S.S.R., into the grey dawn at Gatwick, not very sure if it was today or tomorrow by the standards of the previous day. Or was it still yesterday? Jet-lag had set in.

Sydney Opera House.





Nov 1942

An impression of the journey by barge from Kanburi to Kanu.

Tarso in the middle of the night during a tropical rainstorm. Tarso, which was supposed to be the base camp, consisted of a group of half finished huts — the usual bamboo and attap type. As we stood in the mud at Tarso, rainsoaked and wretched, we began to realise the devil we didn't know in Siam was likely to turn out far worse than the devil we had left behind in Singapore. It also began to sink in that the railway rumour was due to become a fact.

We left Tarso again in the barges to make our way up river to Kanu. There was a bit of light relief on the way. On the second night of the journey (it took three days to reach Kanu), the subaltern who was in our barge declared that the Colonel had instructed the junior officers to see that the other ranks were kept cheerful, if necessary, by entertaining them. 'If he thinks I am a bloody chorus girl who can sing and dance to you, then he is bloody well mistaken,' he said. 'But what I can do,' he added, 'is to recite a rather bawdy poem called "Eskimo Nell".' This he did, to great acclaim from the men. 'That is my complete repertoire,' he said when he had finished, 'You will have

to make it last until we reach our destination.'

Kanu

We arrived at Kanu late in the evening, and found there was already a working party in residence. This party was known as 'E' Bn., and were mostly men of the Suffolk Regiment. Our party was known as 'W' Bn. and comprised a very mixed group of Naval, Army and R.A.F. personnel. 'E' Bn., having been at Kanu for a month, already had some huts built. This proved a great boon to us as it rained constantly for the first two or three weeks — in fact it did not stop raining until the start of the dry season in December. However, tropical storms or not, we had to start work from the first day: some on camp building, and others on jungle-clearing in preparation for the railway.

The Camp Commandant was a very nasty piece of work indeed. His name was Lt. Isuki, but he was always referred to as the 'Kanu Kid'. He issued orders saying all P.O.W.'s must salute the Japanese Officers, and also the Japanese and Korean guards,

This order we completely ignored. We never ever saluted any Japanese at Kanu, and only if commanded to do so by a British officer anywhere else. I do not think this was the reason the Kanu Kid kept us on short rations, he was just an arrogant, bullying swine who was probably selling our rations to the Thais.

Kanu must be a very unhealthy spot. Almost as soon as we arrived, men started to go down with malaria and dysentery. Our two M.O.'s, Major O'Driscoll and Capt. McNally, were hopelessly overworked but they performed admirably in the circumstances, and also gave us lectures on health care in general. What little medicine was available was withheld by the infamous Kanu Kid, thus aggravating an already critical situation. The doctors, therefore, tried to get the more severe cases sent down-river to the base camp at Tarso. Tarso by this time had developed considerably, and was now the headquarters of 4 Group, of which we were part. This system of evacuating the very sick was to become a feature of life in the working camps along the railway.

Another odd fact which emerged concerned the officers. They never seemed to die. They weren't all old soldiers. I cannot recall an officer dying at Kanu, or indeed anywhere else, in the railway camps in Siam. This may have been connected to the 'local purchase' system. Commissioned Officers, it appears, are given preferential treatment.

They are given pay, and are allowed to use that pay to obtain 'comforts.' They received this pay whether they worked or not, or if they were sick or not. Other ranks only received pay, and an exceedingly small amount at that, if they were part of a working party. If we were sick, we received no pay, and our rations, already at starvation levels, were reduced still further. From any pay which was received, either from the Officers Allotment or from the other ranks' earnings, the Senior British Officer imposed a tax of 10%. This money was used to buy food locally to supplement the needs of the people in hospital. Although local purchase was not freely available at Kanu, there was some, and the Officers, whose purchasing was at least one hundred times that of the men, had a

distinct advantage in the survival stakes. Still, they do say 'rank has its privilege' ... I, being a Private, received my full LACK of privilege.

By this time 'E' and 'W' Bns. were joined by 'J' Bn. These were members of F.M.S.V.F. and S.S.V.F. — Volunteer Forces from the Malay States and the Straits Settlements, comprising mainly rubber planters and other businessmen. All British, of course. We continued working from dawn to dusk, clearing the jungle to make a path for the railway. By now sickness was taking its toll. Men were dying. One or two, at first, but gradually and relentlessly, the death toll mounted. Because of the alarming increase in the death-rate, the M.O. and the S.B.O. made representations to both the Kanu Kid and the Jap Officer who was the engineer i/c of our section of the railway. The Engineer Officer while agreeing that the matter was serious, said that his only concern was to get sufficient labour to build the railway. If the other ranks died off, then we would use Officers. 'In any case,' he added, 'I have authority only on the railway. Lt. Isuki is the Officer responsible for administration of prisoners of war.'

Lt. Isuki, as usual, ignored their protestations and things went from bad to worse. Under such conditions the role of the doctor became increasingly important, and both Major O'Driscoll and Capt. McNally were in perpetual conflict with the Kanu Kid in their endeavours to obtain more food and medical supplies.

In January 1943, we were joined at Kanu by a party of Australians. Among their number were two men who became quite well-known and very highly respected by everyone who was fortunate enough to know them. They were Colonel Dunlop and Major Moon. Both officers were brilliant surgeons, and Colonel Dunlop also had the quality of leadership and authority, which he exercised whenever possible, to improve the lot of the prisoners of war. Although there were plenty of officers floating about, it was only the Medical Officers who had any bearing or significance on the life of the other ranks. That is the reason why only doctors are mentioned.

It was about February or March 1943

when the Japs discovered, or so it was said, that the Kanu workforce was building their section of the railway in the wrong place. Apparently, our section was not in line with the rest of the railway. This meant that all the work which had been done during the last three months, had been fruitless, and that time would need to be made up. This heralded the start of the notorious 'Speedo'. The 'Speedo' time was a most traumatic experience for everybody. Even the officers.

Because of the new line of the railway, we had to move camp. We moved from Kanu Riverside and set up, or rather built a new camp at the top of a nearby hill. This became known as Upper Kanu, or more commonly, as K1. During the ensuing months, the Japs made ever increasing demands for more workers. The sick were increasing in number, the death rate was mounting and the Japs were getting more and more vindictive as the work fell behind schedule. And very soon it started raining again. By this time most men had had malaria several times, whilst others were going down with dysentery, perhaps for the third or fourth time. Everyone showed signs of malnutrition, but no extra food or medical supplies were forthcoming.

Wet Season

With the start of the wet season, everything worsened. Men who were ill with malaria or dysentery were taken to work by the Japs, despite all the efforts of the M.O.'s. Many of these men collapsed while working, and had to be carried back to camp on stretchers. The only compassion shown by the Japs to these unfortunate men, was to allow us to put them in the shade until it was time to return to camp for the night. It is small wonder that so many men died. All the day long the Japs would be running about, shouting 'Speedo, Speedo,' at the same time giving all and sundry a whack with their bamboo metre rods. This had very little effect on production though, everybody was either unable or unwilling to respond, and just plodded along at the usual slow rate.

By now, it was April. Colonel Dunlop and his party had gone to set up camp at



A prisoners working party at one of the P.O.W. camps on the River Kwai.

Hyntok, a site about five or six miles up-river of Kanu. Another camp was set up at Tampi, roughly the same distance down-river. This camp was manned by a group known as 'F' Force. Between K1 and Tampi, a small working camp was set up — this was K2. Between K1 and Hyntok another camp called K3 came into being.

K3 was a bad camp, even by Kanu standards. No huts, only leaking tents, the whole of the area was a sea of mud about twelve inches deep, and the work was very hard going. It involved making holes: some, one metre and some, two metres deep. These holes were then stuffed with dynamite, blasted, and then all the debris had to be cleared. This work took a heavy toll. The object of this task was to blast a cutting through solid rock. This cutting, when it was eventually finished, was about half a mile long and about 100 feet high at its highest point.

The concluding part of this article will follow in the April Review.

TAPE RECORDING WEEK

By Jim Padley

Monday through to Friday, 13th to 17th June inclusive is the date for this year's Tape Recording Week at Ian Fraser House. Will all those who have an interest in tape recording, in any one of its many aspects, and would like to join us, please make your accommodation booking through Headquarters. Also letting David Bell, our Chairman, know so that numbers are available for any coach outings.

Last year we had a most interesting programme. There was a visit to Bentley Wildfowl Trust and a day, in the rain, to Chessington Zoo, where there was certainly many interesting bird and animal sounds to record. One of our visits was to Rediffusion at Crawley, where we were given a most interesting talk on the background and history of the company. We were then allowed to visit the hangars where we were able to examine for ourselves, the simulators which are used not only for aircraft but ships as well. Another highlight of the week was a trip to London to the National Sound Archives where we were able to listen to a number of unusual and rare recordings. After a welcome lunch at Headquarters we all went to Marble Arch and joined a bus tour round the City of London with a descriptive commentary.

Our friend, Ivor Robinson, came along again last year to guide us to a new location for our late night bird song recording session, unfortunately the weather was against us this year and we were able to repeat a previous success with the night-jar and nightingale, but we did manage to record plenty of raindrops at the Reservoir we visited.

We were also entertained one afternoon by Roy David who made some fine recordings of gulls in his native Scotland, and some others he had made by mixing the spoken word with music, these were expertly done, and many thanks to David for letting us listen to them. The outings of the week were completed by a guided tour of the Royal Pavilion.

Our young lady guide ably described everything as we went around especially the newly repaired and refurbished Music Room.

Our week was completed with our Annual Dinner in the Winter Garden, where we were able through our Chairman, David Bell, to say thank you to everyone concerned in making it a most successful week. This is a brief summary of our activities for last year. So all of you tape recording enthusiasts book in for this year.

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1988

We invite St. Dunstaners and widows *only* to apply for tickets in the *Review* Derby Sweepstake. Please remember that every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The tickets are 20p each and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on Friday, May 13th. Each applicant must state the name and address of the sender and the number of tickets required, and with a stamped addressed envelope, applications must be sent to: The Editor D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 4XB, 12/14 Harcourt Street, London, W1A 4XB. Cheques made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered. Tickets will be issued consecutively and are limited to 25. The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and expenses, will be distributed as follows:

50% to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.
20% to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.
10% to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.
20% 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 24th, the race being run on June 1st.

Out of Little Acorns IBM DOS grow

By Ray Hazan

The third of the St. Dunstan's computer weekends was held at IFH last November. A solid core of just over 12 St. Dunstaners were present, plus some old friends in Paul Blenkhorn, David and Rita Calderwood and Tom Laydon of the MSC and the Rev. Michael Bootes. All were helpful in coaching and explaining, and there were few who did not come away having learnt several new hints.

On the Saturday afternoon, David Laycock, a lecturer and director of the Computer Centre for the Disabled gave a talk in which he described the differences between the BBC and IBM systems. This prompted much discussion. A fair summary would be that a large proportion of the business world is going over to the IBM system with the resultant backup of hard and software. Anybody buying new should, therefore, consider going in this direction, there being many cheaper 'clones' on the market. However, the BBC is more than adequate for most people; it is here to stay for a while yet, so that those who possess one should not feel they are missing out in any way.

Later that day, we had an excellent demonstration of the Eureka A4, which will be described elsewhere in the *Review*.

The value of users getting together is twofold — to learn and help one another, and, if numbers are large enough, to make manufacturers and program authors sit up and listen. The Computer Talk magazine exists for BBC users. We were pleased to welcome Dr. Mike Townsend, the coordinator of the PC User group, whose aims and objectives are as previously mentioned. The group aims to meet three times a year, probably in London and to produce a newsletter on disk. The benefits of joining such a group cannot be over-emphasised. For further details, please contact Mike at: Dr. M. Townsend, The Manor House, Fleckley, Leicester, LE8 0AP.

We were to have had a demonstration of a voice input system for the BBC system,

but this was foiled by the breakdown of a 'low tech.' car! We have had 'banks that listen', one day, we shall have listening computers. This is one of the next great hurdles for the whizz kids to overcome.

We thank all those who came to help us, and to the staff at IFH who made it the usual pleasant stay. The next weekend will be held in Brighton on April 23/24th. Please keep that weekend free. Phil Duffee has a range of machines, so come along, try your hand and see what all the fuss is about — you are under no obligation to purchase.

THE EUREKA A4

By Ray Hazan

For years I have dreamt of a briefcase which could contain all the aids I could want for both office and home use. That is to say, a typewriter, note taker for meetings, diary, telephone and address book, calculator, modem (for connection to a telephone line), and disk drive. Today, such a device is on the market, and has even more functions than those previously described. The Eureka A4 comes from Australia, and is marketed in the UK by Technovision of Northampton.

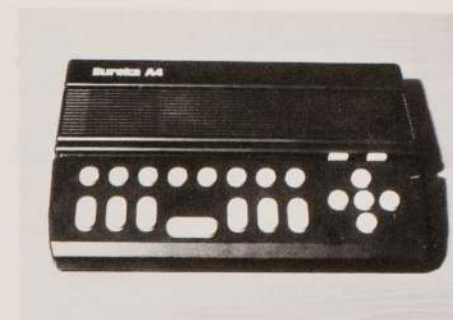
At its launch last November, the designer, himself blind, said that his objective was an aid which was comprehensive and obviated the need to purchase lots of 'add ons' and specifically written software. He stuck to his word — with the exception of a printer, everything is built-in.

The Eureka is the size of an A4 piece of paper, i.e. just over ten by eight inches. It measures one inch in depth and weighs about three pounds. Input is via a braille keyboard, though a 'qwerty' keyboard can also be plugged in. It accepts grade one, grade two and computer braille. Output is in synthetic speech or via a cable to a printer, braille embosser or telephone socket. The device contains built-in, rechargeable batteries, which will hold

anything stored in its memory for two weeks. It will announce the state of its batteries, so you should not lose any vital information, though it can be backed up on disk anyway.

The key layout is extremely simple. To the right of the Perkins style keys is a diamond shaped cluster of 5 keys: cursor up, down, left and right. In the centre of the diamond is the 'shift' key. Above are two slider controls for volume and pitch. Along the top are eight function keys, which, with the 'shift' double up to offer 16 functions. These include the option to determine voice read back (by letter, word, etc.), a word processor (WORDSTAR), scientific calculator, clock/timer/alarm, diary, which will announce reminders at the appointed time, voltmeter, thermometer, music composer, communications package for linking to the telephone or other computers, telephone book with auto-dialler, a 'BASIC' language for writing programs, a data base (for keeping lists such as cassettes and being able to access them by name or reference number) and a disk organiser. The device can hold up to 64k in RAM (random access memory) and 720k on the three and a half inch disks in its built in disk drive. The Eureka uses the CP/M operating system.

Many people I spoke to found the digital voice easier to hear than the average voice unit. I found the pronunciation a little difficult at first, it being somewhat blurred, but my comprehension improved enormously with familiarity. The braille keys are quite widely spaced,



too much so for one handed operation. They are rubberised and not very positive to the touch.

It seems a pity that the Eureka does not use the IBM DOS operating system since that has become a virtual world standard, but it does contain the necessary to 'talk' to IBM's and their clones.

The only addition required is a printer, otherwise, here is a specifically designed, all-in-one multiple function device. It is eminently portable and easily fits a briefcase or shoulder bag. A similar device, the *Braille and Speak* is on its way from America. This will be cheaper, but will have less functions. Whatever the decision made, something else is bound to come along a day later! The unit cost £1468. VAT is not payable. This includes mains transformer, and manuals both in print and on 6 cassettes. It is a reasonable price for such a powerful tool. For further information, you should write to: George Bell, Technovision, 1 Birch Barn Way, Northampton NN2 8DT Tel: 0604 843557.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY GUIDES

The Royal Association for Disability and Rehabilitation (RADAR) publishes two yearly guides which give essential holiday information for disabled people.

'Holidays for Disabled People 1988' contains a wealth of information about accommodation in the United Kingdom such as hotels, apartments, holiday centres and nursing homes. It has useful sections on transport, accommodation for children, care provision, and information on voluntary organisations involved in

holiday provision for disabled people.

'Holidays and Travel Abroad — a guide for disabled people 1988' provides information on facilities in over 40 countries. Details include air and sea transport, accessible hotels, wheelchair hire, contact addresses and insurance needs. Both guides are available from branches of WH Smith and Son Ltd, or by mail order from: RADAR, 25 Mortimer Street, London, W1N 8AB. The U.K. guide costs £4, and the international guide £2.75, including post and packaging.



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.

John Frederick Albury, of West Dulwich, who joined on January 22nd.

Mr. Albury, who is 72, served as an Aircraftman First Class in the Royal Air Force from April 1940 until May 1941 when he was discharged on health grounds. He worked as a motor mechanic and driver until his sight deteriorated some ten years ago and is now totally blind. Our St. Dunstaner is a widower, and has a married son living in Woking and four grandchildren.

John Anderson, of Manchester, who joined on January 4th.

Mr. Anderson served as a Corporal in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War and was wounded by an explosion in Lossiemouth in 1945. Mr. Anderson is married.

George Baker, of Birkenhead, who joined on January 4th.

Mr. Baker served as a Gunner with the Royal Artillery during the Second World War. He was a Far East Prisoner of War.

Albert William Benchley, of Hailsham, who joined on January 4th.

Mr. Benchley served as an LAC in the Royal Air Force from September 1943 until April 1947 and his postings were in the United Kingdom and West Africa. He is a widower with an adult son and daughter.

Frederick Robert Hicks, of Rochester, who joined on January 21st.

Mr. Hicks served in the Royal Navy as a Landing Rating Officer's Steward from 1949 to 1952. His sea-time included duty on H.M.S. *Triumph* in the Mediterranean. Despite failing sight and other disabilities,

Mr. Hicks was able to work as a construction fitter until 1981 when he had to retire on health grounds.

Our St. Dunstaner and his wife, Betty, have been married for over 36 years. They have a married daughter and a 16 year old son.

Frederick Horace Dixon, of Marske in Cleveland, who was admitted on January 13th.

Mr. Dixon served in the RASC, National Fire Service and the Pioneer Corps during the Second World War. Following his discharge from the Army, he worked as a process worker at ICI Wilton, Cleveland, until he had to take early retirement in 1973, owing to poor health. Mr. Dixon is married with one son.

MRS. JEAN MUIR

Mrs. Jean Muir, widow of the late *John Muir*, of Blackpool, would like to thank everyone for their kind thoughts and sympathy.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON BOWLS CLUB

To all members of the Brighton Bowls Club who are on holiday at I.F.H. we would welcome you on our away fixtures. A list of the fixtures are on the notice board in the Brighton Club Room at I.F.H. Could you please contact J. Pryor on Peacehaven 2523, or any other committee member if you are available to bowl. Other committee members are R. Osborne, H. Preedy and A. Miller.

BRIDGE

Christmas Drive December 13th.

1st	Mr. and Mrs. R. Pacitti	3340 points
2nd	Bob Evans and Mrs. Barker	1870 points
3rd	Mr. and Mrs. Padley	1490 points
4th	Miss Stenning and Mrs Holborow	1430 points

Sunday January 10th: Pairs

1st	Mrs. Andrews and Miss Stenning	60.8
2nd	J. Padley and Mrs. Padley	58.3
3rd	W. Lethbridge and Mrs Lethbridge	54.7
4th	R. Evans and Mrs. Barker	49.3
5th	R. Pacitti and Mrs. Pacitti	48.0
	W. Phillips and Mrs. A. Clements	48.0
7th	R. Goding and Mrs. Sturdy	47.5
8th	Mr. and Mrs. Douse	45.0
9th	A. Dodgson and Mrs. Buller-King	38.4

January 16th: Individuals

1st	Ralph Pacitti	73.9
2nd	Mrs. Sturdy	65.9
3rd	Mrs. A. Clements	
	Miss Stenning	59.1
5th	Bill Phillips	50.0
6th	Jim Padley	48.9
7th	Reg Goding	44.3
8th	Wally Lethbridge	43.2
9th	Bob Evans	42.0
10th	Reg Palmer	40.9
11th	Mrs. MacPherson	39.8
12th	Mrs. Pacitti	32.9

West Sussex Inter Club League

We played our first match of the season against Worthing on January 24th, and won by 11 victory points to 5. Our team consisted of five St. Dunstaners: J. Padley, W. Lethbridge, R. Evans, W. Phillips and R. Goding, and three markers: Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Holborow and Mrs. Tebbit.

FAMILY NEWS

Apology

Mr. George William Cattell, who passed away on October 22nd last, was aged 56, and not 66, as incorrectly stated in the *January/February Review*.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Congratulations to:

Claire, wife of our St. Dunstaner, *Ray Peart*, who has passed her amateur radio examination and now has the call-sign, G1FHK. Until recently this was Ray's call-sign but he now qualifies for G0FHK — togetherness for a husband and wife team! Are they the first in St. Dunstan's we wonder?

Susan Pepper, daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. Ted Pepper*, of Coggeshall, who has passed her final examinations with flying colours, and is now a qualified Staff Nurse at Oldchurch Hospital, Romford.

Mr. A. Reynolds, of Shrewsbury, who was promoted in Masonry to Royal Ark Mariners Grand Rank on December 8th.

RUBY WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. H. Downward, of Gloucester, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on December 23rd.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Jennings, of Petworth, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on December 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Legge, of Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Rahim, of Burnham-on-Sea, on the occasion of their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, which they celebrated on December 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Ripley, of Wimbledon, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Swanwell, of Wellingborough, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on December 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor, of Whitton, Middlesex, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on January 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Underwood, of Leeds, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on December 26th.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. F. Simonds, of Southampton, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary on January 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fribbins, of Pewsey, Wiltshire, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on January 29th.

GRANDCHILDREN

Congratulations to:

Mrs. Celia Atack, widow of D. C. Atack, who became a great grandmother with two additions to her family in 1987, a grandson born on April 24th, and a grand-daughter on August 7th.

Mrs. Y. Firrel, of Hastings, widow of the late Mr. S. Firrel on the birth of her second grand-daughter, Charlotte Jane, to Jeanette and Christopher Charlton on January 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Green, on the birth of their third grandchild, Jessica Marie, to their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Whitty, on September 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Smith, of Broad Oak, E. Sussex, on the birth of their third grandchild, David Timothy, to their son Philip and his wife Janet, on January 8th.

DEATHS

We offer sympathy to:

Mrs. Marie Blacker, wife of B. H. Blacker, of Peacehaven, whose father died on November 10th.

Mr. Geoffrey W. Bunting, of Norwich, who mourns the death of his wife, Elsie, who passed away on January 7th.

The family of Miss Thelma Burtenshaw, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Burtenshaw, of Dorset, who was killed by a car whilst out walking on January 11th.

Mr. Peter Surridge, of Norwich, who mourns the death of his mother, who passed away on January 1st.

Mrs. E. White, of Fordingbridge, widow of the late W. F. White, whose mother-in-law died in early January aged 89.

Mr. Harry Windley, of Manchester, who mourns the death of his brother, who passed away on Sunday, January 3rd.

was wounded whilst in action in Tunisia, resulting in the loss of both his eyes. He was a farm bailiff before the war and took up poultry farming when he returned to civilian life, later switching to industry. He was also particularly skilled at basket-making.

He leaves a widow, Marjorie, and four children

In Memory continued

ren from previous marriages. We send our condolences to the family.

C.E.V. Dale, 21st County of London Regiment
Mr. Charles Edmund Victor Dale passed away peacefully at Pearson House on January 16th, at the age of 94. He had been a St. Dunstaner for 45 years.

Mr. Dale enlisted in the 21st County of London Regiment in August 1914, and attained the rank of Sergeant. He was severely wounded in France in 1916 when he lost one eye and suffered injury to the other. Although he was invited by Sir Arthur Pearson early on to become a St. Dunstaner it was not until 1942 that he accepted.

He was a very good business man and with the help of his wife ran their radio and cycle shop in Midhurst very successfully for many years. After the end of the Second World War they sold up and moved to the coast. Mr. Dale was a keen gardener and his other major hobby at that time was woodwork. He was one of the few totally blind St. Dunstaners to use a lathe which he had fitted with a circular saw and overhead planing machine. Music was his other abiding interest and at the age of 92 he brushed up his typing. He remained very fit and active throughout his retirement, swimming regularly and walking daily. He was a devoted husband, father and grandfather. Sadly his wife predeceased him in 1985, eighteen months after they celebrated their 65th Wedding Anniversary. In 1987 he became a permanent resident at Pearson House and will be greatly missed by his friends and the staff at both our Homes.

We condole with his daughter, Dorothy, his three grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

L. Faulkner, Gordon Highlanders

Mr. Leonard Faulkner, of Northwich, passed away suddenly and unexpectedly at his home on January 6th, aged 73. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1947.

Early in 1940, Mr. Faulkner enlisted in the 6th Battalion Gordon Highlanders and was injured by a mortar bomb whilst on active service in Italy during 1944. As a result, he suffered the amputation of one leg and toes on his other limb, as well as the excision of one eye.

After a period of training in braille, type-writing and hobby work, he returned to industrial work with Imperial Chemical Industries,

with whom he had been employed prior to enlistment. Mr. Faulkner was a highly valued employee of I.C.I. and retired in 1967 after 40 years continuous service with the company. At that time, many tributes were paid to Mr. Faulkner and he was the subject of several interviews in the national press. In retirement, our St. Dunstaner enjoyed making string bags, trays and all manner of cane-work articles which were of an exceptionally high standard.

In 1975, Mr. Faulkner and his wife, Alice, celebrated forty years of happy marriage. He will be greatly missed by his widow, his daughter Enid, son Colin and all members of his close-knit family, to whom we extend our sympathy.

G. Green, Royal Navy

Mr. George Green, of Epsom, passed away on January 20th, after a short illness, aged 62. He had been a St. Dunstaner for just under a year, and was previously admitted to the Gubbay Trust in 1974.

Having enlisted in 1943, he served in the Royal Navy in H.M.S. *Nelson* as Stoker 1st Class, and saw action in many parts of the world, from Normandy at the time of the D-Day landings, to the Malacca Straits.

After the war he returned to industry where he rose to the top of his trade as Senior Capstan Operator until he lost his sight due to diabetes. As a result of training received under the Gubbay Trust, he was able to rejoin his firm as Supervisor, eventually completing 34 years' service. He was also trained as a basket maker by the RNIB at Reigate and continued to be employed by Surrey County Council as an out-worker until shortly before his death.

He leaves a widow, Brenda, and a son Stephen, to whom we offer our condolences.

W.F. Kennedy, Royal Sussex Regiment

Mr. William Frederick Kennedy, of Maidenhead, passed away peacefully at Pearson House on January 22nd, aged 72. He had been a St. Dunstaner for 43 years.

Mr. Kennedy enlisted in the 1st Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment in 1940 and was wounded at Florence in 1943 during the Allied advance. As well as a head wound he lost the thumb of his right hand which restricted his choice of occupation. He became a packer, working first for the War Office and then for his old firm, McGraw-Hill Book Co., where he had started as a messenger boy in 1930. In 1963

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.

C. Chadwick, Royal Artillery

Mr. Clifford Chadwick, of Fareham, passed away on January 7th after a short illness, at the age of 71. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1943.

Mr. Chadwick enlisted in July 1942, and served as a driver with the Royal Artillery, and

he was transferred to their Maidenhead branch and remained there until his retirement in 1980 after 50 years service. Following the amputation of his leg in 1984 he became a permanent resident at our home where he will be sadly missed.

His wife, Minnie, died in 1973 and they had no children. We extend our sympathy to his brother and all members of his family.

C.E. Smith, Royal Artillery

Mr. Charles Edward Smith, of Norwich, passed away on December 29th, aged 69, following many years of poor health borne with tremendous courage and fortitude. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1979.

Mr. Smith enlisted at the outset of the Second World War and served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery. He was a Far East Prisoner-of-War and suffered considerable deprivation and hardship which had a serious effect on his eyesight and general health in the years following his discharge in 1946. Nevertheless, our St. Dunstaner was able to remain in employment with Cadbury's, the chocolate manufacturers, until 1950, after which time he was no longer able to work. Despite his problems, our St. Dunstaner enjoyed pottering about in his garden and holidays abroad with his wife, Olive, to whom he was happily married for over forty years.

We condole with his widow and their two sons, Barry and Melville, who provided loving support to our St. Dunstaner at all times. Our sympathy is extended to all members of the family.

R.E. Taylor, Royal Artillery

Mr. Robert Edwin Taylor, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, passed away suddenly at his home on January 5th, aged 80. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1982.

Mr. Taylor enlisted in 1942 and served as a Gunner in the Royal Artillery during the Second World War. In 1944, whilst serving in Italy, he received gunshot wounds to both eyes, losing his left eye completely. As a result, he was discharged from the Army during the following year.

Mr. Taylor was an engineer and for some years had his own engineering works in Mansfield. Ultimately, however, his sight failed completely and following a short spell as an employee, our St. Dunstaner had to give up working. In earlier years, he had been a keen gardener and enjoyed the relaxation of listen-

ing to talking books. He also retained a keen interest in sport and his local Historical Association, and always enjoyed visits to Ian Fraser House.

We condole with his widow, Katherine, to whom he was married for almost sixty years, their son and daughter, and their families who will miss Mr. Taylor very much indeed.

W.R. Walton, 5th Royal Enniskillen Dragoon Guards, 7th Queen's Own Hussars and the Royal Armoured Corps.

Mr. William Rowland Walton, of Blackpool, passed away suddenly and unexpectedly at his home in Blackpool, at the age of 68. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1972.

Mr. Walton joined the Army in 1937 and served as Quartermaster Sergeant with the 5th Royal Enniskillen Dragoon Guards, then with the 7th Queen's Own Hussars and finally the Royal Armoured Corps. In 1942, whilst on active service in Burma, he was wounded by gunshot and lost an eye, being discharged from the Army in 1946.

In civilian life, our St. Dunstaner was a joiner, but on admission undertook a period of retraining in the use of tools, typing and hobby work, as well as braille. In earlier years, Mr. Walton was able to do some woodwork as a hobby from his own workshop, but when his sight failed completely his greatest interest was listening to the radio.

During the past four years when his health, sadly, deteriorated, our St. Dunstaner was cared for devotedly by his wife, Connie, to whom he had been married for over forty years. Mr. Walton will be greatly missed by his widow, his daughters Marjorie and Ann, his son David and all members of the family, to whom we extend our sympathy.

J. Wilson, North Staffordshire Regiment

Mr. John Wilson, of Crediton, passed away on December 29th, aged 89. He had been a St. Dunstaner since 1984.

Mr. Wilson enlisted in the North Staffordshire Regiment in 1916. He served in France and was wounded in front of Rheims Cathedral at the end of 1917. He had a successful grocery business in Yorkshire for many years and bought another shop after retiring to Devon. His first wife died after a happy marriage lasting 52 years, and in 1975 he married again. He leaves his widow, Jessie, his daughter, and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We extend our sympathy to all the family.