

# Unshedding the Masks

Has my journey from Royal Marine to counsellor  
enabled me to embrace my experience of war and  
ultimately accept it?

By

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## **Summary**

This dissertation is an ethno autobiographical piece of research looking at whether my journey from Royal Marine to counsellor has enabled me to embrace and accept the experience of war. The research looked at three areas of data that related to this journey. The data I used was the local newspapers reports about the Falklands conflict and a 1998 transcript of a radio programme about PTSD in war veterans.

The second pieces of data were three psychiatrist's reports and two transcripts of audio taped counselling sessions. The final pieces of data consisted of the lyrics of a Pink Floyd Album, a song I had written and two diaries I had kept during my MA. I used grounded theory to analyse my data. I looked at how the press can form a collective emotional support, with a purpose of boosting moral and highlighting heroic deeds within a local community. I compared this with the radio transcript. I looked for the adjustment of my false self my masks and my own masculinity within the reports and transcripts. Finally I looked at how the power of music has been a path to my own emotional expression and how this was continued during the MA in my diary writings. I found that my research highlighted the issues of wearing masks to engage with the world, the construction of a false self and masculinity and the issue of emotional competence. I found that this is supported by the media's interpretation of servicemen and women returning from war. My research has left several questions unanswered and leaves the potential for further qualitative research into this area.

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## **Were you there?**

*'However well educated the young may be, book learning can never rival the inspiration of someone who knows and has live. '*

*(Jung in Stevens 1994 p57)*

I was young when I joined the Royal Marines, sixteen years and three weeks young.

I finished my long and arduous training in May 1975 was passed out<sup>1</sup> by Lord Louie Mountbatten and was a proud wearer of the coveted Green Beret.<sup>2</sup> I was proud to be a Royal Marine Commando.

Seven years later, in the March of 1982, I went to war. I travelled thousands of miles to the other end of the world to the Falkland Islands, a small group of islands in the South Atlantic. Of course I did not travel alone. I returned several months later and came back feeling alone. I felt alone for a very long time. I had experienced the uniqueness of war.

*When I returned I was still not well educated but I knew and I had lived.*

*David Jackson 2000*

## **Introduction**

### **This is where the book learning all began**

It was four years later after the Falklands conflict in 1986 that I decided to start on what was to become a long journey in an attempt to become well educated. I started with O levels and then moved onto an Open University (OU) degree course. In my

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<sup>1</sup> Passing out is the term given to the process of completing Royal Marines training, signified by a military parade

<sup>2</sup> The Green Beret is awarded on completion of the Commando tests. There are seven commando tests are the assault course, the Tarzan course. The Tarzan/assault combination, the endurance course, the 30 miler, and the nine mile speed march



last year of the six-year OU course I was unfortunately medically discharged<sup>3</sup> from the Royal Marines. After an initial period of feeling sorry for myself I decided to enrol on a counselling skills course, practical psychology I thought. I was very surprised to find that I enjoyed it and I decided to continue. Three years later I qualified as a counsellor. Of course I had always wanted to continue to become well educated. After my OU degree I started to study for a M.Ed. with the OU but found it boring, not very stimulating and lacking passion. In September 1998 my book learning journey took to me to Norwich where I started the University of East Anglia's (UEA) part time Master of Arts in Counselling Studies (MA) It was at the UEA on one of the weekends of study that the seeds were sown for this dissertation. I was listening attentively to my colleagues individually describing their thoughts, inspirations and hopes for their dissertations. I sat wondering whether I had any thoughts or even inspirations at all. Suddenly a feeling came over me, like the opening of a sluice gate the thoughts around my idea came gushing out. I wonder if I can really describe that feeling now as I sit here at home in Cornwall several years later. All I can recall on that autumn Saturday afternoon is that it felt right. The answer to the question posed by my course tutor 'What are your ideas for your dissertation?' was: 'The Falklands, Post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and me.' The first footprint was firmly etched out in this delicate fragile path I was going to journey along.

On the way home that weekend as I gazed out of the window of the train on the journey to London from Norwich I realised I was tired. I was tired of hearing others speak for me. What do they know? What do they care? I realised that I had a voice and I could speak for myself. I was a veteran of the Falklands conflict who had been

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<sup>3</sup> Medically discharged is the term given to a serviceman or woman who is no longer considered medically fit to fulfil their role within the Armed Forces.

labelled as having PTSD. I was also a counsellor and a counsellor's client. More importantly I had been and still was a man who was very quiet about his experiences. Each of these differing roles had appropriate masks, which were used to display David to the world. Perhaps it was time for that multi-masked me to speak up. So what did I want to say? Who did I want to listen to me? On the train journey, as the hypnotic sound of wheel on track sent me into a slumber, I was not really sure.

### Finding the research question

Originally when I came up with the idea for this research I was interested in exploring several aspects of PTSD, the Falklands, and me. I considered exploring the relation between the development of personality and socialisation and whether there is an ability to form a psychological detachment from a traumatic experience (Jackson, Red Diary, 1998 p2). I was at that time interested in Jung's view that obstacles such as defects, wrong education, bad experiences, unsuitable attitudes, and constitutional weakness will cause individuals to shrink away from life. I was attracted to his belief that neurosis is an adaptation, albeit an inferior one, of a potentially healthy organism responding to the demands of life (Stevens 1994). I took the view that my trauma might be the adaptation of the demands of my experience of war. I also believe that war and the effects of trauma from conflict are about the loss of innocence and a grieving process over this loss.

Idealistically I would like my research to be read by a much wider audience so that as a society we can look at the way we respond to the needs of our own war veterans. I realise that this would be an enormous task and perhaps within the confines of the word limitation I might only touch the surface. However I hope that by being brave enough to touch the surface others will follow and tell their

stories. As I reflected on and considered some of the difficulties I was about to face regarding my decision to look at my experiences I seemed to be wrapped up in the middle part of this journey rather the start and the end. I spent many an evening enjoying the reading, the researching, the writing, and the personal reflecting. I began to feel a great deal of passion for this loose idea that was floating around my head. Of course these loose ideas were not leading to a specific question but I felt a great deal of patience. I also felt that there were very important determinants to consider which once reflected on would lead me to a specific research question. I realised early on that I must not lose sight of the fact that this is my experience and there are several important factors which influence that experience and how I tell my story. My story comes from the personal and social history of that time. I have for many years co created my meanings of my Falklands experience within a limited range of resources determined by my particular social context (Heron 1988). However my social context has changed dramatically over the last few years so within my chosen role as a counsellor I wonder how much I have had to strive to find new meanings I can attach to my experiences. I believe I have been able to undertake this task because of my own counselling training, therapy and professional experience. This in turn has empowered me to closely look at myself professionally and personally. The difficulty for me arises when the meaning achieved through this self-exploration and hence my own self-knowledge is linked to the wider society as a whole. Is it easier to accept certain parts of our life history as counsellors than others? The question for me as a counsellor is what modifications am I trying to create within this newer social context I am in? Do these modifications embrace fully the potential that the experience of war can be devastating? Perhaps I am searching for a new meaning that has a new truth. At this point as I sit here typing I can recall how effective I was in the past whilst in the Royal Marines. I now realise I

was effective within the social context in which I was existing. What about the situation I am currently in? How effective am I now?

How false am I now and how much will this mask the truth of my research? Heron (1988) also asserts that the measure of truthfulness is based upon our connection between our ideas about our existence and our ability to act effectively within our current world. Is this enough? Does acting effectively mean getting by and ignoring an immense sense of isolation I have felt? Having said all that, I feel that I can present myself as a counsellor and act effectively. I believe it is more difficult to present myself as a war veteran within the socially constructed images society holds of war veterans, for example through the press (Llewellyn Smith 1997).

Such images mask the realness of the experience of war. However I believe one of the strengths is that I am an insider and this is my experience. I am a Falklands veteran but just as importantly I am a counsellor. Both these parts of me are important parts of the research in sense one has had to allow the other to co exist. I also realise as I start this there will be a limit to my understanding as a researcher as well as limitations to insider research. Atkinson and Silverman (1997) argue that the type of insider research I embarked on was “sentimental,” “a vulgar realism,” and “a romantic construction of self”. This raises an important question because I have decided to explicitly take on the role of the object of my own research. What does an object of someone's research involve? Do I want to present a romantic construction of a war hero? I was not sure of the personal involvement that would be required. I start this as a Falklands veteran who is a counsellor and a counsellor who is a Falklands veteran. Which drum would I be banging, the counsellor or the veterans? How was I going to present myself without banging either of my drums too hard? This might then drown out other drums that might want to bang. I have tried to bang my drum over the role of psychiatry through a piece of work I have already completed (Jackson 1999). Therefore I am aware of my own assumptions

around the medical model and the way that it deals with psychological disorder. How truly reflective I have been as a researcher will be dependent on whether I make these assumptions and biases explicit (Lynch 1996a). Nevertheless I want to research my own experiences from the place of a practising counsellor, a client, a war veteran and now researcher. To do this I had to be part of this research and include myself in all my guises. The difficulty I have had to attempt to overcome is the issue of reliability and validity of my research. I will be returning to these issues in later sections, in the chapter on methodology.

Additionally I have stated openly that I am on a book learning journey. I would be naive to think that this book learning alone will give me a certainty about my experiences. Lynch (1996a) maintains that we have no intellectual certainty about the truthfulness of our research, about how truthful our research findings are, instead there is a moral responsibility to judge the good and the bad. So as a researcher I hope I will judge wisely and I begin with faith and hope. A faith and hope, that my experience is unlocking the false self from my life to enable me to empower others. Personally I have a strong desire to have a personal insight and this is spurred on by my intellectual curiosity. I want to empower myself to perhaps find a less false self. Whilst I can relate to wearing a multitude of masks perhaps I want to be more comfortable with the masks I choose to wear.

### The research question

Whilst I had a loose idea of where I was going with this research I still needed some focus for a specific question. My deliberations were based around the background reading and the commonality this had with some of my own thoughts. I decided to look at the question:

*Un-shedding the masks. Has my journey from Royal Marine to counsellor enabled*

*me to embrace my experience of war and ultimately accept it?* The process of exploring this was focussed around three significant areas of my experience of war and its aftermath. I wanted to deal with each area separately. I wanted this separateness to be apparent within my analysis and also within this piece of work, while enabling it all to be drawn together in my finished piece. To give each of these areas this sense of separateness I used the three points of a triangle in which to pin each of my differing data. I have spent most of my early life in North Devon so the first point of my triangle is a societal representation of the Falklands conflict, as seen through the eyes of the local press. The local papers I have used are The North Devon Journal and the Hartland Times<sup>4</sup>. The period of the papers I looked through was from March 1982 to August 1982. The reason for using this press coverage is that I feel there is a more personal slant on the reporting. The second point of my triangle is where I have sat many times over the last five years, in a chair telling my story to other professionals. I have told my story to three psychiatrists and eventually to my therapist. I saw the first psychiatrist in August 1995 with finally seeing the third in December 1996. The therapy was two sessions during the period September 1998 to October 1998. In sense it is how I have attempted to represent my experiences. I have told my story to my world wherever my world has been. Finally the third point of this triangle is a more self reflective exploration. This is where since the Falklands conflict I have tried to shed my Royal Marines image. I have attempted to be real, own my feelings and shed my false masks. In the main this had been done in private and actually to this day still is. I tried through my diary, my song writing and in the past through the metaphors within my life to shed the skins,

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<sup>4</sup> Hartland Times is a parish magazine, which is published every two months.

cast away the masks and reclaim my self. I started the red diary in September 1998 on starting my MA and the blue diary in the July 1999.

This is where *having lived* began.

In March 1982, at Whale Island, Portsmouth, I boarded the Landing Platform Dock (LPD), HMS Fearless (Hastings and Jenkins 1983) and went to war. The Falklands was a short war of only two months, many miles away in the South Atlantic brought to life by satellite communications, television, up to date news and of course patriotism. In July of the same year I returned home from war and it seemed like in the nation's eyes we were all heroes. In my own little corner England I returned to the sound of the Hartland town band surrounded by a very small and proud community.

*There were special celebrations in Hartland to welcome back from the Falkland Islands local men who had seen service during the crisis. First to return was David Jackson, son of Phyl and Maurice Jackson of Brimacombe Road, who saw service with the Marines and was landed at San Carlos and crossed the island for the taking of Port Stanley David...arrived here in*

*rd*

*Hartland on Friday 23 July to find the flags and bunting out in Springfield:*

*Hartland town band was there to play a welcome home and a happy crowd gathered to add their good wishes. (Hartland Times, May 1982)*

In reflection, I never really gave my experience a second thought. I was home. I am sure at times I wondered what all the fuss was about. Having said all of that I found comfort in the fact that the experience of war was a collective one with the

others that went down south.<sup>5</sup> Like many war veterans before and many after I had just got on with it.<sup>6</sup> What made this process easier was the camaraderie I felt for my colleagues. The term used within the armed forces is the esprit de corps<sup>7</sup>(www.askme.com 2000a). As I reflect on my experiences within the Services, esprit de corps seems to me to be a form of psychological binding that is supported by the philosophy of the armed forces. This in turn then forms strong group cohesion. (This strong group cohesion was cited by Price (1984) as a factor that contributed to the low psychiatric combat casualties during the Falklands conflict.)

Of course my experience of Falklands conflict had its moments. There were the minefields, corpses by memorials, loss of friends, and fear. Those experiences aside I believe there was a noticeable non-acceptance of the aftermath of war. It was like sort of casually slipping into normality. People at home on return did not ask any questions and I did not volunteer any answers. For me to accept that the experience of war might have had a detrimental effect on me was not getting on with it. To accept that there might possibly be detrimental effects from the aftermath of war was not complying with the roles I had chosen in 1974 as a career. If you did not get on with it you would not be getting on with life. I also feel that one of the main reasons for my non-acceptance of any effects was based on a strong feeling that because I was not at the front line then I had no reason or right to feel the way I did. So the question arises when did I start to question my non-acceptance? As far as I

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<sup>5</sup> Went down south is the term used within the Royal Marines for people who went to the Falklands conflict.

<sup>6</sup> Getting on with it is a phrase used for the attitude of Royal Marines. When any situation appears difficult there is a very strong philosophy of just getting on with it.

<sup>7</sup> Esprit de corps means a common spirit of comradeship, enthusiasm, and devotion to a cause among the members of a group. It comes from the French : esprit, spirit + de, of + corps, group, body. It was a French military term for morale. (www.askme.com 2000a)



can recall I got on with being a Royal Marine. I feel that this started to change when I started my book learning during my studying of psychology with the Open University. It gave me a heightened awareness about psychology and hence PTSD. I subsequently realised that there were some areas in my life that were not quite right. Despite the heightened awareness something was going on inside of me. It did not lead me to run to the medical officer, that was not getting on with it. Of course I was not a sick bay ranger,<sup>8</sup> a malingerer, a loafer,<sup>9</sup> I was a bootneck.<sup>10</sup> It wasn't until 1995 after I was medically discharged from the Royal Marines I was referred to several psychiatrists and was subsequently diagnosed as having PTSD (War Pensions 2000 p45). During my service life I saw life in the main as 'game playing', not for real, exercises with blanks ammunition with a sort of innocence about it. It was when the game became real I felt a loss of innocence and with this loss, a grieving process.

Laing (1969) said 'A man without a mask is indeed very rare' (p95). Everyone in some measure wears a mask and in turn there are many things we do not put ourselves into fully. From this I now have a realisation and an acceptance that service life is about the institutionalisation of one's self. I believe that in the majority of cases this moulds individuals into compliant non-questioning servicemen/women. In a sense these people are formulating a false self to be able to function effectively within their world at that moment in their lives (Laing 1969). I would go as far as to say that PTSD has consumed my whole life since the

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<sup>8</sup> A sick bay ranger is a individual who appears to spend a lot of time in the sick bay. Generally to get out of duties.

<sup>9</sup> A loafer is someone who does not pull his or her weight or make an effort, generally to the detriment to the rest of the team.

<sup>10</sup> Bootneck or booties is the slang term for a Royal Marine. It originated from the strip of leather sewn into the neck of full dress tunics. This leather was used to protect the neck from sword slashes to the neck. (www.askme.com 2001c)

Falklands conflict in some degree or another. The mask I was wearing or false self I showed has controlled the degree of this consumption. Whilst I cannot be certain of the mask I will wear whilst doing this research, I can relate to the idea that the real experimenters will always be those who make it new. I want to find things out for myself and more importantly through this dissertation I want to learn and thus I want to carry this new learning to others (Carver 1989).

## **What people have said**

### **Post-traumatic Stress disorder and the research**

PTSD was first defined within the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorder III (DSM) in February 1978. It was placed within the section on anxiety disorders. It was a description given to survivors of traumatic experiences and related to an ordeal that is outside the normal range of human experience. This could be involvement in violent crime, sexual and physical abuse, involvement in an accident, natural disasters or experiences of a man made nature (Baldwin 1998). It was evidence from the Vietnam War that prompted the need for such a category and to date the majority of research into war and PTSD has been carried out following the Vietnam War (Young 1995).

In comparison, it seemed that to date there has been very little research following the Falklands conflict. Initially I came across the first piece of research by O'Brien and Hughes when it was mentioned during the transmission of the File on 4 radio programme (Northam 1998). O'Brien and Hughes (1991) studied a group of Falkland's veterans who were still serving in the armed forces. It was from this paper that I found the other two papers referred to in this research. The first was where Price (1984) examined the factors that might have led to the low rate of

psychiatric casualties during the conflict. The second was Jones and Lovett's (1987) paper in which they carried out three small case studies focusing on subjects from the South Wales area of the United Kingdom (UK). I also found evidence of further research in a paper by Orner, Lynch, and Seed, P. (1993) "Long Term Traumatic Stress Reactions in British Falklands War Veterans". It was published in 1993 from a survey carried out between 1987 and 1990 (Email, September 2000). Subsequent searches have not found any further evidence of research into PTSD, and the Falklands. To confirm this assertion I contacted The South Atlantic Medal Association (SAMA) and through this email (email, June 2000a) contacted a psychiatrist who had carried out work with veterans who were diagnosed as having PTSD (Email, June 2000). However there is a future research project being proposed, an official study being commissioned through Southampton University with a team obtaining usable data within a sample group of Falklands Veterans.

Another part of this study is hoped to be conducted through Bradford University with their ongoing 'Peace Studies Programme' to analyse the costs to society with the increase of spending with veterans on benefits and the overall cost to society through war veterans rejoining society 'untreated' or ill advised (Email, July 2000b).

Evidence from the Vietnam War has shown that PTSD sufferers show a combination of depression, general anxiety disorders, panic disorders, chemical and substance abuse, high rates of self destructive and self-defeating behaviours (Laufer et al 1981, Sierles et al 1983, Yager et al 1984). To add to this, evidence from Price's (1984) and Jones and Lovett's (1987) research has shown varying explanations of the low psychological casualties after the Falklands campaign. Whilst Price's (1984) account of psychiatric sequelae in Falklands war veterans stresses the low psychiatric casualties it reports evidence of severe delayed reactions with the three

cases discussed. One possible factor to this delay is the psychological ambience of the armed forces. They go on to say that the camaraderie within the unit/company/troop/section will evoke a conflict between fearing a loss of face with the colleagues with whom the veterans are serving and the fear of death or mutilation. They also recognise that in this group psychological identity can lead to severe loss at the bereavement of a colleague. Lastly Solomon (1989) researched Israeli war veterans and found there were a great many reasons why veterans did not seek help (see Appendix one for further detail).

To confuse the situation there was also evidence of a political agenda regarding the plight of war veterans and PTSD. It may seem surprising but the Veterans Administration (VA) in the USA was resistant to PTSD following publication of DSM III (Atkinson et al 1982). This appeared to mirror the lack of support for the Vietnam War across the wider society in the USA. Any VA acceptance of PTSD had important implications both fiscally and regarding the anticipated manpower to deal with veterans diagnosed as suffering from PTSD. There is strong evidence to suggest that 18 years later there is a resistance from our own political establishment within our society. Steven Hughes's (1991) study was cleared by the Ministry of Defence (MOD) two years from its completion. To date there appears to be little or no impact on government policy from the study (Northam 1998). There is evidence to suggest that veterans are empowering themselves through legal action against the MOD (O'Leary 2000, Northam 1998). Perhaps the same fear voiced by Congress in the USA is being mirrored in the corridors of Whitehall.

In 1998 Jones, on the Radio 4 programme *File on 4*, stated that in North Wales, with a population of 0.5 million, he knew of between 100 and 200 ex-servicemen who present acute features of PTSD. Within the 50 million population of the UK he

estimated between 10,000 - 20,000 may carry a lot of grief. Jones during the programme did not say how he came to this figure but he did go on to say

*The worst get into real trouble, they drink, they die, they go into prison. A lot just carry on. They do not work as well they could, they live more bleakly than they would have lived, so their quality of life has diminished.*

*(Northam 1998)*

### Communicating the trauma

Individuals with PTSD face an enormous task of coping with the physical aspects, social aspects and the psychological aspects of the disorder. The question is how can we put a traumatic experience into a narrative through ordinary language and not lose the subtleties of that experience? Saussure (1974) made a powerful case for the idea that language structures our understanding of reality rather than serving as a neutral means of communication about our reality. Caruth (1995) states that there is a possibility that speech is simply not a vehicle of understanding but also the locus of what cannot be understood. So within the differing aspects of the reality of PTSD how do sufferers project to the external world the concepts and models of this reality itself? Is it at all possible to touch the truth of my reality because that only belongs within me? However if I ignore my truth or reality beyond my words spoken or stories I have told I might risk paralysing any moral judgements about my experiences. I might paralyse the will to pass any judgement on my experiences and the ways I have coped. (See Appendix two for further comment). To take the opposing view the aim of narrative therapy is to enable the client to gain control over past ways of narrating their experiences. This is

accomplished in a way to empower the client to act and feel differently to the way they currently do within their current life story (McLeod 1997).

What's more Laing (1969) asks the question to what extent does every man and woman be true to his or her self whether there is a personal involvement or there is a heavy influence of others in achieving this. So in a sense if you gain control over your past experiences how much influence of others helps or hinders this process?

Finally I feel by looking at the feminist perception of trauma we have much to gain.

(See Appendix three for further comment).

## **Methodology**

### **My experience, my reasons, my justification.**

The two areas of research which have previously investigated PTSD and the Falklands conflict were carried out by researchers who had not gone down south. Whilst I feel that these researchers (Price 1984, Jones 1987) have a positive intent in trying to help trauma victims from war, I have wondered if there is a possibility that there is an anxiety about hearing and experiencing the unthinkable and whether being an insider would have made a difference to my research. A third area of research was by Dr Hughes (1991) who had experience as a Falkland's veteran but it did not explore how S. Hughes felt about his realities and truths about his own experience down south. This is what I wanted to do. I wanted to add a differing perspective to the current picture, perhaps to add a piece to this incomplete jigsaw. I wanted to grab the nettle and talk about the sadness that only Falkland's veterans and old Spitfire pilots can talk about (Blue Diary 1999). Coffey (1999) stated that putting researcher into the research might be portrayed as self indulgent, exhibitionist and narcissistic and these thoughts did cross my mind but choosing an auto ethnography method was important to bring together my two differing worlds.

Tierney (1998) said that auto ethnographical stories 'are powerful research tools that ultimately enable a writer to deal with difference and to ensure that, by doing so, people are not all assimilated into one mainstream sameness' (Tierney 1998, p1). I felt that this was the most appropriate method because I wanted to describe myself within the context of being member of a sub culture who has moved into a different sub culture. A sub culture, as I understand it is a group who have similar values, beliefs and traditions. I wanted to bring together the here and now and the past. I did not and do not want to be assimilated into one mainstream sameness. My justification is that auto ethnography is often a description of a conflict of cultures; often an analysis of being different and it gives an opportunity to explain these differences from the inside (Bennett 2002). I wanted to tell my story from the inside and I wanted to attempt to explain self to others. Neumann (1996) says that auto ethnographic work creates the opportunity for reclamation of voices that perhaps have been absent, misinterpreted and silenced in the past. I wanted to reclaim my voice.

I wanted to scrutinise the downtrodden self rigorously and I wanted this scrutiny to emphasize the methodological process of this research. To be able to do this I had to find and to show empathy towards a part of poor downtrodden self. This portrait of empathic identity between researched and researcher 'has the researcher as some white knight rushing in to save Luke Skywalker' (Tierney 1998). So, is the researcher heroically riding a magnificent white stallion fighting the shadow self to rescue the poor downtrodden Luke Skywalker. Maybe I have an implicit intent to become a hero like the Spitfire pilot by researching PTSD in war veterans. My primary focus was to see if war could be accepted and embraced by me as a counsellor and I used the exploratory lens of a counsellor to form my researchers' subjectivity (Chesney, 2001). I was on an experiential journey and I was not

prepared to let my experientially gained knowledge become an embarrassment, I wanted this to be a basis for more research (Reed, 1995).

The other consequence to consider within this is the role of maleness and the part it plays in the research. How do expectations placed upon us as men stop us giving ourselves permission to express ourselves and engage fully with our experiences? Connell (1995) has argued that masculinity is best constructed in the plural and that through that we can be linked to each other as men. Through my own journey of self-development I have changed my view of masculinity and my own masculinity. The mask of masculinity has had a grip on my own ability to express how I have felt about the Falklands.

It is possible through the wearing of these differing masculine masks that are in some way imposed on us by societal and cultural influences that we are then able to tell our war stories so that they are disconnected from the true reality of war. I have had to tell many stories over the last 18 years since 1982. Through the telling of my stories I have and still can modify them, claim them and create new meanings. Within my narrative of my trauma I have had to develop a defence system. A defence system that is very much about the way I tell my story to protect myself. It is only when I can tell my story from a place without my mask or masks do I really think and feel I get near to my experiences. I would hope at some point to touch my real experience. The question is how far does this form of self-reflective life history even return to the true reality of the past (Hitchcock 1995)? Does it represent or even get close to how it really was or is? Also it is important to consider what language I have used to propel my understanding of my experience to the psychiatry profession, to the counsellors I have had therapy with, and me? Has my therapy enabled me to gain control of the past? So if I gain this control do I still keep a distance between my voice and my pain? Is this useful from a professional perspective as a counsellor? At this point in my own



professional and self-development is the real significance that I do not want to distance my voice from my pain? With this in mind I have wanted to scrutinise the way I project and have projected my internal world of reality and truths whilst being aware of the masks I wear and have worn. I have wanted to explore how I have attempted and sometimes failed to get in touch with my true self through diary entries, songs and exploring metaphors to my experiences. I have wanted to just have my view, gain knowledge and hence a voice.

The difficulty is that it can be problematical trying to represent these types of direct reflective experiences adequately. Atkinson and Silverman (1997) call upon culture as the explanation for personal and autobiographical narratives. They see stories as being the end product of cultural accounts, constructions and inquiries and believe there is some doubt of an existence of self and its contribution to this end product. Alternatively Jackson (1989) states that knowledge of our experiences are just not found in the corridors of academia and hence are not just tested within their standards of scientific inquiry. Each of us judges our experiences against the emotional and practical demands of our lives at any given time. Hence each experience is unique in the context of the overall culture.

Whilst it is my qualitative viewpoint about the Falklands and PTSD, I am attempting to legitimate my way of viewing the world and hence validate my position. By telling a story through my short narrative I would like the reader to take hold of it and read it in their way. In a sense I want to be able to tell them about myself and not necessarily the sub cultures that I have aligned myself to, like the Royal Marines, war veterans, or even the counselling profession. In turn will hopefully tell them something they perhaps did not see previously in themselves. Perhaps through my story I want to turn myself into a different hero not a North Devon Journal hero (Denzin 1994b). The type of hero I want to be is a hero who confronts and makes sense of my own life experience. I am not after the

understanding of other's PTSD experience through the exploration of my own. I want to be able to say to others that if you look at my story now it might touch something inside, which will make you want to be heard.

### This is how I decided to do what I did

In my dissertation I wanted to move away from the top down approach and have a starting point as me the individual. To me the movement from the label/diagnoses to the individual leaves a void, which might be filled with behaviour within the veterans that is a reflection of an assumed way to be. Michelle Fine (1994) saw how individuals could inhabit a space of dominance to construct a sense of self through the denigration of others. Does the medical model use its dominant position to construct the false selves of others? Do I want to make the dominant discourse I have implied feel uncomfortable because I am an insider and do not attach myself to this dominant discourse? My evidence from researching this dissertation suggests that the dominant discourse of the psychiatry should feel uncomfortable. A letter in Counselling the magazine published by the British Association for Counselling (BAC) described how a speaker, a service psychiatrist, described the trained counsellor as a trained dog (Counselling, 2000). I believe that through this type of language there then becomes an impasse between the medical profession and the counselling profession. Many victims of trauma engage in successful counselling for their trauma. Later I received e-mail from Martin Owen, the author of the letter, who works within the ex service community. He said, 'I can tell you that they are all very angry particularly with the way they have been treated by the establishment, they too want to be heard' (email, July 2000).

Perhaps we should be working together to alleviate the stress sometimes suffered by war veterans. As Allun Rees (2002) reported in the Mail on Sunday 'A shocking little known toll of the Falklands War is revealed today 20 years on. More veterans have taken their own lives since the South Atlantic conflict ended than the number of servicemen killed in action'.

I started the research with the initial aim and purpose to explore another veteran's experience of PTSD and attempt to compare this with my own. I started to look for willing participants for this purpose. I had posted several messages on web sites which were relevant to the ex service community, for example Once a Marine (<http://www.civvie-street.co.uk/> 2000)<sup>11</sup> and NAAFI

(<http://pub47.bravenet.com/forum/> 2000). The decision I had to make was apparent, was I going to attempt to retell another veteran's experience or was I going to retell my story? I received eleven responses from these web sites and all were very positive about my proposed research. They all voiced an interest in being interviewed. Nevertheless through my own reflection of my experiences I saw there was potential to use myself as the research subject and at that moment I decided that I would not talk to the others. I do not feel at that moment there was reason for this or even as if I had to justify this stance. The justification of my chosen methodology of being an insider within my research is more pivotal to this research process.

Later when I reflected about this in my diary I thought about my overall motivation to carry out this work. Yes, I was not blind to the fact that there would be some therapeutic benefit to this piece of research. I had been keeping a diary since the beginning of the course so my second diary, the blue diary, enabled me to reflect on my research process but also to reflect on my own therapeutic process that went on during the research. I found myself motivated by the fact there was

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<sup>11</sup> Once a Marine is a web site for ex Royal Marines to network, find lost colleagues and chat.

limited research about the Falklands conflict and PTSD. I really felt that my own experience as a veteran and now a counsellor would give a different perspective on the experience of trauma. I wanted to see if my experience as a counsellor helped me embrace my experience of war and accept it. I felt this had wider implications for insider research within other difficult personal experiences, for example living with cancer or survivors of sexual abuse. Part of this process was the difficulties I had being ruthless with my work as I rejected parts. I felt that as I rejected parts I was rejecting parts of myself. The longer my dissertation went on the easier it became to reject parts. This appeared to be a quite natural process but what it did do was give a sufficient distance between me the subject and me the researcher.

### The Data.

Assuming that David the counsellor and Jacko the Veteran will have an audience I wanted my audience to see this research as having three directions. I hope there would be recognition of the heroes, the local heroes spread across the local papers with stories of bravery, valour and happiness as they returned safely home. It is at this point were the societal view sits. I have called this society's disillusionment. Secondly it is about my story. I told my story to three psychiatrists and eventually to my therapist. I have called this my disillusionment. Lastly I have tried through my diary, my song writing and in the past through the metaphors within my life to shed the skins, cast away the masks and reclaim my self.

### The Newspapers - Societal disillusionment?

I looked at this through my reviewing of the local press coverage during and after the conflict in my home area of North Devon. I looked at the way local people saw

the conflict at that time and how veterans portrayed themselves to the society in which they shared their lives. I had collected many stories from the local paper in my area the North Devon Journal and the Hartland Times. Collecting the Hartland Times was easy. It is nostalgic tradition that we return as a family to the village of Hartland for the annual carnival. It was in August 1999 on one of our regular summer visits that I found the articles about my return from the Falklands. It was a year later in the early summer that I travelled up to Barnstaple in North Devon. I visited the library to collect some news reports from the period of the Falklands conflict. On the second floor they housed the local studies section so I went upstairs surprised that I felt a little anxious and was shown the microfilm machine and then began the process of sifting through the North Devon Journal relevant to the time I was interested in. It was extremely difficult to stay focussed. I would drift through the many news reports thinking about how things haven't really changed. I managed to look at all of the week's newspapers from April 1982 to August 1982 and noted down 25 stories that I thought revealed how local people presented their part in the conflict and how returning veterans presented their stories.

During this collection of newspaper reports I had considered searching the archive of the national press. However I believed that the emotions and the living of the conflict were felt more individually within the local communities hence through the local coverage. In my view national coverage perhaps roused a more collective response, a more collective form of patriotism and bulldog spirit. Perhaps this is akin to the collective grief of a Remembrance day parade which in essence can unwittingly ignore the individual grief. Also I decided that the limitations of this piece of work would not accommodate this potential for additional analysis.

### The Psychiatrists' reports and the therapy sessions - My disillusionment

After I left the services my medical records were condensed and sent to the War Pensions agency for assessment, as is standard practice. The basis of this assessment and review of my medical records dictated the level of pension I was going to receive. This assessment process also highlighted a need for me to see a psychiatrist due to some concerns I had raised just before my medical discharge. Most of my concerns about how I felt about my experience of war had been shared with the therapeutic family of the Royal Marines; whilst I was with this family I had no need to see a psychiatrist.

Once the war pensions have finished their assessment all ex-service personnel are given a statement of case and within my statement of case were the three psychiatrists' reports about my condition of PTSD. It was very easy then to extract these reports from my statement of case and use them as data. I hoped what they would show was how I became more open to each psychiatrist within each consultation. The term open was about finding a voice within the consultations. Tierney (1998) points out that personal narratives are not just a way of cataloguing silenced lives, but an undertaking 'to challenge the oppressive structures that create the conditions for silence' (Tierney, 1993, p, 4.). This term open perhaps then linking a new found voice to any acceptance I might feel about my experience of the Falklands. From this starting point I read and analysed the three psychiatrist reports.

I also analysed the transcripts of two therapy sessions I had been client in. Each session was for an hour and took place in the summer of 1998. Through my own personal therapy over the last few years I have never specifically looked at my Falkland's experiences. I have never really put myself under a microscope. Had I consciously avoided the more difficult parts of my life? Yes, I had worked on my own self-development as a therapist and had moved a long way but how is it I had

never talked to anyone, including those that are close to me, about that time in my life? I clearly believed it was time to look at this area of my life. The difficulties that I had to address were how did three interviews with psychiatrists and one session of therapy within a framework of my whole therapy reflect the real core of my whole experience? Lynch says that western and eastern philosophical beliefs have the view that language is very limiting (1998b). So did I assume that, as by seeing a counsellor who uses the same therapeutic language and techniques would be enough to connect to me to my experiences or even a snapshot of my experience as a human being?

In any case within both the psychiatrist's reports and the therapy transcripts I attempted to follow the transition from the stiff upper lipped, over the top<sup>12</sup> ex Royal Marine in 1995 to the ex Royal Marine who is now a counsellor. In a way I wanted put sections of my own self under the microscope. It was important to me to get the realness through a representation of the text. It was of paramount importance to reveal through this story of mine a story that portrays the language, feelings, emotions and actions of myself. Another difficulty that arose was the issue of truth. How do I reveal my truth but a more meaningful interpretation of my truth? I wondered how this might influence the end piece. A large part of me knows that from an existential perspective I relate to others within the particular framework of

<sup>12</sup> During the First World War a charge over the protective battery which ran alongside a trench was called "going over the top." Such a charge usually resulted in many casualties, as did most operations during that most tragic conflict. Since the casualty rate was very high, it took remarkable bravery to go "over the top". Some considered it excessively brave and the phrase has come to be associated with excess. (<http://www.bartleby.com/quotations>)

my culture within which I exist (Van Deurzen-Smith 1990). How will I relate this to the current framework in which I exist now? Secondly this is my experience and my experience alone. So did my insider perspective ignore the discourses that

compete for the platform that every one with a vested interest wants to sing from? How much of my telling of my story did I want to be a representation of the story of many unheard voices?

I became to realise the enormity of trauma within my life and how I had shut it away scattered around like the discarded remnants of a deserted trench.

### The diaries, the songs and Pink Floyd

I looked at the power of metaphors for my experiences and a song I had written about the Falklands. These parts have played a significant part in getting in touch with my self and how I want to portray this self to the world. My relationship with this structure within my life has been in a state of flux. There has been a construction and a reconstruction of self. Behind all of this fabrication has been me wanting to shout out 'Look this is me, an individual, a feeling emotional man. Listen and more importantly hear'.

From my own experience of images of war brought straight into my home, whether it be on the television or radio, have triggered reactions in me. I have been aware of the need to avoid, the need to ignore or even totally shut out that ruinous part of our humanity. I have been able to do this whether by walking from a room saying 'I can not watch this war film' or just not putting myself in a situation to engage with these triggers. The most powerful metaphor about my experiences and subsequent feelings comes from within a Pink Floyd album called 'The Final Cut' (Pink Floyd 1983). This metaphor was projected to me through the lyrics. What do these lyrics say and what have they said?

My song writing was perhaps leaving an opening to the door to a more real me. I only had to find the key. Was this the story I really wanted the world to hear? My diary writings had started in 1998 with a red coloured diary. Within this I noted



references, general thoughts about my dissertation ideas and articles, which I could follow up later. As my loose idea for my dissertation began to take shape I started a blue reflective diary called a blue because the cover was a dark blue colour. The opportunity to collect data for the other assignments led me to some useful data for this dissertation for example the Radio 4 programme File on Four (1998). What my diaries attempted to do was unravel my day-to-day reflections of how I felt and viewed this journey. It would be representative through my experience of carrying out this research and hopefully conclude by finding myself in the position I find myself today. Today being the day I place this in the post to UEA for the last time.

### What I did with my data.

The most dominant issue I had was how I was able to attach some form of methodological method to my analysis. I found grounded theory confusing and was unable to grasp the concepts fully, however I found through my reading around that it appeared to fit loosely around what I was doing. Glaser (1992) believes that researchers approach grounded theory with prior interest, reflections and problems with their proposed research. I was certainly engaged my research with prior interest and a reflective manner. I attempted to categorise my data and look for themes throughout the individual pieces of data and collectively within the pieces of work (Holloway and Wheeler 1996).

Most of my analysis took place in my music room (where my guitars and computer sit) over a period of several months. I seemed to work better in the small hours of the morning so when my family had gone to bed I would spread my data on the desk and spend an equal amount of time using a highlighter to pick out themes throughout the material. During these early mornings I would listen to The Final

Cut and I would attempt to have a dialogue with the lyrics, asking what do the lyric lines make me feel? The highlighting of themes throughout all the pieces of my data was very important as each piece had a time and place within my whole experience of PTSD and the aftermath of the Falklands conflict. The Final Cut from 1983 and 1984, the psychiatrist reports from 1995, the therapy sessions from 1998, the diaries from more recent times. Each of the pieces of data had a place within my view of the world at that particular moment in my life. I felt through my analysis an overwhelming feeling of despair and questioning of the usefulness of the masks I wore in the past and even the one I wear now as autobiographical researcher.

*I wonder whether I am trying to slay a dragon, my internal dragon perhaps. I am not really sure. I suppose I might be naive if I thought I would just have an analytic and reflective process about me. I thought I could hold up my sword high and hack my way though all this bloody criteria. I am glad this is not the case. I am moving slowly through a unknown path, fearful, sad and sometimes blinded by the tears.*

*(Blue Diary 2000 p.28)*

I wanted to attempt to stress the removal of the masks I had worn within each interaction with fellow professionals, both psychiatrist and therapist and myself (Denzin 1994a).

Undoubtly through my reading of the literature about trauma there are many explanations (Appendix One) and what my reading about trauma did is give me a few pegs on which to hang what I found within my data, more importantly what I did not find. Within the local newspapers I was looking for a theme perhaps how people presented themselves to the world whether they served down south or stayed at home in North Devon. I looked for the heroes.

Within the psychiatrists' reports and transcripts of therapy I was trying the focus on the interactions. I was trying to establish a common thread. I tried to look for a swaying of the narrative between the client and professional going from the safe

areas of my experience to working at a deeper level (Howe 1993). As a counsellor I work with clients to work at a deeper level and attach new meaning to their experience and this seemed appropriate for my analysis. I read and reread the reports and transcripts looking for evidence of me the war veteran talking about my experiences. I wanted to see my disclosures of my experiences broadened as I talked to more professionals. I realised there would be a difference between my consultations with the psychiatrist and my counsellor but I was not sure how much of a difference. Finally I looked at where parts of my story stayed the same but I knew there was the another layer underneath. I colour coded and highlighted these recurring themes within the text.

I wanted to use these themes to look at the type of mask I showed to the psychiatrist, another type of David, a very different role to the one I played out in therapy. I wanted to look at the differences between these two interactions by looking at the type of language I used whilst not losing sight of the fact that I was an experienced counsellor who was used to going for therapy. I looked to see if the themes had a prominence to me as a counsellor with the subsequent experience of a practising counsellor.

When I arranged my therapy I had discussed with my therapist my reasons for the therapy and the part it would play within my dissertation. I also negotiated the use of the tape and transcripts for my research and asked if she would be willing to spend some time looking at the transcripts with me. I returned to my therapist with the transcripts of the therapy and spent two sessions of two hours on each looking at the data. I wanted to make sure it was a common experience and I wanted to ensure that because this was about me and written by me I was not blind. I wanted my transcripts to be the experience that had happened as much as I could. I wanted to put the spoken word onto an emotionless medium of white A4 pieces of paper so that it sang joyfully but also cried in sadness. To this end it was important to

collaborate with my therapist. Firstly I wanted to clear the data with her but more importantly I wanted to make sure that I did not water the experience down or oppositely build it up. We looked at the transcripts and highlighted parts where I had dropped my mask and began to work at a deep therapeutic level with my counsellor. When I actually looked at the transcripts of two of my therapy sessions I decided to just use the first session. The second therapy session had links to the Falklands conflict but I felt it was not as powerful as the first session. The word limitation also negated using it.

Finally within the Pink Floyd music I tried to unpick the lyrics and find the words that have filled me with sadness over the years. I had tried to hide this emotional pain through collusion with the lyrics of a Pink Floyd album. More recently my songs have been an avenue to tell the world how I feel and have felt. I again tried to unpick the words and ask what are you saying to the world? This has been two considerable outlets for some of my feelings I have hidden behind the masks I have worn. What does it all mean though?

In summary my aims were to carry out an exploration into my experience of PTSD through therapy, psychiatrists' reports, letters, personal metaphors and the local press. The purpose was to have a better understanding of myself and perhaps some of the difficulties of maintaining the masks in which society hand us to wear as veterans. Perhaps it is not as simple as that. It might be that underlying my aim and purpose are even more difficult questions. Is it a continuation of my own therapy? Is this dissertation a further chapter in my own self-development? Even pure self indulgence? Or was it some other cliché? To some extent perhaps I was harbouring under a charade. The charade being the way I was portraying the Falklands and me. How did I alter this? I found that my reflections over the course of the whole of my

MA made my motivation, aims, and purposes more explicit. I would go far as to say more honest. Perhaps the realness and genuineness was buried within me and protected by the very charade I played out.

### Ethical considerations

Whilst the two therapy sessions were difficult, to lessen any possible problems I made sure there was a gap between the sessions, transcribing the tapes and starting my dissertation. The year gap between the taping of the therapies and the transcription was a deliberate move to enable this to happen. Another ethical consideration I had to consider were around the issues of other people's details being brought into my dissertation. Within my psychiatrist reports there were details of my family and my upbringing with that family. To this end I decided to just include the relevant passages of the psychiatrist reports within appendix 4 rather than the whole reports. There was only mention one other person within the transcript he was my close friend who died during the conflict. I changed his name. Once I had decided to focus on myself within this study I had consented to that part of me that been hidden from the world. The main concern I had to address was what I was going to stir up by exploring this sometimes, distressing part of my life. I was always aware of the implications for this. Other implications are my connection with others in my life. I do not live in isolation. I can recall a telephone conversation with a close member of my family 'Are we going to be able to read this piece of work?' (Telephone conversation 2000) Well are they? As well as protecting myself I have perhaps protected the significant others in my life. The veil of silence has not just been about me but about a protection of others. What am I protecting them from? The silence has been revealing a part of me to the world. It is a part that says

‘I am a strong man.’

## **This is what I found**

### **Societal disillusionment - the local press**

It is my belief that everyone would like to be a hero. I am not talking about a metaphoric dragon slaying St George. Heroic deeds come in many forms. I am talking about local people that make good. I have kept a scrapbook full of newspaper cuttings from rugby games I get a mention in. I would like to use this image of heroes and heroines as a way of looking at the deeds of local people as reported in the local press during the Falklands conflict. (Full versions of the newspaper cuttings can be found in appendix 5).

It was noticeable from as early as April 8<sup>th</sup> 1982 stories of heroic deeds were presented in the local press. Whilst the Task Force sailed on towards the South Atlantic there was hum of activity married with an air of uncertainty filling the pages of the North Devon Journal but surrounded by headlines stating the 'Oldest Resident Being 106' and a 'Gas Alert Evacuates Homes' (North Devon Journal April 1982c). 'Radio ham picked up the Falklands' proclaimed the headline as he kept contact with Bob, a Falklands sheep farmer. The report stated that he did not know how long he would be able to continue broadcasting he had learned the Argentineans were searching farms for radios (North Devon Journal April 1982c). In the same column space there was evidence of a collective patriotism as a 'Local football club raise the Union flag' (North Devon Journal April 1982c)

It appears to me that there was an unspoken pattern as the reports move from stories of the individual (Bob) to stories about groups within the local community. Even local politicians, in this case the Right Honourable Mr Speller MP, for North

Devon, were quick to join in and state in a rather churchillian manner 'There is still time for common sense to prevail' (North Devon Journal April 1982d). Perhaps this is a rallying call of patriotism hiding the fact that for many, war does not hold much common sense. In the same piece rousing pomposity and rejuvenating language was used again to warn any dragon of its potential slaying drawing the local community together with some rallying purpose. 'To appease an aggressor does not abate his appetite. It just makes him realise how easy it is to oppress' (North Devon Journal April 1982d).

Of course I can realise that words are easy from the safety of thousands of miles. However perhaps these words were used with a heroic strength to support and give a sense of communal strength.

As the weeks passed a widening web of inclusion within the conflict continued through the coverage in the local press. Sea cadets boasted proudly about the ex cadet who was with the Task Force<sup>12</sup> (North Devon Journal May 1982e). Local firms working overtime to keep food supplies on stream. Mr Crawthorne of North Devon wanted to give the lads high quality stuff. (North Devon Journal May 1982f). Did he realise that it might perhaps be a high quality last supper? I can only imagine as I read this history in which I played my part that the momentum of public feverish patriotism was moving extremely fast. Headlines again proudly stated 'The gifts roll in for the troops' (North Devon Journal June 1982g). 'South Atlantic fund<sup>13</sup> aided by painting' (North Devon Journal June 1982h). Still heroes emerged sat on chairs hunched over radio transmitter receivers and casually exposing the Junta<sup>14</sup> (North Devon Journal June 1982i).

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<sup>12</sup> A Task Force is a group of military forces grouped together. In the case of the Falklands conflict it consisted of a large naval force and land forces with a strength of 28,000 personnel. (Hastings and Jenkins 1983)

<sup>13</sup> South Atlantic fund was monies donated by the general public in support of the task force.

<sup>14</sup> Junta is the military rulers of a country after an army take-over. (Hutchinson 1991)

Even sailors, commandos, soldiers, pilots and merchant seaman wanted to tell their 'Boys Own' stories to their own corner of England. One hero said 'The loss of ships has been tragic but made us all determined', whilst veterans proudly proclaimed 'We won't let you down' and then some reality perhaps a precursor for what is to come 'The morale is high, tinged with sadness'

(North Devon Journal June 1982j). As the months passed and the war finished the veterans returned to the local community, my community. Heroes who touched, felt and lived a war thousands of miles from North Devon came home. They came home to tell story of valour and heroic deeds. Wearing the masks proudly of returning heroes.

Geordie, a survivor of the bombed landing ship "Sir Tristram", tells of dawn landing of troops and equipment (North Devon Journal July 1982k). Francis Bucknell was aboard HMS Argonaut and tells his story 'The ships that defied two days of air raids ...with two unexploded bombs inside her' Again the headlines stated 'Crew stuffed mattresses into the bomb hole' (North Devon Journal July 1982k) and 'Three bombs hit the water a few yards from the ship sides' (North Devon Journal July 1982l). Finally and rather strangely a soldier stated 'It was a good experience' (North Devon Journal July 1982a).

In my opinion all of this reporting brought the society as a whole into a common (mis) understanding, a collective form of emotional support but in turn a collusion ignoring the dark side of such an experience. Whilst between the pages of adverts and local football results, parking was 10 percent up. The tree haters had been active...young trees that had been planted had been snapped off and in Hartland they talked about the vandalism to the bus shelter at the last parish council meeting (North Devon Journal July 1982k).

Does being part of this emotional support falsely link us back into society? Thus reattaching ourselves with the nurturing, giving family, a connection with our home



or part of England. How strong are these bonds of attachment? Bowlby (1977) maintained that attachment behaviour is held to characterise human beings from the cradle to the grave. Is it just a twenty-second moment (Jackson 1998)? Is this a moment that passes with time? How does the attachment to our local community change? When do war veterans ungrudgingly return to an emotional attachment with their therapeutic families?

16 years later, on Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> September, File on 4 (1998) told a different story. This programme was about the experience of war and how PTSD has affected veterans, sometimes with quite traumatic consequences. There was no recollection of heroic deeds but stories of broken fragmented societal support. Where was the collective patriotism now?

In the programme Alistair Stephen described to the reporter for the programme, Gerry Northam, how his son Andrew whom had served in the Gulf war rained blows on him shouting 'Stay down Iraqi bastards' Andrew Stephen then went on to describe to the reporter how he could not cope with it any longer. (I ask what is **it**? Is **it** so terrible there are no words to describe **it**?)

*Alistair: I would never of thought he would of lifted a hand to me but he did. And he was talking as though he was knocking somebody about who was outside of the family. He was shouting 'Stay down stay down' and the wife believes she heard him say, 'Iraqi bastard'. And I stood up to him, I sort of said, 'No I am not going to' and each time he rained a blow I went down further and further. Andrew: I just decided that there was no way that I should be treating anybody else like this, and there was no way I could cope with it any longer. I just went to the petrol station, I brought one of them plastic cans, filled it up, and walked back into the shop and poured petrol all over myself. I went to strike the match but unlucky for I couldn't get that right and they were wet because I'd left them in my pocket*

*Northam. You say unlucky for you*

*Andrew. Yeah I did not want to be there. I did not want to be on this earth any longer.*

*(Northam, 1998)*

No 'Boys Own' story just a realness perhaps an unthinkable realness. Maybe for many the bonds of attachment with others returning from war soon fades leaving veterans to struggle with varying levels of chaos and disorder. When they leave the protected environment of the services is the sense of connectedness destroyed? Do veterans become alone and isolated in potential chaos? What about Alistair, father of Andrew and the many other fathers, mothers, wives, brothers? Do they in turn become tired of carrying the burden they see within their nearest and dearest? Where are the heroes now?

It is through such examples and the language used that a historical and socially produced discourse of the returning local veterans is formed. In the construction of the reports in the papers a paradigmatic choice occurs. I want to be a hero; I want the label of hero. Perhaps there is a historical social construction of 'I am a returning hero'. This is not something that is given or taken but something that has been achieved through the social interaction of the returning war veterans, a welcoming society and a history. In turn these groups will have differing views on what determines this reality. However at some point I see them meeting in the middle and feeding off one another to sustain the construction. At some point there is a parting. Where does this occur? Or is it more of a clandestine rejection? So, 20 years, on has a forbidden discourse now been manifested (Schostak 1993)? I see that the label hero being a forbidden discourse, which perverts, represses, and gives asylum to the realness of what is really going on for war veterans. This then leaves veterans and other possible discourses scattered around like discarded empty shell cases after a battle ignored and just forgotten.

### My disillusionment-A view from the window of a Psychiatrist's room

As I read the three reports I was looking for some evidence of my false self system (Laing 1969) and an evidence of my own process which I hoped might lead me to the answer of the question, had I really embraced and accepted my experiences? Laing (1969) sees the false self being compliant to the will of others and I wondered how much I wore the mask of a war veteran in the early years after I had left the Royal Marines. A patient of Laing once stated about an essay he had written 'Not one word of it was the expression of how I felt. It was all how I felt I was expected to feel' (1969, p96). How much had I spoken words that were about how I was expected to feel?

I read the language in the reports that seemed to be forced out through the stiff upper lips I believe I held. In these early years in 1995 I had experienced certain conditions (Appendix four, line 6) but these words I believe showed a lack of emotional competence (Heron, 2001). I was noted not to have volunteered any other symptoms that might have the psychiatrist consider that I might be suffering from PTSD. (Appendix four, line 12). He noted that I described my service during the Falklands as being on the edge, constantly fearful, even on occasion petrified but never having witnessed at very close hand any immediate life threatening confrontation with the enemy or the weaponry other than minefields. (Appendix four, line 21). When I was with the psychiatrist did I not think a minefield was a weapon? What part of me played down this experience, this terrifying experience? I wrote in my diary one night remembering that experience.

*It was after the cease-fire we were pressing on to Stanley to set up a tactical headquarters for Brigadier Thompson. I was the signaller for him. We were driving over the Dartmoor type terrain of the Falklands when we came across the advance vehicle. It was on its side. I remember stopping and Inch, the corporal signaller*

*from the Royal Artillery come staggering towards my vehicle 'Jacko I think we hit  
a  
mine'*

*We were in a minefield. This became a long and fearful night*

*(Blue diary 2000 p14.)*

I had not mentioned this in the session. Of course do we as men tell the world when we are scared, very scared? How far are we prepared to put our masculinity on the line in front of another man even a psychiatrist?

Four months later I was referred to Combat Stress<sup>15</sup>, started my counselling training and saw a second psychiatrist. In this report the emphasis appears to move me towards revealing my secret self (Laing 1969). I talked a little more about what I did experience but only from a safe place. I felt that I was not able to trust the alien world I had entered after leaving the Services (Appendix four lines 7, 14 and 28). The sort of trust I was learning about in my early counselling training was about my growth, my development and reaching my full potential (Rogers 1990) and I was not ready for that. I feel that I still had an allegiance to my therapeutic family who had drunk heavily around the world, drunkenly remembering the fallen heroes. I wonder now whether it easy to drown all of my hurt I felt in an alcoholic haze (Appendix four line 32).

I had a final consultation with a third psychiatrist. A third visit was required because of the conflict of evidence produced by the other two psychiatrists. Again throughout this description of the spoken voice of this consultant psychiatrist I was prised open a little more and retold my story. I described some of my experiences which I had failed to disclose before (Appendix four, line 42, 55). I questioned whether the leaving of the therapeutic family might trigger the hidden sadness I

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<sup>15</sup> Combat Stress is a charity that supports ex service men and women who have mental health problems.

might carry as an ex-serviceman? Was I wearing a mask of a strong man who did not care?

I wondered what had happened between 1994 and 1997. Heron (2001) says that emotional competence is one of the characteristics of a person who is able to manage their emotions. Emotionally competent individuals are able to control, communicate and develop their feelings. The passage of time and the development of my emotional competence had allowed me to let others see how I felt. However I felt I still was telling my story based on a masculine social identity of an ex Royal Marine talking to three different whom I still saw within some hierarchical system. Did this stop me embracing and accepting my experiences? Or was I not ready to show the real me?

### My disillusionment - A view from the window of a therapists room

It was 2 years after I saw the third psychiatrist I entered into the white building in Saltash town centre. I was going for my first therapy session specifically about the Falklands, more importantly I considering using these results as a part of this dissertation. Was I looking for a therapeutic experience or dissertation result? I realised that when I climbed the stairs to the room where I was going to have my therapy I had travelled a long road. To work in the profession of counselling my belief is that I had to integrate within me a completely different way of interacting with others. I have had to develop personal traits that are akin to the nature and role I have chosen to be in. My stiff upper lip has had to be softened.

The unshackling of the parts of me, who have had a long connection with my Royal Marine role, came about through the therapy and self-development through the courses I had attended. I had become more accepting of others. I tried to be and still strive to be real and I wanted to be who I wanted to be. However in amongst this entire process how many more onions skins was I willing to shed? The first

session showed a certain amount of avoidance from the start. There appeared to some sort of view of dealing with my experiences. How do we deal with our experiences? Is it the intensity that dictates this? Or do we know whether there is a natural working through such experience that takes place anyway? (Appendix six, line 34)? Alternatively does my awareness of the here and now give me the emotional and psychological security? A false self had enabled me to function within the society and the societal circumstances I was in. I believe I was denying my secret self (Appendix six, line 74).

I talked during the session about my outlets for some of what I believed to be my real self. This was through the projection of my emotions onto films and music through sensitivity and sadness (Appendix six, line 99) There was also nostalgia. (Appendix six, line 118) and this nostalgia kept my emotions in check within my role as a Royal Marine. When I exposed myself to the world outside of the Royal Marines the reality was different. (Appendix six, line 142). I exposed myself to world and I became scared and became anxious. The dilemma was how does the world know the fear unless you tell the world your fear? I did in my therapy session. (Appendix six, line 169)

I was going to where I had not been with another person. During the conflict I was young and because I was young I did not want to die. I did not want to die in the Falklands like Doc had. I wrote in my diary

*Doc was killed the day before we landed. When I told Bronco<sup>16</sup> we went up on the deck together. It was quite rough but we did not seem to notice the sea both lost in thought. My thoughts were 'Shit this is for real'* At this moment

in the session there seemed to be an eternity of silence the realisation that I did not want to die. A car passed the window and the sounds of people outside going about

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<sup>16</sup> Bronco is the nickname generally given to someone with the surname Lane.

their everyday business could be heard. It was very much like a mirroring of what had gone on over the many years since I had gone down south. Everyone else getting on with their lives, shopping, chatting, walking, being and living, whilst I sat in my own little world.

My maturing emotional competence showed the sadness I had felt for many years. (Appendix six, line 209). There were long silences during the therapy with my quiet voice being overrun with the sounds from the outside. My quiet voice was getting in touch with my sadness, my male sadness, my heroes sadness. At this point I ran away from the secure base within the therapeutic encounter. The secure base where the client can explore identify important thoughts and feelings (Howe 1993). Whilst the fear and sadness were being openly explored I was turning away and running, very much like running from an air raid to a trench petrified (Blue diary 2000 p15). At that moment I did not feel like a North Devon hero but I was alive.

It was apparent that I had created a false self who had worn a mask, which enabled me to keep all my sadness and fear at a safe distance. However within the therapy I was able to expose even more of my face and drop the mask momentarily. To expose to the world and to me what is the other side of war. (Appendix six, line 280) It was like I had let down my guard and realised the enormity of war, whilst realising I was okay, I was alive and now by exposing the ghosts of my past I was trying to exorcise them. (Appendix six, line 308)

Perhaps for me the realisation that war was real was on the night before we landed. A great sense of loss because death was real. This part of the game had the most difficult rules. How do I be sad about the loss of a good friend? Do you just leave the grieving until 18 years later? (Appendix six, line 318)

Perhaps as the therapy session drew to an end I again realised that what I felt in that room was for real. There appeared to be a realisation that I had given my experiences a meaning. A meaning which enabled me to function effectively within

a given time and personal history. So did this meaning lead to acceptance and cathartic embrace? What I feel happened is a product of my training as a counsellor and my own therapy. I was able to use my new level of emotional competence to add new meaning to my experience of war (Heron, 2001). I had been playing the game of someone whom society saw as a man who had experienced war. I believe at times opening up within others a curiosity that wonders what it would be like to experience war. Uncomfortable looks perhaps wanting to ask a question like 'what was it like?' but instead leaving a veil of silence. I had looked at me and I feel I peeled many layers back exposing myself.

Counselling has enabled me to provide a context in which I have been able to find some sense about my experiences and ultimately it has enabled me to feel able to find sense in my experience of war. Many survivors of trauma convey that the truth of the event is incomprehensible. This strength is not addressed to anyone. It is not a responded to anyone but viewed in solitary isolation. Through my therapy I have been able to relinquish the tight grip I had on my emotions of sadness and fear (Kohut 1984). I was able to share a cathartic experience with another human being, a cathartic experience that enabled me to face my painful emotions (Heron, 2001). For the first time I found that through telling my story it provided the means to engage with this pain. I was able to engage with the ultimate truth of my existence. It seemed to me that there was a need to explore some of the emotional truth that attaches itself to this part of my life.

However the unanswered question is whether all individuals of similar experience would actually benefit or need a professional approach to dealing with PTSD.

Have I through my counselling training been empowered to reach a point where I was able to explore my experiences in the Falklands? Was the dilemma of finding a dissertation question masking any real psychological need to explore my trauma?

As Lynch (1996a) has acknowledged we can only see any meaning to our



experiences based on the linguistic and conceptual resources that our current social context will allow. Have these resources found any meaning within my new and current context? It is not that hiding such a depth of feeling is negative. By hiding such feelings behind a mask I feel it gave me the ability as a veteran to be able to reinvent myself within whatever social role I was playing out. It was a way of displaying a psychological smoke screen which I could function behind. I have told my story and I believe in the past that the many false selves I have acted out have governed my story in a form of censorship. I also consider how much of this silence and censorship is about being male with a limited understanding of true self. Do veterans fall silent or are they silent anyway because they are men? Another problem I see is that language has the potential to obstruct the ability to connect with the core of what is really going on emotionally. In fact it can obstruct what it actually means to be a male versed in emotional incompetence. Marks (2000) maintains that most men think that emotional celibacy and restraint as being not only important but also very much what it is to be a man. Being able to unburden themselves is not part of the way they are.

I believe both the psychiatrist reports and the counselling transcripts show an exploration of a maladapted ego structure. I arrived into my adult world with my particular ego formation, forged out by my own experiences including my experience of trauma. The exploration of my masks and false self allowed the breaking down of the old ego with new bits being added to adapt to the current reality I was living in (Field, 1996).

### My diary, my true self?

Diary or journal keeping has a long history of self expression. Both are tools for growth, critical reflection and the ability to try making meaning out of what is expressed (Clark, 1994). It has been something that I have been well practised in

having been on counselling courses. Whilst I may have found an ally, someone with whom I could sit on my own and collude with in the music. It is through my diary that I fought the most recent struggle with the mask wearer. I was endeavouring to make my experience of this research real, to engage with the part of me which has held that mask firmly to my face and to look at what is 'behind brown and mild eyes' (Walters 1983).

I started to transcribe my therapy session back in June 1999 and it was from that point that the process I had decided to embark on was going to be emotionally difficult. 'There was a part of me not wanting to admit that it was me going through this process' (Blue diary 2000 p8). The process of client/researcher was extremely hard with an internal voice saying to me 'that is not me on the tape' (Blue diary 2000 p7). When I came to transcribe the second tape there was a different emphasis contained within the counselling session on the tape. It was expressed quite strongly in my diary. '...wondering what has this to do about my dissertation' (Blue diary 2000 p8). My diary also gave a very powerful insight into something I feel we as therapists can take for granted the power of the counselling interaction and counselling process. It is only now I realise the process, the counselling process and all that it entails.

*The first interview was purely about down south which I felt was quite powerful and felt some of the emotion coming out. The illustration of silence was incredibly*

*powerful. How things hung in the silence.*

*(Blue diary 2000 p9)*

Unquestionably the diary has compelled me to self reflect on various aspects of my own professional development as a counsellor. However this was not the only purpose the diary appeared to serve. A week after hearing the tapes I visited the SAMA web site and sat in a lonely silence and felt. As I wrote in my diary I

appeared to just touch my sadness and then return to a public mask perhaps because my sadness hurts.

*Went to the web site and visited the garden of remembrance and spent over an hour reading and feeling incredibly sad yes how close was I to tears what waste all those young people young men. I suppose I will never come to terms with the futility of it.*

*Did I think this would be easy as a dissertation? What I do wish I could back to standing at the bar where I stood with the old spitfire pilot at my party in the village thrown when I returned from the Falklands. At the bar not speaking drinking toasts to lost friend. I thought within the frame I build around my personal experiences I had only lost one friend 'Doc' and two others I had known. But realised as I clicked on the web site through the garden of remembrance in a year 2000 modern way I had lost everyone who had been killed in the Falklands I am crying now perhaps it*

*is time to stop*

*(Blue diary 2000 p10/11)*

There is something about loss and the inevitability of death. Death in war is to me very much like running towards death driven by the circumstances. Numerous factors dictating whether you will meet it head on, miss it completely, just miss it or even laugh at it because we laughed at death. How we laughed at the holes in the over snow vehicle (from the shrapnel) (Blue diary 2000 p27).

As the weeks went by and as I read and reread my transcripts I began to recognise the level of exploration and the depth I had been to during the first session, albeit in a detached manner. Meeting colleagues who had served in the Falklands made me wonder how the new role we all take on when we leave the services can dictate the public mask we wear. So in a sense the mask that I have chosen to wear is the mask of a counsellor. What this mask entails I am not sure? Does this mask have a certain amount of inevitability about it? Does being a counsellor mean an inevitable self developmental journey which leads to an adaptation of the false self? Does the

process of self development and therapy lead to finding a true self? Am I stripping back to find my self, driven by my own self-development, counselling and now my dissertation? Perhaps my seeking of some true self has is like looking for some sort of holy grail, not knowing if it really exists. This not knowing leads me to be uncertain and if I strip back the layers without care I might expose the rough skin beneath and leave me raw and unprotected. Perhaps I have just replaced one mask with another and this mask fits more comfortably.

### Is there anybody out there? (Walters 1979)

Pink Floyd have been one of my favourite rock bands for many years and it was no different in 1982. I remember in the September of 82 I went with a friend to see 'The Wall' by Pink Floyd (Walters 1979) in the cinema after its release. It was a black depressing masterpiece, in my opinion. I brought the cassette soon afterwards. It was in the April of 1983 when I brought another cassette what was to be a metaphor of how I felt it was called 'The Final Cut' (Walters 1983). The lyrics were graphically accurate in the way they resonated within me. They still do today. It was like Roger Walters (1983) who wrote the lyrics was expressing for me in a safe way the futility of war. They were very much linked to feelings of despair at that time in my life and my darker moments. Listening to the tape gave me an opportunity to share with someone else in private some of my feelings and thoughts.

This gave me an enormous opportunity to drop the mask and feel. I have lost count of how many times I have shed tears in private to this metaphor. I still do today. Whilst the whole album is filled with lyrics that in isolation are very powerful there are three tracks that I feel are very specific to what I hide behind my mask. A full analysis of the tracks is contained in Appendix six.

The first is called Southampton Dock. This sings out to me that war will always be. It will just be different participants, different circumstances, and different deaths. It cynically says, yes we have the cenotaph standing tall and proud. Families await the return of their sons, husbands, brothers, and lovers. Only on their return is there a sense of relief mixed with a patriotic fervour. Of course the blood is still shed but when people forget all we have left is the poppy fields, the regimented gravestones and arguments about the care these graves should have (McIlroy 2000). I believe that society forgets but the individuals that become part of the historic story do not.

I didn't.

The second song is called Paranoid Eyes and describes how I have felt for many years. When I was away from my therapeutic family, the Royal Marines, I portrayed an image to the outside world. I would hide behind paranoid eyes. It is like you feel that people see you differently. Do they see another mask that I do not see? Perhaps I am trying to find it now?

I can recall the silence in the pub in Hartland, a feeling of incompetence about how to engage with these people laughing at the tales of when we were teenagers in village, scrumping from the abbey or drinking cider in the churchyard but not talking about war.

As Roger Walters sings 'I can hide hide, hide behind petrified eyes' Was I hiding behind petrified eyes? Petrified of friends asking me in the pub what was **it** like?

Finally the track The Final Cut gives me a feeling of looking from my eyes outwards with me only understanding the view and holding on to the fear of showing a side of me, my dark side possibly?

How come I have never opened this much of me to the people in my life who are close?

I believe that this metaphor for my life is linked to my own emotional competence as it has enabled me to feel the immense sadness I have felt about the war. This has been a very private affair and it is by linking this to my research I have now made some of my emotional competence more public.

### I have got a little black book with my poems in (Walters 1979)

The other part of my relationship with music relates to the extension I have developed from listening to music. Since leaving the Royal Marines I have learnt to play the guitar and from this I have expressed myself through the writing of songs. I have had a little black book with my poems in (Walters 1979) and I have used my poems to form the basis of some of my songs. These writings have given me opportunities to express my feelings about many of my experiences. One such poem gave me a window in which to write about the Falklands and from this I wrote ‘Were you there do you care?’ (D Jackson 1998). It appears to me to be another way or avenue to pour out some of the emotional pain, to express some of the anger and at times the indifference I have felt to my fellow humans because of their implicit blindness to my world. It seems to me as I explore the lyrics I am presenting some choices of how I want to be? It is like I am having a conversation with myself and asking questions about my experience like;

*A private hell or open heaven ?*

*A tranquil sea or stormy dream?*

It is in sense as if I can only ask myself because I am the only one who knows the answer. What the song does give me is an opportunity to ask my external world to listen. I feel in this song I am demanding an answer from the rest of the world putting them on a spot, angrily asking ‘Were you there, do you care?’ How would it be for me if they did care? How would it be if they answered my question and

did not care? How would my life be different? Then would I be showing my weak side more openly? Would the world see the tears flow before my eyes? I know I do not allow anyone to see my tears because they have been hidden behind a mask of absolute maleness and a well constructed false self. The most powerful part of the song for me is the last outpouring.

*Twenty second moment*

*Cold sweat making dream*

*Twenty second moment*

*Someone else's dream*

*Twenty second flashback*

*Life of scared uncertainty*

*Twenty second hero*

*Nice trip son. Have a cup of tea*

*Twenty second moment*

*Someone's death didn't have to be*

*Twenty second moment*

*Flowers on this grave please*

*(Jackson 1998)*

I do not know whether this was a conscious effort to portray and show my anger. It appears in reflection that I wanted to show that some parts of my life are just a fleeting 20-second moment.

What question am I asking? Does war with the passage of time become someone else's dream? We return from war and life falls into a perceived normality. This may be so for the outsider looking in but what about from the insider looking out

How does it look? Do we pucker up our stiff upper lips and have a nice cup of tea. Mixed amongst all of this is the twenty-second clock ticking away our twenty second moments

These twenty seconds moment's ending with an inevitable death for us all and for some death because of someone else's dream. As easily as death comes it is easily softened with flowers on graves please and poppies on Remembrance Sunday.

Standing by the cenotaph with head held high, asking secretly how well we carry the scars? Hell and back it is not that far you know. Of course we might not ever come back from our private hell. (See appendix seven for a full version of song)

### **What does it all mean?**

What I, the researched, have attempted to do is to tell you a story. It is a story about a journey, a passage of time and a very personal experience. What I, the researcher, have attempted to do is to untangle a topic which is deeply embedded within my life. I have had to manage to embed myself within the research whilst maintaining separateness. This has been difficult.

There are many criticisms directed at this type of autobiographical research. Everhart (1977) describes the distorted vision that might result from having too much closeness between the researched and the researcher. I feel I have attempted to keep the closeness distant. I have managed this in part by stepping further back as the researcher which became easier over time. It was apparent from the very start that the part of me that wanted to find a voice was sometimes very strong. As at times I, the researched, angrily seemed to be demanding answers to questions. (e.g. p23) At times as the researcher I did not step back enough from the data, especially the transcripts and psychiatrists reports. This left a muddling of researched voice and researcher's analysis. At times it was difficult to know who was speaking,



whether it was the researched or the researcher. I felt that one of the risks of this research was the forming of collusion between both parts of me and the possibilities of the researcher giving positive strokes to the researched. Another limitation is the potential for ambiguity within the research. Ribbens and Edwards (1999) say that when we try to find an academic audience while remaining loyal to the knowledge we gain in the personal settings of research, this can cause ambiguity. At times I felt there was vagueness around what I was attempting to find and I had to address this by continually returning to the research question.

My research is also limited by how the readers of this research interpret my words. There was always a potential, within this research, to get angry with my lot, to alienate the reader and to make assumptions about the reader based on my experience of PTSD. To this end I have had to acknowledge to the reader the undoubted therapeutic nature of this research for me. Studying for my MA has not just been about a pursuit of academic knowledge. It has been about self knowledge. This pursuit has not been a blind search based on my motivation of narcissistic self-interest. It has been about a motivation to find my voice. Chesney (2001) says

‘If we as researchers hold back, then it can be expected that the researched will also hold back. The denigration of autobiographical account as interesting personal conversion denies powerful insights gained from analysis of self and its positive influence on research’ (2001, p5). So to find my voice I have had to not hold back. I feel within this research I have not held back and took a therapeutic risk (Dryden 1988). It is also professionally comforting for that research illustrates the fact that increased experience leads to an increased professional adaptability to client’s behaviour’s (Dryden 1988). So ultimately the experience of an exploration of uncharted selves I hope has, only enhanced my expertise as a counsellor. It is by

taking this risk my hopes are that the voice I have found will open further debate and research.

To this end it has been very therapeutic for me in the sense it has given me an opportunity to unpick some of the complexities that are I. Whilst I haven't even started to unpick the complexity of that what is suffered from the experience of war. I have attempted to own some of mine. I would consider that in reflection I have been lucky. I have been given an opportunity to look at my twenty-second moment (Jackson 1998).

Several issues have been raised for me as a researcher, the first relates to the issue of emotional competence. The very nature of this research has given me the opportunity to explore my own emotional competence. I feel that my journey towards a better emotional competence started when I slowly let go of my perceived way of being, linked to my past in the Royal Marines, and began my professional training as a counsellor. I feel that my research has attempted to chart this journey whilst attempting to explore the adaptation of my false self as I have adjusted to my new found profession. Even whilst in the Royal Marines I experienced a range of feelings about the Falklands. I have felt overwhelming sadness for the loss of friends, a quiet resignation to my lot, an anger and frustration about whether anyone will understand or even care. I have said it all to me, privately, and without my external world knowing. So I have consciously moved towards my external world in an attempt to adjust my false self and mask wearing. Calhoun and Tedeschi (1999) say that it is possible for a restructuring to take place following trauma but more importantly that distress and reflection around the trauma are necessary for any growth. This distress and reflection has allowed me to let go of some of my masks and be more accepting of the way I have felt. I feel a significant part of being

more accepting is my analysis of self knowledge, my greater acceptance of my vulnerabilities and limitations, and recognition of my loss of innocence.

I also agree with Connell's (1995) view of a constructed pluralist masculinity. I believe this form of masculinity becomes part of the strong therapeutic nature of the services. I feel part of this construct was the fear of losing face in front of my colleagues. I believe that by becoming part of this construct I, the researched, has avoided asking questions of myself that I have at last now raised during this research. As a researcher I recognised the indifference and anger the researched has expressed. For me part of this therapeutic nature has enabled me to form a post Falklands war false self and engage with my external world effectively. Therefore I was harbouring under a charade and the charade I was playing out was accepting my sleepless nights, my nightmares, my avoidance behaviour and my sadness about the loss of my friend Doc.

I feel that if I was to do this differently based on what I know now, I would have liked to explore more fully the notion of posttraumatic growth (Linley and Joseph, 2002) and look how this might link to the development of male emotional competence. Also how my own counselling training and self development has developed my emotional competence in comparison to others of similar experiences.

In conclusion I feel if I had not attempted to touch my own truths as a researched veteran, I was in danger of abandoning my own history. As the researched I am in no doubt memories will only decay in those who don't care. However as the researcher by grasping my own history I have attempted to raise awareness about trauma through my own experience. I hope other veterans histories are not left to decay like the memories of my fallen heroes on Mount Kent, Tumbledown, Two Sisters and in the waters off Port San Carlos.

## **Postscript**

It is nearly 20 years since I went down south. I have just watched *The Reluctant Heroes* (Hastings 2002). I did not embrace the memories it brought back. I just accepted the immense feeling of sadness I felt and thought of my friends who never came back.

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## **PTSD and the Evidence**

Solomon (1989) identified several that interfered with psychiatric help seeking. They are perceived self-efficacy, symptom severity, negative life events, family environment, and sociodemographical variables. Perceived self-efficacy refers to the degree to which an individual sees him or herself as competent to deal with the problematic situation. An individual's assessment of competence has been found to influence his/her coping. People who experience negative life events in the past are more prone to seek help for problems and this level of help seeking among people with supportive families decreases because the family itself acts as a therapeutic agent. However even supportive families may find themselves unable to cope with the enormity of PTSD. Dreaming and ruminating about experiences of war might, to veterans be par for the course after combat experience. Scattered symptoms can easily be denied. When individuals believe they have the ability to handle given problems they are more significantly motivated to deal with their own.

It is possible that when symptoms are not severe and thus interfere only minimally in the day-to-day functioning of veterans, they do not seek help. However Nadler et al (1983) and Brickman et al (1982) see the seeking of help as the formulation of the disorder. There are many reasons why veterans do not seek help. There is a stigma attached to psychiatric help, by not seeking help there is a chance of not being labelled and hence not lose face with fellow colleagues. This threat to the self-image of veterans might in turn contribute to possible loss of self-esteem. It is plausible that the untreated PTSD subjects in Solomon's study were convinced they could cope with the symptoms on their own and were determined to do so.

(Solomon 1989)

The Jones and Lovett's case studies reported that they found it impossible to report any form of distress to service doctors. I believe this is because service doctors are placed within a dominant hierarchical position within the armed forces. Jones and Lovett suggest that young people after their first taste of combat need to express the way they feel away from the limitations placed upon them.

Young (1995) found more than one third of the Vietnam vets that were diagnosed with PTSD in the sample group still suffered 15 years after the conflict and they had never sought help.

This is supported by Herman (1992) who noted that traumatised people tend to lead very restricted lives unable to participate in everyday activities others take for granted. To compound this, Buck (1982) states that the more time that passes between the onset of PTSD and the diagnoses the smaller the changes to the symptoms will occur.

## Appendix Two

### **Communicating the trauma-comment**

It is a post modernist view that proposes that language is unable to give a true representation of reality beyond itself. Furthermore Baudrillard (1996) states that reality does not have an independent existence in its own right but exists only as a projection of our words, symbols and models. However I would say that the representation of any person's reality could only be represented from within that individual and the only device we have at this moment is language. Language is used to structure our understanding and propel our reality to the external world. I believe that models of counselling and psychiatry have typically assumed that language is able to give some kind of direct access to reality and the truths of the human condition. Whilst counselling and psychiatry deliver a means to access some

form of reality and truth of an experience there is a distinct probability that they will exclude the raw essence of an individuals experience. They may be a case to look at a therapeutic interaction including psychiatry and medical interactions purely within the narrative linguistic framework.. Top down forms of discursive psychology focus on issues of power and ideological practise and draw upon analytical concepts of discursive regimes. I see psychiatry as working in a top down approach. In a top down approach PTSD works from the label of PTSD, powerfully assuming that this is the correct way. A bottom up approach starts with the individual working from their reality looking at the subtleties of their experience. More importantly using the truthfulness of an individualist reality as criteria for judging their experience is like sucking the lifeblood from an already weak person. A categorised or labelled person, who is looked at from a top down perspective, the diagnosis itself to the person, may have his/her rights infringed or obligations neglected (Lynch 1998b). They may only be able to survive psychologically and emotionally on that small quantity of lifeblood. To abandon all notions of truth and reality thus risks undermining their history that in turn may be crucial to any given culture or society. In my own way I have been part of this. I am crucial to this history because I am part of this history. To abandon the reality of my own experience has allowed me to cope with my history. Insofar as that by abandoning the reality I can be dishonest about how I have really felt over all these years. Perhaps over the last couple of years I have become fed up with the drip, drip, drip of the lifeblood from within me.



## Appendix Three

**Obstructive, True, or False Self?****False Self**

According to Laing (1969), we are two dimensional in the sense of identity for oneself and identity for others. Again the difficulties that arise for all of us are how to have a true sense of self for oneself without wearing masks that give identity with others. In some of us who are 'normal' there is a capacity to behave in a virtual mechanical way albeit with some spontaneous behaviour. False self will give cause to the emergence of behaviour which is an expectation placed upon a individual within the role of identity for others. This might be a contradiction to the true feelings one feels in certain situations. A false self can arise from a compliance with the intentions or expectations of others or even how we expect those others to expect us to behave. Conformity is therefore what one perceives or fancies to be, hence a self that is in another person's eyes. This self can then become a false saint as well as a false sinner. What Laing (1969) was saying was an expression of false self is often perfectly normal and is a normal response to others. As the façade becomes more and more stereotyped then it is easier to hide possible debilitating characteristics in self. Looking more specifically at the façade and conformity of Falklands veterans in maintaining stereotypical characteristics, this can be illustrated through the narratives we as veterans present to the world. All of these differing narratives are subjected to scrutiny from the many social interactions we may have in our lives. The story or narrative told through the mouth of a returning hero to a local paper or a reflective piece in a diary.

*What I do wish is I could go back to standing at the bar where I stood with the old spitfire pilot on my party night when I returned form the Falklands. At the bar not speaking, drinking toast to lost friends to lost friends*

*(Blue Dairy 1999)*

### **Postmodernist view**

This single core identity view is also insisted in part by the social scientific discourse (Kornblum 1997). Blumenthal (1999) states that if we are to support this, he questions the notion that if we assume one identity per person do we therefore assume one primary truth? The possession of multi identities, from an existential standpoint, is a consequence of the interaction with the 'other'. The fact that we as humans relate to different people in different interactions through life is clear. To construct many selves' interactions with others is necessary. Though relating to different people we collect and form identities to arrive at some point of a total of the self. However this total can only be viewed through looking at the past self in memory, as past self is connected to our present selves and who might emerge in the future self. The difficulties faced by anyone who presents varying selves are apparent. Krieger (1991) said the challenge lies in what each of us chooses to do when we represent our experiences and ultimately do we have the guts to say you may not like it but here I am.

### **Feminist Perception**

The feminist perception states that when trauma is unusual we can pretend to safely engage in everyday activities and believe we are beyond the realm of the unusual. The study of trauma is challenging and in this very sense it challenges the social institutions that keep the wounds open. It is seen rather as another interesting topic, which only interests the intellectuals, and ignores the souls of those who suffer. It ignores teaching the client's to attain the pre trauma level, which for some clients might contain levels of denial, and numbness based around pre trauma experiences. The question from the feminist perspective is how can we facilitate the integration of their pain into a new ethic of compassion perhaps in relation to the web of life that the trauma victim has already struggled within? We might begin instead to ask how many layers of trauma are being peeled off by what appears to be a traumatic event or process? How much do events of a traumatic nature through life's journey complicate other traumatic experiences? Simple bereavement may not be simple if the death happens after too many job losses, which in turn may be a traumatic event

after extreme economic scarcity. Social context and individual personal history within a social context can lend traumatic meaning to events that might be only be troubling in another time or another place. (Caruth 1995)

A

Excerpts from WAR PENSIONS. (2000). *War Pensions Appeal Tribunals Document*

Excerpts from first Psychiatrist report WAR PENSIONS (2000) Page 33-35 I served in the Falklands and recently in Northern Ireland and as a result I experience and have experienced certain conditions which I believe would not be experienced by someone of a comparable age in civilian street (however I am not a psychiatrist or a clinical psychologist and this is my personal perception of my behaviour).

Finally Mr Jackson affirmed some change in personality with his being rather more irritable on edge and quarrelsome than had been the case prior to his service in Northern Ireland

He did not volunteer any other symptoms such as had caused him to consider that he might be suffering a post-traumatic stress disorder; he affirmed that he had never sustained any physical injury or wound as a result of active service on the battlefield in the Falkland Campaign or for that matter while on security duties in Northern Ireland

Mr Jackson left school at 16 years of age with one GCSE and immediately joined the Royal Marines and in fact has spent the whole of his occupational life in the Royal Marines from which he was medically discharged in April 1995 and with his being by this time a Colour Sergeant. He had seen service in the Falkland Islands, Malta. Northern Ireland. Belize. Norway and in the United Kingdom and with his specialist service being that of Signaler in fact he was personal signaler to Brigadier Thompson during the Falkland Island campaign from April to July 1982. He describes his service then as with his being on edge and fearful constantly even on occasions petrified but with his never having witnessed at very close hand any

immediate life threatening confrontation with the enemy or their weaponry other than minefields.

Excerpts Second report WAR PENSIONS (2000) page 43-45

He saw Service in the Falklands where he acted as the Royal Marine Brigadier's personal radio operator and. although he was not under fire he saw many injured and dead and in the first week lost a very close friend. He found it difficult to live with the uncertainty and risk and these problems were compounded by his return to the United Kingdom following the conflict. Neither his parents nor his wife met him off the boat and several days later he found his wife in bed with her new lover. They divorced a year later. In the period following the conflict he had significant sleep problems including nightmares and extremely restless sleep. He drank heavily during the period of 1982 to 1983 was irritable and short-tempered. His dreams often contained content relating to the conflict. He felt detached and at times felt life was a joke and that he was unable to experience a normal range of feeling. His symptoms are all characteristic of post-traumatic stress disorder.

Excerpts from Third Psychiatrists report WAR PENSIONS (2000) page 45-48

Presumably everybody serving in the campaign had unpleasant and frightening experiences well beyond those expected in normal circumstances. Though not himself directly under threat under the heat of battle, he describes being up Mount Kent in a vehicle with shells falling around albeit landing some way away not knowing whether they would hit or not. A vehicle near him was blown up by a mine and two people severely injured. He saw many dead bodies and some very unpleasant scenes and a close friend was killed. However one judges the intensity of these experiences compared with other people, clearly these are unpleasant and vivid experiences which he has never been able to forget as no doubt would be the

case with anyone else. It was following his return from the Falklands islands that he began to experience some of the symptoms described. Unfortunately his return was an unhappy one I that there was no one to meet him on his arrival and shortly after his marriage broke down. No doubt this reinforced his emotional state at the time and for some considerable time after. He attaches importance to his disturbed sleep with extensive dreaming, the content in particular will focus on his first marriage and its break-up, some battle and military experiences and such situations as his children being under threat and his having to rescue them. He may wake in a sweat and find it difficult to return to sleep. This often happened after an unpleasant dream. He became very sensitive to war films, air shows - 'which freak me out' - and the annual Remembrance Day ceremony and also the VE and VJ celebrations of 1995. He lived in an area of Cornwall where the RAF practice low flying and he found himself 'cowering away' inside the house in a situation where many people might run out to see the aircraft. He describes a 'personality change'. He is more anxious and readily develops 'butterflies', he becomes more easily angry with people. Quite often these episodes have occurred in recent times during group counselling or discussion sessions where he or others have been talking about their problems. The most recent was some three weeks' ago. He can become quite emotional. He did also say that the pain he gets in his hip doesn't help when it comes to irritability. He described a state of emotional detachment particularly following his return from the Falkland Islands and Northern Ireland. He felt that people returning from such circumstances should have a period of debriefing back at base prior to returning to their families for leave. Loved ones can't possibly understand what has happened and it leaves the person isolated and others wondering why the individual is not cheerful, pleased to be back and joining in. These symptoms have varied over the years and it is probable that the general trend has been towards improvement



## Appendix Five

1

2

3 Transcript One

4

5 D. I would like to do some work towards...my...pause 5 seconds...I am  
6 aware I've have not looked closely at...pause 5 seconds intake of  
7 breath.....I've done a lot of looking at me and maybe...um.....Its  
8 maybe its...um...I will look at how I've dealt with my experiences I  
9 have not really looked at them specifically in the sense of...and I  
10 wonder if I need to?...I do not know

11

12 J. Well I am quite interested in (loud voice) 'dealt with' what do we mean  
13 by dealt with?

14

15 D. Well I suppose you could...I would say...I do not think I have dealt,  
16 integrate d, excepted, be happier with, be sadder with, an acceptance of  
17 my feelings around all of my this

18

19 J. So what I might call...well....how do you think your experiences were  
20 actually formed in fact right now where are they in your life?

21

22 D. Ere what the Falklands specifically?

23

24 J. Yes well that's what the dissertation is about

25

26 D. Yes (loud)



- 27  
28 J. Well I mean I suppose not even the Falklands is it really. What...what  
29 may be the first thing we should to find is what it is we are looking for.  
30 Are we looking at PTSD?  
31 Pause 7 seconds
- 32 D. Um I do not know if we are really, I feel that I am looking at me in relation  
33 to...pause...PTSD in...it is very similar like if...laugh...you go into  
34 counselling and something changes. How do you know it is the  
35 counselling that has changed it so if I...if I had carried on and not gone  
36 to see a psychiatrist and not got into the counselling game, profession  
37 how do I know it would have been different?  
38
- 39 J. So are you saying how would you know...can you know whether a  
40 natural working through of such experiences takes place anyway? Of  
41 course because we do get over it  
42
- 43 D. Yeah  
44
- 45 J. Is that what you meant?  
46
- 47 D. Yeah in a round about way I'm...  
48
- 49 J. Or are you saying was it ever PTSD? And what is it...  
50
- 51 D. Yeah and...and it's...see I have got this view that anything can be traumatic  
52 and why do we need to sort of put post traumatic...it's a label I mean can  
53 it go from severe to god I feel shit about that experience, to god

54           this is so shit it is deliberating me...to the extent that I got to lie and not  
55           get up.

56

57   J.       Um um...that it's a matter of degree...what is the meaning to you of  
58   trauma?

59

60   D.       An experience that has degree of debilitation as to how you go on  
61           through your life because undoubtedly in reflection my experience have  
62           debilitated me in one form or another but...but so did my job, so did  
63           being a man, so did all the rest of it, so its...

64

65   J.       So I think it is important that we actually get back to what the actual  
66           trauma was because your job, the fact that you were a man, or the fact  
67           that you were actually David all had an effect on and how you  
68           experienced what you experienced, so it all had an effect as to  
69           why...in...in which way it was traumatic to you...and I think in some  
70           ways it is about loss

71

72           Pause 7 seconds sniff

73

74   D.       In many form as I see it now

75

76   J.       in many forms? Is it about the fact that this is what you are experiencing here  
77           and now... or is it something that is called awareness that comes out so  
78           you have to loose the security of that former base. You have to put the  
79           awareness of trauma away does that make sense?

80 Is it something like I can't take this on board? Is it...?

81

82 D. Yeah I...

83

84 J. So you stop functioning...

85

86 D. I felt I could not take on...pause ten seconds...the emotions about the  
87 trauma...I could take on the emotions of of...pause six seconds...I  
88 could only take on the emotions that were acceptable with my role so I  
89 could not on the...the emotions which was perceived as not acceptable  
90 to my role and I feel that is where my symptoms if you would like to  
91 call them that...wavering voice

92

93 J. So to that extend you had to deny your emotions

94

95 D. Deny my own self as I know now...and this...this denying of self which is a  
96 none...pause six seconds...this acceptance of self in all forms has  
97 changed my incredibly no doubt no doubt um

98

99 J. How has this been?

100

101 D. Well...pause...I have I feel...I believe I have an intuitive part that I did  
102 not have before and I think that is a incredible gift to have and I find  
103 this in my work and I feel something, that something is telling me  
104 something, whereas it would have been ignored before and that has  
105 come about by looking at the whole me as opposed to the part that are

106 acceptable to society or whatever or the services or whatever...and all  
107 the rest...pause 12 seconds...as long as I can remember I have always  
108 been quite tearful watching a film.....As long as I can remember  
109 watching lassie having to fight that and become...on reflection I see  
110 part of me that this is a tremendous part of me, strong and have to...

111

112 J. What label would you give to this sort of behaviour?

113

114 D. What now? Um...sensitivity, sadness

115

116 J. Yes....

117

118 D. Um...realness yeah...

119

120 J. Where was that before where did d that come out?

121

122 D. When I was young?

123

124 J. Before you got back in touch this time around like you mentioned in the  
125 services you had to be so strong but it probably found a place in you

126

127 D. Laugh...anti-establishment springs to mind

128

129 J. What about with your mates?

130

131 D. Pause 11 seconds...no I felt I had to be reasonably well liked that was  
132 important to me

133  
134 J. Do you know this sense of sensitivity, sadness, realness, almost verging  
135 on sentimentality sometimes...that had a place did it?

136  
137 D. Nostalgia I mean... for the whole of the ethos of service life is based on  
138 nostalgia reflecting on... remember the time when, remembering when  
139 we did this and that...and in relation to the Falklands the only time we  
140 were nostalgic was...things were funny so you would remember the  
141 funny side dead bodies you'd remember the funny side of being shelled  
142 you would not go beyond... that I suppose nostalgic...it was like a  
143 shield...I feel quite comfortable...the whole ethos was nostalgia.  
144 Um...I remember the last year in Norway we did this

145  
146 J. Is that it's purpose?

147  
148 D. Nostalgic purpose?

149  
150 J. How long were you in the services after the Falklands

151  
152 D. 13 years

153  
154 J. It's a long time

155  
156 D. Yeah

157

158 J. And were you aware of these elements of PTSD

159

160 D. No not in those 13 years, I became aware of it in 1993 when I went to  
161 an Open University psychology day. Someone was studying PTSD in  
162 Korean veterans...I just became incredibly angry and got up and said  
163 what a load of crap and stormed out

164

165 J. Why did you do that?

166

167 D. Because I felt they did not really understand

168

169 J. Understand what?

170

171 D. Understand what it is like?

172

173 J. What it is like?

174

175 D. What its like to be...pause six seconds...scared...pause seven  
176 seconds...and the intensity of that...and... questions like...pause  
177 mocking voice...and why do they not put their guns down? I mean it is  
178 just crap...pause five seconds...I get quite defensive when people  
179 say... it happened to me at Xmas...people enjoy war if they were  
180 against war and just in the services for travel why do they not just put  
181 their guns  
182 down...angry

183

184 J. Why would they do that David?

185

186 D. Well...because you just don't because you're wrapped up in the games  
187 perhaps you have got to play it by the rules

188

189 J. What rules are they?

190

191 D. Unfortunately you do not have a stake in what the others are doing and  
192 if you put it down to it and strip it back you really do not want to die  
193 either...pause 10 seconds...because your young...pause 14  
194 seconds...(quiet voice) because your young...pause 8 seconds...  
195 Because your young I did not want to die in the Falklands because I had  
196 not had children yet (sniffle)

197

198 J. You did not want to die because you had not yet lived

199

200 D. No...pause 21 seconds a car passed the window and the sounds of people  
201 going about their everyday business could be heard outside

202

203 J. After the Falklands can you think that your relationship with the royal  
204 marines changed in anyway

205

206 D. Yeah it was a bigger game than it was before

207

208 J. Bigger game?

209

- 210 D. It was a game...it was just a game.... The exercises was just a incredible joke  
211 we used to laugh at people who had not done what we had done it is not  
212 like this...it was not like this.... And I suppose there was an incredible  
213 jealousy from people who did not go down south and I think as the years  
214 went on you became someone who when to the Falklands and  
215 as years went on the people who had not gone to the Falklands they  
216 were different but in the end with that in mind you did not talk about it  
217
- 218 J. So you sort of became better?  
219
- 220 D. Yes you did...pause 14 seconds  
221
- 222 J. And did you become better?  
223
- 224 D. I suppose it was like you had to regurgitate the same story.... 'I do not mind  
225 talking about it'...cocky voice... and I know I talked about the same  
226 story blah blah blah the same story and when you were doing it here's  
227 my story blah blah blah open university summer schools here's my story  
228 blah blah finish the story...no I did not mind talking about my story its  
229 not necessarily my story now  
230
- 231 J. What is your story now?  
232
- 233 D. Actually I find it harder to talk about it then I have ever done before...  
234 pause 12 seconds tears... quiet voice...I never experienced it to be  
235 incredibly sad incredibly sad



236

237 J. Tell me about the sadness what is the sadness?

238

239 D. Pause 20 seconds...um...um...sniffle...pause 23 seconds...I just

240 become...um ...a...strong raised voice...it is good job I am a

241 counsellor

240 because I am very aware I have just done what clients do I've just  
become

241 over concerned about the tape

242

243 J. About the tape?..... Laughter

244

245 D. Yes about the tape

246

247 J. Don't you want to put this on the tape?

248

249 D. Um... pause 5 seconds...what was that you said? Was it concerns  
about 250 being real?

251 Because for once I have looked at an incredible lot of my life and I

252 suppose for once I am looking at something that perhaps is...is...the

253 hardest bit of the jigsaw to fit in the hole and is this something I  
do not

254 want to find yet I do not know?

255

256 J. Who is going to listen to the tape?

257

258 D. Well...myself...myself I am going to transcribe and reflect on it

259

260 J. And you don't want to hear it yourself

261

262 D. No I want to...but my main motivation is to make a difference  
whether

263           that difference is to me or someone reads it and says this really  
             powerful

264           stuff there is part of this to make a difference

265

266           At this point the tape a c90 45 minutes each side was turned over

266

267 D. Well how do I feel about it?

268

269 J. I said it seems to me that you seem to protect yourself against feelings of self

270 indulgence that are involved here

271

272 D. In way all therapy can be self-indulgence really

273

274 J. I am trying to get you to down in touch

275

276 D. I would... I feel about...

277

278 J. What I am saying is you were very close to slipping into talking about

279 your experiences and I do not think...I think it is about whether here

280 and now you can risk being that real in this room with the tape whether

281 you need help because its new ground, that you really need to analyse

282 it, or you will be able to reflect on it in years to come...

283

284 D. I suppose its taken two years...I am able to let that happen instead of ...

285 turning the table

286

287 J. Tell me

288

289 D. Instead of...its like having this research session to look at the experience...or

290 could it not be the process to get the research stuff do you know what I

291 mean

292  
293 J. And you need that reason?  
294  
295 D. Perhaps I do...perhaps I do because I still find it difficult to talk really  
296 truly instead of the way I have explored it in the past  
297  
298 J. How?  
299  
300 D. Keeping it at a distance...distance from the real me because it is easy  
301 then...pause 4 seconds...to say...  
302  
303 J. And you tell yourself what?  
304  
305 D. I am not telling that person I have done my therapy to be real or my  
306 courses to be that real person  
307  
308 J. What is this real person talking about?  
309  
310 D. Yeah...what this person thinks about the Falklands...pause 6  
311 seconds...I just think it is terrible anyway...any natural...um pause ten  
312 seconds...tragic...pause seven seconds...it is not just...pause five  
313 seconds... soldiers...playing soldiers or plastic soldiers or what  
314 ever...pause 7 seconds...everybody that...pause 4 seconds.... Quiet  
315 voice...everyone that lost their life...it wasn't just some figure of some  
316 name on a memorial it is more than that...well perhaps before it  
317 was...perhaps...that's just been ignored by everyone else and to certain

318 extent me up until now...pause 11 seconds...for everyone that died  
319 there was a mother, daughter, brother, sister, god

320

321 J. And what does that mean?

322

323 D. Pause 24 seconds...whisper...it is about surviving and not dying like the  
324 others living...and being able to live

325

326 J. Yes

327

328 D. And then...just...pause 12 seconds...and perhaps in the way  
329 appreciating life more I suppose...pause 7 seconds...but the people  
330 who...pause 6 seconds... who died will not know that...

331

332 J. Yes

333

334 D. About really it is all...pause 15 seconds...snivel... a futile.... Futile  
335 thing...pause 10 seconds...how incredibly good life can be I  
336 suppose...Be or what ever...pause 6 seconds...but even if life is still  
337 life...

338

339 J. And that is

340

341 D. If you had it...the experiences... some experiences have one meaning  
342 and we focus on that enough and we take for granted and get on with

343 it...pause 6 seconds...and also how the game not becoming a game  
344 anymore...shit this is weird

345

346 J. Is this the traumatic part

347

348 D. Just the part it is not a game...yes I just... fear of death fear all the time even  
349 when we sailed for the ascension islands. The fear of death...so that I  
350 realise more than any...and then the night before we landed my friend  
351 died and...

352

353 J. Who was your friend?

354

355 D. He was called Doc that was his nickname

356

357 J. Doc

358

359 D. Michael he was called and that was sad...pause 32 seconds...um...it was  
360 time we realised it was real.... Pause 14 seconds...um.... Laugh time we  
361 realised what it was....

362

363 J. Um

364

365 D. Laugh

366

367 J. Okay. We got about five or so minutes left and my feeling is that...I  
368 guess you do need therapy but I feel that you are...um...ok

369

370 D. Yes... accepting voice...this is very important to me...I think it is for  
371 whatever reason...there are more then reasons for doing this

372

373 J. I think there can be reasons but is it enough that it gives the opportunity  
374 to talk about...what...that bit of your self that you have not talked  
375 about simple as that

376

377 D. Um...pause 49 seconds...an incredible amount of emotion in me  
378 More than ever before...um...sigh...the idea you...I have had to learn  
379 pretty quick...

380

381 J. Yes

382

383 D. Um...

384

385 J. To be success in living?

386

387 D. Yes to be success

388

389 J. And not starving your self of living, not starving yourself to  
390 death...pause 48 seconds

391

392 D. Right...matter of fact voice...ok

393

394 J. How are you?



395

396      Tape is stopped

## Appendix Six

## North Devon Journal newspaper articles April - August 1982

08.04.82

15.04.82

17.04.82

22.04.82

29.04.82

06.05.82

20.05.82

03.06.82

10.06.82

17.06.82

24.06.82

24.06.82

01.07.82

08.07.82

15.07.82

19.08.82

Suddenly the voice said: All OK

# A RADIO HAM PICKS UP FALKLANDS

By DEREK HENDERSON and LESLIE PETHERBRIDGE

A NORTH Devon electronics engineer is one of the last remaining links between the Argentinian-occupied Falkland Islands and the outside world as the gravest international crisis to face Britain since the war mounts.

And up to a few hours ago, the Falklands farmer who has become an unseen friend of Bob Short was still transmitting messages 7,000 miles into his radio room at North Trew, Highhampton.

"Everything is OK," was the dramatic message Mr. Short picked up on Monday night — only 24 hours after the farmer warned him that Argentinian soldiers were beginning a search of outlying farms looking for radio equipment.

Mr. Short—who no longer calls the farmer for fear of betraying his whereabouts—will be keeping daily contact with the Falklands, though his former friend is significantly not now using his official call-sign.

Bob has been an enthusiastic short wave radio "ham" for more

than 30 years. It was about a year ago that he first made contact with the Falkland farmer.

"They are sheep farmers and apart from short wave radio on which they rely for communication in the absence of outlying telephone links, we found a common interest in sheep," he said.

Their first contact was made when the farmer took place in sheep, he said.

He is Robin Lawson, a naval rating who has been working as a hydrographic surveyor attached to the HMS Endeavour in the South Atlantic for the past two years.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Lawson of Sherborne, Dorset, and was in the party of servicemen who were flown first to Uruguay and then back to Britain along with the governor, Mr. Rex Hunt.

He was in the governor's residence in Port Stanley when the invasion began. Back home safe and well, he was under orders from the Government not to talk about his experience.

"I've spoken mostly to the Falklands' wife. She does a bit of the radio work, since the sheep farmers are often away leaving each other to round up sheep on the Dartmoor-like countryside."

Although he kept a listening watch, Bob heard nothing for the first two days after the invasion.

On Sunday night he was just about to rock up after listening out for most of the day, when a familiar voice asked "Is that you, Bob?"

"I confirmed that it was me and then just listened as he told us that he had learned the Argentinians were searching farms for radios and that he did not know how much longer he would be able to continue broadcasting," Bob said.

"The Falklands' friend said most people wanted to stay in the islands although they were apparently being offered the option to leave."

Nowhere in North Devon was there any evidence that in the morning the local football club had the "Argies" by passing the Union Flag and staged a minute's silence before their South-Western League match against Tavistock on Sunday.

Within 48 hours the Mayor of Plymouth had announced that the Union Flag was being flown at half-mast and would remain there until the Fleet was well on its way.

The football club's gesture, said its chairman, Michael Pope, was

"appropriate." "That flag will stay in place as long as it takes," he said. "It's important that the people at the top in this country realise what the people at the bottom want. This was our particular gesture to show them."

Mr. Pope wants others in North Devon to join Torrington in their gesture of solidarity.

Mr. Quick says the Town Hall flag will be hoisted again as soon as any suitable occasion arises over the Falklands operations.

The raising of the flag above the Town Hall is a rare occurrence—the first time it has been for the Royal Wedding.

During the talk from both sides of the Commons for top-level resignations, the outward stance of the North Devon and West Devon MP was in contrast.

## Must go

Peter Mills, of West Devon, was adamant that Lord Carrington should go—he has entirely misread the situation," he said. On Monday, came the Foreign Secretary's resignation.

But whatever his private views, Tony Speller, of North Devon, declined to make them public. Instead, he pledged "total" support for the Prime Minister in her determination to set free the 1,900 Falkland Islanders.

"These are British Nationals and entitled to the same protection as each of us," he said. "We hope and pray that the Argentinians, having invaded largely to distract their own people from problems at home, will withdraw before the British Fleet arrives for fear of losing half their own navy."

If they do not, then we must have the courage to force them to go. This is not force for the sake of it, but force for the sake of freedom for Britons held prisoner in their own homes and against their will, and in defiance of the United Nations."

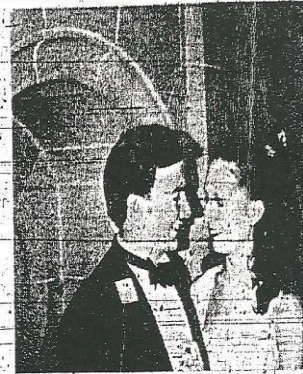
## Historic debate

There was still time for common sense to prevail, said Mr. Speller, but only for as long as it took the Royal Navy to reach the Falklands.

Mr. Speller, who was in the House for Saturday's historic debate, says he hopes all-party support will continue to be policy for Britain and that non-interference in political reasons, will try to "weave out" under the excuse of personalities clash or any other made-up reason.

"Our nation will not forsake those who divide, and though dividing, defeat Britain," he said. "People in the Falklands and I was in the same breath. At the time of the Russian march into Hungary while we were concentrating our minds and forces elsewhere."

"Before we commit all our resources 8,000 miles away from home, we must ensure that the United States and our NATO allies have deployed their own forces in all the gaps left as the British Fleet sails south."



Jane Wearne of Instow and her Sub-Lieutenant fiancé, Graham—a delay in their wedding.

## Old folk meals in danger

By ANDREA SMITH

ELDERLY people may go without, not unless more volunteers come forward to help with "Meals on Wheels".

Meals provided by the social services are in danger of being cut, and the Women's Royal Voluntary Service, and they desperately need more helpers and transport.

The shortage of volunteers is being felt in Ilfracombe, Braunton, and Barnstaple. It has prompted the WRVS to step up publicity.

At stake for old folk in some cases is the only hot meal they get in a week.

Although the WRVS in North Devon are coping, their present workforce—many themselves elderly—is being stretched to the limit.

A lot of old helpers are now reaching the age when they should be looked after and receiving the meals rather than taking them to somebody else," said Miss Margaret Scott, the county organizer.

"There are a lot of people with time on their hands but the majority of them seem to need a paid job nowadays."

## No young blood

Mr. John Lott, who runs home help organization, added: "There is no younger blood coming through to fill the ranks."

"With the shortage of volunteers we cannot look for expansion or guarantee the existing service," he said.

## Girl attacked by dog needed six stitches in face

A 14-year-old girl attacked by a dog in Combe Martin, had to have six stitches in her face.

The dog, which looked like a collie, attacked while the girl was walking through Cobblers Car Park with a friend. It bit the girl on her left cheek and injured her chest with its claws.

She was taken to hospital for treatment to her face and chest.

Police described the animal as black and white with brown markings on its tail, with a long thin back.

## The Ladies Pri

spring collection

Fashioned to se

you apart.

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LA

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the Mayor.

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on, with enthusi-  
"Good" darts.

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s at 9 Rectory  
a quiet lunch  
the Lamb Inn but  
that "Lynda's Lot"  
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volunteered for his  
There was no turning

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which keeps them  
Dustin & Dany

## OLDEST RESIDENT IS 106

NORTH Devon's oldest resident celebrated her 106th birthday on Sunday.

A quiet family celebration, a telegram from the Queen and a visit from a cousin who lives in London marked the new milestone for Mrs. Esther Lewis, of Bratton Fleming.

For Mrs. Lewis, rather deaf with failing eyesight and a memory that's not what it was, enjoys the quiet life these days.

She has lived with cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Britton, at Beechcroft, Bratton Fleming—her mother's home village—for the past 17 years.

## Takes tea

"She still comes out and has tea with us, in the afternoons and she likes to chat at times," says Mrs. Britton, "but she is in bed most of the time."

Mrs. Lewis was born in Manchester, but her father died when she was only three weeks old and her mother later moved to Cardiff.

The family moved to North Devon when Mrs. Lewis was 16. Her husband, a gardener, died when she was 20 years old.

She went on to work in a shop and then, many years on, at farms at Yealot and Yealton.

North Devon

Journal-Herald

EASTER

HOLIDAYS

Crisis has put off



ty with his eye-  
are seeking to  
in property  
home.

action is intended  
Mrs. Fellowes  
in the Estates North

by auction at either  
or Exford in August  
entire 2,300 acres of  
It is expected to rea-  
ten £600,000 and £700,000.  
is sheep and hill-cow  
Simonsbath, including  
slopes of Hayes Allot-  
the old, improved land

aperty, running 1,600 ewes  
cattle, has only 250 culls  
present.

that new ownership  
or whole, could eventually  
more ploughing has created  
ng Exmoor, organisa-

Exmoor Society is calling for  
to buy the property,  
regarded as rather

Exmoor National Park  
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ng able to enter the

ugh Thomas, resident land  
rescue, Estates, said:  
ould imagine that new  
ould wish to get the maxi-  
for their investment,  
mean more ploughing.

**BM**  
Barnstaple) Ltd

can have  
these

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plus V.A.T.

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DISCOUNTS

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just £9.76  
plus V.A.T.

Warren Farm represents nearly 20  
per cent of the Fortescue Estates  
and came into the family's  
ownership nearly 100 years ago  
together with other extensive  
acres.

Last year the neighbouring Lark-  
barrow went out of Fortescue hands  
when bought by the Government  
for £250,000.

Currently, however, Fortescue  
Estates still own 14,000 acres, 12,000  
of which are farmed.

The Warren farmhouse was one of  
14 built by a wealthy Midlands  
family, the Knights, and dates back  
to about 1830. Of the 14 it is the  
least altered from its original form.

made in the 1850s for a Simonsbath-  
Porlock Weir railway are still clearly  
visible. The line—which was to have  
taken locally-mined ore to Porlock,  
returning line to Simonsbath—was  
never laid with track.

Warren Farm sheep are likely to  
be sold off the farm in September  
and the cattle sent to market.

An additional sale will be the  
Estates' holding Kingswarren, Shir-  
well, with its 110 acres.

This is the present home of Mr.  
Thomas, who will be moving into  
the old Fortescue seat and Estates'  
administrative headquarters at Castle  
Hill, Filleigh, before becoming resi-  
dent at his own property at  
Bishopstow.

said: "We are here because we feel  
that Morwenstow fuels the cold  
war."  
Pleards posted around the station  
entrance pronounced: "Cleave camp,  
a cog in the war machine."  
The Ministry of Defence has  
announced its intention to put up  
three more dish aerials soon.

started to move  
in Gloucester w  
I would li  
have given it a  
future, though  
can only look  
ahead. But rich  
there is no dan  
folding up...

## NEW BARNSTAPLE SHAPE SOO

CHRIS HOLD reports

A FINAL decision on how to develop Barn-  
next 20 years is now less than three months a-

The colossal operation launched by North  
Council — £32,500 was paid to top London tow  
sultants Nathaniel Lichfield and Partners — rea-  
this week as the 44 councillors sat down at the

view for the first time the final  
draft of what began life as the  
now familiar "six options".

The documents and maps, before  
them were still only proposals.  
They were told to go away and  
study them for the three weeks  
prior to their April 29 meeting,  
after which there will be another  
six weeks "consultation period"

before a final decision is arrived at.  
Countrywide focus on the re-  
development proposals can be  
gauged by the fact that already  
eleven schemes for major shopping  
pockets and large stores have been  
submitted to the council and a fur-  
ther 52 developers, or their agents,  
have indicated interest.

The proposals now before the  
council are being referred to as  
"Option 2a" and have been drawn  
up by the Lichfield Partnership from  
a combination of ideas laid out in  
the previous Options 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

The other three "options" were  
thrown out by the council just be-  
fore Christmas.

Shopping policy is high in the list  
of importance, and it is aimed to  
achieve a compact shopping centre  
based on the High Street, Joy Street  
and Boutport Street areas but large  
enough to cater for a wide range of  
shopping needs for an estimated  
100,000 to 120,000 people.

Development is to be encouraged  
within the town centre itself rather  
than at out-of-town sites or retail

outlets on outlyi  
Commercial de-  
building societies  
agencies, launder-  
services—are to  
from the immedi-  
a more recon-  
the interests of e

North Walk,  
Boutport Street,  
Street, Silver Str-  
are areas set as  
development.

Garages—  
Filling stations  
be encouraged a  
adjacent to the  
road:  
Car parking i  
aspect of the  
suggested that c  
just outside hat  
the main shoppin-  
It is estimated  
be provided for  
1,000 vehicles, o-  
View-to cater  
new shops at th  
town—Porter's 1  
Gardens, Queen  
Boutport Street,  
being earmarked

Service, industr  
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Gammey Lane  
the High Street

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## Falklands plea angers MP

By DEREK HENDERSON

MR. TONY SPELLER has hit out at a petition raised in his  
North Devon constituency calling for re-settlement and compen-  
sation for the Falkland Islanders.

Mr. Speller, back in London yesterday, for the re-convened  
Commons sitting on the crisis, also criticised the timing of the  
petition compiled at Ilfra-  
combe School and Community  
College.

The petition, signed by Mr. J.  
Baxter and 27 colleagues at the  
school, charges the Government with  
"a serious error in not providing  
the Falkland Islands with adequate  
defences to prevent an attack by  
Argentina."

Even so, it says, the signatories  
recognise that "armed conflict can  
only be to the detriment of the  
Falkland Islanders, the British  
interests in South America and of  
the British people as a whole."

"We call upon you to use the  
legal and moral strength of our  
position in the United Nations and  
with our allies to extract from the  
Argentine Government maximum  
compensation to cover the costs of  
re-settlement and distress to the  
Falkland Islanders," it adds.

**Not admired**  
Mr. Speller has promised to  
deliver the petition to the Prime  
Minister.

But he has replied to the peti-  
tioners saying that "at a time when  
the Services and the Merchant Navy  
and support staff are en route to  
try and free 1,800 Britons imprisoned  
without trial or cause, the petition  
is not one that earns my admira-  
tion."

The United Kingdom, he says, is  
acting within the United Nations  
Charter with the support of the  
Security Council and with the agree-  
ment of all parties in Parliament.

Not one MP has cast a vote  
against our attempt to secure the  
release of the islanders by diplomacy,  
if at all possible, but in the last  
resort, by force if all else fails," he  
points out.

**GAS ALERT  
EVACUATES  
HOMES**

Residents in Mill Street, Torrington,  
are back in their homes after  
being evacuated for a gas alert on  
Saturday night.

An unidentified vehicle struck an  
exposed gas pipe in Mill Street just  
after 11 p.m.

The pipe fractured and gas leaked  
into the street. Occupants in terraced  
houses near by were evacuated until  
workmen could seal the pipe.

**'Good home' for  
abandoned  
greyhound**

The wheel of fortune has  
turned full circle for Lucy, the  
starving Italian Greyhound found  
roaming the streets of Ilfra-  
combe.

A new home has been found  
for the dog, which was aban-  
doned to fend for herself.

Lucy was taken to the North  
Devon kennels of the National  
Canine Defence League a fortnight  
ago. She was caught by a  
council employee who noticed  
her scavenging from dustbins.

Now she is being nursed back  
to health at the kennels.

When she first arrived she was  
fed on a diet of eggs, milk, and

Just dial  
**BARNSTAPLE  
78881**  
for the new  
**Journal Herald  
Tele-Ad  
Service**





16 North Devon Journal-Herald June 17, 1982

## NORTH DEVON MEN IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC SAY...

# We're cold wet, but confident!

CHRIS MACHIN reports

"VERY wet, very cold, very windy and very muddy. Lots of flying and very little washing" — the telex message that sums up what North Devon men are facing with the Falklands Task Force.

The words are those of LIEUT. CDR. HUGH LOMAS in charge of a flight of workhorse helicopters at the centre of the counter-invasion.

They come 8,000 miles from the South Atlantic to Cornborough, Westward Ho, where Mrs. Lomas, Bideford magistrate, Major Giles Lomas and his wife, farm.

"We rather that flying conditions are completely impossible," says Major Lomas, "but that

This is why I'm so concerned they have something to help them through the long, hard winter," says Mr. Green, an ex-merchantman who has experienced the mountainous seas of the notorious Horn waters.

Organisers of an appeal at Bideford report a "fantastic response". "We've been inundated," says Mrs. Margaret Portlock. "The Army have promised to send a four-ton truck, but now we're wondering if it will be big enough."

Winkleigh cider makers, S. Inch and Son, have given 220 litres of their best brew securely packed for the voyage from Devonport; a Bideford trader has donated a case of Mars bars; a petpinner has handed in a pen with a wound mole wrapped around it — it goes on.

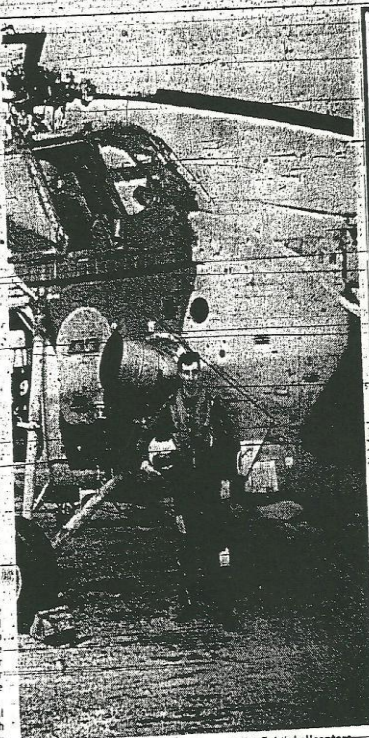
Paperbacks and jigsaws will go to hospital ships, everything else into mixed parcels for the men. Flying Galleli helicopters in the thick of the action is CAPT. ROBIN. MAKEIG-JONES, whose

order came to pack for action. Among the youngest in the Task Force is 18-year-old TREVOR STILING, grandson of the late Mr. Jack Stiling and his widow, Gwyneth, of Summerhouse, Watersmeet Road, Lynmouth. He signed his contract two hours before being ordered south aboard a Royal Fleet Auxiliary ship.

He told me he'd have gone anyway — and I'm very proud of him," says Mrs. Stiling, who also has two nephews — marine RICHARD GAZE and submariner LAURIE DYMOCK, both regular visitors to Lynmouth — in the conflict.

Trevor is aboard the Royal Fleet Auxiliary Resource, which picked up 80 survivors from the burning Sheffield and he wrote home: "The men were wonderful."

"All he ever wanted to do was go into the Merchant Navy," Mrs. Stiling adds. "But I'm living through the war again. You shouldn't have to do that twice in



Lieut. Cdr. Hugh Lomas, of Westward Ho, flying helicopters.



Tim Upton: Hermes engineer.

doesn't stop them. They're very keen and very experienced and they have the highest admiration for the Harriers."

Lieut. Cdr. Lomas has been flying Fleet Air Arm helicopters for 13 of his 15 years with the Navy. Like several dozen other North Devon men in the South Atlantic he had little time to prepare, before having to leave his wife and three daughters behind at his home near the Yeovil air station in Somerset — home of the Sea Harriers — where he is based.

Sailors, commandos, soldiers, pilots and merchant seamen have



Barry Snell: with subs

gone to play their part in what has turned into a major confrontation in grim conditions.

Conditions that Ilfracombe hotelier, Ron Green — who has set up a comforts-for-the-troops collecting point at his Harcourt Hotel — says make the South Atlantic "a lonely and desolate place".

## MESSAGE FROM BLACK EIGHT WE WANT LET YOU DOWN

"We won't let you down" — that's the message that comes direct to the "Journal-Herald" from a Task Force commando "somewhere in the South Atlantic".

It comes from 19-year-old gunner Paul Salter, of 18 Poyers, Wraton, with a plea for pen pals to forge a link with home across 8,000 miles of ocean.

"Morale is high," says Paul, "and the men are very confident of themselves."

"As the J.H. is my local newspaper I'm asking you to give a small mention for pen pals for all the lads of Black Eight, who were stationed in Plymouth with 40 Commando Group."

Paul's South Atlantic address: 29 Commando Regiment, 8 (ALMA) Commando Bty, BFPO Ships.

Ex-cadet Paul decided to join up when he was seven and has already seen service in Belize, Canada and Norway. Before joining the Task Force he was making a 120-odd mile round trip home from Plymouth most weekends.

He probably doesn't know it yet but there's a birthday surprise on its way to him via the supply convoy. It's a birthday cake, Nutella, baked at Bromley's, in Barnstaple, and sent by his parents, Terry and Joan Salter.

It's to be hoped it's big enough to share around Black Eight. Cake is one thing in short supply in the South Atlantic!

a lifetime. Like every mother and grandmother I pray and pray it will all be over soon."

Two other Lyn-lads with the Task Force are merchant seamen KEVIN HAYTON, son of Globe Hotel landlord, Mr. and Mrs. George, Hayton, and KEVIN LUCKHURST, whose family live at Rock Avenue.

High morale tinged with sadness at the jobs of Royal Navy ships marks the letters home of 18-year-old TIM UPTON, of 17 White House Close, Inio, in the engine room of the fleet's flagship, the carrier Hermes. Tim made up his mind to go to sea when he was 12 and has

called aboard Hermes to America and Portugal. "He has no complaints," says his mother. "He's enjoying the job and although he didn't expect to go to war he loves the team work and he says the experience should help him with his exams later on."

Like Tim, 19-year-old JAMES ARMSTRONG, of 14 Middleton Road, Bideford, who helps direct aircraft on Hermes-deck, had the order to go off the day he was due to begin his summer leave. Birthday presents await his return.

Lieut. GREGORY BUTT, whose parents Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butt live at 2 New House, Bishopscotton, is serving with Rapier anti-aircraft battery.

He wrote home: "The loss of ships has been tragic but it has made us all the more determined. The Argentines are invaders and must be continually treated as such. Morale is still sky-high."

Ex-South Molton School pupil, BARRY SNELL, comes from a Naval family at 47 Hugh Squier Avenue, South Molton, and for



Lieut. Gregory Butt: determined

half his six years in the Service has been with submarines. He helped land troops at South Georgia. His brother-in-law has just sailed for the Falklands.

His father, Maurice, once served aboard the aircraft carrier which is now the Argentine flagship.

Major Ernest Rigby, CO of Instow Camp, has two sons, with

the Marines in the Task Force, and three other Bideford marines — PAUL DUNN, of Geneva Place, ROBERT SAMPSON and KEITH OWEN — are there too.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER STUART McQUEEN, of New Road, Instow, is aboard the submarine Superb and CPO T. M.



Hugh Lomas: in quieter times.

DOWNIE, of Bideford, serves aboard HMS Glamorgan.

FLAG LIEUT. GARY LEWIS, of Ilfracombe, is secretary to the Task Force Commander, Rear Admiral Sandy Woodward, aboard Hermes. He is an ex-Ilfracombe Sea Cadet along with SUB LIEUT. JIMMY GRAMHAM, and SUB LIEUT. ROY WELBURN.

RAYMOND SKINNER, of Wraton, is with the Royal Navy in the South Atlantic.

Barnstaple student Celia Mossdell, hopes for a quick end to the conflict, not knowing whether to postpone her August wedding to JOHN CURTIS, a medical assistant aboard Canberra, which has been close to the battles, where Celia is studying psychology.

Lynmouth postmaster, Edward Nightingale, used to serve on the Atlantic Causeway and knew Capt. Ian North, perished master of the Atlantic Conveyor well. "A marvellous man," he says. "Everything they said about him is true."



# Herald

14p

GOLDEN COAST  
SWIMMING POOLS  
WEST-COUNTRY DISTRIBUTION  
**Jacuzzi**  
WHIRLPOOL SPA AND BATH  
anything else is something less  
PARRACOMBE 296



Falkland Islands crisis. Mr. John Nott, the Minister for a hurried air trip, attending St. Margaret's is mother who died in Westward Ho last week.

## SPELLER 'WAVES' UNION JACK'

By Derek Henderson

TONY SPELLER returns to North Devon tomorrow after a hectic five-day visit to the United States, which turned into a 'flag-waving' public relations exercise over Britain's Falklands Islands dispute with Argentina.

And unless the crisis worsens in the next 24 hours, he will be joined tomorrow night at Instow by the Home Secretary, William Whitelaw who is principal guest when the North Devon Conservatives stage their annual dinner.

The legal MP's visit to the States was planned some time ago, the result of an invitation extended to him on his previous visit several months ago.

But in the context of the Falklands affair, it took on a special meaning.

And with every encouragement from the Government, the North Devon MP has gone out of his way to put over the British case not only at grass roots level but among the influential 'opinion-formers' in business and commerce.

### On chat show

He was able to do this especially as a guest on 'The J. P. McCarthy Show', a TV chat programme on Parkinson lines which is broadcast over a wide Mid-West area of the States and also picked up in Canada.

His ambassadorial role was also displayed when he addressed 300 members of the Young Presidents' Association in a Detroit. The audience was made up of commerce leaders through the Mid-West belt.

Because of the delicate state of the Falklands crisis, Mr. Speller has been keeping a daily contact by telephone with his constituency headquarters.

"This was merely a precaution in view of the uncertain nature of the Falklands situation," explained his agent, Alec Pickersgill.

In a personal 'thank you' to Mr. Speller's note of support delivered last week, the Prime Minister has replied saying: "It is a comfort and a source of strength to me and my colleagues to know we have the full support of you and your loyal supporters in the constituency in our firm resolve to free the Falkland Islands and their British inhabitants."

North Devon Tories are expected to hear first-hand the views of Mr. Whitelaw when he pays his second visit to the area.

He was here in 1979, supporting Mr. Speller's General Election campaign.

### Chosen for NFU committee

Mr. Brian Lethbridge, of Donaghadee, Harton, Morfene, has been elected to serve on the livestock committee of the National Farmers' Union.

Mr. Lethbridge is a former chairman of Devon NFU and is the only North Devon farmer holding a post at national level.

from recession

## SSION 'TREAT

ANDREWS

is at last inclining its way out of the recession, heading the way.

ry MP Peter Mills after a trip around his West

boxes of Aluminium-Badeford, is of North Devon Association. He are definitely better were six months ago company, who employ 15, d 16 weeks ahead, were two or three weeks th.

are certainly climbing recession, although the slopes specialists can still finding it tough," Mr. Mills.

relax

ately for the little people to tighten their belts re trucks and are ad to solve our expansion we are getting them off.

n, T. T. Boughton- d, Irmsessions, and gainal the county are being

Other firms to be highlighted by Peter Mills include Torrington's Dartington Glass, who are investing a quarter of a million pounds in house production and tourist potential; British Steel's shuttles at Hatherleigh where twelve new jobs have been created; and TTH-Victor at Winkfield, who are in the throes of a major expansion venture.

### Easter bonanza

In addition, the area's tourist industry—aided by the long sunny spell—enjoyed an Easter bonanza that points to a fruitful 82 by the sea.

Mr. Mills adds: "Towards the autumn and the early part of next year I believe we will climb out of the doldrums."



## Three may stay

**ROBINS**, player-manager now here, could have a heart over three years he recently decided he n't want for next season.

**DEREK HENDERSON**, and the news that former player Dave Blanche could still be a player next season will not for his admirers who want him to stay as much as the club effort, especially now that club is remaining in the Western

the other two who could stay are goalkeeper Robbie Robbins, and Phil Hunt.

in need to prove that I can't. I may have a shift of opinion, with regard to these three. I'll have to wait and see. Much depends on the picture of what players are able to meet.

circumstances, More announce his retained list. He knew in what League he'd be playing for 82-83.

has to work to a budget. He has to be told by the management committee which is expected to be as big as this season's.

More's attitude since his was announced has been very good and I have a feeling that will be offered terms. But there will be a question-mark against

Blanche who has been very unimpressive for a player in football League experience. Whether the club manager will keep him or not is still a question.

Blanche will remain also open to other offers. He has been offered fresh money, probably slightly lower than he was getting, but he is waiting a decision from them.

More is not the comfort of knowing that plenty of other footballers will be looking for a new club since this season's operations are over.

Two of Bideford's youngsters, the Devon side which faces at Gravesend on Saturday in the final of the FA County Youth Cup.

## Crude Cup

## ally shoot-out Torrice hopes

Torrington shot two semi-finals last week, but missed out on the cup. They wanted more of all.

had to reach the Torridge on final ended in defeat at the hands of Morwenston in a penalty shoot-out at the end of extra-time. Final score was 3-2 and the home side won the cup.

And there was a certain irony in the fact that Torridge scored their normal time equaliser when

sorry Tals shot home from a penalty. Torridge were awarded for a foul against Keith Francis.

in Francis and Andrew May. Torridge were ahead twice, and play in particular caused the Torridge defence all sorts of

trouble. Torridge were the other side.

## hopes umph

vision championship to the step towards achieving that

who won that cup. The 1st Division Reserves on the 10th with a 4-2 verdict on Saturday, the winning from John Barnes, Gary Carter, Dave Weir, and Peter Lawrence.

FL 81 Reserves went one better.

**Donburys**  
Your leading  
SWIMWEAR  
Stockists

**North Devon**  
Vol. 150 No. 8399



## WHITELAW SPRINGS SURPRISE

THE initial reunion celebration of former members of the Devon and Dorset Regiment in Barnstaple on Friday was in full swing when guests were amazed to see the arrival of a famous additional guest — very much unscheduled.

William Whitelaw, the Home Secretary, accompanied by his personal secretary, called in at the Drill Hall in a surprise visit organised by local MP Tony Speller, who had joined Mr. Whitelaw in a swift car journey from London.

There, a little earlier, Mr. Whitelaw had addressed North Devon Conservative Association at their annual dinner.

**Hash-hash**

The visit was kept quiet for security reasons and the 200 ex-soldiers and their wives had the unexpected chance to meet the Home Secretary.

Barnstaple's Mayor Mrs. Fay Webster was at the reunion, along with Col. Mike Bullock, colonel of the Regiment, and Lt. Col. John Wicks, commanding officer of the regiment.

Mr. Whitelaw completed his brief tour of the Westcountry at Exeter on Saturday before returning to London for urgent meetings on the Falklands crisis.

Mr. Whitelaw was the second member of the War Cabinet to visit North Devon in three days.

Mr. John Nott, the Minister of Defence, attended the funeral of his mother in Northam on Wednesday.

Whitelaw speech, Page 4

## Vodka thief

A thief stole a bottle of Smirnoff vodka from a shop in Newmarket Road, Barnstaple. The bottle was later recovered empty.

**MEN OF THE MOMENT** Home Secretary William Whitelaw paying a surprise visit to a soldiers' reunion at Barnstaple on Saturday meets Major Brian Casey (centre) and Major Chris Biles. Major Casey is chairman and managing director of the Chivenor firm which has just completed a two-and-a-half million pound contract for London's new Barbican Arts Centre.

## Chivenor craft fits out the Barbican

THE thousands of visitors to the magnificent new Barbican Arts Centre in London will be surrounded by work done by a North Devon firm at a cost of around two-and-a-quarter million pounds.

This is a milestone in the history of North Devon industry. For the contract awarded to the Chivenor firm of Architectural Wondercraftsmen Ltd., was the biggest ever given for joinery work in this country.

A small amount of maintenance work is all that remains now for the Chivenor firm to be involved in, after a busy three-year period in which the Barbican work took up about half its output.

The work was done in two stages. The first, and the much smaller contract worth £250,000 was for furniture and joinery work for the Guildhall Centre of Music and Drama at the arts complex.

**Thirteen bars**

The bigger contract, entitled work for the concert hall, the 13 bars, fixtures and fittings for the two main libraries and children's library, telephone kiosks, booths, cinema bars and ticket offices, the house manager's suites, and all clock and reception counters.

It was because of the work done by the Chivenor firm for the first

contract that they were able to land the second.

In the project they were responsible to the main contractors, John Laing Construction.

Mr. Brian Casey, the chairman and managing director of the firm, said: "The project was a lot of the fittings and stored them before they were actually put in."

Everyone at the plant was involved at some stage in another in the work.

The firm's technical resources were used for the full to develop new techniques to enable the special design features required by the architects in certain areas, to be incorporated in the final constructional details.

**Acoustic boxes**

The most striking example of this close liaison can be seen in the construction of acoustic boxes, stage wall linings, and canopies.

The bars included co-ordinating the work of specialist suppliers of glass, mirrors, metalwork, brick, stainless steel sink units, and refrigerators.

All the lived and some of the freestanding furniture in all workroom and office areas was also supplied.

## Str

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TWO consider weekend year.

Dwain Bideford

## DRO 6-YEA RES

VIRTUAL eleven-year-old saved a young ing in the re and he still of her name!

Watched by brother Jeff, J Chambercombe the girl, aged as she was on the mid-afternoon. The incident Mrs. J

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who said the girl when she over into the harbour. The girl went before Jason to in serious difficulties and pulled her back out of the water.

Mrs. Cook to know who she was last night, she went to see who was at the house.

Jason is a 10-year-old boy who was swimming in the sea but was pulled up by a lifeguard.

**Brian Ford's**



## Search for giant bean

A challenge has gone out to the green fingers—grow the longest runner bean in Devon.

It has come from the Devon Trust for Nature Conservation who are working with schools throughout the county to find the monster bean of the year.

Seeds have been donated for the contest by Suttons, the Torbay based seedsmen.

The idea is that the beans should be sponsored and the cash raised split equally between the schools taking part and the Trust.

And whoever comes up with the secret formula to grow the bean of the year will have plenty of choice to choose of the prize-winning vegetable. The prize giving will be on the TINC newsmagazine Spotlight, at the end of September.

Schools can obtain details from the Trust office at Exeter.

country who are taking up the challenge from their wheelchairs. And the renovated but will give the village troops the facilities they need to extend their good turns to entertaining the local elderly folk on occasions.

For scouts and guides are an important part of the community in Woolacombe.

Including the more recently formed Ranger troop and the Duke of Edinburgh award entrants who also use the hut they number nearly a hundred—most of the young people in Woolacombe.

Parents and friends have offered to turn out to complete the last stage of the renovation once the money has been raised to pay for the materials.

Fund raising events are already being planned, but with true scouting spirit they have put others first by donating two reboiler machines to Woolacombe Health Centre to bring quick relief to children and others suffering from breathing problems.

Avian radio already, on the drawing board are jumble sales, the regular scouts market and a pie and punch evening.

## THE YOUNG COLUMN

### FILM TRIAL

A TSW team were in North Devon on Tuesday—trying out a new series on a North Devon College audience. The pilot for a young people's series "Sounding Board" is being shown to several groups of young people before a decision is made on screening it.

### Donation

Their first big money raising effort—a first mile sponsored walk along the Taw footpath to Braunton—raised £220 at Easter and part of that has bought camping equipment for Lincumbe House, the county council children's home at Barnstaple.

Some of the members have their own CB rigs or hand held transceivers. Others are allowed air-time on their dad's more sophisticated equipment.

They are taught how to use and look after the equipment, not to abuse the CB courtesy code and about the workings of fleet, the CB club's emergency service now operating throughout North Devon.

They will be giving in a camping trip early this month and on a trip to Wales in June.

## Plenty to do in Braunton

So you think there is nothing to do in Braunton?

Go and tell that to the community tutors at Braunton Community College and they'll prove how wrong you are.

They have come up with a "youth directory" giving information on what they say is a "tremendous variety of activities available to youth in the Braunton area."

The directory lists 32 groups in the village offering activities from practical conservation work and learning to music and photography. In between come the church groups, scouting, first aid, CB radio, amateur dramatics, surf lifesaving and more.

### Discount

Every weekday sees sports activities at the community college sports hall as well as the range of evening classes which under 18s can join at 25 per cent discount.

The directory is being issued to everyone at Braunton Community College and copies are being distributed throughout the area.

Behind the scheme are youth tutor, David Lang, and adult tutor, Chris Mandry, who plan to update the directory and include information they have missed.



Woolacombe doctor, Dr. David Dodds, demonstrating a nebuliser given by village Scouts and Cubs. Group Scout leader, David Fryer, holds the equipment.

## Cadets link with task force

WHEN it comes to Naval efficiency Ilfracombe Sea Cadets take some beating.

Not only has their good performance and turn out last year won them a coveted pennant, the award has been brought to them personally by the head of Britain's sea cadets, Capt. Rodney Bowden.

It is the first time the young sailors of T.S. Capstone have played host to such a high ranking guest.

And Capt. Bowden's visit created a topical talking point when he spotted a pennant from the ice patrol ship, Endurance, the vessel that has been permanently based around the Falklands.

Capt. Bowden revealed that he was once captain of the Endurance.

The pennant has been on display at T.S. Capstone for a year since Ilfracombe re-captured, Malcolm Dry, went to rocky South Georgia as a civilian radio operator, met the present Endurance captain and asked him to send a ship's pennant to his old unit.

Another ex-cadet, now Flag Lieutenant Gary Lewis, is with the task force, as secretary to the man in charge of the South Atlantic fleet, Rear Admiral Sandy Woodward, aboard the carrier, H.M.S. Hermes.

Also with the task force is Sub-Lieutenant Jimmy Graham who first

wore sailors' uniform at the Capstone unit, and ex-cadet Sub-Lieutenant Roy Welburn, has been on standby.

While Captain Bowden was at the unit he also presented two girls of the Nautical Training Corps with Duke of Edinburgh award certificates—Lorraine Perrin and Sharon Broomhead.

Showing certificates went to Henrietta Brown, Sharon Broomhead, and Leading seaman Karl Knill.

Four other Ilfracombe sea cadets have been having a taste of life with the Royal Navy at Sea aboard HMS Albatross, Robert Weisford, Melvin Robinson, David Thomas and Christopher Brent, have been spending a week on the ship.

## MUSICAL MONTH

April was one of the busiest months ever for entertainment at South Molton School.

Almost 2,000 have enjoyed concert and musical performances by almost 200 performers at ten evenings.

It began with the school's performance of "The Elf" with 60 staff and pupils. Then the town's Choral and Operatic Society presented "Pirates Of Penzance" to good audiences on five evenings.

Exeter Police Choir entertained 100 and the police band played for the Mayor's fund for the disabled.

When it was built it was thought that South Molton School could become a "white elephant".

## COUNTY

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15%



North Devon Journal-Herald May 20, 1982



DENIS RIDGE

## NEWSAGENT MANAGER RETIRES

DENIS RIDGE, manager of W. H. Smith in Barnstaple for the past 18 years, has retired on health grounds, just a year short of a half-century of service.

Mr. Ridge, 63, started his career with Smiths as a messenger at the Lynton shop in 1933, later becoming an assistant there.

During the war he served in the Army and was awarded the Military Medal.

He returned to Lynton in 1946 and, six years later, after further retail experience at Minehead, Ilfracombe, and Torquay, was promoted shop manager at Wells.

In 1957 he was appointed manager at Yeovil and took over at Barnstaple in 1964.

Married, with an adult son and daughter, Mr. Ridge plans to devote more time to his favourite pastimes, gardening at his home, 69 Lynhurst Avenue, Barnstaple, and fishing.

## Local factories behind on new technology

North Devon is way behind the rest of the Westcountry in promoting new technology industries.

Mr. Mac Dawson, regional director of the Department of Industry, has demonstrated this with facts presented to the North Devon Manufacturers' Association.

He has told them face-to-face that out of 1,400 Westcountry applications for Government aid on microprocessor schemes only one came from North Devon.

Out of 1,600 applications for aid in the field of product-process technology just two originated from North Devon.

## Beefing up the boys in the fleet

NORTH Devon has been working overtime to keep the Falklands task force fully fed and in fighting trim.

It used to be bully beef for the boys fighting for King and Country. Now it is top quality minced beef from Torrington that is helping to keep the Royal Naval task force in prime condition.

For North Devon Meat's boss, Dick Cawthorne, safely assumes that large quantities of his firm's products are helping to keep Her Majesty's marines, sailors and soldiers hale, hearty and stamina-charged.

After all, a massive increase in demand by the Ministry of Defence since the Argentinian troubles began can hardly be thrown aside as coincidence.

### Up five times

From a regular M-D contract order of two tons a week, the output has shot up to ten tons a destination Chatham Dockyard in 7 lb. bags.

And this has meant a concerted spell of overtime to achieve their target at Torrington.

"I believe our meat will be sea-borne in a very short space of time," says Mr. Cawthorne. "In fact my people were given a delivery time allied to the tides."

Mr. Cawthorne adds: "I wouldn't be surprised if we got another sizeable order soon. One thing is for sure. 'We've had to give the lads high-quality stuff."

North Devon Meat found itself defenceless against thieves who stole two pork shoulders, a case of ribs and eleven cases of rump. Total value—more than £1,000.

## Liberal attacks Tory cut-back on schools

The prospective Liberal candidate for North Devon, Mr. Roger Blackmore, has backed the view expressed by some members of Devon NUT that the Government had failed to give education necessary priority.

"I have always felt that in insisting on cuts at a time of falling school rolls the Tories were missing a marvellous opportunity to improve the pupil-teacher ratio," he says.

Mr. Blackmore is also concerned at what he sees as a continuing threat to some of North Devon's village schools.

Conservative councillors from South Devon still prattle around County Hall with visions of being able to save money by closing a

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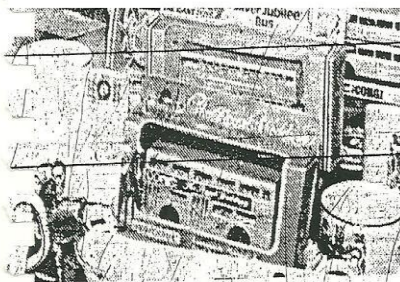
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ENIRS: Mrs. Pauline Nagy waits for news of her since he disappeared behind the Iron Curtain.

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## TROOP GIFTS ROLL IN

NORTH Devon is warming to the task of providing comforts for the Task Force troops. At Bideford and Ilfracombe, central collecting points have been set up.

In Torrington, an appeal has been launched by the Mayor, Mr. Clifford Quick, for the widows and dependants of those lost in the actions so far.

The Bideford drive is being organised by Torridge Sea Cadets in conjunction with Bideford Buccaneers. The cadets' chief, Stewart Makeig-Jones, has a brother, Capt. Robin Makeig-Jones, who is serving with the Royal Marines in the Falklands.

Mrs. Margaret Portlock, the sea cadets admin officer says money is acceptable, but even more urgent are items to make life in the South Atlantic more bearable.

### Even jig-saws

There is an appeal for writing materials, chocolate, soap, tooth-paste, books and magazines, packet soups and drinks, chewing gum, socks (non-nylon), gloves, playing cards and board games, and (for the hospital ship) jigsaw puzzles.

The collection points are Devon Paints, on the Kingsley Road; Star Television, in the Market Place; and the butcher's shop of Bideford's Mayor Hugh Wills in High Street.

At Ilfracombe, hotelier Ron Jones, who knows the Falklands, is using the Harcourt Hotel as a collecting centre for an appeal launched by the local action committee. "We are looking for sweaters, scarves and that sort of thing," he said.

The Torrington appeal will last two months and cheques made out to Great Torrington South Atlantic Appeal can be sent to Lloyds Bank.

This is an anxious time for Barnstaple councillor Margaret Reed, whose son, Petty Officer John Reed, is a survivor of HMS "Ardent".

She assumes that he is on his way home with the survivors of HMS "Sheffield", but has no idea where he is. Petty Officer Reed's wife and year-old son are in Plymouth.

## Police search after 'flit'

The police are looking for a man and woman who left an Inn at Broad Street, Ilfracombe, leaving behind an unpaid bill for £83. The man is described as being 5ft 11 ins., 45 years old and well built with balding hair.

of August whatever the butery from local shopkeepers.

Hundreds of bargain-seekers have been flocking to Morteheo, Croyde and Northam for the start of a heavily advertised open-market circuit, and a new site at Muddlebridge, owned by the Church, will be launched today.

"Shopkeepers" leaders, in a desperate attempt to keep the mobile marketeers at bay, have forced district council intervention.

The sites at Lee Cross — packed with people on Monday — Croyde and Muddlebridge have now been made the subject of Article Four planning direction orders.

This means that official permission must be obtained to operate open-air markets there.

But yesterday formal planning applications were lodged at Barnstaple Civic Centre by the organising firm, R. and C. Marketing, and director Chris Glead declared: "We continue in business."

### Compensation

He said: "If we lose planning permission we shall appeal to the Environment Secretary. If we lose again we are legally entitled to claim full compensation from the council."

"This could run into many thousands of pounds, but it is the last thing we want to see happen for the sake of stopping a market on each of the sites for just 14 days a year."

The Barnstaple-based Confederation of Business Organisations is leading the fight against the influx of mobile traders, mostly from outside Devon.

Chief executive Jack Prince said: "We are worried at the damage these markets cause to local traders who pay commercial rates and provide year-round employment."

Barnstaple Chamber of Commerce secretary John Gifford and president Arthur Sparkes also hit out.

### D-Day

Mr. Gifford said: "This is D-Day for the economy of North Devon. These markets could drain £500,000 out of the district."

Mr. Sparkes added: "When the local trade has been damaged the itineraries will have disappeared."

The Muddlebridge site is owned by the Anglican Church. The GHO have sent a protest letter to Exeter Diocesan Board of Finance.

Consultations with planning and the county trading standards office are continuing.

But Mr. Glead stressed: "Any planning decision must be taken purely on planning grounds and not on the effects of competition. It is up to the customer where he spends his money."

## KNAPP SALES BANNED

SWIFT action was taken by an emergency meeting of Torridgeside's development committee on Tuesday to stamp on one street market.

For such an open air market to be held at Knapp House/holiday centre, between Northam and Appladore, would be a serious intrusion on the amenities of the area, the committee decided.

They gave instructions for orders to be served on the landowners and the market operators which have the effect of making it necessary for planning permission to be obtained. This move follows similar action taken by the council to stop open air markets in the Westward Ho area.

### Stop notice

The first market at Knapp House was due to be held yesterday.

Following the development committee meeting, Torridgeside's legal adviser, Mr. Julian Wyatt, said the effect of the order, known as an Article Four direction, was to take away from the owners of land the automatic permission they normally enjoyed to hold a market on 14 days in any one year.

If the market was still held the following day, he said, an enforcement stop notice would be served.

And if that was ignored, prosecution would follow or the council would obtain a court injunction to stop the market.

Mr. Harold Clements and his wife Patricia are the owners of Knapp House.

### Rustlers strike

Rustlers have struck again on Exmoor. Four Galloway cows — worth more than £1,000 — have been taken from grazing land on Brendon Common.



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# Mail-Herald

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**H** secretary, by the way, hopes to send away to the crisp-makers for a free telescope. And with the telescope he will start an astronomy class at the school.

**Mr. Smith** and Mrs. Smith are urging the pupils on in the Chulmleigh School Letter. Any flavour will do to qualify for the big CRUNCH, provided the CRUNCHERS don't confuse the makers with the organisers.

**Smith** It's not Smiths. It's Golden Wonder!



rains - MP

## FOR NE

ger support than for years —  
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REG LOCK: ON THE AIR

## Radio ham Reg exposes junta

By GRAHAM ANDREWS

A LETTER sent to radio ham Reg Lock has convinced him more than ever that the Argentinians are totally brainwashed by their military junta and out of touch with reality.

The message was sent by Reg's over-the-air contact in Buenos Aires, Osvaldo Dolce, and alleges widespread 'casaphies' in the British fleet.

Reg, who lives at South View, Bishopswaton, was admitted to find the letter on his doormat since it is a strict rule that radio hams steer clear of any potentially offensive topics such as politics or religion.

Reg, a ham for just over two years, first tuned in with Osvaldo at the end of March — a few days before Argentina invaded the Falklands. Their chat, across 7,000 miles, was kept strictly to a personal and technical level.

But a few days ago, Osvaldo decided to bring politics into their relationship, beginning his letter: "The Mrs. Thatcher government don't say to the world the truth."

Osvaldo believes that 17 frigates and destroyers have been sunk, that both the Hermes and the Conqueror have suffered "complete damages and which they are impossible to be repaired." He also suggests that 28 Sea Harriers and 15 Sea King helicopters have been shot down and that between 1,000 and 2,000 British soldiers are dead.

Reg, who works on the manufacturing side at Cox Pharmaceuticals, Barnstaple, says: "This is the sort of thing these people are being fed by the Junta. I can't blame him — he knows of no other information and there's a lot of national pride at stake."

As well as the handwritten letter, Osvaldo sent Reg a page of militant government propaganda damning Britain for its 'ill-tolerance' of the Falklands.

Reg, in code (G1Z1) — for no reason other than contacting Osvaldo until the conflict in the South Atlantic is settled.

"I'd feel pretty good talking to an Argentinian right now," says the man who has radio links with hams in all continents. "But once peace returns he and I will certainly be back on the air."

### IN BRIEF

### Wife hurt in petrol flames

A FARMER'S wife was taken to hospital with burns on Tuesday after some petrol burst into flames on a farm at Rose Ash, South Molton.

The accident happened while Mr. M. Blackmore, of East, Cuckfield, was cleaning a tractor with petrol.

The petrol suddenly flared up and Mrs. Glenda Blackmore, 41, suffered burns to her arms and neck. She was taken to the North Devon District Hospital where she was given a fairly comfortable stay on Wednesday.

RAMBLINGS of a local nature have now led to a Barnstaple-based Building Society Members' Association being formed with offices in Pilton Street. The secretary is local councillor W. J. Taylor. Christopher Punt, 71, of 16, St. John's, Barnstaple, who fought unsuccessfully for a place on the board of the Nationwide Society, is chairman.

MEMBERS of Chawleigh Friendly Society, formed in 1869 and believed to be the only one of its

FOR NORTH DEVON'S BEST-VALUE  
 IN LINENS AND FABRICS



Mail Herald June 10, 1982

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...board display cabinets, bookcases  
...and oak coffee and blanket boxes,  
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## 'HATE' JIBES IN PEACE DEMO SAYS TORY MP

THE North Devon MP, Mr. Tony Speller, has been answering criticisms about his comments on Barnstaple's first May Day parade this week.

In the march, and at a rally held in conjunction with it, he said, were representatives of the Labour Party, trade union groups, North Devon Peace Council, the Ecology Party, the Workers' Education Association, the Communist Party, and the Socialist Workers' Party.

On the march there were anti-government chants, including "Thatcher Out" and "Speller Out". At the rally, speakers with similar slogans were given away.

"That same evening I commented, in passing, on this rally, during a speech on the Falkland Islands," he said.

Following Press reports, Mr. Mike Watson, the secretary of the organising committee, and Mr. M. D. Piercy, who, I now learn, is treasurer of North Devon Peace Council, both complained that certain remarks I made implied that they were in receipt of funds from Communist sources.

"While I cannot understand how anyone could draw this conclusion from my actual comments, I wish to state publicly that I have not and would not suggest that either in receipt of finance from Communist sources either for themselves or their particular organisation.

"I am sure this is not the case, although, as revealed in the Press, both the North Devon Communist Party and Socialist Workers' Party were subscribers to stalls at the rally.

### Word misused

"The problem lies in the use or misuse of words. Peace is not a political word which only one particular set of political groupings may use. I happen to believe that Peace is not attained through either unilateral pacifism or unilateral disarmament alone.

"It is my belief, shared by the Government, that unilateral disarmament with proper supervision is the most likely way to secure a peaceful future for our children. I have, equally, little time for those who include in their processions banners proclaiming 'Peace' while some participants chant slogans of hate.

"I have also received a letter from the chairman of North Devon Peace Council which is not, he tells me, affiliated to the Helsinki-based World Peace Council.

This local organisation has sent to the Prime Minister a resolution that "North Devon Peace Council condemns the Government's handling of the Falkland Island crisis. We urge the Government to... stop... peace-keeping now and to call in a United Nations... Peace-keeping force."

The letter is dated May 20. At that date, not one MP from any party in the House of Commons

had voted against the Government's handling of the situation. We have always wished for a cease fire and wanted to UN mediation provided only that Argentina withdrew the Forces which had invaded the Falklands several weeks earlier. No more—but no less," Mr. Speller continued.

### Democratic right

"The right to criticise and express dissent publicly is a fundamental basis of Parliamentary democracy. It is not available to the 'man in the street', either in the Argentine or in the Soviet bloc. It is available as a right in the United Kingdom, in Western Europe, and in the United States.

"The Times, on October 23 printed an article headed 'Kremlin world peace groups'. It includes this brief paragraph: 'The World Peace Council, based in Helsinki, is a pro-Moscow front organisation, created at the height of the Cold War on Stalin's orders to orchestrate the work of individual peace organisations.'

"When an article in the Press or at a demo, this gives no pleasure to me or any member of my family, but we accept it as part of public life these days. When the criticism occasionally goes the other way I find the intolerance of those who are so free with their own words of harsh advice rather sad—but sadly not at all surprising.

"Meanwhile, our work to return the Falkland Islanders to freedom continues—and I know that all of us here and the vast majority in the country wish our Forces both success and a safe return."

### Expanding and conserving green

Holworthy's 50 bowlers won the council approval this week to expand their green in the town's Stanhope Park and erect a pavilion.

They plan to make their green a square so that wear can be spread by switching play alternatively from side to side.

Extension of the green will not take up any more park land, town mayor Mr. Richard Broad, told the council.

Rough ground lying between the green and the adjoining show field will be used.

To help the bowling club obtain grants and loans for the new project, the council agreed to a 28 years lease at the present peppercorn 21 a year rent.



LIFE, WITH THE OCEAN  
dance club join other dan-  
on III

## FRUITS OF BACKING FASCISTS

LESSONS to be learned from the "sad situation" in the South Atlantic were outlined by Mr. Victor Howell, prospective Liberal candidate for West Devon, this week.

"Never has the need for Liberal principle and ideals been greater," he said. "The lessons that Western governments must learn from this situation are ones of ethics and morals."

"Seldom are our leaders motivated by morality. This particular situation would probably never have arisen if Western governments had seen fit not to trade in armaments with foreign countries."

"It is a sobering thought that as recently as March, Britain was selling arms to Argentina."

"Should we not discontinue such illicit trading, remembering the destruction that has occurred so far in this dispute?"

**Nuclear threat**  
"Furthermore—imagine what will happen once unstable governments in the Third World gain access and control of nuclear armaments as a result of the Western arms trade. The arms trade is immoral and must be stopped."

"Secondly we should work to change the basis of the United Nations. No long-term peace can be achieved as long as the U.N. is based on the concept of military strength."

"Liberals should work to lay the basis upon an economic union where aggressive nations would suffer economic embargoes instead of military retaliation."

"Such a base could give the U.N. real strength in future disputes. We should never underestimate the power of money and commerce when it comes to undermining aggressive

## Maki coun

A MASS of swirling, coloured shirts filled Iltra stepped out to country music. Forty members from N. 160 dancers from all over round dancing.

The visiting dancers, below the Ovens Camping Club danced at Venues in Woolac and Ilfracombe.

It is a national club and they combine dancing with holiday.

It is the fifth time the has come to North Devon. The 200 dancers perform their steps to callers in Barnstaple, Dave Clay and Bournemouth. The colourful display was watched by many who Ilfracombe front.

**Eleven to seventy**  
Ages ranged from 11 to 70 and the event is one of the biggest of its kind in the country.

North Devon Ocean Wave 60 members and the club will be dancing in Barnstaple, Pa Market in July to raise money for the Cheviot Homes.

They will also be dancing Ilfracombe Pier during the 'tattoo'.

## So drunk he was moved in wheelchair

...which used an ambulance

**in for** With love



## S. ATLANTIC FUND AIDED BY PAINTING

FUND-RAISING for the South Atlantic Fund was boosted by £215 at the weekend when a retired Army officer living in Bideford paid that amount for a Mark Myers painting at the Instow maritime exhibition.

Major Michael King, of Orchard Hill, was the purchaser of the painting, which depicts the Bideford-built ship "Capricorn" whose hull now lies off Port Stanley in the Falklands.

The exhibition, opened on Sunday for a private viewing by TSW presenter Kenneth Macleod, has been a success and the proceeds are going to the South Atlantic Fund.

Paintings, models, and a host of records have been lent by a number of people to illustrate North Devon's impressive maritime connections, and the impact of Appledore Shipbuilders' and Hinks' yard at Appledore is clearly demonstrated.

There is also an interest in the history of the "Capricorn", built at Bideford in 1859 for the copper-ore trade on the west coast of South America. It was sunk in 1942 off Port Stanley and there the shell can still be seen.

Meantime, many other fund-raising efforts in North Devon are well under way, and the Torridge Sea Scouts have already received a considerable amount of goods stimulation from Torrington Rotary Club on Saturday.

### READY TO HELP

Members of Cruise—the organisation for widows, widowers, and their children in North Devon—will be ready to help families of any servicemen killed in the Falklands action.

A party from North Devon, brynch, are going to Yeovil Hospital, this Saturday, to help in a fund-raising and consultation day organised by the Ministry of Defence.

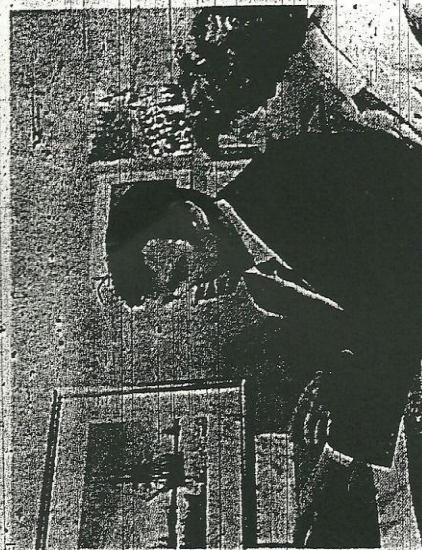
Cruise—who will be raising funds at a flag-day in Barnstaple tomorrow—already offer help, guidance, and social contact to the widows, a service they are preparing to extend to any young service widows in the area.

Meantime, eight women and an old man, undertook a sponsored 25-mile walk for the South Atlantic Fund.

The walk to Ilfracombe and back—they were sponsored to the tune of well over £400—was organised by Cpl. Kevin Sotherton.

His fellow-walkers were SAGW Nicki Shaw, who raised over £100, IT Ron Marshall and SAGs Andy Mates, Steve Carr, David Nash, Colin Jones, and Andy Whitham. Cpl. Ian White provided support for the group during the walk.

Hendry completed the course despite badly blistered feet and a skinned ankle.

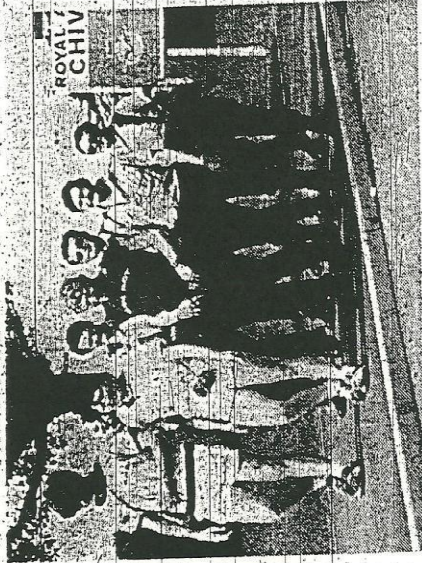


**DAYS OF SAIL:** Bruce Woolaway and Audrey Hinks — organisers of the maritime exhibition at the Commodore Hotel, Instow — with the Mark Myers painting of the Bideford-built "Capricorn", which has been sold to help raise money for the South Atlantic fund.

## Garage workshop site a poser for district council

A BARNSTAPLE garage owner stands to lose part of his small family business and five employees if the North Devon District Council cannot come up with a site for his body-repair workshop.

The council want land in Rolle Street, Barnstaple for a car park and Mr. Peter Cornish's small workshop is in the way of the development. District Council councillor, Mr. John Bradley explained that he has to be off the premises by October and, so far, the council have not come up with an alternative location.



**STEPPING IT OUT:** With airwoman Nicki Shaw spearheading the sponsored walk servicemen from RAF Chivenor set off on their Task Force fund-raising effort, on Sunday.

## Traders' lose battle for all-day parking

THE parking rebel traders of Bideford's Althalland Street failed this week to win concessions from Torridge District Council for all-day parking in the council-owned Bridge Street car park behind their combined living and business premises.

Two of the traders have had penalties totalling more than £1,200 imposed on them when the council issued free parking permits to parking fees to the court for parking fees.

But, so long as they now continue to obey parking rules in the Bridge Street car park, the council will not pursue any outstanding prosecutions against the traders.

The shopkeepers complain that the council is also to have paid for space on their court and meeting days. The committee is also to have paid for space on their court and meeting days. The committee is also to have paid for space on their court and meeting days.

And they have protested at the introduction of a four-hour parking rule for loading and unloading.





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solicitor Jeremy Tucker, clerk to the publicly-elected Board. "There have been numerous instances of glue-sniffing on the Commons and it is following approaches by the public to individual Board members that we are hoping

huddle of sniffing youngsters can be just as offensive to people using the commons as a confrontation afterwards. "We realise the police are in a helpless position over this modern-day social evil". Drug-taking and drunkenness on the commons are also

however, to help enforce the new proposals when, hopefully, they are finally approved and adopted. If offenders are reported to the Conservators, we will take it from there, provided people are prepared to go to court as witnesses."

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## Task Force baby Gary born at Barnstaple

# MY DADDY IS SAFE AND COMING HOME

By CHRIS MACHIN

TASK Force wife Kim Rough nurses her four-day-old son at the North Devon District Hospital... and waits for the message that her husband is back in Britain.

Able seaman Andrew Rough is on the last leg of his journey home after playing his part in the South Atlantic action aboard HMS Alacrity, the first Royal Navy ship to penetrate Falkland Sound, and he could be in Barnstaple in time to take his wife and son home this weekend.

"I can't believe it," is 21-year-old Kim's reaction. "It's such a relief after all the weeks of worry."

Her regret is that Andrew was not there to see the birth of their first child, little Gary Andrew, who weighed in on Saturday at 8lb. 2oz. and immediately became a Falklands celebrity.

Andrew, a 23-year-old stores accountant aboard the ship, helped to lead the way to the British landings at Port St. Carlos, had planned to be in on the birth at Plymouth where the couple have a flat.

But the crisis cost him his leave, and he's missed the event by a week.

Instead Kim came to North Devon to stay with her parents, Brian and Sylvia Jones, of 78 Tamar Road, Chivener, during the worrying weeks of conflict.

Letters have been few and out-of-date, and though Kim knew he was safe she didn't hear of Andrew's impending return until just after the baby was born.

### Familygram

Andrew, Welsh-born and two-and-a-half years in the Navy, was told of his son's arrival in a special Naval "familygram" sent straight away by Kim's father, a corporal in the Chivener motor transport unit.

He cabled back his delighted response as he sped homewards.

Kim has been told she will be the first to know when his plane touches down at RAF Brize Norton.

Meanwhile, North Devon's response to appeals for comforts for the troops in the South Atlantic winter has been "fantastic", say the organisers.

A lorry is due to leave Bideford on June 22 and it will be loaded to the limit with all manner of goods handed in at collecting points and made into parcels for servicemen.

Response to Ilfracombe hotelier Ron Green's appeal at his Harcourt Hotel, is growing after posters were put around the resort.

The South Atlantic Fund has been swollen by £1,017 as a result of the maritime exhibition at Instow. During the seven days of the exhibition at the Commodore Hotel donations in cash and cheques amounted to £802.25 and to this was added the £215 paid for a painting donated by the artist Mark Myers.

Ilfracombe's spring carnival made £800 towards the South Atlantic Fund. A coffee morning at the Goose and Gander, South Molton, has brought in £80 for the fund, and sixty dancers attended a Dutch night sequence at Berryarbor which raised another £50.

Schoolgirls Alana Heal, 16, her sister Wendy, 13, and Sandra Atyeo, also 13, were so touched by the British efforts in the South Atlantic that they are planning an 18-mile sponsored walk from Lynton to



HAPPINESS: The picture that says it all. Mrs. Kim Rough and baby Gary Andrew born at North Devon District Hospital. Father will soon be home.

Barnstaple on Saturday. The girls, who attend Pilton School, had already collected £60 in sponsorships by Tuesday.

A special batch of Smarties will soon be on its way to the South Atlantic.

The multi-coloured chocolate drops are reinforcements for Chief Petty Officer Tom Downie, of Langtree, serving with the Task Force on HMS Glamorgan.

Tom always keeps a tube of the sweets tucked inside his steel helmet and Stibb Cross villagers made a point of mentioning his sweet tooth when they handed over £85 they raised at a fete this week to the Bideford Sea Cadets Falklands Forces comforts fund.

### MP's telegrams

As soon as the news of the Argentine surrender came through, the MP for North Devon, Mr. Tony Speller, despatched two telegrams, one to the Queen's private secretary and the other to the Prime Minister.

The telegram for the Queen asked that: "Her Majesty's attention be directed to this message sent on behalf of her loyal subjects in North Devon. Following the wonderful news that the Union Flag once more flies over your Falkland Islands, I have the honour to send on behalf of the people in North Devon a message of loyal greetings and support."

The telegram to Mrs. Thatcher stated: "I send our congratulations from North Devon to you as the Prime Minister who has united our country in the course of freedom and self-determination not just in the Falklands but, by example, all over the world."

### IN-BRIEF

Parking  
10 per  
cent up

MOTORISTS using North Devon District Council car parks will be paying an average of 10 per cent more from this morning.

Most of the new charges were drawn up last October, when the council discovered it was falling £25,000 light on its estimated parking income of £230,000.

ALEC MATTHEWS, of Flat 22, Mermaid Inn, Market Street, Ilfracombe, has been committed to Crown Court by Barnstaple magistrates on a charge of stealing six sirloin steaks belonging to Mr. Michael Turton.

TREE-HATERS in the Wrafton area have again been active. Young trees planted along the road to Braunton have been

No wages lose in charge of







## WELCOME



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of traffic when the  
" he said

## GOODIES BY TON FOR THE TASK FORCE

A TRUCK pulled out of North Devon on Tuesday loaded to the limit with £5,000 worth of packages for the men of the Falklands Task Force.

It left the organisers of the appeal at Bideford "absolutely amazed" at the overwhelming response.

Torridge Sea Cadets have been at the centre of a hectic operation packing two tons of gifts from blankets to foodstuffs into cardboard cartons supplied by St. Ivel for the 8,000-mile voyage from Devonport.

Cash handed in at collecting points was used to top up the boxes with the most urgently needed items.

Among the comforts were notes of thanks and encouragement handed in by people with their gifts for the appeal.

A special parcel is on its way to Hermes sailor, 19-year-old Jim Armstrong, of Middleton Road, Bideford, complete with a tin of ham — the best that can be arranged for satisfying his wish for a bacon sandwich.

There are two bottles of rum for the Gurkhas and a dart-board each for the pubs in Port Stanley and Goose Green "with the compliments of Bideford."

### Cider for toast

There's cider, too, for the troops and the islanders to toast the success of their mission.

Everything handed in at the collecting points has gone into goods. All the administration costs have been paid for by Bideford Buccaneers.

Special approval for the parcels came from Alan Cole, the Bideford crewman from sunken HMS Antelope, who revealed that writing paper ran out before the ships reached Ascension Island. He has been helping with the packing.

At Ilfracombe Mr. Ron Green, of the Harcourt Hotel, is keeping his appeal for comforts open for another two weeks.

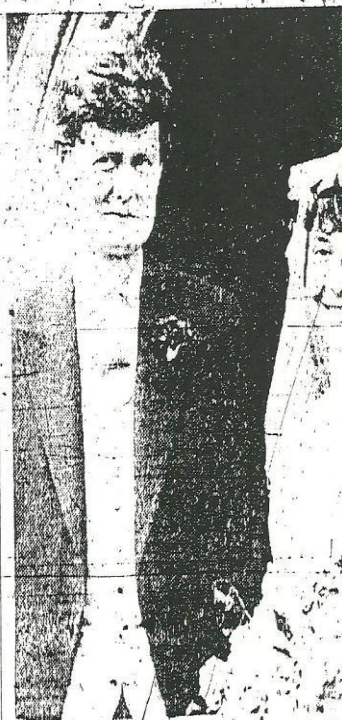
Meanwhile collections continue all over North Devon for the South Atlantic Fund.

Even the staff gave up their wages for the evening at the Capstone Restaurant, Ilfracombe, and put the £90 towards the £1,050 raised at an evening for the fund.

"I've got two sons too young to have gone, but I felt so sorry for people whose sons have gone," explains proprietress Mrs. V. A. Clemence. There was one donation of £100.

A night's takings from Cagney's Nite Spot, at Ilfracombe, has been handed over by the manager, Mr. Peter Boyle, to swell the fund by £271. The gift was received by Sq. Ldr. R. Bealer, of RAF Chivenor.

See Also Page 21



—Photo by Baths Photo

QC'S DAUGHTER WEDS: Miss Claire Cecil of The Old Vicarage, Winsford, and Mr. Nicholas, Surrey, were married at Winsford.

## Court to of offensi phone ca

WHETHER he was in a wheelchair repetition of the phone calls he made North Devon chemist shops would land a 59-year-old Braunton man was war-

This warning came from the chairman, Bideford court where disabled Gerald Moon, his wheelchair, admitted three charges of offensive phone calls to women

staff at Bideford and Barnstaple branches of Boots-the Chemist.

Pitchard, of 28, The Parway, Saunton Park, Braunton, was put on probation for two years and told that the bench felt he should continue receiving medical treatment.

When it was announced that he would also pay £20 costs, his defending solicitor, Mr. Martin Underhill, reminded the court that Pitchard was living on supplementary benefit.

"He has been an absolute nuisance to a great many people," replied Mrs. Gale, "and he should not find that he can just pay easily. He has to make a sacrifice and will pay £20 a week."

The county prosecutor, Mr. Robert Thomas, told the court that the offences came to light when the manager of Boots at Bideford

### FIRE WA SELL

A Barnstaple attempts to re-  
being invest-  
Minister.

It follows 11  
of the case of  
on the Pottin  
the North  
Spillet.

As a result  
vacations,  
Minister. Dr.  
taking the m-  
tion of the  
Boring.  
Became  
shops  
man.



## Story of the battle to take Goose Green

# I TRIED TO SAVE THE HERO OF THE PARAS

CHRIS MACHIN reports

BARNSTAPLE paratroop sergeant Barry Norman, the hero who likes growing flowers, has been telling how he tried to save the life of his commander, Lt. Col. H. Jones, in the thick of the Goose Green assault.

And his father, Fred Norman, says he cried at the family's 121 Gould Road home when he heard that the Falklands shooting had stopped.

## Round-Britain bid by a paddling PC

AFTER leading a sponsored canoe paddle from Plymouth around the Eddystone Light and back, Clavelly's community policeman, Constable Geoff Bladen, hopes to embark on a round-Britain paddle next year.

"It all depends," he said, "on whether I can get the necessary thirteen weeks' leave of absence."

Seven other North Devon councillors were among the armada of 60 kayaks that took part in the 34-mile Eddystone sponsored paddle which raised £4,000 for the Cancer and Leukaemia in Childhood Trust.

### Lonely first

They were Geoff Goldsworthy, Andy McGee, Jim Kirkup, Paul Sparkes and Rowan Martin, all of Barnstaple, John Shepherd, of Woolsey, and Peter Sealbrook, of Ashleigh.

Constable Bladen decided on the Eddystone trip after a sponsored paddle which he organised last year to Lundy in aid of the Trust to provide a local treatment centre for the South West.

## Leather-studded chair makes £149 at sale

A studded, leather-upholstered chair made £149 at a John C. Webster and Son furniture sale at the 59 Club, South Molton.

The sale was on instructions from the administrator of the late Mr. Richard Vantone's estate.

With "very keen" bidding throughout there were some star items, among them a grandfather clock which fetched £152.

A wall clock with ornate picture made £64, a gramophone with horn made £74, a copper kettle £65, and a mahogany dining table £85.

## £3-a-sign bonus for Hatherleigh

Conservation-conscious parish councillors in Hatherleigh have erected 40 public footpath signposts, and are getting paid for the work.

For every sign erected in the parish, they get £3 under an agreement with West Devon Council.

Now residents of Hatherleigh are being invited by their council to join them in a series of walks—there are 16 embracing more than 30

Harry, 31, and an ex-Barnstaple Secondary School boy with 13 years in the 2nd Parachute Regiment, heard Lt. Jones's valiant last order "Follow me," saw him, jumped down by Argentine bullets and administered first aid from his field medical kit.

But his commander died before a helicopter could fly him to a medical team.

"He was a determined man," Harry told BBC reporter Brian Hannahan with The Task Force. "He believed that if the Argentinians were hit hard at the beginning they would crumble."

Barry's North Devonian wife, Gloria, home in Alleshott, with son Nicky (16) and year-old daughter Tracey, has been told to expect him home on July 23.

His parents have cancelled a Yarmouth holiday to be there and Fred pledged: "There'll be a real party."

### Ulster tours

The Normans have learned to live with the knowledge that their son is in danger. He has served several Ulster tours and survived a bomb that killed a friend.

"It builds up in you," says Fred. "You can harden yourself, but everyone has a cracking point. An awful lot of parents lost their sons in the Falklands and I feel very sorry for them."

Harry spent a time at agricultural college before joining the Paras, but retained his love of growing things. Even in Northern Ireland he dug up the lawn to grow potatoes during one two-year posting.

"It's pretty easy going, but he's a bit of a fanatic about the Army. He's not very tall, but he's very well built and they're all very fit," says his father, who often goes to Aldershot with his wife Margaret on visits.

"The CO was a very popular bloke. Everybody liked him."

Barry, a sergeant for three years, and studying for promotion, was due to take up a posting at Lymington in April.

Gloria added: "He'd like to say thank you to everyone in Barnstaple for their concern, and he's looking forward to seeing you all when he comes home."

## Falklands sailor back on duty

Another North Devon sailor has returned from the Task Force, and is already back on duty in Plymouth.

Barry Snell, of Hugh Squier Avenue, South Molton, has been attached to minesweepers in the South Atlantic.

He flew into RAF Brize Norton on Friday for a weekend at home.

## Waiting for time to stop

Blackington Bluebirds are still awaiting the result of one of the competitions held at their home.



Para Sergeant Barry Norman

## PACKED COLLEGE MAY HAVE TO SAY 'NO ROOM'

GROWING concern is being expressed by North Devon's prospective Liberal candidate over an accommodation squeeze at the North Devon College.

As the strain on room space at the college worsens, Mr. Roger Blackmore demands: "Is our area getting a fair crack of the whip? It now looks distinctly possible that our young people will again be left out in the cold."

His remarks follow a meeting of Devon County Council's further education committee and a report by the chief education officer, Dr. Joslyn Owen.

This announced that North Devon College expects to find 125 more first-year places for full-time courses "but in the event" they may find they cannot increase their intake at all.

"It is a matter for regret that the Tory-controlled Devon County Council did not take up its full allocation of funds."

### Deprived

Mr. Blackmore declared: "If this is so it means that 125 young people in North Devon are going to be deprived of the kind of training and educational opportunities they deserve."

"The Government in its recent budget clearly announced the availability of additional funds for educational purposes and to assist the problems of the young jobless."

"It is a matter for regret that the Tory-controlled Devon County Council did not take up its full allocation of funds."

Mr. Blackmore says he appreciates the severe accommodation problems being experienced at the college.

"But clearly it would benefit from the provision of additional further education and training resources which the Liberal party have been demanding for years," he says.

## School head coming from German

SOUTH Molton Ju school's new headmaster due to take over in September will be moving to N Devon from West German

Mr. Roger Algate is a member of the Service Children's Education Authority, catering for young servicemen stationed abroad. He is at present acting head of West Germany primary school

### Bristol degree

Mr. Algate, 36, was educated at Plymouth College, Bristol City School, and Biele College. Before taking an education degree at Bristol University.

Later he taught at schools in London and Avon. For the past year the South Molton school has been under the headship of Mr. Alan Conridge, the departure last July of Kenneth Strong—its headteacher for five years—for a school in Kerswell.

## BIG MAN IN ROWING DUE AT-64

George Andrews, one of the best-known personalities of West of England rowing, and a Bideford publican for years, has died. He was 64.

It was 20 years ago that Andrews was elected chairman of the West of England Amateur Rowing Association, an organisation that controls all West-try regattas.

On the river he has also an umpire of the WEARA, the South Coast Regatta, a his earlier years he rowed and played football for the Amateur Athletic Club, Bideford.

In 1978 he retired to 11 of the Lamb Inn, in Hons Street, Bideford, and was a time the town's longest-serving landlord.

For 18 years he and his wife Evelyn had been joint secretaries of Bideford L.L. Victuallers' Association.

Mr. Andrews' other interests included darts—he was a member of the local league—he was a founder member of Bideford Future League.

He lived at 88 Laurel Avenue, Bideford. As well as a wife, leaves two married daughters, Judith and Gill.

## Grandfather gun put him in court

A merchant seaman who is grandfather's shotgun for mental reasons has appeared in court for not to be heard of.

Beverly Dyke, of Mail Road, Ilfracombe, pleaded guilty to possessing the gun without a certificate.

Dyke had been at sea and not renewed the certificate. The police had thought a certificate was valid for him. He has now applied to renew. He was fined £10 and costs pay £10 costs.

## Farmer's daughter prosecuted over pet spaniel

A farmer's daughter has appeared before Barnstaple magistrates her pet spaniel worried the

## Young breakers raise £160 for charity

Junior Club enthusiasts in Barnstaple have raised money and bought sleeping bags for children at Lymington House.

Barnstaple Junior Breakers Club raised £160 from a sponsored walk.

One hundred pounds was spent on the bags, which will be used for camping.

All for 15p



committee of the  
Guides Association  
would have con-  
sulted with the help of  
the committee.

#### Police blocks

are also offering  
£50 a time  
Morton Pannier  
pay for materials.  
He has been  
a plumber, and  
teaching to do the  
good will, it  
before South  
and brewers have a  
new over their heads.  
B. Wright, the  
past committee  
was condemned as

#### e Rotary chiefs sen

an engineer, a  
and a farmer  
ry presidents on  
it, a director of  
will be inducted  
today.  
The Michael run  
garage business  
developed out of the  
firm founded by  
Mr. William  
Edgar Hill, died  
100 years ago.  
It is an old boy of  
School and his  
holing, and spar-  
n falconry, and the  
reimbursement of  
known.  
Wilson a York-  
in the Torrington  
president.  
been practising den-  
win since coming  
in from Reading  
and. He is a member  
of the Choral Society,  
turns lakes over  
of Holford  
at a time when his  
on becomes president  
of Wheel.  
is a graduate of  
iversity and while her  
uns a beef and sheep  
Lower Lewisham  
masterminds a  
business on the farm.

#### ations in n Church festival

In Bampton Parish  
festival this year  
celebration of Choral Even-  
ings of the  
the Nona Dinnitt,  
ri were used.  
The Rev. Rower  
three boys into full  
of the choir, bringing  
memberships up to 17.  
31 members.  
a festival concert,  
Orchestral Society  
d. Moran as conductor.  
for the Church Mission  
vation introduced by  
h. This week is a three-  
hand clothes shop in the  
shop on Exeter  
today.

#### RAP fumes

The fumes, he claims, are  
from RAP Chivonor aircraft  
we recognise the smell of  
aviation fuel, and they have  
caused nausea and headaches  
and forced residents to keep win-  
dows shut.

One of the protest letters was  
signed by 19 young people  
claiming to be just a group of  
ordinary youngsters who meet at  
Wrafton in order to find com-  
pany with other youngsters of  
the same age.

They have invited county and  
district councillors John Ingle-  
don and Yvonne Gillespie to visit  
the park at Wrafton one even-  
ing when they would find out  
that the claims made in the  
newspaper are completely  
unfounded.

Mr. J. Whitaker, of 7 Hart  
Manor, claims that the local  
youngsters are typical 15 and  
16 year-olds, while one of her

pleasure surprise.  
I know some of the children  
are little leaguers, and they  
drink alcohol occasionally, but  
they are not bad children at  
all.

And a mother who declined to  
give her name stressed: "I feel  
these kids are being given a  
bad name. I have children of  
nine and 15 and neither has in-  
dulged in these activities."

#### Court threats

Meanwhile Mrs. Searle is un-  
pleasant and rigidly stuck to  
her story.

"People have said some very  
unpleasant things to me and I  
am nearly cracking up," she  
says.

"There have even been threats  
to take me to court over what I  
have said about the children  
here."

"I believe the girls' smiling  
problem can only get worse un-  
less the police or councillors  
act fast."

appeared for sentence.  
"If that is the case, I am in North  
Devon, then the sooner it is dis-  
posed, the better," Judge Wilcock  
said. "To give bail, in repeated  
burglary, further burglaries,  
and a police appearance in court was  
unable to explain the policy. "Bail  
was granted by a duty lawyer who  
who is not on duty at the moment  
to explain why he said."

Haines, of Station Road, Ilfracombe,  
first started committing  
offences in his native St. Helens,  
where he was sentenced to 12 months  
in 1968, with £27 from a  
supermarket and then awarded a  
three-month sentence for being  
found in the first time he had from  
the house of a crown appearance in  
Ilfracombe.

Within days of arriving in North  
Devon, Haines was stealing again.  
He escaped from a house in New  
Barnstaple Road, Ilfracombe, with  
jewellery worth £1,500 and a  
camera. Soon afterwards, he stole  
£100 and property from a retired  
teacher's home in Station Road.  
Police again caught up with  
Haines after releasing a description  
of the stolen jewellery. He was

#### Roof-top chase

Mr. Derwin Haines, a 25-year-old  
man, was arrested after a chase  
which lasted for 15 minutes. He was  
found on the roof of a house in  
Ilfracombe. He was charged with  
burglary and was taken to the  
police station. He was held for  
two days and was then released  
on bail. He was charged with  
burglary and was taken to the  
police station. He was held for  
two days and was then released  
on bail.

#### In a crash

Monday.  
At first it  
was thought that  
the car was  
involved in a  
crash. The car  
was found in a  
field. The driver  
was not found.  
The car was  
found in a field.  
The driver was  
not found.

#### Won in st

A farmer  
stone suffered  
being jumped  
riding bulls.  
Mrs. Julia  
Eastcott, 1  
taken in the  
hospital, wh  
"comforter".  
The accu  
Milkman sa-  
to drive 26  
miles in the  
Mrs. Milne  
cycle behind  
A dog  
running the  
and stamp  
had come.  
"They tra-  
man" seri-  
thous."

#### Med

Mrs. Cato  
lost at the  
at West Cr  
"She was a  
and had a  
Hayton, and  
Kevin Fairhurst.  
Methodist

## HEROES HOME FROM BATTLE

FREE holidays in Ilfracombe are on offer to families of Servicemen who died in the Falklands fighting.

"We in North Devon can do our little bit to help," says John Coates, who is inviting the families to come to his Longwood Hotel, in Montpelier Road, this summer or next.

His offer has been passed to Defence Secretary John Nott, who knows the area well, by North Devon's M.P., Tony Speller.

Meanwhile, more North Devon men have come home from the South Atlantic to rapturous welcomes from families and friends.

Warrant Officer George Raine, a survivor of the bombed landing ship "Sir Tristram", is relaxing with wife Maureen, 19-year-old daughter Tracy, and his mother-in-law's home at Chanters Hill, Barnstaple.

He was in Belize planning an August stand-down from the Army when "Sir Tristram" was ordered to Ascension Island and then South, with commandos and stores.

#### Down landings

The tells of dawn landings of men and equipment, the first air raid when the helicopter was following left the fuel tank cap in his hand, the explosion of the airborne, the explosion of the "Antelope", and the unexploded bombs which hit "Sir Lancelot" in the spot his boat had occupied minutes earlier.

Then at Pteroy, where they landed a field hospital, they were joined by "Sir Galahad", and saw it turned into a fireball by three bombs.



SMILING NOW: Warrant Officer George Raine who survived the Bluff Cove bombing of the landing ship "Sir Tristram" back with a relieved family, his wife Maureen, daughter Tracy, and son Gary, at Chanters Hill, Barnstaple.

"They came over again and dropped four bombs," he said. "Three landed in the water. It was bloody frightening. One caught us stern. We got two life rafts away and went straight over to 'Galahad' to pull her life rafts away. I saw one helicopter sitting on the tarmac head-on with ammunition and sparks going off all round. They did an amazing job."

"I was so busy I didn't think about myself. It's only later you realise how close it is."

Also on "Sir Tristram" was Richard Radmore, now home with parents Mr. and Mrs. Colin Radmore, at Tuckers Park, Worthy. He was plucked by helicopter from the burning ship and landed on "Pearl".

Flags and bunting were out in Bradworthy to welcome him home from the ordeal during which he celebrated his 19th birthday. He has been with the Royal Corps of Transport for three years.

A detachment of Welsh Dancers will attend a memorial service at Fremington Parish Church on Sunday to Barry Buller, the camp cook who died in the attack on "Sir Galahad".

Francis Bucknell was aboard HMS "Argonaut", the ship that delisted two days of air raids in San Carlos water by giving cover to landing troops with two unexploded bombs inside her.

After the limo home on one boiler, he was welcomed in Plymouth on Saturday by his fiancée, Lynne Moore, and reunited with his parents, Bill and Mary Bucknell, of Ford Farm, Knowstone.

One bomb had lodged in the boiler room, the other in the main magazine. They were before she was blown to comparative safety by HMS Plymouth.

Also aboard the "Argonaut" was Robert Brewer, of Lamb Park, Ilfracombe, who is due home at the weekend.

Filling holes  
The return of HMS "Glasgow", whose crew stuffed mattresses into a bomb hole in the hull, means a busy evening at St. James' Church, Bradworthy, for Jane Wearne, of Instow, who had planned an April ceremony until her fiancée, Sub. Lieut. Jimmy Giddings, sailed with the first Task Force ships.

After weeks of worry, Jane, a 22-year-old dance teacher, and

daughter of Mrs. Barbara Wearne, of Cleveland House, Instow, was on the quay to welcome the ship home. Because the best man is still away aboard a submarine, his place will be taken by another Royal Navy man, a survivor of the sunken HMS "Conventry".

Telegrams have come from the Mayor of Lynton, Barry Hobbs, thanking the three merchant navy men from the twin towns who have seen Task Force service— Trevor, Shoppard, Kevin Hayton, and Kevin Fairhurst.

Methodist

## FEAR KEEL PARISH M

Harland people are said to be under pressure to report acts of being done vandals.

They dare not say anything, however and their car is snatched up every day, says on the Mrs. Keith Howard, told the local council.

His comments came after the Harland people, who are said to be under pressure to report acts of being done vandals, close to the Northgate court, likely to be all housing estate, is in a "disquieting" state.

There was a hole in the roof of the house, close to the Northgate court, likely to be all housing estate, is in a "disquieting" state.



1982

\*\*\*\*\*  
Eye-witness to missile attack

pris



# THE BATTLE OF SAN CARLOS BAY

THE Falklands battles are over and done, but there is still no homecoming for Petty Officer Engineer Philip Ford.

Weeks before the British Task Force sailed for the South Atlantic P.O. Ford was serving in Falklands waters.

And the last letter his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ford, of Ventnor, "Hunters' Inn, received from him was dated June 10.

But they know he is safe, on board the Royal Fleet Auxiliary supply ship "Tidepool."

The task of the "Tidepool" has been to ferry supplies from Ascension Island to the battle fleet, and that job goes on while the defensive commitment continues.

The "Tidepool" is carrying fuel for ships and helicopters.

## Three bombs

P.O. Ford's June letter home describes an attack by four Argentinian aircraft in San Carlos Bay.

"Three bombs hit the water a few yards off the ship's side," he said. "A machine-gun mounted on a landing craft alongside us brought down a Mirage, and two Sky Hawks were hit by missiles fired from frigates near by."

The letter was written later, when the supply ship was 200 miles out with the carrier fleet.

P.O. Ford, a bachelor, has been serving with the Royal Fleet Auxil-

iary for eleven years. Before that he was a merchant seaman with P. and O. Lines.

Church bells celebrated the homecoming of Royal Navy engineer Francis Bucknell, 22, who was on board the crippled HMS Argonaut.

## Village rejoices

Residents of Knowstone, East Knowstone and Roach Hill put out the flags, held a thanksgiving service, threw a party, baked a cake and raised £100 for the South Atlantic Fund.

It was nearly three months since he saw his family, and now he has gone back to rejoin his ship at Plymouth.

Regulars of the Wellington Arms, Ilfracombe, have raised £332 for the fund, out of which £229 was raised at a three-and-a-half-hour concert attended by 200 people.

Swimbridge has handed in £160 from its Falklands fund-raising.

A service of thanksgiving, with British Legion and other local organisations attending, was held at Torrington parish church on Monday.



Tip dra  
will cos  
£80,000

BETWEEN £80,000 and £120,000 will be spent on drainage and the treatment of seeping liquid and sludge at Bickington rubbish dump.

The scheme is being decided by the county council to contract after the present tipping there is filled by the end of the year.

By that time the county is the Deep Moor tip at Hixl may be ready to take rubbish from the North Devon district area.

The district council, however, will not opt to use Deep Moor and pay the additional transportation cost involved.

## Site offered

The latest district move is to offer a site at Radcliffe.

British  
10%  
in Sale

Street

ple

012 3870

in Barnstaple

## Marching in his father's footsteps

An ex-pupil of Holworthy School, David King has passed out as a Guardsman at Pirbright.

He was watched by his father, himself an ex-Guardsman in the passing-out parade.

## BRAUNTONIAN INJURED IN CLIFF FALL

A rock-climbing teenager from Branton was flown to North Devon Hospital's intensive care unit after falling down steep cliffs on to rocks at Heddon Mouth.

Fifteen-year-old Trevor Manning was discovered lying motionless on rocks by a Chivenor rescue helicopter crew and was taken to hospital in a semi-conscious state.

Although no bones were broken, he has numerous cuts to his head, arms, and body.

Trevor, who lives at 35, South Street, Branton, had been rock-

FROM



# LYNNMOUTH

## INGS

## ERY

## AIL

AM ANDREWS

calling it Lynmouth in nightmarish hours of high tides, a deluge of rain tore gardens, leaving behind a sea and disbelief.

no-one in the picturesque town was killed or even injured. But the 1952 flood disaster was his arrival and the futility of water.

Mr. Hamlyn, an experienced falconer, lost two tawny owls and a pair of hawks from his aviary.

At the Portsmouth Arms Hotel, the floods swept away most of the shrubs and the soil in the garden.

We have been lucky to find ourselves only 11ft under water, reports licensee Marianne Stakespeare. The rain was absolutely incredible. Its force was so great that even farnes from the roads were swept past us.

Five beef cattle belonging to farmer Albert Wyatt, of East Lyn, Lynmouth, were struck dead by lightning at the height of the storm. The cows, part of a herd of 25, were grazing at Home Farm, Challacombe.

Even Chalmish, perched high on a hill, could not escape a thorough soaking. District councillor Joe Fullbrook's and at least a dozen other homes were severely flooded.

I've never known so much water fall in such a short time, says Mr. Fullbrook. It was frightening. I went outside in my boots at 5.30 a.m. and the water just rushed past after the heaves in the fields gave way.

At Parklands, South Molton, lightning struck the home of bank clerk Richard Williams, his wife Mary and two young children.

The blast smashed their chimney and part of a wall containing a central heating unit.

Throughout Monday gangs of SWEB engineers worked long hours to restore power supplies. Several men were drafted in from Torbay, Plymouth, Hildford and Bude, and by the end of Monday only 750 consumers were still switched on.

We have had a hammering by direct lightning strikes and burning out transformers, said a SWEB spokesman.

**Power fails**  
Much of the surrounding rural area was without power after lightning had damaged North Devon's main 33,000-volt cables.

The storm, which left the Torridge area relatively unaffected, gathered momentum as it drifted east through Barnstaple and out towards the Mole Valley.

The Chertwell section of the A377 was blocked by fallen trees and boulders and the B326, heading north to South Molton, was impassable in two places and was still blocked on Tuesday.

At RAP Chivenor, only half an inch was recorded between Friday and Monday. At Barnstaple, 'Admiral' lost under an inch. In 24 hours, while at Collier Mill an astonishing 2 ins. fell in an hour.

MORE news and pictures Page 3



MAN OF WAR: Paul Spencer, the 21-year-old Ilfracombe sailor who, during the last phase of his career in the Royal Navy, tracked the 'General Belgrano' before his submarine sank her.

## HE TRACKED 'BELGRANO'

By CHRIS HOLD

LEADING Seaman Paul Spencer, the 21-year-old former Ilfracombe School boy who actually tracked down and trailed the ill-fated 'General Belgrano' before her dramatic sinking, returned to his home town as a Task Force hero this week.

He had said a memorable goodbye to the Royal Navy, and one that he will remember for the rest of his life.

Paul joined up in 1977, expecting to see the world and ended up going to war in the Falklands just a matter of months before he was due to check out for a new civilian life.

When the Argentines invaded, Paul and the rest of the 42nd Commando, embarked on a 90-day mission under the South Atlantic, keeping a protective cordon on the British task force.

Back home at the school, Church Street, where he will shortly join the family sheepskin and leather goods business, Paul recalled the last hours of the 'Belgrano' and the part that he played in her destruction.

### Dull had

We had orders to sink her, because she was a threat to the task force, he said. We had been trailing her anyway for several days from a distance of about 20 miles so we knew exactly where she was.

It was my job to find her via the computer-aided system and keep an eye on her, plotting her course and speed. We sank her with two torpedoes and it was all over very quickly.

It is difficult to describe how I felt at that moment. I suppose it was a feeling of excitement really. We had done it on exercise and it was all over.

Paul admitted that it had taken him a while to realise that the 'Conqueror' was on her way in and not on just another exercise.

It was all one big game to begin with. We all thought it would be over by the time we reached the ship on all the way down we were just enjoying the trip, he said. But when the 'Sheffield' was hit

we realised that it was for real. The only time we were really frightened, I think, was when we were fired upon by the two destroyers escorting the 'Belgrano'.

They dropped a couple of depth charges, the closest probably 200 yards away. The explosions were loud enough to scare us but we hardly felt them.

After 90 days underwater on a six-hour on six-hour shift rota and only 45 days food ration, everyone was relieved when the Argentines surrendered and the trip home began.

It was at the 'Belgrano' that the message of encouragement flooded in to Paul's parents, Hennie and Stella Spencer.

Paul is now on leave before a peak in Plymouth to tie up some formalities before being discharged from the Navy.

## A message

## from two

## 'proud

## parents'

THE Prince and Princess of Wales have written a letter of thanks to Barnstaple's Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. John Rosence, following a message of congratulations on the birth of Prince William.

In the letter, signed Charles and Diana, they say they were "enormously touched" by the message. "The reaction to the news has been very welcome and is a very heart-warming and we are family discovering what it is to be proud parents," they add.

ONE AND A HALF tons of pills, tablets, ointments, and salves were collected in North Devon in the Unwanted Medicines Campaign. These and 56 pints of liquid medicines have been disposed of.

AN ANONYMOUS donor has offered prizes for the best anti-litter posters designed by pupils of Hildford School.

FIFTY PEOPLE are expected to take part in a sponsored walk in Barnstaple at the week-end to raise funds for the Green Peace Save the Whales fund. They will start from Rolly Quay and walk 10 miles to Winklecombe along the old railway line. Last year the walk raised £1,200.

BROWN'S CLOSE has been suggested as a name for the flats for the elderly being erected at Hildford and at other good yards. It has been recommended as a tribute to the late Mrs. Ethelwynne Brown, a former mayor of the town.

A RECORD-BREAKING flag day has netted £911 for Ilfracombe Lifeboat Committee. The annual collection for RNLI funds covered Ilfracombe, Woolacombe, Lee, West Down, and Combe Martin.

A FORMER vicar of Westleigh, the Rev. J. Shepherd-Walsh, is to retire in October. He is now vicar of St. Mary's, Barnstaple, and Hatherford.

TORRINGSIDE'S Litterbugs are no longer bottomed out. Britain's rate-paying league, as they were until March. From April, the average domestic rate paid on Torringside rose from £126.58 to £149.31. The national average went up from £129.69 to £135.12, and ratepayers in three other districts now pay a lower mean domestic rate.

ONE CAR OWNER had to hitch-hike three miles for petrol when Torrington's only self-service, Ian Price on Sunday. Other motorists faced with a 30p-to-petrol surch had to fill up at garages outside the town.

FIVE CASSETTES and an alarm clock have been snatched from a JCB, stopped at Hildford, Barnstaple, and Torrington.

HOOLIGANS have been on the rampage again in Hatherford. They smashed eight windows at the pub, which has suffered much from vandalism over the past few months.

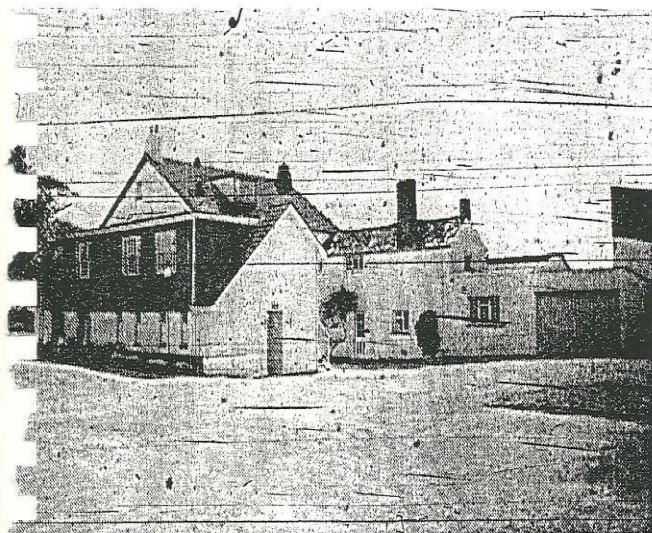
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for you

THE DAILY GREATS

A Gift for you  
Yours free with any two or more  
Estée Lauder purchases.

Now you don't have to wait for the best skin care, the finest fragrance, and the most beautiful hair care products. They're all yours free with any two or more Estée Lauder purchases. Look for the Estée Lauder logo on the bottom of the box. The Estée Lauder logo is a small, stylized 'E' inside a circle. The Estée Lauder logo is a small, stylized 'E' inside a circle. The Estée Lauder logo is a small, stylized 'E' inside a circle.





## as its club

RAF Chivenor have taken over the neighbouring Fiddlers Green Inn, one of the first squash "ranches" to be established in Britain.

The Ministry of Defence have paid a six-figure sum for the property, which has been on the market since late last year.

Chris Grimshaw, of Webbers Commercial, who sold the property for Mr. Mike Eggleton, a former Chivenor officer, said the actual price was not to be disclosed but it represented "good market value" in leisure industry terms.

Mr. Eggleton, a former Combined Services squash champion, built up the inn to four courts and a residential complex, attracting international players, local, hotel-makers and RAF Chivenor personnel.

It has been holding six teams in the Devon Squash League and there is some doubt as to their future home venue.

### An answer

New squash courts overlooking the river in Castle Street may provide an answer when completed.

RAF Chivenor's C.O., Group Captain Jeremy Saye, has said, however: "Hopefully we will be able to find a way for local people who have used the Fiddlers Green courts as members of a club to continue doing so."

With 900 Service people and 100 civilians, plus dependants, the RAF are "delighted" with their new facility, and its close proximity to the airfield. They will run the inn as a Service community centre, including a bar.

Group Captain Saye said: "We are very keen to get in and provide some alternative recreation. We are desperately short of facilities here. We have only one squash court on the station, and it is terrible."

## CAPT. GEORGE CHUGG DIES AGED 102

Capt. George Chugg—a master mariner when Braunton had a sailing fleet—has died at the grand age of 102.

Formerly of West Hill, Braunton, he died on Sunday at Holcombe, near Teignmouth, where he lived with his family.

His father was a master mariner and his eight brothers all went to sea.

He began his long seafaring career when he was 12 and, two years later, was navigating his father's 65-ton Fishguard Lass. Once, when his father's leg was broken in an accident at sea, he had to handle the vessel alone for over 40 hours.

During the First World War the schooner he was captaining drifted so long after being dismantled off Ireland that the hungry crew were too ill to be taken ashore for treatment when they were eventually towed into Plymouth.

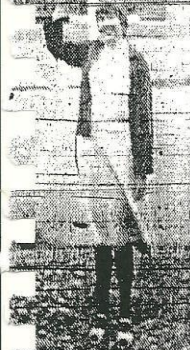
Later he was wounded, when his vessel was torpedoed off the Longships.

## Thieves pick on

## THE WON TRIP TO GERMANY

JAGE classes at the Devon College gave a student the chance to visit Germany as a guest of the German Government.

Jan Morris, of Lower Street, achieved high examination results at the end of a course, and this enabled her to be considered for the trip.



JEAN MORRIS

The trip was organised by the Devon Youth Exchange and expenses were paid by the authorities.

She was also able to see what life is like in Communist-run East Germany.

She spent several days in Hamburg and Cologne and was enter-

FIRST SQUASH RANCH: Fiddlers Green Inn, one of the first squash "ranches" to be established in Britain, which is being taken over by RAF Chivenor.

## One missile got two Argie jets

TWO kills with one shot... that was the opening tally of the men of T Battery, the Rapier missile men of the Falklands campaign.

The double bull's eye was scored over San Carlos Water as the first missile fired took out one Argentinian jet and the plane flying behind flew straight into the fireball and exploded.

Lieut Gregory Butt, the 23-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butt, of Bishops Cleeve, home from the Falklands last week, commanded one of the troops of the battery that shielded the bay as the landings were carried out.

"It was a suicide run for the Argentinian pilots," he said.

"No British ships were sunk in San Carlos Water at all. The ships that were hit were in Falklands Sound, outside the range of the Rapiers.

"It was a most effective weapon and operated very well after being seven weeks at sea."

### Destroyed

Fourteen Skyhawks and Mirage jets were destroyed by the Rapiers and the gunners are claiming several other probable kills.

Members of the battery, from 12 Air Defence Regiment, were the longest-serving Army unit on the Falklands during the campaign, landing on D Day in San Carlos Bay and ending up overlooking Port Stanley at the time of the surrender.

"It was a good experience," said Lieut Butt "and something I would not have missed. Every member of



GREGORY BUTT

the battery was a hero."

He arrived back at Bishops Cleeve on Friday to the ringing of the parish church bells.

A team from Goodleigh were at practice and the 13 bellringers were invited back to Lieut Butt's home for a celebratory drink afterwards.

The captain, Mr. Brian Broadhead, said: "It was a happy coincidence."

## BIDEFORD BAIL GRANTED

When a 23-years-old Bideford man failed to surrender to his bail at the local magistrates' court on Tuesday, the bench was told that his marriage had split up and he was now in Cardiff, partly to look for work but also because he was frightened of

her. Bideford, is charged jointly with 40-years-old Keith Cudmore, of 14, Meddon Street, Bideford, with allegedly burgling Elliott's garage in Kingsley Road, Bideford, and stealing stereo equipment, car radios, cassette players and a large quantity of tools.

Hosegood also faces charges

"Southampton Dock"

*They disembarked in 45*

Yes and we disembarked in 1982

*And no-one spoke and no-one smiled*

When we came home there was the joy of reuniting families and friend's. I wondered what all the fuss was about. Since first hearing this song I felt I had not spoken and had not smile about my real experience. I felt I wore a mask

*There were too many spaces in the line.*

The spaces in the line were for my friend Doc who I had been killed. I felt a great sense of loss for many years. As the years have gone on I feel a great sense loss for all the fathers, brothers, lovers and sons who lost their lives during the campaign. Today I feel a great sense of sadness and loss for the many Falklands veterans who have committed suicide since the end of the Falklands war. I cry real tears of war now and still do.

*Gathered at the cenotaph*

Remembrance Sunday has been and still is important to me I feel we gather with our masks and show the public face of remembering fallen colleagues.

*All agreed with the hand on heart*

*To sheath the sacrificial knives.*

Do we all agree? I believe war will always be.

*But now she stands upon Southampton dock With*

*her handkerchief and her summer frock clings*

*To her wet body in the rain.*

*In quiet desperation knuckles*

*White upon the slippery reins*

*She bravely waves the boys goodbye again.*

I feel through these words the uncertainty and desperation of the many families who waved the ships out of Portsmouth Plymouth, and Southampton in 1982. I think about the few people who unknowingly held and kissed their sons, fathers, brother's lovers for the last time.

*And still the dark stain spreads between his shoulder blades.*

*A mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves.*

I feel this says to me that the blood still shed and that seems okay because we still have the poppy fields and graves. I believe these are symbols of many a post war dream but how much blood has to shed to have this dream?

*And when the fight was over we spent what they had made.*

*But in the bottom of our hearts*

*We felt the final cut.*

My final cut is the deep sense of isolation I have felt and the great sadness I feel.

I wonder as I work through this dissertation whether there is a final cut. Perhaps this is my post dissertation dream.

(Walters, 1983)

### Paranoid Eyes

*Button your lip. Don't let the shield slip.*

*Take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask.*

This is like the bullet proof mask I wore with my therapeutic family. This was the mask of a Royal Marine who had gone down south.

*And if they try to break down your disguise with their questions*

What was it like Dave? Did I ever say that I was petrified or I felt fear? Did I ever tell my world that I experienced sadness? Did I ever tell the world that I missed the innocent self I had lost? No I didn't because I hid

*You can hide, hide, hide,*

*Behind paranoid eyes.*

I was hiding from my self behind my bullet proof mask.

*You put on our brave face and slip over the road for a jar.*

*Fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar,*

*Laughing too loud at the rest of the world*

*With the boys in the crowd*

When I first came back I would put on a brave face and got on with my life, portraying a stiff upper lip. How true this was. My experience of war went through a process of reinvention and normalisation of

*You hide, hide, hide,*

*Behind petrified eyes.*

I hid behind petrified eyes as I struggled through the years with nightmares, avoidance, and sleepless nights.

*You believed in their stories of fame, fortune and glory.*

*Now you're lost in a haze of alcohol soft middle age*

I wonder whether this is my fear is that this part of me will get lost within the normalisation of my experience. Will I lose my very sense of self?

*The pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high.*

*And you hide, hide, hide,*

*Behind brown and mild eyes.*

(Walters, 1983)

### The Final Cut

*And if I show you my dark side*

Is my dark side the immense sadness I feel?

*Will you still hold me tonight?*

You may not be able to understand me, you may not want to understand me, you may reject me, you may judge me, you may not love me.



*And if I open my heart to you*

*And show you my weak side*

*What would you do?*

Will I be rejected by my family, my friends, my therapeutic family, or even the world?

*So am I baring my naked feelings and tearing down a mask?*

*Thought I oughta bare my naked feelings,*

Do I feel vulnerable, naked and exposed if I show my sadness Do I feel shame? Do

others feel like I do? Do I fear the once therapeutic family I was part of will see me

as a fraud? Reject me?

*Thought I oughta tear the curtain down.*

*I held the blade in trembling hands*

*Prepared to make it but just then the phone rang*

*I never had the nerve to make the final cut.*

No I never had the nerve to make the final cut but many Falklands have made the final cut.

(Walters, 1983)

## Appendix Eight

Where you there do you care?

The sun breaks on another day

A private hell or open heaven

What is going to be ? Do you all see

What is going to be ? Do you all see

The nightfall came and the sea was still

A tranquil sea or stormy dream

What are you going to see? Uncertainty

What are you going to see? Uncertainty

Were you there do you care?

Were you there do you care?

Did you see the tears flow before your eyes

The days they past so very fast Is  
this not same as the past?  
What did you choose not to see?  
Was it all the misery?

Homeward bound you came just a shell  
Black eyes were drawn to spaces in lines  
Twenty second of sympathy  
Twenty years of misery  
No scars for them just me

Were you there do you care?  
Were you there do you care?  
Are the scars what we find in you?

Twenty second moment  
Cold sweat making dream  
Twenty second moment  
Someone else's dream  
Twenty second flashback  
Life of scared uncertainty  
Twenty second hero  
Nice trip son. Have a cup of tea  
Twenty second moment  
Someone's death didn't have to be  
Twenty second moment  
Flowers on this grave please