

David Stewart



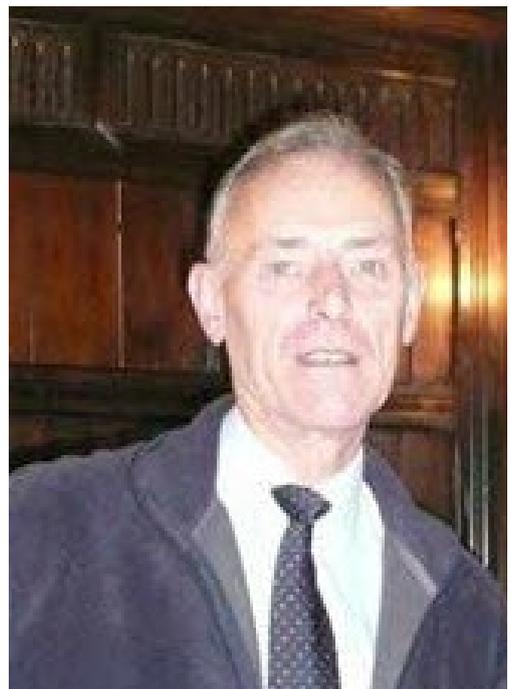
I spent 18 very happy months with the 84th entry at Locking. For most, if not all that time I was class leader of class 84E and played cricket for the entry, squadron and wing during the 1957 season and was also in the Drill Squad.

On first arriving at Locking, I was billeted in hut 362 (L.A. McDermot). After a short time, I think there was a general move around and I moved into hut 360 (L.A. Pugh), after which I had a further move to hut 359, where I stayed, apart from a short while when we moved elsewhere while our homes were "redecorated", until the end of the 4th term.

All was therefore hunky-dory, until late in the 4th term, I contracted `flu and bronchitis and was "FTd" to the 85th. A similar thing happened early the next term and this time I finished up in Wroughton hospital.

Following my medical discharge in March/April 1958, I spent the next five or six years trying to; come to terms with losing my first choice career and look for something to replace it. I was advised by no less than the Commandant of Wroughton hospital that in "my state of health" I should be looking at clerical or admin. Work (because it would be in a nice warm office) rather than healthy, bracing outdoor work like farming or forestry (which I had been considering).

My first jobs were in wages and statistics with the N.C.B. The wages job was in a colliery office and was anything but nice and warm; think Dickens and Bob Cratchet and you won't be far wrong. The next job was in a much more civilized environment. It was in the Area



Office in Sunderland (the area's large town). I was never told the job title, being just "moved" as far away as possible by the Group Accountant with whom I had shared a mutual distrust. The job seemed to centre around collating production statistics from the area's collieries and presenting them in a monthly report which was sent to someone further up the chain of command from my boss, the Area Cost Accountant. Although the accommodation was quite good, for those days, the job was pretty deadly, with little scope for progress, the only benefit was my meeting Sheila who eventually married me.

Lack of job satisfaction and boredom in the qualification I was studying for (company law, economics, economic history etc.-yuc) led me to search elsewhere. Eventually I found a job at Ford's in Dagenham, entitled Clerk/Illustrator. I thought this sounded interesting so, off I went. Boredom struck me again together with another "bronchospasm", the same thing that saw me out of the RAF.

I again returned home but this time with a "cunning plan". This time I was going to find a smallholding and raise pigs and poultry. We eventually found a farmhouse with outbuildings in Jarrow, with the help of the Townswomen's Guild of all things. So I started off repairing and converting some of the outbuildings so that they were suitable for housing hens. I took on a couple of jobs to provide me with income while building up the flock, one of which turned out to be a blessing in disguise. After a couple of years we were informed that the land had been sold for building and, being only sub-tenants and therefore with no rights of tenancy, we had to vacate.

This was where the blessing came in useful; the job that I was in at that time was connected to Work Study, which I found quite interesting, and decided to go down that route. Went to college night school to learn all about it and stayed with it for the next 30 years or so, from 1962 until retiring in 1993. I worked for a number of firms, in a variety of industries; steel tube manufacture, brewing and industrialised housing before turning to Local Government (they have a very good pension scheme).

Married Sheila in 1963, and our 2 daughters, Paula, born in 1966 and Heather in 1969, have produced 3 fantastic grand children.