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WELCOME

By Pete and Lorraine

Welcome to the latest edition of Liana, LPH's in-house magazine.

Well what a busy year it has been! So much has happened that it is hard to keep up. After a long and cold winter, we experienced an extraordinarily dry and sunny summer. We never thought we'd hear it, but people were actually complaining that there was too much sun! The wonderful staff at LPH made sure that everyone was kept comfortable, either sheltered in cooled rooms or outside, provided with plenty of water, sunscreen and sunhats.

Noirín and Rita, previous editors of Liana, send their love. Noirín has provided two articles (see the articles entitled "Change" and "Foxes"). Several other volunteers and staff members have provided articles too. Many thanks to everyone involved. Don't forget that if you'd like to contribute an article, we'd love to hear from you.

Very best regards to all Liana readers.

LEOPARDSTOWN PARK HOSPITAL CAPITAL DEVELOPMENT

By Ann Marie O'Grady, Chief Executive

After 100 years of operation, Leopardstown Park Hospital's buildings are looking a bit the worse for wear. What was leading edge in architectural design at various points in the past is no longer fit for purpose. People's expectations of what their environment and living spaces should look like have also fundamentally changed, appropriately so. In addition, the legislation that governs the operations of the Hospital state the new standards expected, including size of rooms, ensuites etc.



The Hospital management team and Hospital Board have been working very hard in the background over the last number of years to plan for a new Hospital development. Over the last year we have worked very closely with the Leopardstown Park Hospital



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Trust and the HSE to develop what has been called a Protective Development Control Plan (PDCP). Essentially this is an overall plan for the 25 or so acres of the Hospital site and how we might use it in the future. One key part of this is where would the location of a new Hospital be, remembering that we need to keep all the services going while we build a new Hospital. The second consideration is to allow for phased development, step by step, of additional bed capacity if the State want to expand services into the future. The likelihood of this is high due to the significant expansion of numbers of older persons in South Dublin in the future, therefore an increasing number of people will require rehabilitation, respite, residential (including welfare) and day services in the future.

So we now have a plan and we have secured a level of funding from the HSE and also some charitable donations. There is still some work to do on reaching the full funding target and we are working hard on that while we start the process that will lead to the building of a new Hospital.

In the first phase the plan is to replace all the residential beds with modern, fit for purpose accommodation. All beds will be single room with ensuite, with various social spaces and, of course, all the necessary clinical requirements. The initial phase of the plan is to construct 125 beds, in 25 bed 'households' (new name for wards/units). Essentially the first phase will focus on bringing our resident accommodation into compliance.

"So where are we in this plan?" I am asked all the time as it is hard for people to see the work behind the scenes. We have completed the PDCP which included a lot of surveys including ground surveys, capacity assessment for utilities etc. Over the summer we have issued tenders for seven professional services (architects, mechanical/electrical engineering, civil engineering, quantity surveyors, fire safety, health and safety, planning). We are currently in the process of evaluating all those initial tenders and shortlisting applicants for the next stage of the tender process where they will need to provide additional and more detailed submissions. Once this is all completed and the various companies appointed, they will commence working with us in the Hospital to develop a fully detailed design brief (right down to how many sockets, light fittings etc, but also considerations for those with dementia, sight difficulties etc) for our new surroundings. In this period, we will also be engaging with the planning and fire authorities for the necessary approvals in relation to the design.

So a lot of work to do before we move to construction phase, it is really great to be moving into this design phase after all the preparatory work and begin to see the new future for Leopardstown Park Hospital and all those who work here and use our services.

I am really looking forward to working with staff, volunteers and residents to develop our new future. "The future is bright!"

HOW TO ACCESS SERVICES IN LEOPARDSTOWN PARK HOSPITAL

By Ann Marie O'Grady, Chief Executive

When talking to people outside of Leopardstown Park Hospital there appears to be a lack of knowledge as to how to access our services and indeed often some misinformation about how difficult it might be to access services. Due to the size of the Hospital, generally bed availability is not a significant issue with most applicants being able to access especially inpatient services

very promptly.

Leopardstown Park Hospital has a wide range of services for people generally over the age of 65. Each service is accessed in a slightly different manner. In many of our services there is capacity for new referrals on an ongoing basis. If people are interested in any of the Hospital's services they need to make contact

with the designated contact(s) for that service. The contact information is below along with a short description of each of the specific services and an indication as to who might benefit from them.

Residential Care

Admissions to residential care are under the "Fair Deal" Scheme. The waiting list for Leopardstown Park Hospital is maintained by the HSE. Contact details: Judy O'Neill, Coordinator Local Placement Forum (South Dublin/Wicklow), HSE, Tivoli Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin - Tel: 01.2365239 Please register your interest in a residential place in the Hospital with Ms. O'Neill once you have applied for "Fair Deal". Fair Deal funding must be approved prior to admission to the Hospital. Senior nursing staff will carry out an assessment of all applicants to ensure that we can meet their care needs. A contract of care must be signed in advance of admission. Please note that unfortunately we cannot cater for anyone requiring 1:1 supervision.

Clevis Welfare Home

The Clevis provides supported living accommodation in a homely environment for up to 29 individuals who have low dependency needs, are 65 years or older and who, for a variety of reasons, can no longer manage to live at home on their own. Contact the Clevis Manager (Tel 01.2160555) to arrange an appointment to visit the Home. It is very beneficial for the applicant to visit the home to see the facility and the services provided. The application process and the services provided will be explained in detail to the client. An application form needs to be completed by the applicant, with their Public Health Nurse or Social Worker and their GP. All applications must be accompanied with a recent (within six months) geriatrician's assessment report. There is a charge which is assessed prior to admission. Admission to the Clevis Welfare Home is by the Clevis Selection Committee which includes Hospital and Health Services Executive (HSE) representatives, and meets on a regular basis to consider applications. Applications are made through the Acute Hospitals and HSE Community Services. Information booklet and frequently asked questions are available on the Hospital website under Hospital Services.

Rehabilitation

Patients for rehabilitation are referred to Leopardstown Park Hospital from the local acute hospitals for short term rehabilitation with the intention of the individual returning home to the community. Referred patients are inpatients in the acute hospital at the time of referral. This is a service provided to patients who have completed their acute medical care in an acute hospital but require rehabilitation in advance of discharge home. The period of rehabilitation will be determined, based on referral and assessed need, but will be for a maximum period of six weeks.

Respite Care

This is a planned short admission which allows the carer at home to have a break. Care will normally be on an inpatient basis for one or two weeks. One of our respite beds is specifically for people with a dementia diagnosis. Applications are made through the HSE community services. Leopardstown Park Hospital is required under the Health (Charges for In-Patient Services) Regulations 2005 as amended (2011 Health Amendment Act), to charge people receiving inpatient respite care services, where this service has been availed of for more than 30 days in a year. The charge that is to be applied for respite care in Leopardstown Park Hospital, on a 24 hour, 7 day basis, is €25 per day.

Glencairn Day Centre

Referrals to the day care service are made via the acute hospital services and HSE community services. The objective of the day care service is to prevent isolation of clients by improving their quality of life and maximizing independence. A transport service is available when the client has no other means of attending. There is a small charge for transport and lunch.

Mon - Fri

Social Day Care services are provided and, in addition, may include limited nursing care, physiotherapy, occupational therapy, medical social work services, hairdressing, social activities and transport services.

Sat – Sun

Social Day Care is also offered on Saturday and Sunday. Additional services not available on a weekend.

Carman Day Care Dementia Service

Referrals to the day care service are made via the acute hospital services and HSE community services. This is a specialised day service, which provides support to those with dementia and those who care for them. A secure and caring environment is provided in the Carman Centre on a day care basis. There

is a small charge for transport and lunch.

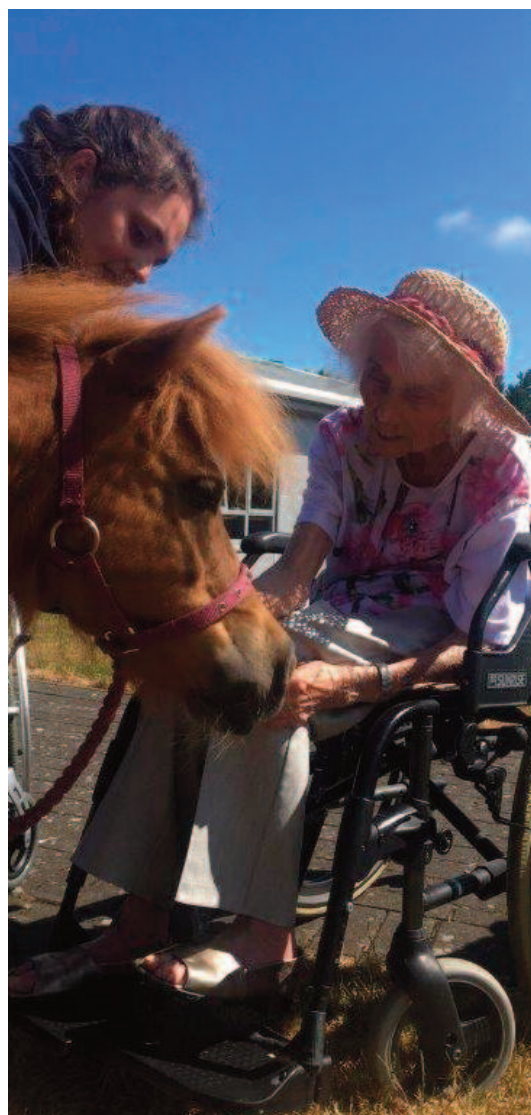
British Armed Forces Ex-Service Personnel

The criteria and eligibility for services is the same as for all applicants. However, in the event of limited availability at the time of application, priority of admission is given to British ex-service personnel in line with the legislative basis for the Hospital. If a potential

PONIES

By Paula Carraher

LPH residents recently enjoyed the company of some very special guests. Imagine what a lovely surprise it was to see some very friendly ponies outside! Several of our residents lost no time in getting to know them. It is well-known that petting or caring for animals is a very good way to relax and can even have some far-reaching health benefits



RESTORING THE EARLIER BEAUTY OF OUR WOODLANDS

By James Egan, Head Groundsman



A MASSIVE thank you to all the mega volunteers from the company Saga, who provided us with such great help in July. The team bombarded our woodland and put some manners on it. It really is quite amazing how much was achieved in one day. Uncovering that



antique path must have been the highlight. We are now so much closer to opening up our once neglected wooded areas, for residents, families and staff to enjoy. The photos show the area 'before' and 'after' the work done.

OUTDOOR GAMES

James, Head Groundsman, has been extremely busy. Everyone is delighted with the great work that he and his colleagues have done to improve the gardens and provide some outdoor games for us all. James says:

Putting Greens

We opened two putting greens, right beside the Physio Department, which have proved very popular. Many thanks to all for the generous donations of putters and golf balls.

Giant Draughts

I found these giant draughts in a corner gathering dust, so I made up a wheeled cart for ease of transport and promptly put them into service in the Glen garden. It was nice to see visitors and residents using them soon after.

New & Upcoming

Benches:

I'm in the process of making up 11 new benches for the hospital grounds. These have been modified from last year's benches to be more ergonomically friendly for residents. They are slightly longer and incorporate a centre arm



rest, which will mean residents can use both arms to lift themselves up. Being able to produce good quality garden furniture “in-house” adds yet another string to LPH’s bow. It means we can cut costs whilst tailoring the benches to fit residents’ needs.

Lawn Bowls, Croquet and Snag Golf:

I had planned to open these earlier but had to postpone due to the drought conditions we have been experiencing. My grass was brown! Hopefully recent rains will bring us back to lush and greener conditions.



LEOPARDSTOWN PARK HOSPITAL GOLF SOCIETY

By Oonagh Ennis



Our Golf Society has continued to be active this year with:

- Captain: Oonagh Ennis
- Treasurer: Johnny Morgan
- Handicap Sec.: Ann Morgan

Anyone interested in getting more information about this Golf Society is welcome to contact Oonagh Ennis (086 8562557). We would be delighted to welcome new members, either to come and join or come as a visitor to any of our outings.

Our outings this year included;

- Friday 27th April – St Anne's
- Friday 25th May – Greystones
- Friday 29th June – Rathfarnham
- Thursday 9th August – Grange
- Thursday 6th & Friday 7th September – Slieve Russell Hotel
- Friday 28th September – Blainroe

Results: St. Anne's

Overall winner; Ed Bradbury

Section 1; 1st Theresa Phelan 2nd Oonagh Ennis

Section 2; 1st Liam Kehoe 2nd Paul Markey

Results: Greystones

Overall winner; Ann Morgan

Section 1; 1st Bob Hamilton 2nd Donal O'Keeffe

Section 2; 1st Angela Carrick 2nd Katriona O'Keeffe

Results: Rathfarnham

Overall winner; Eddie Bradbury

Section 1; 1st Donal O'Keeffe 2nd Ann Morgan

Section 2; 1st Katriona O'Keeffe 2nd Bernie Marron Fanning

Nearest the Pin Bob Hamilton

Longest Drive Martina Doherty

CHANGES FOR THE BETTER

By Noirín Scully

Behind me in the supermarket queue for the checkout one morning were two women discussing Dublin Bus and its shortcomings. The buses were always late, they were not clean and the drivers well, words failed them. I thought some things never changed.

Later at home I put away the shopping and made a cup of tea and thought of the two women and their complaints. It must be ten years since I was on a bus. I have, what are politely called "mobility issues" which means that I have a gammy leg and a bad back but my mind went back sixty years or so and how different bus travel was then.

The biggest change on the buses, of course, was that as well as a driver there was a conductor. Around his neck he had a machine with which he selected the price of the ticket you requested and it was printed out, he took your money and that was that. The driver was always enclosed in his own little cabin and had nothing to do with the public. Many of the conductors were comedians in their own right and their comments did a lot to improve the mood of the tired commuters on their way



home after a hard day at the office or wherever. The conductor stood at the back of the bus beside the doorway and as there was no door it could be a very cold place on a winter's day.

This opening had a pole in the middle of the gap meant to assist passengers alighting or boarding the bus. It also meant that if the bus was stopped at traffic lights or in heavy traffic, passengers could still get on or off the bus or

the die-hards who, too late to board the bus at the bus stop, ran after it and made a flying leap and with the help of the pole managed to land safely on the platform. All these activities were strictly forbidden and if the conductor was sticking to the rules these passengers were made get off the bus. Ah. Those were the days!

And then there were the trains. No Darts or Luas then. Just the old steam train, noisy and dirty. Opening windows on steam trains meant you ran the risk of flecks of soot in your eye. But for all that there was something about those trains that appealed to many and when the diesel trains arrived on the scene many regretted their passing.

At this stage, I went off in a daydream thinking of other things that have changed or indeed that we don't see any more. Back in the 1960's there were still horses and carts used for deliveries and we had one for our milk deliveries. A patient plodder of a horse who knew all the houses he had to stop at. Then came the day when the horse had to be retired and the milkman got a brand new, smart milk van and from then on there were days when the milk didn't arrive at all, much to my rage. Then I had to get out my bike and pedal up to the local shop to get supplies of milk for the breakfasts. It took quite a while for the milkman to get used to his round and I'm

sure he would have given anything to have his plodding horse back again.

A friend of mine lived in a road where they had a pig man who arrived in his horse drawn cart with big buckets into which he decanted whatever leftovers the householders had. Needless, although the pigman was a friendly cheerful man there was a very strong odour which accompanied the pig man on his rounds.

The other big change is the refuse collection. Most of us will remember the time before the wheelie bin when we slung all our refuse into a dustbin and what didn't fit was put into a large plastic bag and placed on top of the dustbin. There were times when there was a strong wind or a hungry fox and the bag's contents were strewn over the road and had to be swept up. Our binmen were a cheerful, noisy lot as the bins were dragged over to the bin lorry accompanied by much shouting at each other.

At this point I caught sight of the kitchen clock and realised that all this looking into the past had taken an hour and a half and now it was time for another cup of tea and perhaps a sandwich. I thought what a pleasure it was to think of times gone by and I was surprised at how vivid were these memories. Of course, they say that the older you get the clearer are those distant days.

COMMEMORATION SERVICES

By Pete McWilliams

Kilkenny World War 1 Memorial

On Sunday, 15 July 2018, the Kilkenny World War 1 memorial was unveiled by Minister Charlie Flanagan. The memorial is located at the Peace Park on John's Quay in Kilkenny city. The memorial commemorates 827 men and women from County Kilkenny who lost their lives in WW1. Among the names is Thomas Woodgate who was only 14 years old. Thomas served in the Royal Flying Corps. Thomas was returning to duty after a spot of leave but tragically was killed when the RMS

Leinster was torpedoed in October 1918. Thomas's body was recovered and he is buried in Grangegorman Military cemetery. A dedicated team has worked on this project since 2014 to bring it to fruition and it will be a lasting tribute to the fallen commemorated and also to those who ensured the project was completed.

Commemoration Service at Islandbridge
Veterans from Leopardstown Park Hospital attended the annual commemoration service

at Islandbridge on Saturday, 7 July. Jim Houston, resident of the Clevis, laid a wreath as did Trevor. The event was arranged by the Royal British Legion (RBL) Republic of Ireland and the Irish State. There are no accurate figures for the number of Irish men and women from the island of Ireland who lost their lives in WW1 but a commonly agreed figure is 60,000. The ceremony commemorates all who died, known and

unknown. Standards were marched on and paraded. Wreaths were laid by civic leaders, government officials, members of the diplomatic corps representatives of the RBL, branches of the armed forces, regimental associations, and veterans' associations. Bands of the Irish Defence Forces and the Royal Irish Regiment provided the music. It was a very hot sunny day which was very welcome.



Veterans from Leopardstown Park Hospital, participating in the remembrance ceremony at Islandbridge

NATIONAL DAY OF COMMEMORATION AT COLLINS BARRACKS

This year, the National Day of Commemoration was held at Collins Barracks instead of Kilmainham as in previous years. The ceremony was attended by President Michael D Higgins and Taoiseach Leo Varadkar. Members of the Government, Council of State as well as members of the Diplomatic Corps; Judiciary and Northern Ireland representatives also attended. Prayers were said by religious leaders from various denominations. The ceremony especially remembered 87 members of the Irish Defence Forces who lost their lives in wars or UN service since the foundation of the State. Family members of those who died attended, as well as veterans of the Irish Defence Forces and veterans of various foreign forces. Commemoration ceremonies were also held in Cork, Galway, Kilkenny, Limerick, Sligo and



LPH volunteer, Pete McWilliams, with three members of the Chelsea Pensioners, all of them Irish

Waterford. President Higgins laid a wreath on behalf of the people of Ireland. All branches of the Irish Defence Forces formed the parade and the Guard of Honour.

URBAN FOXES

By Noirín Scully

Daughter Barbara's house backs on to playing fields so there was no surprise to find that over the past two years or so, now and then, a fox would appear in her back garden. She used to leave out food for him sometimes and then surprise surprise he wasn't a he but a she and recently she had a litter of three or four little ones and they lived under her garden shed.

There are many who don't like foxes. They say they look as if they have mange, they could kill or attack your cat, they could spread disease etc etc, maybe that's true but I also have a fox which I have been feeding for the last three or four years and I've also got three cats who I've seen in the garden at the same time as the fox and they don't seem to take much notice of each other. Although that may be because my cats are very large and overweight and would be as big, if not bigger than, a fox. As a matter of fact, there was one occasion when I had put out the fox's food and one of my cats decided to help himself to it.

Mr Fox sat patiently beside the cat and waited until he had finished before he took over his meal.

(Photo by Katie Lalwani)

Foxes moult so sometimes their coats look a little ragged and one good thing about them is they kill rats. However a friend who comes from a farming background will spit nails if you mention the word fox to him. Foxes and farms



don't go together because foxes kill chickens and will go to any length to get at them. So I keep off the subject whenever I'm talking to him.

Anyway the little foxes in Barbara's garden look adorable. They come out to play very early in the morning or very late at night so a viewing station has been set up at the big window in their living room. The foxes are extremely shy so if anyone makes a move they vanish. Apparently they will depart when they are old enough to look for their own territory leaving Barbara and her family bereft. Until, of course, Mrs. Fox gets broody and begets another family.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE 1887-1917

By Dee Neeson, LPH Veterans' Support Group

Francis Ledwidge was born near Slane in Co. Meath on the 19th August 1887, the eighth child of nine in the family. His father died when Francis was just 4 years old which left the family in poverty; despite being an 'erratic genius', according to his schoolmaster, Francis had to leave school at 13. He went to work as a trainee houseboy in Slane Castle

but was sacked for altering the day's dinner menu as dictated by Lady Conyngham to one of his own liking: pig's trotters, cabbage and spuds.

After this, Francis worked at a number of jobs such as groom, farmhand and roadworker, all the while writing his poetry, much of which was published in local newspapers. This brought

him to the attention of Lord Dunsany, under whose patronage he was introduced to Irish literary circles of the time. He was also active in community affairs and politics, joining the local branch of the Irish Volunteers in 1913.

The Great War began in 1914 and Francis enlisted in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. It is thought this had something to do with his great love, Ellie Vaughey, leaving him for another man; much of his poetry was based on his feelings for her. His first introduction to war was at Gallipoli, followed by action in Serbia. At about this time, he heard of the Easter Rising and the execution of his good friend Thomas MacDonagh, following which he overstayed his home leave, was court-martialled and demoted. However, by January 1917 he had been promoted again to corporal and was posted to the Western Front. Having survived the Battle of Arras, his unit was ordered north to Belgium for the third battle of Ypres. On the 31st July his section of the battalion was repairing a road near the village of Boezinghe when a shell exploded beside them, killing an officer and five enlisted men, including Ledwidge. They were buried where they fell but later reinterred in the nearby Artillery Wood Military Cemetery.

The Ledwidge Museum is housed in the



cottage where he was born at Janeville near Slane. In the garden is a replica of the memorial erected at the spot where he was killed, which bears the words from one of his lament for Thomas MacDonagh:

*He shall not hear the bittern cry
In the wild sky, where he is lain
Nor voices of the sweeter birds
Above the wailing of the rain.*

QUIZ

(Answers on page 12)

Credit to: <https://hobbylark.com/party-games/FreeFun100QuestionQuiz>



1. Name the actor who starred in 142 films including The Quiet Man, The Shootist, The Searchers and Stagecoach.

2. Name the film noir actress who starred in I Married a Witch, The Glass Key, So Proudly We Hail! and Sullivan's Travels.

3. Which actress has won the most Oscars?

4. Which actress said, "Fasten your seatbelts. It's going to be a bumpy night," in All About Eve?

5. Bray Studios, near Windsor in Berkshire, was home to which famous brand of horror films?

6. In which film did Humphrey Bogart say, "We'll always have Paris?"

7. By what name is Lancelot Brown more usually known?
.....

8. Name the world-famous gardens situated ten miles outside of London, close to the River Thames.
.....

9. Which garden is considered to be among the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World?
.....

10. What colour is a Welsh poppy?
.....

11. What colour is a Himalayan poppy?
.....

12. Give the alternative name for a Mountain Ash tree.
.....

13. Which kind of bulbs were once exchanged as a form of currency?
.....

14. What colour jersey is worn by the winners of each stage of the Tour De France?
.....

15. Name the only heavyweight boxing champion to finish his career of 49 fights without ever having been defeated?
.....

16. How many times was the Men's Tennis Singles at Wimbledon won by Bjorn Borg?
.....

17. In 2011, which country hosted a Formula 1 race for the first time?
.....

18. Name the game played on a lawn called a 'crown green'.
.....

19. Which chess piece can move only diagonally?
.....

20. If you were painting with tempera, what would you be using to bind together colour pigments?
.....

ANSWERS

1. John Wayne	7. Capability Brown	14. Yellow
2. Veronica Lake	8. Kew Gardens	15. Rocky Marciano
3. Katharine Hepburn, with 4 Oscars and 12 nominations	9. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon	16. Five
4. Bette Davis (as Margo Channing)	10. Yellow	17. India
5. Hammer Horror	11. Blue	18. Bowls
6. Casablanca	12. Rowan	19. A bishop
	13. Tulips	20. Egg yolk



CRASH OF 50 SQUADRON HAMPDEN BOMBER IN COUNTY WICKLOW IN 1941

By Pete McWilliams

On the night of 17/18 April 1941, a total of 118 Royal Air Force aircraft were detailed to bomb Berlin. While returning from the raid on 18 April 1941, a Hampden (AD730) of 50 Squadron from RAF Lindholme in Yorkshire crashed on the Black Hill near Blessington, County Wicklow. All crew members were killed in the crash. The crew of Hampden AD730 were:

- P/O Jack Kenneth Hill, pilot;
- Sgt Lamb, navigator/bomb aimer;
- Sgt Fred Erdwin, lower rear gunner/wireless operator
- Sgt Stanley Wright, upper rear gunner/wireless operator

On the night of the raid, thick low cloud was reported over the North Sea on the outward and return flights. On the return flight, two aircraft reported problems in obtaining a radio fix and three aircraft reported excessive fuel consumption. The low cloud may have caused the radio problems and strong headwinds may have caused the excessive consumption of fuel. At 02:17 hours, AD730 got a fix and bearing which placed it five miles SW of RAF Watton in Norfolk. However, despite this fix, the aircraft continued to fly westwards over the Welsh mountains and the Irish Sea. The Irish authorities reported it flying over the East coast at 04.05 hours between Dalkey and Bray. The plane was heading West and inland towards County Kildare. At 04.24 hours, the Gardai at Hollywood reported an aircraft in the area to Air Defence. Subsequent investigations suggest that the plane crashed at 04:34 hours into Black Hill. The crash site is roughly 474 metres (1600 feet) above sea level.

Despite Ireland's neutral status, the airmen were given a full military funeral by the Irish Defence Forces which included the No 3 Army



Band and a Guard of Honour. The airmen were laid to rest on 22nd April in the graveyard of St Mary's church in Blessington. Now, each year, there is a service to commemorate these young men.

On the 50th anniversary of the crash in April 1991, a group of local people got together and erected a memorial stone on the site. The stone is a gatepost of Wicklow granite with the names of the four airmen engraved on it.

COMMEMORATE, CELEBRATE, INSPIRE – THE ROYAL AIR FORCE'S 100TH BIRTHDAY

On 1st April 2018, the Royal Air Force celebrated its 100th birthday. To mark the occasion, the service reflected on its history and achievements – and looked forward to the work the RAF will be doing in the next 100 years.

On 10th July 2018 (100 days after the initial celebrations) there was a centenary service in Westminster Abbey, followed by a parade in The Mall and a spectacular flypast over Buckingham Palace.

As part of the event, 55 squadron standards were paraded including that of 617 Squadron, famous for its role in the Dambusters' raids which was recently reformed in 2018 to fly the UK's new F-35B Lightning II fighter jets.

Her Majesty the Queen also presented a new Queen's Colour to the Royal Air Force at a consecration ceremony. The original Colour was presented in 1951.

The flypast consisted of up to 103 aircraft with



nearly 200 aircrew from 25 different RAF Squadrons, operating to and from 14 military stations and two civilian airfields. As well as the pilots flying the aircraft, the events were only made possible thanks to the hard work of aircrew, support teams and Air Traffic Controllers. Their vital role in delivering the flypast reflects the fact that over 80% of job roles in the RAF are related to science, technology, engineering and mathematics subjects.

VETERANS' SUPPORT GROUP OUTINGS

By Lorraine McWilliams

Thanks to the hard work and organisation of Joan O'Neill and the team, the Veterans' Support Group have been able to enjoy several outings in recent months. Mostly recently they enjoyed afternoon tea at the Leopardstown Inn and at the Talbot Hotel. The VSG outings are always a great opportunity for veterans of the military and family members to get together.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCES ASSOCIATION (REPUBLIC OF IRELAND BRANCH)

The Royal Air Forces Association (Republic of Ireland Branch) meets for a chat and drink with friends between 12.30 and 2.30pm on the last Sunday of every month. The gatherings take place in the National Yacht Club, Dun Laoghaire and anyone interested in the RAF (whether veteran or not) is very welcome to attend. Transport can be between Leopardstown Park Hospital and the National Yacht Club. If you would like to attend, please speak to Paula Carraher.



ST. LAURENCE'S HOSPITAL COMPLEX

By Joan O'Neill

Source: The Richmond, Whitworth and Hardwicke (St Laurence's Hospital) A Closing Memoir Compiled and edited by Eoin O'Brien Lorna Browne and Kevin O'Malley

St Laurence's was the collective name for three Dublin hospitals, the Whitworth, the Hardwicke and the Richmond.

Whitworth Hospital

In 1818, the Whitworth Fever Hospital was built on the north banks of the Royal Canal and named after the Lord Lieutenant. It later moved to Whitworth Road on land that had originally been acquired in the 18th century for the new church of St. George. It was founded to have a hospital on the north side of the city. This was a time of great poverty which caused massive distress and epidemics and the hospital was built specifically to deal with these conditions. The hospital was first open only to poor patients who were unable to pay for medical attendance or proper treatment in their own homes.

The hospital was administered by a board of fifteen prominent Dublin gentlemen, presided over by the Duke of Leinster. The first staff were: physicians: J. Leahy, William J. Mangan, Robert J. Graves, Thomas Lee. Surgeons: Robert Adams and W. Wright. Resident physician: James Jackson.

After its foundation, the hospital depended on voluntary subscriptions, as no grant from the government or other public funds were available. In 1834 a small number of paying wards were set up also. In 1846-47, the time of the Famine, fever epidemics killed large numbers. The hospital quickly filled up, and fever sheds were erected along the canal bank for those for whom there was no space in the hospital. In 1852 the hospital ran out of money and was closed. It was taken over shortly afterwards by doctors dealing in deformities and renamed the Whitworth General Hospital. In 1860 it re-opened as a general hospital.

Towards the end of the 19th century it came under the patronage of the Drumcondra Town Commissioners, and the name was changed (as there was another



Whitworth hospital on the north side of the city). At outbreak of World War I, a small number of beds were set aside for wounded soldiers.

The number of patients increased steadily through the first half of the 20th Century. However, costs also increased and the hospital was constantly appealing for volunteers to help with collections - it remained a voluntary hospital.

The Hardwicke Fever Hospital

The Hardwicke Fever Hospital was founded in 1803 by converting a malt house in Channel Row. John Henthorn, a surgeon, used his influence with the Government to implement proposals drawn up a year earlier for the provision of accommodation for 2,000 inmates, working apartments, bridewells for the refractory, stores, a water reservoir, two spacious baths and two dining halls which might also serve as chapels, and, most importantly, an infirmary for 100 male and 200 female patients. In 1798 a petition from the governors to the Irish House of Commons for a proper infirmary was successful. In 1803 a purpose-built hospital was opened, bearing, as was the custom, the name of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Hardwicke. Fevers of one form or another were endemic in the city at this time and in the House of Industry epidemics were frequent and devastating. Therefore, the new hospital was given over to the care of patients with fever.

Government was now beginning to show signs of accepting some responsibility for the provision of medical care at least for the victims of fever, who were, of course, a threat

to the whole society. By 1830 the case for greater government funding was made, emphasising again the gradual development of the responsibility of parliament for the health of its citizens.

The Hardwicke Hospital was a plain stone building, two storeys high, with spacious, lofty, well-ventilated wards containing 120 beds. The basement was filled up with cells for the care of curable lunatics. The hospital cared for as many as 1,000 fever patients annually. Strict rules governed its administration. The doors were locked each night at nine o'clock in summer, and six o'clock in winter.

The Hardwicke Fever Hospital played a major role in controlling the fever epidemics of the Great Famine (1845-50). The commonest fevers were typhus and relapsing fever, both of which are spread by the common louse. Another disease, commonly seen in times of great deprivation, bacillary dysentery, also plagued the unfortunate victims of the famine. Along with these illnesses, the endemic diseases, tuberculosis, rheumatic fever, smallpox, and typhoid fever, continued to attack the weakened population. To add to the misery, two non-infectious diseases, scurvy and famine dropsy, arising from a deficiency of essential foods, were rife among the famine victims. The Hardwicke continued to treat infectious diseases for many years and the verandas of the Hardwicke Hospital were used as open-air wards for the treatment of patients with tuberculosis until the 1950's. The hospital closed in 1987 a few months ahead of its long-serving partners, the Whitworth and Richmond Hospitals.

The Richmond Hospital

Following the success of the Hardwicke Hospital, the need for a surgical hospital became apparent. In 1810, the Governors rented an old convent for £20 a year, refurbishing it at great cost as a surgical hospital with 120 beds. The Benedictine Nuns had built this convent on the north-side of Channel Row opposite Red Cow Lane in 1688. The Richmond Surgical Hospital opened in 1811. It was named after Charles Lennox, fourth Duke of Richmond and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 to 1813. The Richmond

originally formed part of a complex of three hospitals, the others were the Whitworth and the Hardwicke. They were collectively known as St Laurence's. The Richmond opened as a hospital in 1901, with the two wings of the U-shaped building accommodating the wards. There was one window for each bed. The double loggias at the ends of the wings allowed sheltered access to fresh air for patients. A report by The Irish Times on the opening on 22 April 1901, boasted that it was "practically fireproof", was fitted with modern ventilation including warmed filtered air for the theatres, and "the whole building is raised from the ground upon high arches".

A particularly charming feature of the wards were the verandas which were once used as an open-air location for convalescent patients to sit and talk on. Another remarkable feature of the new hospital was its brightness - there was a window to every bed. The operating theatre, facing north from the central block, had a glazed roof so as to admit as much natural light as possible. The theatre could accommodate a large number of students on tiered rows and there were commodious anaesthetic and sterilising rooms in keeping with the remarkable advances in surgery that had taken place towards the end of the nineteenth century. The exterior of the new hospital was, if anything, more striking than were its internal features. The central red-brick block flanked by projecting wings terminating in delicate verandas surmounted by copper domes gave the passer-by a waft of the exotic. In 2014, the Irish Nurses and Midwives' Organisation (INMO) purchased the building for €2.9 million for use as an education and event centre. It is next to the union's headquarters in the former Whitworth Building.

The Richmond had a reputation second to none as a great teaching institution. Students reaped great rewards from coming under the guidance of outstanding dedicated teachers. The influence of this great tradition of erudition and teaching has been passed on and disseminated throughout most of the English-speaking world and further afield.

MY SECRET LIFE AS A PADDY WHISKEY MODEL

By James Egan (arm twisting by Paula Carraher)

I didn't really know what to expect, I even whispered jokingly to her "control yourself now honey no screaming when we see the first sign!"

The reports had been coming steadily in back in Rome as we honeymooned away delighted. Sightings on billboards, double billboards!, full page spreads in national newspapers, beer mats in obscure pubs in some off beat corner of Donegal, my granny even mastered texting to tell me she "nearly got sick" when she and her coffee'n'scone entourage saw me on a bin on the high street in Waterford. Sick with pride I translated.

This was it; I was truly knee deep in my 15 minutes of fame. I was the new, national face of Paddy Whiskey.

As the taxi trundled along, bringing myself and my newly appointed Mrs. from the airport to our new married life in Monkstown, ping! Another text, my wife's friend was passing a billboard and nearly dropped her chips at the sight of me. How was I going to manage this one?

I was starting to wonder if we'd make it home now in one piece, what with the potential hysterical screams she might release onto the back of the taxi driver's head, him losing

control, who knew the untold carnage that lay ahead? Luckily for me (and her), I chose well. As we came off the toll bridge and rounded the corner, I found myself, on a giant billboard grinning back. Subdued ooh's and ahh's were all that were detected. I let the taxi driver know in case he hadn't heard.

The plan and recommendation from the brother-in-law (also newly appointed), to follow his steps and sign up with a model agency had definitely come to fruition. OK there was the initial Walkers Crisps ad which was a full day of a whole lot of nothing for minimal reward, but from this experience I quickly learned that for the big bucks and kudos, forget the crowd scenes, you need to be

"semi-featured" or "featured", basically being able to recognise yourself on playback!

So, some crowd scenes, a couple of ad's semi-featured, the crowning Paddy Whiskey ad and then, strangely, the castings started to outweigh the actual jobs I was getting. Was I tossed aside, left on the "has been" shelf? Who knows, anyway I got busy with running a business, expanding the clan and continuing on my journey, which has now led me to this wonderful place and sharing with you some of that voyage. I hope you've enjoyed dipping your toe.

MRS. FOSTER'S WAR & THE REAL BOY

By John McCormack

This is Part 1 of a two-part account

The exhibition had entered its final day many of the exhibitors and their staff were making their plans to catch flights out of Frankfurt, to many parts of the world, because, this was DRUPA the largest Printing Showcase in the Western world. It only happens in Germany once every four years. During the past three weeks the most up to date technical



John McCormack with the Leopardstown Park Hospital veterans, attending the annual commemoration at Islandbridge)

developments, were being demonstrated by print engineers, printers and all related areas of the print industry, no matter how big, small or specialist, there was a niche demonstration being shown, in many cases for the very first time, technical breakthroughs or faster, therefore, more efficient printing methods, all would assemble under one roof or over many halls, every four years.

The only news left, was the announcement as to the 'Record number of visitors plus the record order values, to be declared', this mattered more to the organisers than to most people in the halls.

I had driven to the show from Ireland across the United Kingdom, Belgium a bit of France and then into Germany, I was about to make a start on the way home and yet try to avoid the motorway traffic, trying to gain a head start, at least on the Germany leg of the journey. Progress had been very good and I stopped at a motorway cafe in Belgium, an opportunity to eat, check maps and Ferry crossing times.

I noted that just a few miles away, was the slip road for the town of Ypres originally a medieval 'Leper' town in the middle ages, today it is just a town like so many more on continental Europe. Maybe it is just a name on a map, but time was, when it was a whole lot more, when events there were so awful that it stretched the hearts and minds of people from all over the Western world to imagine the carnage that had taken place. The absolute lunacy of sending young men 'Over the Top' to certain death within seconds, many days, as the battles raged, they died in their tens of thousands.

Tragedy, today is reported from war zones in single figures, it is both saddening and maddening to hear these things in our news reports; But consider for a moment that in just a few days 64,000 men were lost at 'The Battle of the Somme'. It is beyond our understanding as to 'The Cause' and 'The Sacrifice' which was felt in tens of thousands of homes in Britain, Ireland, France and all the countries of the Allies.

The generals probably didn't cry out loud, but so many of the parents and families, sisters

and girlfriends, never recovered as an entire generation of fine young men who were just, obliterated.

It occurred to me that as I had some time to spare, plus a flexible 'Ferry Ticket' maybe I should take a closer look at the area.

I had expected to see a very damaged landscape, with bits of artillery sticking out of the ground, maybe a few steel helmets here and there, but 'No'.

What lay before my eyes was a wonderful green landscape, as if it were a land attended by, the worlds' most wonderful landscape artist.

Standing there, I was transported back in time, to a time, in which I had not lived, for events here, being a major battleground of The First World War, predated me by over twenty years plus, before my birth.

I was viewing this scene through my own eyes, but with someone else's words, after all these years these words came back to me as if the story was being whispered to me, by Mrs. Foster, now sadly long gone, for it was much more fifty years ago that I first learned the history, or at least one man's history of his part, in the 'Great War'; He, like so many has left us a faded sepia picture of himself and Mrs. Foster, taken in a studio on a quiet Saturday, he is dressed as a civilian, army provided 'Walking out' clothes, in the Chester Regiment, The 22 of Foot Infantry. His lady, Miss Elizabeth Foster is wearing a fine evening dress, it is hard to see the love in her eye but it is much easier to note the awe and thrall which Richard holds for her.

The Exhortation

*"They shall grow not old, as we that are left
grow old,*

*Age shall not weary them nor the years
condemn.*

*At the going down of the sun, and in the
morning*

We will remember them."

Mrs. Foster was by any measure a very complex woman, with a strong personal Christian faith and a good sense of duty and a great work ethic. Although she was more than seventy years old, she enjoyed rude good health had a strong body and was fit to any challenge.

We sat in the Front sitting room, or 'The Big kitchen' as she liked to refer to it, outside, the day was really bright, a slight breeze caused a galvanized bucket to roll about, and it was the only sound to be heard, just then, for no reason that I can ever recall, she sat in her favourite chair at the top end of the table and looked out towards the blue sea of Dublin Bay, with Dun Laoghaire harbour to the fore, Howth peninsular in the distance and just on the edge of the 'sea heat haze' could be seen Kish Lighthouse. An open front window allowed a gentle breeze to keep the room cool.

I was a very young boy of seven or eight and sat listening to her whilst hanging on to her every word. She spoke in a quiet yet determined low voice, almost as if she were reading something to me.

She had a little mannerism of tapping the table with her long thin fingers, which reminded me that she might have at one time played the piano or some keyboard instrument. Her hands, had a look of polished marble, well-trimmed and manicured nails, and each day she would use a hand crème or moisturiser, which kept them soft and I suppose, young looking. She had a lot of jewellery but each working day, confined herself to just a gold necklace and a gold wedding band. Her hair although now grey, going on to white was always carefully brushed each morning and held in place, using hairpins or clips, it gave her a 'Head Mistress' look.

So began a quiet monologue, in which she revealed to me, what was, in essence, the story of her life.

This was very uncharacteristic behaviour for her, and a bit frightening for me, that she was prepared, or felt able, to open her soul to me a small boy of tender age, she glanced towards me and said in an almost throwaway manner,

I remember when I was your age - about seven. In a moment she was transported back to the late 1870's. I was born in July in the comfort and bosom of our family home, I was the middle child in a family of eleven, nine of whom survived into adulthood. The family home was somewhere between small and modest, in fact it is still standing today, you must have seen it, John, you've passed by it lots of times, but now extra rooms have been added it looks different.

Living as I was then, like everyone else, in very cramped conditions, it was almost expected that, the girls of the family, at least some of them, would move away in the mid teenage years, often to aunts or cousins, already living abroad. Often the older girl would stay to help the mother raise the remaining family. At about seventeen, it was decided that I could move to Aunt Sissy, I had only met her once while she was on a visit home, she lived in a city in England called Chester.

My Mother started to create a 'Travel Bag' for me, she started with a small woollen rug, into this she had sewn a sky blue taffeta silk lining. The carrier handles were cut and polished, recycled from a disused horse leathers, and the closure was a large button from one of her own coats. Into this bag she had made a small concealed compartment which further contained a small purse for ladies, it had secreted within five new half sovereigns, to be only used in case or cases of emergencies. The rest of the bag had such clothes as I would need, frocks, petticoats, stockings and a spare pair of shoes.

About a week later, we hugged and I kissed, my Mother and Father, for the first time ever and then the rest of the family, ironically it proved to be the last time I would ever kiss either of my parents. My oldest brother took me by horse and trap, to Kingstown, Dun Laoghaire as it is known now, to catch the evening sailing of the Mail boat, to Holyhead. I had bought a rail ticket as a single journey to Chester.

Aunt Sissy and her Husband Jack were waiting for me at the station on my arrival. Jack worked as Signaller for the railway

company and Aunt Sissy stayed at home, they had a nice little home in a good area of town, close, of course, to the railway station. They had no children to care for, so I became somebody to love and care about. Aunt Sissy had been aware of my impending arrival for many weeks she and Jack, had prepared a room for me, it was bright and airy with beautiful pastel colours on the walls and very feminine net curtains'.

She also had a little bit of influence in the area of employment, in a way which I shall never know how, Aunt Sissy had a friend called Lady Elizabeth Roland, or Lady Liz as she liked to be known, she owned a large house on the edge of town. I was first introduced to Lady Liz a very few weeks after I arrived in Chester at an afternoon tea with Aunt Sissy, Lady Liz and myself, during the course of which I was given a job as a house maid. I would work under the supervision of Miss Farleigh to begin with, but eventually Lady Liz would review the situation and if I wished could start work next month, if, that was suitable to me, there was no talk about money, but I was confident, that it would be, well, OK.

It goes without saying I was walking on air for days afterwards, I could not believe I'd had such luck, being 'Shoe Horned' into a job with almost no effort on my part, clever old Auntie Sissy, I reckoned.

Miss Farleigh was a very fair, if somewhat strict woman with her staff, so I tried to stay on her better side. In spite of what other staff members thought, she did have a pleasant manner and if you did your work, she was easy to please. I was in a 'live in' situation with my new job, with a day off every week and time to go to church every Sunday. I didn't meet Lady Liz very often, but when I did I always referred to her as the remainder of the staff as 'My Lady', this was not a problem for me as I knew that Aunt Sissy would have wished it so.

When I started to work I knew little of the ways of 'The Big House' all big houses were more or less the same and I just wanted more than anything else to be a part of it, to fit in, and if the training was that, of being in service, then I wanted that to be the best I possibly could do,

at my job. Everything went well for me, the nineteenth century passed into the twentieth and Queen Victoria was still alive, we were drifting into the age of the Edwardians and the behind the door, morality or immorality, that was the practice of the upper and middle classes of the age.

The servants' entrance doorbell rang. When I answered it was Uncle Jack with very disturbing news, Aunt Sissy had died in her sleep, the previous night, and would I tell Lady Roland? We attended her small but dignified funeral a few days later, My Lady Roland also attended and had sent a wonderful wreath for her coffin.

It was about a year later that I first met Richard, he was a career soldier and was soon to be sent to serve in India, we became engaged to be married, but decided to 'put off' the event until he returned to England.

It was a strange time in which to have lived, with Victoria having died, and the whole country was now in mourning, as she had been for the previous forty years. Britain now led the world in engineering innovation, you felt that it could have gone on forever, with exports at an all-time high, full employment for all who wanted to work, but morally the country was bankrupt.

Richard was a private serving in The Chester Regiment or the 22nd of Foot was as the name implies an infantry regiment, it had been in existence for 300 years without a name change and without ever have to merge into any other battalion.

Tours to India could last for ten or twenty years, but Richard was going to be seconded for just one year, to teach new recruits, 'Field craft' the essence of being an infantryman. We decided that when he returned we would marry.

As he left for England having completed his tour, an amazing turn of events took place, in of all the most unlikely cities in Europe; Sarajevo, Yugoslavia.

An irredentist young Serbian named Gavrilo Princip, working for an underground movement decided to assassinate Archduke

Franz Ferdinand and his wife Sophie as they made their way out of the city of Sarajevo, they were crossing a narrow bridge, when they were both fatally wounded, the gun used in this attack, is on display at Dubrovnik in modern day Croatia.

This was the spark, or as the military men of the day called it 'The casus belli', which started The First World War in August 1914. When Richard arrived in Southampton docks, he was granted just one week's furlough, and then told to report for war duty in France. Guided by the news in the papers of the day, 'It will all be over before Christmas 1914' so once again we delayed the marriage decision'.

That Christmas passed as did several more, and the war to end all wars, became the war without end, it just went on and on, we wrote letters to each other, almost weekly, some would arrive very quickly others never arrived at all, then in 1917 the letters stopped, no more word was ever received, except by Richards' parents. They had received the ultimate letter, in the way of a War Office telegram, the so called 'Killed in Action' telegrams. I went to visit Richards' parents they were bereft at the loss of their only son, I had never met them before, but they knew me from the 'Saturday portrait' which was on their mantle place. I left Richards' parents to their grief and sorrow, hugging each of them for a moment before I left, knowing, in my own heart; That they would never ever, recover from the outcome of this terrible war,

Richard had been lost somewhere out there on these lush green fields that was Ypres. In the trenches they called this place 'Wipers' which is how the military men always address problems, by just laughing about them! He was amongst numbers, which your young mind could not possibly imagine, when the war was over, they checked this area to try to even guess at the total numbers that could have been lost, in the area of Ypres and surrounds, losses during the four-year conflict amounted to 700,000 men, that was just here in Ypres. They came from all over the world, to die, on what seemed too many to be just a few acres of fields. In fact some Australian and Canadian Officers owned farms which were

larger than the lands they were trying to win over from the German forces, they eventually gave their lives to this cause. Names like Haig, and Joffre who were the British and French leaders of the battles in this theatre of the war, were considered by Prime minister Lloyd George to be personally responsible for so many lives being lost.

I sometimes try to imagine, what great warlords of the past, would have to say, if they could be, by some form of, 'Magic' they could witness the carnage taking place on this little part of Belgium. Genghis Khan or Alexander the Great, who were in their time responsible for great battles, and huge loss of lives in conflict which they had led in their past.

How would they judge the military tactics and strategies being employed on this battlefield, the great loss of soldiers, I am confident they would abhor. It was all very unnecessary, not a moment of thought was ever given to the long-term impact that such a disastrous decision was having on societies, in Britain and throughout the Empire, Haig and Joffre were using tactics which were proven wrong in the Crimea War and The Boer War and yet no lesson seemed to have been learned, nobody shouted "Stop"! enough, is enough.

The great Warlords would have dismissed generals after the very first skirmish, or given them 'The summary justice of their time'.

Were senior officers afraid to question the command of these two Generals and many others besides? Generals that had sent, so many tens of thousands of fine young men needlessly to horrific early deaths, in Europe, The Middle East and Burma.

Then there were the survivors, who suffered all their lives from 'Shell Shock' or 'Gas Poisonings', and those who would never talk about the war, but would never be 'Right in their Minds' as a result of what they had seen.

My poor Richard was just lost without trace, probably 'Blown to Pieces'. Nothing to bury, no stone in a local graveyard, eventually he became, just a name on a very long role; 'Lest we forget'. Everywhere you went from the smallest village to major cities, monuments to

'The Fallen' endless lists of names, cut into stone, the lettering highlighted in the jet black, of death. Inside churches on bronze plaques, the dead of that parish, were named, a glint of sunshine coming through the stained glass, picking a name in red, blue or green, as the sun passes to reflect a new name, each one, A Father, A Son, or A Brother, gone and lost forever.

The soldiers of the day, sang, as all soldiers did, during those days, popular songs of the music halls and end of the pier shows, Richard and I often attended shows in 'Music Halls' and Vaudeville to see Harry Lauder, George Formby, performing small sketches

and ending with a song, usually with the audience joining in the chorus. It's a Long Way to Tipperary, Roses of Picardy were popular. Welsh Regiments especially sang, as you might expect 'We'll keep a Welcome in the Hillside'. And also, as they had done in the Boer War, they would break into a rendition of 'Men of Harlech'.

What on earth was I going to do now, my whole future lay in a field somewhere in Ypres, there was no body to recover and his final resting place became 'Known only to God'. It was probably the lowest point in my life, on the train coming back to Chester, having said my 'Goodbyes' to Richard's parents.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND THE APOTHECARY

By Michael Martin

Did you know that there is an important link between Trinity College and Chemists? Trinity College, formally known as the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Queen Elizabeth near Dublin, was founded in 1592 by letters patent from Queen Elizabeth I and is the sole constituent college of the University of Dublin. The foundation stone was laid by an apothecary named Thomas Smith, then Lord Mayor of Dublin.

TCD's website reads: "An apothecary named Thomas Smith who was Lord Mayor of Dublin at the time founded the University of Dublin in 1592, but it was not until 1711, following the construction of the first Anatomy School Building, that the Medical School was officially opened. Since the School of Medicine has developed into a unique institution. With a proud tradition of scholarship and research, it has made a significant contribution to development of medicine."



LEOPARDSTOWN PARK HOSPITAL SUMMER PARTY 2018

Well done to all the LPH staff who made the summer party such fun! The food was delicious, as always. Many thanks to the

catering team. Many thanks to Michelle and her band - the music was superb.

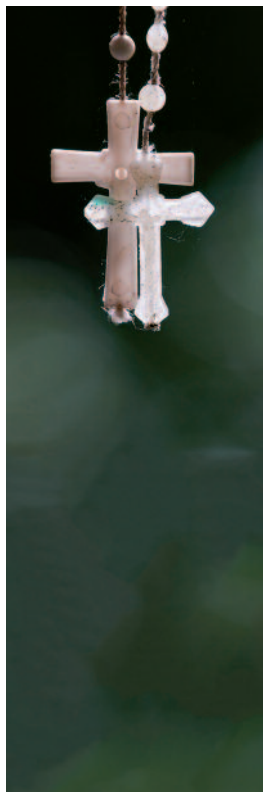


STOP PRESS! WELCOME BABY DAVID HARTIGAN!

Just as we were going to press, we heard the wonderful news of baby David Hartigan's arrival on Wednesday 3rd October 2018.

Congratulations to Mary and John on the birth of your lovely 8lb 5 oz little boy, David! We wish you all health, happiness and a lifetime of fun.





Condolences

Our sympathy goes to the relatives and friends of those recently deceased:

Ann O'Keeffe

Leonard Kelly

Frances Mullen

Samuel Spencer

Maureen Ryan

Sylvester Pidgeon

Muriel Parnell

Helena O'Dwyer

Michael McCoy

Terry Martinez

Seamus Fee

Anne O'Rafferty

Lousie Mockler

Anne Ahearne

Nancy Fagan

Bridget Boyce

Jeanne Mathews

Elizabeth Sheehan

William Flanagan

Agnes Kearns

Christina Flynn

Leo Caffery

Emmanuel Rigby

Joseph Patrick Cannon

Majorie Fitzgibbon

Desmond Caldwell

Fergus O'Brennan

John Lacey

Johannah (Anna) O'Sullivan

Jenny Conlon

William O'Sullivan

Marion Jones

Teresa Mc Cormick

Noeleen O'Gorman

John Lestrangle

Joanna Pluck

Frank Doyle

Margaret Behan

Patricia (Pat) Sheedy

Monica Heaps

Eileen Helen Walsh

Maria Mc Coy

Patricia Walsh

George Chambers

Elizabeth Goldie

Brigid (Bree) Gleeson

Nancy Dillon

Kathleen Dunne

Teresa Mc Garry

Kathleen Kavanagh