

## Stuart

My mate Stuart,

As kids we knocked around quite a bit either going off on our bikes or just bumming around the fields down Moden Hill or Ellows hall. We were always good lads, or should I say we never got caught. I remember us going away for a weeks farming holiday in Clun one year, we had such a good time we stayed an extra week and helped out in the fields. Great times in great summers.

My memories are of a great bloke who was well liked and had a wicked sense of humour, he loved his model making and I can remember the veranda at the paddock where there was a table at the end which had the latest model he was working on. We could spend hours with his models him painstakingly trimming and fitting to perfection, me just throwing it together, needless to say, he never let me help him build his models, I could look but couldn't touch.

Inevitably we grew up and he beat me into the RAF by a year and then the accident cut short that career, I spent a couple of weeks with him at Stoke Mandeville and one thing you could always say about Stewart is he never complained or felt sorry for himself, he had loads of time for everybody and would listen to all your whinges and moans always with a sympathetic ear.

Stuart loved his cars and particularly his bikes and he always had a dog for as long as I can remember, Nipper, Nipolean and later Woody and Piddle. Again, you get an idea of his sense of humour from his dogs names Piddle speaks for itself but he always told me he got Woody which is short for Woodbine because woody could take him out for a drag!!

*This week has robbed us of 2 great blokes Doog and Dougie*  
Well Stuart, I for one have lost a good mate, now Woody will be re-united with his, no doubt he will be waiting for his walk.