

New Triggered Memories

Well, well after reading Barry Thorne's harrowing medical ordeal on Independence Day in Nyasaland on Nypol.com, it triggered a related memory for me. It could be a coincidence or not.

Firstly, we (My Mother, myself and my Brother) were present at that Independence Day Ceremony and my Father (Fred Tomkins) was on duty. I think I may have mentioned in previous correspondence to the NYPOL site about how my dear late Mother was standing on the hill of the playing field watching the activities when she was struck full on in the face with a rugby ball. As I recall she was out for the count for about a minute but thankfully all was OK after. So unbelievable to think that maybe the same time, close by in the Urinals, that harrowing experience for Barry Thorne was going on!

Which brings me to my triggered memory. Barry mentions that when he was in the Blantyre Hospital, his surgeon was "a large/hearty Dutchman". So, my link to this memory is as follows:

My Mother was working at that time in the Blantyre Hospital overseeing the running of the kitchens. And each day she would bake cakes for the Doctors. And I always remember her mentioning about this one particular 'Wonderful Large Dutch Doctor' that would come into her Kitchen each day to sample her "cake of the day:" I can't remember his name as it was a very long time ago but I'm guessing it could be the same Doctor that treated Barry on that horrendous occasion. And maybe, just maybe, my mother was responsible for this Doctors very large frame!!

Barry really did have quite an experience but thankfully all was well for him in the end.

So good to read these stories each month on the website of all the extraordinary experiences everyone had during their time in Nyasaland.

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