

*By Patrick Bligh*

My father Ken Bligh died when I was 11. All that I knew of his service in the Second World War was that he was a pilot in the Royal Air Force. He was shot down over the English Channel in 1942 and spent several months in a prisoner of war camp in Germany. He returned home in 1945 and worked for the Admiralty until he retired in 1960. He was a very kind and generous man and I will always remember his face and his voice.