

Bradbury Mercury
1960s 16 Signal Regiment Reunion Club



Issue Number 26

Compiled by Ted Theis

August 2010

Remember, Remember



The Regiment returning from their last Ops tour.
Our thoughts are with all of them and their families during their
current operations.

Flying the Union Flag for the right reasons - our brave heroes.
They give more for their country in one hour than some footballers
give in a life time.

Our Front Page:
Flying the Union Flag for the right reasons.
16 Signal Regiment returning home from their last tour in Afghanistan.



Park Inn
15th—18th October 2010

Don't forget to ensure you have your weekend covered— book now.

Dave has assured us that the entertainment will be as good as ever.

Just remember to bring your jovial spirit (nudge nudge, wink wink—say no more) Look forward to seeing you all there.

Inside this issue:

<i>Front Page, , Inside this issue./Reunion October 2010</i>	2
<i>The chairman's letter.</i>	3
<i>West Brom Recce/Hazel and daughter before their charity walk.</i>	4/5
<i>Leyburn Reunion by Margaret Wickham.</i>	6/7
<i>Leyburn continued.</i>	8/9
<i>Mission Impossible by Bill Robinson.</i>	10/11
<i>Aussy visit from Chris and Sheila.</i>	12-13
<i>The Regiment's Ops Tour/Whitby Visit</i>	14/15
<i>Casino Royale -Saudi Style by Peter Crane (Pt 1)</i>	16/17
<i>Casino Royale - Saudi Style (Pt 1)./Hello from Cyprus/ The 4 C'mans.</i>	18/19
<i>The man who Didn't save England.</i>	Back

From the Chairman.

May I welcome you to our latest edition of the Mercury. I hope all is well with you and yours and as you read this you are now enjoying some good summer weather. You may find it hard to believe but as I write this the Cairngorm Ski Resort has just received a four inch snowfall and will open for skiing in June for the first time in its history!!

At the same time our successor members of 16 Signal Regiment are enduring 40+ degrees in Afghanistan, more details of which are included on page 14.

I am please to see a good group of us have signed up for the West Bromwich reunion. You will find more details elsewhere but I can let you know that a few of us met at the hotel for a recce and planning meeting earlier in the year. The hotel is clean, efficient and very well equipped The entertainment programme looks good so I would encourage anyone who has not yet signed up, to consider what I am sure will be another classic event.

Of course one item of the weekend's programme will be the AGM so it won't surprise you if I harp on about two key issues in preparation. These are:

- A. The reunion location for 2011—please come to West Brom with details of potential locations for next year. It would be nice for us to have a number of positive options to consider and hopefully select one that suits everyone—if only!!.
- B. My second point is more personal in that this will be my last AGM as Chairman so we will be looking to choose my successor. I would urge you to consider volunteering or encouraging the person of your choice so that again we have a few candidates to choose from. How about one of you ladies taking on what is a very pleasant and rewarding role?

Well that's enough from me for now but may I close by thanking all our committee and many other key members who have supported me over the last two years. Your support has not only helped our Club but has also made my tenure such an enjoyable one. I wish my successor, all our members and their families the very best for the future.

I hope you enjoy this issue of the Mercury and thanks to Ted, Gwen and all other contributors for their efforts in its production.

With best regards

Bill



West Brom Recce

By Gwen

West Bromwich is in a very picturesque part of the world and armed with that information I decided to do my homework before I went. I found that approximately an hour away, to the south and in the heart of England, is Will Shakespeare's home turf. Need I say it? Yeah, just in case Reme's reading this, (who the chuff is Will Shakespeare?) Stratford-upon-Avon. About the same distance away travelling sou'-sou'-east is Warwick Castle. About fifty minutes away driving sou'-sou'-west is the West Midlands Safari Park and last but not least is Harvington Hall which is near Kidderminster, approximately thirty-ish minutes away and it's



Will Shakespeare



WARWICK Castle

got a priest hole, very handy. There are plenty of other places but I've run out of steam, it's not easy keeping up this très jolie tourist guide façade.

Okay then, why, when there is such a plethora of wondrous sights to behold and history to be steeped in did I find (on the net) an obscure (really

obscure) little craft fair in the back (of West Brom) beyond, and insist that we go there? I'll tell you why, and this is in Ted speak, because there was a bloody dollhouse shop within spitting distance of the bloody place, that's why. But, as John Wayne used to say, 'That's not the worst of it'; we talked (okay, okay, *I* talked) a few people into coming with us. They didn't complain, not a word, but you know how sometimes, when you're the first to leave a room, you get this strange feeling right between your shoulder blades...

There is a really tricky roundabout on the very turn off for the hotel. Most of us did it in one go, some in one and a half, that was Ted H reversing. One particular member of our party who shall remain nameless, ee bah gum, went round three times, and even then had to be rescued by the West Midlands Mounted Rescue Service.



West Midlands Safari Park

They weren't best pleased especially when the rescuer harangued them in some foreign dialect from oop north and then told them where they could 'shove their 'orses'.

The hotel really is lovely, the lifts are a bit (from a wheelchair perspective, a lot) on the wee side, and the maitre d' forgot we were there, how is that even possible? But the staff were very helpful and wouldn't you be if you had to face the wrath of Jo. It was very clean and in my book that is a definite plus somewhere just ahead of good food, and cheap drink, (two out of three ain't bad). Apparently there are a load of ex-squaddies booked in at the same time as us, now, isn't that exciting, real squaddies, not hairy fairies. I'm joking, honest, please don't send me to Coventry, although, it isn't actually that far away and they have a rather nice cathedral and a castle...

Hazel does another Charity walk, this time with daughter Julia, in aid of 'Cancer Research UK'. They took to the streets of Manchester on Saturday night 21st April to raise funds for the cause.



Something for the weekend!

“Which weekend?”

“Well...the one we have just had.”

“Where did you go?”

“We went to Leyburn, in North Yorkshire.”

“Who did you go with?”

“Well I went with Charlie and he went with me.”

“I mean, who else was there?”

“Lots of people we know who all belong to the 60’s 16ers.”

“How many of you were there?”

“The numbers varied over the weekend; anyway, I must get on.

Friday 4th February 2010.

Off on our travels, heading towards the North of England, Leyburn in North Yorkshire, for a winter get together. We were staying at the Golden Lion Hotel in Leyburn. The reconnaissance for this get away was carried out by Sheila and Chris. Thank you!

Our journey from Shoeburyness took us about five and a half hours; we arrived, parked the car and entered the Golden Lion to be greeted by lots of friendly faces. Let the weekend begin!

All of us had opted to eat at the Hotel that evening. We gathered in the bar area, as usual, noise levels were pretty high. A group photo was taken before we sat down for dinner. It was Sue Harpers’ birthday and the meal was rounded off with candles being blown out, a rousing chorus of Happy Birthday and birthday cake being served. As the evening wore on and the noise levels increased, a bottle of special whiskey was introduced to the proceedings. Thank you, Gordon!

Saturday 5th February 2010

Breakfast was served between 8 and 9.30 am! It was very foggy when I looked out of the room window, anyway I showered, came back into the bedroom to dry my hair and Charlie went into the bathroom for his shower. Not long after there came an almighty crash. I thought he had fallen over. No! He got into the shower, pulled the door too and the door came away from its fittings and joined him in the shower! We informed the manager of the mishap and were told it was a newly fitted shower and he would sort it. The shower door spent the remainder of our stay outside our room door, on the landing. The bathroom floor got a wee bit wet and you will be glad to hear Charlie recovered quite quickly from the trauma!

Over breakfast we all decided what we were going to do with the day. A visit had been arranged to the Black Sheep Brewery but that wasn’t until 3pm. We, Hazel, Ted, Charlie and me, decided we would head towards Catterick for a look. Look being the operative word. There was a thick fog, all sightseeing was restricted to either side of the road and a short way behind and in front of the car. I hadn’t been in Catterick since 1966; needless to say I really didn’t recognise anything. We then

went of to Richmond. You know, I never knew there was a Castle there or that lovely river. I think the only place I visited, way back then, was the town centre.

I also think Ted tried to kill us (I hope he isn't reading this). He parked at the bottom of a very steep hill and we had to climb to the top to reach the town centre. I am sure I saw Sherpa Tensing on his way down! We had a lovely (flat) walk along the riverside. Hazel and Ted's niece lived not too far from Richmond so, as we were in the area, Hazel called her and we were invited round for a cup of tea. What a treat, she lived in a house called "Rose Cottage". It really did live up to its' name!

Time moved on and we needed to get to the Brewery, what a rush it turned out to be. The Brewery was further than we thought! At one stage we saw blue sky, sunshine and some beautiful scenery before dipping back down into the murky mist. We reached the rest of the group just as they were going through for the first part of the tour. Phew!

In the evening we had arranged to go to the local Chinese Restaurant. When we booked the table, the restaurant didn't look up to much. The old saying comes to mind, 'never judge a book by its' cover'. The food was delicious and the service was good. When a bottle of red wine was served at the table it was very cold. We asked our waitress about this, it appeared the wine was in a very cold storeroom with no heating. Our next bottle of red wine was brought to the table; the smiling waitress informed us she had 'warmed' the bottle in hot water before bringing it out!!!!

We all gathered back at the Golden Lion to round off the evening and catch up on what everyone had done during the day. We had it on good authority, (Audrey), that the Tan Inn, the highest pub in England, was a good place to visit. A few members of the group had been there earlier in the day, the sun was shining, the sky was blue and they could see for miles, even though the weather wasn't good as they drove up.

Sunday 6th February 2010

It was another foggy, wet morning! We said our goodbyes to Noreen, John, Sandra, Gwen, Ted, Anne, Paul and Marlene who were all departing after breakfast.

The four of us had decided to take a look at the Tan Inn. The weather was not good! As we were heading for the road out of Leyburn Ted said he must get some petrol.

The road took us through the ranges and into uninhabited countryside. There was still a lot of snow by the roadside; this, coupled with the darkening sky and the fog made everything look pretty bleak! We came to a village and saw a garage. Guess what, it was closed! Mmmm....we drove on, the petrol light was

on and had been for a few miles and we still appeared to be climbing. We arrived at the Tan Inn. Could we see the sun shining...**no!** Could we see a blue sky...**no!** Could we see for miles...**no!** Perhaps we should have visited the day before. Ted asked if there was a garage nearby...**NO!**

The nearest one was about 8 miles away. We were also told not to worry as it was downhill nearly all the way. Sheila, Bridget, Chris, Syd and Pete, a.k.a., the cavalry, arrived. Over and awful cup of coffee our predicament was explained and phone numbers were exchanged, **just in case** we didn't quite make it the full 8 miles. We didn't have enough petrol to get us back to Leyburn so we had to go forward. We were following an elderly motor caravan that was moving very slowly, and hoped that if we stopped they might see us in their mirrors and come to our rescue. Not so, they decided they were holding us up and pulled over so we could pass. On we went and I can assure you it wasn't down hill all the way. The area we were driving through was also devoid of any other traffic or habitation.

We made it...isn't life exciting?

After filling up we drove on to Barnard Castle, had a look round and a bite of lunch. The weather was still not good so we decided to head back to the hotel. We sat and tried to make up our minds as to what we were doing for food that evening. Most places close early on a Sunday, especially in the winter months. Decisions! Charlie went off to read his book and I followed shortly after. Other group members arrived back and the discussion on food was continued.

The outcome was that Sheila was able to arrange for our group to eat at the hotel up the road from the Golden Lion. Problem solved and no driving needed. There was only the barman and the cook on duty at this hotel but they coped really well with the sudden influx of customers. The barman/waiter was quite a comedian and kept us entertained during the evening. We all adjourned into the bar area to finish our drinks before heading back to the Golden Lion. We managed to get Gordon to leave first and then we all sat down again to see if he noticed we were not following. He did! I think we made him very unhappy but it was funny at the time! He kept mumbling something about cliques!

Once back in the Golden Lion, we all chatted, I took some more photographs, we had a few more drinks and, as usual after a good meal, good company, a busy few days, tiredness begins to creep in. It was time for bed.

Monday 7th February 2010

It was time to say cheerio to the remaining members of the group. It was great seeing all of you. We had a very enjoyable weekend. Thank you all for your company, the conversations and the laughter, there was quite a bit of that! Sheila and Chris, thank you for organising the weekend. See you all, those of you who are going, in Las Vegas!

Margaret & Charlie



Left: Group Photo .
 Below Left: visit to
 Aysgarth. Below Right:
 Sue's Birthday
 Below Left: Waiting
 for cake. Below Right:
 Ann N and Sue W
 Bottom: Collage by
 Margaret.



Mini Reunion Feb 2010 in Leyburn North Yorks



Mission Impossible by Bill Robinson

"Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to locate and meet with one Denis Dryden, aka Boro, one time member of 2med radio, 16 Sigs, Krefeld, now believed to be living in New Zealand "

dood doo doo doo....dood doo doo do....dood doo doo do....dooooooooaaaaah.

Mission Accepted. It is forty years since any of 2 med radio last



Lyn and Bill Robinson, Denis and Rexina Dryden

saw Boro. Reme had been trying to find him for a long time, then along comes Dave Walker and says "Oh, he's living in New Zealand and I can get in touch".

We've been

e-mailing since then. Coincidentally Lyn and I were already planning a trip which included five weeks in New Zealand.

So, Mission Accepted.

First, February 15th 2010 fly to Los Angeles and bask in the sun on Venice Beach for 2 days (share a hotel lift with a totally steaming - who you gonna call -ghostbusters Bill Murray.

oo000)

Then on to New Zealand, pick up camper van in Auckland, sing "off we go into the wild blue yonder".

Denis is married to Rexina and lives in Hamilton, south of Auckland.

They have four children and many grandchildren and we finally met on the corner of Tongariro National Park in the shadow of Mount Ngauruhoe (Lord of The Rings Mount Doom) They were travelling south to Wellington and we were driving north back to Auckland. So we only just managed it but Mission Accomplished!

Denis is still working and is still a Middlesborough supporter (Ha ha... oh dear...never mind) and we had a good chat and I was able to bring Rexina up to date on the goings on in Coronation Street (it's sad that I should know about these things).

Denis still looks fit and well; must be all that work keeping him fit and of course those of you who know him will remember that he is teetotal. The demon drink has never crossed his lips....We enjoyed his and Rexina's company. It was good to see him after all these years



The colour of fear

We had a great time on our travels around New Zealand. We toured both islands. Seeing Boro again was a highlight but not as moving as my trip to Kawarau Bridge, site of the first commercial bungee jump where off I toddled to give it a try.

That's me jumping. I can now tell you that the colour of fear is BROWN

Our Australia Vist by Chris & Sheila

The 22nd February dawned cold and snowy in Catterick Village as we began our long journey down under to visit Sheila's relatives. The temperature was hovering around the 6° C mark as we left the village and we were greeted by further snow flurries as Chris drove down to Kenilworth where we stayed overnight before flying out of Birmingham the following day. The first leg of our trip took us to Dubai where, unfortunately, we had a 5½ hour overnight stop. This was the worst experience of the whole trip as the airport is enormous, extremely busy and not very comfortable for a long stay – not even in the Business Class lounge!

The second leg took us to Singapore via Colombo and we were met at Changi Airport by Chris's business partner, Ralph Schumacher (not *the* Ralph Schumacher we hasten to add), and his partner Nolan. We spent two very hot and humid days and nights with them in their beautiful home in Johor Bahru, which is just across the water into Malaysia. What a joy it was to cool off in their swimming pool. We had just enough time for Ralph to take us on a whistle stop tour of Singapore where Chris managed to find the one and only accommodation block left standing from his days at 249



Chris and Sheila in Singapore, with the Fullerton Hotel in the background

Signal Squadron. It brought tears to his eyes as he reminisced about bygone days. Nothing much is recognisable from that era as the jungle is long gone and has now been replaced by high rise buildings in order to accommodate the ever increasing population. Singapore might be a bustling town but it's still spotlessly clean. We drove past the infamous "Raffles" but unfortunately didn't have time to call in for a Singapore Sling – maybe next time. From Singapore we flew on to Melbourne followed by a short domestic flight to Adelaide where Sheila's relatives were waiting for us. Tired and weary, we were glad to have finally reached our destination and the weather was reasonably kind to us—only 25° C, overcast and breezy—



—quite a relief as they had been experiencing temperatures of over 40° C. We were staying with Sheila’s Aunt whose property sits on the bank of the West Lakes. The salt lake is a man-made construction which, although tidal, maintains a constant depth (clever engineering). The surrounding development was made possible by land reclamation. The waters abound with fish and bird life making it a very peaceful place to live.

We managed to borrow a car so with Chris driving, aided by his expert navigator, Sheila (yes she can map read—probably helped by orienteering at 16 Sigs) we managed to get around Adelaide and some of the surrounding towns.

While we were there we were lucky enough to see the ‘Northern Lights’. This is a light display along Adelaide’s North Terrace which contains several old building such as the Museum, Library, Art Gallery, the Royal Adelaide Hospital etc. Specially designed lighting is projected onto each of the buildings, using the architecture of each building to produce fabulously colourful displays. Each design changed every couple of minutes and each building had approximately ten different designs. This proved to be a popular attraction to local and tourists alike.

Mount Loft summit was another tourist attraction we visited which at around 710 meters above sea level, is the highest peak closest to Adelaide and is in the Mount Lofty Ranges. Its position provides panoramic views of Adelaide and the surrounding suburbs. The Obelisk known as Flinders Column was erected in 1885 in



honour of Mathew Flinders who, as Commander of the ship ‘Investigator’ discovered and named Mount Loft in 1802.

Photos—Top and bottom left: Northern Lights on two of the buildings—Above: Flinders Column

16 SIGNAL REGIMENT'S OPERATIONAL TOUR

From Bill White

I know many of you enjoyed the presentation Sean Wedge gave us at Blackpool, outlining the new role of the Regiment and what was planned for their forthcoming tour in Afghanistan.

Well they are now well and truly into their tour and working very hard in demanding roles and conditions (eg temperatures of 40+ degrees wearing helmets and body armour!!)

In general terms they are spread throughout the theatre providing a broad range of communications and information systems to Units in all areas. Their main Squadron locations are at Camp Bastion and Kandahar Airfield although they are also spread far and wide in smaller sub unit groups. It is interesting to know that Kandahar Airfield is home to some 28,000 personnel from many nations. It is approximately 18 square miles in area which is the size of a small town in the UK and is growing as they build up to Operation Mushtarak 3!! One typical event the other day was a visit from President Karzai and his support group of 156 protection staff and five dogs!!

It must be hard for some of our ex Krefeld 'hole' workers with their shiny shoes to imagine the current lifestyle endured by these boys and girls. I know some of our ex field soldier members (Reme) also had it tough in their day so they will relate easier!!

Although they provide all the main forms of communications, telephone contact is often difficult as whenever a death or major incident occurs, all the phone lines are closed on what they call 'Op Minimise' in order to control the flow of information to ensure only the relevant people are told in the correct order.

Hopefully I can provide a more detailed and up to date report on their progress during our Reunion weekend.

As with all our Forces out there, the members of 16 Signal Regiment are doing a great job and I know we all wish them a safe and speedy return home to their families, having performed a very vital and worthwhile role whilst in theatre.



Our visit to Spooky Whitby

We had been saying for ages that we would like to visit Whitby and last year when we were in Torquay we agreed that we would have a weekend away. With the year (2009) disappearing rapidly and various commitments on both sides, we ended up booking a cottage for October.

The cottage was just outside Whitby in Aislaby, just outside being in the middle of nowhere! The views from the cottage were great, there were deer in one of the adjacent fields in the early morning. We were in the Esk Valley. There was spectacular scenery and it was a great area for walking (I had the blisters to prove it).

We spent a really enjoyable week exploring the surrounding countryside. Whitby is a very popular fishing town and it was quite lively while we were there – it just happened to be half term! They were also getting ready for a Goth weekend during which a coffin (symbolic, I think) is carried through the old town, up the 199 steps to the graveyard and Whitby Abbey. Bram Stoker mentioned Whitby and the 199 steps in his novel *Dracula*! Spooky!

Captain Cook had three of his ships built at Whitby, Endeavour, Resolution and Adventure. These ships carried him on his various voyages of exploration. There is a statue of Cook on Whitby's West Cliff which was raised in 1912. There is also an arch made from the jawbone of a whale, Whitby was a whaling port in bygone days.

Enough history.



Unreal—Whitby Abbey.

Story and pictures by Margaret

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Hello from

Cyprus

By Margaret Wickham

The Hello comes from Sue and Des Roberts.

September 2009 we went on a visit to Cyprus. The we being, Fliss and Bill Jack, Bills' cousin Joe and his wife Jackie, Charlie and me. Whilst on our two week holiday we met up with Sue and Des a few times. Sue and Des (for those of you that don't know) live in Northern Cyprus, just outside Kyrenia.

We all descended on Sue and Des (invited of course) for a barbeque and a great evening was had by all! The old photographs came out as dusk fell and "Do you remember?" came into the conversation many times.

We had a wonderful holiday and it was great to see Sue and Des.



Chairmen past and present: From Left to Right (as if we need telling)
Sid, Reme, Ted H and Bill

This is proof that on the 2nd of June 2010 I received a call from Fabio Capello who had been made aware of my Regimental soccer



pro prowess and as a result he rang me asking me to get my boots and ball out and be on stand-by just in case Gareth Barry (Man City) didn't make South Africa and the world cup following his injury! He had thought of Dave Aldous and Chris Abbott, but neither had my expertise or experience! Sadly for me and England, Barry came through his injury, which resulted in me putting

my boots away for another while! Still I am always prepared to answer my countries call.—**Post June 30th—Reme we think even you could have done better.**

The man who could have saved England—but FAILED.

The words, comments and articles contained in this magazine are written by club members and are for the sole entertainment of club members and in no way reflects, the views or opinions, of the club generally or its officers.

Any items for the February 11 edition please submit by 30th Dec 10.



The 1960s 16 Signal Regiment

Please email or contact the person below with any items for future inclusion.

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