

Bradbury Mercury



Our Chairperson's Message

I hope you are all keeping safe and well during these difficult times.

Our world has been turned upside down since March and the lockdown prevented the recce from going ahead as planned.

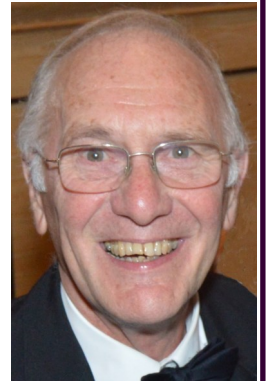
As you are already aware, the committee decided that there will be no official 25th reunion this year due to the current restrictions on social distancing and entertainment. A significant number of our members were reluctant to attend this year because of the current situation, therefore Dave and Syd have arranged with the events co-ordinator of the Cairn Hotel to hold the official 25th reunion over the weekend of 22nd - 24th October 2021.

However, any members who have booked a room at the Cairn this year may still use those rooms on the

Friday and Saturday nights if they wish to facilitate a smaller get-together cum recce or as the vice chair, Bill Robinson, decided that this should be called 'NOT the 25th Anniversary Reunion'. Those not wishing to attend may have the money refunded or carry the payment over to 2021.

As there is no reunion as such this year, membership subscriptions will be suspended until next year.

Hopefully next year, which will be our 25th anniversary, will be well attended so that everybody can feel safe to enjoy the event.



Chris Abbott

Before



Rita's SheShed.

We spent most of the first part of lockdown in the garden. The tasks were planting more flowers, cutting the hedge, mowing the shared lawn. Mostly we spent the time giving the SheShed some TLC.

The roses produced a multitude of blooms. Have a look at back page for more pics.

N.B. This is Rita's domain, I am not allowed in except to the tools out and for maintenance purposes.

After



Iain's Ramblings

The last time I decided to put my rambling thoughts down on the computer is was at the end of January 2020. Since then we have had a remarkably interesting time, Yes? No? Currently trying to create a Golden Wedding Invitation to send out to friends and Family. Need to have numbers by 1st June 2020. Head hurts.

As Lockdown went on, we had postpone our 50th Anniversary Dinner. Now to hurry up and wait and see! Looking at September or next June. As luck would have it both of us had our Dental check-ups and subsequent work done before the Lockdown was put in place. Just as well as they closed for the duration. The car was serviced in March the day after the lockdown was announced. I put 30 Litres of petrol in the car on 16th March, 23 Litres on 20th May and topped up with 39 Litres on the 13th July. So in four and half months the car covered 900+ miles. Compare that to our average mileage over the last 10 years as about 800 miles per month. Most of that was for the foraging (Food Shopping) to fill the fridge & freezer not forgetting the drinks cupboard. Some of you may have noticed my increased presence on Facebook with our garden pictures. I also perused some old photos showing that I did have some hair once upon a time. We really did not have time to be bored or get stir crazy. Rita bought me a new Nikon camera for my birthday. I spent a few days getting used to the different features compared to the older model of Nikon. Also spent a lot of time on the computer getting to grips with Photoshop and Lightroom. Currently in between doing this Magazine I have been putting my Web Site together. That is Web Speak for "A Work in progress". Rita was confined to the house and garden, I did not take her shopping, did not feel it was safe. We did not go for walk till the 11th May and that was only around the block through the park and back. Since the restrictions have eased, we have ventured as far as our son's house a long way at eight crows miles away, or twelve miles by car. We also took a wee day trip to the seaside e.g.



Iain Haldane



Largs on the Ayrshire coast. Normally it is packed in early July with all the schools in Scotland closing by the last day in June. On Thursday 9th July there was room in the carpark on the seafront, the chippies were open as were the Ice Cream Parlours. Some queues at the café's due to lack of seating, all outdoor seating only. But it was nice to pretend we were nearly back to normal even if it was just for day. Today's news 31st July about the Northern England Lockdown leads me to think we might not be able to get down to Harrogate in October. So, here's hoping that more people will see sense and not just their own sense of entitlement.

Ok articles for the **Bradbury Mercury**, the magazine still needs YOU to submit them. Please note that I am the Editor not the Reporter. Why not write about any old or new memories of your time in the military and/or civvy street. Do you have any terrible two's tales? E.g. Tales of the scrapes the kids got into growing up.

Remember no names, no pack drill.

After I wrote the last sentence I had to look it up to see if I was using it in the correct sense. Or meaning. Definition of "no names, no pack drill" is that punishment will be prevented if names and details are not mentioned. E.g. "that way there's no names, no pack drill - if anyone asks, I've never heard of you, ok?" So you can write stories about the kids without making them blush, OK?

We have been watching latest series of QI. Here are some facts from that programme. The Jigsaw was not used to make Jigsaws. For its size, Britain has more tornadoes than any other country in the world. The oldest object in the British crown jewels is a spoon. The average Briton spends a year of their working life off sick. A petarade is a series of farts. One of the pilgrims on the Mayflower sailed with 139 pairs of shoes. More people in the world recognise the McDonald's symbol than the Christian cross. Human beings had been keeping sheep for 7,000 years before it occurred to anyone to use their wool.

And this one to me is the oddest. There are 177,147 ways to tie a tie. Let's assume 1 minute to tie/untie a knot, it would take one person working an 8 hour day with no holiday breaks just over 369 days to complete this task. Why would anyone take the time to do this and who paid for this research?

Iain Haldane

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Life has a way of completing circles, take for instance the pleasure a young courting couple had from a trip to a Tier Park. A small zoo in Krefeld, Germany.

Rose and I spent a lot of time walking around the zoo. It was somewhere to go off camp. Better known as Bradbury Barracks, home of 16 Signal Regiment.

Having our local paper delivered and upon reading it, we discovered that Krefeld Zoo had had a fire. Thirty animals were killed. Apparently, a mother and her two daughters had sent up three Chinese lanterns. Celebrating New Year, they had let them go into the sky. Unfortunately, they landed on the Ape house and other buildings, which had burnt to the ground killing all the animals.

Rose and I decided to make a donation to the zoo to help with the restoration and we included a photo of Rose and I courting at the zoo. We received a reply from the zoo as follows;

Donation (23-Jan-2020 12:17)

From: KEITH HARDING

To: info@zookrefeld.de

Dear sir/ madame

My husband and I sent a letter and a £100 cheque as a donation to the zoo to help with the restoration of the zoo after the fire.

We did however include a photo of us at the zoo back in the 1960's when we were only 19 years old. We are now 74 years of age and still look back at our time spent at the zoo with fond memories.

As yet my bank has not cleared the cheque. Did you receive our letter and if so please contact us via our email address: haytor1@btinternet.com

Kind regards

Rosemary and Keith Harding.

From: Zoo Krefeld gGmbH <info@zookrefeld.de>

Date: 30 January 2020 at 14:09:22 GMT

To: haytor1@btinternet.com

Subject: Donation

Dear Mrs and Mr Harding,

We thank you for your sympathy and kind words and the donation. In the past few days we have experienced a situation confronting all of us with major challenges. The situation not only requires a great team spirit. Messages like yours show us that the fate of our animals moves people far beyond the borders of our zoo and even the city. That means a lot to us.

We have received your picture and are very happy about your loyalty. We would like to thank you very much and wish you all the best for the future.

Greetings from Krefeld

Mit freundlichen Grüßen

Jenny Esser

Zoo Krefeld gGmbH
Uerdinger Straße 377
47800 Krefeld
fon +49 2151 955 20
fax +49 2151 955 233
email jenny.esser@zookrefeld.de
www.zookrefeld.de

Vorsitzender des Aufsichtsrates: Wilfried Bovenkerk
Geschäftsführer: Dr. Wolfgang Dreßen
Sitz der Gesellschaft: Krefeld - HRB10670



Skip & Rose Harding

The Officers of 16 Signal Regiment BAOR in September/October 1965

Here is a picture of the officers not long after I arrived in the regiment in July 1965. From the fallen leaves on the grass, I think it must have been taken in September or October. I am still only wearing one pip, so it cannot have been taken the following autumn by which time I had my second pip up.

Most of the officers were TOTs and so were a real bunch of characters. Some could talk of what it had been like to liberate Germany at the end of the war, including the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.

Those of you with good memories will recall that 1 Squadron was responsible for static comms, including the TRC (tape relay centre). Two Squadron had HF (high frequency) radio comms. 3 Squadron had mobile comms, Radio Relay and the famous Cable Troop. HQ Squadron did what HQ Squadrons always do. Here are the officers' names as I remember them. But there are gaps so please see if you can fill in any of the blanks.



Back Row: Lt Carol Stubbs, Captain Jimmy Howe, Captain Xander Carling, Captain Tom Robertshaw, Captain **Blank**, Captain Pat Thomas, Lt Geoff Grainger, 2Lt Peter Crane, Captain Ken Mogridge, Captain **Blank** (Paymaster), Captain **Blank**, Lt Ken Kennedy, Lt Todd, 2Lt Lorna Almonds.

Front Row: Major Roy Hounsom, Major **Blank**, Major **Blank**, Major Geoff Thomas, Major Henry Chapman, Major Frank Partington, Lt Col Desmond Freeland, Captain 'Doc' Watson, Major Mike Sinclair, Major **Blank**, Major **Blank**, Captain Barbara Neville.

Something to worry about after Lockdown ends.

I hope they give us two weeks' notice before sending us back out into the real world. I think we will all need the time to become ourselves again. And by "ourselves" I mean lose 10 pounds, cut our hair, and get used to not drinking at 9:00 a.m.

New monthly budget: Gas £0 Entertainment £0 Clothes £0 Groceries £2,799.

Breaking News: Wearing a mask inside your home is now highly recommended. Not so much to stop COVID-19, but to stop eating.

Low maintenance chicks are having their moment right now. We do not have nails to file and paint, roots to dye, eyelashes to re-mink, and are thrilled not to have to get dressed every day. I have been training for this moment my entire life!

When this quarantine is over, let us not tell some people.

I stepped on my scale this morning. It said: "Please practice social distancing. Only one person at a time on scale."

Not to brag, but I have not been late to anything in over 6 weeks.

They can open things up next month, I am staying in until August to see what happens to you all first.

Day 37: The garbage man placed an AA flyer on my recycling bin.

The spread of Covid-19 is based on two things: 1. How dense the population is. 2. How dense the population is.

Appropriate analogy: "The curve is flattening so we can start lifting restrictions now" = "The parachute has slowed our rate of descent, so we can take it off now".

People keep asking: "Is coronavirus REALLY all that serious?" Listen y'all, the churches and casinos are closed. When heaven and hell agree on the same thing it is probably pretty serious.

Never in a million years could I have imagined I would go up to a bank teller wearing a mask and ask for money.

Putting a drink in each room of my house today and calling it a pub crawl.

For the second part of this quarantine do we have to stay with the same family, or will they relocate us? Asking for myself...

Enjoy your day. You do not have anything else to do.

Courts Martial in 16 Signal Regiment 1965-1968

Steve Icton's gripping article (*Condemned to Death*) in Issue No 45 of the *Bradbury Mercury* reminded me of my own involvement with legal proceedings while I was serving in 16 Signal Regiment.

I was in Bielefeld when the unhappy lady described by Steve was in the cells in Rheindahlen Garrison. I heard about the case of course. Had I not been so far away, I might have been selected to be a member of the court at her Court Martial.

Dependents of British Forces in Germany were subject to German civil law. But when a British dependent broke the law, the German authorities usually (wisely) waived their right to hear the case and handed it back to BFG to deal with.

In every Court Martial case where the defendant was a woman, it was required that one member of the Court should be a female officer. But first every officer (male or female) had to attend two Courts Martial 'Under Instruction'. Before long I was asked to attend two Courts Martial so that if needed later I would be trained and ready.

Both the 'Under Instruction' cases involved male defendants. Underneath the Royal Coat of Arms on the wall, I sat at the high bench, at the end of the row of court members. In front of me was a large sign 'Officer Under Instruction'. When the first defendant was marched in, the President of the Court asked him if he objected to my presence. He shrugged and said he didn't mind. When the second one was marched in, he said he *did* object. So I had to leave.

At my third attempt, the defendant didn't object but when the President passed sentence, it was not to the liking of the guilty man. The Clerk to the Court wasn't quite quick enough in about-turning the prisoner and marching him smartly out. So he had just enough time to grab a water jug and fling it at the bench! I have never seen a row of people duck so quickly.

A couple of months later, I was called to be an active member of a Court Martial in Rinteln. The case was expected to last a couple of days so I booked into the Mess. A Judge Advocate had been flown out from the UK, along with a private sector barrister. As we walked to and from the court to the Mess, the barrister tried to chat to me. To his annoyance, he was interrupted by the DALs (Army Legal Services) representative who asked him whether he wished he had my 'briefs' as well as the brief he had brought with him from London. (Really, the things we women had to put up with at the time!)

The defendant was the wife of a serving soldier. She was accused of stealing the purse of a SAFFA Sister when they were both in the home of another woman following the birth of a baby. When the defendant came into court, she was wearing a three-quarter length jacket with the biggest pockets I have ever seen on a garment! This did not set a very good impression.

It was very slow going. The Judge Advocate insisted on writing everything down by hand. After all the evidence was taken, I asked the defendant a question. The woman had said that she had had no handbag with her that day when the theft took place. I asked her why not and she replied that she didn't use a handbag and didn't own one.

Not surprisingly she was convicted. Fortunately, that was the only time I was called on to be a member of a Court Martial.

Lorna Almonds-Windmill

The Nationality of This Child is Not Yet Determined.

This is a story from the time when children were included on their mothers' passports.

However, I must go back a few years to set the scene. In January 1964 I left Cyprus to proceed to the Army Apprentice College, Harrogate. In my hot little 15 year old hand I had my very own passport, or did I? I honestly cannot remember if I actually owned a passport. They did give me an ID card. My dad was a soldier in the Glorious Glosters, and they were in Cyprus, so here I was heading for a career in the Army as well.

It was also the first time that I had been on an airplane as the Glosters had been the last Battalion to depart UK on a Trooper (Troopship) the SS Nevassa. So, there I was, just over 15 years old, a tad over 5 foot tall and 8 stone soaking wet, flying from Cyprus to UK on my own.

Fast forward now to Krefeld in the late 60's. I'm courting and about to get married to a WRAC girl (some of you might remember Margaret Carleton), who had a Canadian birth certificate. After some discussion, we opt for her discharge on marriage. On the strength of being married to a British Soldier, she can apply for and get a British Passport. OK so far?

After my Class 1 course at Catterick, we are to be posted to Cyprus (again for me) so I require a passport. Because I was born in Germany after the war and before we had a British Consulate. My birth certificate was issued by the British Army of Occupation on the Rhine (BAOR) which was not recognised by the passport authorities. So, my wife had a passport because she was married to me, but I could not get one.

I had to provide birth certificates for both my parents, and I had to provide their marriage certificate as well as my BAOR birth certificate. Success! Off to Cyprus.

Fast forward again and I am back in Krefeld. This time we are expecting the birth of our first child. Alexander was born on 25 September 1975 and his birth registered at the Consulate office in Dusseldorf. However, I am to depart on my S/Sgt's course to Catterick and we are then going to spend Christmas in the UK. We need to get Alexander put onto his mum's passport. What is his nationality?

Alexander's details are entered in his mums' passport but with the notation that "The nationality of this child is not yet determined, and he must be returned to Germany by 10th January 1976"

After our return from my successful S/Sgt's course and a good Christmas, we got 'this child' back to Germany within the time frame and we set about solving the nationality dilemma of our son, seems easy enough. I must provide my parents birth certificates and their marriage certificate yet again. I must also provide my BAOR birth certificate, my wife's Canadian birth certificate and our wedding certificate. This time I must also provide the birth certificates of my wife's parents and their marriage certificate. This is a bit more difficult as her parents are divorced and he was living in the USA when he died.

After some time, I manage to get the necessary certificates and proof of birth and death of my wife's father. Alexander is now acknowledged as a British Subject, born abroad.

I enquire of the Consulate in Dusseldorf how I can prevent this bureaucratic rigmarole from recurring each time. The solution is simple just register my own birth!

So for those of you who do this sort of thing – next time you are on Findmypast or Ancestry, check up on my sons' birth on 'overseas births' and you will find that his birth is registered some 3 months before his dad's.

However, his nationality is now determined!

Bob Cook

The Plaque and its Journey.

John William HARPER V.C.

As most of our members know, the above mentioned, was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross in 1944. The following relates to the Plaque and the Harper family (plaque shown below).

In 1945 following his death and award the plaque was presented to the children's ward in Doncaster Royal infirmary along with a Cot by the family. I unfortunately, spent some 2/3 years in and out of the said hospital as a baby and I was later told that I was in that very ward!

Many years later (circa 2002), the ward underwent improvements and redecoration. Unbelievably the plaque was thrown out into a Skip. Fortunately, a workman found the plaque and rescued it. It then found its way to the Stainforth branch of the British Legion who had it erected into a small church locally.

Was that the journeys end? No! The Victoria Cross Trust was formed by Ex-servicemen in Doncaster, who eventually set-up a museum in the town regarding recipients of the said medal. The plaque was then gifted to the trust and the museum. Recently the Trust had to relocate, and they had to downsize. As a result, yesterday, 15th July 2020 I received a phone call from the trust asking me would I like to have the Plaque? Obviously, you can imagine my reply.

Hope you don't mind me sharing this story with you!

After 75 years the plaque is back with the Harper family.

Reme Harper.



Memories.

Going back to 1975 and my posting to Sandhurst (RMAS). On my first duty as Orderly Sergeant, HRH Princess Anne and Captain Mark Philips were also at the Academy. Unlike us morons, they were accommodated in much more salubrious surroundings. In fact, an incredibly beautiful house. On taking over the guardroom I found that there was a private telephone line to their home, connected directly to the guardroom. It was referred to as the Red Line.

There was to be a party at HRH's and Captain Philips parents were the guests. During the evening (quite late on) the Red Line sounded, I duly answered and the lady on the other end informed me that Major Philip's (Marks father) dog had attacked HRH's dog and ripped into its throat. I calmly said leave it with me Ma'am! No, it turned out to be one of HRH's ladies and not herself!

What did I do? I posted 2 of the guard at the gates and picked up the Yellow Pages directory, looked under Vets and duly telephoned the first one. I will be right there, was his retort having given him the sitrep. Being situated in Camberley itself, it did not take him long at all, and the guards escorted him throughout. The vet apparently did a wonderful job, and all ended well! A lady rang me back later, thanking me for the work carried out (to this day I don't know if it was HRH herself or not).

Later, the Orderly Officer came into the guardroom (I believe he was a Guards Officer) asked if I had anything to report. I duly reported the events to him and I can still see him to this day, stuttering "wha' wha' wha' di' di' di' yu' yu' yu' du du Sgt, I told him and he said two maybe three times, well done, well done!

I still do not understand the Officer's reaction, as all that I had really done was make a phone call. Sadly, I still await an invite to our Queens Garden Party and to Princess Anne's 70th birthday party.

Memories HEY !!!!!!!!!!!!!

Reme Harper.

An Englishman man entered a bar and stood beside a Scotsman.

"Where are you from, pal?" asked the Scotsman, after they had chatted for a while.

"I'm from the finest country in the whole wide world," said the Englishman.

"You are?" said the other. "You have a damn funny accent for a Scotsman."

These are (allegedly) examples from British Military Officers Reports (OER's)

1. His men would follow him anywhere, but only out of curiosity.
2. I would not breed from this Officer.
3. This man is depriving a village somewhere of its idiot.
4. This officer can be likened to a small puppy - he runs around excitedly, leaving little messes for other people to clean up.
5. This Officer is not so much of a has-been, more of a won't-be.
6. When she opens her mouth, it seems only to change whichever foot was previously in there.
7. Could not organize 50% leave in a 2-man submarine
8. He has carried out every one of his duties to his entire satisfaction.
9. He would be out of his depth in a car park puddle.
10. Technically sound, but socially impossible.
11. The occasional flashes of adequacy are marred by an attitude of apathy and indifference.
12. When he joined my ship, this Officer was something of a granny, since then he has aged considerably.
13. This Medical Officer has used my ship to carry his genitals from port to port, and my officers to carry him from bar to bar.
14. This Officer reminds me very much of a gyroscope, always spinning around at a frantic pace, but not really going anywhere.
15. Since my last report he has reached rock bottom, and has started to dig
16. He sets low personal standards and then consistently fails to achieve them.
17. He has the wisdom of youth, and the energy of old age.
18. This Officer should go far, and the sooner he starts, the better.
19. In my opinion this pilot should not be authorized to fly below 250 feet
20. The only ship I would recommend for this man is citizenship.
21. Could not organize a woodpecker's picnic in Sherwood Forest.
22. Works well when under constant supervision and cornered like a rat in a trap.
23. Not the sharpest knife in the drawer.
24. Gates are down, the lights are flashing, but the train is not coming
25. Has two brains; one is lost and the other is out looking for it.
26. If he were any more stupid, he would have to be watered twice a week.
27. Got into the gene pool while the lifeguard was not watching.
28. If you stand close enough to him, you can hear the ocean.
29. It is hard to believe that he beat 1,000,000 other sperm.
30. A room temperature IQ.
31. Got a full 6-pack, but lacks the plastic thingy to hold it all together
32. A gross ignoramus, 143 times worse than an ordinary ignoramus.
33. He has a photographic memory but has the lens cover glued on.
34. He has been working with glue too long.
35. When his IQ reaches 50, he should sell.
36. This man has not got enough grey matter to sole the flip-flop of a one-legged budgie.
37. If two people are talking, and one looks bored, he is the other one.
38. One-celled organisms would out score him in an IQ tests.
39. He donated his body to science before he was done using it.
40. Fell out of the stupid tree and hit every branch on the way down.
41. He is so dense, light bends around him.
42. If brains were taxed, he would get a rebate.
43. Some drink from the fountain of knowledge; he only gargled.
44. Takes him 1.1/2 hours to watch 60 minutes.
45. Wheel is turning, but the hamster is long dead.

We Are Veterans.

We left home as teenagers for an unknown adventure.
We loved our country enough to defend it and protect it with our own lives.
We said goodbye to friends, family and everything we knew.
We learned the basics and then we scattered in the wind to the far corners of the Earth.
We found new friends and new family.
We became brothers and sisters regardless of colour, race or creed.
We had plenty of good times and plenty of bad times.
We didn't get enough sleep.
We often drank too much.
We picked up both good and bad habits.
We worked hard and played harder.
We didn't earn a great wage.
We experienced the happiness of getting mail and the sadness of missing important events.
We didn't know when, or even if, we were ever going to see home again.
We grew up fast and yet, somehow, we never grew up at all.
We fought for our freedom as well as the freedom of others.
Some of us saw actual combat and some of us didn't.
Some of us saw the world and some of us didn't.
Some of us dealt with physical warfare. Most of us dealt with psychological warfare.
We have seen, experienced and dealt with things that we can't fully describe or explain as not all of our sacrifices were physical.
We participated in time honoured ceremonies and rituals with each other strengthening our bonds and camaraderie.
We counted on each other to get our job done and sometimes to survive it at all.
We have dealt with victory and tragedy.
We have celebrated and mourned.
We lost a few along the way; we are losing friends now.
When our adventure was over, some of us went back home, some of us started somewhere new, and some of us never came home at all.
We have told amazing and hilarious stories of our exploits and adventures.
We share an unspoken bond with each other that most people don't experience and few will understand.
We speak highly of our own branch of service and poke fun at the other branches.
We know, however, that if needed we will be there for our brothers and sisters of all services to stand together as one in a heartbeat.
Being a veteran is something that had to be earned and it can never be taken away.
It has no monetary value but at the same time it is a priceless gift.
Many people see a veteran and they thank them for their service; sadly others don't understand.
When we see each other, we give that little upwards head nod, or a slight smile, knowing that we have shared and experienced things that most people have not.
So, from myself to the rest of the veterans out there, I commend and thank you for all that you have done and sacrificed for our country.
Try to remember the good times and move on if you can from the bad times.
Share your stories for they are worth telling.
But most importantly, stand tall and proud for you have earned the right to be called a Veteran.

Peter Crane

This was posted on Facebook by my original SGT in training.

Senior Citizens

Senior citizens are constantly being criticized for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real or imaginary. We know we take responsibility for all we have done and do not try to blame others.

However, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was **NOT** senior citizens who took:

The melody out of music,

The pride out of appearance,

The courtesy out of driving,

The romance out of love,

The commitment out of marriage,

The responsibility out of parenthood,

The togetherness out of the family,

The learning out of education

The Golden Rule from rulers,

The nativity scene out of cities,

The civility out of behaviour,

The refinement out of language,

The dedication out of employment,

The prudence out of spending,

The ambition out of achievement or

God out of government and school.

And we certainly are **NOT** the ones who eliminated patience and tolerance from

Personal relationships and interactions with Others!

And we **DO** understand the meaning of Patriotism, and remember those who have fought and died for our country.

YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!

I'm the life of the party.....Even if it lasts until 8 p.m.

I'm very good at opening childproof caps.....With a hammer.

I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.

I'm smiling all the time, because I can't hear a thing you're saying.

I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe secure place, somewhere.

I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg.

I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for wimps.

Yes, I'm a SENIOR CITIZEN and I think I am having the time of my life!

Now if I could only remember who sent this to me, I wouldn't send it back to them.

Or, maybe I should send it to all my friends anyway.

They won't remember, even if they did send it.

Spread the laughter Share the cheer

Let's be happy while we're here.

Kerry Stylianou

Income and Expenditure to 31 December 2019**Income**

Subscriptions	1160.0	
Raffle	<u>253.00</u>	
	1413.00	1413.00

Expenditure

Net coach cost	220.00	
Reunion prizes	9.50	
Photo albums/balloons	41.00	
Website	48.00	
Bereavment/flowers etc	95.11	
Donations	450.00	
Gift Terry Canham	<u>30.00</u>	
	939.72	<u>(939.72)</u>
Profit in year		473.28
Add opening bank balance		<u>4068.43</u>
Money at bank 1 January 2020		<u>4541.73</u>

Expenses during the year to 31 December 2019 were down considerably due to not having to pay for entertainment at Bournemouth. Due to this the loss on the coach trip didn't impact on our overall expenses for the year.

Our bank balance over the same year has increased by £473.28, so at 31 December 2019 we are in a healthy position.

*We expect the expenses at 2020 reunion to be a lot higher due to having to pay for entertainment again and also making the Silver Anniversary a bit special.

Make that 2021!!

Due to there being no reunion in 2020, the committee have decided that no subscription will be collected in 2020

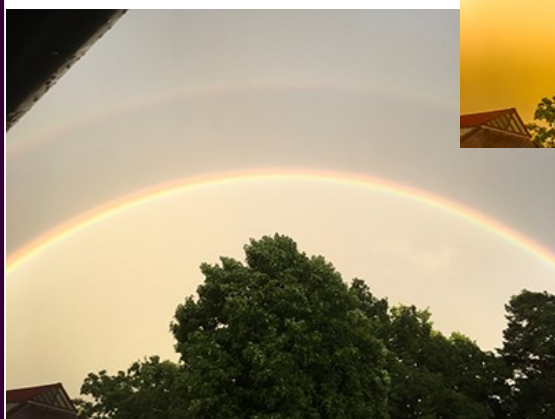
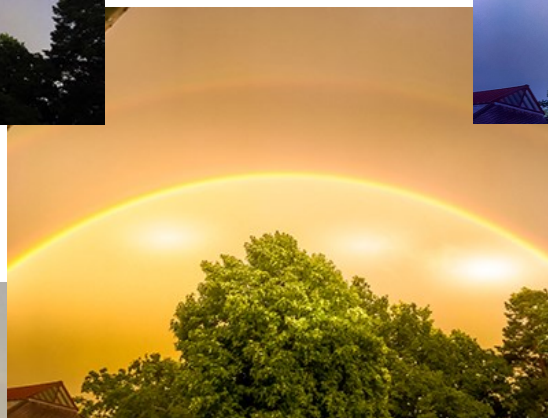


Rose & Skip Harding

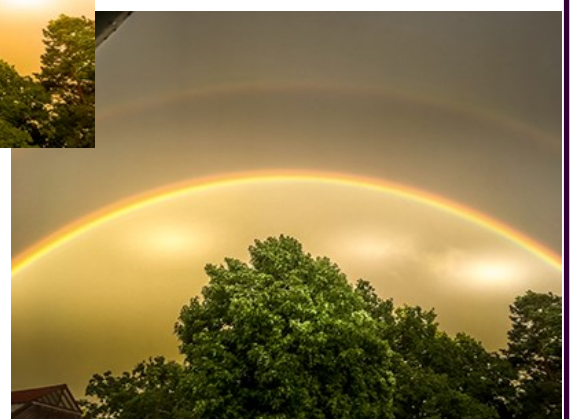
Armed Forces Day. Saturday 27th June 2020.



Just to prove that in the south we have yellow skies and double rainbow. Weird or what. It happened again the following week.



These 5 studies are all the same photo tweaked on Adobe Lightroom. Thank you Skip for the photo. Shows that the camera never lies NOT!



These are a selection of the roses from our garden. The time span is from Mid April till yesterday the 20th July. The Yucca plant was a gift from Rita's sister who still lives in Taunton. It has been in this location for about 26 years. I researched on how to take cuttings and the first two were very successful and re-potted in larger containers. The two friends who got them are very pleased with them



These pictures were taken a different times of the day, I wanted to see how the light or lack off effected the final result. I am using Photoshop to tweak the colours. My only criteria is that I like what I end up with. I am friends on Facebook with another Haldane of another mother. He is John L Haldane from North Carolina.



<https://john-haldane.pixels.com/>

He does much better work than I can do, I just potter about as a knowledgeable technical enthusiast. I cannot come up with designs that creative artists achieve, but I can see how is all put together. I have learned a lot from a Graphic Design teacher who I worked. Learned about Fonts and the difference between serif and sans serif. Saying that, I am only good at Graphic Design in a Technical but not Creative Level.



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 2021 edition please submit by 31st December 2020



The 1960s 16 Signal Regiment Reunion Club

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

Email: iaindfhaldane@hotmail.co.uk
 Tel: 0141 876 1385
www.the-60s-16ers.com/
 Webmaster: tedhebden@ntlworld.com