

Bradbury Mercury
1960s 16 Signal Regiment Reunion Club



Issue Number 19

Compiled by Ted Theis

February 2007



Handover of Chairpersons

The outgoing chairman Reme Harper, offers comfort, and a shoulder to cry on to incoming chairman Syd Wilson

All the best Syd, from us all.



Our Front Page: Photo of RHQ courtesy Mark Walton (that's him in the middle) Sid Wilson and Reme Harper—Change over of Chairman



Farewell to Trev Davies

It is with great sadness that we bid farewell to our friend Trev Davies, who died on the 20th December 2006

Sorrow

If your sorrow can be lessened,
In some warm and special way,

By knowing that so many share,
In your loss with you today.

And if it brings you comfort,
When others show they care,
Please know that thoughts are with you,
And remember they are there.

By Bert Page

We shall miss him enormously and offer our sincerest condolences to his family.



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Dear Members

First of all let me wish you all a very happy new year and I do hope that it will be illness free.

Having taken over as chairman last October I would like to reiterate what I said then. That is to thank Ted, Gordon (outgoing Chairman) and the rest of the committee for all the hard work they have done, in steering the Club in the right direction. In the seven and a half years that I have been a member, the Club has gone from strength to strength and I can only surmise that Chris Bartlett our founder member would be absolutely over the moon, if he could see how the Club has grown and flourished. My purpose in the next two years is to carry on in the same vein as my predecessors and ensure the Club runs on a smooth and even keel, also where possible to build and promote the Club even further.

Laurie has now got a full list of all paid up members and she has also sent out at least 50 reminders to other members who have lapsed. So far she has had only 10 replies back, which really not good.

Last years reunion, going by the comments, was a huge success. I am really glad that I had the opportunity to organise it. This was made easier with the help that I received from certain members and also those that took part in the entertainment. I thank Tweet for his summary of the weekend.

Note to those with comments, good or bad, please bring them up at the AGM. The same goes for any expenditure, other than the day to day running of the Club. I make reference to table wine, which is a good idea. There has of course got to be a limit put on the amount that the organiser spends. This year however I will be speaking to the committee to see how much money will be feasible.

You should also now, be in possession of a copy of the constitution, which I hope you have all read or will read. As mentioned at the last AGM, if there is anything that you feel needs changing, then please contact Laurie (Secretary) with your suggestions/amendments. Laurie will then collate and alter if necessary and a final draft will then be published in the August issue of the Mercury. This will then be voted on at the next AGM.

There is only one thing remaining to say and that is, make sure you book your place for the next Reunion at the Atlantic Hotel in Newquay, as we are in for a Treat!

It was mentioned at Harrogate that it would be nice if we made it a black tie do for the men, as it would be quite fitting with the Hotel. This of course is only a suggestion and not compulsory.

Please contact Laurie for methods of travel.

Hopefully I will see you all there. Till then Take Care, Stay Safe and please spare a thought for all those members who have been ill, those who are ill, and a Special thought for Trevor and his Family.

Best wishes

Syd

Chairman



Cheers Reme

You were a brilliant chairman,
You joined in all the fun
But most of it you started before the do begun
You listened to our comments and tried to do your
best
But though it wasn't easy we think you passed the
test
And now your time is over don't think that you are
done
You're needed now just as before from us you cannot
run
I know I speak for all of us that this we all agree
We thank you Reme from us all
Take care, you've been set free.

By Marlene O'Hagan

Photo courtesy of Peter Crane



A few last minute instructions
from Marlene



Now you see, too much
of this...



and this...

inevitably leads to this!!



And of course, now that he's got time on
his hands it's very possible we might see
a whole lot more of that chuffing gremlin.

Bumpers and Bed Packs

Bumpers and bed packs were all the rage
when we were of a certain age
Compo and cam nets and being on stag
Were all part of our lives
But it wasn't a drag.

Pay and pay-book correct is what we'd say
As we lined up to collect our pay
Naafi break was a chunky steak pie
This was no holiday camp like Hi de Hi.

We worked hard and played hard and
never looked back
We all helped each other—no "I'm alright
Jack"
I'm sure all the lessons we learnt back
then
Have helped us in life and will do so
again.

If only back then we knew what we know
now
I'm sure that we all would have made the
same vow
Every moment was special and still is of
course
So look forward in hope, not back in re-
morse.



Photo courtesy of Iain

We were all pals back then and still are to-
day
Nothing can stop us, we all feel the same
way
So 60's 16ers keep marching on
We'll still be together when others have
gone.

It's an honour, a privilege to be part of a
group
You make me feel proud like I did in my
troop
There's a warmth and a closeness that's hard
to describe
It makes me feel special deep down inside.

Our recent reunion has only just passed
I hope the next one will come round as fast
I can't wait, once again, to see you all there
With minds quick and active, despite the
grey hair.

We'll boost the bars profits and sing into
the night
There's nothing quite like it, you know it
feels right
Our memories of Krefeld would fill a large
book
I'd love to go back there and take a last look

**Auf Wiedersehen Freunde,
Prost und viel Glück**



By Tom Thornton

A very Happy and Healthy New Year from the Bradbury Mercury

Going Back



Mark and Sue Walton

The day finally arrived and with mixed feelings and some trepidation, Susan, my wife, and I set off on a journey of some seventy miles and thirty odd years for our first re-union of 'the-60s-16ers' at Harrogate. The main reason for going was to meet old friends Ann and Tweet, and also, to refresh my memories, good or bad, from my time at Krefeld.

After booking in and unpacking, we went down to the foyer where I eagerly scoured the faces of fellow guests, hoping, perhaps praying, to see a face I knew or heaven forbid, someone that might even remember me, all to no avail. Hunger overtook our disappointment so Sue and I went for our evening meal considering an early departure. Salvation came when we spotted Ann with her good friends Gwen and Ted. Ann took us to see Tweet and although the hair and freckles had gone, his dulcet tones and sense of humour hadn't altered at all.

Whilst Ann and Tweet helped Sue and I settle in I must give thanks to you all for making us feel so very welcome, with special thanks to Gwen and Ted, helping us erase any thought of leaving early and culminating in a truly enjoyable weekend. We left on Sunday afternoon (work calling) with a tear in our eye and a promise to do it all again. Once again many thanks to you all for a great weekend.

Mark Walton

Newquay Reunion

Don't forget to book your places for October 26th to 28th.
Atlantic Hotel.

Deposits to be paid by 28th February to Noreen and Dixie.

Remember, first come first served. Deposit is £48.00 per person.

2. Winter
A SUPER **FREE GIFT** FOR EVERY READER INSIDE THIS PAPER

THE VICTOR

EVERY MONDAY

Price 5d

No. 362
JAN. 27th
1968.

THE STUBBORN TYKE

FREE INSIDE!
"MY OWN CUP-TIE DIARY"

FULL OF COLOUR
PHOTOS OF TOP
CLUBS AND PLAYERS
AND ALL THE
FOOTBALL DATA.



On September 25, 1944, during the Second World War, Corporal Johnny Harper, a Doncaster man, commanded one of the leading sections in the mad, hectic scramble across the tortured ground.

Earlier the battalion was pinned down on the flat, wet land by fierce German resistance.

THE BOCHES ARE HOLDING THE LINE OF THAT EARTHEN WALL, WITH THE DYKE BEHIND IT. BUT WE MUST ATTACK AND GET OVER THAT WALL AND ACROSS THE DYKE.



Corporal Johnny Harper, a Doncaster man, commanded one of the leading sections in the mad, hectic scramble across the tortured ground.

COME ON, LADS, KEEP MOVING. NO BLOODY USE HANGING ABOUT IN THIS LOT. THERE'LL BE SHELTER UNDER THE WALL.

UGH...



AAAARGH!

CORPORAL! THE PLATOON COMMANDER HAS BOUGHT ONE.



I CAN SEE THAT. I'LL TAKE OVER THE PLATOON, DIVE FOR THAT WALL, CLEAR THE KRAUTS OFF THE TOP OF IT.

CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE

Cpl John William Harper V.C.

of the
Hallamshire Battalion of the York and
Lancaster Regiment
1916 - 1944 K.I.A.



On the 29th September 1944, the Hallamshires attacked the Depot de Mendicite, a natural defensive position surrounded by an earthen wall and then a dyke, strongly held by the enemy.

“Corporal Harper was commanding the leading section in the assault with his objective a length of the wall. The enemy was dug in on both sides and had a perfect field of fire across 300 yards of open ground. With superb disregard for the hail of mortars and small arms fire, Cpl Harper led his section straight up to the wall and killed/captured the enemy holding that side. The platoon commander was seriously wounded during the attack and Cpl Harper at once took charge of the platoon and immediately reorganised it. The enemy on the far side of the wall were at this time throwing grenades over the top. Cpl Harper at once climbed over the wall, himself throwing grenades, and in the face of heavy close-range small-arms fire, personally routed the Germans directly opposing him. He took four prisoners and shot several of the remainder of the enemy as they ran. The prisoners he brought back across the wall. Still ignoring the heavy spandau and mortar fire which was sweeping the area, once again he crossed the wall alone to find out whether it was possible for his platoon to wade across the dyke which lay beyond. He found the dyke too deep and wide to cross, and once again he came back across the wall and received orders to try and establish his platoon on the enemy side of it. All this time the area was subject to intense cross machine-gun fire and heavy mortaring.

For a third time he climbed over alone, found some empty German weapon pits and, himself providing covering fire, urged and encouraged his platoon to scale the wall and seek cover in the trenches.

By this action he was able to bring down enough covering fire to allow the rest of the company to cross the open ground and surmount the wall with the loss of only one man.

Cpl Harper then left the platoon in the charge of his senior section commander and once more walked alone along the dyke in the face of heavy

spandau fire to find a crossing place. He eventually made contact with the Battalion attacking from his right and found that they had located a ford. Back he came across the open ground and, while directing his company commander to the ford, he was struck by a bullet and fatally wounded. He died where he stood, on the bank of the dyke.

The operation was made more difficult because the Battalion responsible for the main attack started very late and resulted in enemy fire becoming concentrated on the platoon. After the attack there were 93 prisoners taken and some 30 dead Germans counted.

The success of the Battalion in driving the enemy from the wall and back across the dyke must be ascribed to the superb self-sacrifice and inspiring gallantry of Corporal Harper. His magnificent courage, fearlessness and devotion to duty throughout the battle set an example to his men rarely equalled. Such conduct in the face of direct close-range enemy fire could have but one result. But before he was killed, Corporal Harper, by his heroism, had ensured success for his Battalion in a most important action.

The success of the attack on the Depot de Mendicite can thus fairly be attributed to the outstanding bravery of Corporal Harper.”

The ‘Stubborn Tyke’ of our story is closely related to yet another, extremely stubborn, tyke, well-known to us all—no prizes for guessing the identity of our proud Yorkshireman. Of course, who else but Reme Harper, and he very kindly gave us copies of the Victor in which the story about his uncle was printed in 1968. I remember reading those war stories and it all seemed so very far removed. Changes things a bit when a friend shows you a comic strip about his uncle’s heroism.

They say a good Yorkshireman never strays far from his roots and in truth Reme hasn’t, he’s Hatfield born and bred, as was his Uncle John. To commemorate John Harper’s heroism and the town’s loss of many good men in the battle for the Depot de Mendicite, the town of Merksplas in Belgium, situated very close to where John fell, will very soon be twinned with Hatfield in recognition of the bravery of all those who fought so valiantly for the liberation of the town.

Cpl John Harper’s V.C. medal is held in the York and Lancaster Regimental museum.

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE



WE'VE MADE IT, BUT KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN, THEY'RE LOBBING GRENADES OVER.



LOOK, I'M NOT STANDING FOR THIS. WE'RE SITTING DUCKS. HAND ME ANOTHER COUPLE OF GRENADES. I'M GOING OVER THE TOP.



HERE, TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!

ACH! KILL HIM! THERE IS ONLY ONE. SHOOT HIM DOWN!

Within seconds the stubborn Yorkshireman had demoralized the enemy.



KAHERADI KAHERADI!



He took back four prisoners.

LOOK AFTER THESE FOUR GOONS. I'M GOING BACK OVER THE WALL TO TRY TO FIND A WAY ACROSS THE DYKE.

Despite intensive Spandau fire, Harper tried to find a crossing point.



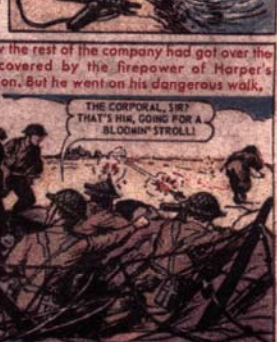
TOO DEEP HERE—ABOUTS. BEST THING TO DO IS TO GET MY BOYS OVER AND INTO GERMAN WEAPON PITS.



COME ON, MAKE IT SLIPPI! DIVE INTO THE SLIT TRENCHES AND WEAPON PITS.



WE'RE NOT LICKED BY A LONG CHALK. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LONG LOOK—SEE AT THIS DYKE. THERE MUST BE SOMEWHERE WE CAN CROSS.



By now the rest of the company had got over the wall, covered by the firepower of Harper's platoon. But he went on his dangerous walk.

THE CORPORAL, SIR! THAT'S HIM, GOING FOR A BLOOMIN' STROLL!



Eventually he contacted the battalion on their right.

GOOD! I SEE YOU'VE FOUND A FORD, SIR. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ONE.

YES, IT'S THE ONLY PLACE FOR MILES WHERE WE CAN CROSS. TRY TO GET YOUR LOT OVER HERE.



His raced back with the news, but his luck ran out.

MOVE DOWN TO THE RIGHT, SIR! THERE'S A WAY...AAARGH!

GOOD GRIEF! HE'S BEEN HIT!

IT'S A MIRACLE HE'S SURVIVED AS LONG AS HE HAS.



Corporal Harper was awarded the Victoria Cross. His battalion reached their objective, thanks mainly to the courage of the stubborn "tyke", as Yorkshiremen are nicknamed.

NEXT WEEK— 'The Spoils of War,' the story of an Indian marksman during the First World War.

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & Co., Ltd., 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

© D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD. 1968.

Victor — Courtesy DC Comics ©

Hi Folks,

I'm sure that each and every one of us felt a very deep sense of sorrow when learning of the passing of Trev. He was very much his own man, and like most of us he had his own way of doing things. We shall miss his intensity, his humour, and the way he had of making everyone listen when he was holding court —normally at the bar! We can ill-afford to lose a man of his calibre — Rest in Peace comrade.

This sad loss makes me feel that we should perhaps have a more tangible form of remembering than merely our own memories. To this end, I should like to suggest that we consider having a 'Book of Remembrance'. Perhaps a leather-bound book with a double—page spread incorporating a photo, details of his/her life/career and tributes from close friends.

This is merely my personal opinion, but I do hope you will see this as something worthwhile. I know most of you will have other ideas, and that's great. Lets get these all together and come up with something worthwhile for the club (If anybody suggests a commemorative ball-pen I shall cry).

On a lighter note, if I go before REME please keep him away from my page. I may not have had much dignity in life (I know you have all seen the pictures of me dribbling down the front of Teri Crowe's dress, and the one with me sniffing round her laundry basket — I'm still doing probation for that one!) but I should like my departure to be a little more dignified than my life was. Of course, that's not to say I would have anything against being buried in Teri's underwear draw.

Finally, many thanks to the anonymous person who sent me a copy of last Octobers Harrogate Herald.

Apparently, the bout between Gordon and myself was reported in the local press. (It appears, that one of the ramblers Gordon invited on the Sunday night, worked there). Sadly there is not enough room to give you the whole article, but I would just like to quote a small piece for Gordon's benefit — "the tall elegant boxer, a vision in black and gold, was not only a delight to watch, but also a Fighter Of Fabulous Fitness" — So that's 'F- OFF' to you then Harper.

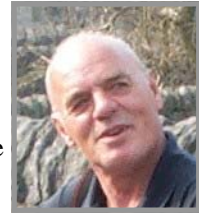
If anyone would like a copy of the original article then one is available from
wwwprancingprat@harrogateherald.com.

Bye for now
Tweet



Photo courtesy of Iain Haldane

Harrogate Review
By
Tweet Nightingale.



So, Harrogate has come and gone, and with it more laughs, more memories, and more than a few hang-overs.

Friday was its usual self, meeting and greeting, smiles, hugs, kisses – all evidence of the great esprit de corps that brings us back together year after year.

Friday night however was different this year, for we found ourselves sharing the hotel with a few hundred young lovelies from the farming community. They took the place over, effortlessly changing from wellies and overalls into evening-wear, and in the process dazzling most of us with their elegance and glamour.

But despite this intrusion, old stories were being raked over again, and as always, embellished beyond belief. The more alcohol was taken, the more fact and fiction quickly became merged – and the bitter-sweet smell of bullshit was soon embracing us all!

Saturday morning many of our members set off at the crack of dawn to revisit old haunts at Richmond and Catterick. Apparently all had a good time, but significantly, most needed a lay-down when they got back. Surely these can't be the same people that used to spend all weekend drinking, dancing and partying, can it?

Saturday evening's celebrations were heralded in with the usual fiasco that is the group photo. Iain Haldane was in commanding form, but even he cannot control the comic forces that combined once again to ensure that not everybody made it in time! (Just how much time do you need, Gwen? You started on your make-up after breakfast!)

Everybody looked wonderful, and it was obvious early on that this evening was going to be a bit special. The function room looked lovely, the tables set beautifully. How much lovelier it would have looked had there been wine to pour into those lovely glasses! Am I alone in thinking that it may have been a nice idea to buy some wine for each table from funds?

The food failed to rise above mediocre, but the company and atmosphere were wonderful. The formalities were respectfully observed, and then the music started. Almost immediately the dance-floor turned into a melee of writhing, twisting, tormented bodies. For a while the Gallaghers made the dance floor their own – jiving around like a couple of teenagers (they were to pay the price the following morning – when Pat arrived at breakfast amidst a cloud of Sloanes Liniment!). Dave (the Rave) Aldous and Ian (Peter Pan) Buckley then set the floor alight, and were seen pushing their tortured limbs harder and harder in pursuit of that one perfect dance movement – they failed miserably! It was a futile effort anyway, because there was one outstanding dancer that night (no, no, no – surprisingly, not me) and that was the lovely Sheila. She was a symphony of grace and movement, and more importantly boys she didn't even break into a sweat.

All too soon the music ended, but it had been a wonderful time, the music had been delightful, the atmosphere magical.

Rave on Chris Bartlett, Rave on!
Your dream is in good hands.

Sunday morning's club meeting was, as usual, a little difficult to follow for some of us. Nevertheless, some decisions were made, some unmade, and some not made at all. So business as usual then!

Out of it came a new Chair, a nice sofa and a couple of nice cushions (sorry couldn't resist it!).

There will never be a full consensus of opinion, but it is surely time we all decided what we want and what we don't want.

Let me start it off – I don't want another I.D. card, I definitely do not want another ball-pen, especially when we spend over two hundred pounds on them! I don't want any kind of constitution, I don't want a top table, and, I wish I didn't feel like crying whenever I see one of us struck down by illness!

OK? Your turn! Let's have some honesty on our web site; after all it's your club. If we can't say what we feel then how far have we come, and more importantly how much farther can we go?

Sunday evening came all too quickly, but it was a splendid evening and a great way to round everything off. Sid and Bridget had obviously done a terrific amount of work on the evening's entertainment, and were well-rewarded with a wonderful reception from those fortunate to have been there. They were ably assisted by the usual suspects, but a special mention to John Hodkin who is always looking for any excuse to jump into his wife's clothes (can't say I blame him), but he really should realise he is never going to get into a size 10 again!

It was good to see the Ripon Rotarian Ramblers stomping their way across the dance-floor, and they certainly seemed to be enjoying themselves. It speaks volumes that not only were they made welcome by us, but our kind friendly masseur (Greasy Gordon) even offered to give them all a good rub-down!

Inevitably Monday came, and with it, memories already forming, tears and smiles, promises and kisses. Isn't it always the way?

In finishing I should like to say that it is an absolute delight to see the way our less-fortunate members are fighting the good fight against ill-fortunes. So I should like to say on everyone's behalf, if I may, that the strength and courage you show in making the journey to the reunion is nothing short of awe inspiring. So to you all, a million thanks for continually reminding us what real strength of spirit is.

The true spirit of Chris lives on in all of you and your carers. Our hearts are full of admiration and love.

To you all
Stay Well

Tweet

Syd's Scoop—finally

We have a letter from Syd which should have been included in the last Mercury (Aug issue) but, well, you know what it's like with us gutter press, never enough room for the more upmarket reporting, far too busy trying to fill our pages with scoops from the mucky end of the market. Not that we have managed to get our hands on any salacious smut, and you lot can't deny that we've tried. We have asked you, pleaded with you and even gone so far as to beg of you but with only one or two exceptions, nada, nicht, nothing. First of all a few piccies...



Syd McWilson and his youngest daughter Samantha. Syd is wearing the traditional Cornish kilt ??
Lovely lallies, Syd



Great-Grandpappy Syd—remember that photo a few issues ago with Syd, Bridget and their brand new great-grandson, Mason. He was born just after the Torquay reunion.

Old Codgers Weekend in Blandford

By Syd Wilson

Friday evening, on the way to book in, the first person I bumped into was Pete Weedon and a very good friend of his whom he introduced as Sadie, ex 4 Sqn, 16 Sigs. Whilst I was still in reception I recognised a name on the message board, Joyce Nicholls (60s 16ers) who was with her friend Jackie.

After sorting out our accommodation, a few of us, including Yorkie Layton, went into town, to the British Legion Club, for a few beers. Those few turned into one too many and we left it too late to go back to the Mess to see who else we might know. Saturday, after breakfast, was time to visit the museum, which was very interesting. In fact it was very, very interesting as I saw Joyce and Jackie in there handling and laughing over a pair of Furry Handcuffs that were on sale. (How times have changed,

I never saw anything like that when I was a young soldier.) Anyway, I had to ask what was on their minds (no comment).

From there everyone went to see the parade which was excellent, considering the weather. The young lads and their instructors did a marvellous job which was evident in



Joyce and Jackie



Reme and Sadie

the applause they received. It struck me that when the Corp Band were playing how many of the old boys wanted to get up and march. There were feet stamping, arms swinging and at one stage I thought I saw Reme marching Pete Weedon up and down, shades of a troop sergeant, I think.

After the parade it was time to see the other displays but due to a change in the programme, everything was brought forward an hour because of the football. A few of us decided to go to the George 3rd pub on camp for a few wets and then down town again to put a bet on, (what a waste of money that turned out to be). A few more beers and it was time to go back to get ready for the evening in the Sergeants' Mess.

On entering the Mess, not only was I surprised, but so were many others at the dwindling numbers attending, compared to previous years.

There was also a distinct lack of serving members, not many red jackets to be seen at all. It seems that the 'three line whip' no longer exists. A shame really as it was tradition that serving members met Old Comrades and I'm sure there are some of you, like me, who have been there and done that.

However the evening did go well, meeting friends and catching up on old times. Frank Delpinto and his wife, Mary, were there, enjoying themselves, they are coming to the October reunion. Pete and Sadie, smoothy Reme chatting the women up (only joking, Sue) and then there was Joyce who had a fella in tow and Jackie playing gooseberry, as she has a hubby, not that, that stopped a lot of men talking to her.

Reme had a chat with Peter Cuckow RSA Secretary in Blandford and Peter mentioned how nice it would be if more of our members considered attending future RSA weekends. Of course seeing as we are an Associated body we can put in for accommodation. Now, I'm not saying that they can put us all up, but considering the amount of empty beds this year, they could put up a fair few.

On Sunday, after breakfast it was the church service followed by a march past of the Old Comrades and then dispersal.

Editors note—headline should of course read "Old Comrades etc" and the reunion referred to was last year's not this year's. Sorry Syd, but I can't get proper staff and the one I have got, is really bolshie.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—for those attaining that age.

Claiming your State Pension.

The Pension Service should automatically send you a claim form four months before you reach State Pension age.

If you haven't received this form three months before your birthday, you can:

call The Pension Service on 0845 6060265, or

download the claim form from The Pension Service website, print it out, complete it, then send it to your local Pension Office.

If you wish, you can put off claiming your State Pension until later:

You don't have to claim your State Pension as soon as you reach State Pension age. If you wish, you can put off claiming it and get a higher weekly amount or the option of a one-off taxable lump sum instead. Your local pension office will advise you.



Bradbury Barracks taken from 'Google Earth'. To see more go to www.earth.google.com

A big thanks, goes to Chris Gildea from 'CKG Consultancy' for printing this issue of our newsletter

Thanks Chris



The 1960s 16 Signal Regiment

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

Email: ted.theis@btinternet.com
www.the-60s-16ers.com/