

*Bradbury Mercury*  
1960s 16 Signal Regiment Reunion Club



Issue Number 37

Edited by Iain Haldane  
[www.the-60s-16ers.com](http://www.the-60s-16ers.com)

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**View of the River Neckar from Schloss Heidelberg**

*Reprinted by the kind permission of Kerry Styliancu ©  
the noted Northern (England) Landscape Photographer.*

Editors Ramble.

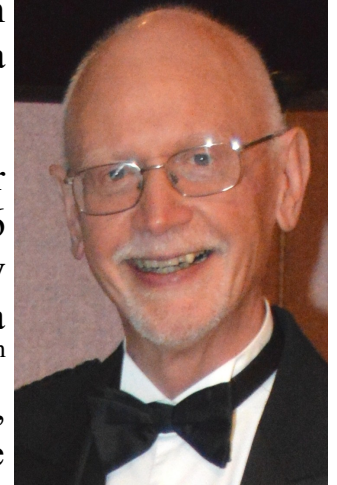
My memories of Marlene O'Hagan all seem to centre around the Pigs Bar or the Rugby Club. Rita and I remember their wedding very well. We went up to the camp and sat in the bar having a wee hauf before heading over to the church. Ken was sitting in the bar with his best man also having a wee hauf in fact many wee haufs. We left the bar before he had even left to get ready for the wedding. I had my Super8 cine camera with me that day and I used the whole 50ft (3 minutes) worth of film. If you want to see this piece of movie history contact me via email, and I will send you the link. Anyway, I filmed the guests arriving, Ken rushing across from the block just in time for the ceremony, and the wedding party posed outside the church after the service. The reason I am bringing this up is that Marlene and Ken did not see this film of their wedding. This you can put down to that phrase beloved of the military "The exigencies of the Service". I cannot remember all the reasons why not but we did not see Ken or Marlene until after Carol contacted me in January 2003. After Carol got hold of me, the word was passed round and Marlene phoned me. It was about 6.30 on a Thursday evening after we just had got in from work. As soon as I heard these dulcet tones enquiring about my health (how's it gaun ya big chancer) I knew it was Marlene. We chatted for a bit and I let her know that I was getting my Super8 films put on VHS and I would post a copy on to her. When we got the VHS Rita said lets go down there on Saturday and surprise them. We arrived at their door about 14:00. Ken's first words on opening the door were "Oh my God, Oh my God" and he then walked away leaving us on the doorstep. After asking him if we could come in, he said yes. Marlene appeared from walking the dog a few minutes later. After talking for what seemed like ages catching up on all about where, when how etc. we watched the tape. This was when they saw the movie of their wedding. This is my memory of Marlene; I will definitely miss her dulcet tones.

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A Happy New Year to you all! In addition, bearing our ages in mind, a healthy one too!

As you know, we have the Recce for our Stirling Reunion (Friday 14 – 16 October 2016) on the weekend Friday 19 - 21 February. Nicole is having a hip replacement operation on 9<sup>th</sup> February; I will have to play Nursie, but hope to join up with the Recce party through Skype (need to practice that with Iain before then).



As you will now know through the ComCen, Bill White has been liaising with the RSM of 16 Signal regiment at Stafford, and arranged a visit for Wednesday 20 April. So well done Bill and I am sure we will have an excellent turnout for that event.

We are getting a steady stream of new/returning members, due, in no small part to the enthusiasm and industry of Kerry, our Secretary – well done Kerry!

I look forward to seeing you both on the Regimental visit and on our reunion.

My very best wishes to you all!

*Peter Crane*

**Memories of Krefeld**  
**by**  
**Roger (Dodge) Kingham**

I arrived in Krefeld July 1964, and after completing Trade Training for ComCen Op, went to work down the “hole”. The only name I can remember from that time was Mick Dawson. Anyway, after about a month, I was summoned to the CO's office. When I go there, I was informed that as my Great, great, great, great Grandfather was Romanian, I was now classed as a security risk. Therefore, I was barred from working in the ComCen. I was taken onboard by the QM Techs Dept, under the wing of Lt John Johnson QM. He had served with the Corps in WW2, and had been, apparently, one of the most feared RSM's in the Corps, before taking his commission. The last I saw of him was in 7 Sigs Herford in 1975 where he was Lt Col (QM). Anyway, he steered me through Trade Training to Clerk Tech B2, and because my handwriting was fairly decent, I became the Ledger Clerk (no computers then!)



It was during this time October/November 1964 that 16 Regiment RA started to investigate under the square. After removing tons of Railway Sleepers that boarded up the entrance they found a massive set of steel doors, which with the aid of explosives, they opened. The slope going down was very steep, and very dark. They brought one of their large searchlights, which was then winched down using the REME Scammell Recovery Vehicle.

We were not allowed to go down too far; as it was flooded, but I do recall seeing what we later found out to be tank turrets at the far end by the HQ SQN Block. The RE divers that turned up, said it was too dangerous to go in, so it was sealed up again. The whole slope was boarded up and it became the QM Techs paint store. In addition, at that time, building work was going on in the Ammo Compound and traces of a narrow gauge railway line were found. One end was traced to the big mound at the top end of Westpark (which is assumed to be a shell store for the tanks ) the other way went behind the garages, cinema, cookhouse etc., to come out by the ramps, that the REME Lad lads used in the top corner of the camp.

It is believed that it also branched out under the square, which would make sense, but we wasn't allowed down there to find out. We were told by an Officer from Rheindahlen that the whole camp was riddled with underground passages, bomb shelters etc. Anyway enough of the history of

Neue Kaserna. The social life we had was brilliant. I have very fond memories of good nights in the NAAFI. I can recall the night before payday, when about 8 or 9 boys and girls used to pool our last few Deutschmarks to get the beers and pies!!

Does anyone remember the 3-minute phone calls to the UK, that you had to book with the WRVS lady. On Friday nights, we went across to the “Widows” for ham and eggs or to Gustavs for a good drink. Once a fortnight to the Eisstadion to watch Krefeld (they were in the top division then).

I made many friends during those years 1964-1967 when I got married. Names that spring to mind are John Smith, Gordon Scott, Charlie Wickham, Piggy Paxton (who kept me fit as I was in the athletics team) and also for my shooting exploits. The guys I worked with Mick Absom, Dinger Bell, Paddy Hearn (before he became RP Sergeant) Fred Searle, Paddy O'Mahoney, to name but a few. After getting married, our first Army Quarter was in Benrath. Ted and Hazel were our downstairs neighbours, and we travelled to and from Krefeld together. Our son born later, remembers “Auntie Hazel” rocking him to sleep in his pram (he is 47 now!!).

I believe Hazel still does the same thing to Ted now!! I was in Krefeld for nearly 5½ years, and obviously cannot put everything to pen, I could probably write a book!! Great memories, Great times, and good friends were made. If I have missed any names out (there are so many in 5½ years) I apologise. I went onto 30 Regt Blandford and was lucky enough to be a member of the very successful shooting team put together from all over the Corps by Major George Cowsill and Major Jeff Exell. Major George Cowsill was a Traffic Officer at “16”, and also my shooting mentor at Krefeld. My shooting exploits got me on to the Army Shooting Team and of all the medals and trophies I have, the ones I won at “16” will always be in pride of place.

A very special Regiment, very special people, never to be forgotten.

BLESS YOU ALL.

*Dodge*

## Brian Bloomfield

I was 21 when I did my National Service.<sup>1</sup> My apprenticeship was for Contract Electrician.<sup>2</sup> This covered Domestic, School, College, Factory, and Medium Heavy Plant. If you started an apprenticeship, usually four to five years, before call-up, you were allowed to complete the apprenticeship before you did your National Service. Because I was born before 1st October 1939, I had to do National Service on completion of my apprenticeship. My intake was 60/02 that translates to 21st January 1960. Intake 60/01 was 7th January 1960 so there were two weeks between intakes at that time.



**Passing out Parade Catterick March 1960**

proud of it "having thrown his down in disgust a few times" We won him best on parade.

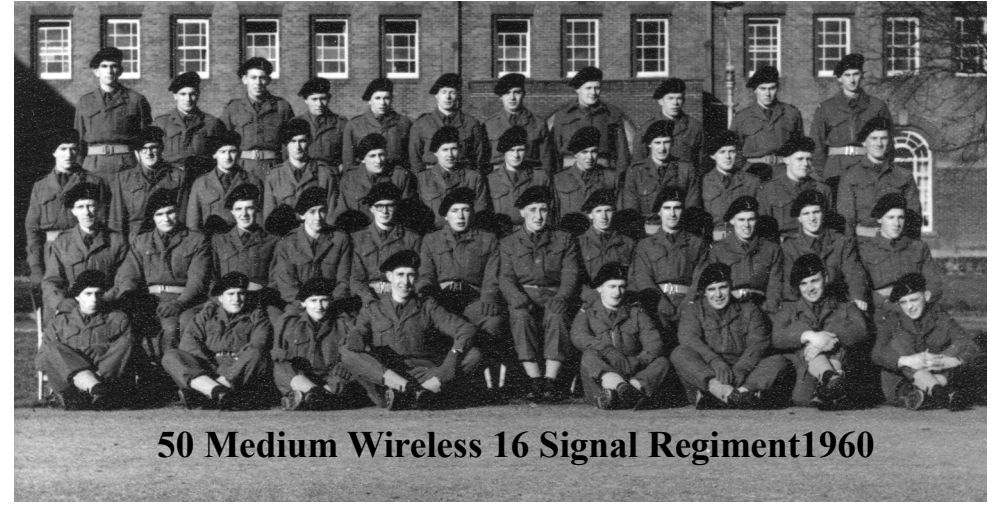
Lincoln was the Tg Op Training Regiment. We went to Loughborough for only a little while, I wonder if it was for 19 and 21 sets, still a bit hazy about that.

As part of our Augmentation Alert (Quick Train?), we travelled a lot along the Ruhr to other camps in Munster or Dortmund. These camps had Rockets sited in them. During the late evening protesters and some with Ban the Bomb symbols on themselves tried to climb and break in to the camp, the infantry quickly dealt with them. I think it was The Green Howards part of the Rifle Brigade. Their officers told us to man our trucks and wait for instructions. It fizzled out and the Green Howards had been hoping for a bit more fun.

My driver took ill; a German Officer took him to a hospital run by nuns. The Officer managed to get hold of a doctor to look at my driver. Turned out he had a burst appendix. He was casualty evacuated back to a UK hospital.

I spent some time in Monchengladbach Rheindahlen because of the GPO Postal strike in the UK.

Our basic training was 4 or 5 weeks. We did not spend much time on the rifle range. One day, if I remember correctly we changed rifles for parades etc from the regular 303 to the FN type. Our passing out parade is in March 1960. Our Cpl and WO2 said we had done extremely well so we bought him a pace stick. Cost us a fortune but he was very



My truck was stolen and the joy rider drove it around the camp. The numpty drove the truck over a tent, fortunately, nobody was hurt. Turned out to be my mate from home (he was Cipher Op)....some bleeding mate!

We did some long trips; others were just around the corner. We went down as far as Strasburg, across into Holland at Roermond. Also crossed over into Belgium. Spent some time in the Ardennes Forrest area. We went along the Ruhr a lot Wuppertal, Duisburg, Iserlohn, Munster, and up towards Hamburg. We took part in exercise with 2TAF and 4TAF and German tanks.

My promotion to L/Cpl came about after all the drivers were sent off to Egypt (Russians trying to buy Suez Canal.)

There was a big panic about the shortage of drivers so Major Baker decided to train as many of us as possible to drive. I drove most of all the vehicles on base. After I got my license, I was duly promoted to Corporal, excellent result.

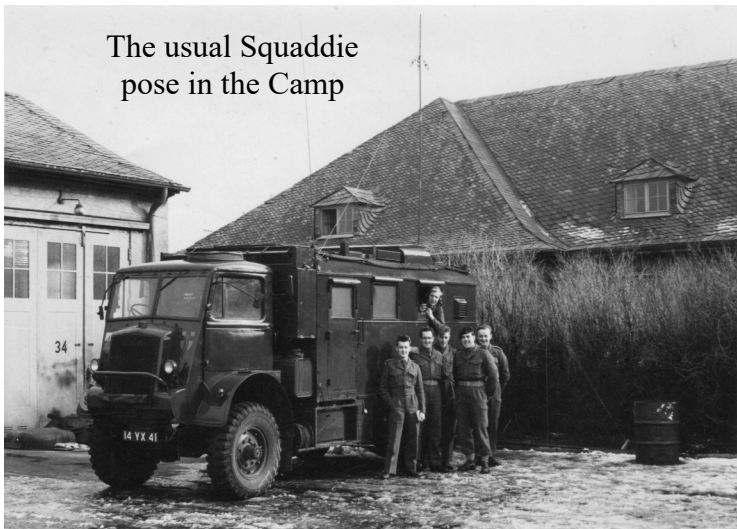
Once refereed a football match between Royal Sigs and the REME.

I also played hockey for Regiment on several occasions, this all down to Capt Swindells who was my troop OC.

I bumped into Capt Swindells in a petrol station 1977 that was not far from where I lived in Strood Rochester.

I was in Roermond in 2014. Took a trip to Krefeld to see the barracks. It is now a large business park.

While I was writing this article, it brought back many memories of all the great times I had during my National Service.



The usual Squaddie pose in the Camp

Some pictures from Brian's memory bank. Can you recognise any of these places.



This is mein the NAAFI Bar drinking a pint of Rixen Hell beer.

Really cammed up in some far off field in West Germany



That's me top left, I am the new guy the rest are just about to finish their National Service. The NAAFI Lounge Bar in 1960



View from Block 3. If you look at Iain's Movie you can the same view taken 8-9 years later.



Looking from Block 3 towards the cookhouse

<sup>1</sup>**National Service** as peacetime conscription was formulated by the National Service Act 1948. From 1 January 1949, healthy males 17 to 21 years old were expected to serve in the armed forces for 18 months, and remain on the reserve list for four years. They could be recalled to their units for up to 20 days for no more than three occasions during these four years. Men were exempt from National Service if they worked in one of the three "essential services": coal mining, farming and the merchant navy for a period of eight years. If they quit early, they were subject to being called up. Exemption continued for conscientious objectors, with the same tribunal system and categories. In October 1950, in response to the British involvement in the Korean War, the service period was extended to two years. To compensate the reserve period was reduced by six months. National Servicemen who showed promise could be commissioned as officers. National Service personnel were used in combat operations, including the Malayan Emergency, the Cyprus Emergency, in Kenya against the Mau Mau Uprising, and the Korean War, where conscripts to the Gloucestershire Regiment took part in the last stand during the Battle of the Imjin River. In addition, National Servicemen served in the Suez Crisis in 1956.

During the 1950s, there was a prohibition on serving members of the armed forces standing for election to parliament. A few National Servicemen stood for election in the 1951 and 1955 general elections in order to be dismissed from service.

National Service ended gradually from 1957. It was decided that those born on or after 1 October 1939 would not be required, but conscription continued for those born earlier whose call-up had been delayed for any reason. In November 1960, the last men entered service, as call-ups formally ended on 31 December 1960, and the last National Servicemen left the armed forces in May 1963.

<sup>2</sup>An **Electrical Contractor** is a businessperson or firm that performs specialized construction work related to the design, installation, and maintenance of electrical systems. Whether high-voltage power transmission or low-voltage lighting, electrical contractors ensure these systems work in a safe, effective, and environmentally sound manner.

An **Electrician** is a person trained (and usually licensed) to perform electrical work. An electrician can be an employee of an electrical contractor or is self-employed as an electrical contractor.

## 60s-16ers Visit to 16 Signal Regiment, Beacon Barracks, Stafford Proposed Itinerary.

Mid/Late Morning - Arrival, Briefing, Possible start visiting

Lunch: Taken in The JR Dining facility (to highlight how the cookhouse has changed)

Afternoon: Visit and tour to take in modern equipment, accommodation and meet personnel.

Evening - Dinner in Sergeants Mess. ( Dress lounge suits)

This is just a brief outline; more detail will be available on the 60s-16ers website.

We need an idea of numbers who wish to attend.

This is to include you in our planning and catering arrangements.

Please register your interest by e-mailing me at: [white1947@btinternet.com](mailto:white1947@btinternet.com)

The CO, RSM and I are all looking forward to what should be an enjoyable and educational event.

**Bill White**

### Suggested Accommodation.

There are two Premier Inn's 2.8 miles away from the camp.

**1st Choice:-Stafford North (Hurricane) 1 Hurricane Close, Stafford, ST16 1GZ**

**2nd Choice:- Stafford North (Spitfire) 1 Spitfire Close, Stafford, ST16 1GX**

These are very close to Junction 14 of the M6. See map below:





*60s-16ers Bideford October 2015*



## Marlene - A Eulogy - October 2015

Quiet, shy, reserved, reclusive, Marlene was not!!!

It is fair to say that if Marlene was in your company you would be well aware of both her presence and her views on whatever the current topic of conversation was.

It was only right that when Marlene decided to join the Women's Royal Army Corps in the 1960's that she was selected to be attached to The Royal Corps of Signals as a Communication Centre Operator because communicating her thoughts and views were never a problem to her!! Her language could be quite colourful and reflect her Scottish heritage. As they say you can take the girl out of Glasgow but you can't take Glasgow out of the girl!!

Marlene was an extrovert character who also liked the occasional cigarette. In fact it is probably fair to say that she got a bit more fresh air once smoking indoors was discouraged and she would often be found outside the front door of whatever establishment she was attending, with a gang of pals and a little cloud rising above them.

We represent The 60's 16ers which is a thriving reunion club consisting of male and female, friends who met whilst serving in 16 Signal Regiment in Krefeld in Germany in the 1960's. Marlene and Ken have both played active and key roles, in the regiment back in the 60's and later in our club. We can well remember Marlene's arrival in Krefeld, and her effect on both the unit and its social scene. We would like to think that both Marlene and Ken settled and matured following their meeting, courtship and marriage



although that may still be open to debate.

Although she had her challenges both in her personal and medical life she was always full of enthusiasm and vigour and was always a great asset to any of our

clubs functions. As I have hinted she could be quite blunt and direct at times but she also had a caring and softer side which was often shown in her great talent for poetry. So much so she was a much valued Poet Laureate to our club and as such she covered many sensitive and moving subjects, often supporting members in more difficult times.

As our thoughts now pass to Ken and Kenneth we can only try to imagine how devastated they must feel at Marlene's passing. We offer them and their family our deepest sympathy and condolences and hope that like us they may gain comfort from many happy memories spent in Marlene's company.

"We Will Miss Her" is a well-worn and often overused "saying", when reflecting on the loss of a good friend and character. Although I would suggest that in Marlene's case it couldn't be more apt. We will miss in particular, her buoyant, cheerful and magnetic personality, and sense of fun in all she undertook.

**Rest in Peace our  
good friend and Poet  
Laureate.**



# My Military Career

Part 2 by Elizabeth James (formerly Gibbs).

**Posting:** I was met at Gillingham station by a Sgt Berry in a 3-ton truck and fortunately there was another Greenhorn alongside called Marion Welsh, who was to become my best friend. She came from Kirkcaldy in Scotland! We were unceremoniously thrown into the back of the truck by the said Sgt who looked upon the both of us with utter disgust as we both sported Beehive hairstyles! This being a far cry from her well manicured brillcreamed, short back and sides, (she would have made a lovely model for male hair products)!

Arriving in the Royal Engineers barracks in Gillingham, where we were to be billeted, Marion and I alighted from our transport at the entrance to the W.R.A.C. accommodation, watched by a crowd of young squaddies. They behaved in such a way, that one would have thought they had been abandoned on a desert island for many, many, years. Latterly, we were to be informed that there was only a handful of W.R.A.C. and more than 300 engineers, most of which were undergoing basic training, the rest being permanent staff. Another problem was that the Cookhouse (now known as the Regimental restaurant), gave us the feeling that we lived in a Goldfish bowl!

Marion and I were told that we both would be working at the Royal Engineers depot in Chatham. I was to work alongside a Major Grant, the education officer, for Southern command and I was tasked with processing resettlement forms for retiring Engineers, education applications and managing the paper work for the Education centre. Our work place was a lovely 3-storey building with coal fires in every room, carpeted and with really excellent quality furniture. All in all, it was a fantastic place of work.

Major Grant was really old (around 50) and took a fatherly interest in me, even to the point of writing to my mother once a month, assuring her I was happy and being a good girl!!!! Every Friday we would drive down to Dover in his Old Rover car to visit his friend who just happened to be the C.O. of the Irish (Inniskilling) Dragoons, these visits were to discuss his men's educational needs as most of their SNCO's didn't have their class I education certificates. Afterwards we had tea in the CO's garden, the fact that I was a mere Private, did not seem to matter one iota! Thinking back to my 2 years spent in Chatham, brings back only truly wonderful

memories, which I still recall to this very day! Marion and I were the only two W.R.A.C. within the Depot, apart from Marion's boss, a WO11 who was rather like a mother to us and continuously warning us about BOYS in uniform. We never understood why we 2 were never asked out on a date, perhaps, they had been warned not to!!!

At the weekends a group of us girls would go down to Margate: This being the time of the Mods and Rockers! We never, ever, witnessed any fighting whatsoever, which led me to believe the press made more of the situation than they might have done. Back in barracks, some of us girls, with regularity, would scale the security gate after roll call and spend a few hours driving around with one of the girls married friends. This misdemeanour was nearly to prove fatal, as one night, coming back over the said gate; I caught my underwear on it and was totally trapped! Fortunately, I eventually managed to wriggle out of my passion killers and on doing so ran to the billet faster than Linford Christie before anyone could see me.

Once a year the Americans would come to town to see what the Royal Engineers had to offer in the way of equipment. It was to prove to be a fabulous time for us girls, as we were to be ferried around Gillingham in their amazing Gas Guzzlers. Alongside their visits, we would help in the hospitality tents and we would then be rubbing shoulders with Brigadiers, Generals, etc; I really did have a memorable 2 years!

I was rewarded with my first promotion after 9 months! Once a month I would travel home with 2 Welsh boys from the Valleys catching the milk train from London to Cardiff. This journey would take around 4 hours, and then I would catch the 0630 train to Rhymney and home to see Mammy. I had my first serious boyfriend, who I had met at a dance in Gillingham. He was a student Doctor, he had a Vespa scooter, and we would journey on the said vehicle all around Kent, which is such a beautiful county.

Sadly, my romance was to be short lived and it came to an end when the M.O.D. informed me that I was due for an overseas posting. Given choices: Aden, Singapore, Hong Kong, Cyprus, Tripoli, and believe it or not to the British Embassy in Bangkok. I was brazen enough to ask if I could be posted to Germany, my reasoning being, it would be easier to travel home. My wish was granted, and Krefeld was my destiny on promotion to Corporal. This was to be my home for the next 18 months.

## Scottish Cuisine.

Ok what can Scotland offer to the world? What about a Scottish Hangover Breakfast, which consists of Irn Bru and a square sausage on a morning roll (Not so heavy as a bap). The Irn Bru acts like a superior form of Lucozade and Buckfast Tonic wine. You can also have a Full Scottish that can have all or some of the following items.

Black pudding, Haggis, fried eggs, beans, link and square sausage, tomatoes, mushrooms, fried potato scone, fried soda bread, fried bread, grilled Ayrshire bacon and hash browns. This of course is accompanied by Tea or Coffee, buttered toast (No Margarine). You can of course have some porridge instead of or with all of the above. I did not realise until I joined up how good the food was in Glasgow. Many Italian-Scots can trace their ancestry back to the 1890s where their forefathers escaped

drought, famine and poverty in their homeland for a better life in Scotland. Along the some of the best Italian Restaurants in the UK are in Glasgow. Italian families ran many of the best Chippies. Also, do not forget the Ice Cream. After I joined up it was not until I tried Cornish Ice cream that I found something that could measure up to what I was used too back home. The next point I have to make is Cafe Latte. After I came out of the Army, I heard the buzz about the Starbucks coffee shops etc. Did not actually go into one until 1995 we were on our first visit to the USA. All that fancy coffee drank by the trendy people. I was drinking Cafe Latte while I was still at school. We just called it milky coffee. Certain cakes were not so readily available down south,



no Greggs in every town in England then. Scottish Snowball, a sponge mixture rolled into a ball cooked then sandwiched together with jam. This was then brushed over with heated jam or thin water icing and rolled in coconut. (See Picture) There is much more I could tell you about but I think you will see more when you visit Stirling or check out Greggs.



## Scottish Humour

What's the difference between a tightrope and a Scotsman? A tightrope sometimes gives.

They say that a "True Scot" in North America is one whose ancestors came from Scotland - but who were born in North America to save the fare.

Maisie was so mean she used to heat the knives so the family would use less butter.

Donald was so mean, when his suit needed cleaned he donated it to a charity shop - and bought it back when they had cleaned and pressed it.

An Englishman entered a bar and stood beside a Scotsman. After they had chatted for a while the Scot asked "Where are you from?" The Englishman replied "I'm from the finest country in the world." The Scot looked sceptical and replied "Are you? You have a damn funny accent for a Scotsman."

Did you hear what the English, the Irish and the Scots did when they heard the world was coming to an end? The English all went out and got drunk. The Irish all went to church. And the Scots had a closing down sale.

There are four kinds of people in the UK -  
First, there were the Scots who kept the Sabbath - and everything else they could lay their hands on;

Then there were the Welsh - who prayed on their knees and their neighbours;  
Thirdly there were the Irish who never knew what they wanted - but were willing to fight for it anyway.

Lastly there were the English who considered themselves self-made men, - thus relieving the Almighty of a terrible responsibility.

A philosophical Scotland supporter on the train south to attend the match with England was heard to comment: "No matter if we win or lose this game, we will still be winners in the game of life, because when our opponents waken up tomorrow they'll still be English and we won't."

Jeannie and Morag, two golden-agers from Inverurie were discussing their husbands over lunch. "I do wish that my John would stop biting his nails. He makes me terribly nervous," said Jeannie. "My Angus used to do the same thing," Morag replied. "But I broke him of the habit." Jeannie looked impressed and asked: "Really, how?" Morag smiled knowingly and replied: "Easy, I hid his false teeth."

Donald was lying on the operating table, about to undergo surgery at the hands of his only son. Donald looked up and said: "Remember lad - if anything happens to me, your mother would have to come and live with you..."

## Kerry & Christine's Rhine Cruise Amsterdam to Basel Switzerland.

On Sunday, 26th July 2015, we flew from Manchester to Amsterdam where a Viking Cruise rep met and escorted us to our ship, Viking Sun. After being shown our cabin we had a buffet lunch and then got to know the ship.



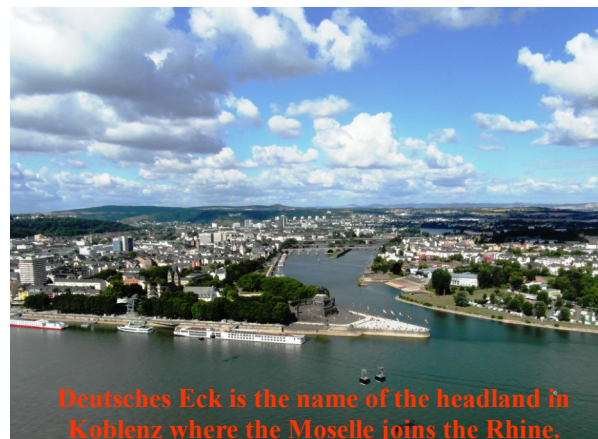
On the Monday, we arrived in the village of Kinderdijk. Nowhere around the world can you find a place like Kinderdijk. Kinderdijk is the only place in the world where you can find so many windmills

concentrated on such a short area. This is one of the reasons why Kinderdijk has been added to the UNESCO world heritage list. So of course, this is the reason why we were there. Unfortunately, it was raining quite hard so Christine decided to purchase a Helle Hanson jacket. But, when it rained even harder we opted to stay on board and I photographed the windmills from under a canopy on the sun deck.



On Tuesday (raining again) the ship stopped briefly in Zons to allow the group going, by coach, on the Cologne City Tour to disembark. We had a look round the old town and visited the Great Saint Martin's Church before returning to the ship that had by now docked in Cologne.

Wednesday, at last sunshine and we have arrived in Koblenz. Took a cable car ride up to Eherbreitstein Fortress, a tour I highly recommend. The guide was brilliant with his narration of its history as he acted and dressed as a



Deutsches Eck is the name of the headland in Koblenz where the Moselle joins the Rhine.

19th century British Army Royal Engineer spy during the Franco/Prussian war. We thoroughly enjoyed this tour. We travelled to Braubach and returned to the ship for lunch. The ship then sailed on to Rudesheim. In the evening, we took a mini-train into Rudesheim for dinner at one of the restaurants with live music (Oompah Band).

On the Thursday morning, we went by coach to Heidelberg for a guided tour of the castle. We also saw the University (but only from the outside) which took us up to lunchtime. We then had 2 hours free time and I took Christine off on our own to a nice restaurant by the river (where she had her first ever-German meal) before getting the coach back to the ship. We spent the afternoon on the sundeck taking photos and relaxing.



Schloss Heidelberg Courtyard. You can just see part of the Deutsches Apotheken-Museum on the right of the photograph.

We decided on Friday to give the Strasbourg Tour a miss. Again, we relaxed on the sundeck in brilliant sunshine.



Saturday was our last full day. After sailing overnight, we arrived in Breisach. After breakfast, we travelled by coach to Colmar, what a beautiful, old city. I would recommend a trip to Colmar to anyone going to Germany. After lunch, we went back to the ship. Then we were off again, again by coach, to the Black Forest. The scenery



viewed from the coach was fantastic. On the way, we stopped to visit a glass blowing workshop. Christine now wishes she had bought a piece. Saw the building where one whole side of the house is a giant cuckoo clock, complete with water wheel to run it. We went inside to see the clocks being made and other items which were on sale and visited the restaurant/cafe for a piece of Black Forest Cake (where they made it in front of you) - lovely. During the journey we met couples from America, Barbados and Mexico and, of course, couples from the rest of the UK.



We reached Basel in Switzerland in the early hours of Sunday morning, and after getting up, we finished packing before going to breakfast. We disembarked and boarded the coach that took us to the airport. It was a mid afternoon for the flight back to Amsterdam, and then we transferred for a flight to Manchester, arriving home at about 11:00pm.

I think this might do for next years Reunion. Just a few nails and a splash of paint it will be as good as new.

*Kerry Stylianou*

Kerry Stylianou received this email from Caroline Addison RSA Admin Officer.

Dear Secretary

Following the very sad announcement of the recent death on the 23rd January of the WIRE Editor, Major (Retired) Keith Pritchard, his funeral details are:

12 pm on Thursday 11th February 2016 at the Crematorium Poole. The service will be followed by a wake at the Ashley Wood Golf Course at 1.30 pm.

Addresses for both locations are:

**SERVICE** - Poole Crematorium, Gravel Hill, Broadstone, Poole BH17 9BQ  
<http://www.poole.gov.uk/communities-and-people/births-deaths-marriages-and-civil-partnerships/deaths/cremations/poole-crematorium/#Directions>

**WAKE** - Ashley Wood Golf Course, Wimborne Road, Blandford Forum DT11 9HN  
[www.ashleywoodgolfclub.com](http://www.ashleywoodgolfclub.com)

**ATTENDANCE** - Those wishing to attend the funeral service and/or the wake are required to pass their details to Mrs Jess Lawson at: [subscriptions@royalsignals.org](mailto:subscriptions@royalsignals.org) or Telephone - 01258 482087 Mil - 94371 2087

**FLOWERS/DONATIONS** - Keith's widow, Sherry, has requested that flowers at the service should be from family only and that those wishing to make a donation in memory of Keith may do so to the following chosen charities: Julia's House or the Royal Signals Benevolent Fund (RSBF)

I know that Keith will be sadly missed by so many of us across the Corps

Certa Cito

*Caroline*

Caroline Addison  
RSA Admin Officer  
HQ R SIGNALS  
Griffin House  
Blandford Camp  
Dorset DT11 8RH  
Tel: 01258 482090  
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Visit us at <http://royalsignals.org/>

## What the Abbotts did on their holiday.

Here are a few of the highlights of our tour of New Zealand followed by a three-week stay in Australia.



In Auckland, we did the Waitemata Harbour sightseeing cruise on a catamaran where we were supposed to sit back and relax as we were told it's the best way to see

Auckland. We were hit by a thunderstorm and could not see a thing through the windows but everyone on board had a good laugh.

Visited the Waitomo Caves and toured the Glow Worm Grotto by boat then went on to Rotorua to visit the Whakarewarewa Thermal Reserve with its mud pools and geysers.



Spent the evening at a Maori Hangi (traditionally cooked dinner) and concert where Chris was taught how to do the Haka.

Went to Rainbow Springs Nature Park and saw a couple of kiwis then watched a demonstration at the Agrodome Sheep Show, which was surprisingly entertaining.



Flew from Rotorua to Christchurch from where we journeyed on the Tranzalpine train from Darfield through the Southern Alps to Arthur's Pass.



Called into Hokitika, discovered this unusual beach, which was covered with driftwood and then visited the jade factory. Next, we arrived at Franz Joseph where we took a

beautiful scenic helicopter ride over the Franz Joseph and Fox Glaciers and were able to make a snow landing although we were not able to fly around Mount Cook due to high winds.

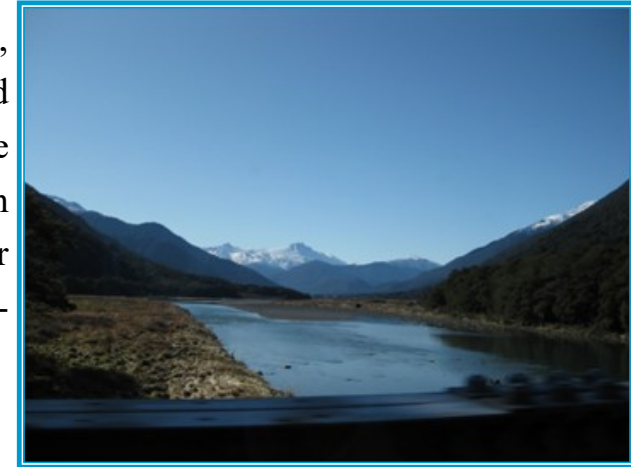


We drove over the Haast Pass, past Thunder Creek Falls, lakes Wanaka, Hawea and Dustan then travelled on to the historic gold mining Arrowtown on the Arrow River, once one of the world's richest rivers.



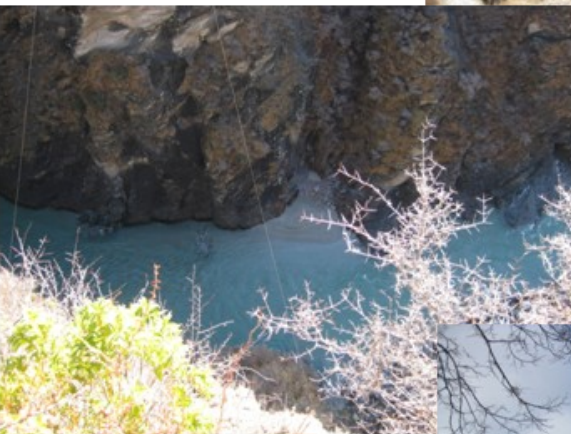
The following day was an early start (7.15am) for the long drive from Queenstown down to Milford Sound via the Devil's Staircase then on through the rain forests of the

Fiordland National Park, sighting glaciers and mountain ranges. Drove through the hand-hewn 1.2 kilometre long Homer Tunnel to the breathtaking views beyond.



Unfortunately, it began to rain as we approached the Sound so our second boat trip was a bit of a washout.

Back in Queenstown, we opted to take a 4WD minibus tour of Skippers Canyon, which was a nerve-racking drive along a single-track dirt road that was either muddy or



covered with ice and snow, with sheer drops down into the canyon.

In the evening, we took a

gondola ride to the Skyline Restaurant for dinner



where Chris enjoyed his favourite food.

The final day of our tour took us back to Christchurch where the devastation of the earthquake in 2011 is still evident. The centre of the town had been flattened and new build is an ongoing project. These



185 white chairs are a memorial to those killed as a result of the earthquake, 115 people lost their lives in one building, the site of which is now another memorial. The resourcefulness of the

nation is a wonder to behold. They have built a new shopping centre using old shipping containers to enable some of the business to carry on trading.

There is still a long way to go to restore the city to its former glory and it is likely to take several more years as the money from some insurance companies has dried up and several buildings still stand in the same sorry state from that fateful day.

We then flew to Sydney in order to attend the wedding of Chris's daughter, Kim, to her long-time boyfriend, Greg, with whom she emigrated to Australia five years ago. They have just been accepted as Australian citizens. The wedding



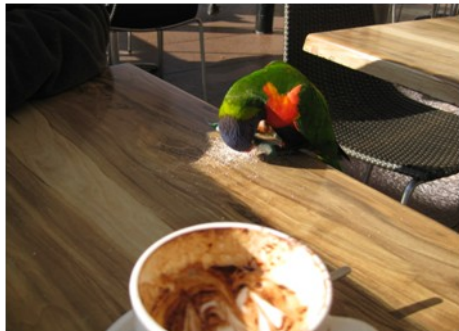
took place in Terrigal, which is about 80k from Sydney where we all stayed in luxury apartments for four days. It was an unconventional day and we enjoyed a game of barefoot bowls after the ceremony (spot the bride in her wedding dress at the far end of the green).



During our time in Sydney we walked both ways over the harbour bridge every day, used the double decker trains and ferries to get around sightseeing. Went to Cockatoo Island, which was



originally used as a penal colony for transportees then later for shipbuilding, visited Taronga Zoo and Manly. Loved the Circular Quay area with the Opera House and The Rocks area with its Heritage buildings.



Walked around the Botanical Gardens. Met this sugar-stealing Lorikeet when we stopped for coffee. Darling Harbour was very busy due to the boat show that was taking place at the time. Took a ride on the open-top tourist bus and saw the famous Bondi Beach, which we found rather unimpressive – the beach at Manly was nicer and just as popular with the surfers.

Went to Sydney Fish Market for breakfast where Chris dined on prawns and Moreton Bay Bugs (Slipper Lobsters).



Managed to take a picture of these five kookaburras sitting on a branch



overlooking the harbour from the gun battery defences at Georges Head – they were obviously on sentry duty!

Our final week was spent with Sheila's relatives in Adelaide where we spotted a koala in a tree whilst driving around

the Adelaide foothills, went down to Victor Harbour, visited the Barossa Valley and did a spot of wine tasting then, sadly, it was time to fly back to dear old Blighty. Hope you enjoyed our trip down-under as much as we did.





### *View of the Wallace Monument from the Hotel Patio*

This will be the backdrop for the Group Photograph if we experience and Indian Summer at Stirling.

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 August 2016 edition please submit by 30th June 2016**



#### **The 1960s 16 Signal Regiment**

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

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