

Bradbury Mercury



Our Chairperson's Message

Happy New Year to one and all and I wish everyone a happy, healthy and prosperous 2020.

Our updated Constitution, which was passed by the membership at the AGM in October, can now be viewed on our website under "Terms of Membership".

As you all know, the dates for this year's recce at The Cairn Hotel in Harrogate are the 3rd and 4th of April and I look forward to seeing you there. I'm

sure we can put our faith in Dave and Syd to organise another great reunion which this year will be our 25th Anniversary. Let's make it the most memorable one yet!

Chris Abbott



Inveraray Castle



Bill White was driving so this allowed me to get this picture on 4th December last year.

The hereditary seat of the dukes of Argyll, Inveraray Castle has been headquarters of the Clan Campbell since the early 15th century. The gray-green stone castle is among the earliest examples of Gothic Revival in Britain and offers a fine collection of pictures and 18th-century French furniture, old porcelain, and an Armoury Hall, which alone contains 1,300 pieces. On the grounds is a **Combined Operations Museum**, the only one of its kind in the United Kingdom. It illustrates the role No. 1 Combined Training Centre played at Inveraray in World War II. On exhibit are scale models, newspaper reports, campaign maps, photographs, wartime posters and cartoons, training scenes, and other mementos.

Iain's Ramblings

This is Friday Afternoon on 31st I am making at last attempt at writing something for the Bradbury Mercury. While Rita and I were talking over coffee at the Gyn this a.m. I came up with Old & New Memories that brings a smile to us even now after all this time.

Old memories. Herford, we were there for five years. Two married quarters in that time, first one I signed over from Des Roberts. Moved into the second one after first son was born. Two memories. We lived in Schotmar, very nice little town. You could leave our flat go out down the driveway, turn left and then walk up round Schotmar keep turning left and up back the flat. Before our second son was born, I used to take Jonathan for a walk after our evening meal to allow Rita to get some time to herself. I enjoyed the walk, it helped tire him out and got to talk to many of the locals. I found out that they were not used to seeing children under the age of three out walking. Children in our area were normally pram bound till after the age of three. Of course, me being me, we would stop at the Schnell Imbiss. Ours sold beer along with usual Bratwurst and chips. I would get myself a Bratwurst and a Chips and Mayo for Jonathan. There were usually three or four older German gentlemen having a few beers and we would engage in conversation. They were amazed to see Jonathan sitting up and eating the chips with his disposable fork. It took about two or three months before Rita became aware of what I had been doing on these walks. She said that Jonathan kept waving to these old gentlemen as she pushed his buggy past the Schnell Imbiss. I said without thinking, "Oh he probably wants his Chips and Mayo. Oops." I then told her the full story. He was nearly two years old when this took place. The other memory is about the Italian Ice Cream Café. It was strawberry season and the Café had a Strawberry Sundae on Special. It was a nice hot Sunday when Rita and I took the kids in for the treat. Point to note the owner was an Italian working in Germany (They used to go back to Italy for about four months over the winter.) I am a jock in Germany ordering 4 Strawberry Sundaes (In German). He looked at me with surprise, no not that he understood correctly. He queries my order. He said, "You want four Sundaes even one for the youngest boy?" I said, "Yes" I then watched as he went back to the counter and I could see him telling the server (his daughter) what had happened. That the order was for four, even the youngest. When Sundaes were delivered, he then brought over a chair and put it down at the end of the booth so he could watch Duncan eat his Sundae. Duncan had to stand



Iain Haldane

on the bench in order to be able to reach his Sundae.

We lived in Wassenberg Quarters. We had just come back after a visit to our families in Taunton & Glasgow. Our neighbours two doors down were Joyce and Stuart Williams, both from Scotland. We had come back with some food goodies from Glasgow. We gave Joyce a four pack of mutton pies that afternoon, Stewart was still at work. At about six o'clock I was in our kitchen, I looked up to see Stuart, still in uniform walking past. He was obviously coming to our door as we were at the end of the row. I let him in, and he thanked us for the pies. He was the shift technician and as such was the 1st line guy to go to for any problems with the systems. Anyway, he came home from work with, as he put it "Ma heid was nippin". (In English: Stinging, annoyed, stressed out etc.) He said Joyce noticed this very quickly and just said, "Your dinner is on the table." and made herself scarce. He said, "I looked down and saw that my dinner consisted of Mutton pie, Baked beans and Chips." This was the staple diet to lots Glaswegian kids. He said, "After I ate my pie, chips and beans all was at peace with the world, so thank you."



New Memory. Our oldest son bought himself the Amazon Alexa. He demonstrated it us during Christmas week, he even bought some Wi-Fi light switches and Sockets. You control the switches and or sockets via Alexa commands. Much fun. After seeing that I looked up Amazon and the Echo Dot was available for half price. It only took a couple days to get here considering the order was placed on 1st January. I read the instructions and switched on the Echo Dot (Alexa). I followed Alexa's instructions and did the voice test. You repeat what she says till Alexa is satisfied. You need to play a bit to get familiar with the necessary Commands you need to use. I got Rita to do the voice test, as per normal Rita has problems talking to computers, after a few giggle fits we managed to complete the voice test. I am now using Alexa as a timer for cooking "**Alexa, (pause) Timer 30 minutes**" Alexa replies **Timer 30 Minutes**. I find this better than looking at a clock/watch etc. When time is up Alexa starts flashing with an alarm sound. To switch off the alarm you have to say **Alexa Stop**. Rita still does not liking speaking to Alexa. She always had problems speaking to telephone answering machines. I started asking Alexa questions, so I said **Alexa What to think about Rita?** Alexa replied with "**Uhhh**". So far we say good morning to Alexa and she will tell us many things, news, weather etc but does not want to good morning back. OK all for now got to send this out asap.

<i>Subject Matter</i>	<i>Page Number</i>
<i>Chairperson's Letter — Chris Abbott</i>	<i>Front Page</i>
<i>Inveraray Castle — Iain Haldane</i>	<i>Front Page</i>
<i>Iain's Ramblings — The Editor</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>Content Index for Bradbury Mercury</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>Condemned to Death — Steve Icton</i>	<i>3 & 4</i>
<i>My Adventure in Borneo — Noreen Dixon</i>	<i>5 to 10</i>
<i>Group Photo from Bournemouth — Iain Haldane</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>Continuing Lorna Almonds-Windmill Story — Lorna Almonds-Windmill</i>	<i>12 & 13</i>
<i>Twelve Commandments for Seniors — Anon</i>	<i>13</i>
<i>Soldier Poets — Bob Cook</i>	<i>14 & 15</i>
<i>More Jokes — Anon</i>	<i>16</i>
<i>Travels with Bill White — Iain Haldane</i>	<i>17 to 19</i>
<i>Advert</i>	<i>20</i>
<i>Inveraray Castle, 4th December 2019 — Iain Haldane</i>	<i>Back Page</i>

Condemned to Death.

In 1966 while on detachment from the regiment to Rheindahlen I did a spell of restrictions of privileges (rp's). It was a case of being in the right place at the wrong time, the right place was the married quarters the wrong time was after midnight, but that's another story.

Each night after work I reported to the British Military prison situated in the camp and run by NCO's from various regiments. From my first night there I saw a young woman sat in an open cell attended by a female RMP they were playing cards. I was told that the young woman had been sentenced by a court martial to death by hanging!

She was a Scottish lady who had been in an abusive marriage with a fellow Scot serving with a Scottish Regiment. Apparently, they had been arguing over birth control one being a Catholic and one a Protestant she had seized a kitchen knife and stabbed her husband to death!

She was arrested and charged with murder and being classed as a dependant of the army, she was tried by court martial, found guilty and the court passed the only sentence they had for the crime, which was death by hanging!

Of course, this caused a furore in the U.K. as capital punishment had been abolished for civil crimes but, obviously parliament had not amended Queens Regulations. The laws were quickly changed, and dependants were no longer to be tried by a panel of "beribboned, be-whiskered, crusty old Colonels" and courts martial could no longer hand out death sentences.

Of course, no one thought she would hang but, for a time before she went to Scotland to serve her commuted sentence, she was the last person to be condemned to death by a court martial.

Steve Iceton

September 2019

After I had read the above account by Steve, I was interested enough to read up on the Abolition of the Death Penalty in the United Kingdom. On the following page is a quick summary I dug up from Wikipedia.

In 1965 the Labour MP Sydney Silverman, who had committed himself to the cause of abolition for more than 20 years, introduced a Private Member's Bill to suspend the death penalty for murder. It was passed on a free vote in the House of Commons by 200 votes to 98. The bill was subsequently passed by the House of Lords by 204 votes to 104. The Murder (Abolition of the Death Penalty) Act 1965 came into effect on 9 November 1965.

Silverman was opposed in the General Election 1966 in the Nelson and Colne constituency by Patrick Downey, the uncle of Lesley Anne Downey, a victim in the Moors murders case, who stood on an explicitly pro-hanging platform. Downey polled over 5,000 votes, 13.7%, then the largest vote for a genuinely independent candidate since 1945.

The Murder (Abolition of Death Penalty) Act 1965 suspended the death penalty in Great Britain (but not in Northern Ireland) for murder for a period of five years, and substituted a mandatory sentence of life imprisonment; it further provided that if, before the expiry of the five-year suspension, each House of Parliament passed a resolution to make the effect of the Act permanent, then it would become permanent. In 1969 the Home Secretary, James Callaghan, proposed a motion to make the Act permanent, which was carried in the Commons on 16 December 1969, and a similar motion was carried in the Lords on 18 December. The death penalty for murder was abolished in Northern Ireland on 25 July 1973 under the Northern Ireland (Emergency Provisions) Act 1973.

Does the Death Penalty help to prevent Murders?

After reading Steve's article I started to research the question in the title.

Amnesty International reported that while the number of countries practising the death penalty has continued to decline, the number of people executed has increased in recent years. According to their report, more people were executed worldwide in 2015 than in any year since 1989. Three countries were responsible for almost 90% of the executions in 2015; Iran, Saudi Arabia and Pakistan.

The evidence from the United States suggests that while the death penalty does not have a detrimental effect on crime rates, it is possible these results may not be applicable to the rest of the world.

Comparing the crime rates of countries which retain the death penalty and countries which have abolished it is problematic. This is because the vast cultural differences between countries can obscure trends and relationships. Because of this, researchers have tended to examine crime rates in countries that have abolished the death penalty, before and after.

For example, **one study**¹ examined the abolition of the death penalty in Canada. The study found that the homicide rate per 100,000 of the population fell from a peak of 3.09 in 1975, the year before the death penalty for murder was abolished, to 2.41 in 1980. The homicide rate in Canada has remained significantly lower than before abolition ever since. A **further study**² examined the murder rates in Hong Kong for a 35-year period beginning in 1973 and found that the abolition of capital punishment had little impact on crime levels.

There is so much readily available information on this subject so you will have to make up your own mind. Personally I believe that execution is wrong. I am off the opinion that it is too often used to silence people who have a different set of values/ideas to the government. This subject matter is too emotive for me to take any further. I will leave it for you the reader to dwell on.

1 <http://www.sfu.ca/~allen/deter.pdf>

2 https://www.stanfordlawreview.org/?webauth-document=articles%2Fdonohue_0.pdf

My Adventure Holiday in Borneo, July/August 2019.

For some time, I had wanted to visit Borneo and when I mentioned my plan to friends and family, I found that others were interested too. My eldest daughter, Karen was the first to come forward, but as she is a teacher could only travel in school holiday time. Then Lorraine, a friend who works for Border Force in Dover joined the gang, but Brexit was controlling any plans she had for holidays. Finally Sally, a nursing friend decided to come as well. It took some time for us to find the right date and tour to fit in with all our lives. We settled on a company called Explore who offered an adventure holiday jungle trekking, leaving Heathrow July 27th and arriving home August 7th. It turned out to be a real adventure and yet a wonderful holiday.

The four of us spent hours researching and planning. We wanted to be prepared for anything the jungle threw at us. We bought all the gear including leech socks, long sleeved shirts, hats, micro towels, and lots of Deet (insect repellent). I laughed and said I would never wear leech socks, but I assure you I did once I saw where we were going.

Our flight was overnight to Kuala Lumpur and then on to Kota Kinabalu the capital of Borneo. After 16 hours travelling, we were more than happy to reach our destination. We spent a day in Kota Kinabalu (KK) acclimatising to the heat and wondering all time what was in store for us over the next few days. When we read this sign just outside our hotel, we breathed a sigh of relief that we were all female!!!



Before we headed out to the jungle, we managed to find some interesting places in KK.



Egg seller on the market!!



Fish market.

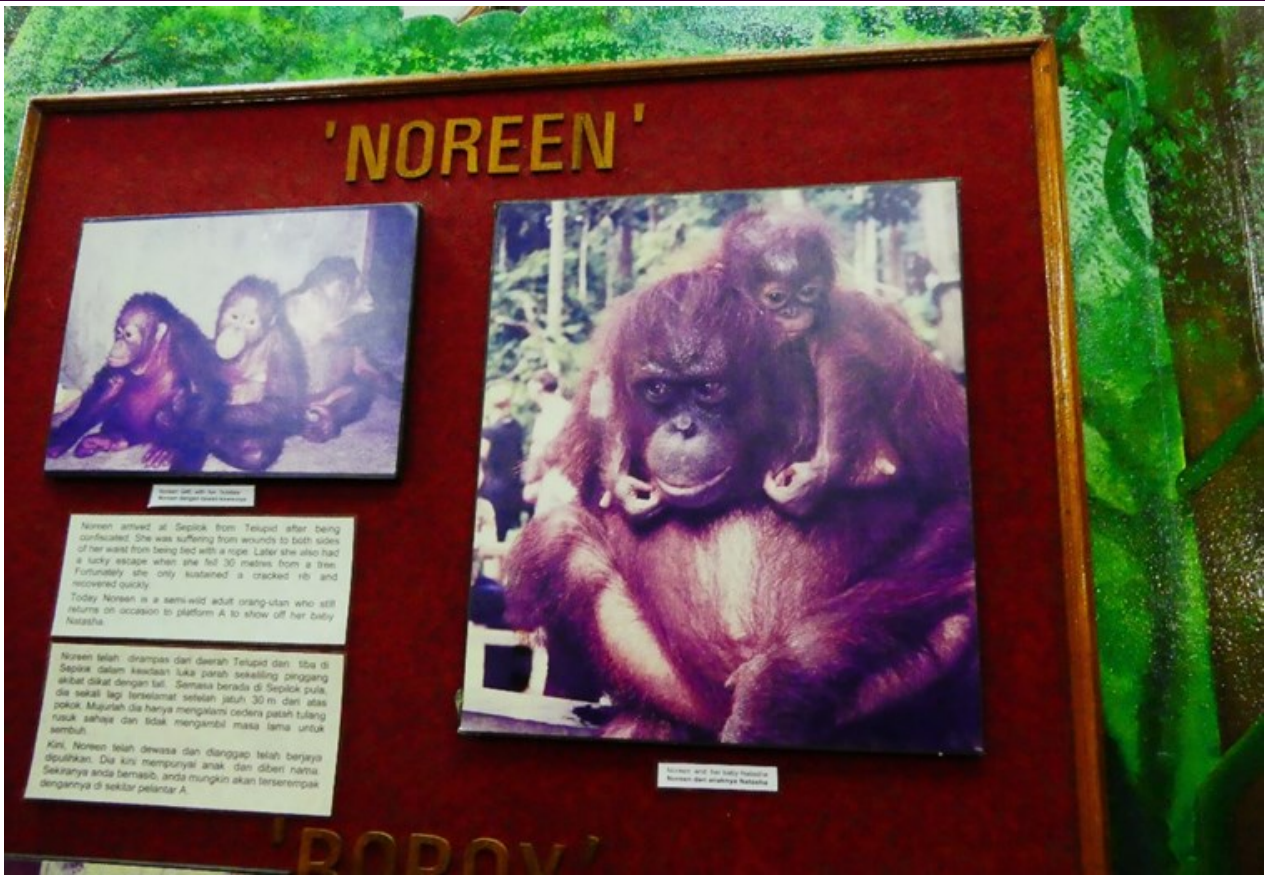
We headed out towards Sepilok in two vehicles, 9 people in each, stopping for first night at the foothills of Mount Kinabalu. We were booked into a Homestay where a local village family put us up for the night. Although this was basic accommodation our hostess, Barbara was delightful.

Back row, Nicky (New Zealander), Lorraine and Graham (retired accountant). Front row, Barbara (our hostess), Sally, me and Karen. We saw pineapples growing on the hillside and invited to pick them but as the hill was more than a little steep, we declined. Later we were entertained by the village children and a supper was prepared by the villagers, which included dishes we had never heard of and to be honest we were a little wary of eating.



The next day we stopped at Poring Hot Springs which as the name suggests was a series of hot springs below the mountain. Above the hot springs we were invited to take a walk over the jungle canopy. I was not keen on this as I have always been a little frightened of heights. However, once challenged I had to do it! Then on to sanctuary for orphaned orangutans at Sepilok, this was an amazing place where staff helped the orphans to develop their natural instincts to enable them to be released into the wild.

The only human contact, these orphans have is with their keepers, they are encouraged to behave in an orangutan way and stay off the ground. As you see here, they do not always do as they are told!



There was great hilarity with my fellow travellers when they saw this picture!

My namesake was found in the jungle tied to a tree. She had very severe wounds to her abdomen from the rope securing her. She was brought to the sanctuary and when well enough, she was released back into the jungle. Now she visits the sanctuary regularly to show off her babies. That night found us at the Greenview Guest House in Sukau. I would describe the accommodation as interesting to say the least! I found rodent droppings on my pillow!!!



My single accommodation was the door on the right. I had a shower over the toilet, a sink the size of a small mixing bowl and only cold water. Now we all felt we were adventurers.

We were here to spend time on the Kinabatangan river, we had several trips out at different times of the day including a night trip. There was plenty of wildlife to see, mostly monkeys and birds but we did meet one rather large crocodile which was nearly the size of our boat.

Finally, after driving through miles and miles of palm trees we arrived at the Danum Valley Research Centre which situated in the jungle and the main focus of our trip. As we had been warned, this was basic but cleaner than some places we had stayed, the biggest drawback was no electricity between the hours of 11pm and 7am, consequently no reading, no fans, no water and nights were very hot. We ate in a communal dining room with other guests and researchers, the food was fine although I am not keen on curry for breakfast.



Here we are kitted out for our very first jungle trek. I did put on those leech socks!!



I suppose one of my lasting memories of the jungle will be the heat. Twice daily treks into the jungle ensured that we were in and out of cold showers several times a day. We improvised drying facilities on the veranda outside the rooms, but because of the humidity clothes never felt really dry.

We were hoping for sightings of pygmy elephants on our treks but sadly all we saw was evidence of their presence on the trails (mostly pooh!). We did see wild pig, deer and any number of huge insects and birds.



Millipede looked as if it was armour plated.



Termite run.



Preying mantis



I do not think any of us had experienced such heat before, but we all agreed it was worth it. At one point we cooled off in the river trying not to think what might have been in the water with us.

I do not think any of us had experienced such heat before, but we all agreed it was worth it. at one point Nearing the end of our holiday and we headed back to KK with dreams of hot showers and comfortable beds. We really appreciated all the comforts of the hotel, we sampled cocktails on the waterfront, and bought some souvenirs.

Our holiday was still not over as we had booked an extra four days at Borneo Beach Villas for a little rest and recuperation before we flew home. It was an amazing place and we made full use of all the facilities, we swam in the South China Sea, we ate fresh fish and drank a fair amount of wine in the most beautiful surroundings.



Daytime view from our Villa.



Evening view from our Villa.

Noreen Dixon



60s-16ers Reunion The Suncliff Hotel Bournemouth 19th October 2019

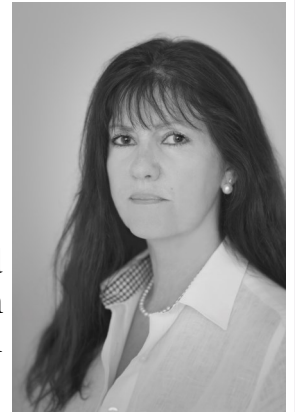
You may remember I was having some problems getting my Camera/flash to work properly on the night I took the Group Photograph. I did my fault finding after the event and discovered that the Flash Shoe on the camera was loose. This meant that all the flash settings kept changing mainly meaning there was too much flash given me wipe out pictures. I only managed two photographs showing my presence. I will let you choose the best. In the second picture I am explaining to Audrey Walker why you should be looking at the camera, and not chatting after the button for the timed exposure has been pressed.



The continuing Saga of 16th Signal Regiment in the 1960s.

Lorna Almonds-Windmill's Krefeld Story!

16 Signal Regiment – the Bielefeld Part



In October 1966, by now a Lieutenant, I was posted from Krefeld to 1 (BR) Corps. I took over from a Royal Signals officer in the Bielefeld Signal Troop who had left before I got there. The OC was Captain Giles Brandreth. There were no women in the troop so I got stuck in on male officer duties.

We had a signal centre, special detachments up the sharp end (Special Ammunition Sites) and responsibility for a major telephone exchange staffed by German women employed by the *Bundesposte*. At peak busy times of day when Brigadier Charles Page couldn't get a call through to HQ BAOR in Rheindahlen, I would go along to the exchange and in my limited German, persuade one of the ladies to give him a priority line.

I was also Custodian Officer. Cpl (Ted) Theis and I would spend hours locked in the Cipher Office together. I recall counting the pages of special documents every day and signing that they were all there. Cpl Hanrahan (sorry, don't know his Christian name – but he was known as 'the last of the big spenders') and I used to make solemn trips outside to a wire incinerator to burn classified documents. And I then I would sign a document which certified that I had seen ashes stirred. The Cold War wasn't going to catch us napping.

My first experience of kit inspection was quite unlike any kit-checking I had carried out for WRAC in the past. As I walked along the rows of bed spaces (and grinning men), accompanied by Sergeant Hambleton, I selected, as I thought was usual, several sets of kit to inspect in detail. First I counted that all was present and correct. (Out of the corner of my eye, I could see items of kit being tossed along the row of beds to those I hadn't yet reached. I pretended I hadn't noticed.)

I opened up a pair of socks. Big mistake! They had no feet in them. I opened up some vests: they were more hole than vest. I studiously avoided the underpants.

When it was time for annual range classifications, Giles, my boss, thought it would be good if he and I alternated as the officers in charge of the firing point and the butts. Fine. I got into combat kit. He wanted me to go first so I checked my weapon – at which point several of the troop shouted, 'Look out! Ma'am's got a gun!' This shouting stopped after I had decorated my crouching Hun target with some neat grouping. I then went down to the butts where I shouted out the timing of the exposures as the targets were pushed up and down. One comment I heard was, 'It must be Willy McShane on the other end of this. He hasn't hit it once. We'd better not have another war.'

Sergeant Hambleton saved my bacon on more than one occasion. The troop supplied transport to senior officers in 1(BR) Corps HQ. One evening, I took a call from the General's PA to book a staff car for early the next morning. I was busy with other work and forgot to arrange the detail. The following day, back in my office, the PA rang at

‘Sorry. On its way,’ I said.

I decided to be honest and tell Sergeant Hambleton that I had cocked it up. He brought Signalman Brunsdon (again, sorry, I don’t know his first name), one of our drivers, into my office and briefed him. Fortunately for me, the first heavy winter snowfall had happened overnight. I will never forget how loyal Sergeant Hambleton was to me. ‘You will take out the staff car,’ he said to the waiting driver. ‘You will present yourself to Block 10. Under NO circumstances will you say that you have only been given this detail this morning. If asked, you will comment on how badly the roads are blocked this morning.’ I breathed a huge sigh of relief and heard no more of the matter.

Eventually, the *Bundesposte* women began to be replaced by WRAC telephone operators. Things started to look up for the men in the Bielefeld Signal Troop.

Lorna Almonds-Windmill

Lorna served in the Regiment from July 1965 to October 1968 in Krefeld, Bielefeld and Rheindahlen.

Twelve Commandments for Seniors

1. Talk to yourself. There are times you need expert advice
2. “In Style” are the clothes that still fit.
3. You don’t need anger management. You need people to stop pissing you off.
4. Your people skills are just fine. It’s your tolerance for idiots that needs work.
5. The biggest lie you tell yourself is, “I don’t need to write that down. I’ll remember it.”
6. “On time” is when you get there.
7. Even duct tape can’t fix stupid - but it sure does muffle the sound.
8. It would be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes, then come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller?
9. Lately, you’ve noticed people your age are so much older than you.
10. Growing old should have taken longer.
11. Aging has slowed you down, but it hasn’t shut you up.
12. You still haven’t learned to act your age and hope you never will.

And one more, possibly my favourite!

“**One for the road**” means peeing before you leave the house.

Soldier Poets of the 2nd British Infantry Division

During the 12 years that I have been involved with the 2nd Division Kohima Museum, I frequently came across poems, verse and doggerel, all collectively termed as poetry.

The poems have been donated directly to the museum by the veterans & their families or have been discovered amongst the many items presented to the museum over the years. One poem was discovered folded up in the back of a soldier's AF B 64 (pay book), where it had remained for the last 75 years.

The poems reflect the feelings of the soldiers after the battles as they try to come to terms with the slaughter, chaos and mayhem that would have ensued after the savage hand to hand fighting that was a common aspect of combat against the ferocious Japanese soldier.

Some poems have been written by young men who fell in service to their Country so far from home and whose remains lie forever in a foreign land, to be remembered with honour in perpetuity. Other poems have been written by old men who survived the maelstrom of war and who took up the pen to clear their minds of the memories that flood back in their twilight years – but – they were young men once.

Not all of the poems can be regarded as works of great literary value, in fact they may not be considered as poetry at all but merely doggerel, but many of them were written with true feeling by men

young in 1944 or old, 50 or 60 years later to describe, often with humour, mostly with sadness just what they went through in the humid dense jungles of India and Burma from 1942 – 1945.

From March 1943 when they had returned from a disastrous campaign in the Arakan until April 1944 when they brought the Japanese advance into India to a standstill then forced them into retreat, a Divisional magazine called 'KEYNOTES' was published twice a month. The KEYNOTES contained stories, news from home and the rest of the war theatres, sporting news, and Poets Corner.

The men were charged for this magazine, just a few pennies (Anna's) and they were encouraged to submit articles – for which they were paid. The Poets Corner was very popular and proved a rich source for the poems that I collected and together with one of the museum trustees, we edited them, put them in a book and published it.

I still have several of these poetry books for sale with 100% of the proceeds going to help with the running of this small important, unfunded museum in York. They went out initially @ £15 but if anyone wishes to buy one I can let them go for £10+P&P.

Just to whet your appetite, I'll put a few in here with brief explanations where I think it necessary.

If you would like a copy or copies just email me on kohimamuseum@yahoo.co.uk

My Dad Cried on Remembrance Sunday

He didn't take long to prepare
A cup of tea, the TV, sat in his favourite chair
At 11 he stood to attention, straight and erect
It was his way of showing them respect
My Dad cried on Remembrance Sunday

Were they tears of joy; no
Tears of regret; maybe so
Tears of gratitude for he made it home
Tears of sorrow for those left buried alone
My Dad cried on Remembrance Sunday

It doesn't take long to prepare
A cup of tea, the TV, sat in my favourite chair
At 11 I stand to attention, straight and erect
It's my way of showing him respect
It's my turn to cry on Remembrance Sunday

Are they tears of joy; no
Tears of regret; maybe so
Tears of gratitude for he made it home
Tears of sorrow for I now watch alone
It's my turn to cry on Remembrance Sunday

Robert Street – Museum Trustee

Private Raymond Street was a company runner for 4th battalion Royal West Kents who were the backbone of the Siege of Kohima 4th – 18th April 1944. As they came off the Kohima Ridge, Raymond was one of only 80 from the whole battalion of 450 who was unwounded.

Robert (Bob) Street is the son of Raymond Street.

These Hands¹

Beside the burnt-out remnants of this place
I saw the lifeless hands above the earth
Here then was war the horror of its face
For this, *for this*, a man was given birth

The shallow grave would scarce the body hide
Akimbo sprawled the hands were still and grey
I could not pass but knelt down by his side
To scrape the soil and cover from the day

These hands, I said, once moved and felt and knew
The warmth of other hands, and touched things dear,
Perhaps had picked firm fruit or flowers grew
Or turned bright wheels or trailed through water clear

But now no life beneath my burning touch
I tried to hide which might have been my own
Dead fingers here which once at life did clutch
But now I press them down, alone – alone

It seems so strange, the unexpected things
Which one is called to do in times like these
My mind revolves and childhood memory brings
The tears I shed, and know I cannot grieve

Only some deep-down pain I cannot show
Wells in my heart and floods without a sound
For this quiet heap where grasses soon will grow
For him who knows me not beneath this mound

Gunner Richard A George

**99 (Royal Buckinghamshire Yeomanry) Field Regiment, Royal Artillery,
2nd British Infantry Division**

¹This poem was inspired by the death and burial of an unknown Royal Scots soldier during the Battle of Kohima. Gunner George says “Some of their bodies had been hastily buried and it was over one of these graves I stumbled when we moved in later. The village was still burning, and I knelt and covered the exposed hands of the dead Scotsman in his shallow grave”.

Gunner Richard George wrote the poem that same night.

The Unknown Soldier

Why does no one pause at my grave
After all, I too was brave
They pass me by and kneel and pray
At a nearby grave or across the way

I also fought for what was right
And here I lay by day and night
Is there a reason they pass me by?
If there, is please tell me why.

I turned away with puzzled mind
The answer to his words to find
Then I looked upon the stone
A gallant soldier, Name unknown

So, remember, if you pass his way
Pause awhile to chat and pray

Cyril W Crain

Soldier Poets of the
2nd British Infantry Division
An anthology of contemporary poems



Bob Cook and Robin McDermott
Editors

This Soldier

He died, this soldier by the track
Not in the fever of some great attack
Not for the grand objective, nor the high Gains that
the jingo headlines cry

He died without the knowledge in his heart
That dying, he would play some small part
In writing 'Finish' to a bloody tale
Seeing the dawn as he went down the vale

He died to gain no more than a mound
Unknown, unmapped – a yard or so of ground

To be abandoned when the monsoon came

He died, the touch of English breezes cold,
On his cheek and in his heart grown old
He died, the savour of good English earth
Faint in its fragrance, distant in its mirth

You earth that shrouds him in this strange place
Lie gently, as if English, upon his face
And alone, no-one at his side
This British soldier, he died.

Anon.

A woman is woken up at 4.30 in the morning by some strange noise downstairs.
She tries to wake up her husband, but the other side of the bed is empty.

Rather scared she screams, "Who's that in our house?"

To her relief it turns out that the cause of the noise is not a burglar, but her husband.

The noise continues for quite some time and the wife shouts down, "What the hell are you doing down there?"

The husband replies, "Oh nothing to worry about. I'm just trying to get a cast of beer up the stairs." His wife is pretty fed up by now and yells, "For the love of God, will you leave that down there." "I can't", the husband shouts back... "I've drunk it."

The man said "Doctor, Doctor, I keep dreaming I'm a hotel"

"Perhaps I should examine you"

"Be my guest..."

The Sheer Nightgown

A husband walks into 'Victoria's Secret' to purchase a sheer negligee for his wife.

He is shown several possibilities that range from \$250 to \$500 in price ... the more sheer, the higher the price. Naturally, he opts for the most sheer item, pays the \$500, and takes it home. He presents it to his wife and asks her to go upstairs, put it on, and model it for him.

Upstairs the wife thinks (she's no dummy), 'I have an idea. It's so sheer that it might as well be nothing. I won't put it on, but I'll do the modelling naked, return it tomorrow, and keep the \$500 refund for myself.'

She appears naked on the balcony and strikes a pose.

The husband says, 'Good Grief! You'd think for \$500; they'd at least iron it!'

He never heard the shot. Funeral on Thursday at Noon. Closed coffin.

Husband to wife – "Today is a fine day." Next day he says: "Today is a fine day." Again, next day, he says same thing – "Today is a fine day." Finally, after a week, the wife asks her husband– "Since last week, you are saying today is a fine day. I am fed up. What's the matter?"

Husband: "Last week when we had an argument, you said, I will leave you one fine day. I was just trying to remind you."

Have a laugh, laughter is the best medicine, Pass it on.

Did you hear about the woodworker who fell into a vat of varnish?

It was a terrible end, but a beautiful finish.

I bought a dog from a blacksmith today. As soon as he got home, he made a bolt for the door!

A blond is walking down the street with one breast hanging out. A cop stops her and says, "Look darling, as pretty a picture as it makes, you're going to have to put that away. I could cite you for indecent exposure."

"Why?" says the blond.

"Your breast is hanging out!" replies the cop, astounded.

The blond looks down and says "Oh, shit! I left the baby on the bus again!"

A man's been through a rough patch of health, and the docs can't work out what's wrong. After he's baffled the final expert, his doctor turns to him and says, "We can't work out why this is happening, but you're probably going to die in the next three months. What you can do is cut out all fatty and spicy food. Get rid of alcohol, cigarettes, coffee, tea, and any other drugs. take walks every day, but make sure you don't exercise too hard."

The man says, "Will that give me longer to live?"

The doc replies, "No, but it'll certainly seem longer."

"My missus dumped me 'cos she says I'm too obsessed with football," said the first fella.

"How long have you been with her?" asked the second fella.

"Six seasons."

A young Scotsman leaves home and moves to New York.

After six months his mom calls him, and she asks how he finds the Americans.

"Horrible," he says. "They're always yelling and screaming. I hate how they constantly pound on the walls and stomp the floors."

"How do you get by?" she asks.

"I just relax in bed, playing me bagpipes," says the Scot.

Couple visits a pet store to look for a possible new pet. At the back of the store they see three parrots and they ask the store clerk their cost.

The clerk tells them the first parrot and closest to them costs £5000 and can talk in five different languages, then says the next parrot costs £7000 and can speak seven different languages the last parrot costs £10000.

The visiting lady asks, "Why so much, does the parrot speak ten languages?"

"We do not know how many languages that parrot speaks, but the other two birds call him boss."

Travels with Bill White.

Bill makes an annual pilgrimage up to Scotland. He goes up to the church at Braeface, Bellanoch near Lochgilphead. This reason for this is to clean the bench he had put there in honour of the Stewart Family. He invited Rita and I to go along with him. As usual I had my camera with me. I took many photographs and I was very pleased with the results. I then used Adobe Photoshop and Lightroom to edit the images. The first edit is the basic Auto from Photoshop, the other duplicate picture was tweaked in Lightroom. I always thought that Rae White née Stewart came from Lochgilphead. It wasn't till we got there than she was brought up in Braeface House, Bellanoch which is about five miles outside Lochgilphead on the Crinan Road. I had been up this way many times in the past and did not realise that this was Rae's home turf.

Photoshop

Lightroom



Braeface, Bellanoch. This is where Rae Stewart grew up. Her dad worked for the Forestry Commission, Scotland.
<https://scotland.forestry.gov.uk>

Photoshop

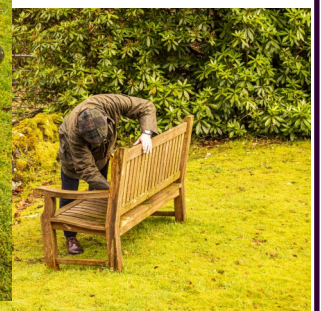
Lightroom



This is North Knapdale Parish Church Bellanoch where Rae Stewart and Bill White were married. Bill told us that the Vicar's price for doing the wedding service was to paint the outside of the Church. If you look closely at the right hand edge of the photo you can just see a wooden bench. This is the Commemorative bench that Bill had placed there in honour of the Stewart Family.



Bill working hard cleaning the bench of a years fungus.



Photoshop



Lightroom



Six views of Bellanoch Marina from in front of the church.



View from the front of the Crinan Hotel.

Photoshop

Lightroom



This the view showing8 the humpbacked bridge over the River Aray which runs past Inveraray Castle. Taken from Inveraray Pier. The building on top of the hill is the Dun na Cuaiche Watchtower.



View of Inveraray from the A83 looking north.

Wanted

Articles for the Bradbury Mercury

ARTICLES ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR FUTURE EDITIONS OF THE MERCURY, REMEMBER I AM THE EDITOR OF THE BRADBURY MERCURY NOT THE CLARK KENT REPORTER WHO IS ACTUALLY SUPERMAN IN HIS COPIOUS SPARE TIME.

Suggestions for articles: Holidays, Steam Railways, Areas of Historical interest/significance in your Area which you would like to bring to my attention. Reme did one on his garden. Thanks again Reme for that. Elizabeth James and Lorna Almonds–Windmill have written about the beginning of their Signals Careers. Thanks again for that Ladies. Our Sailor wrote about his Birthday Parachute Jump complete with video link. Thanks again Bill Sheppard. If can provide photographs etc with your writing that would be much appreciated. N.B. I can enhance (make better for printing) photographs. If you have any problems with using a word processor and emailing articles contact me and I can advise you on how to get articles to me by snail mail.

Thanks in advance,
Iain DF Haldane
Editor Bradbury Mercury



I took a few pictures with my DSLR camera (5 frames per second) as Bill drove slowly over the humpbacked bridge facing the castle. These shown above are my efforts after touching them up with the help of Adobe Lightroom. Lightroom enables me to adjust the Digital Raw Format pictures in much the same way as my father did in the days when you had to process 35mm film. The biggest difference is the time taken from taking the picture to having a printed copy on glossy paper. It is now much, much quicker, as little as 30 minutes.

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 2020 edition please submit by 31st July 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@bigfoot.com