

Bradbury Mercury
1960s 16 Signal Regiment Reunion Club



Issue Number 32

Compiled by Iain Haldane

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Mevagissey Bay, Cornwall, May 2013



Aonach Mòr, Nevis Range nr Fort William, March 2013

On Front Page:

On the B3273 East of Tregiskey, the view of Mevagissey Bay in Cornwall.

Looking West from Aonach Mòr, Nevis Range nr Fort William.

Hi Gals & Guys,

Issue 32 of the Bradbury Mercury finished. Thanks to Reme, Rita and Carol for their input. It might seem that it is the Haldane Chronicles when you see how much of the Magazine is my output. Remember that this is “The 60s-16ers” Magazine. Please I need articles from **All of You**, Holidays, stories from your Army/Work/Retirement days. Sorry Tweet I will not be publishing your article this time till I have had a word with you about it. Point to Note all Pictures in this edition were taken by me except for those submitted by Reme.

Other suggestions are photos of you then and now, something about your City/Town/Village or hamlet.

Re the Musicals, does the Rocky Horror Show come under Musicals or Rock Shows? If the latter I think a lot of our guys might just be a little disappointed!

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Our Chairperson's Letter

Welcome to summer and what a summer it's been, blazing hot weather and not a drop of rain. Who needs to go anywhere else in the world when you have the weather in dear old Blighty.

I know, like ourselves, some of you will have been away on holiday year. We went on our annual pilgrimage to Northern Ireland and then to Spain. This was only the second time we had been to Spain, Hazel and Ted introduced us to Spain last year and we liked it so much that we went back and no doubt will visit again.



We are both looking forward to the reunion in October. I know Carol has been working hard on our behalf with hotel, making sure everything runs smoothly. Lorrie has also been busy organising the entertainments. A quick reminder that the fancy dress theme for the Sunday is "MUSICALS". Just to mention again that there are three positions becoming vacant, Secretary, Deputy Chair Person and Treasurer, if you would like to volunteer for any one of these positions please let me know.

I feel we must congratulate the Royal Couple on the birth of their Son. A future King.

Also a very tiny bird told me that Mr Harper has been given an award by his local community for the work he performs for them, well done REME. Another congratulation to a new couple, Bill and Beverly.

Well that's it from me.

Many regards, Charlie.

A golfer is cupping his hand to scoop water from a burn on the St Andrews course.

A greenkeeper shouts: 'Dinnae drink tha waater! Et's foo ae coo's shite an pish!'

The golfer replies: 'My Good fellow, I'm from England. Could you repeat that for me, in English!?'

The keeper replies: 'I said, use two hands - you'll spill less that way!'

COMMITTEE: A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

Hiya Guys,

Thought I would send the following across to you should you feel it is worthy of the Mercury or the News column! Last evening our local Academy school named a building wing after John Harper. Sue and I, along with our granddaughter, Danielle were invited along to the



official opening. I was invited to say a few words on behalf of the family and among the guests were 2 of the soldiers who were with John during the battle where he was killed. One of the soldiers, a Private Geoff Cooper of the Yorks and Lancs also spoke during the ceremony and gave a firsthand account of John's actions. The schools art teacher actually painted the attached picture of John from a photograph I have long held and the result, in my opinion was



marvellous! We had several members of serving soldiers from the Yorkshire Regiment, formerly the Duke of Wellingtons, formerly, The Yorks and Lancs. They also brought along a bugler who played the last post. The evening was

extremely well attended and the ceremony, very moving. It was the choice of the Academy students to name the building after John. It is only in the last 5 years that I have really got involved in keeping John's memory alive and this, as probably most of our members are aware, has culminated in Hatfield being twinned with Merksplas.

Reme.



Worcester Details.

We have 95 people confirmed as coming to Worcester and there may be another two possibles. The reunion has proved so popular that we have run out of rooms at The Fownes and a few people are staying at the nearby Travelodge. Everyone will be able to park at The Fownes though and also use all the public areas during the day.

We have several new members attending:

Kerry Stylianou	Mary Schofield
Bill Sheppard (with Ann Ferrier)	Barbara Greaves
Patricia Roxburgh	Stuart and Ginty Read
John and Lesley Hall	

Bob and Shirley Pope are coming for the first time for several years.

Rooms are available from **1400 Friday** and there will be envelopes filled with local maps and leaflets for places of interest for each room, along with the menu for Friday's dinner and guests are asked to choose and hand to the receptionist on booking in. Please arrange with your particular friends a table for however many you need at a convenient time. **N.B. Friday night is "staggered" dining.** The bar will be open from 1400 on Friday so if people want to sit around the public areas with drinks that will be possible, it is not normally opened until 1700 but I know our lot! There are several National Trust properties in the area (one within a five minute walk) so remind everyone to bring their membership cards with them if they have one.

I did place a note on the Comcen that Max Boyce is doing a live concert in Worcester on the Friday night so if anyone wants to see him they will need to book their own tickets.

Saturday everyone is free after breakfast until the **Photo Call at 1730**. Please be on time so that Iain can get all of you set and the photo taken ASAP. This will give us time for a drink before the Gala dinner at **1830**. After dinner there will be the raffle (ably organised by Nicole) then a live cabaret show followed by a disco.

Please can everyone to bring a raffle prize - the funds raised pay for the weekend's entertainment. I have more or less organised the tables for the Gala Dinner and have very carefully ensured that Newbie's are paired at tables with old timers so they can be looked after.

Sunday morning will begin with the **AGM at 1030** followed by coffee and Lorna Almonds-Windmill's talk. Everyone is then free until the **Buffet Supper at 1830**. The theme is "Musicals" and there will be some live singing and a cabaret followed by a disco.

Carol Birch.

Winter Holidays

Since retirement we have got into the habit of spending most of March in sunny climes, we are not awfully good at very hot weather but the Canaries and some Mediterranean islands are lovely at this time of year. The temperature in the high teens or low twenties suits us just fine.

We have so far visited Lanzarote, Madeira, Cyprus and Malta for three or four weeks at a time and found plenty to keep us occupied whilst enjoying the sunshine. It occurs to me that since most of us are now retired this might be a theme we could pursue together to ensure amiable company with like minded people with whom we share many happy memories.

I am not suggesting that we go on a packaged holiday as one big group for so long but that we perhaps think about it and make suggestions as to destinations. If we choose a specific resort we can all make our own arrangements and tailor our flights and accommodation to suit ourselves. I personally prefer self catering because I love to shop in foreign markets and eat without timetables, others would rather stay in hotels and have every whim catered to. If we are all staying in the same place we can get together on an as and when basis, enjoy each others' company when we want to and yet have some privacy too.

Could you all think about this as a possibility for March 2014 and make suggestions as to a suitable destination at the AGM in October. I am happy to revisit old haunts and also keen to see pastures new. There are two particular websites I have found to be good value which you might like to look at: www.chevron.uk.com and www.mercurydirect.com.

Carol Birch.

Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder.

(aka – A.A.A.D.D.)

Recognise the Symptoms.....

Thank goodness there's a name for this disorder. Somehow I feel better, even though I have it!!

Recently, I was diagnosed with **A.A.A.D.D.**

This is how it manifests itself:

I decide to water my garden.

As I turn on the hose in the driveway, I look over at my car and decide it needs washing.

As I head towards the garage, I notice post on the porch table that I picked up from the postman earlier.

I decide to go through it before I wash the car.

I put my car keys on the table, put the junk mail in the recycling box under the table, and notice that the recycling box is full.

So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and take out the recycling first.

Then I think, since I'm going to be near the post box when I take out the recycling paper anyway, I may as well pay the bills first.

I take my cheque book off the table and notice that there is only one cheque left.

My extra cheques are in the desk in my study, so I go into the house to my desk where I find the cup of coffee I'd been drinking.

I'm going to look for my cheques but first I need to push the coffee aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over.

The coffee is getting cold, and I decide to make another cup.

As I head toward the kitchen with the cold coffee, a vase of flowers on the worktop catches my eye - the flowers need water.

I put the coffee on the worktop and discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning.

I decide I better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers.

I put the glasses back down on the worktop, fill a container with water and suddenly spot the TV remote control. Someone left it on the kitchen table.

I realise that tonight when we go to watch TV, I'll be looking for the remote, but I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decide to put it back where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers.

I pour some water in the flowers, but quite a bit of it spills on the floor.

So, I put the remote back on the table, get some towels and wipe up the spill.

Then, I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day:

The car isn't washed.

The bills aren't paid.

There is a cold cup of coffee sitting on the kitchen work-surface.

The flowers don't have enough water.

There is still only 1 cheque in my cheque book.

I can't find the remote.

I can't find my glasses.

And I don't remember what I did with the car keys.

Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all bloody day and I'm really tired.

I realise this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it, but first I'll check my e-mail.

Do me a favour. Pass this message to everyone you know, because I can't remember who the hell I've told it to.

Don't laugh - if this isn't you yet, your day is coming!!

MOSQUITO: An insect that makes you like flies better.



RAISIN: A grape with sunburn.





Photos captured from the Super 8 Film
taken at 16 Sigs. 1969 to 1971.

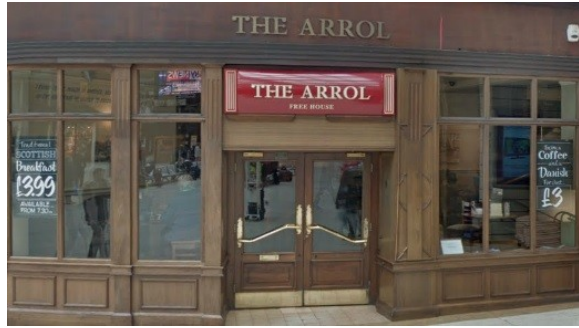
How many people do you recognise?

SECRET: Something you tell to one person at a time.



Mamma Mia

Our Christmas present from our son and girlfriend (now fiancée) was a ticket to see Mamma Mia at the Novello Theatre, The Strand London. This included the journey by Virgin Train Glasgow/London return with an overnight stay in the Holiday Inn at Kings Cross. Our son dropped us off at Glasgow Central Railway Station just before eight in the morning. Oh yes this was Wednesday 6th February, a slightly cold day up here in the North. Then into the **Arrol Bar** where we had a full breakfast. With about 15 minutes to go the train pulled in to Platform 2. I checked our seat/coach allocation



and we went into the first coach. It was then I discovered that our son had been thinking of us when he picked the seats. We were on Coach A, the quiet coach where cell phones are banned. Also we had the seats facing forward with a table



and not another pair of seats facing us. Plenty of room for the wine, sandwiches, iPads and Magazines. Journey time is normally four and a half hours. Having not been down to London by train since 1990 I was a wee bit sceptical and expected delays. Train, a Virgin Pendolino, set off on time, very smoothly. We had very clear skies for most of the journey and the scenery on that route down to Carlisle and through

the Lake District was fantastic, also the wine and snacks when down very well. After we left Warrington Bank Quay station it was announced that the train was running 20 minutes late. It looked like my expectations of late running were to be confirmed. But to my surprise we arrived at Euston Station exactly on time. Now that was great but remember we were in Coach A of a 9 coach train. That is a long walk from our coach to the taxi rank but when we got to the taxi rank there was no queue! It is only about a mile to the Hotel so we were there only 30 minutes from our arrival at Euston.

Walked up to the Reception and asked for the booking for Haldane. Was told that there was no booking for Haldane. I asked them to check again. I was then informed that the booking had been cancelled because the bill had not been

paid. This booking had been done through an Agency. So got on to my Mobile and phoned our son in Glasgow, explained the situation, after he uttered a few choice words, said would call me back asap. Five minutes later he called back, he had spoken with the Agency and they had apologised and said it would be sorted.

Only took about an hour before the money was paid and we got to our room. Once there we sorted ourselves out got cleaned up ready for the Theatre trip.

We were now concerned that there was a booking mix up as well for Mamma Mia. So back down to Reception, ordered a taxi to take us to the Novello Theatre. At the Theatre we talked to the ticket office and after being told “No, No Tickets for Haldane” the guys said “Hang on and I will check the computer.” “Yes there is a booking for Haldane but they have not sent the tickets yet. They should be here by seven o’clock.”

So we trooped back out and went looking for a food stop. Just opposite was the Ristorante Aurora, checked it out, it looked nice, menu good but we went for a walk around the block and came to where we started. None of the other Bars and Bistros had taken our fancy. We were the first in so got the table near the bar. Ordered from the Pre Theatre menu, I had



the Carbonara, I thought it would be a smaller portion as it was a pre theatre, and Rita chose the Chicken with chefs Tomato Sauce. I had a couple of beers, and Rita had a glass of wine. This was followed by the sweet with coffee and a liqueur. It was a very pleasant leisurely dining experience. It was now about 18:15 so we decided to go for a walk down to the Thames, about 400 yds away. It was ok until we got on to Waterloo Bridge; the wind was strong and cold. Well Rita thought it was cold; she is from the Deep South, Somerset girl actually. Anyway I took in the view



looking south you could see the London Eye all lit up, a fantastic sight. By this time Rita had gone back over the bridge in the direction of the Theatre. Catching her back up, we then made our second visit to the Ticket Office at the Novello. Saw the same guy who had dealt with us earlier, he said that the tickets had been there all the time. They had been put in a different box. After that we saw the show, really enjoyed all that singing. Had no problem getting a taxi back to the Hotel. Breakfast was a Continental Buffet, plenty of fruit juice and coffee. Taxi to Euston, 12:30 train to Glasgow and back in our house for 18:00. A big change to the railway journeys of my Army Days. *Iain Haldane.*

Mini-Holiday by *Rita Haldane*

After Easter this year I was speaking to my sister Janet in Somerset. She said she was fed up and wanted to go away somewhere. Iain and I decided we would like to go The Eden Project again. We asked Janet if she would like to go there, oh yes she said that would be lovely.

Iain booked us in to the Travelodge in Bridgewater for one night and Saltash Travelodge, Cornwall for three night's one room being suitable for a wheelchair person.

On the Sunday before we were going on the Tuesday I rang Janet to see if she was all set to go. She said her case was packed but she did not think she would be able to go as she had fallen down in her bathroom. Had many bruises and cuts on her forehead. Also she had chipped her hip bone, luckily not the one she just had repaired. She said we would have to go on your own. Tuesday morning came; of course it was raining, remember this is Scotland. The rain kept up till we were passing Carlisle. It was clear until we got to Bristol.

A few miles outside of Taunton we rang Janet and asked her to put the kettle on for tea. When I opened her front door what a shock I had her face looked like someone had used it like a punch bag!! I could quite see why she did not want to go to Cornwall. We chatted in the afternoon and had a Pizza delivered for dinner and an early night with us back to Bridgewater.

Next morning went to see if Janet was ok. A wee bit better but still not coming with us to Cornwall, so off we went to visit Trago Mills, this is just off the A38 turnoff for Newton Abbot. If you have not visited that complex it is a mixture a shopping trip and animals, rides and a great new restaurant. Children love the place.

You cannot get into a Travelodge until after 3pm so we decided to renew our acquaintance with The South Devon Railway at Buckfastleigh. This is also just off the A38 not far from Trago Mills. As Iain was parking the car could see the steam loco moving from the front off the train to the back. It was getting ready to take the coaches back to Newton Abbot.



As we had time to spare I suggested we see if we had time to take the round trip to Newton Abbot. We had 25 minutes to wait before the train set off so bought two seniors tickets. The scenery down there is so different from Scotland; it was great to see all the primroses on the hedge rows. We have crocus and daffodils everywhere on our motorways and grass verges in Scotland.

After checking into The Travelodge, we unpacked. We asked the guy at the desk about an eating place in Saltash. He told us about the nearest gastro pub. Found it ok, beer good food average. Then back to the Travelodge to read a book and play my game on the iPad.

On the way to the Eden Project we saw the Route 38 Diner (like the U.S.A.) about 5 miles from Saltash. We were quite early at The Eden Project, I had a two for the price of one card from Gardeners World Magazine. It would have been £23 each but because we had the ticket are Golden Oldies it was £18 for the pair of us. If you have not been it was well worth the money so interesting. It is not exotic growing it is what everyday people grow and eat around the world. How they make use of plants, fruits and spices that are grown. Inside



the various biospheres, jungle, they even grow grapes

from different parts of the world. Of course you have the odd Robin, Sparrow and Blackbirds flying about. It has vastly changed from when we first went there hardly any plants then. In the restaurant you eat lots of veggies that are grown there. We saw the Chef making the longest filled bread ever with cheese, herbs and mushrooms.

Not a usual restaurant - long wooden tables with benches, napkins and cutlery in pots. A rack with hanging mugs and

water filled jugs everything well thought out. Lots of walking, you can be there all day with so much to see. Please go you would enjoy the experience. We went to the Route 38 Diner for the evening. So good!!

Next day looking at the Cornish Tourist map looking for somewhere that we had not been before. Picked out Carnglaze Caverns (<http://www.carnglaze.com/>). This is an old slate mine that was closed around 1902, was used during WWII to store all the Royal Navy Rum. Now a Museum and registered for weddings and concerts



etc. It is quite an amazing place. There is a lake at the deepest part, when you get

there they tell you to keep the lights off and listen. It is so quiet; you can hear water dripping slowly. Then you switch the A Switch and a light comes on in the pool which shows you how deep the water is. Then you throw Switch B and 3 more lights came on, these are spaced above the water around the pool. The colours in the rocks are amazing. A boat tied up at the side of the pool, we were told the owner uses it to change the light bulbs!! After the cave we walked in the woods bluebells galore took me right back to my childhood when we went out picking bluebells and primroses.



I looked at the Tourist Map, I wanted a nice place at the beach for lunch, Iain pointed out a Pub at Polkerris. So Iain set the Satnav with the pub location. The route our Satnav took us was about 20 miles and it looked ok but it took us the shortest route from the A38. Single lane tracks with grass in the middle, crawling along slowly around all these bends. I was



glad when we eventually came to a car park for Polkerris Beach. A 400 yd walk down the hill, 20 houses in the village with a pub and a restaurant. We followed the road past the Pub to the beach. It was a beautiful view, "It's even better from the pub window with a pint in my hand." said Iain. Of course this was now lunch time in the pub so I got



the Menu. Cornish pasty for me I said. You cannot come to Cornwall without having a pasty. It was delicious; the landlady told us it was the first time they served them. These pasties had only been delivered that morning at 11 a.m. and this was the first time the pub had served them. The company had won an award for their pasties, cannot remember what award though. The drive back took about one

hour through the back roads of Cornwall. For eats we went to KFC, and back to pack-up and an early night.

Made a sad goodbye to Cornwall and on our way to Taunton again, calling in to Sheppey's Cider in Bradford-on-Tone for supplies of the good stuff before heading home via Lincolnshire (That is another Tale).

Royal Marine Rules:

1. Be courteous to everyone, friendly to no one.
2. Decide to be aggressive enough, quickly enough.
3. Have a plan.
4. Have a back-up plan, because the first one probably won't work.
5. Be polite. Be professional. But, have a plan to kill everyone you meet.
6. Do not attend a gunfight with a handgun whose calibre does not start with a "4."
7. Anything worth shooting is worth shooting twice. Ammo is cheap. Life is expensive.
8. Move away from your attacker. Distance is your friend. (Lateral & diagonal preferred.)
9. Use cover or concealment as much as possible.
10. Flank your adversary when possible. Protect yours.
11. Always cheat; always win. The only unfair fight is the one you lose.
12. In ten years nobody will remember the details of calibre, stance, or tactics. They will only remember who lived.
13. If you are not shooting, you should be communicating your intention to shoot.

SBS Rules:

1. Look very cool in sunglasses.
2. Kill every living thing within view.
3. Adjust Speedo's.
4. Check hair in mirror.

SAS Rules:

1. Walk in 50 miles wearing 75 pound rucksack while starving.
2. Locate individuals requiring killing.
3. Request permission via radio from "Higher" to perform killing.
4. Curse bitterly when mission is aborted.
5. Walk out 50 miles wearing a 75 pound rucksack while starving.

British Army Rules:

1. Curse bitterly when receiving operational order.
2. Make sure there is extra ammo and extra coffee.
3. Curse bitterly.
4. Curse bitterly.
5. Do not listen to young Rupert's, it can get you killed.
6. Curse bitterly.

Royal Air Force Rules:

1. Have a cocktail.
2. Adjust temperature on air-conditioner.
3. See what's on Sky.
4. Ask "what is a gunfight?"
5. Request more funding from Parliament with a "killer" Power Point presentation.
6. Wine & dine "key" MP's, invite DOD & defence industry executives.
7. Receive funding, set up new command and assemble assets.
8. Declare the assets "strategic" and never deploy them operationally.
9. Hurry to make 13:45 tea-time.
10. Make sure the base is as far as possible from the conflict but close enough to have tax exemption.

Royal Navy Rules:

- 1. Go to Sea.**
- 2. Drink Coffee.**
- 3. Deploy Marines**

Wanderings of a Failing Mind.

Cold Feet.

Rita used to go to the Wives Club meetings. She also has that normal womanly affliction of cold feet. Therefore, during the winter months it was especially noticeable when she got back home and got into bed. She would then put her cold feet in the small of my back. She said that was better than putting on bed socks and anyway it was my job to keep her warm. One night I thought I would see what I could do about her cold feet. I remade the bed with three double sheets. On my side, I tucked the bottom two sheets under the mattress and on Rita's side; I tucked in the bottom sheet. Well she needed more covers than I did. When Rita did get in to bed, I could feel her trying to stick her cold feet on my back. She gave up after a bit. Anyway, I think I told her the next day after I got back from work and would you believe it she really, really did not think it was funny. Now at the distance of 40 years it does not look so bad.

On my T1 at Catterick.

How do you know you are going out for dinner?

The wife tells you when you back from Class!

Northern Ireland

Remember the Blueys? These flimsy airmail letter sheets? I got to know them quite well when I was detached to Northern Ireland for 6 Months. Get to the post office and grab a slack handful. Back to your bunk, and then proceed to number them.

This made it much easier to track them, also to let each other know how many you were writing. Anyway, I used to write at least one a day maybe more, could not write about the job so I used to let Rita know how well I was eating. I was told off for that as well! Alternatively, how fast I could run up 5 flights of stairs in the Knicker Factor, Lurgan.

Well Rita was back in Schotmar, near Herford looking after two kids. These were, when I left for Northern Ireland, a two and half year old and a baby of six weeks. It was this separation from the oldest boy that brought the biggest smile to my face and we still talk about it today. Rita wrote me that she was doing some ironing because she had so much spare time as I was not there to bother her. (The **Spare Time** will be explained later. I did not find out for another few years about how much spare time she actually had.) Anyway, Jonathan was playing on the floor and he stopped and looked up at her.

"I am going to tell Daddy on you," he said.

"What are you going to tell Daddy?" Rita replied.

"You are using his iron," said Jonathan.

It was only then Rita realised that Jonathan had never ever seen Rita do any ironing until I left for Northern Ireland.

The job at times felt like watching paint dry but we had our hobbies. There were five of us at any one time stationed in Lurgan supported from Lisburn.

Brian Cope was knitting, I had served with him in RAF Gan and he had been one of our witness's at our wedding in Dusseldorf Consulate. We all chipped in to pay for a Telly and that is where for the first time I got hooked on Soaps. This was mainly Emmerdale Farm from Yorkshire TV. Ulster TV had started showing it every afternoon from half past two Monday to Friday. And two other shows I remember from that time, we were inundated about two new shows starting in January 1977. These were Charlie's Angels and the New Avengers. Both looked good from all the ads but then they normally show you the best bits.

Because I was in Northern Ireland Rita decided to take the kids to Taunton to spend Christmas with her parents in Taunton. In addition, we, the five guys of the Knicker Factory, arranged amongst ourselves who was getting which week of R & R over the Christmas period. I being as they put it, a Jock, got the New Year week. So I arranged for a flight to Exeter and Rita said she would bring Jonathan and meet me at the airport. I had also arranged for a hire car for the week, this cost £70 then but that was everything except for the petrol. When I got off the plane, I was met by the pair of them and Rita was surprised about my appearance. I had long hair. I had not had it cut for six months by then but she still recognised me.

So after I got back to Lurgan we got back to the routine of telly addicts. First shock was Emmerdale Farm, it was only two days a week, Tuesday and Thursday. Turned out that Ulster TV had showing them five times a week playing catch-up until January 1977. Second shock was watching Charlie's Angels, realising how bad it was and the women were too skinny. The only good TV viewing was The New Avengers, entertaining and good eye candy with Joanna Lumley.

Spare Time.

I was posted to 13 Signal Regiment in 1978. Working there came as a surprise No Exercises. I worked for a few months in the Tech Workshops next to the ComCen and then went on shift work. This was at the start Days, Nights, Sleep day and Day Off. Then our Foreman had a bright idea and it became Days, Days, Nights, Nights, Sleep day and Three Days Off. Anyway, this meant that I had sleep days and days off during the week. I came home one morning after my second night shift and had my breakfast. About half past eight, Rita took the kids down to get the school bus. I thought she would be right back to do housework etc. Nope she did not get back till well after twelve, she had met a friend at the bus stop who invited her for a morning coffee. And I really did think that housewives worked all day.



South Devon Railway, Buckfastleigh Railway Station, May 2013

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

Any items for the February 2014 edition please submit by 31st December 2013.



The 1960s 16 Signal Regiment

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