

Bradbury Mercury
1960s 16 Signal Regiment Reunion Club



Issue Number 31

Compiled by Iain Haldane

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CROOKSTON CASTLE, POLLOCK GLASGOW.

This is the nearest place of note to our house. I have lived in this area since October 1952 except for my 22 years in the Royal Signals. I used to pass it on a my way to work every morning after I came back to the area. The first time I went into this monument was 10 years ago. I have been to many famous places in my travels but it took that long to visit many of the famous places in Glasgow that tourists see before me. This was the home of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, who was the second husband to Mary, Queen of Scots. I learned all this at school even used to get the tram at Langside Monument which commemorates the Battle of Langside 1568, which Mary lost, with never a thought of its importance.

On Front Page:

CROOKSTON CASTLE, GLASGOW

Surrounded by a defensive ring-ditch Crookston dates back to the 12th century when Sir Robert de Croc, who also gave his name to the village of Crookston, built a timber and earth castle. Remains of a chapel founded by de Croc in 1180 have been uncovered. There is evidence of an even earlier fortification on the same site. Sir Alan Stewart bought the lands of Crookston in 1330. These passed to Sir John Stewart of Darnley, in 1361. The Darnley Stewarts replaced the early castle with the present stone structure around 1400.

In 1489, the Stewart Earl of Lennox rebelled against James IV. James responded by bringing the cannon Mons Meg from Edinburgh, and bombarding the castle, virtually destroying its western end, and ensuring a quick surrender. In 1544 the castle was besieged and taken by the Earl of Arran and Cardinal Beaton, while the then Earl of Lennox was defending Glasgow Castle. At this time, Crookston was regarded as the principal house of the earls of Lennox.

Most famous of the Darnley Stewarts was Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, who was the second husband to Mary, Queen of Scots. It may have been at Crookston that the couple was betrothed, under a yew tree. The yew was felled in 1816, and a model of Crookston Castle, now on display in Pollok House, was carved from its wood. In 1572, Crookston was granted to another Stewart, Charles, and the Earl of Lennox.

The castle passed through several owners. In 1757, it was sold by William Graham the 2nd Duke of Montrose to the Maxwells of Pollok. Following several years of abandonment, the castle was partially restored by the Maxwells in 1847, to honour Queen Victoria's visit to Glasgow. In 1931, Crookston became the first property acquired by the National Trust for Scotland. Sir John Stirling-Maxwell presented this. He was one of the Trust's founder members and first Vice President. Today, Crookston Castle is a Scheduled Ancient Monument, and a Category A listed building. Its maintenance is the responsibility of Historic Scotland.

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Our Chairperson's Letter

Dear All

Another year has passed, with some sad and some happy times. I hope you all had a happy and peaceful Christmas and New Year. May I say how pleased I was to be selected as your new Chairman. I look forward to working with the Committee and all of our members for the next two years. I am conscious that I have a hard act to follow and would like to congratulate Noreen and all of the team for their hard work. Thanks also go to Ted and Gwen for organising the Disley reunion, for me, it was one of the best ever.



I was just thinking back to when Margaret and I first stumbled across the 60's 16ers club. I was at work in the city just browsing the internet as usual when I stumbled across the site, the joy that I felt was very real, and here we are years later and I still feel that same joy every year when we meet up, because to my mind none of you have changed, well almost none of you!

For those of you who missed me during my time in 16 Sigs, herewith a quick résumé. I joined 16 in 1967 and left in 1968.

During this period I "worked" down the "Hole" on various shifts, also on the dreaded Booster shift and in the Trib (Comcen speak). I did two detachments, one to Dortmund and one to Dusseldorf, where I ended up on a Military Police report! I went on exercise with the dreaded 2 Squadron, did a Quarter Guard and an MPC course with my singing partner (Reme).

I was also a member of the RP staff for a while and most importantly, met and married Margaret. So you can see I had busy time.

I am looking forward to seeing you all at the Worcester reunion in October.

"L'Shana Tova"

Charlie

P.S. I hope you all spent your heating allowance wisely.

Breakdown at Moorside Hotel.

Rose and I decided to extend the Reunion Weekend into a small holiday. So we set off early Tuesday morning and arrived at Disley around lunchtime. We then spent the next couple of days looking around the Peak District, even went down a mine (though I cannot stand enclosed spaces) brought back our little piece of Blue John stone.

On the Friday we met Andy and Marion Hearn after 44 years apart, I was his best man in Singapore (well he did ask) Marion reminded Rose and I that she stayed with us when she came over for the wedding (although we could not remember).

Andy and Marion have now joined the 60s-16ers and both have stated how friendly everyone was(is).

So on the Saturday we took them to Buxton to look around the Bierfest and Arts Show (I looked around the Arts Show honest) we had a great time thanks to the person who brought the leaflet (think it was that good looking blonde) don't know her name sorry. On the return to the car we found we had a flat tyre, phoned the RAC who gave us a three hour window. We sent Andy and Marian back to the bar er Arts Show. We then received a phone call to say we have special tyres, I felt really chuffed then they informed me it takes two days to order them. I was as deflated as my tyre. Okay what next?? I asked the nice man. "We will take you back to your hotel with your passengers". So Rose went back into the Arts show to find Andy and Marion but had no luck in finding them. Next we have the low loader arrive and they stuck the car on the back. Rose went back to find Andy and Marion, this time she found them near the beer tent. (should have looked there in the first place).

On the way back to the hotel Andy kept complaining that when he ordered a limo it had a TV and bar in it. I told Andy we only had flashing yellow



Car refusing to go home or Car with hangover.

lights and if he did not like that he could always walk home instead.

Teenage boy had just passed his driving test and inquired of his father as to when they could discuss his use of the car.

His father said he would make a deal with his son, "You bring your grades up from a C to a B average, study your Bible a little, and get your haircut.

Then we'll talk about the car."

The boy thought about that for a moment, decided he would settle for the offer, and they agreed on it.

After about six weeks his father said, "Son, you've brought your grades up and I've observed that you have been studying your Bible, but I'm disappointed you haven't had your hair cut".

The boy said, "You know, Dad, I've been thinking about that, and I've noticed in my studies of the Bible that Samson had long hair, John the Baptist had long hair, Moses had long hair, and there's even strong evidence that Jesus had long hair".

(You are going to love the Dad's reply!)

A plane passed through a severe storm. The turbulence was awful, and things went from bad to worse when one wing was struck by lightning.

One woman lost it completely.

She stood up in the front of the plane and screamed, 'I'm too young to die,' she cried.

Then she yelled, 'If I'm going to die, I want my last minutes on earth to be memorable! Is there anyone on this plane who can make me feel like a WOMAN?'

For a moment, there was silence. Everyone stared at the desperate woman in the front of the plane. Then the man from Glasgow stood up in the rear of the plane.

He was handsome, tall, well built, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Slowly, he started to walk up the aisle, unbuttoning his shirt as he went, one button at a time.

No one moved. He removed his shirt. Muscles rippled across his chest.

She gasped...

He spoke...

'Iron this -- and then get me a beer.'

I am John Deas and I was at 16th Signal Regiment from 1960 to 64 with intermittent postings during that time due to being a man of many sports and as a P.T.I.

These other postings were 216 Signal Squadron Para Brigade, 10th Signal Regiment and 18th Signal Regiment and a Squadron posting to Grobbendonk to play football.



Stickman?

I was born in 1940 and my adopted parents were Gordon and Helen Deas and lived in the south of Manchester in Sale. During the war years, father served on a Hospital ship as a Nurse bringing survivors out of Borneo etc.

When war finished he returned to his job as a Surveyor. An Insurance company in Manchester was his employer.

Money was tight as was Dad. I found this out when he sewed up my trouser pockets up to stop them wearing out too much at school. He bought Aertex sleeveless shirts and sandals for school six lots at a time. That was enough to last a year. Just think of me wearing Aertex shirts and sandals during the winter!

Every evening he would come home with his greaseproof paper and elastic band in which he had taken his sandwiches to work. This lasted at least a month, which was economical to him. Roll on greaseproof paper.

At night he would sit at the table with his purse emptied and count every penny he'd spent during the day. He would then fill his little book written with a fountain pen as his statement of accounts for the day. Nothing was missed out from the shilling (1/- New money 5P) for the gas to £5 8s (Old Money e.g. LSD) for his monthly rent as shown in the example shown below.



Aged 18 1958

DATE		Expenses		Income	
		£	s d	£	s d
1950		FEBRUARY			
Forward.				5	5
1	Salary Feb: 13:4 £4:13:4 Travelling £4:9:1			55	15 9
1	L.T. Life 74/- Bonus 24/10 9/3 24/7 100/6 HR. Curtains 30/- Phone. Jan 37/11	20	2 4		
2	Helen's Fare 20/- Paper 1/5 Chips 1/3 Hkspg. 10/-	6	1 9 1/2		
3	Gas 1/6 Elec. 1/3 Boilch 1/3 Hooks 7/9 Typing Paper 93/4 Rent 2/6 7/2 Phone. 1/6	5	8 5 1/2		
3	Lunch 7/6 Exhibition 1/6 Guided 1/3 John P.M. 3330		9 9		

Dad bought a car which he paid for over three years. Once again everything he bought was logged in his book. The car wheels were rotated on the last Sunday of the month, front left for back right and vice versa. After 3 years, he worked out how much the car had cost him per mile.

1946 MORRIS 8. Series E

CTH 71.

1952 JOWETT JAVELIN
FFV 306

1955 FORD CONSUL - Mark I
VJH 996.

The extracts shown on the left details the car by year, model and registration. The 2nd picture shows how the money was spent, cost of car, insurance and the AA Subscription.

Note the price of the AA Subscription at £2 2s. That is 210P in new money.

On page 8 you will see the final total when he got a new car.

DATE	PETROL	OIL	OTHER ITEMS OF EXPENSE	MILEAGE	£	s	d
AUGUST 1956							
10			Purchase of Car. (Deposit)		150	.	.
			Comprehensive Insurance		15	6	.
			A.A. Subscription		2	2	.
	4 Galls			46350	.	18	4
11			Foot Lamp 23/6 Nonette Brush 13/4		1	16	3
18	4 Galls			46477	.	17	4
20			Car Owners Manual		.	19	3
22	4 Galls	Print		46666	1	.	3
28			Drevo Kit		1	2	6
29			Wide angle Mirror			15	3
SEPTEMBER							
3			1 st Instalment		6	18	2
4	4 Galls	4 Redox.		46840	.	18	8
4			New King Pins, bushes etc. (labour)		2	14	9
4			1 lb Castrolase - medium		.	2	6
15			R.A.C. Subscription		2	2	.
16			5 Galls Eng Oil 43/6 1 Gall UCL 12/6		2	15	.
October							
5			2 nd Instalment		6	18	2
8			Hydrometer		.	3	11
12			Oil Measure 4/6 1/2 Gall Bluecol 30/- Battery Charging 3/6		1	18	.
November							
3	3 Galls				.	13	10 3/4
5			3 rd Instalment		6	18	2
December							
1	2 Galls	Print		47010	11	0	3/4
6			4 th Instalment		6	18	2
12	2 Galls			47101	.	12	.
24			Valmap Battery 4.13.6 less 9/- allowance		4	4	6
29	2 Galls			47222	.	12	1
31			Valtex HF Converter 20/- 12 Months Tax 12.10.0		13	10	.
Total for 1956.					2	33	9 2

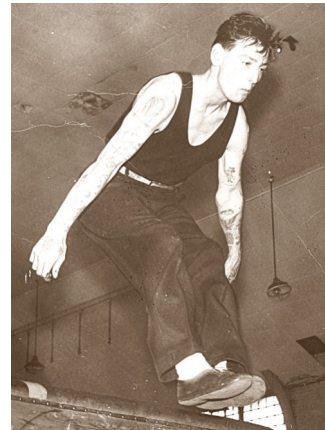
DATE	MORNING	OIL	OTHER ITEMS OF EXPENDITURE	MILEAGE	Expenses		
					£	s	d.
			Forward	13	11	4	
21			18 th Instalment.		8	8	9
26	4		Finis Super			18	10
30	2	1 Pint	-do-	32460		9	5
	Feb						
19			19 th Instalment.		8	8	9
20	4		Finis Super	32521		18	10
23			Tin of Holt Anti-Sneak			2	6
28	4		Finis Super 18/10 fitting of new Pan Belt 3/-	32663	1	1	10
	Mar						
6	2		Regent TT			9	5
11			Sale of Jawolin £225. } 181:16:3 Outstanding A/c £43:3:9 }	32785			
			Total		£	34	9 8
			Summary :-				
			Total Expenses for 1958		£	326	19 8 8
			" " " 1959		£	268	- 8 8
			" " " 1960		£	34	9 8
						622	10 1
			less amount of sale		£	181	16 3
			Avgc -/11 3/4 per mile		£	410	13 10

Note the cost per mile of running the car. Average -/11 3/4 per mile.

Happy days dripping butties, carrot turnovers, and rice pudding. And you ate the skin first. By the way, I'm just on my last Aertex shirt and pair of Sandals.

Aertex is a Manchester based clothing company, and the name of the original textile manufactured by that company.

The company owns the trademark for Aertex fabric, a lightweight and loosely woven cotton material that is used to make shirts and underwear. Established 1888, Aertex sells a range of menswear both from its online store at www.aertex.com as well as in various stores throughout the UK.



Krefeld Gym 1961



John as he says "The End Result"

The Glesga Funnies (The Glasgow Joke Pages)

What do you call a dwarf who falls into a cement mixer?
A wee hard man.

What do you call a man who takes a small size in a shoe?
Wee Shooney.

A guy walks into a GP's surgery.
'Doctor, Doctor! He cries, 'You've got to help me, I feel like I'm turning into coconut'
Says the doctor, 'You're bountae '

What did Dracula get when he came to Glasgow?
A bat in the mouth.

There were three coos in a field. Which wan wis oan its hoaliday?
The wan wi a wee calf.

The man in the clothes shop insisting on a maroon jacket.
'Fur ma roon shooders'!

Hear about the stupit skindiver?
He didn't have a scuba.

Did you hear about the London criminal who fell foul of the Glasgow Mafia?
Apparently they made him an offer he couldn't understand.

What's the difference between a Rottweiler and a social worker ?
Ye can get yer wean back aff a Rottweiler.

What do you call a Glasgow Sikh who enjoys karaoke ?
Gupty Singh.

A wee Glesga boy comes home from school and tells his mother he's been given a part in the school play. 'Dats Wunnerful. Whit part is it?' she asks
The boy says, ' I play the part of the Scottish husband '
The mother scowls and says,
'Go back an' tell that teacher you want a speaking part!

A wee Glesga woman and a baby were in the doctor's examining room, waiting for the doctor to come in. The doctor arrived, examined the baby, checked his weight, found it somewhat below normal, and asked if the baby was breast fed or bottle fed.
'Breast fed,' she replied.
Well, strip down to your waist,' the doctor ordered. She did.
He pressed, kneaded, rolled, cupped, and pinched both breasts for a while in a detailed, rigorously thorough examination.

Motioning to her to get dressed he said, 'No wonder this baby is under weight.
You don't have any milk!
I know,' she said, 'ah'm only his Granny, but noo I'm glad I came son!'

A wee woman from Glasgow's West End was staying in a hotel in Edinburgh; she phoned room service for some pepper.
"Black pepper or white pepper?" asked the concierge.
'Toilet pepper!' yelled the woman.

A fleeing Taliban, desperate for water, was plodding through the Afghan desert when he saw something far off in the distance.

Hoping to find water, he hurried toward the oasis only to find a British soldier selling regimental ties.
The Taliban asked, "Do you have water?"

The soldier replied, "There is no water, the well is dry. Would you like to buy a tie instead? They are only £5."

The Taliban shouted, "You idiot infidel! I do not need an over-priced tie. I need water! I should kill you, but I must find water first!"

"OK," said the soldier, "It does not matter that you do not want to buy a tie and that you hate me. I will show you that I am bigger than that, and that I am a much better human being than you are. If you continue over that hill to the east for about two miles, you will find our Sergeant's Mess. It has all the ice-cold water you need. Inshallah."

Cursing him, the Taliban staggered away over the hill.

Several hours later he staggered back, collapsed with dehydration & rasped....."They won't let me in without a f-----g tie!"

This could be any one of us!

Several days ago as I left a meeting at a hotel; I desperately gave myself a personal security pat down.

I was looking for my keys. They were not in my pockets. A quick search in the meeting room revealed nothing.

Suddenly I realized I must have left them in the car. Frantically, I headed for the parking lot.

My wife has scolded me many times for leaving the keys in the ignition.

My theory is the ignition is the best place not to lose them.

Her theory is that the car will be stolen. As I burst through the door, I came to a terrifying conclusion.

Her theory was right. The parking lot was empty.

I immediately called the police. I gave them my location, confessed that I had left my keys in the car, and that it had been stolen.

Then I made the most difficult call of all, "Honey", I stammered; I always call her "honey" in times like these.

"I left my keys in the car, and it has been stolen."

There was a period of silence. I thought the call had been dropped, but then I heard her voice.
"Dolt", she barked, "I dropped you off!"

Now it was my time to be silent. Embarrassed, I said, "Well, come and get me." She retorted, "I will, as soon as I convince this policeman I have not stolen your car."

Yep it's the golden years.



60s-16ers Disley 2012

As soon as possible after Rita and I arrive at the Reunion Venue I do a Recce looking for the best place for the Group Photograph. Disley, although a beautiful location, gave me a few problems on choosing a suitable location. As the normal time for this Parade is 18:30 hours and it is the middle of October, the best place is usually outdoors. The best places outdoors were also at the furthest possible distance from the Hotel and in the windiest spots. I settled on the room adjacent to the Grand Ball Dining room that we were using. Plenty of light was available from the corner windows that were facing south and west. Rita and I set up the chairs did a few test photos and we thought that was that. When we came down just before 6: pm and went into the room to set up the tripod we found that the band had appeared early and setup in the space we had chosen for the photograph. We then went to reception and asked for help in finding another location indoors for the photograph. This is why we moved you all at the last minute to room upstairs. To add to my problems my Flash Gun packed up and I not brought my spare. Anyway, I got some photos and the one shown is the best after I touched it up on the computer.

Last September I received the following email. I was meaning to reply but events got away from me till this week.

“Dear Sir,

I was wondering if you could provide us with information regarding a dance club at the Bradbury Barracks in Krefeld, Germany.

Having done some research on the internet I found some copies of the Bradbury Mercury magazine with your name on it.

My husband and I have rented the Bradbury theatre and just opened a dance school named “Doctor Beat” (referring to a pop song by Miami Sound Machine). Some of our clients told us that there must have been a dance club named “dr. beat” or “beatclub” in the 60s/70s – which would be a very interesting coincidence.

Now we are looking for people who could tell us more about the Bradbury theatre and its history. We do love the building and always welcome visitors who used to work at the barracks. Maybe you would like to have a look at our website (www.doctorbeat.de) or facebook page (www.facebook.com/GuteLauneTanzschule) to see what we have done to turn the theatre into a dance school.

We would be very grateful for any contact names or images or whatever you might be able to send us.

Thank you very much in advance for your reply.

Best regards, Melanie Struve

Gut gelaunte Grüße aus Krefeld,

Melanie Struve
Geschäftsführung
Doctor Beat Tanzschule Struve & Zanders GbR
Mitglied im ADTV
Mevisenstraße 62b
47803 Krefeld

Tel: 02151 – 3274670 Fax: 02151 - 3274671

Mobil: 0176 - 56242474

Mail: ersthilfe@doctorbeat.de

Web: www.doctorbeat.de

Bürozeiten: Mo bis Fr von 16:00 bis 19:00 Uhr

Doctor Beat - Die Gute-Laune-Tanzschule”

I replied and asked if I could publish the email. I also sent a aerial photo of the Barracks showing the buildings. Still cannot remember which one it is the left or the right. The answer was yes and this the latest picture of the old Bradbury Barracks Cinema. (See Page Opposite and part of email shown below.)

“Hi Ian,

thank you for your email. Yes, that’s the building we are in – the Bradbury Theatre (as in the photograph attached).

Please do publish my post – we are so keen to learn about the history of the cinema and the beat club that we heard of.

Best regards, Melanie

Gut gelaunte Grüße aus Krefeld.”



So Ladies and Gents if any of you have any info you think Melanie might be interested in be it stories pictures etc you can contact her directly. Her email and website is shown on opposite page.



THE 60s-16ers Reunion Club

Chairperson Charlie Wickham

Secretary Beverly Robb

On Friday 12 October 2012, 67 of us descended on the **Moorside Grange Hotel Disley** for the 17th Reunion of the 60s-16ers. This was the start of a very noisy weekend of a meeting of people who have one thing in common for the most of us served or had spouses who served in 16 Signal Regt in the 1960s. This included people coming from Scotland, Wales, and Germany. After an informal dinner, the evening was spent catching up with old friends and making new ones. We also welcomed seven new members who were attending for the first time.

Saturday saw people off to their individual pursuits. A bus trip was arranged to take those who wished for a taster trip around the Peak District, others who more energetic set off on a 5 mile walk, all arriving back late afternoon to get dolled up for the Gala Dinner. After the annual group photo had been taken, we had dinner followed by the raffle draw. Then the serious business commenced, and those who could, danced the night away to a very lively group.

Sunday morning brought us to our AGM. The re-election of officers. A venue was chosen for next year. (The venue is at a different location every year). The rest of the day was free for us to do as we pleased. We then started to get ready for the evening entertainment. This year was a 1940s themed party with a Buffet Supper. A tremendous effort was made by our entertainments committee and their helpers to make the room atmospheric. We were entertained with a Disco and Karaoke and we all had a great night with 1st class the entertainment. Monday morning came far too soon, with all the goodbyes and promises that we would do it all again next year.

Anyone out there who served in **16th Signal Regiment in the 1960s** and would be interested in joining our happy bunch you will be made most welcome Visit our website www.the-60s-16ers or contact **Beverley Robb** on E-mail beverley.robbs@btinternet.com

Dickie Grainge

BEIRSTEIN STORY



This Beer stein used to be displayed on one of the shelves in the Birkinoff - does anyone remember it.

The inscription is "Spiel Ohne Grenzen" (Play without frontiers).

As it was a frequent haunt of ours at that time I took Hazel there when she



was heavily pregnant with our first child.

Erich insisted that she had some of "Mutti's" beer and served it in the stein in the photo. After she supped it in less than 10 minutes, he insisted that she kept it. We found it in the back of one of our cupboards so decided to let you know that it is still in our possession.

Ted Hebden

Now the Learning Bit.

Beer stein or simply stein, is an English neologism for either traditional beer mugs made out of stoneware, or specifically ornamental beer mugs that are usually sold as souvenirs or collectibles. In German, the word Stein means stone and is not used to refer to a beverage container. Such Steins may be made out of stoneware (rarely the inferior earthenware), pewter, porcelain, or even silver, wood or crystal glass; they may have open tops or hinged pewter lids with a thumb-lever. Steins usually come in sizes of a half litre or a full litre (or comparable historic sizes). Like decorative tankards, they are often decorated in a nostalgic manner, but with allusions to Germany or Bavaria. It is believed by some that the lid was implemented during the age of the Black Plague, to prevent diseased fleas from getting into the beer.

You never come for my Birthday.

This is what grandson David kept saying too us when we spoke to the family in Mineola, Long Island, New York. David's birthday is at the end of November. Normally we go when it is warm but not during school holidays. After a discussion, Iain started looking at flights to the USA.

What a shock far too expensive. Iain keeps a lookout on the web for offers. In September, Iain was yet again comparing prices. He was looking for flights that go into JFK as that is only 10 miles from our son's house. The choice is from the following four airlines. British Airways, KLM, Aer Lingus or Icelandair. Iain's Sister Lizbeth had already booked to go to New York on a shopping trip with her daughter from the 1st to the 5th of December. Iain's brother Robin said his daughter would like to go for a week only and could she travel with us? No problem.

After checking the online prices and deciding to go via Icelandair £100 cheaper per person, Iain decided that it would be easier to get Trailfinder to do our bookings. The slight extra cost was worth making sure we were sat together etc.

November the 13th we arrive at Glasgow Airport. Emily and her Mum & dad were already there. Emily's return flight would be her first flight on her own. So the route we were taking so be easier as Keflavik, Reykjavik's airport is very much smaller than Terminal 5 at Heathrow.

We had to wait about 20 minutes before the desk opened and when got through the passport and baggage check quite soon. We said our goodbyes and proceeded to security. No queues so were quickly through, down to Travelex, and pick up the pre-ordered dollars. As we then had about an hour before boarding, we then had some nosh and checked out Duty Free (An Oxymoron like Military Intelligence). Did not buy anything as we can get it cheaper at Costco's.

Duly boarded the aircraft and Emily promptly went to sleep with her earphones on, best thing for her with her cold.

Arrived in Iceland about two and half hours later, showed Emily around the Terminal at Keflavik so she would know where to go on her way back. After 90 minutes wait, we got on the plane for JFK. On arriving at JFK, We breezed through immigration and got all our suitcases at first attempt. We had a joyous meeting of hugging and kissing with the family and arrived Mineola 45 minutes later.

Next day a relaxing time to sort out the goodies bought e.g. clothes for grandson, HP sauce, T-Bags by the hundreds, Irn Bru and baked beans not forgetting calendars and Christmas cards for four families. Some were going to be posted to Florida and the rest taken to Maine later on in our holidays.

Unfortunately, Emily was not well for a couple of days, mostly sleeping. She had purchased a three-day pass for New York attractions, so we started that on Friday morning. The weather was cold but sunny every day except one. I will come to that saga later.



We went into the city by train, used the subway also – sometimes got a bit lost. First port of call the Empire State building would you believe it not much of a queue, views fantastic.

Emily went to National History Museum we had already been there previously; we made a donation and went down to wait for her in the coffee shop.

Saturday we went to the Rockefeller Centre, Times Square, and Broadway. The Christmas tree had scaffolding around it as it was being decorated; many Christmas decorations already up. Seemingly, most people wait until after Thanksgiving before they decorate their houses, outside and inside, the ice skating rink was in use, very colourful.

We used the subway to travel between sights, using the Metro card. We (Iain) had to keep consulting the map, but managed to get there in the end. We all wanted to visit Ground Zero. It was not until we got to the Visitors Centre we found out that you had to go online to book your Free Visitor Pass. Once you have booked your pass, you collect it at the Visitor Centre. The 9/11 Museum was not yet open, so we stayed and looked around the centre. In the centre, there were lots of pictures and audio stories. After listening to the reports and seeing some of the pictures Emily did not want to go, it is too sad she said.

Time to get something to eat so back up to Times Square. We picked The Hard Rock Café inside it was an old style cinema complete with stage any minute we thought we would be treated to a show.



Sunday on a cold sunny day we went to Grand Central Park and watched the squirrels that came within 3 ft of us foraging for nuts for their larder. The autumn colours of brown, red green and orange were glorious. It was in Central Park that Iain phoned Jonathan the other son in Renfrew Scotland; he was on Skype to Duncan (in Mineola) so he had a three-way conversation going on - the magic of modern technology.

All the family took Emily to the airport on Wednesday evening, and then back home to get ready for Thanksgiving Day, it's just like having Christmas without the pressey's.

Iain had booked car for a week through our Avios (Used to Airmiles). The idea was to get the car when we took Emily to the airport but unfortunately, there were none left due to it being Thanksgiving. The lady said they had a car in New Hyde Park Gardens. Great because that is only two and half miles away from our son's house.

On Friday morning after Thanksgiving Day at 08:30, Duncan took Iain to fetch the compact car we had booked.

You can guess what the garage said; the usual "Would you like an upgrade". Iain said no because there are only two of us. This is the car, the only one left in the garage! What fun trying to get into the car, first one-way and then the other! It was like sitting in an armchair but my didn't it go fast.



When Iain got back with the car, my first thought was "Wow" and then how am I going to crawl into that. We were travelling up to Maine to see our friend's daughter who we had known since 1978 in Wassenburg. We still keep in touch with her mum and dad who now live in Florida. We set off at 10 am and stopped an hour and a half later at Denny's for food. Arrived at 5pm in Windham Maine to a lovely welcome. Friday was chatting time catching-up (sound familiar) we went to bed early. Heather and boys were in the middle of moving house. (Anyone interested in a 6 bed roomed house in Maine for sale) Down sizing to a smaller house by the lake, it is beautiful. We slept like logs and woke to the smell of the breakfast frying. Heather and boys took us to see the new house. Fabulous! One of the boys was not convinced but when it was pointed out that he could have great "jam" sessions out on the deck with his pals he was all for that. Saturday night Heather's sister Jennifer and family came over for dinner. It was great to see how they had all grown since last year. Quite cold, now although the days were all sunny Sunday came a little treat we all went to Freeport, Maine looked around the shops and into LL Bean. This shop trades for 364 days of the year. It is closed on Christmas day, there are guards at all the entrances, as the doors do not have any locks. Yes we have checked.

Heather had booked a carriage ride around Freeport, this very red plush open topped carriage with two horses and a driver red blankets included. We all looked huge as we had extra clothing on because it was so cold.



By this time, it was starting to get dark and the Christmas lights were on in the streets. Talk about red noses! Then back to the house with a cracking log burner going on all cylinders. Heather to go to work at 5am, boys to school 6.30am us out of the house about 9am and then back to Long Island, stopped again for food. Got caught up with the traffic on the Throgs Neck Bridge.

The last time we drove up to Maine, we saw this sign. America has green boards informing people of the local attractions. This is the sign do you think someone is trying to tell us something?

The day we picked to go to the end of Long Island for the day, it started by raining and never stopped all day.



Montauk here we come, through many pretty villages, cute clapboard houses. The beautiful red and white lighthouse this is what we were heading for sorry to say all closed, Iain got out of the car and took photo's still chucking it down with rain. Moved further inland to look at the harbour, not a soul about went back to car drove to a very nice pizza place and off home again still raining. That was the only day it rained in the

whole of the three weeks we were there. Picture is Montauk Lighthouse.

Now November 28th, I promised David I would make him a trifle for his birthday. I took green and yellow jelly over with me, made it, and put it in the fridge. Next day I made the custard, and put the jelly with the sponge fingers on kitchen top, I heard a shout and there was one of the cats with a sponge finger in its mouth trying to get a quick getaway.

All of us went to a Japanese restaurant that night, you picked what you wanted, and it came in stages. You sat around a table and watched the chef put on a show of culinary skills throwing and catching knives, at the end they brought a Birthday boy dessert. By the way, we could not eat the trifle until the next day.

Iain took the car back a day early on Friday we were all going down to Pennsylvania for David's birthday treat.

On the way, we stopped at Cabelas sports shop in Hamburg PA. This is a Superstore and is larger than most UK Supermarkets. It is a it does everything for the outdoor life.

From camping, clothes, fishing gear, kayak boats, fancy goods, furniture and not forgetting a very large selection of antique sporting guns. You can also buy ammo, straight off the shop shelf very different from at home. Ladies you can even buy a camouflaged bikini.

We stayed overnight at the Country Inn Suites Hotel in York PA.

Next morning off to find the shooting range, both our sons had been there before, Duncan and Fedra were recognized by the staff as they booked us in for our shooting practise.. The man in the next booth was using a 5 shot .50 cal long barrelled revolver that was so noisy I had to go back in the shop. We left after 4 hours for the journey back to Mineola.

We were supposed to be picking up Iain's sister and her daughter on Saturday the 1st December but the plane had been diverted to Newark and was 8 hours late. At the cost of \$100, it was midnight before they got to their hotel in Long Island City, next to the 59th Street Bridge.

On the Monday Duncan took us to their Hotel and picked them up. We then drove up Woodbury Common shopping outlet, about 50 miles upstate New York. Just as we arrived in mall I realised that the music they were playing was Auld Lyne Syne appropriate or what!

Time to sort out the packing Iain had to buy a longer holdall, and we just managed to get everything in the cases with weight restriction intact. Back to Glasgow where it was very wet to be met our other son. He took us back to his house; we had left our car there, cheaper than airport parking. Made us well appreciated hot drink. Now we have to save up for our next trip!

Rita E Haldane

P.S. Sorry about the quality of the picture, promise to do better next time.



Quotes for the Millennium:

Whatever you give a woman, she will make greater.

If you give her sperm, she will give you a baby.

If you give her a house, she will give you a home.

If you give her groceries, she will give you a meal.

If you give her a smile, she will give you her heart.

She multiplies and enlarges what is given to her.

So, if you give her any crap, be ready to receive a ton of shit.

Women are Angels.

When someone breaks our wings, we simply continue to fly ... usually on a broomstick.

We are flexible like that.

Did you hear about the teacher who was helping one of her Nursery class pupils put on his winter boots?

He asked for help and she could see why. Even with her pulling and him pushing, the little boots still did not want to go on.

By the time they got the second boot on, she had worked up a sweat.

She almost cried when the little boy said, 'Teacher, they're on the wrong feet.' She looked, and sure enough, they were.

It wasn't any easier pulling the boots off than it was putting them on. She managed to keep her cool as, together, they worked to get the boots back on, this time on the correct feet.

He then announced, 'These aren't my boots.' She bit her tongue, rather than get right in his face and scream, 'Why didn't you say so?' like she wanted to. Once again she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off his little feet. No sooner had they got the boots off when he said, 'They're my brother's boots. My Mum made me wear 'em.'

Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry. But she mustered up what grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots on his feet again.

Helping him into his coat, she asked, 'Now, where are your mitts?' He said, 'I stuffed 'em in the toes of my boots.'

She will be eligible for parole in three years.

Iain's Ramble.

At last, I get to the back page so I can put my two-penny worth in the melting pot. Not many articles from youse Ladies and Gents this time round. Even had to chivvy the nearest and dearest to finish of her words on our last trip to the US of A. I will be grateful for any words you care to write. The subject does not matter, stories plus pictures of your early days before you met the missus. See John Deas article in current issue for example.

I asked if any of you had any pictures, information, of your local beauty spots or places of interest that the rest of us would like to read about.

For example the picture below was taken from our kitchen window on the morning of the 16th January 2013. This has been our winter up here cold, no snow and lots of rain.



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 2013 edition please submit by 30th June 2013.



The 1960s 16 Signal Regiment

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