

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO DID NOT MAKE IT THIS FAR AND IN SUPPORT OF THOSE WHO HAVE



CAMPAIGN

The Journal of the BNTVA

Registered Charity Number 1173575

Manchester Memorial



Contents

Manchester Memorial Dedication

Remembrance Day 2017

Operation Buffalo – Maralinga 1956

A leave to remember

Maralinga my Story

Gone but not forgotten

BNTVA board of Trustees

Report by Douglas Hern – December 2017

BNTVA on Instagram

Descendants, we'd like your help

BNTVA Shop

Ways to pay your annual

BNTVA membership subscription

BNTVA 2018 Annual Conference

All Nuclear Test Re-Union 2018- Pontins Sand Bay

Contact Us



Chairmans Message

I firstly need to apologise for the late publication of this magazine, BNTVA were involved in a dispute with NCCF over the production of the new Exposure magazine and due to legal complications, we have decided not to take part in the NCCF publication and will continue to produce the Campaign magazine ourselves.

The digital world has enabled us to provide information to the online community, but I believe that it is important to maintain a paper magazine as a number of you are not online and rely on this magazine to keep in contact with the community. This magazine will continue to be printed and distributed to any member who requests a copy.

Contributions for the magazine can come from any source, and we welcome your input into the magazine and the content. Our new editor is available to receive new articles for the next edition, so if you want to contribute, please contact him.

It has been a busy first quarter to the year and the board are busy preparing for the Annual Conference in May 2018. If you have not already booked, please see the details later in the magazine for details on how to book.

We have sent our the membership renewals to everyone on our database, so you should have received a new membership form. We rely on the membership subscriptions to ensure that the Association can continue to operate as a Charity. If you haven't received a membership form, please contact us.

As always, our focus is on the Veterans, their families and we will ensure that no Nuclear Veteran is forgotten.

I look forward to meeting some of you at Conference in May.

Alan Owen FBCS CITP

Manchester Memorial Dedication



Top left: Veterans assemble before the unveiling of the memorial
Top right: The very Revd Nicholas Frayling addresses the attendees

Mid left: Leaders from all faiths
Mid right: BNTVA Standard bearers await the ceremony

Bottom: The unveiled memorial stone





More than a story

The recent Dedication (or really re-dedication) of the BNTVA Memorial in Manchester was a memorable occasion. At the request of the Lord Mayor, who is of the Jewish faith, there was participation by ministers of several other faith communities, all of whom were delighted to be a part of the event, and keenly interested in the story behind the Memorial.

This is now sited in front of the fine Town Hall, with the result that many Mancunians stopped to watch the ceremony; some joined in, visibly reciting the Lord's Prayer. One lady afterwards told me she thought the BNTVA was a branch of CND! I put her right, and she went on to say how important it is to get the message across about the contribution made by thousands of loyal nuclear veterans (all men in those days) to the defence of our country.

She is right that the story needs to be told, so that new generations can learn the lessons of history before there are no active Veterans left to tell the tale.

That is why it is good and important that the Trustees, and the Descendants of Veterans, are putting so much emphasis on education – telling the story of the tests, their importance, and- for so many- the

life-changing cost involved.

Writing this between Christmas and Easter reminds me that 'telling the story' is how the Christian faith evolved, starting with a handful of bewildered men and women in Galilee, and moving out to change the world. That is why one of my favourite hymns has the instruction: 'Tell the tale of sins forgiven, strength renewed and hope restored'. Most people, of whatever faith, respect us for doing just that, and having the courage of our convictions.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Nicholas Frayling'.

Association Chaplain
The Very Revd Nicholas Frayling BA, LLD

Remembrance Day 2017

I was asked by Don James (who has organised this event for over 20 years) if I would like to attend the Remembrance Day Parade in London this year. I had assumed that all the places had been taken as the BNTVA has limited availability. I received my ticket and felt honoured to know that I would be marching in the parade that I had only watched on television in previous years.

I booked my train ticket and Hotel near the Cenotaph. I was surprised to find availability, but disappointed that the hotels had decided to almost double their room charges for the weekend, particularly as all the Veterans, and their families who attend the parade, fund the trip themselves, and do not claim any expenses through the BNTVA.

Unfortunately, Don could not attend the parade due to ill health. I was told that I would be handing over the wreath and would be left point man, with Ron Watson being the other on the right. I was worried that I would not march correctly, or not give the wreath over in time, and the nerves were starting to build as I did not know who else was attending the parade and if I could count on the other members to help. (I did not need to worry).

I left Carmarthen Station on Saturday evening, changing at Swansea and arriving in London at 9pm, a short cab ride to the hotel and I was ready for the parade.

On Sunday morning I arose early and walked across Westminster Bridge to take in the atmosphere, as it was my first experience of the parade. I was amazed at the police presence and the number of people who were already waiting to get through the security check points in order to get

a good vantage point. The day was cold and I did not bring an overcoat or gloves, something that I will do in the future.

I arrived at Horse Guards Parade at 8:15 and stood talking to other Veterans and met a colleague from the Royal Air Force Association who was also marching. We were assigned to column D and when the gates opened, I found our location and waited for the other participants to arrive.

We soon had our party assembled and we went through the procedure. I was lucky to have participants who had undertaken the march on numerous occasions and we decided that Morris would call "Eyes Left" and Ron would call "Eyes Right" at the appropriate time.

We linked up into rows of six, with the Veterans at the front. We had 24 people in all. The initial march through to the Cenotaph to line up for the Ceremony was, for me, an emotional one, as you move out to thousands of people clapping you.

We assembled in our column and waited for the main Ceremony to be completed. Unfortunately, from our vantage point, you could not see the Ceremony on the big screens.

Once the Ceremony was completed, we waited for our turn to march past the Cenotaph. My feet and hands had turned to blocks of ice, but it didn't matter, here I was representing the BNTVA, my father as an Operation Dominic Veteran and my brother, both of whom are no longer with us.

We were on the move, marching well and listening to the beat of the drum to ensure my left foot was in time (Ron Watson deserves a special mention here as he gave me the best advice for marching and listening to the drums to ensure I stayed in step).





Top left: Alan Owen and party await the start
Bottom left: The veterans assemble after the parade

Top Right: Westminster Abbey Memorial Garden
Bottom right: Relaxing in "The Speaker"

We all marched together, Morris called "Eyes Left" and I gave the wreath over to the official at the Cenotaph. With David Bostwick pushing Ron Bostwick next to me the emotions were starting to build, as there were thousands of people clapping and cheering as you march round the corner into Parliament Square. We continued to march back to Horse Guards Parade. We had finished the parade and the sense of pride was overwhelming. Photographs were taken and we went to the Westminster Abbey Remembrance Garden, to take more photographs before retiring to the Speaker Pub for tea and sandwiches,

to meet more families and warm up.

I had to return to the Hotel to get my overnight bag and to see the Veterans proudly displaying their medals. The Poppy Cabs lined up to take Veterans back to hotels, bus and train stations, made you proud to be British. To see the dedication that thousands of people have for this event is incredible. For anyone who has not taken part, I would encourage you to do it at least once in your lifetime. The feelings cannot be described and you must experience it for yourself.

For everyone who attended the parade and supported us, especially

Suzanne who was in hospital at St Thomas Hospital and marched in the parade with Charlotte and to those members who travelled a long distance to take part, the BNTVA thanks you for the support that you gave to the Nuclear Veterans.

For me, I would like to thank everyone for their support during the event and to Morris for the "Eyes Left". I hope to take part again next year with my sister who wants to attend. An unforgettable experience.

Alan Owen
BNTVA Chairman

Operation Buffalo – Maralinga 1956

I was serving at RAF Wittering in the spring of 1956 working in what was called VSF. Valiant Service Flight in the main hangar, overlooking the A1, when one afternoon I was approached by a Flight Sergeant with a clipboard who asked me what I was doing... 'Bleeding the Brakes' I replied and went on to explain what that meant. He then asked a few more questions about the Valiant which I keenly replied to... 'you'll do nicely' he said 'What's your name and number and he marched away leaving me dumbfounded,
I was the tender age of 19 at the time.

They had asked for volunteers to go to Australia to take part in the Atomic Bomb tests and hundreds had put their names forward, but I was courting a local girl, later to become my wife, and I had no wish to go anywhere.

A couple of weeks later though I was told to report to SHQ where I was informed that I had been chosen to go to Australia, attached to 49 Squadron who were taking part in the Nuclear Tests at Maralinga, as part of Operation Buffalo.

I was then posted to RAF Weston Zoyland where I was kitted out with my KD uniform and, along with 76 Squadron personal flew out, as civilians, on the same journey that's been described many times before, via, New York, San Francisco and the Pacific Islands to Sydney airport where I remember it was snowing when we got off the aircraft, which came as a big shock as it was Aug 1st, but of course over there that meant it was mid winter.

Then we went on to Adelaide and Edinburgh Field before finally flying by Hastings to Maralinga where I was fortunate enough to be allocated a billet, or a 'donga' as they were called in the main village, but there was only the basic necessities there at the time, no swimming pool or cinema as I have heard of being enjoyed by later occupants.

If we wanted to watch a film we'd carry our own chairs and place them in rows to watch the screen, in what was the Fire Station by day. After the film when the lights came up we all looked up to see a variety of huge spiders on the ceiling, someone would throw something up at them and eventually one would fall, then we'd all scramble to dash out as quickly as possible.

Soon the 2 Valiants of 49 Squadron arrived and I was told to report to their base, which was about 2 miles away from the Airport Terminal, at the far end of the Airfield. This I did and from then on joined the daily routine of Squadron work.

I saw the first 2 Bomb Tests, lined up along with everyone else, some 20 miles from Ground Zero, late afternoon, bright sunshine, listening to the countdown over the Tannoy, facing away, eyes closed and 3 seconds after hearing 'Flash' told to open our eyes and turn round to see the mushroom cloud rising in the far distance.

But, on Oct 11th I was told to do a 'pre-flight' inspection on Valiant WZ366, which I did along with the other trades and we all signed the form 700 as fit for flight.

We then stood back and watched the armourers load the bomb into the bomb bay. Then the aircrew arrived, led by Squadron leader Flavell. They 'crewed up' went through the start up procedure and eventually taxied out to take off from our end of the runway. I can assure you that my heart was racing fast as it thundered away from us down the runway and, after what seemed an eternity eventually lifted off into the clear blue sky, belching black smoke from it's 4 engines.

After about 15 minutes we saw it's vapour trails high in the sky as it came back, over the airfield, heading towards the target area and, as before, we saw the mushroom cloud from the explosion in the far distance. When it returned to its pad we all did the usual 'after flight' check and placed the covers on it, just as if it was a routine day. The minibus came, took us back to the village, where we showered, went to the canteen, then no doubt, grabbed a chair and off to the Fire Station/Cinema.

But the most memorable part of my nuclear experience was yet to come, that 4th bomb, which for some reason it was decided was to be detonated at midnight. More personnel were brought from Edinburgh Field to witness this and, when they asked us what are they like we said, quite genuinely 'oh not to bad'.... But, this time we were taken to the forward area, by various forms of transport, some 7 miles from ground Zero.



Left: Peter Smith, RAF Wittering 1956
Above: Peter Smith today

It was pitch black, no moon and stars and there was just the usual countdown going on over the Tannoy, but as it got closer to zero we were told to either place our hands, or our berets, over our eyes. I chose the former, and when it came down to 3...2...1.FLASH I swear I could see the bones in my fingers! After 3 seconds, on the order to 'turn' we opened our eyes and it was broad daylight! It darkened slowly through different shades of red till after about 25 seconds it was black again, but the thought of that mushroom cloud not very far away haunted me. Then the deafening blast hit us, knocking many of us to the ground, including me. It's said that the flash was seen 600 miles away. I will never forget that experience and to this day often think, we were just Guinea Pigs.

We then returned to Edinburgh Field for a few days but were soon on our way home on the SS Orontes. I shall never forget that wonderful send off from Port Adelaide, all the bunting and flags and ribbons, it felt like we were royalty! Then a 31-day cruise, as civilians, around the cape as the Suez Canal was closed due to the recent

war. The daily tote, the swimming, the marvellous food, and the booze! I'm not a big drinker but I made an exception while on that journey, well there wasn't much else to do to be honest. We docked at Tilbury 3 days before Xmas, brown as a berry, but feeling very, very cold.

After 2 weeks leave I was then posted to RAF Gaydon where I went on to work on the 1st Victor Bomber to come into service in late 1957, before being demobbed in June 1958.

I did attend one AGM, must be over 10 years ago now, I think it was at Cheltenham. I do remember in particular meeting Fred Stallard, who had a very similar experience to me a year later, 1957. I haven't attended one since mainly due to my wife's illness of dementia, I have since lost her, but have re-married, by a strange coincidence. On Oct 11th, a date I'm hardly ever likely to forget. I'm 81 now, and apart from a heart problem, which I don't associate with the Bomb Tests, in pretty good shape for my age. It would be nice if anyone remembers me from those far off days,

if so feel free to message me and I will certainly reply.

Peter Smith
RAF Airframe Mechanic

Email: ps300836@gmail.com

A leave to remember

'Lulu' here we come! The twin-prop, junk-heap of a Hastings trundled down the airstrip and staggered off the tarmac to its destination. On board the three happy sappers from 73 Christmas Island squadron couldn't contain their delight. After five months stuck on The Rock in '58, a six-day pass to Hawaii was to be in Heaven.

Just think of all those raven-haired Honolulu girls waiting for us, with flowers in their hair and leis strung around their necks before falling to their comely bosoms. Boy were we gonna have a Beano! Damn it, we'd earned it. Toiling 8am to 6pm, six days a week unloading barrel after barrel of bitumen in the main camp's rotten Stores depot was enough for any squaddie to stomach.

OK, we'd had a brief break earlier in the month. After parading in best bib and tucker that sweltering 12th June day to recognise the young Queen Elizabeth's official birthday, our depot's Gilbertese labourers had honoured us by inviting us as guests to their village to celebrate and demonstrate their ultra-loyalty to Her Majesty. An unforgettable night of harmonious song and swirling grass-skirted dance. So memorable that the melody and 'words' of one song (since understood to be a prayer to God) still remain with me 50 plus years later.

So now, with the sight of our barren island fast disappearing below, it was time to enjoy ourselves. "Smoking in the cabin is not allowed", we're told, which made for the longest six hours without a fag since we'd left Blighty. Six hours to fly less than 1300 miles! We could have swum there faster! (In May 2007, fellow BNTVA members Bob Aslett, Lionel Garratt and yours truly returned to Christmas- now renamed Kiritimati. The same flight by the airline Air Pacific took no more than three hours).

But why grumble about a six-hour hop when you're going on leave to the lush isle of Oahu with its Waikiki surfing beach and downtown Honolulu city.

Did we land at Lulu's main airport or was it at an outlying military strip? Whatever, there weren't any scantily-clad maidens to greet us, but there's time yet we consoled ourselves.

The taxi motored along the highway, passing the imposingly tall Aloha tower on its right, and headed to our holiday base - the USAF's Fort de Russy rest centre on the edge of Waikiki. Its three passengers were a mixed bag.

Essex-born, West Ham supporter Alan Clack was my tent-mate. He, like our third companion Sergeant Stray, had sailed from Southampton docks late afternoon Monday 30th December 1957 to the fading sound of the quayside brass band and the cheering/wailing of the womenfolk left behind. Christmas Island, via the converted 12,000 ton troopship T T Dunera (a roller if ever there was one), would be five sea weeks away.

The 'Sarge' - we never knew his first name- was a 32 year-old regular. Tallish, a squint in one eye and a slight stoop, he could be quite fearsome if roused in camp but in that shiny American high-winged taxi he, too, was elated like a kid with a new toy. We clearly were going to enjoy ourselves together and rank was put well behind us. He became just one of the boys.

We checked in for five nights at the De Russy and were asked to pay 75 cents per night to kip (about six bob in old money). If we wanted bed and grub it would be



Ron Taylor (Left) and Sergeant Stray outside the Fort De Russy recreation rest centre

five dollars a day (about two quid), we were told. Always skint (my 10/6d extra a week for being made up to full corporal hadn't yet come through), we opted for kip only. Why waste time in the camp when we've all those lovely ladies to meet!

And they were lovely. Hawaiian origin but often of Japanese descent, too, in the eyes and minds of the three squaddies they were as beautiful as anyone could possibly be. After all, their only other distraction for the past five months had been the two middle-aged NAAFI lassies!



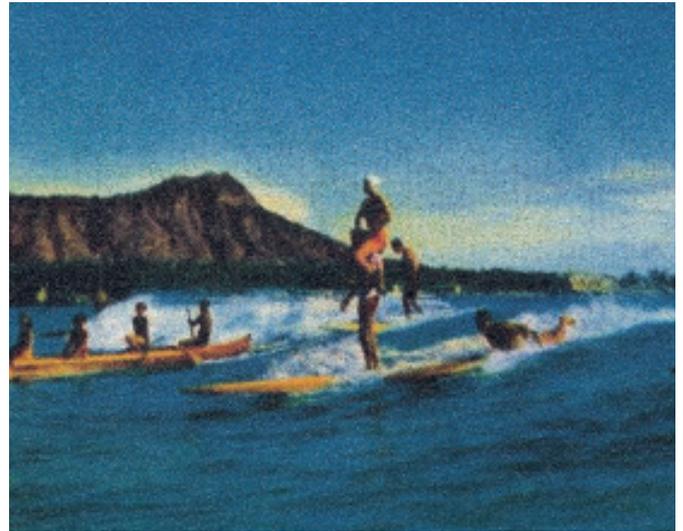
Waikiki Beach



Now Playing- The Four Freshmen at the Lau Yee Chai Nightclub



Alan Clack (Left) with Ron Taylor strolling on Waikiki's High Street



The iconic Diamond Head, 1958

The days and nights flew by. Visits to the open-air hula-hula shows, the zoo, the aquarium, the fortune tellers, the picture halls with terrific large screens, to Mamie Stover's place, to Chinatown. Just being among people in civvies made all the difference.

One special night, at a club at which The Four Freshmen were the top spot, we really paid through the nose. To hear the then world-famous, close-harmony group led by Ross Barbour (drums) with Ken Albers (mellophone), Bill Comstock (guitar) and the sweet high notes of Bob Flanigan doubling on trombone and bass, we coughed up a dollar (7/6d) a beer! Almost a day's Army wages! But it wasn't always like that.

You could while away a happy hour or two propped up at a bar with your own mini duke box just next to you on the counter- that's the way it was in fifties Lulu- listening to the Everly Brothers' offering of Dream, Dream, Dream or the dulcet tones of Perry Como's Magic Moments. Yes, they were magic moments that June of '58.

And it wasn't to end there. As luck would have it, the flight scheduled to return us to Christmas after six days was, for some unexplained reason, not available. How awful!

It meant that we three had to 'suffer' another four days, this time at the USAF's Hickam Air Base. Bunking (not banking!) free with the Yanks in their air-conditioned billets, we helped ourselves to gallons of their iced milk and continuously raided a diet of soft and very rich food from their 'help-yourself'

fridges. OK, back on The Rock we had always been well-fed on turkey and pineapple from the cookhouse but this was different and really something!

While the American rookies drilled on the parade ground (quite sloppy they were), we Limeys just watched, smiled to ourselves and planned what adventure we would have in town later that day. All good things must come to an end, I suppose, and De Russy and Hickam were no exception. The euphoria of escaping for ten days to Honolulu- no sweltering work, no boring tent hours, no pompous officers to put you on a charge- cannot be quantified. But the memories will linger forever.

Ron Taylor

Maralinga my Story

I was stationed in the Supply Squadron at Maralinga from November 1962 to October 1963 as part of the Royal Air Force contingent. I was primarily involved in Air Movements and also on occasions went to the railhead in Watson to meet the Adelaide to Perth train to collect supplies.

I did wonder why, on occasion, some of us were loaded onto a vehicle driven to the 'Forward Area' and asked to pick up any rubbish we could find. There was nothing there so why take us out to what must have been a heavily contaminated area? On reflection I enjoyed my time there. Most personnel got on with one another and the RAF, Royal Navy and Army of both the UK and Australian forces had a mainly

friendly, if competitive edge.

After returning to the UK I got married in March 1964 and our daughter was born in November 1965 and we were looking forward to having more children. Unfortunately this was not to be as my wife had numerous miscarriages culminating in ectopic pregnancies in 1972 and again in

1973. The comment my wife had from the surgeon after her second ectopic was "Well you won't have to worry about contraception now". There was no support offered for my wife, no counselling, nothing. Using hindsight I can see how this had destroyed my wife's dream of family and how badly this affected her. Eventually I took an early discharge and left the RAF.

My daughter discovered she had been born with a heart problem which, thanks to developments in heart surgery, appears to be overcome.

I have had problems with keratosis damage and whether this is related to my time in Maralinga I couldn't say. One thing I can say is that when I registered with my GP on leaving the RAF he requested my medical details but he was told they had been lost.

I have read Maralinga by Frank Walker and Maralinga's Long Shadow by Christobel Mattingley and would recommend anyone interested in what really happened out there to read both.

I feel guilty that because of me it is most likely my daughter had a damaged heart and my wife had so many miscarriages and the ectopics. I am angry that the native Australians were treated so deplorably and that our Government refuses to recognise the suffering that nuclear veterans and their families are still going through.

Alan Murdock



Gone but not forgotten

2007 return to Christmas Island

You arrive at the one-horse air terminal, take the short hop along the island's bumpy road to the Captain Cook 'hotel' in the open back of a one-tonner, get bedded down and can't wait for morning to come and get started in your search for the places you once knew.



The main camp and its tent lines, the NAAFI, the cookhouse, the stores compound where you toiled with the Gilbertese till heat exhaustion saw you carried off to hospital ('hospitall- that was a joke, but they did their best). They'll all be there somewhere if you can find them.

They're not, you know, and you can't. Time and the green jungle of Christmas Island has obliterated them forever. It's one of the several sadnesses that await the visitor after 50 years. The disappointment of not even beginning to locate and identify his old stomping ground.

But wait! What's that tumble-down pile of stone walling over there hiding within the scrub and foliage? It's the church, damn it! The one you used to kneel in long ago and offer a prayer or two- most probably in the hopes of speeding your exit from this Godforsaken island? At last you've found your bearings, something you can relate to.

So if that's the church, the main camp, the NAAFI, the cookhouse must be over there. But they're not, they've gone forever.

Still, a little inspection of the rubble that was once your Sunday solace wouldn't do any harm. It's derelict, almost unrecognisable but, lo and behold, there lying on the scrub-strewn floor is the font! Carved out of a full stone, some two and a half feet in diameter, it's part damaged but preserved almost intact. Who baptised whom, you wonder? Did one of your mates find God during his time on The Rock? Fascinating to think back.

And what's that in the corner? Standing upright and nestling between and at the foot of two half-standing walls is a smooth-faced stone. A closer look and there, as if you've discovered a long-lost Egyptian artefact, you're facing not a bit of the old construction but a plaque! Yes a relic, albeit barely 50 years old, and on it is inscribed 'This stone was laid on 12th Sept 1958 by Rev. E. F. Alsop RAF on the completion of this church'

Memories again flood your mind but who, you ask yourself, carved the font? Who created the inscription so painstakingly? Who was the Revd Alsop? Are they still with us or have they departed for a better place? I'd like to know. So, too, would you?



Ron Taylor
(Lance-jack, 73 Christmas Island Squadron, 1958)

BNTVA board of Trustees



Chairman
Alan Owen
✉ a.owen@bntva.com



Secretary
Robert Ireland
✉ secretary@bntva.com
✉ b.ireland@bntva.com



Vice Chair
Sandie Hern
✉ s.hern@bntva.com



Historian
Doug Hern
✉ d.hern@bntva.com



Social Media Manager
Susan Musselwhite
✉ s.musselwhite@bntva.com



Financial Controller
Alison Walker
✉ a.walker@bntva.com



Editor & Financial Officer
Ron Watson
✉ r.watson@bntva.com



Merchandising Manager
Ian Hall
✉ i.hall@bntva.com
✉ shop@bntva.com



Legal Advisor to the Board
Tony Jeffrey
✉ t.jeffery@bntva.com



Operation Dominic
Representative
Eric Barton
✉ e.barton@bntva.com



Fallout
Descendants Group
Shelly Grigg
✉ s.grigg@bntva.com



Association Chaplain
The Very Revd, Nicholas
Frayling BA, LLD
✉ n.frayling@bntva.com



Appointed Person
Parliamentary Patron
John Baron MP
✉ baronj@parliament.uk



Appointed Person
Parliamentary Vice Patron
John Hayes CBE MP
✉ hayesj@parliament.uk

Report by Douglas Hern – December 2017

The time distance between the last magazine and this one has been a very busy period. Answering numerous queries from veterans, working with the documentary makers for the Sky History Channel on a documentary that should be available in the near future.

We have ongoing work with the Imperial War Museum as they had decided to put up a Cold War Section and intend representing the Nuclear Test Veterans in this area. We have ongoing communication with BBC World News East Midlands Television and the Soldier Magazine.

Any veteran who wishes to subscribe to the archives, or provide any materials to the archive is asked to ensure that the article, or material, is accompanied with a letter that states whether, or not, the articles or items submitted, may be published or used in, television and interviews,. etc.

Doug Hern - BNTVA Historian

BNTVA on Instagram

We have launched Instagram. If you'd like to follow please do at [@bntvamedia](#)

If you'd like to share your pictures with us for the use of Instagram then please email Susan at s.musselwhite@bntva.com



Follow us on Instagram!
[@bntvamedia](#)

Descendants, we'd like your help

Calling all descendants, can you help us? We are putting together an informative talk about what it's like to be a descendant.

If you'd like to stay anonymous that's not a problem, we would just like your help. If you'd like to help please email Susan on s.musselwhite@bntva.com

Please could you include-

- What it's like to be a descendant
- Do you feel that you are treated differently being a descendant
- What would help you now and in the future
- Anything else that you feel may benefit all descendants

If you have any questions about this please email Susan and she'll be able to answer any questions.

Thank you from the social media team.

BNTVA Shop



Forget Me Not Lapel Badge
£3.00
Post Band 1



BNTVA Blazer Badge
£12.00
Post Band 1



BNTVA Lapel Badge
£2.50
Post Band 1



BNTVA Bookmark
£3.00
Post Band 1



Grapple Tie
£9.50
Post Band 1



BNTVA Woven Tie
£10.00
Post Band 1



Baseball Cap
£9.50
Post Band 2



Polo Shirt
£10.00
Available in Red, Black, White, Navy, Light Blue and Red. S- 4XL
Post Band 2



Pilot Shirt
£35.00
Made to order, please state collar size.
Post Band 2



Scarf
£10.00
Post Band 2



BNTVA Fleece
£22.00
S- 3XL
Post Band 3



BNTVA Mug
£6.50
Post Band 3

Ways to pay your annual BNTVA membership subscription

Set out below are the methods you can use to pay your membership subscription, due 1st of April each year.

There are 3 ways to pay your BNTVA membership: Cheque, Online and Direct Debit.

Cheque Payment

Make cheque payable to BNTVA, write your 4 digit membership number on the rear of the cheque and return to:

BNTVA
PO Box 1223
Spalding
PE11 9GD

Direct Debit- ask us for a form!

Email info@bntva.com
or call 0208 144 3080

New membership packs have been sent out due to the re-organisation of the BNTVA. These also contained Gift Aid Forms, please complete and return if you have not already done so. If you have not received the membership pack please E-Mail s.hern@bntva.com or call 0208 144 3080

Join the BNTVA

To join the BNTVA contact us for a membership application form which contains all the details on paying your membership.

Types of membership

UK Single Member £20. UK Family (partner & dependent children) £30.

IMPORTANT

If you have been paying by Standing Order YOU MUST CANCEL with your bank. YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STANDING ORDER. If you have been paying by PayPal please cancel your payment and use the online payment instead.

BNTVA 2018 Annual Conference

This year the Annual Conference is going to be held at the Grand Atlantic Hotel in Weston Super Mare from 18th – 20th May.

A booking form for this event will have been sent to you in the Membership pack that you will have recently received. If you have lost this form or require another please contact: s.hern@bntva.com or call Sandie on: 0208 144 3080

There is restricted accommodation available at the Hotel and booking will be made on a “First Come First Served” basis.

Bookings for the 2 nights (Friday & Saturday) are Inclusive of dinner, breakfasts & Gala Dinner For those who wish to book additional accommodation for Thursday & Sunday nights the charges are £70.00pp for Thursday & £40.00pp

for Sunday. If you only wish to attend the Gala Dinner on Saturday 19th May, please complete the Menu Form and send to: BNTVA – PO Box 1223, Spalding, PE11 9GD, along with a Cheque, made out to BNTVA, for £19.99 per person. If you do not have a copy of this form, call 0208 144 3080.

If you are only attending the Conference on Saturday 19th May, lunch will cost £6.99, per person,



All Nuclear Test Re-Union- 2018

Pontins – Weston Super Mare

This years Annual “All Nuclear Tests Re-Union” will take place from
24th – 28th September 2018

Comfy accommodation, single, double, twin and triple rooms available
En-Suite shower or bath
LCD TV featuring ‘Freeview’ Channel Choice
Tea & Coffee Making Facilities
All rooms are on ground floor
Self Service Breakfast and Evening Meal
Fantastic daytime and live evening entertainment
Wine reception to be held on the evening of arrival prior to evening meal

Only £80 pp with a £50 per room deposit and the balance being due on or before
29th July- After this date the full payment would be required at the time of booking

If you have not yet booked, and wish to attend, call Pontins direct on 01934 4283200 to make your reservation
quoting NTR and then notify Sandie Hern at s.hern@bntva.com or call 0208 144 3080, that you have done so.



Contact Us

This is the only correspondence address and telephone number for the Association.

NOTE!

Our Contact Details Have Changed

By Post
BNTVA
PO Box 1223,
Spalding
PE11 9GD

By Telephone
0208 144 3080

Website
www.bntva.com

By Email
info@bntva.com



Campaign magazine is published by the BNTVA

Editor: Ron Watson

Next issue copy deadline
18th May 2018

All contributions for the magazine should be sent to

Editor
BNTVA
PO Box 1223
Spalding
PE11 9GD

or emailed to
editor@bntva.com

BNTVA is not an anti-nuclear or an anti-war association. All opinions, views and quotations do not represent official BNTVA policy and are the sole responsibility of the writer. Photographs and images – © Copyright of owner acknowledged.

Campaign cannot guarantee total accuracy for any reproduction of letters / articles / transcripts. BNTVA is a Registered Charity Reg. No 1173575 supporting past and present UK Nuclear Test Combined Service Veterans and their families.