

So Long Cobber

Jack was an old soldier who served several tours of duty in Vietnam and if my memory is sparking correctly, he also served in Borneo during "Confrontation."

Like many others during his military service I had the great honour to serve with him... The last and final time being at the Battle School where Jack was one of the originals...

This wonderful, professional soldier was well known and respected in the Regiment for both his military skills and exceptional ability to nurture and develop young warriors in the arts of soldiering. When he spoke, they listened; when he gave a command, they obeyed without question and no matter night, day, rain or heat, when he said "follow me," they followed. Just as importantly, be it in the field, the barracks or on leave when they needed help, they readily sought his advice which was always constructive and never with criticism or derision. Clearly with such leadership he was often considered a father by many and it is true to say that some of their sons were also fortunate enough to receive his guidance...

In my view he was one of our best and yet sadly, never recognised for his outstanding service.

As would be expected of this modest and reticent warrior, he has left us quietly and without complaint. No brass bands or parades at his passing yet certainly grief and countless fond reflections of a soldier loved by all who knew him and who set the example with "Duty First."

So long cobber, sleep well.

Vale WO2 Jack Bradd -- True Blue

When warriors leave Planet Earth, be it early or late,
They're content with past deeds and accept their fate;
I wonder where the ghosts of today's Vikings go;
To rest in peace and no longer swords and spears to throw.

The man we honour today was a fine warrior proud,
Do not weep and whisper; joyfully shout his name aloud;
Recall the richness and examples of life he left for all;
As his duty to country is told with soft sobs of a bugle call.

No matter the trials and dangers that he and his troops did meet,
Always was an open door with his calmness and warm smile to greet;
He and his comrades in arms were always as one;
So many of them were taught by him and so were their sons.

He'll be there with each generation marching into its tomorrow,
Urging all that leadership is having those who will readily follow;
Be assured his never yielding spirit will always be near;
Watching all of us going forward in a land he held so dear.

George Mansford © August 2016