



# **BRAGANZA**

Newsletter of

1st Battalion The Queen's  
Regiment

**BELFAST**  
**72-3**

EDITORIAL

We are now at the half-way mark of our tour in Ulster and are truly established in our 'patch'.

The area for which we are responsible comprises some 25 square miles and is sufficiently varied to pose just about all the problems we could expect to meet in this troubled Province. We cover the NW corner of the City of Belfast itself where our main pre-occupation is with bomb attacks against business premises; we have had plenty of practice at this since our arrival.

Moving away from the city centre, the next feature of our area is the Catholic Unity Flats complex at the East end of the Protestant Shankhill, ably looked after by C Coy. The New Lodge, which lies immediately to the North of Unity and which is Support Coy's playground, has posed us a few problems for it is here that the Provisional IRA are most active at the moment.

It is perhaps the Buffer, where Catholic New Lodge meets Protestant Tiger Bay, that Ulster's problems are best summed up. It is A Coy's privilege to attend to the almost daily inter sectarian stone and bottle throwing sessions here. It is indeed strange how some people get their pleasure! From Tiger Bay our area runs far to the North and is made up of large stretches of countryside around Cave Hill and Carnmoney, several middle class residential areas, and new towns such as Rathcoole and Glengormley which are the results of Belfast's slum clearance and overspill. UDA and Tartans are quite active in this area and B Coy have their time cut out in trying to prevent intimidation of Catholics.

At the end of two months we can look back with satisfaction on a job well-done. We have all worked extremely hard and have had our fair share of success in arms found and IRA Provisionals arrested.

We have not forgotten that the mothers and fathers at home, and our wives and children in Bulford, Uckfield, Moniton and wherever: else they may be, have a lot to put up with and must be worried about us at times.

We would like to assure you that although Ulster is not exactly our favourite posting, our morale is high and we intend to keep it that way. With R and R leave to give us some half-way strength and with the prospect of more permanent rest in February, the next two months will surely pass as quickly as the first two have already slipped by.

THE PADRE SPEAKS

I am grateful for this opportunity of writing to you all as the new Chaplain to 1 QUEENS. Not only am I new to the Battalion but also to the Army itself, having only joined at the beginning of September.

...And what an initiation - four months in Belfast; the gateway to pride and prejudice where children are weaned on hatred and nurtured on violence, but, thank God, this is not true of all Ulster people. We have all been pleasantly surprised at the amount of genuine goodwill which has been expressed sometimes from the most unlikely places.

We have been grieved by the tragic loss of Privates Sinclair and Evans and I am sure all wives and families would join me in expressing our heartfelt sympathy to all who mourn at this time.

Although I deeply regret the circumstances in which we find ourselves out here, I cannot regret this initiation into the Army life for two reasons. Firstly it has given me an unparalleled opportunity to get to know the Battalion in the best way possible and secondly, being separated from my wife and two children, I can share the feelings of stress and strain which every married soldier and wife must know at these times.

I have often been asked why I came into the Army. To say that God called me may sound wishful thinking to many, but to me this is the fundamental reason. I am sure that wherever people are and in whatever circumstances they need Jesus Christ and the good news of forgiveness and eternal life which He brought to this stricken world. Not least is this true of the soldier to whom the Gospel is as relevant as to anybody else.

Like every man in Northern Ireland, I am looking forward to my R and R. I am glad that I shall also have a few days at my disposal to enable me to visit as many of you in Bulford as possible.

I am here to help you in every way possible. Please do not hesitate to contact my wife or myself at any time if you feel we can help, or even if you feel we can't.

With kindest regards

JOHN A MURRAY.

TAC HQ TREATISE PART 1

GAMES THAT CHILDREN PLAY

In the midst of all our war stories we hasten to tell you that life goes on very much as normal in Belfast.

Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in the day-to-day lives of the children who strive against all the odds to extract some fun from this city.

Those of you who read as children the delightful stories of Winnie The Pooh may recall the charming game of Pooh Sticks, where pieces of wood were dropped from a bridge into a stream to see which piece would first drift clear of the bridge down stream. Unfortunately there are very few river bridges here, and it has been a bad year for Pooh Sticks which are scarcely to be found. The children of Ulster, however, are gifted with rare imagination, and refuse to be put off by the lack of amenities and raw materials. Thus it is that squeals of youthful delight puncture the steady roar of motorway traffic as rocks and paving stones are launched from road bridges above, to crash upon bonnets, windscreen and rooves of passing cars which often enter into the spirit of the game by swerving from side to side at high speed, sometimes even crashing off the road.

Choral societies are also proving a great attraction for the youth of the province who threaten to rival the Welsh in the vitality and charm of their singing. These societies, which are made up mostly of 5 to 8 year olds with middle aged ladies as choir leaders, usually meet outside RUC Police Stations and military establishments where their performances are most appreciated.

Their songs are sophisticated and modern airs on a variety of themes, sometimes describing in some detail the ancestry of the RUC and the military, sometimes indicating quite clearly where we can all put our rubber bullets. But, whatever the subject matter, we cannot fail to be impressed by such determined attempts to ensure that culture should survive in these violent times.

One constant comfort and source of joy to all our soldiers here, and in particular to the married soldiers who miss playing with their own children, is the game of casting stones. We all know the fun to be had in making pebbles skip across the water at the sea-side. For the children of the city this is not possible and instead they gather in the streets to send rocks and stones and bottles skipping along the pavement towards our soldiers who eagerly turn out to join in the fun, skipping and dodging out of the way. Sometimes a game of tag, or hide and seek will develop as we pretend to try to catch the children.

As one of Tangier Company's soldiers told me the other day, "We miss our own children terribly, and it's nice to be able to get out occasionally to play games with the local kids. It gives you a satisfying feeling of doing a worth-while job to see the joy in their faces".

TAC HQ TREATISE PART II

DEFINITIONS

The violent nature of life in Belfast at times tends to obscure the fact that much of what happens here is a daily occurrence in most cities at home. Such is the extent of our indoctrination that sometimes our imaginative powers prove stronger than our powers of observation. Accordingly certain words acquire entirely new meanings in our day-to-day conversations:-

Sample 1

Major gun battle in my area. I am pinned down by fire.

Definition

Car backfires.

Sample 2

Major gun battle in my area. I am pinned down by automatic fire.

Definition

Car backfires twice.

Sample 3

Shots just to the East of my area.

Definition

Firework display in Liverpool.

Sample 4

Large explosion, 100lbs jellignite.

Definition

Slamming window.

Sample 5

Large explosion, 200lbs jellignite.

Definition

Slamming door.

Sample 6

IRA Sniper on rooftop.

Definition

Engineer repairing TV aerial.

Sample 7

Man with rifle creeping out from sniper position.

Definition

Man leaving public lavatory.

Sample 8

2 Armed thugs escaping at high speed in Ford Contina GXL.

Definition

58 year old spinster driving the local Vicar to Evensong in a 1935 Morris Minor.

Sample 9

Bomb scare at Co-op.

Definition

Elderly woman shopper rests her heavy Shopping basket on the pavement.

Sample 10

Peaceful political protest with one large placard.

Definition

Bus stop queue.

Sample 11

22 rioters being kept apart by policeman in short trousers.

Definition

Football match.

Sample 12

Hallo Wø this is W1. Our search of greengrocers shop was fruitless.

Definition

Worst joke of 1972.

Sample 13

My Ding-a-ling.

Definition

Top of the Ops Room pops.

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TAC HQ NIREP

NIREP ONE PD SITREP as at 300330Z NOV

1. 0445 SEAMUS TWOMEY (50)(RUC) NO FIXED ABODE WAS STOPPED BY A ROUTINE PATROL PLANTING A BOMB AGAINST THE DOOR OF CRUMLIN RD GOAL PD HE WAS BROUGHT TO TAC HQ FOR QUESTIONING PD SCREENED AND RELEASED AT 0530 PD.
2. 0630 2 x LV AT W95 WHO WAS DOING 50 PRESS UPS AT JUNC NEW LODGE ANTRIM ROAD PD NO CAS PD FOLLOW UP FOUND 2 x SILVER .45 CASES OUTSIDE CRAZY HORSE SALOON PD GUNMAN WAS SEEN WEARING A BLACK MASK AND MADE GETAWAY ON GREY HORSE PD IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE LONE RANGER HAS STRUCK AGAIN.
3. 1040 A SEARCH OF 188 NEW LODGE ROAD REVEALED THE FOLLOWING IN THE GARAGE:  
1 x CENTURIAN Mk 12  
1 x 25 PDR FIELD GUN  
1 x MOBAT ANTI TANK GUN  
10 x 303 VICKERS MACHINE GUN  
3 x SALADIN ARMoured CARS  
4 TONS TNT  
30,000 ROUNDS ASSORTED AMMUNITION  
RMP FINDS TEAM ARRIVED 1110 AND TOOK AWAY FINDS IN A PLASTIC BAG
4. 1100 GREEN VAN REG NO NUT 1 PULLED UP OUTSIDE BACK ENTRANCE TO TAC HQ PD 2 MEN DRESSED IN WHITE JACKETS REMOVED SCREAMINGACORN ON A STRECHER PD FUNTR.
5. 1130 2 x LV AT W32C NFR 2 x BR NHC SFNI FUNTR PD.
6. 1200 20 CHILDREN INVOLVED IN DEMONSTRATION JUNC SHORE RD/SKEGON IEL AVE PD THEY WERE PROTESTING THAT BLUE FILMS WERE NOT SHOWN ON CHILDRENS TELEVISION PROGRAMMES PD MAIN SPEAKER WAS JOHN O'CONNOR (RC)(5) 233 ANTRIM RD PD DEMONSTRATORS DISPERSED QUIETLY AT 1225 TO WATCH ANDY PANDY PD
7. 2359 COACH PROCEEDING DOWN ANTRIM RD TURNED INTO PUMPKIN CMA 1 x FEMALE DRESSED IN RAGS RAN OFF DOWN CAVEHILL ROAD CHASED BY FOUR WHITE MICE PD ITEL INVESTIGATED FOUND 1 GLASS SLIPPER ON PAVEMENT PD THEY ARE LOOKING TO SEE WHO IT WILL FIT PD.

A COY ANECDOTES

IRISH LOGIC

As heard on RUC net: Uniform control to all stations, one of you's has your pressel switch pressed and you can't hear me, check your pressel switch, Uniform out.

And we complained about Sherman!

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK

Overheard on Coy Intercom.

IRATE 2IC: My six year old could type faster than that Tristram.  
HARRASSED TRISTRAM: Well bring him in then sir.

The Coy has settled in well to good accommodation and are making themselves as comfortable as possible. We share the camp with D Sqn North Irish Horse who are the best of hosts. Lcpl BROAD spends his days, when he gets up, in their L.A.D. shed. He says he's getting spare parts but why does he keep saying they are 8mm and blue.

The Company works a three day cycle, one day in The Buffer in Saracens, one day camp guard and one day in the rest of the area on mobile Land Rover or foot patrols.

What's a day in the Buffer like? As with all our days we start tasks at 1000 hrs. jump into the jumbos (Irish for Saracens) and scream down to The Buffer. This is the North part of the New Lodge and the interface between the Catholic community and the Protestants of Tiger Bay. Our job is to stop the two communities fighting by providing an instant, easily accessible target dressed in easily seen clothes (US). Some days we are liked, some days we get severe abuse. They like us to try and clear suspect car bombs, they don't like us arresting people who shoot at us. They are logical, they will have nothing to do with us unless they want something; when they want it, it must not be seen to come from us.

The mobile patrols in the rest of our area have a more varied task, acting as khaki policemen. We could almost be renamed the Dunmore Park Camp Car Recovery Service with the number of stolen cars that we have recovered, our record being 2 minutes by the R group. We have recovered three stolen cars that had not even been reported stolen and we didn't do it. The mobile patrols are well liked, no names of benefactors, but Pte PATTISON had a wonderful birthday cake made for him. Cpl ISSACS rues the day that he mentioned he liked treacle cake at a tea stop, now they make him an endless supply of treacle cake and his patrol is often tasked by radio to fetch it. We have many tea stops ranging from cracked mugs on a tin tray to best English bone china.

Back in camp, one platoon provides the guard and fatigues and on Saturday a small male escort service for the T.A. disco. A grand time is had by all, but how did Lcpl BUTLER get a rupture?? On reflection two out of our three casualties were in camp; Pte GRIFFITHS decided to throw himself off the ladder of the No 1 OP. His report on the nurses at Musgrave has deterred everybody from going sick. The Int section is very busy --- or so they tell us.

HARDY has been made OC fish tank, WEAVER is used as a come-on in the Buffer and Lcpl WALL has proved his worth as an interpreter.

In the command post chaos reigns with the 2IC hurling severe verbal at everyone and Cpl (or is it Lcpl or Pte) WILKES changing his rank daily according to the number of servicable pocket phones.

We have a detachment of RCT here to drive our mini eating Saracens; total destroyed to date 2, damaged 3, near misses too many to count. Smasher (our appointment title for Sgt HICKSON) has had a mini stencil made for the sides of the vehicles.

We are still waiting to know how to go "oop" down Antrim.

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'BUFFER PATROL' or 'SAVED BY THE R GROUP'

With apologies to Messrs Lerner and Lowe (To be sung 'tensely' to the tune 'On the street where she lives').

(Pianissimo)

We have often stalked down these streets before  
Spamout, Hillman, (and I think there are another four)  
All at once am I fifty - thousand high  
Knowing I'm on the street where 'Piggy' lives

(Furtively)

Are there gunmen still in this part of town  
We all hoped they had been scared away to County Down (or Cork, or Antrim ect)  
Still we understand Leo's former band  
Are allback on the street where 'Piggy' lives

(Chorus)

Then oh what terrible feeling just to know that you are around  
All my section is hopefully kneeling as the missiles strike the ground

(Crescendo)

Mrs Morgan's here, and Mckinley too  
We've searched his house but twice perhaps we need another view  
All the dogs are out then up goes the shout  
'Get your \*"/@' '& off the street where 'Piggy' lives

And now help is here and the evening is saved  
'Mighty Mick' has come to check that every man has shaved  
All is well at last for the 'R' Group's passed  
Thru into the street where our friend 'Piggy' lives

Scragger, Fleming, Spud, and White make up the gallant few  
And 'good lord' here is Sunray, bullet proof as ever, too  
We can all go home and leave 'Piggy' to roam  
Safe once more on the street where he lives

AAA BEATTIE.

(Sung to the tune)  
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling  
The gunman are about  
They shoot to kill  
They sometimes will  
If they don'T they'll try again

Sometimes they shoot to kill you  
Sometimes they shoot to scare  
So whilst you're in the Buffer  
Always be aware

When you get down to Newington  
You can relax a little bit  
And pop around to No 12  
And try and grab a bit

When you're in the Jumbo  
You must always keep it quiet  
You never know when the Paddys are due  
To start a riot

JOKE.

As the Buffer housewife said  
to the S.F. when her husband  
was interned:- THAT'S AMAZING.....

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(Sung to the tune)  
HOW I MISSED ME

Last night was the best night of our lives no doubt  
Cause while you stayed indoors we were out and about  
We cried cause we missed you and all of your guns  
Yes we missed you how we missed you in the Buffer last night

\* We missed the bricks and the bottles that are thrown  
We missed the women and the way that they moan  
We are happy cause we are on the boat in the morn  
Yes we will miss you how we will miss you in the Buffer no more

Did the Catholics say they noticed anything strange  
Like a different pig park in the Buffer for a change  
Did they watch as they de-bused and scattered around  
Did you miss us like we missed us in the Buffer last night

Sung by

Jim Reeves  
(Now W11B)

\* CHORUS

B COY BURBLINGS

By Sgt HARFLEET to Pte BARRETT when comms could not be established with W29 which was parked outside the Ops Room, prior to moving out.

"You're a typical bloody signaller. When I can't get through to 29 you suggest, 'Hang on I'll give them a shout out of the window'".

Conversation between Sgt HARFLEET and small Irish girl.

"Hallo, little girl. Are you looking forward to Santa Claus coming down the chimney".

"Naw, We got electric fires";

Anon. While watching the never ending rain.

"It's not the shamrocks that make Ireland green -- it's the bloody mildew".

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The following letter was found in B Coy's area and appears to be written by one IRA member to another.

"Dear Pat,

Oi meant to write this letter last noight but de bus Oi kem home on was blowed up so Oi had to walk. So don't be distressed if yez do 't resave ut till termorrer.

Oi've posted de Armaloite magazines as ye asked and de box of ammunition but de parcel was overweight so Oi took de ammunition out to make de parcel loighter. Yez'll foind de rounds in de magazines.

Ye'll be rale sorry to hear about Mickey Dolan. He wuz chased boi de British soldiers an' fell in de river and boi de time dey saved him he wuz drowned dead.

Oi've had a rale busy week in de last few days, what wid trowing bombs at de Brits and so on. It wuz four in de morning at noight before Oi got to bed last noight and when Biddy woke me dis morning Oi wuz still aslape.

We've moved into a new house, boi de way Oi won't give yez de address in case de Brits get hold of dis lether but ye'll foind de address on de front gate when ye call and we'll be rale plazed to see ye whether we're in or out.

Boi de way, also, Oi'm not puttin' de correct address on dis letter in case de Brits get hold of it and foind where ye are, but if yez don't resave ut let me know and Oi'll write yez another.

Yours iver

Pat.

X032142Y Dec  
 Fm 30264197 Pte HIGGS i/c Tea Room 39 Inf Bde  
 To Anybody  
 Info Irish News  
 Respirated  
 DIG BF

10 Foot & Mouth Volunteers

1905 1 x NUCLEAR AT CROWD APPROX 50 YOUTHS THROWING BRs AT COY MASCOT.  
 YOUTHS DISINTERGRATED SLOWLY.

1950 VISCOMTE GUILLAUME PIERRE DE VOLTAIRE MURPHY (RC)(93)(NO FIXED ABODE)  
 ARRESTED BY MOBILE FOR ACTING SUSPICIOUSLY WHEN SEARCHED WAS FOUND TO BE IN  
 POSSESSION OF A BRANCH OF ULSTER BANK. THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE ONE  
 EARLIER REPORTED MISSING FROM 802 - 812 NORTH QUEENS ST. A 300 METRE STRETCH  
 OF THE RIVER LAGAN WAS FOUND IN AN OLD WELLINGTON BOOT NEARBY.

2245 FOUND IN FACTORY ENCLOSED BY BARBED WIRE, 2 x 1 TON ARMoured VEHS, 1  
 x SARACEN, 104 x SLR, 6428 x 7.62 RDS, 21 ASSORTED RADIO SETS AND 74 MEN.  
 WHEN QUESTIONED CLAIMED THEY WERE B COY 1 QUEENS (A LIKELY STORY).

22/104 LANCERS  
 1212 1 x LV AT PATROL DIRECTION UNKNOWN. 7,362 . 30 RETURNED NHC DAMN.

2 BUBONIC GUARDS  
 2322 2 x 120 mm AND 300 x .30 FROM T62 AT JUNC LIMESTONE RD, ANTRIM RD.  
 ROUNDS RETURNED 1 x BR. TANK LOST IN HEAVY TRAFFIC HEADING SOUTH DOWN ANTRIM  
 RD. REGISTRATION N/K DURING THIS TIME THERE WERE THREE NEGLIGENT DISCHARGES.

2347 MOBILE REPORTED LARGE GREY ELEPHANT DOING TON DOWN SHORE ROAD. ECPs  
 WERE SET UP BUT NTR. RUC ARRANGED DIVERSION ROUND TON.

44 NUDIST RESERVISTS  
 1520 THE FOLLOWING WERE LIFTED AS A RESULT OF PLANNED SEARCHES:

A. BRICK NAME N/K  
 A. HITLER (RC)(87) 84 TEAR GARDENS  
 J. STALIN (PROT)(85) LOCKER 3 YORK RD STN  
 M.(TSE)TUNG (LYCHEE) BELFAST HARBOUR. SAID TO BE KEEN ON SWIMMING  
 SHEAMUS MURPHY (RC)(27) 16 LESSON ST. CLAIMED HE WAS SHEAMUS RAFFERTY  
 PADDY RYAN (RC)(32) ALEXANDRA PARK. CLAIMED HE WAS SHEAMUS MURPHY  
 SEAN RAFFERTY (RC)(106) 22 SHORE RD. CLAIMED HE WAS PADDY RYAN  
 PADDY MURPHY (RC)(32-27) ALEXANDRA PARK. CLAIMED HE WAS SHEAMUS RAFFERTY  
 RAFFERTY MURPHY (RC) LEESON SHORE. CLAIMED HE WAS SHEAMUS SEAN  
 MURPHY RYAN (RC) SHORE ALEXANDRA. CLAIMED HE WAS MURPHY MURPHY

1525 NCO I/C RMP ARREST TEAM DIED FROM SELF INFLICTED GSW TO HEAD.

1715 FELIX TASKED TO DESTROY SMALL BROWN BOX REPORTED TO BE A BOMB FOUND  
 OUTSIDE EXPLOSIVE STORE CONTAINING 100 TONS OF GELIGNITE.

1718 BELFAST COUNCIL PLAN TO USE CRATER AS NEW RUBBISH TIP.

NNNN  
 TOT 041515 SAY SO AND GO BLAH HIC FRED  
 RECD JIM SPOONS.

C COMPANY COMMENTS

Dear wives and lovers,

Just a word to say we're all being faithful, mainly because its impossible to be otherwise. We live in an old police station, which bears more relation to Colditz Castle than any other building we ever know. Life also comes pretty close to prison existence: trustees are permitted to leave the base in order to track down terrorists, providing they are chained to a weapon, are under strict supervision of a warden (NCO), and only then when its raining. Short timers guard the camp at all hours of the day and night, exercise periods are spent peeling potatoes and polishing floors, and hardened criminals are confined to the roof-top observation post.

Fear not, its not that bad all the time. There are four days parole (I mean R & R) to look forward to and sometimes the sun shines.

Finally let us say that we would all be trying to escape into your arms if it wasnt for Queen, Country and the Sergeant Major, who makes it impossible.

Your ever loving, hard working,

Husband, Lover, Brother, Son Father ..... (GSM)

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ANTI - ARMY PROPAGANDA

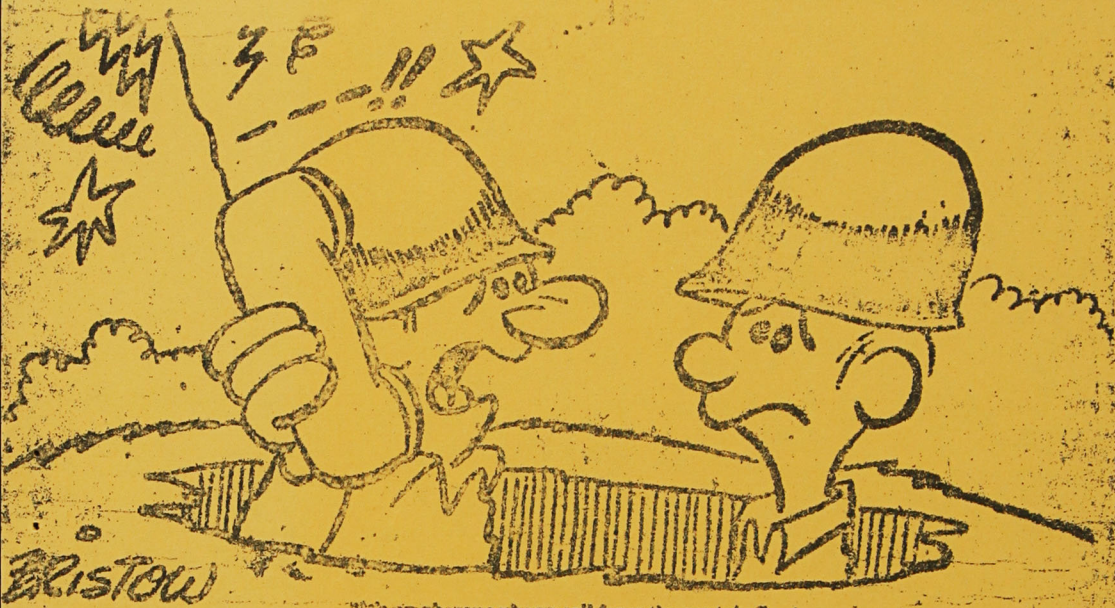
You will all be aware that the British press frequently give biased or exaggerated accounts of the Army's activities in Ulster, but they are nothing compared to some of the stories you read in the Irish press. Take this quote from the Bogfast News for example:

" We now have proof that, in their unrelenting efforts to suppress the freedom of the Irish people to determine their own destruction, the biased Whitelaw regime has brought in a company of ruthless mercenaries, fresh from the blood baths of the African jungle. This company is commanded by one they call " BWANA " and has many coloured soldiers who have obviously been pressed into service on pain of death. Their frequent references to us as various types of animals, and to our houses as a concrete jungle only confirm what we already know to be true. Its plain to see that all Whitelaw is intent on is " BLACKLAW ".

Asked for his comments on this outrageous piece of journalism, the Company Commander said " I wish I'd brought some elephants, I'd soon stamp out this little lot ".

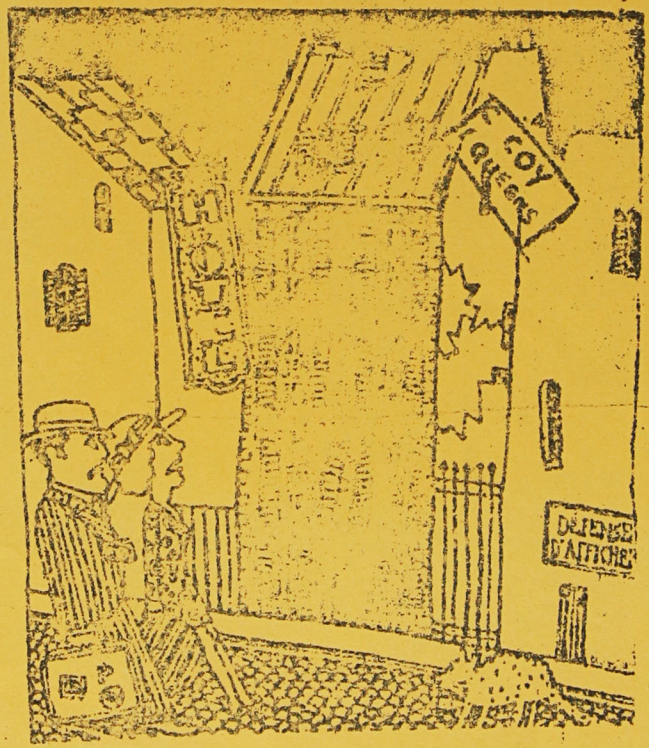
Or consider this extract from the Irish Paddygraph.

" The security forces have developed a new and callous tactic against the already frustrated wives of Internees. Not only do they engage small and law abiding crowds of screaming people with baton rounds, but they attach them to pieces of elastic so that we can't get hold of them."



"It's an obscene phone call from the captain."

THEY SAY THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU DEAR  
BUT NONE FOR ME



SP COY SPLURGE

AN AMAZING ACCOUNT OF AN ADVENTURE INTO THE NEW LODGE REGION  
OF THE LITTLE KNOWN BELFAST

Whereupon we shall describe the fates of a few intrepid Englishmen, who ventured into the New Lodge upon a dismal day in November in the year of Our Lord 1972. This account was found in the possession of an old campaigner of those days of strife, who, for the exchange of monies, agreed to the publishing of the said account.

November 5, 1972. Our forward base has at last been established, deep in the rain forests of Belfast, and we have agreed to call her 'GIRDWOOD'. The profusion of huts are a vast difference to what existed before. We have suffered of course. Many good men have lost their minds, strained beyond all Gods help, with colour telivitis. This dread disease has struck swiftly, decimating the brave pioneers. Only the prompt application of Egg 'banjo' poultices, taken at midnight, has managed to halt the epidemic. The weary miles of searching for the lost city of 'El Dorado', have proved fruitless. We have found only a small hamlet, not far from the base, which we have named 'New Lodge'. The natives are extremely violent, and throw missiles at our approach. We are trying to establish a rubber plantation in these parts, but the natives insist on taking part in all cultivation. This has proved embarrassing to say the least. The womenfolk have extremely long tongues, apparently by sucking on the Guinness fruit at a young age. Unfortunately, their dialect is rather forceful, and the strange, dustbin lid like growth on their hands adds to the foreore they cause at delicate times. We have been much interested in their strange customs, not least to say their habit of spitting lead pellets from weaponry, which has not helped with public relations. So in order to adapt to their customs, we in turn spit lead back at them, when we can find them. Afterwards, we watch carefully their celebrations, which are everlorded by their vociferous witch doctor, Ungala O Kane. He hands out Guinness fruit, and astounds his flock with tall stories, short stories, and any old stories that spring to his mind. If he, by mistake, utters an untruth, the natives become morose, and stagger blindly against their huts, apparently drugged by the vapours of this strange fruit. Other natives run offwillly and play 'let's change huts!' so that we must rescribe our census parchments, which can be hard work. We persevere by talking with these simple people, and we have decided to disarm them, due to their wild firing of lead pellets. It is no pleasure to inspect their refuse containers, in case some forgetful native has left his pellet weapon there, after returning from the hunt. We also endeavor to find their strange explosive stores, which they prize more than all. Apparently they gather in some secret place, and with much chanting, mix obnoxious pastes and substance into large bombs, whereupon they venture out into the forests of Belfast, and plant these bombs in goodly places. Unfortunately, the bomb matures very quickly, ferments and explodes. The natives have never yet managed to successfully grow a bomb tree without it disintegrating before maturity. Some natives are unruly, and steal transport, whereby they snatch monies from unsuspecting tribesmen in the depths of Belfast. Much transport is being stolen at the moment, much to our sorrow. Our men are undaunted by all these trials and tribulations. They march forth into dangerous regions, watching every track for these strange people. We suffer sores and rampant plaques, but the wastes must be conquered, before we can return in triumph.



