



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

APRIL

BELFAST

1975

FOREWORD

Easter has gone, the half point of the tour is past, and the girls have beaten us to it! The first Edition of "Frustrations" has been with us for some weeks — and I dare say we will have the second before this gets into print. Has Maggie Thatcher's success gone to their heads, or have they more time for literary pursuits than us? Of course, like true sportsmen, we must accept defeat chivalrously and admit that we are all enormously impressed by the great effort of our families back in Bulford. To all involved I say well done; you have given us a great deal of pleasure. You have also raised the male chauvinistic instincts of Captain Kealy, the Editor of Braganza. I hope that you will enjoy our magazine as much as we enjoyed yours. It may, however, be the only edition this tour. Each edition costs about £100 and I do not think we can afford this unless we have more excitement and therefore more to report.

This Edition of Braganza goes to press while we are still in a state of ceasefire. This does not mean that all the war stories you have heard of shootings, bombings, stonings, egg-throwing and severe verbal abuse are untrue; we've had plenty — but of course it is not like it was in the good old days. (says he having not served here before!). Indeed the ceasefire means different things to different people. If we so much as speak to the (ex Pistol-packing) girls in the Ardoyne, we are breaking the ceasefire — or truce as they call it. Yet these same darlings happily stone us and call us all sorts of things — and worse — that do little justice to our parents.

Nevertheless, we are all doing our utmost to strengthen the somewhat fragile ceasefire. The vast majority of the people want to be friendly, and they desperately want peace and a real return to normality. They are sick and tired of violence and of the small gangs of murders, thugs and layabouts — both Loyalist and Republican — who thrive on it. We are determined not to let these gangs win the day, and we pray that there will be, as the Secretary



Middle of the Road

of State puts it, a genuine cessation of violence, so that Northern Ireland may soon return to being the peaceful, friendly and beautiful Province that many of us have known in the past.

J.G.W.D.

EDITORIAL

To begin with, we would like to thank the girls in Bulford for their magazine. It has had a wide distribution over here and we look forward to reading the next edition as not only male chauvinistic instincts have been aroused.

For our part, this will be the only edition of Braganza and it is hoped that it will be of some interest to all of us here in Ireland, our families at home, and perhaps to a wider audience less involved in the Battalion's activities. I hope that you do not get lost in the Northern Ireland jargon jungle.

Finally we would like to thank the many contributors to this edition of Braganza. Thank you both.

Seen in a Nigerian Newspaper: "To convert lbs to kgs simply multiply by 0.45359237".

THE BUFFER

On the 4th February Kirkes Company took over operational command of a large part of the Battalion area. Part of this area of Belfast, which is in itself not much bigger than Kiwi Barracks, is known to all as the Buffer.

Some of the older members of the Company have served here before, and it was the scene of many gun battles, (in which it has been reported, our Company Sergeant Major took a great part). However, since the ceasefire began on 10th February, the whole area has been relatively quiet. The fact that the various illegal organisations are not in active conflict with the men of Kirkes Company does not mean that life has returned to normal.

With a population of roughly 15000-20000 and many derelict buildings you can imagine how crowded the houses are. Our presence keeps the two warring factions at bay. Some pass the time of day, while others move off the pavements into their houses as soon as we appear. On the whole the normal inhabitants are enjoying the 'peace'. Streets that have heard the crack and thump of rifle shots now echo to the cries of small children playing, skipping, and gathering on street corners.

The Protestant stronghold of Tiger Bay still provides the Company with masses of tea and sympathy. Many of the old ladies have been giving tea to soldiers since 1969. Their 'parlours' are adorned with plaques, and photographs of soldiers from many different regiments, including our own.

As with any theatre of conflict when violence decreases, the problem of community relations come to the fore. The Company is involved in a few local organisations. CSgt 'Bas' Rawlings can be seen in the Robina Youth Club helping the youngsters forget, at least for a little time, the conflict outside and Lt Simon Pielow and other members of 2 Platoon are planning a playground in Hillman Street.

So with the fragile peace holding, we continue to patrol in the labyrinth of streets which form the Buffer.



UNHAPPY SNAP

Standing: Pte Longmore, Cpl Lovell, Pte Gardiner, Cpl Bickham, Pte Friend.

Sitting: Pte Annett, Pte Stockwell, Pte Enoch, Lcpl Moffatt, Lcpl Coomber.



THE DUNMORE HILTON
Our home for 4 months

B COMPANY NOTES

1. B Company's area, which covers the Catholic New Lodge and is well known by most of the battalion, is a different place. The majority of people are thoroughly fed up with the war of violence and are longing for peace and quiet. They talk to soldiers more freely than on previous tours. The hardcase men of violence however are still trying to force their views on the majority and whilst we have the cease-fire the IRA shooting and bombing has stopped. This has been replaced by a well thought out propaganda campaign which is difficult to refute even though we know the facts are so thoroughly twisted.

2. In the Lodge we have four platoons. The fourth platoon is the Corps of Drums whom we have the privilege to have under command for the tour. Platoons rotate through our four platoon tasks every two days. The first two days are spent guarding our base, (charity begins at home) followed by two days doing mobile patrols in landrovers; this is then followed by a two day period manning our observation posts (OPs) and keeping a beady eye on the local hoods (a Pyperism) or baddies. Three OPs are on the top of the high rise flats and the fourth is in a former funeral parlour. The function of the parlour has now changed from providing coffins and gravestones to providing candidates or clients for other parlours in Belfast. Finally when the platoon has done two days in the OPs they return to our base and become the foot patrol platoon. It is from the foot patrols that much of our information is gained and they provide the most excitement when the IRA does not have a cease-fire.

3. Life is not without it's amusing moments. Pte Balfour, in 5 Platoon, suffered from a severe case of tonsillitis. We think this may have been caused by cooking his sausages in rifle oil when he was in the OPs. The Kojak lollipop campaign is increasing but for some reason our lollipops are not producing the same rapid results that Kojak always seems to get. However our own Kojak has now mastered the radio and tells us that his brain doesn't hurt so much

4. The tour so far has been very quiet but a number of small finds including some shot gun cartridges (Drums), incendiary devices (5 platoon) and gelignite (Search Team) have been made. Our major incident was of course the bombing of the Starry Plough. This was severe and although no one died a number of people were very seriously injured. It is unbelievable that men with extreme ideas can go to such revolting lengths to force their unwanted views on all and sundry.

5. The cease-fire has meant a number of political and military restraints being imposed. This is very frustrating but inevitable and everybody has accepted it. Perhaps the local Provisional Sinn Fein weekly issue of 'Campaign' sums it up best under the heading of 'Don't Fraternise' and we quote "... What we have observed in the area recently is the appearance at street corners of small crowds consisting of a few smiling British soldiers having a 'friendly' chat with members of the Republican Movement who should know better. This is how wars are won! A casual conversation with an ordinary 'Tommy' who is probably a very highly trained intelligence officer can be most advantageous to the enemy.....". Our only comment is that perhaps after all the lollipop does work.



The Starry Plough before



. and after.



The Prime Minister visits Girdwood Park, He is seen here with Sgt Bream, Major Acworth and Pte Jennings.

CORPS OF DRUMS

Once again our scarlet tunics are back in mothballs our musical instruments packed away and we are carrying out our primary role as infantrymen for another four months.

The Commanding Officer in all his wisdom posted us to Holland Company for the N. Ireland tour and it is from the heart of the once warry 'New Lodge' that we write these few notes. To several older members of the platoon it is an old stamping ground, having been in the area with Quebec Company on the '72-'73 tour.

We are well into the tour now, R & R has already started and we have had one loss in the platoon. Cpl Richard Smith has departed from the fold and is now hopefully enjoying life at the Divisional Depot. There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that he has been back-squadded. Fortunately our numbers were not affected as we were reinforced by Drummer Phillip Watson who joined us after training at Basingstoun. Phillip is just eighteen years old and hails from Chatham in Kent.

We had the first find in the Company a small one consisting of four shotgun cartridges, and hopefully one day will come up with something really substantial.

Our task here is difficult and thankless but we soldier on regardless. Letters from wives and sweethearts back home help a great deal to brighten up our lives, so please keep them coming.

We are, of course, all looking forward to our return to England where we can get down to some real soldiering on the square.

We would like to deny the following rumours:

That the Drum Major and Lcpl Barry Bristow draw Old Age Pensions.

That Cpl Danny Sandiford is really Mohammed Ali. (It just sounds that way).

That Dmr Pete Anderson has applied to the Company Commander to change his name to Gloria. (After all fur coats are all the rage in Greenland).

That's all for now. In closing we would ask all our readers to keep smiling, that way you definitely fool the neighbours.



TESTING THE ATMOSPHERE

Soccer against a RUC team — a close match which we lost 11-0. Opposition player, Pte Lavender, Cpl Hamilton, Lcpl Hooper.



What I actually said at the Postings Conference about I Queens was "Let's give 'em a whirl".

THE COMMANDING OFFICER VISITS SOBRAON COMPANY

Upon the day of Valentine
To callsign 3 came callsign 9.
The day before, with great aplomb,
The Shamrock went up on a bomb.
And then, some twenty minutes later
McKenna went into the Mater
With face and hands both badly charred
by ANFO in a sloppy card.

The day of Love had brightly dawned
And 9 all thoughts of love had scorned.
He drove into the New Ardoyne
Like Billy — victor at the Boyne —
Hoping for bombs or something better,
Whether from parcel, bomb or letter.

Three Three Alpha then suspected
That a bomb had been detected
Felix came. Controlled explosion.
Crowd alarmed by strong emotion.
Now the drama was unfolded;
By the bomb had been exploded
Some poor lady's pants and socks
Wrapped up in a metal box.
Knickers twisted; stockings laddered;
Callsign 9's excitement shattered.

Next a saga very droll
Callsign 9 went on patrol
In company with OC C
To watch the Irish on the spree.
To Rock's bar went his party large,
Into the pub they then did barge.
A drunkard made a nasty scene
With words all slurred and quite
obscene:
"He called me 'pig' ... "Whom do you
accuse?"
Asked 9, the drunk said. "Youse."

Finally, the crowning glory.
Blood and sweat and very gory.
The colonel wanted to play squash
And have a sauna and a wash
Three nine Alpha was his victim.
Nine himself in person picked him.

Three nine Alpha not abashed
His own CO with racket smashed.
Out of mouth the life blood poured.
Cpl Rushbrook said "Oh Gawd".
Doctor came; expression dark;
CO sent to Musgrave Park.

Apologies from callsign three
To colonel, Sir, for tragedy.
The lesson's clear: "Some folk don't
dig
Being called a bloody pig."

- Q. What's got number 11 on its back, carried a rifle, gives milk and lives in the North?
A. A right wing military coup.

OP DUTY IN SOBRAON COMPANY

Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta;
Watching kids play helta-skelta;
Echo, too, on Old Park Road
Sitting daily like a toad,
Watching loads of bloody kids
And their mothers banging lids
Or blowing on their penny whistles;
Nowt to do but write epistles.
Alphas where we guard the buses;
Six of us and no one fusses.
The spud machine there sometimes
blocks

Thanks to Mister "Dormouse" Cox.
Bravo looks towards the Gap;
Brompton Park and all that crap.
Charlie watches Etna Drive
And the Highfields — what a dive!
Brick built Delta's super view
Used to be a children's loo.
Echo's perch now manned by Plod
Can see into Land of Prod.
Crowds that gather chill the spine.
Chimney fires — dial 999.
Let them burn, I'll sit like Nero
At my post — Callsign Three Zero.

- Q Where do tracker dogs make for?
A. The Bone.



WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN
Major Trotman, Sgt Taylor and Pte Hooker
at the scene of an explosion in a fish and
chip shop in Old Park Road.

A SLIGHT HOLD-UP

Armed raiders held up an Ulster Bank and escaped to their get-a-way car. Unfortunately, this failed to start and later they were caught pushing it. The raiders were reported as saying they wouldn't bank on it next time.

Recently a UVF spokesman stated that a Top Secret meeting would be held at the 57 Club at 0900 hrs on 1st April 1975 to discuss security.



Capt McGhie is challenged in the 1st round of the Infantry Cup against 1 RRW.

Who is this Max Baloney ?

Hello dere !

Dis am de voice o' de VIGILANT P1, coming to you direc' from Sunny Belfast, de Ballysillan/Ligoniel area to be precise.

Well den, what happen to all de ol' Lydd and Hythe training? What about all de leapin' and runnin' around den? De only violence we seen so far is when de ol' ladies won't let us pass without having a cup of tea!

Course, the old bodies been thumpin' the pavement like coconuts on a windy day and we've had a few bombs, but boys will be boys and if a man can't disagree with his friend, what freedom has he left?

What makes things worse is everything so damn complicated now. What used to be the Prods and the Micks is now PIRA - IRSP - UDA - UVF, etc, etc. What we need is de old Kampala solution, de one party system where we could send de whole dam lot abroad to Scotland or somewhere.

Still we've been findin' plenty of de ol' petrol bombs and pourin' dem away. At 74p per gallon no wonder the UDA is short of money !

Must go now and get on with practisin de ol deep interrogation techniques, i.e., playin' constant loud reggae music to the pl and talking in de foreign language. Dey all reachin de breaking point any day now.

Thumper, Lightning and Youth.

In January The Daily Telegraph reported. "Amin Knows. President Amin of Uganda says he learned in a dream who is going to become the Conservative party leader, according to Radio Uganda monitored in London yesterday. But he does not want to disclose the name".

Northern Ireland Emergency Letter Proforma Mark 3 (NIELP/3)

General purpose/Repeat type

Notice to intending readers: Well, well, here we are again. This letter has been advised to assist those of your loved/hated ones to send their greetings to you whilst they are fighting the foe in a foreign land.

To From

..... 1 Queens BFPO

My Dear/Darling/Light of my eyes/Hot Lips/Sir or Madam. *

I am sorry/glad that I have left the warmth/coldness of your arms/bed* to bask/stagnate in this Sylvan City/Hole.*

I tremble in delight when I see the epistle that flows so readily from your quill like pen/why on earth don't you write so as I can read it? *

Today I have been bored to tears/shot at/kissed by a girl/friend/given tea by a released/escaped terrorist, spent twenty two hours on stag/spent twenty two hours asleep. *

My boss is a lieutenant/captain/major/colonel/corporal. He is an absolute brick/plant/fruit/tart/apple of his own eye. He is after a medal/court martial/me/a sixteen year old terrorist/girl/boy from the Ardoyne/Lodge/Blessed O. Plunket girls/boys school. *

You might have heard a rumour that Sex and Sangars mix. This is true/untrue/I wish it was true/I wish it wasn't true/I am over-run by nubile maidens/brazen hussies/I haven't seen any women like you my darling/thank God.*

So far in the tour we have found: 1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9/0 weapons/bombs/pigs/geese/swans/cows in the area*

To solace myself in your absence, all I have is a Coffeepot/Ruckbag/a little Brown Jug. *

Although the rest of the blokes are nice, they are no substitute for your dusky arms/they are a very good substitute for your own hairy arms.*

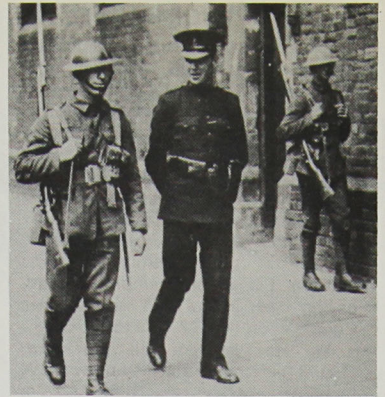
I look forward to seeing you on R 'n' R, I am spending R 'n' R with your sister/mother/here.*

It will be nice/awful/boring to come home.*

Give me a ring/ten pound note/a lock of your hair/some nail clippings for me to remember you by.*

All my love/two words, one involving sex, the other movement/I remain, Yours faithfully,

(* Delete where applicable)



See Letter Insert —>

This letter was formally handed to OC B Company on completion of a march to North Queen Street RUC Station.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

NOTICE TO QUIT

We, the people of the New Lodge Road area, do hereby give Notice to Quit to the tenants of North Queen St. Interrogation Centre. We demand the immediate vacation of the above premises as we are of the opinion that they are not fit for human beings to be dragged into.

We also demand the removal of all equipment e.g. noise machines, hoods, batons, heavy boots etc. etc. forthwith.

We also inform the occupants that the aforementioned premises are considered by us, the people, to be slums of the first order and are due for demolition at an early date to be replaced by a memorial to the memory of all the men, women and boys who have died at your hands.

BY ORDER
THE PEOPLE

2-TON RHINOS MAY HAVE DIED FOR LOVE

Two of Whipsnade Zoo's valuable white Rhinoseros herd, found dead by keepers, may have died while attempting to mate.

A post mortem revealed that Mulunda, 15, died from a heart attack and Myrtle, five, from spinal injuries. Both animals weighed more than two tons. What you might call heavy mates!



Honest Ethel — It's not doing MY spine any good either !!!



HAT AND MOUSE
Cpl Croot at work.

SEE PHOTO OPPOSITE

THE GREEN DRAGON

Members of B Coy and Tac Ops and Int will recall the heat generated over the "Green Dragon" on 21 and 22 March. They will be interested to see copies of Correspondence between our Brigade Commander and The Commander Land Forces.

From: Brigadier R. F. Richardson, O.B.E.

Headquarters
39 Infantry Brigade
Lisburn
County Antrim

Sunday 23 March 75

My dear General,

Following our discussion on Saturday about the Centre, you will wish to see the enclosed photograph taken by my Intelligence Section this afternoon. It was taken from the opposite side of the road in question and clearly shows the progress made there in re-introducing the RUC. It is in marked contrast to the situation in certain other areas which you saw recently on video taken by Sergeant Smith.

In the background, you can see the entrance to the Centre and Bob Acworth, cleverly disguised as a private soldier.

You may wish to draw this to the attention of the LOC in view of his close interest in the subject.

Yours very truly,
Bob

P.S. I have told John Davidson that I think the time has come to remove bayonets though I believe the steel helmet is still essential.

Major-General P.J.H. Leng, MBE., MC.
LISBURN
5111

HEADQUARTERS
NORTHERN IRELAND,
LISBURN,
CO. ANTRIM.

25 March 1975.

My Dear Bob,
Thank you for your
instinctive letter dated 23 March 75.

It is good to see the
progress made in our close
cooperation with the RUC, and your
photographic evidence has done a great
deal to reassure the Secretary of State at
a difficult time.

I have always considered that
we do not allow soldiers sufficient
responsibility and oversee them too
much. I note, with some dismay,
that Bob Atworth has been overdoing
it yet again and filling a Private
soldier's role - at least he has
improved his lieutenant! - and it is
good to see how much the
Ballantine has smartened itself up
during this time.

I am delighted to see the
improvements in weaponry and the
new modern Bayonet. This new
aggressive approach has obviously
frightened the PIRA and has done
much to bring about this recent
Ceasefire. Well done.

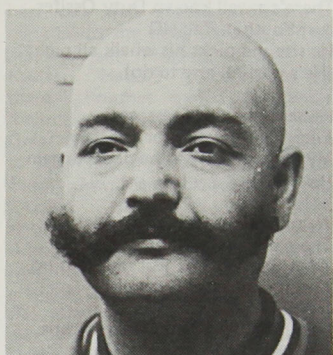
Yours ever Peter

- Q. What do they call a nymphomaniac in Spain ?
- A. A senor-eater.



OPERATION SPRUCE UP
A vehicle hulk is removed from the Ardoyne.

Who's been playing lip service with the Colonel ?



NEW TRANSPARENT KOJAK HAIRPIECE
Ali, who is a bit of a wig, says it grows on you after a while.

DEFINITION
Acorn — a type of nut

- Q. What do they call a girl in Spain who has only got one tooth left.
- A. Juanita.

STATISTICS

(as at 20 April '75)

A. FINDS		
1.	Rifles/Shotguns	12
2.	Pistols/SMGs	16
3.	Rounds/Cases	1048
4.	Explosives - lbs	88½
5.	Hand bombs	31
6.	Detonators	12
7.	Incendiaries	6
B. HOUSE SEARCHES		
1.	Occupied	86
2.	Derelicts	3106
C. BOMBINGS		
1.	Explosions no.	20
2.	Explosions lbs	291
3.	Hoaxes	33
D. CAR SEARCHES		
		29788

ECHELON JOTTINGS

Once again we find ourselves back in Ulster. Alas not this time to the pastures of Carnmoney and the prize dairy cattle herd, but to the more sombre surroundings of Flax Street. Something else that is different this time is the fact that we share the location with not one but two companies. Having sorted the Mill out to everyone's satisfaction the three distinct sub units are integrating well and co-existing peacefully, most of the time that is !!

There are some familiar faces to be seen in the Echelon, together with some new ones. Those that are here for the third four-month tour are considering forming a club and striking yet another necktie to celebrate the fact. One suggestion is the 'Penthouse' motif on a grey background.

We were able to enjoy, for a brief spell, the exhilarating company of a Troop of 48 Squadron Royal Engineers. They made a great impact on us all and we were certainly most impressed with their Barber. Also with the Echelon, under the dashing leadership of Second Lieutenant David Harding, is 'A' Troop of 9th Squadron RCT and grateful we are both for the pleasure of their company and the stirring work they do on the A vehicles.

Around the departments, each is combining the routine daily task with an irksome number of guard duties plus, in certain cases, latching on to the fighting troops for a taste of operational experience.

One or two personalities have earned the right to a mention: Cpl 'Buggsy' Curtis for inviting the PRI to sign for a bit of PRI Kit put in the QM's store for safe custody; Pte 'Chippy' Wood for actually having been seen the other side of the Armoury door; Cpl 'Alfie' Bishop for thinking that 'Long Range' Tombola meant calling the numbers in Belfast for the Rear Party at Bulford; Pte Lavender for believing that his work on the Church would excuse him Padres Hours for five years; the

- Q. What succeeds ?
- A. A beakless budgie.

Quartermaster for drawing up the mock plans for the 'Carnmoney Cathedral' last tour only to be faced with the harsh realities of a church hut and an ambitious Padre on arrival at Flax Street.

The Echelon has acquired a sort of mascot for the duration. This mascot is a sad-eyed brown and white spaniel who answers to the name of Roger. He is a refugee from the Ardoyne and who, other than Senior Officer Mill (SOM) would hold that against him? Cpl Crane, formerly, MT Platoon but of late Chief Gauleiter Flackenstrasse, has been charged with the responsibility of de-flea-ing, washing, brushing and feeding the animal. The dog is intelligent, and sits to attention whenever CSM Callsign 5 is passing.

All were most impressed with the newsheets passed out by the Wives Club. The Echelon has only one suggestion for its improvement. Pension off 'Auntie Ivy' who has not kept abreast (sorry) of the times. Let's have a 'Patricia Ross' of Bulford to whom all us lonely hearts can write for frank answers to our most intimate questions. We were given a whisper of the latest talent in the first issue of 'Frustration'. Shake off your inhibitions girls, and get to it.



DROPPED IN IT
Pte Taylor and Pte Moody emerge from a check of the Sewers at Flax Street Mill.

Following the CSE show, the Padre did a deal with the QM. The Padre agreed to write an article for Braganza if the QM went to church on Easter Sunday. The QM agreed. The reason there is no article is the QM returned to Bulford on Good Friday.



FLAX STREET COOKS
Sgt Wilson, Pte Usher, Cpl Kelly, Pte Hawkins, Pte Perrin, Pte Booker, Lcpl Croot.



"I've heard about taking up hobbies" during the ceasefire — but this is ridiculous !!

- Q. What are sheepshearers called?
A. Baabaas (Yeuck)

NOTES FROM THE NUCLEUS

Unaccustomed as I am to the art of penmanship, I have nevertheless been asked to write a few paragraphs on the personalities and activities of that great hub of activity, the Battalion Orderly Room. Although at times scorned by the glory hunters of the Rifle Companies, who are convinced of their indispensability here, may I be permitted to point out that to date no one has declared a cease-fire in the never ending paper war.

After a very pleasant trip across the Irish Sea, made memorable by the showing of some invaluable training films, we arrived at North Queen Street ready for anything. After a period of 'digging out' and unpacking we soon settled into a frenetic orgy of interminable main gate and sangar stags, QRF and standby guards.

Sgt Malcolm Lindsay, who never tires of telling us the number of days he has left to do in Belfast, is progressing well on his diet. He just manages to squeeze it in between four square meals a day. On reflection, substitute "mountainous" for "square". He has gained three stone since arriving and his vital statistics now read 54, 63, 64, — and that's just his head!

Pte Andy Smith has abandoned the cause, he is now busily fertilizing his hair in an attempt to bring it into the fashion current in the Int world. Is hair really an indication of intelligence? If so, then we have a very clever Adjutant (Seagull) indeed, and I feel sorry for Telly Savalas and Ali. Speaking of Seagull, if you happen to be in the vicinity of Tac HQ he is easily recognisable by the raucous cries of "Attention to detail" and "I know I haven't left it in my briefcase..... I think" emanating from the plush confines of his centrally heated, smoke filled office. When not hustling the Chief Clerk at Backgammon, he can be found in the Ops Room, challenging all and sundry to a game of Mastermind. In moments of passion he has been observed to pick up a receiver and try to dial out on another telephone! Not a pretty sight, I can tell you.

On the arrivals scene we welcome Pte David Waldren who is doing his best to increase the Chief Clerk's grey hair count. Lcpl Peter Hooper has joined the flock having been duly shorn of his Int locks and looks quite human in boots and denims again. Cpl Max Manji has taken over what is deemed by most to be the most important job in the Battalion — Movements Clerk. He deserves a vote of thanks from the wives and sweethearts for getting their men home on R and R on time.

Cpl Pete Gurr is very happy and contented with life now that we've moved his desk into the sangars. Pte Robert Small is presently contemplating taking the plunge. Ah well, there goes another unhappy ending to a beautiful romance. Pte "TC" Hobgen plods on in his usual complacent indifference and despite rumours concerning the number of coffees he consumes daily, he has not taken out shares in the Golly Shop. A word of thanks must go to Sgt Ted Tombling on the Rear Party whose one aim in life appears to be to bombard us with all the bumph he can lay his hands on.

A special word of thanks also to the ladies who produced a very good Frustrations magazine. We enjoyed reading it and were only puzzled by one thing — where did Chris Tombling get the orange box from when she rang the bell?

There is little further to add, except to say we will be glad when Malcolm Lindsay goes — added to the fact that his departure means less time for us to do, we will then have room for two more clerks.

WANTED

A well-dressed man with a wheel barrow. Last seen in 1RWF's area.



Lady Georgina Hormone-Jones laid a stone this morning. Both are comfortable.

Daily Telegraph report: "Hairnets Hung On Trees Help Scientists" Perhaps the Int Cell could help out in June.



DRESSED TO KILL
Captain Acworth and the Commanding Officer on the squash court.

B Company recently found a hole in Hillman Street. A Company were looking into it.

THE NIGHT SHIFT

There's a well known Duty Ossifer Just South in Tac HQ
He sits and picks his whelk all night (He's nuffink else to do).

He sends us silly messages
Like "Get your finger aht,"
My Guv'nor says, if he does it again
He'll go and sort him aht.

We nightly sit and do our bit
The net is going well,
Then Callsign One just mucks it up,
And fingme gives 'em hell.

"You silly fool" 'he shouts at one,
His screaming scares the Mouse,
"I've called you fourteen times so far,
Why don't you listen aht?"

Then Callsign Two (It's you know who,
And Noddy and Bigears),
Forget their callsigns, soppy dates,
And Fingme shouts his fears.

"If you don't answer when I call,
I'll fink that you're aslumber,
And if you are, then Gawd help us —
Who can only sit and wonder."

Then Callsign Free (JC and me),
We sort of get a stutter,
You should uv heard old Fingme yell,
He bellowed like a nutter.

And wot abaht old callsign Five?
That's Max and Gary G.
They didn't answer up at all,
They'd all knocked orf for tea!

Then Fingme really did his tank,
"I'll sort you blighters aht",
If you don't answer when I call,
I'll blow the lot right aht."

"And when you find that you can't work
Wivout my agile brain,
You'll come and beg me to help you out,"
But Mouse said "Say again!"

"You heard me first time. "Fingme screams,
And then he starts to coff,
We heard sweet nuffink after that,
Becos we'd all switched off!



"It's all right son, it's only yer Dad takin' Uncle Cedric out for a bit of drill practice."

HOUSE AT WHOSE CORNER

"Hello", said Prophet. "What was that?" asked Kestrel. Kestrel cannot hear very well and he addressed his remarks to the duty signaller. "I said hello", said Prophet. "Oh", said Kestrel, "Hello". "I didn't see you there." Prophet smiled to himself. Kestrel is quite large — more like a Great Bustard — and he would like to have said he hadn't seen Kestrel. From down the corridor a voice shouted, "Hello zero this is fivah. Wrong, fivah this is zero ovah." Ocee Admin had just come off Doom-watch and he appeared to be having a nightmare. Whatever it was, callsign five came back and said he heard zero strength fives and not to shout. Ocee Admin seemed mollified and there was silence.

In the Ops Room there was a slight scrabbling sound. "Oh there's Seagull", said Prophet. "What was that?" asked Kestrel. Prophet is very patient. "Seagull", he said, "Seagull". "Yes" Seagull and landed untidily in the Disorderly Room. "Where's Seagull?"



asked Kestrel. "He's gone now." said Prophet, who is otherwise known as OC Tact. "Oh, I see", said Kestrel, but he looked confused. At that moment the door opened slowly, and Pooh appeared. Sorry, no it wasn't Pooh, it was Pronto. Pronto came in, blinked, said "Hello" and talked to the duty signallers whilst brandishing a screwdriver — pretty versatile really. "Oh, hello", said Kestrel and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Later a clerical collar swept into the room. It was Brimstone clutching a cake and a bag of shortbread biscuits. "Ah," said Kestrel, who does not miss much when it suits him. "Hands off", said Brimstone uncharitably, "the shortbreads are for Sunray, they're not surplice you know!" He handed them to Prophet who's got Divinity 'A' Level. Hungry Kestrel was upset and he told One Ninah that he was distorted and to call him on the landline. One Ninah used the telephone. At the same time Acorn came in gathering nuts in May. "You're early", said Kestrel and Acorn left.



The Padre.

Sometime about midday Two Slash Charlie stumbled his way into the Ops Room and opened his eyes. "There's a very good film tonight", he said. "Guaranteed". He then sat down with a transistor radio pressed to his ear and started snapping his fingers.

"Contact 20 minutes ago," said the duty signaller. Kestrel choked on his tea, dropped ash all over his nice clean OGs, and issued a series of orders. His plumage was definitely ruffled. Seagull, who is a poor loser, knocked over a game of Mastermind and Prophet rang the Press Desk to find out what was happening. Acorn could be heard humming, "IO, IO it's off to work we go", and Two Slash Charlie promptly rang the Company concerned and told them they'd got the range on Saturday — last Saturday. Pronto, who was investigating his other means, got a shock from his screwdriver. He thought he had been cut off. From down the corridor Ocee Admin shouted "Wait out", and was then heard to ask "What do I do now?"

Kestrel got through to Ocee Bee who told him to buzz off. "But Brigade are on to me," wailed Kestrel as his eyes traversed the room to see who had given him away after all this time. Was the gnome bugged? Eventually the duty signallers got through to Kestrel. "It's alright", they continued, "everything's been done. It was declared a false alarm and we have informed Brigade." Kestrel fell back into his chair. Between them they let out a sigh and a creak.



The M3 on stage during the CSE show on 19 March. The show was a great success.

At that moment Sunray appeared with a large white sock over his right foot. "Any problems?" "No, sir," said Kestrel, "just a false alarm but I've been on to Brigade". The signallers smiled. Sunray hobbled to the incident board and the second watchkeeper, who never gets a mention, asked if he could give him a hand. Sunray thought it was a bit of a lame joke and limped away. Kestrel asked what was up and the Assault Pioneer PI Comd replied "Search me." Kestrel did not hear what he said but it didn't really matter — he was back to his normal bluff colour — and the duty signallers were in control once again. The Rossum ordered Pooh, Piglet and Pronto out of the room and Ocee Admin, who couldn't remember where he was, requested a Finds Team.



Well Sarge — you did say get ready for a quick run round the Ardyne!

DEFINITION

Behave — a high class home for bees.

Guess who saw a mountain lion in Dunmore Stadium?



WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

Cpl Yoa, Lcpl Sword (in background), Pte Cqpe, Pte Thornton, Pte Austin, Lcpl Odell (seated).

SIGNALS PLATOON AT TAC HQ

As members of the Signals Platoon Ops Room staff we are taking the opportunity to write these few notes for Braganza on behalf of the lads.

On taking over from 32 Lt Regt we spent the first couple of weeks getting back into the swing of things. First priority was to reorganise the Ops Room and this was attacked with gusto by us all. Even the RSO lent a hand. He will have left by the time this is published and we wish him the very best in his quiet posting to 45 CDO RM. Sadly, he never did manage to make us into cross country champions and his red-handled screwdriver will also be missed.

In the Ops Room itself the Int Section are still busy sticking up maps and Queens Regiment badges. Their new hairstyles are much admired — mostly by themselves — and Kestrel has indented for further stocks of badges just to keep the Int in business.

The ceasefire has seen a reduction in incidents in our area yet the operators are still hard at work. Car checks take up much of our time and a golden car number plate will be awarded at the end of the tour. Callsign 3 is in the lead at present. Remember that we do all the work at this end so please bear with us. Kestrel is now more relaxed but he still makes the occasional heavy landing.

Hickory dickory dock
The mouse ran up the clock
The clock stopped.

WHAT A MESS

To read this tale remember well
He that said that war was hell
At the Sergeants Mess of Tac HQ
If he saw what's there his words he'd rue
His courage indeed would turn to jelly

To see the scramble for colour telly.
At five pm it's tea and kippers.
Then change to "trackers" and carpet slippers

Here we stay and like or lump it
We'd rather have some tea and crumpet.
Flakey puts his daily bet

On pools and dogs, but as yet
His dreams of being a millionaire
Are so far absent, like Ali's hair.
Alan's patience sometimes flags
Finding bods to do his stags,

And courage strong he must muster
For a daily four hour duel with Buster.
George Whittle says he's fit to weep
He cannot get his beauty sleep.
At the box he says he's peeping
But we all know he's quietly sleeping.

The RSM holds in high regards
David's prowess at the cards
But when a partner Dave will need
Exit Tara with a burst of speed.
"I'm losing weight", cries the ORC

But to all of us it's plain to see
Eating cream and rice and crab
Is not the way to fight the flab,
And this advice we give instead;
To lose some fat remove your head.
Gig Young with snores keeps us awake

And causes wall and roof to shake
But he is best at making tea
And tops at Whist, it's plain to see.
The Int Team, Paddy, Spike and Steve
Sit and wait for mid-tour leave.
It seems for Steven the time just drags,
Last year, it's said, he bought some fags
While at 'crashing' he's not slow
But perhaps that's on a "need to know."

Why does Paddy whilst he's reading
Put his specs on hair receding?
Perhaps beneath his hair there lies
Another pair of bloodshot eyes?
Remember Spike, with tash so jolly,
You could be taken for a golly
So when you zoom to Wadi Shekkel
Don't forget your shaving tackle.
To slings and jests you're now innured
But one more question must be endured
Although this may not be hot news,
How come the Int wearing running shoes?

Peter and Desmond are attached
But really are not that well matched.
To boost their Corps they both aspire
But sit all day just pulling wire.
If you go to Lofty's stores
Please take care of his bed sores.
If on the streets, watch out for Fritz,
As through the Bone with Vid he flits.

And when you come to ponce some tea,
You're bound to meet our young Keith
Lea,

Watch his patter — smooth as silk,
While he slurps his mug of milk.
Whilst at night we sleep in bliss.
There is a man we'd sadly miss
His motto is (now please don't sneer),
"Never fear, John Stent is here!"
And now my tale at length is done
Until next time, goodbye

Anon.



"OK Bodkins thats enough for today!"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

On 4th April it was reported in the papers that six school girls and a biology teacher were planning to live for a week off sparrows, starlings, mice and hedgehogs. Predictably the suggestion has run into sharp criticism and a leading conservationist has said he finds the idea unpalatable.

Seems as if things may not come to the crunch after all.



Where there's a will there's a way.

Guess who said he didn't want any more lip from Acworth?



Back Row: Pte De'lara, Cpl McIvor, Lt. Polden.
Front Row: Pte Anderson, L/Cpl Dale.

Slowly, her eyes glowing softly, the beautiful debutante raised her glass on high and exulted: "Sherry to me is the nectar of the gods. When I sip its fluid, my soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand violins whispers in my ears and I am transported by this elixir to the make-believe world of dreams." "On the other hand port makes me fart."