



BRAGANZA



1ST BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

ISSUE 1

BELFAST 1978



A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

This is the second tour for the posh edition of 'Braganza' 1976 was very busy, 1978 is an entirely different ball game. This time we are very much in the information gathering business, using our heads to put the enemy behind bars. In some ways it is a much harder tour. It is not so obvious and requires great patience, good humour, high standards of behaviour and turnout and above all much painstaking detective work and chatting up at all levels.

My thanks go to all the authors, photographers and artists who have portrayed our humour. This year's Editor is our PROPHET, Anthony Beattie and he has all our sympathy. It is rumoured that he is turning grey!

I hope this edition and others will cheer up, not only ourselves, but our wives and girlfriends who put up with our absences on so many occasions.



EDITORIAL

'A Picture Paints A Thousand Words' so they say. Perhaps this is the reason for photographs in plenty sent in by willing contributors who then averting their eyes in defensive self-righteousness, ask innocently 'BRAGANZA notes alright then?'.

In all fairness, after nearly one month in this idyllic corner of the 'emerald isle', photographs are certainly the easiest and very effective way to portray with humour and vivacity the humdrum and routine life we are leading—long may it remain as quiet as these first few weeks have been.

People have visited us in profusion; we have had our first CSE show; we have attended funerals and marches; we have been threatened by Chinese 'takeaway' and bacon (see later); and we have had varying degrees of success in both work and play.

Many thanks to all those who have entered contributions for this first edition of 'BRAGANZA '78' and a heartfelt plea to those who haven't to put pen to paper for the next. Where an article has not been included it is only because it was either so unrepeatable or so completely full of 'in' jokes that none but a few would possibly understand. Inevitably there is a large proportion of 'in' material—believe me I can't understand much of it myself. No doubts those referred to will grasp the subtleties!

Enough! By the time you all receive this copy of the magazine at least a month will have been completed—the next edition will mark the downhill run—so read on.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN ULSTER

A soldier's life is an easy life
Or so the Irish say
He's nothing to do but kill and maim
And drink his life away.
The trouble is Mr. Callaghan's mob
Won't let Tommy do his job
Tell that to Paddy he'll not agree
(They're murdering rats from across the sea).

The Irish problem is indeed confusion
And to Tommy's eyes there's no solution
Save letting Paddy have his head.
Ending no doubt with thousands dead.

And when the blood in the gutters runs
And night is shattered by Thompson guns
When bombs explode causing death and alarm
Paddy will seek a saviour to keep him from harm.

There will be one there although rejected
Who's done his duty which was never neglected
Who was shot at, bombed, abused and stoned
In Ulster's six counties far from his home.

He'll not help us Paddy will cry
He's here to gloat and watch us die
Why on earth should he come to our aid
That's not the job for which he's been paid.

But look at him there he doesn't look bad
Scarcely started to shave he's only a lad
Perhaps if we ask he'll give us a hand
To sort this mess we have in our land.

So Tommy the lad who'd faced angry mobs
Just sighs and grins and gets on with the job
He'll sort out problems put Paddy on his feet
He'll even help Paddy to clean up the street.

He'll help to rehouse him and offer advice
And Paddy will think now isn't that nice
We've peace in our land sure we must have been barmy
Thank God for Tommy and the British Army.

By: LCPL GREENOUGH

BRICKS AND MORTAR

'It is customary, in the opening lines of the Platoon Notes, to offer some words of reassurance to families back home. Thus, we have all arrived safely in Belfast and there have been no births or marriages during our brief stay here.

The Battalion went through the normal two week run-up to an Ireland tour. D. Company did quite well, mainly because they did try to "tear the . . . out of it", to use yet again that well worn clinche.

The Mortarmen, professional as ever, showed how the basics should be done, in spite of the absence of Cpl Holland, who was still mucking around with metal tubes at Netheravon. It was no doubt, because of their professionalism, that they were given the task of coverting the PI Comd, a true Volunteer, into a Professional soldier (not PI Comd's words); and we were assured that it is all lies that Sgt Howick was being persuaded to join the TAVR.

We were relieved that Farquharson is still chuntering— he must be happy and acts as the platoon barometer—but what is all this about Garner taking a liking to PI Comd's pyjamas.

Patrolling is fairly intense at the moment, but Mortimer is, in his inimitable fashion, talking to anything that moves; as for his female scene—well, in desperation he is chatting-up anything

over 10 (note 'P' check age).

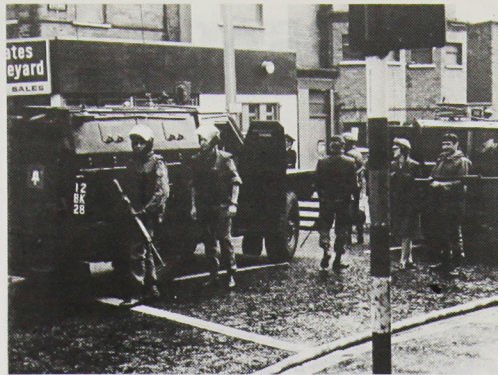
The first few weeks of any tour are devoted to a large degree on admin. And this has been ably handled by the Platoon Sgt and patrol commanders—Cpl Perkins still goes out on patrol with two jerseys heavy wool, Combat jacket, three waterproofs and a flak jacket and looks like the proverbial Farmer Giles, trotting around his estate and herding cows up and down the Suffolk Road.

Mortarmen, keen as ever, are now hard targeting up the corridor. Treasurer (Anti Tanks) take note that we are paying our protection money on time!!!

On the tactical side, it has been relatively quiet—touch wood. There was a test firing of a weapon up the northern part of our area by the quarries, which was followed-up keenly by Cpl Tabas. However, due to a number of factors it wasn't possible to accurately locate the firing point—heavy mist we seem to remember that day !!! However all was not lost. The OC, ever trusting in his Search Teams went on the rummage and came back with some empty cases and detonators, from different occasions.

Well Merry Mortarers, maintain morale.

As always the OC has the word—he has asked all and sundry to 'Screw the Bin'.



ODE TO WERL

In Werl it was no life of ease
How I miss those APCs.
It was not a life of fun
And how I miss that Country Run.

Oh to feel the lack of female company
All we have here is "Men Only"
Officers Sgts Cpls mess
Would you expect something less.

The days of half past four are gone
Here the days are four months long
But believe us we are hearty
It must be better than rear party.

Letters to our friends we write
Although we work throughout the night
While our loved ones they are sleeping
The squaddies do nought but weeping.

After this we win our prize
Two weeks leave and four weeks exercise
But don't let this yet you down
It's good 'ere innit in Andy Town.'

By 2 Lt. WALKER/L/CPL. JONAS.

MORTAR PLATOON

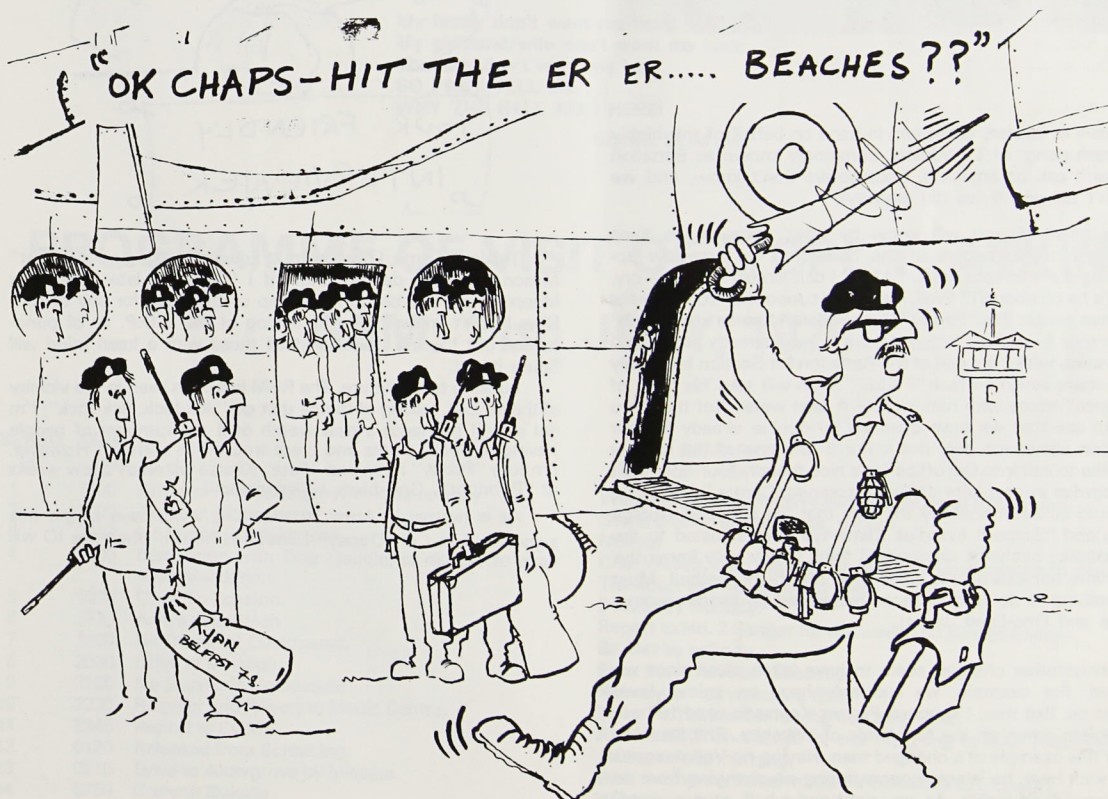
Conversation between Corporal and Platoon Commander:
Sir, don't you think it would be a good idea to build a screen at the front of the camp. . .
. . . good idea I'll tell Captain Barratt about it.

Sir, don't you think it would be a good idea to come off KPs to foot . . .
. . . good idea I'll tell Captain Barratt about it.

Sir, don't you think it would be a good idea to test Clarabell with 2.2 . . .
. . . good idea I'll tell Captain Barratt about it.

Sir don't you think it would be a good idea to give all the blokes a map each. . .
. . . good idea I'll tell Captain Barratt about it.

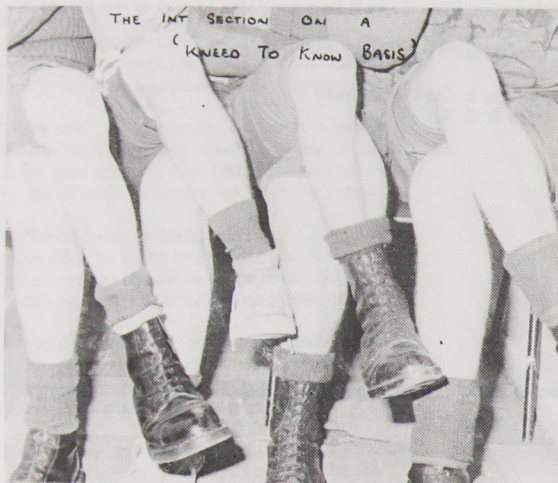
Sir, where is Captain Barratt? . . .
. . . On R & R.



AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE INT CELL

By An Outsider

As an outsider looking in on the Battalion, I am still wondering how I managed to get myself volunteered for this extremely interesting task. In fact as a Scotsman and a member of the Royal Signals (the upper class operators) to boot, makes it even more interesting. I mean, surely if anyone can get off with a few home truths, then I can, can't I?



I have of course, taken pen in hand on behalf of this highly hush-hush gang, of TV addicts, commonly known as Battalion Int. (Don't ask us anything, because we don't know, and we shouldn't tell you if we did anyway).

As most of you will know by now, because we keep dropping hints to people in the hierarchy, we are now approaching our mid-tour mark. "Ahal" I can almost hear you cry, "What's he on about?!" Well, if a tour is supposedly four months long, then people like "Paddy" Ryan, "Pete" Kears and "Mick" Barnett (our Bruce, the "Char Wallah"), have already completed eight weeks, whilst the rest of the Battalion Int Section have only done a mere seven, in fact "Paddy" Ryan will take his copy of "Braganza" home with him on F & R next week. Not that I am trying to say that we have qualified by double already for our separation allowance. No, not I. For if any one of the readers would like to call into the office for a nice friendly four-hour chat in the cordial atmosphere of the "Screening Centre," I am sure you would be astounded by the way that the lads, like George Cooling and "Sniper" Evaridus Klimayts have adjusted to the non-alcoholic, bachelor existence. I think I now truly know the reason why our Evaridus is cross-eyed and buck-toothed. Must be something to do with all those magazines he keeps reading. (Popeye and One-Eyed Jacks).

Various other changes seem to have taken place since we left Werl. For example, we suddenly have an animal lover amongst us. But then I suppose Farmer Kears is used to handling piglets down on the farmlands of Wiltshire. Phil Beard is another fine example of a changed man. Having no Volkswagens to play with here, he is now concentrating on changing from an eight-stone sand-kicker, to an eight-and-a-half stones sand-

kicker, and if he keeps it up, visits to the multi-gym that is, his car won't be able to recognise him when he gets back.

Then again, there are some who have taken their job and Republicanism to heart, such as our own "Charlie" Henshaw (Greenfinch) who is always on the blankets. We have even re-named his bunk "H-Block."

The other detachment working with us is Lt Edward's merry bunch of desperados, which includes "Terry" Isaacs, "Steve" Kent, "Barry" Mason, and "Fritz" Smith. In fact these are all the guys who work all funny hours of the day. I only mention this as every time "Fritz" gets his early calls, I seem to get woke up too. As my day starts at eight-thirty, and not four in the morning, this does make my day seem longer. Well, the Office Manager has to have some perks. Besides, by the time I awaken properly, my early morning staff-delivered cup of tea, has gone cold. Shame!



Talking of time, I overheard Lt Edwards talking to "Muppet" Mason the other day, stating: "If I 'Cop' you late again, Sgt Mason, there will be no more Top of the Pops for any of us," Now I don't know if he was talking of the C.O.P. or of punctuality, but I've no doubt that all those with a keen mind will figure it out.

Looking to the future. The RSM has been seen in the vicinity of the Int Cell, talking of things that go "tick-tock, tick-tock"; I'm not sure if he needs a new watch or if the rumours of people having to "bull" boots and press trousers is correct. However, I'm sure "Paddy" Ryan and "Pete" Kears will enjoy a few weeks at "Pirbright". God bless all Infanteers!!

As is normal in Army letter-writing I will have to get this signed, but as Cpl "Dopey" Lawson is not in, then the IO will have to sign in lieu!

"SO MUCH FOR YOUR IDEA OF RAMMING THE IRA....NERD!!!"



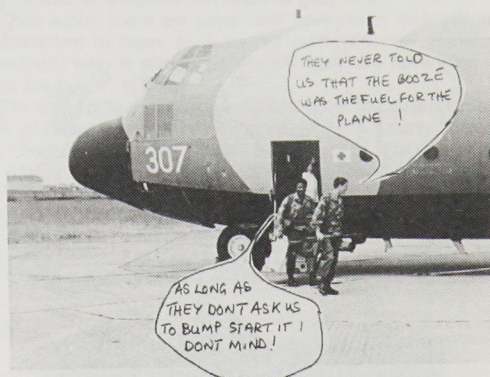
THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

My family don't want me here;
My girlfriend/wife don't want me here;
The Irish don't want me here.
SO PRAY TELL ME
WHY THE HELL AM I HERE!

Signed: SLIM JIM

PROGRAMME OF VISIT OF L/CPL T. ATKINS GSM, 11th JULY, 1978

SERIAL	TIME	EVENT	REMARKS
(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)
1	1100	Arrive at RAF Aldergrove met by nobody	Wait three hours. Receive 50p for Ulsterbus to Monagh.
2	1500	Arrive at Monagh	Stand around aimlessly for ½-hour.
3	1530	No Lunch in Cookhouse	Normal
4	1600	Discussion with Dog Handler as to is to ac- accommodation.	Char Wallah, cleaning woman and curious onlookers to attend.
5	1630	Drive To Echelon.	Transport to Breakdown at 1645.
6	1730	Arrive at Echelon	Be Met by Nobody.
7	1900	No Dinner at Cookhouse.	Report to No. 2 Sangar for discussion on Kinetic Energy.
8	2030	Drive to Monagh.	Be Met by nobody.
9	2100	No Supper in Cookhouse.	Faint from nervous exhaustion.
10	2230	Recover and Report to Medic Centre.	Nobody in — all watching film.
11	2345	Report to CQMS	To be P Checked for having no Camp Pass.
12	0130	Released from Screening.	Attend RSM on charge for not reporting to RAF Aldergrove at 1100 previous morning.
13	0215	Drive to Aldergrove by Mistake.	Wait five hours. Receive 50p for Ulsterbus to Monagh.
14	0730	Commit Suicide.	Who cares.



Quotable Quotes

Overheard at Party—CO to Guest "Have you met my Adjutant Amedee Mieville? Guest: "No, I didnt realize you had a WRAC Officer".

Loud guffaws from QM offstage.



LAD NOTES

How long ago was it?

Oh it must be at least four weeks ago since that large metal bird set down, carrying on it as fearsome a band of REME Warriors as ever you wish to meet, a hard and dedicated bunch of lads, fully fresh and alert from their many weeks of intensive NI Training (yes, you must remember that time a while ago, at Sennepod or somewhere like that, when we managed five shots each at that piece of wood, yet I know they missed but that doesn't matter).

At their head, a truly fearless duo, SSgt Clarke (Nobby) and son (not related— "were just good friends" they are heard to mutter on the telephone).

We arrived, guns and bullets, and some very nice, well fitting, straight jackets placed in our hand and immediately we were segregated into three factions and sent off to work, cries of "don't forget to write" and "remember to change your underwear every day" could be heard as the transport carried our comrades away.

Actually we thought the brochure said we would get several days acclimatization period, still we all enjoy our work so we didn't do any complaining—Honest!

Of the four locations, Tac HQ deemed that they didn't require our services, mind you? there is so much "heavy stuff" up there that the vehicles don't dare to breakdown or could it be that they aren't intended to move outside anyway.

Woodburn boasts a small workshop capable of holding one vehicle toolbox with radio and heater (who ever heard of a toolbox fitted with radio and heater!) So any one wishing to have a vehicle serviced must first check with the lads (Mess's Crabtree, Belt and Day) that they haven't any civvy jobs on at the time. They also have a small smoking area room which also happens to be (well nearly) the POL store, strange, perhaps someone didn't want them to run out of lighter fuel.

The workshop—HA —HA! at Glassmullin must have been erected by someone with a really advanced sense of humour and until the MOD decides to use single main peddle cars (fitted with makralon) then there cannot be much use made of their working area. Not that it matters a great deal since B Coys latest competition (and they must win this one as they have won everything else) seems to be "whose vehicle can accumulate the most faults", the competition is well under way now, closing date 18 Sep, so lets have those entries in as soon as possible—target to beat so far is 57 faults, good on ya B. Moves a foot (in hand) to

move the location a little nearer workshops to give the other vehicles and of course our two hero's McClarence and Bailey a chance.

Our last location, but certainly not least is Echelon at Musgrave Park Hospital (where all the "sick" equipment comes to— sorry about that). The workshops, fondly referred to in certain quarters as the "garage" is quite spacious and well fitted out. It also houses our armourers shop (Taff (what about my HGVI) Jones and Frank Kightley) doing a fine job against all the odds, and the tels empire run by the well know double act, Briggs and Bruce. The remainder of our gallant band is as follows 'Superscouse' Brown, "Jim" (whats the contract no) Maceacheran, Allan Fitzgerald (it must be a fuse), Levett, Williams and Charlie (I've got a headache) Swanneck. One member of our crew who must not be forgotten is young Matthews at RUC Andersonstown who is feeding his Computer at this very minute.

But seriously, just for a moment (that was it) the surroundings are pretty good to work in, when we get the chance that is, providing we can remember how to find our way back here after spending so much time away on escorts, guards etc—but no we aren't complaining—Honest.

Our super services are gallantly backed up by our ever efficient fanto, Paddy Nugent who just as an example indented for brake shoes last week and received a couple of Polaroid cameras instead (which you will agree was pretty negative).

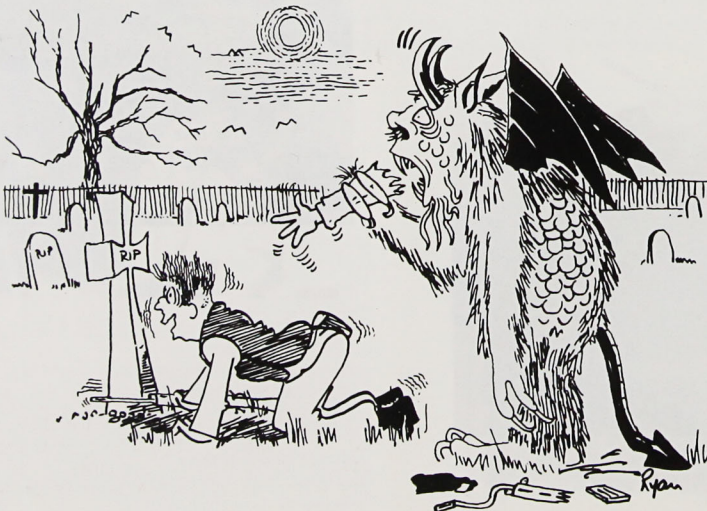
In passing we must congratulate those here on putting one over the ASM in Werl, who as a punishment to those staying behind gave them two periods of PT each week, not bad, but no comparison to our three mornings a week at 0630 with a little pokey drill thrown in for light relief as well—no kidding—that's something to tell our grand children about.

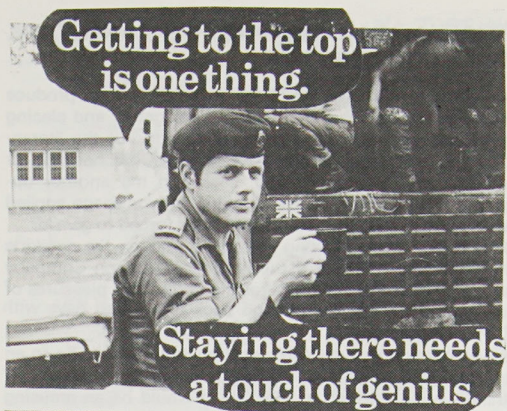
Our accommodation and facilities are good here, sauna bath, gymnasium and we are being well fed, we even had a television room but that was taken from us, but some kindly thoughtful person replaced the TV with a troupe of Royal Engineers and these turned out to be more amusing that the programmes.

I will end now with a final plea on behalf of SSgt Clarkson, though normally a quiet, easy going sort of chap, he has taken to sudden rantings and ravings recently over the loss of his pens, I say again pens. If anyone should come across or notice these pens wandering the streets of Belfast, please tell them to come home, all is forgiven.

From the REME 1 QUEENS Belfast 78— see you in October.

HERE FRED THIS PLACE IS CREEPY INNIT... FRED... FRED??





Deer Smudger

Well ere I am back in this poxy ole they calls Norven Island fer anuver bleeding fore mufs sejern as yer haristokracy sey. A lot of beer as gorn up the wall since I larst poot pen to papar so to start wiv I ad bettah fill yer in on the old mobs hactivities. We aint arf ad some changes mate an I honly wish they wuz all fer the good. Most of em aint.

Nah yer remembahs the Gaffer we ad— old John Davidson well e's P— wiv powah nah e's gorn to Whiteall if yer plees— no wundah old England is a goin to the dorgs. Wot e does there Gawd nos an e aint likely to split. The noo Gaffers moniker is John Holman not a bad fellah at eart corse e's anuver of yer aktuol cirketars an wunce e gets on the old golf corse wiv is old woman yer cant budge em. Yer remembahs my old oppo the RSM well e's gorn— the noo bloke is a Foozileer. Dun arf tork funny nun of us propah geezers can unnerstan im cept of Bob Crane, coz they bof cum frum sum place they call Geordie land— Gawd nos whare that is. Corse old Bob Cranes ead is biggah than Birkenhead nah e's the Taras hinterpratah.

Then yer no's old Ron Morris e's gorn to Berlin Bde—e wuz the gennelman QM— but we aint got rid of that ovar fellah Wilson yet—e's a Major nah—still sharts is marf orf evertime e sees me. I did ear tell that as yer gits older yer becomes more ooman like but e dont show any bleeding sign of it yet. Wot is old wooman see's in im the lawd no's. The noo QM is a geezer called Ted Parker e's as bad as Bernie—miserable pair of bleedahs. It must go wiv the job. We ave a real oficer nah as Goldfinger yer no the Bank Managher, Capn Stoowart, Cooper a reel andsome fellah — ex Gunner but the ovar fellahs dont old that against im. Corse anybody wood be bettah than old misery Martin—e got promoted Major and they shipped im orf to Rheindalen working wiv all the big nob's—an they can bleeding keep in to.

Nah—the old sky pilot Taff Walters—we redoooced in to tears and e's gorn to 1 Glosters—sobbin is bleeding eart art. Corse the reel truble wiv im is Wales aint got their own Army an e wants to be Chaplain General—an E's wiv us Brits.



Yer remembahs I wuz goin ter git ter the SAS well I farnd art they as to do all this ere galloping arahnd the cudside like bleeding afletes so I ups and arsts fer a posting to the MT coz old Yorky Ridsdale wuz always telling me ow cushy it wuz so just before Xmas I arst to go an they sey yeh—& I wuz to report to the MTO in the noo Year. So wiv that I ad a right old Xmas, appy as a noo lam yer might say till I reports like, yer remembah the little fellah wiv a crawn an flahs on is arm—sum nit, up & made im an oficer—strate up—yer cood are knocked me dohn wiv a fever—Lt Brian H'upson—well I fort I wood be maty like so I sez my artiest congrats Sir I always new yer wood make it to the Palace of Varietys. Anyway e says wot do you want in a reel narsty voice & I sey I am cum to lern to drive and be wun of your Black Gang. Well e sey yer can shove orf — I aint ann no rif raf ear in my Black Gang. They is a reel speshall crowd of geezers so yer can go to C Coy fer orl I bleedin care. Pips gorn strate to is ead they ad. I see's anuver of me mates—old Jock Hale— who sezz e wood put in a good word fer me wiv C Coy but I dunno wever to trst im or not. Scotland as yer knew got frashed by England in Tooter n old Jack Hale nearly blew is brain art—wut a bleeding larf—well e wuz in a right old two an eight. Then when they got dun in the World Cup—Blimey — he wuz struck dum. E as got over that nah an e is busy yapping agin. I tried fer a bit of leave but they didnt go a bundle on that cuz Id ad nearly five munfs away wot wiv won fing & annuver.

I dunno wot it is but I fink the man manigment as gorn art the winder these days it aint the same at all. Cuz in the old days yer could ave a kip every arntnoon avving ad a few jugs an the oficers were reel gennelmen but orl they want to do nah is work—not all of corse—we got some yung Ruperts who spend most of their waking ours wiv the teachers in Werl and between you and me most of the sleeping wuns too—Nudge Nudge Wink Wink. Saw old General Rowley Mans wen he come dohn to see us—I wuz going to tell im wut wuz wrong but they kept me away from the old fellagh, e wood sort em art as yer no. His yung nippar is wiv us Lance or sum over poish moniker e aint a patch on is old man corse but e keeps on a trying so e may make it, is truble is the meates e as, Lt Henry Eagan right old bubbler e is so it dont elp yung Lance.

Still enuf is enuf—I am a going to give Old Bernie wun more chance an offer meself fer a job at is H-echelon again cuz he must change fer the bettah soon.

YOU OLD MUCKER CHALKY

IT'S JUST ANOTHER WAY OF LIFE

PRIEST: 'Paddy do you want to go to heaven?'

PADDY: 'No, Father.'

PRIEST: 'But you must want to go to heaven when you die'.

PADDY: 'Oh yes, when I die, Father, I thought you were getting a party together now'.

Why do haircuts cost £4 in Ireland? The charge is £1 per corner.

A young colleen was hired as a secretary and on her first day the phone rang. She answered it and almost immediately hung up. This happened three or four times and eventually her new boss asked her who was pestering her on the phone. 'Oh', she said petulantly 'some fool who keeps telling me its a long distance from New York'.

BRAGANZA FROM A/Tk Plt.

Well here we are again, the start of another tour and another Braganza, and no doubt the start of that pathetic phrase "its good ere ain't it." But we all must admit that Lenadoon makes a big change from the permanent VCPs that we mounted on the Border during our last tour in Londonderry.

Things are all very quiet at the moment. The only excitement we have had is seeing "Legs" and LCpl Baccus get bedded down with flu. (Ah!) and our first casualty "Lefty," who had four stitches after having a tangle with the hatches of one of our macrolon vehicles.

Since our last tour we have lost a lot of the old faces, i.e., Sharpie, John Archie, to mention but a few.

We have also got some new faces, which are too numerous to mention, but I will mention a few of them so here goes, Sparky, Tony, Joe, Mac, Mick, Clive, Steve, Chev, Barry and Steve S and of course Kippy (Rock) Brice who hasn't got a clue which platoon he came from or what platoon he is going to after our tour.

We must not forget our recent new boy who is our new Platoon commander nicknamed 'Charlie Brown', for obvious reasons which he himself cannot explain. But to continue with this exciting episode at Emergency Ward 10, one of the nurses at Iserlohn is taking our Dilly (The dog QGM) for walking to exercise his game leg, while Neville is cursing his broken leg because it stopped him from doing this great tour of N. Ireland.

All the boys congratulate the 2 J/NCOs who have been doing a bit of recruiting of their own. Cpl. Anglin for Natasha who was born earlier this year and LCpl Baccus for Raffick who was born in '77. So it is on this note that we close this edition of Braganza.

ADDITIONAL PARAGRAPHS TO ANTI-TANK PLATOON CONTRIBUTION

"Following a good army tradition, on being told to produce platoon notes for the tribal publication, I delegated, and placing my umbrella above my head I prepared to ride out the literary storm for the next four months. This however did not suit, or appear to satisfy the editor, who, seeing in me another opportunity to fill in another couple of inches of type space applied his own inimitable style of pressure and I was forced to give in.

As I lay by my indoor heating swimming pool on the outskirts of Belfast my heart bleeds for the hero's of Sobraon Company who handed it over to us in return for the undoubted pleasures of Echelon guard, and my thoughts go back to my first days with the Queen's Regiment.

This was my first Regular Army posting and it was to be to an Infantry Regiment to gain experience in "what its all about." If everything went according to form there would be an amusing reception for me when I arrived. In the past Mess waiters have changed places with subalterns, captains have become barmen and padres in the interests of making the new man welcome. I fully expected it now to be focused on me, I suspected something was wrong when there was no one to meet me at Guthersloh and I had to make my own way to Werl by the army coach system. I was deposited outside the gate with my hundred pounds of luggage and faced with the forbidding hill in front of me. But if I'd thought I was to be singled out for any special treatment I was mistaken as I'd chosen to arrive at the beginning of a long weekend and the place was in the process of being vacated. The special treatment which I had anticipated was to be reserved for even newer arrivals some weeks later.

The weekend over, I began to get to grips with my new surroundings and was introduced to my new boss and to the Anti-Tank Platoon, the repository of all that's best in the First Battalion, and of which I was about to become a member. This was strange because I thought perhaps a Wombat was something you were likely to come across in an Australian Bush and Milan was a city in Italy. At the same time the Platoon was visited by Lieutenant Chisell from 5/7 Queens, to learn all he could in two weeks, about the Wombat. When the platoon assembled, there were: 1 x Captain; 1 x Lieutenant; 1 x 2nd Lieutenant; 3 x Sergeants; 5 x Corporals; 3 x Lance Corporals; and a handful of private soldiers.

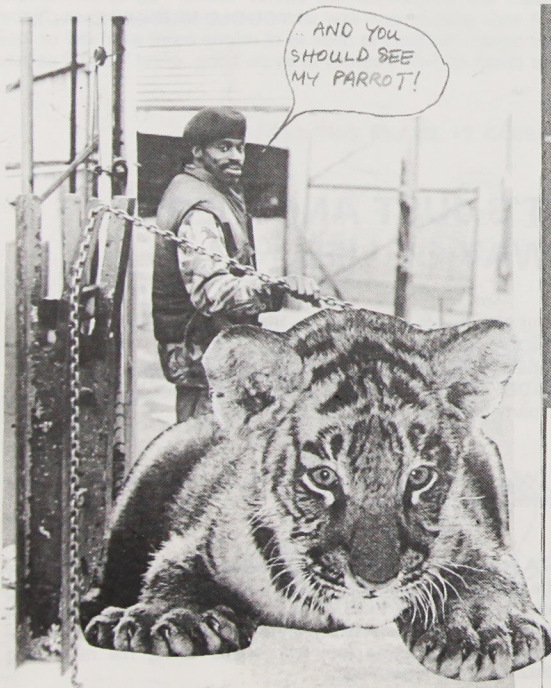
But it was not to last. By the time I had signed the contract for the hire of the Anti-Tank Platoon for six months, it had been converted to the size and organisation of a rifle platoon and had moved on to Northern Ireland Training. By now, if the T62s start rolling up the Stewartstown Road towards Tac HQ, the Anti-Tank Platoon will have forgotten what to do!"

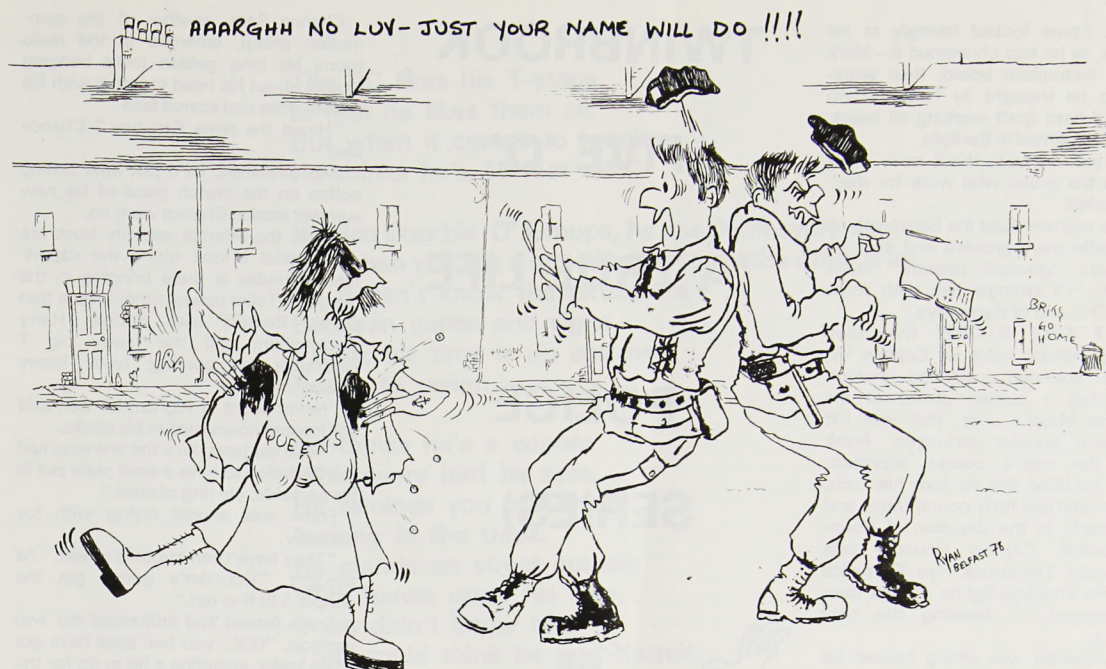
JOINING THE QUEEN

ONE DAY A WAAS SAT IN ME OFFIS IN INGLAND WEN THE FONE RANG, "COMPANY SERGEANT MAJOR REPORT TO MY OFFICE" SAYS THE CO. A WENT DOON THERE LIKE THI CLAPPAS O'HELL THINKING AD DUN SOMTHIN RANG. WEN A GOT INSIDE E SAYS TI ME "JAMIESON YOU ARE GOING TO QUEENS AS RSM, GOOD DAY". A WENT OOTSIDE AN THAUT TI MESEL' THA AAL FORINERS HOO THI HELL CAN THI UNDERSTAND A FINE INGLISH CHEP LIKE MESEL? NIVOR MIND A WENT HAME TI TELL WOR LASS HOO WENT A ENDS COS SHI THAUT A WUS LETTIN THI GUD FAMILY NAME DOON BY BEING PUT IN CHARGE OF A BUNCH O SUTHERNERS HOO CUDNT SPEEK PROP A INGLISH. A BOOT AN OOR LATER WEN A HAD TELT HOR AAL ABOUT THI EXTRI MUNY WI WUD GET GANNIN TI GORMANY SHI SAID ALREET BONNY LAD YI CIN GAN BUT YIV GOT TI PROMIS ME THAT WI WINNIT END UP TAKIN LIKE THAT LOT OVER THEOR.

HORRAY THE LADS

R.S.M.





COMPANY DETAIL FOR FRIDAY, 18th JUNE

1. **DIVING**—All personnel not on essential duties will report to the charwallahs at 1800 hrs. for a lecture on diving by the RSO. Pay attention and you too could have a head and body like him.

2. **CANCELLATION**—Due to lack of interest and short talk to be given by Captain Allington on the "Modern Day Teddy Boy" has been cancelled.

3. **WOMANS TIGHTS**—During his recent survey on womans tights, Sgt. Henshaw came up with the following facts:

- Too expensive
- Should be a split up the back with three buttons
- Feel nice next to skin
- Dry quicker than underpants.
- Quite airy with a flared skirt.

4. **RUMOURS**—The Int. Sect. want the rumour squashed that they get all

their intelligence from Downtown Radio—they also watch television.

5. **COMMUNICATIONS**—Anyone wishing to speak to the Chief Clerk during his duty watchkeeper stag is to report to ARSO and draw out an A43.

6. **CHURCH SUNDAY**—Anyone daft enough wishing to attend church service is to report to the RSM at 0215 hrs. Sunday 2 July Dress:

- No. 1 Dress Hat
- No. 2 Dress (White Belt)
- Best Boots.

7. **PUNK ROCKER**—Anyone wishing to be a Punk Rocker should let the RSM catch you chewing gum. He'll stick two safety pins through your lips.

8. **SUPERSTITIONS**—Contrary to popular belief, LCpl Irwin states that fondling the private parts does not weaken the legs.

9. **MEDICAL TREATMENT**—Sgt.

Young ACC is to report to the MO at 0900 hrs to have his legs massaged. Let this be a warning to everyone. Too much time spent in bed could result in the loss of use in the legs. Hence Sgt. Youngs trip to the MO.

10. **LITERATURE**—OC Tac is an avid collector of pornographic literature. Anyone with any spare is to hand it into the Coy Office. Anything will do as long as it's filthy.

11. **MARJORIE PROOPS PAGE**—Anyone with any problems on sex, family life, army, marriage etc is to write their problem on a bit of paper, place it in a plain brown envelope and address it to Adjutant, C/O 1 Queens; who will reply within 7 days. All correspondence a ill be treated in the strictest confidence so don't be shy, start writing if you have got a problem.

D. JAMIESON, WO 1 RSM.

Frank Stone looked lovingly at his mark six, as he had christened it—Mark six ops instruction board. Real workmanship he thought to himself; two weeks of hard graft working all hours. The fablon glinted in the light.

"I've got em now, this'll really really confuse the grubs who work for me," he chuckled.

At the moment East the Beast, ace op room radio man, grunted and spat on the floor. "Ignorant peasant" Frank thought, "I'll strangle him with some barbed D10 one of these days."

'DETECTIVE STONE' the deep growing bulldog voice of Captain Vic Hounder sounded down the corridor. Frank shot a hunted glance at the Merciless Major's door, that was Vic Hounder's popular nickname. Frank hated the man's course approach; wearily he lifted this six foot five inch, two hundred and forty pound frame and trod heavily in the direction of Hounder's office. Captain Hounder was commander Twinbrook Five 'O' police force. He knocked lightly on the door and stepped in dreading the next outburst.

Vic Hounder was sitting behind his large oak desk; he was a small heavily built man, craggy weather beaten face, a thick mop of wavy hair with a very heavy zapatta moustache; his eyes were blooded through lack of sleep, yes he was a hard working tough boss. Vic looked mean this morning; he toyed casually with a heavy magnum 44, he was good with it, really good. He looked over the top of his rims perched carelessly on his nose.

"Things are too quiet on the patch Frank, send a couple of the boys down and liven things up a little, just a bit of routine harassment, some of that stuff; Oh yeah I want Father Muppet wasted? he's being too friendly with the lads." "But he's a priest sir," Frank Protested. Vic Hounder's eyes displayed disgust and contempt.

"Your trouble Frank is you are so soft and wet, the cookhouse could serve you up for afters. Now get your ass out of my palace and go cause some aggravation."

Back in the radio room the heavily bearded face of Benny Began was waiting for Frank. Ben was looking at the Mark Six Ops board, he was completely baffled headings, sub-headings, arrows and serials were too much for his limited mentality. Frank momentarily forgot his emotional upset and sneered inwardly at Ben's ignorance. Ben looked up.

"What's up Frank, the Captain made yer cry!" he said mockingly in his thick cockney accent. Frank really hated the oaf at times.

Ben Began was part of Vic Hounder's hit squad commotion group—Vic's Gestapo boys. They were all fiercely loyal towards Vic, and they in turn knew that he would die for them.

TWINBROOK

FIVE 'O'

(A TRUE LIFE

POLICE

SERIES)



Chance Sam, another of the commotion group, emerged in the radio room; his long golden locks hanging loosely about his head together with his broken nose and scared face.

"Heard the news Ben boy." Chance said.

Ben screamed, he'd just spilt boiling coffee on the crutch piece of his new summer slacks. Chance went on.

"A10, the internal security boys are gonna take a look round the department. Trouble is there bringing in the big guns. Toilet house rumour has it that Gerald Bodgin? alias Budgie, Harry Heckingham and the heavy big T Highlands are coming; really heavy artillery man."

"Never heard of Highlands" Ben said still looking concerned at his slacks.

"Yeah yer have, he's the one who had the operation to have a steel plate put in his backside, old ring of steel."

Frank was almost crying with joy inwardly.

"They have been bubbled at last," he thought. "Hounder's gonna get the chop if A10 find out."

Frank turned and addressed the two gestapo, "O.K., you two apes have got a few tasks, including a hit to do for the Captain."

Chance, started dribbling, Ben gripped his beard, his eyes on fire with demonic passion.

"Damned psycopaths," Frank thought, he went on.

"Yeah he wants you to make the group out and cause some commotion."

"Like what?" Ben questioned.

"I dunno, dice up a few dogs, bullwhip some civies. Oh and there's a special task, Father Muppet has got to be put away. Now get out of my radio room and draw your pieces from the stores, Legs Bledges will see to you."

"I think Mat Filgoyle should do the whipping," Chance said to Ben.

"Yeah and Bill Lobson can dice the dogs," Ben replied. "And Father Muppet?"

Chance started dribbling again.

NEXT EDITION—Father Muppet's funeral and A10 move in.

To CQMS— from RSM

I have great difficulty trying to find my private parts in the light. It's bloody impossible in the dark. Please get some bulbs into the Sgt's Mess toilet.

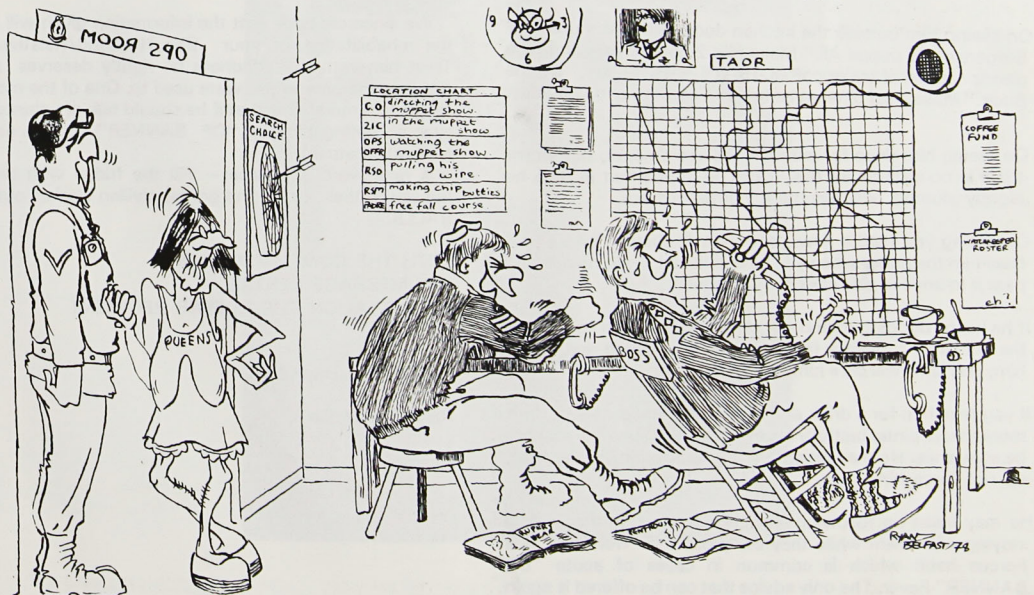
The PC likes his T-stops
In fact he likes them all;
But when it comes to heroics
He thinks he's 10 feet tall.

He also likes his 'O' Groups, he has them every day,
But when you ask a question, he looks the other way.
He doesn't know the difference
Between cones and signs,
I think his time is up and he's
Ready to resign.

He thinks he's a winner
With every bird he sees,
He reminds you of Tarzan
Lurking in the trees.
He stands on street corners
With hands upon his hips,
If we didn't know him,
You would think he was Kermit.



OH BOY WHAT A GAS-GETTING THEM TO KEEP 'P' CHECKING
THAT OLD HAG, I WONDER WHAT SHE REALLY LOOKS LIKE!!!!



NOTICE OF ARRIVAL

Issued in warning this day of 197.....

Notice is hereby given to the Friends / Neighbours/Wife/Girlfriend/Boyfriend/Parents of:

No RankName.....1 Queens,

Within the near future the above-mentioned will once again enter into your midst to take his place as a human being in a free, safe civilised society, and to take up once again his delayed pursuit of happiness.

In preparation for his return you are advised to make a considerable allowance for the crude environment, extreme poverty and lack of contact with the fair sex which has been his miserable lot for the last four months. In all probability he will be suffering from a form of lunacy known as "OP BANNER" Fever (official name for a tour in Northern Ireland). During the next few weeks (until he is once again house-broken) it would be advisable to be especially watchful when he is in the company of women, especially young, beautiful ones. Parents are advised to keep their daughters indoors during this period. It must be explained in all fairness that his intentions are sincere even though they are of a dishonourable nature.

Generally speaking, except for the odd grunt and a tendency to stare in wonder at carpets, settees and other comfortable furniture, he will probably be fairly calm and amiable. You are advised, however, to show no signs of alarm if he prefers to stand for hours searching the odd passer-by, or only letting visitors into the house after they have shown a positive form of identification. Be patient, too if he climbs into the attic and removes a tile or two and scrutinises the surrounding area for two hours at a time. Just tell him when his two hours is up and he will then probably be quite happy to keep you company for the next four hours.

The following trends in behaviour and mannerisms are forwarded to you with the suggested remedies which we hope will prove effective:

- (a) On seeing him outside the kitchen door he might mutter: "2 Burgers and a cuppa Ali." Make him 2 hamburgers and fill a plastic cup full of tea or coffee. He will probably say: "On the Book." Make a list of what he has and he will pay on pay-day.
- (b) On seeing him sleep for only 2 hours at a time, do not worry, there is no remedy for this; it can be hoped that in time his nightly slumber will resume a normal pattern.
- (c) On seeing you read a newspaper he will shout: "Two's up." Pass him the paper when you have finished it. On no account pass it to anyone else after he has shouted.
- (d) If he keeps dodging in and out of doorways when he goes to the shops or to visit a friend, just keep walking and ignore him; only time will cure him of this problem.
- (e) If you take him for a drink and he insists that he cannot drink more than 2 pints, tactfully explain that he may drink more of he so wishes. He may insist that he cannot drink more; if so, do not force him.
- (f) He may insist on following workmen around the house and staying with them while they carry out their work; this is a Forces habit which is common in cases of acute "OP BANNER" Fever. The only advice that can be offered is again to be patient and hope that time will cure the complaint.

(g) It is possible he will utter statements which could easily be misunderstood, such as asking you to "check his weapon" (meaning his rifle) or asking for a "P" check. Reassurance is the key to curing this complaint. Tell him that his weapon is clear and for a "P" check put your hands above your head and allow him to search you. If you do not do this he might become violent.

(h) If he rushes out at 0745 hours, empties dust-bins and picks up cigarette ends tell him that there is no inspection this morning; he will grin and answer: "... Great!"

(i) He may prefer to eat off a tray; explain to him what a plate is and the different types available.

(j) Do not wrap any parcels in brown paper; he will panic and immerse it in a bucket of water.

(k) Advise your younger children not to point their toy guns at him as he may put them somewhere that would require a Major Operation to retrieve them.

(l) If you are walking down the street and a car back-fires you will probably find him in a doorway or over a hedge or wall.

(m) For your further information here are a few words used throughout the Queens, but particularly prevalent in Northern Ireland. We hope it will help you to translate some of his conversations:

Golly Shop	Form of Cafe
Gonk	Sleeping
Leg It	Go Away
Oppo	Close Friend
Pit	Bed
Letch	Stare at a Female
Chuffed	Highly Pleased
Flapping	In a High State of Panic or Agitation

We sincerely hope that the information given will be of aid in the rehabilitation of your Son/Husband/Relative/Boyfriend. Treat him with the kindness he rightly deserves and he will revert to the person you were used to. One of the most essential things to remember is that if he should talk of volunteering for or even accepting another "OP BANNER" Tour he needs instant medical treatment!!!

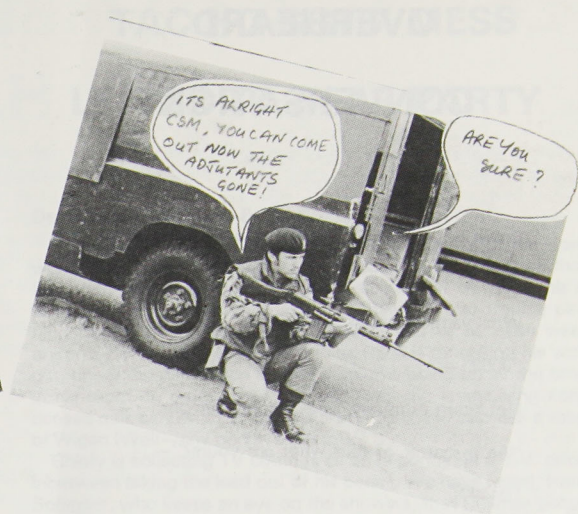
A final word of advice:— Fill the fridge with beer, lock all females in their rooms and get his civilian clothes out of MOTH-BALLS:—

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF:—
THE MESSAGE CENTRE
1st BATTALION THE QUEENS REGIMENT

Signed D. Hayward

Rank/Status Cpl.

Date.....



OVERHEARD CONVERSATION



The Buffs.

Brrrrrring—Brrrrring, (phone ringing)

"Yeah" —

What ya mean Yeah, you say your last 4 numbers.

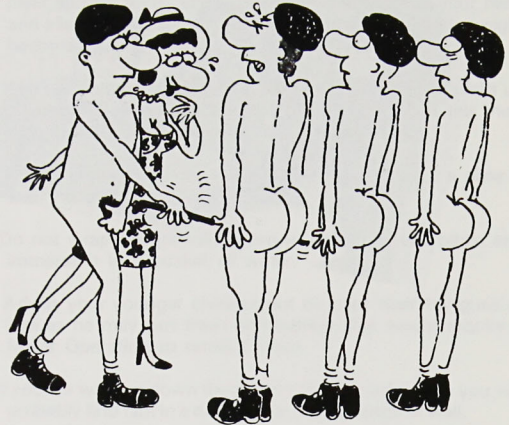
"0052" —

Not them numbers, your phone number.

"As a matter of fact what are yours?" —

"0449"

That means nothing to me (Phone put down).



The lights in Ward 18 kept going out to the dismay of Les 'Florence' Wilson
and Brian 'Nightingale' Upson



A LAMP IS ONE THING...BUT WEARING THE BLOODY UNIFORM AS WELL!!

TAC HQ SGTS' MESS

LETTER TO REAR PARTY



I remember
your name
I can't think of your face.

How do you recognise an Irish Hippy? Flared wellingtons.

A man walked into a pub and asked the barman if he had heard the latest Irish joke.

'I'd better be warning you' said the barman, 'I'm Irish myself'. 'Thak's OK.' said the man. 'I'll tell it slowly'.

Paddy looks up from his newspaper at breakfast and says to his wife. 'I'll never be understanding how it is that people always die in alphabetical order.

After O'Reilly had jumped a red light and smashed into another car, he dashed over to the other vehicle to discover that the driver was a priest. 'Good God man, you almost killed me', said the badly shaken priest. 'I'm truly sorry Father. Here,' said O'Reilly taking a bottle from his pocket, 'Drink some of this whisky, it'll still your nerves'.

The grateful priest gulped some down and then started shouting again. 'What do you think you were doing? I am lucky to be alive'.

'Oh Father, I'm so sorry. You will feel a lot better after you drunk some more of this?' The Priest had a few stiff gulps and then asked, 'Why don't you have a drink?'

'I don't think I will, thank you Father, said O'Reilly. 'I'll just sit here and wait for the priest'.

Dear Benny and all Rear Party,

Well just a few lines about all the lads here at TAC. We were wondering if you could send a few bob over here from all that LOA you, Charles and all the rest are still pulling? Anyway this is how we is at the moment mates—we have a lot of trouble pinning people down here in the Mess, a few of us even wear uniform just to show the old flag. The RSM is tunnelling his way out, under the distraction of his TV volume being up all the time in his room. In order to be well supplied—he is sneaking condensed milk sandwiches for his survival pack. He also has a map of Wigan (Well—any port in a storm!).

Chiefy is collecting TV cuttings as he is gonna be a T.V. critic inbetween taking the lead out of his pencil. We have heard, from Scragger, who keeps an eye on the showers, that Chiefies pencil is now quite long!

Scragger is also keeping all the soil from the RSM's tunnel in his bunk—he is starting a mushroom farm (Well his bunk smells like it?).

Johnny Taylor is busy giving Charlie Henshaw the kiss of life—cos Charlie is "on the blanket" (or is it—in it?). In fact Johnny Taylor will give anyone the kiss of life, they only have to ask. Bob Jones is still on the pill, Barry Mason is constantly on the alert—testing the armchairs in the mess and writing to contact ads. Pete Kearse and Brian Hayward are still "humping along," with Pete being Butch about it all. Mick Barnett isn't very popular—he's put the price of his hamburgers up.

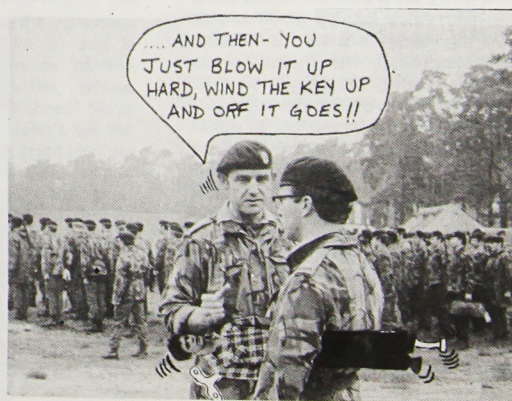
Fritz is finkin' of taking up Scuba diving, he reckons them rubber suits and all that... Phils got one! Ray Greengrass is still looking for Paddy Cetamol and E. Nema, both known terrorists. Rumours that Ray Young has a bed on wheels are not true—he kips in the Veg Store! Steve Kent is studying hard for entry to RCB (or Netley).

Hey Benny you'd never believe what muscles gets up to—Bud Taylor does! Jock Patterson has a new hero—John Travolta. Jock Burns is collecting spare tyres (Mrs. Burns take note).

All that is left to mention is Paddy Ryan who is the most decent, nice, ace bloke what I have ever met. Even I think so.

Luv,
Paddy Ryan.

P.S.—If anybody doesn't understand this letter—tough luck, get your body out here and we'll explain it.



LIFE AS A MEMBER OF THE BLACK HAND GANG

Many incidents have happened to us since our 'Gang' arrived in Belfast. We crave for R & R and German beer. We find the English TV boring and long to watch programmes we can't understand (any excuse for an early night). Anyway back to the incidents I spoke of.

OC Echelon, who shall remain nameless, decided that this would be an ideal time to get ourselves 'fit and Healthy' before getting back to Werl. He also felt that this was his biggest chance ever of knocking the MT back into shape. So PT was the order of the day, three days a week was the solution, and 0630 hrs. was the time. "Bloody 0630 in the morning" everyone in the camp cried out, "it an't fair, we need our sleep" was quoted by all. What was said about OC Echelon is unprintable.

The first day went out without a hitch, everybody was puffed out and well and truly "knackered." However on the 2nd day the MTO felt that this PT was all to 'basic' for him (i.e. Kids' stuff) he decided he would do his own thing. His first attempt at a Backward Somersault, whilst on a skateboard, blindfolded and one arm strapped to his leg (left arm) proved to be beyond his powers. Hence he missed the next three periods, walked with a limp, wore gloves and only took his face mask off at night, when alone in his bunk (if you are interested as to what happened to the Skateboard, he was given it to his wife as an anniversary present). He is going to buy a Whip to go with the blindfold.

Sgt. Mick Broad was next on the list to have a run of misfortunes, it was to do with the fleet of cars that belong (to the Bn.) to Sgt. Broad and the MTO, who guard the cars jealously, and Nobody, unless vetted and lectured on 'How to be Kind to My Car,' gets near them, let alone drives one. Anyway Micky Stewart and the MTO decided to drive into the City Centre to sort out some licences (or so they claimed) the MTO let Mick Broad drive. Before they left camp they carried out a thorough Pit Check, and then proceeded to the camp gates, with Mick looking grave and all tensed up ready to start his "Hazardous" mission. In the meantime the MTO was keeping a tight grip on a £1 note (rich man) (to pay for the licence).

The gate was opened by a rather surprised sentry who obviously had not seen the MTO in civvies. He had opened one half of the gate and went to open the other half when a gust of wind (force 10?) blew the gates into the side of the car. The MTO in sheer frustration again tried to do a backward somersault, caught himself in the seat belt and nearly strangled himself; ex Micky Stewart tore up his driving licence (didn't know he had one) banged his

head on the roof and vowed never to drive again. The rest of the gang found it very amusing and asked him if he had anymore tricks up his sleeve.

Sgt. 'Peblo' Crane, who has come to keep us company for five weeks, has got himself a cushy job driving our Laundry van. He spends most of his time in civvies, and his uniform is beginning to get mouldy. On receiving the news of Ex Micky Stewart's escapade, he decided he would go one better. This was achieved with no problem at all. One cold dark morning Ex Micky Stewart and 'Slim' Parker noticed the van doors lying on the ground and Peblo trying to do a backward somersault "just like the MTO." When he fell to the floor in a heap he said "the van door just fell off on its own, there was a clatter and a bang and I was most surprised to see the doors on the ground." There was a pig near by and it is suspected that he ran into it, although this is strongly denied by Pebs.

LCpl Steve Harrington who is on loan to C Coy has got himself the finest room in Belfast. Its a mobile caravan/Office, which is covered in posters from top to bottom with the most beautiful pin-ups. We have offered him alternate accommodation, but he has declined the offer. He spends most of his time there and it is almost impossible to find him out of it between the hours of 1600 hrs and 0830 hrs (it makes you wonder what he gets up to!).

Our good friend Cpl. Yorky (throw em off) Ridsdale was most upset to find that there was no Whiskey on sale in the 'Golly Shop.' He hasn't been the same, since he can't stand Guinness as it makes his eyes water.

Pte Sekharan (Black Beard) was caught sending razor blades to East Africa, thinking he was on to some exporting game and making himself a dishonest buck. It was decided to question him, it was then we learnt the truth. He has a brother in Africa who

can only get Chinese Razor Blades. These he says 'Chops' him up a bit and he prefers the English one (very patriotic).

Biggles Grey (Actually Group Captain) can be seen most days eyeing the Helipad, and when a helicopter lands he rushes off to get his camera to take a photo. He often thinks about his childhood ambitions of being a pilot, but decided not to join the Army Air Corps as he felt that the Army 'needs' his skills more than the AAC (He was right of course).

Our POL Chap 'Dip Stick' Eddie Allum has taken to watching Michael Bentine's potty time on T.V., and can be seen most nights with eyes glued to the T.V. Set, waiting for Potty Time to begin. We also understand that he has fallen in love with a girl called Janice. He gets rather confused between Potty Time and Janice. Never mind Eddie—'Jesus Loves You.'

Martha Tilling has just decided to renew his driving licence, many may not think it odd but considering it expired two years ago it does seem strange (Crazy World).

Sudge Gupper Martin wanted to enter the driver of the year competition. He insisted he was the best driver on the MT; "No one could touch me" were his exact words. After two accidents he has withdrawn his claim, and made the way clear for someone much younger and Better. "Its my Diet" he said "it makes me weak and tired."

Pte Ray Challis has managed not to get lost yet, but it is understood he is working on it (well done, keep it up).

Congratulations are in order for Cpl. Frank D'SA on his promotion to Cpl.—well done Frank. It has been discovered that his girlfriend has bought him a stuffed Owl as a farewell present, and at night he kisses and cuddles it and takes it to bed with him. Well, whatever turns you on baby.





"I WONDER HOW OUR NEW PLATOON COMMANDER WILL GET US OUT OF THIS ONE!"

Cpl. Fred (Little S + It) Holloway also known as 'Adolf' still persists in wearing his bedroom slippers, even on hospital guard, he says he just loves the comforts of home. At present he is finding it hard to change his sheets, as he can't find the time to get out of bed, and no one knows how to change his sheets with Fred still between them. Beryl will be pleased to know that he thinks he is pregnant (it must be the Irish bacon).

Slim Parker has been on a diet for about a week now, he informs us that he has lost 12 lbs. but we can't see any difference. The morning PT is giving him some bother as he can't do the three backward somersaults that the MTO can do blindfolded on a skateboard with one arm tied up, but he still tries. You want to watch out Katherina—I think you are in for a shock, you are going to have an athletic Monster on your hands. He reckons that the Kilt you are buying him will fit him, by the time the tour is completed. Slim playing the 'Bagpipes' whatever next.

LCpl. Wally Wall is doing fine, he is still miserable and chunters away all day and every day. It has been discovered that he has given up drinking and smoking. He is trying to improve his 'image.' "An Irish man with an image? Never." Some day he is hoping to find a bride and wants to settle down, when it happens (Oh my god).

LCpl. Jimmy Mount hasn't been the same since he arrived here. He reckons he is overworked and when he is not

working he is on guard. Come on everybody—Poor Jimmy—AAH. Jimmy is saving like mad to buy an anniversary present for his wife. You are in for a good R & R Roxy. Sorry he can't get his long weekends.

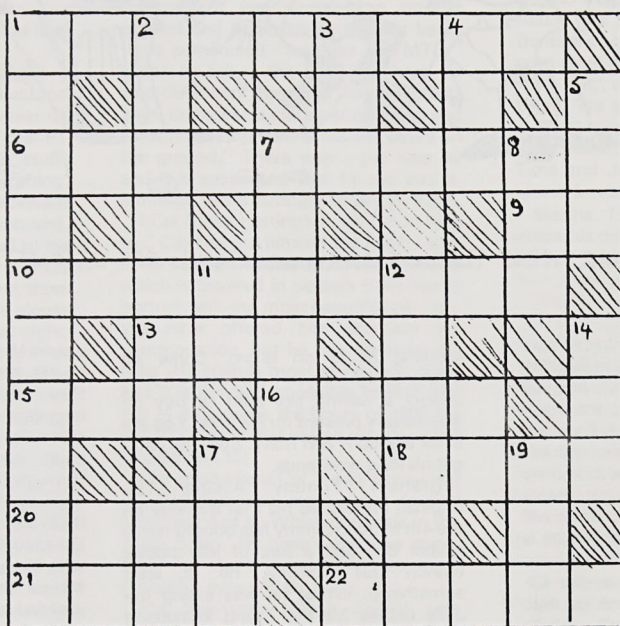
Graham 'Tommy' Atkins (The original) celebrated his 21st birthday on the 4th of July. Jimmy has bought him a rubber doll and a bag of jelly babies (watch out Tommy, he is after something). Whilst he was eating the Jelly babies Martha Tilling kidnapped his rubber doll. He was very heart broken and annoyed about it so he went to see his mate Ginger Hobbs to see if he could do anything. Ginger got his mate Thomo to help him and together they worked out a plan to rescue the Rubber Doll and capture the notorious Martha, who I might like to add is known throughout the Bn. as 'Martha The Dreaded Doll Snatcher', whose licence is two years out of date." So at midnight on the (can't tell the date, security reason) they crept into the night, Ginger with his Clasp Knife gripped tightly in his teeth, both naked except their regimental ties so as not to have the rustle of the clothes give them away. As they approached a Bar Shack they could hear the sound of a disco going on in full swing. They guessed that this must be the place as "Martha The Dreaded Doll Snatcher, whose licence expired two years ago" was known to be the only person who

played Max Bygraves 'You Need Hands' at this time of the night. So carefully they worked out a plan, using sign language so as not to be heard, at the given time (again for Security reasons, must remain secret) Ginger dived through the window Thomo smashed his way through the door, and both of them were confronted with "Martha the Dreaded Doll Snatcher" dancing away with the rubber doll, who he had named Minnie the girlfriend of "Martha the dreaded doll snatcher, whose licence expired two years ago." Ginger leapt at Martha who was dancing to Max Bygraves, there was a fierce struggle. Martha grappled the knife from Ginger's mouth, Thomo who was pulling himself (a pint of DD) saw that his help was needed, so putting on a new disc he 'jived' over to the fighting pair, Martha had at this time ripped away Ginger's regimental tie, this really made Ginger's blood boil. The struggle went on, all of a sudden there was a loud hissing noise, everything went quiet, including the disco. Minnie was deflated, in one big heap on the floor. The brave pair picked her up and took her to Tommy Atkins who immediately got out his Puncture Outfit kit and tried to revive poor Minnie. It was no good, "Martha the Dreaded Doll snatcher, whose licence expired two years ago" had had his way with her.

A BRAGANZA PRIZE CROSSWORD

(Some hard, Some easy)

There will be £5.00 given to the first person to forward a completely correct answer to the crossword to the Editor, Tac HQ, Fort Monagh.



Clues Across

1. This coin could equally be a monarch.
6. Tangled affairs, difficult to find one's way out of.
9. Much used expletive!
10. Eastern female slave or concubine.
13. Prefixing the male of a feline species.
15. I, as understood in Latin.
16. Young not fully trained hawk.
17. Indefinite article.
18. The other half with recuperation.
20. We perform our loyal one seated.
21. Unit of thermal energy.
22. Bright blue pigment

Clues Down

1. To be avoided against a sky line for example.
2. With pulsating effect.
3. An old testament prophet.
4. A Maltese stomach for sailors perhaps.
5. Podery residue of burning.
7. Clothing, as often referred to in biblical terms.
8. Where Sir Walter defied the Armanda in Plymouth.
11. — and behold
12. Silica in various forms—often black or containing gold.
14. The type of diminutive surgeon, exemplified by James Herriot.
19. Title preceding Christian name of Knight or Baronet.

RCT—BRAGANZA ARTICLE 1

This is a brief line from your taxi service (armoured), the RCT detachment. We are 'B' Troop 21 Squadron and from Duisburg in West Germany, here we form part of the 3rd Armoured Division Transport Regiment. This is, perhaps, one of the few occasions where the troop supporting a battalion in Northern Ireland is also likely to be supporting the same battalion in its BAOR role. I hope, therefore, we can look forward to a friendly and long-lived relationship.

A troop such as ours is often attached, during the period of a year, to a number of different battalions. This being the case we can look at the proficiency of the various units from a detached and largely

It is a pleasure therefore, to say that it is a privilege to serve with such a friendly and professional unit. (Although true that's all the crawling you're going to get from me this issue).

This troop is commanded by Lt. Marty Hislop—currently a bit of a physical wreck as a result of a skiing accident. The 2IC is SSgt "Taff" Morgan—whose main attributes seem to be skill with work (never does any work just makes things) and the provision of blue films for Echelon Sgts' Mess. The Tac HQ detachment is run by Cpl "Taff" Rogers whose main ability is the duration of communication between himself and the mattress. 'B' Coy's detachment is commanded by Cpl Tom Carruthers who some of you would remember from 1976/77—presently clearing up the local bookies. 'C' and 'D' Coys are supported by LCpl Thorne and LCpl Long respectively. LCpl Thorne seems to be vying with your boxers for the local fitness title. LCpl Long is getting worried from time to time—but from the letters he's been receiving they don't concern his virility—only the results of it!

You may wonder what we do all day—and that's a very good

question because at the moment it is very quiet. The drivers spend most of their time driving armoured cars, "Pigs", or the battalions's land-rovers. Staff Rogers spends most of his time word-writing and the Troop Commander spends most of his time filling in returns. For some reason, the Armoured Personnel Carrier HQ seems to think this is a most essential part of a young officers' education. At the risk of being a little risqué I will give you an example of how many returns we have to give:

Initially they ask us for a strength return. If we feel strong enough then we check our APC serviceability. Providing all is well we are then allowed to fire our personal weapon—but only on a fortnightly basis and only if we pull our working parts to the rear before loading. This procedure can result in the firing of blanks—in which case a defect report is filed and a MOD return investigated. The other prevalent offence in these circumstances is a negligent discharge—although it is only classed as a minor offence if it happens in the Keller Club at Musgrave Park Hospital. In Musgrave a low weapon return, as a result of the nominal rolls that occur there, can mean changes in NOK forms. Low weapon returns are rare when coolant levels are high—high coolant levels result in many kit checks. At the end of four months this results in a tired forecast—but in the meantime Sqn HQ expect to make a lot of mileage out of it.

The Troop Commander is being well entertained in the luxury of the Echelon, under command of Maj (QM) Les Wilson with his sidekicks Lt Brian Upson and Capt Stewart Cooper. A more sociable place would be difficult to imagine—discos every other night and usually a cocktail party at weekends—we really are living the life of Riley. Well for an unexpected guest, I have probably overstayed my welcome already so I will say a brief goodbye; you'll be hearing from me again shortly. By the way if any of you can write out how many returns have been mentioned in this little piece a small prize will be awarded.

"OK OK! I'LL GET YOU SCRAMBLED EGGS....."



RADIO ROOM TOP TEN

1. Mind Blowing Decisions
2. Like Clockwork
3. You're the one that I want
4. Night Fever
5. If I Can't Have You
6. Money-Money-Money
7. Boom-Bamg-A-Bang
8. If You Want It Here It Is
9. Knocking On Heavens Door
10. I'm Singing In The Rain—

Kestrel
Playtime Rats
Trigger
C.O.P.
Acorn Story
The Gollies
Felix
Pronto
The Hawkeyes
The Mobiles'

Walk down to Belfast's Blue Lagoon
Where you will find the Signal Platoon
Just laying around in the sun
Playing cards and having fun,

Tim McD just lost a penny
No one tell his wife Jinny
Poor Bob Jones is taking a nap
Wishing it were on Marie's lap.

Theres Rick Malam telling jokes
Sipping away at Brandy and Cokes
Ray Buckwell gets this line
To tell his wife he's doing fine,

If your looking for our Mothers
Look in camp under the covers
With Jock Burns he's doing fine
Collecting nuts for winter time,

There's Bob Easton playing trains.
Giving a lift to Bernie Haines
Bernie Haines he's our Granny
Wishing he was riding with his Annie,

Look there over the sea
You'll find the men from 590
Baker, Lynch, Young and Lowe
What's their first names I don't know.
Its in their work we think them grand
How they do it I dont understand,

Now to all you the wives I've mislead out
In Frustrations give me a shout
I promise you I'll pass the test
To put you in, I'll do my best.

(THUMPER)



Well here we are at last
In the city of Belfast.
The population all so friendly
Just like being home in Henly

They came to meet us all so grand
The IRA with its own Pipe Band
All in green they looked so jolly
We don't mind losing all that lolly.

This unspoiled city with its parks
Where lovers stroll after dark
In the pubs they sing with glee
When the see little old me,

Going for a walk in the city centre
With no restrictions to all who enter
So, with these guns we'll shoot pheasants
And give to them as birthday presents,

So give this message to them all
The Army, the Navy but most of all
TELL THE MARINES . . .

(THUMPER)

D COMPANY NOTES

In last May, the company, with the rest of the Bn, entered a period of intensive training. During our 3 days in Tin City, we had more incidents than it would appear we are ever likely to encounter during 4 months in Belfast!

The Advance Party arrived in Belfast on June 13th, and the Main Body arrived on June 21st. Our base is the "Woodburn Hotel". For those of you thinking in terms of AA star ratings, this "hotel" is a partial derelict! The top floor hasn't changed since the place was burnt down. We received a good handover from C Coy 3 PARA, and have been able to get down to work in our area. The "paper war" marches on relentlessly, and one sometimes wonder which war we are here to fight!

The Coy area is mainly Catholic dominated by the Lenadoon area. The Catholic Ladybrooke area is another staunchly Republican part and adjoining it is the Protestant Suffolk area. There have been problems over the various interfaces in the past. However we can only hope that further problems do not arise during our tour. Among our tasks are guarding the RUC's vehicle workshops and the GOC's house. The attractions of the former are somewhat luscious, but of the latter, there is a swimming pool and a tennis court! It is even rumoured that the CSM may spend his R and R at the GOC's residence, conditions are so comfortable!

To date we have had no real incidents, although a few suspect

bombs have been dealt with. One was close to the Main Gate, and after a controlled explosion, was found to be the remains of a take-away Chinese meal! There have been a few finds. The OC's Rover Group has been renamed the "Rummage" group by its members, because of the OC's prediction for roaming through the quarries of Belfast. During one of these expeditions to the Belfast winterland, Pte White discovered a quantity of detonators hidden in a tree stump. On another expedition, LCpl Woolton found bullet holes in a car, which led Pte May to find some empty 9 mm cases at the firing point. At least we now know what the IRA use for target practice.

From the talk about quarries, you will gather that we have a fairly large rural patch. It certainly adds variety compared to previous Belfast tours, stuck in the 'delightful' urban areas. Sgt Paine had the top company "find", when he was tasked to go to a pick-up-point. The hoped for bags of weapons turned out to be 4 lbs of smoked bacon, delivered by the night-watchman at a local bacon factory.

Life here goes on fairly quietly, although the level of patrolling is as high as ever. The marching season begins soon, and we can only hope it passes off quietly, which will no doubt entail considerable numbers of troops on the ground. R & R starts in a few days time, and to all our followers in the UK and Germany, we can only say, "3 ½ months to go!!"



LOOKS LIKE THE SARNT' MAJORS GOT THE DUTIES WRONG AGAIN !!

MEDIAEVAL DINOSAURS



N.B. This story has absolutely nothing to do with dinosaurs.

THE SCENE: Somewhere in Belfast. (Unfortunately, a more accurate position cannot be given as the Platoon Commander is navigating.)

In a stately home-mischievously called Block 8, DO NOT REMOVE, by that fun crowd at the Department of the Environment—the soldiers of C/S 21 sat in troubled meditation as each man considered the crisis. The problem seemed insurmountable, as is that word to most of the troops, and yet every man doggedly searched for an answer to the question; “Is Pte Archer for real, and, if so, what is he?”

The puzzled faces around the room were a study of consternation, (Nation McEwan), except of course Smudgers Face, which grows more and more like that of a conger eel each day. (Despite that, he’s really such a nice boy). Flynn picked his brains until the stitching of his boots came undone, and the way in which he endured the pain as he thought was an example to everyone.

Thomas sat over in the far corner, staring at the wall. Intellectually, the two were well matched, although the wall probably had the edge in intelligence as the plaster had started to come away from behind Thomas’s ears. Thomas himself had only just got over his own personal crisis, as he had just failed to qualify in the Cambridge heats of that well known TV programme, “The Old Grey Matter Test.” Still, he looked happy enough as he drew colourful Ban the Bomb signs and scrawled Love not War all over the place.

Cpl Kelling was unusually quiet as he stood in the centre of the room, underneath the easy chair. The traffic cone that was stuffed three parts of the way down his neck could have had something to do with it. Then, by the window, there was the slightest movement, and all eyes turned on Bushby. Slowly, agonizingly, his jaws began to move, and from the depths of his throat he emitted a guttural, staccatto, monosyllabic grunt. It was the most constructive thing he had said since joining the Platoon. Bushby was far from happy as he had just learned that in order to ease the accommodation problem Molar was going to pull his teeth out and put beds in.

Yes this indeed was a problem. A genuine effort had been made to communicate with Archer, and Golden was used as an interpreter, but this plan came to a sorry end when it was discovered too late that no one could understand a word he said either. And yet none of these men would concede defeat. All these veterans—each man wore the Soltau Medal and the GSM (Sennelager)—were determined not to be beaten this time. What will happen? Will C/S 21 find the answer? Why am I asking you? Why don’t you mind your own sodding business?

Read the next instalment of Medieval Dinosaurs for the answers to these gripping questions.

N.B. This story still has absolutely nothing to do with Dinosaurs.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Please God, Guide us
Through this four month tour
So we may live to fight
Another war.

Let there be no
Terrorist enemys
So we may go home
With only memories.

Let us never be afraid
And run
Throw away the bomb
And destroy the gun.

The life of peace
Has been forgotten
The average Paddy
Has often been rotten

Lets not live a life
Of sin
Let us go home
To our own kin.

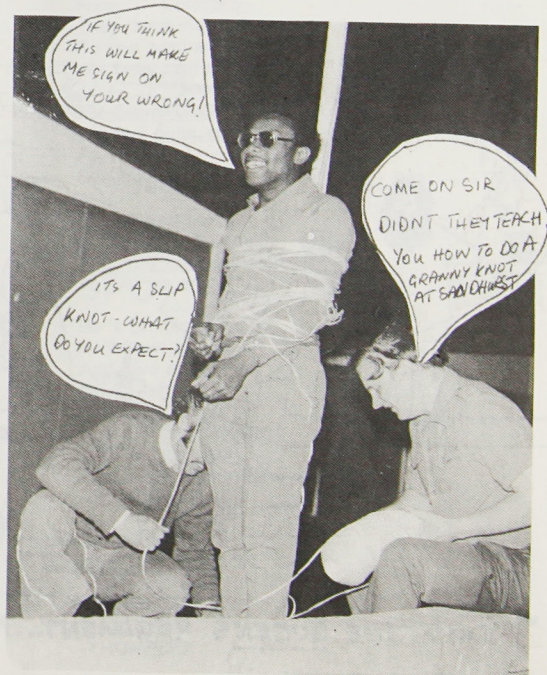
BY: C. J.



**Now go to your corners—
keep it clean and come
out fighting**



The Middlesex.



2 PL NOTES

The platoon has settled down to its summer holiday with a minimum of fuss. Some members however have found the transition from dreary, old Werl to bright sunny Belfast a little more distressing then they perhaps thought.

Cpl Tidey telegraphed home for a Red Cross parcel. Thankfully it has arrived and it contains all those articles so necessary to the young soldier serving overseas; a pair of yellow marigold rubber gloves, a bugs bunny apron, and of course some brillow pads.

Romance has blossomed as it should on holiday. Stiff Section, under the dynamic leadership of Benzeir have wooed Jackie and Margaret to a standstill. However Norman Storeman has shown amorous intentions in the same direction and this has led to inter-section rivalry.

LCpl Hall is a cowboy . . .

LCpl Dickson does not like taking abuse from 8 year old Paddies, even if they are black . . .

Myers is now the Platoon Commander's ginbrewer . . .

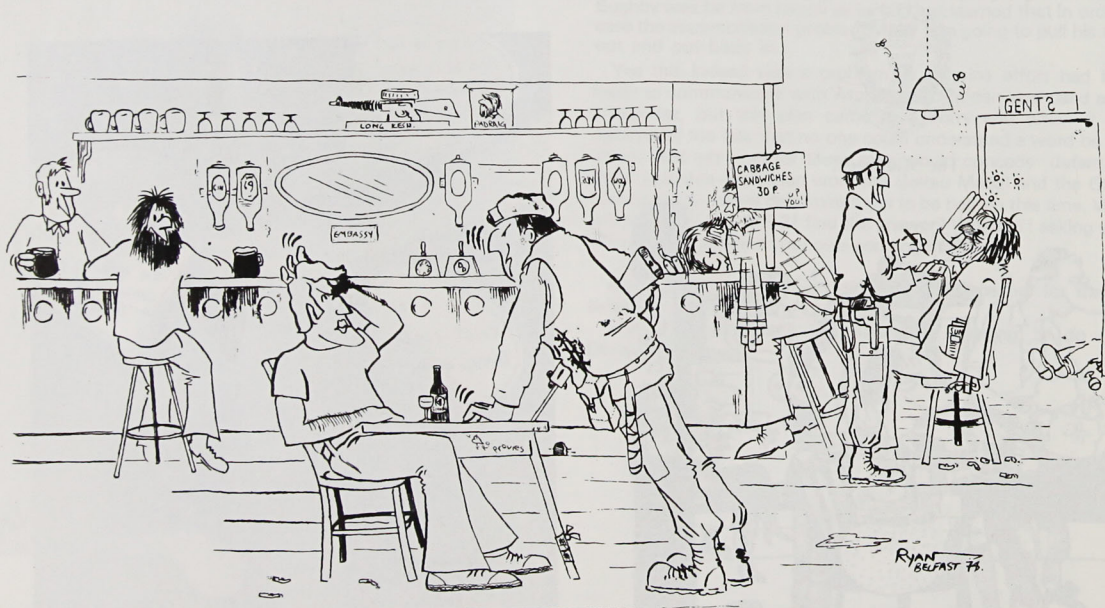
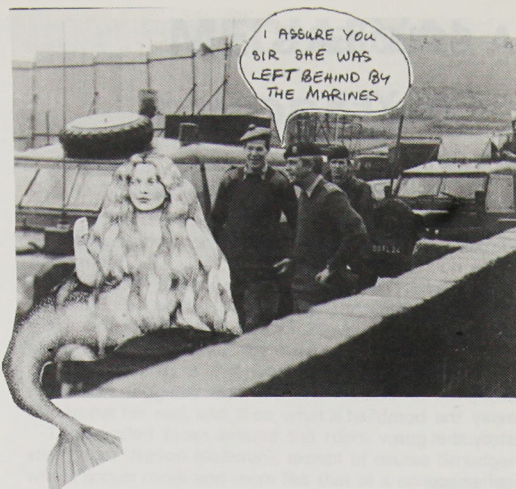
Frost is going through an emotional period . . .

Banzai hot pursued a battalion photographer . . .

The Platoon Commander hot pursued a broom . . .

Things are running normally.

Quote of the month: "Pigs fold up dead easy" —Hodges.



"I SAID THE QUEENS REGIMENT...NOT THE QUEERS REGIMENT !!!"

9 PLATOON— C COMPANY

Hard targeting around camp avoiding the bemused stares of non C Company soldiers and the sniping tendencies of unspecified members of C/S 3 were for many the first taste of Op BANNER Training.

Various members of the platoon were plucked from our midst and sent far and wide to attend specialist courses. LCpl Gallagher and his motly crew of searchers are to be congratulated as they were the only group not to set off any booby traps during their search course.

Memories of Woodlands will undoubtedly remain dear to our hearts, the sight of items of kit floating above the submerged duckboards, drainage systems of immense complexity which left people occupied for hours but achieved little and the solid sheet of water that stretched from the cloud base at 50 feet and the deck for a period of no less than four days.

The stint in Tin City seemed to be one elongated incident and includes the dramatic debriefs by NITAT aided and abetted by video tapes—nothing like a few home truths to stir the blood!

The first patrol for those who have never graced the streets of Ireland must have been a traumatic experience because judging by a multitude of facial expressions, eyes like tennis balls and every bit as hairy, they anticipated, as primed by NITAT, a multiple contact, IED, mortar and rocket attack. Nothing like hard targeting in the back of a ¾ ton landrover.

It will be interesting to see what July has in store—regrettably “tactical nucing” is out of the question. it would put the Golly shops out of business.

We're working hard
The hours ro long
That's all the men
at Echelon.

You just don't know
How we'll feel
to have Unlce Bernie
At the Wheel

But time goes on
It's getting darker
As we await/ the arrival
of Capt Parker

Of bad rumours.
We have a whiff
Of discos, dances
They're just a myth

Brit films and coffee
We get a lot
Enjoyed by all
In the Golly Shop

Q Norris's kitchen
It's in a riot
Everyone seems
To be on a diet

Sweets and fry-ups
A thing of the past
Slim Ron Brill
Will be at last.

Doing PT
We liked it more
When the MTO
Hit the floor

All the drivers
Led by Micky Broad
With fits of laughter
We all roared.

Tuning PIGS
To do a ton
The REME's here
with Staff Clarkson

With their spanners
Hammers as well
They make them PIG 's
Go like hell

A good word I feel
Must be said
For the men who guard
While we're in bed

From 'C' Company
They come down here
So rest assured
We have no fear

For Jenny Clark
We feel quite sad
Poor old Nobby's
Becoming a dad.

We wish her well
In the time to come
You may have a daughter
As well as a son

He's promised me
He'll bawl and shout
And give me extras
If he's left out

He's twisting my arm
With all his might
That's our Sarnt Major
Alan Knight.

Bye for now
Until October
That's the time
we'll be back over.

(THUMPER)



Courtesy of Scope Features

