



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

ISSUE NO. 3

BELFAST, 1978



FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

This is the third and last edition of BRAGANZA as far as this tour is concerned. I would like to thank everyone in the battalion for being so cheerful and working so hard. This is very commendable as the exciting moments have been few but the work effort has been tremendous throughout. Your efforts have been much appreciated by everyone.

I would like to thank our Rear Party and the girls back home for everything they have done. They have been superb and their newspaper MISS PRINT reflected their very high morale and also kept us amused.

Lastly, thank you for contributing to BRAGANZA and our thanks to Captain Beattie for putting together such an excellent magazine.



EDITORIAL

Behold the end is nigh! The chaotic rush home has entered the time honoured phase in which every individual has the most touching and 'bona fide' excuse for returning on the advance party (some of them are really very good) and the eternal assorting, packing and painting of boxes has got well under way.

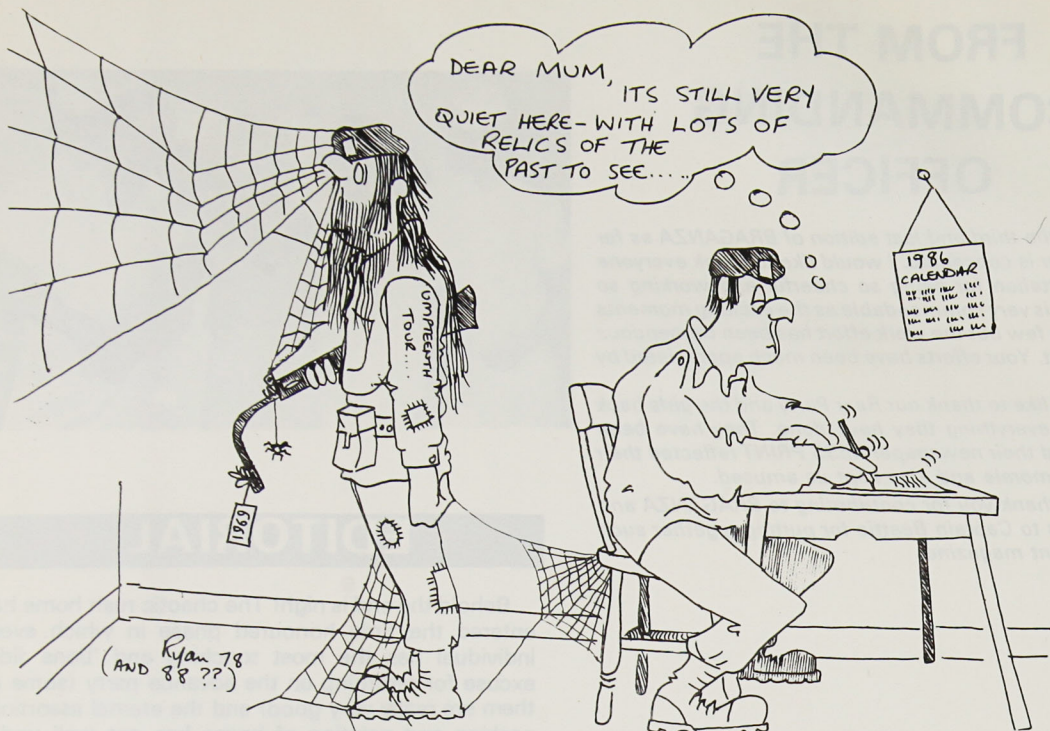
Honesty will compel most to admit that the tour has gone extremely quickly and indeed has not been without its good moments—even our attached personnel seem to have quite enjoyed being with us. Whether A Coy 1LI, to whom the privilege of securing the throbbing hub of the Battalion has been accorded, will be glad to see us go I know not, but we do thank them for their assistance in making Fort Monagh a very much more interesting place in which to live.

Whilst on the subject of those 'wot ain't us,' our great thanks go to 21 Sqn. RCT for all the help they have provided, and particularly to the very cheerful bunch of lads we have had with us; also our thanks to POINTER and his elite team of super-sleuths—anyone who can look after 'skunk' for four months deserves full commendation.

In my capacity as Editor, I would like to thank all who contributed to the three editions of Braganza, however large or small their offering. In particular I must mention CSM Ryan, without whose excellent cartoons the magazine would lose much of its substance, and Seagull whose imagination in re-vamping photographs has provided much amusement for all of us, not least of all because of his spelling! Photographically we have been fortunate to have been blessed with an enthusiastic, expert and willing 'Int Phot Section' and I thank them for all their help.

All that remains is for me, on behalf of all the Battalion, to welcome Miss 1 Queens, Tania Nicholls to the 'appointment' and to say we look forward to seeing her in Werl.





2 PLATOON

Life since the last edition of "Braganza" has been very quiet. Morale is high. Must be something to do with the days-to-do.

Cpl Tidey is unbearable since he scored a hat-trick for the Battalion football team; his head has swollen to twice its normal size. Anyone would think he had played before.

It seems that absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder. Frost has received another Dear John. Surely this must be a record? "Jilted John" Rose has been given the push but he doesn't care. It's a hard life in 2 Platoon. Hodges got a Dear John from Waldren!

There is no truth in the rumour that LCpl Hall writes under the pseudonym "James Herriot." In fact he is renowned for his cruelty to defenceless, dumb animals. On finding a friendly badger recently, LCpl Hall fired a baton round at the poor unsuspecting creature's head. Bully boy!

Constance intends to find work as a male fashion model when he leaves the Army. As we all know, Connie maintains an impeccable standard of turnout, so the job should suit him.

"Rip Van Winkle" or "Rabbit Ears" Juhel has come out of hibernation. Expert Medical opinion considers it likely that he will emerge from his bed soon, however the members of 2 Platoon know better.

Norman the Storeman is in the depths of despair. Apart from being told where to put 15 MFO boxes, Mary and Jackie don't love him any more.

THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS

1. The truth of pain: birth is pain, old age is pain, death is pain, union with the unpleasant is pain, separation from the pleasant is pain, not obtaining what one wishes is pain.
2. The truth of the cause of pain: the craving that leads to rebirth, accompanied by delight and passion, rejoicing at finding the delight here and there; namely, the craving of lust, for existence, for non-existence.
3. The truth of the cessation of pain; the complete cessation of that craving—its forsaking, relinquishment, release and detachment from it.
4. The truth of the way that leads to the occasion of pain; the

Noble Eight fold path—right view, right through, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness and right concentration.

Produced by LCpl. (Weich) Fleming

Directed by LCpl (Miss) Webb.

Camra work by LCpl (Sentmental) Blue Bell.





THE PARABLE OF THE PUGGLED PRIVATE

By "ANANIAS"

And it came to pass that the legion which had been to the land of Ireland and had done great battles on the fields of Twinbrook, Glassmullán and Monagh returned to their home station. And they did swoop down from the heavens upon the plains of Wunstorf — yea on great Herculean wings did they swoop down. And they did return to their home tribes of women and children and the unmarried sons of the tribes to the people of Westphalia.

First of the legions was that which was called "Prima Braganza Regimenta" and they had pitched their camp within the walls of Albuhera which lies not far distant from the city of Werle.

Then the praetor of the legion one John called together the chief centurion, him whom they call Arressem, and those centurions under him and said unto them, "Assuredly thou hast done well. And now shalt thou enjoy the fruits of thy labours. But this I say unto you. Thou shalt not tarry beyond the walls of Werle too long. Neither shalt thou sup too much wine and loiter with the handmaidens lest you become a pad. Around thy loins shalt thou wear a girdle of red — yea, redder than the sun which falls not on this cursed land!" And having spoken he dismissed them and they returned unto their men and told them that which was said unto them. And the legion rejoiced and each man was given a bag of silver by order of JOHN.

Then the people of Westphalia rejoiced and lifted up their voices saying "What mattereth it who these strange speaking men are. Assuredly are they greatly weighed

down with many shekels of silver. Shall we not have compassion upon them and relieve them a little of their burden? Therefore bring up from thy cellars the fiery waters, array in finest garments our gentle handmaidens and let there be singing and dancing throughout the land!"

And it came to pass towards evening, after the sun had run it's course, that many passed out from the gates of Albuhera and made speedily towards the city. Some did go on foot — others on chariots — each according to his means.

Now amongst these was a certain one, Josoap by name from the Tangier Tribe a worthy man and a great warrior. And it came to pass that he cometh to where there is much music and dancing and many beauteous maidens did flock unto him. In silken garments were they clothed even above the knee, and with scented waters did they anoint themselves. Red were their lips as the betel nut and of pure gold were their teeth. And they brought wine unto him, saying "Drink we pray of you, for it is good that you should do so!" And he drank. Then cometh they a second time saying, "Drink, we pray of you" and again he drinketh. And a third time they saith unto him, "Drink." And when he had drunk he fell down in a great swoon and could not be awakened.

Then they had great compassion on him and said, one to another, "Assuredly these things which he carry weigh heavily upon him." Then they took from him his leathern bag and the shekels of silver which were about his person that these might not burden him whilst he slept.

And it was towards morning when he awoke and lifted up his eyes and behold many strange visions appears unto him and men were as shadows walking. Then he arose and made best he could toward the walls of Albuhera.

But as he returned to his abode behold the captain of the guard appeareth before him and halteth him saying, "Wots your game" which, being translated meaneth, "Assuredly art thou cast down into the uttermost depths and on thy head are heaped ashes of affliction." Then replieth Josoap unto him, "Get knotted" and straightway his legs turneth into water and the earth supported him.

And on the morrow they came unto him and saith, "Arise, and take of thy finest raiments, for assuredly shalt thou be brought before thy lord and master John that he may pass judgement upon thee!"

And it came to pass at the twelfth hour, there soundeth forth a blast of trumpets and all who heard trembled and said one to another — "Now doth our leader sit in judgement of those who hath sinned." Then cometh the chief centurion and the air was filled with great thundering so that the very walls of Albuhera did shake and bow before it. Then Josoap did bare his head and gave the covering thereof to the captain of the guard who stood near him, and straightway was brought before his lord and master and he trembled and was sore afraid.

Then saith his lord and master unto him. "Wherefore hast thou done this thing? Knowest thou not that which I have commanded?" And Josoap answered saying, "Assuredly hath I sinned greatly. Have mercy upon me O Master, I beg of you!" Then replied the praetor, "That



which thou hast done cannot be forgiven. Wilt thou do penance as I command?"

"Yea, Lord" replied Josoap.

"Then verily I say unto you, 14 days and nights shalt thou tarry within these walls and when the trumpet soundeth then shalt thou come speedily to the captain of the guard and shalt humble thyself to do those things which he shalt order."

And so it cometh to pass that Josoap did pour water upon the floors of Albuhera and did sweep aside from it's

door and dust of countless feet. With a sickle of iron did he cut the grass of the fields which lay around the walls of Albuhera, and with much water and brillo pads did clean the tribes cooking pots. And the captain of the guard stood over him.

Learn ye therefore my children the lesson which I teach unto you:—Obey the laws. Tarry not in strange places nor let thy feet to stray along forbidden paths, for vengeance and retribution shall fall upon thee and there shall be much wailing and gnashing of teeth.



WOODBURN SUNRAY "GOOD TO KNOWS"

Capt Pollard—is no longer good enough for an operational company and so has been relegated to Tac HQ.

Capt Russell—doesn't know where he is.

Lt Cooper—is still wasting away.

Major Hunter—due to a nervous habit has lost two-thirds of his moustache.

Capt Featherstone—is commanding the Over Action Force as if he was born to it.

Major Kealy—has a fetish about used cereal plates; he hoards them in his office.

Lt Mans—supplies them.

Lt Eagan—is not attending a course; he was sent home after being discovered in Coffee Pot's caravan.

Lt Bullivant—still hasn't found the showers.

Lt Beeston—after he has left the Army is going to Ballet School.

Lt Hames—is going to be the next Professor of Psychological Studies and Human Behaviour at Oxford University.

Lt Noble—is recovering from a complex illness.

Lt Storey-Pugh—is taking elocution lessons.



HERE WE ARE SLEEPING OUT CHIEFY... ALONE IN THE GREAT WILDERNESS.....



..BUT LISTEN CHIEFY... THE SOFT PAD OF AN INDIAN MOCCASIN... THERES DANGER APPROACHING...

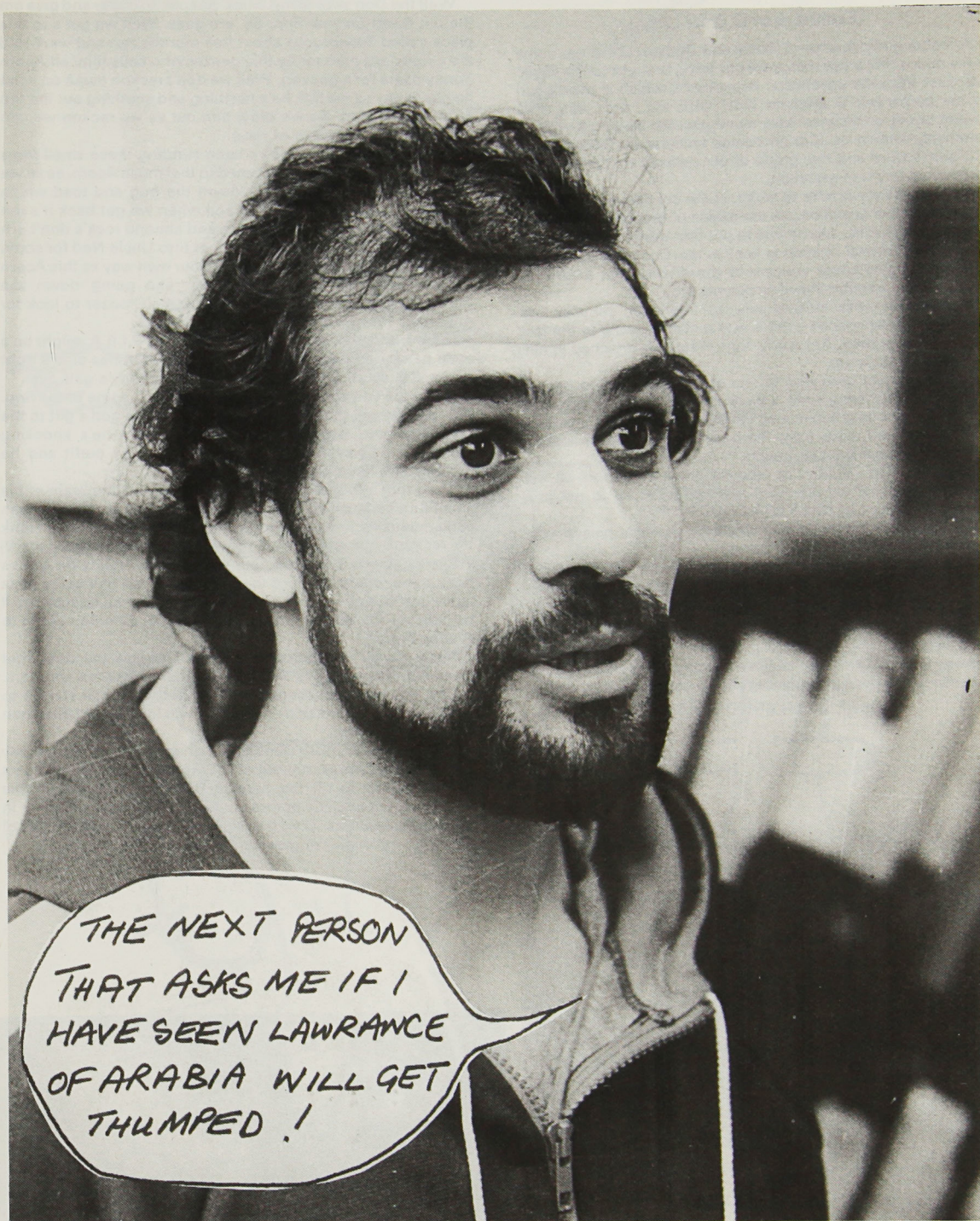


THIS IS IT CHIEFY.... IVE HEARD THAT THE MAD MULLAH ROAMS THESE WOODS... WHAT CAN HE WANT OF US



OOH... RATS!!





THE NEXT PERSON
THAT ASKS ME IF I
HAVE SEEN LAWRENCE
OF ARABIA WILL GET
THUMPED !

CONFESSIONS OF 1 PLATOON

(Exclusive of D & D) Ltd.)

As editor and publisher of Dobin and Durham Ltd. it has come to my notice that a few things are not being brought to the public eye. First from the phychiatric department, which is mainly run by my co-partner D Durham DSO OBE etc., etc., etc., that several of our employees have some peculiar hang-ups what is commonly known as (Connochaetas taurinus or Gnu disease) let's take a small and rare group of our patients that suffer from these acute forms of gestation.

Mr. Hames we will refer to as Mr. H. for confidential reasons is a typical case of gestation. He complains of breeding pineapples between his checks, and he tries to put that down to the way he walks. Our personal opinion is kept in our Company Record as publication could cause concern to those who have a nervous disposition i.e. commissioned employees etc.

Mr. Rylands—this subject has an inferiority complex—he thinks he is never noticed—this is very probable owing to the fact that he is never seen. At present Nine Platoon is attached to him and boy is he suffering.

Mr. Bartlett has been sent to one of our rehabilitation centres in Ballykinlar suffering from a work complex. The modern day cure of this is a long substaained canoeing trip without a paddle. This relieves bed sores from the back but all Officers seeking relief must go on a five-year course.

(Sasquatch) Mr. Smith has recently taken a stumble on the stock market (over his beer gut) and has asked us to put in a good word for him, so here it is (A GOOD WORD).

Mr. Blackman thinks he is an orphan—the only person who loves him is the NAAFI Credit Manager.

Mr. Jones being a virginal fellow (apart from Mr. Swarkins) has fought all his life against contraception. He has caused a world wide shortage by killing rubber trees in Botswana.

Lastly our newest customers, Bandsmen West and Blanchard have been causing immense problems. While chasing other patients (4 months in Hospital?) are two gay players who look like never surviving the consequences should they catch anybody.

Signed: DOBIN AND DURHAM LTD.

POTS & PANS?

Well the Don says to me 'Mick' put pen to paper and give em the run down on your firm. So 'ere goes. Well we get's to this place called Twinbrooks about free months ago and were told it's a right 'ard manner by this geezer who calls himself Acorn (funny name for a geezer). Well we don't reckon much on what he has to say as we fink he's northing and southing out the top of his Uncle Ned. So we blow him out as we reckon we can stitch it up in a couple of days.

Anyways since then we've been sending these small firms out, I fink we should have listened to that mush Acorn, as all we seem to do is ball and chalk down the frog and toad which makes our plates of meat sore and when we get back it's the drum and take off the daisy roots and almond rock's don't arft pen and ink, and it feels good to get into Uncle Ned for some Bo-peep. Anyway we don't get it all our own way as this Acorn geezer gives us these jobs to do like going down the Stewartstown frog and toad to this Battle Croozer to look for this other firm who call themselves P.I.R.A.

Dickie hes one of Archey's firm thinks that P.I.R.A. might be a code name and he is still trying to werk it out hes also a right nosie 'Git' as all he wants to do is turn Paddy's gaff over.

'Ere' I tell you what I'll give you the S.P. on some of the firm. We 'ave this mush called Addie who finks hes god's gift to the birds (the two legged type); at the moment he's knocking around wiv this bird who is wiv the monkey outfit and he reckons she likes nuts.

Then ther's this geezer called wing nut hes the brain of his small firm because he passed the eleven plus at school (Flash Git) course like any good firm we've got our heavies like Frank he reckons hes going mad (how do ye send a nutter mad?) Willie Willingham hes also our wheel man, Archey he comes from some where north of the Thames he not like us he talks funny and hes got this thing about rubber plants, he reckons if he catches the geezer who gave it a Micky Finn hes going to Welley him.

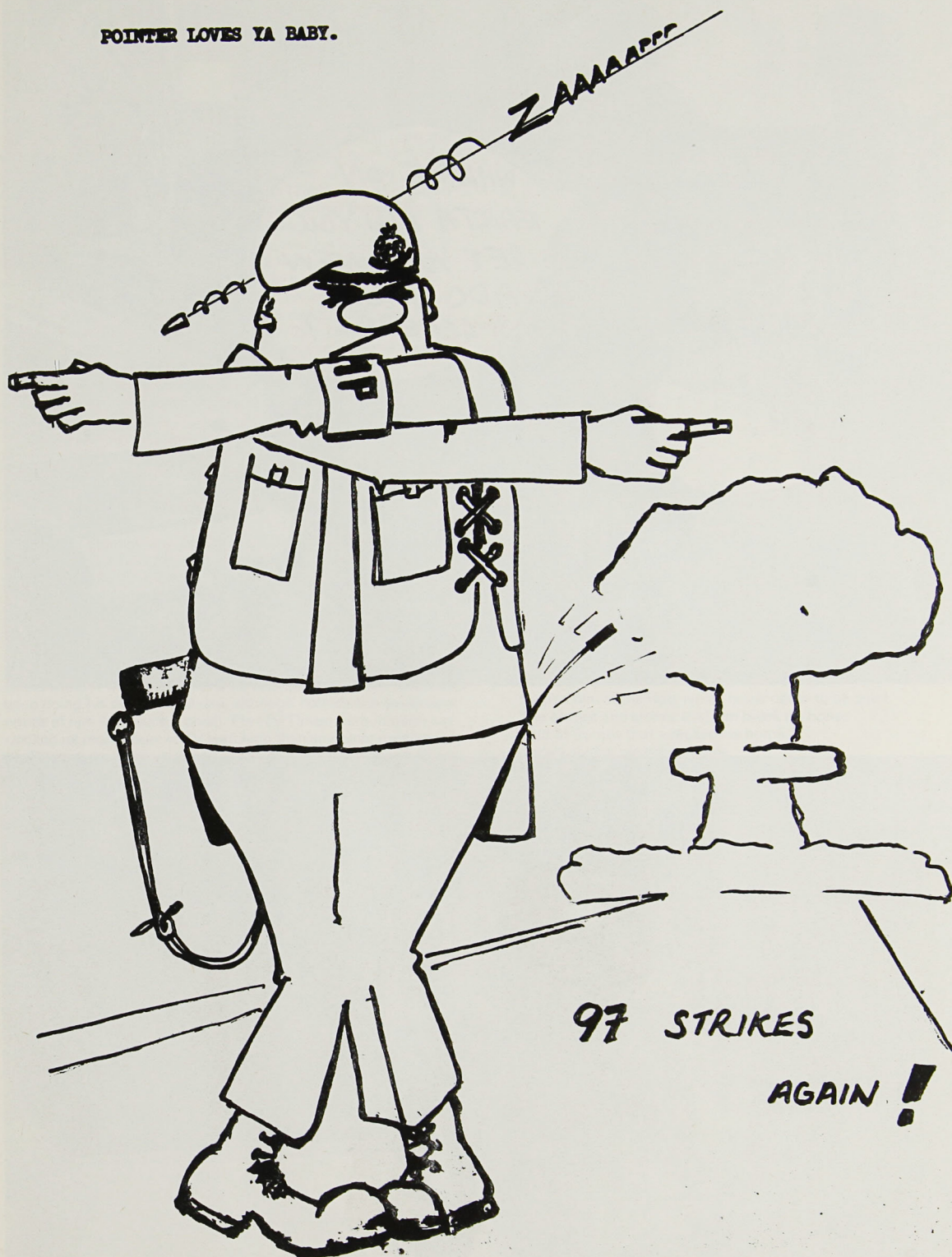
Then theres the godfather Don Noble. Hes the one what gives out the contract's and tells us when to use our shooters.

Last but not least there's Brain the Hoc, he has started to grow this 'ere' beard as he reckons it will fool the old bill when he leaves the firm.

Oh! Yea Old Drunken Duncan got a nasty shock the other day as our Battle Croozer run out of D.D. Hes now on tranquillisers he threatened to fill the barman in for putting him in this condition, but as Dixie pointed out to him he has a job filling in his expenses sheet. 'Ere' I better put a stop to this as the rest of the firm will think I'm grassing them up. "SEE YA."



POINTER LOVES YA BABY.



97 STRIKES

AGAIN !



MORTAR PLATOON

Well, here we are again nearing the end of the tour, and the last edition of the "Braganza," with the P/Comd on R & R, Sgt (Stevie) Howick devotes most of his time in search of the collection of intellectual books which Cpl (Tabby) Tabas accused him of owning in the last issue; he assures us that the only books in his bed space are anything but intellectual. On the 17th of September he had a severe Monk on, eventually we realised it was because nobody had wished him a happy birthday. Well, we all thought at his age he wouldn't want to be reminded.

Cpl (Dutch) Holland is spending all his spare time studying for his exams, of which he has already passed the first. Cpl (Polly) Perkins is not due to return to us until the 25th (come back Polly, all is forgiven), Cpl Tabby is walking around starry-eyed (he's in love) and I thought he was getting past it. LCpl (Scottie) Scott has deserted us and gone back to the Boxing Team (and his wife) in Werl. So the "Braganza" notes have fallen to me, LCpl (Phil) Booker.

In the last issue Tabby mentioned a non-smoking campaign, in which three people were still in the running. Well, LCpl (Tomo) Thompson can now be seen puffing away at cigarettes. I outlasted him slightly but am now puffing away at cigars, so well done to Pte (Ralph) Murray, who is the only one still not indulging.

At the moment the Platoon has its first four members on adventure training, Ptes (Smudge) Smith, (Smiler) Garner, (Ralph) Murray and (Masher) Powell. Many more of us are hoping to get a chance before the end of the tour. Pte (Dean) West has taken up his civilian trade again (hair dressing) with Pte (Roz) Rozario being his best customer thanks to Sgt Howick.

The Platoon's Punk Rocker, Pte (Betsy) Bettesworth can still be seen freaking out to the sound of Blondie or Jilted John. Pte (Child Monty) Mortimer swears he has been poisoned, and has been doing his dying act all day, although nobody has taken any notice of him (he's such a child). Pte (TV Times) Farquharson has clocked up more hours of TV watching than any other member of the Platoon even though he has seen all the programmes before. Pte (Harry) Harris received a love letter from a girl called Carol—he fell in love instantly, even though he'd never heard of her (that wasn't nice Monty, he has got feelings). Pte (Gums) Thompson has now got his new glasses at last, but alas it looks as though he's got to wait until Christmas for his two front teeth (he didn't get them last Christmas). I won't mention the fact that Pte (Elf) Elphick became the only driver in the Platoon to have an accident when he reversed into a stationary car in the Lenadoon, as it might embarrass him. Pte (Jungle Boy) Ware is also on R & R so he cannot be seen running around the camp with Pte (Scrooge) Bowen. The Platoon welcomes Cpl Pilgrim and Pte Linford who are on short term loan to us from the Band and we look forward to the return of Ptes Harvey and Russell from the ATO Brick, who I'm sure will have many a tall story to tell. And we look forward even more to the return to Werl and a well-deserved leave.

Pte Pete Rye still has his R & R to go, so he will be in Werl soon and I'm sure will bring back all the gossip.

I would like to say goodbye to all the members of the Platoon who are leaving straight after the tour—Cpl Tabbas, Ptes Dean West, Chris Salt, who are getting out of the Army (I won't be far behind you), and Lt Storie-Pugh, who is going to "C" Coy (I can't think what he's done to upset the CO that much).



THE LONELY SOLDIERS

As the lonely soldier roams the street,
He sees a child by his feet
The child sat by the quiet road
Told the soldier a story quite true and old
He told him of the riots which never cease to be quiet
The bottles and stones that can break his bones
Told of Bombs that wrecked his home
Lonely soldier please go home.

PTE DAVIES



THE 'AG AGH' GROUP



'C' COY

C COY INT (BY YOU KNOW WHO)

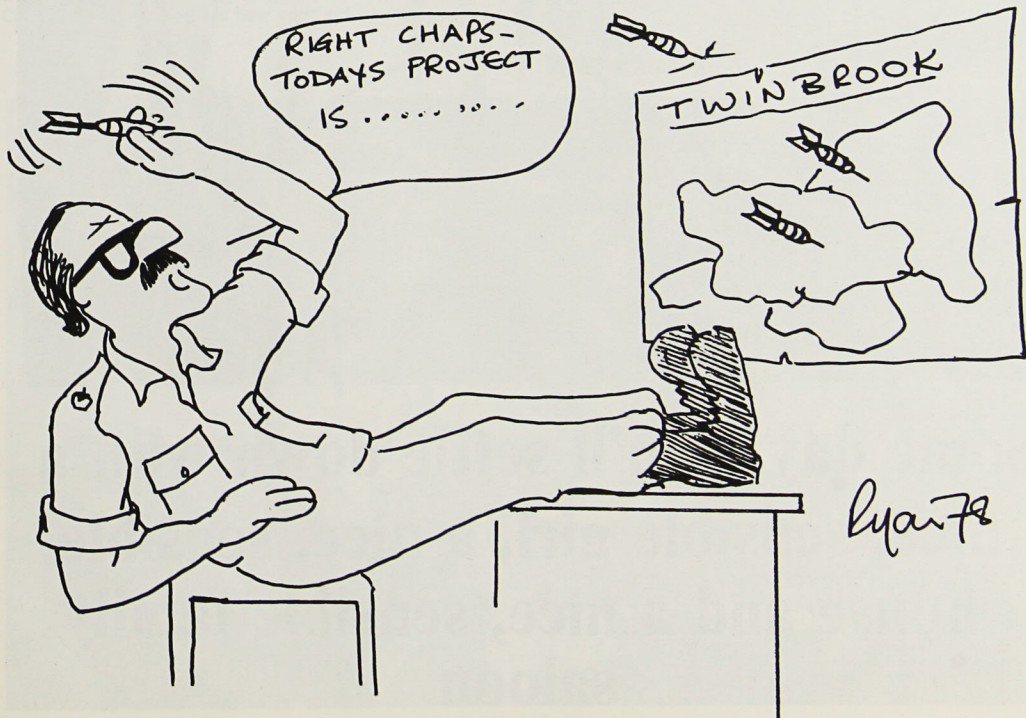
If you go into the darkest part of Woodbourne kicking aside overful waste paper bins stuffed full of negative arrest proformas, pulling the cobwebs aside you will find C Coy's Int's Office. Which also houses 'Triggers' Gang, who tend to regard us as unwanted squatters as we had to leave our old establishment. If you open the door—carefully mind you as you might wake up our man in the Blanket MAC—you will be in C Coy's Int. Office. In the far corner you will find the Office Manager (Big Col) who is carefully collating a Play birds amongst the screwed up paper and dog ends on his desk (even though there is still some doubt about his exact job out here).

In the IO's Office sits Barry carefully looking over his domain, looking at the horoscope in the Sun (newspaper you fool) and carefully trying to rewrite last weeks int sum for this week. Standing by the cobwebbed door is LS (TITCH) who is trying to

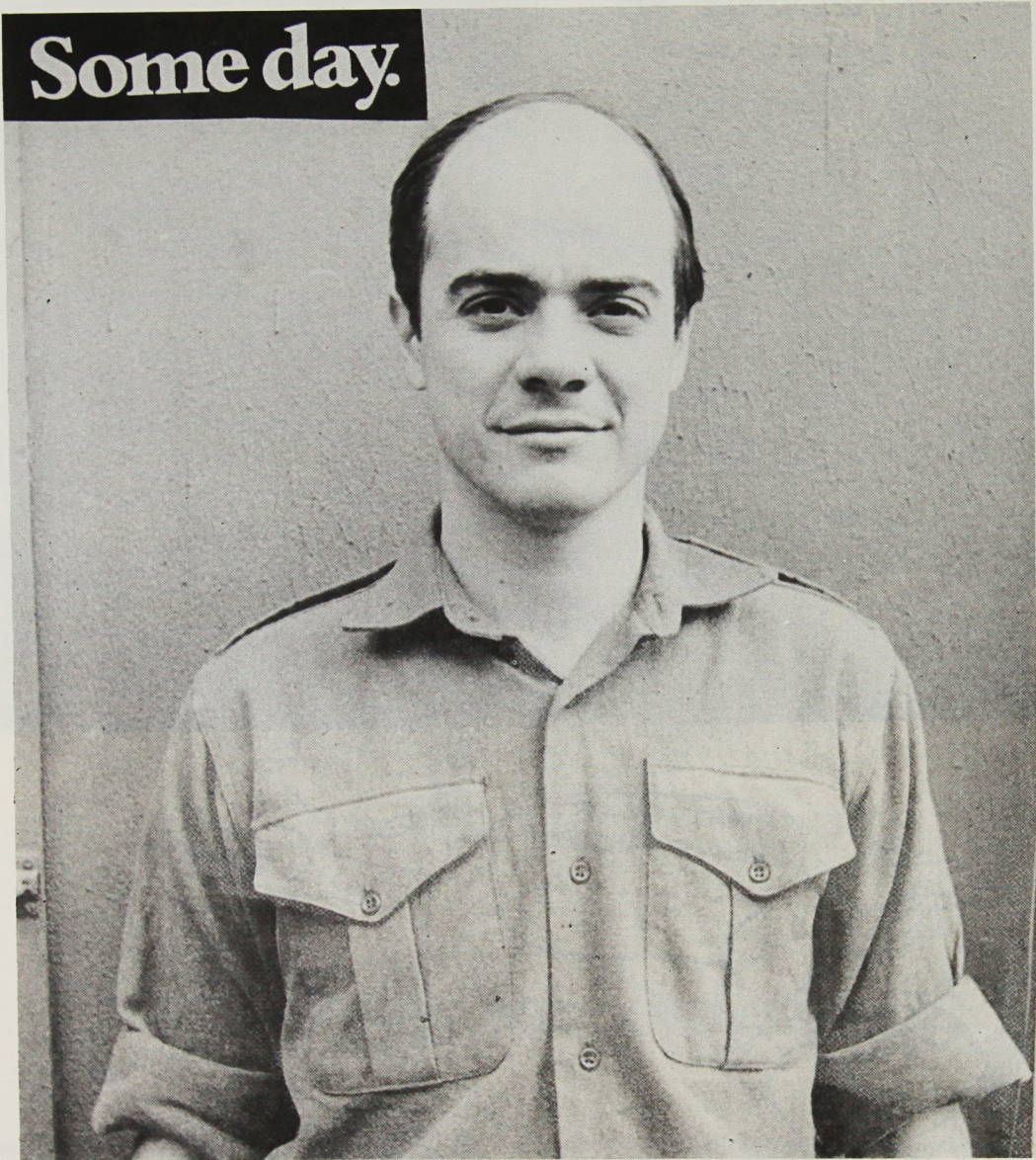
impress everyone by casting big shadows over the office with the help of small beams of sunlight coming through the cracks in the wall. Titch never did get over watching the Kenny Everett show and being molested by a six foot WRAC at the same time.

Meanwhile back in our accommodation Cam is once again causing everybody of living off his wages and secretly lights up a dog and which he found in his last meal in the cook house, and strolls off to see a few friends at the Local Pub the Hitching Post.

In the far corner of our room we have our own H BLOCK (Stinks), its only inmate being Mick P. as he's always on the blanket. Underneath him is Colin P who is currently thinking up ways to put even more weight on. Both of them are Wheel men but sometimes we wonder about that. Well I must go now as Capt F has seen more than three people in the Hitching Post and has got his — (Censored) in a twist.



Some day.



**Some day, you'll settle down with a
nice, sensible girl, a nice, sensible
house and a nice, sensible family
saloon**

DOBSON'S CHOICE'

As I sit here jotting my notes, my mind goes forward about 15 hours, for by then I shall be home on R & R. I must see my Coy 'Seeker' before I go and obtain a few spare copies of NISR, after all how else can I record time of entry.

Have you ever come on a visit of 'The Woodbourne Hotel'? If you have you may have noticed the first Log Cabin on your left as you drive around the drive-way. Outside is a modest sign, claiming the cabin to be the haven of "Shiney" 9 Smurff Pl. Within you will find my heroic bunch of men, all seasoned campaigners (well there is a slight smell in the air, but perhaps it comes from the garden shed behind which are housed c/s 31 and 32).

I will mention a few of the lads; if I don't they will lynch me. Let's start with 'Odd Ball' Gallacher, from where the name came, draw your own conclusions. Within his merry-rick, say I meant Brick, we have Pte's 'Baines' Hendry and 'Tomo' Thompson both of whom try frequently to out do our locations Wagtail.

Also within our Ranks we have Cpl 'Bullet' Phillips who is recently married, his wife was heard to say "I've never had it so good," or whatever the German version is. Our pl translators "Geordie's" McCabe and Henderson who are very useful when the RSM visits. "Mabel" Crowhurst, "Leeroy" Loblack, "Best Loser" Warren, "Birdie" Biddlecombe, "Jock" McCullum, "Earl De Costa" Austin, (no its not his title) "Wellington Boots" Raine and others who shall remain nameless but not forgotten.

I must welcome LCpl Fudge of the Band to our ranks. We have called him "Fingers" you must have seen the advert on TV, "a finger of fudge is just another"

I would like to congratulate the following personnel of C Coy who are to receive special awards for this tour: LT's Noble and Mans for "putting up with c/s 31 and 32 respectively," and Sgt Rylands for putting up with LT Hames.

Also can I "put down" the rumour that is fast spreading around Woodbourne, Sgt McKeown is not under contract to make a film called "Son of Grease,"

It was observed that during Tanja's recent visit to 'C' Coy, that Capt McDermott had his hair combed forward.

OC of "DULL" D Coy can now be heard to call for "Snowy" when mustering his R Group he refers of course to that loveable CSM of his.

A recent departure from C Coy is Sgt "Rick" O'Shea, who after 3 months gave up his search for Twinbrook, and departed for Germany.

Nine Platoon would like to extend to Sgt "Flower" Potts its heart felt commiserations over the news of his "Grease ulcer." Never mind keep taking the pickling lotion.

If Cpl Easton does not refrain from calling me "CSgt Jackson," he is liable for a contract. Our act "hit man," "Basher" Bithray will be on his trail.

Well regards to B Coy. No comment.





SWEET AND SOUR PORK.

THE HOODS

So we're now three months into the tour and still the gobbiest Platoon around. Since our last notes little has happened apart from a failed attempt by Dmr Trent to psychologically destroy C/S 41L by his rally driving.

41L remains unchanged, even down to the P/Comd's combat jacket which is at last showing sign of wear. Pte (Sniffer) O'Toole is as grungy as ever although disappointed that he has not yet located his M60 and LCpl (Big-T) Dickenson (REME) has now been completely converted into a combat soldier.

Cpl Goodwin's lot remain as mouthy as ever, though thankfully less loud due to the disappearance of Pte McVey on a boxing course. Dmr Phillips the suave half of our brown duo, is at present deep in competition with (Rudolph Valentino) Forde seeing who can grow the most revolting set of facial scrub. Thankfully Chico Jansco's cockney, Hungarian smile remains as wide as ever even though we have doubts about him playing for Arsenal next season.

Cpl Waller has now got his chuntering off to an accomplished skill and with his cronies Forde, Trent and (Economy Size) McDonald, lies in wait for the P/Comd ambushing him without fail with a moan.

Our searchers under Cpl Smith have had a relatively easy time in recent weeks and this spare time has been constructively devoted to slagging (Secret Squirrel M15) Masters, this last usually in stereo from his room-mates ex APC Driver Waters and (I'm an Action Man) Para Thomas.

I seem to have spent some time talking of loud people in the Platoon, certainly peaking the decibel level when they're together are LCpl (Baron) Hoffman and (The Gob of Britain) Hansen. In fact they're ably backed up by their assistant PA system (Gob III) Dmr Berry who sparks up as soon as the other two go quiet. With all that noise about it's no wonder Dmr Stone stays so quiet.

The last group are LCpl Watson's, who, whenever seen, seem to be smart, well ordered, quiet, spread out, alert and are

generally much too wholesome to be true with Dmr Deakin writing down P-Checks like a computer, only faster; Dmr Willson attempting to look smooth, unruffled, and dreaming about his RE Transfer, and finally the (Beret on the Back of Head Artist, Trucker) Barden, who the P/Comd has put in for a posting to a mobile bath unit somewhere

All in all we're as we were when we came, giving a helping hand to the Mortars, Anti-Tanks and 2 Platoon, and generally keeping things calm in the Lenadoon.

We are available for Hire most week-days for incident control and do a nice efficient line in Hot Pursuit although IED's are extra. KING HOOD.

P.S. — This is due to the rising cost of ICPs in the World Market.

YET ANOTHER GEM

TO: Cook Sgt.
FROM: RSM
SUBJECT: Food.

I've eaten that much beef lately that instead of coughing I am now mooring. Let's have some decent cooking done and for starters I would like:

Home made bread or stotty cake;
Peas pudding;
Pigs Trotters.

Us fine Geordies stopped the Jocks invading England using this diet. Give the southerners a taste and they might be able to control Andytown. Now buck up Sergeant. If you had lived in Genghis Khan's reign, you would have been gelded!

D. JAMIESON, WO1 (RSM)



THE CHURCH MILITANT OR HOW TO RESTRUCTURE AN 'HEAVENLY' BATTALION

With the great revolution in establishments throughout the Army, that well-known 'GODREP'/'SKYPILOT'/'BIBLE-BOSUN,' the QM (A) (Could the A stand for Angelic?), has already done the ground work for WEFASAD which we represent here.

All those in doubt about the validity of the document are advised to attend the first six Church services on our return to Werl, where I have it on good authority the QM will be preaching his usual gospel of good cheer!

WAR ESTABLISHMENT FOR A SPIRITUAL AID DETACHMENT—TYPE 'A'

NOTIFIED IN HEAVENLY COMMAND ORDERS—APRIL 145 BC

EFFECTIVE DATE APRIL 144 BC—11/10/1

1. PERSONNEL

99/WE/(AG3)	Offrs.	WO	Sgts	Cpls	LCpls	Total
Details	1					1
Priests, chief						
Samaritans, good, Grade I	1					1
Artisans (incl. Cpl. and L/Cpl. (a) (b))			1	1	11	13
Interpreters, writing, wall				1		1
Riveters, soul				1	1	2
Fitters, wing				1	2	3
Fitters, halo				1	2	3
Acolytes				1	5	6
Shepherds					2	2
Men, wise			1	1	4	6
Whiteners supulchre					1	1
Galvanisers activity					1	1
Totals	1	1	2	7	29	40

2. ATTACHMENTS

Waterman	1
Holders, infant	1 (c)
Godfathers	1
Godmothers	1
Godmothers, fairy	1
Relations, lachrymatory	2 (c)
Virgins, wise	5 (d)
Virgins, foolish (may be WRAC)	5 (c)
Carriers, can	2 (c)
Stokers, furnace, fiery, burning	2

Notes:

- (a) Includes 6 charioteers, Class II
- (b) Includes 6 trained operators, clouds ascending.
- (c) No restriction on supply, demand as necessary.
- (d) In short supply in tropical climates, subject to review after 40 days and 40 nights.
- (e) Senior ranks now unobtainable, juniors may be detailed, APMS are authorised to use handcuffs.

3. TRANSPORT

Tractors, 4 x 4, Heavy hearse	1
Chariots, fiery, 1 seater. 2 x 2	2 f
Clouds, floating	6
Clouds, ascending GS	4
Clouds, fitted for WT	2
Clouds, hand's, man's	2
Arks, collapsible, rainproof	1
Trailers, hearse, 1 seater, 4-wheeler	2 (f)

Notes: (f) Includes 1 spare.

PROVISION WAR EQUIPMENT FOR SAD TYPE 'A' SCHEDULE

Detail	Qty.
Pearls, swine, before casting for purpose of Gross	2
Paths, straight (if unobtainable, paths, primrose may be held in lieu)	Yards 10
Paths, narrow	Yards 10,000
Boxes, manna	1
Sprinklers, manna	4
Gauges, depth, sin	7
Haloed	22
Nets, camouflage, halo	22
Crooks, shepherds	2
Lamps, virgins, wise, full	5
Lamps, virgins, foolish, empty	5
Sins, deadly, asserted	7
Chains, retaining, body and soul	567
Tools, detaching, chains retaining, body and soul	7
Bottles, wine, old (for wine, new)	3
Harpes, harping, GS	200
Gates, pearly, left	1
Gates, pearly, right	1
Walls, collapsible, Jericho pattern	Sets 1
Dividers, sea, red	Pairs 1
Cymbals, loud	Pairs 4
Baskets, rush, infants	1
Cymbals, well tuned	Pairs 4
Rushes, bull	Fathoms 5
Slings, boys' service, T id pattern	1
Stones, sling, for above	100
Slings, fortune, outrageous	5
Arrows, fortune, outrageous	5

frumpets, archangels, brazen	1
Shawns, mark II	2
Suits, asbestos, for stokers, furnace, fiery, burning	2
Bushes, burning, inconsumable	1

NAAFI SUPPLY

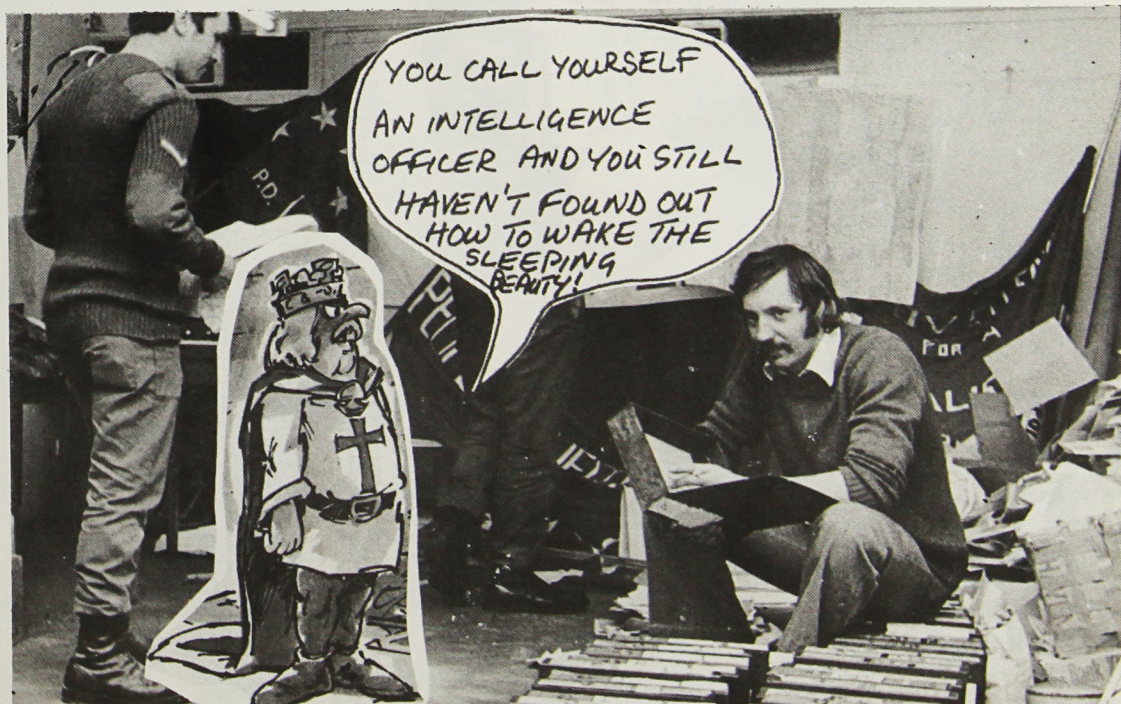
Loaves, small (or stones small in lieu)	5
Fishes, small (or scorpions to mammon scale)	3
Serpents, beguiling	1
Apples, tempting, Eden TP	1
AF L.1398 (Provisional)	
Commandments, various (packets of 10)	Packets 10
Fingers, moving, writing	1
Signs, directional 'upwards'	Gross 10
Signs, directional 'downwards' (asbestos)	1

ESTABLISHMENT

	Offr	WO &	NCOs	Rank & File
Doctors, Witch, African (Comd)	1			
Makers, Rain		2		2
Dancers, Tribal			24	24
Men, Leopard			6	6
Beaters, Tom Tom			4	4
Carriers, Totem		2		2
	1	4	34	39

G.1098

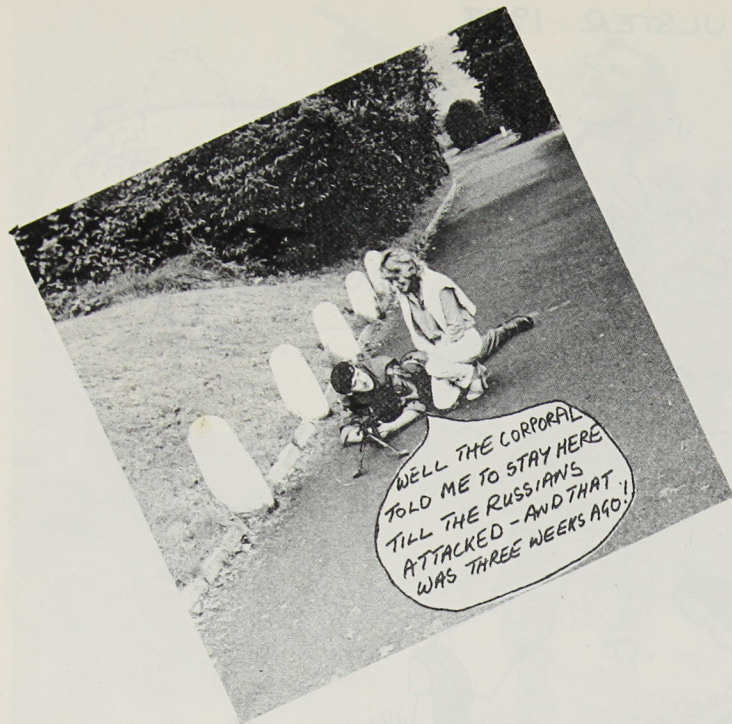
Cloths, loin, doctors, witch	1	Ornaments, brass, doctors, witch (d)	10
Headdress, No. 1, doctors, witch	1	Knives, circumcising	1
Beads, doctors, witch (strung)	24	Blood, cockerel's	pints 1 1/4
Skins, leopard, with heads (a)	8	Ochre, red, personal decoration, doctors, witch	lb 1
Tusks, elephant (polished)	2	Files, teeth	1
Spears, dancers', tribal	36	Milk, goat's, curded	pints 2
Tom-Toms, large, No. 1, with heads	2	Cauldron, boiling, missionary	20-gal 1
Tom-Toms, small, No. 1, with heads	2	Feathers, cock's, mixed	bags 12
Gourds (calabash) poison, drinking	4	Dye, colours various (e)	pints 6
Stools, wooden, doctors, witch	1	Huts, doctors, witch, circular 12 ft	1
Teeth, leopard (c)	24	Grass, elephant, thatching (f)	bundles 8
Totem, heads, painted	2	Manes, lion (g)	1
Totem, poles, plain	2	Toddy, palm	pints 2
Poison, snake	pints 1/2	Oil, palm	gills 1
Poison, herbal	pints 2	Glass, ground	oz. 4
Cauldrons, poison, preparing	3	Tongues, lizard, dried	6
Rods, divining, makers, rain	2	'Skins, snake, various	10
Masks, doctors, witch, various	4	Heads, snake, skeleton	6
Skulls, human, missionary (b)	6	Hooves, cloven	pairs 4
Bones, human, of sorts	24	Horns, doctors, witch	pair 1
Charms, Ju-Ju, various	12	Livers, chicken	oz. 8
Staffs ebony, doctors, witch	1		





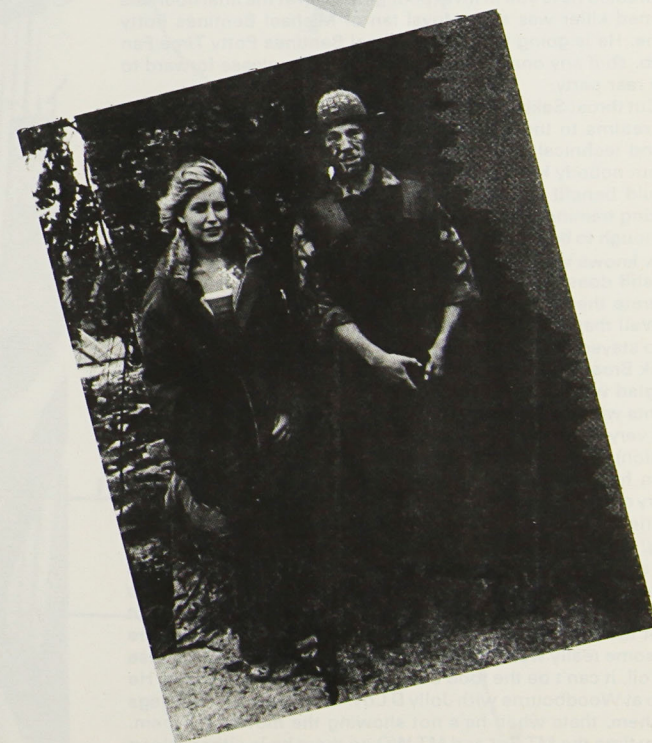
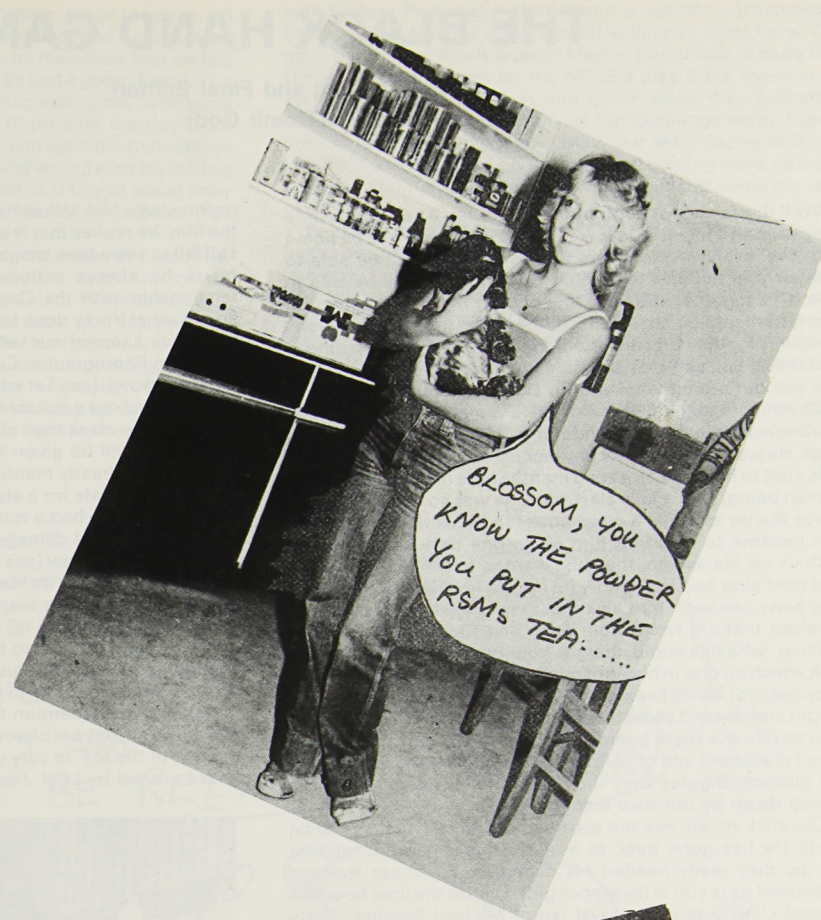
ACTIVE SERVICE - ULSTER 1978.





GIVING US A MISS

Miss 1 QUEENS came to stay
 Showing her charms in many a way
 But the troops she seemed to give a miss
 While with the Officers she lived in bliss
 The Officers enjoyed her nevertheless
 So now we've re-named her miss Officers Mess
 But a group of men didn't think it fair
 They didn't think they were getting their share
 It was the Sgt's not happy they confess
 They wanted her as Miss Sgt's Mess.
 GINGER (Med. Centre).



THE BLACK HAND GANG

The 3rd and Final Edition
(Thank God)

Well this is our last contribution to the small but worth while Nraganza. In a few weeks it will all be over and we will be home with our lovely wives, where upon you ladies will be able to pamper your hubbies to death, won't you? You will be able to watch TV together and have lots of early nights too, although the latter applies to Adolf all the time here, (this means Holloway for the non converted). He has spent so much time in bed that if you see him around camp more than twice in one day you get a long weekend (in Dublin of course).

Several of the gang have left since we last wrote to you and starting with the worst offender the MTO left us on the 8th of Sept. He just could not take any more, every thing here was just kids stuff to him. After just two months here he became a super human being, with a fully alert mind, he was so fit that he made Steve Austin look like a cross between Ironside and Noddy. It just became too much for him as no one here had the same outlook on life as him, they just wanted to stay in bed all day and read dirty books. So now he has gone back to convert the rear party, we wish him luck don't we chaps? In his place we received that old tyrant from Aden and Stone Cutters, WO II Manuel, who has come straight from rear party to take on the task which no one in his right mind would do. Still he isn't bad I suppose, Sgt Broad keeps an eye on him to ensure he settles in alright and doesn't show him self up. I doubt whether he will be able to ride the skate board as good as the other chap we had (see 1st edition) and of course this does lower the standard of the platoon. Biggles Grey did offer some advice but this was turned down by our new leader.

Dip stick Allum was the greatest loss to us (you have to be mad). He has gone back to assist the rear party in running things, they really needed his expertise. For those that are interested he is still in love (poor girl). Even at the final hour this trained killer was still a loyal fan of Michael Bentines Potty Time. He is going to start a Michael Bentines Potty Time Fan Club, so if any one knows the address then please forward to the rear party.

Cut throat Sekharan has left to do a course in UK, after which he returns to the rear party so that he can pass on his new found technical knowledge to the MT. What the course was about nobody knows, but it is bound to have been one which would benefit the BN. Pte Challis has left to carry on with boxing training. We hope his boxing is better than his driving. Although to be fair his driving did improve towards the end. He now knows where the peddles are and what to do with them, he still doesn't know which part of his body he must use to operate them, but it is coming on.

Well that is enough about those that left, now on to those who stayed behind to sort out the mess of those who left. Sgt Mick Broad still frets when it comes to time for R & R. He will be glad when it is finished so that he will be able to sleep at nights without worrying if anybody has been left behind. He is still very wary about the gates every time he does our (see first edition). Mind you there aren't many gates left that haven't been hit. Between us and the RCT I think that we have got every one in our patch. Mind you the lads keep him on his toes, he tried to get the lads to submit some articles for this months mag, but this proved to be a complete waste of time as most of the stuff submitted for publication was unprintable and was turned down. But don't worry ladies on our return to Werl you will be able to read the banned articles, then you will find out what the warped minds some of your hubbies have got, there are some really weird fellows on the MT. It must be the grease and oil, it can't be the food because Cpl Terry Price is okay. He is up at Woodbourne with Jolly D Coy. He looks after their vegs for them, thats when he's not showing the movies for them. Every time the MT Sgt and MT WO go there he is either asleep

or showing a film. When he is asked why, he is always showing the film, he replies that it is good for the MT Coy relationship. I still fail to see where we gain anything out of it. Our Yorky is all for it, he always maintains that we should have a good relationship with the Coys. The trouble is know one really knows what Yorky does to improve it. Mind you he works very hard here keeping our vehs on the road. Our MT and R & R clerk, Pln Photographer Cpl Frank D'sa is a little browned off, his stuffed owl (see 1st edition) has started to fall to bits. He is trying to find out a suitable replacement to swap with it. If any body has any ideas then please forward them to the MT Sgt, a small prize will be given to the best suggestion.

We have already mentioned Adolf Holloway, so it is on to the next candidate for a slugging. Cpl Blondy Barton who is B Coy MT Rep has had a rough time here even though this was repairing accident damage. We are still looking to see what happened to the cow (see edition two). He was seen carrying two heavy suit cases on his R & R and he only came back with a NAAFI carrier bag. We suspect that his wives deep freeze is full to the brim. We know he is eagerly awaiting the birth of his new baby, and it is hoped that he gets what he wants (no rude comments please). But just one thing Blondy, what on earth are you going to do on the first night home???

Next we must mention those champion drivers at TAC HQ, well they say they are champions but they appear to be just like the rest of the MT, ie very good, highly trained superb drivers. These are led by LCpl Jim Mount who still can't understand



why he can't have any long weekends here, but he is beginning to understand now. His 2i/c is the smartest and best looking bloke on the MT LCpl Ginger Hobbs, he maintains that he has had the best vehicle in the Bn (to us its just a green heap). The other chap up there is Pte Martha Tilling who is the back-bone of the outfit, well he is something to do with the back end anyway. I'm sure that you remember him from the first edition don't you? The chap who had something wrong with his driving licence. Pte Atkins has been detached to D Coy to assist their Ops Officer; this he finds rather boring, but he reckons that they are coming along fine now

LCpl Harrington had a nasty accident with his coveralls, these coveralls were his pride and joy, he was never out of them, it is even rumoured that he even slept in them. Anyway one day the welder was doing some work with his welding and pointed the flame at his coveralls. Harrington is wearing normal clothes now as his coveralls are minus a leg.

Wally Wall is still looking for a bride, he has been unsuccessful to date. He insists that one day he will find the right lady. Parker reckons that it might have some thing to do

with his feet. Personally I think that it is just Wally (chamber of horrors). The MT has quite a good volleyball team here. The main players are Sluch Gupper Martin, Petal Rose, Young Kev Dique they sometimes let the MT Sgt play if the mood suits them. They have only lost one game since they formed. I reckon we are better than any of Sgt Dunnings team. Everybody is jealous of the way we play. Our team Captains Dique and Petal are willing to give any up and coming team training sessions, but they must be warned that our standards are very high.

Well that mentions everybody in the Pln except Pte Carter, he is away on leave at the moment. We hope to have him back in a few weeks, that is if he doesn't go absent. We know the wives have had it hard and that it has been very tiring for you, still it is nearly over now. The Black Hand Gang will be home by the 11th of Oct. We might even have a small social evening on our return. I am sure the MT rear party will be glad to arrange it for us.

PS. Despite the way we have taken the piss out of everybody, they have all had a very good time and everybody has done their bit (even the MT WO)





B.H.Q. — BERRY HEADQUARTERS

ADJUTANT — THE BERRY

The biggest of the berrys in the mental juice but on the smallish size. They last for approximately 2 years in a post then moves to a higher branch of the tree. This berry demands great respect due to it having three pips.

CHIEF CLERK — ELDERBERRY

This berry is of a rather pointed fruit type and spends most of its time borrowing from other berries. It grows to the highest proportions and flaps very much even without a wind. This berry has been known to climb to 9,000 feet in a very short time.

CPL GURR — POISON IVY BERRY

This berry is not too common in the berry family, and should be approached with great care. This berry requires due care and constant attention plus the odd pampering as it has been known for this berry to attack. This berry is of the skinny, tall variety and has an outer covering of an orange cloth material.

CPL BERRY — CHERRY BERRY

This berry is of medium build and has a very large centre. It has a tendency to ignore all types of pest control and is extremely un-co-operative. It is a slow mover and has a tendency to cut itself from the rest of the bunch.

CPL SMALL — BLACK BERRY

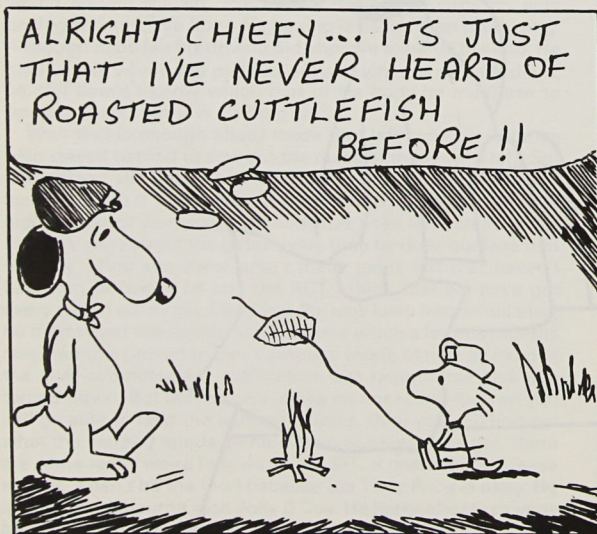
This berry as it suggests is of the dark variety, and is even covered with a sparse covering of hair on top. This is the hardest working of the bunch and keeps producing at an alarming rate. It has never been known to produce a bunch at one time.

L/CPL TRICKETT — BLUE BERRY

This berry receives its name from the bed in which it lives and of the company it keeps (on paper of course). It has a very good tendency to prefer its blue bed and on occasions will plant itself anywhere. It also has great difficulty in moving at fast distances especially in the round bed of Echelon (BFT). This berry looks good but is a slow mover.

PTE BOYCE — GOOSEBERRY

This berry is the smallest in stature and is always being trod on by people not to mention other berries. This berry also likes his bed and is very hard to disturb when asleep but when producing its crop of work does very well. This berry also has a slight pigment of the skin.





TACTICAL OPERATIONS

What is Tac HQ? KESTREL will say that it is the hub of the Battalion's operations, a smooth well oiled machine capable of taking any crisis in it's stride — the observer will encounter that it is a place of endless coffee, TV, charming Greenfinches and the proverbial 'bottom drawer.'

In fact it is a combination of all these things, run by a specialist highly trained group of officers and NCOs, who in their spare time carry out such mundane tasks as Adj, RSO, RSM and the like. This band of men (and it is the primaries I shall talk about) are ably led by the Shop Steward; I refer of course to SEAGULL who by virtue of his status in the establishment, is a self elected shop steward. In this exalted position he chose to take the morning watch and then found that he had to do ¾ hour more than anyone else! Never mind in this vital pole position he has some very important responsibilities:—

- He completes all his daily 'A' matters, only being disturbed when grabbing for a handset to deal with some trifle from the grnd.

- He is totally responsible for ensuring that all the stupid (and some not so stupid) questions for KESTREL are fended off until he has arisen. Anything will do — "He's gone to Lisburn" or "He can not be found" or "He had an awwwwfully late night" or of course just keep ringing off until the caller gives up in frustration.

- Totally blocking operational lines by talking himself to Germany, while his able assistant chats to Bassingbourn on the other line, and then swapping roles. This technique has two spin-offs. Firstly the watchkeepers are prevented from answering the radio, and so all decisions are made by the steely eyed radio operator (if he's not making coffee) and secondly it stops the questions for KESTREL.

- Almost his final responsibility, in his shops steward capacity, is to bring to the attention of KESTREL any complaints, suggestions or comments from the watchkeepers (which are in fact his own but given more credence by being attributed to all!). Anything goes — "We're out of pencils" or "the telephones are unhygenic" or "Why are the C/S wrong on the board?" or a comment which is definitely his own, that all the other 'comrades' are below standard and failing to keep a simple lor or fill in a simple form.

SEAGULL having got the day off to a bad start used to be relieved by PRONTO, but he had difficulty in getting up in time so now the afternoon watch is guarded by PROPHET. What can one say about the best dressed officer of 1978? Well, as with the other watchkeepers he has his uses:—

- The art in the bottom drawer must be changed frequently.
- Nobody must be allowed to watch anyone television programme for more than five minutes at a time. And unless SUNRAY is present any form of sport on the box is forbidden. If there is a incident the box must be loud enough to drown the battalion net.

- Only the bare minimum must appear in the log; just sufficient to prove he's been on watch but not enough to hold him accountable at a later date. Hand over to the new watch is a simplistic affair — "Its all in the log old boy" as he disappears from the Ops Room.

We move on through the day. PROPHET is meant to be relieved at 1700 hours by SEAGULL MINOR. However, he has not got to his exalted position for nothing. He contrives to keep SUNRAY out on the ground until at least 1800 hours thereby getting away with at least one hours watchkeeping a day. To date he owes the watchkeeping fund some 7 days. He's going to have a busy last week. It is often questioned what he does on watch. I can tell you;

- He maintains an immaculate and detailed log, so long as not too much is happening.

- He forever complains about the state of the Ops Room, and if ignored for long enough will recruit some iccotent soldier with no hair for having too long sideburns and personally supervise him wheeling a duster, broom and pan.

- He never passes anything to Int believing that they should listen out themselves.

- He complains bitterly about the Ops Room chairs, and when changed complains about the Ops Room displays.

- He keeps shouting "Three Sugars," and if a cup of tea is not instantly in his hands, some other unfortunate sod is manning the duster, broom and pan. This tendency was curbed somewhat when the Greenfinches arrived . . . for them he uses charm, sophistication and if he remembers moderately clean language.

Relieving SEAGULL MINOR, and always so late that SEAGULL MINOR never has time to sign off and have his meal with his Mess members, is PRONTO. We have already mentioned why he was changed to the evening stag. In fact his inability to get up is only half the reason. The other half was that on the arrival of the GREENFINCHES he spent so much time in the Radio Room, it was considered that the girls would be in less danger if PRONTO was made to do watch and have the partition between him and the opposite sex. A bonus from



this change should be that now all the PRONTOING brain is on one shift and we should have comms for at least four hours of the day . . . strangely enough this is never the case. Besides sleeping and watchkeeping PRONTO does have other tasks:—

- He sees how daft (and close to obscenities without being prosecuted) he can make the fortnightly codewords.

- He sees how long he can leave sorting out a problem without being shouted at by KESTREL. If he leaves it long enough he believes it will either go away or somebody else will solve it.

If the problem is really difficult and it has'nt left his plate he shovels it onto his able assistants lap.

- Filling the primary watchkeepers ashtray at least once during the watch. We are now at the last watch of the day, or is it the first of a new day? This is an eight hour 'Doom Watch' which has currently been held by three officers. The original holder Mr. 'O'm off to civvy street' basically was'nt interested. He was followed by KESTREL MINOR (who kept insisting that this was impossible as he was senior to KESTREL). Fortunately

he was only in this position of trust for a short spell, and never ceased to remind anyone who would listen that he had in fact commanded half the TAOR two years earlier, and that he knew it all . . . He didn't: but a leopard doesn't change his spots and you cannot win them all. Despite all this we were grateful for such a senior officer for not only helping out at this arduous time but also vacating his bedroom everytime there was a visitor of import.

KESTREL MINOR was replaced by the battalion 'unemployed', he doesn't even merit an appointment title but is affectionately known as KIWI. The Ops Room didn't know what had hit it. What had been a dull and gloomy watch became alive with humour, wit and at times complete chaos.

Despite having just returned from the Junior Scribblers, he has still failed to master the intricacies of Staff Duties and abbreviations. To understand his log requires an interpreter, and he ONLY has a couple of entries to make. Does anybody know what W/D means? Being on the 'Doom Watch' did not exempt him from certain peculiarities:—

- He loathes taking over and finding blunt pencils.
- He insists on being cheerful at breakfast. (Of course it is his dinner!)
- He can not understand the Irish . . . or the English . . . or the Scots . . . or even the Welsh!
- He goes mad if his own executive decision to fall out the secondary watchkeeper is usurped.
- He keeps "uplifting" people instead of collecting!

Though actually disowned by the Ops Desk one must mention the self elected Honorary Watchkeeper. (Aliases ACORN, NUTS, LITTLE OAK TREE, SPACER, DREAMER, sometimes NUTTER or simply U). Despite strict instructions to Watchkeeper and large notices he was still to be found either

creeping or bursting into the Ops Room, and when backs were turned he would use the radio. The result was always chaos. Not being able to make up enough int he would try and take over ops. Fortunately his take-over bid failed, and the sanctity of the Ops Room remained unscathed. If you rap someone's knuckles often enough they get the message.

Last but not means least (or is he) is of course KESTREL C/S O, commonly known as KESTREL NOTHING. He likes to think that he runs a smooth ship, in fact:—

- In order to keep the watchkeepers on their toes he insists on changing the Ops Room every night.
- He's forever on the warpath for useless gadgets.
- He's for ever dashing around to try and meet the harsh demands of the watchkeepers Trade Union, before they walk out.
- He believes that watchkeeping is beneath him (in fact its too difficult) and spends most of his time sitting behind his 5ft television screen interfering with the good work of the watchkeepers.
- He believes the Radio Room is a coffee shop, and is likely to turn into a coffee bean.
- He makes key and lamp units do things they were never designed for. I might have said last but not least but there are two other key personalities to the whole operation of the Ops Room; namely Starlight and OC RCT Tp. Bother were for ever being bugged about by continual changing of their stags, but always came up smiling. STARLIGHT having mastered the vagaries of voice procedure, became the expert, gripping the net (or any net) rigid. OC RCT always ran an immaculate watch and impeccable log, and could only be faulted for an incessant use of the word 'Sir.'

Back to the original question — What is Tac HQ? . . . I leave it to you.

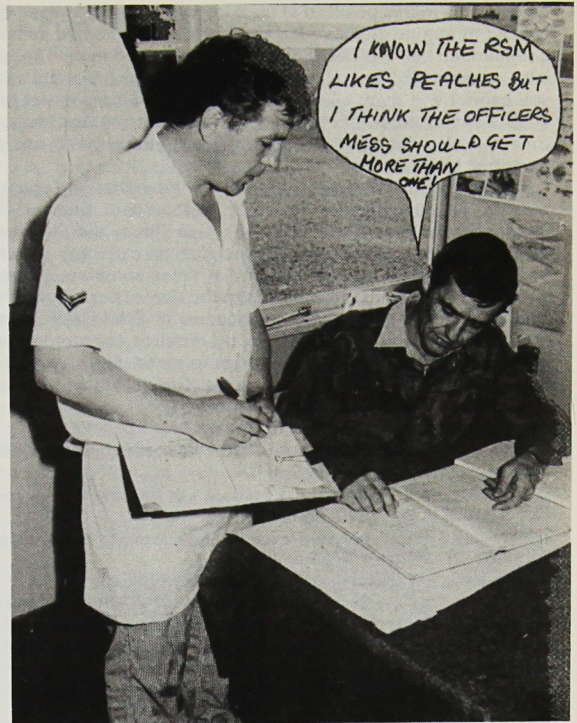


FONZIE NORRIS SPOOFED

It happened at last—completely spoofed was our Fonz when he was informed that Northern Ireland Press wanted to interview him. O.K.—false Press agent Mr. Billings (a well dressed up Sgt Billings from 1 L.I. complete with briefcase) was presented to Dave Norris, along with photographer.

Although he won't admit it, Dave was well "rubber-dicked." He spent a good 20 minutes enthralled Ken Billings with the "story" of his life! Not happy with that he then showed our Ken around Monagh dining hall. All in all, a good turge-up, eh!

Below, photo shows Fonz being presented with a Ray Young special—the order of the "rubber dick!"



A TALE OF FIXED CALLSIGNS

(With Apologies to Charles Dickens)

Working on the assumption that third time is lucky, Sunray 31 would like to offer this article and hopes it will find favour in your pages. At the moment 7 Platoon is suffering from "end of touritis," and were roused from sleep to provide a few ideas for the author.

31 Lima's map-reading remains legendary as it was in BAOR. I & S Sunray also likes to specialise in rural patrols, no doubt thinking of points South. Actually, it is impossible to set this patrol up as it never takes the same route twice, even though it would like to. I & S Indians always allow their leader to go first, but that is only so he can find the deep bits in Derriaghy River which he does with boring regularity. Hockins occasionally honours us with his presence, and supplies chewing gum to us all. Actually a source has told us that Tommy Taylor's tortoise has a contract out on him, that is, when the bandage is removed from its neck. At the time of writing, Gallie's bionic knee-joint seems to be alright after the Summerhill hound incident. "Jeans" Morrish is now with COP and was last heard of posing as a dandelion in the execution of his duty.

Sierra very ably led by "Cherry" Potts, was spotted early on in the tour by the Skill-at-Arms School Caps, determined to unravel the mysteries of the "Potty" position which entails shooting a rifle whilst sitting on one. Actually he was quite happy finding a private in the UDR older than he was, but the sad thing is that he may now have died of old age. This patrol really can blend with its surroundings as shown when their "tea party" was disturbed and all Indians managed to hide vehicles whilst holding on to their cups. When Sierra is "Echoed," "Spurt" Addison leads, but is allergic to bulls, especially at high velocity. Pronto Easton was with us for a while giving us the "Gonzo and Spurt Show." Cpl Heaply joined us from the band and has had remarkable experiences at tea stops. At the moment sangars are being made more comfortable so Francis can get a good night's rest and Heeney threatens to suck everyone to death. However, this call sign always patrols on its own as no one else can afford to keep it in cigarettes.



The search team led by "Steptoe" Archer has made remarkable inroads into copper and brass in Twinbrook and even made a "plum" job of an area search in UDR's area. After a severe "head-job" he has taken to rubbing marmite in his hair, but as yet there are no results. Archie is also a keen gardener but careful husbandry by 83B has rendered him the proud owner of the "lesser leafed rubber plant." Batt is still trying to solve the case of "Peter Pigeon," and also gives his name to "Batt's Box" which "sweated" as Pointer looked at it, and was blown up by Felix. "Fritz" Dean says rumours of marriage to Fran the NAAFI girl are unfounded, but she still keeps him well supplied with knickers and petticoats! "Drunken Duncan" Walker finds beer barrels by the score, but has not managed to find a full one yet. LCpl "Bluebell" Clarke is now sorting through his stack of letters to find out if they contain enough words to make a sentence.

The strong smell of scented letters tell me that LCpl Walker has had some more "fan" mail, and his son has broken his last "free-fall" record. Actually this patrol has some unusual



characters and HQNI are busy designing a sleeping bag to fit in a pouch to make their early morning patrols more comfortable. Willingham, their sleeping policeman, recently damaged a ten-ton truck and had to be withdrawn but managed to sleep off any ill effects on a compost heap shortly afterwards. Aylott is going into marriage guidance after being beaten up by man and wife but vows he will settle any more disagreements with a "mouth full of plastic."

Last but not least comes "Charlie," sleepily led by "Dosser" Dawson. This young lad surrounds himself with porn and "fertilises" fields, but has also been known to probe female members of the Senior Service for State secrets. Chambers, the human Claribel, has just been blown out of bed when his ears caught a strong draught, and Taylor wonders what day it is. But I must leave them now as they are dashing off to the interface and Heather's thighs.

By the time this is published we will be back in Werl with Belfast far behind us. It has been a difficult tour in that very little has happened, but we still had to remain vigilant. Good work, and well done the Platoon.



How to improve your technique.

DOOMWATCH HANDOVER NOTES

Reference:

- A. Mayfair Vol II No 10
- B. Fiesta Vol 9 No 5

GYKO/1

Tac HQ
Fort Moaner
Belfast 22033

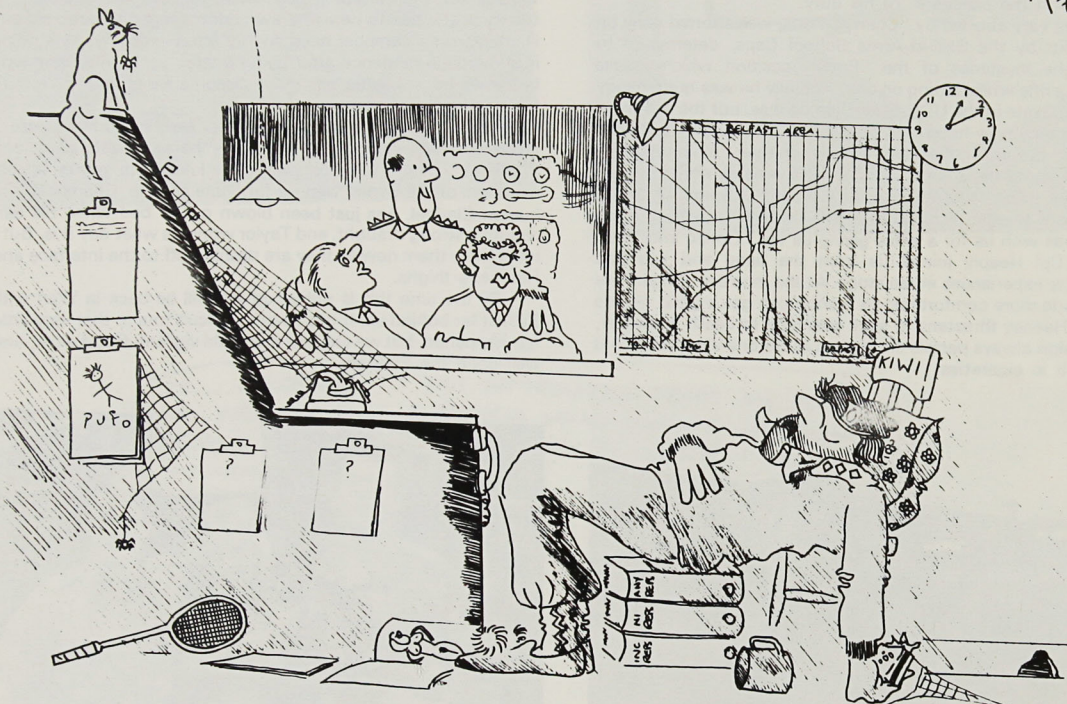
Incoming Mushroom

General

1. The idea of this brief is to prevent you from wading through a plethora (lot) of paper prior to taking over. Ignore all other documents as these will only serve to confuse you. The principle on which all NI watch keeping is based is "IF in doubt go nuclear" (Info 39 Bde).

- (a) Being able to get all your kit in (or off!!)
- (b) Being able to open the door.
- (c) Feeling comfortable.

Ryan
78



Admin

2. This is the most important part of your duties: The following hints may be of use:

a. **Accommodation.** You have two alternatives, Caravan or Room.

(1) **Caravan.** This type of lodging is only suited to people who have large cars and holidays. You will have neither. The caravan does however, give the opportunity to live uncomfortably, is excellent preparation for what is to follow and give you the chance to meet all guests. These will most likely be:

- (a) PROFITS cobbles (see glossary of terms)
- (b) ARISTOS (see glossary of terms)
- (c) Your maker especially on a windy nights.

(2) **Room.** The first principle here is to refuse immediately if offered a large room. (You won't be, but just in case a mistake is made). This will avoid the obvious disadvantages of:

b. **Routine.** The following is a suggested routine.

- 0800 hours Handover watch to Adjt (see glossary of terms)
- 0815 hours Stamp up and down corridor of Executive Sleeping Accommodation (see if anyone notices or cares)
- 0825 hours Dinner (supper for officers)
Note: someone will claim it is really breakfast. Ignore them they have been here too long.
- 0830 hours Leap into pit. Try and squeeze in 14 hours sleep. I know this is not much but someone has to make the supreme sacrifice.
Now PROFIT (see glossary of terms) will institute reprisals for your earlier action. Ignore it he will eventually go and play squash.
- 2000 hours Breakfast
- 2030 hours Watch TV
Be prepared to implement OP JULIO (see glossary of terms)

2330 hours Move to Ops Room
 1. Express your surprise at how tidy it is. (It won't be — I doubt it ever will be. *THEY* (see glossary) refuse to sharpen the pencils).
 2. Wish *KESTREL* (see glossary) good morning.
 3. Bid *ACORN* (see glossary) goodbye.
 2359 hours Takeover from *TONTO* (see glossary)
 0001-0759 hours Conduct Anti Terrorist Ops with the Battalion.
 0800 hours Start again.

Takeover/Handover

3. This is the highlight of your day (rivaling only sheet change as a moment to enjoy). I suggest the following sequence:

- a. **Takeover.** Announce your intention to *TONTO*/*PROFIT*/*THE ASSEMBLED MULTITUDE* and the following will take place instantly:

- (1) You will be totally ignored.
- (2) A cry of "cheers see ya" will issue from the outgoing joker. (This in fact represents your takeover brief. There is not normally a requirement to take copious notes).
- (3) The *ARSO* (see glossary of terms) will take the chance to fall himself out. (As this is a command decision refer it to *KESTREL*).
- (4) Read the log. (Allow 30 seconds for this).
- (5) Tidy the Ops Room/sharpen pencils (allow 30 minutes for this).

b. Handover

- (1) Bid the Adjt Good Morning (It won't be but there is no need to tell him that).
- (2) Debrief him thoroughly on what has NOT happened. (This will be of far more interest than what has happened).
- (3) Brief on the activities of sixty (see glossary).

Glossary of Terms

4. Term

Meaning

- RGP** Led by a karate expert (if his night attire is accurate) this is a small band of determined men and *GINGER BOYS* who sally forth after dark to check on the movies being shown at the coy bases. The only effect this collection has on the *Doomwatch* is on return. The *IA* for this is:
- a. Yell "Get the kettle on 2 teas Milk Sugar" (This must be treated as a similar priority to going to nuclear).
 - b. Acknowledge all *RGP* messages (if you can, try to do it correctly).
 - c. Check the kettle is on.
 - d.
 - (1) Spread lots of papers about.
 - (2) Ring comcen and get them to ring back. (This makes you appear busy).
 - (3) Issue a Charlie Charlie radio check (if this can coincide with the comcen ringing back answer both at once. This looks most impressive. Don't overdo it though. Use only when you haven't answered an *RGP* message correctly).
 - e. Check that the kettle is boiling.
 - f. Offer the *CO* some of *KESTRELS SARNEYS*. (This is particularly useful if you thought *CO* was in bed and have already eaten his).
 - g. Sit back and look calm. (I found it often helps here if you offer an opinion on how well you think operations are being conducted).

KESTREL Often unkindly referred to as *BIG BIRD*. He eats *CO's* sarneys. May also have socialist learnings if his night attire is anything to go by. He is primarily responsible. ("but sir *KESTREL* said ———")

ADJT Sometimes part of *RGP*. Known for his harrassment of foreign ornithological species and his collection of photos of pornographic

ACORN

SIXTY (6)

TONTO

PROFIT

CHAMPION

ARISTOS

KESTREL C/S 3 ARSO

THEY

OP JULIO

THE TROOPS

PIRA

feet. (This explains his red socks). He is not responsible. ("Not me sir").

Leading unit nutter. Suspected of being contributor to *Andersonstown News* under the title *Mother of Eleven Fort Monagh*. Probably he is doing this tour as a pre-release course as he has not been seen in uniform. Emulates senior member of the *RGP* on intercom skills.

Cobber of acorn. Known for the firm grip he has on mother earth. The only person who cried when *Major Dorf* snookered himself in "*HOLOCAUST*." Acting as *Bengy's* trainer. He is unresponsive.

Chosen for the post he holds by the judges of the *Miss Andersonstown* contest. (They know nothing about intercommunication either). Possibly one of the most dedicated radio technicians in the unit if judged on the amount of time spent in the radio room.

Lots of cobbors and no faith in any of them ("God save us"). Holds down more jobs than the *Families Officer* (just).

Small foreign Gent. Navigates for *RGP*. Known for his predilection for sending signals to the *Charwallah*. Told *Miss 1 QUEENS* that he was a "Nice *Geordie Officer*". (That what she told us anyway).

Kiwis mates. Post blokes from good backgrounds, lots of money. Generally found in communes known as *Aristo*. Cavalry Mobs. Rumour has it that *OC 2 PI* was once an *ARISTO*.

Goes nuclear at the slightest *PROVO* cation. Not to be confused with *ARISTO*. (You wouldn't anyway). Face not known as he is always checking to see if *TONTO* is in the radio room. Sits on the right hand of the *Doomwatch* keeper from 0000 to 0001. Makes most of his decision during this time. The heavy mob what works during the hours of daylight (ie from Dinner to Breakfast). Mounted on the approach of a *C/S* from the light tenants of *Fort Moaner*. Two crys needed for this:

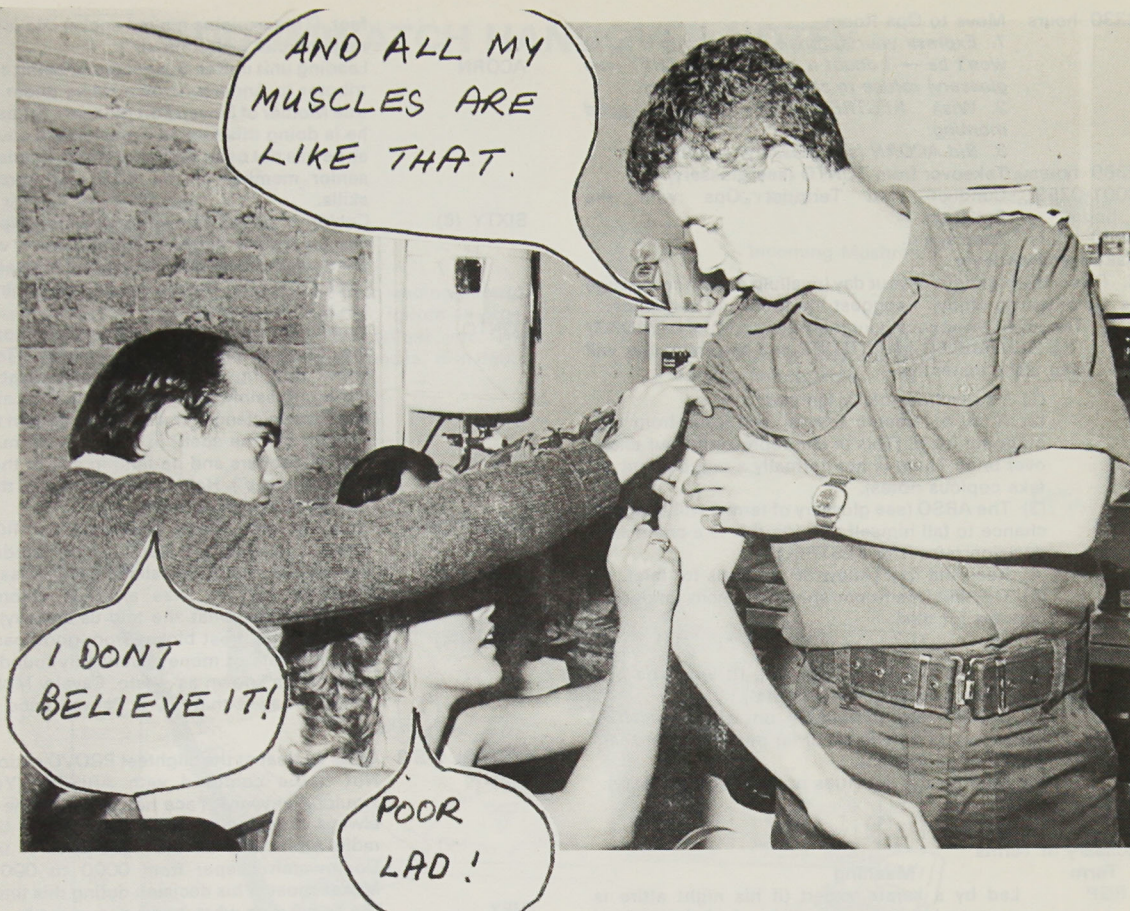
- a. "No the sandwiches aren't out yet."
- b. "Yes the current TV programme is the *Des O'Connor* show."

Blokes who go out on the streets regardless of season weather or terrain and end up having to listen to the improbable ramblings of the *doomwatch* mushroom on the air. Cheers lads.

Who???



The visit of *Miss 1 Queens* was of no interest to these two.



"RCT'S PLEASURE" (THANK YOU)

I don't really know how to begin. You see I'm not much of a beginner, but I'll begin anyway.

1 QUEENS as you know are attached to the RCT, being as the RCT are the more professional soldier. I should tell you that I am not a QUEENSMAN or a QUEENSWOMAN and I am most certainly not biased towards 1 QUEENS. They have a few good members. But I have the misfortune to be attached to Echelon MPH where I suffer with members of the Signal Platoon (I work sometimes they also indulge).

To name but a few: Pte CLARKE who resembles someone from the Italian population, has a small bite and a rather large bark. Pte LEMASONRY (From France) "Left, off WATFORD at the Traffic Lights." "Keystone" or "Cleaner" (another flipping spelling mistake) to his more intimate friends, walks rather like the village bobby, having lost his bicycle. He doesn't take too kindly when the Micky is extracted from him. Now then LCpl HAINES, he is just a joke, a person of little imagination, little brains and a little work. Not much can be said about the brains of the section, a born leader (AHEM) NO SARCASM IN HIS MANUSCRIPT). Enough has been said of the Great One.

Of course there is Pte MATTHEWS, another member of the Telephone Wire Company (No Comment). But I'll just say . . . (Its okay, I've changed my mind). Now my favourite signaller: Pte YARD, 3 foot to his mates, 4 foot to me 'cos I'm a special mate, and I hand out easy promotion. A person of great wit (old 4 Foot) a fact of fortune, resembling a welder's spanner, his sense of humour just outwits Clement Freud's. Well, I'm afraid that's all the talent I can spare, Oh!! not forgetting Curly, the postman, LCpl HOAD who I have had the great pleasure of working with, and noting how grand his new haircut is (Streak

of Impudence that he is). Well thank you for time, its been great here; and its been a very nice holiday all round.

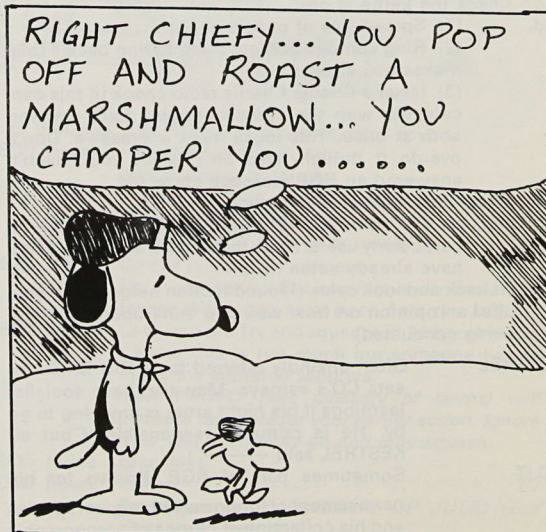
ALL THE BEST!

Dvr McKINVEN (Company Director)

Dvr PENNY

for

Comdr In Chief The Reverend PENNY.



THE TACKNOCKER

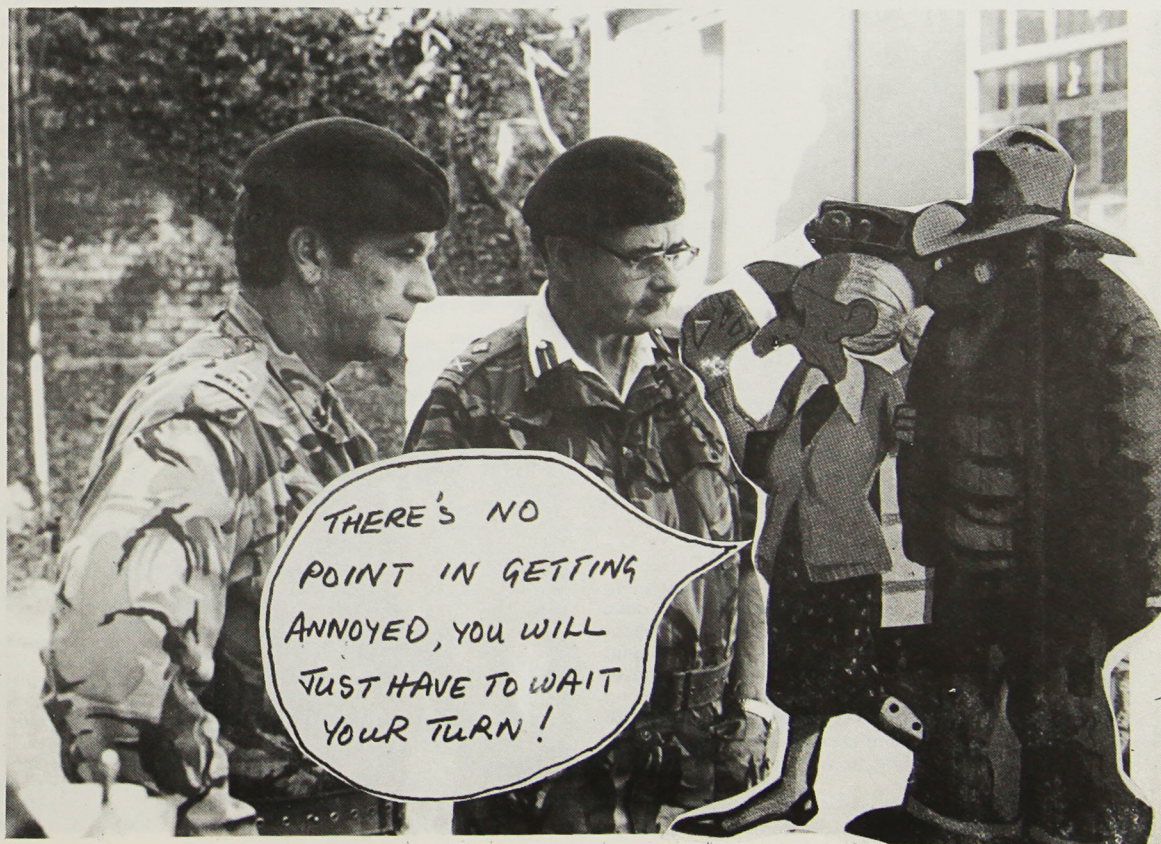
Tacknocker is a funny bird,
Woodbourne is his home;
He's often seen and often heard
Moaning on the phone.

He seems to spend a lot of time
Wandering round and round,
Fondly hoping for a find
To impress the town.

Normally he is a bird of prey
With preference for a 'gull';
But Kestrels can be made to play,
Which makes things far from dull.

His passion is the length of sleeves,
Whether up or down;
Or somewhere in between, it leaves
The HQ with a frown.

His method now is open wide,
His cover's really blown;
By knocking Tac he hopes to hide
The dramas of his own.



GHENGIS KHAN AIN'T GOT NUFFINK ON US

The tin portakabin echoed to the fist-hammering of JB "RATS! Not even a fart," he sighed. Yet another vain attempt to wake the 'R' Group. Out-witted once again he slumped away to find his old friend, 'The poisoned maggot.'

Fifteen mins later Pte Nichol, who waits in the Mess amongst other places, lit his first cigarette with a cough and a splutter and goes into the morning ritual of blanket rustling and foot-stomping rousing the R Group from hibernation. Sensing that J.P. has retreated our intrepid heroes take off their smplivox, remove the cotton wool and return to the land of Nod. Little do they know the Sarn't Major has found his buddy and signed our a 14lb sledge-hammer, returning to have another **bash**, throwing tantrums and issuing abusive threats about Sanger duties and cookhouse fatigues. "If you It don't (censored) up within 5 (censored) mins, I'll . . . (censored) the lot of ya." Once the defences were removed there was no escaping. Although they were battling to regain unconsciousness a decision had to be reached "Were you



hungry or was dinner to be blown out again today?" Dave 'Hit the Gas' Perry, who's belt has baffled even the National Scientific Research Laboratories for the last 3 months, and Baton the Padi Gun Reynolds who's trying to find an excuse to fire his discharger, are finalists for the 'Fester of the tour award' but are up against stiff competition from C Coy Int.

Unfortunately the lack of rain has forced 'Bilco' alias The Human Moth — his attraction to streetlights at night — to venture outside the Hotel! On passing the order, the once happy team embark to the loading bay and spend the next hour in blissful dozing. Typewriter Burton left his filing cabinet consisting of the A to Z in grot Books, something that never usually happens until the early hours of the morning extending the invitation to J.B. who disowned all knowledge of the 'R' Group and the filing cabinet and unsuccessfully continued to Winthrop his bunk or the bottle he was conversing with last night.

On passing the chain sentry bowing as usual 39 + 39B collect their guide book and hit WARP factor 4 and arrive at

RUC Dunmurry. Once safely docked 'Hit the gas' prized 39 from the seat and his hands from the bodywork; 39 wobbles away to look for someone to talk to whilst the rest of the team hold an O Gp as to why Andy Dandy Hayes always wears his climbing harness, spouting such morale — shattering comments as "Don't worry Lads if we fall down a crevass or get by an avalanche, I'll save you. I've CLIMBED MONT BLANC DON'T YER KNOW!?"

Communal Yawninf as the team drifts back into suspended animation.

On to Dr. Bernstein's Place of pleasure to add another 30 mins of one eyed letchery at the Nurses Quarters. Immediately a female is spotted suit sights are discarded preceded by a mad punch up at the entrance of the MT Sanger. Moments later we're in the Patch having come via 9 U.D.R'S area, who we've done a terrific job for this tour, and any other UDR area we can find (watch out TROTTERS!)

'Hit the gas' is attempting to extract the OC by finding every bump in the road (which goes to show Seeker, summat's been found) but is unfortunately having more joy with Padi in the back who's been dislodged from his sleeping bag and has had to resort to blankets. SAS Nichol absent-mindedly gorks at the paintwork flicking his safety catch on and off while TYPE-WRITER grimaces and prepares to receive one in the back of the head. Meanwhile Asbach Dave mounts the kerb to get a closer look at the tight fitting jeans of the C.M.B. for carriers? (So he says). Dandy on the other hand is fighting off the wolves with his entrusted but now slightly battle-worn spade handle.

After tea its a joy ride with Capt Kremmen around the local haunts. Dressed in this 10 gallon hat, bow tie and dinner jacket mounting pearl handled revolver, we hit the local saloon and after leaving his 'Tiny Tots' Fan Club manualed to the landrovers he tried to force a showdown with the PRINCE WILLIAM ST GANG. This being a non-event except for his shooting with 'Dirty Dick,' master of disguise, fiend of all fiends, dressed as a PIRA AUX Bunny Rabbit, we returned to Base. 'Asbach Dave' slipped off into the shadows to find the Sarn't Major still Winthroping his bunk, but at the promise of a new full bottle of Tia Maria he took us all to AREEMA Dve in the Interests of Public Relations (Dave that is). With J.B. talking to yet another empty bottle 'Asbach' continues his love life in the locked and heavily fortified kitchen with Pauline. Dave being the shy type we shall leave you guessing — and us — and Pauline come to think of it. In the cool of the night we heard the fair, far off cry of bed. Yer know, Shut eye

To pass into unconsciousness until J.B. can't find his bottle again. Its a wonder how he finds us.



SNIPPITS

What does LCpl Timmy Bryett have for breakfast? Kellogs Bicycles.

Sgt Young to SQMS: "Have you got a set of clean whites?"
"No! But I've got plenty of civvies."

LCpl McKay to LCpl "Jonah" Jones: "They say it makes you deaf." Jonah: "What did you say?"

Is it true that the SQMS and John Travolta are twin brothers?

They say the cream of the milk is at the top. Is that why we are at TAC HQ?

Squaddie to Pte Walker: "Have you got any black pudding?"
"Are you taking the P---?"

The SQMS is still wondering when Cpts Silience and Gill are going to start their tour of N.I.

Pte Dring finally lost his Cherry whilst icing a cake.

Who is that well-muscled handsome Cook Sgt at TAC? What's his name!?

QM to Jonah: "What is the Q's speciality?"
"Fonz's Fishcakes."



TAC HQ G CELL (HE'S GOTTA GO!)

The G Cell of Tactical Headquarters, 1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment which is a vast organisation consisting entirely of the G Clerk arrived in Northern Ireland on the 13th of June 1978 with the full intention of getting through the tour as quickly as possible, to cause absolute confusion throughout the Battalion, and to make full use of the G Cell motto, 'HE'S GOTTA GO'.

In regard to the motto assignment, the G Cell is well on its way to achieving its objective. The first attack was directed at the Ops/Trg Offr and he has now left us to become a London hippy, flogging stolen works of art. We then changed our direction of attack and have happily managed to drive the Bn 2IC back to school at Latimer and have heard that he is in deep trouble for playing hookey.

This department also prides itself in the fact that it has contributed towards the Adjutant leaving us to become the MOD coffee lady in November. This has proved to be an excellent combined operation involving the Orderly Room and the G Cell.

The whole 'HE'S GOTTA GO' apparatus is due in the very

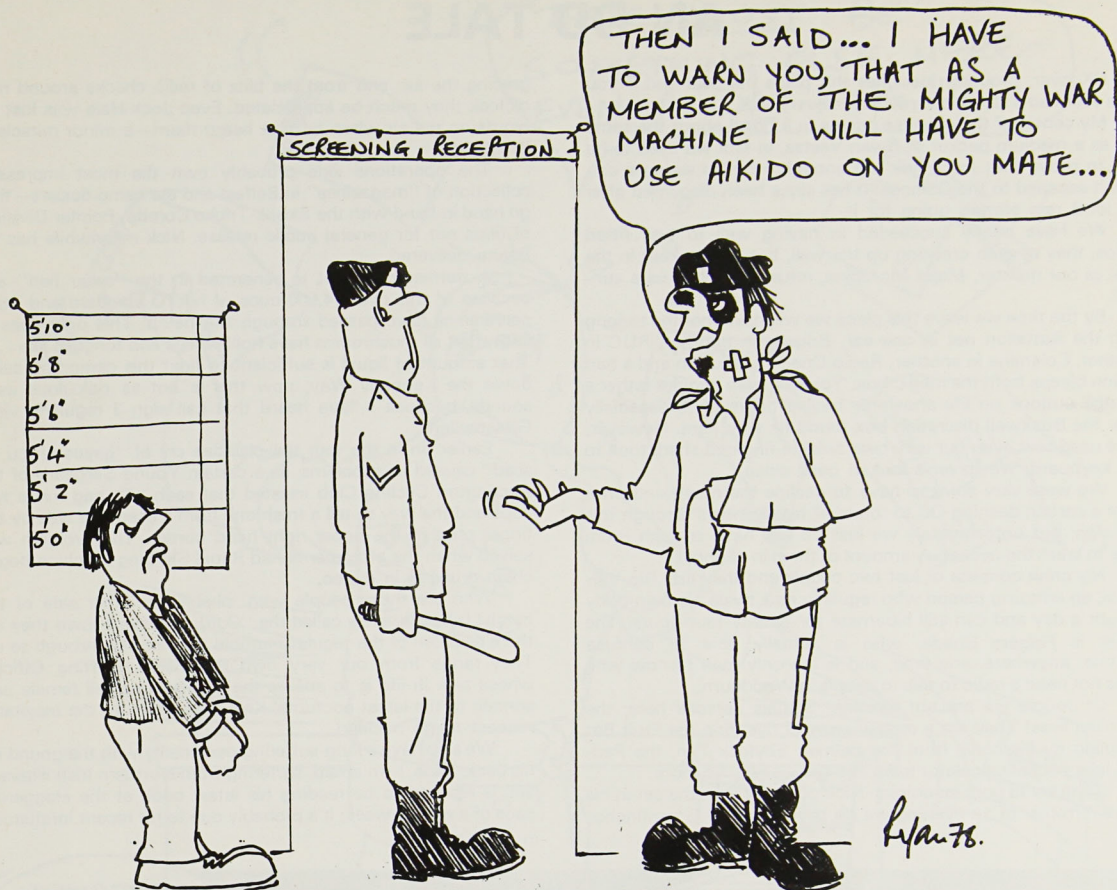
near future to be directed entirely in the Chief Clerk's direction and we are asking for the complete co-operation of the Battalion and neighbouring units. He's gotta go.

Now that everybody is going away, things are really happening, as the G Cell Clerk is drafting and signing policy letters on behalf of both the Bn 2IC and the Trg Offr and when he can get away with it is sending fictional Commanding Officer's Directives around the Battalion. This is great news as complete confusion now reigns. Coy Comds are sending troops from Aldershot to Norway for courses that do not exist. The aim of this exercise is to ensure that when the morning of the Soltau exercise arrives the Commanding Officer will do a John Wayne out to his mobile bed OC and find that he ain't got no cotton picking troops as they are scattered around the globe.

If any course personnel reach Miami Beach on their travels they will find the G Cell of 1 QUEENS at the end of the pier in the 57 Club.

CP GURR
Cpl





AN OD TALE

OK over, probably identifies this place the best and if you have ever had a stolen car you have never lived.

My centre of the universe occurs in a hovel about the same size as a medium packet of Swan Vestas, in fact we used to be able to prove that there was not enough room to swing a cat, until it escaped to the Comcen. It has since been disowned after the local rats started going for it.

We have nearly succeeded in having wall to wall fitted radios; they're even crawling up the wall, but will be kept in the dark as our mentor, Major McAlpine, refuses to allow us a sun-roof.

By the time we leave this place we will have months to long with the Battalion net in one ear, Brigade in another, RUC in another, Coleraine in another, Radio One . . . and ten and a half million bleeps from the magic box. You can even acquire rather a strange outlook on life after only twelve hours of it, especially after the Buckwell discretion box found its way here. However, once used to it even our very own twinkle-fingered shark took to the keyboard, we haven't looked back since.

We were very sorry to have to decline the most kind offer from a certain dashing OC to rotate all his members through this call sign; but unfortunately we just do not have enough room here to cram the necessary amount of them in at once.

My crew consists of just two people and they are: Rip Van Nicol, an amazing person who regularly eats twice his own body weight a day and can still hibernate for twenty-four hours! The other is Fingers Shade, who is actually able to confuse anyone, anywhere, any time, and is the only man I know who does not need a radio to talk to people in Woodburn.

Of course we are not the only Signals persons here; the Comcen lives! They are a motley crew of five: Eric the Fruit Bat dangling by his heels from the pelmet; Shylock Tim, the Paddy/Jake pocket calculator team and Del . . . say no more.

Contrary to popular opinion Nick does not man the set in his tight Y-fronts: of an evening we do have a pair of Greenfinches

gracing the air; and from the blitz of radio checks around nine o'clock they much be appreciated. Even Jock Hale was lost for words on the air when he first heard them—a minor miracle in itself!

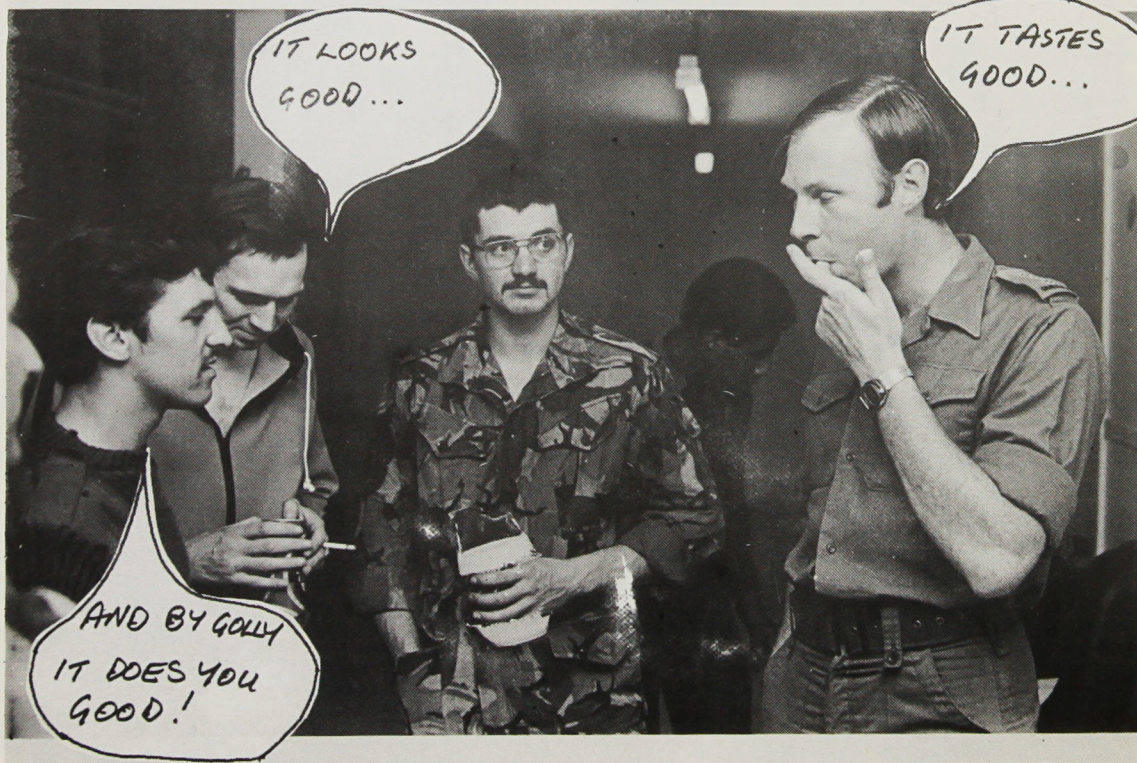
The operations side probably own the most impressive collection of "magazines" in Belfast and are camp dealers—they go hand in hand with the Skunk-Tricko Combo, Pointer Division, of films not for general public release. Nick meanwhile has his Beano delivered.

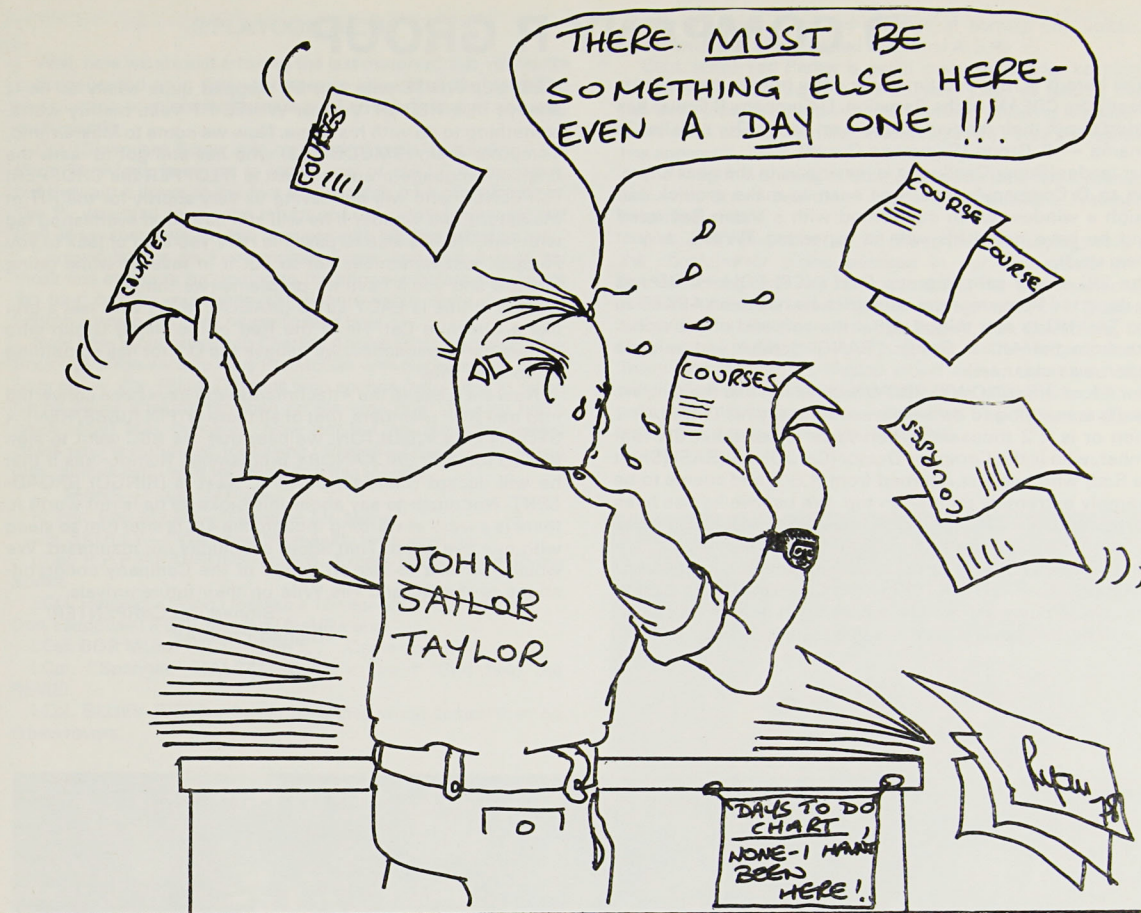
A tremendous heat is generated in the "other half" and because of this over 14,500 cups of NATO standard and other perversities have passed through the hatch. This only goes to show that all mushrooms have hollow legs and tongues like . . . That amount of liquid is sufficient to float this camp and sail it down the Kennedy Way, now this is not as ridiculous as it sounds, because I have heard that call sign 3 regularly visits Glassmullen.

Earlier on in the tour the plaintive cry of "gayus ah cu oh scad" caused us problems, as a certain Young Sergeant of the Accrington Cycling Club insisted that each "T" bag made two cups and the way to tell a fresh one from a used one was by the finger print in the upper right hand corner. The problem was solved when the aforementioned Rapid Slurping Machine began chain drinking in stereo.

Who are these people who inhabit the other side of the hatch? (affectionately called the "Gordon"). We know they are there because of the regular mumble that drones through to us. They range from our very own Registered Sniffing Official, whose task in life is to ensure the well-being of all female personnel; to the latest nocturnal Kiwi who waits for the inevitable request to go nuclear!

We also have a long-suffering personality with the gound on his back. He is, I am afraid, suffering from Northern Irish illiteracy and is reputed to be reading his latest book at the staggering pace of a word a week; it's probably due to his recent infatuation in wrist power.





I have it on good authority that B.J. has been known to suddenly appear in a cloud of fire and brimstone, beat the sets into immediate operation, leap in the comfy chair then depart in yet another cloud—potent stuff that brimstone.

I believe it is written that you don't dig at the editor, so suffice it to say that he runs the bottom draw exchange much to the delight of Mr. Grid Reference 1978. Cool Joe McKestral still insists on moving things, but all the mushrooms realise his problem now and have learned to live with it.

Before I finish I have been requested to announce the success of Tiny Timmy G's experiments in creating an Embassy No. 6 Plantation under his bed. All orders through his PO Box number.

Apologies to people I have neglected but it is definitely not a good idea to mention some people or those perched on his shoulder and as this year's spot-the-brain-cell tour comes to a close they will just have to wait until next time.



D COMPANY R GROUP

Well here it is, the one time only entry (maybe because it's the last!) the CREAM of the Battalion, D Company R Group has decided to put their renowned talent on paper. Our task lies in our name — R Group (Rummage Group).

Our leader (Super Cool) who is leaving us in the near future, much to D Company's loss, was seen to make a quick exit through a window when confronted with a Video Recorder! (could he have heard his wife is expecting TWINS, or just Camera shy?).

The 2IC of our gallant group Capt (VCP) POLL-HARD has now departed from amongst our midst, he has been ASKED to go to TAC HQ to sort things out at the soft end of the world. (Note from the 4IC R Group: "BANG" I thart you said de weapon was clear sa!)

Our 4 foot 3IC (SNOWY) BROWN, does not like the rain, we think it's something to do with washing away his GRECIAN 2 Million or is it 2 thousand? Then there is our other 3½ foot member, who is the Company Doctor (Cpl JONES)(SAS) (Short Arse Sod) who has just returned from R & R and seems to be **extremely extremely** thinner on top. We believe he has been prescribing GRECIAN 2 Million/Thousand to SNOWY, maybe he should try some himself.

Well now we come to the coloured section of our little band Cpl (Chippy) CARPENTER (4IC of the Company) was heard to say all these cows are female, where upon he moved quickly but quietly to observe from a safer distance. Then there is

(FESTUS) WHITE who can be stopped quite easily as he is **always** in a RED PT Vest or WHITE PT Vest, mainly white, something to do with his name. Now we come to Mastermind, Computer Brain (SMUDGE 83) who has still got to learn the English Language properly. Next is (FLOPPER the CHOPPER) FLIPPENCE who will be leaving us very shortly for the RIT at Maidstone, we wonder if he will still have that everlasting fag with him. He has also to pass his HGV yet, best of luck to you Flopper, just remember not to put it in reverse while going forward and you'll have no problems (we think!)

Next in line is LADY LEGS (MAGGIE MAY) who has a grin like a Cheshire Cat. He is the Red of the Rebel Group who suffers from headaches, we believe the Doctor has something to do with this.

Now we come to the Attachments who have been converted into true RGP members, first of all there is (PIN RIBBS/RENT A STORY) LCpl WOOLTON, we hear that the BBC want to sign him up for their JACKANORY programme. Rumour has it that he will accept (Children beware). Next is (RINGO) BROADBENT. Not much to say about this bloke as he is not worth it, there is a word of warning though, the 4IC is after him so sleep with one eye open. That about concludes our manifesto. We would just like to say on behalf of the Company congratulations to the OC and His Wife on their future arrivals.

Signed Cpl CARPENTER

Signed Pte MAY



8 PLATOON & CO.

Well, here we are just entering the last month of this very quite and uneventful tour, this only goes to show that the patrolling and reaction to minor incidents was of a High Standard and very enthusiastic.

Cpl. (Skermish) Scully and his band of mole's including LCpl (Pug) Mumford, have yet to locate any of the I.R.A. treasures, but they put it down to the fact that seagulls a bit of a bird brain. The Pl. was glad to see the return of LCpl. (Polly) Parsons, but they all say they enjoyed him far more with his Jaw wired up.

Congratulations to Frankenstein Frank and Eye brows for those fine attempts for getting to the showers before the end of the tour, but we must stop all rumours about there not being English curry in the cook house to feed Hale.

Now here is our answer to Charlies Angels (32c). Led by Hulky-Rock Cpl. Allen we also have Pte McGee who has worn the multi-Gym out + Pte. (Bino) Gibbons who spends more time in or on his pit board drinking tea than on the area itself, he also has a fetish about Max Bygraves. Now last but not least Pte (edge) Lewis who is rumoured for saying "Please let me fire my baton gun" and he can't wait for Donny's latest record.

LT. MANS—"Just for Show!"

Pl. Sgt. Cpl. ALLEN—"Operates Mr. Mans."

Cpl. SKULLY—"Will operate anybody for a small fee."

LCpl. P.P.P.P.PARSONS—U.F.B. Expert/Unidentified Flying Bricks.

LCpl. Fleming—"God I feel like a 12-year-old this morning . . . Don't suppose I'll GET one but I feel like one!"

LCpl. BOB MUMFORD—"Bob . . . Come down!"

LCpl. "Spanner" HALETT—REME's Finest (God help the REME).

LCpl. BLUEY WEBB—Drives nails into wood better than he drives rovers.

DEATH WITH THE QUEENS BY THE R.C.T.

Well, why not? Our last article was entitled 'Life with The Queens' and we are now bowing out—so its death to our partnership for a little while. Mind you its rumoured that the T.C. feels like death since the Adjutant beat him at squash. As a result there will be no further mention of the game of squash in RCT articles—except to say that it was only chivalry that won you the day Amedee Mieville (I mean to say—the T.C. would be on our backs if we didn't say something like that!). I was going to talk about Rugby but my spies tell me that that is purely an officers' game and so can't be talked about in such a democratic magazine as this.

The RCT awards went down very well—MGM noticed them and have asked if 1 QUEENS can spare the RSO to play opposite Joan Collins in 'The Bitch.' I don't know why—but I suppose he will make a better bitch than Super Stud. Note he failed the original trials for Joan Collins last film 'The Stud.' He's been trying to restore his hair and his reputation ever since.

There's a chap up at Tac who always looks like Death Warmed Up—his name is Kiwi. 'Get Carter' has nothing on the real life man—and any rumours that he was used purely as a punch bag in the Australian 'Skippy' are not true—he only just failed to get the part of 'Skippy'—but this was only due to him contravening that country's immigration laws by trying to illegally enter the country using dark tan and claiming he was an ex-patriot Welshman trying to divorce his mate as a result of a fracas in Shorncliffe.

The Ops Officer is nearly dead—having failed to achieve the all-time record of non-stop working, no sleeping, no drinking etc.—he started again but this time is trying to do twice as much. All I can say is all the best 'A' Coy.

Then of course there is dead 'Beattie'—he's never been the same since R & R—and really Anthony you should not let these women wear you down so much it only boosts the RSO's ego.

The CO is dying—to find someone to play golf against who can actually understand the game without requiring a three-hour diatribe on exactly an hour to play.

Major Hunter is currently ghosting as 2IC and as far as we can

gather is taking a spirited attempt at sorting out Soltau. All visitations are to be reported to Kestrel A.S.P.

Capt. (QM) Ted Parker is owed many thanks for keeping the TC off our backs by giving him so many jobs. He tells us that he has done jobs as Entertainments Member, Messing Member and every other sort of member. However, since Percy's Progress he has apparently been effectively dismembered!

The Knight in shining armour at Echelon now has a Manual to help with Broad swarding—but is now helping a Freeman to break free at last.

Well, that's just about all. I'd like to finish by saying firstly that the shock-horror probe primised in our last article in this illustrious magazine has been cancelled, for the meantime, as rumours have been spreading that we might see you in Soltau.

The Section Commanders, Cpl. Rogers, Cpl. Carruthers, LCpl. Long and LCpl Thorne, the Tp. SSgt., SSgt. Morgan; and the Troop Commander, Lt. Hyslop would like to thank you all, on behalf of all drivers for making the tour so pleasant for us. It has been a real privilege to serve with such a friendly unit and we all look forward to supplying you in BAOR.



MISS 1 QUEENS



