



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

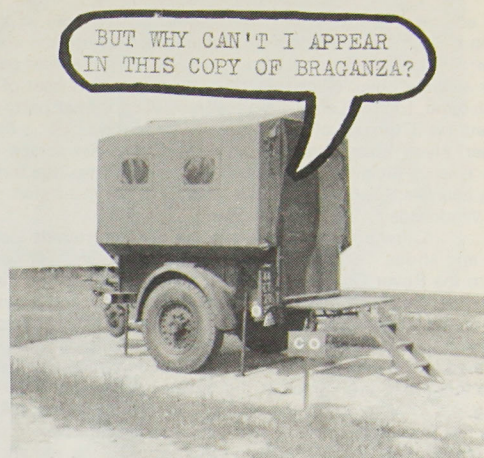
ISSUE 2

BELFAST 1978



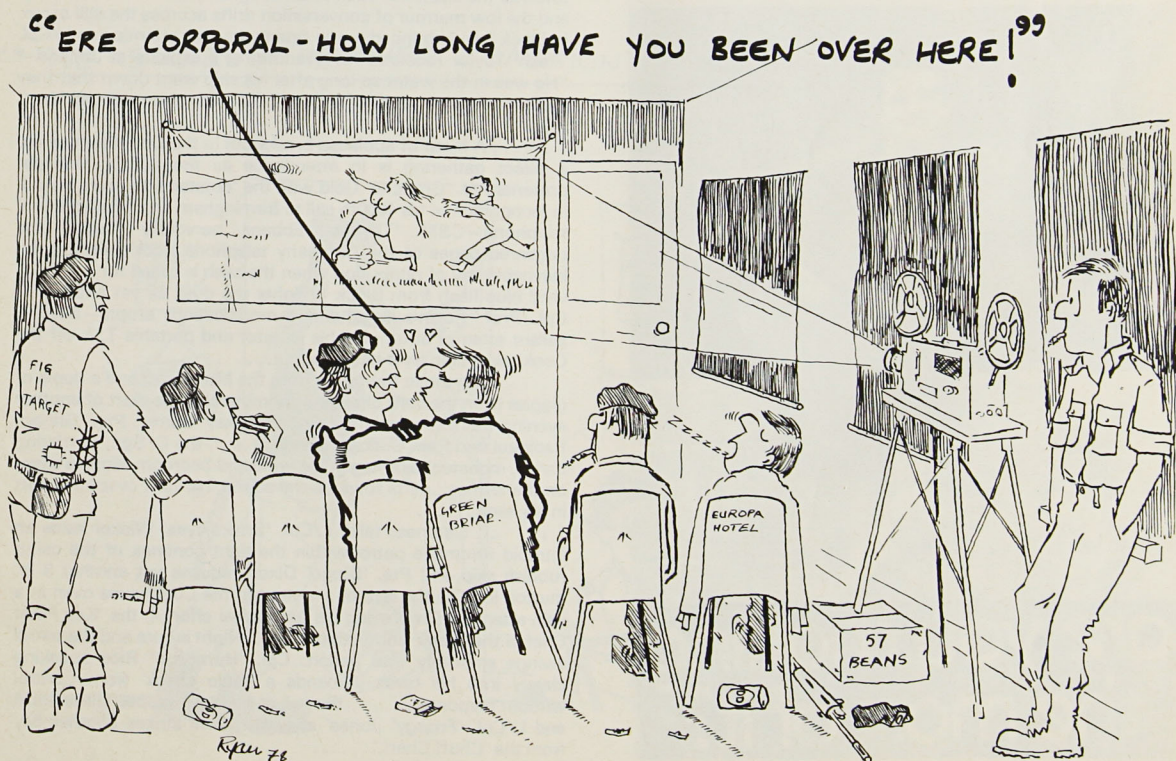
EDITORIAL

Once again my thanks to all contributors and congratulations to all those who received cash prizes for their efforts in BRAGANZA'S first edition. For those who did not win— try again and in the words of TARA 'A shy bairn nivor got a suck of the T. . .'



**CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, QUEEN CONSORT
OF CHARLES II (1638-1705)**

Daughter of John IV of Portugal. Married in May 1662 to Charles II, bringing as part of her dowry the possession of Bombay and Tangier.



GLASSMULLIN NOTES

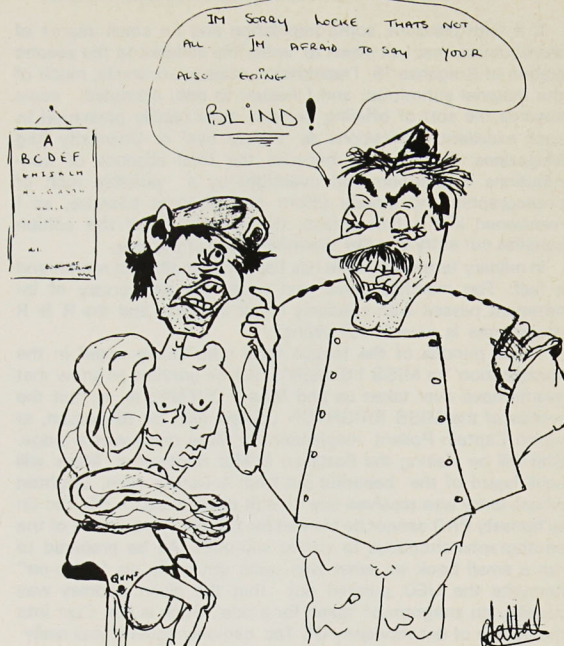
The end of a long hot day in Glassmullin, the cool of the evening approaches and the shadows lengthen across the well-trodden tarmac. A burst of laughter peals out from the front gate sangar and the chink of glasses blends with the soft beat of a calypso band, L/Cpl. 'Leroy' Campbell is holding a small party to celebrate his 37th spell of Guard Duty in three days Pte. 'Mugger' Flynn (uninvited) moodily scrapes the last scraps of L/Cpl. 'Cherub' Sullivan off the sangar wall, his plump little torso having been flattened there as the front gate slammed shut on him in Wednesday's force twelve gale

. "Once again with a magazine of three rounds load-watch and shoot." L/Cpl. 'Kildare' Hopkins barks out his terse order to the Rover Group clustered at the entrance to the Pipe Range. Pte. 'Padlocke' inserts the Officers Mess cat and a burst of fire greets its entry into the tube. With a frantic squeal the cat runs the gauntlet of a withering fire and once again escapes unscathed into the butts. Pte. 'Porky' Dawson heaves his belly off the firing mat and curses at the prospect of further endless zeroing "Why can't the skinny little bugger stand still?" means Pte. 'Hawkeye' Hewitt, and receives a prompt kick in the groin from L/Cpl. 'Lofty' Sullivan who assumes the remark is aimed at him

. A dim light glows in the LAD hangar where Cpl. 'Snowball' Barton and L/Cpl. 'Fingers' McClarence grapple with the welding iron as yet another 'cow scraper' is fitted to the KP landrover A file of shadowy figures creeps down the length of the camp with eyes probing the gathering darkness for fag ends and toffee wrappers. 'Wagtail' farts as they pass and returns to his slumber, the COP area cleaning patrol is on task, all is well. A staccate squawk disturbs the calm and another scavenging seagull drops with an airgun pellet through the heart—Sgt. 'Deadeye' Lovell strikes again. The luckless bird is scooped into a soggy sandbag by L/Cpl. 'Wacky' Wagstaffe whose ability in preparing seagull banjos is now legendary within the camp



are you making
the most of it?



. A 'pig' skilfully sweeps round the chicane into camp, L/Cpl. 'Andretti' Wiles at the wheel, and a group of mire stained warriors stumble out, the Company swimming team returns from their evening practice in the Kennedy Way sewage farm. "Same time tomorrow" barks Sgt 'Whippet' Dunning as they stagger towards the showers. Calm returns, lights burn dim in the billets and the low murmur of conversation drifts across the still camp. In Block 5 an entranced group listen with rapt attention as L/Cpl. 'Flash' Taylor recounts his Grandfather's exploits at Jutland—"He was in the water so long after his ship went down that they had to scrape barnacles off his bollocks when they rescued him."

. A burst of applause breaks out in the Ops Room where a select gathering is in attendance as the G.P.O. Manager presents Pte. 'Groucho' Gold with the 'outstanding users award' in recognition of his 1000th call to Birmingham on an 'official use' telephone—CSM 'Trivolta' Ebbens nervously fingers the dogeared pages of the Company telephone book awaiting the inevitable day of retribution when the cash is called for A vivid blue flash from Block 11 lights the dusk as yet another of Cpl. 'Prof.' Folan's illegal wiring modifications erupts—another valiant attempt at running his vibrator and portable T.V. off the Cookhouse chip fryer has failed.

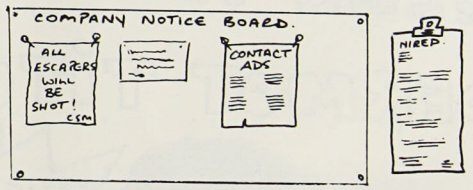
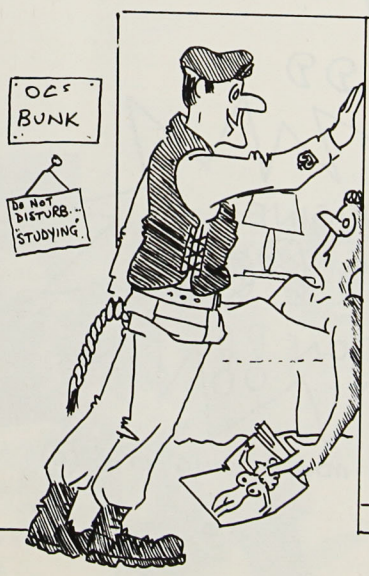
. A rhythmic thumping from the Multi Gym and a ripple of giggles from the staff changing room heralds the start of another evening training session for Cpl. 'Smokey' Barrell, Pte. 'Gringo' Radjapaul and Pte. 'Cuddles' Lewis the C/Sgt., muttering darkly, moustaches flying in the wind and bedroom slippers silent on the tarmac, darts towards the sound, his staff overtime chart in his hand

. Darkness falls, L/Cpl. 'Snake-eyes' Wicker leads an intrepid rummage patrol within the tight confines of the camp rubbish skip and Pte. 'Dingo' Dixon reduces yet another 8 lb. mutton joint to the size of a walnut in the Cookhouse oven in a vain attempt at improving his last dismal effort in the 'Key Point Chef of the Week' competition Night is here and the patrol swings smoothly into action. Cpl. 'Hurricane' Rice speaking clearly into his torch demands a 'radio check' from Control without response the velvet night envelopes Glassmullin and L/Cpl. 'Froggy' Jonas' chewed pencil strikes another day from the 'Chuff Chart.'

HOW MUCH
WOULD YOU LIKE
OFF SIR ?



“ I’VE SOLVED THE OVER REACTION PROBLEM SIR !! ”



Ryan 78.

★ vic Revolt ★ cosmetics

he uses.....

GRECIAN 2000
FOR THE HAIR THAT
STAYS IN SEASON !!

oil of ULAY
FOR SMOOTH + SKIN!

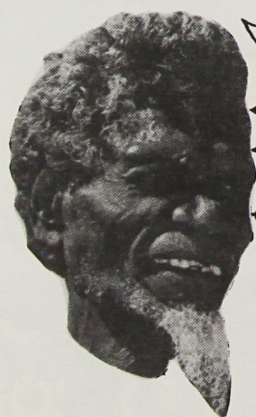
BUGS
PATENT NEW
HEARING AID !

"QUASIMODO"
GLASS EYES
for that
special
look !



★ ALL PRODUCTS ARE
ENDORSED BY THE
WELL KNOWN

“ DERMOT TITUS ”



THE ABORIGINE
TEENAGE

POP

SENSATION !!

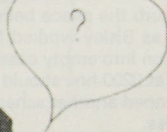
RYAN ADVERTISING LTD. ©

HOW TO BE A HERO IN ONE ALMIGHTY LESSON

A DAY IN
THE LIFE OF
VIC REVOLTA

11:45 AM GOT UP HAD PROBLEMS
WITH MY RADIO

TILL SOMEONE
SHOWED ME
HOW TO SWITCH
IT ON!



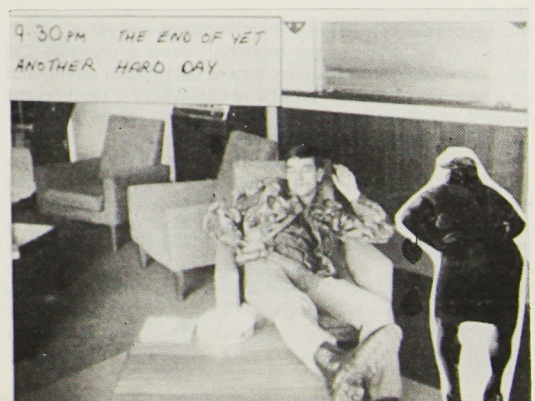
3 PM CHARGED THE
PLATOON COMMANDERS



7 AM, CONSULTED MY
ADVISORS ON THE NIGHT'S
OPERATIONS



1:30 PM GAVE THE
COMPANY
COMMANDER HIS ORDERS
FOR THE DAY



9:30 PM THE END OF YET
ANOTHER HARD DAY

(Slightly Humorous!)

KEEPING MORALE UP

Slieveban block lay silent apart from the occasional grunt coming from the bodies lying in deep slumber. Suddenly, breaking into this peaceful haven came the crash of size nine medium patrol boots announcing the ungainly arrival of Bisley. Cpl Jennings scratched himself nonchalantly, turned over and paid little attention to this disturbance of his much needed beauty sleep.

'Right Cpl, get your section up, dressed, washed, shaved and into the briefing room in two minutes flat. Move!'

The speed and abruptness of this order did not fully warrant the response it received; the mass festering under the grey army blanket merely grunted and disappeared further down the bed in the hope of dissuading this unwelcome caller.

'Cpl this isn't just affecting you, the whole platoon is being dragged out of bed'.

A bleary, bloodshot eye peered out through a gap in the grubby blanket.

'You're joking?'

'No I am not, move your bodies'.

The sight that followed was sufficient to induce nausea in any strong willed, sober person. As the blanket was drawn back to a position bordering on the indecent it revealed a pile of flesh that only a vivid imagination would pass off as a human being.

One hour and twentyfour minutes later the last stragglers, namely Uncle Jack, Gonzo and the rest of that section, had been chased into the briefing hut which was now brimming with half awake people which vaguely resembled soldiers, although they left a great deal of doubt in ones mind.' OK. In preparation for the forthcoming competition we are all going to wallop the CCI Berdan .21 mags onto some 2452 and poop a few .308 boattail . .

'What?' came the inevitable interruption.

'Oh, sorry' continued Bisley, 'you don't get the banter. We are going to do some shooting on the pipe range in preparation for the Northern Ireland pipe range competition.'

Twentyseven dumbfounded faces with mouths gaping stared at the bright, cheery face (due to 12 hours solid, unmolested sleep), and muttered in unison— 'Uuh?'

'What do you mean, uuh! Your shooting is terrible and your zeroes are bordering on the ridiculous, especially remembering the time when Beney was shooting on target no. 1 and watching no. 4 failling! It took many kicks to the head to solve that little problem!'

Beney nodded in agreement, the remainder struck up in protest.

'But sir . . .'

'Don't you lot "but sir" me, You're all going on the pipe range now'.

'But sir . . .'

'Enough of your complaining, it won't do you any yarm'.

'But sir, at 3 o'clock in the morning?' came a cry from Cpl Weaver, now fully in control of his senses (all three of them), and aware of the implications. 'What's wrong with 3 o'clock in the morning, it won't be interfering with anything' came the Sandhurst trained retort.

'Only our sleep' muttered the shuffling bodies that were now contemplating the possibility of a murder, or at least the drawing of some blood. 'Are you lot complaining again?' asked Bisley, oblivious of the imminent danger to his life, and becoming despondent at the lack of motivation and interest (a condition he often ended up in whenever he tasked his motley crew to do anything). 'Yes!' yelled the fuming assembly, all except Lappy who was on hands and knees searching for his false teeth after Big Lewy had smacked him on the back. 'Does that mean you don't want to go on the range?'

'Yes!'

'Does that mean yes, you do want to go on the range?'

'No it doesn't' screamed the mob (almost waking Capt. Barratt— a feat that no one has managed yet on this tour), and took one pace closer to their intended target, including Pugwash Valleley who heard the resounding crack of an orthodontic plate under his left foot.

'You stupid bugger' shouted Lappy as he leapt forward trying to grab Pugwash, knocking Lizard Stanger and Feet Sullivan over in the process.

For the remainder the insult sparked off a spontaneous reaction and within a split second the briefing hut contained a writhing mass of bodies with berets, rifles and flak jackets flying in every direction.

Adopting a very low profile Bisley managed to drag himself unscathed to the doorway of the hut and drew a breath of fresh air. After a short period, during which he considered the gravity of the situation, and the possibility of letting his platoon murder each other, he turned and faced the mob, who had turned their efforts into reducing the briefing hut into a pile of matchwood and bellowed,

'O.K., blow it out, go back to bed; we can go on the range another day'. Twenty six weary faces, stunned by this unexpected outcry, ambled slowly out of the hut making their way back to their pits, muttering "typical Ruperts", leaving Lappy on hands and knees picking up the pieces of his false teeth.

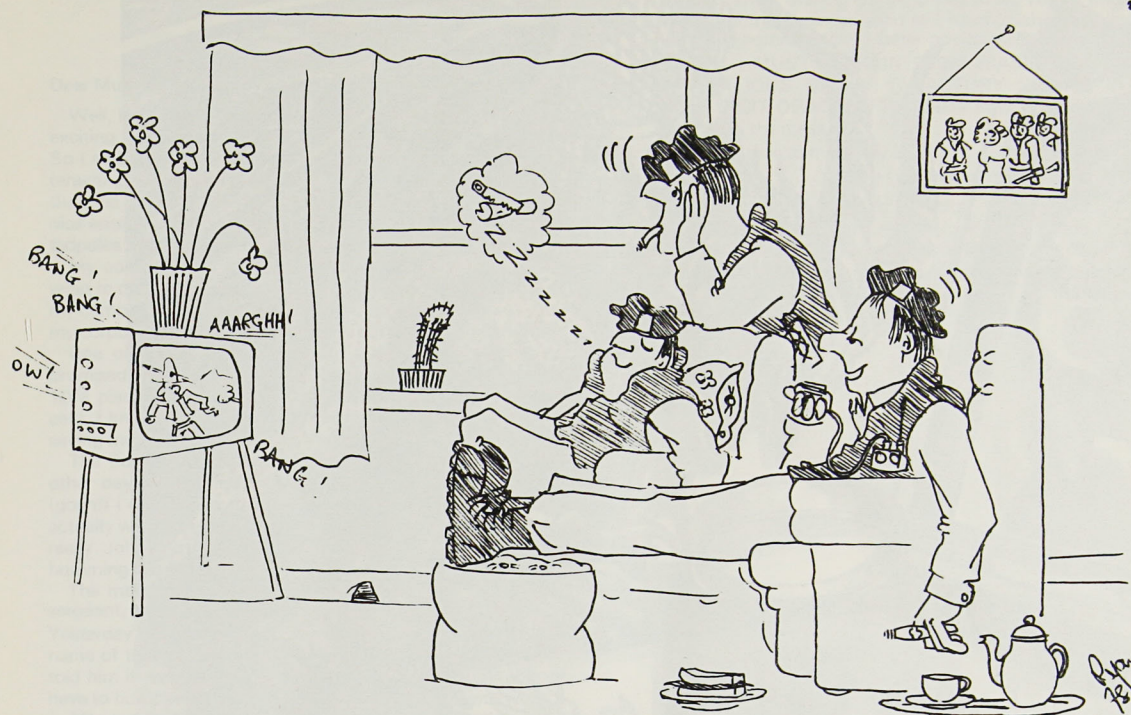
Within minutes Slieveban block lay silent again, the only noise to disturb the peace being loud bangs emanating from the pipe range as Bisley worked furiously to reduce 500 rounds of ammunition into empty cases. 'Tomorrow a platoon run around the camp at 0200 hrs. should do the trick' he muttered to himself as he planned another scheme to reduce his platoon into a lurch of zombies.

"NOW WHAT DO I DO"

MR WALKER GETTING TO GRIPS WITH A RUNNAGE PATROL.



"HELLO 2 THIS IS 23c - ITS ALL MUCK AND BULLETS HERE-OVER!"



"THE BUNGLING INCOMPETENT"

A personal confession from the man who has brought chaos to the patrol programme, panic to the ops room, confusion to the Int. Section and complaints from the entire company. Yes—we actually caught Kestrel C/S2 awake, interviewed him, and will be publishing the controversial interview, much to his annoyance, in the next issue of Braganza.

Insomnia sufferers—Do you long to know the secret of deep sleep? Do you long to be able to sleep for a solid 24 hours and not get disturbed? I have the answer and am willing to divulge. Phone Glassmullin (4983741) and ask for Kestrel. (If I am sleeping phone back later).

A SOLDIER IN BELFAST

In the gloomy city of Belfast,
I walk the streets of shame,
For why am I here, I am not to blame.
The kids who spit and throw glass and stones,
Call me names and forever moan.
If only this could be a dream,
For me, a soldier dressed in green.

A child so young, face dark with dirt,
Sits down in a gutter filled with tears and hurt,
I place my hand on the child's cheek,
Knowing our friendship is very weak.
I say hello child, there's no reply,
For I, a soldier, don't wish to die!

For the ones at home, I said farewell
One day we'll return from this life of hell,
For now I know, it wasn't a dream,
I'm still that soldier dressed in green.

PTE. GOLD





Well 2 platoon have arrived at the war—scarred face of Belfast . . . with lots of complaints. We've spent more hours in the cookhouse scrubbing than on the streets, and no one will say who the mastermind is, probably for safety reasons.

Anyway, here are the love stories of the cowboys and muppets of 2 platoon.

Lt. Beeston—Perfect man when he is on the ground and not flapping at 650 feet.

Sgt. JUHEL—What more can I say "OK Fine" Stag on Brecon.

CPL. NORMAN, THE FOREMAN—Keeping a very jealous eye on Echelon and Jackie.

CPL. "MISS-A-PATROL" TIDEY—He's cracking up because he has got to start washing his socks again.

L/CPL. "COWBOY" CHELSEA—The only section commander to walk up Lenadon Avenue with a SUIT/IWS on his Smith and Wesson repeater.

L/CPL. DICKSON—Dickie has got find a love for Irish kids, even black ones.

L/CPL. BANZAI BRETT—Thumb up bum, mind in neutral, unless you switch his glasses on.

L/CPL. GOLDING—"If in doubt, blow it out."

L/CPL. ERIC CLAPTON—Missing those APC's, only three months to go.

STTTRETON—Has been too bbbbusy abusing the troops to think about his speech problem.

LOFTY & HODGES—The lovers! (Broken nose 4 big nose charlie).

SQUAWKER—The lover boy who wants his own telephone.

PETAL ROSE—Crying over who borrows his baton gun.

PORKY FROST—Thinks he drives a Rally Cross landrover. See him for a private stunt show.

MARSH—Still dreaming about his APC.

ROACH—He is still giving the PC black looks.

FONZ COLMAN—Has been sussed but still: thinks he's casual.

TICH MYERS—A complete failure with WRAC's even though they want to mother him.

PAT THE PUNK—Missing his safety pins, chains and bars.

BARNEY—Can sleep anywhere, just to dream of his Suzuki.

RAWLINGS—The bionic mouth, too much on his tongue to think.

CONSTANCE—Connie is too busy pulling to care.

The following letter was intercepted from the Officers Mess in Glassmullin Camp, and it just shows what a mean force the opposition are up against.

Classmuggin Camp,
Belfast.
Sunday, frightfully early.

Dear Mummy and Daddy,

Well, here I am at last in Northern Ireland, and it really is very exciting. The only trouble is they won't let me out of the camp. So I sit here in the Ops room all day long listening to lots of interesting talk on the radio. The signaller who sits with me says that one day I will be able to talk to them just like he does. (He's a nice enough chappy, but he tends to croak like a frog, and leave tadpoles lying all over the chairs).

My corporals are all very helpful, they are always telling me what to do, but every time I take their very knowledgeable advice my company commander tells me off for doing it wrong. Anyway my corporals reckon that they know better than him anyway.

One of my soldiers let me into a very close secret which I promised I would not tell—he told me how I could use all my 1DM pieces from Germany instead of 5p pieces for telephone calls. I know it's very naughty but he said it was a good way of saving money.

The Company Sergeant Major is a frightfully nice fellow. The other day he told me that seeing we are on operational duty (gosh!) I don't have to "tab my feet in" and call him sir! I can actually walk into his office now and call him John (his name isn't really John, but when I see him dancing on his table while humming Saturday Night Fever I have to call him that).

The most important man in the company is the intelligence sergeant, or at least that is what he always keeps telling me. Yesterday he gave me a top secret mission—I had to find out the name of the town we are working in. When I went back in and told him it was Andersonstown all he did was laugh at me (you have to humour the poor man as he is going grey with worry!).

After we had been here for four whole weeks (golly gosh!), my platoon sergeant told me to visit my soldiers in their accommodation. This I did, but when I walked into the first room I had a horrible fright—there were rude pictures all over the walls, I was awfully embarrassed. I don't think I will do that again.

My colour sergeant says that he will be giving me some live ammunition when the camp gets invaded. I don't bother the

colour bundle much as he is madly in love with someone (I have a funny suspicion that it is himself), and I think it is affecting his powers of thought.

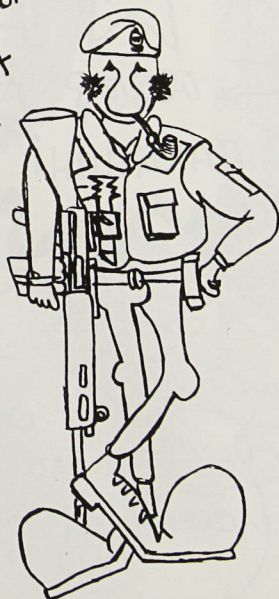
I don't think there is anything else to tell you at the moment. I will be writing again as soon as I have finished my lines for the company commander—I have got to write out 5000 times: IN FUTURE I MUST REFRAIN FROM MAKING EXPLORATORY EXCAVATIONS OF MY OLFACTORY SENSES WITH THE INDEX DIGIT OF MY LEFT HAND—after he caught me picking my nose in the mess.

Give my love to my teddy bear,

Lots of Luv, RUPERT xxx

P.S. I almost forgot to mention the company second-in-command, which is quite easily done as he tends to spend the majority of the time in bed fast asleep. I am convinced he is suffering from sleeping sickness, or maybe it's the heat?

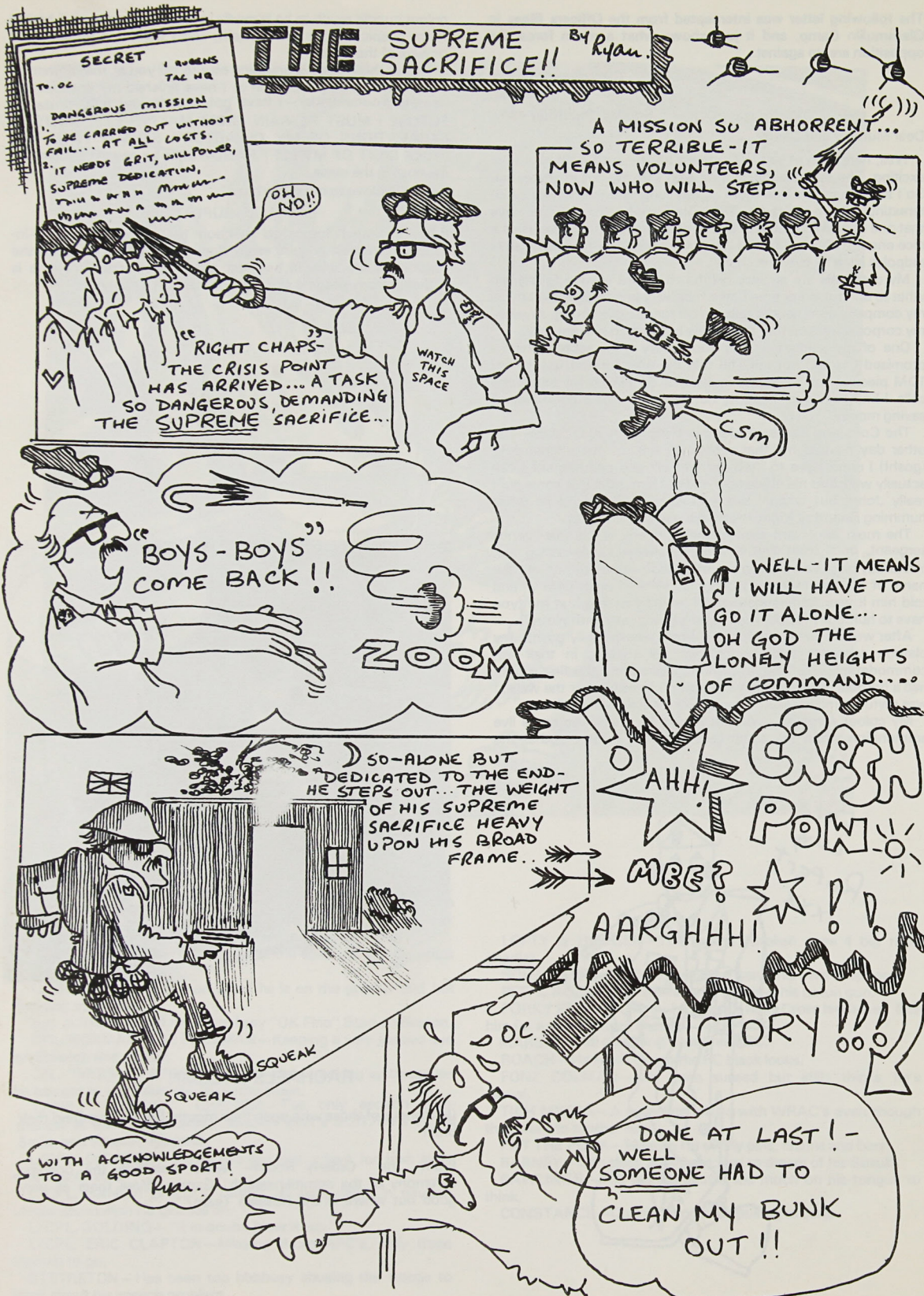
Lot2 of
Luv
Rupert
xxx



RACHAELS COLUMN

(In Honour of those who open their mouth) Before engaging their brain

From the Orderly Room— while watching the opening ceremony of the commonwealth Games "Well thats all very good but where is the Russian Team?"



ONCE UPON A BOOM

There once lived a man who was very fond of Baked Beans, he loved them, but they always had an embarrassing and somewhat odorous reaction on him. However one day he met a girl and fell in love, when it became apparent that they would marry, he thought to himself "she's such a sweet gentle girl, she'll never on for this kind of carry on. So he made the supreme sacrifice and gave up beans and they were married.

"Some months later, his car broke down on the way home from work, and since they lived in the country and he would have to walk home, he phoned his wife and told her he would be late home. On the way he passed a small eating house and the smell of freshly cooked beans was overwhelming. Since he had several miles to walk, he decided that he could walk off any ill-effects before he got home; and so in he went. Before he came out he had eaten three large orders of Baked Beans. All the way home he phutt-phutted merrily and so he felt reasonably safe. When he got to his front door his wife quite excited at his arrival said "darling I have the most wonderful surprise for dinner tonight" she then blindfolded him and led him to his chair at the head of the table. He sat down, and just as she was ready to remove the blindfold the phone rang, she made him promise not to remove the blindfold until she returned, then went to answer the phone. He seized the opportunity, shifted his weight onto one leg and let fly, it was not only loud, but ripe as well. He took his napkin and vigorously fanned the air about him, he had just got things back to normal when he felt another explosion coming, with amazing rapidity he shifted his weight to the other leg and let go again this one was a true prizewinner, he again had to clear the air as best he could keeping one ear on the conversation in the hall. He went on like this for some four minutes until he heard the farewell in the hall and his wife was on her way in again. He arranged his plate, silverware and napkin as best he could, folding his arms on the edge of the table and smiling slightly, awaited her return. After apologising for taking so long she asked if he had peeped and he of course answered quite truthfully that he had not.

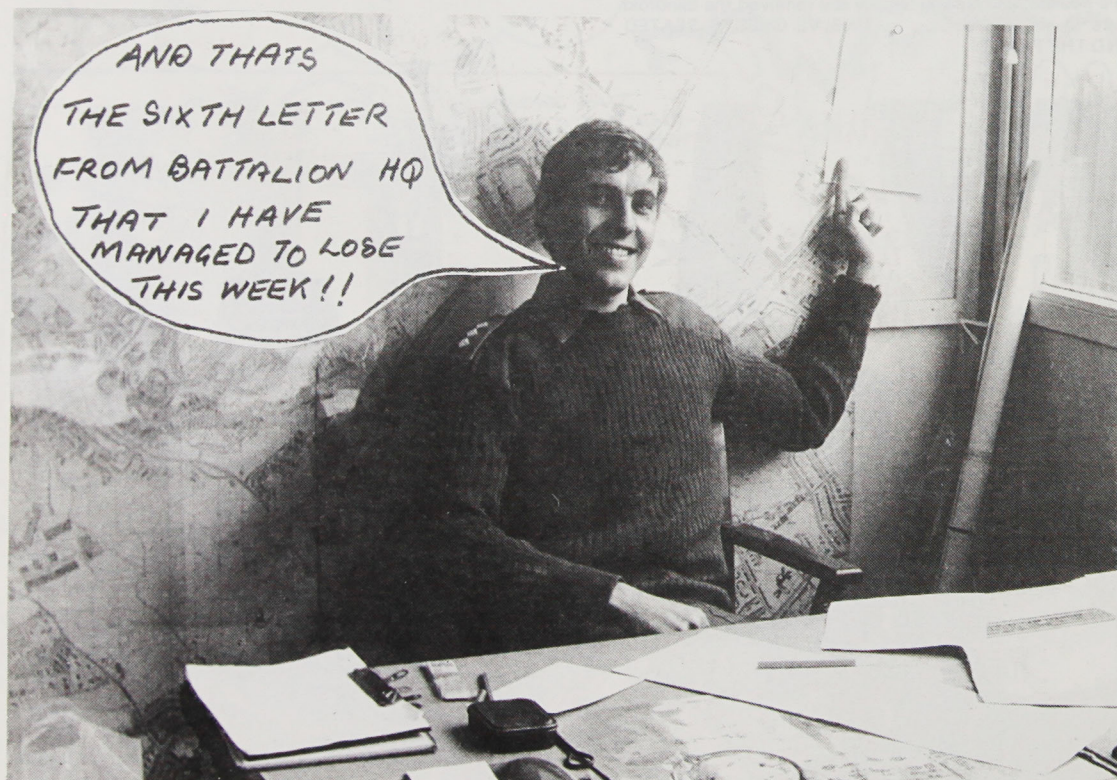
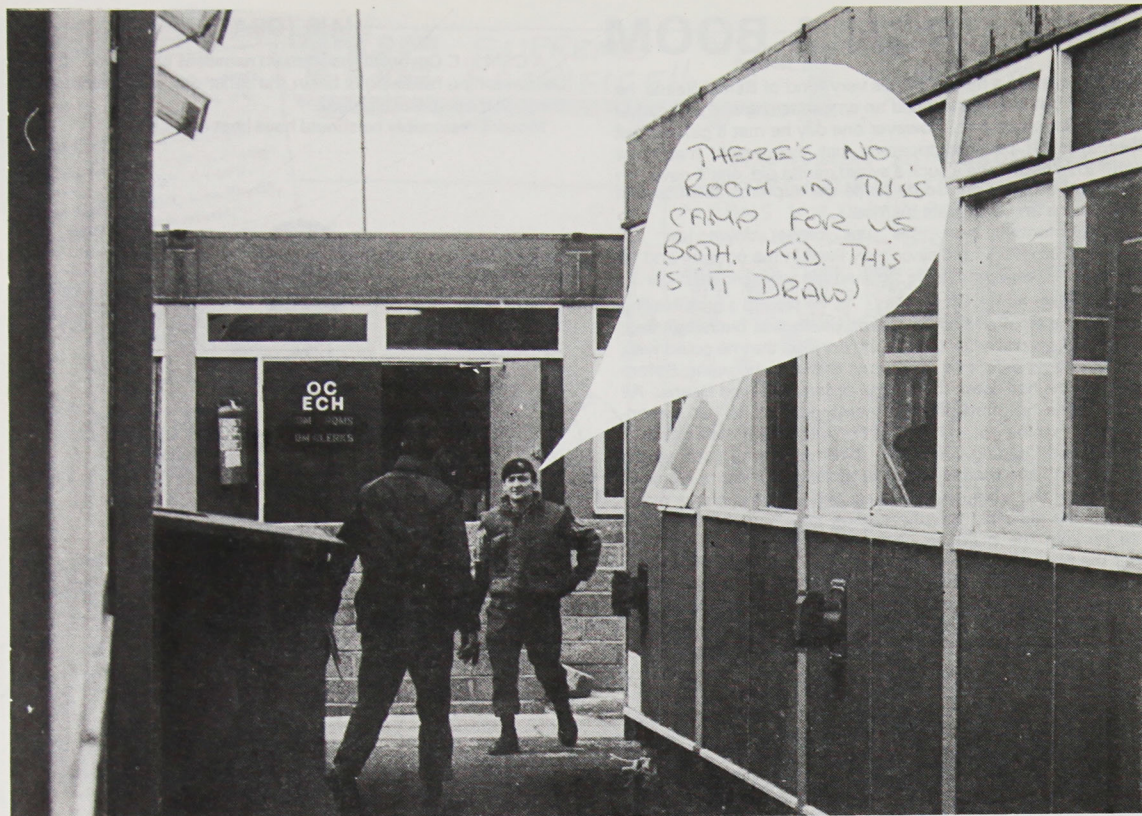
With a flourish, and smiling happily she removed the blindfold and there to his surprise TWELVE GUESTS SEATED AROUND THE TABLE.

HAIR TODAY

A CSM in C Coy who shall remain nameless is reported to have been washing his hair in a basin the other day. Unfortunately he dropped it down the plughole.

Moral: Presumably he should have kept his hair on.





COP PLATOON

By Citizen Isaacs

COPTAIL PARTY

(It's the nearest thing to a cocktail party we are going to have)

It's pretty dark in here so you must put up with a few mistakes. You are probably wondering where I am, well it's like this. My boss bootsy Edwards (we call him that because we would like to give him the boot) wanted to keep a watch on the comings and goings of this ginger haired postman, so here I am for the last two weeks stuck in this post box. If you think that's bad, you want to see my mate Cpl. (not for long) Hurman. He is under the back rest of a black taxi. I don't think that he is doing a lot of reporting—"No I'm not because I am studying for my 'O' levels. I am fed up mixing with you rough lot and I want to be an officer. Anyway my platoon Sgt. says I had better be one because I will never make a Cpl."

Well I am still here in the dark as most of us nowadays. Just had my lunch posted to me by Jim Ball and no salt on my porridge again. I will be glad to get back to Glassmullin.

Apart from a few points it's not bad staying with B Coy. We play volleyball every day and they are trying to get a table tennis table so Mr. Cowan-Aston can practice jumping up to the net. Ever since Spearhead, the CSM thinks he's a TV star but he doesn't think the programme is all that realistic, well for a start there is no confusion and they don't have an ORF (over reaction force).

Still the tour is ticking over quite well, old bootsy is still looking for more silly places for us to hide. He gets no help from CSgt (Citizen) Isaacs, he's always running the S.C.W.S.L.F. (Silver City Working Soldiers Liberation Front).

So it's goodbye from the close obsolescence platoon, sorry we couldn't get any pictures but we ran out of film last time.



DUDLEY'S LAMENT

We the Pronto's of Callsign Two
Try our best in what we do
Communications is our thing
Cpl Jonas is our king.

We often fiddle with the kit
Trying to do our little bit
Though the IRA are a pest
Meddling in their little nest

Never succeeded in the past
They will never ever last
Radio security they never had
Coz their signals always bad

Callsign Two is the name
Expertise is the game
Here we go on R & R
Heading for the nearest bar

Saying all our last good-byes
Tearing off the collar and ties
Always glad to get away
Never knowing what to say

Now the time is going fast
Hope this is our very last
Time has come for us to go
Now we're saying cheerio

PTE HUTSON B Coy.

ADVICE TO THE PRIVATE SOLDIER 1794

THE BARRACK ROOM LAWYER

Possibly things have changed a little—perhaps not. Here, that oracle among soldiers, the QM remembers the advice given to him when he first joined, (or did he in fact help write it?). Obviously the terminology is slightly old fashioned—for example for 'marquis' read 'tent' or even 'caravan' and for 'sutler' read 'golly-shop'—but no doubt the meanings will be clear to those for whom the sage advice is given

As a private soldier, you should consider all your officers as your natural enemies, with whom you are in perpetual state of warfare: you should reflect that they are constantly endeavouring to withhold from you all your just dues, and to impose on you every unnecessary hardship; and this for the mere satisfaction of doing you an injury. In your turn, therefore, make it a point to deceive and defraud them, every possible opportunity; and more particularly the officers of the company to which you belong.

First then, take every method of getting into your captain's debt; and, when you are pretty handsomely on his books, turn out a volunteer for foreign service, or else desert; and after waiting for a proclamation, or an act of grace, surrender yourself to some other corps.

On duty, as soon as the corporal has posted you sentry, and left you (if he has given himself the trouble of coming out with the relief), endeavour to accommodate yourself as conveniently as you can, the health of every good soldier being of the utmost consequence to the service. For this purpose, if you have a sentry-box, get some stones, and make yourself a seat; or bore two large holes in the opposite sides, through which you may pass your stick, or for want of it, your firelock. Thus seated, in order that you may not fall asleep, which would be rather improper and dangerous for a sentry, sing or whistle some merry tune, as loud as possible: this will both keep you awake, and convince people that you really are so.

In camp, where you cannot have the benefit of a box, as soon as you are posted, carefully ground your arms in some dry place, a good soldier being always careful of his arms; and, wrapping yourself up in your watch-coat, sit or lie down in the lee of some officer's marquis; and, to pass the tedious hours away, whistle or sing, as before directed; and if ever you smoke, there cannot be a better time to take a pipe.

If you are sentinel at the tent of one of the field-officers, you need not challenge in one fore part of the evening, for fear of disturbing his honour, who perhaps may be reading, writing, or entertaining company. But as soon as he is gone to bed, roar out every ten minutes at least, "Who comes there?" though nobody is passing. This will give him a favourable idea of your alertness; and though his slumbers may be broken, yet will they be the more pleasing, when he finds that he reposes in perfect security. When the hour of relief approaches, keep constantly crying out, "Relief, Relief!" it will prevent the guard from forgetting you, and prove that you are not asleep.

Perhaps it may be unnecessary to inform you that in relieving you may go without your arms and take the firelock from the man you relieve. By this contrivance none of the firelocks, but those of the sentries, will be wet, or out of order.

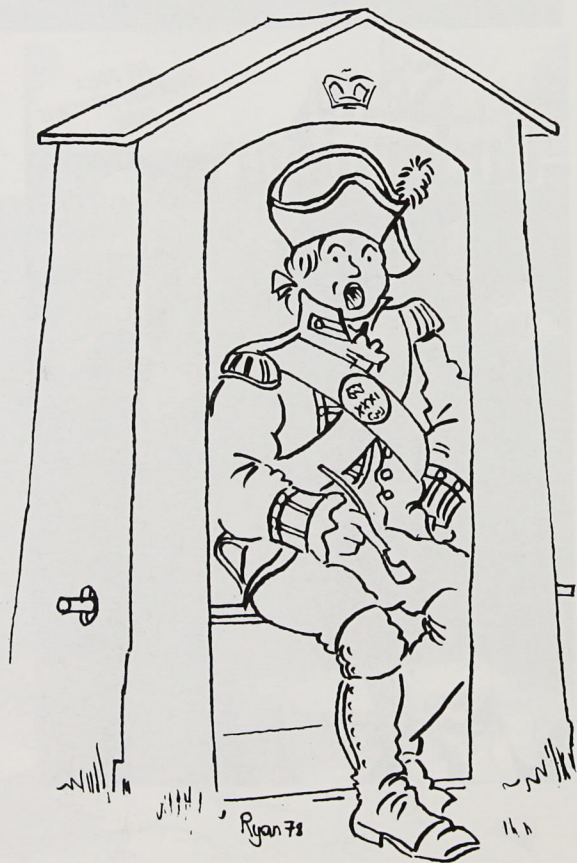
On a march, should you be one of the baggage guard, put your arms, knapsack and haversack on the waggon; and if they are lost, or your firelock broken, make out some story to your captain, who at all events must replace and repair them.

Should you, by accident, have pawned or sold your necessities, feign sickness of the day they are reviewed, and borrow those of any soldier, whose company is not inspected. You may, in your turn, oblige him in the like manner; and, if this cannot be done, contrive to get confined for some trivial neglect, till the review is over.

If your comrade deserts, you may safely sell your whole kit, and charge him with having stolen it; should he be caught, and deny it, nobody will believe him. If the duty runs hard, you may easily sham sick, by swallowing a quid of tobacco. Knock your elbow against the wall, or your tent-pole, and it will accelerate the circulation to the quickness of a fever. Quick lime and soap will give a pair of sore legs, that would deceive the surgeon-general himself: and the rheumatism is an admirable pretence, not easily discovered. If you should be sent to a hospital in London, contrive to draw money from the agent; it is your officer's business to look to the payment.

When you are really taken ill, flap your hat, let your hair hang down loose upon your shoulders, wear a dirty handkerchief about your neck, unhook your skirts, and ungaiter your stocking. These are all privileges of sickness.

If your mess have changed their marketing for gin, or any other



good liquor, and have nothing to put into the pot, carefully wrap up a puppy or a brickbat in a cloth, and call it a sheep's head, or a pudding. This you may very safely do, as it is a hundred to one that your officer will not be at the pains to examine it.

At a field-day, stop up the touchhole of your piece with cabler's wax, or some other substance. This will prevent your firing, and save you the trouble of cleaning your arms: besides, unless the quartermaster-sergeant and his pioneers are uncommonly careful, you may some cartridges to sell to the boys of the town to make squibs.

In the firings always be sure to fill your pan as full of powder as possible; it will cause much fun in the ranks, by burning your right-hand man: and on the right wing it will also burn the officers; who, perhaps, to save their pretty faces, may order the right-hand file of each platoon not to fire, and thus save them the trouble of dismounting their firelocks and washing the barrel after the exercise is over.

In coming down as front rank, be sure to do it briskly, and let the toe of the butt first touch the ground. By this you may possibly break the stock; which will save the trouble of further exercise that day: and your captain will be obliged to make good the damage.

When you want to screw in a fresh flint, do it with your bayonet: if this notches it, it will be useful as a saw, and you will, besides, show your ingenuity in making it serve for purposes for which it never was intended: though, indeed, this weapon may be said to be the most handy of any a soldier carries. It is an

excellent instrument for digging potatoes, onions, or turnips. Stuck in the ground, it makes a good candlestick; and it will on occasion serve either to kill a mudlark, or to keep an impertinent boot at a proper distance, whilst your comrades are gathering his apples.

Should you get to an officer's servant, you may immediately commence fine gentleman. If he is about your own size, you may wear his shirts and stockings; and should you tear them in putting them on, it is his fault for having them made so small.

When he is on guard, you may invite company to his marquis, and it is hard if you cannot get a key that will open his canteens.

If on the march he gives you a canteen with a lock to carry, this is truly muzzling the ox; which is forbidden in scripture. You may therefore punish him by breaking the bottle and drinking his liquor: there will be no difficulty to bring witnesses to prove it was done by a fall.

When you wait on him at the mess, you may easily contrive to pocket half a fowl, a duck, a tongue, or some such convenient morsel; and you and your brethren must be very awkward and improvident of you can't filch some beer, or a bottle of wine, to drink with it. Some sutlers are kind enough to poor servants to score a pot or two of ale for their benefit.

If you are batman to an officer, your perquisites are certain. Sell half the forage to the sutlers who keep horses or asses; if they don't pay you in money, they will in gin. As a Christian is more worthy that a beast, it is better your master's horses should want than you.



"HES' A NICE ENOUGH BLOKE - JUST A WEE BIT IMMATURE!!"



8 PLATOON

At about 1130 hrs on August 6th the noise of champagne corks popping, laughter and general party festivities echoed around Woodburn camp; their place of origin 9 platoon lines; yes this elite fighting force had at last found the Twinbrook estate after two months of fruitless search patrols down the Stewartstown Road.

8 Platoon smiled that smile of a father seeing his son walk for the first time. Having themselves been in Twinbrook since Day One.

The first two months for 8 Platoon in Twinbrook have passed off without much incident apart from a couple of "ball games" against the peasants. The first game saw 32E, under the captaincy of JP, take an under-strength team to Twinbrook and unfortunately lose 1-0 in a close game; JP himself had to retire through injury after an unnecessary foul. Our second away game to the estate saw a different story altogether. We took our first team in on the 9th and ran away with an easy 3-0 victory. Three natives were unfortunately injured—these all through the cleanest of tackles though. Pte WATSON will verify how clean they were!

Normal patrolling sees Lcpl WEBB remaining a bit with the little boys and girls. Searching sees Cpl SCULLY and Lcpl MUMFORD leading their band of ferreting renegades into the depths of the Twinbrook mud huts in search of the IRA doomsday arms cache.

Within the confines of Woodburn Cpl ALLEN and Lcpl FLEMING are still plotting the overthrow of sunray 32.

Sgt O'Shea, 2IC 32, has solved the problem of disappearing waterproofs and baton rounds. And Pte QUIRKE will never represent the army on the trampoline.

The platoon is now looking forward to the second half of an exciting tour. And a word of warning is sent out to Ptes Crouch and Jones; river patrols are even more popular so draw out some waders.

A BUM JOKE

Recently a soldier who had something wrong with his backside was admitted to the Musgrave Park Hospital. A visiting officer seeking direction to his bedside was told by the ward sister—He is along the corridor at the bottom on the right!

BELLY-ACHING

During a recent visit to the Maze a religious brother asked one of the hunger-striking inmates how he felt. The latter is reported to have replied that he was starving.

A RAM STORY

Unknown to the OC, the children recently delivered a goat to Dashing D Company's location. Not unnaturally when the OC saw this unusual visitor leaving the CSM's room (rather carrying that!) he asked who had brought it into the base. Believing the subject to be rations, he addressed his question to the CQMS. The latter's reply was brief but ambiguous "Oh, just two kids sir!"

(M + A + S + H)

MEDICAL ASSISTANTS SOCIAL HOLIDAY

Here we are once again
In the Emerald Isle
With pouring rain,
The far away look
On soldiers faces
Thinking of
The far away places

At the Medical Centre
Days go fast,
Watching the tele
With Paddy Last
Ray Greengrass here
For summer rest
To stay in bed
He does his best.

The Bandmen, they send us
So soldiers beware
They're just 7& + + 7&I +
Pity I'm not, allowed to swear.

Mr. Peter Sach
Can't wait to get back
With his wife
To hit the sack
About myself
I'm full of joy
Just a good looking
Hard working, loveable boy.

Blossom the pilot
Wanted to fly
No chopper needed
He's flying high.
John the preacher
Always waffling with nothing to say
Please John be quiet
Is what we pray.

GINGER.



"THATS NOT WHAT I MEANT WHEN I SAID COVER
MY REAR!" CPL WEAVER & LCPL McCULLOCK
SHOW THE WAY

For Christmas I gave my wife a new mink kit . . . Two steel
traps and a rifle ..

1ST BATTALION THE QUEENS REGT
IS HERE TO ASSIST THE RUC TO
HELP YOU



REPORT ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS
AT ONCE. (OR ELSE) ☺

CIA
ST
1
P

This is more like it.



MAN PORTABLE CLARIBEL

NOT LITERALLY

The other night Dashing D Company had a surprise visit from Nitesun, and at the time it was reported that the latter had been tasked by TAC HQ to check on the camp's state of cleanliness. However the RSM issued an immediate denial and described the report as "Rubbish."

1. Have you heard about the nonchalant owl?
- a. It couldn't give a hoot.

TALAVERA PRIMARY SCHOOL
Werl, B.F.P.O. 106.
14th July, 1978.

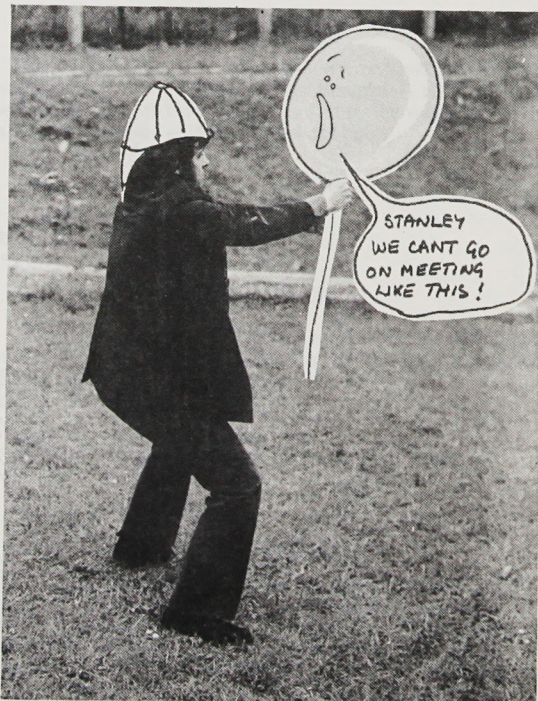
Dear Parents,

Bluey needs a home for the Summer holidays. Is it possible for someone to take him for either all the time, or some of the time? He is very polite, house trained and only noisy when he's hungry.

Hopefully,

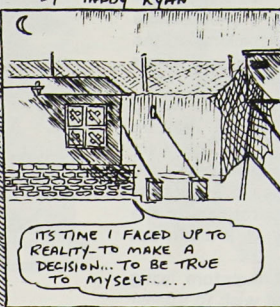
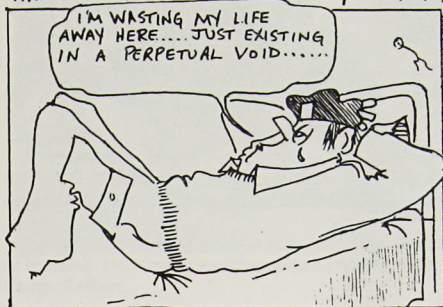
(Miss) S. ELLWOOD

(Could this refer to 'Bluey' Hedges,
CQMS C Coy??)



THE THOUGHTS OF TOMMY ATKINS

BY PADDY RYAN



A SHIRT TALE

I still remember the occasion when it first arrived on my desk. The sun was just setting amongst the storm clouds over those lovely green hills which overlook this great city as the important looking brown envelope landed with a thud in my "In" tray. It lay amongst all the other Tac-originated bump for only a few moments before I was overcome with curiosity. I checked the corridor and then quietly locked my door before picking up the envelope. I tore open the seals with trembling fingers and let out a sigh of expectations. Inside was a signal.

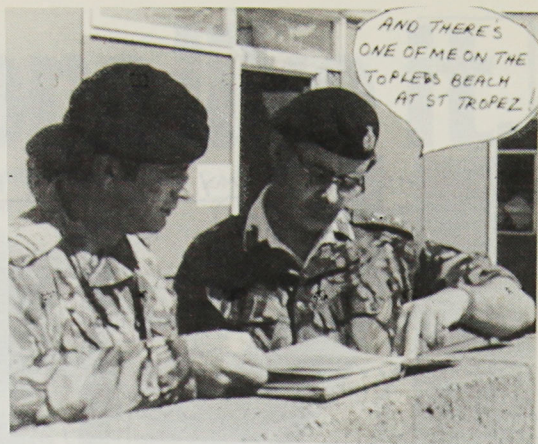
The text was brief enough and yet my eyes remained riveted on the second paragraph for it appeared to be in code. I got up and paced my office wondering where the key could be. (No, not to the door, you fool). I picked up the signal again, attempted to read it backwards and then had a brilliant idea. Although its RESTRICTED caveat would have been more appropriate to the morning of April 1st, I wondered whether, after all, it might not be meant to be taken seriously.

Now I, who am used to dealing with Tac, and, therefore, living in the twilight world of paper fantasy, would not wish to appear biased and so, dear reader, I leave you to judge on the authenticity of the contents of that devastating missive which intruded upon my Belfast musings just a week ago. Was it a sinister hoax? If not, it will be seen that the implication of paragraphs two of the text of the signal (reproduced below) may have far reaching consequences (on the other hand (or should it be arm) it may not):

TWO PD COMBAT JACKET SLEEVES WILL BE TURNED UP TWO FOLDS ONLY WHEN WORN WITHOUT SHIRTS PD COMBAT JACKET SLEEVES WILL NOT BE TURNED UP WHEN SHIRTS ARE WORN PD.

Are you any the wiser? Well, at the risk of being called a stuffed shirt, I think it all means that we can no longer go on playing things off the cuff. Could be quite 'armful couldn't it?

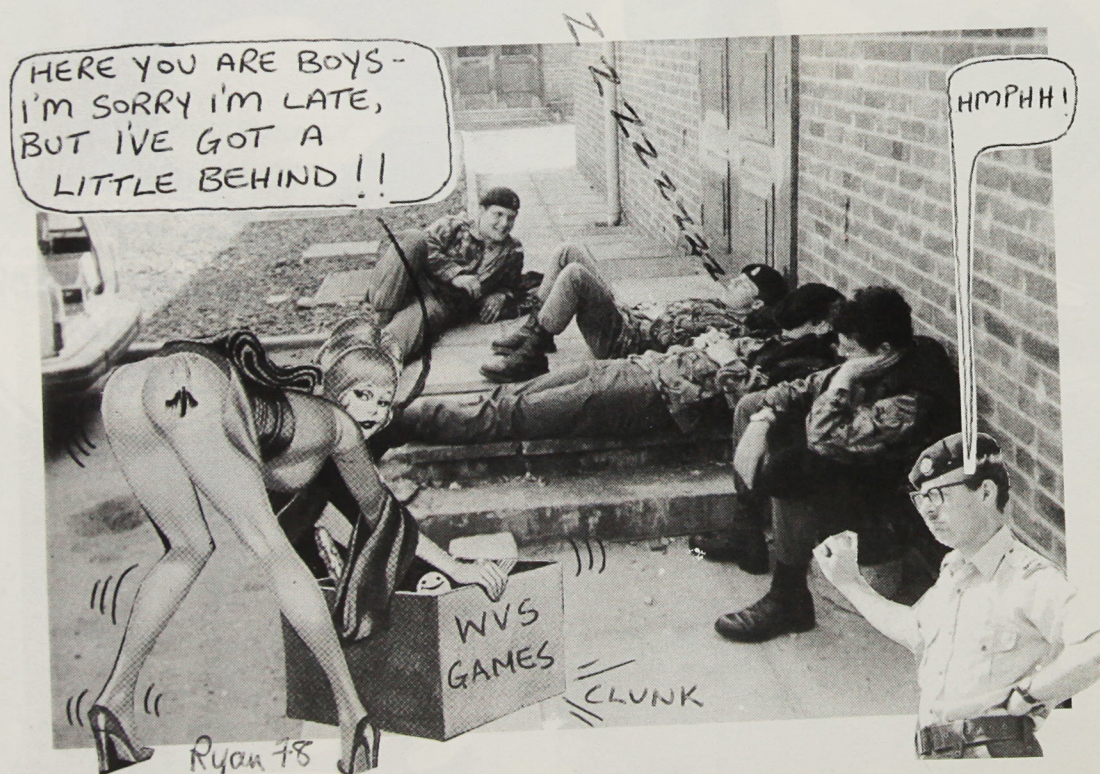
SHIRTY.



ANOTHER LITTLE GEM

To: CQMS TAC

It took Montgomery less time to win El Alamein than its taken you to get my heater fixed. My nails are turning blue and my goolies are like little iron penkers. Please get it fixed before my batman dies of fright finding me in bed with rigor mortis set in.



CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED — One khaki fatigue shirt, preferably clean and pressed, for smart young officer under duress from Company Sergeant Major. Phone Belfast 7666894 and ask for Bisley.

FOR SALE — Authentic pair of John Travolta dancing shoes complete with facsimile signatures on soles. £25 o.n.o. Apply to: CSM c/o Glassmullin Camp.

WANTED — One nymphomaniac princess to break a spell (it will take more than one kiss to break this spell!). Have pity on me. Phone Glassmullin camp on 9847383 and ask for Kermit, Froggy, Ribit or LCpl Jonas.

FOR SALE — On pair yellow jeans, must sell due to pressures from R Group. A price can be arranged at Piccadilly Circus underground. Ask for Sharky (T Shade Esq).

WANTED — One watch, must be accurate. For checking times or mobiles. No Noddy watches please. Write to OC, Glassmullin Camp, Belfast.

MEGALOMANIAC — Widely experienced Sergeant looking for posting as GOC UKLF, BAOR or Northern Ireland. In fact I will accept anything above Divisional Command. Replies to Box 43.

SLIMMING course—Friendly advice on a new type of treatment. Warning—this method of slimming can cause premature grey hair and shorten your temper. To apply—stand on a street corner anywhere in Andersonstown smoking a cigarette, wait for an army foot patrol to appear, drop the cigarette on the floor, step on it three times and ask to see Jim.



FROM THE GIRLS IN GREEN

Hello gentlemen of the QUEENS No. 1
This is your Greenfinches having some fun.
Our duty at Monagh to us is a treat
Cos we find all of you are really quite sweet.

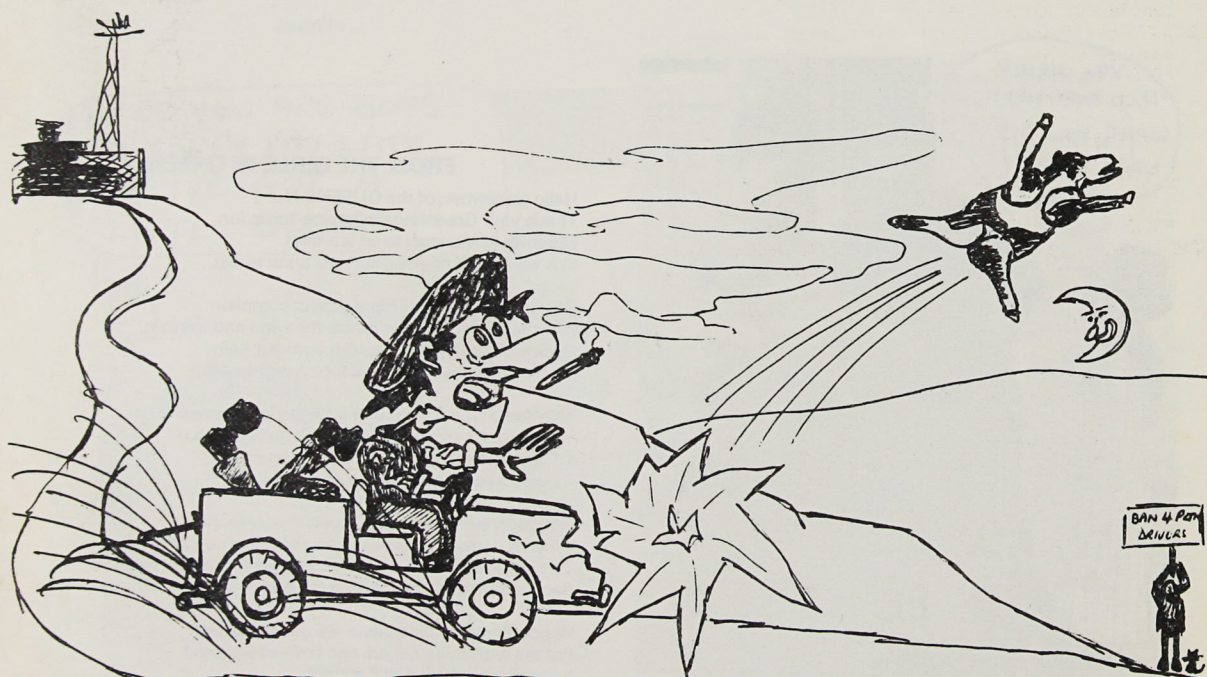
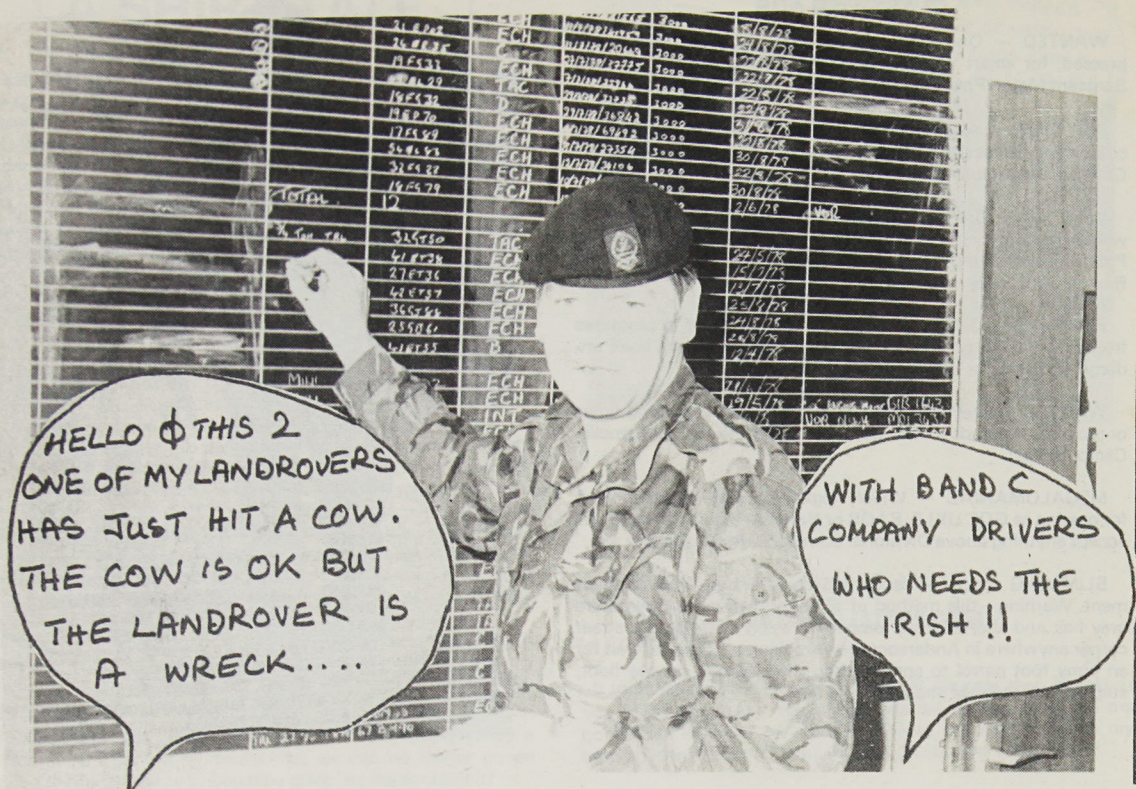
Of our journey in the Pig we must complain
In through the window howls the wind and the rain.
It ruins our complexion and tosses our hair
So that when we arrive we look a nightmare.

The Radio Room although it serves its purpose
Is really quite small and makes us quite nervous
To have more than two in is quite an ordeal
As we tread on others toes and heels.

Although our own Ops Room is luxury to this
When it comes to some supper they give us a miss
To corn beef and ham sandwiches we really look forward
Because with us girls good is the password!

We don't really mind when we get our orders
For tea with three sugars and coffees assorted
It passes the time until 2 o'clock
When off in our Pig we again gaily trot.

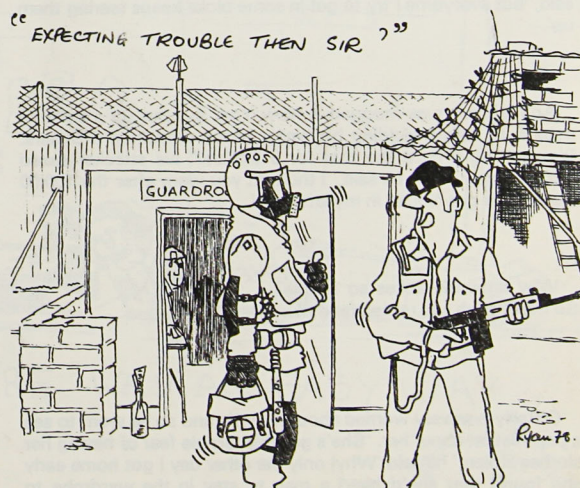
When safely deposited at HQ Malone
We hand in our flak jackets and then we go home
Another night over, our duty performed
Tucked up in our own beds, cosy, safe and warm.



"AND THE COW FLEW OVER THE MOON"

SGTS' MESS—MONAGH CONTACT ADS

- 8236—Ex-Royal Anglian scribe desires AC/DC parrot with large beak. All positions considered. Must wear evil coloured track suit.
- 8237—Large Irishman, interested in Guinness heiress—will take the Guinness if no heiress available. Must be sympathetic to wooden leg.
- 8238—Very powerful, knot brained gentleman requires reply from anything still breathing to practise press-ups etc. Must wear white socks and track shoes.
- 8239—Medically minded young man, interested in surgical appliances, enemas etc.—would like to contact likewise young lady. Anything considered, providing she takes the pill.
- 8240—Brian is a very liberal minded young man. Wishes to contact young lady willing to be liberal—and not mind where.
- 8241—Tattooed northerner requires tattooed female, exchange designs—must be interested in corned beef and condensed milk butties. Photograph and wind will be passed to eligible ladies.
- 8242—Animal like surveyman is interested in bacon. Can travel anywhere for anyone. Has small tool kit.
- 8243—Bearded extrovert, well tanned, must contact AC/DC shop assistant to help with oral account work. Bit of a handful.
- 8244—Short sighted ex-skier needs companionship. Needs taking in hand—anything considered, will visit girls schools and WRAC establishments to expand upon his theory. Well endowed, in fact he wears two pairs of trousers.
- 8245—Big time chef with small time ladle needs stirring. Have you a big soup bowl he can use? If so, please send photo of utensils. AC/DC considered.
- 8246—Tailor with thinning hair requires massage, will bring his own wet suit. Has bed mate who is into tapping messages on his own equipment, but needs something to plug it into. Any replies considered.
- 8247—Besppectacled blond flasher will contact female (black) who is sympathetic to his pistons. They are very worn due to rough handling.
- 8248—Infantry coloured Sergeant needs female guidance. She must be a size 14, so her clothes fit him. Replies to codename FRITZ, please put lots of stamps on reply envelope.
- 8249—Tall bewigged young man thinks he is sleeping beauty. Replies from young princes wanted. Must wear nylon stockings and spurs.
- 8250—I want cheering up. All replies carefully screened. Large women only need reply, because my bed squeaks badly for 10 seconds every night.
- 8251—Head steward in high class club needs to talk to own level person, AC/DC. Must pick nose and drink tea out of tin mugs. Is quite willing to get down to it, breathing no problem, have my own snorkel.
- 8252—Two Scottish gentlemen wish to contact Dutch couple. No fees!



IT'S WORN BY MEN. IT DRIVES WOMEN WILD.



AND WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT AFTERSHAVE.

THE LIFE OF REILLY

O'Reilly went to the cinema. He bought his ticket and went in to see the film. A few minutes later he appeared at the box office and bought another ticket. A few minutes later he went to the box office again and asked for another ticket. 'Whats the idea?' asked the cashier. 'I've already sold you two tickets'. 'I know' he said, 'but everytime I try to get in some bloke keeps tearing them up'.

An Irishman was mugged in New York but put up a tremendous fight before yielding his wallet which contained 5 Dollars. 'You put up a fight like that for 5 Dollars?' his attacker asked incredulously. 'No', he said, 'i thought you were after the 100.00 Dollars I've got hidden in my left shoe!

Why are Irish Jokes so simple?
So the English can understand them.

O'Reilly was very worried about his wife and so he went to see a psychiatrist about her. 'She's got this terrible fear of having her clothes stolen,' he said 'Why! only the other day I got home early and found that she'd hired a man to stay in the wardrobe to guard them'.

PARASOLMANSHIP

Before the start of the Officers Mess Cocktail Party at Echelon the Bn. 2IC was heard to say on the telephone "There is a requirement for umbrellas down here." Not surprisingly, the call was to TAC HQ where there's one for every occasion!

TO: Pen Pals Mr. Fantastic.
TAC HQ
1st Bn. The Queens Regt.
B.F.P.O. 801.
c/o WO1 Jamieson, RSM.

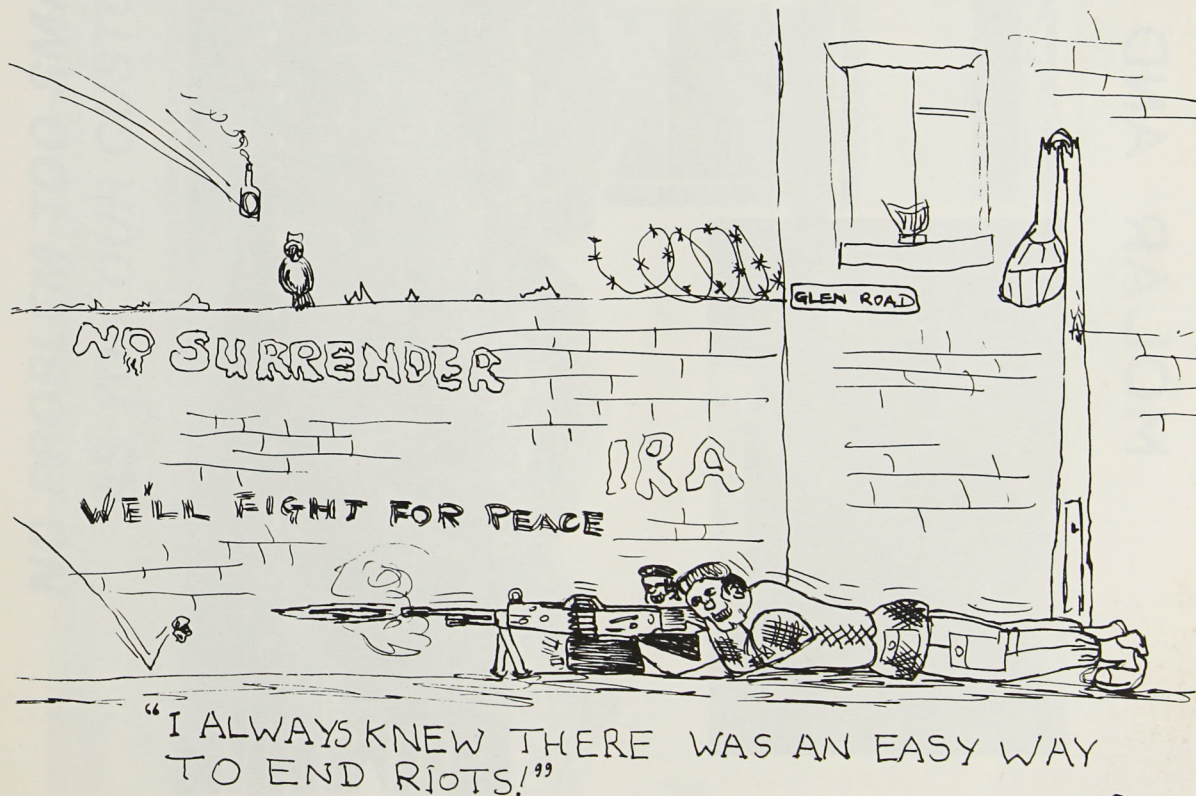
Ref. your detail dated 19th July, 1978.

The following people wish to apply for names and addresses:

Capt. Allington — — All names and address for Pre-Inspection.
C/Sgt. Kearse — Large type and sexy.
Sgt. Henshaw — Small but not too thick.
CSgt. Maye — Large and very intelligent, preferably Irish.
Sgt. Beard — Small not too intelligent.
S/Sgt. Barnett — Very intelligent. Up to the minute, may be English.
Sgt. Hayward — Any thing.
Sgt. Taylor — You know me.
Sgt. Patterson — Nil return as Scotch girl cannot write?
Sgt. Burns Royal Signals — Something good and sexy please sir.
Sgt. Greef — Some one physical ??? In the sexy way.
The Collators do not wish to take part thank you.

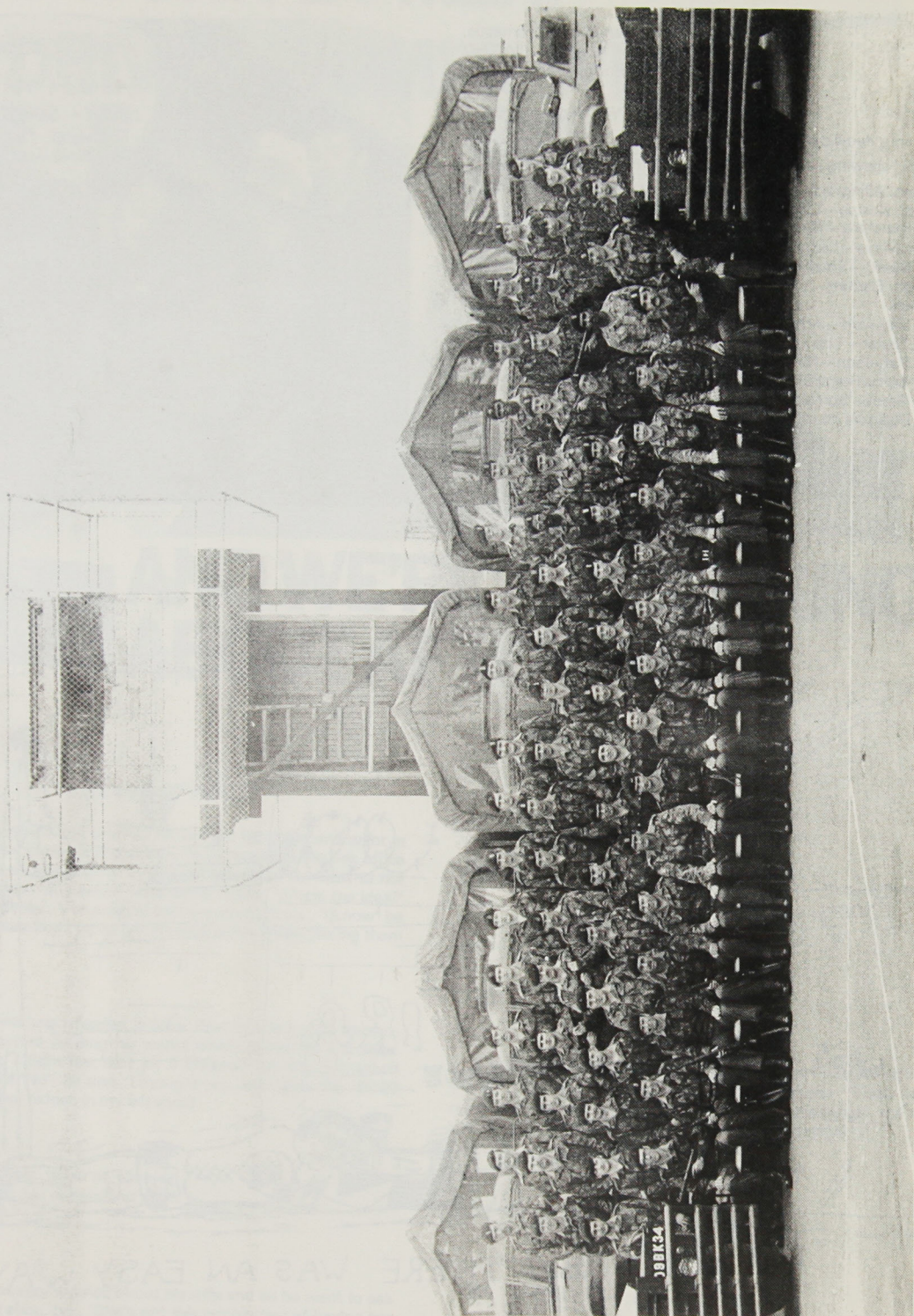
From A Small Pin In A Big Wheel.

ACHTHENU.



10/6 12/2

MOLAR AND COMPANY



NO PROBLEM TOO SMALL OR TOO LARGE, AS YOU OUR CUSTOMERS TESTIFY

Our modern and up-to-date Vehicle Repair Workshop is at your disposal to assist in the day-to-day knocks you will always encounter on today's busy roads, be in moving Traffic Lights—Electric Pylons or a Cow. We hold an extensive range of spare parts and the latest in Matt Green Makrolon. Our Finance expert Mr. Gold-Finger Cooper and his Staff are at your disposal to advise on such matters as Pay—Income Tax—Boarding School Allowance and of course the Days Pay Scheme.

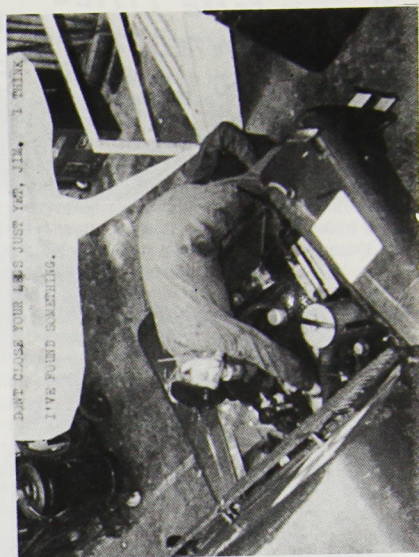
We hold an extensive range of New and Used Crystal Balls. This is a must for the Administrator of today to solve the Company Assassins problems of tomorrow!

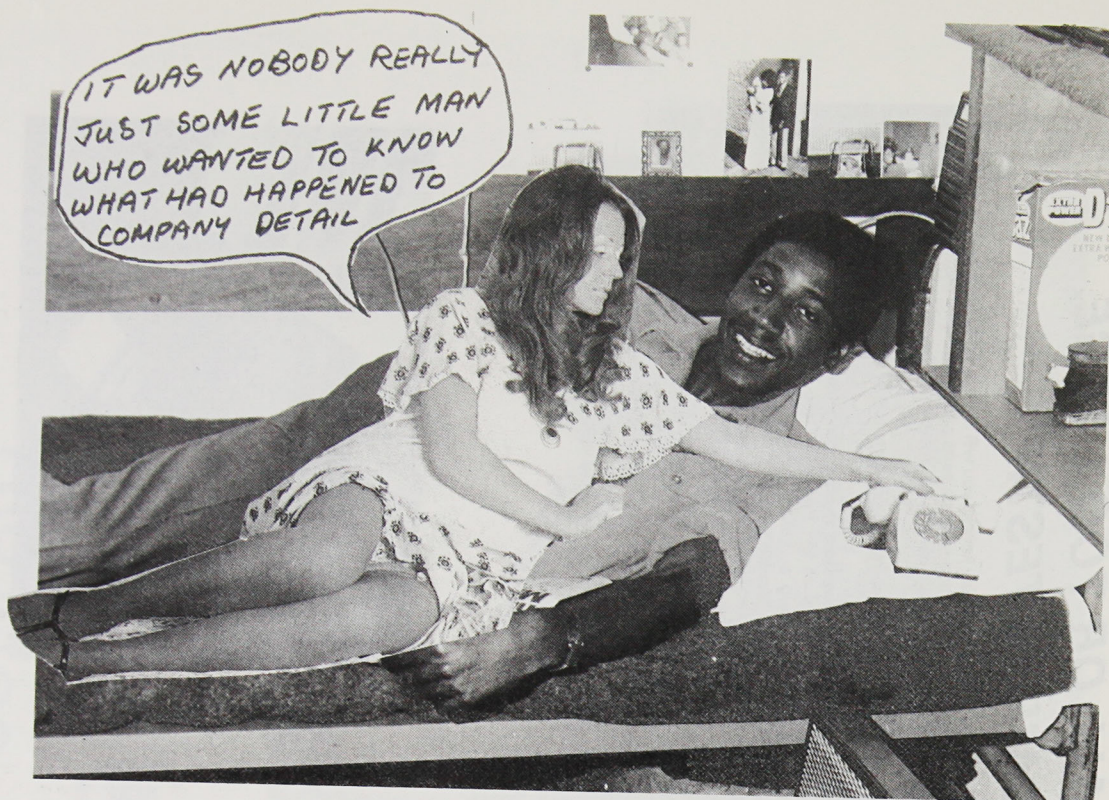
Mr. CM. Joint our designer for the modern Ops Room and its associated furniture is always available to offer friendly advice. Washing Machines and Dryers are tested to destruction in our Glassmullen branch under the keen eye of Mr. Paddy Pantan. This up-to-date workshop and layout is all that a model miniature laundry should be and has to be seen operating to realise its full potential. We have a Security Section under the personal management of Mr. N. Hunter of Woodburn Securities, they operate in many forms and in many places in the Province; also operating out of Woodburn is Mr. M. Keely of Dashing D (Woodburn Ltd.) who for many years has studied Sangers and the modern Soldier. His latest design for disguising sangers and sentries promises to be a major break-through in this field.

Mr. Grunt Jones (900) our Master Butcher is always on call to offer sound advice on the Meat for the Meal.

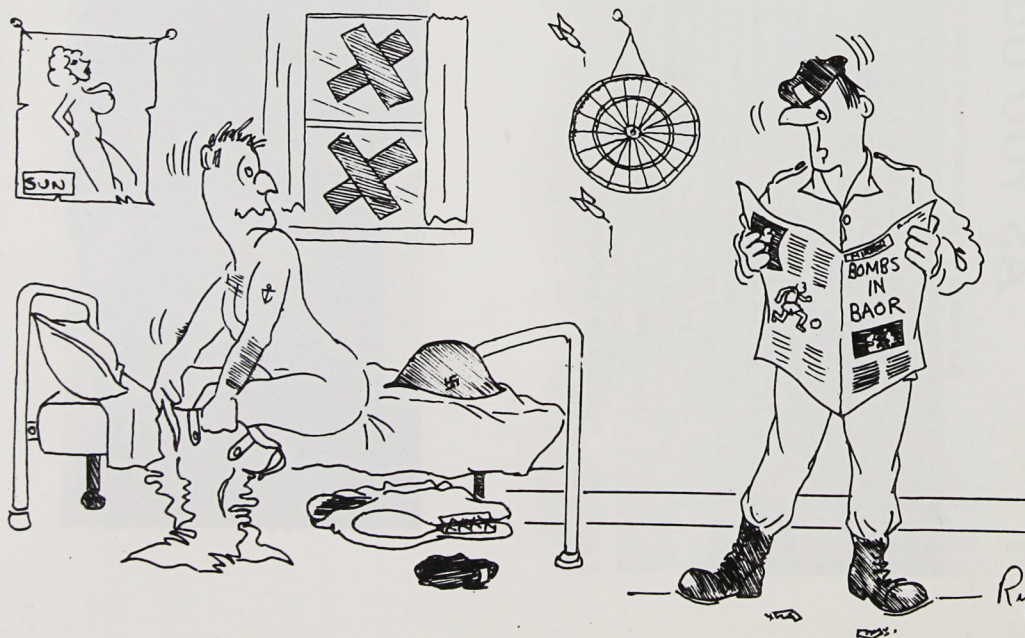
This is only a small part of our extensive expertise—please give us a ring (you will do any way) so that we can assist with a smile—friendly greetings, advice and that immortal salute to you all, P—OFF.

Our picture shows the Musgrave Park Branch on its Annual Outing in Ulster on the one sunny period, between showers this poxy summer he has produced.





“ I RECKON ITS' TIME WE DID A FOUR MONTH
TOUR OF GERMANY !!! ”



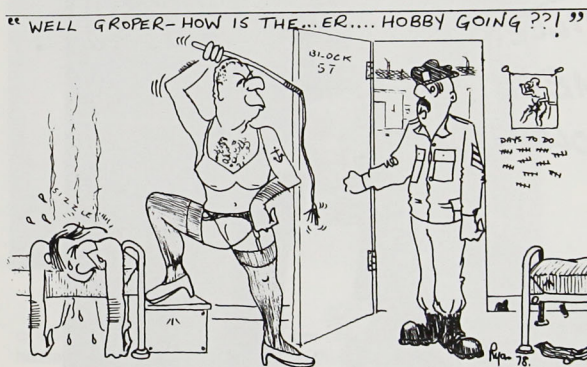
LIFE WITH THE QUEENS

(AS SEEN BY THE RCT)

We feel that, as attached personnel, it is our solemn duty to uphold that law of chivalry by which all little men are ruled — and tell all. So here, in almost unexpurgated form are the misfortunes, misdeeds and mischievous miscellany of those miscreants who dare to call themselves your missive husbands. This time around we are going to concentrate almost entirely on those men who are likely to have any effect on our Troop Commander's future career (not that he is sure to have one anyway) — in the hope that by the time the tour ends his cowardly and treacherous nature will be revealed as the basic force behind this article.

By the way, ladies (QM note terminology please), you will realise, of course, that we of the RCT also enjoyed your MISS PRINT 1978. Let us start with the Colonel (is there a better place to start). The RCT consider him a very fit man — for one so old. It is very worrying for us with an average age of 19 to find that the Colonel is always beating our Troop Commander at Squash. Our Troop Commander has always tried playing squash but has never really got any further than heavy patting. Still we wish the CO wouldn't do quite such a good job because the Troop Commander always comes in bemoaning his fate on a Monday morning.

Maj Tarver is also a very fit man (It's your vote that counts,



folks!). He came to see us down at Echelon and pulled an 8 Ton Pig nearly all by himself. This must have tired him, out, though, because in the next game he was caught cheating he didn't like this very much and stamped his foot in disgust. When it was put to the people everyone agreed that he had indeed been cheating — so he had to pay a forfeit and run the gauntlet. He is obviously a very good fisherman because he knows a lot about salmon. We think he should have joined the Navy because he knows a lot about the shape of ships too. Hasn't played squash yet with our Troop Commander.

Maj "Pack-em-in" Charles Joint, darling, we regret to say has failed in his attempt to become the first man ever to stop smoking, eating and sleeping in one go and we wish him better luck on his next tour. We get annoyed with him, too, because he also beats our Troop Commander at Squash.

Capt Amedee Mievile is reliably reported as being the original model for the film "Confessions of a Driving Instructor". Does he play squash?

The PRO Captain Triple A Beattie is the unit's Operational Driver — he has been giving our Troop Commander and the RSO lessons in Operational Driving. It is reliably reported that this stems from a certain association at Sandhurst and

Bulford with a Honda Sports Car. We don't mind him too much because he is pleasant to us at Tac and only occasionally beats our Troop Commander at Squash.

The last mention at Tac HQ goes to the RSO. He is known as the "Phantom Giggler". Nobody ever knows what he is giggling about but everybody smiles just to keep him humoured. He has taken up bird — watching and is becoming a world authority on Greenfinches. We like him a lot because he hasn't beaten our Troop Commander at squash.

If we move down to Echelon we come across Bernie. Well, what can we say. Anything we do say will end up with the Troop Commander having to eat his meals in the Choggie Wallagh's and sleep in a sanger — so we will say it all anyway.

It is reliably reported that Bernie has taken a fancy to rabbits — in fact we have photographs of him holding a couple of does (he's always been a bit of a buck you know). As you all know he has been a bit ill recently but at the hands of the local matron and sister (bless 'em he is making a slow recovery. He does, however require a lot of personal attention.

All we can say about Brian Upson is that we hope Doris you like sports cars and buy all your petrol at BP garages — because Brian is trying to get a stake in both.

"Cry Baby" Cooper, of wrestling fame, disappears each night ostensibly to do his accounts course. We understand he has to do progress tests — and from the look in his eyes each morning they must take a lot out of him.

The SNCOs down at Echelon have a hard time. They have to put up with our SSgt "Taff" Morgan (The Welsh Wizard). CSgt Stent has never looked the same since he had to share a room with him. Sgt Broad keeps saying the RCT sucks things — but we never eat Lollipops. (The CSM is reported to be resigning over our Taff — but Staffs Clarke & Clarkson just ignore him: well done chaps!) From time to time Staff Morgan is exiled to Woodburn where he is known as "Squatter". We don't know if this is because of his looks but we do wonder if it is the reason Sgt Potts sends him into the long grass where on patrol?

Cpl Carruthers who looks after our section in Glassmullan tells us that he always remembers 'B' Coy as an intellectual bunch — but he doesn't understand why they have to trouble him to empty a bookshop just to prove it!

Well that's all were going to give away this time. Any further scandal will be sent as soon as it is known. In the meantime it might be worth remembering that the RCT has never yet lost the 'most accidents in the tour' award — anyway we don't mind the competition.

There was a tremendous response (sic) to our last article and we would like to thank all those anonymous writers for not writing in. (We feel the typesetters have something to answer for).

We have decided to give our mid-tour awards in this issue. So look below and see if you are a lucky winner:

The RCT Awards For:

The Best dressed man of the tour so far CSM Taylor

The best trier of the tour so far Maj Hunter

The diplomat of the tour so far Maj Wilson

Continual Admiration of the female form Maj (nee Lt) Upson.

Boob of the year Anita Page

Car of the year Triumph TR7

Speech of the Tour WO1 (RSM) D. Jamieson

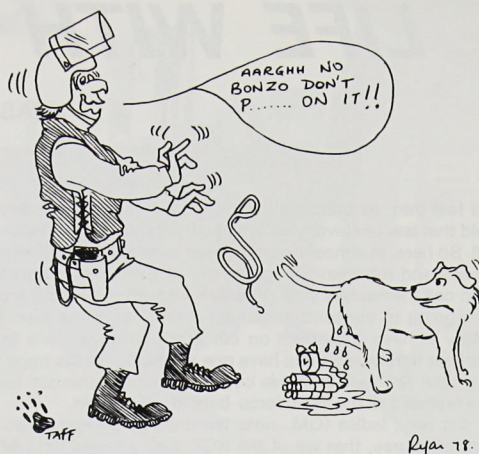
THE WAGTAILS (DOGS) PARTY

The dogs they had a party
They came from near and far
Some dogs came by aeroplanes and some by motor car
They walked into the lobby and signed the Visitors' Book
And each dog hung his a . . . hole upon the nearest hook.

One dog was not invited and this aroused his ire
(He was a Welsh Terrier and you know what they're like)
He rushed into the Meetings Place and loudly shouted "Fire."
The dogs were so excited, they had no time to look
And each dog grabbed an a . . . hole from off the nearest hook.

Now it's a sad story for it is very sore
To wear another's a . . . hole you've never worn before
And that is why when dogs meet on land or sea or foam
Each sniffs the others a . . . hole in case it is his own.

TAFF.



Ryan 78.



I Volunteered to Serve

Bt: Lieutenant P.A.D. Storie-Pugh

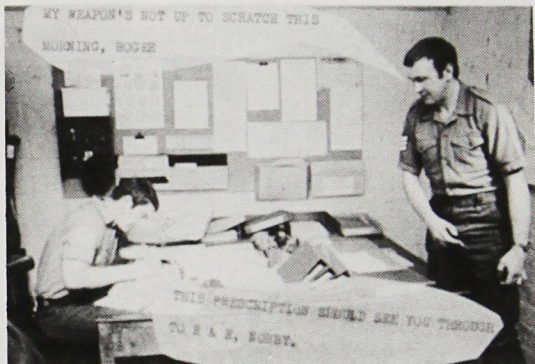
"Men's natures are alike: it is their habits that carry them far apart"

From the Analects of Confucius BC 550—478

After my previous annotation, entitled Bricks and Mortar, I now make no excuse for my predilection to talk on those individuals, be they unionists, yeoman, men of profession, and squires (or even matties— DR. P.) who come together to train as this country's Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve.

I write, not as a serving regular soldier on detachment nor as, perhaps, a latent stockbroker, for nothing I say should bind either of these august bodies, but as an individual who has the privilege to view the Regular and Territorial Armies simultaneously and I trust that I do both justice in the process.

We live in an international age, in which a number of hostile philosophies have declared themselves against our own and so the Army (I refer of course to the regular element) is/ has been



or trains to be involved in a number of types of warfare. I do not however intend to dilate further on this theme but rather to return and in simplistic terms descide the activities of the TAVR in training; this the first of three. Like anything it is seen through the eyes of the beholder.

There exists a free movement of personnel between the Regular and Territorial Armies, in the form of PSIs and those on attachment/detachment, and long may this continue; and whilst the former ostensibly helps the latter, perhaps in a wider sence the reverse may also apply. There is, thank goodness, far less paper being shifted over the week-end or if this is untrue, it doesn't have the opportunity to permeate through to the lower level. Therefore on week-ends a great deal of time is spent in the field or alternative training; and most things in life are relative. One of my more favourite phrases, I stumble across whilst reading the Infantry Platoon in Battle at Warminster, states that all . . . "should be embued with unflinching determination to win.". Well I don't know about that, but certainly the Volunteer is embued with an enthusiasm which his regular counterpart finds hard to comprehend— and it certainly seems to work. However what is good for one is not for another and again it is not possible to bring the two into direct reciprocal relation. I fear that I am drifting away again: so here we go!

"Hey, Sir, how about a platoon week-end", my corporals remark. I explain sympathetically that we are already doing six out of eight week-ends and that the seventh is a Ladies night. "Oh yes we know", they exclaimed," but we were thinking of

Easter week-end next month— 4 days exercise would be excellent. We still have those thunderflashes and blanks from that exercise with the Paras." And so there you have it. A true example of the birth of yet another TAVR exercise.

From the moment of conception until execution everyone at every level in the platoon is as busy as he can be during his spare time; buying kit from the local Millets, 'phoning or writing to members of the platoon who have not heard the 'glad tidings', ensuring their attendance, the platoon Sgt ordering kit, bidding for ammo and areas; and the platoon Cdr., is not in thw words of the mortar platoon, having yet another day off— but rather ringing up other TAVR units persuading them also to give up their Eastertiede, talking to the Old Man and convincing him that a 5' trench and Saladin tracks won't ruin his estate, pleading with the Royal Marines to spare some PE and come along and blow-up a few trees; and finally persuading the local pub to extend their usual hospitality to a band of grimy, tired, swearing but otherwise extremely agreeable Terriers.

There are, naturally enough, inherent problems in week-end training, and one is that if attendance. Indeed there is a certain 'cache', rather than sign of efficiency, if a platoon can field 75 % strength on a week-end; when competing against the FA Cup Final! Amd the key to this is enjoyment; how can anyone go out for 14, 4 or 2 days and learn nothing. It is not possible. And so always the OC's first question to me and the boys is whether they enjoyed themselves. Possibly he dare ask no further of me, details of yet another of my mad schemes. I have already been questioned about invading a Main Line station and stealing their



gates, ferrying a platoon around in private another day off— but rather ringing up other TAVR units persuading them also to give up their Eastertide, talking to the Old Man and convincing him that a 5' trench and Saladin tracks won't ruin his estate, pleading with the Royal Marines to spare some PE and come along and

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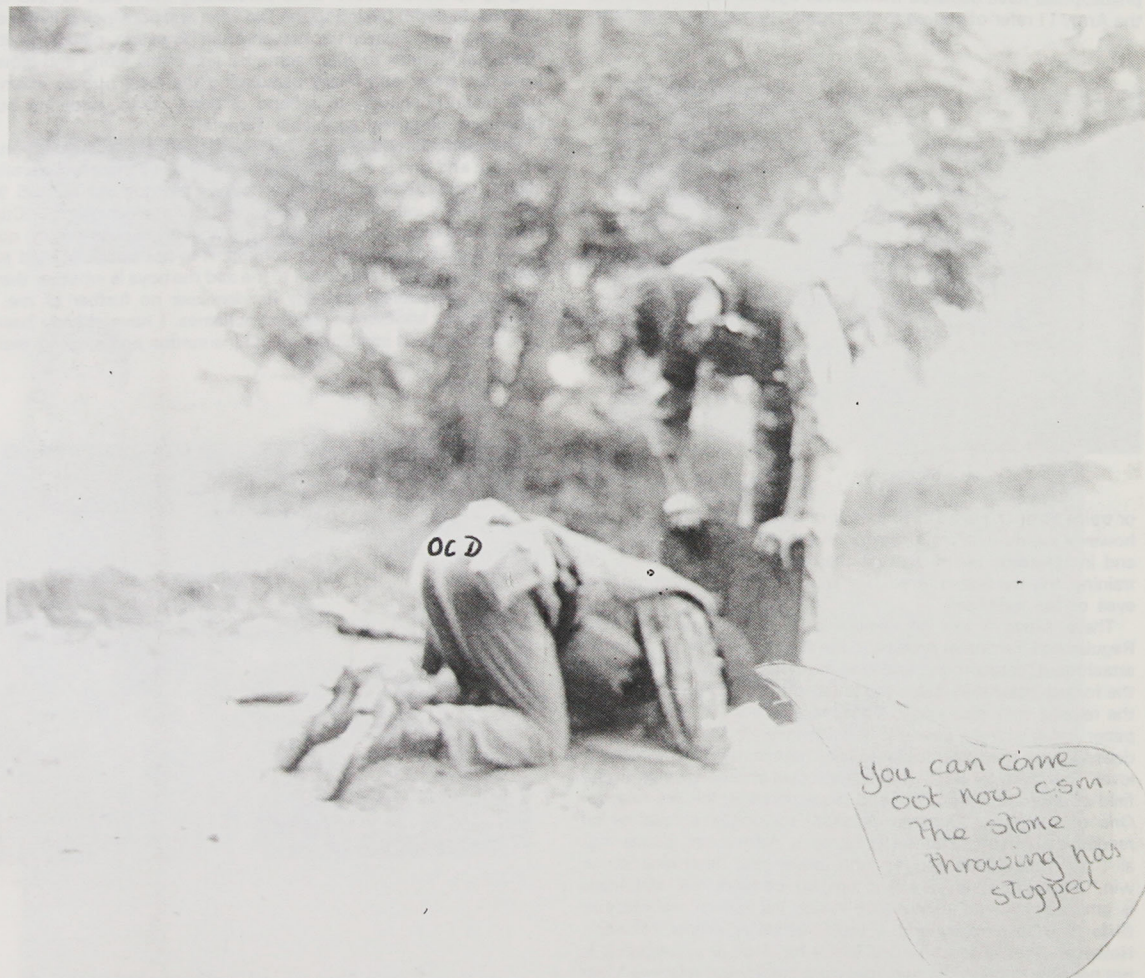
the Americans and in the narrative read, '4' Platoon against the 31st United States Tactical Air Force'.

The training however is always in earnest and if it appears like playing or even somewhat irresponsible, it is because I write as you would discuss, an exercise you have thoroughly enjoyed, for whatever reason; i.e. as a humorist.

I fear I have gone on for two long and will beg leave from the Editor to consider the sequel in a future edition.

I am happily aware of the fine points to be found in both armies and during my brief but most enjoyable stay with the regular part have been most impressed and admire the concern shown to all ranks; and this is an encomium.

I hope in turn that those regular soldiers who, have at present, not had the opportunity to train, or work with the TAVR, will not regard them merely as a band of bucolic militiamen.

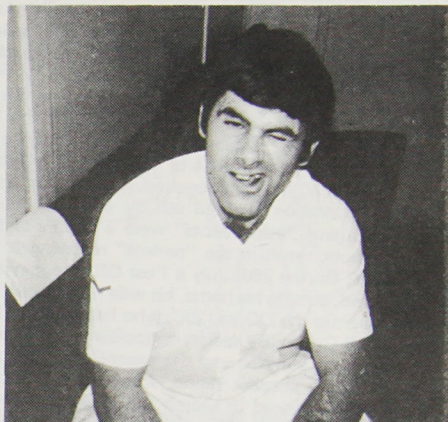


CATERING PLATOON

Braganza No. 2, always a good sign that the tour is almost half way, but the first half, although seemingly sped along, has not gone without its moments. In three days alone in the Echelon kitchen, there was utter chaos that would make the casualty ward look like Mrs. Wilson's Kindergarten—Monday, LCpl. Colin McKay went almost blind, he said it was an infection, but we all know what really makes you go blind!!—so, we tied his hands behind his back for a couple of days and he's okay now. Tuesday—L/Cpl. Steve Gill had his operation to have his bolt removed from his forehead, and although he's now got six stitches in his head he looks lovelier every day with his eyebrows shaved off. Wednesday—Grunt 900 (alias Jonah the Butcher) broken in three places foot, at first it was a suspected broken two toes, but after X-ray they were found to be just very badly bruised, he says the pains not bad provided he gets his daily McKeowns antiseptic!! (both of them). Generally the morale of all the cooks is very high, although occasionally, we do get a complaint, like the other day, some one said there wasn't enough ginger on his melon!—there yer go.

Overheard. L/Cpl. Gill to SQMS.

"Q, I don't think the QM would appreciate that tin of John West Salmon for his lunch."



O'Reilly went to his doctor for advice on improving his sex life. After examining him the doctor recommended that he jog five miles every day for a week and then ring him. A week later the Irishman phoned. 'Has the jogging improved your sex life?' asked the doctor. 'I'm not sure,' said the Irishman 'I'm thirty five miles from home'.

A policeman saw an Irishman sitting on top of an oak tree and asked him what he was doing up there. 'I don't know', said the man, 'I think I must have sat on a acorn'.

A NEW STAR BORN?

A new star may erupt on the screen circuit this year with the news that Chief Clerk Brian Willoughby has been offered the part of the inflatable parrot in the new Peter Sellers film "REVENGE OF THE PINK PANTHER." Is this a case of keeping his nose in!

NOTES FROM DASHING 'D'

Since our last contribution to Braganza, life here has been very quiet. That was until the anniversary of internment on 9th August when we had a fairly busy couple of days over the period of "celebrations". It was only on the 11th, that we were able to really sit back and get some well earned rest.

Apart from the odd incident this tour must rank as the most peaceful to date. Even the tour in 1975 which saw the Provo ceasefire, was more lively. However, in July we found a radio receiver in one of the quieter areas of our patch, and later the same day our first "real" incident occurred. A resident of the Turf Lodge had an "operation" carried out by some of our local residents. The surgical "instruments" were a couple of bullets which will no doubt result in the "patient" receiving a set of plastic knee caps! On the 26th July a Post Office engineer was callously murdered, outside his home, his wife holding him as he died. In the follow up the OC and 2IC, who happened to be out together on the R Group (by design or accident?!) chased after the gunman's escape vehicles and the second and final escape car was treated as a suspect bomb. After the car had been cleared, troops were tasked to search the area for the murder weapon and the Company 2IC used what he thought was common sense, by searching in the stinging nettle "plantation" 10 yards off the road. The results of his labours were a pair of red legs, (luckily the nettles were not taller) and many stings which were made even worse when Pte Waldren of 2 Platoon, trod on the shotgun used in the murder whilst walking in the short grass at the side of the road. All this just goes to prove that the Irish think in strange ways!

Our next incident was on 2nd August when, in the early hours of the morning a large yellow gas cylinder was seen under one of the Motorway bridges. The area was duly cordoned off, with Sgt Juhel taking command of the situation. Halfway through the clearance a local resident arrived, saying someone had stolen his yellow gas cylinder and then at 3 a.m. and at a distance of 200 metres proclaimed that the one under the bridge was his (obviously his yellow gas cylinder recognition is of a high calibre!!). The man was last seen wandering through the back gardens of

Ladybrook with our "bomb" (our hopefull his gas cylinder) clutched to his chest. Anyway it saved Sgt Juhel wasting his valuable time!

A few days after this we were given a hot tip about a pistol which was awaiting collection by some of our less salubrious residents. The offending area was duly watched for 24 hrs but nobody arrived. Then the brave young men of Dashing 'D' Company eventually moved in and the booty was ours. Unfortunately it turned out to be a plastic pistol!! (Well, you win some lose some).

After this we waited for the build up to the 9th August celebrations on the anniversary of internment. Much to our surprise little happened until the early hours of the 9th when a mob attempted to cross the interface and stone the Protestants on the other side of the road. They were immediately repulsed with great gusto by Dashings D's troops who had been prepositioned for this eventuality and a short but sharp exchange took place— plastic bullets versus bottles, bricks and stones. Shortly afterwards a gunman fired about 10 or 11 rounds. However a patrol of the Drums platoon, led by Lt Cooper was close by and the speed of their reaction enabled them to fire 10 rounds at the getaway car. Following this the patrol was surrounded in a house by a hostile crowd and there was a swift follow up by other patrols to reach them. It was a fairly explosive situation but the crowd of about 300 were forced back and Lt. Coopers patrol was able to move to safety. It was necessary to fire a number of plastic bullets and many of the rioting residents of Lenadoon must surly have woken from their slumbers, later on the 9th, with some rather bruised bodies— many in painful and private parts! The result was a highly successful night for the Company, with not one single stone landing on the Protestant side of the interface. At 4 a.m. the usual dustbin-lid-banging and whistle blasts started but by 6 a.m. it was virtually all over. For the rest of the day and also the 10th, the only incidents were sporadic stoning and the odd very small barricade built by the local yobbos. Now all is once again normal, and it looks very much as though the latter half of the tour will be as quiet as the first.



Echelon Signals Det.,
Musgrave Park Hospital
Belfast

August 1978

Dear Fellow Pronto's,

where ever you may be, I hope this letter finds you all well, happy and not working to hard, although I know you are under great pressure from our Molar (J S) but I am sure if we all paint together we can brush this problem aside.

Here at Echelon every one is Gay (it must be because we live so close to the Nurses Home) our Bernie is trying to put on weight by drinking three pints of milk a day and he has double rations with it. He had the fright of his life the other day, Willy Williams, (thats the welder) mistook him for a length of welding wire and started to apply the heat, of course Bernie did not like this as it woke him up . . .

At the moment Spick is giving J. S. (Thumper) a good run for his money, but I think he is going to come unstuck soon if he don't keep his Bino's on his nose, as he cant see nothing without them and you know how sneaky Thumper can be . . . especially if he has a paint brush in his hand . . .

MM is getting married (again), the latest one just came third in Miss World Competition, no, sorry that was the one before. This one has just won the Pools and he wont let on how much it is. He must know that we are all skint as usual . . .

Plod (the Police man) is enjoying him self, he particularly enjoys the guards. He says it reminds him of pounding the beat in the country side of Kent, but with his plates of meat (size elevens) he can do it all day long. Out of the generosity of my heart I even offered up my guards but he declined, he is still the only one who greets people at the gate with ello, ello ello, whats going on here then.

I myself (your humble narrator) am recovering, but I still have the occasional night mare— its the same old one, there I am

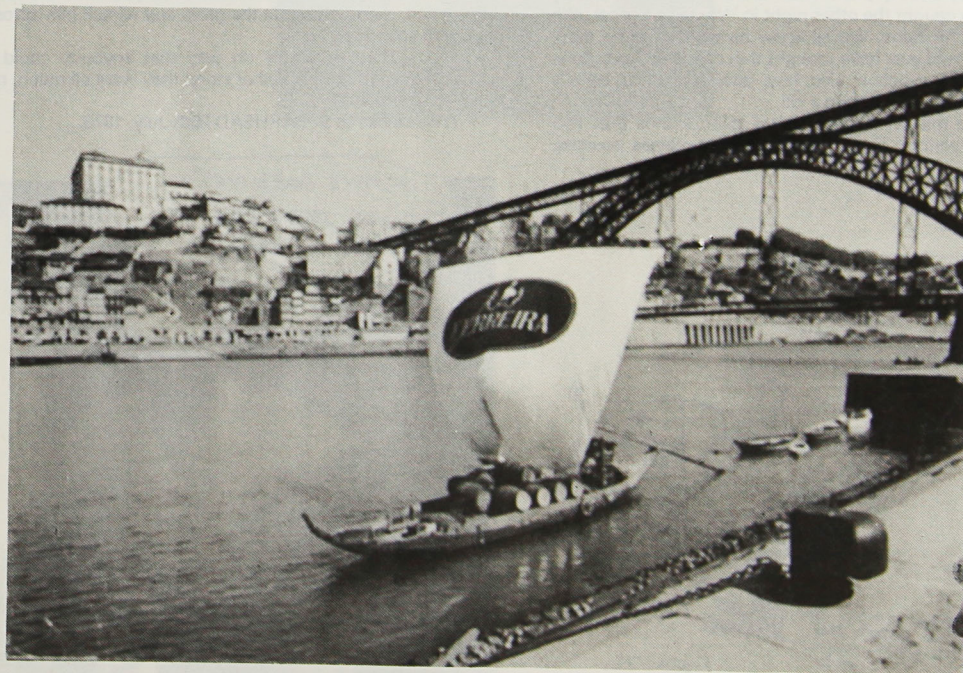


walking through Croydon high street when I come across those "wallaby sharks", that stand six feet tall and have blond hair and keep saying "ah come off it".

Well I must close now as the light is fading. I hope to see you all again, soon (except you Wallaby Shark).

Lots of Love
your Faithful
Sour Kraut

P.S. I write this in hiding as Thumper is on the prowl with a can of paint (green) and the brushes that go with it, don't say that I did not warn you . . .



The town of Braganza in Portugal



PAPER TIGERS

The reason Dashing D Company is the only company not to have located mountains of subversive literature is that we do not believe in paperwork.

WELL-HUNG-WEN

MORE MEDIEVAL DINOSAURS

N.B. If you still think these notes are about dinosaurs then you are a bigger twit than I thought.

The panic rapidly took grip as I realised that if the Braganza notes weren't done by tomorrow, I would drop my fourth bollock this week (Boy! What a cluster!). So, shakingly, I climbed onto the chair, reached out and took the English-Australian, Australian-English dictionary down off my desk. Thus equipped, I began.

Well, here we are, halfway through the tour, (God, this damn war is hell. These terrorists are such . . . bastards +). Despite the hardships, the morale is high. One of the funniest sights so far was watching 'Masher' Moyle stagger under the weight of Sgt. Dunning's macralon sheets—the ones for his bed I mean.

The resolution of the troops is really wonderful. Flynn, for instance, continues to live in hope—he is now into the second year of a four-day beauty plan. Then there is poor old Chalky White 84. He was caught the other night in Wagtail's kennel with a pair of pliers in his hand. We all knew he wanted some more teeth, but who would ever have thought that he would have gone to such lengths!?!? Such a nice boy, too. His smile always reminds me of a nun rolling down a hill.

It is with some misgivings that I have to announce that two members of the platoon have started their pre-release courses.

Townshend is becoming a mobile butcher. This is an interesting occupation in which one tends to get through a lot of Land Rovers (and Cows). Come to think of it, 4 Platoon tend to get through a lot of Land Rovers anyway, as Cpl. Barton can testify.

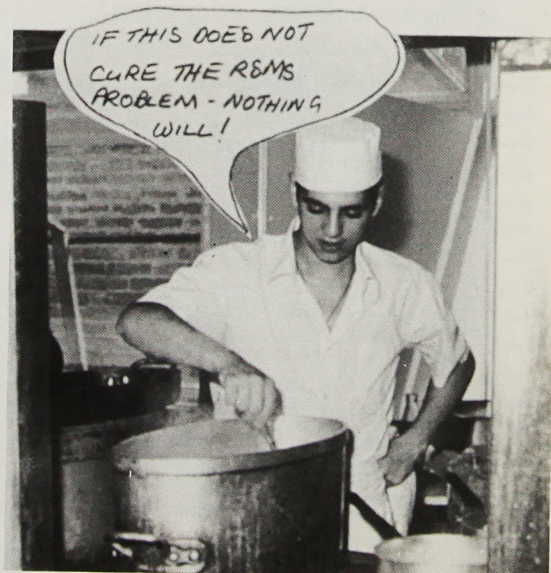
Thomas really is a mean man—he even shot a chair the other day. When asked why he just grunted and said it was Irish. Rock Hard!!!!

Now a real success story. After five weeks hard work, the search team now has L/Cpl. Taylor's moustache on visual. WELL DONE TINKER.

A last word for L/Cpl. Ballard. A kick in the groin and a rifle butt across the neck is not the correct way to P Check. It may be effective but it simply is not the way ahead. In future think first, smile, say hello, comment on the weather and then politely enquire as to the person's name and address. You will invariably find this is a very efficient method. Once you have the required information, then kick him in the groin and whack him across the neck with your SLR.

. There is simply no way that anybody could have spotted a single dinosaur in that story; they were all much, much, much to well hidden.

+ With thanks to SPEARHEAD 25th July, 1978.

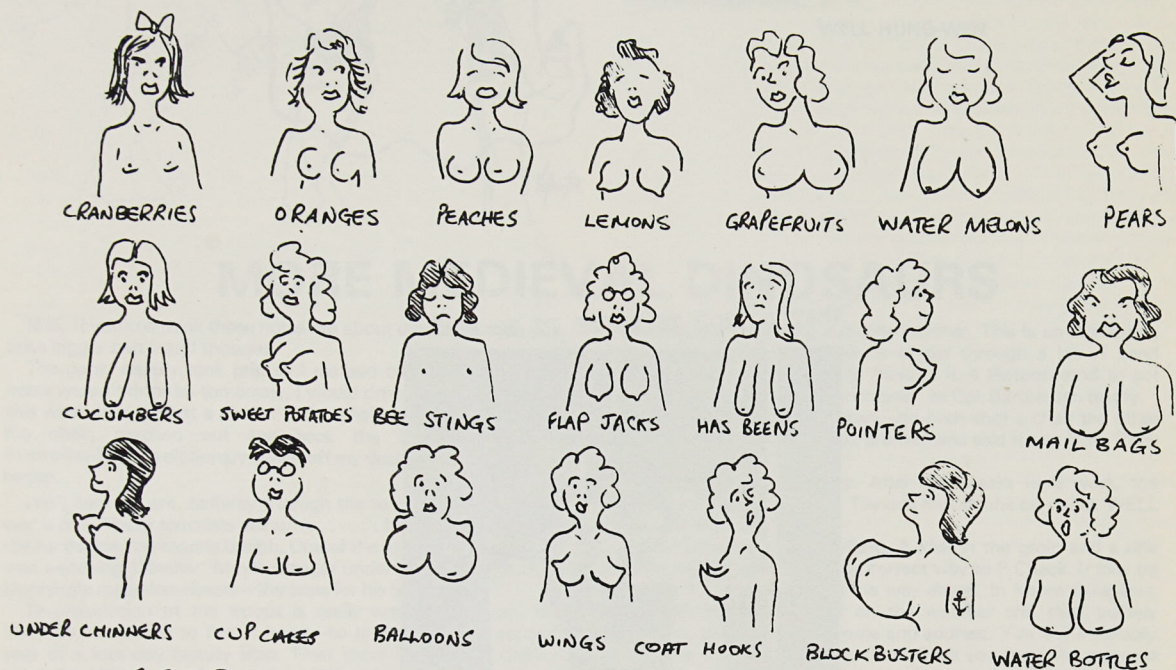


WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT SO FAR?



BERNIE'S BRAGANZA BAZAAR

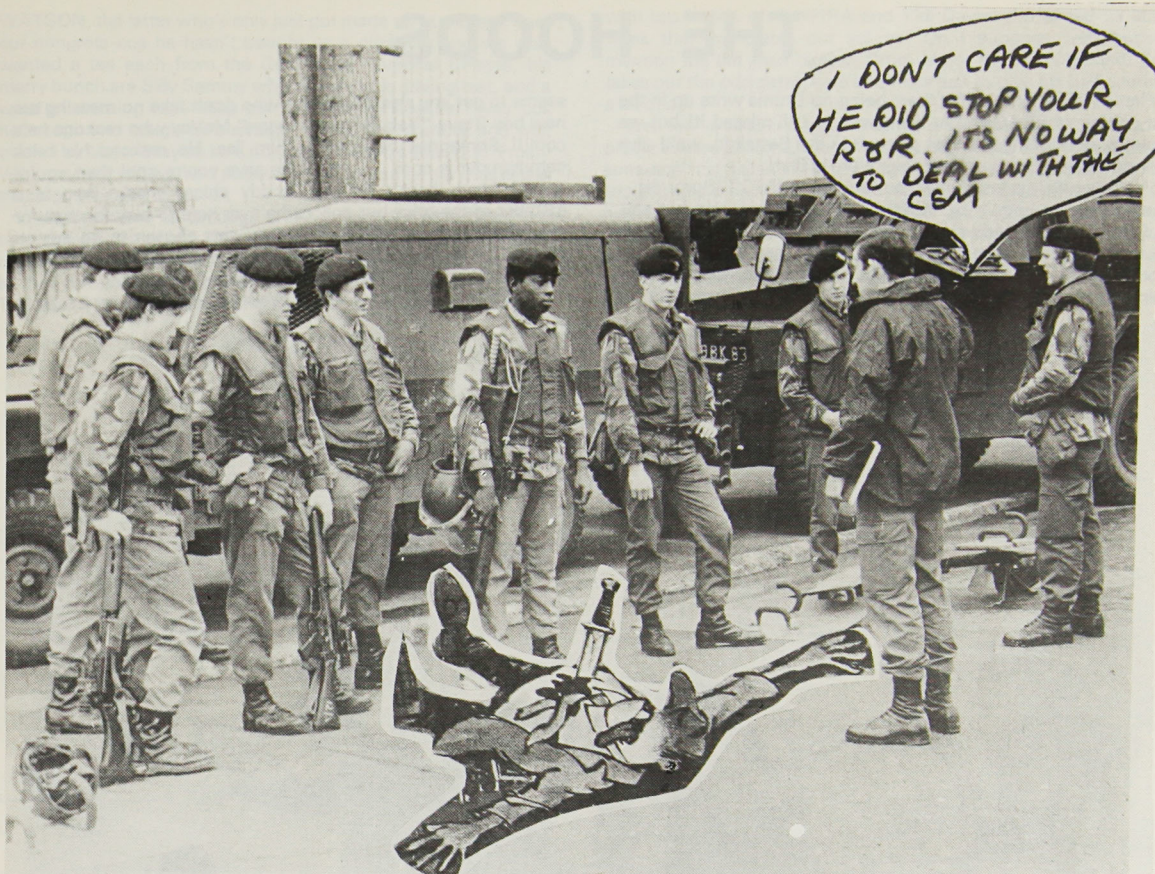
For those of you in doubt as to what will be an attractive, functional and vital present for those in need the following chart for Bernie's Male Order Female Form Braganza Bra Sale is produced. All you have to do is fill in the attached order form and forward it with money orders made out to O'Gorman Privately Run Industries Ltd.



THE FAMOUS UPLIFT BRA ORDER CHART
ORDER NOW FROM
THE NORMA STITS BRA CO.



FIRST THE BAD NEWS: TODAY I GOT FIRED.
NOW THE GOOD NEWS: TOMORROW I DON'T
HAVE TO GET UP EARLY TO GO TO WORK!



BLACK HAND GANG

Now July has passed, you can hear the murmurs at Echelon saying roll on October. It makes no difference to Jim 'Rab-beets' Parker or Nick 'Tiddles' Carter who just carry on being silly. The MTO and Mick Broad are always looking forward to the echelon PT mornings and are often heard to say to one another. I wish we could get extra PT, as the troops are always there to help, by giving a straight 'bubble.'

Meanwhile work must proceed with 'Fingers' D'SA tapping away on his typewriter, singing "Why am I so cool" and Yorky Talky Ridsdale is quite happy to get covered in grease and oil and says "Some grease and oil a day keeps MoTo away!" Back in the lines Adolf Hitler Holloway lurks behind doors, waiting for an unwary Black Hand member to sit down and relax (hard earned Rest) and then strikes with such terrible language such as 'broom,' 'mop' 'Area Cleaning' 'Paint Your Wagon,' and is met with a barrage from Sid (Hoss) Martin, Black Beard Sekeheran and Skippy Dique (alias BANDITO), with words like 'See you on a dark night fred' or 'I'll get my hands dirty! Exit one red faced Adolf. But we all know that the MT DO WORK hard in one or two cases. One of these days we will explain to James Hunt Chalis why his accelerator does not go no further than the floor board.

Group Captain 'Biggles' Grey is still busy writing 4 to 7 letters a day. He is still trying to find a pen that lasts forever (any offers?), he is now on his second pen. It is hardly surprising that more of his mail has gone through the Post then the whole MT put together.

We mustn't forget to mention the quiet members of the gang; Petal Rose, who saves all his chuntering, till he can't hold it down, then look out, as he is quite happy to let you know his history of B + 8££ \$£+ (Telling off) he has had. Wally Wall is

another one, but only because he spends most of his time on his bed. He has even got a spare mattress (Cpl. FERRY take note) in his landrover for any quick stops he makes.

We cannot forget (He doesn't let us forget) Dip Stick Eddie Allum, who has just returned from R & R, still smiling, saying to his MT Sgt. 'Jesus Loves You Baby.'

KEEP ON TRUCKING.



THE HOODS

Firstly we'll apologise for there being no Drums write up in the last edition of BRAGANZA. We know you all missed it! but we thought, well, being the best platoon in the Battalion, we'd give everyone else a chance to get their word in first!

Well everything's just "wow" so far with "BIFFO" (Sorry Sir . . . he'd rather be known as "KING HOOD" not very apt, but still, and we hear his friends call him AC/DC!!!) who's in the process of setting up his own little Int Cell, which can't turn out any worse than the one we've got! (Cpl Waller wrote this) with the help of the notorious duo, "Big T" Dickenson, you know that big

seems to get any sleep! His boys who don't take no messing are new boy Steve "Yah nah wot I mean" McVey who reckons he's cool!!! Someones been telling him lies. He reskons his brick commamder is cool . . . and if he says you're cool then you're cool!!! Then there's his pal+buddy chico jansco, who is a member of the brick but only came over here to play football for the Battalion team, and occasionally gets chosen to go out on patrols. Lastly there's Bambi Phillips and everyone knows Bambil You'll find him down the cookhouse nicking bananas.

We come to Cpl Waller Waller Waller Waller whos very easy to



REME bloke, and "Sniffer Bill" O'Toole, thats when Big T's out of his bed that is and Sniffer Bills nose is off the ground.

Alls well in the NCO' Room, they're foreever at each others necks and biting one anothers head off. (They just don't feed us here!) One especially, Baron Hoffman you know the bloke I mean, the short little stumpy one with the big mouth! His crew include Bez Berry whos the driver! . . . Yes they've actually given him a Land Rover, he hasn't had to go and nick one this oime! Stoney Stone who keeps himself to himself . . . thank God and Socks/bbc Hansen who challenges anyone to an argument. More details later. Nuff said about them I think.

Then there's Cpl Goodwin who for some reason is known to most a "Track Suit Jack" who if he's wanted will be found either on the trampoline, in the gym or running round the camp, but is hard to catch, he can't be stopped not even by RATTRAPl He won't be found on his bed he's never there, poor bloke never

locate he walks round with a pillow attached to his head and is usually sitting on his bed getting his chuntering off to a fine art so that locker doors fall off at the sight of him. His mob will be found in their room trembling except for Cas "Flat Nose" Forde or Rhino to his mates, who's training for boxing and is scared of no one not even Wally Waller, there's also Dolly Barden who has still yet to beat Socks at an argument. Anyone who'd like to challenge him and reckons they'll win, contact Dmr Hasen, Bldg 8 first room on right Woodbourne Camp ASP . . . Please!

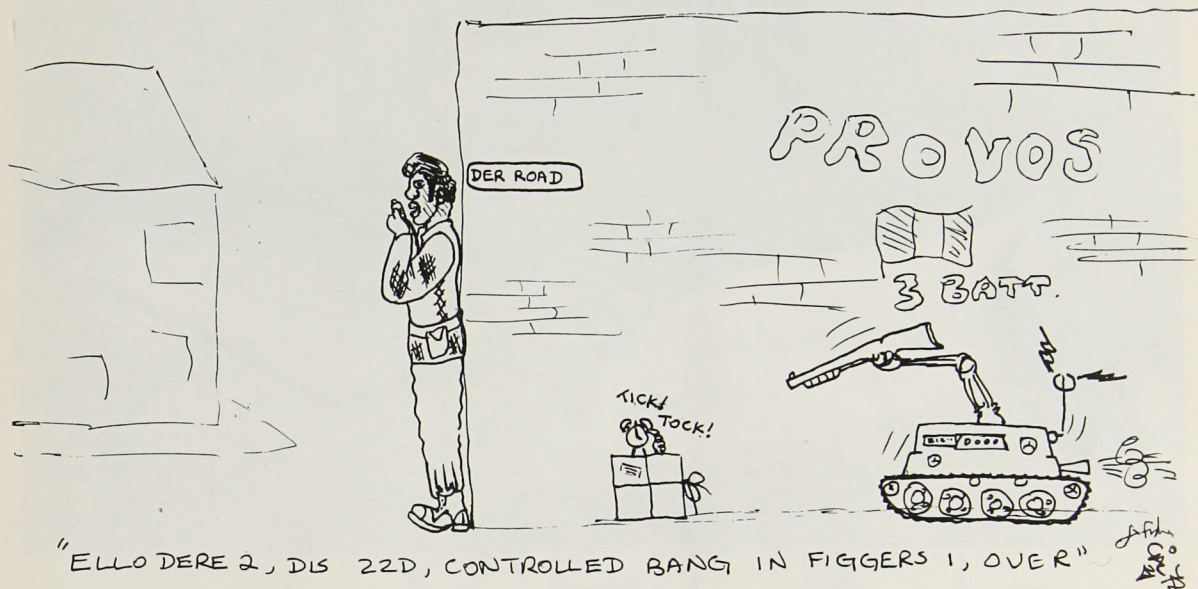
If you look in the Gollyshop you'll find Slug Macdonald Sorry Andrew Macdonald with a pile of burgers+clacky. To any Coffeepots who prefer the old sentimental romantic bloke go out on patrol with 41B and you will have sweet nothings sung to you in the back of a Rover amid the romantic settings of the Lenadoon by Flat Nose Rhino. At last we come to the search teams Cpl Smudge Smith and LCpl PHILLIP CHARLES

WATSON, the latter who's only just got made up but doesn't get our congrats cos he hasn't bought us a drink yet and we only wanted a tea each from the Golly shop. Typocal Charles, his merry bunch are Silly Sammy who's passee his driving test, and a word of warning here keep out of "Bulldog Deakins" way cos hes rough and tough he's straight out of the Warlord and was trained by Major Easy so he's not to be messed about O.K. Frosty Wilson who's still worried about his weight and at the moment is training his scales to tell lies.

Lastly we come to Smudge and his gang Smudge being the boss of the search team, Smudge has lost a hell of a lot of weight or so Frosty's scales keep telling him but it does notice maybe its all that volleyball he plays with Coffeepot. With him there's Para Thomas, Shaun Waters arranging Knee cappings and hesdjobs

with top hoods of the PIRA and Yidi Davis who joined us last week that completes our set up. Oh I suppose wed better mention the old man himself Drum Major C/S G (Grandad) he takes out the odd patrol here and there just to give his bed scores a bit of air.

Well we've had our few incidents, a shooting in N/Lenadoon plenty of area searches, Wally found a dead body up in the quarry someone had fallen over the edge, Sniffer Bill and Jack Flash found bomb making kit there's been no stopping Sniffer Bill, 41L just missed a kneecapping in Kerrykeel Gdns all they heard were the screams. At the moment its still pretty boring which explains why everyone is looking forward to the 9th. We know ACis he wants some action I think he's beenhaving words with Bulldog.



MORTAR PLATOON

Well, folks its Braganza "notes" time again and I think its my turn, Cpl. "Tab" TABAS, to do the honours. Well by the time you read these we'll be over the halfway stage, and people are coming and going from R and R like yoyos. Lt. Storie-Pugh our temporary Platoon Commander is still trying to "Suss" out how to wear his new patrol boots, and there are rumours that he's saving them for Soltau when we get back to Germany. Sgt. "Stevey" Howick still holds the record for the biggest collection of INTERLECTUAL books in the platoon. Cpls. "POLLY" Perkins and "DUTCH" Holland and myself are still going strong; "DUTCH" now knows how a baton gun works after having some recent live practice; "POLLY" is looking forward to going to Ballykinlar for a month, teaching new boys how to patrol "Ha." As for me and L/Cpl. "SCOTTIE" Scott we are called "Seekers" but so far we haven't "Seeked out anything worthwhile Yet? L/Cpl. "TIGER" Booker and "THOMO" Thompson are still on their "no smoking" kick along with Pte. "RALPH" Murray who's running out of fingernails, Ptes. "DEAN" West, "BETSY" Bettsworth and "CHRIS" Salt have cracked and are now puffing away merrily again. Pte. "HARRY" Harris is still trying to find his memory which he assures us he lost while watching T.V. the other night. Congratulations to Pte. "SMILER" Garner on finally passing his driving test, also to Pte. "MONTY" Mortimer who is in love with somebody called "Great Ape." Pte. "BROWNIE" Brown is now the ungrateful possessor of two stitches which he received of, an unfriendly local with a stone. "ROSS," Rozario

and Dave Ware now back with us after their holiday with the ATO brick. Pte. "SCROOGE" Bowen is still smoking which is pretty good seeing as he's never bought any since he's been out here. Pte. "BIAFRA" Rye now holds the Platoon record for most hits with his baton gun, and "MASHER" Powell is upset about losing £50? Well from all of us in the Mortar Platoon until the next issue keep smiling, not long to do now until we're back in Germany.

STOP PRESS: Pte. "FAGIN" Farquharson is still Chuntering so things must be Okay Ha."



ANTI-TANKS

By the time you read these notes, the platoon will be past the halfway mark, also with R & R well on the way, a good number of the platoon have already sampled the delights of R & R, its also a good sign that the tour is passing seeing the blokes go and come back. We are well into the system now, and as well as operations most of the NCOs are studying for their EPC Exams i.e., Cpl. Legs Coley, and Cpl. Mac Mclvor, in between tasks and sleeping they can all be found studying hard in their rooms, the platoon Sgt. keeps away when their studying as they all seem to pounce, thinking that he will have the right answer.

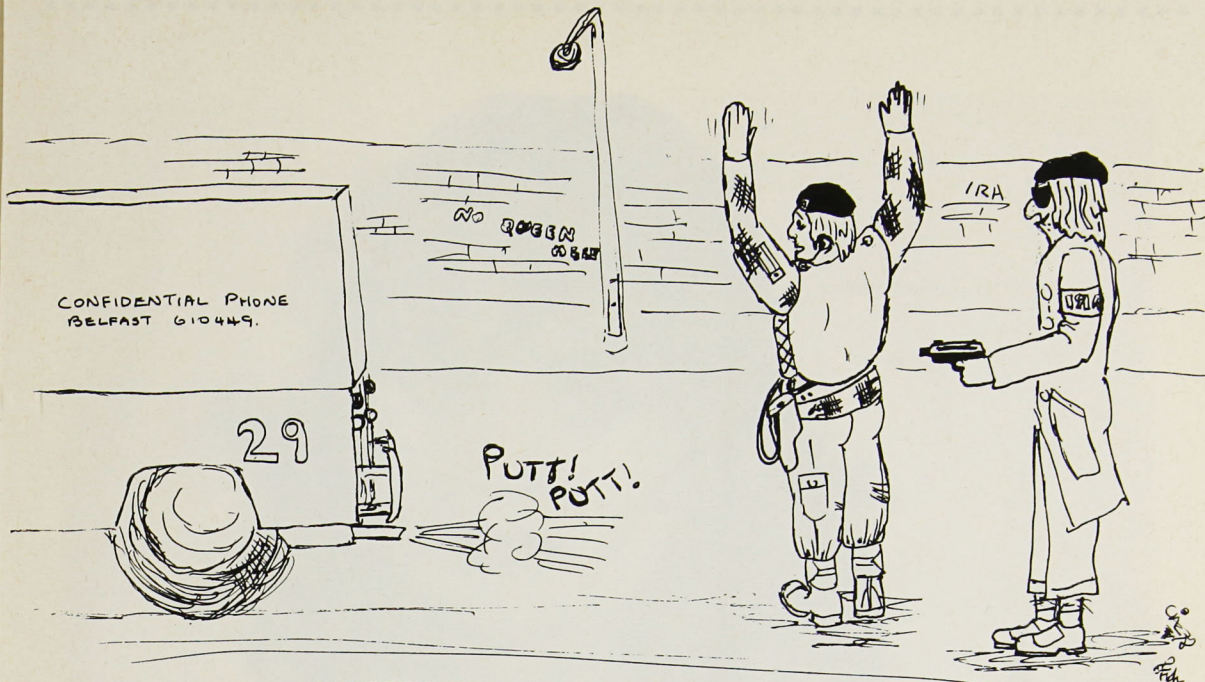
The platoon welcomes Pte. Tunstall from the Depot, he has now completed his N.I. Training and is settling down well to the way of life out here. Pte. Colin Sparks is still avoiding dustbins after falling over so many, while walking backwards on patrol, the platoon are thinking of calling him Smelly.

Mac Mclvor's search team are working well, still Rummaging around Gardens etc., but at the moment they are still looking for a good find. We hope Noshor Norris enjoys his stay attached to ATO, and that its not too long before he is back with the Pl. One of our duties here is guarding Cloona House, the G.O.C.'s Residence, which has a swimming pool; the platoon commander can be found on change-over days trying to bribe Sgt. Stone to stay behind so that he can sample the pool again. We would also like to mention the Marines who have come over from England to help us out over the 9th August, the platoon phrase is now "So you wanna be a marine," Pte Price poor boy worships the ground they walk on.

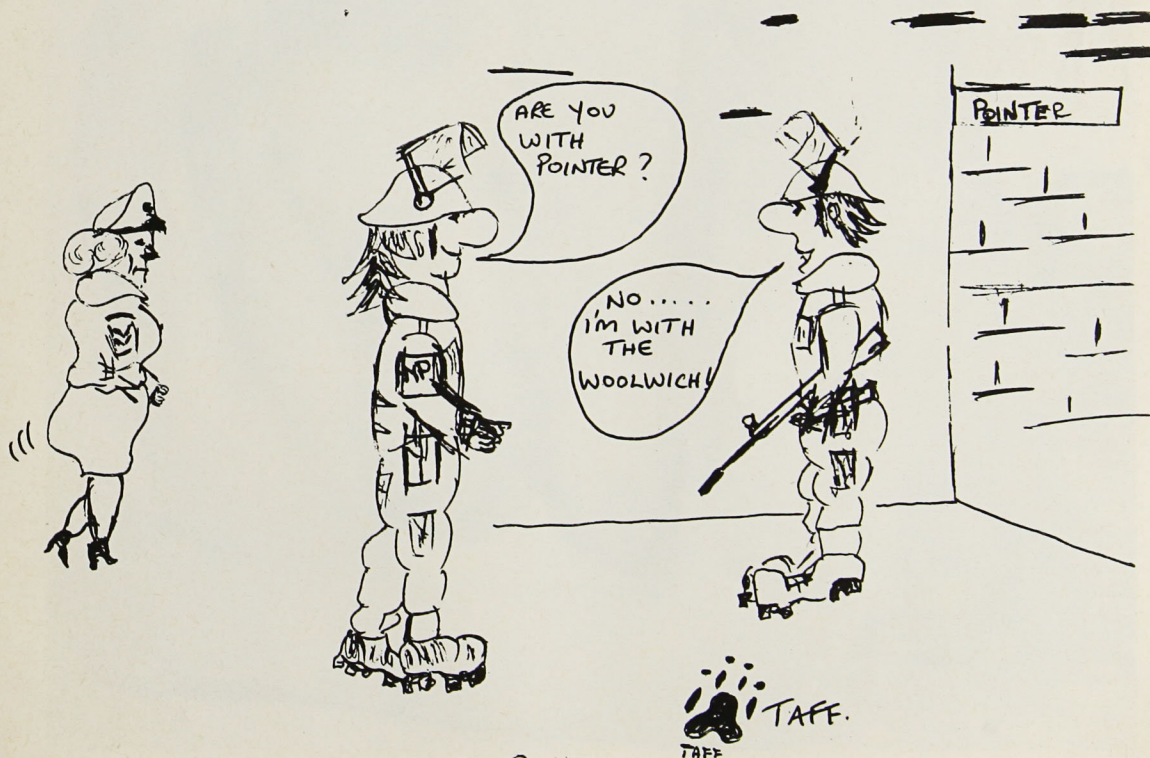
The last Braganza we didn't submit any photos so we've taken the opportunity this time, as all we keep seeing is the "Rummage Group" sorry the Coy R Group.

We couldn't mention everyone in the platoon as this would go on forever, but we can assure you we are all well and happy. To finish off viva a caption for the photo—but no doubt some of you could put your own ones to the one of the Platoon Commander — Doing what comes Naturally.





I KNOW YOU CHAPS HIJACK VEHICLES, BUT REALLY, THERE IS A LIMIT!



ARE YOU WITH POINTER

NO I'M WITH THE WOOLWICH



