

LT HAMES



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

CHRISTMAS EDITION

December 1980

Belize - The heart of the Caribbean Basin



FROM: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL D J C. DICKINS, MBE



Commanding Officer
1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment
Battle Group
Belize

We are now almost halfway through our tour and, if not experts, we are at least competent on operations in the tropical jungles of BELIZE. It has taken 3 months to reach this stage after a lot of hard work both before the tour and in the early stages leading up to the two Battle Group exercises.

I congratulate you all, Queensmen, Ghurkhas, Chestnuts, Armoured Recce and Engineers alike on what you have achieved so far. Now we have become experts, run rings round the Royal Marines coming out as enemy for Exercise Montezuma's Revenge, and do the same for any hostile crossings of the Belize border. I am confident that we can do all this, and enjoy ourselves as well.

Thank you to our wives and girlfriends left in UK who carry on uncomplainingly amidst the snows of an English Winter whilst we bask in the tropical sun (you should try our rain and our sandflies!). As always, we are looking forward to coming home and are still pigheaded enough to think you are going to be pleased to see us.

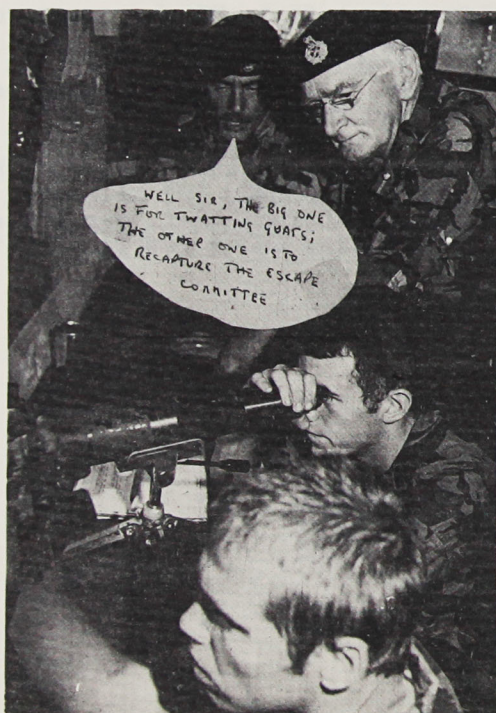
Meanwhile, to all members of the 1 QUEENS Battle Groups, be they married or single, Royal Hussars, RHA, RE, 1 QUEENS, 1/2 Ghurkhas, REME, RAOC, RAPC or ACC, and to their wives and children, their parents and their girlfriends I wish a very Happy Christmas and a New Year that will see us 'back to normal'.

From the editor's note book

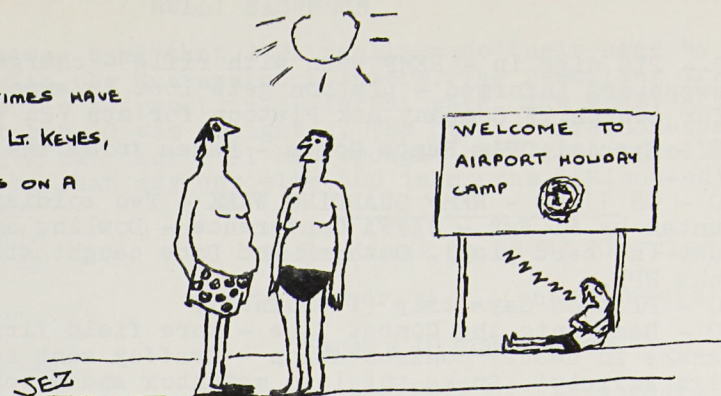
The mad scramble has finally come to fruition. Here is the Christmas 1980 Belizean Braganza in print at last. Because of the amount of material provided, many aspiring authors will be disappointed that their literary masterpieces are not in print. To them, our apologies; but do not stop writing. We have, of necessity, rejected a number of photographs as they would have lost their impact in the transference from colour to black and white.

The prize for the best poem goes to L/Cpl Brown of Holland Coy, WOII Ryan once again gets the prize for the best cartoon and the literary award goes to Cpl Archer for the excellent crossword.

Each of the prizewinners will receive their bottle of Moët and Chandon Champagne on Christmas Day from the Commanding Officer. The editorial staff by the way absolve themselves from any opinion stated or implied in any article - even those written by themselves.



"HOW MANY TIMES HAVE
I TOLD YOU LT. KEYES,
IT'S COMBAT ON A
MONDAY"



From Combat Country....

Tangier Company

Tangier Company's first two months in Belize has already proved to be highly eventful. The task of relating incidents to date has not been given to Coy HQ, better known as R.E.M.F's (Rear Echelon Mother F---s), but has been taken on by the J.A.F.F.A's (Jungle A-----e Freedom Fighters Association).

The story so far.....

1 Pl notes by Boss Cat

The grim unrelenting, nasty, action packed, often dangerous, dirty, smelly, grotty, REMF hating, compo filled, snake invested, mosquito bitten, story so far.....

- 10 10 80 - Beamed down from VC 10 - REMF's stayed onboard having their eight-meal of the day - close call with a female Gibbon who thought the PC was her husband - attack beaten off - dugin in the river.
- 11 10 80 - Sgt (Kawalski) MacCormack caught a leopard and our medic gave it some Valderma for its spots - leopard protested so we let it go. Returned to our trenches in the river. Night fell = Hunt fell (out of his bed).
- 13 10 80 -OC arrived from Iguana - we ran away - OC eaten by lage butterfly - buried butterfly net and can of OFF. Contact 1600 hrs - radio operator receives large electric shock. Natives arrived. Lecture on man traps. Natives buried.
- 14 10 80 - Cpl Coffey beat off a surprise attack with three bottles of insect repellant (Decorated). Cpl Woodward falls in latrine - sunk without trace
- 15 10 80 - Pick up day - LCPL Loosley picked up by native girl - comes back blind. Puma arrives - Freeman changes hands - underslung load - troops quite uncomfortable.
- 20 10 80 - GUARD THE REMF's WEEK.
- 21 10 80 - REMF shot trying to escape - platoon tunnel collapses.
- 22 10 80 - 24 10 80 - Platoon Cays trip (Cancelled).
- 27 10 80 - Muck and bullets day - tons of muck and one bullet.
- 28 10 80 - Burgess fires Claymore - LS destroyed lit fire in camp - camp destroyed - nightfall - rainfall.
- 29 10 80 - Rumour of Cays trip on HF net - Hare gets sap in eyes - Eyes taken out and boiled.

31 10 80 - 2IC digs in - REMF seen with rifle - charged with inciting a riot. Newspapers informed - platoon gets lost in ammo compound - Puma tasked for search. F Company ask Platoon for men (24 volunteers).

01 11 80 - Special OP's Punta Gorda - Hames forms the long range pier group.

02 11 80 - 08 11 80 - REMF GUARDING WEEK - Two soldiers charged for having a suntan by Pl Sgt - JAFFA Conference - Dowling and Burgess get a full house (no card play). Gothard and Dade caught stowing away on RPL-Dade sinks RPL.

09 11 80 - Platoon Cays trip (it rained).

11 11 80 - Back into the Combat Zone - more field firing - Pl Commander shoots snake in deadly confrontation - Craffey sent to Netley suffering from 'High Anxiety'. Snake put into matchbox and given to doctor. LCPL Loosley shoots a tree - lecture on Lion taming.

17 11 80 - BGS search for the Holy Grail - Holy Grail found by 1 Platoon- 2 and 3 Platoon disbanded - Platoon move to DUMP (nasty snake infested Stimms bar).

20 11 80 - Platoon Cays trip (still at dump).

21 11 80 - Pl called in to save Company in Punta Gorda - Pl saves Company from a real pounding - letters of congratulation pour in.

Nulli Secundus

The arrival of 2 Pl on the patrolling scene in Belize was slightly delayed by two weeks training and duties but raring to go (if only to get out of camp). With every other man cutting his finger sharpening his machete and Dowsey and Fowles vying to win the prize for the largest Tarantula. This was no bad thing. In fact, the wildlife so abounded in 2 Pl Attap, with Karen the pet Tarantula, scorpions, snakes etc that the whole zoo was disbanded on the CO's orders; as a hazard to health.

However the day at last dawned when the first patrol left for the picturesque village of Crique Sarco to find - mud!! In fact mud, rain, insects, mud, more rain and more mud. The local guide didn't know the area - the Pl Commander showed us how to do a river crossing and sank the boat he was using - and of course we discovered that the map bore no resemblance to the ground (or was it the other way around?).

Armed with this knowledge, our next foray to a place called Union Camp could not be worse (or could it?). The mud was still there and the rain was still there and the insects. So what was missing? The Pl Commander! In fact he decided to walk to Salamanca muttering something about 49.00 megahertz under his breath. He finally arrived back three days later to find all the work completed and no need for him to be there at all. He claimed he wasn't really lost just "temporarily misplaced" but you know the saying "Give an officer a map ---". However it was in aid of a good cause, and although some wag named it "the phantom patrol", we know different.



"No big ting man"

It was on the river bank that 2 Pl really made their name by opening a trade stand with the Guatemalan soldiers. The resulting trade caused different people to react in different ways. The RQMS, and a REMF went spare but the IO was delighted. The others were non-committed. However the truth was that 2 Pl had brought back more intelligence, gathered in one week, than any one else had in months. (Miaou-ed).

So the story (so far) comes to an end. In the next thrilling instalment:-

Cpl Hall "The parang Kid" tells you how to chop down trees the right way. Will Cpl Jennings take his EPC? The fate of Karen the pet Tarantula. And why the RQMS won't issue Mr. Bourne with a Rifle Cleaning Kit.



Reflections on BG(N) Exercise

by Pte Warner, 3 Pl (enemy Forces).

"I was a 10 man section"

A day in the life of Pte Warner

The sun was up and me, myself, and I with some others, were advancing down the dusty track which is commonly called a road. Shell holes were all along the road.

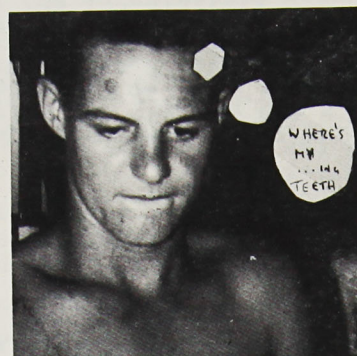
The sweat was pouring off me and you could have just rung out my sweat rag and had an instant swimming pool. The lightweight DPM combats we had on just looked as if they were one colour where the sweat, dust, and mud had all mixed. The dust had run in rivulets into our eyes, nose, mouths and ears, our heads were pounding, our eyes were misting over, but we were highly trained infantry and we could all "hack it".

It was approximately 1000hrs on a Thursday morning when they, or was it him, came into view. Difficult to tell how many because of the heat shimmering off the rain-soaked roads. The one man section was advancing down the road, heading away from a newly acquired village which lay behind them; the debris of war littering the streets, empty cartridges, burnt out smoke grenades and Coke bottles. The objective we were heading for was a hill, not that large; but a hill with a section dug in on it. It was my job to take it. Suddenly...the Platoon Commander stopped: To catch a butterfly! We stopped for a brief halt. I walked up to the Platoon Sgt and stamped my tab in. "Sarn't My 84mm anti tank gunner is feelin' the effects of the Sun." With this my platoon Sgt said "Ow Killer! I told you not to bring your gun or your Gunner so tell him to get back into the Rear Echelon vehicles." I turned around feeling sick in the pit of my stomach, a bit of me was going. We had been through a lot together, only 9/10th of me left.

We got briefed and my section minus my 84mm Gunner set off. The hill started to loom up close in our sights and then - 'TAKE COVER'. Quickly followed by a crack and thump as shells started falling out of the sky like raindrops. It was rain. We started advancing like a typical Banana Republic Army when suddenly something clicked inside of me. Only 8/10th of me

left now to take the hill. We broke into a sprint firing from the hip. Click - empty mag, 7/10th of me left. We less than a 100m from the Colonial British when the order came to 'run away'. I told you we were a Banana Republic Army. We reached the safety of a Stimms' bar and had a cool refreshing drink of Coke.

We reached our rear Echelon and my section was down to 4/10th (it's an awful harrowing experience with 6/10th of yourself missing). We reported in, my 84mm Gunner had fallen off the four tonner, my radio op had refused to soldier and my two buckshee riflemen had shot each other in a quarrel with a compo bar of chocolate. There was only me left. I got fitted up with a new section only to be wiped out the next day. I was the only survivor to be interned in a place called RIDEAU later to be known as RIDITZ.C.C.C.



Mad Dogs and Infantry men

Mad dogs and Infantry-men
Run in the morning sun
Force troops don't care to
The Crabs wouldn't dare to

In APC the heat of dawn
Just makes the natives yawn
They put their fans down
And lie down

In Punta Gorda
Where the jungle's hardest
The Grunts just run and grunt
In Cayo area
Where the breeze is airier
They run to the beat of the drums
In these jungle towns
When the sun beats down
The running garb
Of the Infantry Sahib
Merely gets a bit more creased
But from all around
As the snores resound
Mad Dogs and Infantry-men
Still run in the morning sun.

With apologies
to Noel Coward



"Rentagrunt" Limited

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QUARTERLY TRADING REPORT (An Abbreviated Account)

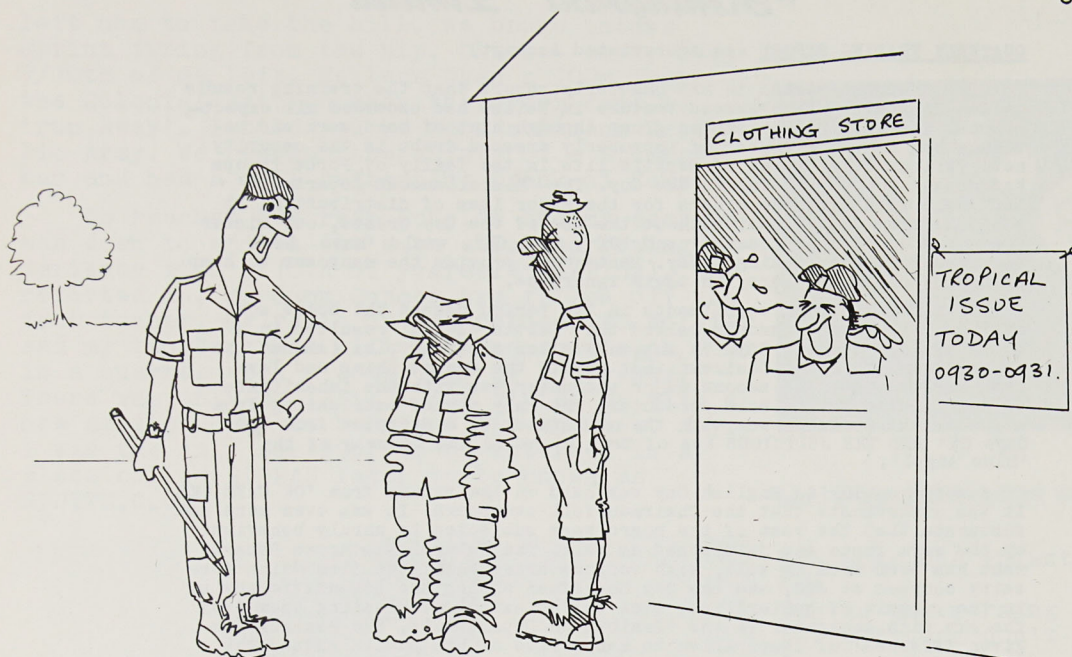
The Chairman stated in his quarterly report that the training results in the Companies new overseas venture in Belize had exceeded all expectations. The Fishery Protection group through hint of hard work and patience had caught a number of improperly dressed Crabs in the security net. Various other forms of Reptile life in the family of Force Troops had reason to be grateful to the Coy. The 'Miscellaneous Department' had dealt with numerous orders for the major Item of distribution. It would be true to say that without the use of the Coy Grunts, our sister Companies of 'Combat Country' and 'OK Cayo OK', would have been required to cease trading today. Rentagrunt provide the manpower to keep them fed, oiled and happy in their ignorance.

Two major sporting commitments in the period caused the board some anxiety. The first commonly called the 'Battle of APC' resulted in a total victory for the Coy. It was only after a strong plea (almost an order) from the rival Chairman that we did the decent thing and lay down our weapons. The second major encounter was with the inhabitants of San Ignacio during bold encounter. The only way of extricating from a precarious position was with the assistance of a Scorpion from 'OK Cayo OK' AND THE JUDICIOUS use of Tank Blank in the doorway of the 'Blue Angel'.

A works outing to English Cay was held on the return from 'OK CAYO OK'. It was unfortunate that the Chairman fell overboard. It was even more unfortunate that the rest of the board were subjected to unruly behaviour by the work force and jettisoned as well. The Natural Resources Department has been working well, with various branches of the firm doing forestry courses at JTC, and the Coy Chauffuer aiding the Scientific Adviser in the pursuit of butterflies, even to the extent of blasting them from the sky with shotguns. In the 'Exhibition Department', the Manager has given 'Flashes' of inspiration to many. Five of his pupils raised the noise level at the nearby laundry when they went to collect some clean clothing but forgot to deliver any dirty clothing in lieu.

The Board of Directors is confident that its impending takeover of the 'OK CAYO OK' firm will be to the mutual benefit of both Companies and that 'OK CAYO OK' will thrive on the legacy left it in Belize City.





SEE - TACKLEY HAS BEEN AT IT AGAIN HAS HE !!

Salamanca Country Gentlemen's Club

For those of you who may wonder who their fourth Company is, read on. If that doesn't interest you then skip the next 3 paragraphs and read on....

(Deleted unfortunately through lack of space. Editor)

Our first two and a half weeks at Salamanca, were very committed to settling in and in carrying out some basic jungle training prior to the BG(S) Ex Vipers Tryout. Vipers Tryout certainly reminded us of a few basic lessons, and was a good introduction to our commitments in Belize. By the fifth week comments such as 'Who would like to hit the night spots of San Antonio' or 'Well, surely the Supermarket in Punta Gorda sells Bartholomews' were no longer bandied about in serious tones!

No one claims that the first 6 weeks have been all routine. We are especially keen that the MTO doesn't forget Salamanca; we have started a turnover programme for our vehicles in order to achieve the best MT in Belize, working on the principle of new for old. We have so far a 50% success rate, but we are not getting the replacements quick enough. We are working on the rest.

Apart from some other minor incidents not worth expanding upon in this edition, by far the most important has been the presence of a stilton thief, who has made certain inroads into the Officers' Mess Stilton. 1 RHA were very quick to deny any involvement, and subsequent enquiries have resulted in the stilton being removed from reach of the Sgts' Mess.

These first 6 weeks have also been profitably spent in such projects as; repairing the 75m spring board for our swimming pool, the refurbishing of the restaurant which overlooks the polo ground, and also marking out the tennis lawns for the Salamanca Cup. Future development plans are also well under way, CRA has produced plans for the Golf course with 5 holes (a jungle clearance programme is needed before extension plans go ahead), and for those wondering when the ski slope is to be finished, they have no doubt noticed that the hill side has now been cleared. CRE has ordered the skies and our RE can provide the instr. We are now only awaiting for the snow to arrive before installing the ski lift.



Seriously though - It's Christmas

Christmas has been called the family festival. It is often spoken of as "a time for children" a lot of attention is paid to Mary, great with child struggling to keep up, and then bearing her son in a stable. But Joseph is a much more shadowy figure in the picture. He ought to be more highly regarded.

When Jesus grew up his message centered around mans relationship with the Almighty all holy, all powerful, creator God. It was to be mans right to relate to the personality of God as to a father. To address him with the word used by a young child in it's totally trusting approach to it's human father, "abba," "daddy," "our father."

Jesus was the eldest son. He must have shared much with Joseph. The likelihood is that for many years they worked in the same carpenters shop. Joseph had stood by Mary when Mary would have ditched the pregnant girl. He argued and persuaded for at least a stable in the grossly over crowded village of Bethlehem. He made a decisive impact on the growing boy. When Jesus needed to convey his understanding of the nature of God to his hearers it was the memory of Joseph which provided the model.

To all of us that are fathers, Christmas poses the question, of what our children will think of us in future years? "Will our name be honoured by them because of our love? Sadly there is an ever growing number to whom the concept of God as father is alien and distasteful because of the brutality, insensibility, or cowardliness of their own fathers. At least Christmas offers to them the hope of there being something more beautiful in God.

Believe it or not

These days it is not so much a question of thunderbolts from on high, just telephone calls. The effects can be equally dramatic. So it began one morning when the phone rang. The Assistant Chaplain General South East District had notice the overworked chaplain at Arborfield. The conversation went something like this.

ACG: You're posted.

ME: (Expecting Hong Kong, Cyprus, BAOR etc.) Where?

ACG: Belize.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

ME: Where?

ACG: Now the good news - The Queens are there.

ME: **!!

ACG: Now the even better news - you're looking after the RAF too;
Never let it be said that prayer isn't answered; at least it is only two and a half months.

The tour started well, with a ten hour round trip of Southern England. Having moved to Canterbury on a Tuesday expecting to fly on a Friday, it was onto a coach and back along the M4 towards Brize. At least the Queens seem to keep moving. It would be pleasant to know where and when but you can't have everything.

A Caribbean holiday is no way to get to know a battalion properly so my memories are a collection of brief encounters. My aim was to at least ensure that everybody knew of the existence of the Padre and hopefully to meet as many as possible. Almost every location was visited at least once and many much more frequently. More flying hours were logged than some of the pilots. The only outstanding omission were most of the Cays. Church services on Sunday meant foregoing Cays trips.

The busiest day was Remembrance Sunday. There were three totally different parade services in each of main locations. With helicopter flights in between, it became a kind of "this is lunchtime-it must be Holdfast" day. Airport Camp was distinguished by a total silence in the hymns from 99% of the assembled masses. However only the RAF found it too terrible to bear and faded away. Rideau was a total contrast. It was blazing hot. The singing was good but the minute gun was so close that we were lucky to hear anything after it fired. At Holdfast a tricky question of precedent caused endless discussion over the Curry lunch. The fact the Chaplain had the tenacity to be born on 16 May and to live in an area called M..... led to a certain amount of debate about the sermon. At least it proves people listen.

The other memories are of two exercises. Of sitting outside the CP at HQ BG(N) with a group of various ranks talking religion and the faith. That conversation lasted for two hours. Down South it was the weather which proved to be the talking point. Having agreed to co-locate with the RAP at echelon, I hadn't bargained for three days of downpour. It is truly called the rain forest. At least the enemy livened up the day.

However it will be sad to leave a Regiment I am just getting to know and admire.

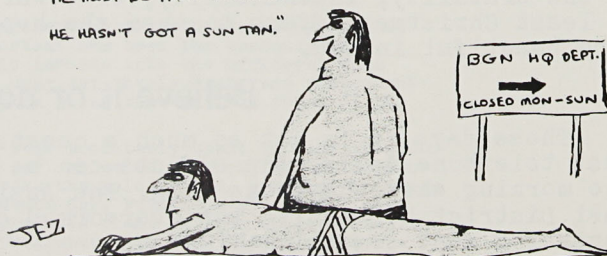
BIRTHS

Major ARNOLD wishes to inform

BG(N) that he wasn't born yesterday



"HE MUST BE FROM HOLDFAST -
HE HASN'T GOT A SUN TAN."





A Christmas Carol or a Song for Maudlin Queensmen

To be sung to the tune of "While Shepherds Watch Their Flocks By Night".

While chaps were mugging troops one night,
All hanging round the town,
A soldier of 1 Queens appeared,
And glory shone around.

"Fear me", said he "you napping chaps"
"The First Battalion's here"
And as he spoke, he opened up,
His fourteenth crate of beer.

The moon shone on his dragon badge,
As he finished off the booze,
Then strode away with mighty steps,
In search of women (loose).

He strode into the Queen of Hearts,
And grabbed himself a whore,
He took her to a downstairs room,
And showed her what it's for.
Next morn at dawn the Queensman rose,
And left her on the bed,
As he was pulling on his clothes,
These words to him she said.
"Oh, please come back another night,
And you'll not have to pay,"
He smiled at her and then replied,
"I'll fit you in one day".

And you're all part of this tale, lads,
A regiment with grit,
So carry on an old tradition,
And give it napping s...

THE MUPPET SHOW - THE MOVIE

Starring:

The Quartermasters Department

Featuring;

GONZO - QM

KERMIT - Smiler Miles

MISS PIGGY - Danny Hamilton

FOZZY BEAR - Tinker Taylor

RONLF - Terry Gardner

SAM THE EAGLE - Eddie Tackley

MAD HARRY - Dave Welch

“ HE SAID SOMFINK ABAHT NOT ACCLIMATISING SIR.”



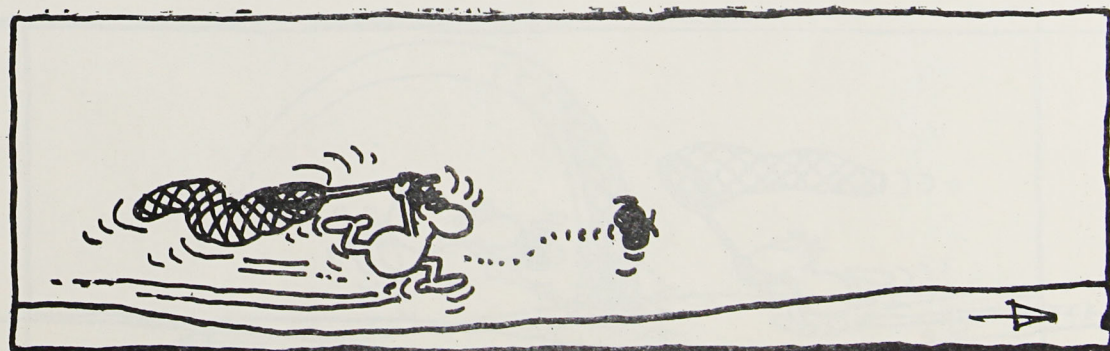


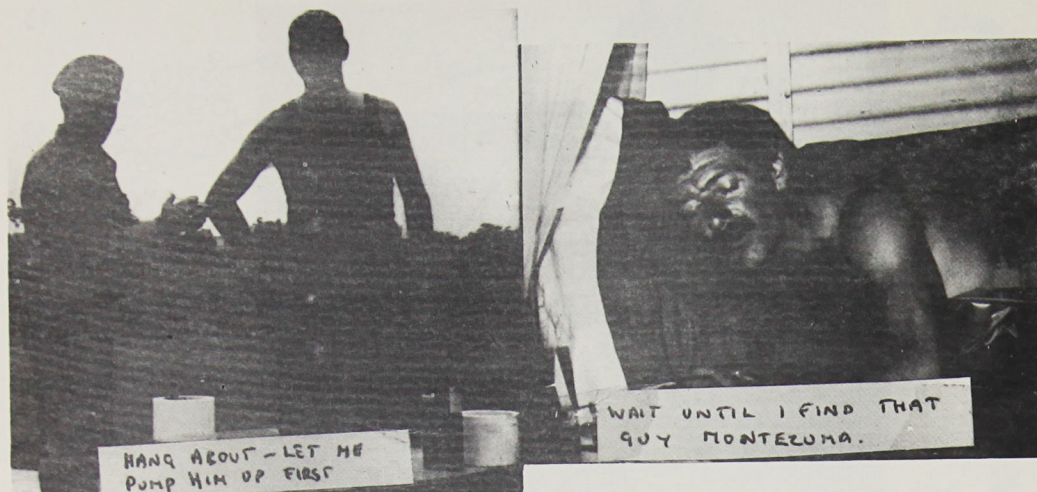
OK-CAYO CAYO-OK

To the beat of the drum

News from call sign India 96 (that brave bunch of guys that were at one time known as the Corps of Drums).

The platoon in common with the rest of the battalion left the United Kingdom during the first week of October for the sunny climes of Belize. Heart of the Caribbean Basin farthest outpost of the vast British Empire.



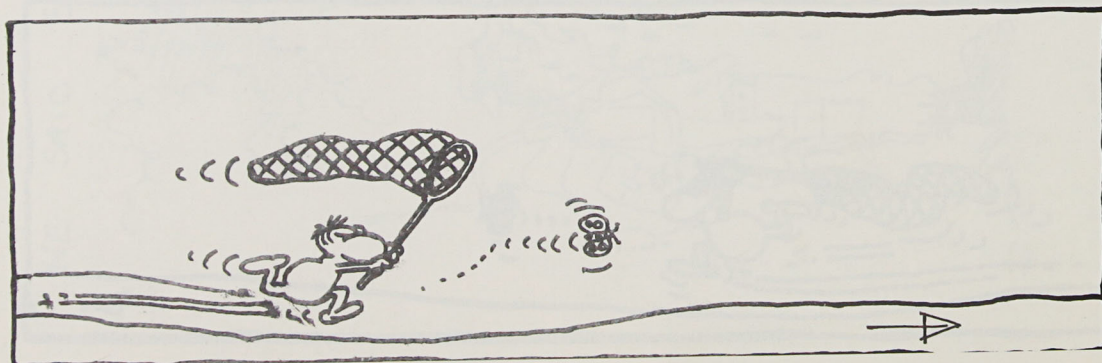


It was unfortunate that we had to leave our scarlet tunics and all our other finery behind at Canterbury. The sight of those would really impressed the natives. However it was not to be.

What do we do dear reader? You may well ask. Instead of marching up and down looking pretty, we donned combat kit and belt order and got stuck into the job in hand.

The Drums Platoon is the fourth rifle platoon of the Holdfast Company and are based at Plassey Camp on the outskirts of San Ignacio. From here we carry out our tasks of patrolling, manning observation posts, and take our turn in guarding our own camp. What the camp lacks in facilities is more than compensated for by its location and proximity to the town and the now famous San Ignacio Hotel, a pleasant little watering hole no more than 3 minutes walk from the front gate of the camp. (Twenty minutes to walk back!)

In anticipation of all the forthcoming excitement no fewer than three drummers extended their services before leaving the UK to enable them to complete the whole tour of Belize, plus a further two have extended since our arrival in this fair country. A very good record for a small platoon such as ours.



Ross troop, supported by the Blowjobs of Talavera Battery, have formed a partnership with the Royal Hussars in the constant harrassment of Sobraon Company.

We would like to say how much we support this magazine and feel that we play a major part in reporting quite impartially on the behavior of C Company.



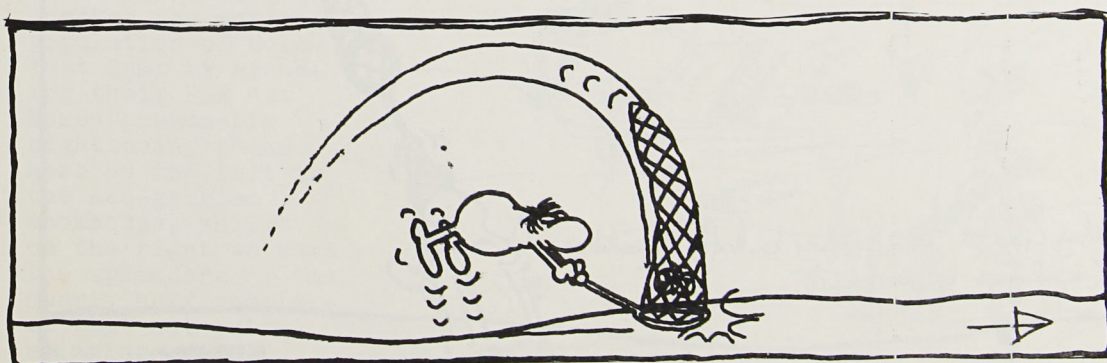
We wonder why Mr Corden has spent the last six weeks on camp instead of being warry and grunting with his men. They keep leaving him behind!

We also wonder why Mr Ashton keeps disappearing after dinner to a little house up the road, and gasping 'Aristotle' in his dreams. Has he got a girlfriend or is it a pet?

The second in command, Captain Nigel Congo Smythe (or so we are told) has recently been buried in a pile of paper on account of a new chitty system invented to prevent any vehicles from leaving camp.

The command element of the Company Mr. Madeley has gone absent to a ski resort in Europe, in resignation at his failure to achieve the rank of local Captain.

Finally we will just add that despite constant mutterings that we do not do enough, we are actually very happy at Holdfast, and honoured to make this contribution to Braganza as well as improving the tone of things in Cayo district in general. What?



"LAST OUT - CLOSE THE WINDOW !!!"



7 Platoon (Recce) Titbits

This is your Captain speaking, we are flying at 26,000 ft, the weather at Brize Norton is clear, temperatures between 48° - 50°F. Our arrival time will be 1 hour and 10 minutes. If you adjust your watches local time is 10.20 Hrs.

For Pte Wilkinson this is a recurring nightmare. Deep down he hates the thought of returning, after all where else could he get 20 letters a week? Others find that now they are away from home they can do all sorts of things that they would never do in England. Pte Ansell has developed his friendship with his stuffed mouse, and Pte Bence has found a very nice girl just outside the gate at Holdfast.

7 Platoon has settled down well and has provided a firm base from which the Company can operate. The BGN exercise first put us to the test in the OP role and here we faced the problems of communication. However with helpful stations like 92A, how could we go wrong? Even Pte Taylor managed to get through, and Pte Hogben assured us "This radio is OK over" in reply to a radio check.

On days off, Rio On has proved the most successful. While Lcpl Warren was nutting Pte Taylor down the rapids, and Pte Robinson was drowning the Platoon Commander Pte Martin could be heard pleading "I can swim really".

Now with only a few weeks until the change with APC, 7 Platoon is preparing for Christmas and the R and R breaks. Morale is high and the new Platoon Commander (as of 9 Dec) will find them quite a handful.

May Ganex on another butterfly expedition
(apologies to MORBULO)



M. D. B. .

Someone once said "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned". With all due respect, I'd like to change that to "Hell hath no fury like that of a private soldier returning to a patrol harbour only to find ants in his campo and about 7 gallons of water in his hammock". Such have been the difficulties of some members of 9 platoon since arriving in Belize - Pte Waterson, for instance, the only man who wears face mask and snorkel when retiring for the night, and Pte Walker who seems to attract every flying, crawling, biting insect within a radius of 10 miles. The poor chap comes back from patrols with more lumps than the cookhouse custard, the little beasties find him tasty.

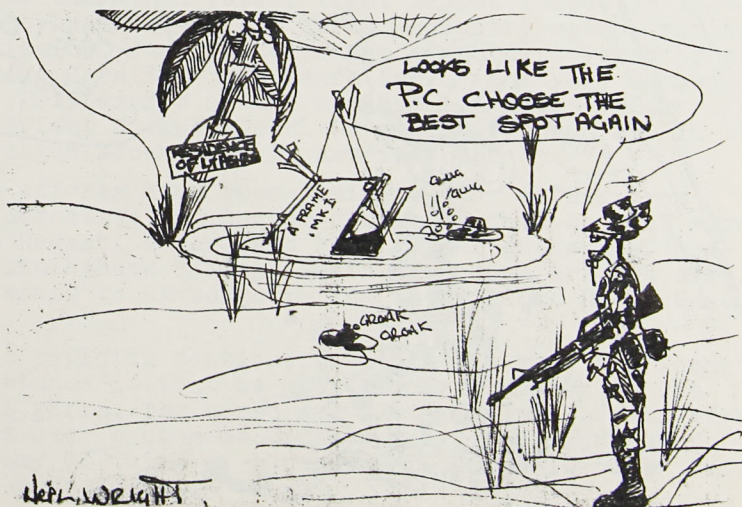
But all is not misery. Sgt Johnston, with his kind and cheerful outlook on life, mollycoddles the platoon through their daily administration with more four letter words than a Daily Mirror crossword, whilst the ever smiling Cpl 'Bones' Copeman can't be faulted for at least seeing the bright side of life. Lcpl Wright, meanwhile, is rapidly staking a claim for a feature in a Sven Hassel novel.

Of the troops Pte Henderson must be due a special mention, his moment of enduring glory came at 0515 one morning when, with a gasp of horror he found he had rudely shaken none other than the CO out of his slumbers. Not only was Pte Henderson was aghast - imagine the shock of being woken by him, if you can. The CO was heard to mutter inaudibly and later left for 2 weeks in England.

Meanwhile Pte Thompson is writing so many letters that the G.P.O. are making him an offer he can't refuse, Pte Robinson 35 has more answers than Magnus Pike, Pte Stubbs is giving lessons on how not to be a radio operator, Pte Vincent has become James Shunt of C Coy and Pte Fairweather will soon be appearing in Cosmopolitan, although I hasten to add it has nothing to do with his taste in clothes. He takes snaps.

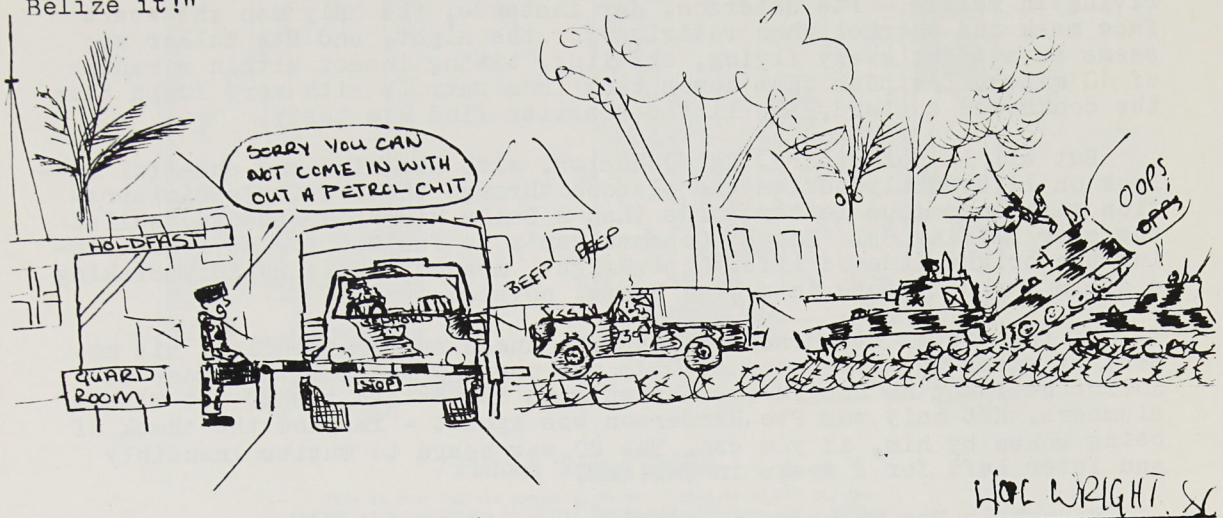
Work (What?) remains a four letter word which begins with an early run, much to the chagrin of certain soldiers, no names mentioned (well, I promised Pte Grantham), and continues through the hard slog of patrols, guards, OP duty, volleyball, and drinking Caribbean Rum, (normally by the quart.) Lcpl Tidey and Pte Ilbury have usefully spent most of their time assaulting pioneers. Ptes Barney Berrystone and Vennell have been among the lucky

ones to risk drowning, death by shark bites to go adventure training, Pte West and Eales shocked the entire population of Holdfast Camp by spending their R&R "at home" presumably sightseeing ("and here on the left is the neo-georian cookhouse, whilst on the right we have the splendors of the nearly half completed (but not quite) swimming pool")

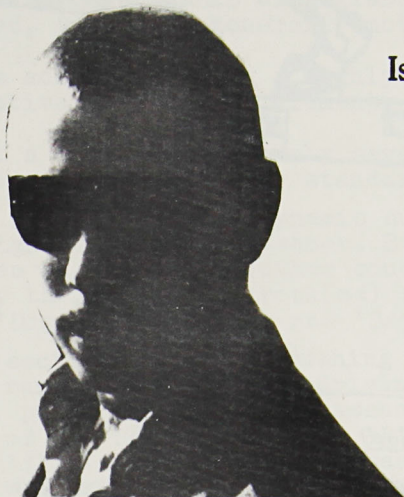


NEIL WRIGHT

So far Belize has been an experience that defies description. It is hotly denied that members of 9 platoon wander round camp blubbering unintelligibly or that any of them are anything less than ecstatic or the thought of going to Airport Camp. As the Cheshires were heard to say as they fell over themselves trying to board the VC 10, "you'd better Belize it!"



And now - it's Pronto



Is this man the M. O. D. Mole?

Leading the hunt for the infamous "Mole" is Chief Inspector "Buckwell of the yard" Carder. Explaining his reasons for coming to Belize Inspector Carder said "A man answering the description of the Mole was seen boarding a coach in Canterbury. Several days later the arrival of 1 Queens Signal Platoon in Punta Gorda coincided with the disappearance of valuable documents like OC A's Butterfly Book."

Carder has followed this lead to a remote Caye, a desert Island -- and drawn a blank. A suspected White Shark turned out to be RSO swimming on his back with only his nose showing above the water. The rumour of savage Barracuda was no more than Paddy Reynolds biting at the chance of a course in England - First Aid in Canterbury Hospital, did someone say?

Abandoning this lead the ashen faced, tight lipped inspector followed a report of "totally unintelligible North - Country speech coming over on a wireless transmission. The source of these was discovered as a group of Sun - Worshipping Hermits - "No names Rebro" the very comment from the section (Siggy Fox, source of the strange language; "Rich" Ritchie and their head Priest Cockney Rebel Dave Walker.) was all in Rhyming slang with a Glasgow accent and is unprintable.

Inspector Carder's efforts have been coming in for attack from local sources. Private detective Sid Gunter dismissed them as "not worry enough for me - I'd use Radar". Radar said he'd rather go on R&R. Communications expert and scaleyback "Jimmy" Smith said "Ooh arr Ooh arr". It is rumoured that he wants to exchange to the TA with old Rebro Hand "Eichmann" Steerment.

Meanwhile the Mole's exploits continue to be the talk of the Town; One theory gaining acceptance is that he gets his information on the Queens by seducing local girls. Two bored and listless individuals were overheard discussing him over a crossed line on the string and Baked Bean Tin telephone system. "I think he should be bloody well hung" said Colman "He probably is" said Holmes.

See page 20



No Leeches in Belize? Says who?

Hello all stations this is Pronto BG(N) calling from the nerve centre here at APC. Firstly I would like to introduce the team. In ØA we have Cpl (Can I have another antenna erection) Nicol. By the way, the rumour that the now not so prominent feature is still falling out is true. In 9A we have LCpl (I'm always on time) Dwyer. Rumour has it that he does know where Belize City is. In ØB we have Pte (waffler) Broomfield who say he has something in common with Maj Arnold. (I can't think what). In 92G we have the real intellects of the team with CSgt (where is he) Smith (it is not true that he is starting up a travel agency) with CSgt (may I have a suggestion with all my wordly knowledge) Broad. Finally Pte Jenner (reading detail) welcome to 1 Queens from the TA.

Well, I won't bore you all with nitty gritty of our rehearsals for rehearsals of setting up CPs in the jungle or the continuing saga of set distribution which at one time was mirrors plus flags, only to say that things has been sorted out for the best and we are now working to all stations strength 5 out.

Heard over the Comd Net, said by someone (no names no pack drill) "Yes, I have been well rogered on that one".

And lastly Big L say "If you can keep your head when all around you are loosing theirs you will be the only one with a head."

IS THIS MAN THE M.O.D. MOLE? (CONTINUED - From 19)

Deadly Dudley was unavailable for comment. He had recently read in Battalion Standing Orders that shorts must be two inches above the knee-caps" and was having his legs stretched a bit.

Meanwhile, local Playboy Beano Broadbent was clearly worried about the effect of the Mole on his social life.

Finally Braganza interviewed Inspector Carder's old dad, Ray Buckwell, sitting in his corrugated iron shack amongst the debris of his hobby (he is a Radio Ham) told our reporters "I am proud of my boy, he is really coming along well, but I think it's time a real Crystal Ball Gazer was given a chance. Call in the RSO."

The Empire Strikes Back

21

Though the rifle platoons are always out playing soldiers in the jungle and bush, that oasis of England known as Holdfast Camp has to be ready to feed, water and generally mother them on their return.

This is accomplished by a highly trained team of professionals known collectively as HQ Coy element.

Even at a distance of nearly seventy miles from our leaders at APC, we strive to maintain the same standards for which they are infamous.

Signals are led by that dynamic duo, Cpls Ray Blackman and Ian (I'm Royal Signals dammit!) Rushmar. Between them they maintain our isolation even in the best weather conditions, and in this they are ably aided by their team of crack(ed) Signallers including 'Desperate Dan' Hayman 'Dog Biter' Morrow and 'Say again' Stalley.

Our MT section is always rushing around, except when called for the morning run, that is. Their driving never ceases to amaze, amuse and give painful piles to any lucky passengers. They are run by the hand picked team of Cpl Sekheran, Lcpls 'Dipstick' Allum 'Ginger' Hobbs. Backup is given by 'flip flop' Furlotte 'Speedy' Williams and breakaway Blanchette. Williams is the only man who runs faster than he drives.

Our Accommodation stores are run by Sgt Jock Hamilton, who guarantees the greyness of every sheet, and who makes sure that the laundry sometimes gets through!

On the food side, we are ably served by Sgt John Dooris and his Heinz 57 variety of cooks, from Queens, R Hussars, RHA, Aldershot and other foreign climes. Between them they manage to make same ingredients taste Different every time. (Burnt, Raw, Still in the tins etc) Actually they do a great job and people have been known to fly here from APC just for a decent meal!

The remaining HQ Dynamos are the FAMTO, run by Cpl Keith Barret, (The right part at the right time but for which vehicle?). The Sgts Mess run by Cpl Dave Harvey and Lcpl 'Killer' Nichol (Who is delighted with the wonderful range of colourful dresses), the Officers Mess run by Pte Jim Burbridge and Cpl Russel (renowned for his cheerfulness and subtle wit) and of course, the Int run by myself from my Wendy House in Coy HQ from which the muffled screams of frustration rise on Intsum nights.

Well, now you know who we are, and what we do. Look out for more exciting adventures when we take on B Company in January! (The Rifle Companies can only take it here at the sharp end for three months!)

Snake

THE ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE (GIGATICUS ERECTUS)

This is probably the most prolific of Belizean snakes like the Pit Viper. It usually only ventures out at night and rarely attacks males. This reptile grows up to 12" in length and visibly stiffens before attacking, there is also a marked change of colour at the head. A very dangerous snake capable of spitting its venom up to 2 metres.

NEED THE MORTAR



10 DOWNING STREET

The Prime Minister thanks the members of the
Mortar Platoon, B Company, for their Christmas
card and sends her very good wishes for
Christmas and the New Year.

1 December 1980

PLATOON SAY ANY MORE?

Young soldier from Cayo

23

There was a young soldier from
CAYO

Who thought he was just like
some Dago,
He drank himself silly just
wooing a filly
That poor old frustrated
King Billy.

Now Vodka and Whiskey he need-
ed to drink
But his breath made a foul and
horrible stink
So his young lady friend gave
him up in the end
And the poor little fellow went
right round the bend.

A few months went by and he
started to cry
For he felt he was missing wine
women and song
He'd been watching Blue movies
and seeing Kong Dong
And he wanted his filly before
very long.

The as he got better his
strength came back too
And he lusted and thirsted for
a woman or two.
It was not thought he could or
he should or he would
But he drank twenty pints on
the spot where he stood.

His mates knew him well and
thought he would die
So they bought all the drugs
that money could buy
And gave him a shot and a sniff
and a pill
With the result that he turned
most fatally ill.

The moral my comrades is don't
drink too much
Or you'll end up a corpse in a
crate like a hutch
If you want to relax just have
one or two
But don't overdo it what ever
you do.

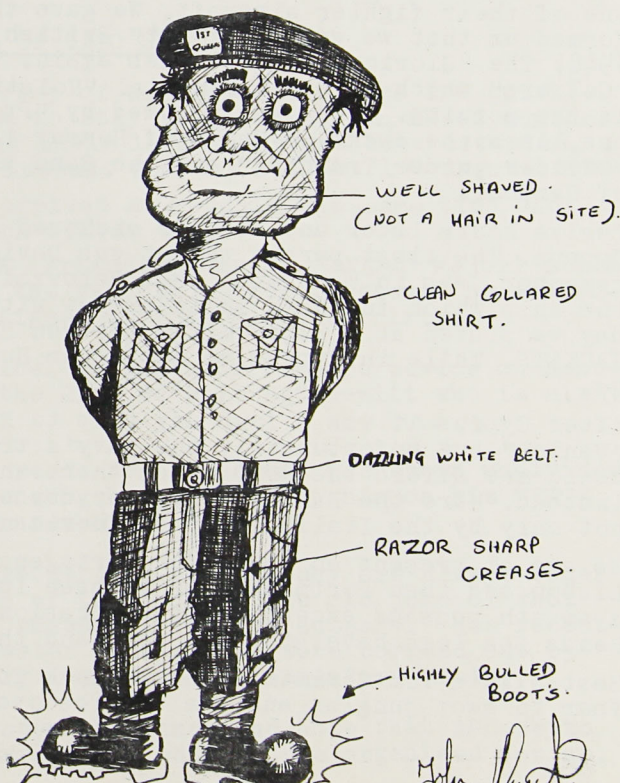
His mates made a headstone and
dug him a grave,
It was fit for a hero or one
who was brave
The inscription read

"Here lies the soul of a
drunken man
Happy in Spirit and also in
Beli Can".



"WELL ADKINS IT'S A PITY WE'VE GOT
TO LET YOU GO TO "F" TROOP."

GUARD READY FOR 24^{HR} A.P.C. GUARD



The Strolling Minstrels on the Briny

Greetings to everyone from the Band. When you last saw us we were headed for Plymouth on 28th September 1980. We spent the night with the Royal Marines at Stonehouse Barracks.

The next day we were taken to one of the many slipways, and we were collected by the Royal Marines LMC and taken onboard HMS INTREPID. At 1800hrs we sailed for Gibraltar. There, we were in dry dock for a week. We played at Kings Chapel for a Sunday Service followed by a concert in the Cathedral in aid of its restoration appeal. We also accompanied the painting of the ships hull with instruments and afterwards with paint brushes. While in Gibraltar we played on HMS INVINCIBLE the latest of the Navy's mini carriers.

The next stop was Haifa which took us seven days so that the Officers Under Training could practice their coastal navigation. During this period we gave a concert for the Ships Company and also played during the "Replenishment of Stores" between HMS INTREPID and our supply ship REGENT.

We arrived in Haifa on 23 October 1980 which was one of the hottest days we have had. Each port we arrive in entails Guards of Honour, Cocktail Parties and Beating Retreat which takes care of the first day. The next two days the Band took trips to Jerusalem, Galilee and Nazareth. On the third day we went to the Israeli Air Force Base to give a concert for them. They looked after us very well and presented us with a picture of one of their fighter aircraft. We gave them a plaque and they then informed us that we were the "1st" British Band to play for them since 1948. The "Glorious 1st" strikes again. The following day started with "Colours" which is the ceremonial "Hoisting of the Ensign" first thing in the morning. This was followed by "Procedure Alpha" in which everyone lines the decks, a Guard of Honour is produced by the by the "Officers under Training" and the Band plays while the ship sails out of Harbour.

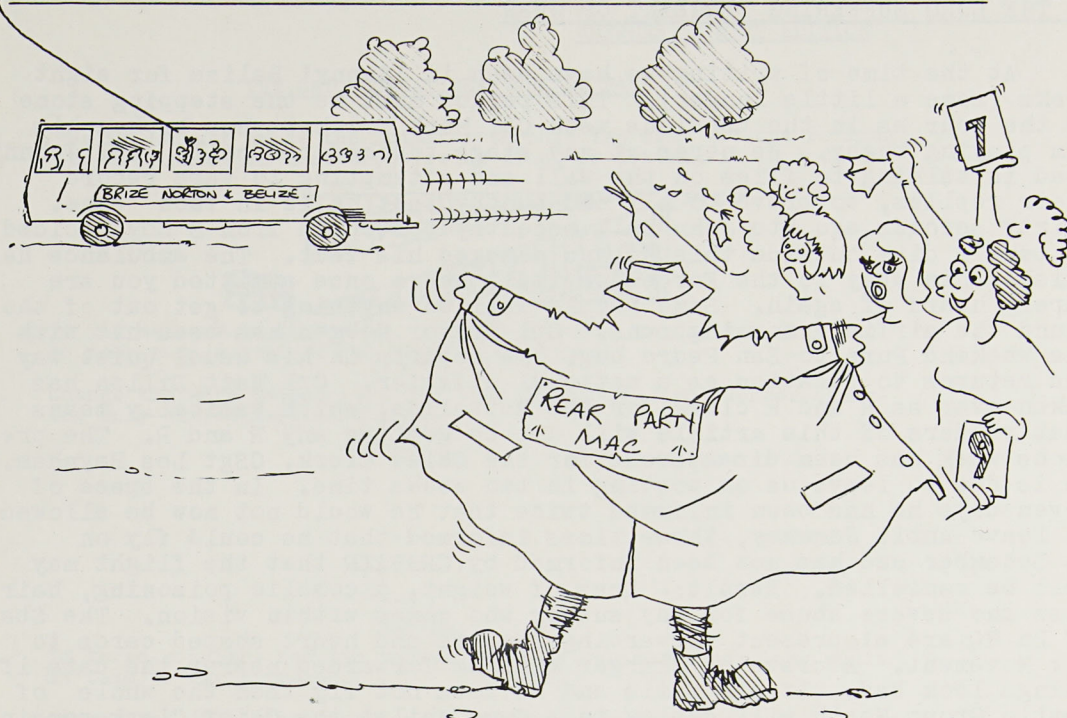
Twelve hours later and we were anchored in Fisherman's Cove off Dhekelia Cyprus. The first person we met was David Young who, some of you might remember, was in Werl with BFBS Television. They did a live show from the ship which included an interview with the Bandmaster. The following day we played at a rugby match between HMS INTERPID and THE ROYAL GREEN JACKETS. While in Cyprus we met Roger Hudson who was also in Werl with us.

After Cyprus it was a four day trip to Naples. This should have read "Venice" but unfortunately the Navy's treasure chest was empty so they could not afford the 2000 miles there and back so they decided on Naples instead. Here the Band played everyday except one. We were well received not only by the Italians but by Americans as well.

We are at present en route for Cartagena in Spain and after that it's Lisbon and then Portsmouth. We've been lucky so far in that we have had a smooth passage except for the occasional rough sea. On the whole the Bands Sea legs have stood up well and there are now just two weeks left.

Best Wishes for Christmas and we look forward to seeing you in the New Year to swop jungles and sea stories over a pint.

NEVER MIND LADS- THE REAR PARTY IS LOOKING AFTER THE WIVES !!!



UNDER THE WING OF CAYO OK COMMANDER

The six vehicle 20 men strong troop of Royal Hussars have the privilege of having C Company 1 Queens to stay in Holdfast for three months. B Company have already been sent their invitation and have accepted, which in effect means that the Lowland Company will be leaving us soon.

The troop and the Company arrived at roughly the same time and have had much fun getting in each others way.

The CSM or should it be the FCSM (Friendly Company Sargant Major) still has problems when he walks past the vehicle hangers, because he is convinced that the CVR(T)s were designed to make his camp dirty.

Whenever we have any technical problems or require advice on handling tracks we no longer go to the REME we call Sgt Hewitt who is always in the know.

Captain Diggins, the Armed recce troop leader, has shown undivided loyalty to Cayo OK Company Commander, he will follow him on his TEWTS to places that no CVR would ever reach.

We all get on very well together and the Company are always eager to hear the news of the exploits of the troop. The old joke of what goes "Green brown, Green brown" answer "A rolling Hussar". Has recently been superseded by the underwater trials that were carried out by one vehicle the day before a very important Parliamentary Visit.

We wish C Company a very happy Christmas and hope that APC be to their liking. At least they can get the watersports organised for us.

SUPERLATIVE, SUPEREMINENT, SUPERABUNDANT AND POSSIBLY SUPERFICIAL COMMENTS BY THE LONG SUFFERING SERGEANT CP GURR

At the time of writing we have been in 'Sunny' Belize for eight weeks (some a little longer). This period must be the stepping stone of the tour as in the previous week Cpl Mark Trickett has broken his arm playing rugby. He never at any stage touched the ball! Cpl Johnny Hoad is talking to flies on the wall and attempting to tape record their replies, to prove to all and sundry that he is in fact sane. Thirty seconds ago Pte John Hall recently posted in from B Coy decided to take a dive outside this HQ and damaged his foot. The ambulance has whisked him away to the Force Hospital, where once admitted you are rarely heard of again. Some people will do anything to get out of the round the airfield morning runs. Cpl Trevor Hobgen has been hit with the weekend Puma to San Pedro bug. He departs in his usual quiet way and returns to location as a national disaster. Cpl Matt Dillon has taken over as R and R clerk for the Battalion, which basically means that readers of this article will not be getting any R and R. The previous week has been disastrous for the Chief Clerk, CSgt Les Baynham. He is due to leave us on posting in two weeks time. In the space of seven days he has been informed twice that he would not now be allowed to leave until January, three times informed that he could fly on 16 December and has now been informed by CRABAIR that the flight may well be cancelled. Result:- Loss of weight, alcoholic poisoning, hair loss and severe abuse for any sucker who comes within vision. The Staff of Bn HQ are at present forwarding flowers and heart shaped cards to Air Movement. A crate of Charger will be forwarded nearer the date if things look bad. If all fails and he does not fly then the whole of Battle Group North will deploy to a Caye whilst the Chief Clerk remains behind and rots, whilst waiting for a rowing boat etc. His legacy to 1 QUEENS is a three legged turtle which is roaming APC with CSGT Baynham painted on its shell.

The Ballad of Mick O'Riley (from our Rome Correspondant)

My name is Mick O'Riley
And I come from Ireland fair
You can spot me body miles away
By my receding hair
I really don't mind the jungle
Or lying in a swamp
Cos' in the bogs of Ireland
Is where I love to romp

Comms is my problem
And getting on the air
But whether you get through or not
I don't really care
I'll give you lots of radios
Imported from the Micks
It works quite well in camp me lads
But its no use in the sticks

It's tough being chiefy bleep
As you will surely know
But I have got me welly boots
To keep me on the go
It can get very cold at night
Waiting for the dawn

But I've always got me donkeys-jacket
To keep me nice and warm

I've got mates in Centralia
They call me Mick the Slick
But I've got news for them my friends
It's really Mick the Thick
There's nothink like a CPX
To make the boys sing
But life is pretty difficult
With baked-bean cans and string

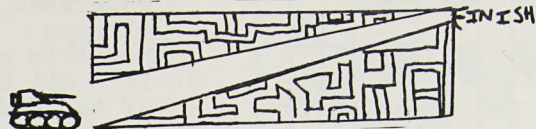
Well its back to the Camcen
To write another plot
An Irishmans life is full of work
Reading all the grot
So 'Hail Mary' to you all
You lads of Rideau strong
Never say Mick O'Riley ever did you wrong
For I'm the man with foresight
Who never clips his call
The doughty Mick O'Riley
Who does b..... all!

The Cayo Combat Team Puzzle Page

ANSWERS IN NEXT EDITION

THE CAYO COMBAT TEAM PUZZLE PAGE

- See if you can guide the Scimitar through the maze without rolling it, putting it in a river, blowing it up or driving it in a ditch.



If you managed it in one go, promote yourself to Captain (RH) and go make rude noises at the nearest REME rep.

- Change the word Belize into the word Belize in five changes changing only six letters at a time.

BELIZE

.....

.....

.....

...

BELIZE

- If three soldiers had two rounds but only one rifle how long would it take to dig a trench.
- Answer the following questions by ticking the answer you find most appropriate and see what type of person you are.

Do you like Crabs

- Yes
- No
- Maybe
- None of your business

Which of these would most benefit Belize?

- More public money
- The Gordon Highlanders
- An enema
- An H Bomb

How many times do you think of your wife/husband/girlfriend/inflatable doll

- Never
- Always
- Once a day
- Only when a picture is due.

- Spot the odd one out: Black, Green, Yellow, Coat hanger, Red, Mauve.
- Complete the following sequence: 1 2 3 4 5 - 7 8 9 10
- If you were in the Chestnut Troop RHA would you
 - commit suicide
 - transfer
 - invent a new gun with tracks
- Target word game** - using the letters in the grid see how many words you can make.

A	A	A
A	A	A

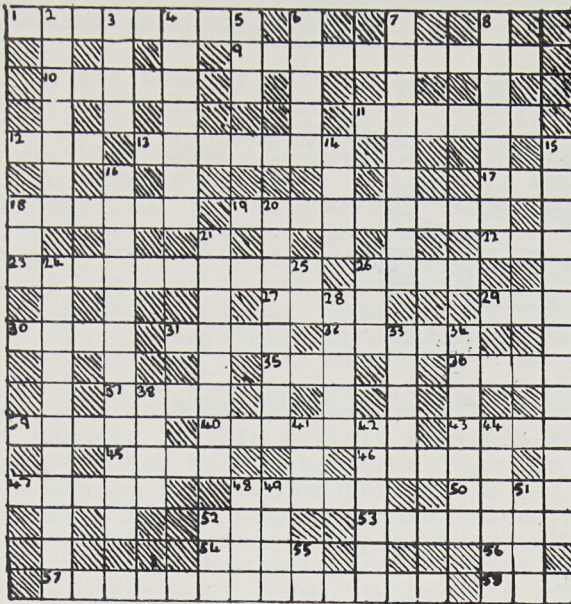
Today's target

37 Amazing
2 Very good
1 Average

Braganza Crossword

CLUES DOWN

28



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 American state meaning red river (8)
- 2 The cow are doing it (10)
- 10 Detect (5)
- 11 Stationary (6)
- 12 Biblical character who looked back (3)
- 13 Paint (7)
- 17 Price may be less than stated says advert (abbreviation) (3)
- 18 Distant (6)
- 19 Musical instrument (9)
- 22 Affirmative (3)
- 23 Alpine mountain (10)
- 26 Print (4)
- 27 Surly person (4)
- 29 River (3)
- 30 Piece of wood (4)
- 31 Give out (4)
- 32 Female fox (5)
- 35 Regret (3)
- 36 Atop (4)
- 37 This German does not know whether he's coming or going (4)
- 39 Famous battle of WW1 (5)
- 40 Italian style dish (4)
- 43 Prepare for publication (4)
- 45 Profit (4)
- 46 Forename of a famous conductor (5)
- 47 Precipitous (5)
- 48 Forefinger (5)
- 50 The letter A in AD (4)
- 52 Sneaky beaky group in WW2 (abbrev) (7)
- 53 Part of old style window (4)
- 54 French expression of NATO (4)
- 56 Term which denotes weight in grammes per cc e.g. of battery acid (abbrev) (13)
- 57 This type of pull will bring you down to earth (3)
- 58 Long period of time (3)

- 2 Result (7)
- 3 Persian gulf state (4)
- 4 Cellulose.....part of Brocade material (7)
- 5 Metals are refined from this (3)
- 6 Strike (5)
- 7 Underhand in the extreme (9)
- 8 Metallic element (8)
- 14 It's all over the top of the house (4)
- 15 Disorder (13)
- 16 Barrow boy (12)
- 20 According to mythology three headed dog guarding gates of hell (8)
- 21 Needed for tight footwear (8)
- 24 Nearing (11)
- 25 Negative (2)
- 26 Prefix meaning three (5)
- 28 Open, in view (5)
- 33 Inert gas (5)
- 34 Number (7)
- 38 Rent (4)
- 41 Strange (3)
- 42 The person who your dues (6)
- 44 Girls name (6)
- 48 Minute amount (4)
- 49 Tidy (4)
- 51 Barricaded area s of Ulster in the early seventy's (2, 2)
- 52 Drunkard (colloquial) (3)
- 55 Ulster (abbrev) (2)

The first correct entry that is pulled out of the hat will receive a prize. Send your entry to the Editor.

