



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

"WE'RE GOING HOME" EDITION

MARCH 1981

GOODBYE TO BELIZE - THE HEART OF THE CARIBBEAN BASIN



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FROM: BRIGADIER AC VIVIAN

COMMANDER
BRITISH FORCES BELIZE
BRITISH FORCES POST OFFICE 12

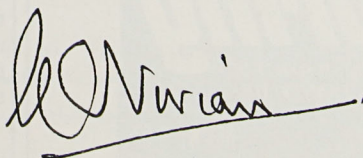
I am delighted to have been invited to write a forward to the second and final edition of your magazine Braganza. It does not seem too long ago when I visited all your locations to welcome you to Belize and to point the way ahead. Now, as I write, you are in the closing month of your tour.

One of the most pleasant parts of my job as Commander British Forces Belize is to meet new faces and to make new friends. All too soon though from my point of view time flies, and those servicemen who seemingly have just arrived are packing up ready to go at the end of their operational tour. Of course you must be looking forward to seeing your wives, families and friends again after this period of separation. And of course you are looking forward to life in England with all that goes with it (problems and all!) But I hope that you leave Belize with a sense of achievement and satisfaction. I am only too well aware of all the hard slogging and effort that is required from each and everyone of you to keep up an efficient operational standard. Belize is not an easy posting: no-one has ever suggested that it is. However it does offer challenges and opportunities that are unique in the Service to-day. Some might say that these challenges and opportunities are why we joined the Army. They are certainly dwindling elsewhere. I hope that everyone has taken advantage of this unique station in the Caribbean to learn, to mature, and to understand a different way of life.

My thanks to you all is enormous. I have seen you on countless occasions in good and bad times and I have always been struck by your cheerfulness, good humour and professionalism. The British Army has forced some pretty tough economic squeezes in recent times. I hope that you feel that my staff have given you the support which you have deserved.

We who stay on to write another chapter of the history of Belize, will miss you all, Queensmen, Royal Hussars, RMA, RE, Gurkhas, RIME, RAOC, RAPC and ACC. I particularly would like to thank your Battlegroup Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Dickins MBE, for his support and hard work. You leave with a job well done, in the knowledge that your contribution to peace and stability in Belize has been highly important and successful.

Best wishes to you all and 'bon voyage'.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'AC Vivian', with a horizontal line drawn underneath it.

Miscellaneous

Editor's Note

Welcome to another saga in the life of 1 QUEENS lovingly coaxed into life by the many contributions which have been received from throughout Belize. We fear that once again many cruel cuts have had to be made, but you will be relieved that feelings have not been spared and dozens of Queensmen will find themselves in positions they may prefer to forget.

It is appropriate at this time to thank WO2 Paddy Ryan for all his contributions to Braganza since Berlin in 1971. His cartoons, wit and advice have made the magazine a true reflection of the more humorous side of Battalion life in what have often been uncomfortable and dangerous situations. We wish him and his family the best of luck in their next posting.

Quotable ? Quotes

"Sometimes I sit at home and just whip it out" (GANZ)

"I was thinking about a rigid raider whilst on R & R" (also GANZ)

"I bought a little 20P booklet on it" (CROWLEY)

"I didn't think we ran on Saturdays" (ARMITAGE-SMITH when awoken on a Friday.)

"The worst part of being on baggage fatigues is getting off the VC 10"
(C Coy soldier)

to:

R. Fielding,
The Chesnut,
Royal Horse Artillery,
Air Horse Artillery,
Airport Camp,
BFPO 12.

We always
suspected
there was
something
different a-
bout our
Battery Com-
mander

Graffiti at Airport Camp:

"We think the Gordons are great - signed 1 Queens"

IDEAS IN ACTION BY HAMES AND DIBBLE

A MANLY DEODORANT SOAP

**BATH
SIZE**


Irish Spring

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE DEODORANT SYSTEM
MANLY, YET PERFECT FOR ALL-FAMILY USE

NET WT. 5 OZ.

FOR THE RSO WHO HAS EVERYTHING

SOCIETY NEWSFLASH

MIAMI..Seen in one of the city's more fashionable restaurants last night was 2LT. GUCCI BROWN (alias Mr. Beautiful), who was later detained by police for trying to exchange his underwear with a top U.S. fashion model at the next table.....

....REUTER

TANGIER COY AT RIDEAU

TOLEDO



Life plods on in war-torn, combat country. A Coy escape committee has been especially busy of late and has managed a few notable successes.

Maj Gancz got away for two, or was it three, weeks but was turned in by his wife.

Capt Beeston thought he had a 'blightly one' when he recently broke his toe. However medivac to Woolwich was deemed unnecessary.

Sparky Russ canoed his way to freedom but the sudden exposure to civilization proved too much and he handed himself in within a fortnight.

Rumour has it that Fingers Dawson is in fact a mole. Punitive measures are shortly to be enforced by Mr. X (CSM Bream).

Oddball Myers and Dutch Holland have distinguished themselves by their ceaseless efforts to maintain contact with the outside world by means of heavily coded Valentine cards.

The Colour Bundle went over the wall recently but no news of his progress has reached us. Hopefully no news is good news.

Forthcoming events include a home run for CPL Reynolds next month and a mass break-out on about the 7th April.

1 Platoon Notes by Barney

Four months in Belize has taken it's toll of 1 Platoon.

Story so far.

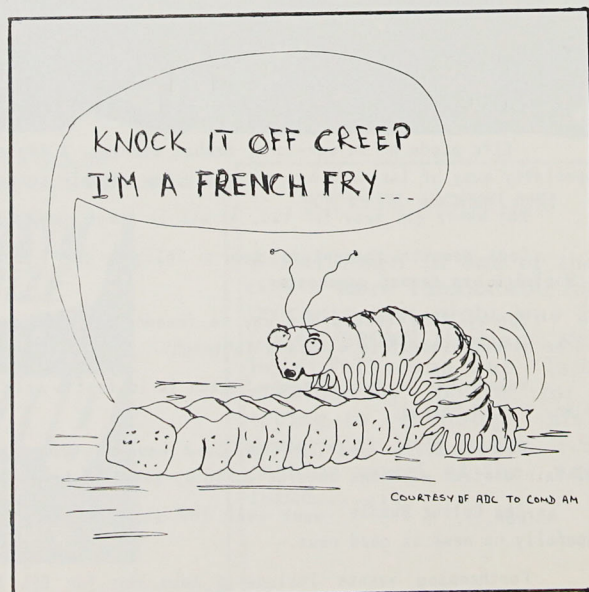
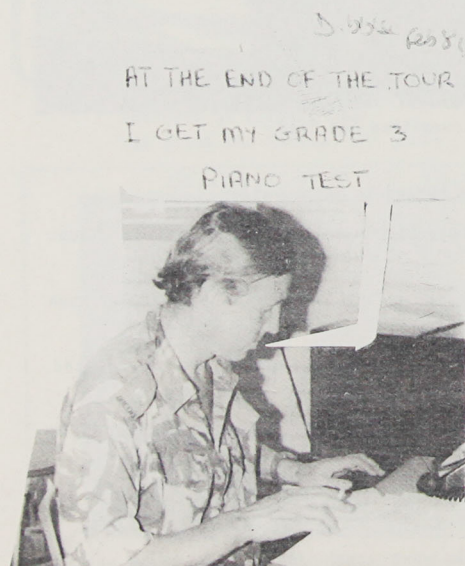
26 01 81 Leave for boat patrol, under direction of CPL Salt (dead eye) while PTE Hunt is behind in marksmanship spray's can of Off at charging Iguana, who pokes his tongue out in disgust.

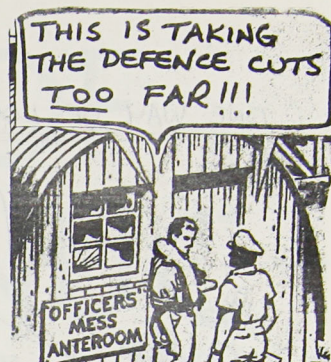
27 01 81 Play natives at football, Ellingham misses goal, game postponed due to lost ball.

28 01 81 More goo cooked by LCPL Loosley (Yuk!). Move to Cattle Landing, await pick up, send Cole to look if it's coming, he returns with a bike, 9 people charge, Pte's walk back while NCO's argue amongst themselves.

30 01 81 Puma takes 1 Platoon to Hunting Cay while the Pte's carry goods, Mr Hames & Int Offr go spearfishing. Hames thinks he sees a Shark and shoots Int Offr who tastes good when barbequed as we found out. As sun sinks so does Evans's hammock. Freeman meets dogs of island, they get on so well its a shame to throw cold water over them.

02 02 81 Arrive Rideau find Broomfield's moved home again (Atap). During NAAFI break we find Freeman and Bradley talking about bisexual encounters they have come across while Dowling buys cassette player, neglects to buy batteries and instruction manual. Patrick plays the hard man? Dade sinks RPL on return trip while Burgess makes Dowling do four laps of the circuit, and Bakarr writes letters to himself. Bradley, Clarke, or brothers were seen holding hands while Hunt walks round looking like he's been on a bender. Gothard escapes from survival course only to be found by the Gordons on their tour. Blanchette on the other hand uses table tennis bats to signal Puma (cat). LCPL Morrison ie TA, thinks he's gods gift to women but if I had a success rate like his, I'd jump off water and scream 'Looks like I'm a gona here' (gon a rear) (Jenny is one of his fancy women) RIP Suckers!





The Gaffer (VC DES) On Three

The continued gruelling story for the benefit of those unfortunates who have n't seen us on our frequent television appearances.

NB: MEDREP: CPL Golding is holding out well after his assault pioneer continuation cadre when he tried to "end it all" at the Cadenas OP. He was last seen running through the jungle with a gas bottle under one arm and an Edwardian Fire Extinguisher under the other.

It has come to our notice that the P.C. (as he hasn't got it right so far) has decided to return to the UK a month early, and learning of this Sgt (I'll swop you a tin of beans for a bacon grill and an oatmeal block) Scully is now pretending to be CQMS.

Since our last instalment amongst our busy calender of Cays trips, outings and 'days off' we have managed to fit in the odd foot patrol and OP. Private (Get out! this is the ops room) Killer enjoyed our visit to the Treetops OP, as did Pickering although he does tend to get carried away sometimes (probably the heat). CPL Archer has perfected the art of producing Tea and we congratulate him on his award of the "Combat Brewing Certificate" which he attained with distinction.

Quote: Its not the milk: its the motion. CPL 'A' circa 1981.

Private Brice (stimms please) is fine and enjoys talking as does Brown, rumour has it that some people CAN understand what he's saying! We all enjoyed our Cays trip even though "someone" whilst trying to be James Bond (again) lost an engine off the back of the boat: perhaps he should take lessons on how to be cool from our very own Hollywood Star "Clint Easterling". Doc Fallon was delighted when he caught his first fish on that same trip and later reminisced that it was "Pretty Big Really".

Balfe is still with us and has been known to mumble in his sleep about drinking 'Reds' eating 'Clacky' and Elvis....Nobody takes much notice as all sound in the jungle at night is totally drowned by Beney snoring. Price managed to melt his parang whilst brewing (obviously needs a lesson from CPL 'A') and Smith; who is on loan to us for six months from London Zoo seems to enjoy living in the jungle.

We now look forward to a spell in A.P.C. and the company exercise and wonder if we will be able to break our record of being 80% 'umpired out' in this one?

A SQUADDIE
ON R&R
SOMEWHERE
IN BELIZE

WRITTEN BY:
C. RUSS
DRAWN BY:
M. DALSON

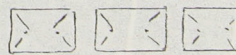
HOTEL EL COMPO
RECEPTION DESK



AB BISCUIT



HOTEL EL COMPO
RECEPTION DESK



AB BISCUITS
SAY MORE ABOUT
YOU IN BELIZE
THAN CASH
EVER CAN
APPLY FOR A
RATION FORM
TODAY

"ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT CAREER PLANNING....."



A Company Mortar Section

As part of Captain Beeston's training programme C/S 51 Mortar Section finally finished building the Company attap.

PTE Coleman while on adventure training achieved the ultimate award - a certificate for 5 days solid sun bathing.

PTE Bettsworth became Mr Bettsworth. We had the last laugh on him as he flew back to UK with all the comforts a haircut has to offer.

Captain Beeston decided to rough it with us on our last shoot. He actually slept in an A-frame.

As well as Captain Beeston learning to do artillery target procedure, he also learned that red ants like compo and it always rains on a shoot.

CPL Walker and the lads on the Mortar line soon discovered that rounds don't always go where you want them, when a WP round landed 30 metres in front of them and exploded.

Speaking of CPL Walker his moony shade has changed to a reddish colour rather like a mobile telephone box.

PTE Dillon Granger on the advise of the local witch doctor has had to give up his one and only pastime - smoking!



PTE Matt Pannell on the other hand refuses to go to the cookhouse after his survival course stating that Iguana and Cahuna leaves are better, giving good reason as to why the local wildlife is dwindling.

PROUD WINNERS OF THE TOLEDO DISTRICT CHRISTMAS ICE POLO TOURNAMENT ARE, FROM LEFT, 2LT. GUCCI BROWN, MAJOR RIGID RAIDER, MAJOR MINE'S A DOUBLE ACWORTH, CAPT. JOSHUA GOLDBERG AND CAPT. H. BEAST (RETD.)

IN CASE OF THERMO NUC- LEAR ATTACK



**RUN AROUND IN CIRCLES AND LOOK
FOR YOUR DARK GLASSES. SHOUT
NUKE, NUKE AND KEEP ON SHOUTING**



**MAKE ONE QUICK ATTEMPT TO DIG
YOURSELF A FALL OUT SHELTER**



**RUN TO THE NEAREST BAR AND GET
DRUNK AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE**



**PHONE THE WIFE / GIRLFRIEND OR
INFLATABLE DOLL AND TELL HER
YOU MAY BE LATE HOME**

1. The general thermo nuclear attack alarm must be controlled from a constantly manned location such as the Sergeants Mess Bar.
2. This poster should be displayed wherever a thermo nuclear attack is likely to occur.

CAYO

IS THAT YOU THERE FINCO?

NO MAJOR. DON'T CALL ME THAT - THE LOCALS ONLY KNOW ME AS LOCO... or el Finko...

AH G* D JER....
SEEN ANY GUATS
OR TOMMYGAFFS
LATELY FINCO... ER
...SIRRY-LOCO?

QUE? OH YOU
MEAN BOTHROBS
NUMMIFERS!

AH, I SEE. NO TOMMYGOLFS MAJOR - BUT A REPORT FROM THE CLEANING LADY- OOF - I MEAN A SOURCE OF 3 QUATS SNAKING ACROSS THE BORDER...

INTELLIGENCE TAG

A cartoon drawing of a man with a wide-eyed, screaming expression, holding a sign that says "SNAKING!!". The man has a large nose, a wide-open mouth, and a distressed look. The sign is tilted and has the word "SNAKING!!" written in large, bold, capital letters. Above the sign, the words "snaking? snaking...." are written in a smaller, cursive font. The entire drawing is enclosed in a simple rectangular border.

CALL OUT-STAND TO!
GRAB SANDBAGS
AND GET THOSE
SNAKES!

GUATS-
MAJOR...
GUATS

YES YES- GUATS.
PUT THEM ALL IN
SANDBAGS ANYWAY...
WATCH THEM
FALL!

MANCHESTER
Banquet

WHADDIA MEAN - WHERE'S GUATAMALA? I DON'T KNOW. IF THEY SELL BLOODY LOBSTERS!

GET OUT THERE MEN- WHOEVER YOU ARE- AND BRING BACK THEM LOBSTERS IN SACKS.

DO WE SWIM BACK?

THIS IS IT! MAJOR HERPES NONTOLOGIST WILL BE RECOGNIZED AT LAST!

R. B. R. B.

A cartoon illustration depicting a moment of surprise or confusion. On the right, a large figure of a man in a dark suit and tie is shown from the chest up, looking down towards a smaller figure on the left. On the left, a small child is holding a lit flare aloft in their right hand. A speech bubble originates from the man's mouth, containing the text "ER.... EXCUSE ME SIR?". The drawing style is simple, using black outlines and cross-hatching for shading. The entire scene is enclosed within a rectangular frame.

AAHHH— my BOYS, my BOYS!
YOU'VE DONE IT!
YOU'VE CAUGHT
THE SNAKES
WHO'VE BEEN
TERRORISING
US 'B' COY
FELLANTS!!

NEVER MIND MATOR- WE'LL THINK OF SOME NEW FANTASY TOMORROW!

SANDRA

Ryan

THE END

The Prospectus of the University of Holdfast

The University of Holdfast (a Registered Charity) was formed by the multinational Rentagrun Ltd as a (tax loss) charitable Institute of Higher Learning. Although most of its faculties are impaired, it does specialize in the Natural Sciences with a Department of Marine Biology, Forestry and Ethnic Cultures. The Arts are not forgotten with Departments in Geography, Music and, at the outlying campus, (the University of Holdfast at Plassey.) the Department of Ancient Poetry. Topics which receive a full study include Ballistics, Metallurgy and Mugging in the Modern World.

The Campus

The premises which the Campus occupies, were successfully negotiated on a short term lease from a sister company, the OK Cayo OK group and some of the OK Cayo OK subsidiaries have been absorbed into the University. They are set in a neat compact group around a central Highway or monsoon ditch. Ethnic barbed wire, charmingly decorated with tropical flowers, replace the more traditional ivy clad Halls of Residence. The Mathematics department use the Swimming Pool as a source of much calculation and establishment of betting odds in deciding whether the Pool will ever be filled; if it is, for how long; What size of finger is needed to plug the holes etc.

Marine Biology

This is quite a large department which will endeavour to teach Parrots to fly underwater. In preparation they have successfully proved that Flat Bed Bedfords make an ideal base for the Belize River Ferry System to float over. Professor Sweet Chestnut, the head of Faculty has been seen trying to obtain Shellfish to feed his armoured Parrots (or Sheldrakes). A certain amount of fielding has been going on.

Forestry

A slightly smaller faculty with its expatriate Professor, Peter ME-TICK-U-TIN (think about it-Ed) busily planting a forest of bananas, oranges, avocado and papaya all around the campus. It is rumoured that he expresses more faith in his ability to grow fresh fruit than in his ability to grow fresh hair.

Ethnic Cultures

A tall but fast moving department run by Dr Edwards. He has recently starred in a new film 'Hay Mate - The Great Biscuit Tree' which received rave reviews in the provinces. Unfortunately the wardrobe issued him two rubber boots instead of Rubber Boots due to a mixup in the memoranda. It was of no consequence as they fitted him prefectly.

Geography

The most dynamic of our departments: All students doing this course are guaranteed to see a lot of Belize and most of Guatemala. Rugby playing undergraduates can Peckhan choose where they scrum down; Belize City, San Ignacio, Guatemala City or by prior arrangement with the Mexican Authorities, El Salvador or Brazil.

Ancient Poetry

Ancient Poetry is read and learned in both English and Spanish at our outlying Campus at Plassey. This pleasant spot with views over the orange groves of



WHAT DOES HE
THINK HE LOOKS
LIKE?

O.K SERGEANT... CALL UP
ROCKY AND SAY "CAYO O.P.
ALL QUIET !!!"





San Ignacio and pleasant bathing in the Belize River by Hanging Rock turns the Keyes of the students minds and ensures that they are turned out in a Tidey manner. The Campus shares its premises with the Ballistics laboratory whose motto 'Naf the Troops' rings out at every break from normality. It is thought however that Ballistics is of low calibre and big bore.

Metallurgy

This small department is run by one of the eccentrics of the University Staff. Dr Diggins has an all consuming passion for attempting to destroy 'TONKA' toys by running them into the ground, the air or the rivers. Fortunately he has not succeeded in the recent past. The Dean is hoping that he doesn't succeed at all. The Mechanical Engineering Branch concurs with that thought.

Recreational Facilities

Although the Swimming Pool caused amusement and some wagering in the Mathematics Department, more certain forms of gambling are; (a) betting on how fast a visitor will cover 50 yards when chased by the Vice Chancellors pet Boa Constrictor; (b) betting on when the Vice Chancellor is going to be bitten by his Coral Snake and (c) how long is he going to live as a result.

Music Department

The Music Department, although very long established suffers from a paucity of musical instruments (and possibly talent!). It was decided early in its formation that strolling undergraduates needed stirring tunes to keep their minds away from unhealthy thoughts and to this end the musicologists specialize in percussion and high pitched martial sounds. Currently however, the undergraduates insist in thinking unhealthy thoughts.

The Adminstration

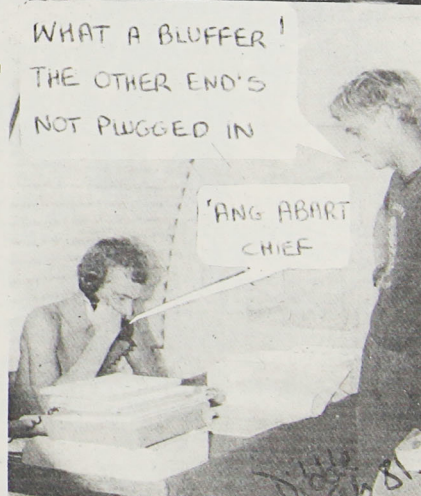
The Vice Chancellor supervises the adminstration in addition to his collection of Scaly Back reptiles. There is a healthy Car Hire Service for the benefit of students (group rates are cheaper). The Refectory produces meals of delicate Compo(sition) and the Bursar, Dr Taylor ensures that all students study, in addition to their chosen fields, additional life styles such as Hall Portering at the front gate and assisting the underdeveloped ethnic storemen Padlock their wares. Occassionaly students have to be Nursed in their writing skills but we do not rush brooks headlong.

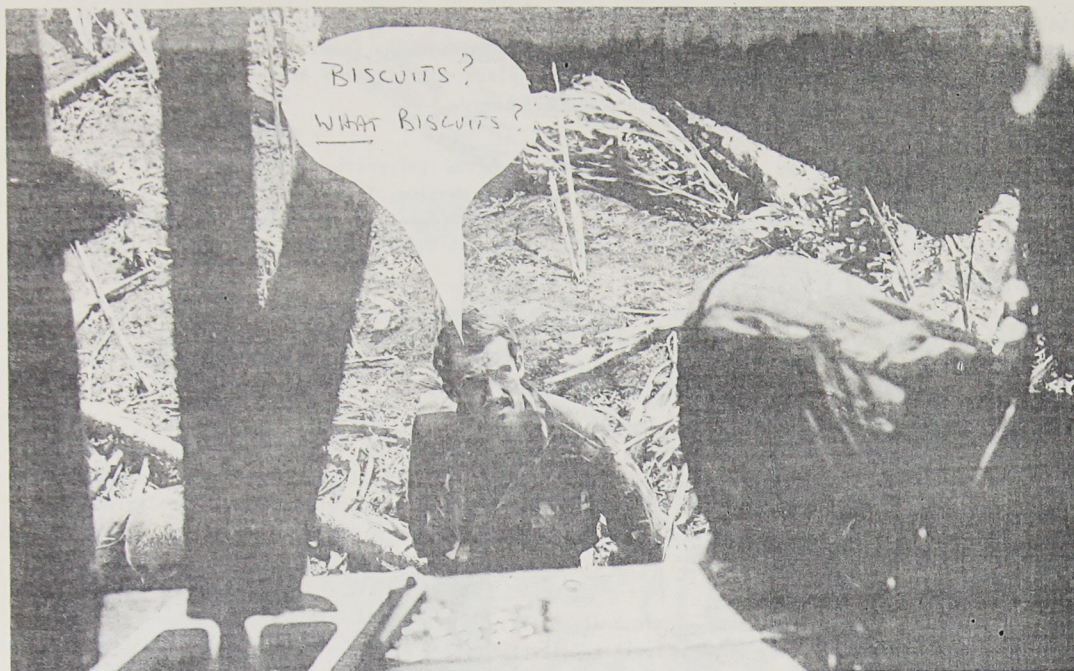
Finance

Running a University is an expensive business even if it is a taxpayers loss. To aid the funding, the fellows are offering the lease to anyone who wishes to purchase. Included in the package will be two very desirable, country chalet type, bungalows, one a rustic dwelling with a picture window commanding extensive views over the surrounding countries.

The hot water and bathroom facilities of this residence have been highly recommended by a National Newspaper. The other property has extensive views over wide grouse moors. One especially attractive feature is the presence of a large non-commercial radio station within earshot. In this manner, occupants can save money by saving on radio batteries.

Both these desirable properties would suit any Scottish Landowner with suffecient beaters and staff to run them.





The Holland Coy Embarrassment Page...

....AND THE BRAGANZA QUESTIONNAIRE

WHICH OF THESE WOULD MOST BENEFIT
THE ROYAL HUSSARS:

1. MOVING ROADS
2. DISBANDING
3. BROWN TROUSERS
4. A NEW TROOP COMMANDER

WHICH OF THESE WOULD MOST BENEFIT
THE CHESTNUT TROOP:

1. CONKERS
2. SCUBA DIVING LESSONS
3. GUNS
4. EUTHANASIA

WHICH OF THESE WOULD MOST BENEFIT
HOLLAND COY:

1. SERUM
2. 1 GORDONS
3. MAPS
4. CAPTAIN ARMITAGE-SMITH



River Deep Mountain High

STOP PRESS!! TINY HITCHCOCK BIDS FOR RAYMOND FRASER EMPIRE

Since that last copy of Braganza our new guests have arrived, the hotel facilities have improved to the extent that shower attendants now hold your towels until you take to the Turkish Bath, and your soap will not put you in the compromising Household Cavalry position.

The jungle to those who live in combat country has come to the camp! The early morning run now has the added incentive of the 50m dash past the Officers Mess to avoid Sir Rocks collection of the most poisonous snakes in Belize.

The owners of the penthouse atop, River Deep Mountain High, view the changes that the new management have brought to the hotel with great interest. Their application to David Attenbrough for a film in Holdfast on the life of the deep jungle is being taken very seriously by the BEEB.

As this is likely to be the last time that The Amoured Recce Troop have the pleasure of appearing in the 1 Queens Country Life, we would like to thank all those who have helped in the running of our hotel. A special thank you goes to the management who have made our stay such a pleasant one. The inspections, area cleaning and camp guards, which were not included in the brochure have really made the holiday one to remember.

River Deep Mountain High return to England a few weeks before 1 QUEENS and a new troop of donkey wallopers, tank-letts, tonka toys, cavalry wallahs, will be taking over the penthouse suite. They have been sent the 1981 Holdfast Hotel Brochure and tell me that they are looking forward to having their holidays with the Scottish Football team.

YOUR PERSONAL COLUMN

SUCKYPOOS - LOVE U AND ALWAYS WILL
PHONE SOON - FRED

DO YOU SUFFER FROM BAD BREATH, B.O.
AND DANDRUFF? THEN PLEASE STAY
AWAY FROM ME - SIMON

JOIN OUR LONELY HEARTS CLUB - SAE
TO DR. CHRISTIAN BARNARD

CUT PRICE CARPETS!!!! NORMAL PRICE
£20 PER YARD - NOW ONLY £7 PER
FOOT! ALSO WATER-DAMAGED UMBRELLAS

EVER WANTED TO BE SCRUFFY, SLOPPY,
LAZY AND UNTIDY - AND GET PAID FOR
IT? - THEN JOIN THE CHESHIRE REGI-
MENT.

ARE YOU A 7 - STONE WEAKLING? DO
YOU GET SAND KICKED IN YOUR FACE?
THEN BUY OPTREX, THE MEDICALLY AP-
PROVED EYEWASH, AVAILABLE ON MOST
BRITISH BEACHES.

S-S-S-STAMMER BADLY? C-CAN'T G-GET
YOUR W-W-WORDS OUT? FORGET YOUR
PROBLEM FOR 20 YEARS BY JOINING
THE FRANCISCAN MONKS AND TAKING A
VOW OF SILENCE.

NOTICE - CPL. BAYS IS REALLY A
VERY NICE BOY.

DARLING - I CAN ONLY AFFORD TWELVE
WORDS - JUST WANTED TO SAY I

MASSAGE - HEIDI'S MASSEURS GIVE
COMPLETE SATISFACTION!! ALL TASTES
CATERED FOR. RING OFFICERS MESS,
PIRBRIGHT, FOR DETAILS

HELP STAMP OUT PAEDOPHILIA - TREAD
ON SOME KIDS TODAY

SGT. JOHNSTON WISHES IT TO BE KNOWN
THAT HE IS NOW 5 FEET 6½ INCHES
TALL

WOULD THE PERSON WHO LEFT 17 CWT.
OF PIG MANURE ON MY LAWN PLEASE
COME AND DIG MY WIFE OUT.

HENRY ROLLOCKS WISHES IT TO BE
KNOWN THAT HE HAS CHANGED HIS NAME
TO PAUL ROLLOCKS

NOTICE: MAHARISHNU GUJU LEADER OF
THE CHURCH OF EVERLASTING LIGHT
WILL HOLD HIS NEXT MEETING AT BAT-
TERSEA POWER STATION.

SKIRTS GALORE!!!! WE MAKE LOVELY
SKIRTS, WE SELL SKIRTS, RAISE
TROUBLESOME HEMS, PUT NICE LITTLE
TUCKS IN THE WAIST, AND CAN DO
CHARMING PLEATS AND INVISIBLE MEND-
ING. FOR DETAILS SEND £5 AND SAE
TO THE COMMANDING SEAMSTRESS 1ST
BTW. GORDON HIGHLANDERS

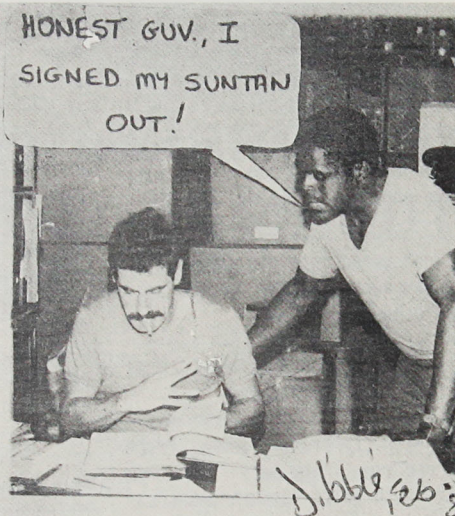
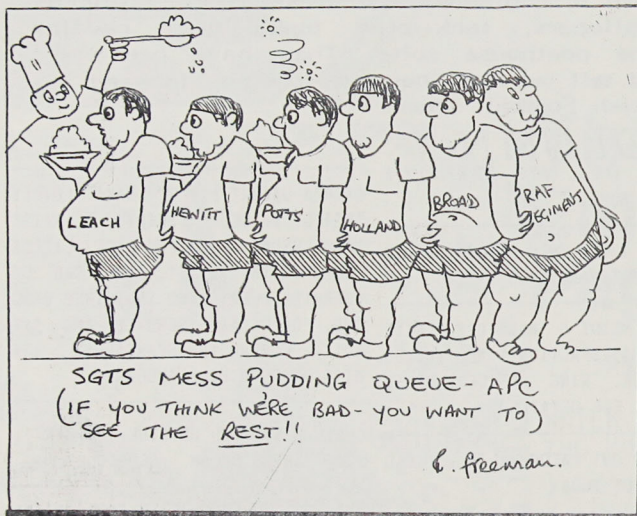
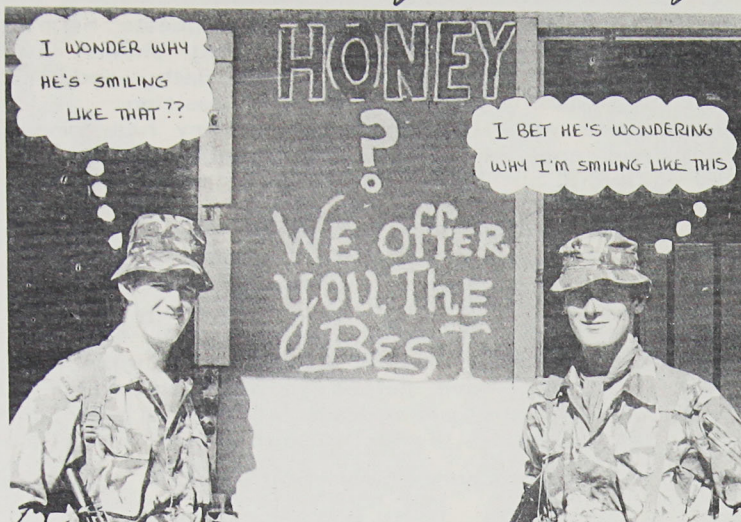
CYRIL - SEE YOU OUTSIDE THE NAAFI,
2200. BRING CREAM - CEDRIC

ARE YOU DEPRESSED AND DOWN IN THE
DUMPS? CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE? THEN
RING THE SURGEONS - WE OFFER GOOD
PRICES FOR INTERNAL ORGANS, LIMBS
AND HAIR.

LOOKING FOR PROMOTION? ADVICE
GIVEN FREE, BY LT. "I'M SURE I
SHOULD BE A MAJOR" MADELEY

FED UP WITH OLD FOGEYS ON YOUR
HOLS? THEN THE 19-44 CLUB IS FOR
YOU!! JOIN THIS SUMMER AND ENJOY
THE EXCITEMENT OF A FULL-SCALE IN-
VASION OF FRANCE, GET DIVE-BOMBED
BY STUKAS AND ALL WITH PEOPLE YOUR
OWN AGE

the Good "Ere, Innit?" Page (Unabridged Version)



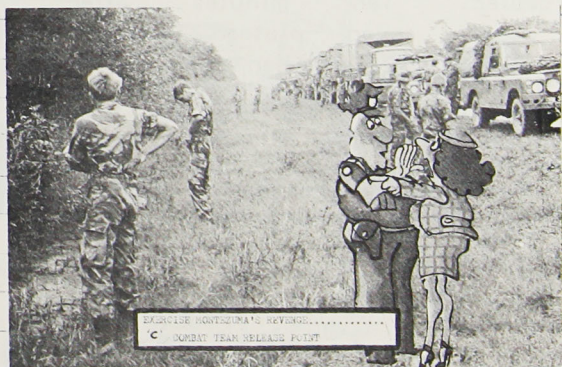
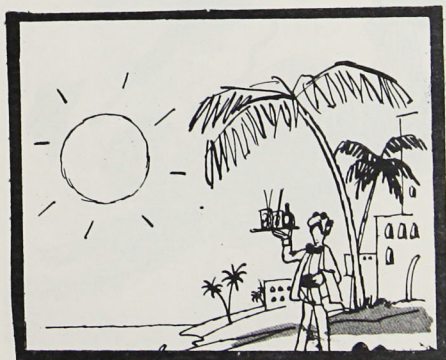
SOBRAON

COY AT APC

BELIZE
CITY

We, the lucky ones, the chosen few who have survived the rigours of Cayo District are now firmly entrenched in manaña (pronounced like banana with an i) country. Here we exist between sleeping landcrabs and sunbathing beauties and dream of flying east with the great White Bird every Tuesday. Our greatest problems here are finding out what ESH stands for, keeping our cool whilst all about lose theirs, interpreting the hundreds of booking in and out books and finding time for the gate sentry to lift the barrier in between saluting, reading regulations, searching civilians and avoiding mobile land crabs.

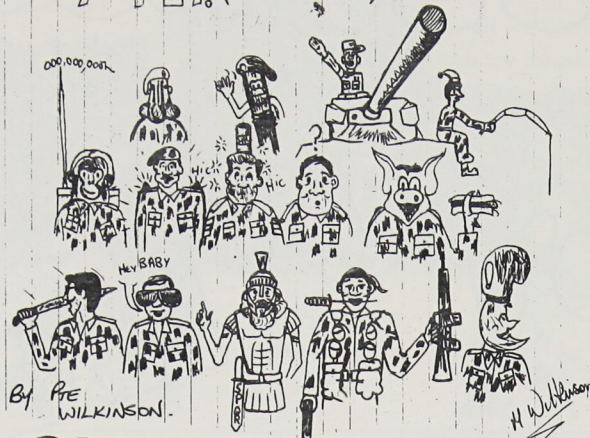
To any Queensman from Reptile or Combat Country we extend an open invitation to come and visit us at the Sandfly Inn. Indeed so good is our hospitality that the Battalion Shooting Team decided to extend their stay.



LEFT TO RIGHT

TOP: NOSE LYNFIELD, MORTAR LOCKE, ROMMEL P. SMITH, KNOME SMITH.
MIDDLE: GIBSON TAYLOR, P.C., SGT POTTS, HOSBEN, PIG-BENCE
BOTTOM: SIDNEY, JOE 90, L/CPL WARREN, NATO CPL ADDY (GODSGETT), MOONWIGJECK.

7 PLT. (RECCE)



Sleepy Hollow?

Life started on January 10th with the BG Exercise. There were two memorable events in this. The first was the capture of LCPL WARREN by the elite forces of the BDF. The second was the tactical swallow dive of one of seven platoon's attachments over a barbed wire fence into a foot of mud. This was accompanied by a terrifying war cry. The enemy must have shuddered as they heard the resultant Battle Group hysterics.

The sanity of seven platoon was in doubt after two weeks at plassey - DORMER and LINDFIELD were seen running up the hill from San Ignacio carrying a 120mm combat shell - WHEELER was seen running into Plassey, with a 7.62 drill round on his shoulder.

This was part of an inter-section three day competition. Events included a Beer Relay, Speed stripping/Assembling Weapons, Hunt the beer, a Mortar run and a four legged obstacle race. The final was "Pass 4", under the directorship of SGT LOVELL. Here the platoon split into two and forced each other across 20m of good, deep and sticky Belizean mud. In between

them sat a partially filled jerrican. The game-to pass the can around the team four times without being intercepted. Ten minutes after the start, seven platoon emerged like pigs from a sty-well, BENCE and HIBBERT did.

We are now serving our jail sentence at APC. Pig-Bence, Joe Dormer, Niblet Hibbert and Locke the Mortorman have been granted a pardon and are leaving early.



Character Assassination

Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all is, how 8 platoon managed to survive the tour, with such a varied amount of strange personalities forming the platoon. "I mean...."

1. Even on the first day out here at Holdfast, PTE SID SEEKINGS somehow managed to put a landrover into a storm drain and to think that he is quite proud of that, his only achievement of this tour. Even though a very indignant Coy 21C did ban him from driving.

2. Now take the PC, 2Lt CORDEN; could he have been a Butlins Red Coat before he joined up? Because he somehow managed to captivate several members of the platoon, by playing CHARADES in the jungle, "by candlelight would you believe".

3. Perhaps one of the most dramatic moments we had on patrol was when PTE's "Legs" WRIGHT and "FARMER" TAYLOR, were temporarily blinded by tree sap in th eyes. They had to be casevaced out by Puma. This led to the very touching scene, of CPL "KU-FU" FLEMING and OLD FATHER TIME himself, SGT HEWITT, leading the casualties hand in hand to the LZ.

4. Now this leads me to the point of awarding PTE WRIGHT, an OSCAR, for his performance that night, by waking up the whole platoon at around midnight by shouting "Help me Sir I can't see, me eyes."

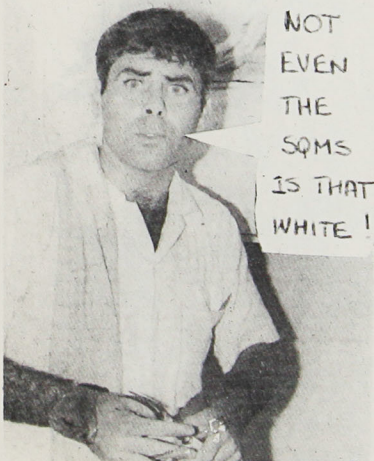
One of the best weeks we had at Holdfast was when 32A and 32C did a week mobile patrol, during which they clocked up nearly 500 miles the only bad moment being when PTE "VULTURE" CROUCH, bogged his rover in some mud, and had to be towed out by an obliqinq Menannite on a tractor. That incident even embarrassed the normally unshakable CPL "BOB ALLEN, even he was speechless for ONCE. And PTE "CHALKY (TENNETS)" WHITE was heard to mutter "GOD, SOMEONE GIVE ME A BEER".

5. Other members of the platoon consist of LCPL "BENCE" GALLIE the Brecon Bunny - with teeth like he's got, that discription is very apt, LCPL "GROTTY" DEAN, called so because of his incredible bad taste in women, and also LCPL PETE "ON THE DODGE" QUIRKE.

Then we have PTE "SAS" UNWIN, who is always trying to impress upon the newer members of the platoon PTES MEW, THORP and HAYDEN that if they stick with him, they will go places. (See CSM for comments) One of the principle characters of the platoon is PTE "MUTTON" HATTON who always carries PTE ROBINSON 83's green monkey when the going becomes rough.

6. I must not forget, PTE's STEVE "NAM" CRUDDAS, "WEDGE HEAD" GAIL, "TA" KISSOCK, "SNIPER" SIMMS, "LIZARD" YOUNG, "SAMMY" DAVIES, "DARRAL" BROWN, "NASTY" HOLT and the two multi gym fattys SAM - MARAGH and FRITZ - ANDREWS, and our very own film producer "BALDY BURCHELL", who filmed some of our glorious moments.

7. Well I must go now, because I have not the time left to dwell upon my own mightiness. Anyway, it's nearly DAWN.



This Speaks For Itself.....



DAMN FUNNY- TAP NOT WORKING EH ?!

[Depicting the occasion when 'C' Company
21C was "rubber dicked" at J.T.C.]

And So Does This!



[Depicting Cpl. Salts
'recc'e" of JTC HQ-
presuming it to be an
enemy camp!]

"... AND I SEE THE ENEMY ER... COOKING BY"
THE ER.... ENEMY ATAP.....

*"...You thought you were going on a 15 mile march but,
Raymond Low, tonight this is your tour" "Da Da Daaa"*

[THE SOBRAON COMPANY ATTACK ON CHIAL- MONTEZUMAS REVENGE II]



Deployment States

State Colour	Green	Grey	Amber	Red
CBF Staff's Colour	Slightly Rubicund	Definetely Florrid	Decidedly Scarlet	Positively Puce
Action By A Coy	Combat Country Patrols - insertion by Puma sweatbands armalites, 20 RDS + 6 stimms per man	Begin Stockpiling stimms. Each man issued with his personal bottle opener from the war stocks.	Start Flapping - the myth might be exploded. Free issue of stimms to keep up morale. Plans formulated for combat resupply of stimms.	Summary Court-Martial for an NCO who has lost a crate of orange fanta. Someone sent off to look for a Bedford full of ammo, lost last week. CQMS issues brown grots to ease the overburdened DHOBI svstems.
B Coy	Entomological and Reptile patrols.	Indent for camouflaged butterfly nets.	Rocky tries to plan a jumping tommygoff expedition to the heart of the Mayan mountains.	Straight into action. A skillfull left flanking by the butterfly net group, covered by the camphor bottle group, nets a Belizean vomit-brown a delighted Rocky decorates all concerned.
C Coy	Cayes trips R&R, adventure training.	Cayes trips R&R, adventure training.	Cayes trips R&R, adventure training.	Coy 2ic sent on R&R. Remainder of company deploy in a perfect example of true military professionalism.
Force	Z Z Z (Heard from pool area)	ZZZ (From pool area again).	There is a moment of excitement as a storeman goes up to the blackbird club for an egg banjo. Officers' Mess bar is sandbagged.	The Mess barmen reluctantly put on their brand new combats. An overzealous forklift truck driver waddles over to the QMS for a webbing belt, but they are shut.
RAF	A lone airman nonchalantly sweeps the hangar out.	A yawning airman adjusts the cam nets over the Harriers and staggers back to bed exhausted.	Pilots are warned they might have to fly on days other than Wednesdays and are given the rest of the week off to recover from shock. AOC negotiates ½ price drinks for war conditions just in case.	"Scramble" - Another breakfast order is placed. TAOC indents for more red Chinagraphs with which to writes "Aircraft U/S" on his flight board Pilots re-fight Battle of Britain in the mess....."Came out of the sun! Tally Ho!! Wizzard Prang! Etc."

Poet's Corner

"Pronto's Revenge" or "The Wild Man Of Borneo"

*I'm the wild man of Borneo, Fred Enko is my name
I love Belizean jungle 'cos patrolling is my game
And I can take the sunshine when it's hot enough to melt
For I'm protected by my strangulating matted hairy pelt
I'm a right one for the ladies, I make them fawn and sigh
And when they leave they like to carve their name upon my thigh
My major love is driving cars, a real financial load
But soon I hope to master how to keep them on the road
I'd like to be a Royal Marine which leaves a lot of scope
'cos I'm quite used to langlaufing and dangling on a rope
And jumping in and out of boats and leaping over logs
And relaxing in the evenings with some pretty gruesome dogs
But now I'm getting married and will have to settle down
And stop these wild and drunken nights out upon the town
The wild man of Borneo has retired from the fight
And settled for the washing - up and beans on toast at night*

A Day In APC

By Cpl. AM Smith

*Early in the morning about half past five
Airport Camp really comes alive
with people dashing everywhere
some keep quiet and some just swear
What a way to start the day
in our beds we'd all rather stay.*

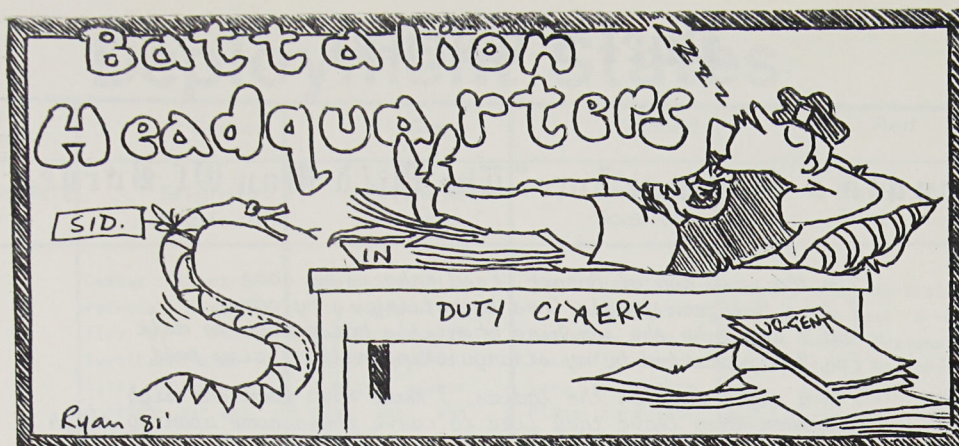
*The chimes of six ring loud and clear
all on parade, is everyone here?
Into three ranks we'll all have fun
just a little three mile run
Moans and groans emit from the crowd
Shut up you crabs, Colour Hilton says aloud.*

*Half past six and in they come
sweating and cursing after the run
into the shower, a chance to take
'cos the water's cold if you're too late
Then over to brekkers for those who dare
or flake on their beds to part and stare.*

*Half past seven and work begins
BHQ starts to hum and sing
with busy clerks all dashing about
then suddenly an almighty shout
erupts from the office of our dear Chief
SGT Gurr, he cries, who the hell is on leave?*

*Enter the Adjt fresh from his leave
takes a look and sighs when he sees
the orderly room overrun with clerks
may I have a coffee, he quietly asks
Leap to the task three clerks or more
that one cup of coffee has now become four.*

*At last five o'clock finally comes around
we go to our rooms and hear the sound
of Radio APC from the noise machine
then into bed to sleep serene
till half past five while the sun isn't high
when men parade 'neath the Caribbean sky.*



The Orderly room has swelled in numbers with the recent addition of a few clerks plucked from the far flung reaches of the battalion by our new Chief Clerk Dave Bailes. (He replaces CSGT Les Baynham who left us for the colder climes of Northumberland and with him go our best wishes in his new post as ORS 6 RRF). His side kick, SGT (Have-a-go) Gurr, who bravely faced the terrors of the deep on a recent Caye trip, was nominated by BHQ as the man most likely to succeed the present PR man in Belize, due to his close contacts with civilian population.

CPL TC Hobgen has been slowly and methodically ousting the ORC in his bid for power. A budding Idi Amin we think! To aid him in his power struggle he plucks questions from mid-air and fires them at the ORC. This causes the ORC to go into fits of delirium. TC has recruited the help of CPL Mark Trickett, who has recently been appointed as head of 1 QUEENS Travel Agency.

PTE John (Henry) Hall is getting himself ready for the return to UK and West Ham by having a skinhead hairdo and practicing his kicks on any piece of paper that he considers to be anti-West Ham. He has also been trying to deny his forthcoming marriage. The reports that have been filtering back from our Super Spy, CPL Johnny (The Toad) Hoad have been positively encouraging.

At the time of writing PTE Lee Bardley is moping around BHQ because his girlfriend has either jilted him or has got his first name wrong.

CPL Smith and PTE Mick Saunders have, for the past fortnight, been teaching the new clerks and are now thinking of joining NUT, (the National Union of Teachers).

Capt Nick Carter and CSGT Hissing Sid Hilton managed to arrange a very worthwhile Caye trip. Despite the fact that sixteen members of the company were 'on duty' the trip came off remarkably well, we did manage to get a couple of hours sun, the remainder of the time it 'bucketed' down. The Adjutant acted as resident David Bailey and photographed the boat(?) as it left for the open sea. Needless to say he didn't get on the craft and SGT Pete Gurr wishes he didn't either!

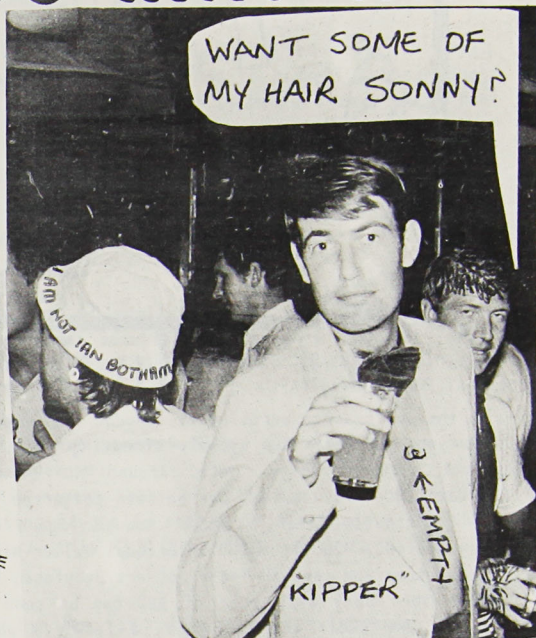
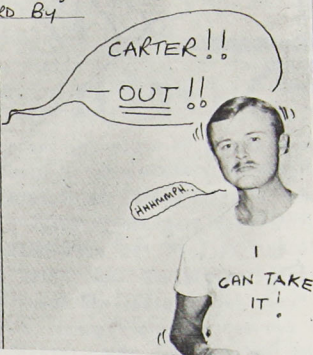
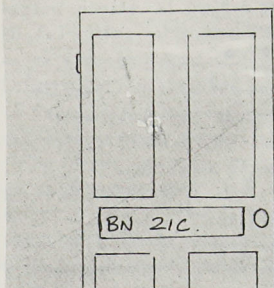
We have had various personnel go on R & R to exotic and some not so-exotic places. The Adjutant and his good lady went to New Orleans, Capt Eagan to Acapulco, CPL Trickett to Texas, PTE Hall to Miami, SGT Gurr, CPL Hobgen, CPL Dillon and PTE Saunders to San Pedro, and the Chief Clerk has not decided yet.

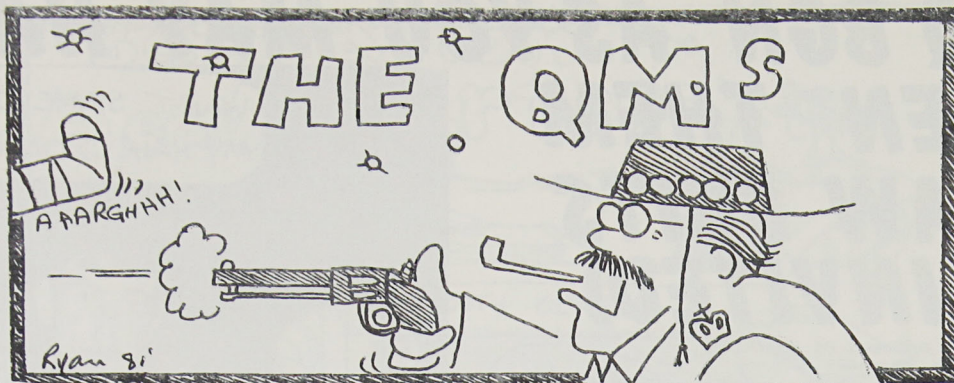
Capt Eagan has once again been appointed Unit Emplaning Officer and hopefully, this time, he will manage to catch his plane, providing the RAF realise he is in fact a military man, and not a civilian. The latter has been questionable for some time!

In general, the Orderly Room is still going strong with merriment and mirth being interbred with serious work, and are all counting the days to the big silver bird to take us back to the ones we love, in some cases to the beer we love.

HQ BGN AS YOU MAY HAVE SEEN THEM (LAW SUITS INVITED)

"MORNING GREETINGS AS HEARD BY THE DUTY SIGNAVERS....."





Time: 7:30am

Date: Early in the '80 (1980s)

Place: Al Portas Camp (APC)

In the North....

As the sun crashes mercilessly through the windows of the QM hacienda, the hang-out of the deadly Q Gang, you can hear the rhythmic strumming of fingers on a key-board as Black Jack (Cpl Dave Welch) types out another ransom note. Around the corner of the door, the sometimes child-like features of Babyface (Pte Andy Davies) can be seen contorted into rude gestures in Black Jack's direction.

A few minutes later a small, tanned figure walks through the main door. The other members of the Gang run out. "Oh, it only Tonto (Lcpl Smiler Miles)" says Black Jack. "Pick him up."

"Next time you come in Tonto" offers Babyface, "wear your glasses and open the door first".

Down the dusty main road of APC can be seen two approaching figures. A third runs over to join them. They are Eddie the Kid (Sgt Ed Tackley) who led some of the Gang at the RPL shoot-out, Two-Shot Tickner (WO2 Niel Tickner), the 2IC of the Gang, whose first normally misses and whose contribution to the Gang is to open the massive safe every morning. The running figure is Shotgun Hamilton (Pte Danny Hamilton) who rode as the Kid's sidekick in the RPL shoot-out.

Back inside the hacienda can be heard the rustling of straw as Hoss Taylor (Lcpl Steve Taylor), a new member of the Gang, heaves himself from his stall (bed). The store room emits a strange regular flapping sound and Gringo (Cpl Terry Gardner) emerges wearing nothing but his trusty flip-flops and a smile.

Suddenly all light is blotted from the building as a long shadow is thrown across the doorway. Black beret pulled low over his eyes, a smouldering pipe hanging from the corner of his mouth and poncho (lightweight, green - and not yet signed for) slung casually from his shoulder concealing a pearl-handled briefcase bearing notches representing the CQMSs he has gunned down. In the background someone is whistling the theme from 'The Good, The Bad And The Ugly' announcing the arrival of Two-Gun Teddy (Major Ted Parker) the Gang's leader and whose hero is Groucho Marks.

Staring coldly around the room he gives his first order of the day.

"Tea" he says, "give me a tea".

Two-Shot backs his leader. "Give Two-Gun a tea" he says menacingly.

"T", reply the Gang in unison.

As daylight fades, Two-Gun becomes aware of a voice in his ear.

"Wake up Sir," Gringo is saying, "the working day is over, you can go home now".

....And In the South

The Caribbean Commando Corp consists of many professional soldiers.

Their main job in Battle Group South is to keep Officers and soldiers happy and contented while they sun bathe and/or otherwise enjoy themselves.

The breakdown of what individual members of the Caribbean Commando Corp do during their tour of Belize is as follows:

RQMS (Chief REMF) Budgen

Sits behind his desk drawing, and dreaming of big fish that he would like to catch, which alas hasn't managed to do so except for the one time he caught a wopper nearly as big as one of those sardines you get out of tins in the NAAFAI.

CSGT (Mercenary) Howard

Mercenary also sits behind a desk and dreams, this time not of fish, but of Butterflies, or sun bathing during his 6 to 7 hour lunch break. If ever you pass the SGTs Mess Accn during a lunch break you will be able to smell his flesh burning under coconut oil, (what a waste of coconut oil.)

SGT (Mattress Back) Crawford

Mattress Back is highly intelligent and seems to love working. Due to this he seems to have, instead of skin on his back, a mattress, so that every spare minute he has to himself, he can just lie down and sleep. This very rarely happens though, I'd say around 12 to 14 hours a day, which for a man with his charisma isn't much.

CPL (Beer Barrel) Brill

During the past 4 months Beer Barrel has become a 'Jack of all trades! Before he came out to Belize, he was a Carpenter, then during the first two months he took up rationing, now Cpl Brill has become one of the Battalions few professionals on Royal Engineering Beer and Gurkha curry, this man has good potential.

CPL (Popeye) Brazier

As you can see Cpl Brazier is one for sailing, and he willingly gives all his spare time to teaching people to sail, at Cattle Landing, in fact because he donated all his spare time the Chief REMF felt that with the RAOC now in control of his FAMTO store Cpl Brazier would have a little more time to himself (about 23 hours of it).

CPL (Hard Nut) Guilfoyle

Cpl (Hard Nut) Guilfoyle is a new member to the Caribbean Commando Corp, but since he has been here, I must admit a great change in the structure has now appeared.

He seems to have settled down quite nicely, with his newest hobby of collecting strange looking bugs, one being a 3 inch Cockroack. But apart from getting caught in snares or man traps every time you go to the Accommodation Store to change your sheets, I think Cpl (Hard Nut) Guilfoyle has become a vital part of our neat little set up.

CPL (Poisoned Dwarf) Sullivan

Poisoned Dwarf seems to have great potential, he handles his typewriter like Liberace! plays the piano. He has become one of the Corps most able men, being right at the heart of the action, but due to his size very rarely sees anything, or gets involved unless its to his advantage.

LCPL (Humper) Dinham

Now we are getting down to the hard men. This man is fit strong and highly dangerous when he is left on his own in the G1198 Store. Apart from getting under everybodys paperwork, this man seems to prod along in first gear when everybody around him is in 4th. But again a vital person in the team.

LCPL (Screwloose) Toulouse

Unfortunately Screwloose has had to leave our merry band to go to sunny UK to practice his rifle firing, which we all know he needs. But before he left he used to help along in the Accn Store, spending most of his time however trying to get a date with the laundry lady but this is neither here nor there.

LCPL (Bolt Neck) Lauman

Bolt Neck is the Ammo Storeman for Rideau. This bright strong lad spends nearly all his time over the ammo compound, talking to his little .22 rounds hoping one day they will grow into nice strong healthy big 120mm.

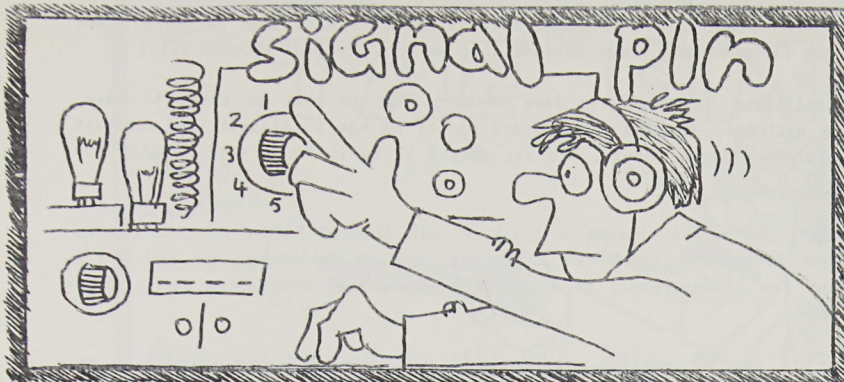
PTE (Marble) Crowhurst

Marble is the backbone of the Corp. The muscle bound man spends his time working out new ways to make cups of tea, and then tries them out on the rest of the unsuspecting members of the team. Apart from that he comes in useful when the RPL arrives and there isn't an Eagerbeaver available to lift off the boxes from the bedfords, he seems to have no trouble in taking them off two at a time, which is beyond the strength of the rest of us.

Well that is the BGS Caribbean Commando Corp, and I hope we will in the not too distant future see new volunteers, inlist into the Merry band of men, ie a complete change over (1 GORDONS/1 QUEENS).

Your friend,
Poisoned Dwarf.





OVERHEARD IN AN OPS ROOM

Maj X - "Pronto, what is our C/S"

Pronto - "10, Sir"

Maj X - "Roger, what is 0 C/S?"

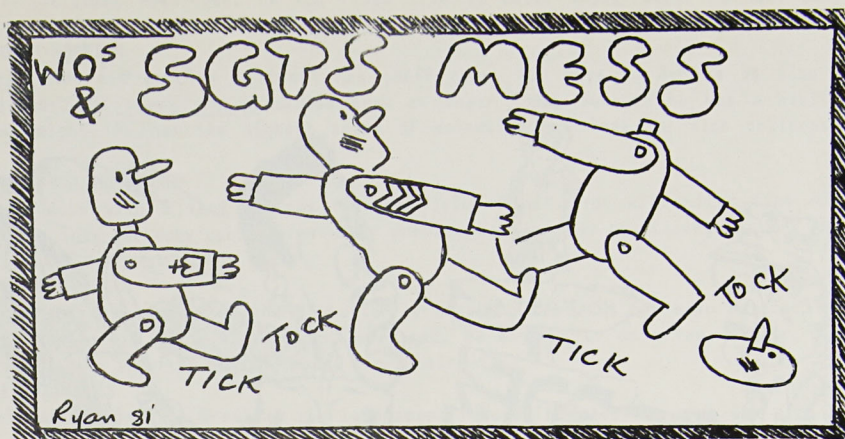
Pronto - "Sir??!*"

APC was much quieter when LCPL Carter moved to Holdfast. Unfortunately he was replaced by CPL Blackman so the decibel rating has remained unchanged. The Ops room crew has been backed up by arrivals from the South, LCPL Carter stayed for a few days then left for England, LCPL Woolton came in with his bad chest and LCPL Walker with his bad (deleted by the editor). Research with the CSM shows that CSGT Smith is still on the ration strength which is unfortunate for PTE Jenner as it thwarts his claim for pay of higher rank. The mainstays of our nerve cell plod on, PTE Broomfield has half the stags whilst LCPL Dwyer seems to be called out by the 2IC whenever his name appears on the roster. Tempers never get frayed but whenever things aren't going quite well we all gang up and blame CPL Nicol - come back soon, Nick, your responsibilities await you.

EXERCISE MONTEZUMAS REVENGE II

The exercise went well and most stations were on the net most of the time. The ARSO (still white) arrived just in time to join in quickly finding out that Antenna theory just learned has to be modified in Belize (The wet peice of string will work!) LCPL Woolton (Acting CV SGT) also jumped in at the deep end and quickly learnt the delights of a Night "Step up" with a scratch crew. Strange Noises in the Night turned out to be Capt Carter discovering the pitfalls of a daylight RECCE for a night move on the Top of the Band Stand. With all the Tree climbing needed to erect Antenna's it is rumoured tha LCPL Marshall (R Sigs) and PTE Broomfield are writing to Bo Derrick for a part in the latest TARZAN Film. LCPL Dwyer and PTE Stalley did their thing with the REBRO in the Pit on 107. LCPL Walker kept an eye on the Paymaster but unfortunately not on his vehicle. It ended up in his usual state "Pist an Broke" (SIC) or is taht unfair? Finally a message for all Pronto's watch out for all Novices on the Machete when in the area of Braid antennae. No names - but it was W02 BROWN - 000PS!





Sobraon Day Dinner - WOs & SGTs MESS

The 10th of February 1981 will probably go down in history in the Sergeants Mess calendar as possibly the most unique Regimental Dinner held.

It was decided, after a great deal of facts, figures and administrative problems were studied "in depth" that the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess hold a Regimental Dinner on the 10 Feb at the San Ignacio Hotel to celebrate Sobraon Day in the traditional manner.

The problem, if it could be mildly put, in setting it up was passed to Drum Major Colin Smith and his committee, a problem that he easily overcame, so he tells us but we know better as from time to time he was observed muttering to himself and scratching his head and biting his nails.

The problem or should we say problems, for the unaware were as follows:

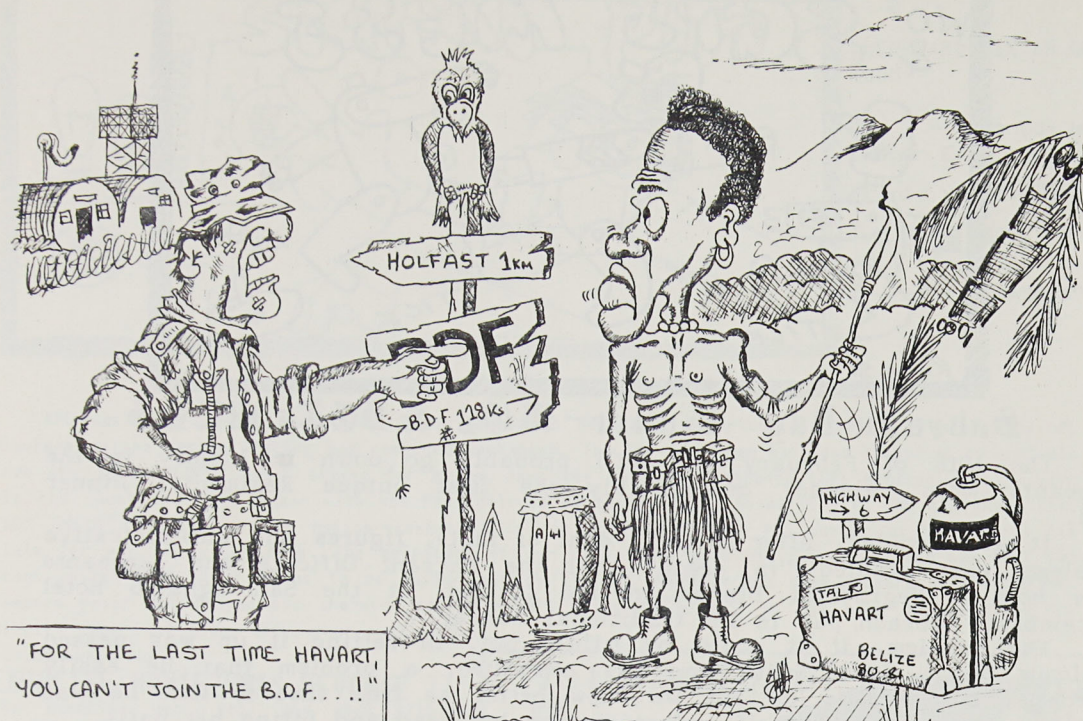
- Gather together the SNCOs from six locations in Belize spread over a radius of some 400 miles.
- Arrange transportation to and from locations.
- Arrange accommodation.
- Educate the San Ignacio Hotel staff in the finer rudiments of a Regimental Dinner.
- Arrange the menu, wine, cutlery and crockery.
- Arrange the various National Anthems to be played for the toasts.
- Arrange for waiters.
- Clear up after Dinner.
- And finally to get the SNCOs to pay for the Regimental Dinner!

The biggest problem of course was encountered by the Regimental Sergeant Major and 28 SNCOs from Airport Camp who, on endeavouring to leave for San Ignacio by Landrovers on the day, were promptly turned back from the main gate by a member of the RCT who stated that the vehicles were making illegal journeys. In true unflappable style the RSM went to see the DAAEQMG of Force HQ, gave him a brief resumé on Sobraon Day and we were allowed to proceed.



Colin excelled himself by setting up a perfect night. Mess members were seen to arrive in Landrovers, four tonners and even helicopters.

Accommodation was arranged at Holdfast and at the San Ignacio hotel. The Bandmaster sent out a tape with various National Anthems and the waiters were provided from the Drums Pl, all that now remains is for the SNCOs to pay their bills! The menu, wine and company were excellent and to you Colin, we the Sergeants Mess of the 1st Battalion would like to say a very warm and heartfelt "THANK YOU".



The Black Hand Gang

BOSS MAN LT (ARE YOU WITH ME) McDONNELL

Can be found anywhere in an 80 mile radius of this location. You will normally find him hovering near the helipad, down at the grot shop and sometimes water skiing, he is also Vice President of O.S.C.R.B. or better known as the Officer Swanning Club Rideau Branch.

SGT FRED ADOLF VON HOLLOWAY

In between altering details and practising new volleyball techniques you will find him organising the reparking of the MT vehicles. Then telling everyone it's "champion", then ten minutes later, telling us to move them all again. The platoon are arranging a pre-release course at Fords parking all the cars from the factory.

CPL YORRIE RISDALE

Once arisen and got over his war wounds you will find him under a vehicle in the servicing bay having a crafty smoke. During NAAFI breaks you will find him reciting his war exploits to the Chimps (for a price).

CPL BELLAMY CLARK

In between catching butterflies and insects he manages to find 5 minutes to finally alter the platoon detail for the 5th time. Then he's off wandering down the town advising the locals how to catch and skin snakes.

L/CPL WALLY WALL

Has now been given life membership of the Royal Engineering Club. We also discovered he is an undercover agent for the R.P.'s staff. He also manages to fit in a few details in between being personal chauffeur to L/Cpl Irwin and telling Fred anyone can make a mistake.

L/CPL (CSM RIP) COKER

Is the platoon sports administrator. He occasionally finds time to refuel a vehicle because he's normally off trying to arrange some sports fixture, and then he's off to check to see if his Carole has changed.

L/CPL "EL BEAKO BABY FACE" EVANS

The pathfinder of the platoon. You will find him twice a week under the shower, wearing his

fragmans duties including spear-gun. He too finds time to catch butterflies. He also has a habit of following the post NCO asking for his mail. He also does a good impression of a baby Pigeon.

PT "DITCHUM DOC" HOPKINS

You will find him marking days off his chuff chart "65 days to do" he is also a part time film projectionist. He keeps the breakdown crew on their toes, because he has a habit of finding ditches day or night. He has the highest score of defecting vehicles. he also collects photo's of VCIO's.

PTE CHALKIE WHITE "SLUMBERLAND"

Has come down with a very serious disease "lyinbeditus". You will often find him trying to force his mattress into the duty vehicle. Yesterday evening he was seen practising his BFT doing 10 laps of the camp with his mattress on his back.

PTE "BOMBER" BROWN

Is an up and down member of the MT butterfly catching team. It has been noticed that he talks to his Bedford during his spare time (secret romance). He manages to do a few details, mind you only if it's not raining: he is often poncing money for a haircut.

PTE "HOT WHEELS" CHALLIS

You will often find him breaking the land speed record, he also has problems with the ditches, and in between telling everyone he does all the details, he can be seen painting dead dogs on his cab door.

PTE "YODA" SALVEGE

You will often find him hanging upside down by his ears from the Atap telling everyone about his stories when he was scaring with Dan Dare. He has a bad habit of knocking down anything that doesn't move.

The MT platoon as a whole do a lot of work 25 hrs a day as they are the only TAXI service south of Stann Creek. They also have the honour of being the best tyre repair service in Belize (the medical centre gives them plenty of practice). On Wednesday evenings you will find the MT binge squad in action in the NAAFI Atap although there seems to be a bit of competition between the MT and the RQMS mob.

The MT volleyball team are doing quite well and our early morning running squad can be seen running down the road from camp.

Battalion Shooting Team Notes

"Came then the month of February, and with it a strange urge caused many men to migrate, from every location, to APC, there to start practising intricate rituals everyday, even before the sun had risen over the eastern swamps."

Quote from "One Hundred and Eighty days in the Wilderness: 1 QUEENS in Belize."

Yes it's the shooting season again, and again the hopefuls of every Company are ready to spend the next six months in training for Bisley, the Regular Army Skill - at - Arms Meeting in July.

We are lucky enough to have six of last years team of eight available, albeit in a slightly promoted form, (eg RSM to training) and we are taking a squad of sixteen firers to Bisley, to give the second-eight the opportunity to gain experience in the tricky world of high-level competition shooting.

Before we even get as far as Bisley, we have to do well at the South-East District Shoot, in the last week of May, so there is no time to lose in getting ourselves prepared. This means that as you arrive in Canterbury, for your leave to start, we will already have flown home, had our leave, and been on the ranges for a week. (Ed Note: or so they thought)

The squad consists of:

From TANGIER Coy: LCPL Pete Dunncliffe

HOLLAND Coy: PTE's Dave Archer, Martin Swain and Gray Westwood

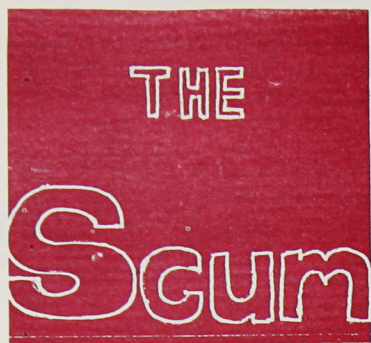
SOBRAON Coy: Lt Paul Corden, CPL Mal Wright, LCPL Steve Wood, PTE Chris Simms

QUEBEC (KIRKES) Coy: SGT Dave Lovell, CPL Ian McCullough, PTE's Mark MacKenzie, John Tiller, Brendan Kelly

ALBUHERA Coy: RSM Hill, SGT Alan Lawson LCPL Mick Toulouse

Also with us are SGT Bud Taylor, running the admin side of things, and CFN Wilson, who does his best to keep all guns firing.





BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST NO.1 DAILY

FRIDAY MARCH 27TH, 1981

ALL THE QUEENS MEN LOVE BELIZE !!

BY TIM STIRRIT

Cpl. Paul Hopeful looks out across the charming vista of Caribbean beauty from his post in the luxuriuos Cayo O.P.

"I love it" he says. The O.P. lies on top of a magnificent cliff and has all mod-cons. When I asked about insects, Pte. Tim Veneral said "I love em."

We stayed at the O. P. for 3 hours during which time the troops swam, laughed and drank champagne. Pte Roy Handyman said "I love it".

Back in Airport Camp now, where life is one big

holiday. The sun beats down on the troops who spend all day training by the pool while local Belize Defence Force troops do the guards and duties. Sgt Ian Jawbone said "I love it".

In the sumptuously furnished 'C' Company office the air conditioning working perfectly, CSM Paddy Rind, feet up, told me, "I love it".

Indeed, with Brig. Vivian Neves at my side, all the troops seemed to be having a wonderful time. When I asked Pte. Gary Shimps about patrols, food and accomodation he simply said "I love it!!"

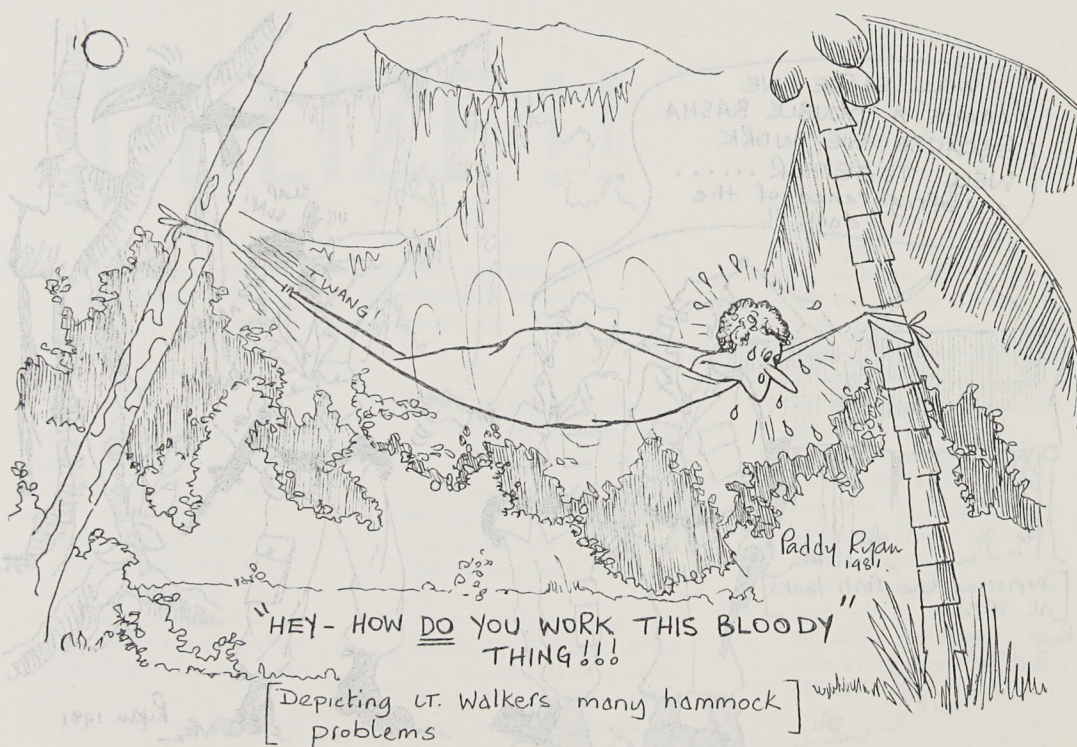
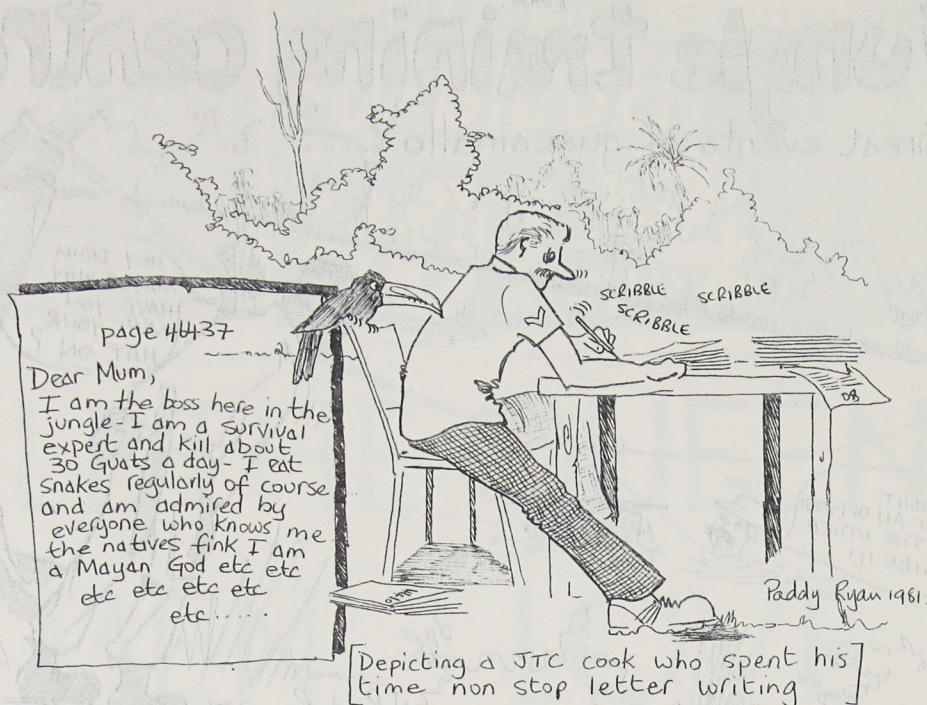
I spent another 5 days looking for somebody, anybody, to tell me what I wanted to hear, the sort of thing that really sells papers! However, everyone just said "I love it".

ED. NOTE: Tim Stirrit has been moved to our Falklands office.

THE Jungle Training Centre

Great events of guacamallo





.....AND ONE OF THE USES OF THAT TRAINING



SALES TECHNIQUES AT

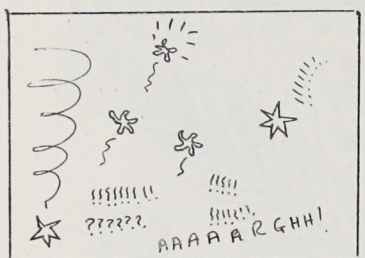
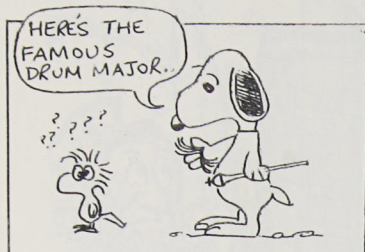
THIS YEARS IDEAL HOME

EXHIBITION. THE ARABS

BOUGHT 300.....



THE DRUMS PLATOON



WITH APOLOGIES TO SCHULZ.

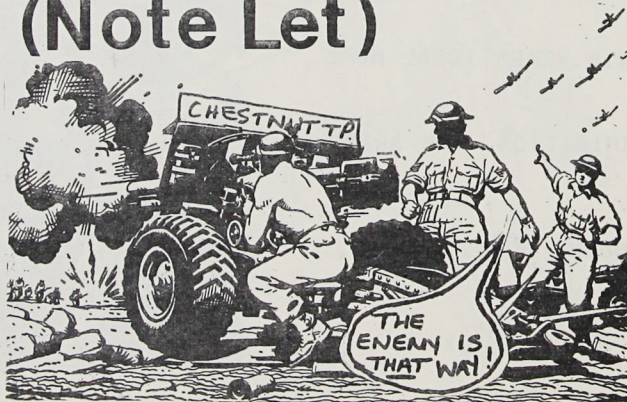


Ross Troop (Note Let)

After witnessing the invasion of the high mountain airspace of Holdfast by Holland Company and the sudden explosion of a paint war as everything turned red or blue or yellow according to your cap badge, Ross Troop decided the time had come for a change of scenery.

The move to Rideau was uneventful apart from an unscheduled diversion through Silk Grass Creek. A lucky escape for everyone except the landrover which was seriously modified.

Now ensconced at Rideau WO2 Fisher began sweeping through the Gunner Empire like a



whirlwind. A rapid move of Troop office gave us 3 days breathing space since neither the RSM nor Major Acworth could locate us. Unfortunately the QM did an accommodation check and found where we'd been hiding - paradise lost.

'Combat Country' has provided its problems: about 50% of the troop have developed festering sores, game legs, terminal heart complaints and psychotic phobias. However this outbreak of malingering may be connected with our being on guard every other day (or so it seems). However we haven't really got much else to do since as a result of the gunner vehicles in BG(S) & BG(N) developing a sudden affinity for water we've had every movable vehicle grounded. This is a mixed blessing, we've been able to occupy ourselves with a lot of slave labour on 7 hills range, which I hope the Mortar Platoon appreciate, since they will indirectly benefit from the second OP we are building with sapper advice (and precious little else).

Having been so short a time it is difficult to tell any wicked tales or juicy titbits to liven up this publication, however one or two friendly faces have followed us from Holdfast. Lt Corden was seen out and about with his Platoon which was a revelation because in Holdfast they always managed to leave him behind. However a happy reunion was held and LCPL Quirke performed well at the christening of the new troop club.

We all wish the Battalion every success in the future and we're very sorry that you haven't been able to hang on for the full 29 week stag we're doing.

Salamanca Country Gentlemen's Club

Since our last report much has happened by way of both work and recreation.

On the more serious side of life, all our soldiers have been through a fairly intensive training programme, as well as having taken part in all the routine tasks. The company relieved A Coy 1 QUEENS of their commitments over Xmas and in return have had a weeks leave at the beginning of February, to coincide with the visit of CO 1/2 GR. (That isn't to say we didn't have a good Xmas as well). Ex.Montezuma's Revenge proved us competent to deal with any situation that may arrive, even if the enemy did sleep through what was meant to be our annihilation of them, a twenty minute Artillery barrage!

As for recreation, the main attraction of our camp, the swimming pool, has all but dried up, and as such, construction of the 75m spring board has been stopped in its early stages. Unfortunately the plans for the ski slope are now back on the drawing board because the previously well cleared slope has now been cultivated and crops planted. Indeed who are we to ruin the efforts of the locals. But do not despair, we do have another suitable site, although prior experience will be required to avoid the occasional trench. CRA is still working hard on the golf course, and we will yet see some golf before the end of this tour.

Undoubtedly the sporting highlight of our tour was for the 'Punjab Trophy' Polo Tournament. For those doubters who didn't believe that the Salamanca Polo Club existed, it was a match to be remembered. On wild unbridled ponies, with wooden pack saddles, the trophy was hard fought for. With the match in the balance throughout the four chukkas, language was exchanged freely as liberties were taken, and ponies interfered with, and few were lucky to escape serious injury as the stallions entered into the spirit of the game; but by the end of play, it was Salamanca Country Gentlemen's Club which won the day. The magnificent trophy now remains in the Club house as a reminder of that stirring match.

But life in camp isn't always as exciting as that. We do have the daily routine chores of watering the vegetable patch and looking after the farm. The Coy 2IC does a good line in buying pigs for \$40.00, fattening them up with all the leftover curry and selling them to the platoons for \$100.00. Of course at such a bargain, he expects to be invited to all the barbecues. It is however very sad to have to report the death of one of the two geese. They had very much become part of the 'furniture', and were taught to fight off all non Gurkhas (except the OC and the OPs Offr). They leave behind 4 goslings 'to be', and 6 eggs.

For all those who now firmly believe that Salamanca is the place to be in, we would like to show just how thoughtful we are for the less fortunate. We are continuing the Salamanca Appeal Fund to assist the building of the 'much deserved' new, £400,000.00 Officers' Mess at Airport Camp. The fund has now been in existence for four months, and donations have really 'poured in'. The account was audited only last week and the results are as follows:

Four cheques (two for 1p a piece, one for 1 Australian cent, and one for 1 Hong Kong cent)

Miscellaneous currency totalling 1.05 Belize dollars, 50 Mexican cents and one unknown coin (thought to be worth a substantial amount)

Of course the fund has not yet closed, and donations would be most gratefully received. Please send all donations for this most worthwhile cause to:

APC (Good) Life Support Appeal, c/o D Coy 1/2 Gurkha Rifles, Salamanca Camp, BFPO 12



The Seemingly Never Ending Saga of the M.O.D. MOLE

While Chief Inspector 'Buckwell of the Yard' was in the armpit of operations awaiting the arrival of a new issue of Scottish radios, the Mole had struck. Inspector Carder had been taken out of commission by an intriguing plan involving a crate of rum and a few steps.

"Deverishly Cunnin", slobbered Ritch. "Pity bouta booze tho, I'da dunnit fer nuffin, see".

"Ooh arghh" agreed Wurzel, a plain-clothes 'Dick'. "The blue smoke screen wur a good ideur too, wunnit? Has anywun seen moi Zulu?".

Jacob 'Tiger' Broadbean, the resident nightwatchman, slammed his money sock onto the table, my life, he was going up the Saddleback when I saw him on my way back this morning already.

Chief Super Mick O'Riley feared by the underworld who knew him as The School Bully, came into the room. He evaluated the scene at once, pointing to a corner for PC Holmes to deposit his snuff bucket and trowel. Holmes gave his usual grunt and returned outside to his 'oppo' Sid known as Gunter the Groater from Homicide. They had a lot in common. They were joined by Von Steerment and began to go over the Moles latest work, picking chicken feathers and chimp bones out of a radiator grill. Sid growled and spat on the floor. "How low can the Mole get? Poor defenceless cluck-clucks".

Upstairs Radar from surveillance had got a positive ID on the Mole. "Get me the mugshot file", bawled Riley. Kojak Coleman entered with a thick file and shinpads.

"Wait a minute", fumed the Bully, "they're all of you". "Of course" crooned Kojak "don't you think my right side definitely has a certain something?" "Yeah, Zits!" Radar chipped in. He adjusted the string of his bifocals to see the dim blurr of Deadly Dud enter the office.

"Okay Boss who's ground be the stiff?" asked the cool, calm, collected killer. He fingered the heavy machine at his belt. A second later the guns recoil shook the room 'Twiggy' Fox's body slumped to the floor, the head blown all over the wall paper. Someone cheered. Deadly tapped his pipe out on the body and offered "Well he did say he wanted to lose 101lbs of ugly fat!"

Suddenly the phone rang. Some benovolent old lady must've paid the bill. It was McClelland who answered: "Who will yez be want'n?" The receiver fragmented in his grip, his face went paler than usual. "It's 'im, he hissed. A north country sing-song could be heard in the background.

"He's playing with us", squeaked Moses Morrish, who'd broken into a cold sweat and already packed his suitcase. His nerve had gone when breaking a vice ring in the city. Tanya and her granny had kept him under torture all night before he'd made his escape. Mick O'Riley gripped Moses by the nose with both hands and quickly 'issued instructions' sending his squad careening off in pursuit.

Now in the garage, McClelland was trying to lift 'n' squeeze the squad car through a side door. Holmes leered in disgust and opened the automatic entrance. Ritch was grinding knuckles in anticipation of the action, but Sid wasn't happy about his knuckles being used for the purpose. Von Steerment tasted the mission, downed his schnapps and threw himself in the fireplace. Radar was blindly groping around for his specs that Riley had already ground into the tarmac. Wilkie was still trying to get through the doorway with limited success.

Suddenly there was a squeal of brakes and a large black sedan appeared in the doorway, engine roaring, headlights full on blinding the squad. A unanimous thought flashed through everyone's mind as car doors opened hidden by searing light. "This is it, he's got us cold". For several drawn out seconds they waited for the final blow.

The headlights snapped off revealing the figures of Detectives 'Lugsy Malone' Reynolds and his right hand man 'Rock'ard Russ'. Russ was the only man who'd come up from nothing to be - nothing. Also they had in tow 'Slug' Harris from the area cleaning centre who was being re-trained as a police dog.

The squad sighed in relief and noticed a shiny pair of eyes peering through the steering wheel of the sedan. "What's that?", shrieked Moses. "Don't worry about him", said Lugsy "That's Mag Wheels Myers".

The squad eyed the new man with awe. A Division Special branch, eh? This must be big.

Lug smiled menacingly and said "We've got something you want".

The Bully screwed up his wrinkled nose and it was a few moments before he could contain himself. He kicked Broadbean who was busily recounting the contents of his sock "What is it?, he yelled.

Lugs didn't answer as he was swaying like a drunk and snoring loudly gibbering about playing doctors and nurses.

Russ made a motion to the door. The Mole appeared handcuffed to 'Slug'.

"We found him inside a telephone box just outside, eating fish'n chips". Rock'ard replied "Yer al' al'reet then boys?" chirped the Mole.

Mich O'Riley gave him a contemptous back handed doosh and dragged him away to the slammer.

With the end of the mission the squad realised it would only be a few weeks before they'd be back in Britain awaiting another call from the Yard to start all over again. In the meantime a cheer went up while the rain came down.

The green green grass of home

we're going home we've done our time

If you think you can get
away as easily as
that—you've got
another think coming

