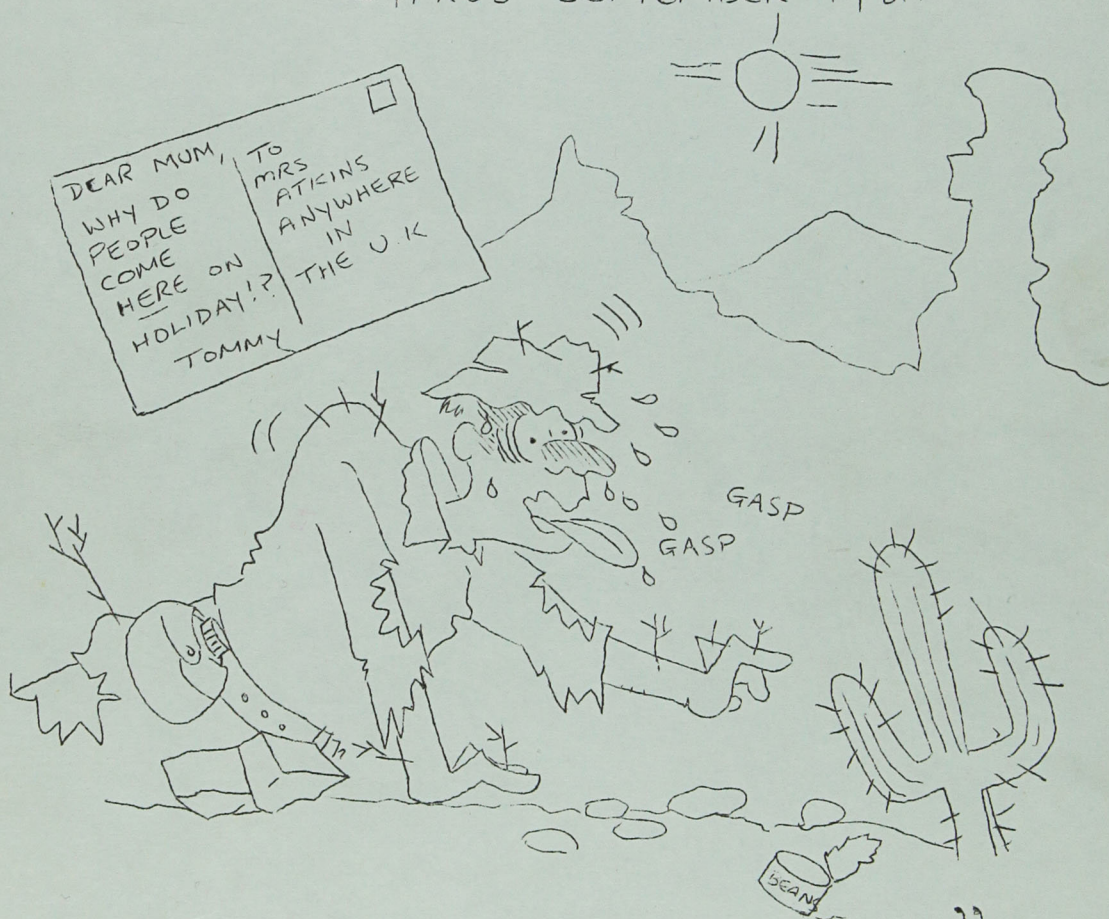


SOBRAON COMPANY
BRAGANZA

~ HOT FROM CYPRUS - SEPTEMBER 1981 ~



" PRODUCED BY ALL MEMBERS OF THE
MOONBASE COMPANY AND SPONSORED
BY KEO BREWERY, IN RECORD TIME. "

READ ON!
.....➔
SPECIAL EDITION

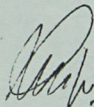
FOREWORD

As we approach the end of Exercise Moonbase 1, I would like to thank every single one of you for all the effort you have put in to make it such a success. You have all worked extremely hard and no matter how hot the sun, high the hills or long the runs your cheerfulness did not desert you.

In particular a special thanks is due to all attached personnel who worked long hours to ensure we wanted for nothing. You in the Support Company Element also deserve congratulations for the way in which you buckled down once again to rifle company soldiering, and then became a worthy enemy whose imagination and spirit made the final exercise so realistic.

The time in Cyprus has not been wasted, I believe we are now ready as a Company Group for any deployment which may come our way during SPEARHEAD.

Well done all.



Major RMM Low
Cyprus Wine Company
Representative for
Bloodhound 1

RESCUE MISSION

182 Elliott Street
LONDON SW 1

To: Pte Masters
1 QUEENS
BFPO 53

September 1981

Dear Pte Masters,

Perhaps you have heard of me and my nationwide campaign in the cause of temperance. Each year for the past fourteen years I have made a tour of Scotland and the North of England, including Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow, and have delivered a series of lectures on the evils of drinking. On this tour I have been accompanied by a young friend and assistant, David Powell. David, a young man of good family and excellent background, is a pathetic example of a life ruined by excessive indulgence in whiskey, smoking and women.

David would appear with me at the lectures and sit on the platform wheesing and staring at the audience through bleary bloodshot eyes, sweating profusely, picking his nose, passing wind and making obscene gestures, while I would point him out as an example of what drinking, etc, can do to a person.

Last summer, unfortunately, David died. A mutual friend has given me your name and I wonder if you would care to take David's place on my next tour.

Yours faithfully

Rev Harold Knight's
Rescue Mission

ANNUALS IN THE HISTORY OF 7 PLATOON AND ANTI-TANKS

Chapter 1 - TROODOS

Whilst the men set off for their intrepid trek around the Mountains of the Gods - and then took Taxis back to the camp - The top brass, consisting of the 'Meze' Crowley, Sgt Lovell, Sgt White, Cpl Baccus and Cpl Smith are seen eating a twenty course meal halfway round their walk. There then follows a determined walk up the hill with many slopes and many "Internal" Gastric problems and External Gastric noises - an Introduction to Cyprus!

Chapter 2 - Limassol

By sheer chance two Sergeants and one Officer managed to discover the main "Hot Spot" in Limassol. On entering "The Blue Angel" and paying for drinks at an amazing price, Sgt Lovell was confronted by a huge grotesque female of about 40 with a waste of double that size. A poetic discussion began:-

"Would you like to buy me a drink?"

"**** Off! Give me my change".

Chapter 3 - Busby

?

Chapter 4 - Whiskey 3

Cpl Smith on patrol - A message arrives at the rear; Allison has lost his Suit Sight. Instant panic by the DS and the PC rushes to the front.

"What's this Cpl Smith? Where did Allison lose his Suit Sight?"

"I don't know anything about that Sir!"

The Patrol halts with a direct question at Allison:-

"Allison, where is your Suit Sight?"

"On my weapon Sir".

"What message did you pass down?"

"Keep in sight Sir!"

Chapter 5 - Evdhimou Province

There's nothing like being woken up in the night, in the middle of a "highly defended" base, being "Dubbled" by the Pl Runner, kidnapped and being whipped for 24 hours - You should try it sometime!! (Oh - can I do it again sometime - Please!!!)

PERSONAL COLUMN

Mum - please send map reading book (under gas mask, top draw) - PTC

It could be you! Send your donation to the Radio Operators Benevolent Fund now (Tel: LCpl Harris at Dial, Pause, Speak, Cyprus 39)

Incontinent?? Forget those rubber pants - send NOW for your compo rations.

Public Notice - Cpl Fleming wishes to confirm that he is taller than Cpl Riches.

Help! Would someone tell me how to get to the Cookhouse - Pte B. ACC

Learn how to make easy money at the Metiuk School of Economics. Send £10 for your free Booklet.

Smithurst and Bence bring you the new all-weather roll on larger size pantie with the two-way stretch designed to please those with 'the above average figure' - SAE for details.

Incurable Insomniac?? Haven't slept for weeks?? Join the napping ninth and gonk like hell!!!!

Noddy - as last I've found my Mr Right, Love, Love A.L. (B.E.)

Do you suffer from Trembles, Violent Shaking and almost total Uncoordination?? Makes it bloody hard to pick your nose, doesn't it?

Public Notice - Sgt Dale wishes it to be known that he is available as enemy on any future TEWT's.

Public Notice - Hereby declaring that on the 17th day of September 1981 one Sgt Hewett was heard to say "I thought a Regular Officer was one who moved his bowels every day" (N.B. Lt Corden).

Would the person who burned my house down please get in touch, as I wish to smash his face in.

Roger - if only I could I would, please write, Love Steve.

Big ears, I hate these things some printing error but I because they always make still thnik you're lovely - N.

Births - Adam Jon, a son for Mary (21) and Bill (93).

Deaths - Bill (93), peacefully.

Engagements - William Smyth Hetherington and Joyce Cicely Snobgraunch are please to announce their ninth engagement, this time with Billy Smarts Circus, starting today.

If you're one of those people who worries about things, now is the time to stop! or would it be better to wait until Friday? Oh dear, mum...mum!!

Hair styling and make up - El Greco a speciality - Tel 2Lt Crowley (Jone Jundred Jand Jone)

Wills - Harry 'Keo' Pictus who died recently because nobody told him where the cookhouse was has left his entire collection of beer mats and bottle tops to Sgt White - They were just good friends.

Heinz (57) have announced that their biggest shareholder, Sgt Lovell, is now a little bigger.

Public Notice - CSM Ryan would like it to be known that the recent disappearance of 150 lbs of pig manure has nothing to do with him smoking a pipe (Reuter)

'Exercises in the art of Relaxation'. An Exhibition by Lt PR Corden has now been cancelled as he wasn't getting enough relaxation.

8 PLATOON

Our time here is nearly over, and we can look back on nearly four weeks of the most hectic activities many of us have ever known.

The first three days soon removed any ideas that we were on a 'Swan' and coupled with the daily dawn run and swim, ensured that we all slept soundly.

Watermanship training was two days of relative ease, when many learnt to fall off windsurfers and the rest of us to swim, canoe and generally lay around on the beach.

The last three days of platoon training were in the Olympus Mountains, at Troodos, where we walked and orienteered and found time to visit both the Tomb of Archbishop Makarios and the Monastery of Kykkos.

Strangely, peaceful Troodos provided most of our injuries - Sgt Hewett coming off second best in a fight with a tree, Sgt Lawson getting bitten and LCpl Walker (Signals) breaking his arm on a rock.

Next was classification; we'll pass over that quickly, the least said the better!

Field firing next at Akamas, the move there was a little confused, but we finally got settled in and down to work. Early starts and late finishes led to all meals being eaten in the dark - a clear plan by the cooks to conceal the food (to be fair the food was very good for the whole exercise). Section attacks were rushed through with all our sections assaulting with bayonets fixed as the sun was setting. The final firepower display was enjoyed by all (except the armourer!)

Lastly, Exercise 'Bitter Wine' - four days of intense pressure, starting with a dawn beach landing and carrying on, and on, for four days. Unlike some other platoons we kept our PC's (both of them!), our morale and awake!

All in all, hard graft, but well worth while - the possibility of two years here (you never know) doesn't seem so bad now.

SAYINGS OF THE MONTH

Cpl Riches (morning swim)

"There's nothing I like better than laying on a bouy and bobbing up and down".

Sgt Hewett (to Lt Corden)

"I thought a regular officer was one who opened his bowels twice a day?"

Sgt Lawson (Prior to beach landing)

"Cpl Riches goes first - if its O.K. for him, its shallow enough for us".

No 3 Rifleman (Dry Training)

"For a small island, its got a lot of ***** hills".

No 3 Rifleman (Kykkos Monastery)

"I haven't seen so many monks in one place since our next posting was announced".

Pte Hatton (when asked how to pass messages in an ambush)

"Fire a schermuley".

Pte Shuter (when asked what could be used to insert a VCP)

"Ballard".

Pte Fitz-Andrews (when asked what is used to stop cars at VCPs)

"Cow-horns"

ATTS and DETS

We lose:

Lt Corden - off to strain his brain in the far north at Manchester University.

Sgt Hewett - soon to teach the TA to windsurf.

Cpl Riches - to 'B' Company, where they'll have anything!

We gain:

2Lt Wright - fresh from the factory.

Sgt Lawson - from Int to Eight - Help!

LCpl Ansell - Well, he's tried the rest - now he's trying the best.

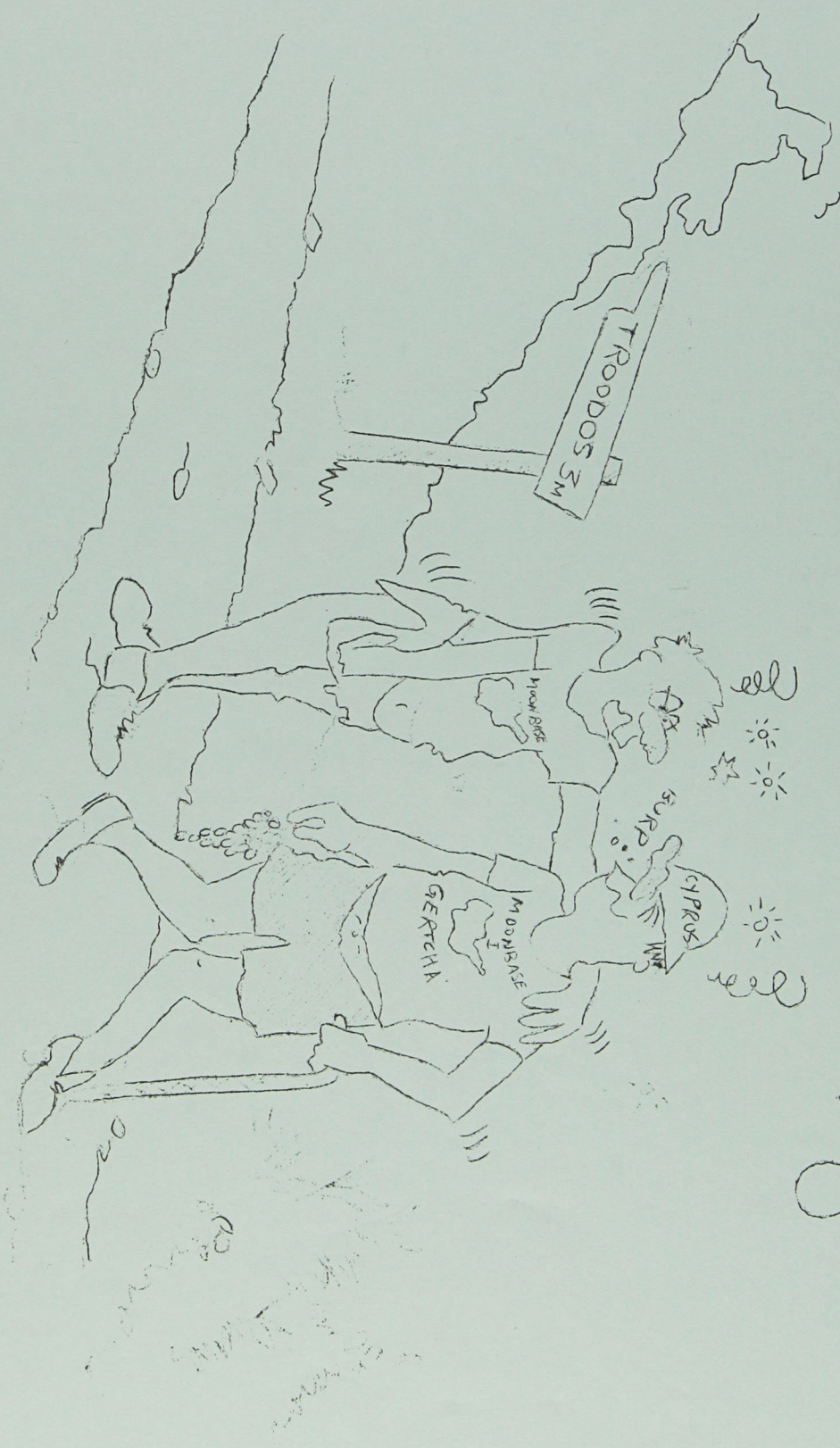
Also thanks to assorted A, D and HQ guys - well done.

GOLDEN TURKEY AWARDS - CYPRUS

To:

Pte Burchell	- for always making the worst of a bad situation.
Pte Cruddas	- for being so good he couldn't miss one patrol.
Pte Maragh	- for his target location.
Dmr Vandenbosch	- for getting the Last Post right in the end.
Cpl Lynskey	- for a great feat of orienteering.
Sgt Lawson	- for wonderful admin going to Akamas.
CSgt "Stavros" Howick	- for always leading us to the enemy.
Cpl Riches	- for converting live rounds to empty cases while trying to classify.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE WAY BACK FROM
THE KYRENIA BAR ARMALITE? HIC!!



A Letter to Sobraon Coy, from Cpl 'Can I cash a Cheque' Lynskey

This letter is for the Coy 2IC as its the only one he'll get out here anyway! Well, over goes another tour with C Coy, next Ireland!! With a bit of luck I'll be posted by then, if not there's always P.V.R.

I can never understand why people invest their money in Banks, Building Societies and Post Offices, when I'm open twenty four hours a day and on two legs, Well - Sometimes!

Dedications go to Lt Metiuk, the only thing he was not taught was how to laugh, I know everyone laughs at him! To Sgt Hewett and LCpl Walker, how did he get that black eye and the other a broken hand!! To LCpl Shade and Sgt Cheseldine (ACC) for always putting their noses in where they shouldn't be. For Cpl Davies (REME), the only black man I know thats a Welshman. For Pte Ross, who made Rip Van Winkle look as if he as having 40 winks. The CSM for his faith in me when it came to giving out maps - he left me out. The same to QMSI Old as regards football - what was the score anyway? To Sgt Hamilton, who paid £10 for a Trick (or two), who said the scotch were tight with money? For Mr Crowley for those famous words to the enemy "I'm here". Is'nt it nice to be popular. To Cpl Gardner, what was his job anyway? besides duty sun-bather. To Cpl Allum for getting married, that gets rid of him from the accommodation. Pads!

To Maj Low, one of the best OC's I've worked with (I hope Maj O'Gorman does'nt read this) - Any chance of quick promotion? Finally to Lt Ashton who helped me to write this and tell me what to write! I said I'd mention him.

Many thanks to the cooks and their hard work, as well as the rest of HQ Coy. To the platoons, well done, you've set a fine example to the coys to follow.

And so to end, I'm good at orienteering really, Its just that I could'nt very well show 8 Platoon up by winning, could I?

See you in Belize!!!

* * * * *

The Companies Reply

Dear Cpl "C.I.C.A.C." Lynskey, lots of thanks for taking all the hassle we've given you. You are now promoted from Cpl, to "Honorary Private" in Sobraon Coy. The OC thinks you're the best Pay Corporal he's ever had (don't take that the wrong way). Oh, and he says crawling will get you nowhere!

All our love

Sobraon Coy (and the CSM!)

JUST ONE COOK

Just one Cook, as the "Hollies" song goes, turned to just one cook, as that is all the staff we needed to cook the "normal" meals, the other three were needed to make haversacks up.

The exercise started well (advance party got here on time) from there on in the Master Chef (Chef de Cuisine) Taskmaster Cheseldine was in seventh heaven (ask Pte Ross).

No to be content with the normal day to day pie and chips, along with a tremendouse appause when haversack rations appeared 5 minutes before they were ordered, the Catering Platoon suffered a further 10 minutes work when 7 Platoon (where's my T-Shirt) requested a 5 star, all in stew container meal (Pte Ross started crying for the first time).

Pte J Bardill shined (as usual), torn away from his 10 man composite ration packs, he lost his way midway between chicken curry and puddings sweat, mixed fruit. The outcome is known to all, but only understood by JB, who thought that 9 Platoon had ordered late meals for midnight, a re-run is being done of "the loneliness of the long distance runner".

Pte "Jock" (the dustbin) Ross is still recovering from the shock of seeing the Taskmaster arrive on the second day of his "Holiday" at Troodos, and still can't figure out why he had so many mountains to climb and so many Steak and Kidney Puddings left.

So followed PWT's at Akrotiri (for some anyway). Cpl T Sillence come out tops (being the only cook to even see the firing point), he managed to zero in successfully, not only the only member of the ACC of this tour, but probably the only one in the whole Corps this year!

A short phase for the paymaster, please send somebody who does'nt live in the canteen 20 hours a day next time, the other 4 hours were spent in his own (mine at Akamas) sleeping bag.

And so to Akamas, blindfolds were drawn from the CQMS (who even tried to buy us a beer), there's no truth that we fixed the meals for the dark hours to conceal the lumps in the Custard (Birds - 80p a tin), we now have a quite distinct "Nocturnal" Cooks Platoon, between the 5 hours that separated the "normal" attacks on our rough and ready hotplate, sounds could be heard through the sweet dreams of C Coy, sounds of butter and cheese, processed, being divided between two hunks of 3 day old bread, ready for the next days 2 minute break for lunch. But even this did not disturb certain 2IC's in the company, and when the chefs were grabbing a well earned 15 minute sleep at 1000 hrs every morning, they would leap to attention when the Sugar Puff King finally emerged, and chirped his request for sustenance.

Things returned to normal after Akamas, we finished work at midnight, the Company prepared for their exercise, we were ready for 4 days off, with transport.

Scrub the exercise!!

Now 2 days to do (2 too many) and Pte Ross is the new space invader king in the gollie shop, can't be working hard enough, Cpl Sillence is busy buying up the Keo Brandy Company, whilst drinking their ale as well. Pte Bardill can't get any darker (and he's not going to get the chance either), the Taskmaster is still counting the left over 24 hour ration packs (can we issue them for sunday???????).

Cheers Sobraon Company, thanks for having us, and see you in Belize.

AFTERNOTE

And many thanks to the four haverbag kings, Sgt Cheseldine, Cpl Sillence, Pte's Bardill and Ross, for working long, long hours and producing excellent meals throughout the tour.

Poor old Cpl Sillence picked the 'Curfew' night, after all his hard graft, to want to visit the wine festival. Even hard hearted, poker faced CSM Ryan was nearly in tears as he refused him!

* * * * *

How do you pick out the Irish workers on an oil rig - they're the ones throwing bread to the helicopters.

* * *

How do you tell an Irish Solicitor - pin striped donkey jacket and wellies.

* * * * *

9 PLATOON - "THE FINGER LICKIN' CHICKEN PLUCKERS"

'The really cheap way to enjoy Cyprus' announced the matt finish under the counter brochure - "We pay you!!" So did 1 QUEENS fighting ninth burst from the belly of the ear ringing, knee cramping confines of the RAF Hercules, large packs bulging with sun oil and pictures of 'the missus', bodies heaving sweat even before they'd reached currency exchange. Arriving at Bloodhound Camp, moving into doorless accommodation, putting up camp beds, listening to the dirlect of CSM Ryan warning of 'strange goings on in them thar hills' and lurching into the NAAFI constituted the first day.

'And you'll love the healthy activities laid on' became a stark reality as the 0545 hrs run and swim run and began began. Day 1 - Limassol, all laid on, just be back sober for first parade. Nae bother, Jimmy, as Fairweather and Grantham launched themselves wholeheartedly into uncovering the joys of Scandinavia.....

'Water sports a speciality' - mayheam, 41 bodies thrashing around amidst lethal canoes, windsurfers and the ever-present Cpl "All because the lady loves" Jaycock, whose sole aim appeared to be the heads of those unfortunates in the water. Having dispatched him, calm reigned, the blood drained off the beach, and much fun was had by all ("Ere Sir, if we've got the afternoon off, can we go and visit the local sights?" Walker and Brice, the last thing they remember...).

'The mountains of Troodos, lap of the Gods were next on the agenda'. A stirring orienteering competition on the first day in which Stubbs excelled and the PC picked up his first orienteering scar, saw a certain Pte Bardill ACC perform heroic deeds. Not only did he fail to turn up after 7 hours in the rugged terrain, but also several search parties failed to locate his presumably lifeless form. Senior officials were approaching 30,000 ft when Pte Vennell offered his good news and bad news to the PC - "On my God, give me the bad news.." to which the unflappable Vennell reported that Bardill "..didn't complete the course". It seems that throughout, the great Bardill had known exactly where he wasn't and was determined not to complete the course in the longest possible time. He succeeded and is now known as "Arrive Sachnusan" (thank you Cpl Farquharson).

'Local colour a speciality' became 'local area a *****, as far as the platoon grunted its way through 3 days of searing heat and dry training. Pte Armitage, stumbling through all-prickling spiny burnet with GPMC slung, was heard to cry, "Whats this, a full scale bloody war...???", from the sublime to the ridiculous, the platoon was overrun by goats at lunchtime and then contributed to the 'hearts and minds' operation by loading a creaking Zephyr 6 with bulging sacks of carobs ("Bulging sacks of what?" Ed).

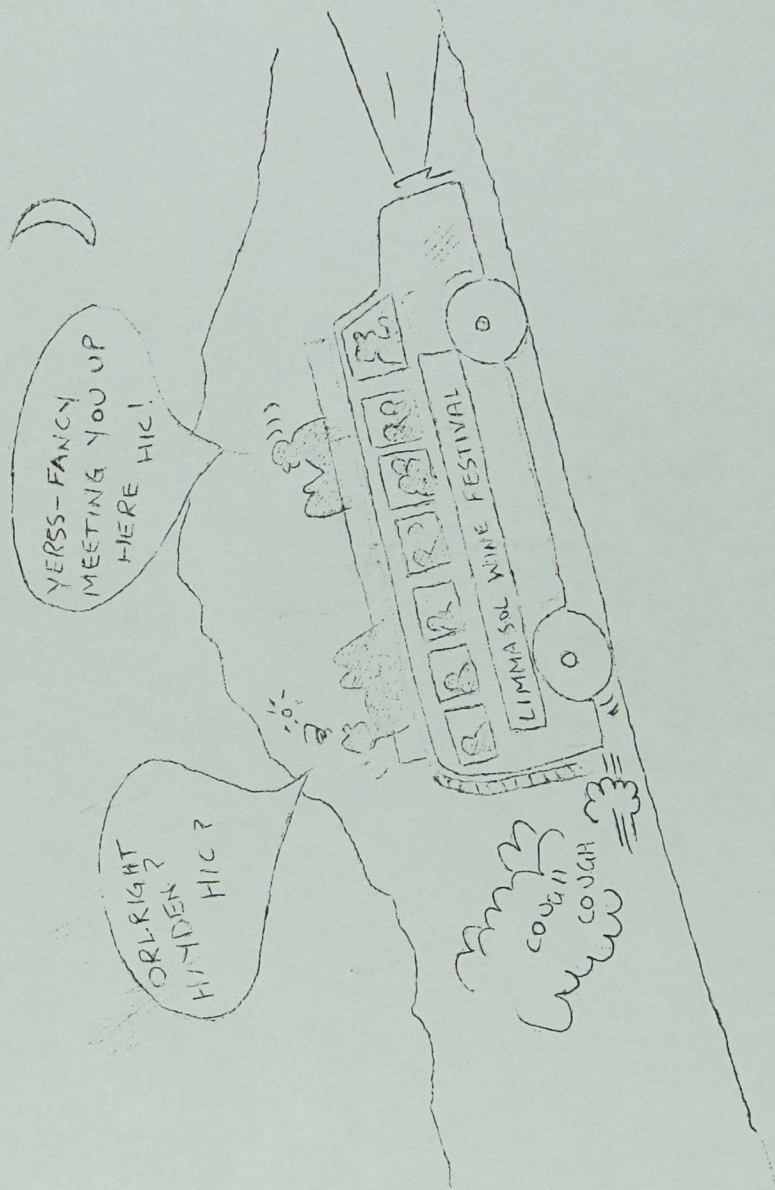
And so to Akrotiri and Akamas, lots of shooting, lots of sweat, lots of empty cases. What more can be said? Robinson claimed throughout that he'd rather be sitting by the Mersey, Cpl Copeman managed the strangest stoppages of all time, Grantham headbutted a tent peg, and LCpl Allen nearly ruined his trousers with excitement during the company firepower demonstration. Six days of hard work, the odd nausea but plenty of fun.

Another day out followed, troops getting lost in Paphos and Limassol, being unavoidably detained (thank you Dalton) and generally being troops. After all, Exercise 'Bitter Wine' was about to start....

'And to wind up your fun-filled, inexpensive holiday, anything up to six days in the company of a colourful local guide'. Brochures firmly tucked under the arm the platoon got bounced from RPL to platoon attack to ambush to Company RV, all in high spirits and good humour (overheard whilst struggling through much spiny burnet - "Oh, just push through it - it can only hurt one" Eales @ 1981). Then off to camp with our strange guide, the inevitable ambush neatly evaded (we drove through "more firepower than you could get away with" QMSI Old), and entry into bases. Hilarity ensued as the PC fumbled his way through tactics, Lee fumbled his way through radio procedures, Vadgama (increadibly) held the mike from an A41 to his ear and shook it, nearly everyone acquired blisters, Sgt Dale got no sleep ("I'm on my ***** chinstrap") and the rest of the platoon did nothing but sleep. Lessons learned, painfully on occasions, but the experiences well worthwhile, even if LCpl Thompson missed 3 days worth of letters and Cpl Hendry could do nothing but rub his chin and say, "Did you say another patrol, Sir?".

* * * * *

Tourist to Irish waiter in Dublin Cafe - "What are the prawns like today?"
Waiter's reply "Little pink fishes, same as yesterday".



Heard about the Irish firing squad - formed a circle.

Paddy on University Challenge asked where are the Andies - replied "On the end of your wristies".

The Rise and Fall of Alexander the Grape

Where else in the British Army can you be asked to accompany a company on a 'working'holiday (or should it be a walking holiday) of Cyprus, than amidst 1 QUEENS!

Ostensibly it was to use my expertise, experience and knowledge on the Adventure Training and fitness acclimatation aspects of the Exercise. Actually it was to use my tactical awareness and knowledge of all things soldiery as the above named, the one, and 'great' Alexander The Grape, who as leader of the local grape terrorists was the scourge of the local populace. At 450 mils (50p) for 2.2 lbs it was an opportunity few of us could resist. Well I could'nt.

The 'hols' started with the daily sight of dawn of Tommy descending from Bloodhound towards Kyrenia Beach via a tortuous three mile route, to enter his body in the cool, spiritually heavy seas of this picturesque island. Scenes of 'Tommy' sticking his tow in and then beating the world high jump record were daily occurrences. Even renowned swimmers like Cpl Baccus, LCpl Walker, Pte McCallum and Williams could be scene up to their necks almost grinning at the cruelty of life.

Windsurfing, canoeing and rock climbing took place when one of the Pls were actually in camp. Helped by Lt Metiuk and Cpl Smith most of the troops tasted salt, falling off - or out, of the offending board or canoes. Some Windsurfers actually managed to ride the waves for at least ten seconds before eventually taking that "Oh ****" tumble.

One Sgt has even persuaded his wife to buy him a board! All this took place in the convivial atmosphere of Happy Valley or Kyrenia Beach and I hope that all enjoyed themselves! He He.

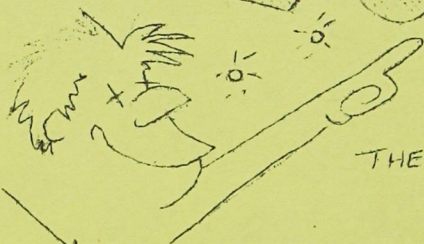
Then came the serious part. A recce of areas led by Major Low and followed by an ever increasing distance away, by 'Alexander'. Some people thought he was hung over. A passable if unthoughtful truth! The final exercise was a complete break with tradition by Alexander actually see-with uniform on, - well actually trainers, denims and green shirt, leading his merry men into anti-climas after anti-climax. Ever waiting twice a day to spring that ambush in the sweltering 90° tempatures for up to eight hours only to be thwarted by a dog who failed to take the 'scent' or walk into what should have been your last minutes on earth to find the friendly forces being friendly. Some one hinted they were asleep. A thunderflash put paid to that idea!

The final indignity was to be overrun in five minutes of the final phase "The attack of Paramali Terrorist Camp!" by the same friendly forces. Such is life I suppose one must take the rough with the smooth.

Well my reign has finished, our days our numbered, its back to good old - whats the name of that camp, Paddy?

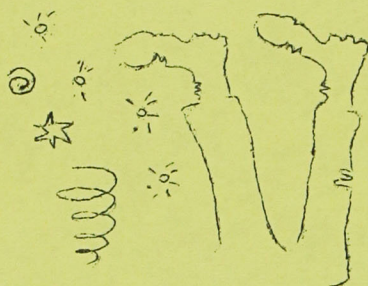
-KEO-KEO-

Who
can't
Spell!!



THE GREAT MEDICINAL OINTMENT!

AS RECOMMENDED BY "OTHELLO OLD" - "ARMALITE ARMITAGE" -
"APHRODITE HAMILTON"

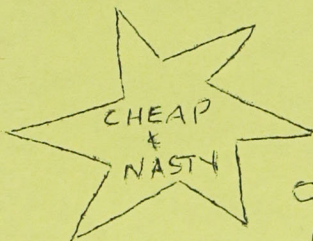


ADD YOUR OWN NAME HERE!
(OR YOUR DEAREST FRIEND)

GOOD FOR SUNBURN,
(ASK ROSS)

V.D. (ASK) PILES, ACNE,

'LOW' FEET, MUMFORD FAINTS,
MCGREGOR BLUFFS, LATE PARADERS,
VERTIGO (ASK SGT HEWETT) AND MANY
OTHERS INCLUDING BALDNESS



JUST GARGLE IT DOWN AND
WAIT FOR THE SOOTHING
ACTION TO BEGIN -

"GOVERNMENT WARNING!"
DO NOT DRINK IN THE HORIZONTAL
POSITION - IT SPILLS!

THIS ADVERT IS SPONSORED BY CASTROL KEO
ANTI FREEZE LTD OF PAPHOS.

and finally:-

* * * * *

Heard about the Irishman who crashed his helicopter - switched off the fans because he couldn't stand the draft.

* * * * *

Paddy is suing Mothers' Pride, Allied and AFB for using his signature on their buns on Good Friday.

* * * * *

The Romans came to Shrewsbury in 53 AD and bugger all has happened since

* * * * *

I'd give my right arm to be ambidextrous.

* * * * *

Buy now ehile shops last (Londonderry)

* * * * *

If Batman is so smart, why does he wear his underpants outside his trousers?

* * * * *

Christine, if you're reading this, we're through (Gent's Loo).

* * * * *

You don't buy beer, you rent it.

* * * * *

Three-channel TV sets, guaranteed working perfect. £10.
As advertised on Police 5.

* * * * *

The grave of Karl Marx is just another communist plot.

* * * * *

Free Wales - with every five gallons

* * * * *

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...