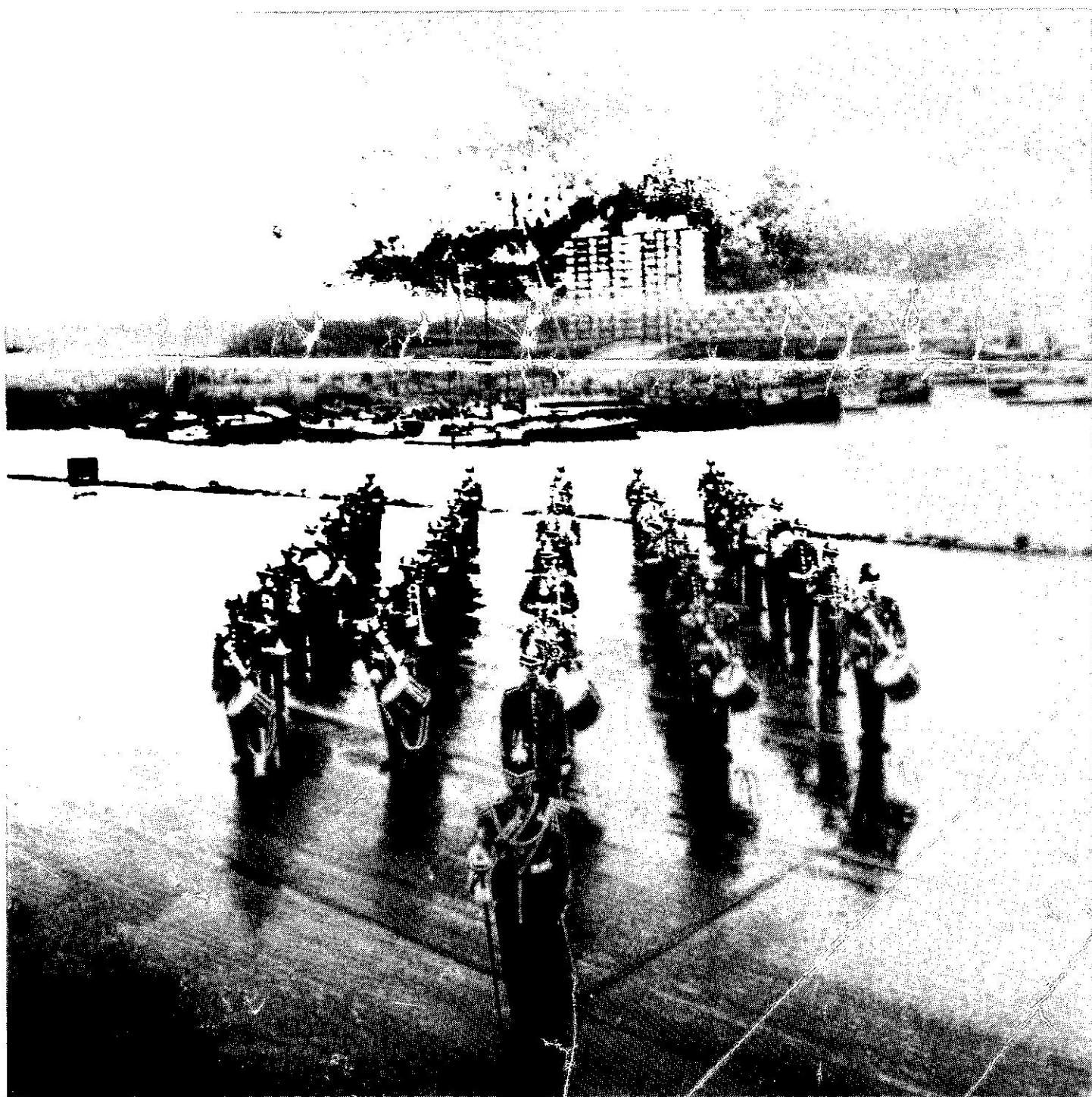


BRAGANZA

1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

GIBRALTAR TOUR 1985 - 1987



COMMANDING OFFICER'S FOREWORD

We are very nearly at the end of our two year tour in Gibraltar and this has been marked by the issue of another Braganza Magazine. Thinking back over the last two years various highlights come to mind; such as the two excellent Queen's Birthday Parades, innumerable Convent Guardmounts, training in the UK and Portugal and finally our month long exercise in Senny-bridge. However I dare say that the overriding impression of Gibraltar for us will be the sun and the sea, the memory of which will flood back as we operate from our trenches in the depths of a wintry Salisbury Plain.

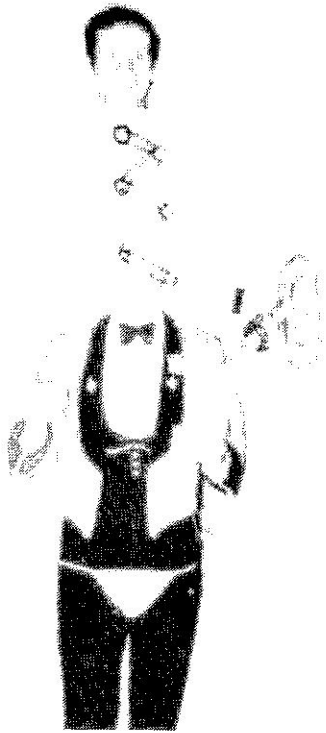
I hope that the pictures and articles will bring back some of the lighter moments of our time in Gibraltar and also give us a sense of pride in a job well done.

I would like to thank each and every one of you, soldiers and wives alike, for the tremendous help and support that you have given me over the last two years and I look forward to a happy and successful 1987.

EDITORIAL

The decision to produce this copy of Braganza was finally made 8 weeks prior to going to press. The editor would like to thank all those who hastily produced the articles, photographs and cartoons for this, the 19th issue of the magazine.

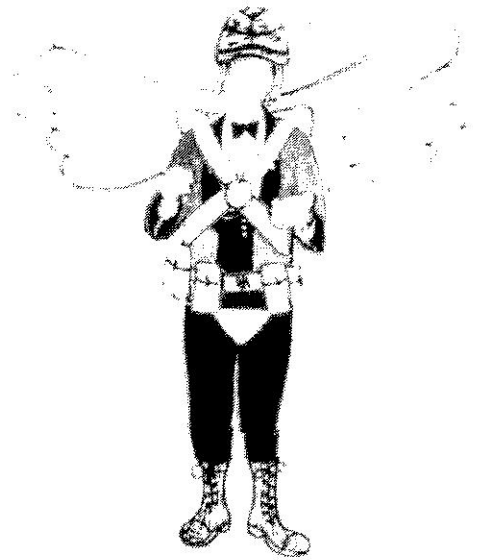




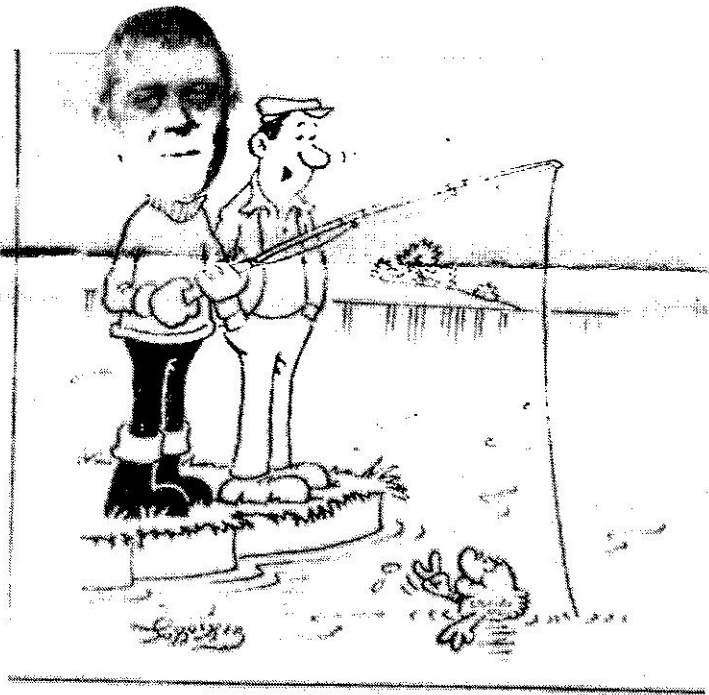
Capt "Wind your neck in Big Nose" who??



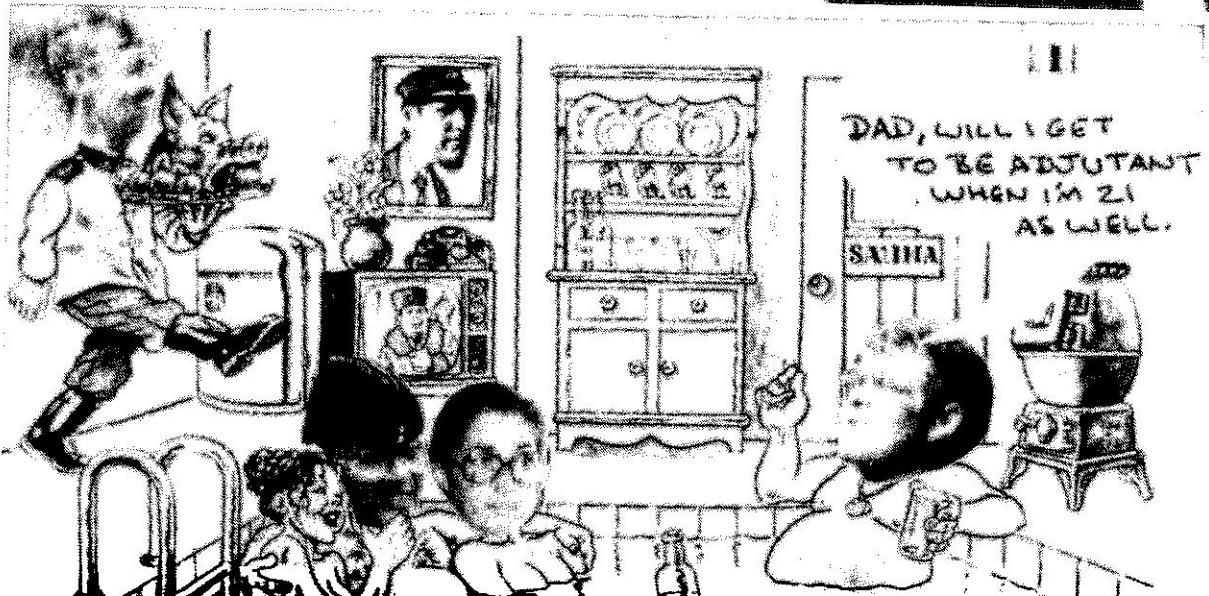
It is not a Mirage



Is it an Angel or Para, no our own
Capt Henry Eagan



"Look — Fish Fingers!"



THE PEOPLE IN THE QM'S DEPT, 1 QUEENS BY TOTALLY UNBIASED REME ATTACHED PERSONNEL

It all started when we were brought on strength back in Jan 85. The QM's Dept was virtually the same then. With the exception of a few Quartermasters (T) here and there. We've been through three of them.

First was Capt (QM) "Friday afternoon fast ball" Upson, then Capt (QM) "come back and we'll sort it out tomorrow" Ebbens, and last but by no means least Capt (QM) "see me in my office, staff" Wischhusen.

On the A side there was WO2 (RQMS) "I've smiled at least twice this year" Cookson, who has now been replaced by WO2 (RQMS) "have you finished making the Sgt's Mess bar yet" Arey.

The next rung down the A side has to be Cpl of Horse "Rueben Meade-Stein" with cries of "I don't run a coffee shop" and "get that KF shirt exchanged or I'll tell the RQ". Wasn't he an olympic bronze medallist skier?

In the ration store lives Sgt "Givvus" Gardner. "I've forgot my fags/money/boot polish/razor etc and his loyal driver Pte "I'll share a room in Sennybridge with Ginge" Busby.

Going to accommodation as well as Herr Meade is Cpl "I'm not going out tonight ... Oh, alright then, give me 5 minutes to change" Taylor 43.

Dealing with 2109s is Cpl "Check it out guy"/"it works for me" and "can I borrow your Allen key" President.

Helping in the store namely polishing the floor is Pte "one man traffic accident" Hibbert.

Lurking in the clothing store is Cpl "If the phone rings, I'm not in" Waldron and Cpl "Kill 'em all and let God deal with 'em" Hamilton, who has now left us for HQ Coy Stores.

Now we'll deal with the Domestic Pioneers. Firstly Cpl "Write this off for us, Roy, mate" Brill. Then his Chief Signwriter LCpl "these underpants are a bit small but don't they look sexy" Lauman. Next has to be LCpl "can I use your buffing machine" (giggle) Crowhurst. Following Crow is Pte (the less said the better) Turnwell (what's up, Doc?). Then comes Pte "if you need me I'll be playing hockey/football/cricket/basketball/rugby/etc/asleep under the bench in the portacabin" Ollerenshaw. Lastly in the Ron Brill empire is Pte "er, you better ask Ron first" Andrews.

Last on the A side is LCpl "Oliver Twist (please, sir, may I have some more sugar)" Dyke.

Now we come to the Tech side with WO2 (TQMS) "it's a REME problem" and "have you finished modding the Battalion's cookers yet" Stone.

Working, and I use the term loosely, in the same office as the TQ is Cpl "you can have a good guard ..." Sid Martin. His partner in crime is Cpl "it's your round" and "what am I doing in red camp" Dwyer.

The smooth running of the expense store is looked after by LCpl "I may not be very clever, but I can lift heavy boxes" or "I've just had a lovely holiday touring a cul-de-sac in France" Stringer. Helping him is LCpl "if it isn't a mortar then what is it" Azzopardi.

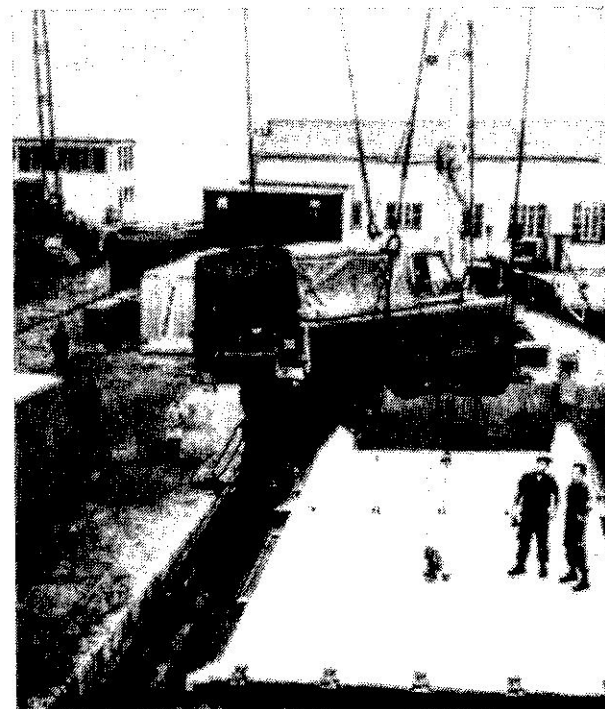
Holding the station stores account is Cpl "take me to your leader, I'm from Mars" or "can you help me to remove my foot from my mouth" Jones.

Bluffing, I mean grafting away on the FAMTO side of life is Cpl "I can park a Bedford in my mouth sideways" Coomber. Working with Jimmy Coomber is the self styled FAMTO specialist LCpl "it's quarter to three, fifteen minutes to knocking off time/if you need me I'll be at PSTO(N) (Block 5 zzzzzzz!!)" Parker.

Lastly the QM(T)'s charwallah/clerk Pte "I know my rights"/"you can't jail me"/"you'll be in front of the DFC" Hayman.

Well, 1 Queens are now at the end of their tour in sunny BFPO 52. We've seen them come, now we're going to see them go. They've changed all the paintwork from the DWRs Red to Oxford Blue, not much else changes here. I wonder if we will still carry on getting sports afternoons and working summer hours when 1 Royal Anglians arrive?

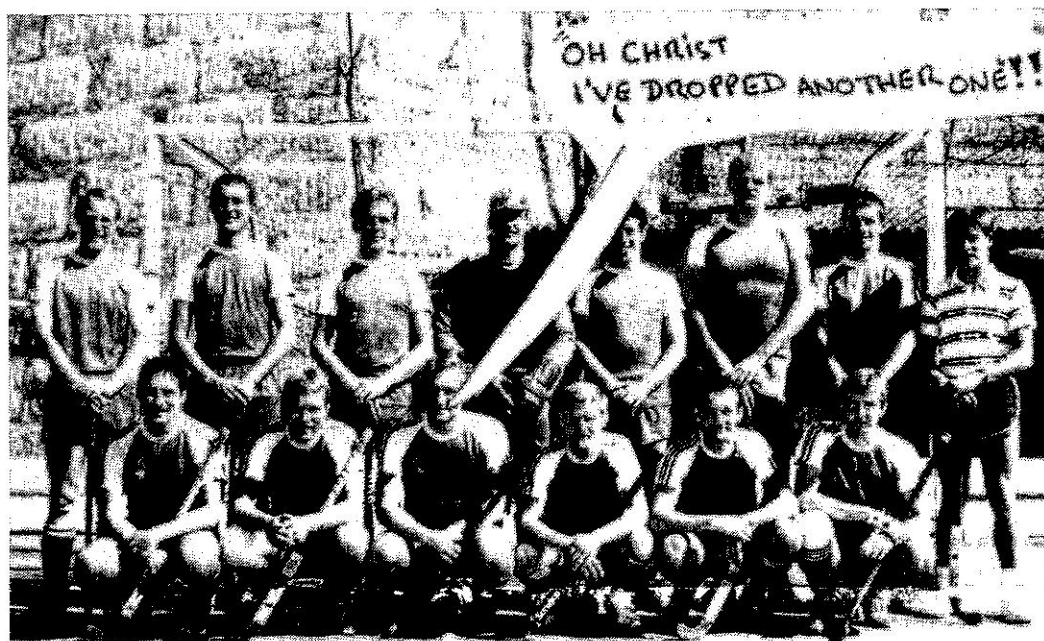
Shipping for Ex Open Door



During the month of March C Company, of which I am proud to be member, were on Exercise Open Door (which has nothing to do with opening doors); anyway as I was saying we C Company being on exercise in Sunny Wales we were in a defensive position, and our Section Commander, Cpl CHIN Brown doing whatever he was doing with his trousers down, when all of a sudden 25,000 enemy soldiers came from behind us. Funny somehow because we were supposed to have a Brigade behind us, CHIN Brown was out of his trench, and when they saw his big white bum they just scarpered.

If you do not like this, too bad, because it was funny at the time.

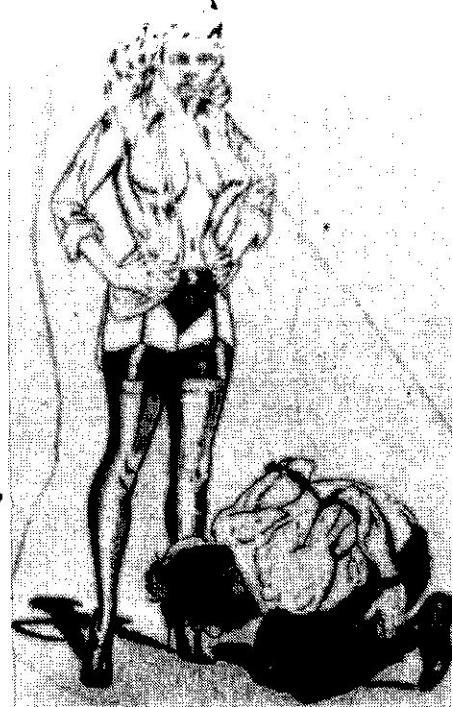
PTE McKEE C COMPANY



Bn Hockey Team



Trg Wing & ?? →



THE TALE OF THE FIGHTING TROLLS (Sp Coy - A Day to Remember)

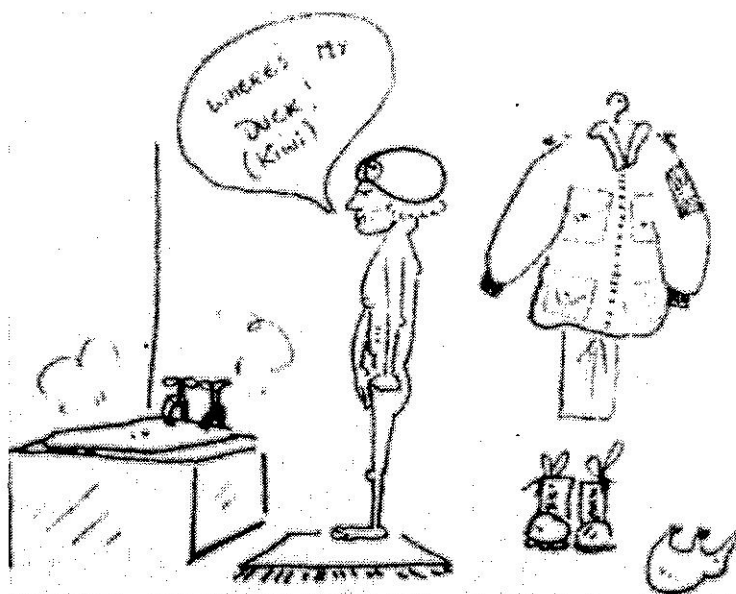
Oh! Drum Major what have you done?
You have fired, bursts too long from your gun.
Now the QM is after you,
Because all your barrels are shot through.

You now have upset the TQMS,
The ammo you returned was all in a mess,
Because when you handed it in,
You put all three batches in the same tin.

So Drum Major please stay away from guns,
Stick to your saluting, drill and drums.
Or waxing your 'tash'
With your musical thumbs.

Now Milan Pl were also by the beach,
But the target, their rockets would not reach.
By interested media your posts were surrounded
Only to see two missiles grounded.
And instead of a bang and a flash,
All we heard was a big splash.

Mortars are not getting away with it,
because we did not see a single hit.
For hours we waited out there,
In the heat and glare.
To see them fire there was no hope,
For some stupid thing had broken the rope.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ASSAULT PIONEER

The time is six o'clock in the morning and I am awoken by a loud ringing in my ear. I fall out of bed and get dressed into a tracksuit, ready for my daily run. I steadily run around the Rock which takes me approximately forty five minutes. After the run I have a quick shower and then go to the cookhouse for some of that greasy stuff known as breakfast.

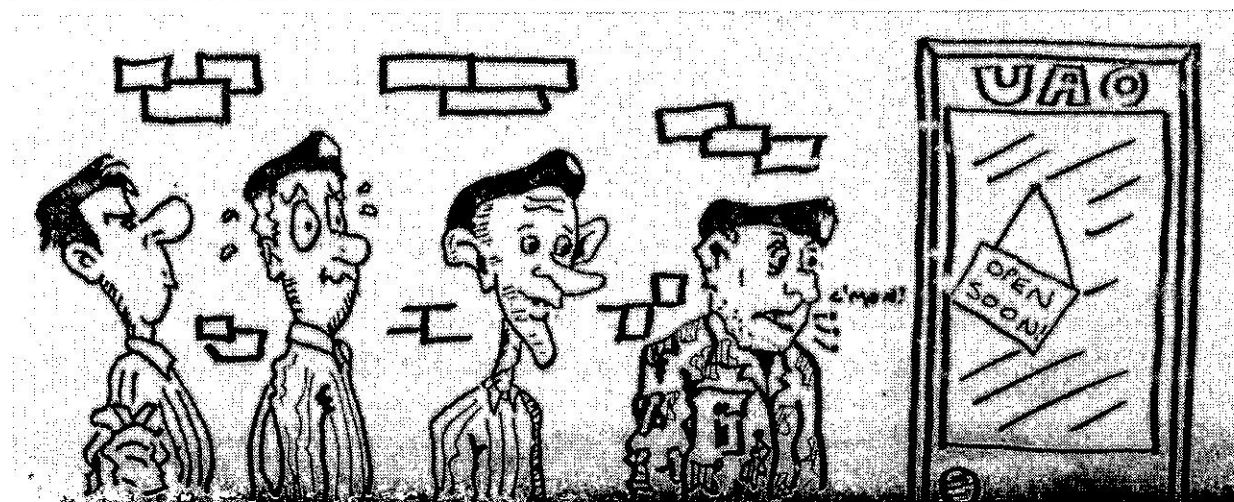
At 0800 hrs I am in the stores, ready to start another hard days work. All the tools and equipment in the store are thoroughly checked over for any breakages or damage. Everything is then cleaned and oiled, this is a very long, slow and boring process.

The time now is nearly 1030, I am just about to go for a Naafi break when the telephone rings. It is the Commanding Officer, he wants us to do a little job for him. Anyway the little job ends up lasting nearly two hours.

It's dinner time at last, I can actually have a little time to myself, without anyone breathing down my neck, shouting at me and telling me what to do. After I have eaten some of that stuff they call food, I retire to my bed for a few minutes. I am just nodding off when I am rudely awoken. The time is 1345 hrs, time to start work again.

This afternoon we have to clean the engines of our boats, the rigid raiders. This is not too bad as it only lasted for one and a half hours, when we have finished cleaning we return all the cleaning kit back to the stores. The time is only 1545, the earliest we've ever finished work. We are just about to knock off when the phone rings again. We don't really feel like answering it, on the other end is the OC, Maj Thorpe saying his fatigue men did not turn up and he has a very important task which must be completed by the morning. So off to work we go again, God knows what time we'll finish tonight.

Who says the Assault Pioneers don't work hard. We do.
(I'm also a good liar)



THE DRUMS OF 85 - 87

We started off with Convent No 1, we was not too sure how it was done so we said to the Drum Major "Please we will need a few more of these" he said "Don't worry you will have it by No 91".

So there we went onto the Keys, where the boys said "Whose Keys, what Keys, how many Keys", and a little voice from the back shouted "Arthur AsKEY's".

Next came the Queen's Birthday Parade which did not come with a lot of glee, up at 7 back at 9 whatever happened to our own free time?

After being in Barrack Dress for a year and a half we decided to get into Camouflage. To Sennybridge we went carrying our guns and 9 by 9 tents. Onto the town the boys would go where Dogs and Toads gave a show, they had a food fight which the Welsh coppers did not like, the RSM said "I'll do what I can" and the whole Battalion he did ban.

Back to Gibraltar we did go with drums to bang and bugles to blow, on the Convent once again, nothing changed, its still the same.

The Corps of Drums

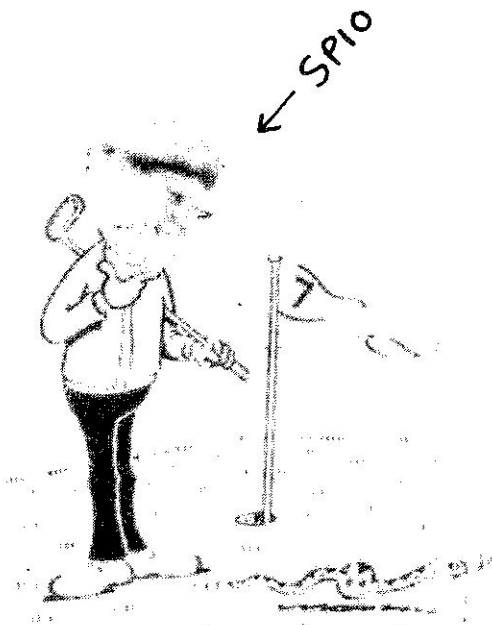


Our own Berserka

17 APR 86 0150 hrs

At the time and date stated Sgt W.... reported that he had found Pte B.... outside Penelopes. Pte B.... was so drunk he had no bodily functions except for throwing up. Pte C.... was also lying on the pavement!

(Couldn't remember eating him perhaps!)



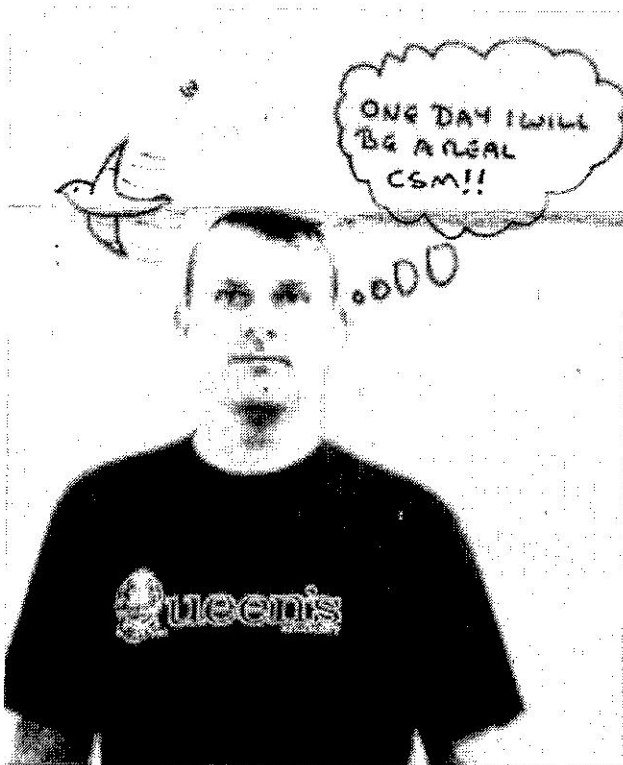
Sp Coy wives with their joker



Wives Club Dinner 1986

01 MAY 86 1908 hrs

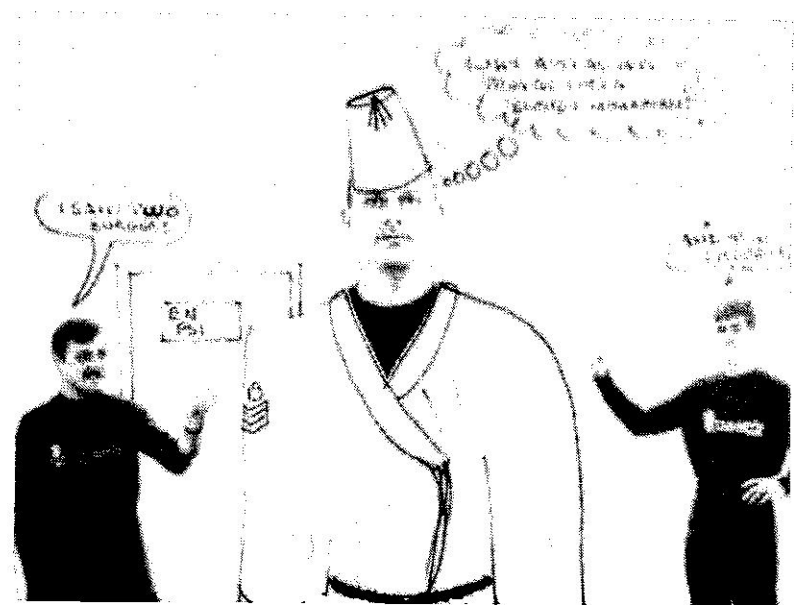
At the time and date stated Capt H . . . told me to move Jews Gate VCP 100 Metres up the road and to be moved back and forwards at irregular intervals. Not moved front gates as steps cannot be covered. (not found a location you like yet!)

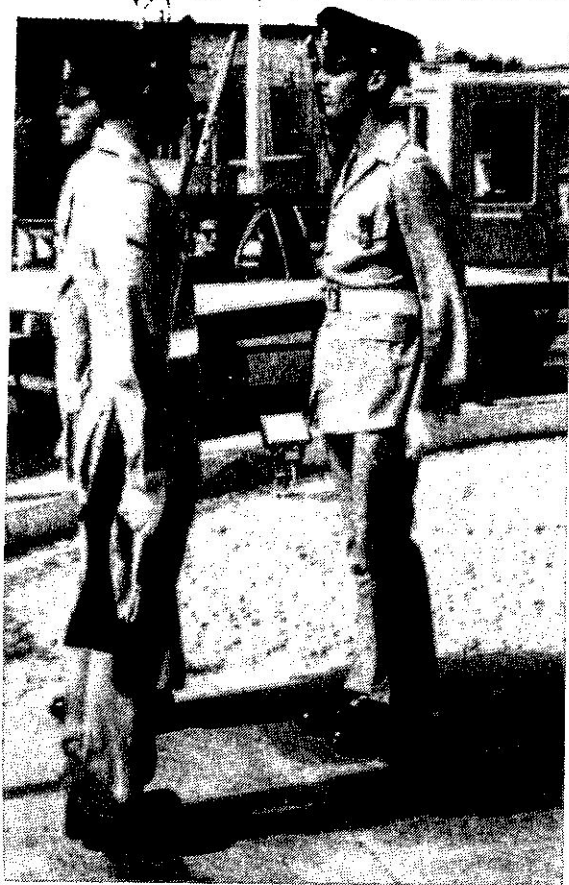


'B' Coy at the end of a long flog

20 MAR 85 1945 hrs

At the time and date stated Cpl W . . . who lives at No . . . East Walk, phoned to say his toilet had come away from the wall, the pipes were buckled and it was being held up by a stool?





Changing of the last sentry at Four Corners



B Coy showing off the SA 80 in Portugal



Belting up for exercise



Is this the real Sgt Guilfoyle



Bn Shoot & March HQ Coy



Real soldier Cpl now Sgt Riches of C Coy



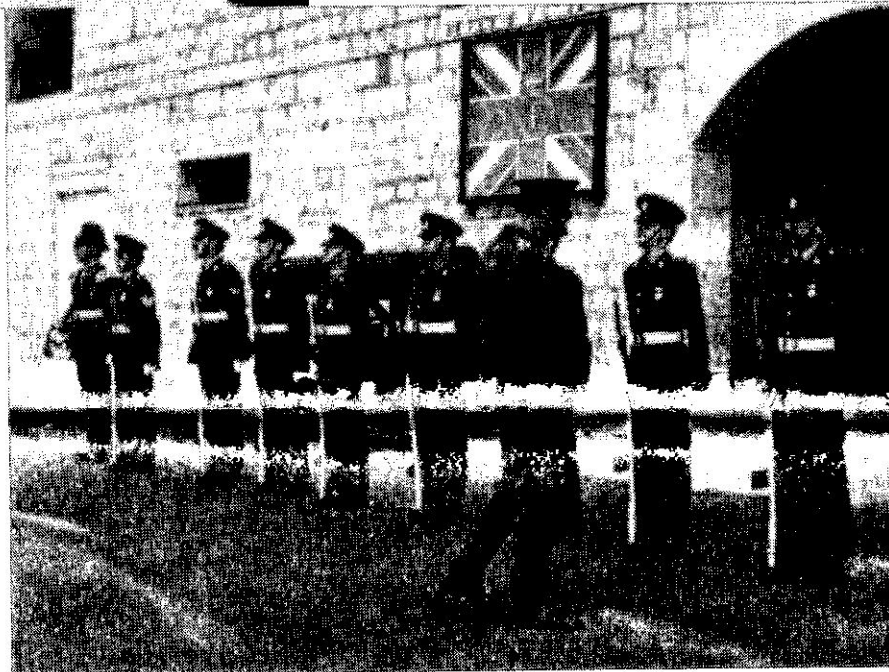
His Excellency The Governor Air Chief Marshal
Sir Peter Terry GBC, AFC inspecting C Coy
Guard at the Keys Ceremony



Shoot & March 1986 Start Line



Hume or Hayman



Brigadier R P Hume — Ex Deputy Fortress Commander on his farewell visit

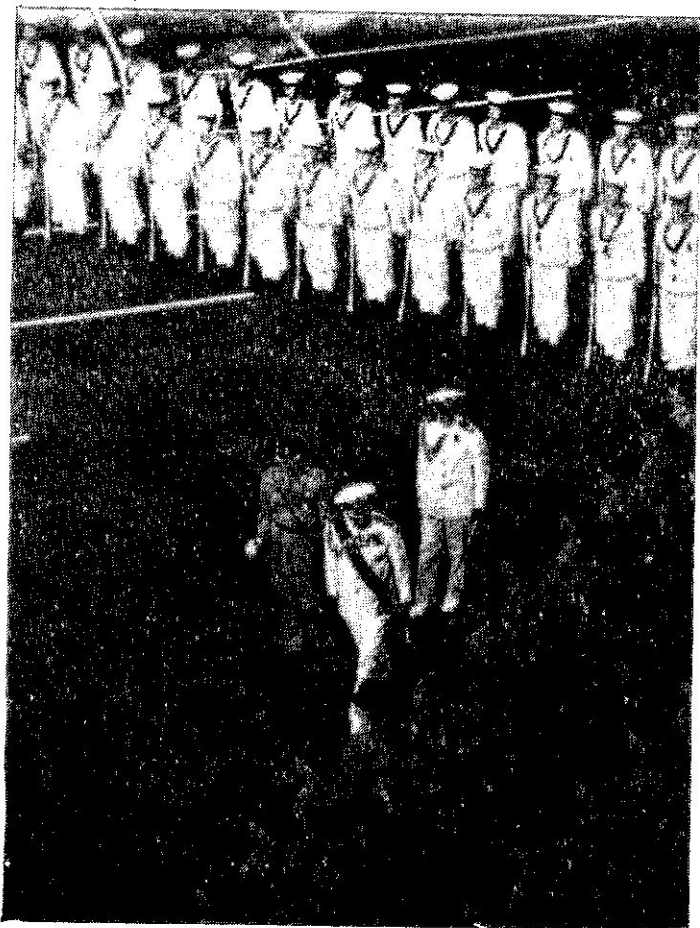




Maj Gen M F Reynolds CB having a joke with
Sgt C Brazier & the boys at the AWTC.



Brig R P Hume watching the Mor PI
with the CO & Capt Crowley.



Final inspection by Admiral Sir David Williams GCB
on departing Gibraltar as His Excellency The Governor.



The Colonel of The Regiment presenting
CSgt Buckwell with his LS & GC.



Lt who??

WHY THE SMUG
LOOK?



Look out, Tidworth

21 JUL 86

Sir at time and date stated RMPs brought Pte B . . . to Guardroom as he had fallen on a Pregnant woman down town.
(Was she pregnant before or after)



Hands

10 MAR 86 1822 hrs

At the time and date stated Sgt A..... phoned from Farrington's OP to say that 15 apes had just ripped some water pipes off the wall and they were now experiencing some difficulty with plumbing!

QUIET MINE
IS LISTENING
TO THE BLO

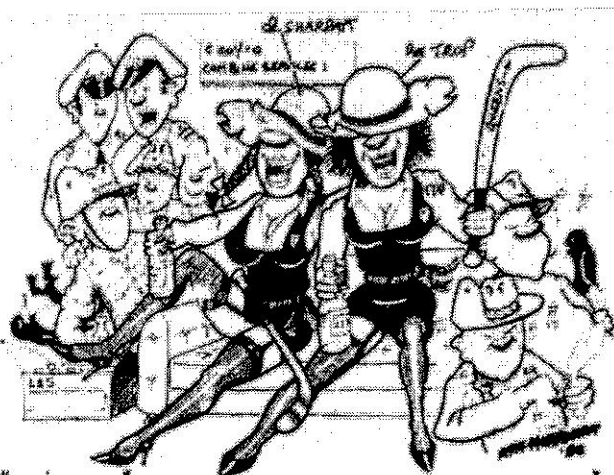


MY PLACE IN DOVER
HAS A VIEW LIKE THIS

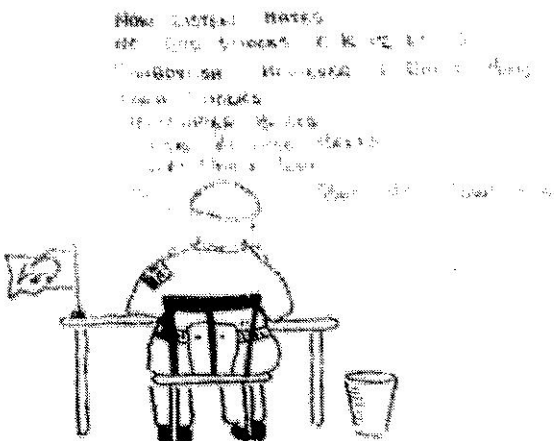
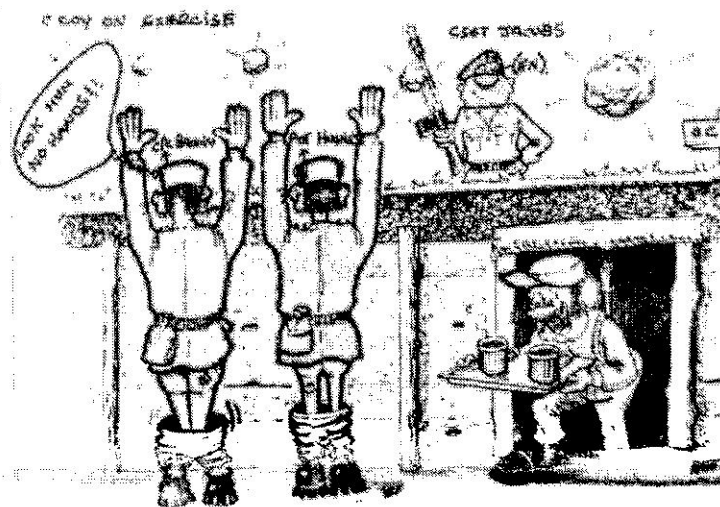


02 MAR 86 0001 hrs

At the time and date stated 2 Monkeys came down to the Sentry Box and started throwing stones at Pte Andrews A Coy.



"DON'T KNOW! THEY MUST HAVE STOWED AWAY AT GIBRALTAR!"



20 SEP 85

At your request sir, Staff M. . . . collected the Guard taking them all less myself to the BW Gymnasium to view the inter Coy Boxing. Staff M. . . . positioned them nicely next to the telephone.

2155 hrs

At the time and date stated the Guard returned from the Gymnasium in high spirits after our Coy won triumphantly in the inter-coy boxing. Inevitably the Wembley Bar is filling up.

2230 hrs

At the time and date stated the duty cook brought in the Guard's meal. It was a sheer culinary delight. A vast improvement on the past system.

Where to start, it's been two long years since the last Braganza Mag. These are our Second notes for the Mag and our last for some years.

Since we arrived in Gibraltar we have been inundated with requests from both military and civilian establishments to play at the various functions, Marching, Concert, Traditional, Dance or German Bands. The popularity of the band is outstanding and has been quoted by the locals as the best band the rock has ever had.

God knows how many miles we have marched rehearsing and participating in Convent Guards, Ceremony of the Keys and Queen's Birthday Parades. Our first concert for the locals was at the Piazza which was well attended followed by The Investiture in the Convent. A few members have been helping the local drama groups by providing a small pit orchestra for Oliver also for Gilbert and Sullivan Patrons.

Then after many more various functions came The Glorious First with a Beating Retreat, shortly followed by Queen's Birthday Parade. More engagements then the first Gibraltar Tattoo.

A change of Bandmasters came next saying goodbye to Mr Hills and welcoming Mr Davis. During this change Miss Gibraltar was taking place, televised and well, we got the best views.

During '85 we played for many of the visiting Liners including Canberra, Sea Princess, Pacific Princess and QE2 on which we played aboard.

1986 started with the Cavalcade procession in which the Bandmaster lost his medals! The Band then made it's first recording as The Albuhera Band in St Michael's Cave in which many hours of patient and hard work made by all to record a fine cassette, which is selling like hot cakes.

More ceremonies, concerts and other engagements, the biggest hit being 'The Last Night of The Proms' style cave concert, in which we invited all the choirs of Gibraltar to combine their voices for what turned out to be the best concert the Rock has ever had, as most of the locals will never get the chance to see the real thing. The locals now wish to have this type of concert once a year, so there's one tradition that we can lay claim to.

April fool and a change in Band Sergeant Majors, farewell to Frank Francis, welcome John Bainbridge. Off to Tangier again, for the King of Morocco's Birthday celebrations, once bitten twice shy we thought, this was not to be, we still got the Tangier Trots.

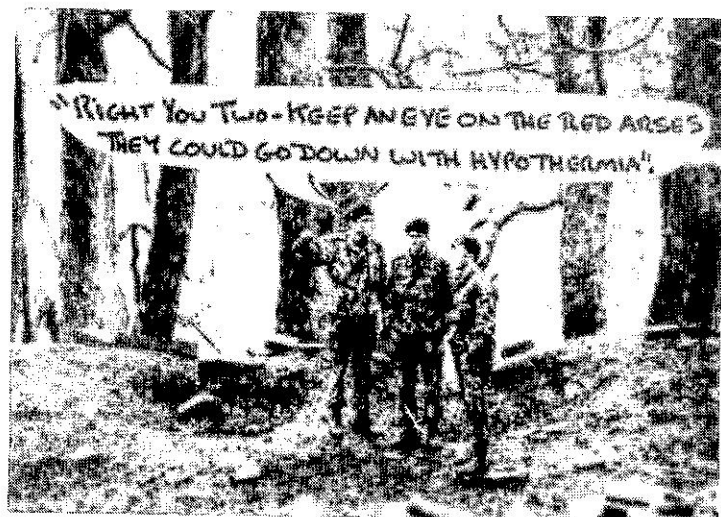
Another Queen's Birthday Parade, better than last year's they say. Then off to sunny Sennybridge next "A well good bit of Kit" we hear you tell us, 4 weeks of military training and local stints in the Sennybridge and popular. Back to the sun and back to the onslaught of engagements.

We have just returned from a pilgrimage to the birthplace of our name, La Albuera, a 14 hour coach trip to find out that we have spelt it wrong.

Finally it is not only a farewell from the band to Gibraltar but to you, the reader. AUF WEIDERSEHEN.



Some Pay Corps do have Combat Kit
2LT NC Woodhill (RAPC)



Sgt Guilfoyle

