



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

ISSUE 2

LONDONDERRY (SEMI-FINAL EDITION) 1976



B Company search August, 1976

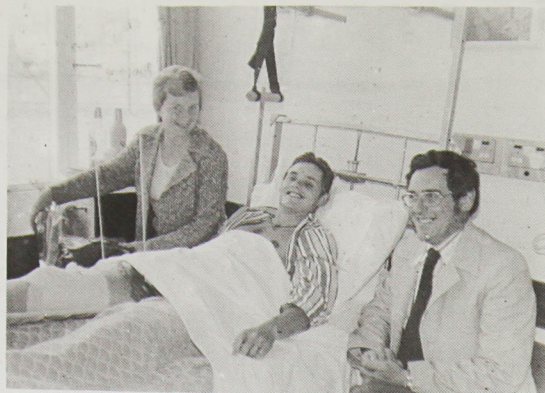
OUR CASUALTIES

It was reported in last month's edition of BRAGANZA that Lance Corporal Geordie Britten had been injured with gunshot wounds. Since then he has been visited by his parents in Musgrave Park Hospital and is now back in England, well on the way to recovery.

After the visit of his parents, Major Carlston, OC Sobraon Company,

received a thank you letter from Keith's parents for the arrangements made for them to visit their son in hospital.

The Commanding Officer has asked that their letter be republished in original for all ranks and families of the 1st Battalion to read for themselves. Here it is.



Northumberland.

Dear Major Carlston,

9-8-76

My wife and I wish to thank you for your very nice letter regarding our son Keith. We are both very proud that Keith did his duty as a soldier when under fire and in pain. But I am very sure all of you boys in Ireland would react exactly the same in similar circumstances.

We wish to thank you and your staff for the sympathy and consideration you gave to us when Keith was shot. Many thanks also for the impeccable way in which you organised our visit to see our son in Belfast Hospital.

We also wish to give a particularly big thank you to Padre Mike for the way in which he looked after us on our visit. He's a great guy.

Many thanks to the Medical and Nursing Staff, especially Lesley the Red Cross Girl, at Musgrave Park Hospital, for their kindness and understanding towards us and our son.

I know you have an extremely difficult job to do in Londonderry, in fact, nearly an impossible one, but I am certain you will win through.

Well, once again we thank all and everyone of you for your kindness.

Well done 1 Queens.

Yours Sincerely

Joan and John Britten

EDITORIAL

This, the second edition of BRAGANZA, timed to reach our readers at the half way mark of the tour, represents something of a landmark inasmuch as it is the first time the Editor can recall two editions coming out of the Printers on one tour. Provided you, the blokes on the ground floor think it worthwhile, and with the Managing Director's approval, we shall go on to produce a third and a final edition.

Most of the comments overheard or read by the Editor concerning the first edition are agreeable. Indeed, favourable comments have been received from a Major General, a Brigadier and Coffee Pot Major at Werl. However, by far and away the greatest compliment paid to the Editorial Staff was to see a copy of BRAGANZA tucked into the coat pocket of a soldier making his way on R & R to UK. Maybe he wanted it to wrap up his first collection of Fish and Chips? Perhaps it was destined for his Member of Parliament to prove what a nutty outfit he was serving with? Hopefully it was for none of these reasons but simply because he wanted to show it to his Mother, Father, Brother, Sister, Girl Friend or Mistress as the case may be?

Make no bones about it we have had our complaints. Have we, Staff! Oddly enough, our pin-up on the next to last page seems to have been the most controversial point of the last issue. One who shall be nameless (but whom should be instantly recognisable to most) demanded the substitution of Military Prints. I ask you!

Considering the glut of glamour pictures available for selection the Editorial Staff consider their choice was made with discrimination. The picture is, after all, no more than can be seen in two of our national daily papers. So, to all our critics we say, sorry, but the pin up stays. If it offends then skip the next to last page. There is a lot of hard work involved in the production of this Paper, and a bonus the Editor is not prepared to forego is the monthly Selection Committee with the Signallers in Cpl Millson's bunk!

The production of the Paper this month has been made easier by a generous supply of written word and photographs from the Companies. Sadly, not all can be accepted. The expense of production is one reason. Decency is another. We are prepared to push our luck mildly in this direction but not to ex-

tremes. The saddest rejection of all was of an amusing, illustrated copy produced by a Rifle Platoon and into which a lot of hard work had obviously been put. There was absolutely no way by which we could tart it up to get it to an acceptable printing standard so much of the amusement would have been lost. Platoon Commanders please note, and get some advice from the Editor before embarking upon similar projects.

Regretfully, 'Mick the Vic' has had to resign from the Editorial Staff. Pressures of work connected with Local Boy Stores, Ulster Calling, Management of the Grand Draw and preparation for the Ulster Motor Rally are taking up too much of his time. In his place I am proud to announce that Colour Bundle 'Paddy' Ryan has agreed to join me. Without his contributions this Paper would be the poorer. His cartoons and 'doctored' photographs are already legend in the land and have given pleasure and amusement to many from the first moment of the first post—Berlin Ulster tour. By so doing he is virtually sacrificing the £10 prize for the best month's cartoon (which he is getting anyway for his contribution to the semi-final edition) but I know his reward will lie in the appreciation of a wider viewing public.

Finally, our thanks to our sister publication 'FRUSTRATIONS' whose first edition hit the streets about the same time as BRAGANZA. Without aiming a shaft at the Women's Liberation Movement, it might be for consideration that at some stage in the future (and after I relinquish the editorship) a non-incestuous marriage be arranged between the two publications and both be put to bed simultaneously at our local Printers. It is inevitable that much of the BRAGANZA copy is centred on the Ulster scenario, the violence and the 'Baddies'; its combination with the 'Nappies, Boredom, Housework, Shopping and Kids' copy of 'FRUSTRATIONS' could make for some pretty impressive reading! (In case you haven't heard ladies, the Unit Paymaster is off on posting to the Bahamas in three days time!) By the way of light relief, however, this edition includes a further edition of "Rest and Recuperation" which we hope to turn into a continuous saga rather like "Peyton Place", plus some pictures of some of our families taken by the vicar at Werl during one of his countless 'liaison' visits.

MORE FINDS

The Editor holds himself in no way responsible for the accuracy or otherwise of these statistics and disgruntled Sunrays can save themselves time and trouble by referring complaints direct to Acorn up the Creggan.)

'A' COMPANY

- 2 x .22 rds
- 1 x Garrand rd
- 1 x Armalite rd

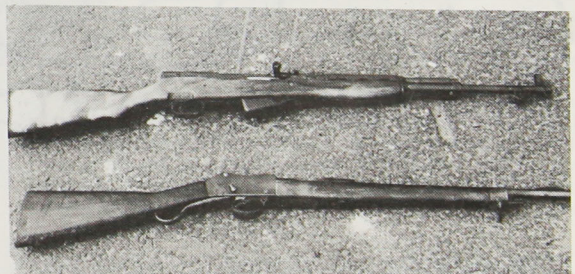
Rosemount Terrace during the R & R of the OC.

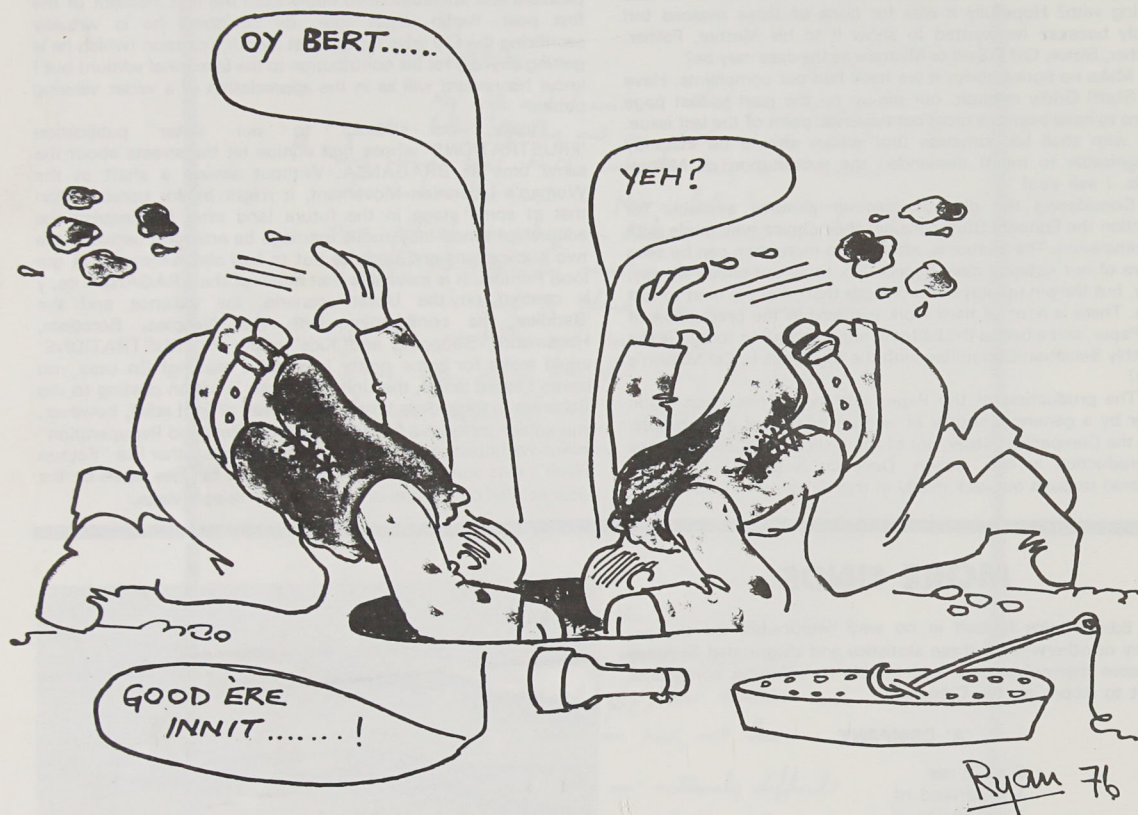
'C' COMPANY

- 1 x 7.62 Simonov Short
- 1 x .303 Martini Henry
- 1 x .45 Star Automatic

- 1 x .22 Short rd

both loaded and found in a car in the Creggan handed in to the Police but from the same car on a path near the Holy Child Infant School







"Now girls, if you don't behave yourselves I shan't let you go on the next Wives' Club outing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

. . . Braganza is excellent, though all the Sunrays and Seagulls, Kestrels, Molars and Acorns make it a bit difficult for us laywomen to understand.

Yours etc,

Big D (Alias Peanuts)

Dear Mrs. Kernel (ouch),

Thank you for your letter.

To take up your point, I agree that it was most inconsiderate of the editorial staff to bandy these words about without including a glossary of terms. If you can spare the time to wade through the rubbish that makes up this paper you'll find

Dear Editor,

. . . Braganza is an excellent production; reminds me of all the sweat of editing "Tangerine" in Malaya.

Your story about Wilkinson reminded me of the one with a Sapper twist. It goes something like this :

Vikings landing on the Kentish shore in about 800 AD. No 1 Troop on the left, No 3 Troop on the right keeping very good station as they make the beach but No 2 Troop in the centre lagging behind and very sluggish. Squadron Commander leaps out of his boat and cries to his approaching craft "No 1 Troop Pillage, No 3 Troop Fire. . . ." Anguished cry from poor old 2's boat "Oh no, Sir, not Rape again. . . ."

Yours etc,

RSN Mans, Maj Gen
Deputy Colonel (Surrey)

Dear General,

Thanks for your letter. I think the early 1950's was about the last time they could find an Infantry Officer to edit the Battalion magazine.

Your joke is excellent and I hope you won't take copyright action if we use it. Are you aware that "Mayfair" publications have paid £5 a time for worse jokes than yours?

Finally, please don't let on to Major F F (Monty) Tony Ward about "Tangerine". He'll want to rename his Company block at Werl "Tangerine Redoubt" and frankly he's giving us all the pip (sorry) with "Fort Tangier".

Yours etc,

Editor.

such a glossary somewhere near the middle. It was my intention to elaborate further by explaining the system of radio callsigns which so many of our contributors use in identifying themselves or others. Unfortunately neither Pronto nor Kestrels (there I go again) are in a position to explain their system. It seems to be made up on a need-to-know daily basis.

Yours etc,

Editor.

PADRE'S DIARY

It has been an eventful time since the first publication of **Braganza**. So many things have happened in so short a time. I for one have been back to Werl to visit the ladies; liason visit it is called. Now the in-word here is liason. Boy, the cracks made when I returned, like, "How was your R & R Padre", or "Have a good leave".

If only you knew what it was like, the shere hard slog it turned out to be; the forty cups of coffee a day; that embarrassing moment when asking, "Can I use your Loo?"; the amount of cake and sponges one had to get through; I kid ye not only a Saint can do it.

I must say the Rear Party is a hive of activity, and thanks to many willing and able hands, encouraged by the inexhaustible efforts of Mrs Davidson, the morale and well-being is maintained at a high pitch. Since I've returned to Fort George we've said



goodbye, not forever I hasten to add, to Capt Wilson. It's a lot quieter here and Cpl Freeman is now seen walking around in a blissful dream, I have it on good authority that low pining noises can be heard from his bunk.

You probably have gathered that the Editor has demoted me. Typical that is; success as gawn to ya ed.—ear that ed; tar yar ed. Never mind I can't do without him really. As church treasurer I'm thinking of putting him down as the Heavenly Paymaster-General; not before this Centurey's out, of course.

The CO went off on R & R with a smile from ear to ear and came back as if he'd been plugged in to Harwell Atomic Station. I told you things were kept to a high pitch back in Werl. I'm sceptical about when we get back really—the air will be so alive the Yanks at Soest might detect an invasion of Foxbats.

I'm getting cheeky now—perhaps its because we're at the middle point of the tour and the downward road appears before us. Being serious though for one moment, I have been cheered at the result of the raffle, in that it realised £900 in aid of the Stained Glass Window. This has been a magnificent result; pushed, bludgeoned and cajoled by all and sundry, and my grateful thanks to all concerned.

The raising of this money has certainly given everyone something to aim for and look forward to, having involved us all in its planning, preparation and eventual inauguration when that times comes. It is so important to have something to remind us of the sober things of life; pit-props some will see them as; but necessary aides to help us to understand the mystery of God and the reasons for our being here.



PRESENTATION OF COLOUR TELEVISIONS TO THE BATTALION

Six colour televisions have been presented to the Battalion as a result of appeals initiated by Councillor Frank Gaisford, the former Mayor of the Royal Borough of Kingston-upon-Thames, and Councillor Andrew Pares, the Mayor of Barnet, following their visit to the Battalion at Werl in May for our Glorious First of June Celebrations.

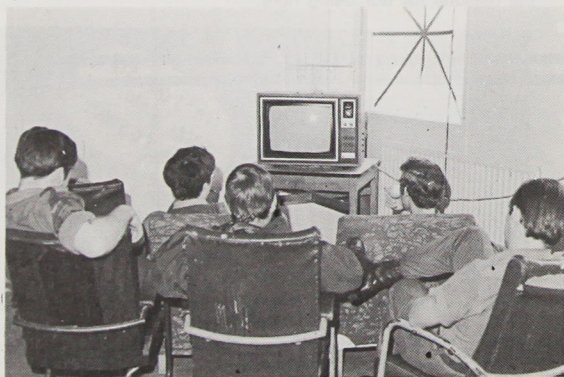
During their visit the Mayors heard from the Commanding Officer that most of the sets purchased for the Army in 1970 from the Daily Telegraph and Sun Newspaper Appeal Funds were now unserviceable, and that the Battalion was faced with spending a great deal of money hiring sets. On their return home they made these facts known to their local Rotary Clubs and Chambers of Commerce. The end result was that six new sets arrived in Londonderry in mid-August for use by the Battalion on

operational service in Ulster.

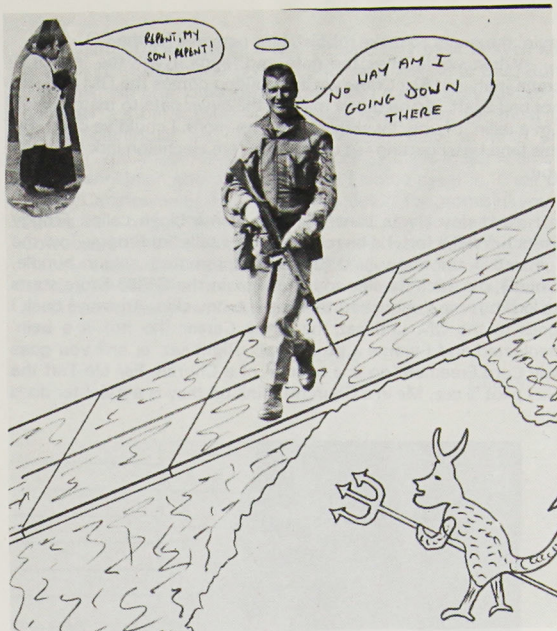
It would be impossible to list all the individual subscribers, but the main Clubs, firms and organisations responsible were Bentalls Ltd of Kingston-upon-Thames and Sony (UK) Ltd, each of whom presented one set; the Rotary Clubs of Barnet, Finchley, Friern Barnet, Whetstone and Cockfosters, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surbiton and New Malden; Hawker Siddeley Aviation; Air Products Ltd; Phillips Electrical Ltd; Sanyo (UK); Surbiton Constitutional Club; Kingston-upon-Thames Chamber of Commerce and Barnet Rugby Football Club. The Commanding Officer has written to all of the above and to a number of individuals whom he knew had contributed. In addition he would like, through the columns of BRAGANZA, to thank everyone who contributed towards these magnificent gifts.



The president of the Mill Hill Rotary Club, together with the Mayor of Barnet (right), presents one of the television sets to Major S T W Anderson MC of The Queen's Regiment. (Photograph by courtesy of the Edgeware and Mill Hill Times).



Soldiers relaxing, putting the new sets to good use, and enjoying their main source of entertainment whilst serving in Ulster.



Costa del Fort George
Toosday

Dear Smudger, I know I promised yer a letter, but I've been too ruddy busy to write. Yer known yer said to git a cushy number as soon as I gits to the old Battalion? Well, I screws the bin and gits up the Sarn't Major's nostrils, marks time a bit and then up it comes on Detail for a geezer to go to the QMs. Well, along I trots to see me old mate the Sarn't Major and 'e looks at me a bit old-fashioned like, and then 'e says "So yer want to go and work in the QMs, do yer?" "Yers" I says. "Righto, I'll fix it, now get out of me sight and stay ahrt" he says. "Friendly sort of gaffer" I thinks to meself, "I've got it made nah, cushy billet, bags of time orff, few games of golf" (that being the fing of the moment, all they does is get peaced on Wednesday a'fternoon at the Golf Club).

Well, me move to the QMs came as we went orff to Ireland again. Me, I was rubbin' me 'ands wiv glee. None of yer sleepless nights, no guards, no work, bags of telly. Before I left, the Sarn't Major 'e looks dead crafty and 'e says "Now then Chalky, me old fruit" (I told yer 'e was a mate o' mine), "I've personally fixed yer posting wiv Seagull. You'll be workin' at the Hechelon." Well, I arsed him wot gives wiv this beedin' Hechelon lark and 'e says you'll love it, you'll be workin' wiv a Captain Wilson and RQMS Hupson. Captain Wilson was me Sar'nt Major years ago and 'e's a reel nice bloke. He then roared wiv laughter and told me to leave (not exactly in them words but yer knows what I mean Smudge).

Anyway, we 'as it away wiv 'Crab Air' to Ireland and I'm told to report to the QM at Fort George. I says to a bloke on the old Hairy plane 'oo 'as a dicshenary wot the bleedin' 'ell's a Hechelon? This bloke works in the QM Orffice as some sort of clurke, 'is moniker is Trev 'Obgen, so 'e's quite eddikated. 'E looks in this book and says it's reely so simple in a lah de dah voice. "Hechelon; formashun of troops in parallel divisions, each wiv its front clear of that in advance, or similar formashun, form or form into Hechelon." Well, I arst yer! That's bleedin' eddicashun for yer. Anyway we gits to this place Fort George where I sees this little geezer and I arks him where this QM bloke is. A little fellah 'e was, wearin' a crann wiv flowers round it on 'is arm. Anyway 'e says 'e's the RQMS in a rather strained voice and wot do you want? I says I've come to join this 'ere Hechelon and I wants to know where me billet is so I can get me 'ed down. You should have 'erd 'im, Smudge, 'e didn't arf carry on. Anyway I gathers that the CSM wot I 'ad just left and this 'ere QM and RQMS didn't eggsactly 'it it orff. Then I seed the QM, not my idea of a nice fellah! 'E says "So you've come to 'elp us ahrt 'ere, 'ave yer" in a right narsty voice. "Can yer drive?" "No" I says

CAN IT REALLY BE AS GOOD AT FORT GEORGE AS CREGGAN SAYS IT IS?

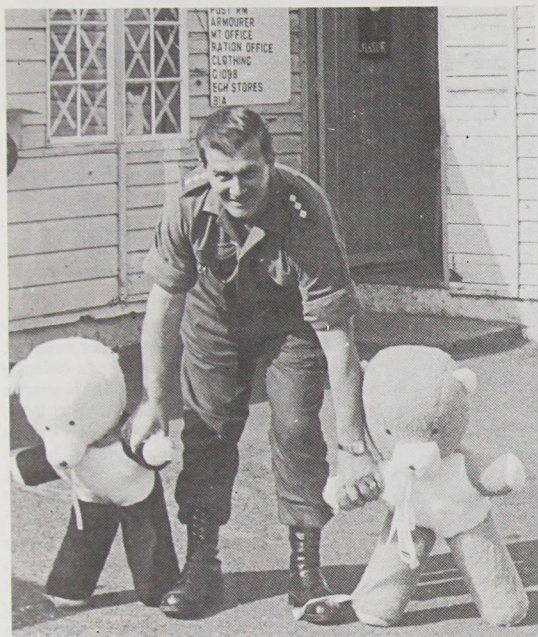


"Little chap 'e wuz, wiv a crann on 'is arm with flahs rahnd it . . .

"but I'm willing to lern just so long as I gets me fourteen ahrs kip a day, colour telly in me bunk and a couppla pints in the evening, I'm 'appy. 'You my son 'e says are goin' to be a very un'appy soldier for four months, I knows the CSM very well where you've just come from and 'e is a tryin' to get 'is own back on me. Well, for starters you can begin work in the laundry." So orff I goes and teams up wiv Benny 'Ill and Geoff Carter, nice geezers but orl they want to do is work. You should 'ave seen 'em. Start work before eight in the mornin' and still 'ard at it at night. "'Ere," I says, "You two won't get no 'bleedin' nitehoods you know!" They wouldn't 'ave none of it. Flog on they did, old Geoff Carter 'e says we are goin' to do 100 bundles a day. One mornin' I 'as to go and see the Paymaster fellah wiv 'is dhobi, so I gits it arht quick and nips orff to see the old Bank Manager. I says there you are, Guv, special favour for you just remember when I wants the odd couple of nicker quick like. Nice, peaceful sort of bloke 'e seemed until 'e opened 'is marth. 'E says to me reel narsty like "I 'opes you 'ave long distance telephone to ring Soest next time you want ackers, nah push orff."

It was 'ard graft at the laundry, missing the telly and all, so I ups and arks for a change, righto says the RQ, into the Ration Store wiv you, that's a right cushy number. Well, I reports to Sgt Brown, 'Ovis they calls 'im, decent sort of geezer, 'e puts me to work wiv a bloke 'oo is also helping ahrt, Frank D'Sa from the MT. 'E's a good sort as well. I says to this Cook wot comes in "I'll have my fillet steak sarney nah my good man. No you bleedin' won't 'e says, I am the SQMS and you have come 'ere to graft, not eat, or drink or sleep. Reel miserable, like all the ovvers I've met so far in this Hechelon outfit. Well, we moved from Londonderry to places like Ballykelly and Lisburn (what I fort was in Portugal) collecting grub then breaking it dahn and taking it to the Companies. I was reely amazed at wot this lot eats. They are the hungriest geezers you ever did meet. This SQMS bloke Ellis, Paul I think 'is name is but we never got that friendly, 'e reely 'add it in for me. I reckon I meself humped 12 1/2 tons of meat, 10,000 eggs, 40,000 lbs of spuds, 12,000 lbs of sugar, 9,000 lbs of flour, 9,000 lbs of fresh fruit, not forgettin' 1,000 lbs of yer aktuel tea. I can tell you I never wants to look rations in the face agin! Right, I finks to meself one night on guard, Chalky me lad, you've done yer bit for this 'ungry gutted lot so wot abahrt a change. I'd bin watchin' these MT fellahs and that looks like a cushy number. So I chats up old Biscuit Crawford (the one wot toured with the

West Indian cricketers). No problem, sez Biscuit, I'll speak wiv me mate the QM and you can come an' 'elp me wiv the POL. I was lookin' forward to watchin' the old Test on telly 'cos that's wot these MT blokes was a doin'. So the QM sends fer me one mornin' and says I 'ear you are a bit tired of working in the Ration Stores and 'elpin' me old mate Grunt Jones in the Butchers Shop and you wants to work on the MT. Well sez I, anyfing to 'elp me army career (ho ho). Right sez 'e, orff you go and report to Sgt Crane. Well, for a coupla days orl I done was somefink called "Stop Gap" just so yer Holland Company could go and duff up Shanty Town, then I was lumbered for escorts so I never did see me Test on telly. Then old Biscuit comes down to the Bulk Petrol Store on the Jetty. No one will see us dahn here 'e reckons, so we can do a bit of sun bathin'. Wot ole Biscuit wanted to sunbathe for I dunno. Anyway all the MT gits dahn on the jetty, gits nice and comfortable when along comes the QM. Aha sez 'e, I bin watchin' you lot. You are a lazy idle shower and nah you're a goin' to move this 'ere petrol. Bloody great 45 gallon drums of



Molar takes Callsigns 19 and 39 on a conducted tour of the laundry

'ellykopter fuel. Then we 'as to change all the stocks of oil 'n jerry cans by the fahsands. Old Vic Anderson was moanin', Paddy Hawthorne dropped one on his foot 'n you should've 'eard 'is langwidge. While orl this is a goin' on I 'as to go on some R 'n R escort wiv CSM and 'appy 'oooper the leaf Clurke. Those two are onter a good fing if ever I did see one! I reckon they is a fixin' up a journey to the Bahamas on R 'n R, still they do get the pads away for a bit of legal and the single blokes orff for a bit of illegal.

Larst week I wuz standin' around mindin' me own bizness on stag when along comes a Pig, driven by some geezer from the RCT. So I opens the gate and this not 'its the gate which wuz painted Royal Blue. You should've 'eard the QM, 'is langwidge it wuz somefink orful at this poor driver. Anyway I 'as to 'ave a good larf 'cos all this lot is worried abahrt is their old Blue gate. Ole Tiffy Tomlinson of the REME is sent for. Can you fix it sez the QM. Oh yes sez Tiffy, easy. Anyfink to show orff 'ow good 'is tiffies are. Chalky White (no relation) and Dicky Dickinson the tiffies don' look too 'appy and I starts to 'ave anovver good ole larf. So you fink it's funny does yer snarls the QM. Report ter-morrer to Staff Tomlinson and 'elp fix the gate. Staff is a good moniker for that geezer, just like a screw 'e is. Me and them armourers 'ad to work in the evenings making anovver gate. Then makin' rubbish bins aht of petrol drums for the Creggan 'cos the CO, he wants all paper burned. Just fink, me, Chalky,

'avin' the onner to make rubbish bins personal for the CO.

When we finishes the gate and 'angs it wiv the 'elp of a crane (nah, not Sgt Crane yer burk! along comes the QM and sez not bad Staff, it'd be better making the ovver gate to match. Well I'm a tellin' of you, I weren't larfing no more. I could've cried. By this time I wuz getting fed up wiv this 'ere Hechelon lark I can tell you.

Next day I was sent orff with some bloke called Froggy French. Well, I fort, I'd be matey like so I calls 'im Froggy, 'ow the 'ell wuz I ter know 'e'd just been promoted colour bundle. Course, ole Jock Swales and Brer Fox in the G1098 Store starts to larff but me I'm pushed to see the funny side. Anyways back I goes to the QM and sez me Army Career (ho ho) is a bein' neglected and I wants a propah job. Right sez 'e, orff you goes wiv Corp Freeman 'oo is a buildin' of a Church. Fer ole Taff the Sky pilot 'e sez. Me in a Church!! I fink orl they is a tryin' ter do is



. . . then brings them back tired but happy, now they understand the system.

mark up a few points wiv 'im upstairs fer later on. Ole Buggsy Curtis (you remember 'im, Werl's arnsen ter Al Capone) 'e suggests 'avin' two Angels in this 'ere Church, the QM and RQMS.



Rommel's "dump."

I 'eard of a job going' wiv the Rear Party back in Werl so I wuz finkin' of arsking ter go back and I wuz talking to Slug Ruffy 'oose just bin promoted Larnce Comical ('e can 'ardly talk to no one nah 'e's bin moved upstairs) anyway 'e sez yer must be barmy, ole Molar and 'is oppo is movin' back to Werl and changin' wiv Major Morris and the TQMS. 'E sez Major Morris is a reel gennelman after this geezer but I ain't a riskin' it. I 'ear ole Buster Carlston up at the Creggan is a lookin' for promisin' young blokes so I might 'ave it off up the 'ill. I also 'eard Carter's Cowboys (what wuz Monty Ward's lot in yore day) the Recce Platoon also want soldiers but I don't fancy ole Rommel Carter, 'e looks a bit sharp to me so I'll probably settle for ole Buster's ahrtfit. I'll let yer know 'ow I gets on if I ever gets away from this 'ole.

Your ole mucker,

Chalky.



Cpl Freeman, QM's Clerk, by the side of his mural painting at St. Michael's, Fort George.



Our R & R King, Cpl Hooper, looks for aircraft (or could it be escorts?)

D



Cpl Broome of the Officers' Mess staff, Fort George, collects the daily rations for the officers.



Martin's mobile bank.



The Post Team (Cpl Millson hopefully bringing more "BRAGANZA" Pin-Ups)



The Savoy Caterers taken on vacation at Costa del Foyle.



Waterbourn post team when other means of post collections were banned.



Sgt Delaney tackles his new job of camp security with enthusiasm.

QUOTES OF THE MONTH

Editor's choice :

"Four different races make up the British People. The Scots who keep the Sabbath and everything else they can lay their hands on; the Welsh who pray on their knees and their neighbours; the Irish who don't know what the devil they want but are prepared to die for it, and the English who consider themselves a race of self-made men, thereby relieving the Almighty of a dreadful responsibility."

Heard at Creggan Camp entrance :

"Well, why didn't you phone me to tell me you had nothing to tell me?!"

And on the Intercom

"Sir, there's a bloke on the phone to speak to one of the Signals Detachment."

"OK, if he's got his ID card on him you can let him in. . . ."

In the Ops Room

Brigade Rep : I've come to see if you've got any bugs.

Watchkeeper : Impossible, the place is cleaned every day!

In Acorn's Parlour

"He has an artificial leg and this could be used to get him going!"

G2 INT : I see you have been using a dart in choosing your searches again!

Acorn : Yes, but we stand closer to the map than you!

Finally from Search Reports

C Company : "The patrol would like to put forward 199 Creggan Bower for a search. They claim that a man in a wheel-chair is following them around!"

A Company : "24 F S occupant J K Either they are moving out or new tenants are moving in!"

Likewise : "Man in the Phoenix Bar, last night, S P 10, Lavender View. He was driving a dark blue Morris Oxford 6377 BC" (What, inside the Bar?!!)

Five little Tangerines
Sitting by the store.
Along came a flying pig
And then there were four.



Four little Tangerines
Sent to clear the trees,
Lofty got cut away,
Then there were three.



Three little Tangerines
Wondering what to do,
Tony had a bright idea
And then there were two.



Two little Tangerines
Went for a run,
Found the Ellis Paint trap
Then there was one.



One little Tangerine
Trying to find a bomb,
Twice round the Chip Shop,
And then he was gone.





Extract from the Chairman's report to the Board of Directors

"The last month has been a difficult period for the Company but I am grateful to be able to inform you that we have not only maintained but increased our turnover. However, shareholders should be aware, due to Government restrictions, no sharp rise in profits and dividends can be forecast in the near future.

The re-development of the Rosemount Company Base by LIPSCOMD Engineering and Construction Company, sub-contracted to Bayles and Company has progressed well. I am pleased to inform you that the completion date will be met thanks to few industrial disputes.

Finally on behalf of all shareholders I would like to thank all members of the Company for their hard work and loyalty".

As our Chairman has reported business is really good. Bayles and Co have worked hard building new towers, walls and fences at Rosemount. The Chairman required a wishing-well and garden gnomes as decoration and even these were provided. Bayles and Co are building the wishing-well and the gnomes are being donated by the locals who have them in their gardens.

In order to establish more goodwill in our area it was felt that an image was required for our outlet in Rosemount. This we achieved by

- flying the Consortium flag from a 220 ft high radio mast.
- Renaming Rosemount 'Fort Tangier'.

The results of these acts were remarkable. The Procurement



Managing Director

Group Chairman

Lavatory Attendant

TANGIER COMPANY REPORT

TO SHAREHOLDERS

CONTINUED PROGRESS: EXCELLENT PROSPECTS

TURNOVER UP! We've turned over more people than any other Company.

EXPORTS and overseas interest contribute one-third of total sales.

Despite the recession our business prospers. Orders are at a record level, up by 20%. Additional capacity is being provided to meet increased demand.



Blossom.

Executive of our parent Company, Les Wilson, was not amused. It caused untold difficulties, in that the workmen sent by his department could not find Fort Tangier, in spite of the high flying flag which could be seen from all posts of Derry. 'Bernie' explained his point of view to our Chairman, and all those within 500 metres, most forcefully. Monty was equally explicit but a compromise, in the interests of industrial peace, was eventually arrived at.

A rebuilding programme was also under way at our Head Office which we share with 'Buster and Swan'. This was completed to the satisfaction of all concerned, though for a short time it was felt that really tough measures would have to be adopted to get all parties concerned to agree on the various improvements. Capt 'Boots' Carter our Managing Director, organised a champagne christening for the new offices but promptly upset Mr. Ormerod the Security Officer of Davidson Enterprises, by reporting the popping champagne cork as a contact. The champagne was specially flown in by helicopter but the Scout pilot was not amused when he was scrambled to locate the champagne cork.

Boots Carter caused much amusement by going on a late night walkabout of the Company's sales area. He took Cookoff Rawlings, 'Blossom' Noel and Major 'Disco Queen' Campbell with him. They inform me that the sight of Boots attempting to tiptoe, crawling through holes and climbing walls with his unusual footwear was amusing to say the least. At one point the whole evening almost dissolved into a Tom & Jerry type farce. Fortunately Boots maintained a sense of humour and they were not discovered snooping on the opposition.



Honour Guard at Fort Tangier for Monty.

R GROUP

Tangier Coy have now completed the first half of the tour under the guidance of Major FOXTROT FOXTROT Ward. His policy of getting the locals to speak is paying off. Only last night he was heard to say 'Good evening Madam' and received the reply 'Foxtrot off, ye wee British Bar Steward'. He took it rather well really and sulked all night.

Ptes Steve Walker and 'Polly' Pollitt are the R Group drivers, who we all think should get the chance of gaining their full driving licence on completion of the tour. The REME do have a couple of nightmares and unfortunately we have both of them as R Group drivers. Polly drives 'Lofty' Jamieson our CSM who we all think is wonderful. He can be seen moving around the various Coy locations with his Company Office in his hand (cheeky) in the guise of a briefcase. This would prove to be too small if we had to convey the money 'donated' by all the Rip Van Sangar Sentries to the Paymaster.

A pair of what appeared to be deep sea divers' boots, were spotted outside certain officer's bunk door. Since then we have learnt that Capt Courageous, alias Alan Carter, has rejected a bid by Elton John for his boots. 2 Lt Brains alias Alistair Goulden, a most likeable Rupert, has also turned down an offer for his glasses. He claims that he bumps into things without them. He would never have to worry about bumping into the OC because two people can't get into his hole in Fort Tangier. C/s Foxtrot Foxtrot is still trying to find the hole that Lt Alley Cat, alias Joe 90, alias David Ellis, crawls into every time he visits that location.

Cpl Charlie Henshaw, alias 'Mothers' (he does go on) continues to play with the wires in the Coy . . . locations. Charly's assistant, Reg Woolton, insists that his tired appearance has nothing to do with this statement.

The R Group has now changed their first set of sheets since arriving in Derry and are just wondering when the next change will be.

Every one in Tangier Company appears to be in good spirits and are looking forward to a very wet Christmas leave.



Ooh, do it again, Sarn't Major! (Pte Todd, Coy Clerk).

THE NEWEST RUPERT 2LT H BEESTON A COY

When I left the Rupert Factory a little while ago I was under the impression that I was able to fly. The Army Air Corps, however, decided that my technique of mating an aircraft with the ground might prove to be expensive, and so to cut a long story short, I discarded my light blue beret for that of the Queen's Regiment. Full of enthusiasm I reported to Bassingbourne to discover that I was to join the 1st Battalion in Londonderry.

It was with mixed feelings that I stepped off the boat in Belfast to be met by a Queensman in civvies. I settled back in the Q car. Suddenly it occurred to me I hadn't looked at my driver's ID. My imagination ran amok. Was this chap an IRA thug? Was I about to meet with a grisly end? Anyway even if he was bona fida I was going to look pretty silly asking the driver for identification at this point of the journey, we were half way to Londonderry. With relief I reached Creggan Camp, and reported for duty.



Ex 'Lt' Masher with his friends.



The latest Rupert kitted out for war.

It was not long before I was shown the way to the office of OC A Company. Again my imagination ran wild. Was my new boss going to be a tyrant? Would he hold an aversion to young subalterns? (no, he enjoys eating them for breakfast. Ed). Major Ward offered me a cup of coffee and things looked up. Little did I know that I had just met the infamous 'Monty'.

Things progressed rapidly from here and soon I found myself getting ready to do battle from the OCs R Group. I felt like Sir Lancelot attended by his squire. Colour bundle Rawlings ensured that I was the only member of the Battalion ready for any eventuality.

Little did I realise that I had more to fear from Tangier Company than I had from the PIRA. Monty took me on a whistle stop tour of the Company TAOR and I was pleasantly surprised

to be treated like a VIP when we visited Fort Tangier. A welcome committee awaited me consisting of Lt 'Masher' Powell, 'Sgt' Goulden and Pte Isaacs. Ignoring Pte Ellis, a scruffy individual sweeping the yard, Lt Masher showed me around his command. When Lt Masher ordered Pte Isaacs to make us coffee it caused considerable discomfort to Sgt Goulden.

It rapidly became apparent that a sense of humour is a prerequisite for any one belonging to Tangier Company. Now I can't wait for the next subaltern to arrive.

(Editorial comment : A newly arrived young Queen's Officer who can write!! For God's sake short list him as sub-editor for the Queen's Regimental Journal and for Braganza Editor on the next Op Banner tour. Perhaps he would sponsor lessons in written English for the other Queen's Officers.)





1 PLATOON

I sit writing this Sales Report with the tears coursing down my cheeks and the strings of emotion pulling at my heart. The Flag of the Queen's Regiment Consortium has just been lowered, to the accompaniment of the Last Post played on the bugle, from the wireless mast where it has been proudly flying 220 feet above the Company's outpost at Fort Tangier (formerly known as RUC Rosemount). Even though the drains smell, the accommodation is cramped with people sleeping on tables, the surrounding area slum-like, the place has got compensations. The Doomwatch spent hours of their time on duty happily zeroing their newspapers by swiping at moths, flies and innumerable daddy-long-legs; The Sales Team spend hours writing odes on Graffiti Corner and catching up on sleep in the Sanger.

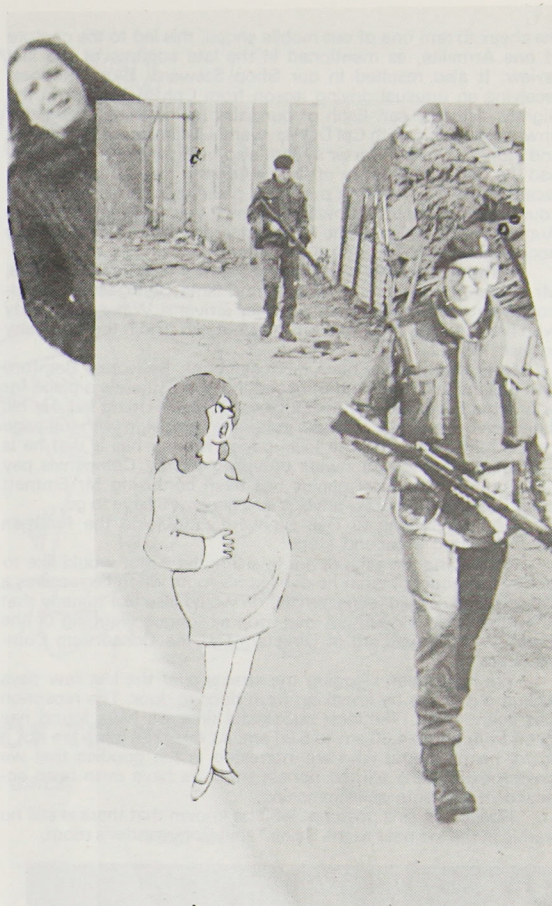
Unlike all those in Riley and Eagn's Lethargy League, the Salesmen have been working hard for the Consortium's various funds. I'd like to mention the following people who have made very generous donations to these funds: 'Hard Man' Evans and 'Dopey' Lawson £80 and £65 respectively for discharges not of the type suffered by 'Trigger' Teague in the last Sales Report. L/Cpl Cope and L/Cpl Furnass £85 to the Catering Fund, 'Jonah' Jones, 'Sweetie' Durham, 'The Greatest' Harvey and 'Buggsy' Elphick for kindly donating £200 to the Bedding Fund. Finally L/Cpl Furnass (again) made a donation of £35 to the Literary Fund.

Not only have the above been making donations but half of the Sales Team have been flogging raffle tickets to the locals and have managed to raise £60 towards the Group Chairman's project for a Stained Glass Window in the Company's Chapel. The man of the moment was 'Jonah' Jones who managed to sell £8 pounds' worth. The writer, who doesn't wish to blow his own trumpet (that makes a change—Ed) wishes to report that his efforts brought in £7.50 in half the time. This successful sales drive took place in our Letterkenny patch.

Life has been set about by small problems, mainly caused by Major Tony F F Ward. His last effort was to worry the Sales Team Commander with problems of food. The main complaint was that the Firm's Catering Department gave us a 14 lb tin of garden peas. We know that 'Mouthy' Shade wasn't with us but FF, as he is known to his friends, doesn't realise the demand for garden produce.

Alas we have lost the mainstay of the Team, Sgt Delaney, who has left us for better pastures as head Red Coat at Fort George Holiday Camp. I understand that his main job is to stop the Paddies gaining free admission to the facilities that abound there. Many thanks Sgt D for all the work you have put in to make the Team run smoothly. Cpl Hewett has become 2IC and with the aid of bruised knuckles is getting the Team into shape for the third and enultimate stage of the present sales campaign.

The Team was very pleased that the Managing Director of one of the competitors who was thought to be working with the Irish Rioters' Association (IRA) is now in the hands of the Official Receiver. A spokesman from the Rural Uncles' Committee (RUC) said that he was 'helping' with their enquiries.



2 PLATOON

Since the last trading period the Company has extended its marketing area with our subsidiary 'Emmet Enterprises' attempting to break into demolitions business. Indeed we became associated with 'Buster & Swan' for a short while in the Creggan Estate. It proved to be an enlightening period for the Company but lost us one outlet, the Letterkenny Road Shop which was taken over by Support Company, assisted by the UDR. The customers at that particular time were rather anti and even had



the cheek to ram one of our mobile shops, this led to the capture of one Armalite, as mentioned in the late editions of the last review. It also resulted in our Shop Steward, Bluey Hedges, receiving an unusual driving lesson from Cpl Bud Taylor in the slightly distorted car. Each of our sales teams experienced this unwanted feeling with Cpl Del Hayward's Team being shouted at and stoned, Dobbin Carter's team also being stoned; LCpl Sloly had the dubious pleasure of firing 14 Baton Rounds back at the locals as a way of testing our latest piece of kit. For this act he could well be branded 'Cowboy' in the mould of Wyatt Earp. On August 16 we finished the experience and now only send the occasional Sales Team into the area.

In this quarter we have seen the arrival of a new executive, Mr. Howard Beeston of Whirly-Bird fame, who assumes appointment in the new year. Another arrival is Wavy Davy Tidy who has travelled the world on ships but had to join the Company to visit Ireland.

Now that we are back in Rosemount, Bedsores, Bamford and Ball are still dreaming of becoming pilots (there's a place for you in the Flight Commander's crew). 'Bigger' Urling has set his sights on becoming a one man recruiting campaign with full page centre fold pictures in the local paper, rumour has it that he is considering going nationwide providing the TV Companies pay him enough. Our local genius has been confusing Mr Emmett again with his high brow physics so Wilmer will have to go.

Congratulations to Dell Hayward who joins the foremen having gained a second stripe.

Continuing the saga of our love life, the writer would like to deny all rumours of what he does in his room when he receives a letter from a certain feline female. He would also like to deny that she turned him down. Let that stop all tongue wagging of the Sales Team, the Board of Directors and the Consortium Commanders.

We have been slogging the streets over the last few days selling our wares by knocking from door to door. The reception has been mixed. The least successful time we have found has been from about 4.30 am to 5.30 am. At this time there are not a lot of people about who are interested in the goodies that we have for them. To tell the honest truth we have even been accused of pressure salesmanship.

Finally and as a postscript let it be known that there is still no harpic in the loo near to the Sales Team Commander's room.



It won't come off no matter how hard I rub. (Cpl Alfred, One PI).



Para Harris—the Kojak of "A" Coy MT.



2PI Playmate of the month—Pte Hall.



A GLOSSARY OF TERMS

(AT THE REQUEST OF LES GIRLS)

CODENAME	BATTALION (Tac)	COMPANY
SUNRAY	Commanding Officer	Company Commander
SUNRAY MINOR	Second in Command OIC Venison	Company 2IC
KESTREL	Operations Officer Liaison Officer Sussex	Company Operations Officer (normally 2IC's job in Ulster) Alternative name FLAPPER
SEAGULL	Adjutant	CSM
MOLAR	Quartermaster and Military historian	CQMS
ACORN	Officer (Sorry, this is a 'Need-to-Know one, usually a bit of a nut)	Never allowed near the place
GOLDFINGER	Never goes near the place	Unit Paymaster with a predilection for WAGTAILS (see below)
PRONTO	Signal Officer Sleeping Camp Commandant	Radio operator, normally at loggerheads with KESTREL
COFFEE POT	Chairman Wives Club	WRAC
WAGTAIL	Only goes there to cock a leg	Dog with a predilection for biting GOLDFINGERS in the rear
PLAYTIME	MTO	The most recently-joined Subaltern
PENTHOUSE	OIC Grot	Commander's bedroom
STARLIGHT	Medical Officer OIC Drains and blocked toilets	Company medical rep
PROPHET	Public Relations Officer (one time Braganza Editor)	No time for that sort of caper
CROWFOOT	Community Relations Officer	Redundant appointment

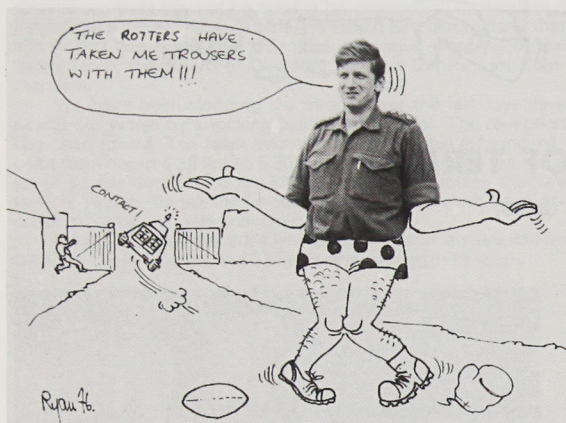
PRONTO'S JOTTINGS

A busy month for some, with the routine of Ops Room duties steadily reaching the point where we start writing letters during the tour of duty. We may even play an occasional game of Backgammon or two.

We steadily stand against the fast and furious insults about the state of communications and equipment. Come off it, fellers, it wuz working when we gave it to you. Don't let them crack you Pronto, stand fast 92, stand fast.

Pet of the Month is awarded to Miss (LCpl) Clifford to whom we offer our congratulations on his promotion to the centre spread. Our congratulations also go to Pte and Mrs. Nichol. Pte Nichol took the plunge during pre Northern Ireland leave. Sorry, Nick, you won't be taking the plunge again for a little while.

We say farewell this month to Cpl and Cathy Knott, who leave us to rejoin the 2nd Battalion in Bulford. You will all, I know, agree that Doug and Cathy became good and trusted friends of the Signal Platoon who will all miss them. We wish them luck. To the ladies of the Platoon we say keep up the good work at home; we all miss you very much. By the way did you remember to check the oil, tyre pressures, brake and clutch fluids? We hope June Pile has discovered how to open the bonnet of her car by now, a change of must make a lot of difference now Cpl Pile.



TRUE OR FALSE

Is it true that to help communications the RSO has even tried growing crystals in his window box?

Sorry, Pal, I know he is a good farmer but not that good!

WARNING ORDER

WO2 Budgen wishes to notify all that this Christmas he will not be putting a greeting in The Times. He will be sending Christmas Cards instead.

USELESS SIGNAL INFO

Radio waves travel at the speed of 186,000 miles per second. (Editorial comment : On 1 QUEEN'S net?) Please stop trying to catch them, Sean.

OPS ROOM CHATTER

Seagull to Pronto (in posh voice) : Did I ever tell you Pronto about the time I was in de jungle man?

Pronto to Seagull (country voice) : Yes Seagull you did. Did I ever tell you about the time I was on the farm. I

Seagull to Pronto (in posh voice) : Hang on Pronto, I don't think I

Pronto to Seagull (in country voice) : Yes Seagull you did. I was going to say

Seagull to Pronto (in posh voice) : Well Pronto I'll tell you again. We was in de jungle man, when we came upon a small village. The Headman not having seen a White Officer and a Gentleman before said "Bwana you have de number one wife for de night." Not wishing to offend the fellow or wishing to indulge I had my Lance Corporal do it for me.

How's that for initiative, doncherno?

Pronto to Seagull (country voice) : That's bullsh-t Seagull.

Seagull to Pronto (posh voice but quickly) : What's that about your farm Pronto?

WACKY SIGNAL DEFINITIONS

Rebroadcast—RSO and A/RSO in parrallel.

Back up—Pte Nurse on Tom Tom.

Static Interference—RSO.

Rate of Charge—Duration of call plus ADC charge plus 10%

Signal Platoon Funds.

Flat Battery—Pte Nichol.

Low Power Output—LCpl Jagger.



LAST MONTH'S

CAPTION COMPETITION

Regrettably, this idea did not catch on. It's a sad reflection of our affluent society that the inducement of a £1 prize for a couple of moments' work doesn't seem worth the effort. We've dropped the idea for this and subsequent editions and before we wrap it up there remains only to announce the lucky prize winners :

Photo 1 (submitted by Cpl Hooper, Echelon) : "He's definitely Irish, Sarge, he's speaking gibberish."

Photo 2 (submitted by 2 Lt Goulden, Tangerine Company) : "I thought LCpl Broome was supposed to be patrolling." (For the uninistd LCpl Broome is a member of the Officers' Mess where the picture was taken)

Photo 3 (submitted by Mrs. Diana Swanson from Werl) : "Foiled—Provo Propaganda ploy to put first Leprechauns into orbit."

Prizes available from UPM for the gentlemen and from PRI Rear Party for the lady (thanks a lot for your support Di).

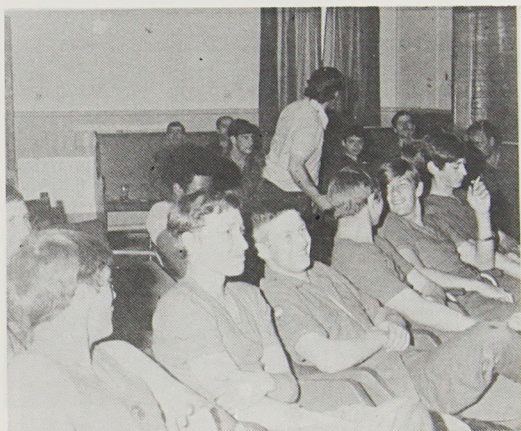


BRAGANZA PRIZES

Since this is C Sgt Ryan's last opportunity before he joins the Editorial Staff he wins the cartoon prize of £10 hands down.

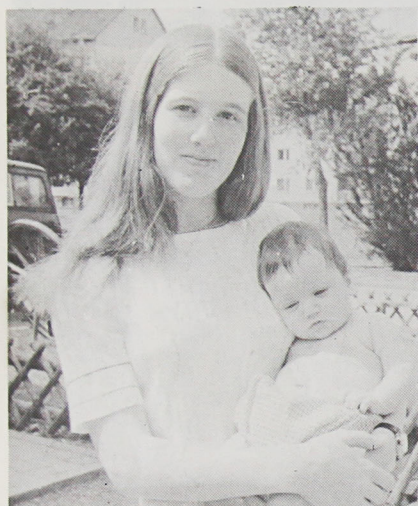
The decision as to the best article and photograph is left to the Commanding Officer. His findings will be announced in Part I Orders.

**CSE
SHOW
FORT
GEORGE—
AUGUST**





KEEP THE HOME





FIRES BURNING . . .



**SEE IF
YOU CAN
SPOT
YOURSELF**





8th ANNUAL CREGGAN SUMMER GAMES

By Our Roving Sports Correspondent

There is little doubt, as the "8th Annual Creggan Summer Games" enter their final fortnight, that we have all enjoyed (sic) a feast of sport. As known by anyone who has been 'fortunate' enough to be in the Creggan area during one of these Summer spectacles, the events start on the day that school breaks up for the holidays, and finishes (usually!) when their doors open again for the Autumn Term. In the true spirit of the games, this all goes to prove the 'amateur' status of the majority of competitors. There is however a growing concern over the almost professional attitude of some of the older competitors. Indeed, it is difficult in some cases to make the accusation of 'professionalism' stick to those concerned, as they oftencannotbe found immediately after competing in events—having gone into hiding to plan their campaign for the next event. This action has made it impossible, in some cases for the medal winners to be found in time for the presentation ceremony (at the RUC station in Strand Road). Members of the public who live in nearby 'Piggery Ridge' (that great establishment in the sky—or at least at the top of the hill) are very sorry to see their efforts going unrewarded. Indeed we believe that after putting so much effort and dedication into competing that they should all get their just deserts.

The preliminary heats of all the events have now taken place, and some of the best known names amongst the competitors have been eliminated by new up-and-coming sportsmen. We expect, however, to see these old campaigners in the running again next year providing the whole competition is not scrapped, by the organisers (some hope!). There have so far been few records broken, however the standard is as high as ever, and in the throwing events there appears to be great deal of interest. The events so far settled are:

- 7 to 9 years old stonethrowing (1 kg)
- 9 to 13 years old bottle throwing (1 litre)
- 12 to 16 years old iron stake throwing (rather like javelin event)
- All comers axe throwing.

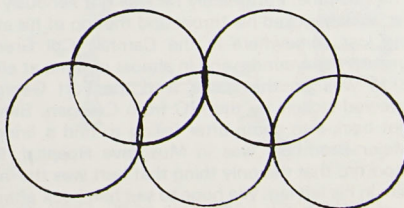
- All comers 'combination event'—this is an event whereby a stone or bottle is thrown (the competitor may make his/her own choice) followed immediately by a 100 metre dash to the finishing tape.

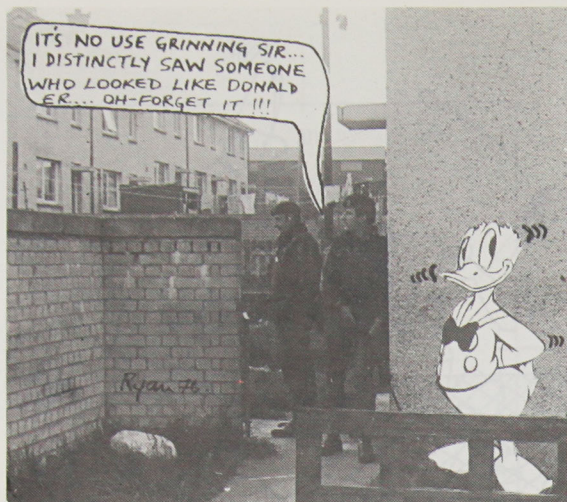
Needless to say, in the enlightened 'liberated' society in which we live, all of these events are unisex.

A further reward to competitors which was thought about last week was to offer any competitor who was selected from the crowd a short stay in the 'Piggery Ridge Holiday Chalets'. Although this idea has certain attributes in that we can contact parents of those so rewarded, it was decided not to pursue the idea due to lack of facilities for a large influx of visitors.

The value of such a system of awarding non medal winners some sort of reward for their efforts would not only have given the selected competitors a short rest away from the frenzy of action in the 'stadium' but would also give the opportunity for parents to see how their off spring had performed (thanks to video recorders).

Needless to say, we are looking forward to the final fortnight with some interest and hoping that further medals can be awarded to those deserving of such rewards. Then, it's on to the soccer season—who said anything about soccer hooliganism?!





HOLLAND COY

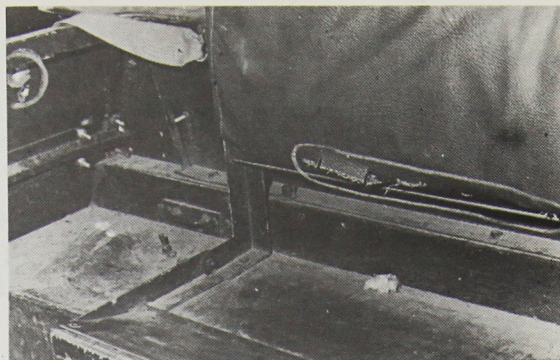
COMPANY HQ

The main items of news this month have been the two shooting incidents in which members of Company HQ have been hit. The first happened during the afternoon of Sunday, 22nd August, when a mobile driven by Quiff Clarke was fired at by our one-shot bandit from the New Estates into the Carnhill at a range of about 150 yards. The Armalite bullet went through the back of the Landrover, through the seat cushion behind Dmr Matthews, through Clarke's seat and stopped in his flak jacket. The only injury sustained was a bruised back. A lucky escape.



Pte Clarke following his narrow squeak.

The next incident happened on Saturday, 28th, and involved the OC's vehicle. Again a single shot was fired, and the Sergeant Major was hit this time. Fortunately he was not seriously injured by the bullet, which nicked his throat and the top of his shoulder before being lost somewhere in the Carnhill. Cpl Greengrass quickly bound up the wounds, and in almost no time at all C/Sgt Lambkin BEM was on the scene with the Fort George ambulance, followed closely by the MO from Creggan. Before the company got back into camp after failing to find a firing point Sergeant Major Bromfield was in Musgrave Hospital, Belfast. The latter reported that the only thing that hurt was the injection they gave him in his left leg. We hope to see him back after a well deserved spell of R & R, in a week or so.



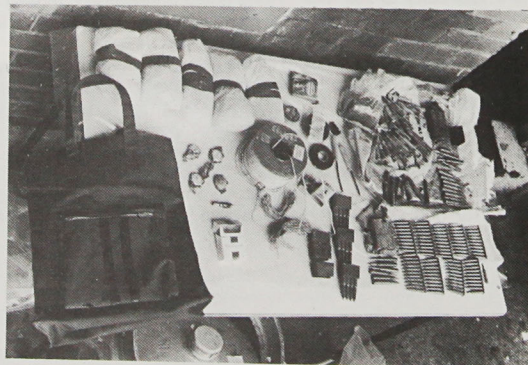
Path of Ricochet behind Dmr Mathew's seat.

The R Group is now reorganised with CSgt Bream QGM riding shot gun and chatting up the locals from his high perch, whilst the OC is mighty careful about where he goes and when. Phot Pinson has been out with us round the pubs, and LCpl Smith (known as Typewriter on the radio) and LCpl Majury are fairly frequent passengers.

Some of Coy HQ are buried deep in the Int Section at Fort George, most noticable being Goodwin, who is taking his Int duties more than usually seriously and now sports a beard, presumably so that he can blend better with the background of long haired Sneaky Beakies surrounding him. CSgt Beckingham has transferred to the Creggan Hills leaving Sgt Brazier to represent us amongst the Fort George briefers and do the preliminary training for the novices boxing in November.



The find mentioned in the last edition before . . .



. . . and after closer examination.

5 PLATOON

Five Platoon are pleased to announce that 'Kojak' has fallen in love for the first time. The lucky victim is Rosie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lynch of 23 Liscloon Drive, Shantallow. We wish them every happiness.

Since the last issue we have had two new arrivals, 'Tich' Rozario who has only just reached eighteen, and 'Ginger' Enock who has returned to the platoon from the horrors of the WOs and Sgts' Mess. Steve Taylor also joins us on or soon after his eighteenth birthday on 7 September. 'Porky' Frost has again had another frightening encounter. The strain has begun to show, when he was caught by the PC gibbering to himself and scribbling obscenities on the walls of Shantallow early one morning. 'Dobbin' Brown claims that a four hour working day when on guard is too much for one of such tender years. He points out that he is still very young and will be 21 on 8 September and invites the platoon to join him in his room for a celebration. Everyone is asked to bring (not Dave Nicholls) their own inflatable rubber doll or a dummy from the Sangars.

Our search team led by 'Bluey' Richardson who has recently been promoted, has searched over fifty houses with still no luck. However, they are still patient for a hot tip from the Brigade Golly Shop. Dave Fisher has given up meat and when approached can only mutter 'cabbages'. This is an effort of too much work as he is the only old sweat in his section.

For everyone's information the Platoon Commander does not pick on Cpl Scully purposely, it is just that he keeps dropping them more than anyone else.

CORPS OF DRUMS

This literary effort has been inspired both by the various contributions of the Drums NCOs, and in particular by the black looks of Maj Dickens as the hour of publication approached with no sign of the required page and a half.

Since last writing you will be pleased (we certainly are) to note that 'Frosty' Willson has finally changed his socks. His left sock is on his right foot and his right sock is believed to be somewhere between Aldergrove and Mountwood in Middlesex. Young 'Chalkie' White, who should not be confused with 'Old Chalkie' White, and indeed it would be difficult to do so, has now found a foolproof way of keeping himself on the back of a land-rover. Last month he fell off twice in a week, but he has found, since growing a moustache that the weight of this keeps him leaning forwards and so provided he faces the front he is alright.

Roy Cameron's section in the meantime has established several 'No Go' areas in the Shantallow since both he and 'Jelly' Mills have a peculiar attraction for several large and ferocious dogs which infest the patch. Their attempts to buy off these canine members of the PIRA with chocolate and jelly babies have only resulted in cleaved fingers so far. Therefore, discretion being the better part of valour, they are concentrating their efforts on the 'better off' parts of the area where the family pet tends to be a miniature poodle rather than a large mongrel.

As far as news from the home front is concerned LCpl 'Willie' Wilmot is keeping us all posted on the big romance with 'Dimps'. With two months still to go he has started to look on the black side of things and threatens and I quote, "If all else fails, I will get married at Easter", so well done 'Dimps' we'll send you regular bulletins on his slow collapse into the married state over the next few weeks.

I must mention our platoon 'Wagtail' Sammy Trent, who indicated the Coy's first major find with a cry of "Someone's been baking cakes 'ere" on first smelling Anfo. He hasn't stopped sniffing around since, and is now often to be seen on all fours in his search for bigger stuff yet.

Finally it has come to my attention that some member, or members of the platoon have been taking compromising photographs of me whilst asleep, for publication in this magazine. My only comment is that of Dr Johnston, 'Publish and be damned'.

(Whoever took 'em Chief, is hanging on to them, for posterity possibly. Perhaps this available one of your Sunray Minor will do instead — Ed.)

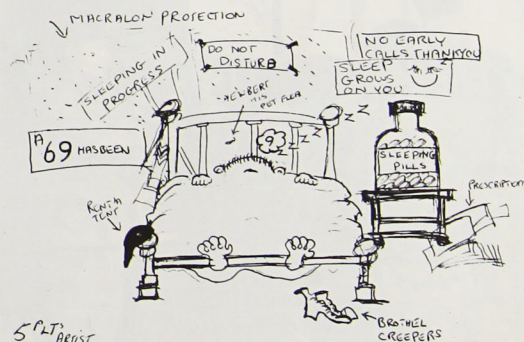


The whole platoon especially Bleep!,
Thinks Sgt Brown gets too much sleep.

Sgt Brown that king of sleepers
Walks about in his brothel creepers.

The bloke our Geoffrey likes the least
Is the Guard that wakes him saying
sign 'ere please.

(DeBolla)



THE DOCTOR SAYS THESE WILL LAST YOU WEEKS
SURE KEEP YOU OFF THE STREETS.

6 PLATOON

Once again greetings from the Costa-Del-Foyle. Sunny six has been making the most of the good weather. Many have been seen sunning themselves in various parts of the camp while others have been using rod and tackle from the jetty. We work under a difficult threat from the rest of the Company. While Drums and 5 Pls continue to be shot at (and even Coy HQ), sunny six face the very real threat of their own drivers. During one incident 'Fangs' Barrell deposited Miller in the middle of the Buncrana Road (only his pride was hurt), while 'Wheels' Rice is spending more time on two wheels than on four, laid claim to the rest of 23D.

Life has been more varied during the past month. Most of the platoon discovered the joys (?) of Rosemount Guard while others have been on river patrols with the Bootsie Detachment. 23A and D spent three days on the Magilligan Prison Guard and returned saying life was easier on the inside of the wire than outside it! Sad are the quirks of life.



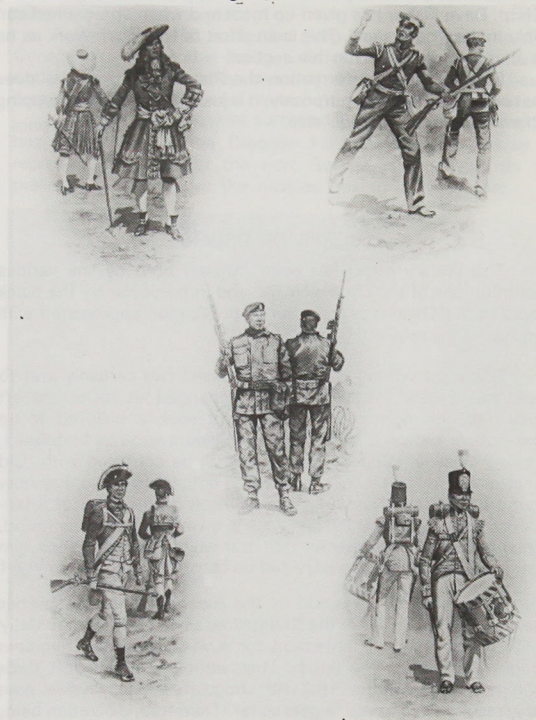
"It's getting so you don't know who your enemies are."

MILITARY PRINTS OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT AND ITS FORBEARS

Illustrated are photographs of the original paintings from which the pewter statuettes currently available were modelled.

In response to popular demand, a move is afoot to obtain full colour replicas of these originals. They will be available for purchase from the Technical Quartermaster on our return from Northern Ireland. Price is expected to be the DM equivalent of approximately 50p per print. Size of each print, which will be properly mounted on card but not framed, will be 8" x 6".

A move is also afoot to commission the last in the series of pewter statuettes, namely "The Buffs" (at last!) and "The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment." These two pewter figures together with the five previous issues (illustrated here) will comprise a complete set of The Queen's Regiment and its Forbears. Price of the statuettes is expected to be in the region of DM 30 each or its sterling equivalent.



If you go down to the woods today . . .



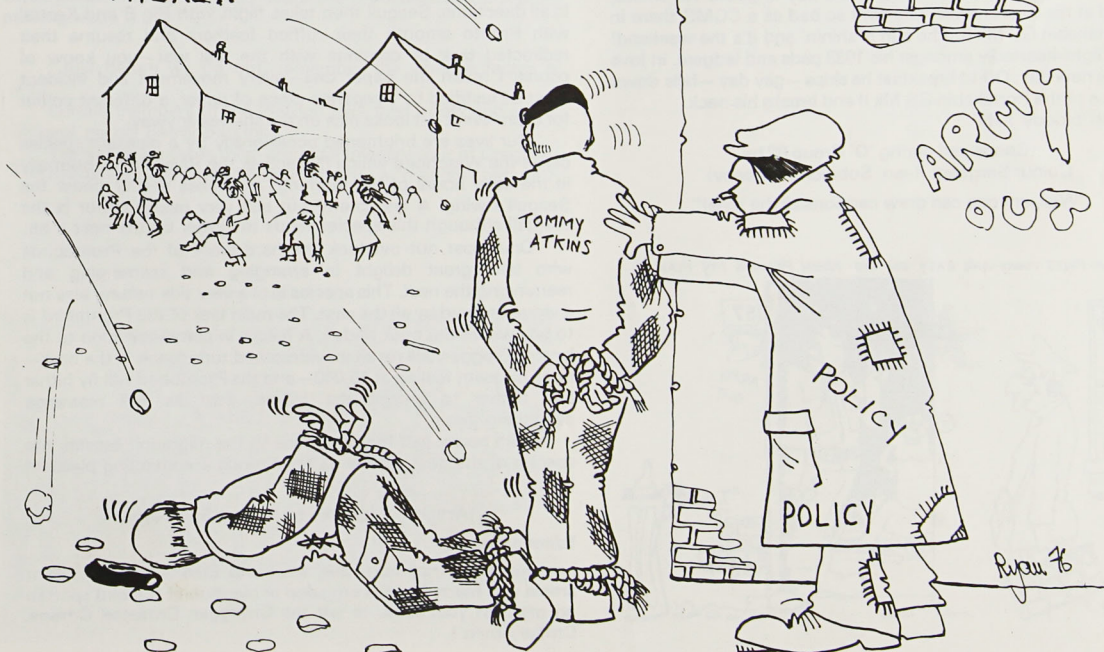


Sobraon Coy

Here it is, the second exciting instalment of the adventures of the OC's crash crew under the direction of the Transvaal Kid. Last month we talked about the safaris that we had taken down the road, but now things have changed, it's as if we are in another world. Now we really know how Custer felt. Our Transvaal Kid was getting a bit fed up with the way that the Indians kept ambushing us so he got the idea of taking some of the local cowboys for a ride to see just what it was like. There was one particular incident that must not go without mention. One of these cowboys, better known as the Yankee Doodle Dandy (well he is going there isn't he?) joined the wagon train and was given the job of riding shotgun. We were riding through one of the better known ambush positions when he was heard to shout "Yo o o ho Silver there's a tomahawk flying through the air" and then he jumped off the stage coach and picked up his prize, he's never been seen outside since, but there hanging on his wall in the sheriff's office is his proud prize—I think someone is going to get scalped over this!!!

It has been rumoured that our Seagull has got fed up with

GO ON CHUM—YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT OUT THERE!!



tea without sugar when he goes shopping with the wagon train and changed to a smoother drink called coffee. If that is not true why should he keep a 'coffee pot' next to him in the front seat of his wagon? Even old 'Jumbo' has a shave in the morning and uses half a gallon of after-shave. Dave P sits down in the rear of the old covered wagon on rare occasions asking if he could have a bit of 'coffee' as well. Petal said he was going to have a go at us about that but who is he to talk, what is it about 12 year olds?

We've had changes on the lead wagon—Archie has left us to join a rival gang known as Ray's Rebels but Petal gave us Blue Boy, better known as Den, a worthy successor to the post if ever there was one but he has got to keep the book supply going or the Transvaal Kid will get upset. Martin approves of the change because he is still pulling the same old faces and upsetting 'JUMBO' just as much as ever.

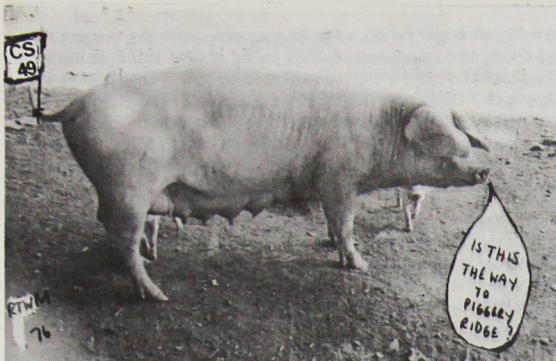
One of our outsiders is not very happy—Musky saw the last edition and saw TANGIER 'Toddy' sitting in his seat, well that was it!! They didn't speak for days on end and we all expected a showdown with drawn pistols. The rest of the cowboys stood on the verandah expecting it to happen at any time but it's all passed over now and they even speak to each other sometimes.

Smoke signals have been mentioned elsewhere but not 'Paddy's' church wagon—that still goes down to the Fort each morning to collect more buckshot but without the familiar figure of 'Wondermash', he's gone off and joined 'Garibaldi's' Guerillas', it has been said he couldn't take the pace.

Colin is getting more frustrated every day, changing wheels on our wagons and he says that a Kestrel keeps swooping down on him so he dives for cover when it's hovering saying that a boulder broke an axle on the prairie. Tich, Pitch and Brian keeps them wagons rolling in their own particular way but they wish the Indians wouldn't throw war paint at them as it ruins the blanket pressing!

Wyatt Earp is on the road again, no more going round the edges in the quiet country, he thunders down the most used trails in bandit country, the henchman being Dave 'Billy Bunter' Makepeace—he's real mean to his guys and gets them painting daily after the Indian attacks, but he always wins through in the end.

That's it for this month partners or we'll miss the pony express to the Fort—more news from Buster Bover Boys next month.



A NEW DAY

'Tis the warmth of another sunrise that wakes the horrid 'Bundle', bony eldows breakin' through dusty blankets BS—narrow, features surfacing. He rummages blindly for spectacles, goldrimmed and slings them on his face.

"Uurgghhh!"

The Colour Bundle has awakened to yet another Derry day, a-wobblin' about in his Portakabin GS Mk II like a lost loon, looking for socks worsted, fetid odour and comb, toothless, plastic, black.

"Aarffmmpph!"

He squints across his table GS, 2' 6" x 2' 6" at dusty reams of 1033s.

"Oh bloody hell!"

The waft of bundles, laundry, ripe, assails his nostrils, GS, as he pulls on his trousers, lightweight, size 9.

"Bloody hell!"

He carefully unlocks the box, security beneath his bedstead, NFC, and withdraws his brain, G1098 from within. Unlatching his skull he drops it into place.

"Aaahhh!"

Then suddenly, in a moment of despair, he sinks to the Rug, floor and sets to a wailing, there in the lonely G10 of 98. Thirteen years of Army life, many courses, qualifying and swotting, to reach the pinnacle of his career there in the Portakabin GS Mk II amongst helmets, with and without visors, trousers combat and mattresses, latex foam.

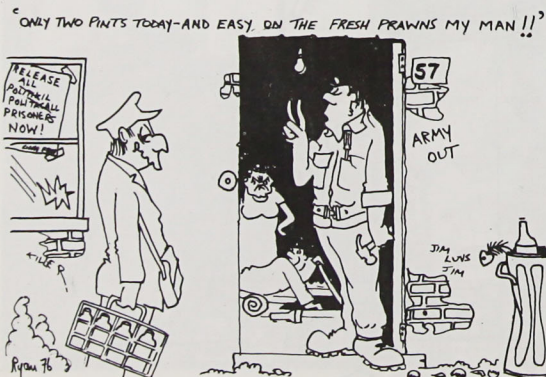
"Bloody hell!"

Still, he's got all his limbs and the pay is good! He smiles, relieved at his own answer. Life ain't so bad as a CQMS there in the Portakabin GS Mk II. The sun is shinin' and it's the weekend! He flits light-heartedly amongst his 1033 pads and ledgers, in love with the new day. Off to breakfast he skips—gay day—falls down the steps of the Portakabin GS Mk II and breaks his neck.

"Oh bloody hell!"

(Conceived during 'O' Group 82 by
Colour Sergeant Ryan, Sobraon Company)

"Well, anyone can draw cartoons all the time!"



'LIFE AT 15,000' OR 'A BIRD ON THE WING

(C COY OPS)

When you enter Creggan Camp, if you listen very carefully, you will hear little snippets of happy conversation crackling across the air and emitted from the Kestrel's nest (Sobraon type) —

"... Hello 3, this is ?, P Check on a yellow Cortina registered number ... (guess who?) ... "33A, Roger I'm in der sewer now and there's nothing here—wrong. ... "Hello 3 this is 32D, there's Olde Tyme Dancing in the Community Centre tonight, over" ... "39 (breathless), say again where, over?" ... "Contact"—at this point you will see the nest ascend to higher than its normally dizzy station and there will be much ruffling of feathers as those inside try to get out and those outside try to get in. There will be much twittering and chirping and within minutes the land of Creggan will be invaded by an avenging horde of Foxhounds eager to seek out those who have dared to disturb the peace.

Life in Kestrel's nest is not always so hectic. The main function of the nest is to supervise and control those of the flock who continually prowls the land of Creggan in search of wanted persons who periodically disturb the peace with their various weapons of war. From the nest an assortment of feathered friends watch over the movements of the Foxhounds. Kestrel, Seagull or the Molarbird are generally on duty with the first-named maintaining a low hover over the rest. However, in the early hours of the morning, the young Foxhound supervisors are invited to do duty in the nest. Their enthusiasm for this task is most worthy and Stingray, Garibaldi, Petal and 33E sexy (as they are affectionately known) endear themselves to Pronto and Acorn alike by losing tense games of Battleships or by lending them cultural and educational magazines.

The nest is comfortable as are its inhabitants whose only minor hardship is the frequent operation of having chairs or beds removed from their backs—but we struggle on. In fact it was decided recently to have a brand new nest constructed and, despite a little temporary inconvenience, we are now settled in and very busy admiring all the new furnishings and avoiding the Molarbird who seeks signatures for twigs and the like. Rumour has it that Garibaldi donated most of his feathers to line the nest.

Peace and tranquillity generally reign except during the occasional sortie by Big B which causes feathers and paper to fly in all directions. Seagull then takes flight with Big B and Kestrel with Pronto smooth their ruffled feathers and resume their redirected task or continue with the real war—you know of course I mean the paper one—every movement and incident must be justified by a separate piece of paper, a different colour for every event—it looks nice on the shelves anyway.

Our lives are brightened occasionally by a pleasant species called the Watchbird which flies across the River Foyle, normally in the early hours of the morning, and takes shelter under the Seagull's wing. A less pretty but still very useful visitor is the Wagtail although this species tends to clutter up the nest a bit.

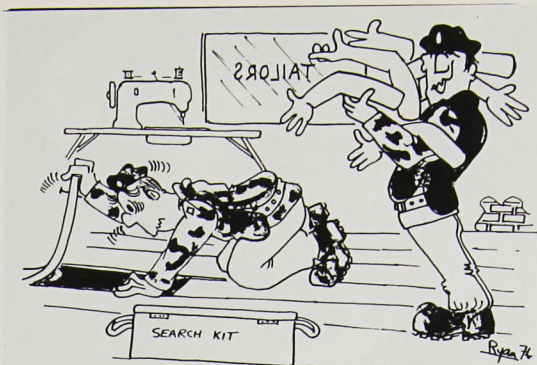
One must not overlook the hard work of the Prontobirds who take great delight in arranging and rearranging and rearranging the nest. This species is of a very tidy nature, alas not a virtue enjoyed by all the nest. The main task of the Prontobird is to be "where the buck ends". A failure in communication to the land of Creggan will result in widespread turbulence in the nest—not a pleasant feeling at 15,000—and the Prontobird will fly hither and thither to amend the failure—then he will rearrange everything again.

With nearly half the time gone to the migration season, the species of the nest wishes all Foxhounds a continuing pleasant flight.

(Article contributed by Flapper Swanson)

Editor's adjunct

I am surprised, nay hurt, that what was otherwise an excellent article was marred by the omission of mention of the bird spotted so often in your area, to wit the Crrreggan Crrrested Crrrane. Crrrikey man!



QUICK SIR - I'VE FOUND A LOAD OF ARMS !!!

7 PLATOON

The Platoon gathers in the briefing room for another patrol. Wearily they sit down—it has been a long morning—waiting for a “pick up” to arrive from the last patrol. The briefing Sergeant goes on :

“... check gardens, snap VCPs, sheds, K. . . . Q. . . .”

He is switched off impatiently and now another thin figure with a scarred nose gets up. He is happy, he wasn't on the last patrol (delegation) and besides he has received a letter from 'Gloria' of Nottingham who is divorced, 36, and has five kids.

“Ok then, everybody got notebooks and pencils?”

“Yes.” (pause)

“Got any grot?” “No.” (pregnant pause)

“Read any good books?” “No.” (longer pause)

“Got any Pom?” “No.”

“Might as well go on them. . . .”

The Intelligence and tactical briefings over, the Platoon wields itself into action. Someone whose name begins with 'B' and ends in 'E' forgets his baton gun and is late (again). A rebellious group is gathering around someone who has just won the Einselveger stainless steel baton round for merit (aggravation department). It has been given this time for his single-minded devotion to manufacturing Regimental catapults out of elastic, wire and cloth badges (“Only 50p,p-p-p-postage and p-p-p-packing extra”).

“Just before we go out, remember the variable factor is + 12.”

Certain members of the Platoon take their boots and socks off and go on patrol barefoot.

The patrolling takes them around a mystery tour of Creggan. 31B passes round Dunree Gardens and has a ‘friendly chat’ with

someone called ‘the Mouth’. McGinty, known as Porky to the Cregganites, just looks bored and indulges a revolting personal habit. The reaction has its desired effect and the patrol goes on its way peacefully (?)

Other patrols are equally busy. McCabe has arrested a woman called K. . . . C. . . . and then sees a whole group of ‘K.... C.... s’ and arrests them too. A gnome-like figure called Maund is busy taking panties off washing lines (funny they're not even dry yet).

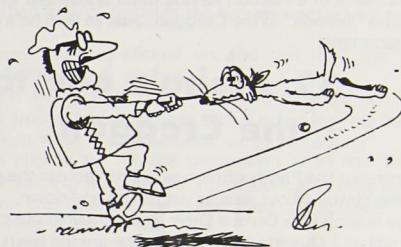
Ghengis and his hordes, Bronte Falt, Gypsy and a certain member of the boxing team take swift action and a crack is heard.

“... I think it was a shot but it might have been a cap gun. . . .”

LCpl Leefmans meanwhile is chasing after K. . . . Q. . . . and Cpl Stokes is sneaking back to St Mary's Church to arrest two gunmen. After a while everyone gets bored and start practising for the 1980 Moscow Olympics by seeing how far they can throw dogs. Young falls asleep.

An hour later the patrol is over and the platoon is back at Creggan. A noise like a guitar is coming from a room where a Sergeant who imagines he is Hendrix with a bad haircut is playin! (?). Nothing is heard from the Platoon Commander's room except for a feverish scribbling of a pen. Another Officer shouts “Percy Kirke is alive” and goes back to writing a letter to Germany. The room smells faintly odd.

Things are back to normal.



"I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GET K.... Q.... , BUT..."





Pte Hossack of 8 Platoon having been annointed with silver paint by some "friends" in the Creggan. Just as well he's of a mercurial temperament!

32 Alpha's ode to the Creggan

You can see the Paddys frown as we run across the ground,
And the clatter of our gats as we run up and down,
We go tearing into Central Drive, mags against our chests,
They call us 1 Queens and we know we are the best!

Now "Atsy" was a gunman, a provo through and through,
He lived in Glenside Gardens, until the Army knew,
We lifted and rifled, screened him till we smashed his evil way,
And what the Army did they put him right away.

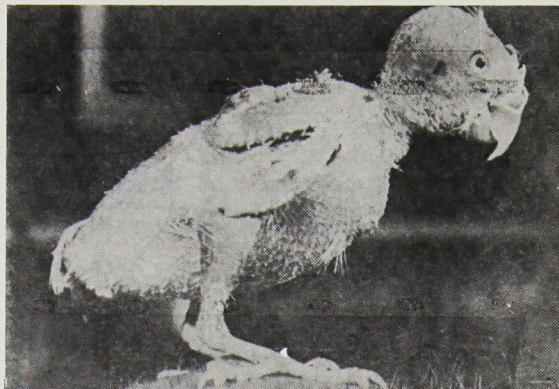
Now "Atsy" had a rival, another silly man,
Called "Gorgeous George" from you-know-where, and he
drove the high-jack van,
He tempted us with his Armalite to get his weekly pay,
But all he fired was one round and then he ran away.

One lunchtime "Ray" saw "Brady" outside the Telstar door,
It drove "Buster" mad to find him still there at half past four,
So the Rank, they sent down Alpha to arrest him if they could,
Kids were throwing bottles, stones and lumps of wood.

Now "Ironside" rode between us, his spokes a-shing bright,
He came rolling down the pavement, demanding of his rights,
We had no way of stopping him, the wheels had left his hands,
Lumps of brick and bottles were spent spinning from his hands,
All that happened next shouldn't really be discussed,
For all that's left of "Ironside" is one big heap of rust.

He was only fifty-two and didn't want to die,
But now he's in the LAD in the Garage in the Sky,
Where "Bit" girls are angels and the IRA are banned,
There are no such things as gunmen in that holy, holy land.
They won't forget 1 Queens!

(To the music of "Ernie", who drove the fastest milkcart in the West)



9 PLATOON

Gwen atte ye Seige of
Derry August 1689

"When the Host goeth forth against thine enemies, then
keep thee from every wicked thing." Duet. 23 : 9

To Braganza; to the Godly; and others, Greeting.

It seemeth but a short time since we took up our weapons
and entered the fayr citie of Derry, being but latelie return'd from
Tangiers, yet, already, rumours of a great malignant Papish host
massing about the walls are to be heard. Surely the Saints will
rise up and smite them.

I would single out Master Edgar, who now stands accused in
his owne words of Pride, Idolatrous Grovellings, and
Drunkenness. I also assure Mistress Drumm, that we shall
prepare an Examination by the Parliament Commissioners into
her Godless rantings. Methinks 'twill be a long and arduous
search.

It has also come to my notice that certain of our number, the
"CR Saints" have been sitting down to meet with servants of
that Abominable Armenian Prelate who yet trouble us. Beware
theyr smoothe tongued flatteries. The unwary should remember



(Pte Allen of "C" Coy.

that they are easily recognised by the smell of Brimstone, the
same which Master Whiteley hath oft times mistaken for his
socks.

'Tis rumoured that Masters Field, Simpson and Spencer
have, whilst on " & R", run up a score both for ale and the
services of Mistress Advent Ffarthing Fumble, the which they are
not likely to meet until our Armie shall have the pillage of the Citie
of Derry Itself. Oure blackamoor's credit be not bottomless.

Masters Prudence and Scully must forbear when smiting
oure enemies; it behoves us not to answer theyr vile abuse in
theyr own terms. Out of theyr own mouths shall they be damned.

A Godly man of Salford—one Gorman by name—well

known for his Piety and Preaching, hath brought to my attention that certain soldiers, especially Dobson, Allen and Austin, are to be seen flaunting themselves beneath hideous pictures based on the daubings of the lewd publication "Mercurius Erminibus" (or Ye Stoat's Mercury) issued in Mayfair. They have thus brought shame upon us and encouraged lewdness amongst our weaker brethren. All truly Religious persons must shun with Horror such vile abominations.

Rumour hath it that our enemies have made use of an abominable engine, or "new musket", which involves a bullet being placed in the barrel at the breech end and not at the muzzle as God intended. This I declare to be an Un-Natural Practice to be eschewed by the Godly. Yet must we not hearken to such as our gallant Quarter-Master-Sergeant who, remembering such battles as Agincourt, would have us armed with bows and arrows.

But enough of dire warnings. Let us enter this campaign clothed in the Armour of Righteousness and big black hats to put down forever "The Irish Question".

Incidental Intelligence

I will pay one whole shilling to have Master Thompson put away.

We are asked to state that "PR" doth signify "Prince Rupert" and not "Public Relations". All relations with this Regiment are conducted in complete privacy.



The Mark II version.

Sacha, ye Wagtail, latelie in Germanie declared World Champion at Stoat-catching, doth announce to anieone plagued with vermin, that she hath formed an agancy nam'd "slay-a-stoat" and will be happy to render assistance in ridding them of rodents.

Overheard on the Radio :

"Hello T31 this is T33, fetch Officer, over."

"T31 Officer speaking, send, over."

"T33 Roger, fetch SENSIBLE Officer. . . ."

" . . . In this troubled land, which seems far from the realms of normality, you will feel lonely and often recall happier times with your family.

In this strife-torn Island I am your friend, your guide; look upon me as your mother, your father, your brother and sister. Come to me as you would to your family, pour out your problems, tell me your troubles, for I am here to guide and help you.

I will try and comfort you, to sooth away any troubled thoughts you may have, to give you the same affection and advice that you have been accustomed to from your own parents.

Ever your friend, adviser, guide,

P.G. DOBSON, P1 Sgt. . . "

"PS : If you believe this you are a bigger fool than I first took you for. Now b . . . off before I clout you round the ear. Peace and quiet is what I want!"

What if Brigade had not reversed the decision to arrest children for stoning offences?

"We're being over run Sir, at the most we can hold out for another five minutes, too many of the little bleeders." The frantic pleading of the Guard Commander rocketed out of the intercom into the ever receptive lap of the Ops Officer. The latter with the hand of an expert dabbed his puckered, perspiring brow with a soiled handkerchief. He paused a moment, in vain he tried to compose himself to meet this new emergency which necessitated a show of self control, he drew breath and spoke. Even as he uttered the words remonstrated with himself for not having taken up the offer of a job of selling rubber spiders outside the "Gents" at Leicester Square Tube Station, instead of getting caught up in the turmoil of Army life in Ulster.

"Runner . . . ?"

"Sir. . . ."

"Go round the platoon blocks and get all men with experience of fathering to report to the Guard Commander armed with towels and safety pins ASP and on your way back see if the Cook Sergeant has got any spare aprons." With a startled look of disbelief the runner scuttled off on his task.

The Ops Room intercom clicked on and this time the voice seemed infinitely more alarmed.

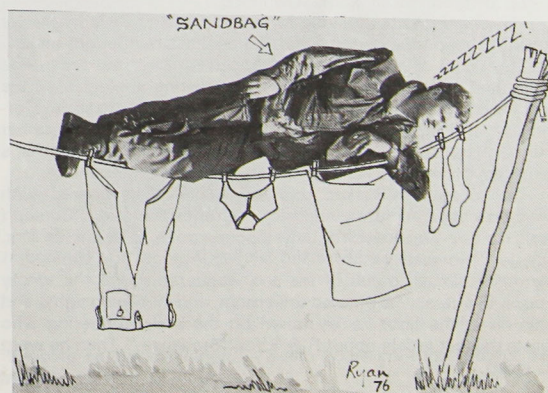
"A fresh batch has just arrived, 17 in all, average age 7½.

Two of my troops have just been bitten in the leg, the MO is treating them now, nasty wounds by all accounts!"

The intercom clicked on for the umpteenth time and the all too familiar voice of the Guard Commander came over the air once again. The Ops Officer pre-empted the speaker.

"It's all right help is on its way."

"It's not that Sir; there is a Mrs Doherty at the front gate with eight kids wondering if she could leave them here overnight whilst she visits her uncle in the city. She said that she realises that they haven't been caught throwing stones but she's sure that they must have done so at some time or other. . . . Can we oblige?"





FOR THE LADIES

REST AND RELAXATION—II

A SHORT STORY

He entered the airport reception area. The journey to Aldergrove had been a disaster. The early call he had booked had failed to materialise, and he had been woken by an angry Pay clerk asking if he was going to keep the Paymaster waiting all night? He had struggled into his clothes, and only realised seconds before leaving the block that his padlock was broken and the bottle of "Urgent" perfume he had bought from the NAAFI to give her had been stolen. To cap it all, they had nearly run out of duty-free booze, and the bottle of gin he had ordered to placate his mother-in-law had been replaced with a bottle of Campari.

On the way to the airport the bus had broken down so he and the rest of the R & R party had missed their flight BA 247, and had only been booked on a later one after a furious argument with a Movements clerk. So he was angry and unshaven as he made his way into the teeming mass of humanity crowded round the closed-circuit television screens announcing delayed departures for Ibiza and Benidorm.

She was waiting for him by the airline information desk. She was a neatly dressed woman in her early thirties who, in spite of having come almost straight from the hairdressers, had the dishevelled look of a woman trying to cope alone with two young children in an unfamiliar house. The visit to her mother had begun a week before with the enthusiasm on both sides engendered by a year spent communicating only by letter. By now the novelty had worn off. The house was too small, and only the close family tie prevented arguments over the use of the washing machine and where to hang the nappies. The car had been difficult to start, and she had lost her way in Staines, so she had arrived flustered and upset, to discover that he was not among the passengers on Flight BA 247. An hour's anxious inquiry had established the three hour delay and she had spent the time in the cafeteria re-reading "Braganza" and dreaming of a stop in a hotel room on the way home.

He spent an hour looking for her and failed to get an answer when he telephoned her mother. Three times he thought he saw her, but each of the women he tapped on the shoulder turned angry and unfamiliar faces on his stammering apologies. In the end he caught the airport bus to Victoria, and the train to Carshalton, and then set off dragging his suitcase up the hill to her mother's house. On the way he stopped at the chemists for a replacement present. All they had in stock was "Pungent."

The house was locked and the garden was littered with children's toys. A note pinned to the front door said: "Couldn't wait for you two lovebirds any longer—gone to tea with Mrs. Jones." Morosely he broke the kitchen window and climbed in. He made himself a cup of tea and wandered round the empty house. Eventually he entered their room, and sweeping tights and bras on to the floor he lay down on the bed, wondering who wrote the last article about R & R for "Braganza." Then he went to sleep . . .



Vogel-sang ("Now, the picture I went to last week . . .")

QUEBEC MARAUDERS

August has been a fairly quiet month in our area and this has allowed us to deploy some of our men in support of "B" and "C" Companies, thereby giving the Quebec lads a well-earned break from the VCP's.

On the home front the Company Commander has been looking a bit chuffed. It so happens that he had a small bet with "Civrep" as to who did a search. The result was that Civrep lost his bet and duly produced a bottle of whiskey. Now Civrep is only allowed to deal with the Company 2IC who, being a brandy man, is waiting his opportunity. Talking about the Company 2IC, we now have the original Irishman and one-time Assistant Adjutant, Captain Joe O'Gorman, holding down the Ops desk.

We have just said goodbye to Sgt Holman, who has ably assisted Kestrel in manning the Ops Room since our arrival. He is taking up employment in the Petrol Station business, a useful man to keep in touch with in UK, prices being what they are. We wish him well in the future and thank him sincerely for his efforts over the past twelve years.

CSM Dickens still soldiers on, wondering when Kestrel is going to grab him for the next early morning stag, and keeping out of his way as much as possible in the meantime. He has proved extremely useful on the Victors and is challenging Lumb as the champion "Chatter-Upper" (Mugger?!) of dolly birds. Keep up the good work Seagull!

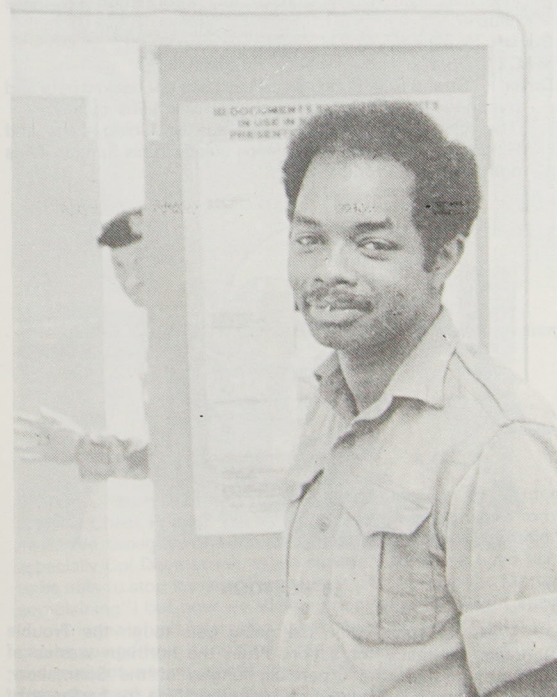


...you'd better go in disguise.

The poor old CQMS has been having a tough time lately, but it seems that he has now managed to obtain new premises with room to spread his wings. He has been wondering of late where his promotion really lies, either in obtaining raffle tickets for hard-pressed Victors, or getting on with the provisioning of the company and keeping the Quartermaster happy.

We must not forget our typist, LCpl Small (ably assisted by the Paymaster) whose beaming smile has been absent these past few days. Welcome back from R & R, and get these notes typed by tomorrow morning! (Where has that smile gone?).

Cpls Twells and Holloway have continued their staunch work wagging the Q-tail in the forms of Messrs Robertshaw and Flippence.



LCpl Small, the Company Clerk. "... is closely supervised."

QUEBEC COMPANY

R GROUP

Or Five Nine's Flying Circus. The circus is built around that famous pair of trouble shooters "Kipper and Vogel" the fastest Victor Visitors this side of the Foyle.

Kipper has the now very famous deserter from the Mortar Pl. Smith, 55, as his driver and Granddad "Remember the Alamo" Millis rides as shotgun. Vogel has "Conserve Water" Smith 83 as driver and the one and only "Doctor" Poore on temporarily loan from the Musicians Union as the Company Medic. The circus is backed by, amongst others, Keith "Kiwi" Lea, Fred "Slippers" Holloway, "I am not moaning" Robertshaw, "Flipper" Flippence and Bob "I can touch-type" Small. (You could've fooled me—Ed.)

And now a word from our very famous sponsor. Do you need a section, platoon, VCP or landrover? If you do and you want a price quoted, ring ext 47 and ask for Joe. Note—we do not come cheap. 55 would like to deny all rumours about leaving the Mortars in their hour of need. He says that the Mortars need more than an hour.

So far the natives in our area have been quiet except for two bomb attempts which failed, thanks to the keen eyes of friendly SF who were marauding in the patch.

At this moment 55 is taking his "well earned" R & R and "Slippers" is standing in as driver.

On our travels around the patch, we sometimes meet the members of Carter's 7th Cavalry (known to the circus as the 'Hedgebusters') and we sometimes even catch a glimpse of the one and only 'Zippy' alias "The Desert Rat".

And now for something entirely different. Do you suffer from being unable to get up in the morning? If so unstick the mattress from your back.

55 has a question for Molar, "If you could control the weather when you were RSM could you please show the new RSM how to make rain".

And finally the famous 55 joke that is told at all Mess Dinners and picnics throughout the land : Q. Where does a general keep his armies? A. Up his sleeves!!!



"Keeping an eye on things."—Bdsm Poore with the Smiths, 55 and 83.

And to the Anti-Tank Platoon—what does that “Coffee Pot” mean when she says, “Do not stop?”

To end it all two comments by people who have followed or travelled with us to the Victors.



For a certain section comd in 10 PI—helicopter hoverstars only twinkle.

NICE ONE VICTOR!

By THE ANTI-TANK PL

The scene : A VCP somewhere to the north of Londonderry. The sun is shining, Cpl Coley and Dinham are singing: all is right with the world. A car containing a dolly bird and driven by a middle aged woman drives up.

Lefty cases his weary body away from the wall, turns up his transistor, spits out his chewing gum, stubs out his cigarette and shuffles towards the car. He extends a grubby hand through the passengers window and says, “lydeel” (Note: in Lefty’s hometown of Barnett this word and the hard gestures mean “Good morning Madam, may I see your licence please?”)

Woman : “Young man! That person is staring at my daughter!” (Points to Lumb who thinks he is giving a worldly-wise smile but is in fact leering like a drunken demon.)

Lefty : “Don’t worry love, he’s a mugger”.

Woman : “Heavens! You mean he attacks old ladies in the park and steals their handbags?”

Lumb : “No, I’m looking for terrorists”.

Woman : (Noticing direction of Lumb’s gaze) “Well I assure you there are no gunmen down the front of my daughter’s dress!” She drives off. On the other side of the road Jed Stone stands with three huge, brand new tapes on his arm. He is smiling to himself whilst working out days to do to his acting Colour Sergeant’s rank. A car pulls up. Inside are four long haired youths, each with a ‘Support the PIRA’ tee-shirt. Jed’s eyes light up. “These look like four likely lads”. He walks up to them.

Jed : “Would you like to buy a raffle ticket lads?”

PROVO’s : “Get lost”.

Jed : “Like an anti-violence leaflet?”

PROVO’s : “Get lost”.

Jed : (In smaller voice.) “How about a 1 QUEENS card to put your licence?”

PROVO’s : “Get lost”. They drive off.

Jed now knows he’ll never reach the higher echelons of the Sgts’ Mess; after all, the RSM must have sold hundreds of raffle tickets. The final car drives up, ‘Mac’ Mclvor checks it.

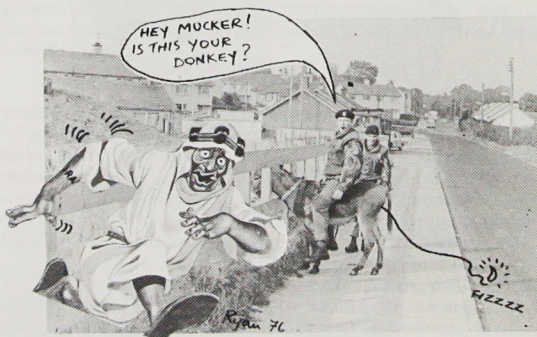
MAC : “We are looking for men who terrorize the locals. They have banded together into gangs but they never come out into the open. Do you have any information on these people?”

Driver : (In excited voice.) “Yes! I have seen them!”

MAC : “Do you know where they are now?”

Driver : “Strand Row Police Stn. They have got peaked hats and truncheons!” (Drives off laughing.) Mac sobs quietly.

The road is now deserted. The sun is shining. Legs and Ginger are singing. Moody sleeps quietly in his Sangar. All is right with the world.

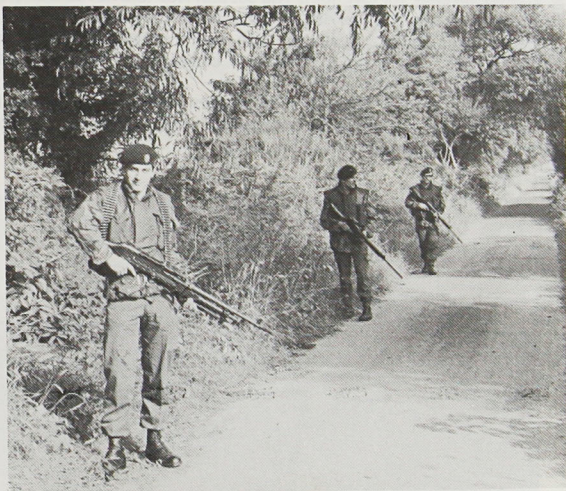


10 PLATOON

Well, yet again when the going gets tough the Trouble Shooters are ready for action. From the northern wastes of Culmore; through the expanding jungles of the Shantallow; across the sterile wilderness of Springtown; via the badlands of Killea; down the ‘Grand Foyleour’, with the occasional great trek

to Ballykinlar, we have eventually done our inevitable bit in Apache Country, otherwise known to the elite as 'what's all the fuss about' Creggan. 10 Platoon have now served everywhere in the immediately known world and hardened veterans may occasionally be cornered in some remote outpost such as Fort Buncrana or the Muff Driving School and be prepared to trade their experience for a few tankards of cool ale.

Who are the members of this exclusive club? At great effort their names have been collated and published in this exclusive Journal. There's Romeo Matt, the telephone king; Popeye, the fog hunter; Smudge (don't forget the 21); Corporal 'I'm cracking-up without the beer' Skunk; Chalky (Socks) White, last seen trying to slope off on R and R with the GPMG clutched tightly to his chest, trailing cheese wire and razor blades; Nick 'where's my baton round' Carter (Shut-up!); Sailor Chevins; our hit man for car searches; Chris 'the human sniffer' Hatton; Tommo alias Spanner alias Black Beauty; Woofy Boo Doof; Mr Punch Bag 1976—stop it I like it—Geordie Alexander; Les 'I'm still trying to get it into focus' Gillett—our resident holiday snaps man; Geordie—now he's Golf—Taylor; Shaun 'Tough' Meaney; 'Roger out' Hutson who actually remembers that radios need fuses and that might be why they don't work; Spider—I think I might have had a contact—Preston; Pat—I'm not really asleep—Morris, our interpreter; Taffy—missed that Rolls again—Clark (our finger man); the unflappable Terry Radford; Petal—days to do—Prudhoe ("if you're shot at remember to take cover"); Renta 'who needs a megaphone' Bootle; Emily 'who's whipped my Ord beret' Pankhurst, recently distinguished as Platoon hit man of the moment. All ably herded by J.C. 'the Six Million Dollar Man' and tenderly fostered by 'that's ma boys' Kiddo. (Coy HQ comment : "Who?")



Lt Haggerty, Cpl White and Pte Pankhurst ('Who do they think they're kidding?')

MORTAR PLATOON

Well, nearly half way there, still no finds on the Victors (Vehicle Check Points). We try all the various systems but to no avail. We thought we were all going down with malnutrition, especially Cpl Dave Lovell, when suddenly someone (who used to be able to stop it raining) stepped in ('It's always the Mortars complaining') but now we Victors are putting on weight again.

Anyone who is interested in becoming a salesman (and who can be spared from Tangerine Company) would visit a Victor. At the moment we are practising our salesmanship on the people from the hard areas and are succeeding in selling the Battalion Draw tickets. Tickets are 10p each and the great attraction of the moment is "one for 10p, two for 50p" We are all trying to per-

suaude Rip to stay in, publishing his name on the new Orbits but apparently he's under pressure from Esther Poulton. Let him stay, Esther! LCpl 'Inky' Stevens is 'bent' on becoming a policeman. Pte 'Emmu' Farquharson is still rubbing his nose and wondering what went wrong with his Sukahara (somersault to you). Barney has been chuntering because he's been taken away from his favourite Victor (Pte Goodger). Mort is suffering from a crick in the neck and there's a lot of discussion going on at the moment as to how it happened. Some say it was trying to kiss LCpl Fred (is this the bus for Bangor?) Eyre's boots whilst he still had them on.

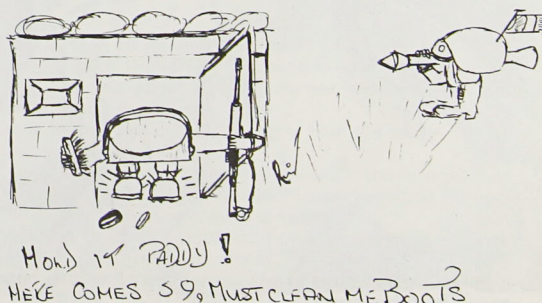
Sadly, we've said goodbye to Pte 'Killer' Killick and that's not all some people called him! Particularly when he woke them up at 0330 hrs to say goodbye! Congratulations go to LCpl 'Lips' Harding, LCpl 'Sek' Secker (his nickname is earned because he leaves people with a hangover!), LCpl 'Toucher' Taylor (we'll leave to your imagination the deprivation of his nickname!) and 'LCpl' lighmmmm oops, sorry!

Cpl 'Rocky' Ferry (not to be confused with the other 'Rocky' even though they are beginning to look alike with the hair and weight problem they've both got) cannot decide whether to stay in or become a Bouncer for Mothercare. Rumour has it that Pte 'Doly' Gray can now talk without using his lips.

The big decision left until the time of going to press is "Who is going to provide the boot polish on the Victors?" (Comment from Pte 'Noshier' Brown, "I will do the polishing." Another late comment from Pte 'Turbo' Scott, "I will take the money.") Indeed 'Turbo' is thinking of setting up a stand in competition with the raffle ticket sellers.

Welcome back to Sgt Steve Howick, just back from R & R. Fran must have taken him on quite a few sight-seeing trips, he looks worn out.

Pte 'Shaky' Sekharan is due back from R & R shortly. We hope he's managed to lose his Irish accent and the language he picked up out here. We heard he's going to become a family man in the near future, congrats 'Shakers'.





IN MEMORIAM

Guard Dog No 5 C 40 Badge — passed away quietly (one of the few quiet things he ever did) at the beginning of September 1976 — "His teeth marks remaineth for evermore" (Featherstone, 3 — 18)

I was the beast with the big white teeth
In terror of all the Victors,
I liked to bite with all my might
The gunmen, thugs and tricksters

(But I had one fault it's true to say —
Squaddies likewise had to keep away)

Now replaced with a new, updated model; handler Dell still
can't get the muzzle off!

ANON.



"The Sting" (LCpl Eyre with war wound)

CARTER'S CAVALRY COLUMN

During August, the Recce Platoon has been heavily involved in long-term (very) operations. The main excitement was the IED near Killea reservoir which was successfully defused. It contained 17 lbs of Frangex buried in a bank and ATO estimated that it would have blown a land-rover into the next field. There have been a number of false alarms but these have all been neutralised by our own bomb-disposal expert, Sgt Leach!

We have also been spending our time doing some vehicle modifications. The land-rovers are looking more and more like those of 'Pink Panther' fame, sprouting wire cutters and a remarkable variety of armaments. Rapidly dubbed 'F Troop' by many, and openly dreaded by REME (both LAD and Armourers' Shop), we have been a sight for comment wherever we go.

Some quirks of character of personnel within the platoon have been observed recently. The Platoon (Troop?) Commander is suffering from a distinct Rommel complex² the obvious manifestation being his refusal to part with the binoculars that are now a permanent fixture around his neck (plus an alarming tendency to leap upright in his vehicle and anxiously scan the horizon.) Lately he has been seen to stroll wistfully about the countryside enjoying the dawn with his rifle tucked under the crook of his arm dreaming of exchanging it for a shotgun—he became quite depressed on the eve of the Glorious 12th (more so when anything shootable crossed his path).

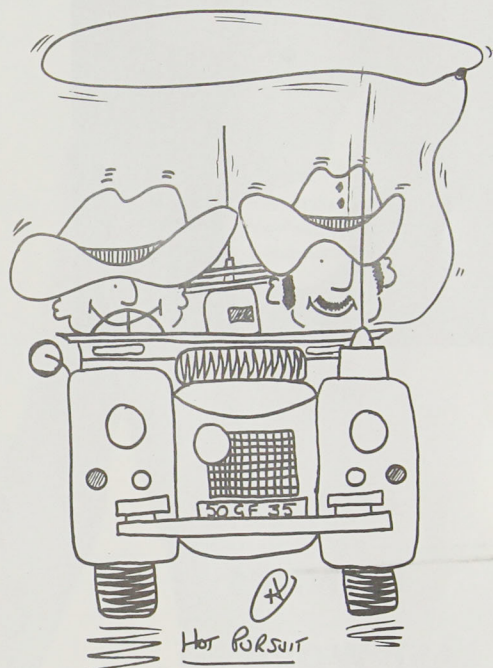
Still on the subject of "the boss" he is normally a careful planner, but when he drops one it is a classic. A recent task called for a half-ectomy to investigate a lighthouse in the Foyle Estuary (timed, he said, for low tide). The section was told not to worry as in any case the tidal variation was only 1.7 metres so they could paddle out. Those conversant with metric measurement will be aware that 1.7 metres is close (too close) to six feet as those involved found out!

Cpl "Admiral" Dale, with his wealth of experience, is rapidly developing a reputation as the platoon's old wise man. Did you know the following facts about him?



He held a "very important post" in the Merchant Navy. He has been to Vietnam, Pitcairn Island, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Miami, Chicago, Singapore, Kong Kong etc etc. He is on the first-name terms with the descendants of the Bounty. The waves around The Cape were 100 ft high when he was there. He has taken R & R in Saigon. He has been a co-pilot for a Trident. He has a standing order with Milanda Bakeries (how else would he guarantee his buttee supply?). He is qualified to steer a 25 ft launch. Further instalments will undoubtedly be forthcoming in next month's Braganza.

Cpl WAKEMAN has been suffering recently. During a 3-day foot patrol, he was so badly bitten that he swore blind that he had been sharing his sleeping bag with a crocodile and not assorted mosquitos and midges!



The real highlight of the month must however be the Rodeo on Wheels starring 'F' Troop and a run-away mule on the Moss-side Road, where our help had been enlisted by two young local lads. Three times we tried to pen it against the hedge and failed, much to the amusement and consternation of other road users (can you visualise six arm-waving soldiers leaping around the middle of the road in the early evening light all trying to stay out of biting and kicking range of a mule bent on freedom?). We even tried a true "Wild West" capture using a lasso made from paracord which the mule broke with contemptuous ease and bolted for the border. Only by skilful driving did we manage to head it off and prevent it crossing and finally get it moving back in the right direction.

R & R continues; "Ginger" HOBBS returned convinced he'd had a good time. He came back broke and could not remember a

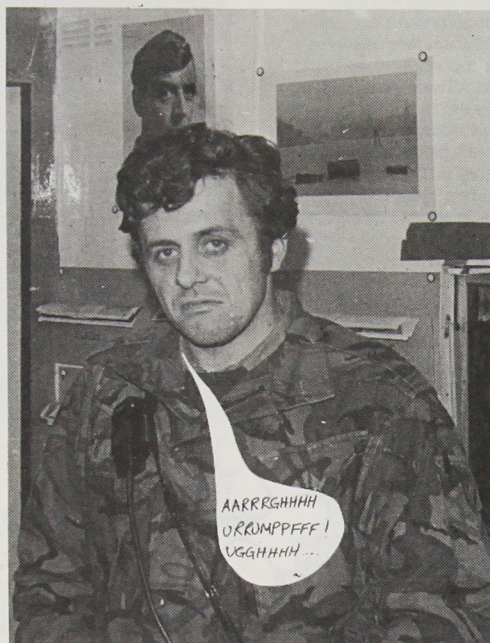
thing so he must have enjoyed himself! LCpl "Maggot" Armstrong too is back in the fold and continuing to indulge in his hobby of ferreting about hedges, ditches, derelicts and cars containing courting couples.

As a finale to this month's entry here are some current rumours within the platoon.

LCpl (Stop 2) Hurman is buying a house in the Free State as he is a frequent visitor. Sgt "Woffler" Leach is getting his own radio station so he can spend more time on the air.

Mick the Squirrel Woodward has hibernated to his bunk with a four month supply of acorns. The dynamic pair, Messrs Johnston and Hagarty have re-recorded "I am forever bubbling you". Pte "Binsky" Booker is going to be a stock car driver when he leaves the Army (judging by the offside wing of his rover this is fact not rumour), and Hamilton has expensive tastes.

**NASTY OF THE MONTH, PICTURED WITH
RUNNER UP BEHIND**



**AND THIS
MONTH'S
LAST WORD . . .**





