



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

ISSUE 3

LONDONDERRY

PENULTIMATE EDITION



The Grand Draw

THE selling of raffle tickets to raise money towards the cost of a Stained Glass Window to be installed in St Matthew's Church, Albuhera Barracks, Werl, has been a great talking point for some weeks since our arrival in Londonderry.

The project came to fruition at Fort George on the afternoon of 14th September when the Commanding Officer, assisted by the delightful and charming Jean Mather of the Red Cross and in the presence of the Brigade Commander 6th Armoured Brigade who was on a flying visit from Germany, made the draw and selected the lucky winners.



Top prizes were won by Pte Evans of Tangier (Kirke's) (television) and Pte Williams of Sobraon Coy (week's leave plus £50 spending money). Radio Cassettes were won by the Or-



phanage, Letterkenny Road, Londonderry, by Lcpl Wilmot of the Drums and by Major Ward. The Digital Watch was won by SSgt Tomlinson REME, the Binoculars by Sgt Allen of 16 Lt Regt RA, the Camera by Mrs. Harrison, 20 Ahornallee, Werl, the Pocket Calculator by C Sgt 'Froggy' French and Teddy Bears by Sgt Williams (Tac), Mrs. Millis, 30C Ahornallee and by Miss Paula Doherty, a Nurse at Altnagelvin Hospital, Londonderry.

After various expenses have been paid from the Draw proceeds, a balance of £605.75 is left which just covers the cost of the Window and the Commemorative Plaque that goes with it.

The Commanding Officer wishes to thank All Ranks and their families for the generous support of this Cause. He is very grateful for the enthusiastic support shown by Companies and by individuals. He is also delighted that the installation of the Window will be effected by the generous contributions of all sections of the Battalion community.

Many tickets were sold at the three permanent Check Points manned by the Battalion. Because of the tragic situation in Northern Ireland, many citizens, who willingly supported our Appeal, were unwilling to put their own name on the ticket. Most of those who wished to remain anonymous put the name of a Charity on the ticket or the name of the soldier who sold it to them. This generous support from the local community was one of the heartening aspects of the tour. It was therefore nice to see that two of the winners were an orphanage in the Creggan and a Nurse from Altnagelvin.

It is an interesting historic note that when the 1st Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment was deployed on an operational tour in Malaya in 1954 a similar appeal was launched by the then Commanding Officer, Lt Col F. J. C. Piggott, to raise £1,000 towards a Memorial to be placed in the Regimental Chapel in Guildford Cathedral which was then being built.

Our illustrations of the more recent Appeal show some of the lucky prize winners in the Draw, the Commanding Officer presenting a statuette to Miss Jean Mather who was kind enough to drive all the way from Musgrave Park Hospital for the occasion, and a photograph of an artist's impression of the Window. Without the contrasting colours which cannot be reproduced in these pages, the photograph does not do full justice to the design, nevertheless it does give some idea of what the Window will look like.





I DON'T CARE EVEN IF HE
LEAPS ABOUT IN A LOIN-
CLOTH... SO LONG AS WE
GET OUR XMAS LEAVE!!



EDITORIAL

Stop Press

MANY CONGRATULATIONS TO EDITORIAL STAFF FRUSTRATIONS FOR EDITION TWO JUST RECEIVED STOP REGRET STRONG-ARM CENSORSHIP PRECLUDES EFFECTIVE RETALIATION STOP MADAM HAVE I PUT MY FOOT IN IT AGAIN QUESTION MARK STOP MESSAGE ENDS.

THE Draw has been and gone and is reported elsewhere. Looking through the photographs for this edition, however, it is obvious that those rather cuddly outside Teddy Bears so kindly contributed by our Contractor, Mr. Afzal, made something of an impact upon our jaded lives. They were used briefly in the last edition and more frequently in this. If we faced the truth, hard-faced professional killers that the opposition propaganda machine alleges we of the British Army are, we grew rather attached to those Teddy Bears and were grateful to them for their brief company. Whilst travelling to BAOR and dreaming of my hotel bedroom en route to Werl (which never incidentally materialised) I found myself sitting fairly close to one of the Teddies who was being escorted home to Mrs Williams. Despite the thunderous road and tedium of the RAF Hercules flight to Germany, nothing could dampen my enthusiasm for the forthcoming reunion with my family and at one stage I could have sworn the Teddy winked at me. Of such are our pleasures found. We thank those Teddy Bears for their company and pray they have, all three, found good homes where they will be appreciated as much as they were here.

General Piggott (also mentioned in the report on the Draw) was kind enough to send the Commanding Officer some copies of **TANGERINE** (down, Tony!), the Battalion newspaper of the 1st Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment in 1954. It was an excellent publication for its period. It is interesting to note that the newspaper depended for the financing of its publication on a small purchase price levied on its readers. Happily, armed with a substantial rebate for the Northern Ireland tour, the Commanding Officer has rightly decided that **BRAGANZA** shall be distributed free, gratis and for nothing along with a magazine wrapper for those who don't have dependants at Werl. What circulation figure, I wonder, would **BRAGANZA** attract if it had to be bought?

Most of the personalities receiving a mention in **TANGERINE** mean little to the present day reader, much the same as a young soldier picking up a dog eared copy of **BRAGANZA** in 1998 would be mystified by our sense of humour. Nevertheless one

reference was made to the substantive promotion to Sgt of 21124708 Acting Sgt Burnstin-Wilson, L. A certain 2 Lt J. G. W. Davidson also earned a mention or two, mostly in connection with the cricket scene but also when he was involved in a nasty flood situation; a circumstance which was to be repeated when he was commanding C Company whilst the Battalion was in Bahrain.

And so we move forward to the last edition of this series of **BRAGANZA** for the current tour. The editorial staff apologise for the confusion caused to readers by the reference to the 'Semi Final' edition in the last issue. To put the record straight you are now holding the third issue and you will get the fourth before we leave Northern Ireland unless you are fortunate enough to be on the Advance Party. Those wishing to forego the pleasure of leaving Londonderry early, please contact the Movements Staff NOW. . . .

We have been absolutely amazed by the flood of poems and cartoons submitted for this edition. One contributor of poems, we understand, has already enjoyed a much wider, if more private, circulation. In all sincerity, it is almost heartbreaking not to include every poem and cartoon which is submitted. Nevertheless it has to be done. If you are one of the unlucky ones who didn't make print this time, I beg you, please don't give up. There is the last edition still to come and hopefully when we return to Werl, although **BRAGANZA** will fall into a deep and lengthy sleep, at some stage in the future along will come a handsome young **PROPHET** to give her the kiss of resurrection.

Finally, and after much soul searching, we have decided to abandon the "Rest and Recuperation" series. The first edition was written by the Editor as a space filler, although Coffee Pot Major will never believe it. The second, more amusing version was handed on by a Company Commander and one-time **BRAGANZA** Editor. Further attempts at it would only be a variation on a theme. When we consider what a dreary affair "Peyton Place" became on television through over exposure, we reckon our decision is the right one anyway.

THE PADRE'S QUIET CORNER



BATTLE of Britain 76, save our £, save Sterling. These are the cries of today. It's not a very elegant way of expressing things but it does make matters quite plain, when someone speaks of "passing the buck".

Hours before the new Ford Cortina is announced workers go berserk in Dagenham; a neatly timed move if ever there was one. It's called passing the buck. They were doing it in the Garden of Eden; "it's not me it's the woman"; "it's not me it's the man"; "it's not us it's the serpent". Yes, they were doing it as long ago as that, yet it wasn't the apple on the tree where the trouble began; it was the pair on the ground.

Every day we read of our lives or other peoples' being in a mess and it is always blamed on something or somebody else. The home, the family, the wife, the husband, boss, the drink, the horses, they, them, always initially the others. Rarely do they begin in the right place.

Passing the buck is so often true of us all and I know that I am capable of it. I can cover, I can explain, I can excuse all my faults and failures by passing the buck and do so so commandingly that I even manage to convince myself.

I don't speed; I had to overtake; the fellow in front was all over the road. I don't lose my patience, the woman was beyond reasonable human endurance. I'm not overweight and needing to diet.

It may not be a coincidence that the middle letter of the word sin is the letter 'I'. I also know that when I'm quite honest with myself for me and for you and for every man, Public Enemy Number One is—Public Enemy Number One.

Save our £, save sterling. How about, "Lord, save me, I need no longer pass the buck; save me!"

WELL WE THOUGHT WE'D EARN A FEW BOB WHILE WE'RE OUT TRUDGING ABAHT !!!





THE PEACE MARCH.

Letters to or about Braganza

To the Commanding Officer

"Many thanks for your letter of 7 September enclosing a copy of **BRAGANZA**. It really is kind of 1 **QUEEN'S** to treat me as being a member of the family in this way and I greatly appreciated your doing so—quite apart from the fact that **BRAGANZA** is a first class edition in its own right and full of the right kind of regimental humour.

Best wishes to you and 1 **QUEENS** for the remainder of your tour and I look forward to paying the Battalion a visit at Werl some time in the New Year when you have had plenty of chance to settle down again after your tour in Northern Ireland."

Lieutenant General Sir James Wilson K.B.E., M.C.,
Colonel Commandant, The Queen's Division.

"At last you receive a few personal lines from me. First of all I would like to reassure you that we will be pleased when you all come back to Werl healthy and in one piece. It is typical that the question is always being asked how the English are getting on in Northern Ireland. On the Golf Course the wives are constantly having to give any information they have about Londonderry. Best wishes to the wounded comrades of 1 **QUEENS** for their convalescence.

In Werl there is not much going on. We are preparing for the so called St Michael's Week, that starts on 25 September with the Schnadegang. The Schadegang is going into your Barracks in the Stadtwald. Unfortunately, you, the master of the house will not be there. You would have had a good opportunity to try out your walking stick. We are grateful that we have been allowed to visit the military area. The new special school in the school centre on Kucklermühlenweg will be inaugurated. Un-

fortunately the indoor swimming pool is not yet finished, however, we hope to be able to take it into use this year. In the Festival Week there are Theatre and Concert performances, a science lecture etc. I hope that a particular high point will be the inauguration of a 'Glass Sculpture' by the artist, Ba-lart, from Switzerland. The sculpture, which also acts as publicity for the Sparkasse, is going to be erected in front of the Sparkasse building. I saw it in Basle a few days ago. It will produce a substantial embellishment to the town. Particularly interesting is the way the light plays and is refracted by the acrylic glass sculpture. The sculpture is particularly effective at night when the artificial lighting can be seen.

It gave me much pleasure to admire your two sons. They both get on well together, on the Golf Course at least. In the meantime the eldest has developed a powerful stroke. You know that he has again played under his handicap. But even the second son has inherited the ability of his father. Mother Davidson is always concerned about her children.

By now you will have had your four days leave. Your wife informed me that you will be meeting in England. The children have to go back to school. Your wife is now all alone in Werl and Unna. However, obviously burdened with the legitimate duties that befall her as wife of the Commanding Officer.

Please give all my acquaintances in your Battalion my kindest regards. To you personally I wish all the best."

Herr W. Dirkmann, Stadt direktor, Werl.

"I should like to thank you and the Regiment for the warm reception I received on Tuesday.

The model "Queensman" I was given will always remind me

of the enjoyable time I spent with you in Fort George and up at the Creggan.

I do hope your tour continues without too many incidents."

Miss Jean Mather, Red Cross Representative,
Musgrave Park Hospital.

(A full report of Miss Mather's visit appears elsewhere—Ed.)



To the Editor

"A little note of appreciation for the 2 issues of **BRAGANZA** you so thoughtfully sent out here. I deliberately leave them lying about at home and a great many people have glanced through them.

We are a bit remote from reality out here and it is a real pleasure to receive **BRAGANZA**. Apart from news of familiar faces, while one is still fresh enough from Op Banner tours, reading between the lines I find I can get an excellent picture of Battalion life in 'Derry. Very many thanks for them.

Please remember us to all at Tac—or perhaps you are not at Tac (absolutely right—Ed). Anyway many thanks for **BRAGANZA**. Please keep it going."

Major P. J. Gybbon Monypenny.

(Editor's Note : Major Gybbon-Monypenny was the Company Commander of Tangier (Kirke's) Company for two Northern Ireland tours. On one his Company was based at Brown Square in Belfast. Conditions there were the rough equivalent of those prevailing at Rosemount now, namely grotty in the extreme. He like his successor lost no opportunity to complain loudly and persistently albeit, and also like his successor, in the best interests of the soldiers based there. Which takes us logically on to the next letter. . . .

"I find your reference to a dearth of Infantry **BRAGANZA** editors since the early '50s offensive and a deliberate attempt at character assassination. I wish to remind you that I was the first (detailed) editor of **BRAGANZA** in 1968 whilst the Battalion was stationed in Bahrain.

May I further point out that our excellent productions came out regularly despite overwhelming odds of 99% humidity, sand in the typewriter and preoccupation with adjutant duties to a very demanding Commanding Officer.

Why are the excellent "Aunty Ivy" columns introduced by the now OC Holland Company no longer an integral part of the magazine?

At that time you, the present Editor, were a promising young

Infantry Lieutenant. Where did it all go wrong for you?

Yours etc,

Monty of Fart Tangier, FF'



Dear FF,

My sincere apologies for the inaccuracy of my statement concerning Infantry editors. As regards the "Aunty Ivy" series, during the many years of your absence from regimental duty in such exotic stations as Singapore and Barnet, poor Aunty Ivy got flogged to death in **BRAGANZA**, **FRUSTRATIONS** and **THE PAD** to mention but a few. This is not to undermine the great job done by OC B as the quoted example will show. Finally, thanks for the free publicity.

Yours etc,

Editor.

For a nostalgic look into the past, here is an Aunty Ivy example taken from a **BRAGANZA** of 1969. It is, of course, as topical now as it was then.

"Dear Auntie Ivy,

I am a good looking, intelligent and personable young Officer. My man-management is outstanding and I work like a slave. Despite all this the Commanding Officer writes me rude notes. What should I do?

Blond Bombshell.

Dear Blond Bombshell,

Take a second opinion.

Auntie Ivy."

Dear Editor.

Woof. Woof woof. Woof woof woof.

It was good news to read all about my mates of Holland Company and the great 'find' they had. I can't really complain because I saw my picture on the front cover of the last edition. I still think it's a pity I didn't get a mention because it was me, after all, who sniffed it out.

Yours etc,

Weller the Wagtail.

Dear Weller,

Woof. Woof woof (it's contagious). A thousand apologies. By way of atonement here is your very own picture along with your favourite pet. Next time you are sniffing the Pay Office call in on Goldfinger and collect ten packets of your favourite doggie biscuits on the PRI. Don't forget to give the Paymaster your paw

print on AB 57. Keep it up. You are doing a great job and you don't bite us either.

Yours etc,

Editor.



From Leffenent Emmett
2nd Leffenent Goulden
Tangerine Company Creggan Campe
Dere Ser,

As hard wurking Ruperts we wood like the manigment to tak not of our extreeme displeasure at having our artickels micksed up

last monthe. Contrary to public opinion Ruperts do werk quite harde and if they divote sum of there much needed reste to righting funnies for BRAGANZA it wood be appreshated if the aforsed artikles cood be kept seperet. As for our not bein abel to writ english that aint fare. Anyone wood fink we wuz sposed to be eddikated.

We are pleased
to remane
yor obedient servents

EMMETT and GOULDEN
(From and fore the werk flore)

Dear Chas & Al

Firstly apologies over the mix up. That was bad news and we apologise. Secondly, does that mean the pregnant bird is chasing you, Em, and not Al. Hopefully, Al can now tear up the "Dear John" he got from his girl friend after publication of the second BRAGANZA. Thirdly, for you only Em, I'm sorry your standards don't match those of the other Corps attached Officers. Maybe your short stay with Tangerine Company has rubbed off. . . .

Yours etc,

Edeater (it's catching)

P.S. — Am enclosing my six year old son's school reader. He's a little ahead of you.

Dear Editor,

I have found it very difficult to decide on the best article and photograph in the semi-final edition of BRAGANZA.

There are a number of good photographs. I liked the cheerful smile of Georgie Britten with his parents; also the one of Molar taking C/S 19 and 39 on a conducted tour of the laundry. My vote, however, goes to the action photograph of "Typewriter C/S 1" in aerial mode.

I had equal difficulty over articles. I enjoyed most Chalky's letter to Smudger, but I recognise the style and I wouldn't want the author to get big-headed (who said too late?). I also enjoyed the "8th Annual Creggan Summer Games", but CROWFOOT does things for the Community not for money. So I award the prize to the author of "32 Alpha's Ode to the Creggan", with the warning that I shall expect 32 to sing it at the Company Christmas Party.

Yours etc, Sunray.

(Cash prizes of £10 for the Ode and £5 for the photograph can be collected from UPM—Ed)



USELESS INFORMATION FROM TAC INT

To date : the photographer has produced 8½ kilometres of paper weighing 4 cwt and a total number of 30,501 copies in a reproduction time of three and a half days.

To date : approximately a quarter of a mile of 35 mm film and 34 square feet of Polaroid film has been used just for arrests.

To date : approximately 2000 lbs of paper have been shredded.

To date : 400 gallons of tea and coffee have been drunk totalling 9,600 cups.

To date : Acorn gets a "Monk" on once every 3 days; this totals 33 1/3 "Monks" so far.

To date : the Office Manager has given 1200 rockets to the collaters which is enough energy to keep Creggan Camp running for 2½ days without a change in the power supply.

To date : 'Gladys' (Lcpl Baton) has eaten 200 Hamburgers, drunk 100 bottles of orange and munched 300 packets of Crisps. This, we feel, is partially responsible for his increase in weight by two stone since arrival in Londonderry.

To date : the door to the Int Cell has been opened 10,000 times and closed about 100.

To date : AIO has slept approximately 66 days out of the 100 here.

To date : Half a mile of patrol reports have been written with a total writing time of 34½ days on a continuing basis.



GOOD 'ERE INNIT?



PRONTO'S JOTTINGS

"Sergeant Major! Don't forget **BRAGANZA** notes have to be in soon (meaning now). Have you anything for them this month?" "Got them all done" says I, thinking that will help my Confidential. To be honest the month has passed so quickly that these notes were somewhat sketchy. With scarcely a jotting in place I called for Cpl Pile saying "Don't forget the **BRAGANZA** notes have got to be in soon", meaning now, "Have you anything for the Mag?" "Got them all done" says Cpl Pile (thinking, he's bound to tell the Boss and that's sure to help my Confidential). Sorry Cpl Pile, but you know what they say about looking after your own patch. "Right lads" says Cpl Keith Pile, "I want those **BRAGANZA** notes in now! So get cracking." "Got mine all done, says Pte Chris Nurse (thinking he's bound to tell the Sergeant Major who's bound to tell the Boss and that's bound to help my report this year). Sorry Nurse, you had better read my comments to Cpl Pile.

We were, to say the least, upset to hear that we were not the only agency who are desperately trying to get things through the air between two points. We hope we will continue to be the more successful of the two. (Note to Ed—some people around here will not agree with that—but—what the hell?)

The dreaded flu' bug has struck our ranks taking Lcpl Mick Jagger into the depths of handkerchiefs and tissues. We thought at first he was trying to work a couple of days in bed. We are pleased to report that he has quite unselfishly passed his bug onto Sniffer Nichol. Our advice, Nick, is to go to bed with a noggin of Rum, a hot water bottle and Playboy Pet of the Month. Not quite sure what the hot water bottle is for.

Talking of Pet of the Month, we are sorry to announce that Miss Clifford, last month's Pet, has taken leave of her senses. She has actually written to Knave demanding the centre 'spread'. We for our part have written to Knave and put them in the picture stating Miss Clifford is under contract to us for at least another eighteen months and cannot possibly accept any offers they may make. We would however consider the possibility of a transfer with Fiona Richmond.

A sore point in our jottings is to report that Sgnm Pemberton's journey to Australia has had to terminate at Creggan Camp. We can assure all outside the Platoon that he didn't receive a "Dear John" but something more in the way of a "Dear Digger".

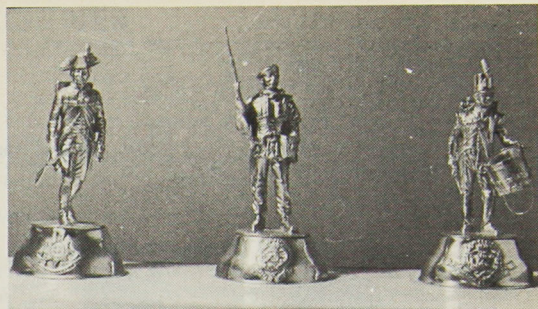
We mustn't forget 'Flakey' who is "Far Away" at this time and we wish him success in his task. Come home, 'Flakey', all is forgiven and we do miss you. If that didn't reach your heart this night, the Scots Guards have been into your stores, pal.

We again send our regards to our Ladies who are keeping watch so well for us over the other side. We were sorry to hear of your slight traffic accident, June, and completely agree that stationery vehicles should not be parked in places where people can reverse in to them. What I mean to say is, he'll be parking in car parks next! We miss you all; take care.

We include this month a poem and a short story. We hope you will find time to read them. The poem was written by Lcpl Mick Jagger and we fully appreciate his talents in this direction but, when it comes to radio relay, boy oh boy!

A POEM TO READ OR SNITZ TO RSO

With you I like to be my love
For only when I'm there,
Can I forget the world and strife
And every withheld care.
On you I'd lay my head at night
To sleep my silver dreams,
Knowing your arms were tight about
To fend off unheard fiends;
To feel your body close to mine,
To hear you breathing slow
Would be enough to turn me back
My love, where ever I should go.



Examples of pewter statuettes on sale at P.R.I. were at OM 30 each.

A STORY FROM THE SIGNAL PLATOON ENTITLED

"BIG BRUV AND HIS 7 PRONTOS"

Cast

BIG BRUV — RSO
DOC — A/RSO
HAPPY (?) — Cpl PILE
BASHFUL — Lcpl CLIFFORD
SNEEZY — Lcpl JAGGER
GRUMPY — Pte NURSE
DOZY — Sig PEMBERTON
SLEEPY — Pte NICHOL

The scene is set in the Radio Room one rainy day in Londonderry.

"Hey, man, wat you meen I on stag, man, I did six hours last week, man" said Grumpy.

"Just do it" said Doc "and while you're there make some coffee and type detail and do the filing."

"Moan, moan" said Grumpy.

"Belt up, nignog" said Sleepy "you're keeping me awake."

"Achooo" said Sneezy.

"Give me some of your germs" said Sleepy "they might bed me down."

"How can they bed you down if you never get up" said Happy (?)

"Don't forget your confidentials" said Big Bruv.

"Yessum, massah, sah" said Doc.

"Crawler" said Bashful under his breath.

"You're on escort" Happy (?) said to Dozy.

"But I'm always on escort" said Dozy.

"Just do it" said Doc "and while you're there make some coffee."

"And don't forget your confidential" said Big Bruv.

"Nah" said Dozy "you don't write mine I'm attached."

"You want to bet" said Big Bruv.

"Yassum, massah, sah" said Dozy.

"Crawler" said Bashful under his breath.

"I had four letters today and you didn't get any" said Dozy to Sleepy.

"But I don't write to myself" said Sleepy.

"Moan, moan" said Grumpy still waiting for his porn mags.

"Well, I had another pair of shoes through the post" said Happy (?)

"So did I" said Doc "but I can't smoke mine."

"Achooo" said Sneezy.

"Get away" said Doc and Happy.

"It's no use going on R & R if I can't get my breathing right" said Happy (?)

"I want some coffee" said Doc to Happy (?)

"I know, I know" said Dozy.

"How much cyanide does Big Bruv take in his coffee" said Bashful.

"Don't forget your confidential" said Big Bruv.

"Yassum, massah, sah" said Bashful under his breath.

"You didn't wash this mug" said Doc.

"Yes I did" said Dozy "but the bass broom was dirty."

"Moan, moan" said Grumpy as Big Bruv corrected his typing

mistakes for the third time.
 "Not my fault, man" said Grumpy "all these typewriters are the same, they can't spell."
 "Just do it" said Doc "and while you're there. . . ."
 "I know" said Grumpy.
 "Don't forget your confidentials" said Big Bruv.
 "B . . . s" said Grumpy, Doc, Dozy, Sleepy, Sneezzy, Happy (?) and Bashful under his breath.



SIGNAL PLATOON DETACHMENT FORT GEORGE

I am Sgt Bill Wilkes and I have been asked by 'Wasp' (WO2 Budgen or 'Birdie' to his friends—he's our Leader No 2, Leader No 1 being Big Boss, the RSO Captain Hodgetts) to say a few words about our little team down at Costa-del-Foyle, Fort George.

The Head of the Team is Sgt 'Flakey' Horan whom I am standing in for at present whilst he is on a course in UK (and probably playing Golf) before going on a posting at the end of the year. Although he is a sad loss to the Signal Platoon we wish him all the very best on his future posting.

Another major structure of the team is Cpl Mick Milsom who spends most of his days running backwards and forwards to Workshops with the little grey brief-case looking like a City Executive although I must admit he doesn't talk like one.

Another part of the team is the Communication Centre, staffed by Sgnm Hargreaves and Brotherstone under the supervision of our very own Lcpl Ray Buckwell. Amongst other things they man the Fort George Telephone Exchange and if you are lucky enough to ring Fort George you will find one of these able-bodied men answering all your queries and ringing your telephone numbers for you. (Editorial comment: OK for those ringing from outside Fort George, Chief, but what about the poor devils within?)

Finally, I'd like to mention our REME tels technician Cpl Mick Briggs, alias the General, who works very hard fixing the radios which we break.

That completes our small team at Fort George and I'd like to take this opportunity to tell the Signal Platoon wives back home that it won't be long before we're home. (More Editorial comment: Ever provided we can establish telephonic communication with Air Movements to make the bookings!)

MEDICAL JOTTINGS

Fortunately for all BRAGANZA readers, we have had an uneventful period since the last issue.

Captain Freeland continues his tedious round of "Hygiene Visits" to the Officers' Messes in the area. He maintains that the best time to see Cockroaches is in the evening, and has submitted an article to the British Medical Journal on the new pink



But whose is the missing face. Watch this journal next month.

variety he discovered in Ebrington Barracks. (Or is he getting confused with Gin.—Ed.)

The Army Air Corps has issued Cpl 'Lofty' Coleman with an F700 and we reckoned he had put in enough "hovering" hours to warrant a major overhaul. He departed for this on 29th August, returning five days later suffering from severe fatigue. Can't think why!

The remainder of the Band Boys are still eagerly crossing out days on the "Chuff Chart" and looking longingly at last month's ex WRAC model captured so captivatively in 'Mayfair'.

Our drivers have now notched up a creditable number of accident free miles, although your correspondent is convinced it is due to the distinctive sound of our chariots rather than to driving ability.

"Doctor Death" continues his lonely vigil at Fort George, he tells us, all hours that the Good Lord provides, plus a few extra for the CO.

That concludes the jottings for this issue, except for us to scotch the rumour that the writer does as little work as possible. See VISOR, issue 132, page 7.

GOOD 'ERE INNIT?



Actually they do a damn good job (caption assigned personally by Commanding Officer).

MUSCLES' CORNER

As we shall shortly be approaching the skiing season, it is important that all skiers, potential or otherwise, include mobility exercises in their routine circuit training.

Exercise **SNOWQUEEN** will begin in January, and in order to minimise accidents brought about by stiffness of joints and the obvious discomfort of aches and pains, skiers should perform the following exercises.

1. Arm swinging squats, 20 to 30 times each circuit. Points to note : head in normal position, eyes looking forward, back straight and keep on your toes.
2. Parallel twists : ideal practice for your stem to parallel turns. Points to note : try to make this as rhythmic as possible.

①



**FEET TOGETHER-
FOR BALANCE-
(REVERSE)**

②



**TWIST- KNEES
WELL BENT
FOR STAMINA &
SUPPLENESS**

③



**LEG TO REAR
FOR
BALANCE**

④



**ROLLING ANKLES-
FOR STAMINA &
SUPPLENESS.**

When shoulders are facing to right, weight should be on right foot (lower and downhill ski). 20—30 times each circuit.

3. 'T' balances. Look straight ahead. Hold for 10 seconds each time. Move into position slowly. Occasionally try it with your eyes closed. 'See' the difference. 15—20 times each circuit.
4. Ankle Rollovers : perform this on slowly; increase the roll a bit at a time. 20—25 times each circuit.

REMBEBER

These exercises can be performed anywhere, and the more frequently the better. You'll be glad to have done them when you start skiing. Try them to music too (but music with a steady beat, please). It will take the boredom out of it.

THE MONTH'S QUOTES

(Excluding those included in Company Notes)

Callsign 11

"I put a nickel in the telephone box to dial my baby's number,
Got a brrrr Brrrr, brrrr brrrr, busy line"

During the visit of Brigadier Perkins, Commander 8th Armoured Bde :

Brigadier : "It is possible to arrange for me to go with a patrol into the Creggan?"

Sobraon Coy Pte : " 'E must be bloody mad! 'E comes 'ere on a social visit and wants to go on patrol in the bleedin' Creggan!"

Complaint laid with the RUC against Holland Company

"Mrs O'Shanigan of Foyle Vistas made a complaint against the Army. She alleges that while she was at work the Army called and abused her son's Doberman."

FINDS

15 September 1976 19C Lislane Drive: 2Lt RAY found the following during a routine search of the shed:

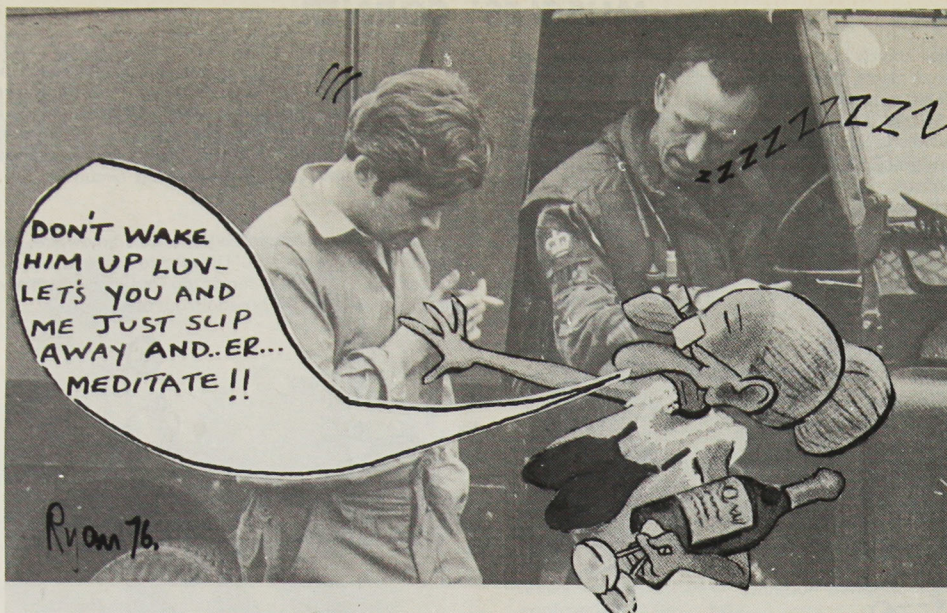
- 1 x Garrand Rifle.
- 3 x MK2 Grenades.
- 24lb of Frangex.
- 2 x detonators.
- 1 x Bombard complete.
- 15 x assorted rounds of ammunition.
- 1 x cleaning kit.

20 September 1976: Tremone Gardens: Lcpl SIMPSON found a hijacked tipper truck containing 9 x PIRA MK6 mortars and bombs.

26 September 1976 42C Cromore Gardens: Pte PARSONS found the following during a routine search of a garden sheds:

- 1 x light sensitive switch.
- 2 x micro switches.
- 1 x test assembly.
- 1 x relay.
- 2 x resistors.
- 2 x capacitors.
- 2 x battery terminal for a PP3

Further reports of these finds with photographs appear under Sobraon Safari Notes.



BUSINESS NEWS

WITH gilt-edged hopes dashed in the sterling fall the confidence of investors has been blown to shreds. It is with some surprise therefore that I discovered that many investors are turning to a little known Sales Company which has been operating quietly in L'derry. As little was known about the Company in the city I rang the Managing Director. He suggested that I visit them to see how they operate.

I discovered that there was no earthly reason for their success on the Stock Market. Their methods are no different to any other Trading Company, in fact their profit margin is probably much lower. It was not until I spoke to their sales operatives that I realised the reason for their success. It lies in the hands of the Board of Directors. It is their **STYLE** and **INFULUENCE** which has made the Company so successful.

The Chairman is Monty F F Ward and very little need be said about him as he has received considerable exposure in past issues of **Braganza**. Suffice it to say that his style of leadership is what can only be called loud and he carries a book called 'How to Complain' by C. Ward, wherever he goes. The Managing Director, the backbone of any Company, is Alan Carter. He has taken his style from the Chairman. He can be loud and arrogant but has a sense of humour which not every one appreciates but it keeps him happy. His recently appointed Deputy Charles Emmett is young and even more arrogant than the Managing Director (if not as literate—Ed).

There are 3 Sales Managers whom I never met but whose style though individualistic does not carry as much weight as the last member of the board.

It is amazing that the most junior member of the Board has the most influence on the Company image.

Horrocks Jamieson is the Security Advisor and Personnel Manager. It is his personality above almost all, except the Chairman, that has led to the Company success. He is a very tall man and dwarfs everyone else in the Company. Having his head permanently in the clouds probably has a bit to do with his personality. He joined the Company shortly before it moved to Londonderry and in a very short space of time succeeded in shaking up the junior members of the board as well as the sales operatives. He believes that it is his duty as Personnel Manager to mould the personalities of the sales managers. In particular his efforts with Alistair Goulden have to be seen to be believed. Unless you are a rubber duck, an enormous sense of humour and a thick skin are a prerequisite of being a member of this organisation otherwise you crack up.

**All you need is style,
influence and a stake
in Tangier Company Ltd**





HEY, WHY DO THEY CALL YOU 'TRIGGER' ??

Ryan 76

I Platoon

Once again writing time is here, and I sit down to try and work out some literary prose to amuse and delight the front and rear parties. Now I can't talk for the rear party, but I know that the party that we have been having here has been great fun. We have extended our hospitality to all and some of the locals have taken us up on it.



'Neutralisation' of Pira Mk. II Grenade in the garden of 16 Grenwalk. captured by Pte. Bunn, A Coy Phot.

The main party has been held up at Creggan Camp, but more of that later. There are a number of ways people can get invited. Firstly they can get involved in the usually harmless game of 'Throw the Brick'. This really fun game is played by throwing a brick at a soldier. If you hit them you get 10 points and go to the party at Creggan Camp. Another way is to play 'Pat a Cake, Pat a Cake' with a soldier. The idea of this game is to hit a soldier and



he hits you back in a friendly fashion and then provides transport for you to the party.

Now, the party at Creggan lasts at the most for four hours. There you can play super games such as, 'Tangerine Quiz', 'Beat your Neighbour' and 'Give me some Int'. We all occasionally join in but space is limited up there.

We in the front party have been playing other fun games such as test the bumpers. Phil the Greek Booker has been conducting a survey to establish how much damage a Landrover bumper can do. In the first test Queenie Beim, driving a three-quarter ton Landrover proved that a bumper is no match for a concrete bollard. The second test, however, using Hooky (Sleeper) Nye driving a half ton Landrover proved much more successful. The bumper suffered mere paint scratches, whilst a

certain cortina suffered severe rear damage. The survey is now complete and there are no more tests planned (I hope). Unfortunately Spud Douglas and Cutie Hewitt think that they should do a few more.

Cobbie Corbett, Murray the Mong and Willie Wheeldon continue to provide amusement to all including the locals.

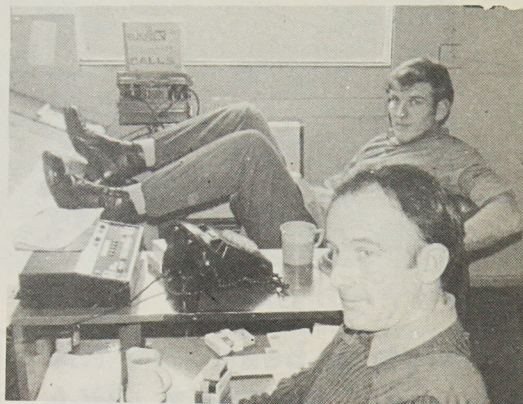
Welcome to Cpl Bill Jones, Lips Campbell, Ned Grundy Boyd and the much needed Sgt O'Meara. No name has yet been given to Sgt O'Meara as it is rumoured that he chins people including Pl Comds. Thanks to Cpl Hewett for all the work he did as a stand in. It is advised that no one speak to Cpl Hewett after the tour as he will be so highly educated that he will consider it beneath his dignity to discuss anything with anyone.



Pet. Durham having just found out he's on Creggan patrol.

As the party draws towards the end our thoughts look towards our return. Westie and Blackie have been daydreaming whilst in the Sangers of the young lovelies who have been sending all those perfumed letters through the post. I understand that Hosepipe Harry is required at home. I also understand that a Lowe member of the platoon is expecting the patter of little feet on his return. I'm not saying anything about my love life as every one seems to know more about it than I do.

Reference the bumper survey being carried out by Phil the Greek Booker, a third test has since been carried out I understand. This time a driver from Radio Control Taxis Ltd driving a pig tested a Paddy Pusher instead of a bumper. The result was negative to the Paddy Pusher but a nice amount of damage was done to the front gate at Creggan Camp.



2 Platoon

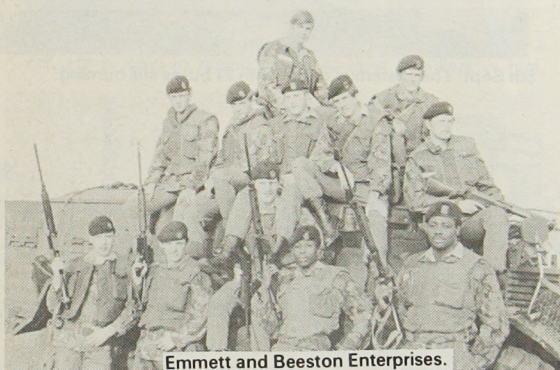
Since the last sales report, this subsidiary of the Company has undergone a temporary change of management. No doubt due to his success at this level of management 'Bubbles' Emmett has climbed up the hierarchy onto the Board of Directors. Hurry back 'Bubbles'!

Another promotion from the subsidiary is that of Bluey who now runs the Company warehouse. Rather unfortunate circumstances surround Bluey's promotion and all at Emmett Enterprises hope Basil Rawlings is well again soon. As a result of Bluey's departure, Sgt Brian Hayward steps in as chief shop steward.

It must never be said that this section of the Company does not have excellent management/shop floor relations. All those at the management level are glad to see growing membership of the Union, which now totals four. All potential brothers are to apply to Banzai and Tich McKatherine, with the teas.

New fields of industry have been explored. We heard recently that Spike Eldred has been experimenting in the livestock business and Noddy Bamford has shown an interest in the possibilities of a frozen food concern. However, these two ventures have conflicted somewhat and Noddy has had to remove Spike's cat from the fridge. Not altogether unrelated to these businesses is the proposed abattoir of Dell Hayward and Bud Taylor.

A proportion of the Company's profits from the last trading period have been wisely spent on the renovation of the Company's trading post, Fort Tangier. All members of this subsidiary showed great eagerness, and were prepared to go without sleep in order to assist the R Group, who kindly flew in with brushes and paint. It is rumoured that these premises are to be sold to a Scottish Corporation.



The keenness showed by all members of Emmett Enterprises, along with a large proportion of the rest of the Company at the recent drill rehearsal, is highly commendable. This event took place on the square between Creggan Camp and Creggan Heights, under the guidance of CSM Jamieson. A high standard of turnout was displayed on parade although, during the Advance in Review Order, some one tripped over a mortar tube.

Emmett Enterprises has sponsored many new ventures, too many to go into fully, but here are a few. Hector Sloly has opened a needlework shop — thank you Hector. Tiny Tidy is now a star of Radio Entertainment with his new phonetic alphabet, "I spell Lemo Victory Keks Tangi — ?" Tony Lorrin is doing well in the car demolition business. Again Noddy pops in, this time as the organiser of the DATAWRAC service; penpals guaranteed, long distance phone calls no problem. Will Wilmer rules as champion of 'Ask the Sangar.'

Perhaps the most exciting news is that Emmett Enterprises is soon to take up its sales options in Werl.

3 Platoon

Northern Ireland has produced some strange nicknames for use on the streets. Spot yours.

The Penguin Mystery

Jonah the Copper tiptoed quietly up to a Soxmis car in an



L/Cpl. Bamford, A. Coy looks down from above.

alley when thump . . . ! In came Mac and Luigi tossed him in a cess pit a metre Dique, bolted and left him for dead. 'Golly! Waiter a mess you're in!' said Bluey, the alky, and took him to the champagne sauna owned by Chan Chan of the seven bellies, the oriental smasher. It was paradise, a bed of rose petal until. . .

See next month's serial
'Super snoop to the rescue'





HOLLAND COY

1st October today, so now it is next month that we shake the Derry Dust from our, in some cases, bionic, boots. The platoons give the scandal in their notes, so it might be worth while describing a few days' activities in the month of September on both the more serious and the lighter sides of patrolling the Shantallow. Over the whole month we have had a number of successes, but none of the dramatic variety that we can show you photographs of. Enough to say that our rogues gallery now has fourteen mug shots of people from the Shantallow who have been arrested and charged with serious crimes. They are all languishing in the Crumlin Road gaol, and best news of all is that amongst them are those charged with the attempted murders of Phot Pinson on 11 August and C.S.M. Bromfield on 15 September. Not bad going within a month of the incidents. The companies successes are not just ours. If it wasn't for reports from VCPs, the work of the Int Cell and the co-operation between the army and the police, the Shantallow Company could easily spend four months looking for needles in a haystack. We have searched nearly 200 houses. If all these had been in the Carnhill Estate, we would still have another 300 to go and we wouldn't have started on the other Estates. That gives some idea of the size of the haystack.

On now to the Diary.

1st Sept.—The Guard Platoon reported a suspicious package buried under a pile of bricks behind the NAAFI. It looked like one of those expanded polystyrene boxes the Belfast Soldiers came in, but it was too well taped up to risk opening—and that was a Belfast Soldier box doing under a pile of bricks? ATO was called and the area was cordoned. Wheelbarrow, ATO's remote controlled bomb disposal device, crawled forward, and blew up the box. Inside—yes, you've guessed it—a Belfast Soldier with a very bent rifle

(presented to ATO with the compliments of Fort George).

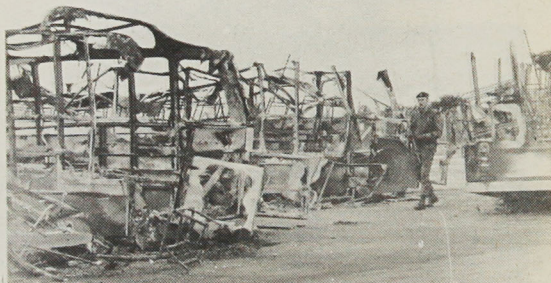
3rd Sept.—The mobile investigated two thefts, one of £36 from a filling station and one from a mobile breadvan of £300. A yob with a spanner did the deed, and he's now in Crumlin Road gaol.

4th Sept.—Peace March Day. The company watched the marchers from a distance as they assembled and marched through the area.

5th Sept.—An Ulsterbus was hijacked in the Shantallow and was driven to the bus depot where the yobs put three bombs and petrol into four buses. Half an hour later they blew up with satisfying bangs, flames and smoke—but at a cost of £80,000. We cleared and cordoned the area and no lives were lost.



5th Sept: The Ulsterbus depot with 21 buses still burning.



5th Sept: C/ Sgt. Bream searching through what's left of £80,000 for leftovers.

7th Sept.—5 Platoon found a packet of very old explosives behind the panneling of a Radio Rentals van.

8th Sept.—We had a bomb hoax in the Pennyburn Industrial Estate, and Padlock tried doing cartwheels with his land-rover.

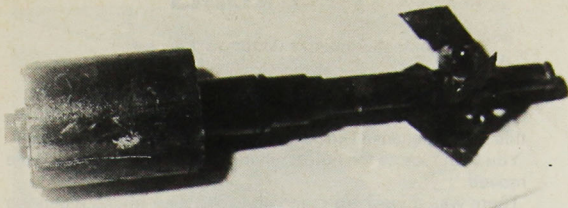
9th Sept.—Three early morning searches that morning—and the mobile whilst protecting those in the houses, was shot at, possibly with a pistol. We never found anything so it goes down in the records as unconfirmed.

13th Sept.—The start of our successful arrests. One bomber, one sniper and a Provo member were charged.

14th Sept.—3 more searches combined with a bomb scare.

17th Sept.—Another bomb hoax at the big supermarket in the patch. This involves us in stopping traffic, clearing civilians from the store and from their houses, and helping to search the store.

18th Sept.—A civilian reported a suspicious object in his car. It looked like a mortar bomb, and it took us 4 hours to wreck the car with explosives so that ATO could get at it, and declare it an elaborate hoax.



18th Sept: The elaborate hoax.

20th Sept.—The day of the mortar attack against the Creggan. We had to take the Drums off the streets and get them into full riot gear in 3 armoured vehicles ready to help in Creggan Estate. They were all set to go in 20 minutes, and to their chagrin were then not needed.

21 Sept.—We got an anonymous phone call about explosives—and searched 14 houses looking for it. There was nothing there.

22 Sept.—Another 7 houses searched.

24 Sept.—Marked the beginning of the end. The Company Commander of the Scots Guards arrived to do his recce.

25 Sept.—We found and searched our first house of 'ill repute'. Bad luck for the two German seamen, as they turned out to be, that we arrested.

26 Sept.—We borrowed a company of the Coldstream Guards from across the river and searched all the building sites in the patch, and L/Cpl 'Dolly' Walker upset the local priest.

27 Sept.—A car was hijacked in the Shantallow. We investigated and searched 2 houses.

1st Oct.—A civilian UDR member was shot up by 2 gunmen in a car. He is now in hospital with at least 5 bullets in him,



18th Sept: The car after A.T.O. finished with it.

fighting for his life. Another 'brave' Provo attack against an unarmed man, done at ten to nine in the morning in full view of a bus queue of children waiting to go to school.

Those then were the highlights of the month. Something to report nearly every day. For the rest of the time out went foot and mobile patrols every two hours; the guard platoon took on their stags in the camp sangers and at the gate; cars were stopped and searched; patrols carried out anti-mortar sweeps; identity checks by the hundred were done; the Ops room was manned and the radios were operated throughout the day and night; and the MT under Cpl Badminton Price repaired, serviced and cleaned our Landrovers. Relaxation? A chance of a swim once a week, a film most nights for those not on patrol or guard, a cup of tea in the NAAFI or the Golly shop, plenty of telly time, and best of all, a bit of sleep.



WE THINK OF YOU

Guards and Foot Patrols, Mobiles too,
On each of these we think of you;
The ones we love but have had to leave;
Fear not my friends, there's no need to grieve;
For we shall return ere carols are sung,
Back to make the family one.

We stand in sangers cold and alone,
How we wish that we were back home.
We pray to the stars that shine above
And pray as well for the ones we love.

We sit in 'Rovers' and drive round the town
Cursing the rain that comes tumbling down.
Another day done, there are more to do,
But each passing day brings us closer to you.

We patrol the dank streets with one aim in life,
To share once again the warmth of family or wife,
And as we look up at the bright, silvery moon,
We pray again to be home very, very soon.

NORTHERN IRELAND

As the cold rain falls all night long
And the howling wind sings its blustery song,
I sit at my window and wonder why
As I look up at the black night sky.

Why must we be in this land full of hate
Where every step is chancing fate?
Where children's faces are full of fear
Knowing the shadow of death is near.

I think of you on such a night
And what a world without love would really be like;
Just like this land of pain and sorrow
With shattered dreams of a brighter tomorrow;
Smashed to oblivion by a merciless act,
The land again broken by an outlawed pack.

Now I know the reason why
As a bomb explodes and children cry.
Because of these fiends we must stay
Hoping to rid this land of hate some day;
When again its children can laugh and play
Alas! Not till evil's been driven away.

Both poems contributed by L/Cpl A. W. Smith,
Holland Coy Clerk.

Here I sit and wonder why
Some can live and some must die?
So is it that man is a fool
And thinks of nobody else at all?

Dropping bombs and firing shells
Just like Satan's firier hell.
But there is more than you and me,
And one fine day we shall see.

We will see a lot more
Than smashing things to the floor;
And one day, when we die
The Great God in the sky
He will sit down and cry.
He doesn't know why we hate
And we'll have found out much too late.

Dmr Mark Hanson.

THE DRUMS

An Irishwoman's letter to her son.

Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know I am still alive. I am writing this slowly because I know you can't read very fast.

You won't know the house when you come home—we have moved.

There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in, last week I put 14 shirts in it, pulled the chain, and I have not seen the shirts since.

Your sister Mary had a bady this morning, I haven't found out yet if it's a boy or girl, so I don't know if you are an Uncle or an Aunt.

Your Uncle Dick drowned last week in a vat of whisky in the Dublin Distillery, some of his mates dived in to save him, but he fought them off bravely.

I went to the Doctor's on Thursday, and your father came with me. The doctor put a small tube in my mouth and told me not to open my mouth for 10 minutes. Your father offered to buy it from him.

It rained twice last week, first for three days and then for four days.

On Monday it was so windy that one of the chickens laid the same egg four times.

Your loving mother.

P.S.—I was going to send you £10 but had already sealed the envelope.



GOOD 'ERE INNIT?

I was walking through Derry t'other day
When an Irishwoman to me did say
"Tell me soldier, tell me dear
What are you doin' over 'ere?"
I fort wiv anxiety and said "Look 'ere,
I'm goin' for the title of Soldier of the Year!"

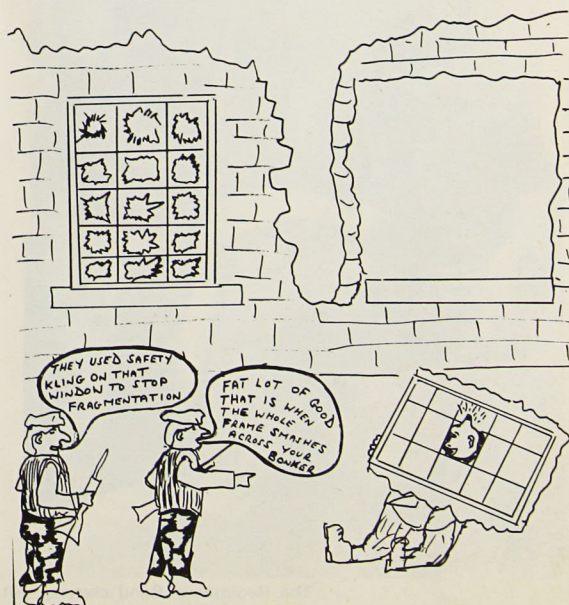
I saw a toddler sittin' on a wall,
Shouting abuse but playin' it cool,
I started over and got too near,
'Cos a bloody great 'ousebrick caught me right in the ear!

Seamus was a bomber and came from simple kin,
'e used to bomb the city which caused an awful din!
'e chucked a grenade at me one day and I fort me chips was in,
But I knew 'e was a dozy sod 'cos 'e never pulled the pin!

(Author anon but suspected to be from the Drums Pl)



Good 'Ere Innit?





Sgt Delaney studies the course of the river with his Press Agent for his proposed canoeing of the River Bann to a distance of 36½ miles. Proceeds of his sponsorship will be shared equally between local charities and youth activities at Werl.

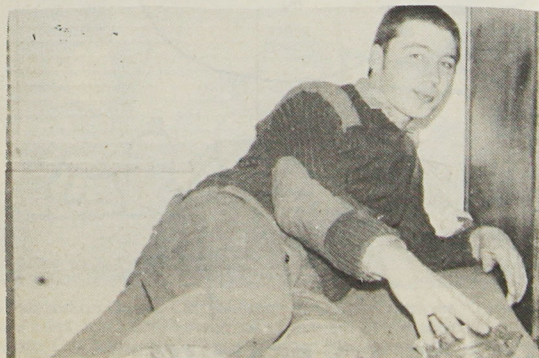
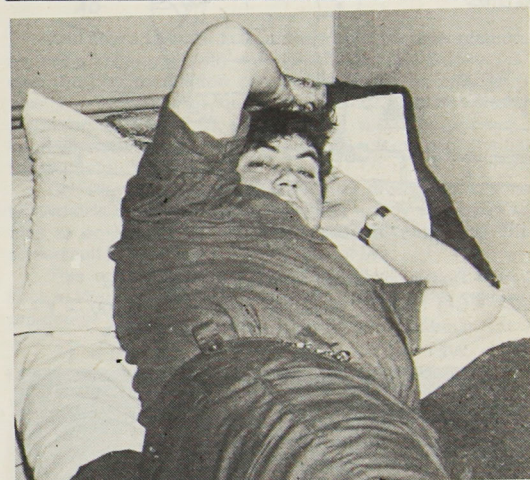
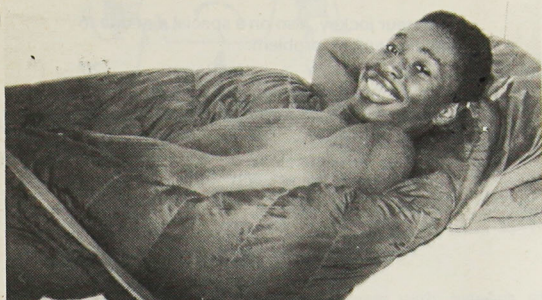


Under new management



The Regimental Band carrying out a bit of 'brick and mortar' work

RESTING AND RELAXING



Superform

All today's racing news :

4.15 COSTA DEL FOYLE STAKES

1. 000 WHEELCHAIR — B. Bristow 100 — 1
Carrying three stone overweight due to rust.
2. 1031 SUPERTASH — D/Maj Smith 25 — 1



Heavily blinkered runner, recently gelded.

3. 222 SKI SLOPE — Chalky White 1000 — 1
Outsider due to recently developed limp.
4. 9711 WET SUIT — R. Cameron 1000 — 1
Poor runner in wet. Unlikely to be coaxed out of stable.
5. 000 CHINK OF GOLD — P. Cheng 50 — 1
Foreign runner from unknown stable.
6. 333 STONY BROKE — T. Alkins 25 — 1
Quite well-behaved, guaranteed to make the running.

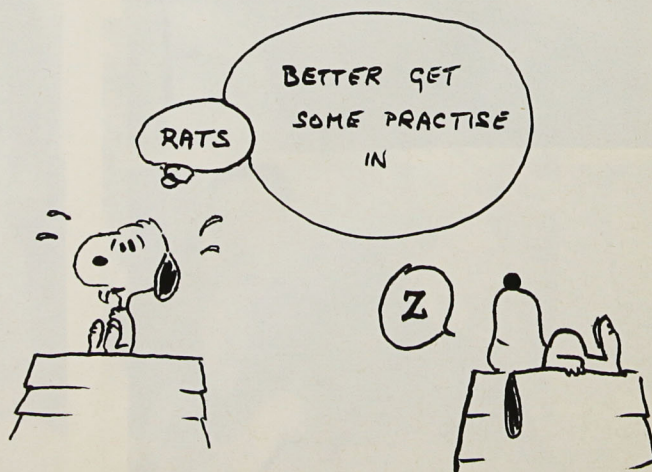
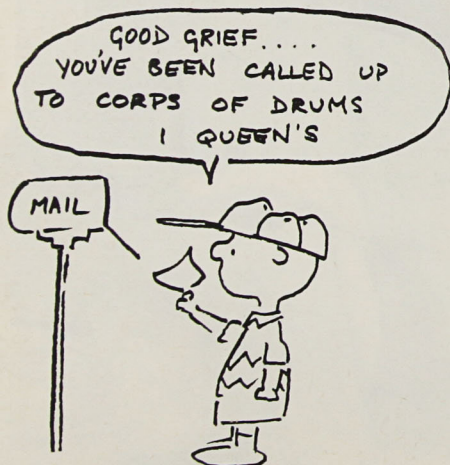
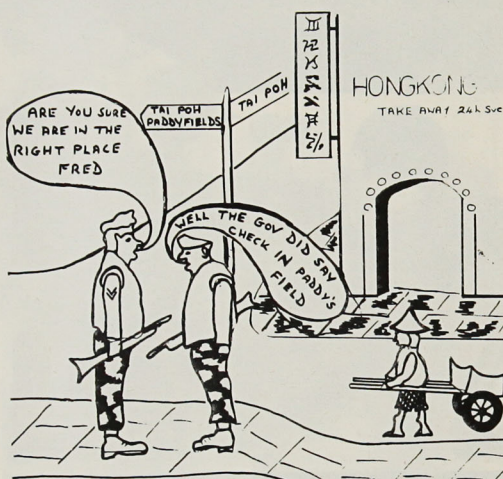
7. 202 NYMPHUS DINKS — Cuddles Wilmot 10 — 1

Second to SUPERTASH at the Shantallow Sprints.
Favourite for the Easter Matrimonial Stakes.

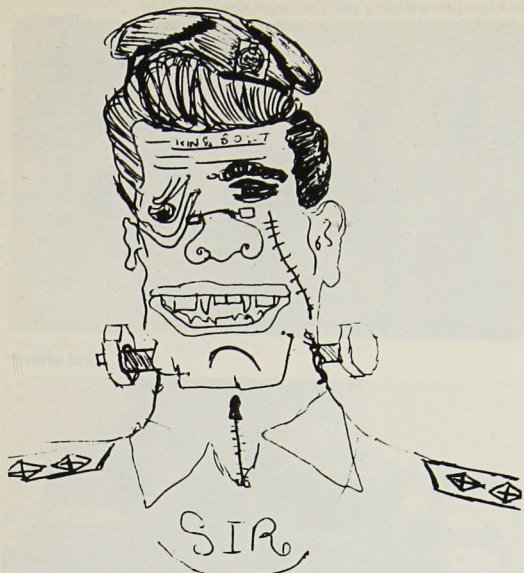
8. 101 I'M FREE — G. Harmer 8 — 1
Second time runner.
Likely to be dope tested in near future.
9. 030 MONKEY CURRY — Bambi Phillips 7 — 2
Jockey rumoured to be on a foreign diet in his foreign stable.
10. 411 BARON BROCKWURST — Baron Hoffman 3000 — 1

Amateur jockey, also on a special diet due to severe weight problem.

11. 121 SUPER LOONEY — A. Barratt 20 — 1
Always a front runner, but trainer Garry Gilbey thinks will fail to make grade.
12. 230 DDT SPECIAL — De W. Waller 8 — 2
Another amateur jockey doubtful runner due to frequent visits to vet with horse fleas.



FREDDY WILLSON—APOLOGIES TO PEANUTS



5 PLATOON

The sudden sprouting of brown berets with patches of tartan behind the cap badges marks at last the beginning of the end of the tour for us, although it is still six weeks away.

Nearly all those who chose to take R & R have left with a twinkle in their eye and returned exhausted. Moaner (38) in fact, lost weight (difficult when you're his size), and gained a pair of black bags under his eyes on his return.

Dave Nicholls, unfortunately at his own expense, has been going to and from Eastbourne ever since his R & R—we're still trying to find out why or how he manages it.

Congratulations to Cpl O'Meara on his recent well earned promotion to Sgt.

Unfortunately he leaves us during the first week in October for the peace and tea stops of Tangerine Coy. We await the arrival of Cpl Terry Buckle (we've been told he's a little bit physical!).

Scul, Kojack, Debs and Lazy found (or was it the RE search adviser with them?) 4 lbs of home made explosives in a car at a snap VCP. It shows, as do the other company finds, that luck and random choosing can be very successful.

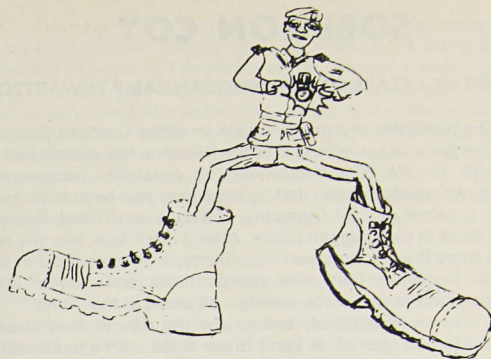
For Wicker (Emu)—black handbags belong to Coffee Pots. The Jiky are not to be searched however strong the strain becomes.

Bleep is not worried about the mortar threat 'cos he's got Fablon on his windows'.

It was rumoured that Martha pressed his kit!? Rozy keeps getting called a Mex, which he says makes a change!!



6 Platoon on Guard. Cpl. Ibbotson to L/Cpl. Coomber: "I know I said relax, but I didn't mean take them out of the sangers!"—(In photo, Cpl. Ibbotson, L/Cpl. Coomber, Ptes Jones 85 and Miller).



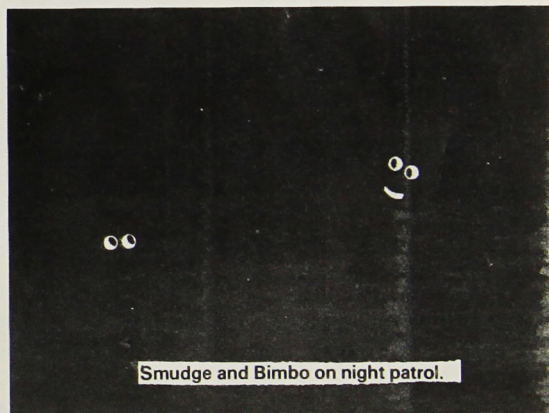
NOBODY HAS TOLD HIM YET, YOU GET A MEDAL ANYWAY!

6 PLATOON

And now a few words from the Honey Monster platoon. We are being kept busy with various activities. Ian Dunning is running the Coy Badminton competition when he can spare the time. The remainder of the time he spends behind locked doors practicing for Nov 17 (or so he claims). We hope to have more information on this in the next and final edition with the help of Super Sleuth Britton (C.D.M.).

On following the saga of Oscar Rice driving a land rover on two wheels (to the tune of two wheels on my wagon), Padlock tried to do one better and succeeded by completing one full somersault in his landrover to the tune of £99.

This edition says goodbye to Cpl MacCormack who goes back to Werl for his APC's Instructors Course. After receiving his pre-course training by Padlock and Oscar Rice.



Smudge and Bimbo on night patrol.

A few overheard conversation's

PI Comd—PI Sgt.

PC "Well Sgt Britton, what are we going to do next week when we lose Mac, Ibbo, Basher, Les and Bimbo?"

PSgt. "Well I don't know about you, but I'm going absent"

One member of 6 Pl to one member of 5 Pl.

6 "You look like 'Noel Harkin'"

5 "What Pl is he in?"

Last remark from the Honey Monster

I wonder if my PI is turning queer, because whilst on patrol all I get is complaints from the rear that they can't open their legs!

(Take note c/s 23)

SOBRAON COY

MORTAR ATTACK ON THE CREGGAN CAMP THWARTED

The possibility of a mortar attack on either Creggan Camp or Fort George was something that the Battalion has always had to live with. On the 20th September this possibility became real enough when information that "a large lorry had been hi-jacked" led to a patrol of "C" Company finding a sand-filled Bedford tipper truck in the Creggan Estate. After a quick look into the rear of the truck it was confirmed that this type of attack had at last arrived. No fewer than nine mortar tubes and bombs were positioned in the rear of the vehicle—all aimed at the Camp.

ATO was immediately tasked and the danger area around the vehicle was cleared. A Land Rover fitted with a loudspeaker toured the estate telling the inhabitants of the danger.

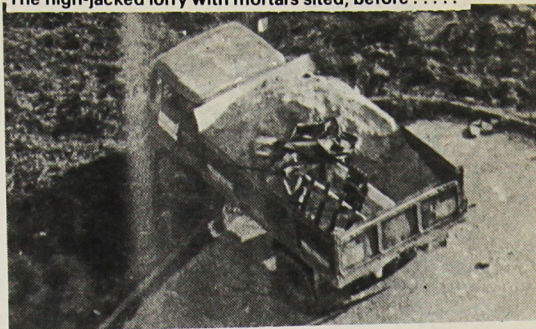
During the neutralising operation ATO fired a total of four controlled explosions, one of which altered the aim of the mortars away from the camp. Due to the close proximity of some of the houses, the actual danger was well indicated when, after one controlled explosion, a complete mortar tube and its bomb flew through a bedroom window and on to a bed.

A total of five bombs and tubes were recovered intact by ATO, the remainder were destroyed. The Bedford truck was then destroyed to prevent it being booby-trapped.

The following morning a routine patrol of "C" Company found yet another complete tube and bomb. ATO was once again summoned and it was destroyed.

The danger of this attempted attack to Creggan Camp itself is obvious, yet many civilian inhabitants were also placed in grave danger. It was fortunate for all concerned that a major disaster was averted.

The high-jacked lorry with mortars sited, before



. and after!



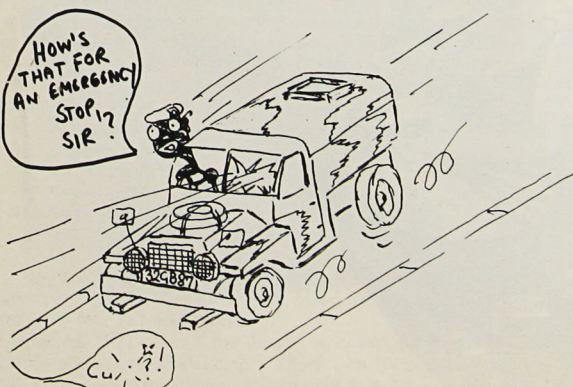
Here we are with the third instalment in the saga of Buster's Bovver Boys. There are two incidents worthy of note this month, both times with Felix involved. In the first, **OLD STINGRAY** was doing his usual bit of snooping in the sheds—somebody said that was why he was so pale, because he never saw the light of day. Even 33 'Enery has been scratching about but with no success. Anyway, there he was in this shed when he found a bit of kit, we won't take away any of his glory here, but let him blow his own trumpet later. Felix visited the scene with Buster's Bovver Boys in the Bustermobiles and promptly put all the kit in Seagull's wagon. Dave Perry ended up standing on a pile of explosives in what you would have thought were ballet shoes, while Musky Callender covered the rear. There was no need for lights on the vehicle, you should have just seen the whites of his eyes. Jumbo Rushbrook drove as he has never driven before—with care—we hardly felt a ripple as the wagon rolled along, that is, except for the odd kerb that he hit and bounced over.

Sgt Maj Jones.

Me



WHEN I JOINED UP. THEY SAID YOU WOULD BE MY FRIEND. WHAT WENT WRONG?



The second time we had Felix out with us was when we just happened to find this big maroon tipper truck carrying what seemed to be sand. The details of the Creggan Camp attempted mortar attack are history, but one act of personal glory must not go unmentioned. Martin Guilfoyle almost had a chance to fire his baton gun. He was seen to load it with glee and run after a crowd of stone-throwers—the result should have been expected; they saw his face and took to their heels, alas his chance was gone and all he got was a verbal battering from a dear old lady who spoke with the normal sweet Creggan tongue.

R & R has really got into full swing now, and both Kestrel and Seagull have returned with smiles on their faces trying to remember how to count up to nine—months that is—and hoping like hell. Brian Hockings has come back with another sort of satisfied smile on his face, and he and Georgina deserve our congratulations on the production of their littl'un—Kerry—at least he can count up to nine. Colin Pitchers has almost got the same smile, but with a bit of sweat across his brow—he keeps telling us that there are only a couple of weeks to go. Buster has nearly gone on R & R and he is getting his satisfied smile from Den Gallagher's wares.

Norman Collins and Dave Makepeace are just managing to keep the wagons together even if they do try to keep the wind-screens together with Fablon. Their latest project is to see if they can develop a paint repellent paint, whilst all the rest of the boys are hoping for a stone repellent paint.

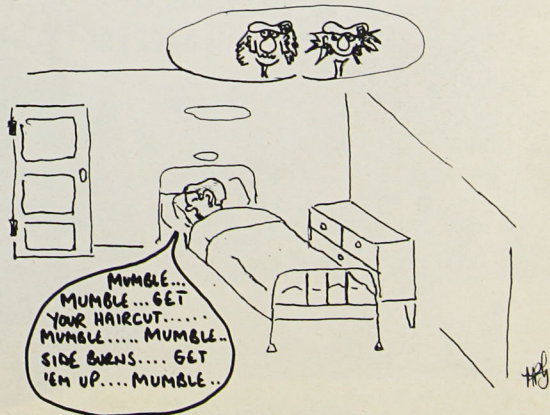
The Company "cook-off" shouldn't really get a mention as he is on the editorial staff, but Paddy is still running the fastest laundry service in the west along with seeing who he can send up next in his own inimitable way.

There is that other little group, shhh . . . you know who, of the dethroned Ugly of the Month. Pete Kears along with Titch, Cam and Womble have been seen around quite a lot lately with an intelligent look on their faces—but it could just be frustration because they're not taking R & R.

Ken Cox is deserting the fold shortly to see if he can learn about tin cans down at Bovington, but he says it is just the start of another AP Carrier Wave. Helmet Hellmuth says he is really going to get grips of the place when he leaves—will this really be his moment of glory?

2 SG will be with us soon, and you can see everybody counting their fingers—but more of that next month . . .

GOOD 'ERE INNIT?



ARE YOU A 'SPACER'?

TRY THIS SMILE TEST AND SEE IF
YOU MAKE THE GRADE!!



Do you do the following:

- Scrub your denims/combat to make them look older?
- Worry that your beret is not shrunk enough?
- Practice scowling in your mirror?
- Go to Angola on your R & R?
- Shave your head to look hard?
- Watch war films and read "Hotspur" and was comics?
- Hang all sorts of stuff on your web belt?
- Wear DMS boots on leave?

Are you:

- Scared of the dark?
- Always fiddling with your rifle?
- Hoping for that train set at Chrstmas?
- Annoyed at whoever took your Smarties?
- Scared to put your laundry in?

Have you:

- Told everyone in your Pub that you're a professional killer?
- Told your dad not to worry as you only get shot at 8 times a

day?

- Given all the little kids your extra "Hard Look" today?
- Not bought a Mars Bar for over a week in an effort to improve your image?
- Sent pictures to girls of your 6 ft. 2 in. mate—and said they were you?
- Practised your "Old Soldier Swagger" today?
- Told your mum that it's all "Muck and Bullets" out here?
- Secretly bought a penknife to rip your combat jacket/flak jacket so that it looks "warry"?

Scoring:

- If you answered them all "Yes"—see bottom of page.
- If you answered them all "No"—see bottom of page.

Definition of a Spacer:

- Bluffer, waster, soldier of loud mouth and no skill.

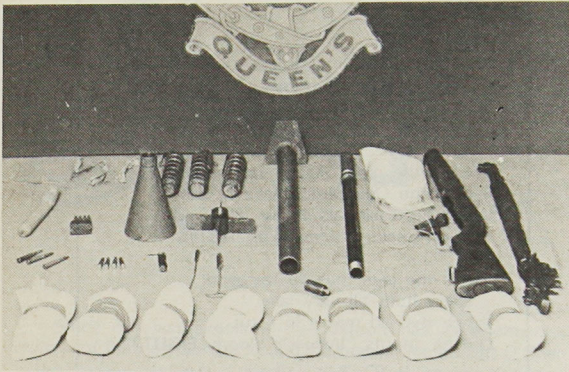
Result:

- If you have attempted this quiz you are then entitled to be called "SPACER"!!

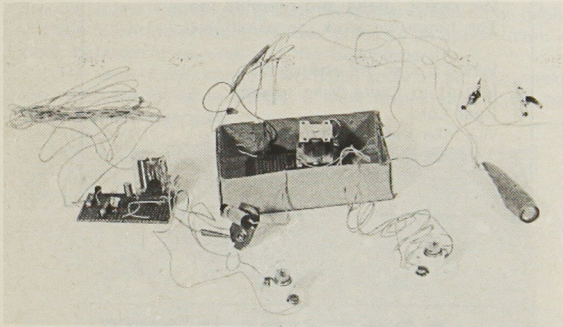


7 Platoon

Here at base headquarters of Buster & Swan's, our Sales Team continues to make great progress; only last week our export drive in plastic bullets to the Creggan received a great boost. Our main objective in life is to outsell our neighbouring Rosemount-based "Shamgear" Company. At the present time only Sales Team No. 9 shows anything like competition. Even then, however, on 14th September, their last Director, Pong Highly sorry, I'll read that again—John Riley, exclaimed in his hand-over speech: "I said if you ever beat our sales record, I'd eat my hat." However, frenchfried beret proved to be a poor consumer item. No Riley, really we don't mind you, even if you are Irish.



Samples of our goods.



The Platoon has a knack of producing bionics (takes one to know one); greets like "Supernac," "Akkie" (toothy wonder) and "Sleeves" being just a few. The latest in our line is Walker 63, whose iron-hard eyes pierce through the toughest of skins. CSM beware—we mean business!

The Einselveger stainless steel baton round (aggravation department) amazingly has been won again, this time it is awarded to a nameless individual who when produced at riotous scenes, qualms the most vocal or dissatisfied customers with a mere flick of his wrist—or to be more accurate a waft of his arm—exposing an armpit which could have been developed at Portadown. Unfortunately he has spoilt it all by have a shower and as a result many a defenceless shower rail has withered away.

Heard in the Ops Rom: "Hello T31, this is T33; can Wagtail sniff in the dark, over?"

"T31, fetch SENSIBLE Officer, out."

Jock hail will reward anyone who gives him the name of the person who wrote, under his name, to a girl in England describing him as 6 feet tall and blond.

He will NOT reward the person who slipped a pair of frilly panties and a note exclaiming: "Thank you for last night, Lynn XX" into his suitcase before he went on R & R.

His wife unpacked.



THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD FOR UNDER \$3500 IS A HUMBER



One of our sporty coupes.



Photo received too late for inclusion in 'nasty of the month competition.' The Creggan's nominee for President of the devolved Scottish Parliament.



The one who doesn't press his denims is Pte. 'Dixie' Dean. The one who does is L/Cpl. Wilmot. Moral of the story

BE OFF WITH YOU ! BE THANKFUL
THAT WE OF 7 PLATOON HAVE CHOSEN



FACT: The Company Fund is in debt thanks to 31.

And a word to our sponsors take heed . . . and dump him elsewhere.

Many thanks to Sales Members for their great work: "Hendrix" Beedles; Ghengis Khan; Johnny Stokes; Clarence; "Kaiser Bill"; Jimmy Leefmans; "Eeh Bah Gum" Archie; "Gnome" Maund; "Petal"; "Showers" Young; "Gypsy"; Frank; Newport; "Sleeves"; Tich; Ham Sandwich; Akkie; p-p-p-p-Parsons; "Dixie"; "Bionic"; Ken Ansell; Supermac; George; Lobby Dave Bullard and "Flasher" Colema.

We leave our homes once a year
For this Province we love so dear;
In the streets they give us vice
Then we're told to be very nice.

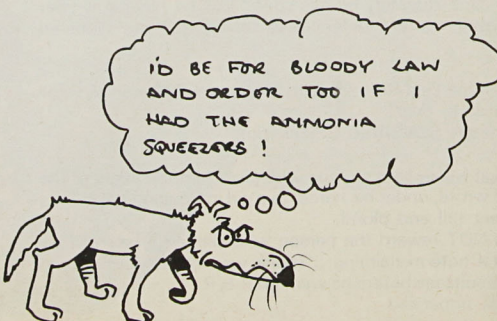
We are the men of Company "C"
Whom the Cregganites love to see;
We're professionals in our job,
All for the sake of a few extra bob.

We're the lads that do the work
Every hour till very late,
When the old man's in a rut
Out he shouts "Where's bloody EIGHT?"

We rise early to start our day
Just to watch the paddies play.
We sweat, moan and grumble too -
The hours we work, so would you.

When it's at the end of day
It's off to Padre Mike to pray:
Dear Lord
We take their insults with a grin,
Keep us pure and free from sin.

GOOD 'ERE INNIT?





Before

8 PLATOON

Since our last exposure the Platoon has experienced a change of Platoon Sergeant, and we now welcome Sgt O'Shea to the Platoon having said goodbye to Sgt Basham who has gone to become a Secret Squirrel. We now have our own Irishman to baffle the "paddies"! Our new star of tape, video and radio, Cpl Broome, is fast returning to ground level (it is rumoured he might soon be talking to ordinary mortals, provided an appointment is made between manicures and the Gollybarber!!)

The saga of the orange (FNU SNU) sadly ended two weeks ago when the bins in Sangar 2 were inspected and the offending speck removed.



MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH IN HAIR REPLACEMENT!

Now, with our special cosmetic medical implant technique, you can have a full head of hair in just a few hours. It's performed by qualified medical doctors. It is not a hair transplant, hair-weave or toupee. It is a method by which hair is surgically attached to your scalp. You'll look younger and even feel younger! You can swim, participate in sports, and even make love without fear of embarrassment.



After



STITCH of the month (Pte. Fisher has received no less than 14 stitches by way of repair from his neck upwards as a result of two separate incidents carried out by our 'friendly' neighbours.

9 PLATOON

The door to the block was slightly ajar as indeed it had been for several weeks, in fact, ever since a size 12 DMS boot had rendered the lock totally inoperable. From within came the babbling voices of a section busily engaged in discussing the far-reaching implication of an Irishman who had taken the dope test . . . and passed.

The interior of the room resembled a nuclear battlefield though none of its inmates appeared to be duly perturbed by the state of affairs. A battered radio blared out distorted music; it was quite obvious even to the most untrained ear that the radio was off-station but even so, the task of retuning evidently required too great an expenditure of effort and energy for such a small return as a smoother sound. A body sat huddled in an armchair, a semi-smoked "rolly" hanging from a pair of quivering lips, staring eyes implying a vacant mind, undoubtedly signifying post R & R withdrawal symptoms.

Rifles stood at crazy angles in the rack, the orange fungus not content with occupying the flash eliminator, had seen fit to descend and begin an all-out attack on the gas plug and regulator.

Flak jackets and webbing tossed to the ground in a moment of exhaustion remained untouched in untidy piles; their owners oblivious to the lack of activity in the room, lay in the prone unsupported position, mouths agape and issuing forth guttural,

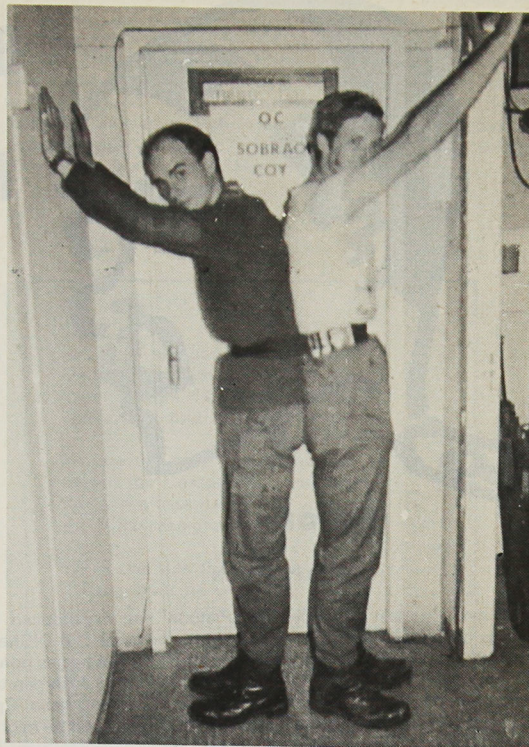
rasping snores; the only sign of life the occasional retraction of a limb and its replacement in a more comfortable position.

Contrary to popular belief the "Lethargy League" has not petered out due to lack of interest.

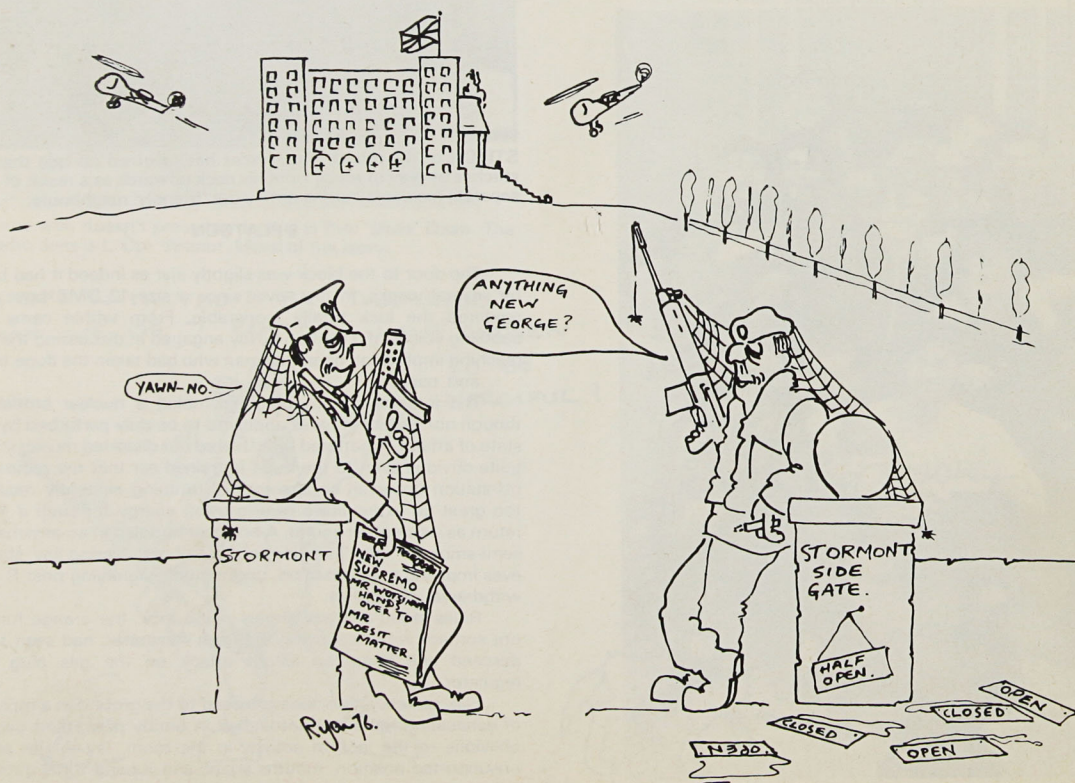
We gather from our sources that C/S 32 has undergone several hair-raising experiences under the leadership of the "Kamakaze Kid."



The first recorded picture of L/Cpl. Boxell, 9 Platoon.



Who's going to get 'belted' when C/S 39 sees this then? (Not Riley, he's had the sense to 'ave it off').





PMC designate take note

Five nine's flying circus in search of the holy victor

Roddy was sitting in the Castle George reviewing the papers when a message came from the Great White Chief, Sunray 9, saying to Roddy: "Go forth unto the Enclave and find for me the Holy Victor."

So Roddy gathered around him his good knights of the Egg Banjo, these being Sir Vogel of Finsbury Park, Sir 55 of Ashford, Sir Gerry of East Grinstead, Sir Grandad of Leicester, and Sir 83 of Cleveland. Each knight carried his favourite weapon; Lord Roddy with his two-handed squash racquet, Sir Vogel with his cricket bat, 55 holding his discharge papers, Sir Gerry with his Red Cross on a white background, Sir Grandad with his 105mm sneeze and 83 with his bucket of oily water. And so our intrepid adventurers set out on their quest.

They went first to Victor 3, which at that time was ruled by the Arch Duke Eric of Muff. They laid siege to this outpost of depraved living, but Eric of Muff had gathered about him his knights (he is always on nights) and had prepared his weapons, namely boiling coffee and cold toast. Eric defended the outpost with all the treachery he knew but finally succumbed when they were faced with Sir 55's discharge papers.

Eric of Muff was banished to the Enclave to wander endlessly with Lord Nick of Nowhere and his serfs and peasants.

However, during the siege Sir 83 was caught in a rain storm and perished. Lord Roddy and his knights of the Egg Banjo then made their way to Victor 2 which was ruled by Lord Chalky of Salvage. The knights attacked but were driven back by Lord Dilly of Bond's Hot Tips, and Sir Vogel was bowled out by Sir Thompson of Brixton, and so the knights were forced to run away.

Sir 55 then had a brilliant idea — let us arrange for a horse and cart to vanish in the local hamlet; Lord Chalky is bound to go and llllook (sic) for it. Then we can capture him. Their plan was carried out but it cost the knights the life of Sir Gerry, who suffered a blast of the stutters.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH—Will the knights capture Victor 2? Will they overcome the men of Feathers, ruled by the Earl of Martin

Will they succeed in finding the Holy Victor and complete their quest? Find out in next month's **MAYFAIR**.

Exchange Mart (Fort George Edition) — Car Mart

Land Rover VGC—REME Inspection welcomed, Northern Ireland customised. Extras include twin fitted radios, 4 new tyres, spot light, rear sun roof, towing bar, rally light and map board. Low mileage and unusual registration number. Apply: Ext 47, and ask for Rod. Will accept straight swap for V8 Bedford 4-ton.

Rooms to Let—To Let, 1 well-established Ops Room, within walking distance of local shop, easy sniping range of PDA, situated on bottom end of mortar range, hence low rental. Well sited if radio ham; 6 telephones installed, personal servants on call. Will Let on 4-month basis preferably to tall Scotsmen. "No marrieds." Apply: Ext (Need to know basis only) and ask for, sssh . . . you know who.

Good Home Wanted for Ex-Diehard W04—Clean, undamaged, highly polished, well groomed. Goes well for age; bodywork good, some parts require attention. Finds females in uniform attractive. Answers to the name of Vogel. Apply: Finsbury Park Police Station.

Collectors' Corner—Young man requires Motorcycle magazine. Is willing to exchange for rare mint condition Part 1 Orders. Apply: Flopper.

Birthdays—The Circus would like to congratulate Big Jim Ferry on being born. We think!!

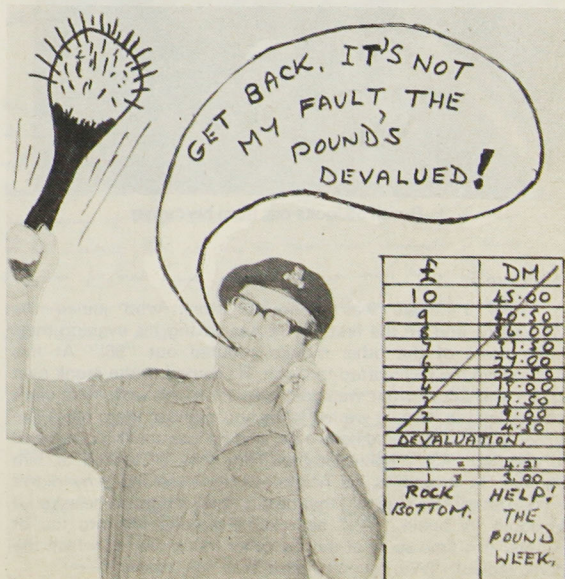
News and Views from the Circus—We would like to say that we have been somewhere different, but no, we are still going to the famous Victors, and much to our amazement they haven't moved!!

And now a message from our sponsor; he would like to thank Big E and the Motors but he cannot think of anything to thank him for. If you have any queries about the victors, just ring 47 and ask for Round House Joe.

Question and Answer Section:

(a) Is it not true that QM Bernie was doing a rain dance? He was jumping up and down because someone was parked on his yellow line.

(b) Is it true that Eric Brown is walking round on stilts wearing a padded flak? No, he lent them to Lcpl Coley.



HQ Platoon

Our leader, Maj 'Circus Leader' Mellotte still goes on his momentous journeys around the two hard working Victors assisted by CSM 'Vogel' Dickens. He reckons that the lads are getting away with murder as regard to hair-cuts, thanks to the frequently absent barber.

The CQMS, 'Kiwi' Lea, will have had his R & R by the time this is published; he clearly did not want us to forget him as is witnessed by little Kiwis all over the place.

The R Gp continues on its travels supplementing "absentees" through the following:— Cpl Twells, who is trying to collect his signed out denims by force; Lcpl ("I can touch type") Small, who is currently planning and dreaming of his holiday trip to the West Indies and working on Rear Party (if he is not just dreaming); Pte "Flopper" Flippence who seems to be carried away with the Victor requirements and Pte 'Resident Runner' Robertshaw who seems to be counting the days he has to do on the 'Runner Service' by drinking beers. (Beers to do?) (And casual payments to go?).

55 is still not clear what his intentions are but one wonders whether his recent catastrophe created in his pay by Part 2 Orders may be influencing him. On the same note Cpl 'Old Man' Millis currently reckons the grass is greener on the other side through the channels of REDUNDANCY!!

Smith 83 has been mumbling about his 'much travelled' R & R. Is marriage in the picture we wonder?

At last our 'Infantry' Bandsman "Frank" Poore is getting down to placing a red cross on a white background much to the CSM's delight and we hope that Peckham did not prove too fast for Cpl 'Slippers' Holloway whilst he was on his R & R.

Our photo rep Pte 'Mandingo' Raphael is constantly explaining to CSM 'Vogel' Dickens that he possesses 'the wrong nail for the wrong wood.'

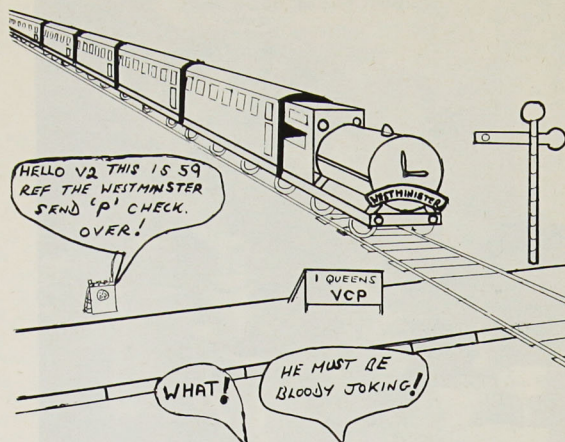
Well, at long last everyone can truly say "I am going home next month" and now almost every room sports a chuff chart. The poets in the company are already trying to compose variations on the old theme around 'Stag on Scots Guards'. After all we want to be original when the time comes. (Ed's comment: for the fourth time round is it all that original?)



Smith 55 looks out from his corner.

55's Corner:

Joke 1—There was a novice Monk who joined the Monastery, and on the first day he sat having his evening meal when some of the other monks shouted out "56!" At this everyone in the hall started to laugh. He turned to the monk next to him and asked what was going on. The monk said: "We can't talk for long in here so we tell jokes and number them off." The novice asked if he could have a go, and he was told he could and so shouted "43!". None laughed, but they all looked at him blankly. He turned to his neighbour again asking why didn't anyone laugh? He was told that he didn't tell it right so he asked if he could try again. "72!" he cried. Everyone fell into fits of laughter this time so he asked the other monk why to which the monk replied: "We haven't heard that one before."



Joke 2—There was a man on holiday on the moors and his car broke down. While he was looking under the bonnet he heard a voice asking: "Got trouble mate?" He looks up but all he saw was a horse, which spoke again and said: "Don't you know me? I won the Grand National!" At this the man started to back away and the horse followed him, saying: "Well, did you know I won the Grand National?" The man then ran full pelt to a nearby house and banged on the door, which was opened by an old farmer. He could see the man was terrified and asked what the matter was. The man said he was being chased by a talking horse. "Ha ha!" laughed the farmer. "Don't worry about him. What's he been saying to you?" "He told me he won the Grand National," said the man. "The bloody liar," said the farmer, "he came third."

The Worst two Jokes of the Tour so far:

Joke 3—There were two old Brigadiers sitting in the club. One was reading the paper and said: "Do you remember Carruthers?" The other answered "yes." "Well," said the other, "they have found him in the jungle living with a gorilla." "Really, male or female?" cried the other Brigadier. "Female, of course," said the first Brigadier, "nothing queer about old Carruthers."



GOOD 'ERE INNIT?

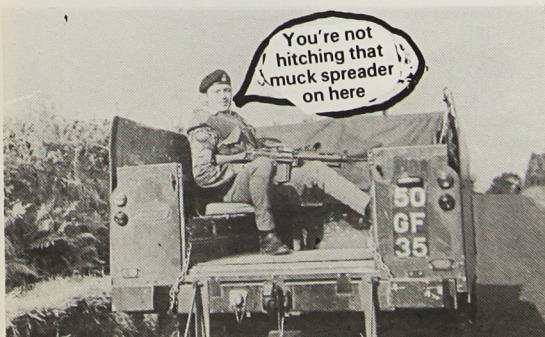
CARTER'S CAVALRY

The exciting news of the month is that all the barley is now harvested and it looks like being a very good year with yields when dried up to two tons an acre. The potato crop should be good too. The first fields are now being lifted, some by the most up to date and expensive machines. In the south of the area farmers are experimenting with a 30 instead of a 26 inch drill. Results have been encouraging, with an average of 48 tubers per plant, producing a yield of 30-35 tons per acre compared to around 10 tons in the north. What does this have to do with the Recce Platoon? It is part of our daily life. Every soldier is becoming an expert in some aspect of farming and the countryside. Daily contact with the farmers in the Enclave soon



exhausted comments on the weather so they have been teaching us some of their skills. However, the rumour that Sgt Clay's section spent their long foot patrol employed as casual labourers at a well known Ballyarnet Farm is blatantly untrue.

Cpl Dale has, from the beginning, been in his element here. (He is a skilled combine—harvester driver) However, he recently suffered a set-back when he fell off the back of a land-rover (during a secret operational task). Unfortunately he has damaged his cartilages and he has just had an operation in Musgrave. We wish him a speedy recovery.



Congratulations to Cpl Woodward and his wife on the birth of their baby daughter. LCpl Hagarty was very disappointed, he had bet DM 50 that it would be a boy. However, he still insists he was only one out.

We welcome another new arrival, not quite so pretty, Air Tpr Miller, the replacement for "Rooster" Martin who is now with the Bird Men of the Maze. LCpl Friend is now back with us, sporting a most impressive scar. As enterprising as ever, he has lost no time getting back to business. (Who sold the Golly a dozen (hard-boiled) eggs for 20p?)

Cpl Wakeman is still saving hard for a new wrist watch. It must be the same as the Platoon Commander's which is more accurate than Big Ben (and almost as large).

We have had our share of illness recently. Sgt Leach's driver, Pte (we will go firm on that) Haines has been afflicted with a disease called lead right foot and Pte (well, I'm back) Phillips has had to go sick since he became friendly with an IWS and its illumination attachment.

As the end of the tour comes nearer, a fact most recently emphasised by the visit of the Scots Guards Recce Party, we have been looking to the future, and in particular, next year's activities. There will be quite a few changes within the platoon and we shall be losing a number of old hands. It is hoped that third section is being formed and a cadre will be run to initiate the new arrivals to the Recce Skills. Undoubtedly, with the Platoon Commander and Lcpl Smith as Skiing Instructors, we shall get our share of **SHOW QUEEN** allocations. There are plans for a fortnight's training in France in June and hopefully we will be given a period of Border Patrolling in July.

1978 is the last year for 1 Queens Recce Platoon. We shall be disbanded by Christmas to make way for an armoured troop from the RAC. It will be interesting to see how the new system works.

Quote of the month:

Sgt Leach on the radio! "62, I'll come and see you because I don't want to waffle on the air."

The attached letter was received in Support Company. It was very much appreciated and perhaps brings some of the family problems, all too easily forgotten, into perspective.

Dear Major Melleto,

Thank you so much for your letter. It's nice to know we are not forgotten. I think the highlight of most the wives' day is collecting their mail and for me it certainly is, it's so easy for depression to set in here and although Rear Party think we take them for granted I think they are doing a jolly good job even with the many means and means they have to put up with.

Whilst my husband has been in your "custody" our home has never been tidier! But it can be a very long day, although it has given me the opportunity to carry on with my writing (I am writing a novel and have been for some time now) the silence at times drives me up the wall. I listen religiously to the daily news hoping of course that no news is good news, and if there is an incident it's not one of "our" men involved. I think I speak for most wives when I say we worry for you all and not only our respective husbands. It will be a great relief when November comes.

As for the video a good half of us didn't know anything about it but we do read "Banganza" although the pin-up at the back was sought out by my 6 year old son who asked (after 5 minutes staring) "is she there mummy?" My reply? "I hope not Gary, I hope not!"

Thank you again for your letter.

MORTAR PLATOON

It has been quite a rush to produce these notes in time for publication while we all remain in our present jobs. Rumour has it that '55' is calling for an emergency meeting of his cabinet for a reshuffle after Big J's recent one. We are thinking of bugging the Coy Office to find out what goes on at Lcpl Bob Small's 'O' Gps Pte 'Shaky' Sekharan is the hit man for the syndicate so we are led to believe.

After the thousands of cars we have had coming through the checkpoints, we finally had some success when we stopped a stolen car and had the occupants arrested. But then the occasional "Grot Book" is classed as a find by Lcpl Mick O'Rawe! The troops would like to welcome back Cpl Dave ("I've always got an answer") Lovell from his R & R because in his absence they have had to contend with Big E's cooking.

Pte ("Cherryboy") Mortimer has got to be given a new name since he returned from R & R bragging, although, it must be remembered, he still has to prove it. Lcpl Fred ("Is this the bus for Bangor") Eyre has demanded a photo as proof. Pte Ian ("Civvy Attached") Mulford would like to dispel rumours that it was he that sent the barber back to his place of origin, Birmingham. Lcpl Ray Harding was heard to say that 'Rocky' was going to start work at Victor 2 in the near future—he's been building up to it for long enough.

Now that 59 has stopped numerous radio checks before visiting Victors, we have had to build a new sanger at V3 so that we've got some sort of early warning system. However, he has threatened to plant some evergreens in front of the sanger to prevent his approach being seen.

Lcpl 'Inky' Stevens has taken up being the platoon barber, much to Mulford's disgust. Its never been known in the Mortar Platoon to have so many blokes queueing for haircuts. Perhaps its because Inky isn't charging until he becomes more proficient. Pte Johny Lumb is securing contracts with the locals for RE tasks as they are all showing a keen interest in their project. We hear that he is doing quite well on the commission basis.

Cpl 'Rip' Poulton had his glasses whipped off his face while doing chopper patrols! ("Chopper patrols"—thats a new one), he was seen looking into what he thought was a one way window saying, "I think I look even better without glasses". Little did he know that it wasn't one way and it was Lcpl "Jaws" O'Rawe combing his hair yet again. Since Jaws has joined us at Victor 3, we now have a mirror inside the console.

'Noshers' Brown is taking severe beatings on the Victors as build him up for the boxing. Watch out Leroy and B. Company.

The platoon would like to thank Sgt Norman Green (ACC) for his well appreciated efforts on our behalf in the kitchen. We hope that his relief can keep up to his standard. Cheers Norman.

Finally a classic from Jaws:—

A car pulled into the Victor with a bunch of flowers on the back seat with white ribbons round them.

Jaws:— "Nice flowers, wife's going to be alright to-night then!"

Driver:— "Not really, I'm on my way to the cemetery."

Saying of the month: I had thought of that!

10PLATOON

Well, the tour moves inexorably on with the unerring plod of these Irish days—eight days VCPs; four days of anything anyone else wants; eight nights VCPs; four days of more things anyone else wants; eight days VCPs; etc etc. However, despite the usual routine existence there are compensations, not least of which involves just watching the Irish taking things in their stride—i.e.

First comment of a wife at Victor Two after seeing her husband writing on the ground after having stepped on a caltrop spike, which was still firmly embedded in his foot— "God, it's made a hole in your shoe—I'll have to buy another pair now!"

And whilst on the subject of caltrops: the consternation of the Irishman at Victor Three who had the rear wheel of his car damaged by a caltrop spike: he successfully removed the offending wheel but never accounted for the suspension play which made the axle without the wheel drop slightly nearer the ground. His efforts to fit a new wheel were unsuccessful for a—

good five minutes, after which he shouted, "The ruddy wheel is too big," only to be fed a piece of advice from a passenger "You must have the wheel upside down!"

There's also the UDR stalwart who assured us quite adamantly that "the UDR is a totally non-sectarian Protestant force!"

Enough of this—we must also send our best wishes for his Mortar Course to Spider—Clark says "I love you. All is forgiven!" We hope Spider satisfies his burning ambition. There's also an early goodbye to Petal Prudhoe who sidestepped into Civvy Street and was last seen muttering "AUI 4678, 2393 UI, Format Error, Stop 3, bloody ridiculous!"



Anti-Tank PL after their daily run: 20 times around the camp!

ANTI-TANK PLATOON

Noshers' groaning, Lefty's moaning
Of things that are sadly lacking;
Quiet now boys! I heard a noise,
I think its **NEVILLE** finally cracking!

NEUTRON, **MAC** with feet a dragging,
Slowly plod to sanger three;
Listen to the mugger nagging,
BUZZ forgot to stir his tea!

LEGS and **DUTCH** want to get thinner
FEATHERS wants a proxy bomb.
MICK GEDDES shuffles off to dinner,
Where does he get his energy from?

In the corner **JOCK** is scheming,
JED is happy, feeling fine;
Dreams of room jobs, barracks gleaming,
If **Jock** gets hit, I'm next in line!

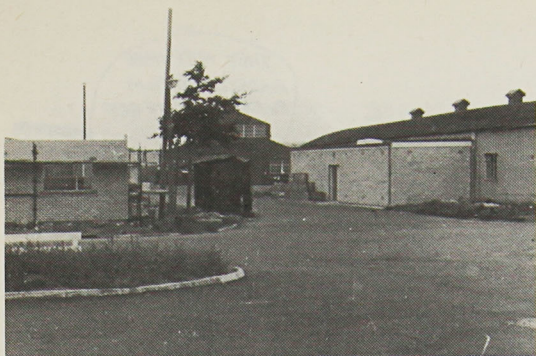
PUNCHY dreams he is a flyer,
Rotors going round and round;
Thinks of going even higher,
BACCY wants to shoot him down.

BOOTS and **GINGER** always wary,
Looking out for pretty birds;
FISH has got a dictionary
Searching for some longer words.

SCOTTY, **ELVIS**, **ARCHIE**, **JOHN**
Quietly daubing "GUARDS—STAG ON!"
MAC is quiet, not scared of combat
Life's not real without a wombat!

Now I've finished notes **BRAGANZA**
Feeling better now its, done;
Wit and verse in every, stanza
And I've mentioned **EVERYONE**!

OCAT



JUGGERNAUT

So far it had been a typical Fort George day. OC Drums Platoon was asleep in an armchair in the Officers Mess. Acorn was engaged in earnest conversation with OC Holland Company concerning the latest under-cover report of an attempt by the opposition to high-jack aircraft leaving Aldergrove and land them in the Creggan. Molar was checking the Ration Store and Goldfinger was selecting pin ups. To cap it all the sun was slowly setting over the Costa-del-Foyle casting a golden glow over a scene of remarkable tranquillity.

Suddenly the silence was shattered. Radios started to crackle. All telephone extensions rang simultaneously. A word passed round the Fort like wildfire—**JUGGERNAUT** OC Support Company, picked up the codeword as he was reading his favourite tome". How to succeed socially by mixing the best cocktails in town." His normally relaxed features tensed with concern. Company Kestrels feverishly scanned their code books hoping to pick up a reference. Carter's Cavalry dispersed to the Enclave just in case, pausing only for their Commander to pick up his seventeen pieces of unauthorised external trappings. Helicopters hovered and the word spread until it became a pounding beat, **JUGGERNAUT, JUGGERNAUT** . . .

Grasping the initiative and his steel helmet, Molar raced to one of the telephones. At the other end of the line the Adjutant, obviously thrown off his balance momentarily, could only whisper those dramatic words "**JUGGERNAUT**, for God's sake man, get moving!" Pausing only to wipe clean his bi-focals which had become steamed up under the pressure, realising that this was a moment for dynamic leadership, Molar called a conference of Colour Sergeants. Meantime the beat continued. **JUGGERNAUT, JUGGERNAUT**. . .

Engaged as he was with washing up the Officers Mess dirty dishes, whilst casting an occasional eye at the latest edition of his favourite comic "Buster" which was placed within convenient reading distance, Cpl Broome heard the cry **JUGGERNAUT**, paled visibly and dropped the washing up cloth as though it were searing him, rushed to the armoury, collected his SLR and took up guard at the locked door of the Officers Mess stockroom with



a very determined look on his normally amiable face.

His action, that of a high grade I Corporal that he undoubtedly was, threw his superiors into disarray. After all it was the only positive piece of initiative to be displayed since the magic word had first spread . . . **JUGGERNAUT!** Two Field Officers, one Captain, a Second Lieutenant and a Sniffer Dog appeared before Cpl Broome, determined to drag out of him the significance of this mysterious codeword. Their appearance only served to enhance his determination—"They shall not pass!" and his grip tightened on his SLR.

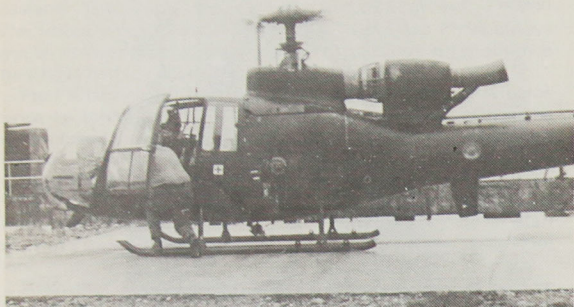


Meantime Acord picked up the handset of yet another incessantly ringing telephone. It was Sunray Minor at the other end. "Have you received the instruction **JUGGERNAUT** from the Adjutant yet? If nothing's been done I must warn you that I shall add my not insignificant weight to the Adjutant's authority. I expect action now!" Acord attempted to tear out his hair, which proved more difficult than he had first imagined. He gazed feverishly around for a means of expressing his hysteria. His eyes lit upon a neatly stacked pile of contact prints. He attacked them from his open window to catch the passing breeze. "That should fix **BRAGANZA** Editor" He muttered, then skipped off towards the sunset shrieking **JUGGERNAUT** at the top of his voice . . .

Meanwhile back at the Officers Mess the Field Officers had been studying their Staff College Manuals and had come up with the solution. Pte Jordan another, of the Officers Mess Staff, had been separated with difficulty from his sixteen clacky bars and ten cans of Coca Cola and despatched to over power Cpl Broome and force open the stock room door to divulge what dread secret lay behind it. Determined and resolute as Cpl Broome was, faced with the menace of Pte Jordan re-armed with his clacky bars and Coca Cola cans, he did what any intelligent minded citizen would do and gave up without a struggle . . . for the moment.

The door having been broken open, the Senior Officer Fort George (SOFG) pushed Molar on one side. After all, this could make the essential difference between a Mention in Despatches and a Field General Court martial. At first glance it was not immediately apparent what the cause of the crisis was. Rows upon rows of empty brewery gas cylinders concealed crates of empty mineral bottles. Then SOFG's glance fell upon four round, slim metal cans. Cpl Broome, summoning his last ounce of reserve energy, made one last attempt to save the day. SOFG knew instantly that here rested the cause of the furor. Simultaneously a helicopter pilot appeared announcing his express arrival from the Creggan as a direct result of **JUGGERNAUT**.

Jordan was given his instructions in words of not more than one syllable and repeated three times over. He was to fight off all comers and deliver the cans to the Helicopter pilot at the heli-pad once the pilot was safely strapped in. Jordan left the Mess with the precious cans tucked under his arm. By a miracle assisted by a sip of his favourite Guinness left over from a Mess Curry Lunch, Cpl Broome made one last attempt to save the day and his honour. He threw himself upon Pte Jordan who brushed him off contemptuously as he would a fly and trudged towards the helicopter rather like Frankenstein stalking his next victim.



The throb of the helicopter as it lifted off from Fort George indicated the end of the affair, almost . . . Cpl Broome was sitting on his bed in his room, sobbing as though his heart would break and attempting to write his application for discharge on a rather damp piece of paper. Between sobs and hiccups he explained disjointedly to a sympathetic PMC, "Three nights in a row the Creggan Officers have had a film. When the SKC film JUGGERNAUT turned up I wanted my Officers to see it first."

With such stuff as this did Great Britain its Empire build.



NASTY

OF THE MONTH
GRAND
COMPETITION



SPECIAL PRIZE



"REALLY HORRIBLE"
PRIZE



'GRUESOME'
PRIZE



2 ND



3 RD



'YUK' PRIZE



4 TH

5 TH

6 TH

7 TH

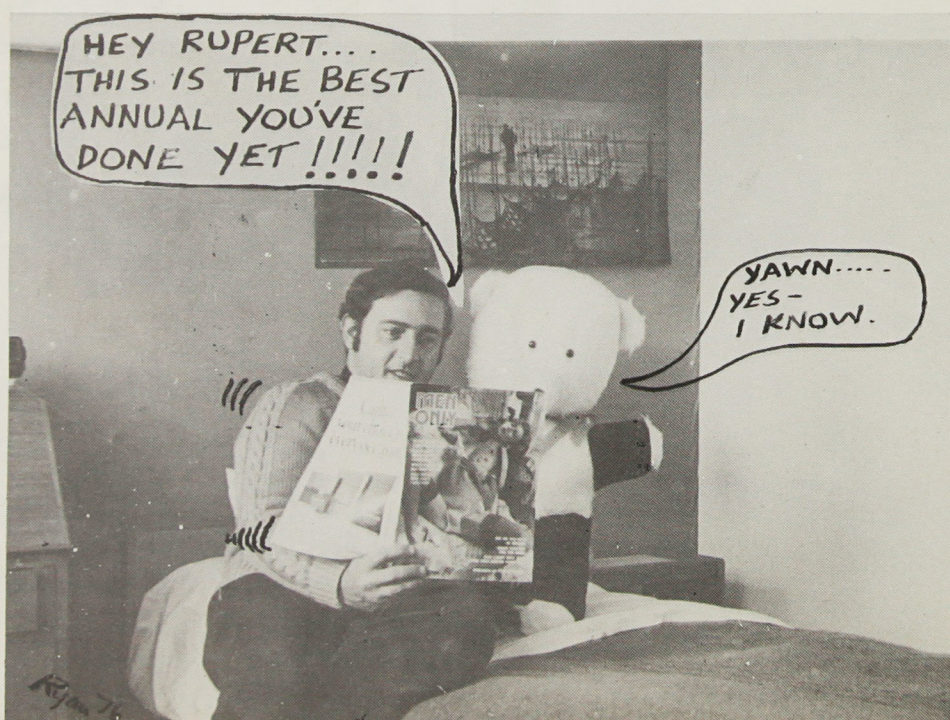
WHY NOT TRY YOUR LUCK -
IF YOU'RE REALLY UGLY - ENTER NOW!



26 TH



THE NEXT TO LAST WORD . . .





With continuing acknowledgement to Cpl Nilsson and covered out of deference to our objectors.

