



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

ISSUE 4

NOVEMBER 1976

LONDONDERRY

FINAL EDITION!



Introduction to the final edition

By THE COMMANDING OFFICER LT COL J. G. W. DAVIDSON



IF all has gone according to plan this, the Final Edition of **BRAGANZA** for 1976, will be with you in time to provide light reading on the journey back to Werl. Hopefully it will offset the sadness at leaving Londonderry and the discomfort of the Hercules. I hope you enjoy it.

I said at the beginning of the First Edition that **BRAGANZA** was not intended to be a catalogue of events; rather it was to portray the lighter side of life. Without the laughs it would have been very difficult to maintain the high state of morale that has been a major feature of the tour. **BRAGANZA** has portrayed very successfully the spirit of, and fun in, the Battalion. For this we owe a great deal to the Editor, Captain Alan Martin; neither 25 years of married life nor four tours in Ireland have dulled his sense of humour. I deliberately did not insist upon having, nor did I want, editorial control. To have done so might have inhibited freedom of speech and art. I have personally enjoyed the cartoons aimed at me; and I hope you have too. If we cannot laugh at ourselves then we are the poorer for it. So our thanks go to the Paymaster and to all those who submitted copy, without which the Editor's task would have been well nigh impossible.

Of course our Editor did much more than piece together contributions. He wrote, he typed and he had ideas. At one of my regular Saturday morning conferences, I reminded those present that many of them were overdue with their Senior Ranks Confidential Reports, and I added that OC Sobraon had taken his back to Werl to write on R & R. There were some who thought he might have had better things to do on R & R! Then I noticed a gleam in the Paymaster's eye. It wasn't just self-satisfaction that he had completed his reports; an idea for a cartoon had jelled!

To turn now to the Tour. How have we done? I am well aware from my discussions around and about that many of you felt frustrated and thought that we were making no progress. What have we achieved in seven years of involvement in Northern Ireland is a question many of you asked. It is an understandable, but loaded, political question which I will not attempt to answer fully. We are in Ulster to support the R.U.C.; and they, like us, are the servants of the Government. We have acted in accordance with Government Policy and within the law; and

let no one be in any doubt that, within these parameters, we have been very successful. To those who would favour a more aggressive approach let me remind you that the vast majority of people in the Province want to lead a quiet and peaceful life; any escalation of aggression would inevitably be to the detriment of those decent folk.

I said above that we have had a very successful tour. But how do we measure success? I shall repeat what I said throughout the tour to soldiers collectively and individually. We have had a number of good finds of weapons, explosives and associated bomb-making equipment (details are published on another page). And it has been particularly pleasing that almost all these finds have been as a direct result of our soldiers' alertness, inquisitiveness and professionalism, as opposed to being handed to us on a plate following "information received". However, nice though these finds are for Company and Platoon morale, they are of much less importance than our exceptional success in helping to put terrorists behind bars. Up to the date of going to press (5th November) we have helped the RUC to put 37 people in prison, either sentenced for, or remanded in custody on, serious criminal charges relating to terrorism. It is, perhaps, particularly satisfying that these include a girl charged with murder of an Officer in the Staffordshire Regiment, whose brother is in 3 QUEENS, and eight men and another girl charged with the attempted murder of, amongst others, WO2 Bromfield, Cpl Richardson, L/Cpl Walker and Pte Pinson. Of course we cannot claim full credit for this; we have only assisted the RUC. However our friends in the RUC freely admit that they have been enormously assisted by the background information, the intelligence and the evidence that we have produced. For this practically every soldier patrolling the streets, chatting up in the VCPs, and working in Int has played a part. Furthermore five of these individuals, who were on the run, were captured following well executed operations. Kevin Quigley, Bernadette Boyle and Helen Pauline McLaughlin were caught by 9, 6 and 5 Platoons respectively, and 'Sa' Gallagher and Paddy O'Carroll were caught in a hijacked van by a foot patrol of 2 Platoon. I am unashamedly proud of the work of the whole Battalion, and I thank you all very much indeed.

I would like to end my introduction to the Final Edition with a few words of thanks to the families. The Editor, in the First Edition, said "without their loyalty and support we would indeed be in dire straits". I could not agree more. I have had very many nice remarks passed to me about the organisation back at Werl which has helped keep up the morale of our wives and children. Our thanks go to the Rear Party and, particularly, to those wives who have given a good deal of their time to help run the many Wives Club activities and events. But it is not only wives and children who come under the heading of "families"; there are Mums and Dads too. I have been most encouraged by the many letters that I, and the Company Commanders, have received from parents. I can do no better than end by quoting some of the words in that wonderful letter from Mr and Mrs Britten which we published in the Second Edition:

"We are both very proud that Keith did his duty as a soldier when under fire and in pain. But I am sure all you boys in Ireland would react the same in similar circumstances.

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

Well done 1 QUEENS."

May I echo these remarks. Well done, and thank you all. Finally let me wish all our readers a very happy Christmas and, for those lucky enough to get it, a thoroughly enjoyable and well-deserved leave.

EDITORIAL

THE letters have been cut out from this Edition. Lots of nice people from outside the Battalion have written to say, inter alia, nice things about **BRAGANZA**. To all who have written in this vein to the Commanding Officer we say "Thank you, your kind remarks have warmed the editorial hearts". A quote in the last edition from a previous "Aunty Ivy" has mistakenly led some people to believe that the series was to be re-introduced. We have tried in this series of **BRAGANZA** to do our thing. I leave it to the next editor to try to re-hash some pungent "Aunty Ivy" letters. The task was too formidable for me.

On to finance. By certain standards **BRAGANZA** has been expensive to produce. By others it has proved remarkably cheap. Each copy works out at 17½p. We could have pared back costs by refusing copy. By and large editorial policy has been to publish most articles, poems, pictures etc submitted. I know there will be one or two disgruntled individuals when the final edition is published. Good though our printers are, they are not miraculous, and it would have taken a photographic miracle to reproduce legibly some of the doctored photographs and cartoons sent in. In this connection I am amazed at the number of contributors who have lain dormant for the first three editions and now feel a compulsion to get in on the last act.

Our thanks to the editorial staff of **FRUSTRATIONS** who gave us so much fun with out sister publication. They have their critics, as we do ourselves. A quick reference to the last paragraph of my first editorial will soon dispose of that subject. As I suspected in the first place, most critics are of the non-contributory type, so must make their own arrangements if they follow my advice.



The phrase "GOOD 'ERE, INNIT?" (with its many variations of spelling) is not copyright because we did not invent it. The phrase "GOOD THERE, WANNIT?" is copyright because we did. Before you write off the Northern Ireland experience completely, recall that moment in time when you were feeling depressed because you hadn't had a letter, or because the wife was ill, or for one of the thousand and one reasons that people get 'monks' on in Northern Ireland, when a mucker touched you on the shoulder and gently said "Ave a fag, mate". What he was really trying to say in his reserved way was "Look 'ere. I know you are feeling a bit down, but I'm 'ere if you need me". Be grateful for those gestures of friendship and remember them in the future if the fag offerer hits a bit of difficulty himself.

The Boss has made some kind remarks about us in his introduction. It is not considered good form to reciprocate, nevertheless, knowing him as I have done for a fair time, I don't think he will take offence if we all say thanks for the way he was always ready to stop for a chat and for the way he was always prepared to protect our interests and welfare when dealing with

THE EXCLUSIVE PICTURE THAT PROVES SPARE PART SURGERY EXISTS !!



the Hupper Hechelons. The guy who wrote the book "Room at the Top" should be persuaded to write a sequel for Commanding Officers in Northern Ireland entitled "It's Hard at the Top".

It is inevitable in this edition that the phrase "Stag on, Scots Guards" appears several times. One cannot, however, but whimsically recall that moment in time when we arrived at Londonderry four months ago with a long stretch ahead of us and wished the Cheshires would belt up on that subject.

I hope you enjoy this, the final edition. It has had to be produced quickly and, perhaps, has suffered as a result. My personal favourite is the third edition. Nevertheless, better this rough and ready copy rather than a sleek sophisticated edition which would not be available until after our return to BAOR.

Some will be puzzled by the recurrent theme "The Phantom Rhasberry Blower of Derry Town". Explanation for those who require it. Our amusements in Northern Ireland are few. One of the simple pleasures for those who could afford the time has been a TV programme "The Two Ronnies" in which appears a hilarious weekly serial "The Phantom Raspberry Blower of London Town". Rather like the Teddy Bears in an earlier edition, we acknowledge the pleasure this programme has afforded us by using it as a repetitive theme in our cartoons and photos for the Final Edition. Perhaps it may give offence to some. I hope not. If it's good enough for Ronnie Corbett and Ronnie Barker, then it should be good enough for us.

So it's goodbye from me and it's goodbye from him.

Lucky Prizewinners — Penultimate Edition

Commanding Officer's Selection

Best written work £10 :

L/Cpl Smith of B Company, for either of his two poems.

Best Cartoon £10 :

2 Lt Ray, 7 Platoon, for his Dog and Ammonia cartoon.

Best photograph :

Pte Bunn, Coyphot Tangerine Company, for picture exploding PIRA grenade.

Collect your winnings from Goldfinger NOW before the pound loses another 50 cents against the dollar.

Prizewinners for the Final Edition will be announced at Werl through the medium of Battalion Part I Orders.

QUOTE OF THE TOUR

BRAGANZA Editor to CSM Tangier Company :

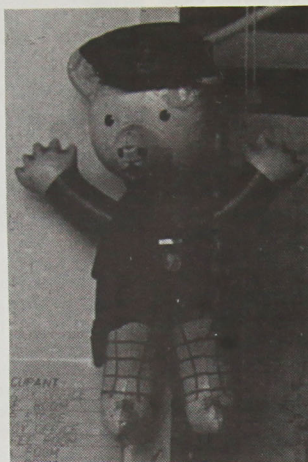
"What about a humorous article for next month's **BRAGANZA** then?" CSM Tangier Company (indicating Monty FF Ward approaching at a fast gallop).

"I'll leave 'im wiv yer, sir!"

BRAGANZA CREDITS



PROPHET . . .
 . . . for delegation of
 Editorship.



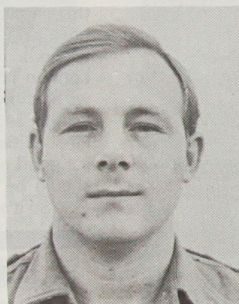
RUPERT . . .
 . . . for undergoing his fourth
 tour with C/S 59, and not
 becoming an alcoholic.



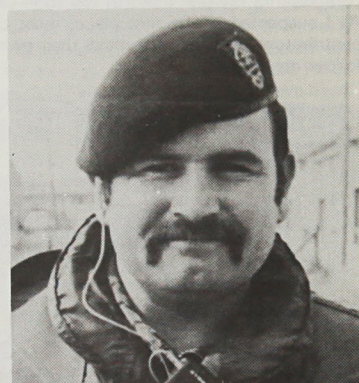
TARA . . .
 . . . for acting as ex officio
 financial adviser and not
 delivering too many rockets.



SEAGULL C/S 3 . . .
 . . . for an encouraging word
 whenever BRAGANZA was
 delivered.



SEAGULL C/S 0 . . .
 . . . for displaying his
 Chopper.



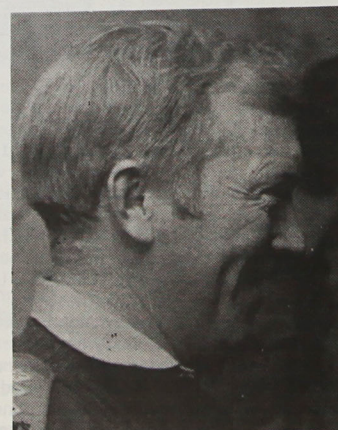
JOCK . . .
 . . . for voluntary CR work in
 the Creggan.



"FF" . . .
 . . . for making BRAGANZA
 twice as long as it need have
 been.



COFFEE POT C/S 39 . . .
 . . . for being the only wife to
 be cartooned and for giving
 her prior permission.



JOE . . .
 . . . for plotting our way out.

Padre shrugs off temptation

IT was midnight, and I was sitting in the Chapel at Fort George. I had just returned from a pleasant evening with one of the RC brethren, the head man of St Patrick's, and was feeling somewhat light headed after the Priest's generous helpings of sherry trifle followed by port and whisky.

The voice came through the darkness of the Chapel like the gentle flight of a falling leaf, whispering softly in the indigo shadows.

I was feeling guilty and He knew. "You seem a little worried, my son".

I coughed and moved uneasily in my pew. The candles which had been bobbing and weaving about merrily, stopped bobbing and weaving merrily.

"Have you enjoyed yourself my son?" My voice box spluttered into life; "Yes Lord." "And who with this time?" "St Patrick's, Lord, just up the road, very friendly man, very nice." "And generous, it would seem."

This was it. The prelude to the big lecture. How many times had I endured it before? The two candles flickered from side to side and occasionally pointed in my direction as if someone was blowing hard directly behind them.

"You've done it again, haven't you?" came that chilling soft voice. "Yes Lord." "And what have you to say for yourself this time, my son?" "Well, I had to be sociable, Lord, you know

how we've got to be community minded over here." "Is it the policy then, my son, that you feel it necessary to enter full heartedly into the spirit of it all?"

Boy, He was icy tonight.

"Well, not exactly Lord, I'm only human though." "That is very true. How very often you fall down." "But I pick myself up and dust myself down, don't I?" "Yes my son, that is true but do you have to fall down so many times?"

"I know Lord. But look at Jimmy Carter, he says he's only human, that he lusts after women and I don't know whatall, you can read it all in Playboy, but at least he knows his shortcomings."

"What does that prove, my son, that you get interviewed by Playboy and become President?" "No, but he's someone who's honest with himself." "I know, he calls on me at 25 times a day, Heaven knows how many times now!"

"I know I get tempted Lord and pretty well always fall on my face, but I'm struggling hard, Lord." "My son, it's a pity the efforts you put into your excesses are not channelled to the efforts you employ in correcting yourself."

This was it. We were getting down to the nitty gritty and I was losing. You can't win, not against Him. I knew it, He knew it and boy was He rubbing it in. Every time I'm in my Mini and the needle soars to 70 plus I get a dull ache in my right knee cap, or when I pass an XJS, I hasten to add when the latter is stationary, I involuntarily have views like snap shots flashing through my brain, of poverty in India or sickness and disease. Instant depressing pictures fed in by Him so as to get over my desire of that sleek, fast motor car; a reminder of the more sober things in life.

The candles were flickering less and their light dimming a little. "You smoke too much, stay up too late and incline to be independent, my son." "Independent Lord, what do you mean?"

"My son, you remember the parable of the Prodigal Son. He was caught up in the cares and riches of the world, lost in the sop of luxury. He forgot there is a God, to call on me. Because everything was going alright and according to his plan he thought he could dictate his own life. Instead his life fell around him and he lost everything. He did, however, return to the fold."

"I know we all stray, some more than others, but there are a lot of temptations." "I only have to look at you, my son, and I see them." "Well don't look then."

"Now, now my son. You know I care, that is why I cannot look the other way. All your fast and wild living is not good for you."

My voice hit falsetto. "Fast living, now come on, I'm not exactly Richard Burton or James Hunt!" "There are times, my son, when I wonder."

"But Lord, do you want that I should enter a monastery?" "Now stop talking Jewish to me, I can perfectly well understand your Welsh lilt. A monastery would do you good." "Then you'd better send Jimmy Carter to one."

"I told him that only last night." "You can't be serious Lord." "My son, there's a lot in this world that most people are not serious about; the trivial things yes, but the way a person behaves, lives and believes, no. Their journey through life resembles the person who pressed his foot on the accelerator and kept it there, too many things were overtaken until the inevitable crash."

"What can I say Lord?" "It's not only the saying, it's the doing. All things in moderation says St Paul. You would be wise to listen to him, my son."

The candles went out, and the two trails of smoke tapered up towards the ceiling; the golden glow from the Cross blinked once; was that a chuckle I heard?



THIS CRO'S NOT CROWING

EPILOGUE TO DERRY

"WHAT on earth does he do?" "What the ---- does Community Relations mean?" These questions were being asked by a lot of you as we arrived in July. The first conclusions were the wrong conclusions. The Assistant CRO was seen plodding back and forth to the front gate of Creggan Camp listening (many thought over-patiently) to excited and distraught people from the Estate, extolling the innocence of those injured parties they said they represented and describing in detail the utter depravity, ruthlessness and cruelty of "those soldiers in there".

Which soldiers? This alleged lack of discipline can't possibly relate to those soldiers with whom I've been proud to serve with for twenty years. Not so. Vivid descriptions of famous characters follow. If you heard how many exploits a certain "wee scotsman" and a certain "black soldier with big metal glasses" were accused of, you'd think they were the devil incarnate!

A few days later the penny dropped. What we were listening to was a crafty mix of cunningly contrived false events sounding plausible enough, malicious rumours put about to innocent people (sometimes sadly only too anxious to believe what PIRA was telling them) and shere Irish love for a good story, regardless of the facts. The remedy: "Give us facts", we said, "when, where and exactly what happened, and if someone wants to complain, come up and make a statement." This simple test put a stop to most of the invective and rubbish we had listened to in the first few days. Those certain personalities from the Estate (need I name them, Sobraon Company?) got little sympathy with their emotional half truths. So they went off to "bend the ear" of more gullible listeners elsewhere! Clever stuff that was, too. The whisper went around from these people. "Have you heard about the Queens—they're a hard lot." "Must be some fire under all that smoke, nod, nod, mumble, mumble!"

Now I'm the first to agree about some of the charatersistics of the British Infantryman. He hasn't changed overmuch in the twenty years that I can speak of, nor probably in the last fifty. He's quick to cap a remark with a better one. And some of the kids in the Creggan and elsewhere didn't like it when this happened.

In a phrase Paddy "lost the slagging match"! And he liked it even less when his little tin gods who think it heroic to fire weapons and make bombs got hustled into jail and lost their weapons. Not surprisingly it suited their book to try to blacken our reputation. After hours of slogging the streets, occasionally being fired at and suffering a constant bombardment of stones, bottles metal spikes (and on one occasion an axe), it was scarcely surprising that there was a little failing of tempers now and again.

That's why, when on 15th October the Derry Journal reported a Provisional Sinn Fein statement that "they had repeatedly highlighted the jack-boot tactics of this particular regiment", I was able to give a good belly laugh. Not because I'm an unfeeling sadist, but because I knew that yet again the opposition were merely trying desperately to alleviate the attrition against them. Alas some notable personalities may still wonder if we weren't just a little harder than necessary. But we know ourselves it is not true; we have done our job well.

There's quite a different side to being "The CRO". In my few months in Derry I've met very, very many people, I've had my ear bent to all angles, I've drunk a lot of scotch, tea and coffee and "jawed" for hours. These people are, or tell of, the innocent. The ones who are being terrorised into quiet submission—a warning, a broken window, a murder. It's part of Derry life they know all too much about.

I would ask each one of you to take back with you as you leave, a thought. As you get on the plane back to wives, children, girl friends, mothers, brothers and sisters on a long leave that will take us up to Christmas, remember the people of Derry have got



to go on living with themselves. The innocent—the vast majority—have got to go on suffering their terrorists for a long time to come. The guilty—the youngsters who have had hatred against us pounded into their minds for seven years—are the misguided ones. For to force their will on others by gun, by threat and bomb is inexcusably evil. No justification can ever exist for this, whatever emotions they may feel against us. Those of us who profess no religion can only feel sorrow for that state of mind. Those of us who call ourselves Christians, even if we rarely go to church, might do well to recall Christ's last words—"Forgive them Lord, for they know not what they do."

That's why this CRO's not crowing.



Playtime goes to print

BY the 10th of July this year the last elements of 1 Queens had arrived in Ireland; that is, of course, with the exception of the Rear Party.

As is usual in these postings to the far flung corners of the Empire, the sub units immediately vied for individual recognition and in a short period they had, to an extent, succeeded. Lord Carlston of Creggan had no problem in establishing a reputation and became famous for capturing all the Echelon vehicles and then further outwitted us by claiming diplomatic immunity when he tried to get them back (and locked himself in Creggan Castle). The Rosemount Raiders under the command of Major F F Ward, Victor 6 and generator with cotton waste cluster became famous for their window boxes and murals at Fort Tangier.

Major Dickins secured a place in the Guinness Book of Records by getting more men out of Fort George faster and in fewer vehicles than anyone else. Not only that but he repeatedly did so at first light thereby ensuring that the inhabitants of Shantallow Place were awakened by a Dickins of a row.

The Echelon, a little more than a quarter of a million vehicle miles from the 10th of July, discover that the Battalion has consumed 48,291 gallons of civgas, an average of 5.3 mpg (miles per gallon) (per vehicle) and 229 tons of food, an average of 881 mpg (meat, potatoes, greens) (in pounds) (per man).

Estimating for our last two weeks it is possible to say that total fuel issued will be sufficient to fill a small swimming pool a hundred metres square to a depth of 4' 6". The cases of fruit and

vegetables if put end to end would stretch from Fort George to Creggan, out the back gate and back to Fort George.

The sheets, pillow cases, mattress covers and blankets which have been laundered if put edge to edge would cover an area the size of ten football pitches. In terms of labour this merely means that Echelon have worked longer, in greater depth and covered a wider area than the rest of the Battalion.

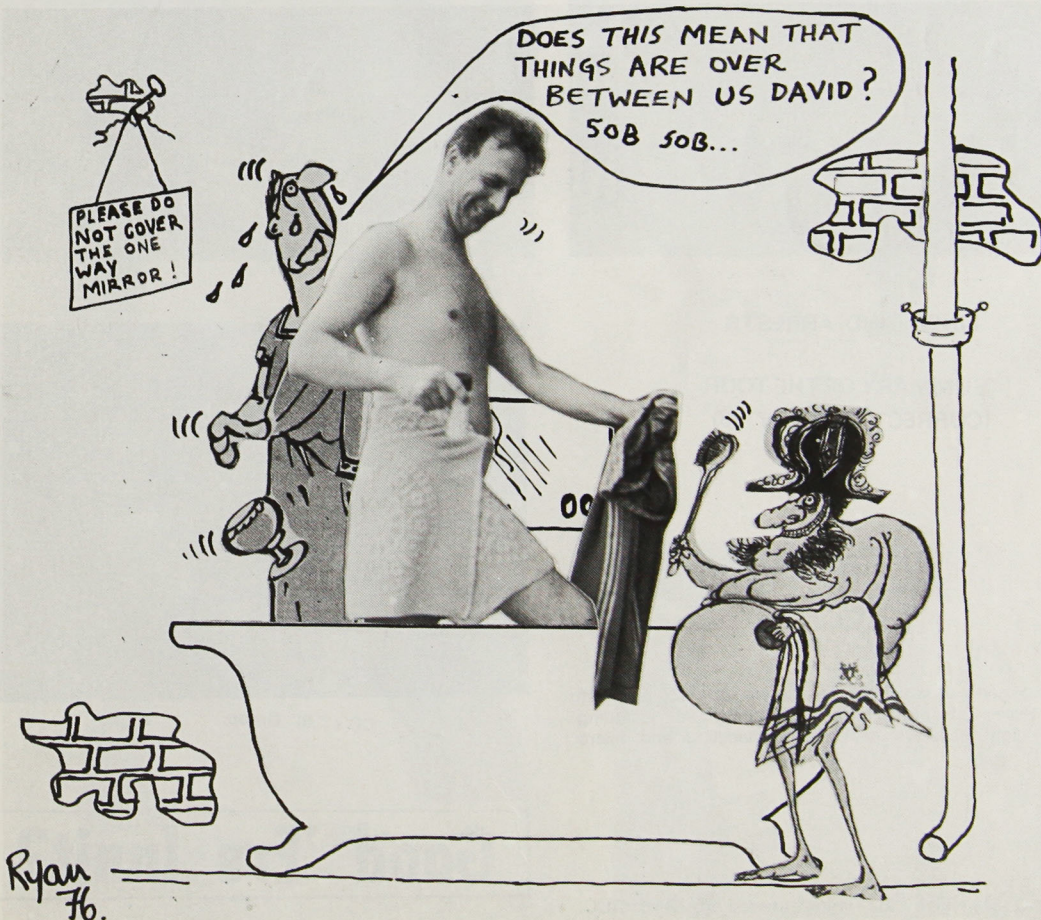
(It also means that whosoever had the time to work all this out has been on a very cushy number—Ed.)

SEPARATE TOGETHERNESS

My heart lies west, in Londonderry
In a place called Creggan;
My love is there, in dark blue beret,
Until he is allowed to ferry
Back to my arms again.

But in cold November's mists of grey
And its wintry weather,
Joy will drive the gloomy clouds away,
We'll shine as on a Summer's day
When we are together!

P.C.



FINDS

During a search of 34C Lislane Dve on the 27 OCT 76 at 0830 a supply of terrorist equipment was found by Cpl SPENCER of (C) Sobraon Company 1 QUEENS. The find is as follows :

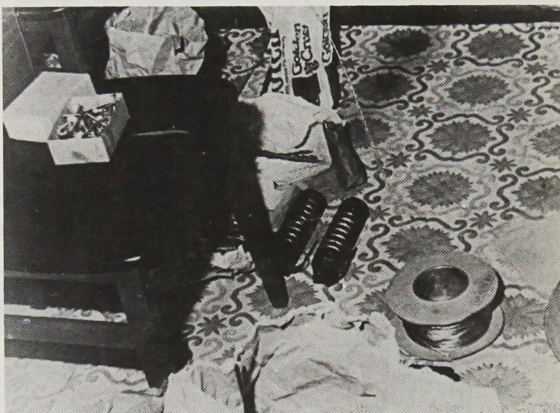
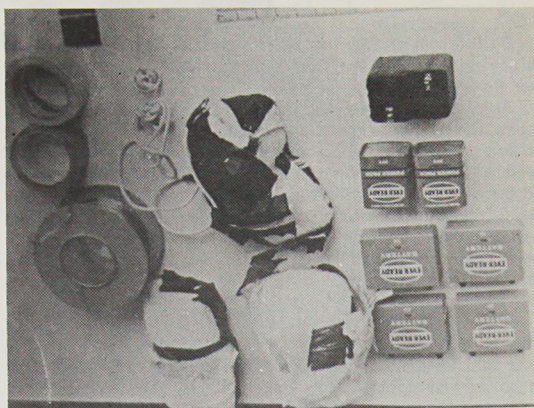
- 1 x .38 Smith & Wesson Special Revolver.
- 26 x .38 assorted rounds.
- 15 lbs Coop HME.
- 2 x PIRA MK11 Grenades.
- 1 x No 6 Commercial Det.
- 3ft White Cordtex.
- 5lbs assorted nails, nuts and bolts.
- 8 x assorted batteries and other bomb making eqpt.

During a routine search by Recce Platoon of the old Customs Post at Moss Side Lspl ARMSTRONG found the following in the basement :

- 8 x .32 rounds.

On an early morning search Dmr TRENT found the following in a derelict house :

- 16 x .22 rounds.
- Assorted number of empty cases.



FINDS AND ARRESTS

SUMMARY OF THE TOUR (CORRECT TO 8 NOV 76)

FINDS

- Rifles x 5
- Pistols x 3
- Mortars x 9
- Bombard x 1
- Grenades x 6

66 lbs explosives of which 44, were commercial 22 HME. 16 assorted pieces of miscellaneous bombing kit including detonators, light sensitive device, anti handling and micro switches.

ARRESTS

Total 614, of which 182 were referred to RMP/RUC. Remanded in Custody: 37 for terrorist offences.



CO's "R" Group.

Good 'Ere Innit?

Canoe trip raises £630 for charities

On Sunday 10th October, a sponsored canoe trip was organised to raise funds for local charities in Londonderry and for youth organisations in our home station at Werl. The trip was for 32 kilometres along the River Bann, from near Kilrea to Downhill on the northern coastline. The course passed through some very interesting and picturesque countryside.

The participants were Sgt Ken Delaney of Echelon 1 Queens, and Mr. Martin Mace, a teacher at the Belmont Special School in Londonderry. They left their start point at 7.30 a.m. and after an arduous trip they arrived at the river mouth early in the afternoon.

At this point Martin Mace concluded his efforts whilst Sgt Delaney continued along the coast to Downhill. By this time the weather at the coast was stormy and the trip inland included an exciting ride through some strong surf waves. At this stage Sgt Delaney decided (so he assures us) that he wanted to have a swim, and finished off the last few yards by paddling (with his canoe and oar in tow!!)

Needless to say, it made a very pleasant change to be out in the countryside rather than on the routine tasks in Londonderry, and to have such an expedition sponsored was a double pleasure.

A total of over £600 was collected by the sponsorship which was supported by all Ranks of 1 Queens. A cheque for £300 has been presented to the Belmont Special School, which will be used to purchase special equipment for their disabled and handicapped children. The balance of the money will be shared amongst the various youth activities of Werl Garrison.

The Commanding Officer congratulates Sgt Delaney on his splendid effort, and recalls somewhat whimsically that it took a lot of people a lot of time to raise an equal amount for the stained glass commemorative window!



PRONTOS JOTTINGS

Drawing so near to the end of the tour leaves little room for thoughts of Ulster, but more room for thoughts for BAOR.

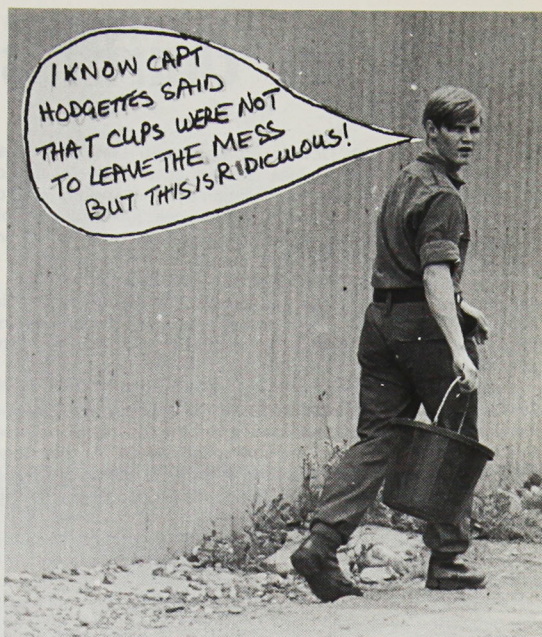
As a Signal Platoon we would like to think that we have been successful as a Platoon, during our tour in Ulster. These tasks have been the manning of two Communications Centres, TAC HQ Radio Room, detachments to A, B, C and SP Companies, Signallers in both Fort George and Creggan Int Sections, and last but not least, our fine body of men attached to 10 Platoon and Recce Pl, SP Company. I'm sure that they have all served the Battalion well.

We have no funnies this jotting, as we would like to leave a little space for our photograph, which we hope the editor will be gracious enough to print. It is the first photograph we have produced of the Signallers, so come on Ed., do us a favour.

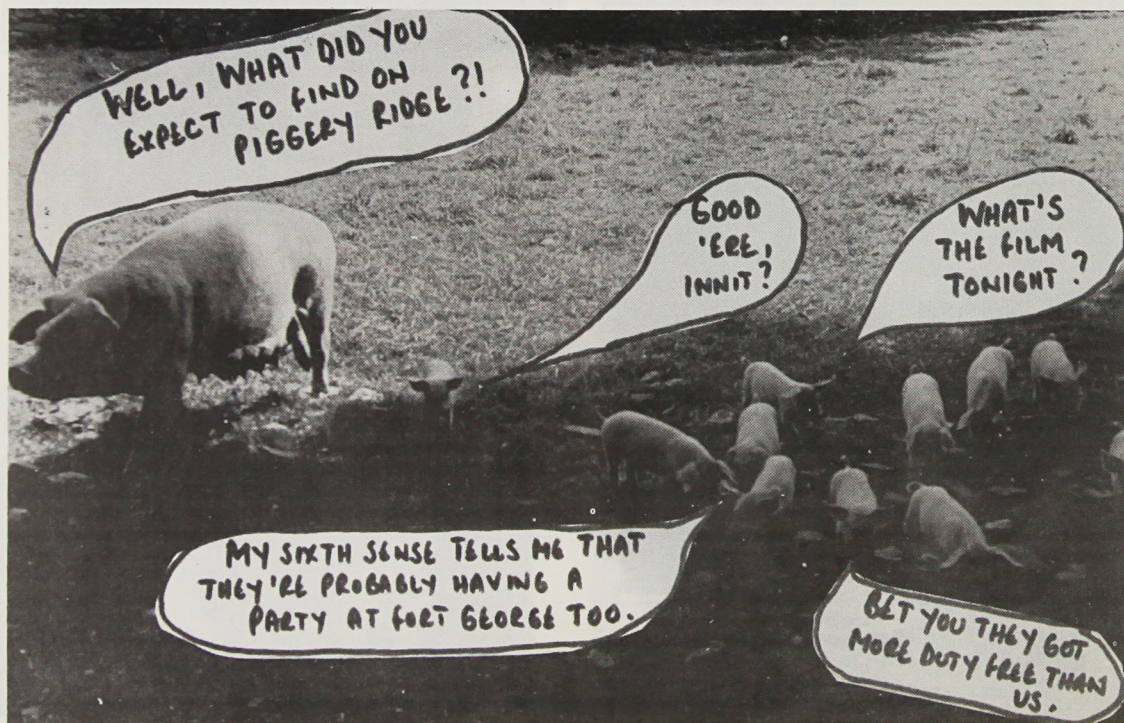
Talking of signallers, we, as a Platoon would like to say thanks to the four Royal Signallers who have been attached to us for the tour. We have not always seen eye to eye, but we have appreciated your help and say thanks. You can always transfer if you want to get some real signalling in.

Our ladies back home will be pleased to have us all back. Just think, ladies, soon you will have the sweet smell of dirty combat kit, boots and bodies back in your front room . . . won't that be nice! You have done us proud with not so much as a little complaint. Well done girls!

Well, "Ed," our last word goes to you. We all say thanks for printing our jottings during the tour. As promised I've kept it short, so than you can squeeze our photo in. Cheers Ed, see you on the next edition/tour.



GOOD 'ERE INNIT?



"Righto Flakey,
lets get this Lot
Packed up till
Next year"

GOOD 'ERE INNIT?



BRAGANZA HISTORICAL

One of our military historians (guess who) has kindly researched former visits by the Regiment and its forbears to Ireland, and has come up with one or two interesting extracts which are re-published below. For much of the 1921 report, one could be forgiven for thinking it a current comment on the activities of the Security Forces in Ulster.

1691 — 1692 (The 2nd of Foot)

The Regiment left Ireland in January 1692. In a paper from King William's Despatches, written on the State of the Infantry in Ireland, there are two interesting comments: Firstly, the best Regiments in Ireland were Kirke's, Meath's and Hamilton's, and secondly, "biscuits and Cheshire cheese are more useful and nourishing to the British Army, and preserved the soldiers in better health in their marching than any other nourishment."

1920 (The 1st Bn The East Surrey Regiment)

In 1920, Ireland, distracted by civil war, was a very different place from the kindly country the Surreys had known so often before. The Rebellion was serious. De Valera and the Sinn Fein Government claimed vehemently that Southern Ireland was completely independent of Britain; the British Government, with full legal justification, declared that the Crown was the only lawful authority in Ireland until a new Constitution should be established. Beneath the tense political quarrel seethed the ancient and emotional anger of the Irish. While the ordinary people went their peaceful ways, the young fanatics of the "Irish Republican Army" waged guerilla warfare against the British. The Royal Irish Constabulary were hard-put to keep the King's Peace, and it was the task of the British Army to help them. It was with no regret that the Battalion left Ireland at the end of June, 1920.

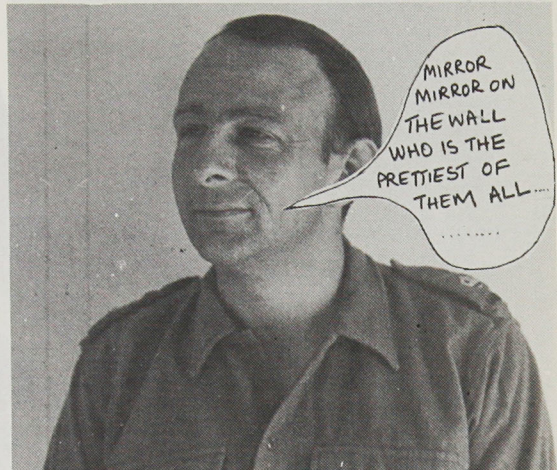
1921 (The 2nd Bn The East Surrey Regiment)

In January 1921, the 2nd Battalion moved to Dublin, with two companies on detachment at Drogheda. The intensity of the strife in Ireland had increased since the 1st Battalion had left six months before. It had been unpleasant enough then, but by 1921, the Sinn Feinners were better organised and more militant. In May they began well-planned ambushes and bombing attacks on British Army lorries and armoured cars. Life for the troops was an endless succession of patrols, guards, curfews and piquets, with occasional raids to capture "wanted" rebels. The first casualties were suffered by the Battalion on 1 June, when a Ford car, lightly protected against enemy action, was ambushed and bombed by Sinn Feinners. Service in Ireland in 1921 has been described by an Officer, who was serving with the Battalion at the time:

"The Battalion spent a quite extraordinary year in Ireland. All the time it was a war of nerves. On the one hand you were always supposed to be armed, and to carry your identity pass on you. On the other hand many jobs had to be done in mufti, when, if you had either of these things with you, the Sinn Feinners would have undoubtedly put you to death without trial. The Companies in Dublin were busy hunting for notorious rebels who were on the run. The main duties of the Battalion, were, by means of raids and intelligence work, to try to bring to trial anyone connected with either military operations against the Crown or the publication of seditious literature. This duty was carried out in two ways; one by curfew patrols who picked up anyone out after curfew and handed them over to the civil police, keeping any suspects for military scrutiny. The other method was to raid suspect houses, acting on information either gained by Unit Intelligence or from other sources. Many hundreds of raids of this type were carried out, in every case by Unit Intelligence Officers in the presence of civil police, with armed raiding parties of the Battalion. Most careful formalities had to be observed to ensure that the raiding party had caused no unnecessary damage, not injured anyone, stolen anything, and so on. It will be appreciated that this type of work imposed a severe strain on Officers and men, and it is a remarkable fact that during the year of their stay in Ireland, they did not go 'off the handle' frequently or

thoroughly. I can say quite definitely, as one who was there the whole time, that under the greatest provocation, the British County Regiments carried out their beastly tasks in a soldierly and gentlemanly manner. Our Cockneys, as usual, took the whole thing in their stride with a grin and a joke."

Political duties are rarely straightforward for soldiers. On one occasion, a detachment of the Battalion excelled themselves by capturing a rebel leader who gave his name as De Valera. But the coup was considered over-zealous, and they were ordered to set the captive free. It is no wonder that soldiers become bewildered on such occasions."



Responsibility for our gastronomic welfare changes hands.

GOOD 'ERE INNIT?

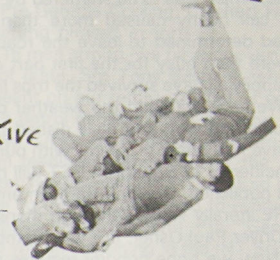


8 LITTLE FILING CLERKS SITTING UP IN HEAVEN



1 FILED HIMSELF AWAY AND THEN THERE WERE SEVEN

7 SLEEPY FILING CLERKS HAVING A QUIET SKIVE



2 FELL INTO AN INK WELL AND THAT LEFT ONLY 5



5 MERRY FILING CLERKS WINGING ON THE FLOOR



PENDING 'G' FILES

'G' FILES SQUASHED ONE THEN THERE WERE FOUR



4 HAPPY FILING CLERKS



LOOKING ROUND IN GLEE

THE CO TROD ON ONE THEN THERE WERE 3



3 FREINDLY FILING CLERKS STANDING IN THE LOO



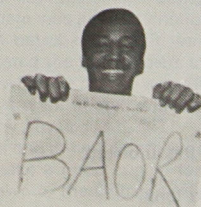
A FILING CABINET ATE ONE THEN THERE WERE 2



2 'ORRIBLE FILING CLERKS WORKING IN THE SUN



THE SMALL ONE POSTED HIMSELF HOME, LEAVING JUST ONE



THE LAST LITTLE FILING CLERK COULDN'T STAND THE PACE HE RUSHED AWAY TO BLIGHTY TO REJOIN THE HUMAN RACE



STARLIGHT JOTTINGS

When we first arrived none of us had worked together before. In less than a week, however, we had settled down to a routine, which was to be shattered by our first casualty. This first crash call nearly caused more than one injury as the driver seemed determined to leave the road, luckily without success. We were then busy for the first part of the tour with casualties, but happily all have survived the trips in our Saracen ambulances.

We have watched the weather change from very warm to very cold and wet, and have dished out flu vaccine by the ton. We have had many problems with our modes of conveyance. By a coincidence 12 Squadron RCT will have moved on by the time this is published. Our one Saracen ambulance that was required on PRE literally walked through thanks to the hard work of not only Driver Paul Usher, but two members of the medical crew as well. Now we hope nobody requires a ride in the ambulance. If you do, you will require plastic macs and wellies, as well as field dressings and sedatives. But thank our blanket pressing Stalwart drivers, nonetheless.

When we arrived the Doctor was a 6 ft. 4 in weakling, but has somehow become the scourge of the boxing ring, and could be seen regularly doing press-ups on the watch room floor with the RSM shouting out the time and calling for more fruit at all hours of the night, besides giving up smoking completely and tending the many bottled bonees or wind-screen shattered faces. I bet a member of Sobraon Coy will never forget the time he leapt on his bed without removing his KFS and stabbing his Gluteals with his own knife (another of the many stitching jobs that have appeared).

We really must not forget the other outpost dutifully doctored by C/Sgt Lamkin. We have caught his wrath many a time, especially when leaving documents behind. We must not forget those other stalwarts, the Company Medics, who often pop in to replenish their supplies. However, there is absolutely no truth in the rumour that Blossom will shortly be seen sitting outside the FMC Werl clad only in a loin cloth and swinging a bag of bones to dissuade the wives from seeing Bwana Freeland in days to come.



STOP PRESS . . .

. . . . THE LATEST ON OUR Saracen Ambulance being on fire in the Glen Road with the Doctor muttering unmentionables into the radio IS TRUE!!

DOOMWATCH GOES POETIC

Four months away,
Four months away,
Wives, children, waiting day by day,
For you to return to their lives,
Sharing it with no-one
But you.

Those barriers of time and space,
They cannot be breached
Not by you.
With your guns of war,
Fighting in a place not your own.

But four do not remain four, but turn
Three, two, one,
And they await the return
Of you.
You who have fought,
You who have survived,
For you.

She is there, she is real,
You who have waited for this moment,
My love,
Have I really been away so long,
My love.

MPL.

Upstairs INT

It seems much longer than four months that TAC, A/C INT has been in existence. In a very short time all the collators knew when to avoid Sgt Catterall, who was ripping the collation apart, or to hide from Major FF when he came through the main office at 50 m.p.h. asking for Trigger (Sgt Paine), who normally had time to hide behind the I.O. or get out of the window. The remainder of the section worked very hard and produced wonderful excuses why they had to leave camp every time the barber arrived.

With just three weeks before we depart from "Piggery Ridge," the tell-tale signs of our normal jobs or new appointments are beginning to show. The I.O., Capt Mievill, keeps getting letters that should be for the Adjutant, and is heard muttering: "Just wait; I'll show 'em." The A.I.O. WO2 Brown, now has training programmes in his tray, and keeps running down to the 2IC in his office to look at the map of Sennelager saying: "Sir, we must make an effort and try and find this training area next year. I'm sure it's to the left of Oberstdorf!" Sgt Ken Williams is ankle deep in pictures of anti-tank guns, but still isn't sure whether the PIRA is the main threat, or a Russian T72.

Our office manager, Sgt Sandy Catterall isn't exactly looking to the future—he is still wondering how a Royal Signals Sgt of 12 years' training and experience finished up in TAC INT? Although in a weak moment he admitted that he has enjoyed every minute of the tour and would have gone mad in the COMCEN! He is looking forward to his posting to some very ordinary Signals Regiment, but what is he going to tell his relief?



We must thank "A" Company for four soldiers they lent us when there was just not enough hours in a day to collate the 33 miles of patrol reports. It was heard that OC "A" Company, interrogated the four soldiers afterwards to see if they found out exactly what we did, so any offers from Company Commanders after that were treated with caution. But who would think of a Company spy in TAC INT!

The one thing this office could not produce is someone who could make a good cup of tea or coffee; at the best Pte Stott went down to the Officer's Mess and demanded a pot of tea for the I.O. and his guests (can't see how the office staff suddenly became the I.O.'s guests). We were all worried that he would get caught while the I.O. was on R & R, but it worked out in the end, that the I.O. and Pte Stott went on R & R together, to stop rumours, the I.O. went to London and Pte Stott to Blackpool. At

some time during the tour everyone threatened to go on a diet; some took the easy way out and drank LCpl Grundy's coffee (we think it was coffee) which put you off eating for the rest of the day. While one other refused to eat, and finished up in bed with piles and constipation and still didn't lose any weight. Pte Lawson, who joined us from "A" Company for the last month of the tour, has asked to remain in the section in Werl, perhaps he's got something going with Pte Georgia Cooling. Brother! He just doesn't know what he's letting himself in for!!

Although we are only 16 men strong, we have our very own Provost Sergeant. Well, not quite, Sgt Tony Basham, who will take over Bn Provost Sergeant on our return to Werl, is getting some practice in during the patrol debriefs, they are now more like CO's Orders! This allows C/Sgt Barry Beckingham to keep counting everyone twice in readiness before joining the QM's empire. LCpl "Gladice" Batten has enjoyed the INT work so much he has applied for a transfer to the Int Corps, and to everyone's amazement they have actually accepted him! Pte "Georgie" Cooling is the only one who will be remaining in the INT Section, probably because no one else will have him. Cpl Henry "The Phot" Higgins has applied to transfer to the RAOC, after serving 12 years with the Regiment. He will be missed, especially at the Shooting Club bar! Pte Rod Bunn will be returning to "A" Company, leaving all his bad habits behind him. At least he did manage to find out how to use a polaroid camera, and also the screening photos turned out quite professional after the first three months! LCpl Richard Malam is hoping that in the year of 1977 he will be able to complete an exercise without his APC (A) breaking down, the RSQ is endorsing his hopes. Everyone has to agree on one thing, that Pte "Nobby" Clarke's typing has improved. All I can say is I hope his next typewriter in "C" Company office is the water-cooled type.

The INT patrol under Sgt Pete Kearse has been well active, and although he gets called many names by the locals, who actually have not worked out what they are doing yet, everyone agrees that they are the most ugly looking soldiers in the Creggan.

A word about the magnificent three screening controllers, Muscles (Sgt Kevin Greef), Sgt Barry Mason and Sgt "Turk" Kamel. Thanks for helping out in the screening centre, though you must admit, it had its highlights. As least Sgt Barry Mason now knows how to answer the phone and Muscles has realised that you should not believe everything a Paddy says in the screening centre. Between the three of them they processed over 400 arrests made by the soldiers of "A" and "C" Companies.

We must not part from Londonderry without mentioning the 100% support from our LINCO, Sgt Jeff Jones. No one envied his two-year tour. If he wasn't playing rugby, in the bookies, on leave, drunk in the Families' Community Centre, or taking his wife shopping, you would find him hard at work in the office, cutting out pictures of girls from the Playboy or Men Only! But between all his other activities he did put in many hours, and answered many questions fired at him from everyone. For us it is nearly all over, for him it starts all over again with the Scots Guards Tick Tock Tick Jock!



The Great Intelligence Extravaganza from Downstairs INT

The great Int saga comes in two parts, the main part is at Ech (Fort George) to fool the natives. The lesser (or Epilogue) is at Creggan. This does away with the need for Company Int teams, even though the Coys have furnished most of the staff to run the two Int Cells.

The entire cast of the Fort George stage play (from the book) brought in at great expense, are as follows (in order of alcoholic content):

BOSS	Rocky Hitchcockup	Need to know
SUB BOSS	Alan A'Knightie	Sir!!
BRIEFING BOSS	Alan Boddykin	Basher
BRIEF CHIEF	Brian Brassiere	Support
PATROL MOLE	Adam Hamiltunnel	Jock (Strapping Lad)
RECCeAge BLOKE	Mick Woodwork	Pops
M.C.	Phil Board	Oy
KING COLLATOR	James Hayestax	Last straw
A COLLATOR	Jack Goodwun	Shades
A COLLATOR	Willy Discount	Half-price
ANOTHER COLLATOR	Robin Vinball	Casanochance
SUPER SNAPPER	Steve Whores	Speak for itself
SNAPPER (POS)	Spodge Pinson	Mouff
SNAPPER (NEG)	Singie Raphael	Brownie
CONCO (On loan from	Nic Coleslaw	Split Lip

Bde studios)

Any resemblance to persons living or dead is a matter of opinion and most probably intentional.

The whole incredible mess began on June 28, 1976 AD, with the demise of the Cheshire Regt, leaving us holding the can. Which we opened to find to our horror, it contained the Shanty, sundry new estates, all in rich PDA. Our record to date is non-existent, but we keep trying; in fact sometimes we can be very trying.

Need to Know normally comes in to work in a bad state (hangover) but when attached to a coffee drip, becomes functional. The one who takes the most stick though, is Oy, who as office manager (?) deserves all he gets; he manages to stay very busy on very little, no mean feat. Sir is the paper pentathlon champ (or chump) of the section; he has been known to write "card" as many as 46 times on one sheet, but is attempting to break his own record.

Basher, Support, Jack and Pops seem to have problems sorting out who is on stag and when (also why). The collators keep the whole show on the road (believe that and you'll believe anything), but with an incredible crew like Shades, Half-price and Casanochance, led by Last Straw, anything can (and probably will) happen in the next half hour. The crew use to the full all the office facilities, including Split Lips (on a 1033) who has been here so long, he's a permanent fixture. Last but not least (cancel that) last we have the Snappers (laughingly referred to as photographers) who all do a wonderful job (that's three favours I'm owed).

Need to Know has a few tricks up his sleeve, and would help by telling us a few of them. Sir seems to manage all right on his own (even his best friend won't tell him); one thing in his favour, his tasteful dress sense, his Tailors, "OXFAM," have been heard to say, somewhat gleefully, he is their best customer . . . ??

Casanochance doubled as scribe and collator; however he seems to have a thing about sweet old ladies and strange phone calls from females complete with heavy breathing! But he works well. Half Price is the educated (snob) of the Section, you know the sort, reads the Telegraph and scared to belch in public. Shades is the distinguished member of the section, and Split Lips' girlfriend reckons, he, Shades that is, has a sexy voice over the telephone (some people aren't fussy). Last Straw keeps the section together (by welding mainly) and makes sure everything runs smoothly (using a strong laxative).

Mouff is going in for the 1976 Noise of the Year Show, and

Singie has an audition for Reggae brek, so there you have it in black and white. Super Snapper has no known faults (another favour) mainly because his whereabouts are at the same place.

Our main task in the Int Section is to prove to the Coys that we are indispensable, which we did by putting the entire records system out of bounds.

Our second task is to show how effective we are; this was achieved by carrying on as normal, and joining the records.

Most of our work is long term, which is why we have nothing to show for all our effort (haha), but just wait for a few years, then you'll see

The atmosphere in the section is very relaxed. The other day Sir was relaxed as a new! An air of quiet concentration pervades the office; well, you can't sleep if there's too much noise.

'A soldiers' life is terrible 'ard'

.... A. A. MILNE

The following is an exact copy of a statement made to the RUC as a complaint against us. Only names, dates and addresses have been deleted. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions:

"At approximately 1.30 a.m. this morning, myself and my family were returning from the Paul Golden Show at the Ture Inn. While we were at the show my son Sean was hypnotised by Paul Golden, and the suggestion was made to him that Sean would see a Leprechaun about 6 inches high with a crock of gold and he was also told that when he reached the Army checkpoint at Muff he was to show the Army the little man. This was the suggestion made to my son by the hypnotist.

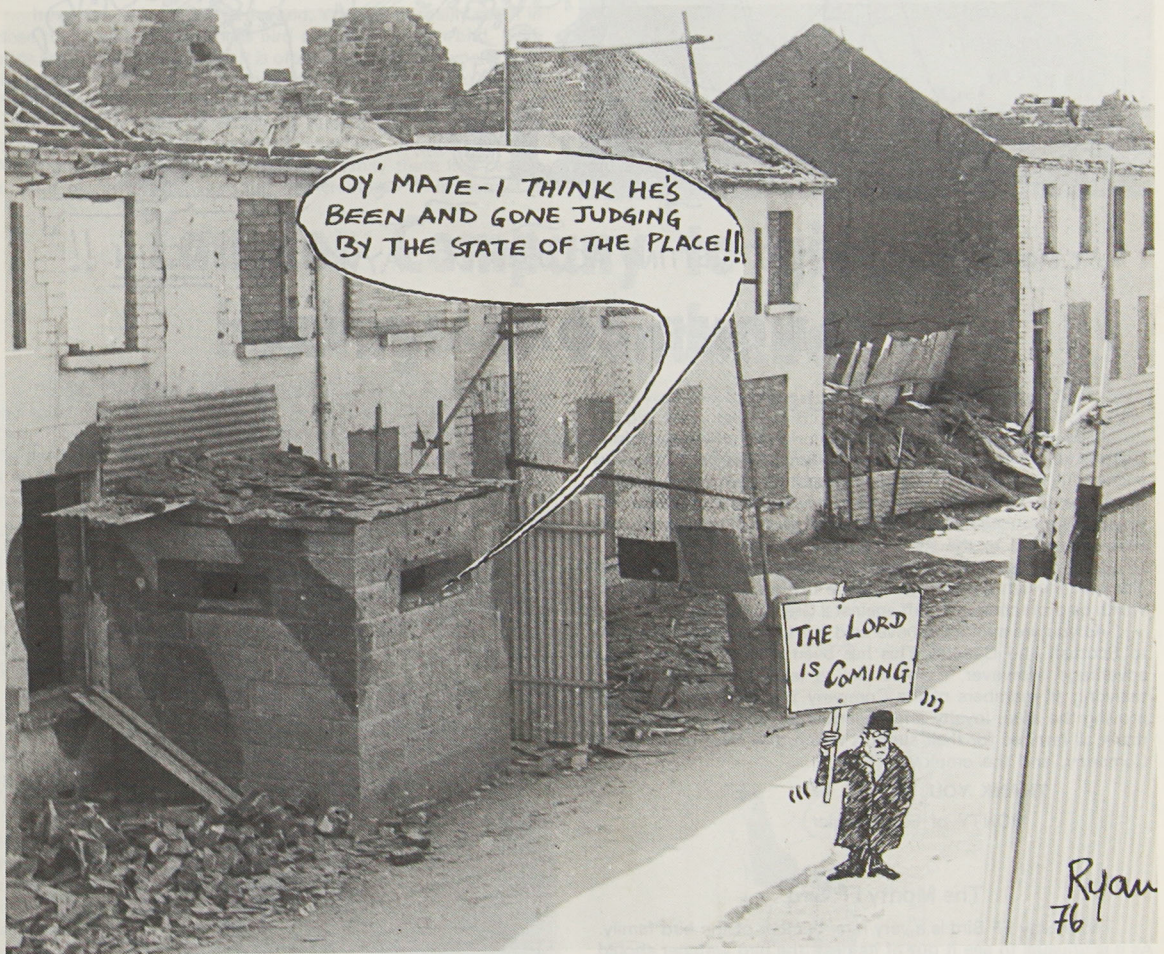
"When we arrived at the VCP my son was still under the influence of the suggestion and asked the Army dog handler if he wanted to see the Leprechaun, and he got out of his car to show him, and then he ran after the little man as he said he was getting away. At this point the dog handler let the dog loose on the lead and it bit my son Sean on the left thigh, tearing his trousers and breaking the skin. The NCO in charge came up and grabbed my eldest son and I went out of the car to stop him, and I was kicked by the lady soldier in the ankle. I also saw the dog bite a soldier as well.

"They then arrested my eldest son (name and address) for assaulting a soldier and took him to Fort George. At no time was my younger son Sean aware of the things happening around him and he didn't realise that he had been bitten until he arrived home at my brother-in-law's house. This was part of the hypnotist's suggestion that he would have a little man with him until he reached home.

Signed: XXXXXXXXXX



COMMENT OF THE TOUR





"C'MON, C'MON- I'M NOT GETTING ACCUSED OF JAYWALKING AGAIN !!"

TANGIER COMPANY LTD

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

It is with great pleasure that I am able to inform Shareholders that the last month's trading period have been very successful. As a result of our dawn operations, two young people are now at Crumlin Hotel, and in a most successful operation Sgt Hayward produced instant results and arrested three more who have been sold to the RUC Ltd.

Shareholders will be pleased to hear that the firm's considerable investment for the defence of Fort Tangier proved its worth by protecting our staff against a Grenade attack.

As you are aware we have sold our Londonderry Enterprise to Scottish and General. This has been, I am sure, to all our advantage. However, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all members of the Company for their hard work improving the area, loyalty and cheerfulness. Also I would like to thank all families for their support which they have given to the Company, and the employers.

THANK YOU.

MONTY of Fort Tangier.

The Monty FF Bird

The Monty FF Bird is a very rare member of the bird family. As it is unusual to see it out of its nest, the bird watcher should know its description.

Like an ostrich (to which it is very similar) it walks on two spindly legs. It is a stocky creature with a thatch of feathers on its head. It has small wings which are for ornamental use only. It cannot fly but flaps a great deal. Its proboscis is prominent due to its habit of sticking its nose in everywhere, whether it is wanted or not.



By nature, the bird has a changeable disposition. One moment it can be good humoured, the next it gets what is known in the ornithologists' world, as a "Monk On." If the bird has this "Monk On," one is advised to keep well clear. This "Monk On" brings about certain characteristics which gives it its last name. He runs about going "FFFFFFF." At first this was thought to be the mating call but later it was decided that birds which made this noise were immature, so therefore unlikely to want to breed.



"FF using his charm on the locals."

It has few allies in the bird world. You will normally see it in close touch with the Horrocks bird and the Blossom bird. Both birds are of high intelligence. It is often wondered by experts why the Horrocks bird and the Blossom bird have anything to do with the FF bird, which is well known for its low intelligence.

The enemy of the FF bird is the Rupert. The Rupert bird is a remarkably handsome creature of quick wit and intelligence. Although the two birds live in close proximity there is a certain amount of distrust between the two creatures. This distrust is

normally caused by malicious rumours put about by the FF bird about the Rupert's love life.

As a buffer between the FF and the Rupert, there is the Boots bird, sometimes known as Kestrel. As you are probably aware this bird is usually extremely ugly, but can be quite amusing. However, it does provide a useful service of protecting the two species from damaging each other too much when they are fighting.

In summary it must be said that at all costs the FF bird should be avoided. It is an extremely amusing and funny bird to look at. It is such a shame that its disposition does not match its appearance.



Tangier Company to give up holdings in Londonderry

Tangier Company has been forced to give up all its interests and sales outlets in Londonderry. It has been confirmed today that this will take effect from 17 November 76. Share prices fell slightly when the Managing Director of the Company, Mr. Rommel Carter, made the announcement, but rallied somewhat by the end of trading.

The announcement came as a complete shock to the city. Tangier Company, subsidiary of Davidson Enterprises, has been doing extremely well in Londonderry and therefore the reason for the take-over is not clear.

In his statement the Managing Director explained that the decision to sell out is a result of the increases in Corporation Tax and turbulence amongst the work force, as well as cuts in Government subsidies.

It is my belief that this is a mere excuse, and hides the real reason for the sell-out. Davidson Enterprises had a large hand in it, and started the rot by selling all its Derry interests to Scottish and General. This well known wooden-top corporation put one of its subsidiaries, G-STRING CO. LTD., into Derry in place of Tangier Company.

Permanent and temporary changes in Tangier Company's Board of Directors, and therefore changes in policy, are probably the biggest factor. The dynamic managing director handed over to Charles "Bubbles" Emmett, and promptly disappeared from the scene. At first, speculation was rife as to where and why he had gone. When he emerged at the gaming clubs of Lisburn and later in the flesh pots of Edinburgh, it was rumoured that he had embezzled the funds. He returned to deny the rumour, but it was evident that he had not been idle while he was away.

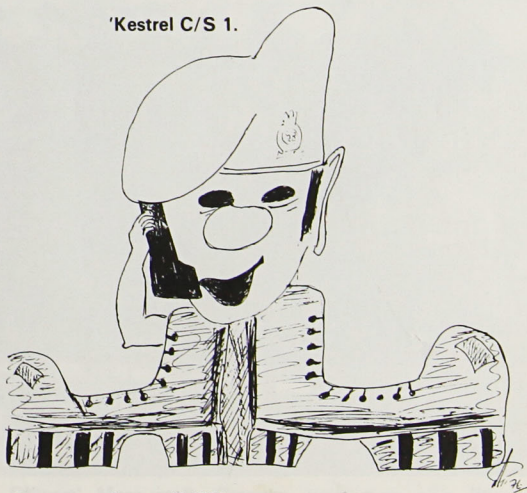
In his absence Mr. Emmett handled things remarkably well but certain members of the staff were heard to breath sighs of relief at the return of Mr. Carter.

The Company's Cook-Off, Bas Rawlings, had to retire as the Rosemount Manager due to ill health. This was most unfortunate

as he was well loved as a Cook-Off by all members of the staff. His place was taken by Bluey Hedges, who promptly drafted Mr. Chapman as the Warehouse Manager. Together they have effectively re-organised the accounting for the Company's merchandise and reduced waste.

Mr. Horrocks Jamieson fell too, under pressure. He is the Personnel and Security Manager, and is a very outspoken person. In an attempt to shake up the Company, he managed to make his presence felt in no uncertain terms. Alas, Mr. Jamieson

'Kestrel C/S 1.



Boots, send, over." "Wrong, T3, send, over."

was admitted to hospital. Some say it was because he had an unfortunate affair with an Arab in Bahrain, but the truth of the matter is that Horrocks was admitted to have his -----ocks removed. He has been temporarily replaced by Mr. Seacorn Isaacs. What more can be said.

The real reason for selling out lies in the partnership of the Chairman, Monty Ward, and the Managing Director, Rommel Carter. These two ambitious men, by selling out now, have made a considerable profit. They have also firm ideas for expansion. These include expanding the Werl outlets, setting up sales teams to visit such exotic places as Haltern and Soltau, and the greatest coup of any Company of its kind, establishing a subsidiary in Medicine Hut Alberta in May 77.

As a member of the Board of Directors of Davidson Enterprises was heard to say: "With Monty and Rommel leading the Company, it should go far; the further the better!"

Good 'ere innit?



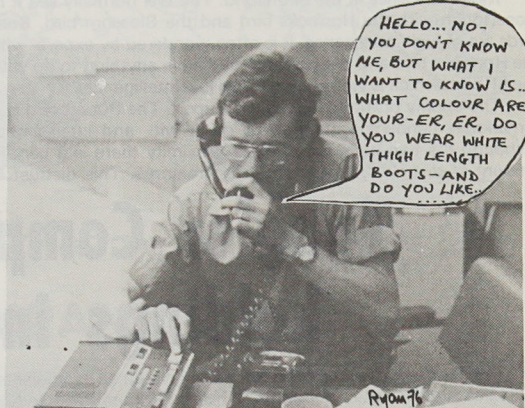
Squirrel Scribbles

At last Monty has given our merry team a space in the Company notes to get our own back for all the ribbing we have taken in previous issues of the firm's magazine. "Trigger" Paine and "Wombat" Williams would like to welcome into the team "Seacorn" Isaacs, who at the moment is trying to do Horrocks' job as well as his own. (Don't worry, Horrocks, there will always be plenty of jobs for you in the firm).

The new hard-working lackey otherwise known as Monty's Spy, "Dopey" Lawson has now joined "Noshier" Batten in the wrokhouse. Rod Bunn, alias Lord Snowden, is still trying to impress Monty with his first class advertising photographs, and is talking about having an exhibition when we get back to Werl.

The wishing well at Fort Tangier, formerly Rosemount RUC Station, is completed, but not working, as the Managing Director is still around. Every member of the team is very sad at the thought of the Company moving to Germany, and having to leave behind so many new-found friends, but I'm sure that getting the cars (APC's) back into operation will more than compensate. Finally, I would like to express the teams' thanks for the very hard work put in by the three industrial spy teams who have kept us so very busy during our tour here.

"Only a few Monks to go."



The Echelon on morning muster.

DECADENT, DIRTY, AND DOWNRIGHT DANGEROUS

(Life with the Infantry) Lt CNP Emmett RAOC

CRAOC—"You are due to do an Infantry attachment shortly, what would you like to join? Cavalry, Gunners, Guards, Infantry?"

Subaltern—"Let's do it properly and join the Infantry!"

So began the saga of my time with the 1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment. After two years with an OFP in Menden I was off at three weeks notice to Werl to join the Battalion that was in Bulford! November 3rd 1975 1 Queens Werl—"Hallo are you Rag and Oil Company or Monkey." This led me to believe that I would have at least one possible ally in my struggle for survival in an alien environment.

On arrival my attitude was one of wariness as I was to receive yet another welcome as a subaltern—my third! Prior to joining I had been informed that my new Company Commander went under the somewhat unbelievable name of Peter Gybbon-Monypenny. My first sight of this gentleman convinced me that something was decidedly fishy for in the distance a diminutive figure, swamped by a ground reaching Parka, was pointed out as the boss. Actually the figure did prove to be the commander and the life under threat of 'O' Groups began.

To take over a platoon of infanters, keen and eager in a new role, from an experienced and popular commander would be enough to daunt most normal of men I, however, was not taxed by the daunting prospect as my platoon, all 15 of them, were eager and willing to help with most useful suggestions such as, 'Why don't we do vehicle maintenance again sir?' At least I was now in command of troops in whose number only one exceeded my tender years. The task they suggested proved to be virtually the only real task of a Rifle Company in its initial stages of conversion to the mechanised role.

The hierarchy within the Battalion is somewhat different to an OFP, which in theory is smaller than a Company though in reality was on a par with the depleted ranks of Tangier Company. To make the transition from a relatively important figure, delusions of grandeur again, to a 'vital' link in the chain of command in which loyalties resemble a net diagram worthy of the RSO is quite unsettling. One, however, gains a certain freedom, that of a displaced person with nowhere to stay. One lives a migratory life as one roams from the mess to the Coy

office, to be seen to be around, then off to the vehicle park to lend a helping hand. More often the hand of interference is quickly dispensed with and it's back to the Mess for coffee. That's one mile before 1000 am, no wonder they're foot sloggers! After coffee more time is passed doing something until lunch which is the communal gathering of the family. After lunch more time is spent doing something that invariably requires one to walk from one end of the estate to the other several times. The phone system appears to work correctly from those on high downwards—it never worked for me and a regular trip was to the Adjutants office to inform him that yet again I was available to do my full quota of duties. Having now been seen by the Company Commander, the Adjutant and the troops the subalterns are ready to do their, main work of the day and that is the preparation and planning of the evenings activities.

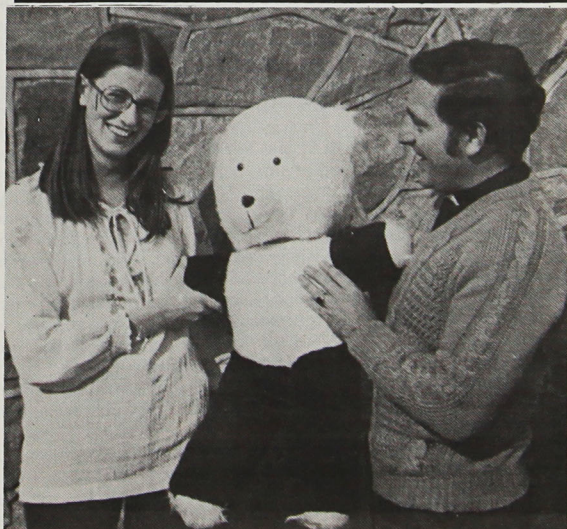
To say that this represents life in an Infantry Battalion would be a broad and erroneous generalisation though it does reflect the more leisurely activities of a subaltern in BAOR when there is no impending exercise. This unfortunately appears to have been a necessary way of life in 1 Queens due to the restrictions imposed by man power shortage, external commitments, limitations on training areas and the problem of reconciling conversion to a mobile role and the preparation for N.I. The few exercises completed in BAOR before the move to Londonderry proved that the infanteer is basically a member of a team who proves his worth far more in the field than in Barracks after all that is surely for base wallahs like the RAOC. The joys of having an armoured taxi as a mode of conveyance about the battle field certainly took a lot of sweat out of operations. This is probably a fallacy as more toil was required to ensure the damn thing stayed on the road than was actually saved by not walking.

Thanks are due to the Adjutant who made it a personal aim to explain with great patience, that a Sam Browne was supposed to shine and that a sword was to be used in fluid movements that could only be achieved by hours of practice. Apparently waving the thing about tensed and resembling Quasimodo did not have the ideal aesthetic appeal that was desired—I did not make the parade!

Tin City is an experience that all soldiers ought to experience in that it gives a very accurate impression of life in Ireland, including the flea infested bedding!

Ireland is Ireland and still goes on. That is all one can really say about it or ever wishes to say. It's an experience that the majority have suffered, at least once and it now means I have a gong of sorts, so at least it served its purpose.

Life in the Infantry has been a useful and confirmatory experience. Some like it and some can survive it if necessary.



"Mick the Vick" presents Grand Draw prize to Miss Paula Doherty at Altnagelvin Hospital. (Down Bill, it ain't Pat).



Officers' Mess staff, Creggan, have their own "Rave-Up" following a curry lunch.



Messrs Lewis, O'Brien, Durham and Elphick.

NO 1 SALES TEAM

I'm writing this in the middle of the greatest happening in Rosemount since the Second World War. In fact I would say it is the most exciting thing that has happened to us. There is no doubt that it will go down in the history books second only to the Battle of Sydney Street (suitable music should be played here). The saga started last night when a deputation of the Irish Womens' Institute came to the door of the RUC Station and asked the intrepid PC of 1 Platoon to clean the road. Being a nice lad with a humble disposition he told them he would look into the matter but that he wouldn't sweep the road himself. He looked into it to the best of his ability which he realises is not very great. He knows this because FF is continuously telling him. The builders declined to clean the road. The next thing that happened was that 20 members of the IWI had blocked the road saying that



"One of these days I will learn how to work this," says Pte Lowe.

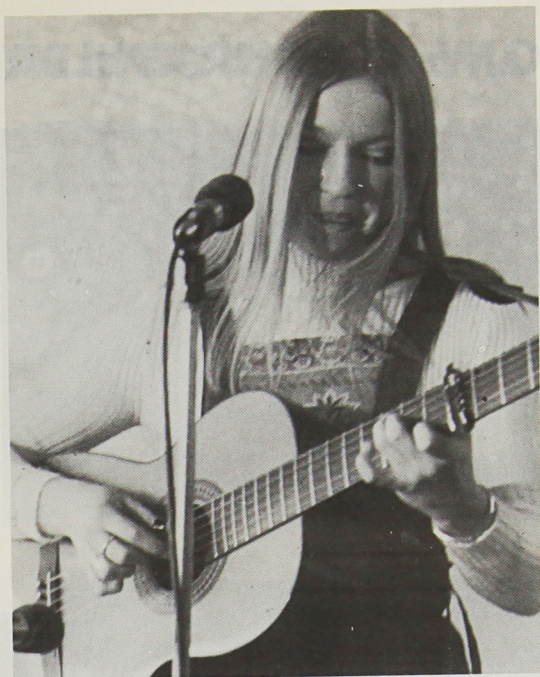
no military vehicles were allowed through. The PC was sent to deal with the 20 headed by two delightful Collens with Rent a-

Gob (mentioned in previous reports) stirring it up in the background Taking his small bodyguard of the Immediate Standby and the 10 Minute Standby he fearlessly walked out to deal with the monster at his door. Clutching his SLR in his sweaty little hands he goes up to one of these ladies and everyone is breathless wondering what words are going to be recorded for posterity, "Can I help you" he utters. Immediately a buzz of excitement and amazement sweeps the expectant crowd. Never before in the history of Public Relations have these words been heard before. The little lady with the rose like breath then utters the immortal phrase "I want this . . . road cleaned up". Shaken at this novel and unusual approach our hero steps back aghast and says he will see what he can do. At this stage the Derry Journal turns up and what flashes through everyone's head is "PR incident". Quick as a flash Phil, the Greek (you've heard of him before) rushes up to the enemy Brownie ('I' or photographer) and says "What's your name." Eventually everything calms down and PC goes back in and the builders start cleaning the road quite happily. FF decides to come along at this time and lives up to his nickname. In two jiffies he has got Hosepipe Harry, Westie, Trigger Teague and Taffy Evans all under the command of Dev the Punch sweeping the streets for the Belles of Rosemount. The PC not wishing the OC to allow his men any rest suggested that the road be mopped after it had been swept but the idea was discarded. The saga is by no means over, tomorrow they intend to return for more demonstrations. All I can say is thank God I'm going to V6. Unfortunately these notes have got to be in before then so you will have to be left in suspense.

Quote of the tour must go to Cpl Bill Jones who said when told to wake up Sgt O'Meara, "What again sir, I only woke him up yesterday."

Finishing off these last (I hope) Braganza notes has presented a slight problem. I should thank everyone and of course I do. However, I have decided to end it with a message to the sweethearts and girlfriends and wives of all and the message is this:

"STAND BY YOUR BEDS GIRLS, WE'RE COMING HOME."



October CSE show at Creggan Camp.

GOOD 'ERE INNIT?



The two "Old Fossils" celebrate their joint 75th (50th birthday for one, 25th wedding anniversary for t'other).

Fl

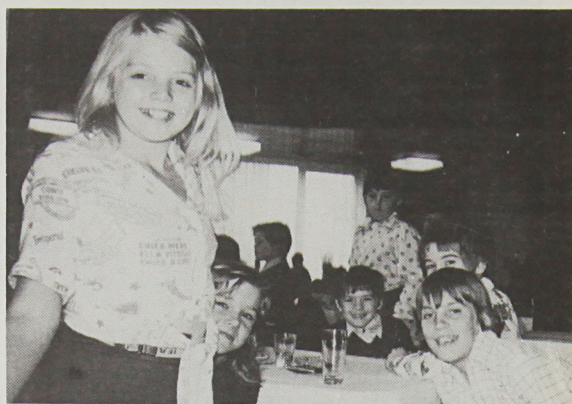


During a visit to 1 Queens, the Chief of General Staff, General Sir Roland Gibbs, GCB, CBE, DSO, MC, ADC, GEN, chats up some of the lads



. and presents a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to Capt Joe O'Gorman.

A REMINDER OF SOME OF OUR CHILDREN V



I WITH WHOM WE SHALL SOON BE REUNITED



REST AND RECUPRATION



EDITION THREE



"Room for two more on top of 1 Pl."

NO 2 SALES TEAM

The period since the last sales report has been quiet but certain people have managed to amuse themselves and the rest of us as well. Eldred and Urling have been busy baking cakes at V6. Even though the cakes don't always rise, they are not too bad at all.

Letterkenny seems to be a popular venue for letting off steam. I'm afraid Gunter is a little bit fed up being the moving target on the egg range. Perhaps someone will tell Lorrán that eggs are for eating. Tidey is still trying to break into showbusiness but this time in the circus. He has already bought some clown shoes and a silly moustache. Eldred is still trying to keep the troops morale up but he won't be repeating his human torch act.

It is rumoured that 'Jaws' Braham wants to be a football commentator. Jimmy Hill beware!

Paddy Campbell has taken advantage of LCpl Bamford's DATAWRAC service and is now applying for an 18 month posting to Ebrington Barracks.

Urling can often be found knitting new socks for LCpl Ball. If anyone can catch LCpl Ball's socks please don't return them.

Everybody has kept their sense of humour over the last few months although some have taken things a little too far. Cpl Hayward and LCpl Bamford have developed some very strange habits.

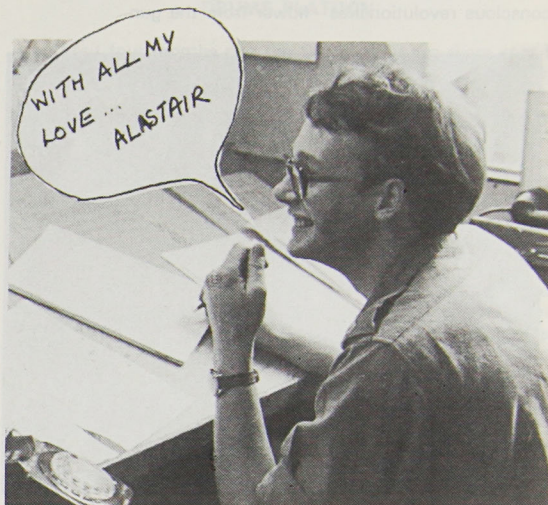
Cpl Yoa's culinary skills leave a lot to be desired. When acting as duty chef at Letterkenny, he fried everything to a delicate shade of black and then drowned it all, eggs included, in curry sauce. LCpl Carter didn't even notice. Is it true it didn't touch the sides of his throat?

During "Beat The Sangar" some amazing facts came to light. Did you know that Enoch Powell founded the Boy Scouts? Brett did. When asked, Hodges knew immediately the author of "Noddy's Adventures". It was Agatha Christie of course. Ask the members of your platoon how many letters there are in the phonetic alphabet, and like Welch, they will tell you 28!

Patrolling has been quiet except for the groans from Masters.

It must be murder with his piles. Lewis has been practising the word 'Sir' for hours but to no avail.

Finally the platoon denies all knowledge of anonymous radio transmissions. Cpl Yoa wouldn't dream of saying 'Foxtrot—Foxtrot is a head banger!



BY THE BANKS OF THE FOYLE I SAT DOWN AND WEPT

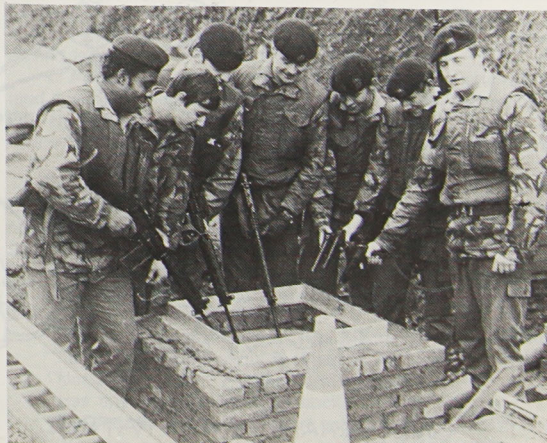
The Company is doing well so the shareholders can forget the price index and concentrate on their cultural Neo Revolutionary Consciousness like this strain from the mist of the Derry Sangar:

If you lose your money, please don't lose your mind.
If you lose your woman, don't mess around with mine.

—which you must admit is pretty heavy, like Mac's cake, 6 thinks it's an IED—yes another one. Meanwhile Arnold Palmer is P checking the ghost of Bosco 'Gin-Gin' Campbell that well known smuggler who tripped over the Braehead ramp in the 30's and broke his neck. Andy dials his latest love affair to the Beast from the East and who's this—Foxtrot Foxtrot taken the wrong turning at Rosemount again and is asking the way up to Creggan. Very spaced out—like the cars at midnight.

The leaves are falling from the trees in the Glen.

But since a picture is worth more than . . . here's a picture of the day stag and the night stag, with apologies to Holland Coy, who thought of the night idea first.



The future is also more hip than the past. Pte Feltham and Weaver leave us unfortunately along with several other renegades to Sp Coy. Sgt Isaacs has left us for Int. LCpl Robinson is still weighing up the pros and cons of the Silver Rocket Club (if that's right) and the Rose and Crown in Haywards Heath. In the less distant future we might still convert some less conscious revolutionaries—flower from the gun.



Lewis on night stag.

GOOD 'ERE INNIT?

HOLLAND COMPANY

A great deal of nothing very much seems to have happened to report on for this issue. Touch wood, so far, no one has opened fire at us, or mortared us, and in return we even laid off searching occupied houses for a week or two. The only real incidents of note occurred when 5 Platoon commander and his band came upon a bird they thought they knew in the Shantallow. Quickly hustling her into a Landrover, they delivered her to Fort George, and a few hours later she admitted to being the last of our wanted female parishioners. We are not allowed to mention her name, the whole affair being sub-judice, but she should go down for a long spell for violent crimes of the bombing and attempted murder sort. Much to our rage, we had two more from our wanted list nicked from under our noses by the galloping Tangerines next door. Well done A Company, you needed a decent break! That leaves us with two more on the list and twenty put away, and, something of a matter of pride this, we have not fired a shot or a baton round in anger throughout the tour. The last notifiable incident hit LCpl Copeman's landrover on the Racecourse road, in the shape of two well aimed petrol bombs. They saw them being lit, and thought that they were kids playing with sparklers. That's the way these brave terrorists hope to trap the SF into shooting innocent civilians.

Not long to go now before we catch the flights back, and we don't even care about the noise and the need to keep our legs crossed in the first class travel arranged by our Crab friends. After leave we will be a changed company A lot of people leave, and there are quite a few new faces waiting for our return to Werl. To all who served with this bass— "Thanks for being a great company (of . . . jokers and humorists) and for doing a good job here and in Germany. I'll be proud to take a beer off any of you any day!"



" WELL CHAPS-THIS PATROL SEEMS QUIET ENOUGH EH "

SOME DAY SOON

Some day soon we will fly
In a silver bird across the sky,
To stand once again at your side
In a land where we won't have to hide.

We'll be together each night and day,
And give our love in many ways;
We'll walk again hand in hand,
For we'll not be in an unpleasant land

The endless wait now seems longer,
But our love for each other will never wander;
When I return we'll kiss and caress,
And say goodbye to loneliness.

So when you look at the heavens tonight,
Draw our love in the bright star light;
And when you see the silvery moon,
Remember I'll be with you someday soon.



L/Cpl Smith in creative mood.

THE OLD AND POOR

Through the land the north wind will blow,
Sending before it the clouds of snow;
As winter returns to the land once again
Will we think of the old and poor with their pain?

The answer is no for who really cares,
Who really wants their troubles to share;
We have troubles of our own is often the cry,
What do we care if they live or die?

But what would you do if you were poor or old,
As you sit on a stool shivering from cold;
Your face has turned blue through lack of heat,
And your cupboard is empty, you have nothing to eat.

Put yourself in their place for a short while,
When you have done so see if you smile,
No, my friends, that you couldn't do,
For torment like that you couldn't live through.

So accustomed are you to your comfortable life,
The last thought to enter your mind would be strife;
For your cupboard is full you've plenty to eat,
You don't have to beg for food in the street.

So today as you travel through a town or city,
And you see an old or poor one please take pity,
For you will be going home tonight,
To be welcomed by a house that is cheerful and bright.
But all they have is a cold lonely room,
Their day holds nothing but empty gloom.

Now do you feel for the old and poor,
Remember these words before you close the door;
The door of your heart I am talking about,
In your mind let there be no doubt

But if you feel now the same as before,
And hold no pity for the old or poor,
Then live your life and try to live true
Because my friend I have pity for you.

L/Cpl A. W. Smith

DRUMS PLATOON

About four months ago the Corps of Drums were sent to Londonderry with the remainder of the Battalion in support. The main body arrived fresh and keen and anxious to get on with the task. The task given by higher authority was to discover if there was any intelligent life in the Shantallow area.

Over the months we have walked a considerable number of miles and driven even further, talked to literally thousands of local inhabitants. Some of these inhabitants have even been brought back to the comfort of Fort George to have a cosy chat with men of great intelligence and when there is a little glimmer of hope we ask them to go along to RUC Strand road to talk with the C.I.D.

The task is now almost complete and we have concluded that there is no intelligent life outside the gates of this location.

This conclusion was reached by means of a simple written test which was compiled by one of the countries leading psychologists, a sample of which appears together with this text. Readers may like to have a go at the test themselves. All completed entries should be sent to C/Sgt FIDDY BEM, at the Families Office who may give lollipops to the first 600 correct entries.

'A' TEST (Compiled by DR LIAM "KNUCKLES" MURPHY)

- (1) Who won World War 2?
- (2) Who came second?
- (3) Spell the following (a) Cat, (b) Dog, (c) Basket.
- (4) Who invented Stephenson's Rocket?
- (5) What musical instrument did "Phil the Fluter" play?
- (6) Do you understand Newton's Law of Gravity (answer yes or no).
- (7) Of what country is Dublin the capital of?
- (8) Approximately how many commandments was Moses given?
- (9) Name the odd man out: Seamus Saul, Micky Deery, John Coyle, Mahatma Gandhi.
- (10) Explain Einstein's Theory of Relativity, or write your own name in block capitals.

Everyone in the platoon has of course turned their thoughts from pinups on the wall to the more tangible females eagerly awaiting their loved ones at home. Oh for a life of domesticity, the wife and children, trips out, shopping sprees, the occasional row, not going out with the boys, being nagged now and again, and again and again and again . . .

Perhaps it isn't too bad here on the Costa Del Foyle after all we're only joking, ladies, in spite of all your little faults we all look forward with anticipation to returning to Werl on Thursday 18 November, followed shortly by what we consider to be a well earned leave.

Lt Andrew Barratt has now left the platoon for greater things (and a warm homecoming judging by the theme of this article—Ed). He has taken over the reins of Ops Officer, Company 2IC Officer IC Company Parties, Officer IC Company Raffle, Officer IC . . .

We all wish him well for the remainder of the tour and for his UK courses in the new year, (He is without a doubt the finest commissioned platoon commander that we have ever had in the Drums Platoon. (he is also the first).

In closing a few "quotable quotes".

"It wasn't my fault that the plane was delayed 24 hours"
Drum Major on return from R & R.

"Why do they call me Fossil" (Cpl Bristow to Chalky White).

"Lend me a couple of quid" (Peanuts Anderson to anyone).

"Not again" (Chalky white to everyone).

"Has anyone seen my dirty socks" (Frosty Willson)

"No one gives a damn about apathy" (Anonymous)

"You are never alone with a schizophrenic" (CRS)



5 PLATOON

During the last month the Drums P1 have been trying to solve their own intelligence tests, with a special section on 'searching the right house' for Lt Barratt. Six P1 have had a competition to see who can wear the most different items of uniform and Cpl Dunning has won! (surprise, surprise).

During all this frivolity five P1 have actually been working! The platoon has now arrested almost forty people of which a small number have been charged with crimes from murder to robbery. Number 50 will receive a mystery prize from OC B Coy.

The best so far has been the arrest of Helen Pauline McLaughlin—a lovely girl who had been on the run for 4 months and has since been charged with murder, attempted murder and numerous bombings.



Notice size 13 feet in background.

One of the "gentlemen" arrested showed his ill feeling at our intrusion into his Sunday afternoon jaunt by putting 'Jonah's' head through a glass window. Needless to say he now sorely regrets his lack of tact as 'Debs, Laysy and Jonah' can testify.

Big Buckle's mob are now convinced that all Irish jokes are true. They were first on the scene of a robbery where the robbery very kindly feft his car, driving licence, photograph and names and adress. "There is nothing like being co-operative to the Security Forces" He was arrested at home by the platoon the next day.

The strain for Paul Copeman, Ginge, Bleep and Jonah is proving too much. They mistook two petrol bombs for childrens sparklers but luckily both bombs bounced off the landrover and exploded on the ground without any casualties. Rumour has it the Irish are using shatter proof glass. Enough of work.

A SPECIAL MENTION

On leaving Northern Ireland our thoughts will go to some very unfortunate friends who will be spending this christmas

(and many more) in jail—especially Thomas Elliott, Helen McLaughlin, James Begley, Richard McQuade, Gerald Brown and finally last but not longest in (nick) Anthony Brown.



Paul Copeman tries an art lesson.



Another picnic.

PTE FISHER DID NOT WRITE THIS

2Lt Edwards don't give two hoots
Because he's got size 13 boots.

Sgt Brown's bed is a bloody big heap
It's obvious to all he's had too much sleep.

Cpl Scully is trying to find a double
So he can pass on some of his trouble.

Cpl Richardson is sick of searching,
Down the pub he'd as soon be lurching

LCpl Hampshire is very meek and mild,
Because of no brain—poor child.

L/Cpl Copeman goe's round looking at the sky
Because he's got NFI

Pte Daniell goe's round looking at the deck
It's not his fault he's got a bent neck.

Pt Carter—there's not much to say
Only the old chap was 27 the other day

Pte Rickaby leaves all feeling numb
Because the man is so dumb.

Pte, Todd has a silly lopsided grin
That's because he's missing a chin.

Pte Brown 63 looks rather blank
Hardly surprising—he is a plank.

Pte Brown 64 is as thick as his brother
Must be because he's got the same mother.

Pte Nichols since joining our mob
Has proved to all he's got a big gob.

Pte Eason takes interest in the stars
Because he comes from the planet Mars.

Pte Tilling ought to be behind a desk
Just because he's got a pidgeon chest.

Pte Fisher has a silly smile
But he's the best by a mile!

— Fisher and Locke rule OK!

+ NFI —NO EFFIN' INTEREST!

KIT TO BEWORN FOR IMMINENT MORTAR ATTACKS ...



*It ain't half awkward scrubbing
under yer' helmet!*



Snick, Guz and Cpl Buckle (but which is which?)



"Funny urinal this, innit?"

6 PLATOON

Greetings once again to all our readers from Sunny 6 and a big kiss from Honey Monster.

Life continues here without too many upsets. Mac has returned to the platoon somewhat earlier than he had anticipated and can still be heard muttering "What the hell am I doing back here?" Even the locals laid on a warm welcome for him—well I thought they were only sparklers!!—as two petrol bombs come hurtling through the air at his section one night.

The two Ronnies (Coomber and Parker) continue with their duet while congratulations are due to Terry Barrell who has become a proud Dad for the second time with the birth of Angela Wendy—didn't he do well!

Surprise of the month is Padlock who, although he has been counting his days to do for the past three years, has just sighed



Ronnie Barker and Bobby Clarke.

on for another three. He is vehemently denying that he is a twenty-two year man.

Ian Dunning continues practicing the prone supported in preparation for the 18th while Les Hayes continues searching and finding poems written by love-lorn girls if nothing else.

R & R is over and the end is now in sight with more and more Northern Gentlemen appearing on the scene. The "Days to Do Blues" can be heard echoing from every room. Welcome Woodentops—it's all yours.



Pte Stockwell: "Good 'ere innit?"



Ronnie Coombes.

SOBRAON COMPANY

COMPANY HQ

It might be worthwhile before getting onto the platoon notes to have a look at a few of the combined platoon statistics of the tour so far. What we must not forget, and Buster won't let us, is that there are still another two weeks to go. We have spent something like 3,120 hours pounding round the Creggan and the Land Rovers have covered about 40,000 miles which is quite incredible when you consider that the estate is only about a mile long and five hundred metres wide. To show for our efforts we have on our incident chart a total of fifteen persons in jail or on their way there plus quite an impressive list of finds including: 5 rifles, 2 pistols, 82 rounds of ammunition, 39 lbs of explosives, 3 detonators, 6 grenades, 9 mortars, 9 mortar bombs, 2 petrol bombs and 1 bombard. The finds were not all as a result of the 250 planned house searches or of the similar number of Hot Pursuits. Many of them were found by alert patrols being inquisitive and looking for the unusual. Unfortunately, along with the credit balance has gone a debit in the form of 46 soldiers injured as a result of "terrorist activities" which includes Georgie Britton and Dave Scarff with gunshot wounds and 'Scarface' Fisher who had the dubious honour of being selected twice as the target for missiles which resulted in a fair number of stitches. The vehicles have also taken their toll with 51 windscreens smashed as the result of stoning and 89 punctures. We are hoping in the few remaining days to have more credits without the debits.

— — — — —

Days to do . . . Stag on Jock . . . that's all that can be heard in the background these days, along with the sly bits of graffiti left under the corner of the favourite pin-up with a PTO on the front, or ready to greet some Jock's eyes when he rips Nov 16 off the calendar, or halfway through the Early Call book—a great tradition—we all get it! There are the old brown berets around now but we have had a month without them since the last or penultimate edition. In that time Buster went home on R & R and left his crash crew to the mercy of our Kestrel, I wish somebody had told him that even a Kestrel returns to his nest sometimes! Poor old Jumbo was the worst affected, he kept on hitting the kerb and blamed it on the twelve hours sleep that he was now being restricted to daily, although Seagull reckoned that his driving couldn't get any worse—it was already on a level with Muskies!

The rest of the month has been rather quiet and more time seems to have been spent thinking of matrimonial affairs than anything else. Once again congratulations are in order for a birth, this time to Colin Pitchers and Christine on the birth of Toni, we all wish them well. There has been talk of a marriage being fixed between Miss Hockings and Mister Pitchers but the fathers can't agree on the dowry. The end of the tour will see the downfall of another two good men—Musky Callender and Martin Guilfoyle are both getting married during the leave, if only they know what they were letting themselves in for. . . .

There are two groups that we must not forget in this final edition—firstly John Stent and his slaves back on the Rear Party who have been putting in just as much as the rest of us sorting out those 432's back in Werl. It's a thankless task and I'm sure they would all rather be out here. Secondly, a big thank you to all the wives for keeping so cheerful and helping each other out, your contribution is as great as everybody else's in making the tour a success.

Finally, I leave you with a few thoughts and quotes:

Buster to his Ruperts—"At last my thickness is confined to my waist".

SAS man—"I'm not going to drink and more . . . and I'm not going to drink any less."

Sunray to Kestrel—"are you writing another letter?"

Kestrel—"Yes, I haven't written since this afternoon."

"Hello 3 this is 3?? Car check AUI 1234 over".
 "3 Roger, has this car got number plates?"
 "3?? this is 3, your car should be a red Audi or a green Mazda,
 which is it over?"
 "3?? A yellow Datsun, out."
 "3 this is ??? there are wires coming out of a
 manhole . . . wait . . . wait . . . wait . . . I am pulling
 my wire now over."



To the Editor :

The attached letter is **CERTIFIED AUTHENTIC** and was sent to Stingray by a known admirer via his Foxhounds.

As a result of this all past statements are withdrawn—somebody, somewhere must love him!

DAISY
← → PAULINE.
Poor Darling, BIONIC MAN,
my No 1. lover; my hero,
my one and only. Daisy Baby,
I have fallen in LOVE
with you.
You make my heart go
all of a flutter.
Lots of Love 'N' stuff
X X X X Kiss Kiss.



7 PLATOON

The last month has passed relatively uneventfully (so far) and has allowed us to pause, take a deep breath and reflect on the past few hectic weeks—i.e. watch more television.

It's been a good tour for us with some notable events. On November 1st as I hand this article in to the editor for screening, Lcpl LEEFMANS, Ptes WALKER, BATT, DOWNHAM, LOBLACK and NEWPORT go to court to hopefully put away two rioters for their part in a riot early on in the tour. On 2 and 8 November more members of the platoon go to the courts for the same aim.

The St Mary's Church seige, with Bluey Hedges giving some

assistance and taking some glory, a rioting crowd of 200 on Central Drive and an arrest of two IRSP men in a hijacked car by Lcpl LEEFMANS are just some of the high spots. Other high spots of the tour are "Tich" RICHES finding someone smaller than himself in the Creggan to P Check, and "Petal" declaring his undying love for the 1000 girls in the Creggan and actually getting a civil reply (to the muted strains of "It's only puppy-love" from the rest of the section).

Our Search team deserve a mention as well here—often they've been dragged out of bed at 0400 for a search while the rest slept peacefully on. To date Clarence, Dixie, P-P-P-Parsons, Supremac, Ken and "Bionic" have done 62 searches. Among the platoon's finds are included 2 rifles, 24lbs Frangex, 1 x Bombard, 3 grenades, 1 x Torch in the process of being made into a booby trap, 2 x petrol bombs, 1 x vantage tranceiver, 1 x light sensitive device and anti handling device, various bits of bomb kit and a bag of flour.

8 PLATOON

Unexplained celebrations were noticed by us last week in 9 Pl's Block. On investigation it was discovered that 33 'Enery' had at last found the front gate and was celebrating with the lads. The Cregganites have been politely warned of the imminent appearance of the 'Long Arm' of the Army! "Please don't leave bricks in doorways" we ask them—tends to make his knuckles bleed!

The Platoon now has a new crack-up—the new Rupert has at last arrived—more of a head of hair than the old one! The Rupert-Factory has obviously lowered the Barber's Shop down the priority list. Seriously though, when 2Lt Lance Mans parts his hair to see his way, the members of the PC's section realise the difficulty avoiding being cracked up rather than cracking him up. Naturally, the other experienced crack-ups, Pike, Harris, Taylor etc. reckon they'll crack him up! That's if Taylor's recovered from the hiding he's due behind the Guardroom!

32D are a man down with the crack Tiger Broadbent's foot out of commission. 32B's commander, Cpl Hayes, surrendered his foot to a plaster cast—the room can't sleep while the Sarn't-Major of 8 PL hurls abuse at his plaster!

During last night's contact 32C decided some people in camp were getting too much sleep and Lcpl Montague, Parker and Marshall sent Tracer flying right over the camp as they very rapidly returned fire—their shots being heard in camp before echo of the gunmen's. We hope the quick return of fire will put off any further night shoots!

Cpl Broome's long rest from radio stardom has now brought him back to earth, shaving off his moustache—another image change? Or did something happen on R & R?

Dean, having won a BRAGANZA prize for his Ode to the Creggan, has decided to start charging a commission for any further compositions! However, he now has to rehearse the platoon to sing the Ode for the Commanding Officer.



9 PLATOON

Before I begin to sift through last month's scandal, Cpl SPENCER asked me to give a vote of "No thanks" to 32L for his unscheduled tour of the city centre and surrounding countryside last week. The "Sierra" multiple arrived at the unanimous decision that if these untimely excursions were to be perpetrated on unsuspecting troops could they be worked into the patrol programme and not eked out of their all too precious spare time. (32L—New Rupert).

Surprising enough our Irish play mates on the Creggan have seen fit to lay dormant their more base instincts in the last month though 9 Platoon appears not to have followed suit.

Para Gorman, an inspiring Vincent Van Gogh payed dearly for his microscopic graffiti and was heard to mutter "O me ??? ! ? !" on leaving the CO's pad.

Eyes have lost their glazed R & R expression and in its place is the gleam of a thousand demons.

Legs dreams of the day when he can kick mongrels without fear of being placed on OC's orders for provoking a CR incident, Dawson grumbles enthusiastically about the prospect of not being able to grumble on anything particular on his return to BAOR.

Knees and hands are sore from the constant scrubbing of the block's floor ready for the handover to 2SG. The slogan "Stag on 2 Scots Guards" is never more than a moment away from the lips of the majority.

Well done 33C (Plod, Fes, Pat) for their excellent find on the morning of 26th October, consisting of a weapon, ammunition, explosives, detonators and PIRA grenades. 7 Platoon if you want to know how it's done, I suggest you consult 9 Platoon Search Team commanders. Even Cpl Grips Goodman has found something even if it was only a pair of amplivox ear defenders for the run of the mill PIRA cowboy.

Bye the bye CS 32 does not use "Sparkle wax polish" on his head to obtain that deep lustrous shine.

31 tells me that he is extremely grateful to his benefactors who have been sending him Iron tablets for his chronic anaemia. I gather that he still looks pale and wan. I wonder why?

QUEBEC COMPANY

The final edition! Like the arrival of the Scots Guards Advance Party it is a milestone in the tour which is, perhaps, why there have been so many contributions this time. To the several unsuccessful contributors this sub-editor regrets that limited space prevents everything being accepted but can always try again next time. . . .

'So far, so good' is about as far as one dares tempt fate at this stage and with a bit of luck there will be no bad news to take home with us. Our only injury, Lcpl Friend, is long since back and fighting the good fight once more. There can be no doubt that, for the VCP platoons, the four months so far has been a hell of a task and those veterans of all the other tours believe that, in consequence, this has been the hardest tour. Chore or no chore most people have had their excitement. Perhaps 'Carters Cavalry' could fairly claim the largest slice. Twice they have been shot at, once injuring Lcpl Friend, and twice they have nearly been blown up but then they do have such a large patch and the Border to contend with. The VCP platoons have 'staggered on' virtually without complaint but they have had their excitement away from the VCPs. The Mortars were shot at on their way to one and 10 PI got involved in a shoot out in the Creggan (not to mention the time they **thought** they were shot at on the way to one).

We have enjoyed having 10 PI as part of the coy and their existence has been an undoubted success and they have carried out their role extremely well.

We have been grateful for the assistance from B Coy 5 UDR who have helped to patrol the Enclave and who have, from time to time, helped out on the VCPs. The Greenfinches have certainly brought a little cheer to the night duties. Possibly, however, they will be remembered most by that immortal radio transmission which comes over the air every 15 minutes (or so!) "Hello T5 this is IE2, SITREP; Nothing to report, over". The watchkeepers will have this ringing in their heads till after Christmas at least.

So, if it has been a comparatively quiet tour, it has not been an easy one but it has certainly been a creditable achievement.



THE FLYING CIRCUS QUEST FOR THE HOLY VICTOR — PART 2 ½

Story so far; if you haven't read it so far then you must get hold of a copy of the new very famous magazine (that rivals Private Eye in making nasty disclosures) **BRAGANZA**.

In the last edition we left our intrepid heroes in a bit of a state (as usual) having defeated V2 and surf Chalky. Now read on.

Lord Roddy decided that the Knights of the Egg Banjo should now search the area of the famous Castle Creggan ruled by Lord Buster of Cricklewood, who was assisted by McDermott of Nohair. They launched into battle the famous soldier of Fortune Guilfoyle of the Flaming Earhole and Short Hair who lashed out at Sir 55 with a burning fringe but 55 parried this with a thrust of his Discharge papers. Lord Roddy then put an end to Buster with a double back hand swipe of his squash racket. McDermott seeing this pulled out the remainder of his hair and surrendered the castle to Roddy, who didn't want it and gave it to Lord Tony of Orange (Ops sorry) Tangerine.

Our famous circus then went on its way still looking for the Holy Victor. Sir 55 almost suffered a Mortal blow when he was attacked by an HGV III cadre but he managed to duck out with a no comment.

Lord Roddy then decided to visit the rest of the area and on the way round spotted Surf Kim of Waffle and peasant Hurman of Horse but didn't want to get involved so rode straight past.

Suddenly we saw a figure skipping over the hill towards us (no it wasn't Julie Andrews) it was Joe of Seagull Minor fame, Lord Roddy's favourite sooth-sayer.

I have a message for you said he from the Great White Chief, C/S 9 which is; "What are you doing wondering round the cuds like a load of cut-throats. All I wanted you to do was find the victor and get my copy of Quest from him. Your punishment will be as follows; You will all be banished to Werl on the 18th November, but first you must find for me 600 Scotsmen to take the place of my trusty men". Will Roddy be able to fulfill this task? If you don't believe he can, then I am sure that he will drop you a line from Werl!!!!

We would like at this stage to thank our readers (cheers 55) and wish them all a safe journey home. We would also like to thank all the Victor Commanders for providing us with coffee and toast on all of our many visits.

Grandad "Alamo" Millis has now been renamed Grandad "My Girdle is Killing me" Millis due to the fact that he is now wearing the latest surgical support for his back. He has also been loaned to the Ops Room to rest his injury.

We are sending a warning to all road users in the Werl area, giving notice that 83 will soon be striking round the area in a Bedford.

Also here is a quote from C/S 59's answer to Dr Kildare i.e. Jerry Poore, "Bandsmen work much harder than APC drivers". Question from 83 for Jerry, "How do you drain the coolant from a trombone?"

It must be time to go home because 55 is now walking round camp with an even bigger smile saying "Ford Capri, speed, beer, long hair and Ford Capri".

We would like to take this chance of congratulating Lcpl Rye on his forthcoming Nuptials.

There is no truth in the rumour that 55 has adopted the name Hutch, Jerry and name Starky and 83 the name Huggy Bear.



Molar rides shotgun for Sunray Minor.



Cpl Betty Gallagher.

59's EXCHANGE AND MART FOR SALE

1 pr of well worn slippers. Will accept war stories in part exchange—Contact Fred.

WANTED

1 Tea Urn for Boxing training—contact Robbo the runner.

FOR SALE

15 lbs of Human hair—Apply Sp Coy Muggers.

FOR SALE

1 used girdle—apply 68662 and ask for Grandad.

WANTED

Any Signals Eqpt, good prices paid—Ask for Eddy.

SWOP SHOP

Will swop any motor bike magazines for mint condition Part II Orders—Apply Flopper.

Is there any truth in the rumour that Big E has been auditioned to star in the sequel to "Jaws" which will be called "Whale".

And now a final word from our sponsor :

"I am not accepting bribes for seats on early flights back to Werl"—Joe.

VACCINE FEVER

A certain Officer, having been detailed to report to the RMO for vaccination, arrived at the Creggan Medical Centre, bared his arm, gritted his teeth and shut his eyes.

Starlight tapped him gently on the shoulder, then handed him a Polio vaccine sugar lump. Back to the Doomwatch!

CARTER'S CAVALRY

During the last few weeks the Recce Platoon has concentrated on foot patrolling, both by day and by night (it is, after all, a much better method of keeping warm than sitting in the back of an open Land-Rover!). Sgt Leach's section recently took part in a most spectacular operation, planned and carried out by Lcpl Friend. The patrol consisted of a helicopter insertion, 10 mile walk including area and derelict searches, and a boat patrol using the Royal Marines' "rigid raiders" on the Foyle. An unplanned assault-landing took place to conclude the event which resulted in Sgt Leach sinking up to his waist in black mud, to the delight of the remainder of the section. Sadly none of these operations proved totally successful and though enjoyed by all, our finds board still remains blank.

Sgt Leach recently went for an eye test with the aim of applying for AAC selection but to his disappointment he failed. He is apparently colour-blind in certain shades of green. Since then his section has undertaken to correct this and his patrols are enlivened by his troops conscientiously pointing out every green field to him.

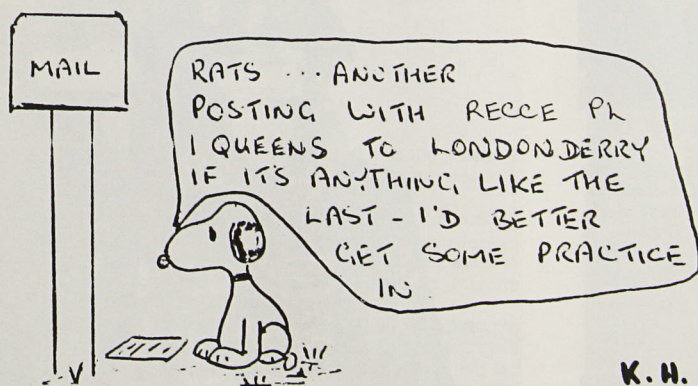
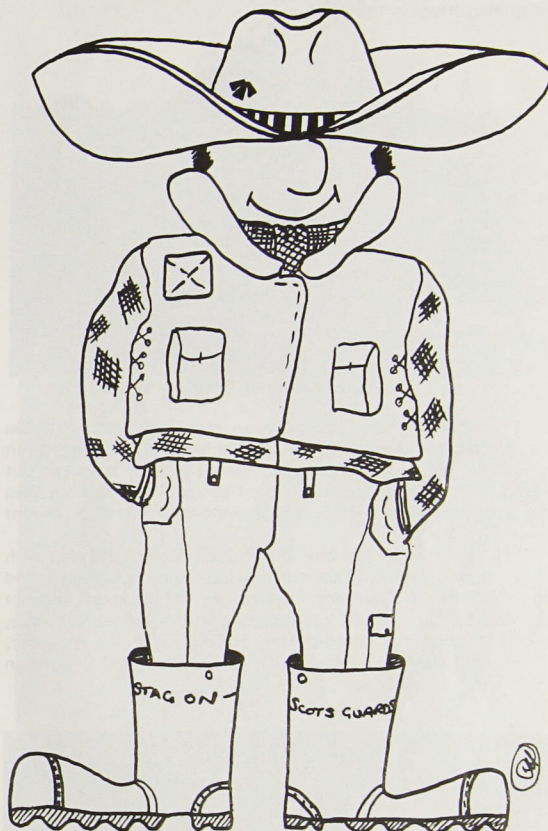
The forthcoming Novices Boxing Competition has caused some anxiety amongst certain members. The most unlikely soldiers have been selected. "Cassius" Hobbs and "Mohammed" Armstrong are to be seen most evenings in the gym, training hard. We are confident about Lcpl Armstrong. There must be very few lightweight and featherweight soldiers left in



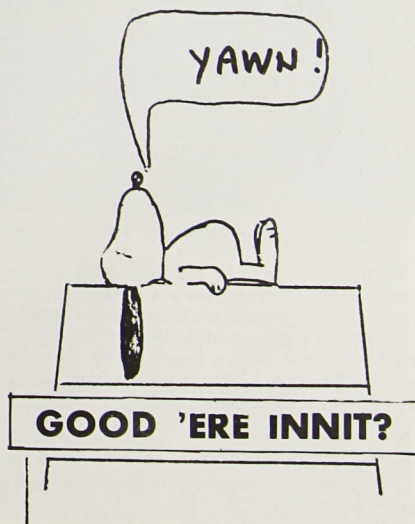
Sgt Leach's section carrying out tactical first parade servicing.

the Battalion (judging by the QM's ration bills) and he is sure to win by default. However, concern is being felt over the regularity of Ginger Hobbs' recent nose-bleeds.

The Platoon Commander took time off from a series of dinner parties, dances, discos and other social events to go on a night patrol recently. After a great deal of trial and error he discovered that his flak-jacket would have to be worn over his dinner-jacket and his bow-tie was not a suitable place to fit his sterno microphone. The aim of the foray that evening was to



K. H.



search some outhouses near a large farm. The operation, though fruitless in the military sense, did turn out to be highly entertaining for the rest of the section. The source of this amusement was a large, inquisitive horse that was grazing near one of the buildings. Not daunted by the fact that the brute had several times pinned people to a nearby wall and attempted to bite large chunks from a wooden door our fearless (?) leader mounted the animal. To give the horse its due it took the indignity quietly enough but then in true tradition of rodeo took one step forward, spun sharply round and deposited its rider in an undignified heap in the mud.



Firing Land Rover-mounted GPMGs on the range.

The Platoon has become even more involved with the equine quadruped recently. Pte Booker became the first man in the Battalion to take FMT 3 action against a horse. It backed out in front of his vehicle during a night patrol. The consequences was a dented wing which was a write-off, but no apparent damage to the horse.

With the tour almost over the Platoon have been faced with a most vexing problem, how to transport their newly acquired presents back to Germany. Seemingly, MFO boxes are not designed for three feet high stuffed donkeys, sheepskin rugs, fireside armchairs, crystal decanters and other goodies. However, with the Battalion's Movements Officer as Company Second in Command, a way is sure to be found.

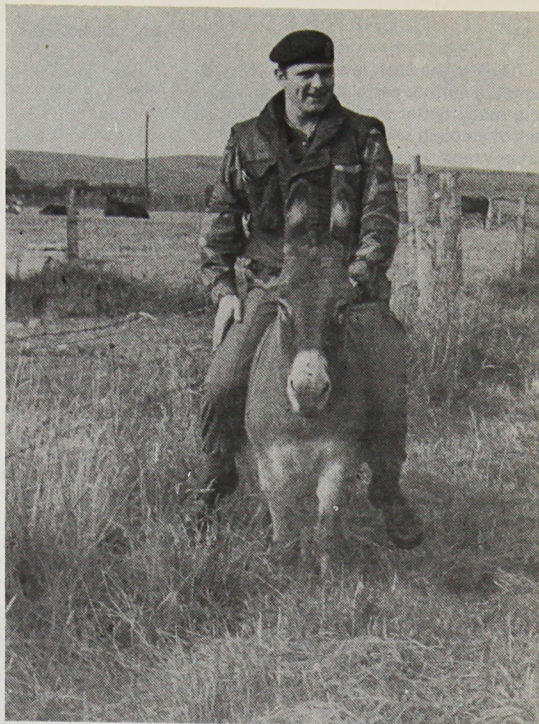


Platoon Commander's section before a dawn patrol.

Writing the notes for the final edition of Braganza has really brought home to us that we will at last be leaving Londonderry. With elements of the Scots Guards advance party already in situ this is doubly emphasised. Now that the nights are growing so long and so cold, we are beginning to appreciate the problems they will have on a Winter tour in the country. The Platoon wishes them the best of luck and every success.

STOP PRESS !

Lcpl Armstrong found 8 rounds of .32 ammunition during a search on 28 Oct. 76.



Sgt Leach on mobile.

ANTI-TANK PLATOON

It is not widely known that the Romans colonized Ireland in the year 76 A.D., but a scroll recently unearthed on the Buncrana Road has cast new light upon this unfortunate period of history. The writing appeared to be from the journal of the Roman 1st Legion whose motto, Quad Erat Demonstrandum (Look This Way for A Complete Demonstration) was embossed on the cover. The scroll reads as follows :

ANTI-HANNIBAL PL NOTES

Ireland Tour : July—Nov 76

I have written thrice previously of our task here and of the long boring days standing and doing nothing, with the weight of our body armour weighing us down and the eternal rain and mists rusting our weapons. We are forever peering northwards from the watchtowers, waiting for an enemy who never comes.



"Punchy" Greenwood.

Our task is to man this outpost on the borders of civilization and check the continuous flow of barbarian chariots to ensure they are not smuggling arms, arrowheads etc. We have had little result for the last few months although we have arrested over 40 savages for assault and suspicion. We do 12 hours of this a day and then retire to our fort for a rest. After 8 days of this we then patrol for 4 days, sometimes in the village of the Savage Creggii and Shantee. Will they never accept the Pax Britannica? These people have rained fire and stones upon us for 7 years but they have been quiet of late perhaps because our lift and crucifixion rate has been quite good recently.

The only entertainment here is the small arena on the Culmore Road where we occasionally get the Barbarians to fight dogs and armed men but under conditions like this the Creggii lack the spirit that they have in their own villages.

Sometimes we are visited by the Centurion Rodericus Mellotte or the Tribune David's Son who is constantly flanked by his Nubian slaves, Hyde and Jean-Pierre. These visits are the highlights of the day but we soon lapse back into the repetition of chariot checking. Whenever our morale flags we think of the initials on our standard: SPQR (Screen'em, P check'em, Question'em and Release'em).

At last the advance party of our relieving unit, The Scots Praetorians, has arrived and soon we'll be back in Germania doing our proper military role of Elephant destruction.

To sum up then, a quiet tour with no finds, no contracts and no casualties so far. I'm sure that no one will have any trouble with the Irish again.

HAIL FRED MULLEY !



WANTED
FNU SNU PLANK
Intangible, intent & tries to Interfere
with Intelligence
\$10000?

MORTAR PLATOON

One full set of nights left on the victors, that is the great cry at the time of writing. One month left, it seems, it was never in sight up until a short time ago.

That must mean about 70 more trips to the victors for the "Travelling Circus". I think the only person who hasn't looked forward to seeing them is "Lumpy" Pte Lumb. 59 always seem to be throwing his voice into his top right hand pocket, ("Lumb haircut, Lumb new beret"). Oh. To be a mugger.

Things continue to slow down on the victors especially the drunk who stepped on the caltrops (he also has wet feet). 10 PI relieved us on time a few days ago! We were so amazed that we left Pte "Mul" Mulford in a sanger when we drove away. The lads are complaining about their chuff chart being painted over, what next, we begin to wonder.

The Band did us proud and relieved the tension by standing in for some of us during their short stay. Is there any truth in the rumour they are to build a wall round Albuhera Barracks?



Standby PI doing Eagle patrols.



Ptes Dell and Rolus, honorary members of Quebec.

Everyone is looking forward to the social activities of Werl, and for most a well earned leave back in England. We would like to take this opportunity of wishing Pte Ian Mulford the best of luck in Civvy St. Pity he couldn't stay on for the boxing.

Talking of boxing, the CSM is putting on the pressure to persuade a few reluctant members of the coy to participate. We know we are going to win, it's just by how much. We have Lcpl 'I can touch type' Bob Small joining the boxing team along with the wealth of the talent from the Mortar Platoon which includes Turbo, Farqky, Noshier, Smiler, Goodie, Shaky—we had to withdraw Jaws unfortunately! Can't help thinking that the celebrations are in the wrong order, and should really be Coy Party followed by boxing.



"What do you think of it so far . . . Rubbish!" (Capt O'Gorman and Lt Haggerty).

10 PLATOON

Here we are counting the days. The tour is nearly over and everyone is thinking about their leave.

J.C. is off to get his bionic legs—our message is "Don't worry J.C., you can be sure to have lots of rest for them on the Ops Desk."

Our father—Kido, was last seen sitting in the Vengeful room reading 'Blotto and his Spaceship'—still saving himself for Miss Right (mind you, at this stage of the tour he is quite partial to free samples). What about the rest of the flock? Well, there is no truth in the rumour that Chalkie White, Corporal—type—for-the-use-of, tried to sign out a Light Machine Gun as his personal weapon—in fact he didn't want it in the end because he couldn't get his SUIT sight on it. Rent-a-gob (Boots) still has the same American accent as his Irish and Scottish ones, but his singing has definitely improved—he's stopped! Lcpl (W---- Watcher) Taylor is still strenuously proclaiming his innocence. Taffy still pines for Spider, but has definitely started to learn the English language. He said his first word yesterday, which is absolutely unprintable. Lcpl Gillett, who is leaving the Army, has decided to become a monk (he'll have to clean a few of his habits!) Paul (Romeo Mk 2) Hatton still wants to arrest every Paddy with a beard, whilst Paddy Morris just wants to arrest every other Paddy (well done on your contact, remember to hit someone next time); 'OK Out'. Dudley still has his pet radio, and Skunk Irwin still wonders how he got into all this—what, no beer? Emily would still like to find his Ordnance badge and at the last check was heard to be ardently blacking the Platoon Commander's name with Miss McFarland. Shaun still wants independence for Cornwall while Terry Radford has not been the same since someone bought him an Action Man Kit. Squirt Carter has been getting into training for the end of tour 'Gnome—nun'. Mathews keeps sending 'Dear John (or should it be Jean or Pat?) messages by telephone, whilst Doof keeps receiving them—not the same ones we hope! Rumour has it that Popyk has taken over where Spider left off as Taffy's hero. Rumour also has it that Taffy is now teaching Alexander English. We also extend a vote of thanks to the Mugger, without whose help we would never

have found out that there are 1440 little bubbles on the gas fire bars; which brings us back to Kido—did you know that officers don't come—they arrive (so we can't tell where they've been!).

And now, before leaving we would like to quash all rumours that 10 Platoon are going to fortify Victor 3 and claim Independence. These rumours are totally unfounded—it's Victor 2 we want.

By the way—overheard near the telephone at Victor 2 when someone answered the phone:

"Hello, is that 68034?"

"No, this is 68035".

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, I have the wrong number".

"That's all right—it was ringing anyway!"

STAG ON!!!

(With apologies to Tim Trotman and Lcpl Smudger Smiff who thought they had copyright on this one!)



Cpl of Horse Irwin.



Smith 21, LCpl Taylor, REME, Cfn Dunbar, Matthews, Pankhurst, RAOC.

VICTOR DUTIES

The dead of night
And dawn we'll see,
While doing nights
At Victor Three.

Sanger duties come and go,
And then we'll work the radio;
We'll do our 'P' checks,
Through the night,
And watch out for a
LIFT ON SIGHT.

BIT Girls we have quite a few,
And **STOP THREE** cars
Keep coming through;
We check them out
Then let them go,
And write them down
SO INT will know.

When and where
The car came through,
It helps them find out
What they do.

When morning comes
We'll go to bed,
To sleep and rest
Our weary head.

Day goes by
Night comes and then,
Back out we go
To start again.

PARKHURST.



CHALKY REVISITED

Dear Smudge,

I 'ad giv up tryin' ter rite yer a letter in this ahtfit mate, anyway as I'm skint I fort I wood bring yer up ter date wiv the ol' mob. Yer noe I wuz cheesed orff wiv workin' me fingers ter the bone in that Hechelon place in Fort George, well I ups an' sees the Adj 'cos ole Chippy Crook, 'oo is the store bloke at Creggan, 'e sez ole Bob McGhie's in a 'andsome mood at the moment. Somefink abaht 'im bein' speshully chose ter go ter America ter show them bleedin' Yanks just 'ow fins should be done. So I wangles me way up to Creggan on a Hescort wiv ole 'Moneybags' when 'e is a payin' the geezers. I arks ter see the Adj when I gits there, Smudge you would fink I 'ad arsked fer 'er Majesty's Crahn Jools. I tell yer it wuz murder. 'Enery' Iggins the fotograffer 'e says yer wastln' yer time mate—yer 'as ter wait fer ages ter see 'im. Anyways I sez I ain't leavin' 'ere Huntill I 'ave sorted aht me footure in the Kate. I wuz 'havin' a rite ol' ding dong wiv 'im when I 'ears a voice be'ind me wot sez "yer ain't got no footure, you are a 'orrible sepcimen of 'oomanity." Well I terns rahnd an' I seez this geezer a lookin' me up an' dahn. I ain't 'ad the pleasure I says. You should 'ave 'heard 'im. I am the RSM 'e sez; well I looks aahnd and there ain't nobody ter be seen fer miles. So yer wants ter see the Adjutant 'e sez in a terrible voice. Yers I sez, I wants ter noe what this 'ere ahtfit is goin' ter do for me. I joins to become a . . . Shut up 'e roars, don't yer dare say Soljer I don' noe what that ruddy Depot is a comin' ter passin' aht Hartikles like you. 'Owever since that new Kernel took over there we 'ave 'ad problems. Come wiv me. So I follers 'im; 'e diddun nock on the door 'e neerly kicked it dahn. I sees the Adjertant, nice lookin' feller 'e wuz. Trouble Mr. Ormerod, 'e sez in a lahdy dah voice. I 'ave come ter the end when I sees objects like this crawlin' aht of the woodwork says the RSM. Nah RSM, we reely must see the best in our soljers sez the Adjertant. P'raps I can do somefink fer 'm. No Sir, yer cahnt hunless yer brings in mercy killin' 'e sez in a 'opeful voice. Leaf 'im wiv me an' I will see wot can be done. Tiro, 'e glares at me an' as 'e leafs 'e closes the door, fair rocks the bildin' it does. Sit yer dahn sez the Adjertant, I 'ears yer 'ave not got orff ter a good start in the Battalion. A reel

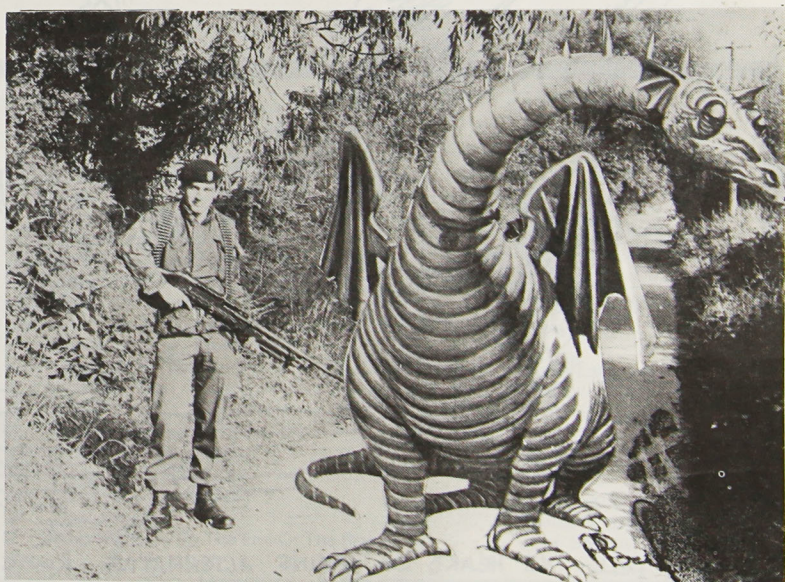


Deer Mum

Inside you'll find a foto ov me wiv the dog. ime not spacing or anyfink likethat The army is still looking after me and ave govern me abig gun now as i ave to take dog owt twice a day to do its fing like. must go and get more paddys. woof woof from dog and me

luv

rupert

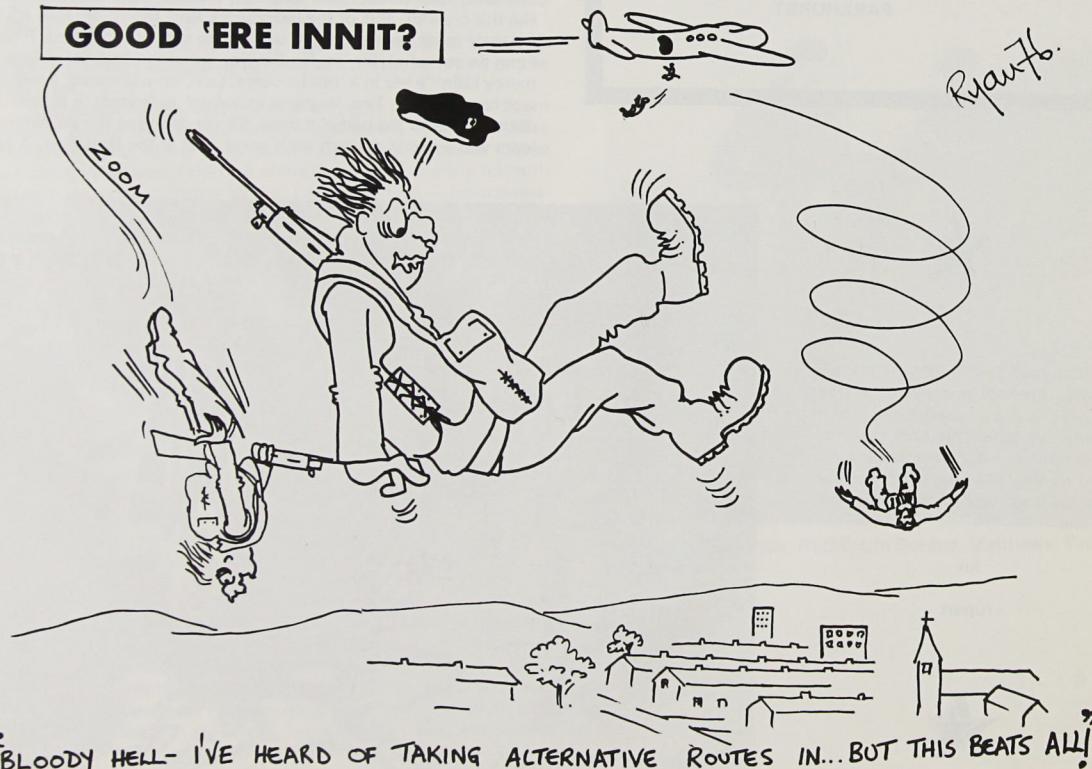


Gent 'e were. So I tells 'im orll abaht the way I 'as bin mucked abaht at the Hechelon, an' I sez ter 'im strait, I 'ave 'ad it up ter 'ere. The noospapers giv orll that bull abaht a man's life in the modern Kate, but I ain't sarmpled it yet.

Nah, sez the Adjertant, the first five years is always the worst, I well remember my first munfs as a young Horrifier, I 'ad problems too but I 'ave made it and I am sure you can too wiv a bit of 'elp and that is wot I am a goin' ter do. I will 'ave a chat wiv the Kernel 'cos 'e likes ter put rahnd pegs in square 'oles. Do yer mind wtitin' fer five minnits? Well Smudge, yer don' mind when yer meets a reel gennelman do yer? As 'e went ahrt I 'elped meself ter one of 'is snahrt an' 'ad a quick drag. I then goes inter annuvver room an' I sees the Gaffer. The Adjertant tells me yer 'ave 'ad problems wiv Molar, says the Kernel, an' now it seems yer 'ave upset the RSM. Well, I sez, I ain't 'ad a charnse since I 'ave been 'ere and I wants ter noe where I am a goin'. Well, ter cut a long story short the ol' Kernel 'e sits me dahn an' 'as a good ol' listen. Thankyew fer comin' 'e sez, I will 'ave a look an' see wot I can find fer yer. Don' worry abaht Molar I 'ave 'ad problems wiv 'im fer years, 'e sez. Anyway, abaht a week later I am sent fer ter see the Kernel. I reports ter Tara an' sez the CO wants ter see me. Oh my Gawd 'e sez, you agin. I didn' noe wot 'e wuz a bangin' on abaht so I keeps mum. I gits marched in ter see the Kernel and 'e sez I 'ave giv a lot o' finkin' ter yer footure Smudge an' wuz goin' ter send yer ter C Company but I don' fink Buster's lot will soot yer an' I don' fink yer will git on wiv Monty. Can yer drive sez the Kernel; no I sez. Well I 'ave decided ter send yer back ter the Reer Pahrt at Vearl so yer can be tort 'ow ter drive a APC 'an then I will consider 'avin' yer as me driver 'cos I likes a bloke wiv a bit o' go in 'im an' I finks yer mite do me very well. Well I wuz reely chuffed. Fanks very much I sez. Nah away yer go an' I will rite ter the Reer Pahrt at Vearl an' tell them that yer 'ave bin speshully selected so yer shouldn't 'ave no more boover. Ahrt I goes abahrt ten foot tall. I goes back ter Fort George an' fixes up wiv ol' 'Ooper ter git me back to BAOR. Nuffink grand I sez, I'm 'appy ter go back on a VC10. Well I gets ter Aldergrove an' I gits packed in wiv fahsands of uvver geezers all a goin' on R & R in a 'Ercules. Ruddy murder it were. Wot abahrt when yer firty seats dahn and yer wants a pee!



GOOD 'ERE INNIT?



"BLOODY HELL- I'VE HEARD OF TAKING ALTERNATIVE ROUTES IN...BUT THIS BEATS ALL!"

Abahrt five ahrs later I arrives at Vearl. I sez ter this young kid on the gate, 'ere Tosh, where's the Rear Party gaffer, I 'as bin told ter report ter a Major Langhorne. This kid roars wiv larfter, 'e ain't 'ere at the moment 'e says, yer 'ad better report to Captain Guscott, 'e's a Canadian geezer, yer cahnrn unnerstanda word 'e sez but 'e means well. I gits ter BHO an' sees this Cpl so I arks 'im where this Captain Guscott feller is. Wot you want 'im fer 'e sez, so I tells 'im orll abahrt me troubles an' 'ow I 'as bin speshully picked by the Kernel ter be trained as 'is driver. This Cpl feller, the tears wuz rollin' dahrn 'is cheeks when I 'ad finished. Yer 'as been fixed up proah 'e sez. I am Cpl Basil Berry the Movements Clurke an' if yer wants a quick movement ahrt arter yer 'ave bin 'ere a few days I will fix yer up 'cos if ever I sees a bloke 'oo 'as the dice loaded agin 'im it's you. Come wiv me. Well I sees this Horfficer, 'e looks a reel 'andsome film star in a smashin' uniform. Pardon me I sez, I diddun noe this wuz a Hair line Polit's Office. 'E grunted somefink at me in a furrin langwidge an yells, Chief Clurke, do yer noe annyfink abahrt this guy from the Battalion? The Chief looks through the door and sez yers, unfortunately I does. The CO in 'is wisdom reckons this bloke is goin' ter be 'is driver, 'e is back fer trainin'. Orll rite, sez Captain Gus, yer goes on Muster Parade termorrer. Well I finds meself a billet fer the night wive orll these young blokes from the Deepot an' I wuz tellin' them orll abahrt me hexpeeriances on aktiv service in Ireland when this kid 'oose moniker is Patsy Pattinson 'e sez ter me 'ow come yore back 'ere if yore so bleedin' good, and 'ow many years you got in? Well I sez, I 'ave nah 'ad the onner of bein' in the Kate for 14 munfs, I admits I wuz pushed back 'ere but that wuz not my fault. Listen 'ere sez this young kid, I may be unner 18 but: I nah 'as two an' a 'arf years in, an' furver more I 'ave bin tort to drive a APC an' 4 tunner 'ere an' I wants ter git ter the Battalion so belt up yer idle git. Well Smudge, I wuz fair shook up. Course I tells this 'ere young pup I am nineteen an' I ain't a standin' fer any ol' rubbish from 'im or no uvver young squaddie.

Next mornin' I'm a bit pushed fer parade but the Major sez I unnerstand yer are ter go on a driving cadre, yer are ter report ter Sgt Stapleton 'oo will teach yer orll abahrt an APC. Well I gitsdahrn there an' ol' Cyril shows me arahnd. I sez ter 'im where's the wheel. 'E is annuvver wun wot don' 'arf bang on. Yer 'as ter pass a tick test 'e sez so I sits dahrn wiv them cards wiv fahsands o' questions abahrt Krahtland an' drivin'; anyways I couldn't make any of it ahrt. As fer as I cin see any country wot drives on the wrong side of the road is arsking fer trubble. This Colour Bundle bloke, Stewart 'is name is, sez you 'ave failed orll the cards. I will inform the Horfficer Commandin' you won't be startin' fer abahrt annuvver ten years.

So I 'angs abahrt an' dodges the ol' CSM uvverwise I shall

git meself lumbered fer doin' orll the werk same as I wuz caught in Fore George.

I 'as a cuppla days in bed ter git me strenff back an' abahrt eleven o'clock I decides ter git up when I 'ears voices ahrtside the door talkin' abahrt movin' and then the door opens an' I could've cried 'cos standin' before me is nun uvver than the QM, Captain Wilson and right be'ind 'im is the RQMS. No wun tol' me nuffink abahrt this when I comes back from Fort George. Anyroads a sez 'ow nice ter see yer both. I did not noe you wuz 'ere. The QM sez wot the 'ell are you a doin' of 'ere an' why arnnt yer at werk which, 'e goes on ter say, is a silly question I hadmit a knowin' of you. I tells 'im orll abahrt me seein' the CO an' 'im sendin' me back ter be trained as 'is driver. The QM and the RQMS looks at wun annuvver an' the RQMS (the little bloke with a cahrn on 'is arm wiv flahrs rahnd it) sez well sir, I knows I 'as only bin in this ahrtfit fer a year but I never fort I would see this, I finks I must nah be orff back ter the Royal Anglians. The QM 'e wuz quiet but 'e kep' mutterin' an' sobbin' somefink abahrt 'e 'ad never knew anyfink 'appen like this in the Battalion in nigh on fifty years. I allus fort 'e sez that the CO wuz a goin' places but nah if 'e 'as picked you as 'is driver 'e is fer Netley. Come wiv me 'e sez. Anyroads this 'ere Captain Wilson gits on the blower ter Major Morris in Londonderry. 'E sez I shall close the door but you wait 'ere. Well 'e diddunt need no blower 'cos you could've 'eard 'im in Fort George. 'E wuz neerly cryin', 'e sez Ron wot 'ave I done ter be sent this geezer. Arter abahrt twenny minnits 'e bangs dahrn the phone an' 'e calls me in. I sez as 'ow I 'opes you 'ave nah got it orll sorted ahrt. listen ter me, 'e sez, this is a pratikkle joke on me an' the CO an' ev'rywun in Northern Ireland is larffin'. Well I ain't bleedin' larffin' an' I will give wun guess 'oo ain't goin' terbe larffin' no more. Well Smudge, you 'ave guest right, I ain't larffin' no more. 'E won't teach me ter drive 'cos 'e sez I 'ave two rite 'ands, four feet an' even if I diddun suffer from orll that no way wood I drive. Wunce again I gits picked on an' an' I 'as ter do orll the werk; yesterday I wuz detailed ter 'elp move wun of the Pads so as 'er Quarter could be decorated an' I wuz tellin' ol' Colour Sern't Fiddy that I 'ad done orll the werk when ol' General Gordon I fink 'is name is comes in an' sez I wuz bone idle an' that Big D wuz on the warpath 'cos wun of 'er girls 'ad 'ad ter do most of the werk. Well I 'ad 'eard orll abaht Big D an' I sees this big green Volvo wiv it's frunt bashed in come rahnd the corner but I finks I 'ad better 'ave it way.

Anyway Smudger It cahrn't git no worse least I don't fink so. I 'ears they wants volunteers for the SAS so I am finkin' abahrt joinin' that lot. If I ever gits time I will drop you annuvver line.

Your ol make,

CHALKY.

REAR PARTY TOP 20

1. Two Wheels on My Wagon
2. Yes, We Have No Bananas
3. A Bicycle Made for Two
4. Please Don't Rain On My Parade
5. Please Release Me
6. Bangers and Mash
7. Fly Me To The Moon
8. Fiddler On The Roof
9. Leader Of The Gang
10. Can't Get No Satisfaction
11. Money, Money, Money
12. Red Sails In The Sunset
13. Wooden Heart
14. Help!
15. They're Coming To Take Me Away
16. Fangs For The Memory
17. Return To Sender
18. The Typewriter Ballet
19. Davy Crockett
20. Keep Right On To The End Of The Road

REME
NAAFI
MT
Band
Guardroom
Cookhouse
Movements NCO
Pay Office
CSM Roberts
Wives Club
PRI
Major Langhorne
Medical Centre
Families Office
Chief Clerk
Dental Centre
Post NCO
Orderly Room
Captain Guscott
CSgt Stewart

ITS HERE !!!

THE

NASTY

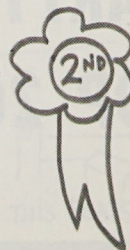
WINNER



HE WINS A FREE
AUDITION WITH.....

HAMMER

FILMS



HE WINS A FREE
NIGHT OUT WITH THE
PHANTOM RASPBERRY BLOWER
OF OLD DERRY

TOWN !!!

GOOD THERE WANNIT?

1 Queens wuz orf from Germany
Where booze an' snahrt is cheap,
Ter do a stint in Ireland, Norff
Wot some folks calls an 'eap.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

They brung 'em in be 'Ercules
Wot makes an orfful din,
Then shoved 'em in the Customs Shed
'Till night 'ad long set in.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

A country trip by Ulsterbus
Up 'ill an' frue the lea,
The driver never stopped the wunce
Ter let us orff ter pee.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

Nah some goes up the Creggan
An' some stays dahrn the 'ill,
But them up top fort them dahrnstairs
Wuz discoin' of their fill.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

Golly shops they giv' 'em
Wiv egg banjos by the ton,
But arter eatin' wun or two
Yer 'ad ter take a run.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

The marrieds miss the uvver 'arf,
The singles gits no oggin,
Then ahrt comes bleedin' orders
Bannin' more than two's o' noggin.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

We tries ter git some Danish films
From SKC at Ballykelly;
Stimulashun, that's a larff,
Magic Rahdabahrt's on telly!
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

It's stags by day, patrols by night
Then settle fer yer pit;
'Arf an hour o' shuteye
Then it's "VCPs yer nit!"
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

Weeks roll by wivahrt a break
'Till R & R draws near;
The marrieds cops the gardenin'
An' massage is too dearl
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

The langwidge orll arahnd the patch
Is 'orrible ter 'ear,
"Eff orff British Fugs" they shahrt
Their nippers sez "'ear 'ear."
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

We tries ter be a matey lot
Wiv smiles and "'Ullo dear";
"Peace orff" they shahrts and follers
Wiv a brick right in year ear.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

There's Monty Ward at callsign wun,
Of 'Orrocks 'e is prahrd,
Wun is long and lanky and
The uvver's short and lahrd.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

There's Dave the Rave at callsign two
'Oo strains wiv orll 'is might,
Ter keep the peace in Shanty Town,
Nickin' everywun in sight.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

There's Carl the Snarl at callsign free
The Cregganites 'is flock,
'Is squaddies shahrt "'Keep dahrn yer 'ead"
Ter dodge the brick and rock.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

Nah yer callsign five's a smoovie
But Roddy ain't bionic,
If gongs they giv fer soshul calls
'E'd git a Gin and Tonic.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

Ron's the boss of Hechelon
Since yer Berie bit the dust,
Robboe's gorn an' left us
So in Alfie put yer trust.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

Up the stairs at Tac HQ
There's annuvver Dave the Rave,
'E don' git on wiv Ruperts
'Cos there ain't no radio wave.
OH IT'S GOOD 'ERE, INNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT'S EFFIN' GREAT!

Our tour is nearly over, and
If Roy Mason's 'eard ter say,
"Ang abahrt annuvver munff"
We'll shahrt "NO BLEEDIN' WAY!"

FINAL CHORUS :
IT WUZ GOOD THERE, WANNIT MATE?
BY GUM, IT WUZ EFFIN' GREAT!

A.M.

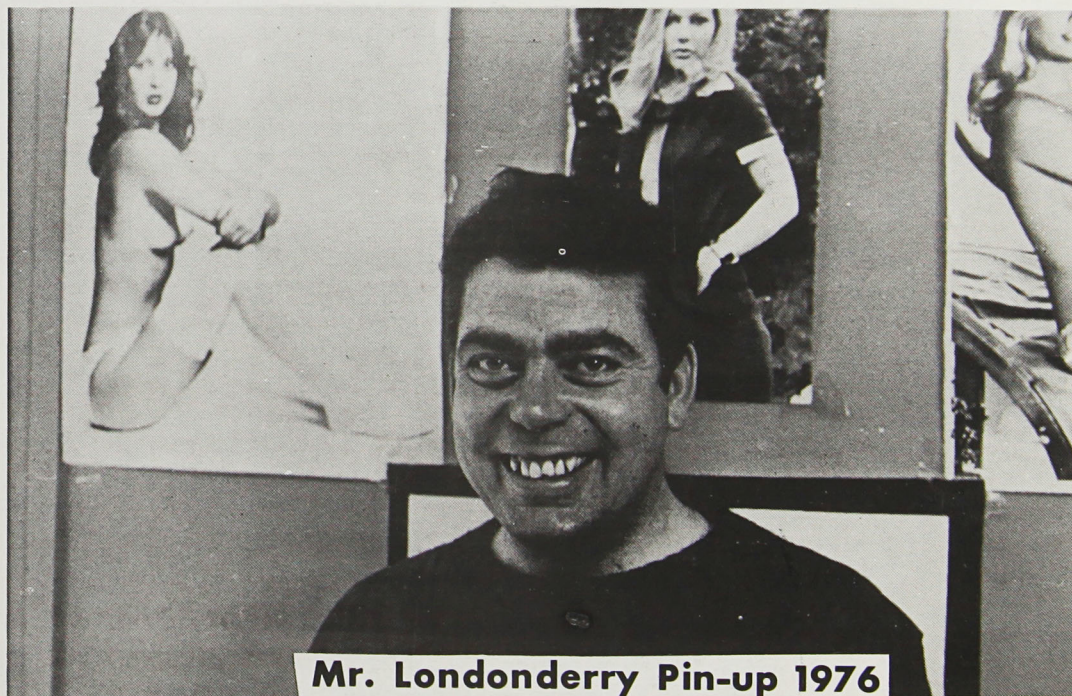


THE VERY LAST WORD





At the request of FRUSTRATIONS,



Mr. Londonderry Pin-up 1976



POSTSCRIPT

