



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

FINAL ISSUE

OMAGH 1984-85



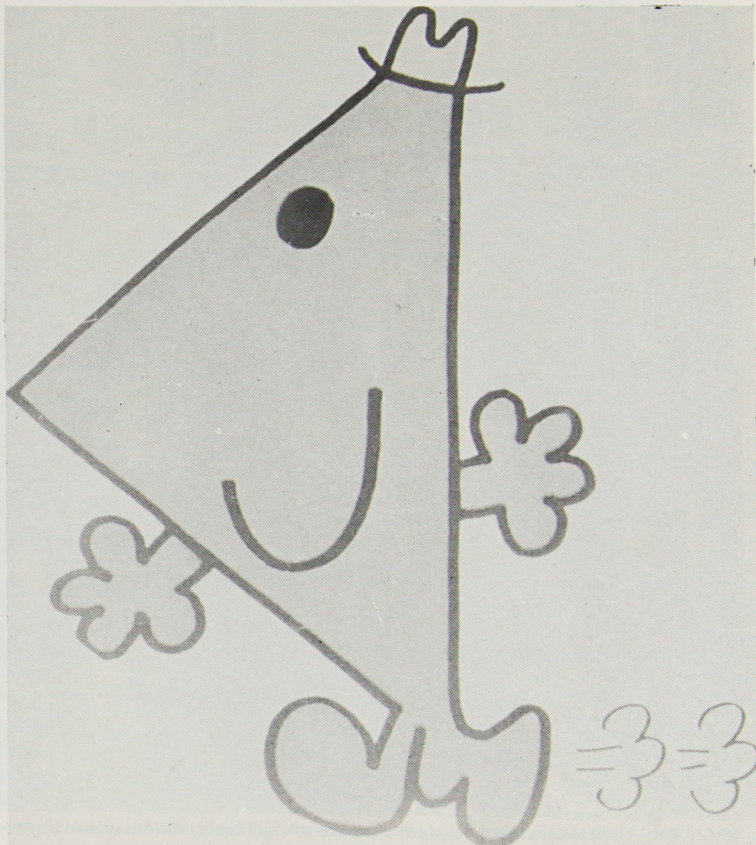
**NORTHERN IRELAND
RESIDENT TOUR
1982 — 1985**

COMMANDING OFFICER'S FOREWORD

This is the second of the two editions of Braganza that we have published during this particular tour of duty in Northern Ireland. The Battalion has now served eight tours of varying lengths in the Province since 1969, and of all these I suspect that this latest long residential tour has been one of the hardest. It has not been hard in terms of constant 'aggro' and prolonged operations in high risk conditions, such as many of us and our sister QUEEN'S Battalions have had to face on earlier tours, however it has entailed long hours of sustained effort whilst deployed on operations in our TAOR in East Fermanagh and South Tyrone, together with extensive duties for others of you whilst based here in Omagh. For a resident battalion, we have probably had one of the highest, most sustained levels of unit tasking ever.

It is equally difficult to say how 'successful' this tour has been when compared with other tours we have carried out in very different conditions. We shall probably never know if our efforts have prevented specific terrorist activities, or actually saved the lives of those we have been protecting. However, of one thing I am certain, all your efforts have gone a very long way towards achieving just these things. Our mission from the RUC, for whom we have worked, has asked us to 'provide reassurance to the local population and deter the terrorists' — in both of these tasks the Battalion has succeeded admirably. Equally I have no doubt that the Battalion has enhanced its out-standing Northern Ireland record. Your enthusiasm, professionalism, steadfast efforts and constant cheerfulness in the face of endless sangar duties at the PVCP's, long rain-swept patrols, numerous guard duties and long separation from your families, have all been in the very best traditions of our fine Regiment. We have a record here in the Province that is second to none.

My thanks go to you all for having given



Mr Rush — The Commanding Officer.

so much on this tour. As I now hand over command may I take this opportunity of wishing you all, and your families, the very best of luck for the future.

PS. Your pea-brained editor for this latest sparkling edition of Braganza is Cap-

tain Alasdair Goulden. Kindly address all complaints, abuse and obscene 'phone calls' to him direct. I will merely take this chance to get in first and thank the boy on your behalf for another outstanding production!

EDITORIAL

I was the last man out of the room!! Four and a half months later I approach the printers deadline with a feeling of relief because it looks as if there might be enough material, and hope that the next time this job comes around I shall be far too senior to be lumbered. I would sincerely like to thank those who have been kind enough to submit articles, cartoons (especially Sgt Maj Hayward for the Adventures of Dibble series), ideas and photos of the many Battalion activities; Also the lovely Jill for all her typing.

Without you there would have been no Braganza. For those who have not been mentioned or do not like the mention they have been given, to paraphrase John F. Kennedy, they should ask not what Braganza has done for them but what they did for Braganza! I would like to thank the press-ganged Padre John Sweatman who discovered himself as a co-opted Assistant Editor, plus the long suffering photo cell for their efforts. I would finally like to thank the terrorists for not creating any incidents within the patch whilst this production has been taking place.

On a more serious note you will discover as you read this missive that RSM Budgen features in a few of the photos and quotes. These had been produced prior to his tragic death and are included as a tribute to him for his support and efforts in the production of the Braganza.

Finally I hope that you enjoy this 18th issue of Braganza (the first was produced in Bahrain) and find it useful in the years to come to settle those arguments of who did what to whom, where, with what and when.

REGIMENTAL



In Belfast, to the great surprise of the locals, we exercised our Freedom of the City . . .



. . . to march with Drums beating . . .



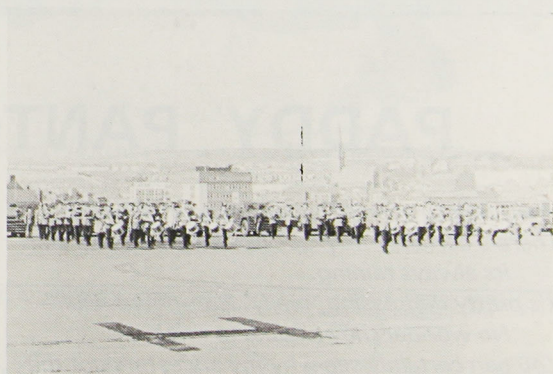
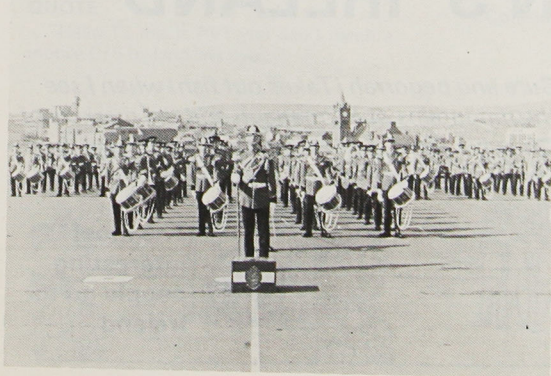
. . . Bayonets fixed and colours flying

CEREMONIAL



The Colonel of the Regiment talks to the Pte Green whilst the Lord Mayor of Belfast gives the eye to a dolly bird in the vast crowd that watched.

*In Londonderry we said farewell
to the bands of the 1st, 2nd
and 3rd Battalions . . .*



*. . . and welcome to the Albuhera
and Quebec Bands of the Queen's
Regiment*



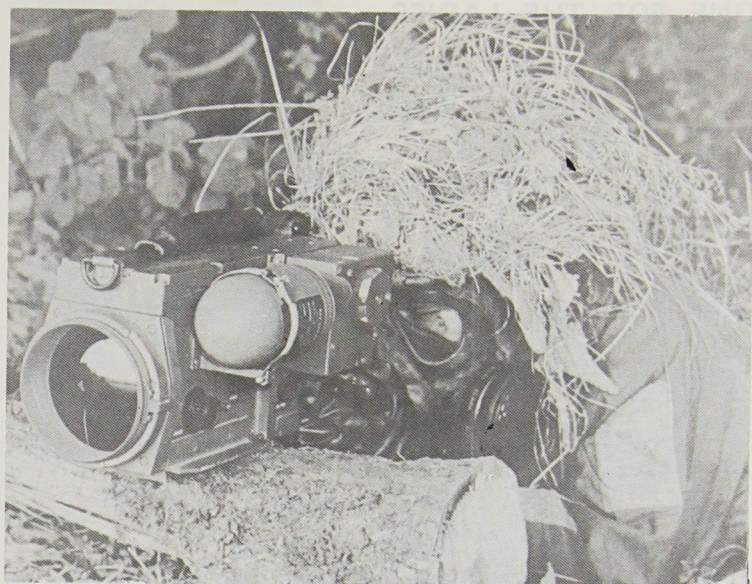
PADDY PANTON'S IRELAND

*Well, Bejasus (isn't that what the Irish say?)
There's certainly no place like Ireland. For a start
its always raining.
It's pretty depressing, really. Run-down. Dull.
No wonder they all take to drink.
You can certainly see why my ancestors got the
hell out of the place.
Still a man's got to do what a man's got to do.*

*Sure and begorrah (Takes out fish) when I see
the mountains of Fermanagh and the markets of
Omagh's Fair Town I think to myself how much
longer have I got to stay in this God-forsaken
dump.*



**The most
interesting
people go to
Ireland**



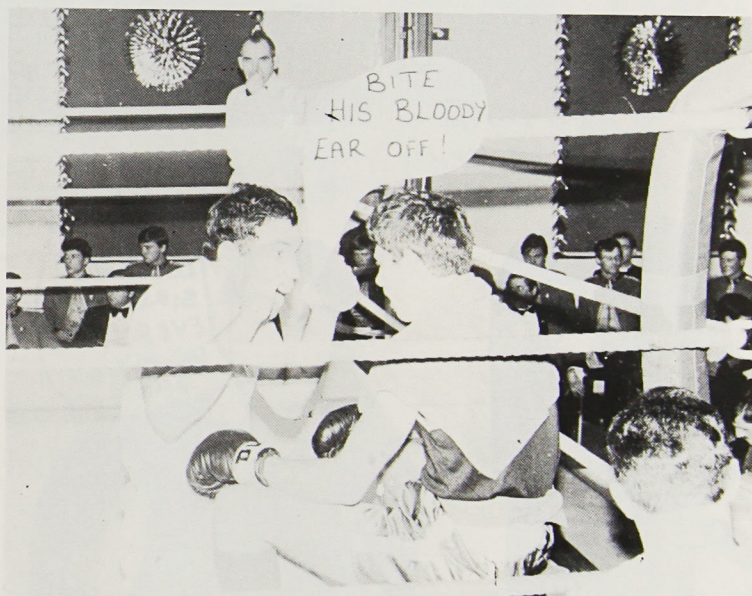
The COP tearing the a--e out of it again.



Capt Vic Ebbens receives his LS & GC at long last!



Sobraon Company PVCP dress for a Sunday night at Kilturk.

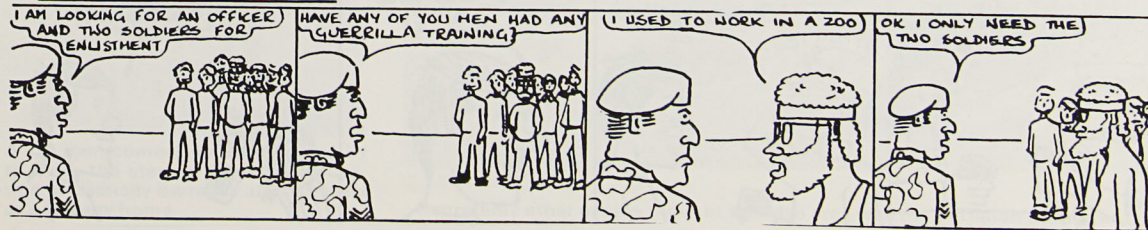


LCpl Phillips giving Pte Kent a few words of advice between rounds.

QUOTE

"Hello T3 this is PV1 you can't reach a mobile C/S by land line over."

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE

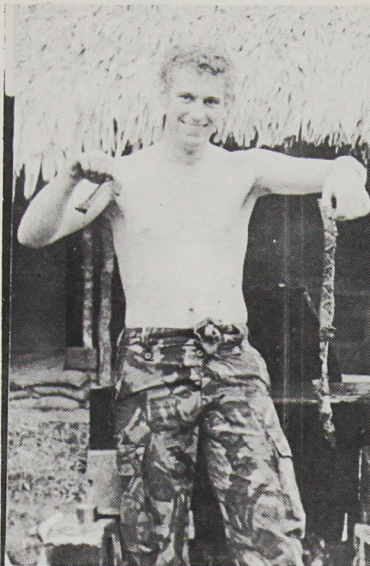


The following poem was written by a Mrs E M Hamershaw from Guildford as a tribute to the Regiments' service in Northern Ireland and sent to the CO.

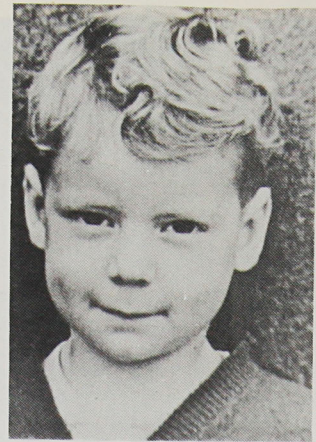
THE QUEENS

The Queens have served their country 300 years
and more
They've fought and won so bravely on many a
foreign shore
The Bravest, Truest, Loyal, these gallant men
have been
Officers and Privates and all ranks in between
Their glorious flags now hanging in churches
everywhere
Men of courage, long passed on, who helped to
put them there
But still they are remembered, in graves in
foreign parts
Some we've known and loved, and keep them in
our hearts
But Queens Men still are serving in 1984
Like all those many thousands that have gone on
before
Upholding all traditions that this dear country
needs
Still doing, daring, so many valiant deeds
God bless each and every one of you, wherever
you may be
The Queens will last forever, like the earth, the
sky and sea.

ONE FOR THE LADIES



Captain Rob Walker our esteemed Adjutant showing off his latest snakeskin handbag.



A. Who is it? Answer on page 48.

HOW LUCKY WE ARE

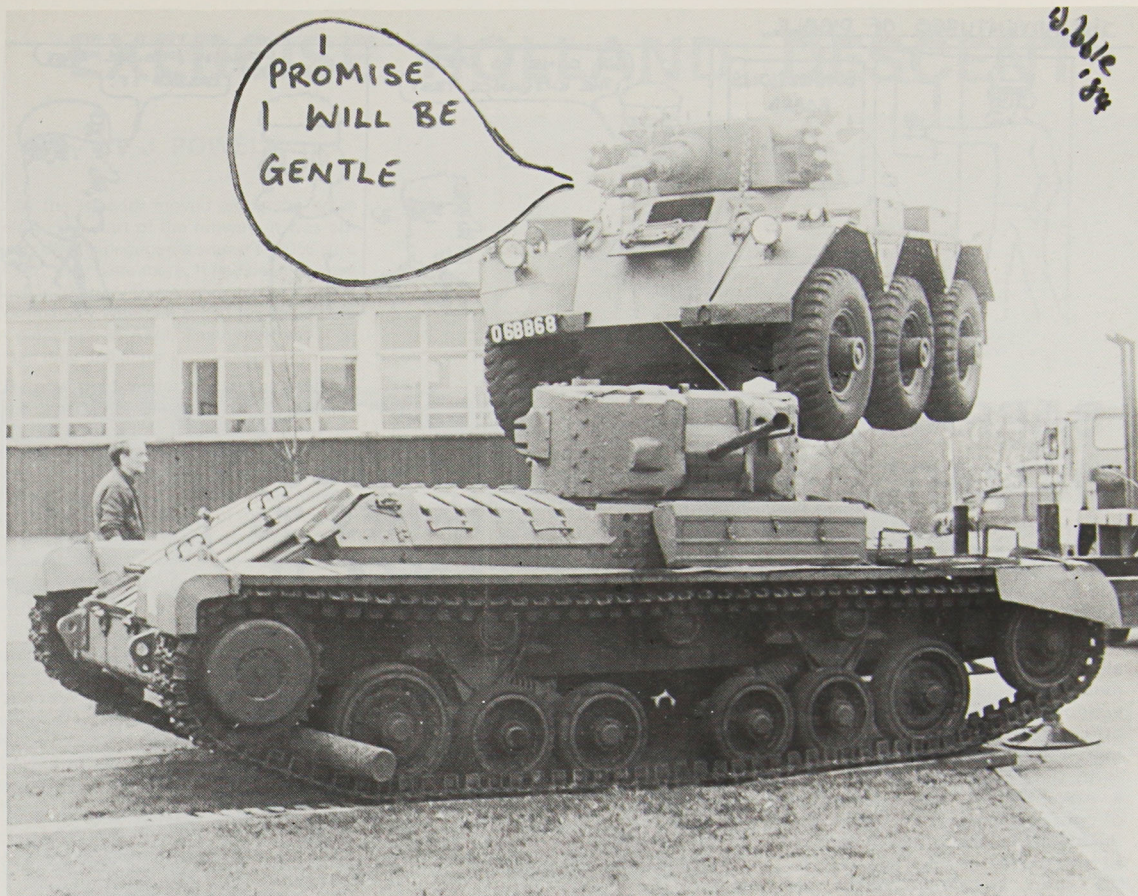
ROCK APE GOODMAN

Clap your hands and smile with glee
It's time again for Lisnaskea.
March is cried the platoon on the move.
Another four weeks of being in the groove.
The groove being such a wonderful dwelling.
Where after one hour the place starts smelling.
There's a loss of time once you're in the place.
And there's always someone slapping your face.
Your turn for stag is the normal cry.
But I've just got to sleep, let me curl up and die.
The cars come through. We've seen them
before.
Till something unusual breaks the bore.
I've not seen that face, we'll have him out.
Open your bonnet sir (he begins to shout).
I've only been checked, a mile or so back.
He can't fool me I'm not that slack.
His car is searched with dedicated power.
He's still complaining. He's kept on hour.
At last he's let go, and you're back to normal.
The telephone rings (the OC's visiting) all act
normal.
The weapons are cleaned for the tenth time that
day.
"Check who lives there" (he might say).
The visit is over we've been caught out.
Jones having cleaned his weapon, left one up
the spout.
The day finally arrives, when we're going to hand
over.
We look forward to the chopper flight. Then
we're told it's a rover.
Everyone tenses on the way back.
Don't take that road, let's use that track.
Until finally we arrive back in camp.
Back to earth, Provo Sgt says I'm a tramp.
I'm sick and tired of being called a knacker.
Roll on January and sunny Gibraltar.

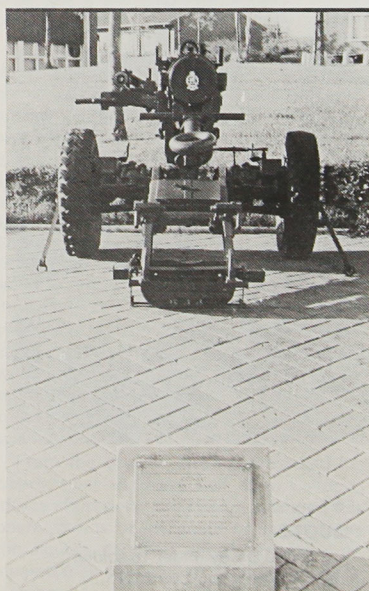


THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE

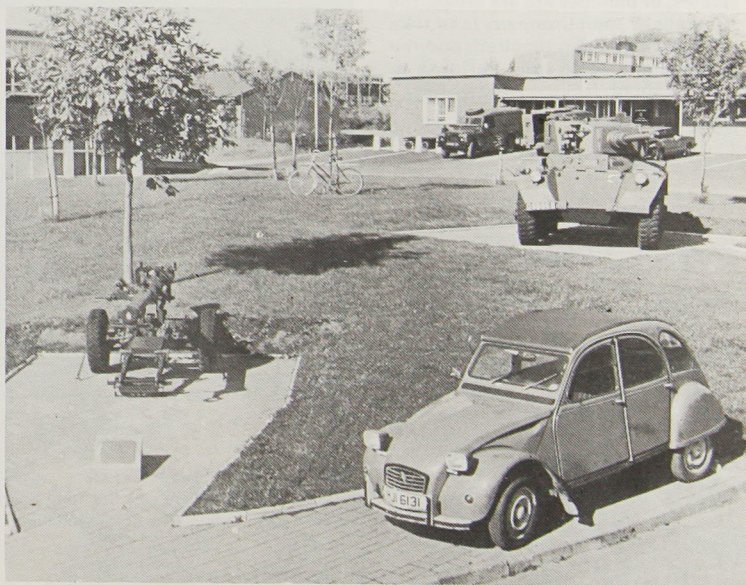




The Cavalry demanded their Valentine tank back but gave us a Saladin as recompense.



A 120 mm. combat was placed nearby to mark the start of Infantry occupation of Lisanelly Barracks after 33 years as a Cavalry home.



Regretably other people thought that this area was the Battalion's junk yard.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE



BARRACK DAMAGES

An extraction from Orders for the Garrison of Ghent, under the command of His Excellency the Field Marshall Sir Philip Honeywood—General of the Horse. Dated 13th November 1744.

"The Governor having ordered that all the Guard Rooms shall be immediately repaired, by mending the windows, tables, benches, etc. The officers are to take notice before they relieve the old guard, that everything is in good order, and if anything is found amiss, the officer of the new guard is to report it, that the officer in whose time it happened may make it good.

"As soon as the Barracks are repaired by the proprietors, the men in the several barracks are to keep everything in good order afterwards, and if any doors, windows, tables, or benches etc are broke, the Captain of each Company is to take care to have them repaired, and the men belonging to such Barracks to pay for them."

Nothing changes.



Samantha Fox, the new Miss 1 Queen's, receives her first Int brief.



ASK A SILLY QUESTION

2IC—Acorn. Where was the firing point?
IO—At the end of the command wire.

FMT3 EXTRACT

"I put my foot on the foot brake, but missed it".

QUOTE

RSM to B Coy under 18 soldier,
Q. "Who's you Coy 2IC?"
A. "Gollum Sir".
Q. "Whaaaat?"
A. "Capt Gollum Sir?"

EXERCISE HOLLAND DESCENT

By LT J POWELL

As the Islander moved along the grass field to the start of the runway, it was obvious that its occupants weren't 100% sure of why they were there. It had been so easy back in January to say 'Yes' to the Platoon Commander when he asked for volunteers to parachute in April. They were about to make their first jump.

By now the Islander was at the holding point revving up. Brakes released, the aircraft leapt forward accelerating towards the end of the runway. All thoughts of the impending jump disappeared as the would be parachutists tried to stop themselves from sliding to the back of the aircraft. Those sitting opposite the door frantically grabbed hold of the static line attachment point in the mistaken belief that they were about to fall out.

"Three hundred feet", shouted the jumpmaster. Everyone looked out of the door trying to retain the image of the ground. When at that height again, they would be under the canopy, facing into the wind, legs tight together. The tension eased slightly at a thousand feet, with the odd nervous joke being cracked.

At two thousand feet, everyone could read the altimeter on the front of the jumpmaster's parachute. The aircraft started its first pass. As the tension increased one or two started to pull on their static line to check that it was firmly secured to the aircraft, for it is this device that opens the parachutes.

The jumpmaster, looking out of the door, decided that they were over the exit point. He pushed a button above his head and almost immediately the pilot cut the engines, the turbo prop died away, to be replaced by the hissing of the wind over the aircraft surfaces. Looking at No 1 he shouted 'Exit position', No 1 swung his legs out of the door and looked back in towards the jumpmaster, "Go" shouted the jumpmaster. Out went No 1 screaming the safety count as he fell, 'One thousand, two thousand. . . .' The others watched the static line bob and jerk as it opened the canopy. "Next". No 2 moved to the door with more deliberation, his eyes wide apart, lips tight together, "Go". A moment's hesitation then he fell arms waving.

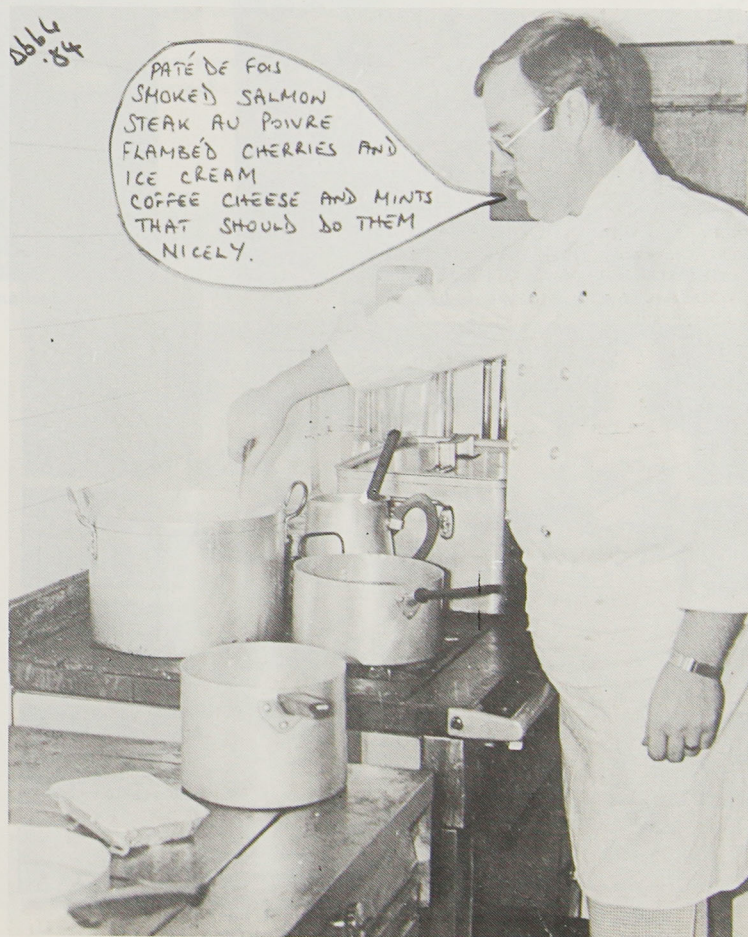
From the ground, the figures could be clearly seen trailing a half open canopy, after a short delay the canopy snapped full open, shouts of joy could be heard from the figures dangling underneath as they steered their canopies to the DZ and a safe landing.

FMT3 EXTRACT

"I watched in disbelief".



Pte Bryne for some extraordinary reason leaving a perfectly serviceable aircraft.



Cpl Nicholson providing sustenance for weary patrols.

TRAINING AND SPORT



Firing the APWT on Gortin Range.



Greaux on a CQB in Cyprus during exercise Lionsun I with 2 Queens.



Pte. Feaver in the assault.



Ptes Wells and Greaux on a BHE.



Holland Company went fishing.



Kirk's Company Boxing Team: Left to right, back row: Pte Good, Pte Fitzandrews, WO2 Brown, LCpl Gale. Left to right, front row: Pte Roberts, Pte Holt, Pte Corrigan.

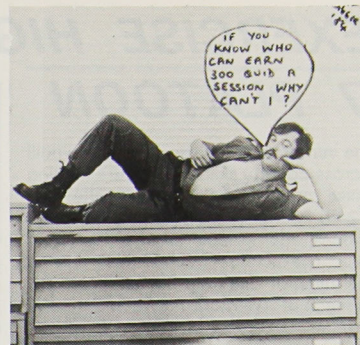


Pte Bamford practicing for a jungle patrol in the swamps of Fermanagh.

GRAND COMPETITION



How many tubes of Araldite can you see in this picture. Answers on a postcard to "Stick and Fix It Competition", The Stables, Lisanelly Barracks.



LCpl Ayears on the other side of the camera.

FMT3 EXTRACT

"I stopped because he was flashing so as to make me".

QUOTE

"Hello T33L, this is WR. I'm not going to pick you up until I'm sure you're not over the border".



B. Who is it? Answer on page 48.



RQMS Boden entertains the GOC.

EXERCISE HIGHLAND HARPOON—WITH 7 PLATOON

The venture was designed as a downhill and cross-country skiing adventure training exercise, and was held between the 10th and 24th February 1984, on the Aviemore ski-slopes and in and around Glenmore Forest. The accommodation was located in the midst of Glenmore Forest within the easy reach of Aviemore Town, and the ski-slopes.

Each weekly group undertook 3 days of downhill, 3 days of cross-country and 6 nights of depravity. The downhill skiing can only be described as exhilarating and occasionally very painful. Although each man had only 3 days the level of skiing under good instruction improved immensely even for the absolute beginners. There was a great deal of enthusiasm for the sport and after only one morning of basic instruction on the nursery slopes, the men tackled the ski-tows and T-bars (not always successfully) and made their first descents. During the weekdays the slopes were remarkably uncrowded, which meant that a full and useful day's skiing could be had. In most cases the pinnacle of achievement was to navigate down the 'White Lady' which descended from the Ptarmigan restaurant, at the top of the slopes, to the nursery slopes several thousand feet below. During the day the calm and tranquility of the slopes was shattered by the cries of 'Help me, Help me', from the soldiers and shrieks of 'Get that weight forward' and 'Get those edges in' by the instructors as assorted soldiers skied uncontrollably out of the Cairngorms. By the end of each 3 days downhill skiing there were few soldiers who had not gained the confidence to go out and ski down a slope on their own, which gives all credit to the instructors.

The cross-country skiing, which also lasted 3 days, was harder work but none-the-less enjoyable. The Glenmore Forest is a well known cross-country skiing area which, if the snow permits, allows skiing in almost any direction and along almost every path. The soldiers soon found out that the sport, although less exhilarating, was a very enjoyable way to keep fit, and many of them certainly preferred it to downhill. Due to the thinner skis, the art of just standing up proved, to many, to be a significantly more difficult act, necessitating a full morning of instruction on nursery slopes within the forest. Although the skiing was hampered slightly by a lack of snow in certain areas, there were tracks where groups could ski through beautiful scenery for several hours without meeting a single other person.

Evening entertainment in Aviemore was difficult to avoid with at least six discos in the area and numerous drinking haunts to frequent. Indeed it was surprising that some of the party were able to stand up at all the next morning, let alone ski. Roll on Tidworth and the skiing we will get there.



The Braganza Editors, Cpts Goulden and Keyes, posing



The CO with Paymaster, Capt Maroney.

To : Commanding Officer

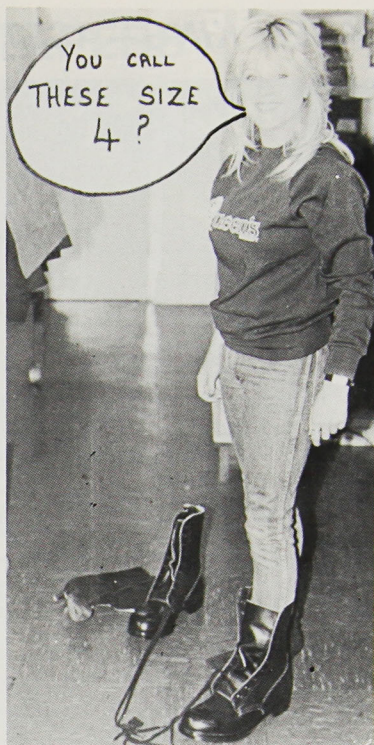
From : Officer Commanding B Company

Subject : Regimental Stable Belt

1. The introduction of the high combat boot (a retrograde step in my view), has removed the puttee as a piece of improvised first aid equipment. I have confirmed with the pea brained RMO that this was highlighted during the training for the recent NI First Aid Competition. You will recall that Cpl Jaycock's trousers fell down at a crucial moment when he removed his belt to use as a tourniquet.

2. I understand that a new stable belt is under consideration for the Regiment. If this is so, I would like to suggest that, in order that the belt could be used for splints, stretchers, helicopter lift strops etc in lieu of the puttee, we should reintroduce the leather strap fastening in preference to a buckle. I recall we used our belts to good effect in this manner in the BOER War.

3. This is a serious suggestion.



To : Officer Commanding B Coy

From : Commanding Officer

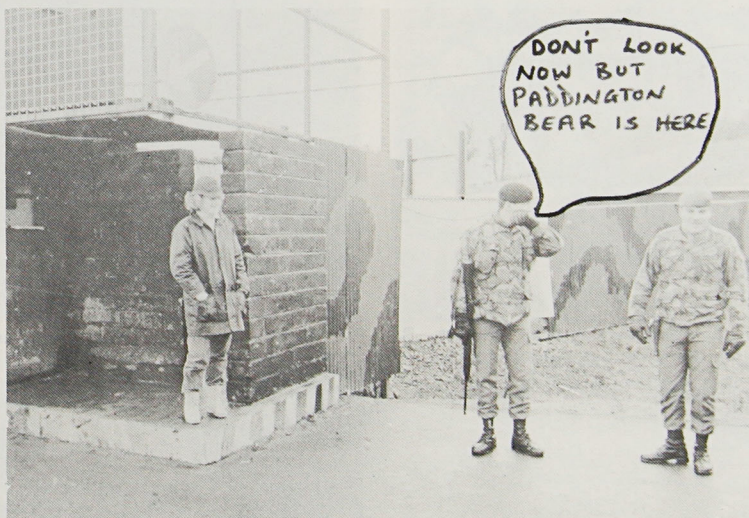
Subject : Regimental Stable Belt

1. This is probably the most damn fool suggestion that I have heard in my 40 years of soldiering!

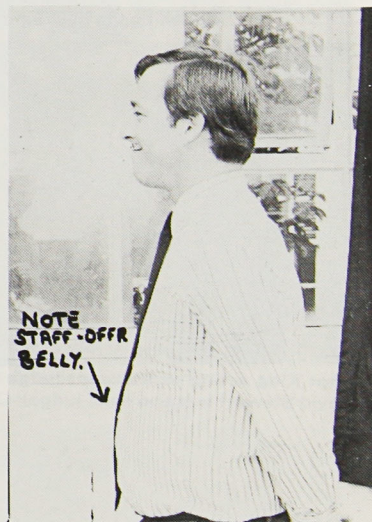
- We do not wear regimental belts in combat (first aid) situations.
- If we did they would not be long enough for first aid use.
- The regimental buckle is a vital piece of QUEEN'S 'prestige' regimentalia. Some dog eared monkey's jock strap is **not** the answer for unit pride!
- Combat soldiers have perfectly adequate rifle slings to use for first aid.

2. Officer Commanding B Company is hereby granted dispensation to wear puttees in all forms of dress until further notice! (Including Mess Kit).

"Man at Q & Ms" measure up with their customary accuracy.



Capt King visits a PVCP.



Maj M. Hart, M.B.E., Q.G.M., one of 10,000 Brigade Staff Officers who continually demanded to be in the know!

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE



CAPT ANNABEL KING—ASST ADJT (RETD)



Modelling the new Sindy Doll range of bicycle clothes.



At a barbeque.



Capt King acting as assistant judge during the Families Day Dog Show. L—R: David Stewart (vet and chief judge); Capt King, Bianca Juhel, Babs Juhel.



Lt. Valery Cameron takes over as Assistant Adjutant.



Capt King represented the Battalion in numerous horse trials.



Capt King says farewell to the Battalion

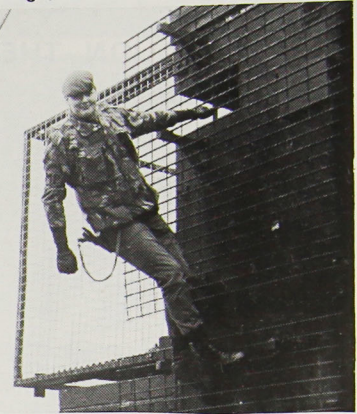
OUTSIDE HELPERS



The Weapons Intelligence Section, Omagh.

L to R—Cpls Woody Woodall, Tam McGrath and Geordie Lawson, who donated many operational photographs for Company scrapbooks.

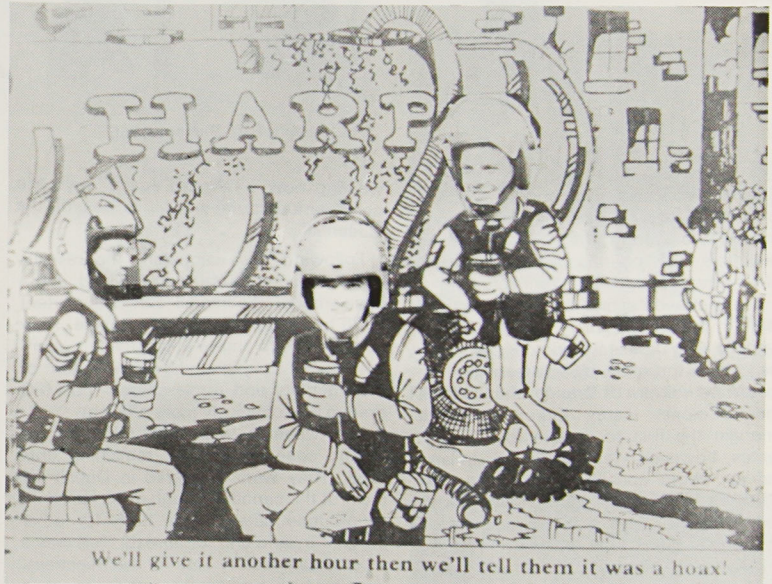
The RMP kindly aided us at Wattle Bridge, Kilturk and Annaghamartin.



Cpl. Jeff Wooley, 176 Provost Coy at Wattle Bridge showing that monkeys do it from bars!



Life on the PVCP's was occasionally brightened up by a visit from a Greenfinch.



We'll give it another hour then we'll tell them it was a hoax!

Ammunition Technical Officer and his boys.



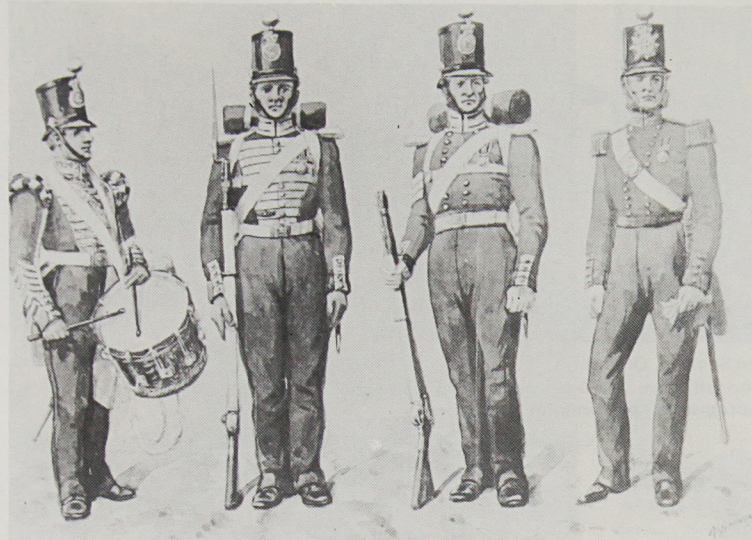
Royal Engineer Search Advisor and his team.



Pte Lennon and LCpl Burns who were part of a platoon from 1/9 UDR who helped out at Derryard, Killyvilly and Annaghamartin.

THE FIRST THREE HUNDRED YEARS

1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT IN IRELAND 1685—1985



Queen's PVCP dress 1865.

1st Bn The Queen's Regiment has served in Ireland many times during its long history; the current troubles are nothing new, merely a continuation of hostilities which have been going on for centuries.

The Battalion's first service in Ireland came in the campaign of 1689-90. On the Catholic King James II being deposed from the English throne in 1688 in favour of the Protestant William of Orange, the Queen's under Colonel Piercy Kirke had been amongst the first to declare for William. James, however, was still King in Ireland and set about consolidating his position there. An attempt to garrison Derry with Catholic troops led to the famous siege which was lifted after some months by Kirke and the Queen's. Kirke was much criticised at the time for his slowness in raising the siege which may have arisen from unwillingness to engage King James since the Queen's contained many Catholic Officers and Men.

Following the siege of Derry, the Queen's under Kirke fought with distinction at the Battles of Boyne, Aughrim, Charlemount, both sieges of Limerick, Lanesborough and Athlone. They also occupied Waterford. An unusual incident occurred during the siege of Charlemount. When Governor Tighe O'Regan was summoned to surrender, the message was carried by a Drummer of The Queen's. O'Regan regaled the soldier with plenty of food and drink, and talked with him, asking him why he had left King James to take service under William. "Oh, you are wrong", said the Drummer, "it was King James that ran away from me, not I from him." "Why", replied the Governor, "That is one of King James's coats that you are

wearing now". "Wrong again," said the quick-witted drummer, "it is one of the Queen's".

Following this campaign, the rascally Kirke managed to return to England with a large amount of personal loot, to the extent of 70 horses and 5 carts of treasure. How he managed to amass this much in a country as poor as Ireland shows the extent of his ingenuity and ruthlessness. The MFO system was obviously more efficient.

The Queen's were not to return to Ireland again until 1749, remaining until 1765. They were quartered in Dublin for most of the period although often called on to produce detachments both for other parts of Ireland and for abroad. This was a most unsatisfactory time for the Regiment, during which it was left to rot until sent to the Isle of Man in 1765. In May 1797 the Fenian Rising broke in Ireland. As a result of this the garrison was strongly reinforced with elements of The Queen's, who arrived at Waterford on 19th June. The Regiment was commanded at this time by Lord Dalhousie.

After some skirmishing the Regiment took the City of Wexford. Shortly after, a patrol of The Queen's surprised a noted lift on sight character named Bagenal Harvey. This Fenian had concealed himself in a cave, but was soon dragged off to torture and death.

In addition to the rebels there was a large force of French troops in Ireland in support of the Rising. After enjoying some initial success they were brought to battle by Lord Cornwallis and The Queen's at Ballinahinch, County Longford. After a sharp fight, the whole French force surrendered. This defeat signalled the end of

the Rising; the leaders of which were mostly captured and hanged. The Queen's left Ireland in 1798 for England.

The Regiment returned once more in 1865, remaining until 1878. During this time the whole country was in a very disturbed state and the Regiment was concerned then, as now, with low level internal security operations.

After the end of the First World War, the Battalion once again returned to Ireland, where it was widely scattered in support of the Royal Irish Constabulary and in putting down the Sinn Fein Rebellion.

During this time a Company of the Battalion was quartered in the Derry telephone exchange, which was to be occupied again by The Queen's in 1969. With the Partition of Ireland and the signing of an Armistice, the Regiment returned to England in 1923.

At the start of the current phase of trouble, the 1st Battalion was on Spearhead at Lingfield, having recently returned from Bahrain. In August 1969 they were ordered, under the command of Lt Col H C Millman, to Derry in order to restore law and order which had completely broken down. The Battalion remained until December 1969, leaving the City in a reasonably peaceful state.

Recent events are well known. Since 1969 the Battalion has served in Belfast in 1972, 1973/4, 1975 and 1978; assisted during the Ulsters Workers strike in 1974, and served in Derry again in 1976. This resident tour based in Omagh is therefore the Battalion's 14th in 300 years. Perhaps it's time for a change.

Capt J P RILEY

VISITS



Left to right: 2Lt Davis, Gen. Sir Roland Guy, the Adjutant General, Sgt. Hall, Ptes. Hayward, Clarke 24, Bamford and Cpl. Cox.



Brigadier Mattingly and General Stanier, Chief of the General Staff.

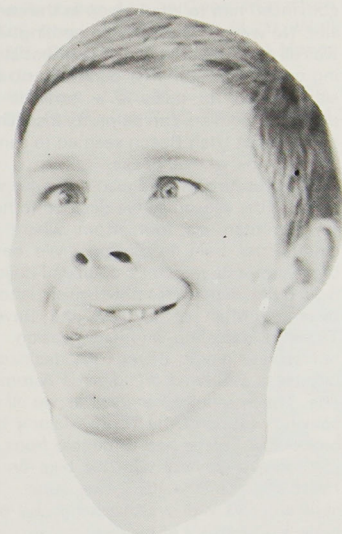


The GOC Lt Gen. Richardson talks with Dmr. Harker.



Ptes Bence, Palmer, Heeney, Haig and Langridge talk to the Brigade Commander whilst Cpl Foster, Maj Willis, RSM and Maj Brimms (Bde Staff) guard his back.

Pte. Reeve



on visits.



Capt Upson, Brig Thorne (The Queen's Divisional Brigadier), TQMS Smith, Sgt Brazier, Cpl Brill, Cpl Maguire, LCpl Bicker and Pte Evans.



CSM Juhel, Sgt Hall, Pte Pattenden, Pte Murray, Maj Gen JDG Pank, CLF, Maj McLelland and Pte 'Monty' Montgomery.



Mr. John Stanley, Minister of State for the Armed Forces hoping for Pte. Webb's vote.



The GOC and entourage visit the front line in Fermanagh.

THE DRUMS INVADE NORMANDY

By 2LT TEFLON MARTIN

The Corps of Drums were only forty years and two and a half months late for the Normandy Invasion; but at least they were there!

In September eleven drummers and one non-drummer headed for an 'adventure training' exercise, the main aim of which was to visit various Normandy landing sites and a few of the museums scattered around the coast. For the officer in command (the non-drummer) this sounded like a recipe for disaster.

The ferries to Cherbourg are not particularly frequent so the 0930 from Portsmouth was the only option. How could we catch that from Northern Ireland? We eventually decided to travel on the last flight out the night before and sleep at Portsmouth. The only problem was that our visions of warm passenger terminals with pleasant tea-bars (or just pleasant bars in Sammy Trent's case) were shattered. We slept in a grotty car park whilst the good old Pompey rain came down. We arrived in Cherbourg about lunchtime feeling pretty lost. We were fairly conspicuous and as we wandered the streets of Cherbourg I can remember thinking to myself that things were not quite as rosy as I had hoped. However we established a good place to camp for the evening and also established where the best bars were. We ended up staying in Cherbourg for two nights. No, not because we all got too drunk the first night but because in the morning the weather was horrific. This mattered not, as Cherbourg was quite interesting itself and the lads found themselves a 'burger bar' and to my horror were content to eat American fast food instead of dabbling in a little French cuisine.

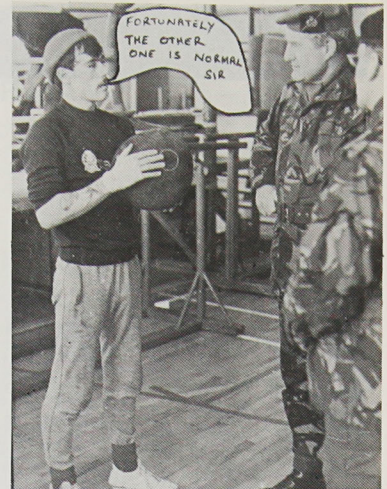
Then the tour began. We caught a bus to St Mere Eglise, the place where the American paratrooper hung off the church spire. We enjoyed the Airborne museums, and chatting to a few Americans who had 'done the course'. The locals found it quite pleasing that people so young as ourselves (with the exception of Sammy Trent you understand) had been bothered to make the pilgrimage, so we accepted their hospitality gratefully!!

At St Mere Eglise came the real morale downer as I told them we were walking to Utah Beach!! Justification for this was the Adventure Training element. So the lads shut up, put their minds to neutral and after some stupendous map reading by their platoon commander arrived at Utah Beach. Where were we to sleep? The campsite that the tourist office had told us was open, was shut. Great! The lads were very tired and very sleepy. We got round it by LCpl Vandenbosch chatting up some local and convinced him to let us sleep in the campsite. No water, no toilets, no nothing! This was all compensated by the fact that strolling on Utah Beach after dark with no one else around for miles is a fantastic experience. Soldiers can be pretty insensitive at times but Utah Beach seemed to send a chill up most of their backs.

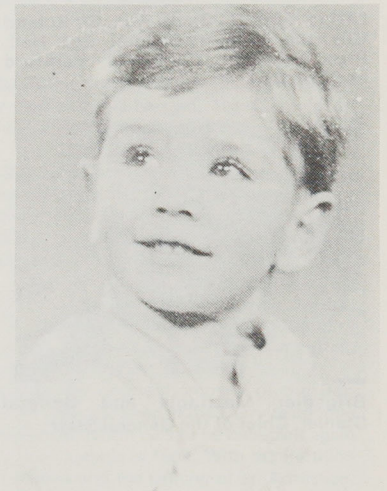
The museum we had wanted to see was shut for the season so we decided to head for Carentan on foot, from where we caught the train to Bayeux. We based ourselves in Bayeux for a couple of days as it is quite central for the British landing beaches. Most of us saw the Bayeux Tapestry depicting another invasion. On our second day in Bayeux we decided to hire bikes and head off towards Arromanche. This was a joke in itself as we all got soaking wet, and the Drum Major's bike broke down so he had to double from Arromanche to Bayeux with his bike on his head! Arromanche itself was super. The museum was well worth seeing and probably the highlight of the tour.

By popular request we returned to Cherbourg for a last night sampling of the local vino. Needless to say a good night was had by all. The only worry being that one of my foreign junior NCOs, who shall remain nameless, returned to camp slightly late and I was worried. I have never been so relieved to see a JNCO in my life!

For the return we had to do the opposite to the way out and we slept at Heathrow, and were constantly harassed by immigrant cleaners whose total concept of England was within the artificial barrier of Heathrow Airport. However we escaped this harassment by flying into Belfast and the usual Irish rain.



LCpl Else explains a problem to the GOC.



C. Who is it? Answer on page 48.

QUOTE

OC's wife—Peter's mother won't allow him to have his teddy bear in Ireland.

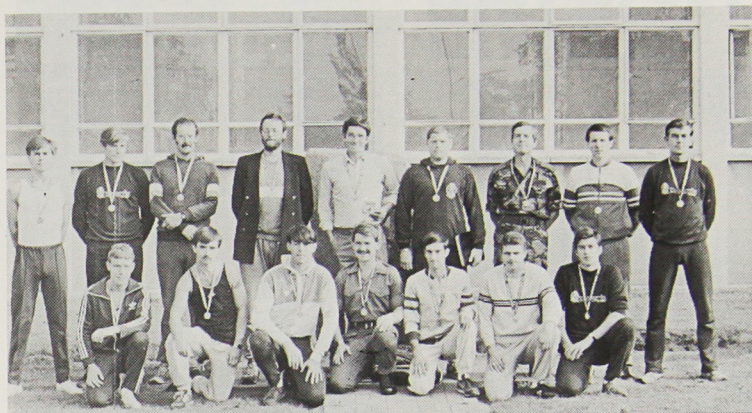
THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE



THE BATTALION RAN MARATHONS



The Belfast Marathon with Cpl. Jaycock, Capt. Goulden and Sgt. Thompson.



The Battalion Antrim Coast Marathon team.

Back Row—LCpl Patrick (3.21), Walker (4.20), Sgt Smith (5.11), Capt Goulden (3.32), Capt Ashton (4.03), Sgt Hayes (3.41), Maj Middlesex McGill (3.07), CSgt Carter (4.50), Capt Ebbens (4.05).

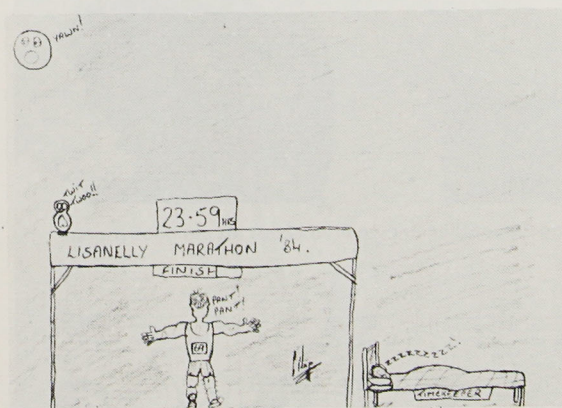
Front Row—LCpl McGuinness (4.20), Gothard (4.43), Bradley (4.43), Sgt Lawson (4.05), Cpl Pinion (3.45), Ptes Pinion (4.36), Hill (4.49).

THE GREAT LISANELLY BARRACKS MARATHON

On 6 October 53 runners set off from the squash court to run 9 ½ times around camp to complete a full marathon of 26 miles 385 yards to raise money for the NSPCC. To make life doubly difficult part of the race was on grass and there were no fewer than 79 hills to climb. Of the 53 runners who started, 44 completed the course. The fastest time was a SSgt Cooper from HQ No 9 Dental Group (one of the 23 guest runners), in a time of 3 hours 7 minutes and 18 seconds. The slowest was LCpl Sammy Trent, who completed the course in 5 hours 24 minutes and had the added distinction of being lapped by every other runner in the race. The team prize was won for the Battalion by LCpl Phillips, Lt Ramsey and Sgt Robinson, who beat 2 QUEENS by 1 point. The run raised over £500 for the NSPCC.



Capt Ebbens finishing the Antrim Coast Marathon.



L/Cpl Trent finishing the 1 Queen's Lisanelly Barracks Marathon.



Cpl Stevens and Pte Raines during the Lisanelly Barracks Marathon.

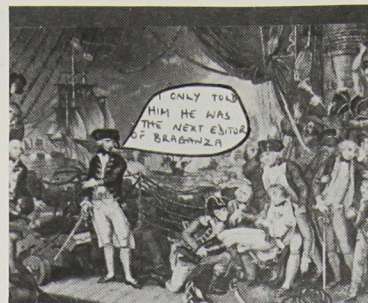
STAY IN TRIM WITH



MAN AT Q & Ms



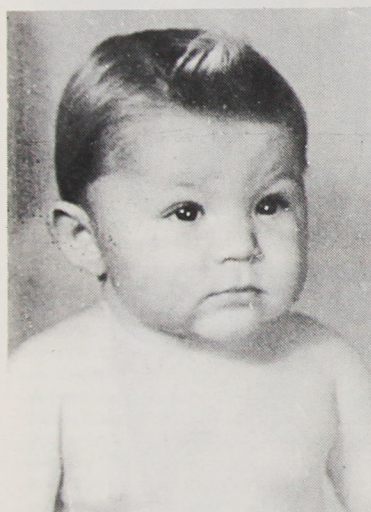
Major Malcolm McGill was proud of coming 57th in the Antrim Coast Marathon with a spectacular time of 3 hours 7 minutes.



The true story behind "The Death of Neville."

SITREP

VIP, CO, OC, and CSM in PVCP using WC ASP. PC doing VCP in CPV with RUC and UDR, carrying SMG, SLR, GPMG and FRG, looking for IED so he can make ICP to RV with ATO, RMP, SIB, SPG and DMSU, but back at HQ the 2IC, IO, SOCO, RESA, SAS and an NCO are looking at a map of the TAOR to help MT and REME get back to LSN. OK?

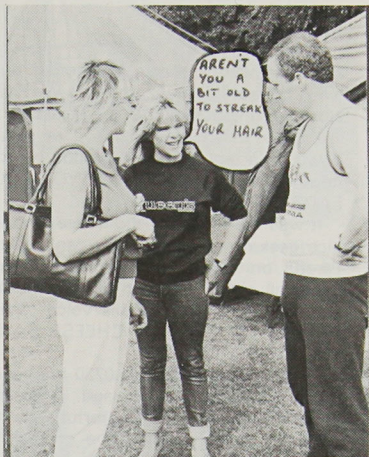


D. Who is it? Answer on page 48.



Maj McLelland giving Samantha her own brief about his pet hobbyhorse.





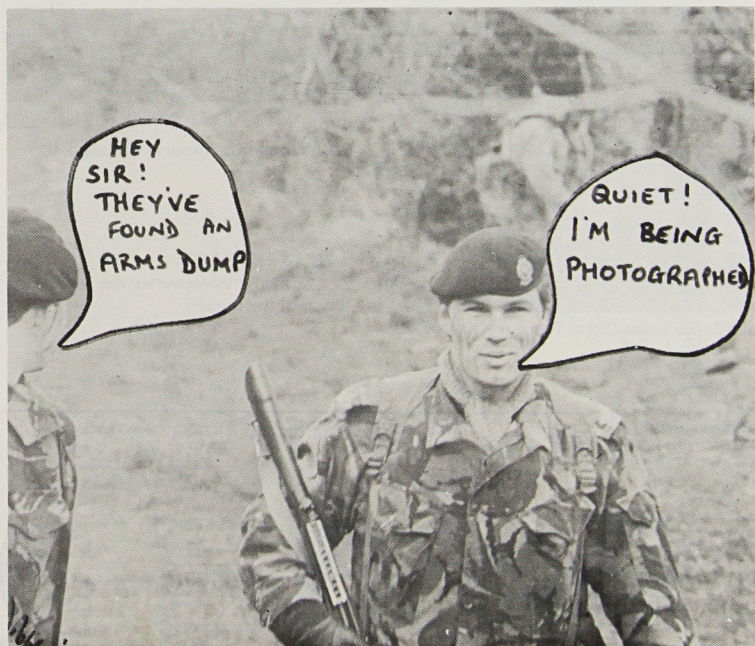
Sgt. Jennings receives some beauty tips.

QUOTE

'On Sobraon Day'.
RSM — Why are you here?
Skuse — Because I've just finished rubbish fatigues Sir.
RSM — Well what Day is it today?
Skuse — Friday Sir.



Cpl Guilfoil displays the results of an arduous Cop Op.



Dmr. (now L/Cpl) Trent in his capacity as CO's Bugler presents the CO with a small memento.

THE LURK—by Big Nose Brown

It was a cold night—the wind bit through our clothing. We moved one behind the other tactically spaced in the darkness—many obstacles faced us but we finally made it out of the CPV. As we debussed the men dispersed as only trained soldiers can—20 minutes later I was still looking for 3 of my men and finally found out that they were still in the CPV. They had doubled back to disguise their tracks—I was impressed.

We moved across country using a large culvert to cross the main road in our path—it was a tight squeeze but once we had moved the milk churns out of the way—the going was easier!

We moved across a field—a sudden noise—I instinctively raised my hand and dropped to my knees only to feel a 351 aerial thrust into my left ear. It was my UDR attachment behind me, Yassar McMurphy. He was wearing his radio on his chest to make any observers think we were leaving the area instead of entering it—smart move—I was impressed.

As I stood up to move on—I dropped my torch—bent to pick it up—dropped my pocket memo—picked it up—dropped my rifle—bent down—picked up my torch and rifle—dropped my pen, firefly, mars bar, notepad and beret—picked them all up and dropped my radio. I carefully picked up the radio. Checked I had everything and moved professionally on after 10 minutes. I dropped my pocket memo again—I realised I was drawing attention to myself so I left it making a mental note to pick it up when we were next in the area.

We reached a grate and as in SOPs I took out my firefly to find out from which end the gate opened. I found the right end—undid the string and the gate fell into the road—“WHAT A COCK-UP”. Echoed from behind me. I turned round angrily—I knew who it was—that strutting homosexual in the patrol was beginning to get on my nerves. ‘D’ you want to lead this patrol Head’, I said with authority. He ignored me totally but I felt I had made my point.

0200—We arrived at our lurk location—I

knew we were close to the border but I wasn’t sure from which side. We were close. Having pointed out the object of our lurk to the lads by my sharkeye we settled down for a tense night. At 0300 I heard a noise behind me—“HEY—DO YOU POOR LADS WANT SOME TEY”.

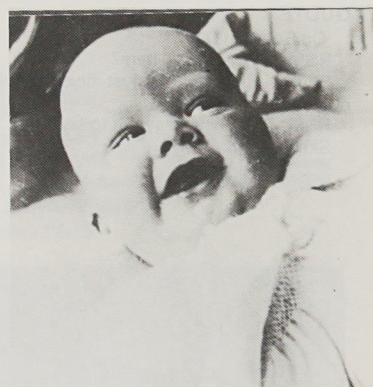
It was the owner of the house—what a nice gesture—declined—you can’t be too careful on OP’s. The only other sound heard all night was that idiot McMurphy shouting at the top of his voice “WHO WANTS TO SWAP A CHEESE SANDWICH FOR A TAXI”.

We left our location at 0730 hrs having taken a bearing to N. Ireland. A Wessex came to pick us up but unfortunately had to make two lifts—only one of the side doors would open.

We arrived back at base at 0820 hrs and immediately unloaded into the sand bay—it made an awful noise as the empty cases hit the ground. I was marched in to see the Colonel at 0830 the next morning—another operation had finished.



Maj Willis, OC ‘SP’ Coy receiving medical advice from Carol Fox, mother of Miss 1 Queen’s.



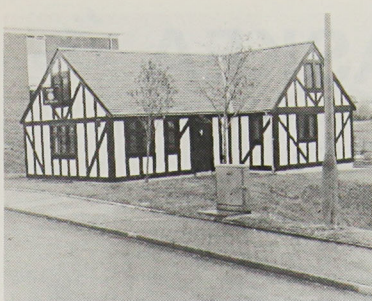
E. Who is it. Answer on page 48.

FMT3 EXTRACT

“I then manoeuvred the vehicle to the rear of the horse”.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE





The plastic pub underwent a transformation and increased its size threefold.



Lisanelly Barracks went through a rebuild in aid of 3LI.



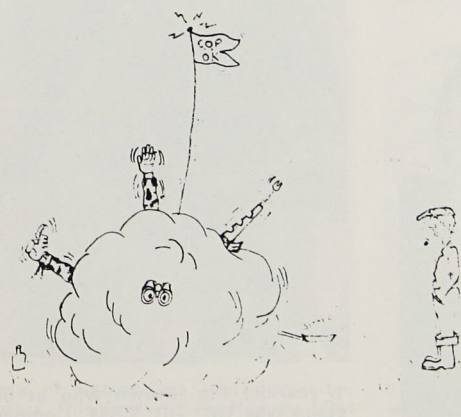
The wives getting in trim for the beaches of Gibraltar.



BORDERLAND, OUTLAND, IRELAND

Cpl HARRIS

Armalites, streetlights, night sights, searching for a sniper, viper, fighter
Death in the shadows, he'll maim you, kill you.
For a long forgotten cause on not so foreign shores,
Morphine, chill scream, bad dream. Serving as numbers on dogtags, sandbags, flagrags.
Your mother sits on the edge of the world as the camera starts to roll,
Panoramic viewpoints resurrect the killing foe.
Father? He's one of the few that cares . . .
Crawling behind the Saracen's hull from the safety of his living room chair . . .
Forgotten son, on the run, boy with a gun.
You are just another coffin on its way down the Emerald Isle,
Where the children's stoney glances mark death in a terrorist's smile,
The bombers arm places fiery gifts upon the supermarket's shelf,
Alleys sing with shrapnel, detonate a temporary hell.
Stolen car, mental scar, PVR, from the dole queue to the Regiment,
A profession in a flash,
But remember Monday morning when from door to door you dash,
On the news a Nation mourns you,
Unknown soldier count the cost,
For a second you will be famous, but labelled posthumous . . .



The Cop were occasionally compromised.



THE GREAT LISNASKEA AMBUSH FILMED

The car cut sharply through the dawn mist and quietly halted outside an unoccupied house about a mile south of Lisnaskea. The director alighted from the car, nerves taut, his hand resting on the 9 mm browning which nestled comfortably under his jacket. Gingerly the cameraman also emerged, his eyes rolling from side to side trying to pierce every bit of likely cover which might yet be concealing a waiting gunman. His fears were unfounded so he checked his lightmeter. As if by some pre-arranged signal two unmarked police cars glided up to the rendezvous. Bleary eyed constables enquired as to where the action was. Moments later a white van joined the party and disgorged three shadowy armed figures who quickly moved to the cover afforded beside the house.

"Right now, in your own words tell me exactly how it happened". The director thrust his pocket memo under the policemen's noses and waited patiently whilst the four constables debated what had actually occurred. Meanwhile a light early morning breeze shifted the last traces of mist. The hooded men from the van lov-

ingly cradled their armalites and shotguns, fondling the unfamiliar mechanisms, but began to anxiously inspect their surroundings as the new born day revealed their somewhat vulnerable position.

"Car coming, get behind the house", yelled the director, now rather less composed—frantic removal of masks and concealing of armalites; screeching tyres; exchanged greetings; more screeching tyres. "OK, only RUC, you can come out now". The three heroes sheepishly reappeared.

"Time for a dry run through; now where were you again when they opened fire?" The policeman thus addressed marked the spot and the hooded men took position.

"Too far apart lads, the bastards were all together". A quick look at the policeman confirmed to the director that for this man at least the scene was deeply memorized. "When the RUC car had passed, rush out onto the road and fire into the back of the vehicle". The director's instructions were quickly obeyed, so quickly in fact that 'gunman X' tripped over his weapon and fell flat on his face. At that moment another car was heard and in a flurry of

masks, weapons, film and cusses the scene returned to 'normality'. Director and cameramen tried to look nonchalant as a puzzled paddy (not the CO!) motored by and wondered what on earth the Brits were doing there in civvies at that time in the morning.

"OK, now for the bit when one gunman gets pinned down behind the pillar by RUC fire".

"Can that be me sir please?" quoth 'gunman'. As senior 'gunman' present he got the part.

0615 hrs and the stars were ready for the first 'take'—acted as if a silent movie for fear of waking the patch! 0715 hrs and four takes later the epic was completed, the scene deserted, another Fermanagh day began. The great Lisnaskea ambush was indelibly recorded for posterity and so was OC C Coy's presentation to RMAS—or so we thought until the films were run and revealed only a very fine selection of strange looking patterns!! Fortunately we had also taken some stills!

MORAL : History seldom repeats itself.



Maj McGill and his friend, the Company Clerk, at an 'A' Company party!



17-year-old Pte. Brown who at one stage was OC, 2IC, CSM, Company Clerk and Company runner for Head-quarter Company.

Dibble
.84



LCpl Morrish taking his Anti-Mortar drills seriously.



WO2 Jimmy Juhel on patrol.

FMT3 EXTRACT

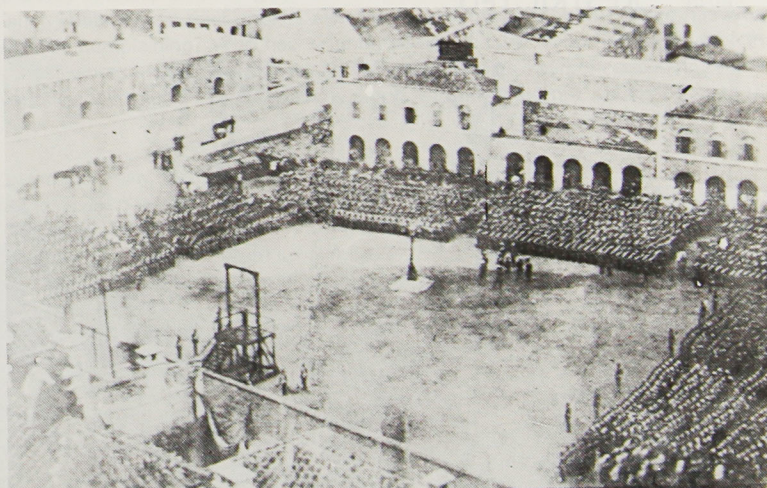
"All the time this was happening I was drunk".

FMT3 EXTRACT

"I was shocked and made the mistake of not reporting it".



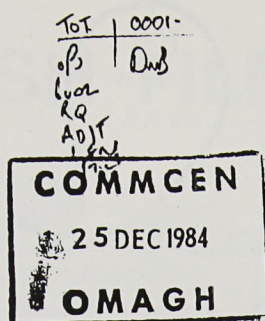
One of Samantha's less decorative poses. This time with Pte Heeney, LCpl Trent and Pte Rogers.



The only British hanging on the Rock of Gibraltar. A private of the Surrey Regt. who killed his CO was hung in front of the entire garrison at the turn of the century.

**RESTRICTED
IMMEDIATE**

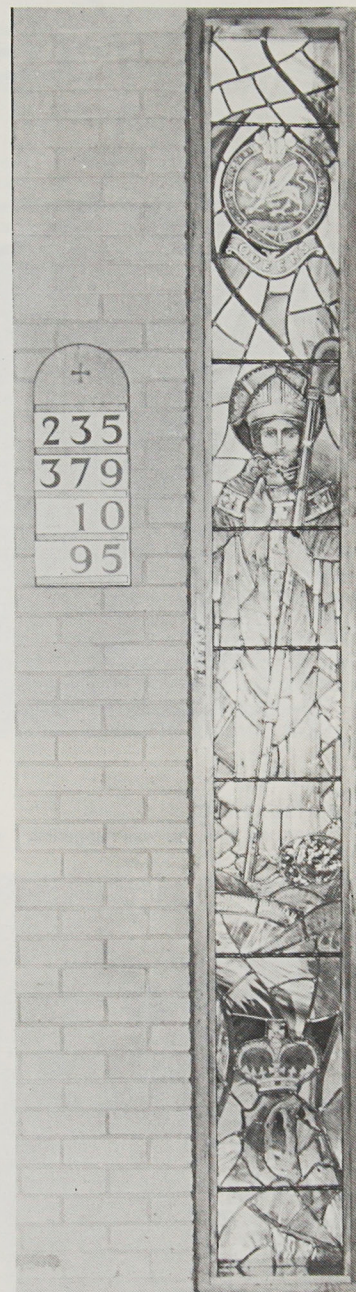
KSA 001
KSA 001
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R E S T R I C T E D
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1 QUEENS POLICE DIV L EAST.
NIREP 1. SITREP FROM 232359Z DEC 84 TO 242359Z DEC 84
SITREP NO 1357.
1. SILENT NIGHT, SILENT NIGHT
ALL IS CALM, ALL IS BRIGHT
2. A. NIL
B. NIL
C. (1) (A) 150
(B) 2
(C) NIL
(D) NIL
(E) NIL
(2) NIL
(3) NIL
(4) NIL
(5) NIL
D. NIL
3. NO CHANGE
4. A. NIL
B. NIL
C. NIL
BT



NNNN **RESTRICTED**



RSM Budgen at play.



The Battalion bought a stained glass window for the church to commemorate the tour and the death of Pte. Biddle.

THE LEFT FOOT KNOWING WHAT THE RIGHT FOOT IS DOING



Father Alf Hayes

This title comes not from some involvement with the latest drill and duties cadre, but from the Chaplain's powerhouse in the garrison.

Left and Right footers, are titles bestowed on us over the years for no very good reason except that the Church of England is the Established Church, and therefore always Right. It is said that the Irish Navvies who were Roman Catholics would dig with their left foot on the spade, so that they could recognise each other; and of course at C of E church parades, it was always the Roman Catholics who fell out by the left!

Well, we may be different feet, but we go along side by side, and when we were talking together recently we looked over a recent newspaper article called 'Best Bible Bits', in which well known people quoted their favourite Bible quotes.

It comes as little surprise that Arthur Scargill's is the record of Jesus driving the money changers and profiteers out of the Temple! Mrs. Thatcher chose "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble".

With these examples before us, the obvious next step was to decide what those around us might choose, and so allowing for a bit of poetic licence we came up with the following. Starting with our esteemed editor, the I.O. "Men of understanding will say to me, and the wise man who hears me will say: 'He speaks without knowledge, his words are without insight'." (Job 34 : 34/35).

Captain Ebbens, the M.T.O., of course has something of a warning for those who go seeking favours: "Woe to those who come to us for help, and rely on transport, who trust in chariots because they are many". (Isaiah 31:1).

RSM Budgen gave a hint of his thoroughness, and maybe a slight personal comment as well? "Nothing is covered that will not be revealed, or hidden that will not be known—even the hairs on your head are numbered". (Mt 10:26/30).

Major Gancz has opted to give us a modest account of all his spare time "shooting from ambush at the blameless, shooting at him suddenly and without fear" (Ps. 64 : 4).

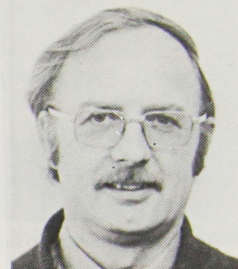
The CO tries to explain something of his philosophy of Command — "Listen Vicar, I am a man under authority, with soldiers under me; and I say to one "Go" and he goes, and to another, 'Come', and he comes, OK?" (Mt 8 : 9). Also "I have been fishing all night and caught nothing" (Lk 5:5). At the other end of the scale, the Subalterns merely try to protest their innocence, "Three things are too wonderful for me; the fourth I do not understand: The way of an eagle in the sky, the way of a serpent on a rock, the way of a ship on the high seas, and the way of a man with a maiden". (Prov. 30:18). The Sergeants Mess have no such inhibitions in their choice, also from the Proverbs (23:29). "Who has woe? Who has sorrow? Who has strife? Who has complaining? Who has wounds without cause? Who has redness of the eyes? Those who tarry long over wine, those who go to try mixed wine. At the last it bites like a serpent and stings like an adder. I will seek another drink." The various departments of HQ Company didn't want to be left out, so starting with the ones who do so much for us, the QMs:



LEFT FOOT

"Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything; let them not feed, or drink water, but let man and beast be covered with sackcloth". (Jonah 3:7). The Doctor seems to be trying to drum up some trade with "Unless you are circumcised according to the law, you will be in trouble!" (Acts 15:1). And if you haven't seen the Families Officer around lately his choice might explain, "I stood in great fear of the multitude, and the contempt of families terrified me, so that I kept silence, and did not go out of doors." (Job 31:34).

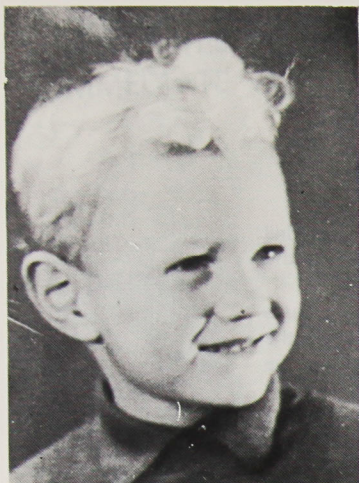
What about us? Well, we thought you might like to know the real reason why Padres wear dog collars — "The Lord has made you a priest, to have charge in the house of the Lord over every madman, to put him in the stocks and collar". (Jer. 29:26).



Padre John Sweatman



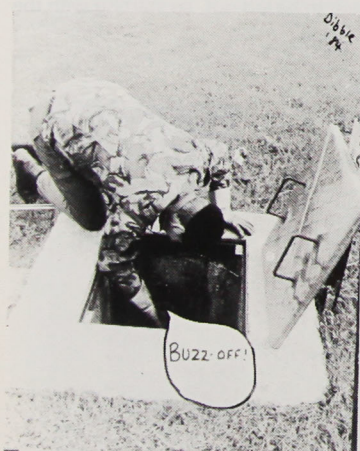
RIGHT FOOT



F. Who is it? Answer on page 48.



Samantha and Pte. Duffy.



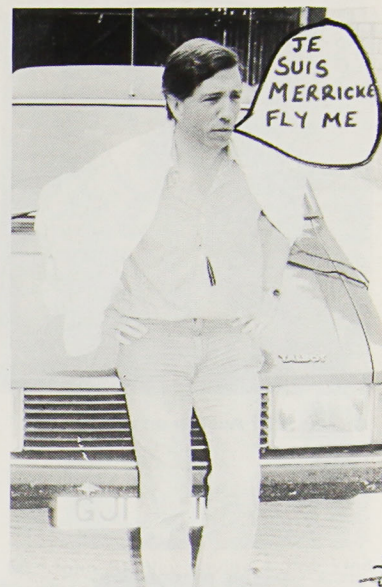
LCpl Waldren talks to the Little People who pump the fuel.



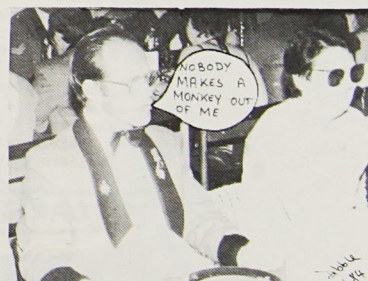
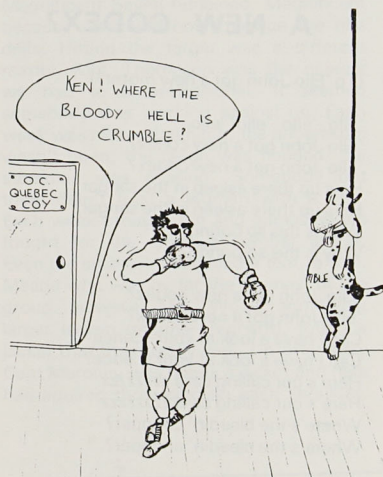
Mrs Shena Paterson with WO2 Jock Paterson.



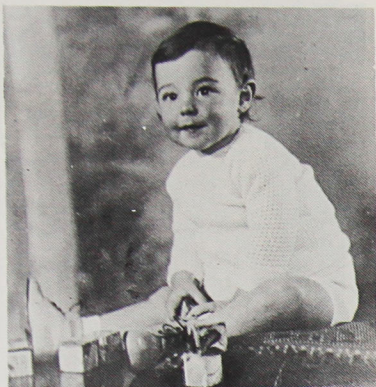
Maj Gancz, the Bn 2IC, GIVES Samantha and her mother, Carol, some advice.



Maj. Willis modelling a slinky little number at the Clonatty Bridge PVCP fashion show.



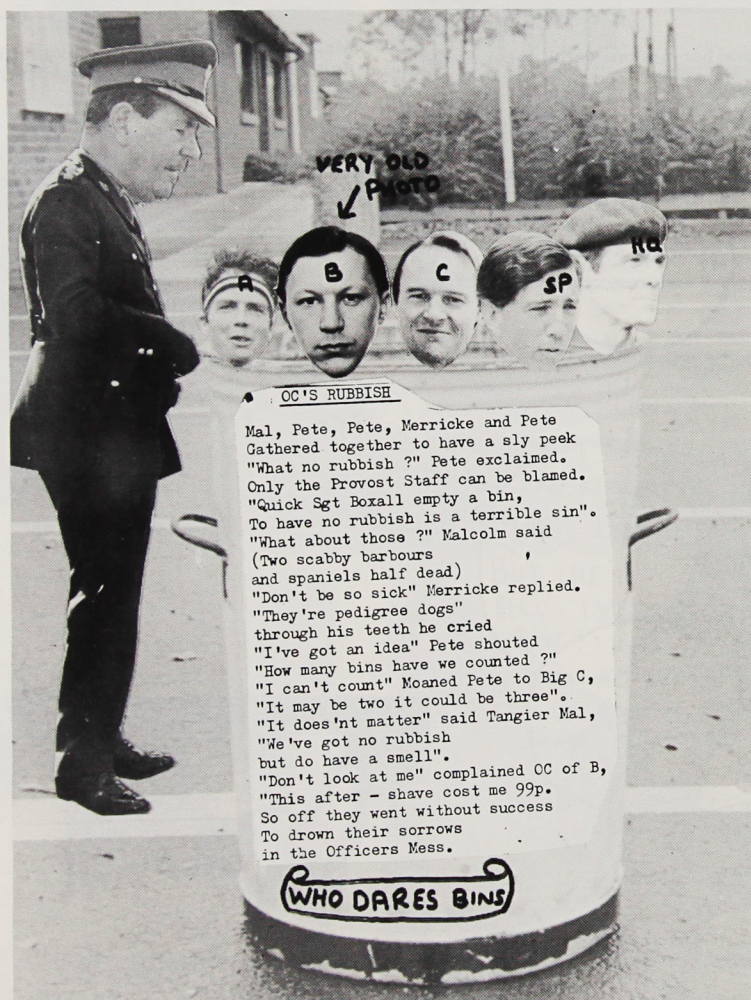
CSgt Freeman entertaining Mrs. White with one of his many animal impressions.



G. Who is it? Answer on page 48.



The RSM marches the Divisional Brigadier and CO around camp.



The new Colonel of the Regiment, Brigadier Charles Millman OBE ADC, ensures that the Battalion maintains old Regimental traditions.

'ELLO JOHN GOT A NEW CODEX?

(To 'Ello John got a new motor?)

'Ello, 'ello, 'ello, 'ello
'Ello John got a new codex?
'Ello John got a new codex?
He's up there asleep in the sangar
He's up there asleep in the sangar
Why is this so boring?
Why is this so boring?

'Ello John got a new codex?
'Ello John got a new codex?
Can I have a look at your licence?
Can I have a look at your licence?
Here's our calling card zzzzzzzz
Here's our calling card zzzzzzzz
Where's the bleedin' chopper?
Where's the bleedin' chopper?

'Ello John got a new codex?
'Ello John got a new codex?
Get on stag you red arse
Get on stag you red arse
Not another culvert
Not another culvert
Oh my gawd a milk churn
Oh my gawd a milk churn

'Ello John got a new codex?
'Ello John got a new codex?
Is there life in sangars?
Is there life in sangars?
I wish I was a Corporal
I wish I was a Corporal
Then I could go to sleep
Then I could go to sleep

'Ello John got a new codex?
'Ello John got a new codex?

Pte Blackman
Mortar Platoon

Wives shooting or 'Maroney's mistake'

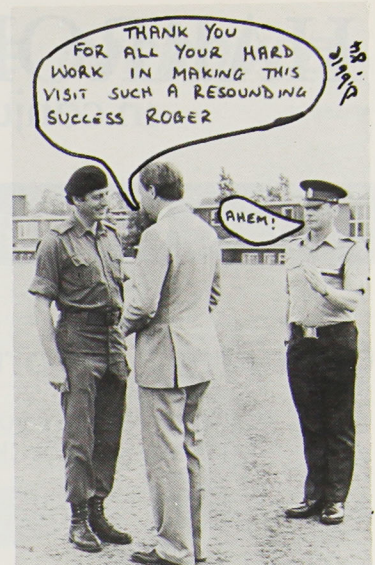
It was this time last year that Capt Maroney decided to try his hand at teaching a few wives the art of .22 shooting. The initial response was overwhelming; so much so that you were left wondering if you would ever get a chance to shoot let alone hit a target. We were very slow at first and it must have taken great patience to repeat continually which way the magazine was loaded. On occasion however, the Capt's face would show a glimpse of despair when words such as 'guns' and 'bullets' were mentioned. After a few weeks the numbers diminished. This was not through lack of enthusiasm more through lack of babysitters and the availability of husbands. Soon only the Magnificent Seven remained. Magnificent because we could now manage the rifle drills. Hitting the target was a different matter. Mrs. Thompson was the nearest we had to a professional. It seemed somebody was working against us. Each week was met with a hitch; the armes kote wasn't open; the range was flooded; the storeman was missing. Somebody out there didn't trust a woman with a rifle. Each week brought fun and games as we fought for the smallest combat jacket. Even the smallest resembled a tent to Mrs. Meade who was by far the thinnest of the group. However Mrs. Wood, somewhat larger (seven months pregnant), found a jacket that fitted really well. Unfortunately Capt Maroney was minus a jacket and hers had aquired three pips on each shoulder.

How did he manage to explain the smell of perfume around his collar? The saying a bad workman always blames his tools came to light when Mrs Walker spent the evening blaming the rifle for her bad scores. It was later discovered she had been wearing her sun glasses! Between matches a mixed doubles was arranged for us with the mens shooting team. How embarrassed we felt after all these weeks of pretending to be Annie Oakley when we were suddenly confronted with Jesse James boasting averages of 97 and 98. The thought of making fools of ourselves spurred us on because that night scores reached the eighties. A first for most of us.

Thanks to the patience of Capt Maroney at the end of the season our averages were as follows: Mrs C. Breden 74, Mrs S Holmes 87, Mrs M Meade 82, Mrs S Molloy 84, Mrs M Thompson 83, Mrs K Walker 83, Mrs F Wood 88.

Having actually maintained our averages we were surprised to learn the A and B team had jointly won the league. Our medals were presented to us in the 'Plastic Pub' on September 21st. Unfortunately one medal was not presented and that was to Capt Maroney for actually sticking with us.

We would like to thank Capt Maroney for putting up with the cursing and giggles and giving up so much of his own time to relieve us of some of the boredom of Northern Ireland. Finally we would like to publicly refute all allegations that Capt Maroney is responsible for our present states.



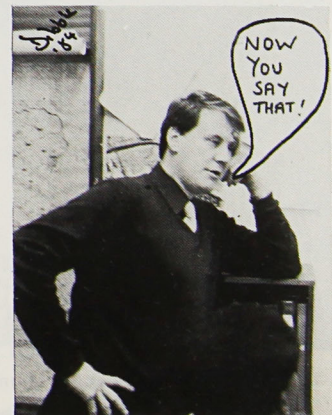
Mr. John Stanley having a few kind words to say to Maj Gancz



22 SMALL BORE SHOOTING CLUB



"AND I THOUGHT I WAS FIRING BLANKS."



The new 2IC, Maj Philip Pearce, picks up some of the Sunray Minor Jargon!

HARRODS AND CUNARD

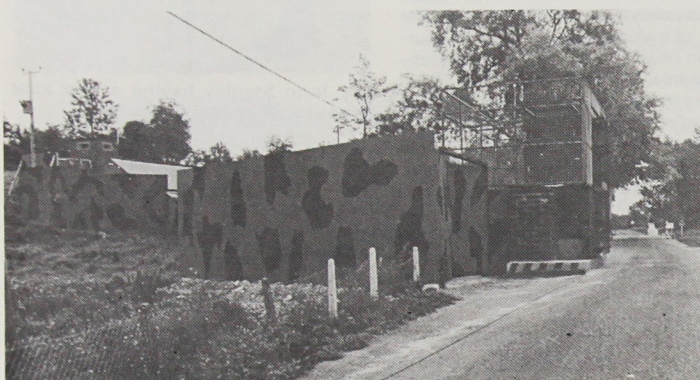
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TWO YEAR PACKAGE HOLIDAY IN FERNANAGH During 1985/86



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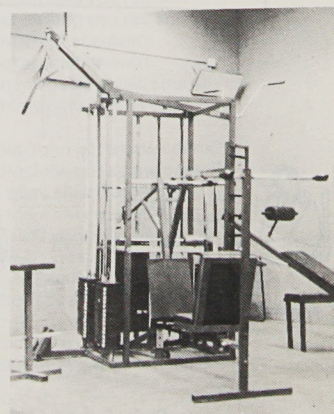
With spacious accommodation.



A new Olympic swimming pool every 4 months.



All night cocktail bars with attractive waitresses.



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The original concept of a PVC

THINGS HAVE IMPROVED



Wattle Bridge October 1980.

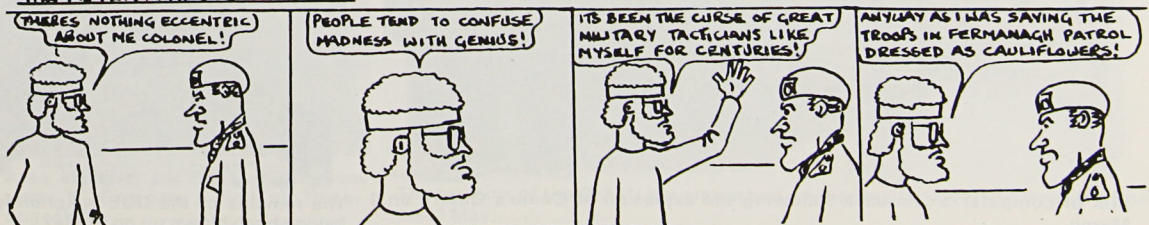
THE SANGER DREAM

*I stand in this place
with a miserable face
And think of the places I've seen
The picture of life instead of this strife.
In this sanger in nowhere unseen.*



Wattle Bridge October 1984.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE



INCIDENTS OF THE TOUR

The second half of the tour in Fermanagh has been busier than the first, with a total of 8 major incidents. The first occurred on 27 February 1984 when the sleep of all Rosslea PVCs manned by Tangier Company was shattered at 0426 by the sound of a large explosion. A friendly local reported the existence of a large crater 17 foot deep and 25 foot across on the Fivemiletown/Rosslea Road at Derrygan-

non. Neither the IRA nor the SF sustained casualties.

The second incident, this time dealt with by Holland Company, occurred on 1 March at 2200. Again a bang was heard but this time by the owner of Coote's Quarry in the Clogher Valley. Investigations the following day discovered a £1m computer lying on its back having been blown over by a partially detonated CWIED. The damage was

minimal and no casualties were sustained.

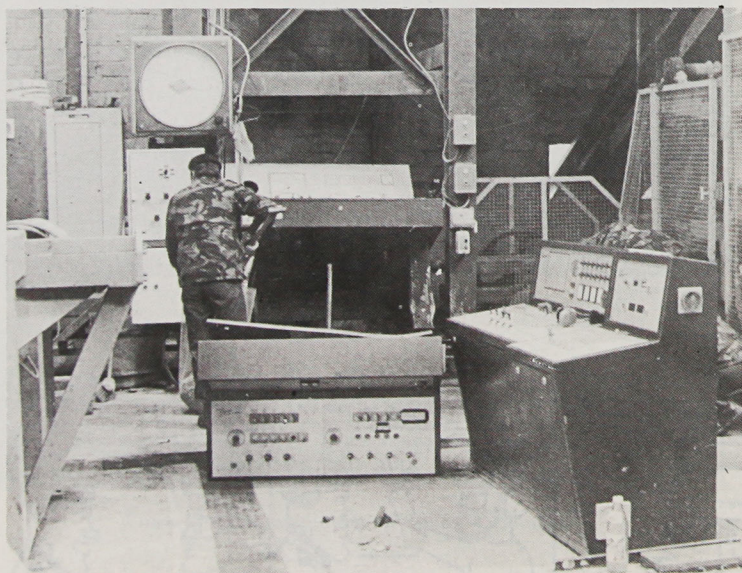
Not satisfied with one major incident during their Ops Tour Holland Company insisted on another, the day before their handover. A patrol consisting of Cpl Brown, LCpl Going, RAMC, and Ptes Knight, Fever, Hillman, Simpson and Lewis were carrying out a route clearance of the Dipper on 31 March when Pte Hillman found a 1000 lb CWIED in a culvert at Tibberdogglebe. Quebec Company were then given the onerous task of area cleaning whilst Major McLelland withdrew from his first Ops Tour in SE Fermanagh tired but happy having left his mark on the TAOR.

Sobraon Company not wishing to be left out of the action decided to go further afield. On 8 April LCpl Smyth, Ptes Hartley, Green, Jennell, Armitage and Fairweather were patrolling the border at BCP M22 in the Castlederg Salient on behalf of 6 UDR when a 40 gallon drum filled with HME blew up 1½ metres away from LCpl Smyth and Hartley. LCpl Smyth in true 1 QUEEN'S tradition ignored the ringing in his ears to send a comprehensive report back to base. Donegal PIRA claimed the incident. LCpl Smyth and his merry men, by their actions, won it.

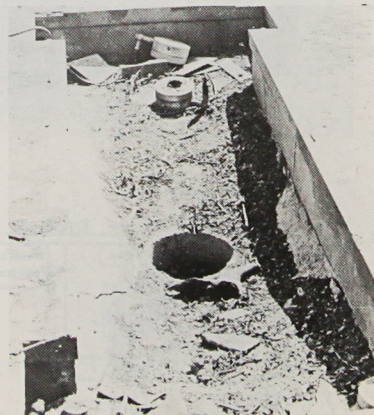
Having cut their teeth on an incident in 6 UDRs TAOR Sobraon Company were destined to have the busiest day of the tour. At 2250 on 11 May an explosion was heard in the area of Ballygawley. It transpired that the DOE Weighbridge which had been open for only one day had been blown up. The incident was left until the morning of 12 May. Whilst preparing to deal with this incident, information was received that PT CSgt Ivan Hillen of C Company 6 UDR had been murdered by two gunmen at a distance of 5 feet whilst feeding his pigs at 0925. The direction of operations moved from the Weighbridge to CSgt Hillen's farm. Again Sobraon Com-



Result of the Derrygannon Cwied 27 February 1984.



£1m of computer on its back following the explosion at Coote's Quarry on 1 March.



The remains of the DOE weighbridge having been blown up on 11 May.

pany were not to be left to get on with the follow up. At 1045 the leading vehicle of a two car DMSU mobile came under fire from a number of gunmen, 3 miles south of Lisnaskea. Luckily there were no major casualties. The gunmen regrettably escaped. Sobraon Company then decided that they had their fill of incidents and the TAOR was allowed to return to its more usual relatively quiet state.

Whilst the TAOR remained quiet other parts of Fermanagh did not. Tangier Company were standing in for 4 UDR whilst they were away on their annual camp. A van booby-trap blew up killing three soldiers and injuring one from 1 RRF who had been fishing in the Sealink Classic in Enniskillen on 18 May. It was thought that they were targetted during the 4 days of the competition.

On 2 July the Drums discovered over 1400 rounds in the Castlederg Salient.

The next incident of note within the 1 QUEENS TAOR took place on 7 August when the RUC arrested 17 year old Niall Jackman and his 15 year old girlfriend Maura Logan in possession of a 9 mm pistol on their way to assassinate a young member of C Company 4 UDR in Lisnaskea. Both have been charged with possession of a firearm and conspiracy to murder. A third man was also charged.

On 13 August Quebec Company continued in their role as area cleaners. PIRA attempting to dispose of 5 x 25 litre oil drums put them into a culvert on the Fivemiletown/Rosslea Road. To make life more interesting they inserted large amounts of white washing line to simulate cortex. They never revealed why. Quebec Company carried out a full clearance operation.

On 5 Nov Cpl Fisher of B Company decided to take his patrol into a wood for a rummage. About 25 yards into the wood Cpl Fisher spotted a plastic bag. On being suspicious he investigated and discovered that it contained 13.5 kgs of ANFO. He was not allowed to use it to celebrate Guy Fawkes night!

On the 25th November, the second day of Support Company's last tour the peace of the area was broken by the attempted murder of Part-time Reserve Constable Desmond Wilson. As he returned home just after midnight a gunman stepped out of the shadows and blasted Constable



Area cleaning for Support Company after 'B' Company's find at Tibberdogelege.



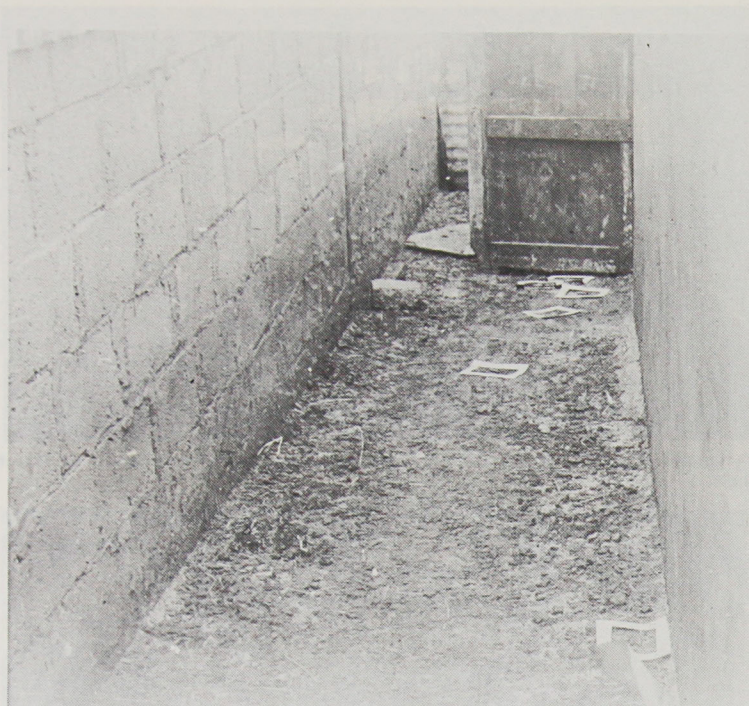
A handy find of 1000 lbs of HME at Tibberdogelege by Pte Hillman on 31 March 1984.



The crater left at M22 when LCpl Smyth and Pte Hartley had their narrow escape on 8 April 1984.



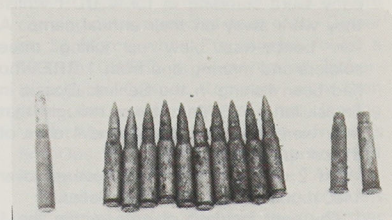
The remains of the DMSU car ambushed on the Newtownbutler-Lisnaskea Road on 12 May.



Some empty cases at the entrance to the pigsty where CSgt Hillen 6 UDR was murdered on 12 May.

Wilson in the back with one barrel from a 12 bore shotgun. Wilson was able to run away even though wounded and escaped his murderer.

Needless to say, added to the work involved in dealing with the major incidents were all the searches, follow ups to other units incidents, mobile VCPs, border closures, route clearances, rabbit patrols (C Coy), Eagle patrols (all the other Coys) and suchlike that kept everyone busy.



A selection of the 1400 rounds found by the Drums on 2 July.



THE An t-Éireannach Aontuighce **UNITED IRISHMAN** is í an poblaíocht ár gcusóir

IML. IX. UIMHIR 5.

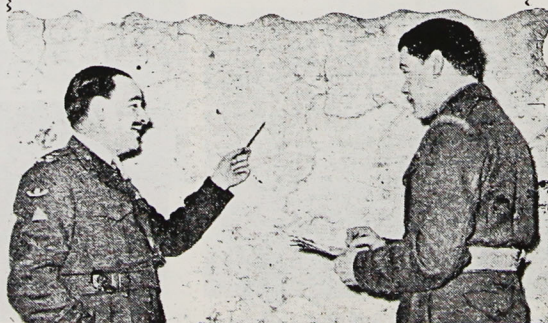
BEALTAINE, 1957.

TRI PINGIN

BRITISH TROOPS IN IRELAND

Six Counties Now an Armed Camp

THEIR JOB: WAR ON THE IRISH



The situation never changes. An early "Republican News" found on a search in Fermanagh.

LAD REME—THE BLACK HAND GANG

We are responsible for all the first line repairs and roadworthiness of not only the battalion vehicles but ATO, NIRW detachment, REST and ACIO vehicles. Also we repair the visitors vehicles if they have problems.

Our numbers are six productive vehicle mechanics plus an addition of four civilian mechanics. This may seem a large number but with two away on courses and the leave to get in as and when possible the productive strength becomes considerably less. Added to the vehicle mechanics we have our two electricians. So you can see that the 'billy base rats' of the REME do not sit around and drink coffee all day. Every night and every day an electrician and mechanic are on call. So do not imagine just because you do your stint in Fermanagh and Guards and Duties that yours is the only hard life in Omagh. Remember also Tidworth is only two years away, then you might be qualified to grumble. Most of the 'Black hand gang' have done their A.M.F. so we can smile.

Looking back over the year; this time last year we were inundated with crashed vehicles. Most were written off, few were repairable. Not only was it the rank and file but the officers had their share. Anything from Cavalier to Sherpa Mini Buses. What is a car compared to a Harrier or 'The Sheffield'? Just a clerical nightmare for Kung Fu and Moto.

We are a small bunch who beaver away inspecting and fixing the unit vehicles. Also we are asked, sometimes tasked, to manufacture or supply metal for different people and departments purely as 'off the cuff jobs'. Several that come to mind are boat trailers, 'The Horsebox', grinding wheel stands, bar-be-cue stands, plus all the small jobs. Even the stick the Provost Sgt carries around was produced by us. The parting words are normally, "don't forget where we are at Christmas!" The silent reply is, "you'll be lucky!"

This year we have said good-bye to Cpl Carr, Cpl Towson, LCpl Williamson, LCpl Smyth and LCpl Raeburn. We have welcomed Cpl Bowers, Cpl Radley, LCpl



Back row, left to right:

Cfn Murray, LCpl Cliffe, LCpl Williamson, LCpl McGuinness, Cpl Salf, Cpl Brummit, Cfn Griffiths, Cfn Edwards, Cfn Turner, Cpl Towson, Cpl Clarke, Cpl Bowers.

Front row, left to right:

Mr Coulter, Mr Kelly, SSgt Lowe, Capt V D Eddens (MTO 1 Queens), Lt Col M Lemon (Comd Maint N.I.), Capt D Major (BEME 8 INF Bde), Sgt Smith, Mr Bresnahan, Mr Donnelly.

Watson, Cfn Borrett and Cfn Edwards. All those who departed went onto BAOR. We will meet up again no doubt. The REME world is becoming smaller and smaller.

The culmination of the year's work was the uphill struggle to prepare for the PRE-Landrover gearboxes and engines do not last long! We have named certain companies after the major assemblies they seem to render unserviceable with a never ending regularity. One company has a complete dislike for 1st and reverse gears. Another believes that a clean dipstick is a good dipstick and the engine should make a knocking noise. Try as we might these things still happen. Heard one day, "Take them by the throat sarge, and educate them", in a broad Scots accent.

Which brings me onto the RSM's favourite person. He who graces the CO's

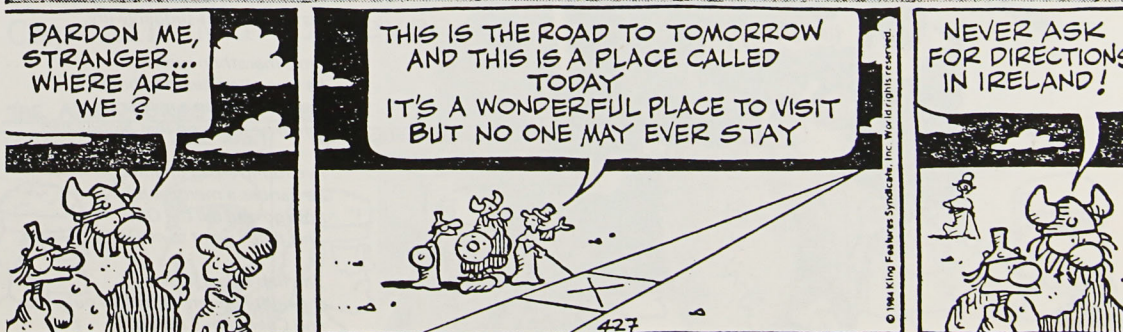
office and the corner house several times a year. Known to as the 'The DROID', no names no pack drill, but it starts with EM and ends in URRAY.

On the sporting scene we have been too busy to show any prowess. Sgt Smith and LCpl McGuinness completed the Antrim Coast Road Marathon. All their training was done in their own time.

We all wish that you have a pleasant tour in Gibraltar and that you make the most of it. Tidworth is another world from Omagh or Gibraltar. Remember though, engines need oil and slow down then change down, stop first then select reverse gear. May we hope that your next REME section has an equal if not better tour with the battalion. We are staying here with the 3rd Battalion, The Light Infantry. So good luck in your futures.

HAGAR THE HORRIBLE

By DIK BROWNE





The Chief of the General Staff and Commander 8 Infantry Brigade give a demonstration of the Military Twostep.



A tribute to Bob 'The Gob' fisher

*Bob Fisher at last a hero
his gattling gob payed off,
he stopped off in a wood one day,
to cram his face with scoff!*

*While Bob ate all the sarnies,
the rest just had a fag,
and in between the sausage rolls,
Bob spotted the plastic bag.*

*Untidy Irish bastards,
Bob was heard to cry,
and when he picked the bag up,
his throat went suddenly dry.*

*I'm a marathon runner,
he was often heard to brag,
they said he ran a mile or two,
when he dropped that bloody bag.*

*I've found a bag of anfo,
he dances a merry song,
now go and tell the OC,
This time I want my GONG!*

*The flap at last is over,
the right handers all dished out,
and Cpl Fisher's a hero,
of that there is no doubt.*



10 DOWNING STREET

From the Private Secretary

16 March 1984

Dear Captain Keyes,

The Prime Minister has asked me to thank you for your letter of 6 March with which you kindly enclosed a copy of BRAGANZA.

Yours sincerely,

David Barclay

David Barclay

Captain N P L Keyes

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE



IN FERMANAGH WE CHECKED EVERYTHING



Car checks.



Route checks.



"P" checks.



Checks for haircuts.



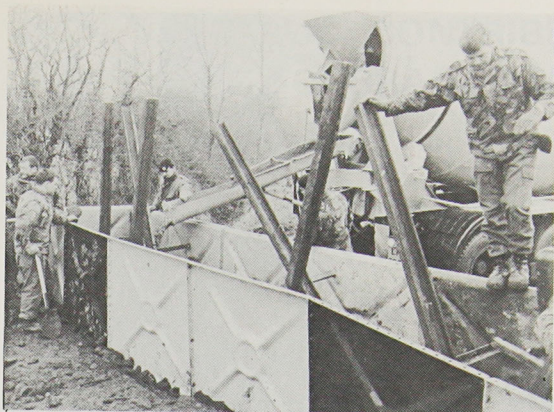
R.U.C. checks.



Culvert checks.



Checks on inside of eyelids.



Braithwaite checks.



Rummage checks.



House checks.



Helicopter checks.



River checks.



Village checks.



Wheelbarrow checks.



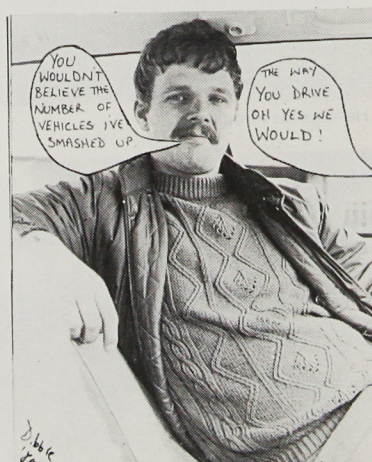
The Commanding Officer caught stealing the cake!



The GOC meeting LCpl Norris and Doc.



H. Who is it? Answer on page 48.



Pte. Toombs of the MT.

THE RUC CONTRIBUTION TO BRAGANZA

SUSPICIOUS VEHICLE ON A ROAD.

REPORT BY CS V22A SEEN WITH HEADLIGHTS ON AT DEAD OF NIGHT IN THICK FOG
MADE A WICKED 180 DEGREE TURN AT A ROUND ABOUT THEN HEADED THE RIGHT WAY
DOWN A ONE WAY STREET
IT THEN PROCEEDED TOWARDS A SET OF RED LIGHTS WHERE IT STOPPED SUSPICIOUSLY
AFTER 30 SECONDS AT THE RED LIGHTS IT MOVED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE
BENDS IN THE ROAD UNTIL STOPPING AT A SUSPICIOUS HOUSE BY SOME DRAINAGE
WORKS OWNED BY A MR I. E. D. CULVERT OF BOOBY TRAP CRESENT, BANGOR.
REQUEST CORDON BE PLACED ROUND THE AREA.

AD. SGT LISNASKER.

SENDER. PC 999



The Black and White Minstrels. Sgt. Blossom Noel and Band Sgt. Maj. Francis entertain on the Glorious First of June.

THOUGHTS OF IRELAND

By an Anon Wife

*A lone bird soars and spirals in the sky,
And gazing up towards him I'm wondering why,
The men that can slaughter and inhumanly torture,
Can live with their sin for they deserve to die,
These are the men that will cut out your heart,
Rip off your kneecaps and tear you apart,
And after they've finished they'll leave you for dead,
Where they have shot you and kicked in your head,
What sort of people can these men then be,
That they call themselves human is sickening to me,
They can blow up a store or whatever they choose,
They're in this to win and they don't live to lose,
They say they're Republicans and long for release,
And to hell with democracy it's not their belief,
And what man among them will spare but a thought,
For the hundreds that suffer by their terrible onslaught.
Not one of them thinks, not one gives a damn,
But continue their fight after fight against man,
They're not human nor anything conceivably real,
If they were the tortured, we'd all hear them squeal,
At the end of the day when their evil is done,
We will be victors, we will have won,
For their gruesome attacks they obtain a conviction,
They're nothing at all, for them victory is fiction.*



Capt Nick Keyes hands over the editorship of Braganza.

QUOTE

From a member of the motorcycle club—“Villiers? Full term is Necro—villiers—a sordid habit of indulging in a love affair with a long dead motorcycle”.

Commendation for 2Lt Rupert "I was in the Met" Bolton on the award to him of the GSM for heroism and gallantry in ground combat in Northern Ireland, 27 Sep—27 Oct 84.

2Lt Rupert Bolton, star of the Nottingham Carnival, distinguished himself beyond the call of duty whilst serving as a platoon commander during operations in South East Fermanagh. During his month on operations Rupert Bolton supervised complicated helicopter operations and with the intention of confusing the enemy, dropped himself off at the pick-up point, and vice-versa with the other half of his patrol.

By never smiling and always giving the impression of being bored Rupert inspired his troops to acts of great in-consequentiality. He continually tried to keep himself up-to-date by reading the latest Warlord and Victor comics. Rupert's personal bravery and devotion to duty are in keeping with the finest traditions of the SPG and the 1st Battalion The Queen's Regiment and reflect immense credit on himself, the Met and the British Army.



FRANGLAIS

LESSON NO. 136

IN THE COMMEN

TRC : Allo Trc Lisburn ici

Omagh : Allo c'est Omagh ici. J'ai un problem petit avec mon typewriter elec-tronique

TRC : Quelle Sorte de Problem Squire?

OMAGH : Il n'est pas de problem avec le typewriter c'est more a problem avec le papier 4 ply et la roll de punchtape.

TRC : Explainez Vous Monsieur.

Omagh : Mon premier problem est avec le papier 4 ply. Il n'est pas le 4 ply c'est le 2 ply avec le carbon paper tres inferieux. Il donne moi un good copy et un copy comme une chat blanche dans un snowdrift.

TRC : Merde. Vous avez le problem avec les rolls de punchtape aussi?

Omagh : Oui, Mon Platoon Sgt qui avez les pieds comme les Bateau d'assault has donne son plates de viend au mon tape de nirep de brigade. Je misquote la chanson de Tracy Ullman, il break mon tape in 17 places.

TRC : Ce n'est pas votre jour mate. C'est un problem tres grand n'est pas.

Omagh : Oui ce ca. Voulez-vous donnez moi un repeat au le nirep de brigade s'il vous plait?

TRC : Ce n'est pas possible. Le video de Star Wars commence, et nous sommes tres busy.

Omagh : Oh screw le bin guv.

TRC : Non, vous will have to type un nirep de brigade pour votre self.

Omagh : Pas de problem j'ai un ops officer avec les yieux comme un bat. Il ne notice pas le difference. Je donne le ops room le nirep de yesterady.

TRC : Cette un idea comme un genius. Au revoir Omagh.

Omagh : Au revoir cherie.



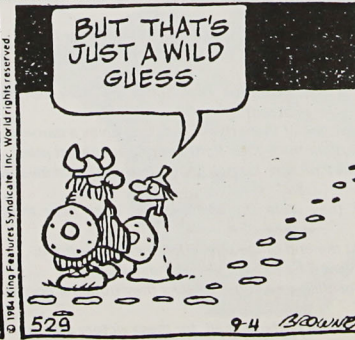
Maj. Willis discusses coiffure with the Brigade Commander.

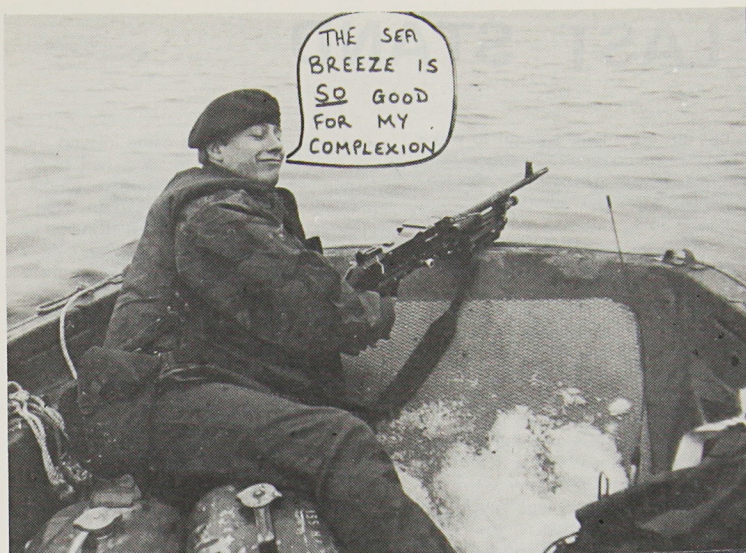


1. Who is it? Answer on page 48.

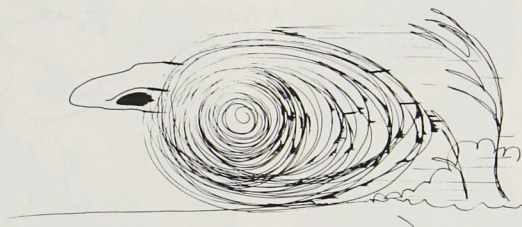
HAGAR THE HORRIBLE'S INT REP

By DIK BROWNE

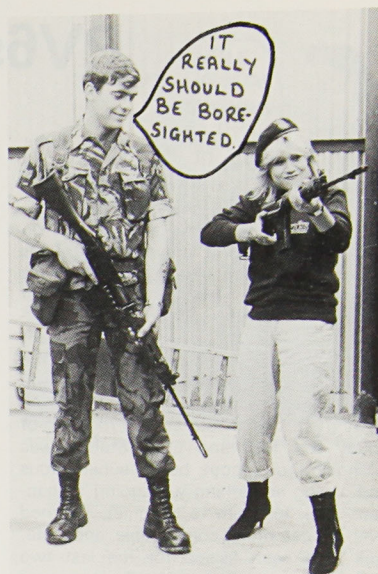




IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE?
NO! IT'S CPL SHADE!!!



Sgt Jennings receives 14 on his first dinner night in the Sgts' Mess.



Pte. Milsom showing concern over Samantha's aim?



Members of 4 Platoon at Derryard. Back row, Pte. Greaux, Pte Killick, Lt Archer (on loan from 10 GR), Lt. Powell. Front row: Pte Haley, Pte Dann, LCpl King, Pte Hollingberry.



Private Body admires another body.

PV6s LAST STAND

Now boys I wanna tell you a story about three fearless members of C Coy and a pet monkey called 'Ade'. These brave men, disregarding the weather and their own tiredness took over their stag at PV6 on time as per usual not knowing what perils lay ahead of them. After getting the Int Brief of how to sleep in a supersangar without getting backache from Cpl 'Fossil' Warren, the lads set to work on important life saving tasks, such as the state of the common market, world shipping trade and who was making the tea first. Things were moving pretty slow on this dull morning of Friday the 13th and LCpl Stubbs was whingeing on about being superstitious and saying something was going to happen. Jock told him to be quiet, I turned over to get more comfortable and Ade, well he'd been asleep for the last two hours. Then at about 0500 there was an almighty crash, loud enough to wake the

dead, but not quite loud enough to wake Ade, because he continued to snore. LCpl Stubbs was the first to react, with his command decision to 'Take a look Jock, I'm frightened'. Jock retorted with 'I aint F***** going out there'. After about ten minutes of further listening LCpl Stubbs decided to take a look. He came back as white as a sheet and said his immortal words of "Ere, we need a new fence boys, the old ones spread over the next field". After me, Jock and the abruptly woken monkey had taken a look. LCpl Stubbs got on to T3 via the telephone to report the damage. While he was doing that, I went off to make a cup of tea. Half way through LCpl Stubbs reported the line went dead. Being a switched on SAS type soldier, he continued his conversation on the radio. His conversation went something like this: "Hello Tango 3, reference my last on damage to PV. 1 x side fence, 1 x

telephone over", then I came in with the tea. "Stick a tunnel on that, half of its missing. Hello T3, can you add, tunnel, complete with fittings and lights over". "Hello PV6, is there much left standing at your location over". "Hello T3, no over". LCpl Stubbs had had enough he ran off to tell 'Fossil' what had been happening.

"Mick! Mick! the winds blowing away our PV". Mick's reply, "F** off it's only 6 o'clock".

After Mick's reassuring words things got back to normal pretty quick.

After surveying the damage me and Jock went straight to bed, leaving LCpl Stubbs to hand over to Mick, late as usual (Mick was only ever on time twice), and we have them times on film. Jock and me (Denby) survived this amazing ordeal only because of LCpl Stubbs cool leadership, and we would like to nominate him for a 'Blue Peter Badge'.





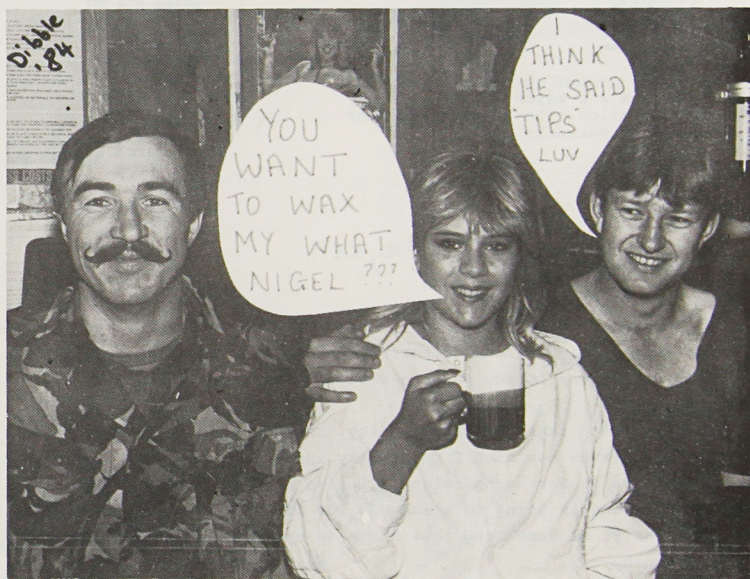
Sobraon Company in hot pursuit of a suspicious windsurfer.



Tojo and Fritz from "Man at Q & M's"



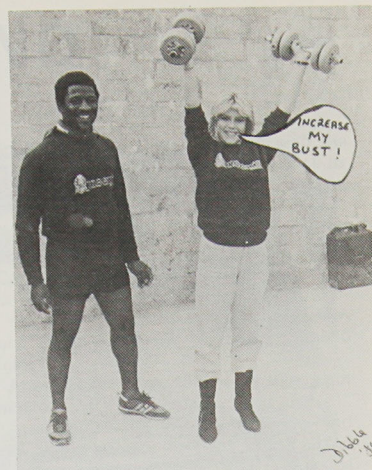
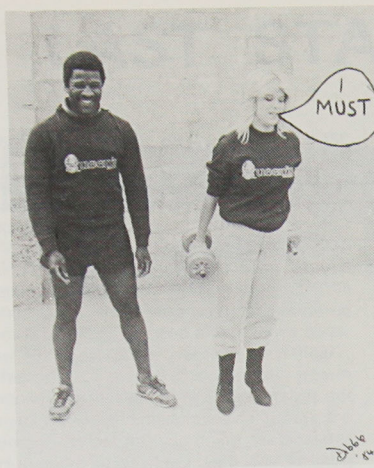
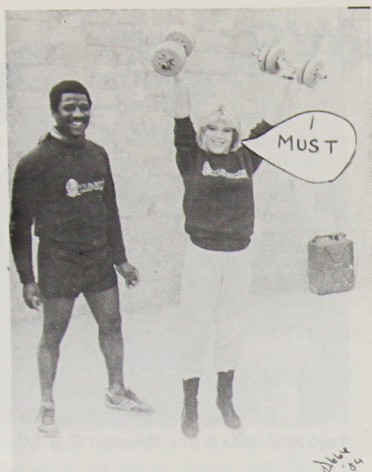
J. Who is it? Answer on page 48



LCpl Hansen attempts to cover up Drum Major de Warren Waller's improper suggestion.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE





Cpl Scott giving a body building lesson. See back cover for results.



Secretary of State

Captain N P L Keyes
1st Battalion, The Queen's Regiment
Lisanelly Barracks
BFPO 804

Northern Ireland Office
Stormont Castle
Belfast BT4 3ST

14 March 1984

Dear Captain Keyes

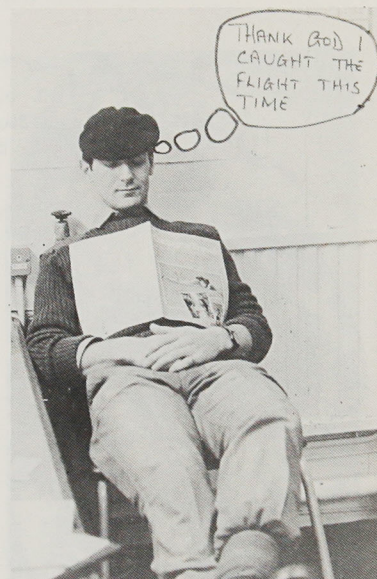
It was very thoughtful of you to send me a copy of the first "Northern Ireland" edition of the Battalion's magazine. I enjoyed reading it. Congratulations to you and the rest of the editorial team!

Perhaps I can take this opportunity, through you, of letting the Battalion know how much I personally appreciate the work you are all doing here in Northern Ireland. It isn't by any means an easy job and not everyone is going to thank you for it. But I am convinced that the task has to be done, and that it is in excellent hands. Thank you all very much.

All good wishes

Yours sincerely

[Signature]



Capt Eagan the UEO indulging in a little daydream whilst hard at work planning the Battalions move to Gibraltar.

ANSWER TO WHO IS IT? QUIZ

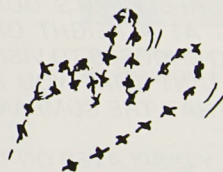
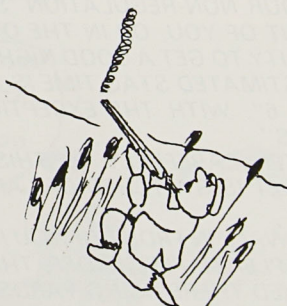
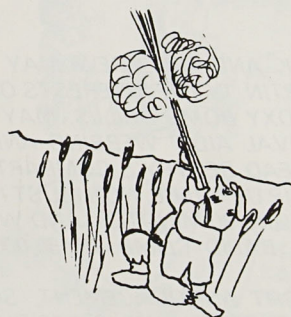
- A. R.S.M. Budgen.
- B. Maj McLelland.
- C. Maj Willis.
- D. Maj McLelland.
- E. Maj McGill.
- F. Lt Col Pantom.
- G. RQMS Boden.
- H. Maj McLelland.
- I. Maj Swanson.
- J. Capt Anthony.



A plethora of Barbours – The Officers' Mess shoot.



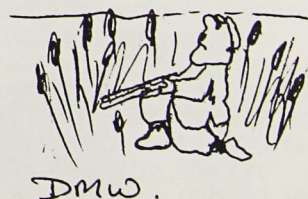
Sammy Fox meets Sammy Trent.



TO OC 8 PLATOON FROM
CSM C COY

Thanks for your letter
I thought your scanning could be better
To drill your men is my delight
Providing that they get it right
So on the Square they'll do their bit
With gleaming boots and well pressed kit
With Berets straight and backs the same
Fit and healthy, please no lame
I'm sure you'll be beside the Square
To watch your men a' sweating there
Are you open to persuasion
To wear Sam Browns for this Occasion?
Or is it coffee in the Mess?
To hide the standard of your dress.

FMT3 EVXTRACT
"At less an 2 MPH".



British Airways Super Sanger

BRITISH AIRWAYS ANNOUNCE EXTRA
FLIGHTS BETWEEN ANNAGHMARTIN AND
LISNASKEA FROM AUGUST 30th, 1984

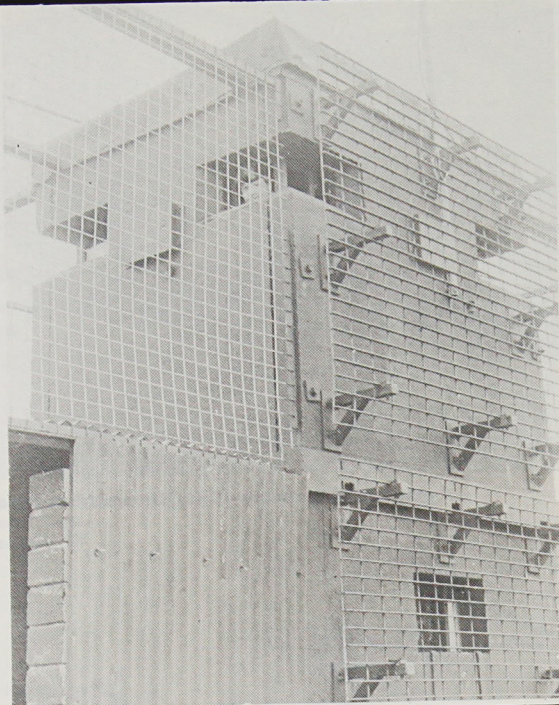
ANNAGHMARTIN—LISNASKEA

	Depart	Arrive	
NEW	07.30	08.40	MON-FRI*
	08.30	09.40	DAILY
	10.30	11.40	DAILY
	12.30	13.40	DAILY
	14.30	15.40	DAILY
NEW	16.30	17.40	DAILY
	17.30	18.40	MON-FRI*
	18.30	19.40	DAILY
	20.30	21.40	DAILY Ex Sat.

LISNASKEA-ANNAGHMARTIN

	Depart	Arrive	
NEW	07.30	08.35	DAILY
	08.30	09.35	MON-FRI*
	10.30	11.35	DAILY
	12.30	13.35	DAILY
	14.30	15.35	DAILY
NEW	16.30	17.35	DAILY
	17.30	18.35	MON-FRI*
	18.30	19.35	DAILY
	20.30	21.35	DAILY Ex Sat.

(*Subject to C.A.A. approval)



"GOOD AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN, ON BEHALF OF CPL JAYCOCK AND HIS CREW MAY I WELCOME YOU ABOARD THIS SUPER SANGAR FLIGHT TO ANNAGHMARTIN. IN THE INTERESTS OF YOUR OWN SAFETY AND COMFORT, AND TO COMPLY WITH OUR PROXY BOMB DRILLS, MAY I PLEASE REMIND YOU TO PLACE ALL YOUR NON-REGULATION 'SURVIVAL AIDS' WEBBING AND EQUIPMENT UNDER THE BENCH IN FRONT OF YOU, OR IN THE OVERHEAD SENTRY'S COMPARTMENT. IT MUST NOT OBSTRUCT HIS ABILITY TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S KIP UP THERE, NOR MUST IT BLOCK HIS VITAL SAFETY EXITS. OUR ESTIMATED STAG TIME IS 10 HOURS 30 MINUTES, AND WE SHALL BE FLYING AT A HEIGHT OF 1' 6", WITH THE EXCEPTIONAL RAPID CLIMB TO 50,000' WHENEVER THE CO CHOOSES TO VISIT US".

"IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU LISTEN CAREFULLY TO THIS FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT, SO PLEASE ENSURE THAT THE COMPANY NET IS SWITCHED OFF AND THE TELEPHONE IS OFF THE HOOK, AS USUAL".

"PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED ON THE WALL IN FRONT OF YOU IS SAMANTHA FOX, YOUR SAFETY INSTRUCTION CARD IS BESIDE HER. PLEASE PEEL IT OFF, THEREBY TOTALLY IGNORING THE FACT THAT IT HAS BEEN CAREFULLY FIXED THERE USING YARDS OF MASKING TAPE, AND READ IT".

"THE EMERGENCY EXITS ARE BEING POINTED OUT TO YOU NOW. THERE IS ONE DOOR TO THE REAR; TWO ROUND EACH SIDE OF THE SANGAR, THEREBY AFFORDING EASY ENTRY FOR PIRA MEMBERS RETURNING PISSED FROM CLONES ON FRIDAY EVENINGS; AND TWO MORE OVER THE WINGS JUST BEING BRICKED UP BY SGT PERKINS AS I SPEAK".

"FOR PASSENGERS UNFAMILIAR WITH THIS TYPE OF SANGAR, YOUR SCHERMULY FLARES ARE FIRED LIKE THIS . . . AND THE FIREBUCKETS ARE LOCATED OUTSIDE ONCE YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY SET FIRE TO THE OVERHEAD CAMNETS. WHENEVER THE UNATTENDED GROUND SENSOR'S WARNING LIGHTS ARE LIT, PLEASE RETURN TO UNDER YOUR SEAT AND IGNORE THE PATHETIC CRIES FOR HELP FROM YOUR OUTSIDE SENTRIES".

"PLEASE NOW ENSURE THAT YOUR GRAFFITI COVERED TERRORIST RECOGNITION SHEETS ARE FOLDED AWAY, YOUR 2" MORTAR IS UPRIGHT, YOUR MORTAR ALARM BELL IS SWITCHED OFF, AND THAT YOU HAVE FASTENED YOUR SEAT BELT FOR TAKE OFF. . . ."

Be in the swing with "Man at Q & M's."



THE NEW BERET

QUOTE

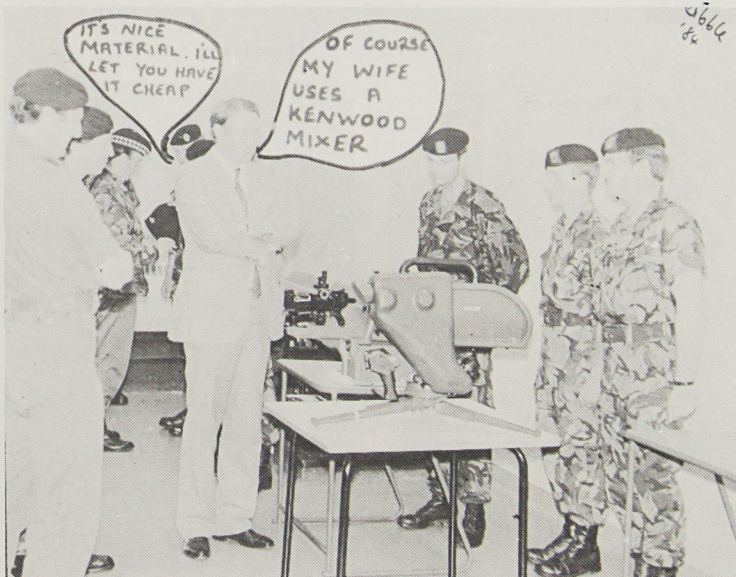
RSM to B Coy soldier on guard.
"Who am I?"
Soldier, "The Bandmaster".



Wing Commander Neville Dillis making a flying visit to 1 Queen's.



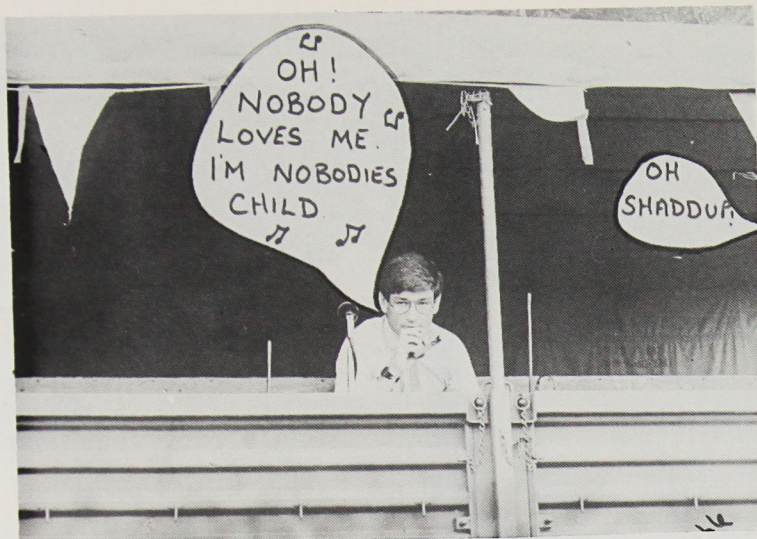
Sgt. Blossom Noel demonstrates an old Braganza joke.



Mr John Stanley, Minister of State for the Armed Forces, visits the Support Company cooking stand.



L/Cpl Enock deluding himself.



Capt Peckham, the RSO and Ops Officer, crooning melodiously to the Families Day crowds.

QUOTE

Soldier with his wife standing next to him in the Naafi

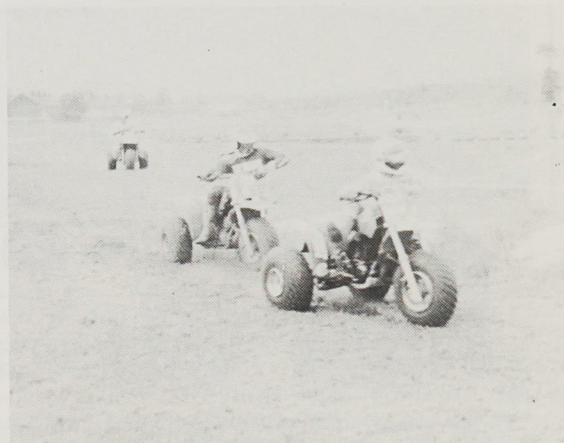
Pay Corporal—"About your disturbance allowance. . ."

Soldier (very quickly)—"It's alright. I've paid it!"

QUOTE

5 year old Steven Whitfield on being helped across the road, "Thanks Vicar!"

FAMILIES DAY



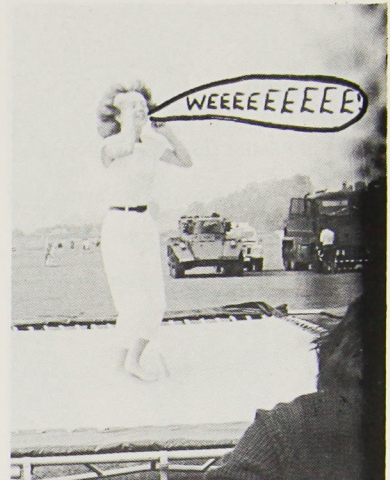
Dune bikes.



Maj McLelland being put through his paces by Jason.



Sgt McIvor being prepared in case of tanks in Omagh.



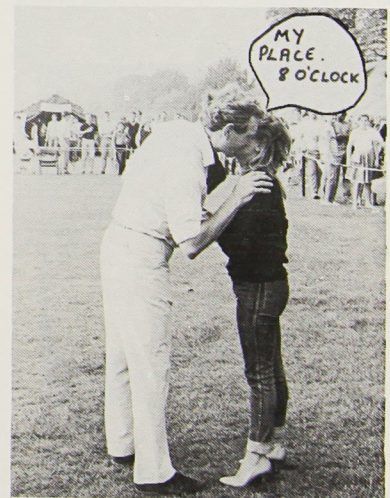
The Trampoline was a great success.



Kiddie Konkord



Mrs Kim Walker explains her problem.



The Commanding Officer receiving one of the perks of command.

QUOTE

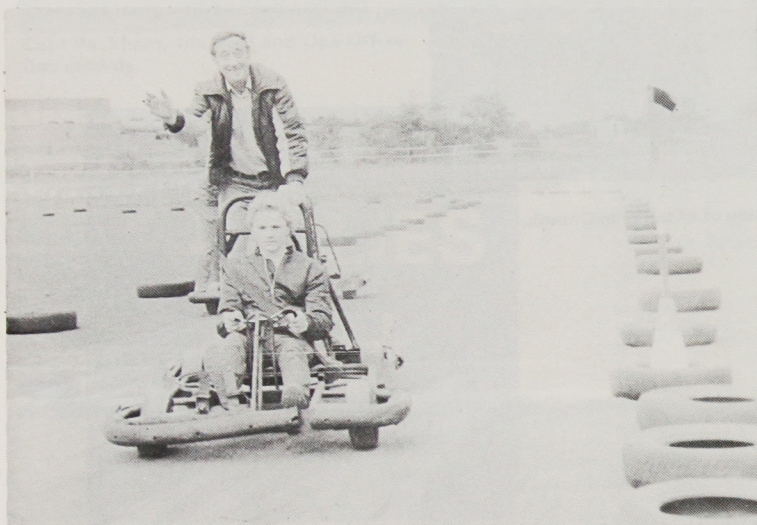
RSM to REME Corporal lining the route on Sobraon Day.

"Do you know why you are here Corporal?"

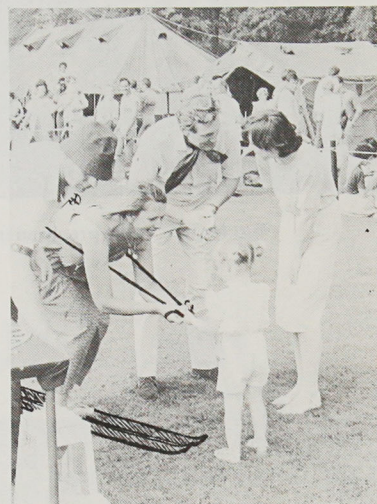
"Yes sir, because it was on Company detail".



Treasure hunt.



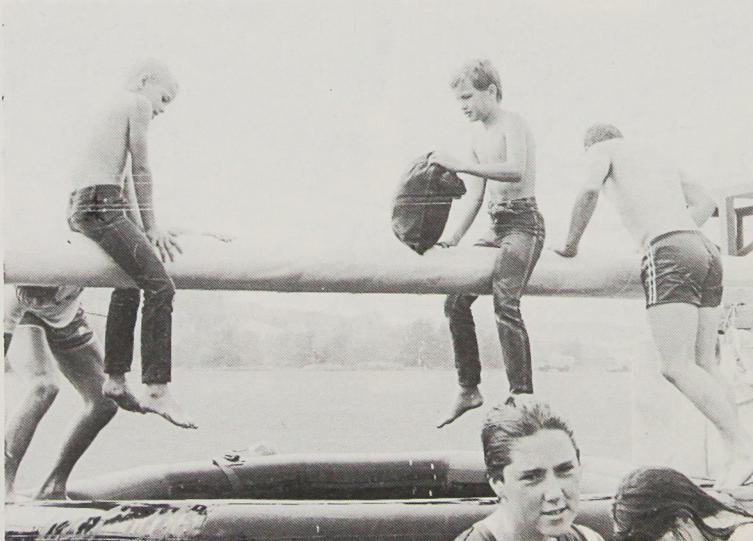
Ex MTO Wally Wall being driven out of camp at the end of 57 years service to the Regiment.



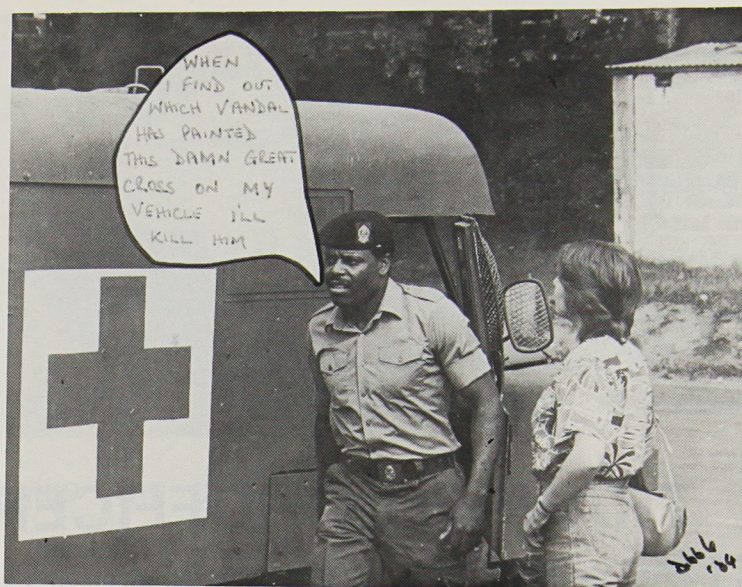
Mrs. Pantom showed us all how to grass ski!



Sgt. Clarke receiving first prize at the dog show after an impressive performance from Rum and Russell.



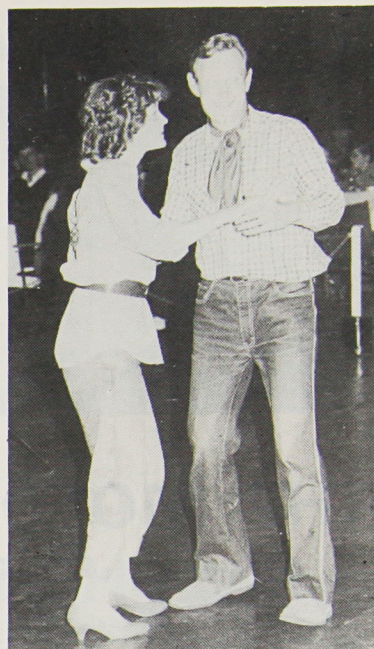
The slippery pole.



The Karate Club go through their paces.



Pte Burbridge, LCpl Fields, LCpl Morrish and Cpl Blackman gave a sparkling presentation of the new signals platoon equipment.



The CO dancing the night away at the Families Day Barn Dance.

QUOTE

Q. What do you call a JNCO with 500 rabbits up his bum?

A. CPL WARREN.



The wives have a rest.

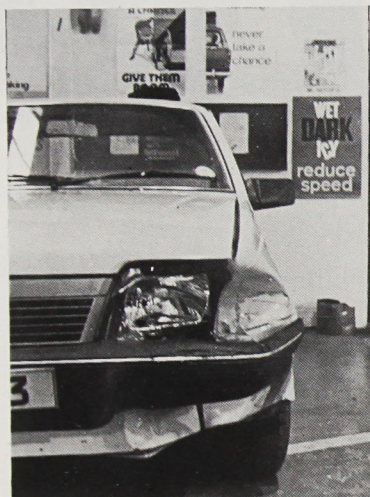
QUOTE

Ops Officer to CO at morning conference after stag night at IO's holding up a copy of Celtic Fairy Stories.

"And which one would you like to hear today Sir?"

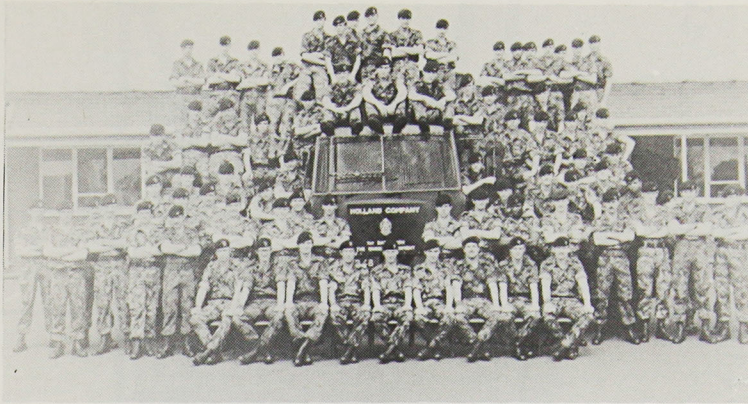


THE MOTOR TRANSPORT OFFICER



The Motor Transport Officer is an ex-Corporal who has posed in Army advertisements. He has a total of 121 vehicles under command and is responsible for all air, land and sea movements in peace, war and bank holidays. He is responsible for teaching his wife the fundamentals of reversing and filling the car with petrol. Regrettably on both counts he failed.





Holland Company with their covert Company van.



LCpl Tunstall with Capt Gucci Bourne.

**TIMES ARE CHANGING
AND SO ARE WE**



The new Webbing from "Man at Q & M's"

THE BUZZ-PHRASE GENERATOR

COLUMN 1

0. integrated
1. overall
2. systematized
3. parallel
4. functional
5. responsive
6. optimal
7. synchronized
8. compatible
9. balanced

COLUMN 2

0. management
1. organizational
2. monitored
3. reciprocal
4. digital
5. logistical
6. transitional
7. incremental
8. third-generation
9. policy

COLUMN 3

0. options
1. flexibility
2. capability
3. mobility
4. programming
5. concept
6. time-phase
7. projection
8. hardware
9. contingency

The procedure is simple. You think of a three-digit number at random and take the corresponding word from each column. Thus, 601 gives you the buzz-phrase 'optimal management flexibility', 095 gives 'integrated policy concept', 352 gives 'parallel logistical capability', and so on. The authors claim that the buzz-phrase generator gives its users 'instant expertise on matters pertaining to defence', enabling them to invest anything they write, not with any particular meaning, but with 'that proper ring of decisive, progressive, knowledgeable authority'.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE



Telephone Belfast 54422 Ext 50.

Established 1956

M. KHAN AQUIL & SONS

CANTEEN CONTRACTORS

26 Ronald Road, Birmingham, 9 B9 4UL

Registered H.Q. Land Forces, Hong Kong

To,
The Commanding Officer,
1st Queens Regiment,
Moenchengladbach Dusseldorf,
B . F . P . O . 40 .

Address in Belfast
N.I.R.W/Shop R.E.M.E.,
Spanners Club Sydenham,
Ba F . P . O . 806 .
Dated . 22 . 5 . 1980 .

Dear Sir,

I hope this letter will receive you in the best of health & happiness as we are. I am sorry I didn't write before this, actually I left Belfast in 1978 and went to Pakistan on domestic purpose by road. Now I returned back to United Kingdom on 23rd December 1979, and was under the Doctors care up to last month because of Gallbladder. 'As I felt better I start writing letters to all my Friends and kind Officers of the past I served in Hong Kong, Cyprus, and Northern Ireland,' I strongly hope for yours forgiveness if this address is not correct Sir, but I am sure you will receive it wherever you are, I am using your last address known to me in 1979. I am expecting you Sir, to reply me at your earliest convenience with your present address. I am asking you to help me if you possibly could, because I have only this small Location which even can't support my family expenditure. I will be grateful to you Sir, if you approach any of your Friends who's Regiment is due for the four months tour of N. Ireland in the near future, and also give me his address so I'll be able to see him, because now a day I can't bet against Rais Khan, B. Shah, Moor Afzal, Anwar Afzal etc because they have some profitional thief in their Staff who emptying the Gaming Machine in the night, So they can surely offered to pay the sum of £ 20000=00 a period easy which I myself or any other honest Contractors can't offered to pay for the cattering. So Sir, you see that is the reason for my failure to regain the Contract of the Units I even served in the past, 'Because they compaire my offer for the Cattering Contract with the other parties offers bearing in mind the amount they steeling from the Army Gaming Machines. I'll close for now until I hear from you.

Yours Sincerely .

H. M. Khan Aquil
M. KHAN AQUIL & Sons



Pte Grant explains the unusual behaviour of Pte Crozier.



Samantha Fox being used to improve the looks of the border braithwaite.

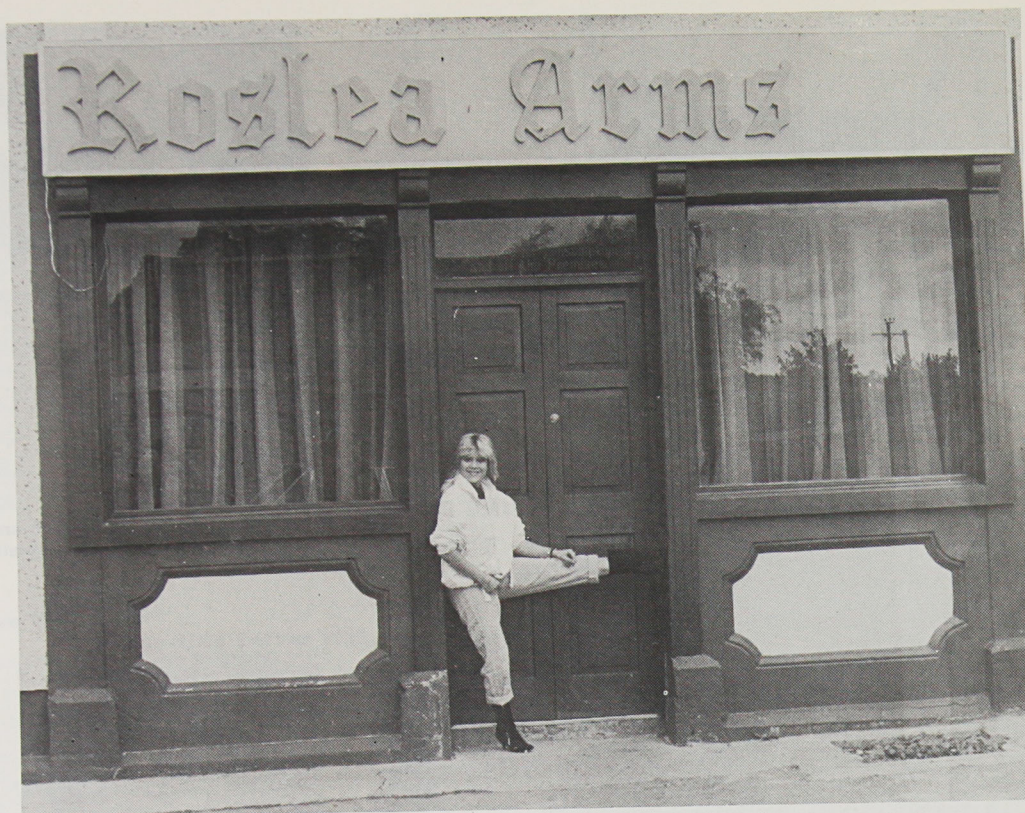


WO2 Paterson making a hasty exit.

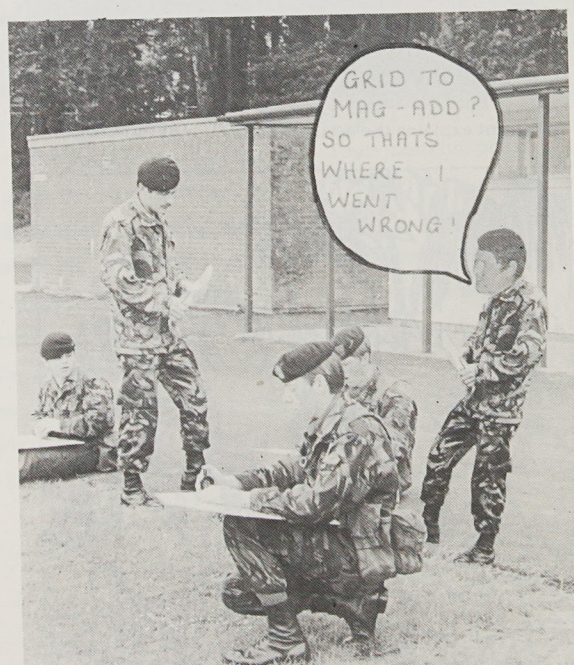


Sgt Hayes are you sure this is M11.





The Roslea Arms gets a better class of customer for a change.



Sgt McIvor teaching the upgrading cadre map reading with students Ptes Slack, Armstrong, Easterling, and Sgt Hayes, who was brushing up following his trip across BCP M11.



MINISTRY OF DEFENCE

MAIN BUILDING WHITEHALL LONDON SW1A 2HB

Telephone 01-218 2111/3 (Direct Dialling)

01-218 9000 (Switchboard)

MO 17

13th March 1984

Dear Captain Keyes

The Secretary of State has asked me to thank you for your letter of 5th March, enclosing a copy of the Battalion magazine "Braganza".

Mr Heseltine enjoyed looking through the magazine and is grateful to you for thinking of him.

Yours sincerely
A H Lowe

(S H LOWE)
Private Secretary

Captain N P L Keyes, QUEENS

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE



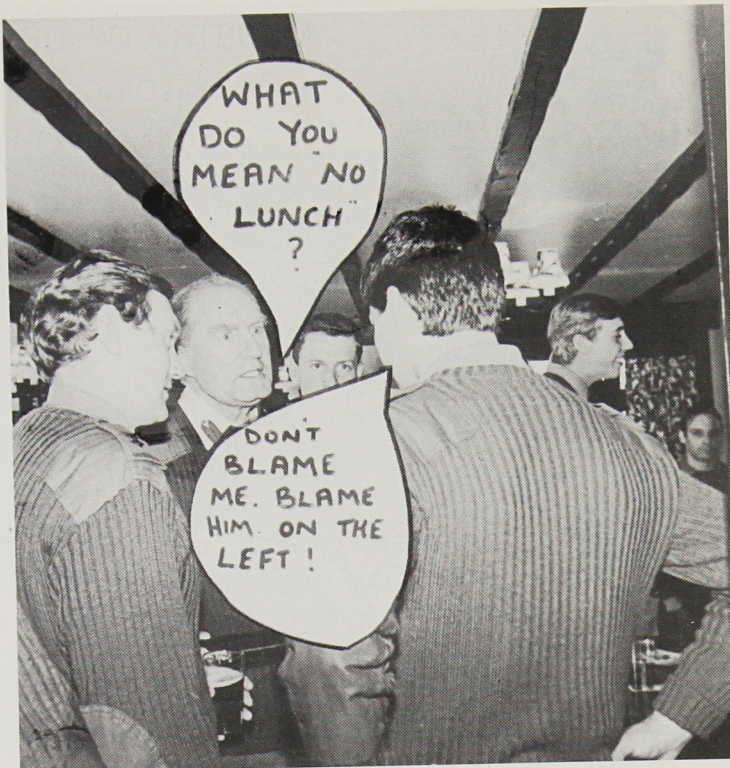
B COMPANY HAWAIN NIGHT PARTY

After a long battle with the Bn HQ it was decided to hold B Coy party in the swimming pool. It all got off to a very good start with much drink available. Those people who did not heed warnings about wearing shorts and flips flops were in for a big surprise. The Adjutant on his hasty retreat home to change managed to brief the RSM on the order of dress; but he was too late as B Coy had their spies out. The RSM was launched into the pool. Only the RSM could turn this undignified event into a gracious swallow dive.

The QM (A) and UFO avoided giving anyone satisfaction and jumped in themselves. The OC only lasted a few seconds and was soon wishing he had done 'the long water walking course'. The CSM was thrown in five times, the last time with all the bar takings which left the SGTs Mess staff with a problem the following morning!

The ladies entered into the fun, some more willing than others. The boys did enjoy those wet Bo Derrick looks. Babs Juhel was first followed closely by Wendy Kemp. Carol Goodman inevitably got thrown in by Rock Ape. The barbeque went well and everyone managed to dry off while dancing.

The bar staff did very well in that they gave away more than they took. The pool staff ensured that nobody drowned, and although they thought they were exempt from being thrown in, it was proven otherwise. The raffle went well with a few laughs from people who won the Ann Summers gifts. The Coy went on leave with a few colds and runny noses, but everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.



Lt John Powell discusses the catering arrangements with the GOCNI.

QUOTE

Capt Graham — "I've an explosive dog on call!"



The Battalion's 'A' team, the QRF, awaiting yet another inspection from a visiting General.



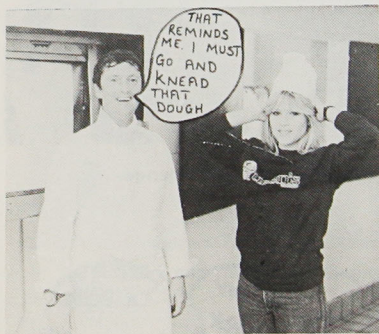
Pte. McCarthy. Too young to patrol but not too young to hold!



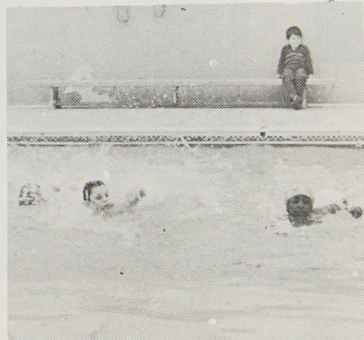
Albuhera Day celebrated with 57-a-side football.



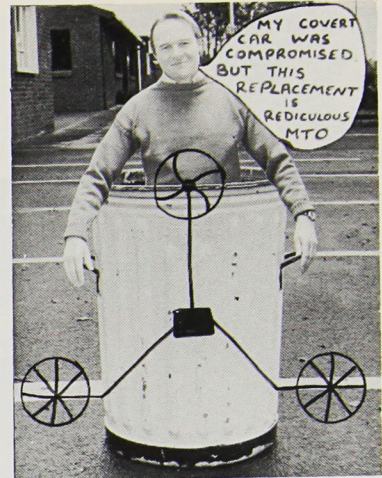
... and 57-a-side tug of war.



THAT REMINDS ME I MUST GO AND KNEAD THAT DOUGH



The Tangier Company Kirkes competition team with coach.



MY COVERT CAR WAS COMPROMISED BUT THIS REPLACEMENT IS REDICULOUS MTO

COMPETITION RESULT

Winner of the Typing error of the Tour competition Pte Hall. Instead of Castlereigh Holding Centre he wrote "Castlereigh Holiday Centre". Perhaps our ex MP Owen Carron would like to comment!



CO I QUEENS ON THE LINE, SIR!

OH GOD I WAS BRIEFED ABOUT HIM! WHAT'S HIS LOT DONE NOW?

Brig M I E Scott DSO, the new Comd 8 Inf Bde.

QUOTE

MTO. "Training my wife to reverse is like attempting to mate an elephant. The decision is made at a high level. It often involves a lot of trumpeting and screaming. And it usually takes about two years to see the results.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE





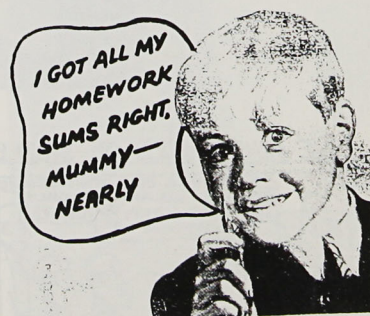
The RSM makes a presentation to the Colonel of the Regiment on his farewell visit.



One of the better views of a sangar.



The Brigade Commander issues Cpl Welch a challenge.



A young Capt. Hames after planning helicopter tasking.



Cpl Blake and the Doctor Capt. John Salmon so much in love!



Cpl Langstone at the end of a hard day.

REPORT FROM THE PENGUINS

LCpl Burbridge

I have finally arrived here in the Falklands and have been given the job of running reception on this here Coastel or floating hotel.

Over the past few weeks I have been round and about. On one trip I went up Wireless Ridge where many PARAS fell. There is a Silver Cross with names of the PARAS that fell at that spot. In Stanley there is a memorial stone to commemorate those who died. Is cost £50,000. I have also been to a penguin colony. I had to walk 15 miles but wildlife was fantastic. Whenever we go out we have to take a mine map as there are still unexploded missiles, anti-tank and personnel mines lying around. The odd hand grenade also gets found. You can usually find bits of Argie planes as well. Regards to all the Battalion from the real War Zone!

THE ADVENTURES OF DIBBLE

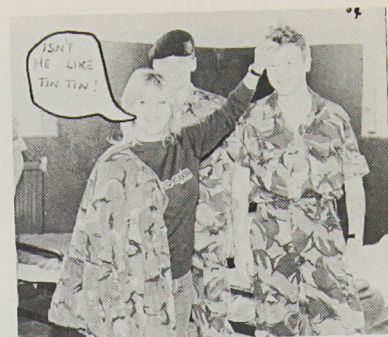




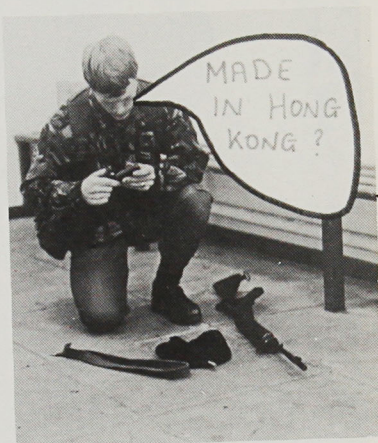
Lt Wright and members of 8 Platoon try their hand at boating.



Barry Budden. The Tangier Company holiday camp in Scotland.



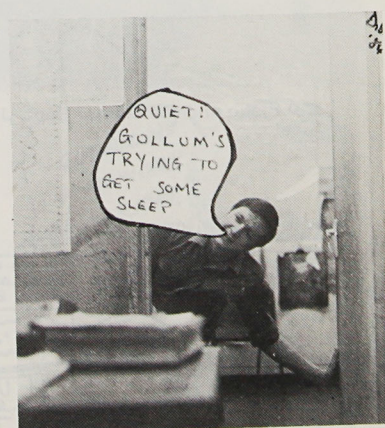
Samantha recalling her childhood with Pte Crozier.



Pte. Hamill doing TOETS.



Lt Ramsey and team practicing burials at sea.



Pte Gunter has a word with the R.U.C.

FROM: LIEUTENANT COLONEL P.V. PANTON



1ST BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT
British Forces Post Office 804

Commander Land Forces
Headquarters
Northern Ireland
British Forces Post Office 825

16 December 1984

Mr Bruce David,

Thank you for your kind letter of 10 February 1984
congratulating the Battalion on the splendid work that we
have done.

I share your concern about the future in Tyrone and
Fermanagh and note your question as to whether or not we
would like to spend another two years here. Now you have put
some time in since your belated arrival in the Province in
September 1983, one year after us, my reply is " If you were
us, would you 'icar? "

*Yours Sincerely,
Paddy Panton*



TOMMY

By CAPT CUDDLES HAMES
with apologies to Rudyard Kipling

I went into the Plastic Pub to get a pint
of beer,
The publican he up and says we serve
no Queensmen 'ere',
The girls in the NAAFI they laughed
and giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again and to
myself says I,
Oh! its Tommy this and Tommy that
and Tommy go away,
But it's "Good Morning Mr. Atkins"
when the bands begins to play,
The bands begins to play my boy, the
bands begins to play,
It's "Good Morning Mr. Atkins" when
the bands begins to play.

I Blimbed down to Lisnaskea as sober
as could be,
They gave an ex-marine a room but
they hadn't none for me,
They sent me off to Killyvilly and
another sanger guard,
But Lord when its time for fighting —
it's straight to Derryard,
And it's Tommy this and Tommy that
and Tommy fall behind,
But it's please walk in front sir when
there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind my boys,
there's trouble in the wind,
It's please walk in front sir when
there's trouble in the wind.

I was due to go on R & R one fine
September day,
But movements lost my air ticket —
that's what they always say,
So I was forced to train to fight and
hopefully to box,
Just a few rounds of pain and strife
and straight back to the Knocks,
And it's Tommy this and Tommy that
and Tommy how's your soul,
But it's their red line of heroes when
the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll my boys, the
drums begin to roll,
It's their red line of heroes when the
drums begin to roll.

Well we ain't no their red heroes and
we hate our camp guards too,
We're just single men in barracks
peculiar like you,
And if sometimes our conduct isn't all
your fancy paints,
Well those officers by the stable aren't
exactly saints!
And it's Tommy this and Tommy that
and Tommy take a ride,
But it's get yer yellow card out when
the ferrys on the tide,
The ferrys on the tide my boys, the fer-
rys on the tide,
It's get yer yellow card out when the
ferrys on the tide.

You can speak of better pay for us, in-
surance banks and all,
We'll ask for extra rations if you treat
us rational,
Don't mess around the cookhouse
slops but prove it to our face,
That champagne and caviar for the
likes of us is not such a disgrace,
And it's Tommy this and Tommy that
and chuck him out the brute!
But it's saviour of his country when
the guns begin to shoot,
And it's Tommy this and Tommy that
and anything you please,
And the Queensmen ain't such bloom-
ing fools, you bet the
Queensmen see!

LCPL HAVARTS FAREWELL
TO S.E. FERNANAGH



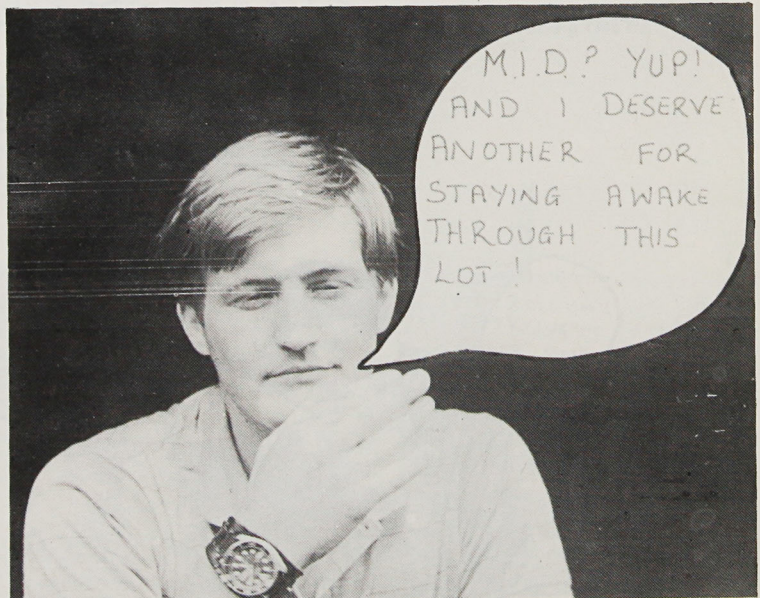
THE BATTALION'S CABBAGE PATCH DOLL



Capt Cuddles Hames



Who said we weren't in Ireland?



Capt Lance Mans has the final word.

**THE
Sun**

Samantha Fox



To 1 QUEENS
lots of love

Miss 1 QUEENS
Samantha Fox

X
X
X
X

