



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

FIRST EDITION

SOUTH ARMAGH



NORTHERN IRELAND — JUN 87 - OCT 87

FOREWORD

As I write this foreword we are six weeks into our South Armagh tour. This time represents a great deal of hard work and many long hours spent on duty. So far the tour has been quiet but as all of you know there is always a constant threat to us here and we must always be aware of it. We must be as professional as possible when we are on duty to guard against the threat.

In spite of the long days, our lives always have a funny side to them. Soldiers falling over (including some fairly senior ones) never fail to amuse us, officers sleeping habits are a constant source of comment and as we start R and R there are an amazing amount of cartoons appearing everywhere about what will, did, or in some cases couldn't possibly, happen.

COMMANDING OFFICER.



EDITORIAL

This is the first of two planned editions of Braganza to be issued during the tour in the Province of Ulster. I would like to thank all who have made the effort and submitted jokes, articles, poems or photographs for inclusion. Sifting through the submissions has been fun and raised many a laugh for myself and my editorial staff. If your article wasn't included then that is only because of lack of space in the magazine itself and in no sense a reflection of its lack of quality. May I take this opportunity to thank particularly LCpl Ayears for his photographic artistry which brightened up the pages, and the Commanding Officer, who selected me from thousands of applicants to be editor.

WAR NEWS

(To be read in a John Cole accent).

Based on the premise that no news is good news the war news, which is no news, isn't bad. Indeed, by a supreme effort of will, strength of character, determination and watching Wimbledon the battalion group, less furniture, has survived the first 5 weeks of the tour virtually unscathed. This is clearly shown in the table below:

Serial	Type of Incident	Number	Remarks
1	Perpetrated by Terrorists	Nil	PIRA have admitted to not being responsible.
2	Perpetrated by Typists	One	By Chief Clerk who has accidentally sawn his bed in half.
3	Perpetrated by Terrapins	Nil	Unless you count eating small aquatic animals as incidents.

Having said that nothing has happened, I should add that a lot has happened. Whilst the remainder of the battalion has been busy drawing obscene cartoons and watching omnibus editions of Eastenders, your

erstwhile reporter has been submerged in a welter of extremely important thingamabobs. For instance, did you know that up to and including 7 July 87, we have:

- Completed 765 patrols (roughly 61188 hrs and 45 minutes of soldier time on the ground).
- Conducted 21 planned operations (searches, clearances of suspicious objects).
- Manned and protected 17 different locations 24 hours a day.
- Flown 940 helicopter hours.
- Watched 335 appalling videos, including 'Mutant 2' — this is a very conservative figure based on 2 per day in each main base.
- Eaten 7830 lbs of baked beans.

As you can see then, even though we have been extremely busy not dealing with incidents (in fact, we haven't dealt with almost as many incidents as the Royal Hampshires didn't deal with) the lads are still full of beans (sic).

I hope this short article on the operational situation in South Armagh has brought you up to date with everything that isn't happening and I'd like all of our readers to rest assured that as soon as the next thing doesn't happen, you'll all be the first not to know.

CLF's Director No. 20 — Presenting a Friendly Image to the Public

It has come to my attention that the measures introduced in my Directive No. 12 (camouflage cream) are not sufficient in reducing the army's aggressive image to the public. Numerous complaints are still being received, particularly from the very young or the elderly who have been frightened by over

aggressive looking soldiers. The main problem lies in the overwhelming ugliness of the majority of British soldiers. To address this problem each soldier will be issued with a brown paper bag with a 'smiley' face painted on it. This should be carried by soldiers on all patrols both urban and rural, and will be known as Bag Brown Combat Comical. All soldiers, when coming into contact with civilians should firstly go firm, put on the bag and only then approach the civilians. To

further enhance the friendly image, each multiple commander will be issued with a pocket memo recording of the 'Sound of Music' which should be played in conjunction with the wearing of the bag. This should have the desired effect of presenting a much more friendly approach. Anyone found disregarding this Directive will have severe disciplinary action taken against them.

ANON.

Thoughts From The God Squad

I still chuckle when I remember the evening, not so long after our arrival, when the mortar alarm cut through the merry conversation with its sinister "woo-woo-woo". I had a good view of what happened, because while most of the Officers were sitting eating dinner, I, being Padre, was standing at the end of the room helping myself to more. (The Colonel was just behind me).

For a second nobody moved — except perhaps to raise eyebrows or widen eyes — and then pandemonium! Chairs shot back and bodies disappeared under tables like a school of whales submerging.

Not being built for speed, and having paused to lay down my plate, I was last under the table, and three thoughts raised into my mind: The first was that it seemed very unfair that only half of me was under cover; the second was that I had been a fool not to bring my food with me, as we might be there for some time; and the third was that I must apologise later on to the anonymous poster up which my head was stuck.

Then, as quickly as it had begun, the alarm ended, and Captain Ashton's dulcet tones informed us, "that was a false alarm. That was a false alarm", thus proving that Captain Ashton is a pleonastic evulgator - and I don't care who knows it!

We all laughed and grinned as we re-took our places, and within minutes the episode



Can anyone identify this officer?

was largely forgotten, and conversation had returned to normal matters - house prices, squash and page three of the Sun - and, as a new boy with the Battalion, I was struck by the good humour and sense of fun.

This sense of fun and companionship is something that I have encountered through 1 QUEENS, and throughout the other units attached to the Battalion during this tour. And so in this first edition of Braganza N. Ireland 87 there are just two things I want to say:

First: From my observation the Battalion is in good health and well able to cope with the very special stresses of this tour - provided we never forget the sense of good companionship...

(Commercial Break — especially in the gym at 1900 hrs every Sunday evening!).

Second: I formally apologise to the Officer with the large bottom which was so rudely bruised by my head.

God Bless,
The Padre.

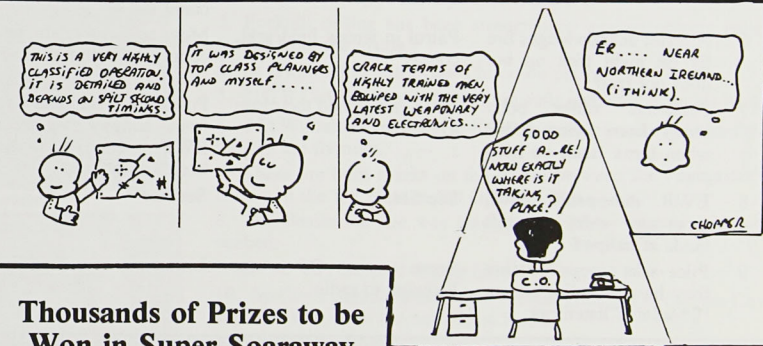


LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Have any of your readers noticed the similarity between Lord Hailsham and Lt Perry. I wonder if perhaps they are related.

I don't think so. Lord Hailsham is much thinner — Ed.



Thousands of Prizes to be Won in Super Soaraway Seagull's 'V' Competition

Rules of the Competition

"All you have to do is guess the identity of the 'V' serials.

All correct answers go into the hat and the lucky winner is treated to a night on the tiles with V36!!

Answers on a post card to the Adjutant.

1. V1. This is V1's first visit to the Battalion.
2. V2. This is not V2's first visit, but he knows V3.
3. V3 knows both V2 and V1 but has not yet visited the Battalion. He comes the day before V4.
4. V4 is frightfully important and doesn't usually bother with visits.
5. V5 has visited before but was not impressed with lunch. He knows V3 and might be V1 in disguise, but he's not telling.

6. V6 has heard about V5's lunch and would therefore like lunch at all locations. He will bring his own helicopter.

7. V7 continually pesters the Battalion with visits but won't say when he last came. He wishes to pounce both lunch and helicopter.

8. V8 doesn't warrant his own helicopter, but will be very angry if he doesn't get lunch. he is jealous of V6's helicopter and therefore expects equal treatment when he reaches the location.

9. V9 wants to concentrate his visit on 18nch. He has visited before, but cannot remember when. He might need a helicopter if he has time afterwards to visit the forward locations.

10. V10 will bring his own helicopter and will be accompanied by 4 others all of whom want lunch and some of whom have visited before.....

Contd p.94.

(That's enough Ed).



"Anyway ... as I was saying to the Chief of the General Staff only the other day..."

NTH Fault Finding Chart (Lynx)



HELLO BUZZARD,
OPSO HERE, HOW IS
THE FLYING GOING TODAY?

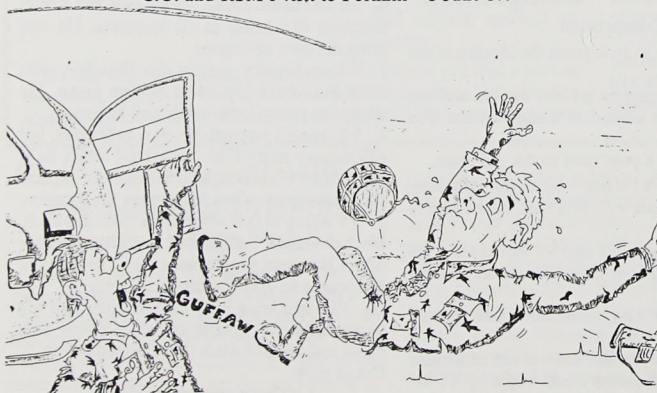


Serial	Symptom	Fault	Remedy
1	Pilot has draught round neck gesticulates at patrol just dropped on ground	Door (s) left open	Cuff culprit (s) round head and ensure door (s) closed ASP
2	Two of patrol cannot board aircraft	Overloading of aircraft — too many men/burgens or combination of both on second lift	Send more than six out of 15/16 man patrol on first lift
3	Irate phone calls from buzzard due to over-run of time	Three lifts made instead scheduled two	See patrol comd of above (2) and threaten to council his R&R and bill him for hours overflown
4	During day pickup from field aircraft circles overhead and refused to pick up patrol	Field not secure	Maintain all round defence of field for both lifts out
5	As for Ser 3	As for Ser 4	As for Ser 3/ for patrol comd see 4
6	Aircraft acknowledges fire fly on night pick up but does not land	Patrol in wrong field/grid, county	Move to correct field, grid, county ASP or walk home
7	Personnel suffer body blows from flying EWB when Lynx lands on helipad	EWB positioned too close to helipad	Position EWB further away from helipad or secure EWB to ground with weighty item, i.e. net
8	EWB disappears down mountain side, aircraft lands at helipad	See Ser 7	See Ser 7
9	Pilot asks troops whether they have a radio, and to !¶*&\$@?? listen out	Some one on OP is not listening to radio	Listen out

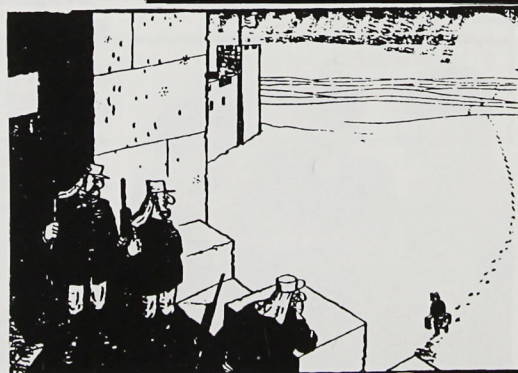
THE R.M.O.

Our M.O. did have a dream
To win a fortune on the fruit machine
Cash in hand hope in his heart
He walked into the Laundremart.
The M.O. thought "that's rather strange"
This bloody thing it gives no change
My 50p is in the slot
I'm hoping for the big jackpot.
But paying out it didn't seem keen
Hardly surprising for a "washing machine"
To loose his quid was bad enough
But loose the jackpot "that's really tough".
Two days later and stoney broke
The whole Med centre heard the joke
About the man "who had been"
Gambling on a washing machine.
It came to light "it was the quack"
Who never got his money back
All his trouble and lost cash
All he got was a Dhobi rash.
The moral of this story's so —
Don't become the R.M.O.

C.O. and RSM's visit to Forkhill — 8 June 87.



"Okay, Okay, RSM; you CAN have a seat instead of sitting on the skids!!"



"He either missed his flight, or we've run out of hours."

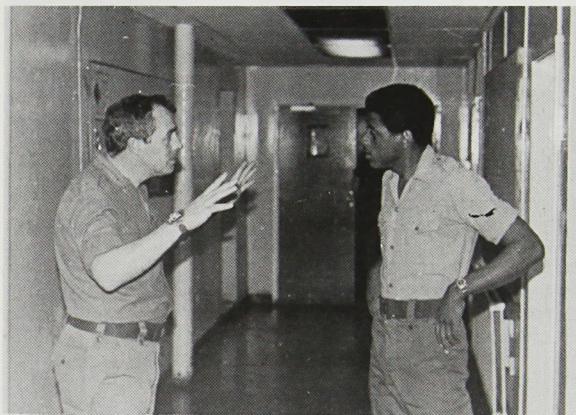


LOOK, I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, BRIGADIER, I REALLY HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME FOR THIS SORT OF QUERY - PERHAPS THE CO WOULD DO?

GREAT BORES OF TODAY NO. 27

The Operations Warrant Officer

..... and then I said "well how do I know, Brigadier" because I'm involved in that sort of thing you see on the grounds that the Ops Offr needs plenty of help and I rarely have the chance to do anything but work by the time I've bid for helicopters, tasked dogs and briefed WRAC (or is it tasked the WRAC and briefed the dogs, I dunno!) and generally run the entire operations complex for my normal 18 hour stretch and the Brigadier had the bloody cheek to say "who are you?" I nearly decked him I can tell you I'm not the sort of chap to put up with that don't you know



OK, SHAZAM!! - Now your white.



"...No I don't think anyone works around here by that name..."

HQ Company

This edition of BRAGANZA comes at a time when we have nearly completed half of our roulement tour. June 87 saw the 1st Battalion move into South Armagh and with it the trials and tribulations of a unit move.

The thousand and one problems fall, as is the norm, on HQ Company (all 16 departments) to resolve or procure. Telephones, Freezers, Rations, Helicopters, Sensitive Material, all became the every day topics on prayers.

Now in the face of adversity, our reputation for excellence in the mode of demand and supply were being put to the test.

All departments were quick to respond to these plaintive cries. With good humour and devotion to duty, departments acted in the deep family spirit that pervades the way of life of any high grade HQ Company.

It therefore must be said, that we in HQ Company considered the implication of commitment, as a whole, rather than just perceive the effects on Bessbrook.

In conclusion we have much going for us **WELL DONE!!**

ITS ALL LIES!

We here at 'Gossip Central' like to avail ourselves of all the interesting news from around the patch. Inevitably, in the course of our investigations certain pieces of information came to light which can only be described as scurrilous and of very little substance. As a result we would like to state: It's all lies that:

1. The Adjutant thinks that there are 31 days in June.
2. 2IC B Coy owns only one pair of ripped boxer shorts which he insists on showing to his Ops Room staff.
3. Forkhill ceiling has been strengthened against objects penetrating from the inside.
4. Lt Owen takes extra Sun Lotion on patrol.
5. 2IC B Coy has the mattress surgically removed from his back.
6. 2 Lt Williams likes life at G40 because it's nice and quiet and the natives are friendly.
7. There are burn marks on the carpet between the Paymaster's chair and the hot plate in the Officers' Mess.
8. The Bessbrook fire was started by a faulty fuse in C Coy's sunbed.
9. OC C Coy has 3rd degree burns.
10. Sp Coy's Signals detachment is being enlarged so that the Coy 2IC can stag on in the main Ops Room.
11. Sp Coy headquarters disguise themselves as Welshmen to hide from the CO.
12. The Adjutant constantly rifles the Ops Officer's in tray.

If anybody else hears of any loose gossip that they wish to quash in public, submit it to: Gossip Central, BBK, BFPO 811.



FOR SALE: Paint work slightly damaged, very low mileage. One careful driver. Fines enforce sale. Only £400. Interested? Ring 46602 (BBK) and ask for Gary.



"Finally I'd like to thank Bob Geldof and the rest of Band Aid for supplying all this food!"



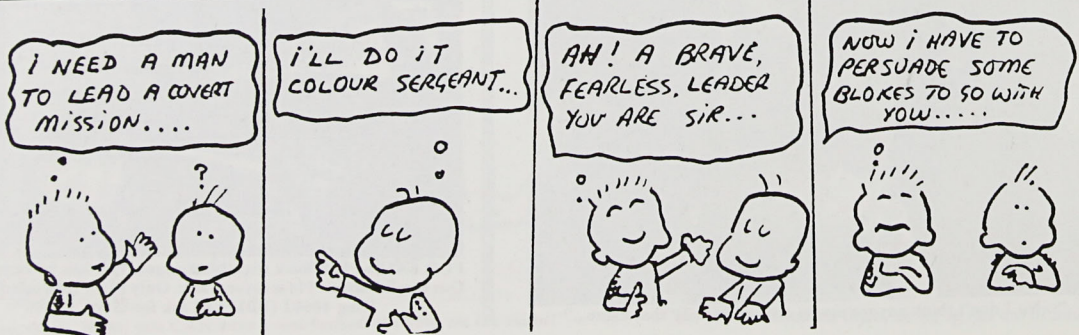
When the QM said he'd have us in his boxing team, I didn't think he meant this.



I'm sorry COP, we don't have anti-crash cars.



Maj Carter hard at work on rear party.



A (Tangier) Company — Forkhill

South Armagh/Louth Border — Property to Let:

Detached residence built in the widely admired "sapper box" style, situated in the delightful border town of Forkhill. Main accommodation comprises 14 double bedrooms, 6 single bedrooms, three main bathrooms with separate WC, kitchen/diner. 2 reception rooms. Several useful smaller rooms and attractive outbuildings. The property enjoys the benefits of a private HLS, and has a separate granny annex on the overlooking Foxfield Hill and a weekend lodge with extensive views.

The property is complete with baronial rights over some 95 sq Km of rolling countryside and has the added attraction of wading rights through the Forkhill River and numerous streams and marshes.

The property has several minor sitting tenancies. It is offered on a 4½ month leasehold agreement."

Who could resist such an attractive pro-

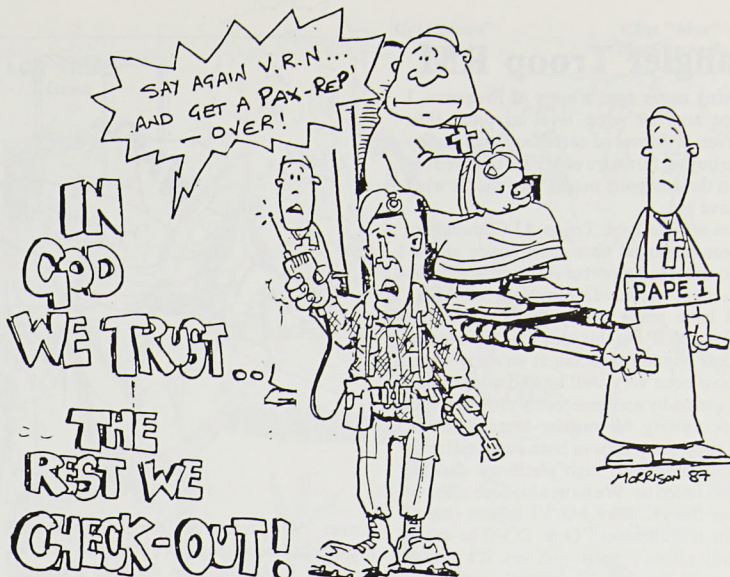


Maj Russell
OC A Coy
Forkhill

"I say, Int old chaps, any chance of another map. What!?"

position — well, we could; but too many other people seemed rather keen that we should take the property — so here we are.

SA80, Commanders Cadre, NITAT presentations, company training, leave, CPTA/STANTA — it all seems just a distant



memory (especially leave). The Royal Hampshires, having warmly welcomed A (Tangier) Company to Forkhill, promptly departed with almost unseemly haste — (they did not even wait for 1 Platoon to leave Tidworth). Suddenly it was all ours!

The reality of Forkhill is somewhat different from the estate agents blurb. The base frequently resembles a building site and the clatter of helicopters blends with a background of whining drills and workmen hammering — they may eventually finish the place some day. That rolling country side is hard going. Far too many hills, some of which truly merit the title of mountain, surround a maze of small fields. Quite why the farmers require a stone wall topped with a barbed wire fence and surrounded by blackthorn hedge every 50 yards or so has yet to be properly explained. Certain members of the company have been heard to say that if God had wanted them to enter the grand national they would have been born a race horse — at least race horses do not run at night; and they get their oats.

.799 and Foxfield offer less than luxurious

accommodation — clusters of metal and wooden boxes perched on the hill top and surrounded by barbed wire — but the rats seem to like it. For the majority in Forkhill RUC station it is the joys of the 14/12 man room — each originally intended for 6 or 5. Not that too much time is spent in the rooms — the routine of OPs, guard and patrols sees to that.

Highlights to date — 30 hours watching the polling stations during the general election, guarding post offices, dawn "swoops" with the DMSU (always an experience), ably assisted by the Royal Marines throughout; and R&R One departing with glee and returning with lighter wallets.

At least that is the management view. Read on for the true story.

A SOLDIERS THOUGHTS — A (Tangier) Company

In this dark place we have to stand
Watching out across the land
By night by day each hour spent
Looking out with close intent.

At cars, lorries, people too
Watching them go passing through
Through this place they call Forkhill
Ever moving never still.

And for what people, what debate
These Irish hearts so filled with hate
To understand to even care
To be out here seems so unfair.

The dark, the cold, the young, the old
Out we come all soldiers bold
To this place with such unrest
A soldiers job — we'll do our best.

We'll walk and run, sweat, be cold
The young will come and go home old
And older we may look and feel
For having done the job for real
We won't forget these days we've spent
Our heads full of bewilderment.

Sgt Bushby.



"Surveillance, the single most important operation in South Armagh."

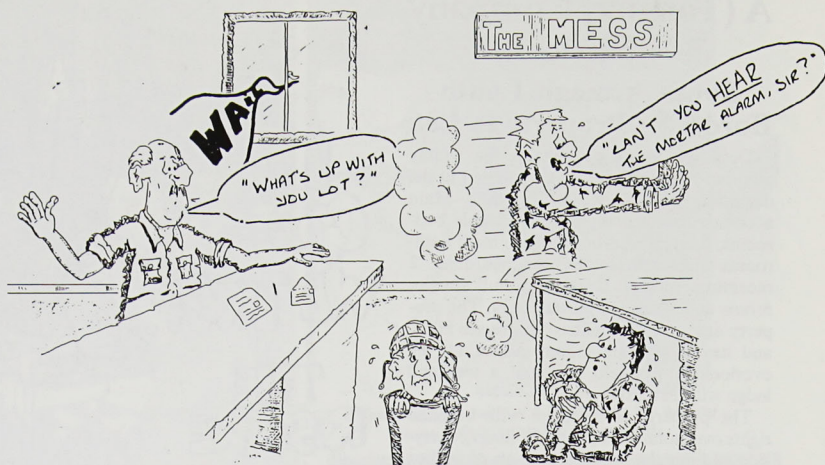
Tangier Troop RM

Having never seen a copy of Braganza, I am not sure at what level to pitch this. However, if a level of ceremony and dignity akin to buying furniture at MFI is required (as seen in the company mags) then that is what you have got.

Most of Anti Tank Troop, 42 Commando, has been deployed on a short notice renewable contract in support of A Company for the past seven weeks. Deployment of Milan would have made paddy think again after crashing a VCP but this idea was thwarted by a narrow minded tactician at an early stage. We have been very well looked after by our hosts, generally and generously provided with the opportunity for regular bracing strolls. Boots to do them in have been supplied freely when the infamous high platforms dancing boot has failed us. We have also been allowed to wear the excellent Mk VI helmet (hat of pith for hot climates, 'O & D'). The sweat certainly pithes from it - oh yes, it's always summer in the Mk VI helmet! we've not known as the tortoise shell heroes for nothing - in fact, we're not known as that at all.

The relationship has not been all give (by the Coy Ops Offr) and take (by us) and even the first marines have learned a thing or two from us young pretenders. Some members of a Coy have been persuaded that purging themselves of sweat and cam-cream can be an enjoyable experience. (Note: this was only ever a localised experiment and is not expected to succeed in the rest of the Army). The EEC cooking fat lake on the floor under the banjo's griddle has dried up thanks to Royal conscientiously attending to his part of ship.

There have been two notable pulse quickening, not to say trouser wetting incidents among the millions of laughs we've had. The first involved the troop commanders multiple having a rogue COP team inadvertently expend some link ammo nearby as they settled down for a customary wait for extraction. For reasons of national security their Regiment cannot, of course, be named. That's our version of events anyway. The second involved the Troop Sergeants multiple becoming involved in the biggest combined operation balls-up since Dieppe, they were waiting to receive an RUC insertion when it appeared the RAF had dropped the RUC feet from the border in Jonesborough - a Kilometer from their RM erstwhile hosts (at least it was the right side of the border this time, Crabs). An Army Buzzard was involved somewhere. While everybody was blaming and reporting each other, Royals was legging



it over .799 to rejoin our friends in green with brown haemorrhaging. We laughed till we stopped. Incidentally do we hold a record? Senior multiple commander in the province nine years commissioned, but more importantly, a former fag of Lance Mans(!) and the oldest: 38 years. Unfortunately the dream has ended, the bubble has burst, the honeymoon is over and we've to redeploy to a long hot summer in Devon (another strife torn province). Given another week we might have dealt terrorism a crushing blow and wound the campaign up.

We'll never know! At least it appears that Pte Rankin, CSgt Lewis and Messrs Burnett and Bolton (in order of suitability) wish to transfer to the RM in the near future. Another chapter in the glorious affiliation of our two organisations is clearly about to open.



No I can't, can't you see I'm busy.



The Sage of Private Crozier

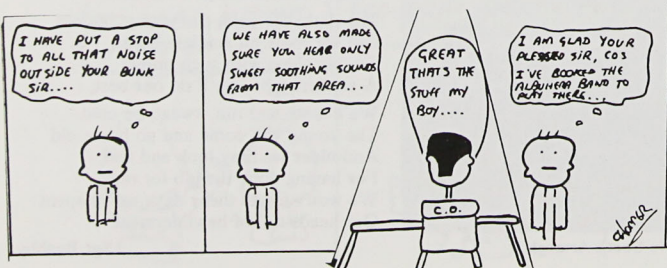
Hi there people, my name's Titch, And 23 I am about, With Forkhill Int I am employed, But what do I do? Bloody nowt.

I've written this poem for all you lads, With massive foreheads and hair that's sparce, For if you're thinking, of hair restorer, Then don't, it's all a bloody farce.

Since my teens I've used the stuff, And nowt at all it's done for me, Don't spend a penny or waste a dime, Let your hair go, naturally.

Out of pocket I've been for years, Trying tonics and cream for hair, And what a waste of time it's been, 'Cos as you see, there's bloody nowt there.

But don't despair, don't give up hope, With a bald head you can still have fun, Let forehead shine and hair fall out, Transfer to Army Air Corps, and be NITESUN!!



A Company HQ

The Military Conference of managers, white collar workers and warehouse technicians (Coy HQ) concluded that the increase in direct bosses has substantially increased the efficiency of chaos; however the tour progresses nicely.

From within the warehouse our technicians slave away daily completing one form or another as stores and information go in and out; they believe that at least one tropical rain forest has been decimated so far. LCpl Ali has taken counting blankets in his stride but still dreams of setting up his own sutlers empire in Gibraltar (fraggle rock), Ptes Heeney and Cady would have finally grasped that someone has to sign when they take items from the stores, the odd violent blast of verbal grief can be heard from the CQMS (CSgt Lewis) when he finds out something could be missing, then there is calm when the soldier returns to scribble an illegible mark on his 1033.

Our communicators, in their attempt to become the next Ops Officer, efficiently run the Ops Room lead by LCpl Dolton assisted by Pte Davies, Mount and now Bevin as Mount is participating with a rifle platoon. At some time during the day there is an air of silence as the Det Commander Cpl Holmes appears with his familiar glazed look, and has been known to be out of bed before 11 o'clock if aware that the RSO is visiting.

Behind the wall next door there lurks SHHH, where CSgt McCormack and his team (Cpl Stanger, LCpl Thomas, Grant and Pte Crozier) continually direct their effort to updating the files so that they can give us maximum support. Otherwise they spend their day making up yet another map. Or threaten R23 with a bill to replace the tenth panoramic picture that's gone missing.

Nothing is complete without mentioning Buzzard who always has a cheerful greeting. When things go wrong you here him say "Say all after well done over". This unflappable asset to the team could be no other than Sgt Goodman assisted by "Look at my biceps" LCpl Archer who has mastered the finer arts of under slung load-unlike Sgt Goodman who seems to fall backwards over the water bowwers and covers himself with the net; still that gives our spare man Pte Alder some variety trying to unravel him.

In the shadows the quiet ones lurk. Pte Lloyd painstakingly cleans the mess each day before his CCTV stag, Pte Raines helps calm down LCpl Hall when he has his moment on the word processor. Sgt Sturgen, Cpl Thomas, LCpl Stevenson and Pte Rankin, our catering technical staff, slave quietly day by day taking constant abuse of one kind or another, yet still manage to give us good service without showing their frustration at some of the strange last minute requests they receive.



LCpl "Tommo" Thomas

Forkhill Intelligence Section

I'm sure that you need no introductions as you can see who we are from the group photograph, so I shall proceed with the juicy part. After arriving at this picturesque place that they call Forkhill, the thought struck us that we had arrived far too early. The Royal Hampshire's (God Bless them), had obviously spent the whole four months on R&R as the Int Cell practically didn't exist. After the first hectic month getting everything up to date and into perspective, we have now settled in quite happily. We were thinking of seeing the QM for some extra walls, as Tommo, our resident photographic expert, seems to have taken up every available space for his panoramics. That is, of course, if they haven't already been taken up with Granny's cartoons who seems to have gained artistic fame throughout the TAOR, (although why do artists always have to have emotional hangups?). Young Titch seems to have an amazing fear of stepping outside his bedspace, let alone the camp gates. He seems to be getting along okay though, and rumous has it that the AAC have booked his forehead for it's NITESUN capabilities. Of course, every base has it's resident moaner, and ours is no exception. John Stanger never seems to

stop and although it might make a change from Tommo's perverted sexual history, which I'm sure that you don't want to hear about, his constant rattling on does get a bit tedious. Almost last, comes the Boss, Mac. We've given him an endless stream of maps but he always seems to get lost on his way to the Int Cell and ends up somewhere around the TAOR with various callsigns. Altogether, we've got quite a cosy little group down here in the 'Killing Fields', and we are obviously England's answer to terrorism.

We couldn't do it wouth the help of our two CONCO's though, who both belong to 1 RWF. Mick Lyons comes first, and Titch seems to have struck up an amazing relationship with him and it's only a matter of time before he gets to know 'Taff' Evans (60), who is into wearing his girlfriends underwear whilst away from her. When he's not doing that, he's either pinching bra's from washing lines in England, or daydreaming about Barbados and what could have been.

So now you've met the Forkhill Intelligence Team, but if it's total confusion that you're after, it's advisable to go to Cross-maglen.

"B Company"



... "And here's a list of all the people who saw me in an Islington pub with Samantha Fox!"

CROSSMAGLEN ——— A Fairy Story

Once upon a time there was a small but rich country called Exemjy. It was an attractive place with beautiful rolling countryside, countless lakes joined by a necklace of streams, all just too wide for a normal man carrying 90 lbs burden on his back (as all normal men do) to jump. It had a thriving local industry based on the repair of trousers, worn and torn by visitors pursuing the national pastime of 'clearing - the - blackthorn - hedge'.

The capital of this jewel of a state was known simply as The Square. It actually wasn't a very pleasant square. In fact it was more of a rectangle than a square. Its one redeeming feature was a statue. No ordinary statue this, but a graphic representation of an irate British Army officer chasing a buzzard, the mythical bird which lays the Alpha Whisky egg in which is vested the very source of life, the bloodline of Exemjy.

Now one day it was decided by a well-known international conglomerate called Stormont - Westminster Securities Limited that it would be a wonderful idea to build a chain of luxury hotels in Exemjy and in its neighbouring states. These hotels would lack nothing: saunas and squash courts, friendly rooms, television, country walks and exciting forays to the local township were all provided. To make it even more exciting in Exemjy, it was decided that the only way the hotel's guests could get to and from the hotel was in the Alpha Whisky bird and the only way to be sure to get an Alpha Whisky bird was to go and talk to the statue in the town. Consequently, every day all sorts of visitors would go into the square all dressed in the special clothes used for the 'clearing - the - blackthorn - hedge' competition and with carefully designed make up to go and worship at the base of the statue and beg for an Alpha Whisky bird to take them to another hotel and eventually back to their own country. You

will understand, perhaps, that this constant flow of visitors to their statue began to miff the natives of The Square. They began to resent the presence of the hotel in their town and plotted how to rid themselves of their uninvited guests. Such was the depth of their fury and the way in which they manifested it that the local government has to invite three revered and senior magistrates to assist in restoring some degree of normality to the state. For a little while this worked and tour parties of eager holidaymakers continued to come to the Square to sample the delights promised by the world famous tour operators Kidd and Blythe of Kent.

It so happened that one such group of tourists came to spend their Summer in the town. There was nothing specific to separate them from previous parties, or other groups in neighbouring hotels. Rather there was an indefinable quality and superiority that set the members of this team apart. Could it be the predilection of the tour guide, who worked out the day's itinerary, for standing in the tour office in his underpants, singing songs of Italian cities? Could it be the ability of the youngest of the 'clearing - the - blackthorn - hedge' team leaders to sleep for 20 hours a day, still bedecked in his devotional paint? Could it be the miraculous language of the office manager who had clearly kissed the Blayne Road, or, was it just that the whole collection were 'The Business'? We may never know.....

Anyway, one day, one of the three revered magistrates, who was an inveterate video nasty watcher, received the shock of his life when his beloved camera was broken in a fit of pique by the residents of a nearby village who considered him a depraved and unwarranted intrusion on their gentle country life of smuggling and capitalising upon the general lawlessness of the state. One can sympathise, but then so can one sympathise

with the unfortunate tour leader who failed to pay sufficient obeisance to the statue in the square. That night his misguided Alpha Whisky bird turn right when it should have turned left and he was seen no more. It is whispered that, one day, turning right when you should have turned left won't matter. Well, if you believe that, you'll believe anything.

We must leave our story now. Not least because that is where it has got to - an every day tale of a fun-filled town, somewhere in.....

SHOOTING DAY

Ireland, Ireland, hear the cry
Where soldiers come, on hoods they spy
Over walls, through hedges, the fields we cross
Uprooting rocks all covered with moss.

The patrol that's what were here to do
Whilst crossing fields, or roads, or tracks
There'll come a time you'll hear the cracks.

Of rifle fire so loud so close
And down you'll go behind that post
A fire position, return some rounds
Cross the ground in leaps and bounds.

The hot pursuit, the chase is on
The gunman though he's long gone
But still you chase, you run so fast
Your breath's are short, your heart beats fast.

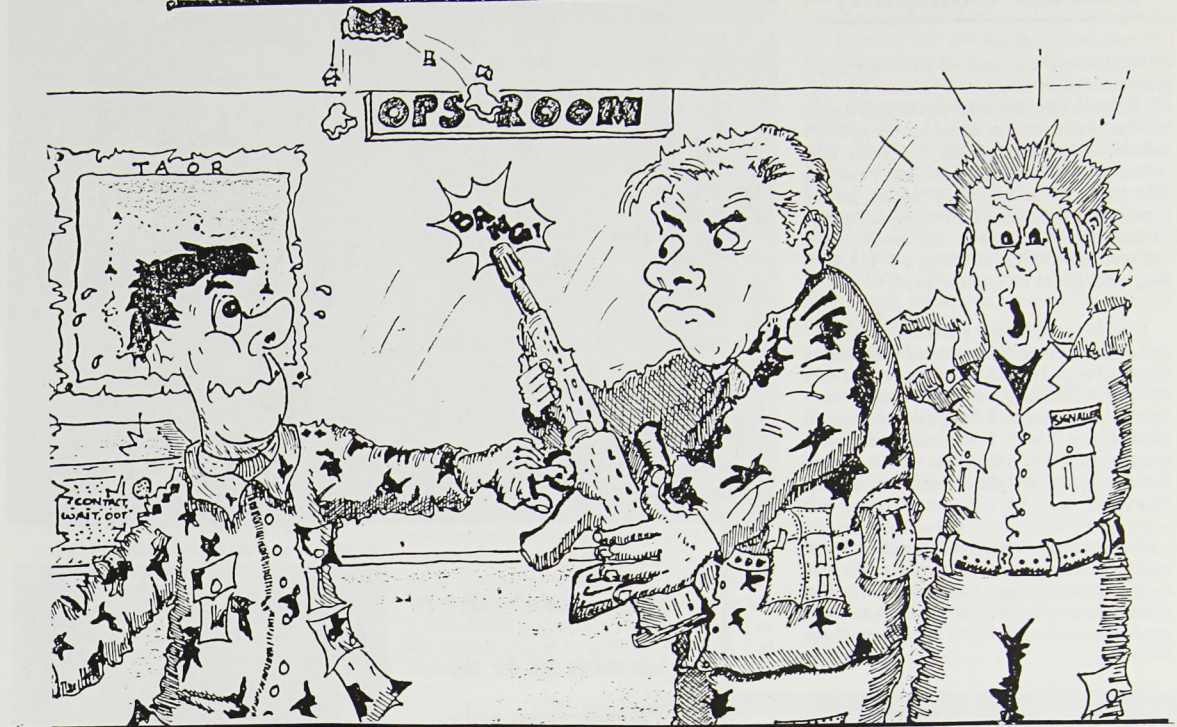
A car pulls off a shot rings out
The car it stops and turns about
And then at speed it drives at you
This your chance, be one of a few.

Shoot the bastards don't let them run
Shoot the swine who's got the gun
A hit is claimed the gunman's down
Another wake in Dundalk town.

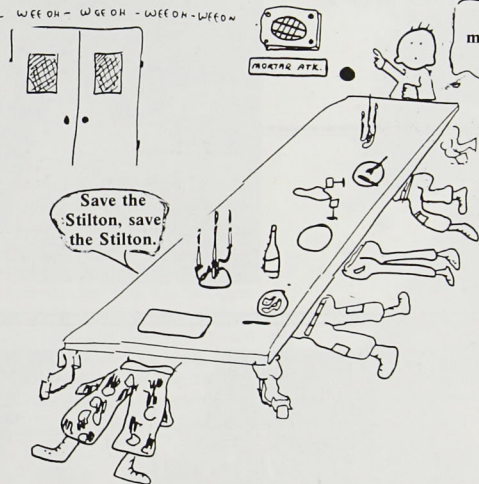
You've done your job, you've earned your pay
You did your job on Shooting Day
The burial finished the work is done
The I.R.A. have lost this one.

BUSHBY.

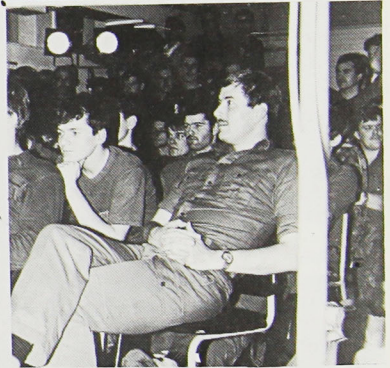
How to lose Four Hundred Quid



WEE OH - WEE OH - WEE OH - WEE OH - WEE OH



Does that sound mean the Mess Waiter is on his way?

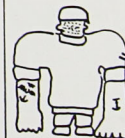


"God - I'm attractive."

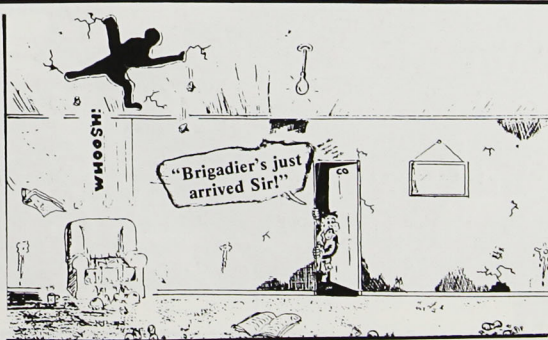
WELCOME TO BESSBROOKE, SO YOU ARE THE MARINES SIGNALS REP... IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WED TO KNOW ABOUT COLLEGE?



YER.... OW MUCH RAW MEAT DO I FEED THEM?



OH MY GOD....



Patrols Company

The forward elements of KIRKES Company arrived at Bessbrook Mill on 28 May 87. For all except myself it was their first sight of what was to be our home for the next 4½ months. Anyone who has not been here before cannot really imagine just how vast this place is. It is like a rabbit warren downstairs, and it took the best part of 2 days to find our way around. All credit to the Officers and SNCOs of Y Coy 1 R HAMPS who quickly got us into the swing of things.

The Company finally arrived on 4 June 87 and deployed onto the wide and varied tasks that the company has been given. By our very nature PATROLS Company has been seen in every Company TAOR already, but it must be said that the favourite is both Crossmaglen and Newry, the latter due to the fact that there are members of the female race in Newry!

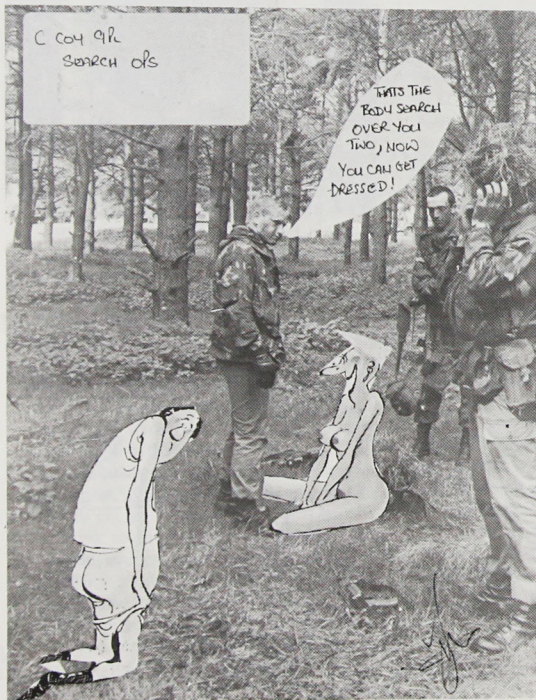
Our accommodation is somewhat more luxurious than most, which gives the lads room to relax when not hard at work. The few recreational activities that we have are well used. If you want to learn more contact the following:-

- a) Squash – LCpl Canham.
- b) 5-a-side Football – Cpl Goode.
- c) Eating – Sgt Riches.
- d) Not Eating – CSgt Jacobs.
- e) Getting a suntan – CSM.

We wait to see if anyone in the company can better them!



*Major Lawson puts
in a late bid for the
Company sun bed.*



QUEBEC Company

"Surveillance, the single most important operation in South Armagh" - NITAT.

At 1215 hrs on the glorious 1st June Quebec Company assumed OPCON of OP MAGISTRATE. It was a highly auspicious day for such an event that seemed to go totally unnoticed by everyone except for the soldiers involved. Our hosts during the handover, and previous occupants of the hilltop OPs of Creevekeeran, Drumuckaval, Glassdrumman and Crosslieve (B Coy 1 R HAMPS) were kind enough to give us helpful bits of advice on departure such as 'stag on Queen's'.

We have taken this to heart so much so that the Drum Major was not allowed back to Bessbrook until 2 July having been exiled for 34 days in the field. Reports that he only emerged from the underground accommodation at night are totally unfounded, however one does have to accept that there is now a disturbing resemblance between him and Dracula. It is also not true that during high winds he is seen hanging upside down off the 50' tower, wearing a Bandsman's cape.

Administration of the Golf's is totally by air consequently the continuous stream of plumbers, electricians and other assorted tradesmen who can claim to be air-portable has been never ending. A whole new language has evolved during nightly resupply demands aided by Buzzards abbreviations (some of his staff have difficulty with words exceeding one syllable) and brand names, consequently 'Bennispeak' is in widespread use due to terms like 'Beepo' (washing powder) 'Deepio' (washing up detergent) and 'scotchtbrigt' (Brillo Pads). Conversely, requests for rubber gloves to avoid 'washday' hands and dog biscuits are common and equally unobtainable.

The OPs are very comfortable and have improved immensely since OP MAGISTRATE began. Each of the main positions boast comfortable accommodation including rest areas, 4 man sleeping compartments (with sheets and blankets) and even hot and cold running water and flush lavatories. Life has not been without its hick-ups however and the Admin men on each of the locations have had to earn their money. Pte Rigg suffered the indignity of a sewagepipe emptying itself on him, causing

him to lose the contents of his stomach. Sgt 'Lefty' Foster took the appropriate urban actions of 'confirm, clear, cordon and control'. It is reported that never has an area been cleared so quick and a cordon inserted at such a safe distance.

The location of the main positions are very close to the border and naturally puts them under constant threat and therefore routine is quite restricting. G40 however perched on the Crosslieve mountain just behind Forkhill and offering magnificent viewing of S. Armagh and the border areas has become known as the R&R centre, and attracts many tourists. WO2 Howick's multiple never really saw more than a few feet due to either misty conditions or WO2 Howick's failing eyesight, whereas the Drum Major (him again) kept on about the water problem because 70 gallons per man per day was insufficient for the swimming pool AND showers!

To bring the Company up to strength for the tour a number of volunteers have joined us. Capt ('tread boldly') Cope 2 R ANGLIAN (Tigerman of the savage hair-cut) and 2 Lt Vaughan - (some say vague) Edwards 16/5 L who has been seen wearing his ID Discs like a wally medal in Folkestone discos have joined us to command multiples. 2 Lt 'Edmund' Wright joined straight from Sandhurst (or was it from being understudy to Black Adder) as the second officer in a Milan multiple. Cpl 'Spanner' Clayton REME and Dvr's Clay-

ton, Huxley, Underhill, Lewis and Dowey RCT (who sorely miss the comfort of their cabs) completed the orbit. They all adapted to the Infantry way quickly (after their feet had healed) and must be congratulated on a job well done (so far!). Other recruits joined in N.I. courtesy of the Padre and local population; G10 - Dougal (Breed not known but suits the Drums Platoon) toothless and likes being cuddled; G20 - Name not known, went OTR having been given an ultimatum by the legendary 'Moby Dick' (honestly it was huge) white rat; G30 - Moley (Springer Spaniel with dubious ancestry) likes attacking tail rotor blades, playing hide and seek with patrols and books his own heli serials for patrol extraction.

There have been no major incidents on any of the OPs except the Drum Major failing to make a complaint for a full hour, WO2 Howick allowing the occasional scheduled heli serial to land and Capt Cope actually keeping to one patrol task without requesting a major alteration. Oh!, and of course there was the re-enactment of the great 'Chain-saw massacre' when G30 had it's CCTV cameras felled to the ground following a chain-saw attack on the post during a demonstration of approximately 100 people from Glassdrumman complaining about spy cameras. It is expected that NITAT will debrief us on the incident next week.

FOR FRIENDSHIP, LOVE OR MARRIAGE

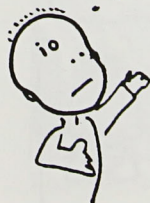


WE HAVE INFO FROM A TOP GRADE SOURCE

AN INCIDENT WILL TAKE PLACE ANY DAY NOW....

WHERE DID THIS "SOURCE" COME FROM?

ONE OF MY OPERATIVES HEARD IT IN THE NAAFI: QUEQE!





Major Knight doing his Ray Allen impression.

T20A Drummuckavall and Crosslieve G40

The High Life and The Low Life of G20 and G40

Day one arrived and we (T20A) were off to G40 (Crosslieve) that highest of OPs in the OP MAGISTRATE Range, the R/R centre of OP. We were told you can barbecue each night, you can relax take things easy, well we tried to but after a day the weather closed in we had low cloud, rain, hail stones big as golf balls (well perhaps not as big) and fog, you name it we had it. Water was running low, fuel for the generator was down to 4 cans, we had washing for 2 days, no showers for 6, it was rough.

Each hour G0 asked us for a visibility state, 10 feet came the reply, are you sure G0 said, wrong 5 feet, roger out.

Then one day we saw the green fields at the valley below, a message was quickly sent to G0, visibility 600 meters. 1 hour later the RAF flew in supplies, fuel first then water, we were saved.

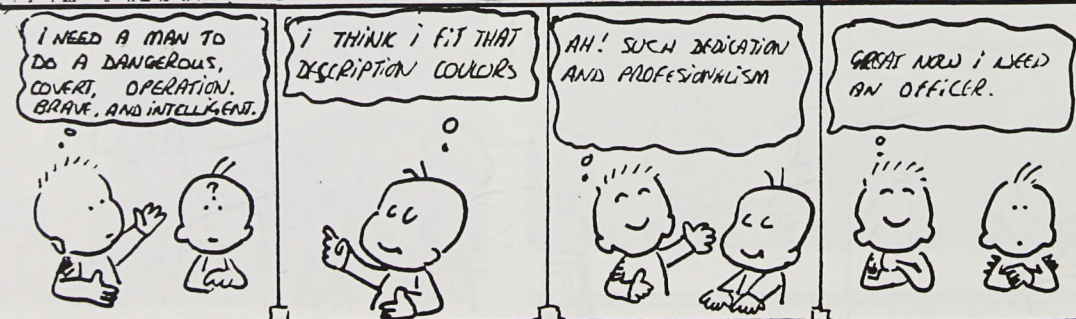
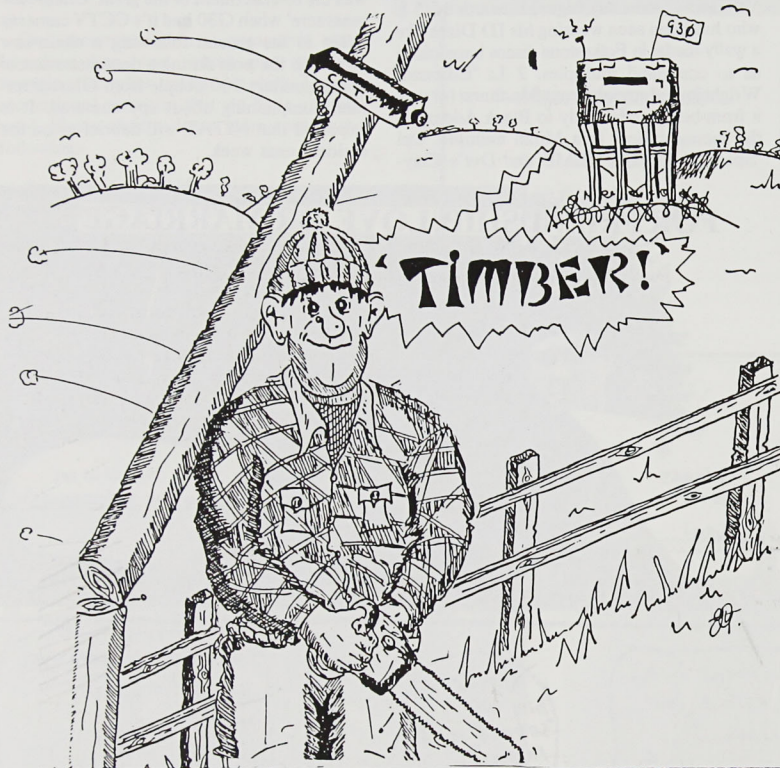
With our tour of duty over we flew straight to Drummuckavall G20, we did not pass go (BBK) and we did not collect £200. While we were at G40 we were asked if we would like a dog (rat catcher) for G20, we said yes and it cost £5 paid for by LCpl Courtney. When we arrived at G20 the dog had gone AWOL, we never saw the dog and LCpl Courtney has not seen any change from his £5.

Life is so much better at G20 - showers, washing machine, good TV, videos and a bed.

A word or two about the food, we have been very fortunate to have had some very good cooks, we made little go a long way. The SQMS has been good to us in keeping us supplied with all the good things, but we do run out of items like tea bags, milk, cheese and ice cream, the CQMS is working to have a freezer fitted inside the helicopter to stop the ice cream melting.

Message to all patrols who pass through G20, you are all welcome but due to the shortage of tea bags and milk please bring your own until normal service is resumed.

In the next edition we tell you all about the low life, and patrol life of G20.



Extracts from the Diary of an Infantry Office (June/July 1916)

1 JUNE - THE WESTERN FRONT

It seems we have been in the trenches now for over a year – I think we have been forgotten about. I keep trying to reassure the men, however I'm sure morale is quite high because they think the end of the war is in sight! We haven't seen anything of Jerry since we've been here. I hope it stays that way. Charlie made a cake today using the ersatz margarine that Polly keeps sending us. It turned out like a football so we can't eat it. We always save it to use when we play the Boche at Christmas.

8 JUNE

Another week has passed and morale is still quite high. I've told the chaps that they will be going home soon. I know I shouldn't have lied to them! Taffy got a teddybear from home today, but Charlie and Paddy Slevin kidnapped it, and demanded a ransom. A cruel jape really, but the boredom drives the chaps to such pranks. Polly sent us some more ersatz margarine today and Charlie is going to make another cake, I hope it turns out better than the last one.

Tucker Tunstall had his birthday today and we all sang happy birthday – but he wasn't awake to hear it! We had our first taste of action today. An air raid led by the Jerry fighter ace the cruel Baron Von Bernier. We tried to shoot him down but he is far too cunning. I've heard from the other chaps at the front that he has been disrupting supplies in their areas too!

14 JUNE

Morale is still fairly high. We had a visit from the OC today "Pyjamas" Knight. He's a wizard chap and wished us all good luck before returning to Blighty. Polly sent us some more ersatz margarine today. I don't think we ought to eat any more as some of the chaps are turning yellow. I wish we could have something to eat. Some of the men are missing their sweethearts and I'm worried as one or two of them have started to fancy young Evesy! It must admit he is a pretty fellow, but I hope to stamp this sort of thing out before it gets out of hand. Tucker Tunstall is also being a bit too affectionate towards "Sweetpea" – I think I'd better call in the Chaplain. I suppose this sort of thing is inevitable in war!! Sent Mac out on a patrol into "no mans land" yesterday but he has not returned yet. I hope he's OK. We had another attack from the Evil Baron Von Bernier today, the canteen took a direct hit, but the ersatz margarine took most of the blast.

21 JUNE

We've had a new chap straight from Sandhurst with us for a couple of months now. He's a jolly good stick – when he's awake! He looks familiar. I'm sure I've seen him somewhere before – on the stage

perhaps! Morale is not so good now. I think the chaps have sensed that I'm lying to them. Wagons Underhill was 19 today and Polly sent him an ersatz margarine cake. It was jolly kink of him but we couldn't eat it. We've used it to fill one of the shell holes in the dugout. Mac is still not back. I hope nothing has happened to him. I have a dreadful feeling that he has taken the wrong map with him, but then again I don't think he knows how to use one anyway. The war seems to be dragging on now. I wish the Generals would stop drinking champagne and get on with the job. Birdy showed me a letter today. It was written by Hickery to a lady of disrepute in Wandsworth. I was terribly shocked by some of the language and have asked the Chaplain to speak to him. Morale is still low!

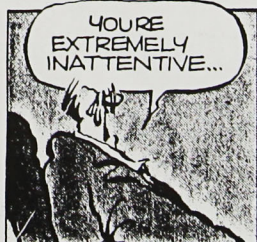
28 JUNE

Sent Tucker Tunstall away for a rest today. I think he is suffering from shell shock as he's started wearing a tea cosy on his head. Charlie made another cake today, but we had to feed it to Molly the dog. Mac is still not back, and I've given him up for lost. I had to stop Langers from going absent today. He seems to have had enough of life in the trenches. I told him it would be better to grin and bear than face a firing squad. The evil Baron Von Bernier struck again today. He strafed the trenches and the latrine exploded all over Burty. I've had to send him to the rear area, as his nerve has now completely gone! He can help Polly with the ersatz margarine supplies.

1 JULY

Morale is really low now. "Adders" Wright tries to keep up the chaps' spirit by pulling funny faces but to no avail. The OC came again today, he told me the war had been over for two weeks. I dare not tell the chaps yet. I think the excitement will be too much for them. He wished us good luck and went back to Blighty. I thought the Sergeant Major, "Boots" Scully might have been with him, but he's back in the rear area training the regimental soccer team. Charlie has started making odd shaped cakes and giving them to Evesy, I hope the Padre comes soon! Mac is still not back, perhaps I ought to send a search party out for him. The evil Baron Von Bernier has at last been shot down. The Drummy got him yesterday. It's good news that the Drummy should have got him as the Baron was always strafing his position. The men seem to be spending more and more time in the latrine – I can't think why! I hope the Padre arrives soon, nobber Nye had contracted some awful disease and his hair has turned pink. I hope it's not contagious. Tucker Tunstall did not come back from his rest, and has run off to Blighty with "Sweetpea". We are all very tired now, and I'm looking forward to going back home to Lincolnshire, perhaps I'll be able to do a spot of poaching!

ANON.



Maj Knight talks to 2Lt Vaughan-Edwards



TOOL OF THE TOUR

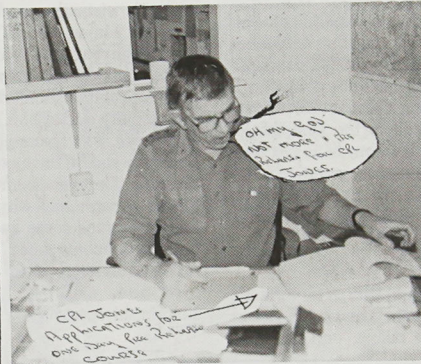
Spot your friends and acquaintances in embarrassing or contrived photos!! Here are just some of the contenders for the coveted prize of 'TOOL OF THE TOUR'. But we need more photos! Find your mate posing or making a prat of himself and capture it on celluloid! All offers gratefully received.



The 21C auctioning off the new Anne Summers top of the range doll. To the highest bidder.



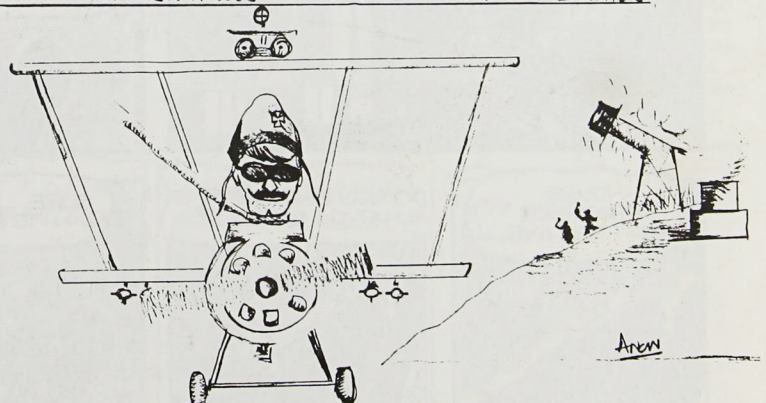
No, I'm not sulking because its a non-chips day.



"I wonder why they want me to stand here like this?"



THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE EVIL BARON VON BERNIER!



"ZERE IZ ONLY ONE VAY TO DEAL MIT ZE ADMIN PROBLEM HA! HA!"