



BRAGANZA



1st BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

SECOND EDITION

SOUTH ARMAGH



NORTHERN IRELAND — JUN 87 - OCT 87

FOREWORD

This is the final edition of Braganza for this tour in South Armagh. I hope that it brings back some memories of the past four months and serves as a reminder of the more amusing side of life during our time in Ulster. As you read this the end of the tour will be very much in sight and as our thoughts naturally turn towards Tidworth and our families we must be careful not to drop our guard. So far we have successfully deterred the terrorist and we must continue to do so in the last few weeks of our tour.

Many thanks go to the Editor and the many of you who have taken the trouble to send in articles and pictures, for without them we would not have a magazine. I am sorry that we have not been able to publish them all but there are certain laws of libel and censorship in this country which have to be observed!

My thanks to you all for the hard work and long hours – keep it going until we hand over.

– COMMANDING OFFICER.



CO – “Wrist a bit limp today dicky?”
General – “Never mind the wrist flower, you should see the rest of my body!”



General – “They come a bit short in your Battalion don't they Mike?”
CO – “Nonsense General, if I stretch I can see that ball of fluff on your beret!”

EDITORIAL

Well here we are, the South Armagh tour is almost all over, “bar the shouting”, and the light of our return to Tidworth seems to fast approach as we peer down the remainder of the dark tunnel we first entered in early May. Most of us are amazed at just how quickly time has gone by, although in June we were doubtful that it would. This is the second and last edition of Braganza of our 1987 South Armagh tour and I hope that both editions helped you pass a few humorous moments as you reminisced over almost forgotten incidents during the tour. I

hope also that in months or years to come as you browse through the pages, happy memories will come flooding back – if so – then Braganza will have achieved it's aim.

I would like at this stage to express my sincere appreciation to those of you who took the trouble to compose an article or two or three, or took photographs, or submitted something or other for inclusion. Without your efforts Braganza would not have been possible, so I thank you. Good luck for the future – Editor.



“Bessbrook posers club”.

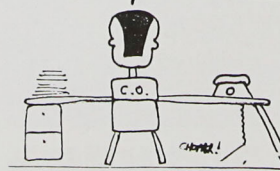
Paymaster you have done such a good job on “Braganza” that another unit wants to use you, for their magazine....



Which magazine is that Sir? Vogue, Tatler, Playboy, Country Life...



An Phoblact....



Great Bores of Today – No. 28 THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER



..... and we can see from the pattern of events this week that the threat has not altered significantly from last week. There has been extensive movement in the last few days and many of the players are up and running. In particular Jackie 'The cat sat on the mat' O'Kane has been seen in the company of Ronnie 'half rhino' Brady, and this linked with the appearance of Malachy 'incessant nose-bleed' McCormack means we can expect more movement. In addition the threat from packets of biscuits left at knee height remains, and the return of Mickey 'wilderbeast' Breslin increases the chances of his association with Maverick 'wild dog' McNally group. We cannot rule out the possibility of attack by shooting or bombing or mortars or proxy bombs or mad killer bees cont'd p94.

"Colonel I am confident in predicting that there will be an incident somewhere in the Province within the next six months".

Thoughts (not always lucid) from the Padre

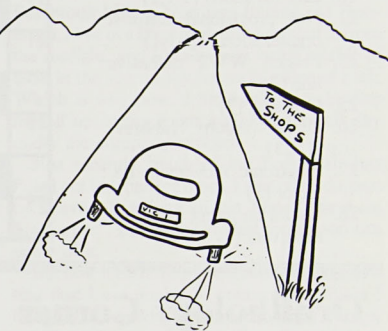
I think we ought to do the tour again, because this time I forgot to take any photographs. That may not seem important to you, but it is, because Padres have notoriously bad memories, and I would hate to forget the many, many instances of selfless devotion to duty which have surrounded me during these hectic months of grin-and-bear-it on the frontier. Or, in the case of Crossmaglen, gin-and-beer-it on the frontier.

Where but here in the 1st Battalion the Queen's Regiment would you find men willing to sacrifice themselves to safeguard their Jack Russell from the unwelcome advances of rodents? Where but here would you find a Platoon Sgt willing to take over the hazards of flight control without even pausing to put his clothes on? Where would you find a paymaster ready actually to lead the charge into the dining room? Where would you find an RSO whose name has become synonymous with acts of honour and self denial? And where would you find gallant young fliers so willing to drop their Padre in the middle of nowhere for a merry jape? – the ***** !!!! And where but here would you find a Battalion capable, under all their pressures, of scaling the sporting heights, with unpractised teams, to become runners up in the NI Army Rugby, and 3rd at hockey? I raise my hat to you. Or at least I would if I was wearing one and you were here. But I'm not and you're not, so it's hardly worthwhile, so I salute in your general direction.

Seriously though – and I am capable of being serious, because I've been to — theological college – seriously though, I have been proud to be part of the Battalion during these past months. I imagine that you were all inspired by those well known words from the 2nd letter of St. Timothy, chapter 2, verse 3 & 4: "Take part part in suffering as a loyal soldier of Christ Jesus. A soldier on active service wants to

please his Commanding Officer and so does not get mixed up in the affairs of civilian life."

And precious little chance there was to get mixed up in civilian affairs in South Armagh, but the time here hasn't all been wasted. The job the Battalion was ordered to do was vital, and everyone seems to agree that it has been well done. And everyone has had the chance to learn something extremely important – on a tour like this you have to give and take, fit in with other people, be part of a team. That is one of the great lessons of life, that no one is totally individual, we all depend on and have responsibilities towards one another. When you regard the people around you as being as important as yourself, then you've cracked the



The Padre in action

teaching of Jesus, because that's what he meant by "love your neighbour as yourself."

I can do no better than end by quoting Exodus chapter 6, verse 30: "Behold I am of uncircumcised lips; how then shall Pharaoh listen to me?"

Answers please in plain brown envelopes addressed to: The Padre.

Dear Wife, Girlfriend, Mother or Father

As we near the end of our tour in Bandit Country South Armagh, I thought I had better write and prepare you for the return of your loved one. You see, it may take time before he re-adjusts to normal life after his tour out here. I am going to list some of the odd things he may well do until he has re-adjusted to normal life and routine. If you suddenly find he has painted the loo black and spends hours preparing himself and peeping through the small windows, don't be concerned, this is just because he is used to tagging on, it should pass in a month or four. Just make sure he has the odd can of coke and packet of sweeties on him, and that you creep up to him and ask him a few questions such as, who lives next door and how many pints of milk do they get and do they go out drinking every Saturday evening. You know the type of thing. If you can persuade a neighbour to ask questions so much the better. Just make sure he does not spend more than 6 hours at a time in the sangar.

You may also find that he is unable to sit down and relax for more than 30 minutes or so,

this will also pass and he will soon be back to his normal lazy self, and doss around for hours. He may also prefer to dress up in Combat Kit and sleep under the garden hedge at first. Do not be concerned about this unless he cries about sheep. He may also take to going for walks for hours and coming in soaking wet. Do not be alarmed, he will soon get tired of this as you should have plenty of clean dry clothes for him and he will remember that the normal way is to be dry.

Finally, I offer a word of caution. Do not under any circumstances use an alarm clock until he has been home for at least two weeks. This could send him into a trauma and you may not get him out from under the table until the alarm goes off again. He may then rush out to the garden and refuse to come in, so beware.

May I just take this opportunity to thank you for being so understanding. You are in fact the real heroes and without your support he would not be able to go on.

Thank you once again.

Mike Ball, Governor.

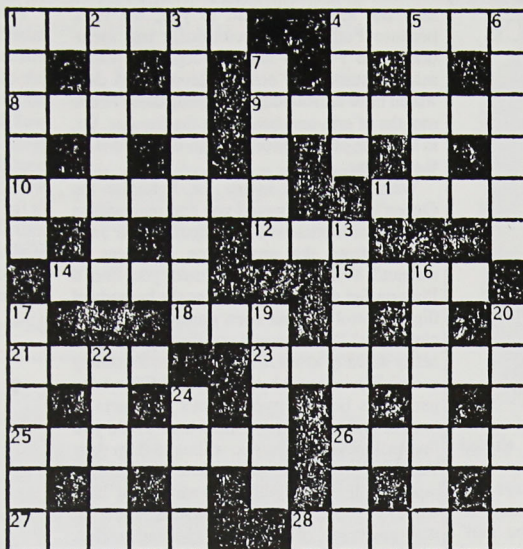


2IC back from a days shopping.

ACROSS

1. Victoria's better half (Regimental WW1 battle honour 1916, 1918) (6)
4. 28 days over here will get you one (5)
8. Undress weapon (5)
9. Company of windmills (7)
10. Atomic bomb particle feared by the Russians (7)
11. Keep the Army in the public eye (1,1,1,1)
12. Lose a round and they'll be round to investigate (1,1,1)
14. Sounds like it's not yours (watch your step!) (4)
15. Not a large Regiment (4)
18. Eire (in short) (1,1,1)
21. Not provisional terrorist organization (1,1,1,1)
23. French WW2 defensive line (7)
25. Grassing (7)
26. Ulster Acorn (abbrev) (1,1,3)
27. Electronic movement detector (5)
28. Useful on patrol for crossing rivers (6)

South Armagh Tour Special Crossword



DOWN

1. Not here (with or without leave) (6)
2. Famous sangar at XMG (7)
3. Cross-border airborne newsreader (8)
4. Trouble at pepper-grinder (4)
5. Charles' wife (not Catherine of 13 Down) (5)
6. Small REME unit (1,1,1,3)
7. Avoids lots of attention (5)
13. The Regiment's Queen came from here (8)
16. Contact! Early morning tea with rum (7)
17. Terrorist weapon (6)
19. Intensified to see at night (5)
20. Position in life (American anti-tank Saint reversed) (6)
22. Circular bullet (5)
24. Search team's paperwork (1,1,1,1).

Solution on page 22

Ornithology Corner

INTRODUCTION

This article is devoted to a peculiar species of the bird of prey family – the Buzzard (Genus *BIGGUS FLAPPUS*). Buzzards are scattered about South Armagh in small, well-fortified colonies, and it is believed that this dispersion has caused the dramatic genetic variety apparent, even within individual colonies. Our Field Research Operators have spent several weeks compiling this report to help identify the sub-species.

See if you can identify Buzzards in your locality from these descriptions. To help you, their identities are revealed at the bottom of the page (well, in a scrambled sort of way).

1. **FAT BUZZARD (*BERMUDUS RASMUS*)** A dominant bird with a loud, raucous cry, especially when its feathers are ruffled. It struggles to cover its corpulent body with a sparse, straggly plumage, and sits firmly on the main nest apparently directing the movements

of other birds (at least, a lot of noise and flapping from the Fat Buzzard usually precedes each take-off).

2. **FIT BUZZARD (*HICKIUS APTICUS*)** A quiet but very active bird, which is not a great flyer – indeed, it is often to be seen running round the nest (perhaps a throwback to its Roadrunner ancestry). It preys on weaker birds, often forcing them to take part in painful ground-based exercises.

3. **BALD BUZZARD (*PETER PATUS*)** A wise old bird which likes to rule the roost in its own colony, it is also known locally as the Bald Bustard due to an apparent ground fixation (it is often seen running in very small circles with the Bald Custard – a white-coated bird which is seldom seen in the open). It has a very distinctive cry, usually preceded by a tuneful 'bing-bong', but is most easily identified by its smooth cranium (and what plumage there is appears to have slipped below its beak).

4. **LESSER BALDING BUZZARD (*TIMMIUS MINIMUS*)** True to its name, this tiny species also has sparse head plumage. It potters about the nest, and is often mistaken for a chick unless its distinguishing three bar markings are spotted on the right wing.

5. **SLOTHFUL BROWN BUZZARD (*LEEFUS MATUS*)** A visiting bird from sunnier climes, which has apparently mastered the art of maintaining a zero metabolic rate. A very patient observer may be lucky enough to spot a burst of activity (e.g. the move from its roost to its daytime resting perch).

6. **MONGOLIAN BUZZARD (*HOMO BONUS*)** Despite being of below average length, this bird runs its own colony (the others seem to respect the three bar wing markings so common in the species). It can easily be identified by its sallow facial plumage and its slant eyes, although it lacks the prominent



Sniff.... Sniff.... "Shaggin Praaats"Sniff.

pectoral display of its cousin, the Greater Breasted Whittaker.

7. **NUTTY BUZZARD (*TICKUS TOCKUS*)** This bird delights observers with its incredible antics (from which it derives its name – not from its diet). It has a distinctive loud and rapid call, accompanied by jerky, mechanical movements, particularly of the legs. When moving on the ground, it digs its talons in and cuts about sharply. Close up, the manic, bulging eyes are a dead giveaway.

8. **GREY-STREAKED BUZZARD (*PRONTO ORIENTALIS*)** A sprinkling of grey in the plumage adds an air of distinction to this mature, solid bird which is often seen holding the nest down in times of crisis. This bird once broke free from the colony, but after a sojourn in the big wide world it returned to the nest, whereupon it sprouted extra wing-bars as if to celebrate its prodigal activity.

9. **GREATER MUSCLED BUZZARD (*PECTORALIS MAXIMUS*)** A bird blessed with brawn but, sadly, at the expense of brain. It is often to be seen moving heavy weights up



"Take that stupid camera out of here, can't you see I've got better things to do".

and down in an apparently senseless ritual (although fringe elements have suggested it may be an obscure part of the mating ritual), which has resulted in severe muscular deformity. Not a bird to wing-wrestle with.

10. **LESSER MUSCLED BUZZARD (ACIUS RAPIDUS)** This bird has developed its ground movement muscles to a high pitch for speed and gymnastic agility. Unfortunately, it has not been agile enough to avoid a series of accidents which have mainly damaged its wings, but at least it can run quickly to get treatment.

11. **LIVER BUZZARD (MERSEYUS ROBINFILIUS)** A distant cousin of the Stone Liverbirds who nest overlooking the Mersey, this bird has an amazing dexterity with its claws, often teasing other birds with some fancy footwork during communal recreation sessions. If static, its distinctive accent will still give it away.

12. **THE VISITOR BIRD (VIP VISITORA)** A migrant, bird, it rarely tarries long in the area, usually merely pausing for refreshment. Although some are reputedly dangerous, most are noted for their soothing and indeterminate "cooing" call.

SOLUTIONS

To find out if you correctly identified the Buzzards described above, simply unscramble the 'words' below to reveal their true identities..

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. O NEWRY | 7. EL HAC |
| 2. CY HIKE | 8. NO TEAS |
| 3. RED CAR | 9. HER CAR |
| 4. AL LUV SIN | 10. LOTH |
| 5. FEEL MANS | 11. IRON SNOB |
| 6. MAD GOON | |



"It's a fair cop Guv - society is to blame!"



"Gosh she's got hairy arm-pits".



Dear Editor,

I am a 33 year old man and I have a very embarrassing problem; that is apart from owning a Ford XR3 car.

My problem is that I think that I am turning into a lizard.

It really started last October when I took over as C.S.M. Sobraon Company, when I suddenly started to acquire an appetite for house flies and other creepy crawlies and I would often sneak out of the mess at night and loiter around the arms kote security lights in the hope of catching a nice juicy fat moth or two.

The other signs were, that when I went home on leave I spent the two weeks locked in my bedroom, trying to hold a conversation with my mothers Crocodile handbag.

After my leave had finished, I was sent to Bessbrook Mill in Northern Ireland. At Bessbrook I live in a large dark building shut in from the sunlight, and I really miss being unable to bask in the sun on my favourite piece of rock. Which is why now, I have taken to shutting myself up in my room and spending all day under the company sunbed.

Just recently much of my body hair has fallen out but, believe it not, I was offered a part by Steven Spielberg in his film "The Last Starfighter", so you see at least some good can come of it.

But now it is starting to affect my work. I now find that I am unable to concentrate unless I hang myself upside down from the light fittings.

"Please can you help me".

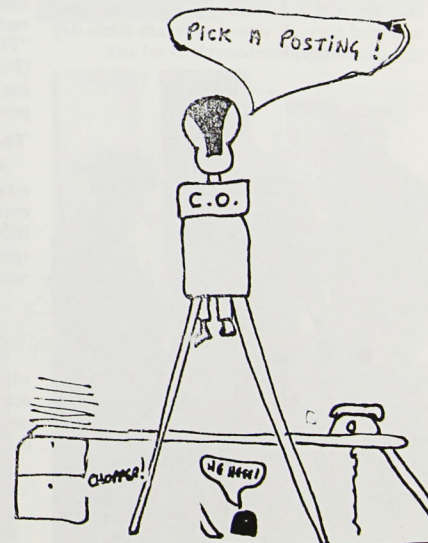
WO2 P. K. Tidey or "GECKO" to my friends. P.S. I have enclosed a photo of myself.

Dear Mr. TIDEY "Sir",

Your problem is quite uncommon in Britain, but is fairly common on the Galapagos Is. I can only offer you two pieces of advice:

1. Bath daily in Neats foot.
2. Try reading the book 'Metaphorises' by Franz Kafka.

Yours, Editor.



A (Tangier) Company "ON THE GRIM STREETS OF FEAR"

Ashen-faced and shaven-headed they waited. In the shadows which provided their only cover, their eyes glinted dully in the harsh yellow glare of the street lights. Gradually they filtered out from the doorways and alleyways that seemed scant protection to the nervous and watchful soldiers. They all looked to the man who was their leader. Without their Platoon Commander or team commanders he had naturally come to the fore. The street lights caught the cropped red head and it glowed with the same fire that burned within him. A voice from a doorway to his left rasped a trembling whisper "Ginge, where the f**k are we going now?" Ginge held up his hand as if to silence not only the impatient enquirer but also to quieten the mob that were already spilling out of the pub which was their objective for the night. Inexperienced feet trod softly on the unyielding tarmac as Englands Senior Infantry Platoon crept towards the public house. That familiar scent of tobacco and beer, normally so welcoming, seemed acrid and choking. Ginge gave the codeword to move in - "Get them" he shouted. Galvanised by his sharp call which seemed to goad them like a bayonet his troops sprang forward - suddenly they were lost among the pub's customers. For what seemed an eternity but must have been only a few minutes the valiant troops struggled to achieve their aim. The locals surged forward. Who struck the first blow will never be known but as if on cue, mere harsh words were replaced by the dull thud of fist on flesh as the seething mass erupted in a sea of flailing arms and legs. Ginge made a quick appreciation. Despite being able to hold their own his men would not be able to hold off the locals for long. He gave the order to withdraw. Moving in well practised bounds, always covering each other the troops moved quickly and silently back along the street. Without a word they moved into their RV and examined their wounds; no-one was seriously hurt and morale was high. Bloody but unbowed they all vowed to return some day and gain vengeance.



Ginge reflected on the evenings events as they moved back into camp. "F**k me, if this is Andover what's South Armagh going to be like".

THE ANSWER?

Well now we know; at least we think we do. It is hilly, wet and hard work - but time has, in most cases, passed remarkably quickly: (notable exceptions include sentry and sangar "stags", night patrols through the marshes and cordons in the rain).

With the exception of an unscheduled early call for Cpl Berry and his men at .799 East, and a few other minor alarms, the tour has been remarkable for the lack of incidents. Long may it continue: as the OC is prone to point out, he is far too old for unnecessary excitement. Not

that this apparent inactivity has meant no work being done. Far from it. The hours have been long and all too often at first sight frustrating in their lack of dramatic results.

The lack of incidents to date is, however, a success story in itself. It is to be hoped that we can still say the same as we wave our farewells to the Scots Guards in October.

For some other views of a summer in Forkhill - read on:

OC's thought for the tour (with apologies to the "Moody blues" - probably before your time, you cry).

"Meet piles and piles of trials with smiles:

It riles them to believe

That you perceive

The web they weave,

So keep on thinking Free".



'NO say again VRN of Train'.

FORKHILL FLORA & FAUNA

Forkhill has never received due recognition for its varied wild life. This is soon to be rectified by the publication of a new work - "FORKHILL AND OTHER ANIMALS" (Published by Forkhill Inc. priced 21 guineas). To wet the appetite, a few extracts are reproduced below.

The Secundus Tree (BOURNIS GARIA)

A particularly hard variety, which once established, clings stubbornly to its position even in the most adverse circumstances, BOURNIS GARIA is noted for its wide spreading tendrils. This has led to its local nickname "A Finger in Every Pie".

The Elder Lemon (BUSHBIA PERMENA SENDUS)

A short (but not dwarf) flowering shrub which is prone to brief periods of explosive activity. Locally known as the "Radio Bush" due to the amount of noise which results from the slightest disturbance.

The Forkhill Night Jar (HOLMUS GENERALUS)

Little is known about this bird (believed to be nocturnal) or its ways. It is rarely seen to leave

its nest - or even with its eyes open. Is believed to be allergic to BUSHBIA PERMENA SENDUS.

The Forkruck (RUCUS RUCUS)

There are several subspecies of this local bird, each of which has different habits and practises. Most varieties hibernate for extended periods and are rarely known to venture out after dark or for any length of time.

The Forklinch (CLINCHUS NEWA)

Only recently discovered, this small mammal is most easily recognised by its almost permanent expression of slight surprise or bewilderment. Believed to have been introduced from Africa.

The Forkrite (WRIGHTUS MARSHUS)

As its name might imply, this mammal favours the bog or marshland. It frequently appears in a damp or bedraggled state and may be evolving into an amphibian.

Lovells Eagle (SARGENTUS MAJORIS)

Although normally of a placid disposition, once roused this large bird of prey can become an awesome sight. There are unconfirmed reports of death following particularly savage attacks.

N30A

With Mr. Burnett off to Warminster I found myself in command of N30A. The other platoons in the company I knew well having worked with them on and off throughout the tour. However 3 Platoon was a new ball game all together and I soon learnt why Mr. Burnett is turning grey at the edges. My team itself consists of the Blackadder cast complete with Gallet resembling, both in manner and looks, the said Baldrick. Richmond does a good Percy, and Dean, the one with the binos, is a cross between Nursey and Queeny. However with that said, they provide hours of entertainment.

Now for the rest: The multiple jester who is presently auditioning for a part as the tooth fairy, namely Day keeps everybody ticking over, with his remarkable good looks and sense of humour.

Wright is a very quiet member of the multiple and is good as his job; however I feel he is hiding something due to the fact he is more of a Tatoo than a man.

Moran (Rob the body builder) is a good soldier but must learn to control his sexual urges towards unexpected stray dogs on patrol. Especially Jack Russels in Silverbridge which are his favourite.

There are two members of the multiple who show some signs of normality and indeed sanity: Both Palmer and Goble, yet even Goble has a strange attraction to fast moving traffic.

That leaves me with two others, firstly Hammond who is our photographer but over does his American tourist bit. He also wishes to make a career move to become an Officer OR a gentleman - He might become one or the other one day.

That leaves Jenkinson, I feel he needs to go back to the colonies where he belongs, the land of Foresters and convicts. Basically he is a beach bum.

Now perhaps everyone will understand why Mr. Burnett is ageing so fast.

On a serious note N30A are a pleasure to work with, and with only a month to go I might escape with only a few grey hairs....



"I get no kick from champagne...."

Forkhill INT Section

Well, here we are, almost at the end of our tour and we're still working as hard, well, almost as hard, as what we did when we arrived. We must be doing a pretty good job by the lack of major incidents within our TAOR.

Sadly though, we'll just be another forgotten memory by the time we hit Tidworth. Mac is off to Milan Platoon to play with bigger things, while Tommo says goodbye to the Battalion and hello to Warminster. Ian also says goodbye, he's being promoted and is off to civvy street. As for Titch, nobody knows what he's doing yet, we've yet to find a reliable source of information to tell us, his word alone cannot be trusted.

We managed to send John away early, to the cheers of A Company, and we believe him to be currently giving the Welsh sheep grief.

Taff, our CONCO, has already been in tears over our imminent departure, and now he knows how good true Englishmen are, he's vowed never to venture West of the Severn Bridge again. At the time of writing this, he is presently buying our leaving gifts from the mainland.

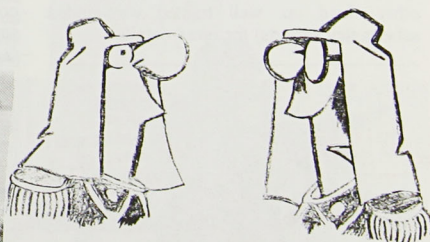
The final few weeks should go smoothly enough, providing our boss becomes con-

vinced that we don't always make the coffees behind his back, and that we actually work between breaks.

We have to admit defeat on one thing though, as have other agencies. We failed to find any trace of the Crossmaglen Int Section although rumour has it that they are actually in the Province. We probably haven't looked in enough bars.



The Int Cell remake of "Platoon".



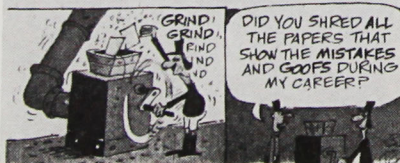
IVE HEARD IF YOU
COMPLAIN THEY SEND
YOU TO XMG!

INTRODUCTION

PROBLEM

Or have they....?

A cartoon illustration of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and a tall top hat. He has a large, bulbous nose and a wide, open-mouthed smile. He is shouting with both fists clenched and raised. A large speech bubble above him contains the text "YIPPEE! TILLYER'S LEAVING!" in a bold, stylized font. The man's suit jacket has a small tag on the lapel that says "EAST 12".



Experience the Holiday of a Lifetime

Why not come and spend a couple of weeks at the Cross li Velli holiday complex, totally free of charge!

This spacious resort offers extensive views over beautiful countryside, as well as ample opportunity to get out and about around the surrounding area. Recreational activities include excellent facilities for bird-watching, as well as rambling, back-packing, and picnicking in some of the most exciting countryside in the area. There are sure to be many chances to get out and meet the local inhabitants and sample their way of life.

The accommodation, although dubbed rather spartan by some cynics, certainly has an over-riding atmosphere of conviviality and excitement. Communal washing facilities exist with both hot and cold running water, and cosy multiple rooms are available at no extra charge. The resort is widely known for its excellent hospitality, notably its exceedingly good cuisine, and you can always be sure to find someone who shares your own interests and love of the countryside with whom to enjoy a quiet cup of tea or two. Many a happy evening is spent reminiscing over past experiences as well as discussing your plans for the next day.

Cross li Velli offers an ideal opportunity to forget the stresses and strains of the normal working day and really get to grips with nature. Many visitors find that they return time and time again often bringing friends and acquaintances with them.

If you would like to find out more, just call up Roger, the Manager, and he would be only too happy to answer any questions you have, providing he's not out.



"This is my camp, I'm in charge here and I'll bloody well eat with my fingers if I want to". - Maj A. A. A. Beatie.



From The Steely Eyed Dealers of Death

1st Queens
B Coy 5 PI
BFPO 811
9 Sept 1987

Dear Miss Macintosh,

Or if its not too forward of me, Karen. As you already know we write from the war torn land of South Armagh. Where the shadow of death forever taunts the nerves of even the hardest warrior, where death lurks behind the face of this war ravaged people, where armalite tracer bounce off rocks in daily gun battles. A land where it is commonplace to see a fallen comrade with no legs and a look in his eyes asking why!

Enough said of this place, now to the meat of this heart searching, soul destroying letter.

I'll now give you the story, the full story.

It first came to my notice during a lull in operations, it had been 10 days and we hadn't had a mission, our last job was a bloody little affair on the Armagh border, we had been dropped in the manure, right in the manure, our only way out was to fight, which we did but not without considerable scars both physical and mental.

As I said we were resting between jobs, preparing equipment, cleaning weapons when all of a sudden we got the word to move and move fast, one of our teams had been caught on a hill in the open. The enemy fire was slowly whittling the team down, we didn't have long to get to them. Like a well oiled machine we swung into action.

Gathering up our helmets, weapons and ammo, struggling into flak vests we rushed from our room to the heli-pad and awaited our helicopter gun ships to lift us to the action. We couldn't have waited more than 40 seconds until we heard the big whoop, whoop, whoop of our armoured birds coming in. But that 40 seconds was like a lifetime. As we stood there I watched my team prepare themselves, I watched members in silent prayer, others were looking at photos of love one's taped to the inside of helmets, others just smoked cigarettes. When suddenly I caught sight of our big gunner standing there cradling his automatic

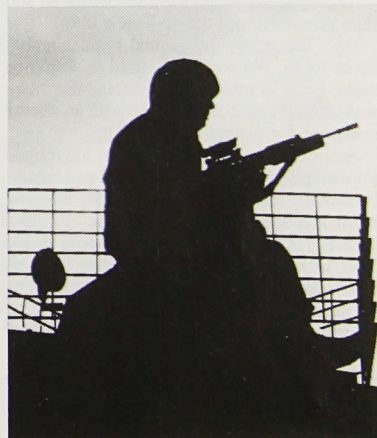
lead spitter like a baby. As I watched him he saw me and with a look on his face like "Hey damn it they can't hit me" he patted his breast pocket.

That man as you might have guessed was Tony, or as we know him "The Fridge" due to his ultra cool outlook on life.

Before I could go and talk to him the gunships came in and all thoughts of "The Fridge" vanished. As the grim job at hand came back to mind. Once airborne it was a short flight, even so by the time we reached the hill the light was fading fast and that big old sun was sinking in the west.

From our high vantage point we could see the enemy tracer winging lazily like magical fire flies from the neighbouring hill into our comrades position on the lower hill.

The first gunship went in low and fast to try for a pick up of our bloodied comrades, while we circled high above feeling helpless. I looked around me in the half flight of the choppers interior, everyone looked grim and anxious until I caught sight of "The Fridge" sitting up close to the starboard window, face pressed against the plexiglass. He was patting his





XMG during a very rare moment of relaxation.

breast pocket again but what really caught me was this evil grin and over the noise of the chopper I'm sure he was muttering I'm coming down to kick arse, and you can't touch me cause I've got a date with an angel".

All of a sudden my gaze was wrenched away by an almighty flash. The first gunshot had been hit and gone down, it had been hit by tracer not from the enemy position on the hill but from a second position further down the Fane Valley, even as I watched that bird go down the tracer swung on to our ship and by the look of it, it was some heavy calibre piece of shit.

As I watched the traced arced up and hit us, it gripped our ship and shook hands with its windpipe. I felt a cold intake of air and my stomach sunk as we lost height. I looked around the interior and though the smoke and around the interior and through the smoke and plexiglass I could see the pilot, his face lit by the control panel light and in that pale green light I saw he was hit in the chest. Blood trickled from his mouth, in a drying roar he fought to bring his bird down gently. Carrying out the landing procedure like it was some old flight school problem even though his co-pilot lay dead with no head.

With a large crunch we hit the ground, which must have been uneven because the chopper lurched and with a splintering of rotor blades and like dinosaur it fell on its side.

We lay there dazed for a second or so and then scrambled out the up-turned door.

As I leaped to the ground pandemonium broke loose. We were being fired on from two sides, I had to make a decision and fast there was high ground to my rear and with an effort I screamed for the team to move it.

As I was running up that big old hill rounds screaming past my head, I paused and looked behind me and through the haze of the now burning chopper I saw "The Fridge" that Big Gun at his hip, spraying the darkness to his front with tracer. In that eerie fire light he looked like some avenging demon sprang from the dark world.

That was the last I saw of the Fridge that night as we scrambled to the top of that hill.

Once at the top the first fight went on for God knows how long, but it did stop, down to just the odd sniper shot out of the darkness. It was time now to take stock of this shit we were in and it

was real 100% shit, the radios were out, ammo low and we were down two men including "The Fridge". But I had not time for tears, I had a job to do and the situation was desperate, 'we were caught like flies in a cookhouse sandwich with no way out.

In the light of the now smouldering chopper I could see shadows of the enemy taking up positions, they looked like servants of Belzebub moving at his bidding.

The night dragged on quiet except for the odd sniper shot to keep our raw nerves on edge. I set watches and told others to sleep best they could. But none slept that night, all the dirt stained faces stayed looking out, waiting for the enemy's final rush on our beleaguered little position. As I lay watching, someone to my right was reciting a Wilfred Owen poem to himself and as he finished the last stanza of the poem of which the final line read: "And a knight in silver was awaited", I slipped into a light sleep.

I awoke suddenly as the first light of the new day broke there was a light mist around the bast of the hill and we knew it would be soon. Soon it was. We heard a scream of Gaelic tongue and they came rolling up out of the mist, and at that moment I knew death closely and was ready.

But at the very moment of the grim reapers coming I heard a loud roar from behind, whipping my head round fearing the worst I saw silhouetted against the early morning sky, 210lb of mean looking man, upon his head he wore a helmet with an ace of spades sticking cockily from one side, in the corner of his big grin of a mouth hung loosely a roll up of finest Virginia and hanging lightly in his hands singing death was his lead coughing gun.

Without so much as a "Halt Army or I fire" he thundered down the hill, my heart grew light with recognition of this man. It was "The Fridge", we watched him rush down the hill towards the surprised enemy and with a scream we followed in his wake.

As he ran forward he took a round to the chest, he stumbled but was up again with a roar, again he was hit but onwards he ran, dealing out death like a bad hand of cards.

The enemy were broken and they fled and

during those last minutes of this one man war we lost sight of him.

We searched the bodies for a full hour for our hero until we found him laying wounded under two dead enemy, his faithful gun lay clutched in his hands broken at the butt where he had used it as a club after running out of ammo. As I cradled his head in my lap awaiting the chopper the wind was blowing the mist, swirling and the rain beating down, he looked up at me and said with a grin, "Pass me what's in my breast pocket", I opened the flap and casting aside the condom I found there, knowing it wasn't that he wanted. I passed him a yellowed blood spatted envelope with a glint in his eye and a large painful smile he said, "This 12 page letter is from an angel, this kept me going when the chips were down". With the rest of the team humming "Johnny Remember Me" I said she must be some gal, to which he said before slipping off to sleep, "Sure is".

So Karen that's my story I leave out nothing, I add nothing. I don't know what you wrote but you turned "The Fridge" into a super hero, all he's missing are tights and a cape. So from the team we say thank you for making a big man's heart happy.....

FROM A STEELY EYED DEALER.

P.S. Read this letter playing the Last Post loud and in stereo and don't forget think in a heavy American drawl.



XMG

I.O. Lt Perry, A.I.O. Sgt Coker, compete for the slimmer of the year.

Farewell XMG

In Crossmaglen to my delight,
We haven't had the slightest fright.
It's the way we'd like it to stay,
No funny tricks from the IRA.
In Bessbrook, they call it Dossmaglen,
Obviously they haven't seen us in action then.
Everyone's out of bed by eight,
Exception Captain Condom, he's always up late.
QRF, they're never asleep,
Sergeant Major's got 'em on they're feet.
Clean up here, and clean up there,
Otherwise I'll have you doing drill on the square.
There's no doubt, we'll hear every day,
Sergeant Major on the Barkway.
Room jobs will be inspected at ten,
If they're not good enough, you'll be doing them again.

Three and a half months have now gone past,
We've got to admit, we've had our laughs.
Border incursion, that's the one.
To the north, we had to run.
Sgt Sullivan thinks he knows the way,
But it's us chest deep in bogs, that have to pay.
Submerged troops at the back cry,
Hold on Sgt, I'm going to die.

Squaddies faces now are gleaming,
Thinking of the day they'll soon be leaving.
Back to muster parades at half past eight,
It's to the jail if you are late.
Teaching drill with the new SA80,
Sergeant Major will be going crazy.
Show parades and RP's, Oh what a life that'll be.
So it's farewell to you in Crossmaglen,
Maybe one day we'll meet again.

The Widow Makers

Four Platoon, the men to fear.
They won't forget that we've been here.

The Widow Makers that's our name,
We live to kill and love to maim,
The painted face it hides our grin,
It hides the hate that's deep within.

They've had their chance to gain a kill,
They've had their chance to shoot at will.
But they were wise and let us go,
They preferred to live and they stayed low.

The tour is over, and justice done,
No blood or guts, but we still WON!



Just fit the appropriate caption to the right photograph and win a night out with a 'Page 11 Fella'.

Caption 1. "I've lost so much weight since I've been in XMG".

Caption 2. "Oh! You've caught me with my stomach muscles relaxed".

Answers on a postcard to the Editor.



Dear Mummy,

I am just writing to tell you about my camping trip in Ireland and what a wonderful time I'm having. The people here are unlike those found anywhere else. Not only do the locals have a funny accent but they never mean what they say, for instance:- "Raining heavily today", means, "You look like a drowned rat", and if you stop a man in his car and he is very polite he's really trying to tell you that the drunken blonde in the passenger seat is not his wife.

The countryside is all beautiful and green just like the travel brochures but in nearly all the fields there are brown sticky patches which

smell terrible (I expect its due to a plague of moles or something).

My Colour Sergeant is looking after me and is worried about my bad chest. On the very first day he gave me a thick green vest with pockets, that hold plates, I believe he called it a ENEMA or something like that and said if I didn't wear it in the town my chest could get a lot worse. The plates that came with it require a lot of practice to use as your chips tend to fall off and they're too shallow to hold much custard so for the time being I'll stick to my mess tins. Bye for now, I'm having a lovely time and wish you were here (instead of me).

Love JOHN.

Thousands of prizes
to be won!!!!



ADVERTISEMENT

The .799 Wildlife Safari Park

Come to our purpose-built observation hides for the experience of a lifetime. Marvel at the wonders of nature as, perched high in the majestic rolling hinterland of South Armagh, you can watch herds of Wildebeest sweeping majestically across the plains. Share the private moments of a pride of majestic lions as they bask in the summer sunshine surrounded by their mischievous cubs. Enjoy the antics of the troop of Purple-Bottomed Baboons who cavort quite happily around the hides as if they live there, led by the leader of the pack, a grizzled old male known as Billy. Even at night you can continue to wallow in this natural extravaganza thanks to the skillfully sited illuminations provided by the management, which are so bright that flash photography is not necessary.

Can you afford not to grab the opportunity of a lifetime to undergo the experience of a lifetime? Book your tour now through Forkhill Excursion Company, and book your helicopter trip to Paradise (courtesy of Buzzard Airways).

Quotable Quotes from Crossmaglen

"Don't forget, Jack, Crossmaglen is a war zone and we're shit-hot down here." (Pte HULL).

"One must keep one's finger on the pulse, and not walk around with one's head up one's arse." (CSgt ALLEN).

"One of my D1 means is picking up a clear and loud CB signal which is completely indiscernible." (2Lt MOORE).

"I've fired loads of flares at helicopters before, but it's alright - they were buckshees." (2Lt WILLIAMS).

"Are you sure you don't know who made that anonymous phone-call?" (Capt CORDEN).



'STOP CHILDREN'

"With M203 effective birth control".

A Day in the Life of:

2479 8320 Pte Tillyer
6 Pl 1 Queens

Pte Tillyer begins his day along with the rest of his multiple being woken by Brian Barkway at 0730 hrs. After five minutes suspect physical activity Tillyer draws back the curtain and goes for a shave taking care to retain the designer stubble style he knows the OC admires.

At 0750 hrs having dressed himself in the same dirty combats he's been wearing for the last three months he makes his way to the cookhouse. No pretensions here selecting the most rubbery looking egg he prepares a traditional egg banjo followed by a cup of cold tea.

0810 hrs and its time to clean the subs before Brian Barkway inspects, picking up a used fag end from the corner of the locker area, he lights up and proceeds to empty the rubbish bins into the plastic sacks, taking care to spill at least half the litter on the floor.

0900 hrs - time to prepare for another dangerous patrol in "crumpey" country, stopping only to put his tongue in Pte Richards ear, he picks up his weapon 2 INIBA from the racks and goes to the briefing room. On the way to the briefing room he meets Brian Barkway who wants to know why "Danny" is etched lovingly into his Sussat!

Danny now moves outside to the leaving bay, pausing only to greet his platoon commander who is drinking tea on the helipad with a loud "ALLO MATE". Danny is loaded up by his long suffering team commander.

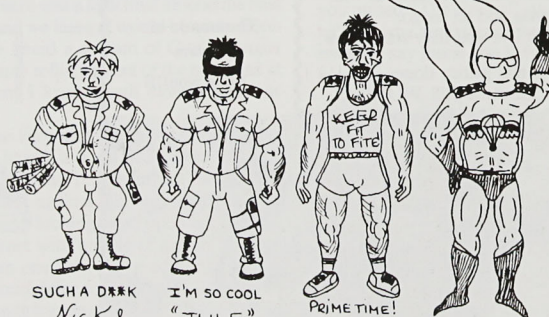
0930 hrs Danny moves out of XMG base at the same time sticking a finger in his left ear digging out the ear wax. Ten minutes into the patrol and he passes a local female, "will you marry me I'm in love with your bum" he shouts. Needless to say he receives a less than polite answer, "I suppose a kiss is out of the question then", the ever gallant Danny replies.

0950 hrs Danny is seen offering sweets to a little girl in exchange for a ride on her bike, at this point the long suffering team commander decides enough is enough and takes them back to base.

Having unloaded Danny makes his way to the NAAFI where he remains watching Thunderbirds videos, picking his nose, and drinking coffee. Life he reflects isn't all that bad, especially as he's soon off to the Milan Platoon where his special talents will be appreciated.

THE BOSSES BOYS

ZERO ALPHA'S, ALPHA'S



SUCH A D*CK
Nick!
(10A)

I'M SO COOL
"JULE"
(HEY!)

KEEP FIT TO FIT
PRIME TIME!
PERCY
(30A)

CAPTAIN
GATED BUSADER
CONDOM!
(Ø)



OH! OH!
RICHARD, DO COME
INTO THE LIGHT, OWEN

(20A, P1, P2, P14A, Q23C, ETC, ETC!)

**CROSSMAGLEN
COUNTY ARMAGH
NORTHERN IRELAND
2 September 1987**

Dear Michaela,

Me and my friends are in the Tidworth Pack of the Queen's Scouts. During this summer we are on a tour of Northern Ireland. and we saw from the last Wacaday programme that there are only a couple of flags on your map for this beautiful part of the country.

At the moment we are camping in Crossmaglen, South Armagh, which is really green and covered with blackthorn hedges, and there are bogs everywhere which people fall into when out rambling. We have made contact with a local group, the Irish Rambling Association, and we have fun with them playing games like hide and seek, and chase.

Please put a flag on your map for us, and we will bring a present back for you. Perhaps you might even come and visit us for one of our jamborees back in Tidworth?

Until then, "Dib, dib, dib!"

Holland Troop
Tidworth Pack
Queen's Scouts.

P.S. Timmy could come too, but only if he leaves his mallet behind!



"Thanks Bergerac".

Brian Barkway's Sayings (or English as she is spoke in Crossmaglen)

Over the past few months down at the sharp end in XMG we have enjoyed the dulcet tones of a character who has surpassed even the infamous Mrs. Malaprop (from Sheridan's "The Rivals") in his psychopathic butchery of the English language. Read on if you dare, and see if you can spot what Brian Barkway really meant to say when he said....

"He was hiding under a piece of Bracknell."

"These fire trenches are so deep I have to stand on a breech-block."

"An Irish Army helicopter has just done a border excursion."

"It's on the Blamey Road."

"Send logstack, over."

"Weapons and auxilliaries."

"Find out the registration number of the sight."

"A red VW van has just invaded the North over BCP 25."

"All officets have their fallacies."

"Town patrols are not so bad once you get used

to the obscene way they park their cars."

"He has gorged his nickname onto his sight."

"He was presentated with it."

And just to show that it may be the pressure of the job at the bottom of all this, even the Acting Brian Barkway (Bob Barkway) found that his tongue could let him down at times....

"Hello M30, this is M20, thank you for your existence."

"And here's my address and telephone number as you will probably want to meet me again once I get back to Tidworth".



"Why me Lord - what have I done to deserve this?"

Kirkes Company Braganza

INTRODUCTION

On the 18th July 1987, Kirkes Company moved away from the Mill to take over NEWTOWNHAMILTON TAOR. After weeks of waiting, during which some of us, under the Ops Offr, Capt O'Rourke had deployed, and returned, the company finally moved. We left the relative security of the 'Mill' to what can only be called a small, exposed SF Base set amongst the rolling hills of South Armagh. The powers that be are building us new accommodation, but isn't that always the way with 1 QUEENS! However, the CSM will not be deterred. Armed with a very large tin of yellow paint he set about knocking this building site into a SF Base fit for habitation by members of Kirkes Company. At least all workmen coming to repair any drains will know where to go - all the covers are painted yellow!

We still retain our links with the 'Mill' in that there is always at least one multiple under command of letter C Company of the Royal Green Jackets. A low profile is called for whilst we are there. Operations at NTH continue around the clock, mainly to protect ourselves and the RUC with whom we have developed a fine working relationship.

R & R has now finished, and we all look forward to the day when the Scots Guards arrive in strength. It will then be home for leave and the problems of Saxon, Support Weapons Cadres and life in Tidworth once more.

NEWTOWNHAMILTON PATROL ORDERS FOR E10

A given by all team commanders before their Urban Phase:

GROUND

Map: If anyone can find Newtownhamilton on the map they are doing well. BUZZARD are still trying.

Local knowledge:

This is fairly limited as the town is mainly inhabite by village idiots with the occasional intellectual drunk.

Main Features (otherwise known as tea stops):

Hut by the swimming pool
Any rough ground.
The Market.
75 metres west of Armagh Street!
and so on.....

SITUATION

INT Picture



This has no relevance to Newtownhamilton, but INT never does!

ENEMY FORCES

Known Personalities: Drunks.

Intentions:

To cause utter chaos by acting totally drunk and falling over and breaking things such as our barrier and unfortunately their heads. They have a habit of trying to take on as many army patrols as they can at once. SF to be compassionate as possible in such situations. Remember the 4 C's: Care, Compassion, Comfort and Kick – Make that 3!

Wanted Persons:

'Capt' Keeble – by all women in Newtownhamilton and the RUC. Ratty – just by all the police.

FRIENDLY FORCES

The Sgt Major – on our side when the town is clean and tidy.

ATTS

Platoon Commanders – when there is something to be avoided at base.

DETS

Platoon Commanders – at all other times.

MISSION

To avoid getting caught by the CCTV Cameras whilst in a Tea-Stop.

EXECUTION

General Outline:

This will be a 5 phase op:

- 1) Getting Up.
- 2) Getting Out.
- 3) Having a brew.
- 4) Getting Batteries.
- 5) Getting to bed again.

TASKING

Smith – to make the brew.

Washington – IC Food.

Norris – to look keen.

Phase 1: Book an early call at least 15 minutes too late.

Phase 2: Route out. Avoiding detection by CCTV Cameras.

Phase 3: Tea stop will be coded 'LOC STAT' so as to avoid bumping into other patrols and to fool 0 (but it doesn't work!).

Phase 4: Return to base for a cigarette or the bluff that we need a new battery.

Phase 5: Back on the ground that's if a mortar base plate has been parked in any of the tea stops.

CO-ORDINATING INSTRUCTIONS

Timings:

Early call: 0359 hrs

Time out: 0400 hrs

Tea Stop: 0403-0428 hrs

Battery Change: 0430 hrs

Back out: 0440 hrs (had problems changing battery).

Tea Stop: 0442-0450 hrs

Back in: 0452 hrs ("I couldn't come in on the hour because that would be setting a pattern, Sir).

NB: 1 Hour patrol:

Time patrolling: 9 mins.

Tea Stops: 33 mins.

Battery Change: 10 mins.

In Early: 8 mins.

Actions On:

Being tasked by 0:-

1. Chunter.
2. Comms Fail.
3. Return for new battery.

SERVICE SUPPORT

Each man to carry enough food, brews and cigarettes to last him at least a week, just in case we have to stay out for 5 minutes extra to cover the change-over.

COMMAND AND SIGNALS

Codewords:

A. 'BLACKADDER' (The Cheek!)

11D – RV with other patrol for a joint tea stop.

B. 'CASTLEBLANEY BARRIER'

11D – Tea stop in the grave yard.

C. '75m WEST OF ARMAGH STREET'

11C – Tea stop – exact location not yet discovered, but INT are on to it.

D. 'MOVING THROUGH ROUGH/HIGH GROUND.....'

11B – Tea stop in the cudds.

Radio Instructions:

Comms always become difficult when tasking occurs.

Orders if Comms fail:

Find a tea stop (if not already located in one!) and sort out the problem over a cup of tea.

Someone knows what goes on out there – You've been bubbled!!

ANON.

Memorable Moments

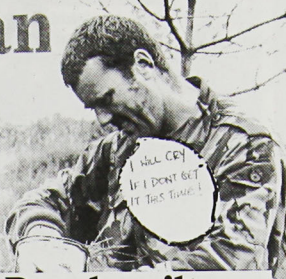
Heard in the Ops Room on the arrival of 2IC HQ Coy's first visit:

Aircraft: "Hallo E10C this is AW12B arriving 2 minutes your location with 2 Pax, secure LZ".

Watchkeeper: "E10C roger, ensure that your female passenger remains on your chopper"!!!!



Mission man



NewBurghamilton War Crimes Trial

Events took a dramatic turn at the sensational war crimes trial of Obersturmbahnführer Klaus Von Fischer, which has captured the imagination of the ARB.

Former Assistant Adjutant Hauptman Colm Vorsprung O'Rourke to a packed court room told how she had suffered at the hands of the alleged member of the fanatical Snodland Scharze Mafia. During her two hour stand in the witness box she described to a visibly shocked jury how Herr Fischer had:-

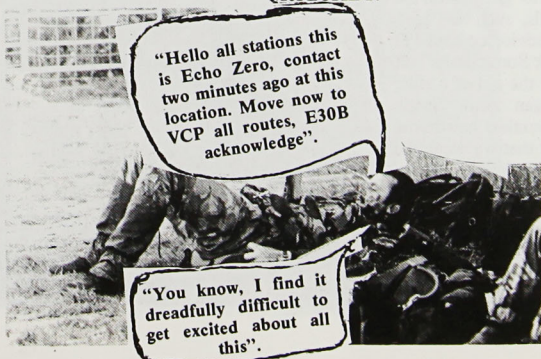
- **SUBJECTED** Subalterns to early morning drill for his own perverted gratification.
- **REDUCED** Felbwebel grosser snorkel Shade to a gibbering mass of tears, by repeated verbal slugging.
- **BULLIED** his Officer Commanding Graf Mackail Von Solarsack, with endless sarcasm.
- **DENIED** Mr. Wise urgently needed psychiatric treatment.

Frau O'Rourke told the Court that these atrocities had taken place at the Thatcher Youth Training Camp at Lydd-on-Hythe in 1987, and Herr Fischer was extradited from Tidworth Girl Guides, after the "Sobraon" Echo's exclusive revelation that he was living there as Honorary Secretary under an assumed named of Bob Uglyhead.

But the strain became too much when she broke down sobbing, "That's him! That's him!" As she was led away from the witness box weeping, she screamed "That mouth! Those eyes!"

Herr Fischer claims it is a case of mistaken identity, he admits he was at Lydd-en Hythe in 1987 but claims he was employed as a Post NCO. The trial continues.....

McRICHEY.



Titch's Emporium

Yes it's true! Do you remember the last issue of your fun 'Sobroom Echo' when we revealed that Capt O'Rourke in our article 'Captain on Parade was driving Irish gels wild as a male stripper. Well it is all true! Yes once again we are first to produce proof.

Our roving photographer snapped him leaving a sleazy night spot in down town Dublin, after another sordid session.

Doctor Titch

Dear Doctor Titch,

Help, I am a desperate man. My problem is that I think I am a reincarnation of Vincent Van Gogh. I mean he painted everything in yellow; not only that but since I removed my left ear, my beret does not sit straight on my head.

Yours Vincent Tidey.

Dear Sunflower Head,

All I can recommend is that you draw five litres of battleship grey and return to G.B.

D.T.

DEAR DOCTOR TITCH,

I am writing to you in the strictest of confidence. I am a grubby little subaltern serving with C Coy 1 Queens, and I am suffering from chronic room untidyness.

My gross untidyness really annoys some of the Coys SNCO's, especially the one in 7 Pl, he says that my disgusting personal habits get right up his nose (what doest) ED.

I really hope you can help me. I must sign off now as the CSM is about to beat me again.

Yours Desperate Dan.

Dear Mr. Wise, B.A.

You sure do have a mess problem, not only are you the most untidiest officer in N.A.T.O. but the youngest, even all knowing me, did not

realise that you could pass out from Sandhurst at three years of age. The only solution to your problem is to wait for about six months till you get your second pip, and then get Mr. Fotheringham to clean your room up. After all you will then be senior. - D.T.

Titch's Cultural Corner

This weeks cultural titbit will be a real treat for all you culture vultures in C Coy.

This weeks verse if from the poem "An Ode to a Tin of Paint" by that most famous Paint Pot Poet - Paul Yellahead Tidey:

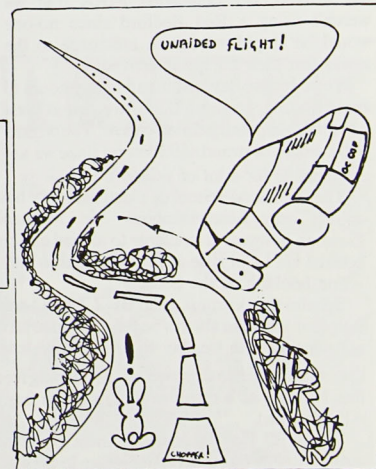
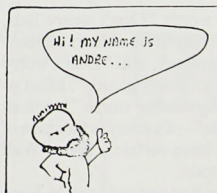
I wandered lonely as a cloud,
Far above the hill and dales,
There below,

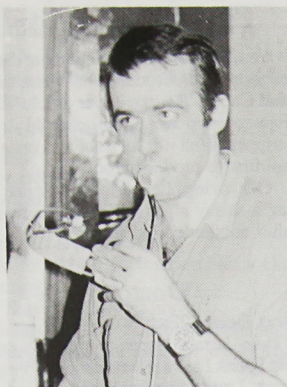
I spied Newtownhamilton, and painted it Yella!

Paul Yellahead Tidey is also famous for his Hollywood works immortalised in celluloid with works such as the film "Paint Your Wagon Yellow".

In our next issue we will examine his most famous of paintings - a study of a Major on a yella sunbed.

BYE - TITCH.





Platoons Part in the Defeat of Terrorism – or “Blow me Sir, not another VCP”.

Since their arrival in NTH, 9 Platoon have played no small part in deterring PIRA by their vigilance and controlled aggression. Sgt Fisher has pursued a similar policy though focussed more in the direction of the RUC, who, in his opinion, have tended to present a greater threat to the tranquility that is 9 Platoons most cherished asset.

One of our greatest problems over here has been getting the Chinook flying hours needed to undersling Pte Morley when going on patrol. Morley, who has already found fame for being the only Legionnaire for whom a Camel had to be binned in favour of an Elephant, also caused concern after the Michael Ryan episode since he carries his fags in an ammo bandolier – a sure sign of Ramboesque pre-tensions according to the Sun's guide.

Dean's destroyers continue to leave their distinctive imprint on counter-terrorism, particularly Pte Pincombe's cunning sense bluff whereby announcing to the world that a CPV has arrived, her persuaded PIRA that we weren't using a Red Bedford since no-one would be stupid enough to announce to the world that their CPV has arrived.

We have also devoted many happy hours to area cleaning, ensuring that if we can at least leave them tidy and painted yellow. The wizard of Oz would be proud of 9 Platoon since we are responsible for a lot of yellow bricks.

The 9 Platoon school of plastic surgery has so far only been sampled. Mr. Michael Gorman however is available to all and can be booked via LCpl Else at very reasonable rates – first booking on the house!

Special thanks must go to BUZZARD and the pilots who can always be relied upon to turn out whatever the weather to save us a walk in the rain. Thanks to them we are developing feet like Hobbits as a result of multiple tabs from Altnamacken.

Finally C Coy as a whole must come to terms with the fact that on our return to the UK the public will not believe that we've been to South Armagh at all as a result of the deep suntans we all have from non-stop use of the sun-bed, a vital off-set to any emergency tour!

Fun at the fitness club



“Have Multiple, Will Travel”

Those immortal words “Don't worry lads, as Patrols Company we'll be able to concentrate on lots of patrolling”, and “Don't worry you will never have to do any guards”. Must go down in history along side the words “It will all be over by Christmas” – if variety is the spice of life, then 8 Platoon have certainly been “Well Seasoned” by the tour.

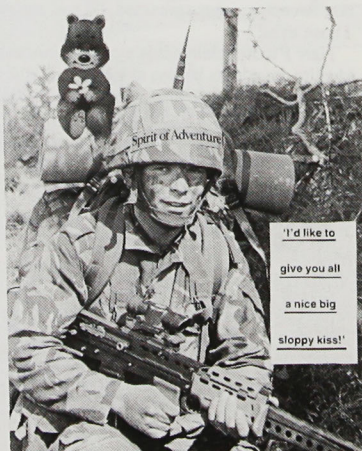
When the platoon first arrived back in June, (good God! was it only just over 3 months ago), it has just started to get to grips with the fundamental patrolling skills, such as “Irish Bog Wading” (for expert advice contact Pte Thomas 73), “Double Back Somersaults” off high wire fences with only the aid of a rifle, ECM equipment and bergan. And “Single Unarmed Combat” with countless hawthorne hedges, when we were told that we would be moving to Newtownhamilton. Which we finally did. After a few false starts, which gave the platoon plenty of practice in packing and unpacking. Eventually the Company arrived more or less intact, although there were rumours that the sun bed had not been so lucky.

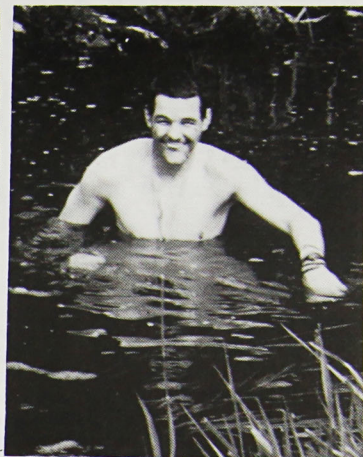
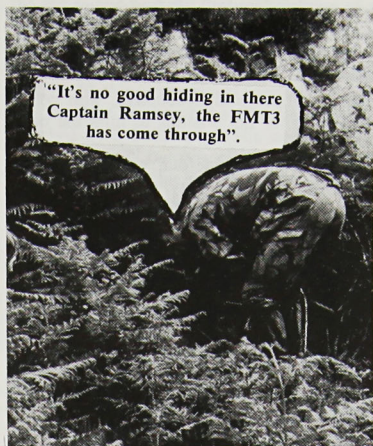
We settled down to the routine in NTH

fairly quickly, and most of us soon learned to “Hard Target” round the camp for fear of being mistaken for a stationary object by the CSM, and being covered from head to foot in yellow paint. The platoon soon got to grips with the rural patrolling around NTH, due in no small part to the expert advice from Cpl Materix “I've been out with commandos”, Mumford. It was while we were at NTH, that the platoon learnt, through incessant RUC Ops, the fundamental lesson in Counter Terrorist Operations – VCPs. With that lesson thoroughly learnt, and continuously practised the platoon sincerely felt that each RUC VCP Op was a significant contribution in the fight against terrorism.

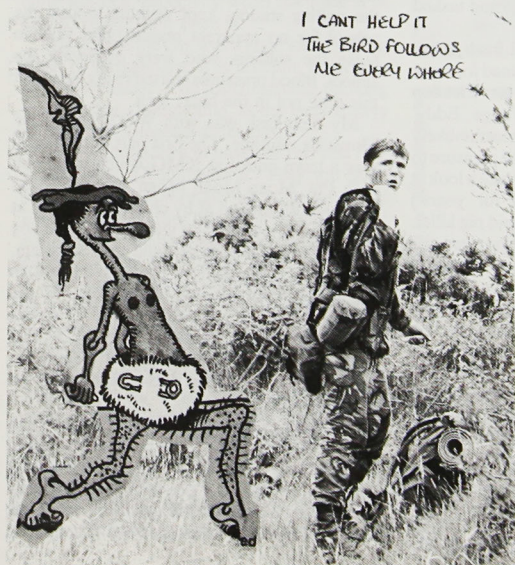
The platoon had just about got the hang of NTH, and everyone was now able to avoid being covered in yellow paint, when sure enough we were moved back to BBK. This time we were under the command of Letter C Coy 1 RGJ, and found ourselves back on Guards and ARF. This time the platoon discovered the delights of the PUCPs.

At the time of writing the platoon is preparing for yet another new task and that is the Camlough, Sturgan and Sugarloaf OPs. Though needless to say that we are prepared (and half expecting) to be re-tasked to some other far flung part of the ARB.

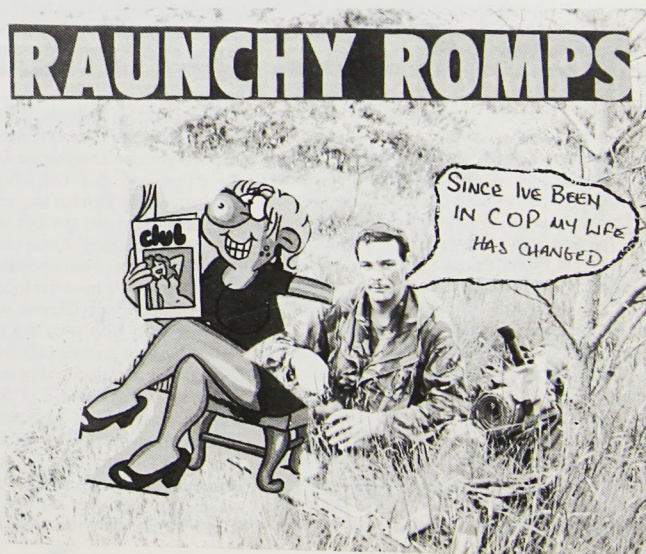




BECOME A SEXUAL SUPERSTAR!



RAUNCHY ROMPS



SURVEILLANCE COMPANY

A LITRARY FENOMI PHEENO PHYNOMINOM MASTERPIECE

by Lt M. G. BERNIER

'The sun seemingly dipped suicidally into Lough Ross' thus, was I tempted to begin these few words, in finest Dylan Thomas style, but I felt this inappropriate especially as this article was prompted by a Paymaster desperately seeking articles for this publication. Pointing out to the gentleman in question how well the company had supported the first edition brought accusations of literary premature ejection!! and renewed requests for a summary of the companies activities in the Province. This subject is well documented in both the first edition of 'Braganza' and the Regimental Journal.

So, do we really need another version, pointing out that what happened last month also happened this month and is highly likely to occur yet again next month? or shall I do an indepth analysis of the actions of the intrepid Pte Porter 'fearless' company combat clerk (his words) and his selfless devotion to duty, does the reader really wish to follow his efforts which in reality last for approximately 1 hour per day and happens at a speed which would make the slug appear as a serious contender for the World Land Speed record? No? Well then, how about the three dogs originally living on the Golfs? Difficult! because Moley (G30) went missing and is feared to have been the subject of retribution against SF. The mut resident for a very short period of time at G20



"Spot" the dog.

went absent due, so it is said, to a combination of, pique caused by the commanding officers refusal to believe in his rat catching capabilities and to a confrontation with an exceedingly large white rat, one or the other must have been bi-lingual because I am reliably informed by an eye witness that the legendary words 'this OP ain't big enough for the two of us' were passed between the two, resulting in the dog (of obviously small moral fibre) departing! As for drummer Dougal currently still resident at G10 (who like Gaskin likes his belly tickled), one can only say he has a non aggression arrangement with the rats at that location and having first passed, according to 'Nige', one exceedingly large Tape Worm, would I am sure make the excuse 'I've not been well'. His recent sojourn to XMG in the wake of 2Lt Digby Williams patrol would belie that, how-

ever an explanation of 'curiosity' could account for his unaccustomed activity, for surely to an informed bystander armed with the knowledge of a certain gentlemen inclinations involving flares and helicopters, who could blame him for not wanting to miss the next episode?

Who, could I single out, within the Company, for devotion to duty, greatest effort and impressive performance throughout the tour? Well obviously, a lot of effort, devotion and impressive performances have been made, this supported by the quiet and lack of terrorist activity in our areas. Perhaps comment is due and more apt on the increase to the population of Tidworth in the last few months, why? One asks oneself is the new addition to the CSMs household to be called 'Glen'? "Polly" is delighted, that just happens to be his christian name!!! No fewer than 5 members of the company have become fathers again or for the first time. It must be the Hampshire drinking water, or incorrect drills resulting in negligent discharges!

Perhaps our leaders, great and small are deserving of comment, Cpl Batt for example and his midnight forays into the company stationary cabinet, (caught red handed!) or perhaps Cope of Glassdrumman and his renegades about to declare UDI? how about 'aren't the 2IC and I handsome individuals' Dann, what about a short discourse on why Cpl 'Dutch' carries all those survival aides? Is Cpl Hansen really related to a Stick Insect and isn't V-E a really nice chap? The list is endless all deserving of comments enough to fill their own articles.

Maybe I should limit my own article to the fact that I don't have much to say, that hasn't already been said, because we have done our jobs to the best of our abilities and supported the Battalion as only a Support Company can!

Firstly, before I start on this unique piece of journalistic mastery which could be related to bed time reading, I would like to point out that I was bullied into writing this by the CSM as no-one else has bothered, dared or even considered writing or submitting anything for the Regimental magazine due to having better or more useful things to do.

As other company clerks will sympathise with me, the workload that had to be done when the company arrived was astronomical, the pushing out of proformas, forms, files and other clerical work seemed endless, and of course the making of coffee for the officers and NCOs who either have bottomless bladders or they carry portable toilets with them!

As time went on the soldiering instincts started to come through and an occasional patrol, visit to the OPs, a town patrol in XMG or an escort run to the airport seemed as wonderful and something to look forward to as much as someone who's going on holiday to Miami who has always been to Blackpool annually.

My first feel for freedom came in June in the shape of two dogs (Pte 'Babs Whitehouse' Slevin didn't know them) which had to be flown to G10 and G20 for the purpose of rat catching. Maj 'Where's my rifle Sgt Maj?' Knight obviously needed someone who was

I WAS THERE

suited for the task and called me into the Ops room, handed the dogs over to me and tasked me to take them on the area.

With the taste for freedom still fresh in my mouth I begged, grovelled and whined for more and it came in the shape of an Election Protection Patrol with 2Lt 'Vauge Eddy' Edwards and his multiple of the most unlikely looking soldiers I have ever had the pleasure to meet. (If you don't believe me just take a look at Pte ('I've had this black-head for years') Jenkins and Pte Belcher the intrepid pig killer. No sooner had we got out on the area the casualness of 'Eddy' came out and what was supposed to be a covert operation soon became an overt one. We used the toilets at the school (Cpl 'Spanner Face' Clayton wanted to use the girls one's so who were we to complain) to shelter and no sooner had we taken off our bergans a high velocity shot was heard but no splash mark was found. Cpl 'Rocky' (have you seen his face?) Sims was putting on his 9th INIBA when the QRF was crashed out and Pte 'I'm a Country boy' Sargeant was putting his porno mag away. It was soon realised that we hadn't been shot at, but the RUC were called in and they reckoned that it was pro-

bably just a farmer shooting vermin. As blood pressures began to resume normality the first people started to arrive to vote. A leather clad blonde, with the tightest leather trousers and skimpy top was obviously helping to organise the polling station, kept walking around the school for no apparent reason other than to tease the soldiers who were observing the school. Blood pressures started rising again but this time not in the heart area.

My next task was with WO2 'Go green' Howick's multiple. The first part of the patrol was a town patrol at XMG which went well with Pte 'Moan Moan Moan' Charles Jones and I getting stoned at by children and spat at by school girls and all for just telling a little boy politely exactly where he could put his toy gun, and asking the girls if he could give them his telephone number! The second part of the Patrol was a routine patrol of the OPs area doing normal patrol tasks such as VCPs and breaking fences with remarks like "Serves the paddy bastard right for putting it there in the first place"!!

My next exciting task was an 8 day stay at one of the Magistrate 5 star hotels with hot and cold running water (When the pumps working) and air conditioning (If you keep the blast doors open at night). Although I was only there on the admin side I was expected to stag on in

the tower and had my first real sighting of a known PIRA player. My stay was a real godsend as the break was long coming and I needed a break from the high society jet set life of BBK. Nothing exceptional happened while I was on the OP except that Pte Belcher was attacked by 3 Killer pigs (His words) while putting the swill out one night. All we could hear were screams for help and "Please, please oh please get them away from me AAAAGGGGGHHHH". The next day when it was time for him to take the swill out again he was heard saying that "I'm going to blast them Mothers away if they try anything tonight". Well what more can be said.

With the occasional run up to the airport to drop off and pick up people and to get the coffee perculator fixed that concludes my contribution to the Regimental magazine. Now with the end of the tour in sight it must be said that the light can be seen at the end of the tunnel. Although REMFs take a lot of flak for not doing anything that slightly resembles operational work, I can say I've done my little (and that's what it is) bit and of course I have the photos to show the girlfriend on a cold winters night when the talk is of when men were men and women were proud of it.

Surv Coy Clerk (Sometimes).



To Whom it may concern,

I would like to congratulate you, on your magnificent rebuild of the OP Magistrates, especially G20. I think it is marvellous the way you have put all the mod-cons into the place, like the special effects in the tower. When we go on stag, the feeling is like that of being aboard a trawler in the North Sea. You can feel quite sea-sick, especially when the wind is at gale force 12, as it often is.

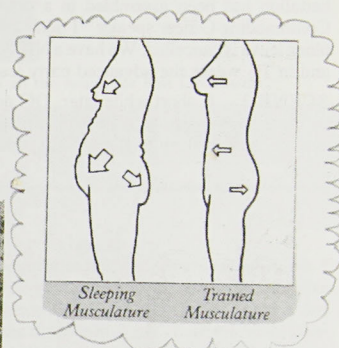
The floor to the Op, was a good idea, making it out of springboard. It is brilliant, especially when your asleep. You start dreaming, thinking that your on a trampoline, as the beds always move when someone walks past.

It was a good idea to have the rats and flies posted in to Drummukaval. They are quite friendly and will normally sit at the table and eat with us. The flies like drinking our tea and coffee. They will normally drink from the same cup in order to save on the washing up.

I must admit I have one complaint and that is about the SF sangar. It was nice of you, to allow us to have a swimming pool in there, when it rains. But you forgot to issue us with snorkling equipment and the plug is in the wrong position. Everytime we change stags over, the hatch is opened and most of the water is drained away, almost drowning the relief at the same time and we have to wait until it rains again for another.

Well thank you again for your brilliant ideas.

Yours sincerely, Pte K. J. McGarth.



Pte Shipton tries to decide what he wants most from his sex change.



1 RGJ

SCENE 1 – A sunny day at Soltau. There is a break in the training between the battalion and brigade test exercises which form the climax to the companies first mechanised training in 14 years.

Rfn X: "Sir, is there any truth in the rumour that my wife has heard that we are going to Northern Ireland this summer?"

OC (who after similar rumours in the past has learnt the value of the legendary "wife's net") replied: "Not as far as I'm aware. I'll check".

Later: OC to Bn 2IC: "Is there any truth in the rumour that we are going to Ireland?"

2IC: "NO. We are not going to Ireland".

OC to assembled Coy in the woods at Soltau: "There is absolutely no truth in the rumour we are going to Northern Ireland. Phone the wives and calm them down."

SCENE 2 – The same sunny day at Soltau 3 hours later. The whole battalion has been assembled in a dramatic change of plans. The Commanding Officer speaks: "I don't know how to tell you this. But block leave is cancelled. We have a NITAT Briefing on Mon and Tues and in 7½ weeks the advanced party leaves for Ulster."

SCENE 3 – A short while later. OC now with even less hair than before is sobbing gently in the back of his APC: "How are the riflemen ever going to believe anything I say again."

MORALS FROM THIS TALE (SO FAR!)

1. 2IC speaks with forked tongue.
2. Wives are rarely wrong.
3. Never commit yourself in public.

SCENE 4 – Recce 39 Inf Bde Briefing. Bde Major asks the first question: "Well it's good to see you. When are you coming? How long are you coming for? How many people are you bringing?"

CO 1 RGJ: "Surely that's what we're here with you to find out?"

Bde Major: "Oh well. Possibly."

SCENE 5 – Recce over. Training complete. The battalion has just returned from a short leave and the advance party leaves for Aldergrove the next day.

CO speaks to Coy Comds: "I've just heard from 39 Bde. The deployment has changed. Robin forget Ballykinler. You are now going to 8 Bde and will be spread from San Angelo to Belleek. Mike forget Newtownhamilton. You are now going to be in Bessbrook."

SCENE 6 – Two days later. CO speaks again for he is very talkative: "Mike forget Bessbrook. You and your company are now to move to Armagh. We'll leave Robert here with one of your platoons. We're all going on a summer holiday in Slipper City. Like Right now."

(CO beginning to wax lyrical under the volume of changes from on high).

MORALS OF THIS TALE

1. Brigade headquarters are the true enemy.
2. Time spent on recce in Ireland is mostly wasted.

* Soldiers are reminded that although the odd colourful phrase said whilst under extreme stress may be acceptable in certain circumstances, would they please think twice before they speak to avoid considerable embarrassment to those not in the least bit concerned. The following examples show that on the whole, it is mainly the more highly respected members of this establishment who are mostly at fault, and it is felt that these Officer's, whilst holding such responsibilities within the unit, should set a better example to those under their command.

1. "Come up to my room and I will show you a really good view".
(QM 1 RGJ to 2IC HQ Coy).
2. "I'd be more likely to hit if I threw the pistol at him."
(Asst Adjt 1 RGJ referring to her skill at arms)
3. "I could sit and look at this view all day."
(2IC HQ Coy to soldier in sangar, the soldier replied "yes ma'am, so could we").
4. "Ah yes, the Light Infantry – they go round in tanks don't they?"
(2IC HQ Coy showing off her substantial knowledge of all things Military).
5. "If there was a fire in the Mill, the place would go up like a bomb."
(2IC).
6. Soldier to 2IC HQ Coy: "Morning luv – or Ma'am."
2IC HQ Coy to soldier: "Do you call your soldiers love?"
7. Some interesting answers arose whilst passing away the nano-seconds by playing trivial pursuits.
"Who wrote the power and the glory?"
"Frankie goes to Hollywood wasn't it?"
"Wasn't it Alex Higgins who wrote the eagle has landed?"
8. Padre to 2IC HQ Coy: "I've only got two little ones now, but I used to have two really big ones!"
9. "Before you start you will have to hit him about a bit to soften him up."
Some fatherly advice from the padre.
10. "No, I'm sorry you can't speak to the Adjt – he's tied up at the moment."
2IC HQ Coy on the phone.
11. OC BBK Coy to Asst Adjt 1 RGJ: "I'll have you any time."
12. "You could have hours of fun playing with a thing like that."
2IC HQ Coy admiring ATO's latest piece of equipment.
13. "I've been interfered with yet again." – More complaints from the RSM.
14. "You wait, I'm going to come up there and give you a good thrashing."
2IC HQ Coy being challenged to yet another game of squash.



'The Black & White Minstrel Show' –
CSgt Barrett and Maj Martin.



Cpl Ray Ashton receives his GOC's commendation.

After the trials and tribulations of our arrival we as a company quickly settled down to life in BBK. This has been due mainly to the friendly way in which our hosts have treated us and the tasks they have asked us to do. It is a sign of trust perhaps that we have been given an additional platoon by them (the redoubtable 8 platoon under Gordon Fotheringham and Sgt Riches). The majority of the company are involved with preventing an attack on the Mill itself, with the remainder observing the TAOR from the hill tops or patrolling within it.

Life revolves in 50 day cycles around the various tasks the company performs. High-lights are undoubtedly rural patrols and the Condor OP's. Bessbrook has a few compensations and the standard of 4-a-side football and squash has risen since we arrived.

Life with the QUEENS has been and continues to be varied and fun and we all hope that the associations that have been cemented on this tour will last until the next!



'The excitement of the CLF's visits proves all too much for Rfn De Souza!'

POET'S CORNER

An interesting exchange took place recently through a succession of watchkeepers on the drag stag. Sgt Johnson started the ball rolling with the following piece:

"THIS IS YOU"

Whiskey Zero is always there
Whenever you're in trouble
Always first to say well done
And always first to bubble.

When Sergeant Daniels is on the net
No one else will talk
Because all we get from him is
Stop that awful squawk.

Captain Bedford he's always on
He will never go outdoors
He sits on stag and picks his scabs
Then flicks them at the walls.

The CSM comes on stag
And no one else can smoke
He even hides the ash trays
Now that's no flippin joke.

The Colour Sergeant Dann is on
Molar is his name
He can't remember what he's said
He's always been the same.

Now to Sergeant Johnson
He likes to do his stag
The only reason for this
Is to get his haverbag.

Now Sergeant Binns is on the ball
His VP it is good
But he can't lift the handset
And that is not so good.

You will not platoon commanders
Are missing from this verse
Its just that those commanders
Go from bad to worse.

The second in command, appalled at the slur on his good looks and quoting that the spelling left something to be desired returned the broadside with the following salvo:



'Bodie & Doyle', LCpl Horne and Rfn Collins.



'LCpl Hicks, 'Smiler' Jones, 'Davy' David' preparing to deploy once more.



24567178 Pte G Stag On
PVCP/Roof-top Sangar/Back Gate
c/o CCTV Room
1 QUEENS
BFPO 811.

Dear Mum, Dad and Family,

Just a few lines to let you know that everything is going just fine, and I'm really enjoying it over here.

The reason I sounded so happy on the phone the other night is because I have a really important job - tagging on in a Sangar, well my Platoon Commander said it is very important. Anyway its about time I did some work, I'm sick and tired with having time off. It was true what the careers man said, the Army does have some of the best Chefs in the world, plus the rooms are great too. I am now so happy in my job that I'm going to sign on for 9 years, just like my friend Bolton.

I am so glad to be in the best Army in the world. I hope these 4 months go slow because I never want to leave. It is the best posting I've had so far, who needs places like Gibraltar, Hong Kong and Cyprus? when there are places like this and Tidworth.

Well folks, I will have to finish because I have got the chance to get the sun-bed for an hour, because they have surgically removed our CSM from it.

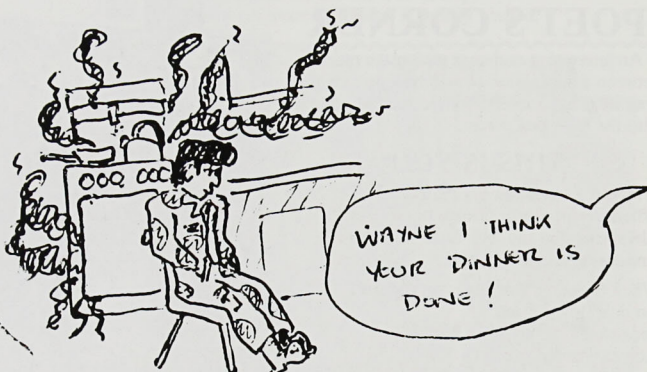
From your loving son,
GULLABLE.

Write soon!!!

Letter 'C' Company Duty Sig Waller as seen by himself.



STURGAN



OH WELL NEARLY FINISHED!



THE Q WORLD

All is well in the 'Q' world. The usual compliments are paid. The outposts are starving through lack of rations which even when we send, the pilots drop them on the pad. The rubbish still comes in bags designed to burst on arrival at the airhead. The equipment broken outside the Mill was like it when issued from the store. The patrols go out naked with slippers on their feet. Buildings fall down not by mortar fire but because we don't care. Documentation comes from word processors that can't count or spell. Yet with much effort and long hours the Admin staff try to give you the service you deserve.

ADMIN INTREP

Fact:- In order to take a well deserved day off the QM(A) invested a few RULES.

1. Leave Bessbrook with Ribs already broken.
 2. Join rear party.
 3. Attack garage door.
 4. Break the odd toe or two.
 5. Proceed to hospital for operations.
 6. Sign out crutches and head back to work.
- Comment:- There must be a easy way!!

The Life of An Armourer

Greetings from the Armourers cage, from where the bald Armourers and instrument team set forth on their daily war, with the problems of the new wonder weapon of the eighties and the equally robust instruments. The team of LCpl Crowther (9/12 Lancers), LCpl Flynn (Errol) and Cfn Borwick (Dougal) flit from location to location to render instant repair, almost, or a very good excuse in the usual technical mumbo jumbo believed only by REME as to why it can't be done. Most repairs seem to stem from people who inhabit these strange locations falling over, a very common happening it seems in this part of the world. Dwelling in the Armourers cage and controlling all this technical wizardry or at least the 1043 pad, is the ancient figure of SSgt Pen-Collings at the moment celebrating the last in a long line of PRE-inspections and his very last tour in Ireland.



"Another 2 or 3 minutes being photographed and then it's back to the washing up".

The QM(T) Gave Up Smoking

Smoking or No Smoking
Was the question asked by all
The QM left no option
So he hit the bloody wall.

Baccy, fags and papers
He gave them all away
God save us and salvation
This mood is here to stay.

To help him kick the Habit
And set him on his way
The Doctor gave advice
But twenty pounds you'll pay.

This feeling can't be right
All nerves begin to stray
With jaws in fluid motion
On chewing gum that's grey.

Walk around the Mill at night
Ranting and a-raving
Sod, sod and sod
Sod this bloody craving.

Shoulders hunched, Head bent down
Bad withdrawal is nigh
In Mill they dive for cover
As the QM marches by.

UAO IN BBK OR ARB (Or life in the Unit Admin Office)

Early one typical Bessbrook morning the phone rings. It's the Paymaster after someone to drive him to the Bank. Staff confirms that someone will be down in 5 minutes and then looks around his already busy office. He ponders. The boys have all got their heads down in concentration oblivious to the impending doom. Who shall it be.

Cpl Stevens is busy on the 'Star' Crossword but he is barred from driving anyway since his Int stint!

Cpl Lindsay is doing the 'Sun' crossword as he has already finished the 'Star' one. Oh no, he's on guard today!

Cpl Johnson doesn't feel well, he thinks his ulcers are playing up. Again!

Cpl Gladwell? No, he's dangerous behind the wheel of anything!

LCpl Bebb is getting his paperwork ready to go off on his visit to NTH.

Cpl Day is fitting his shoulder holster. He'll do, he's off touring half of Ulster anyway today for R and R runs, if he takes the Paymaster that's almost a whole day we'll be rid! Problem solved, back to the Telegraph crossword.

So starts another day in this extremely busy Unit Admin Office. Another day of ordinary people coming in from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. for any number of tasks which might include a cheque to be cashed, buying a phonecard, arranging their R and R flight, signing on or simply arguing with their documents according to PAMPAS. Occasionally of course someone comes in with a pay query. In these modern computerised days pay queries are few and far



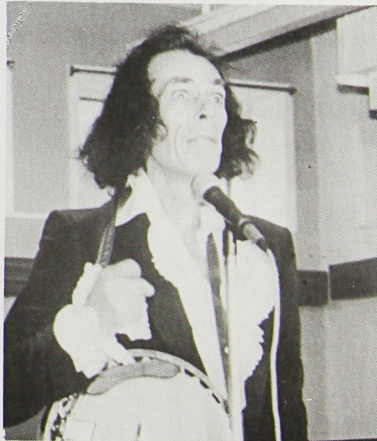
between though. Life now revolves around a little box called PAMPAS. Most days you will be able to pop in and catch Staff Medhurst sitting arguing with it, and losing.

Thus the UAO staff are kept busy during the day. After 8 p.m. the men can be found indulging in a variety of pastimes. Cpl Day is learning to play the guitar whilst Cpl Lindsay has purchased a harmonica (not mouth organ). Together they plan to tour the pubs and clubs of South West England getting free beer. Cpls Stevens and Gladwell regail each other with stories of crashes and near misses whilst practising for future employment as TV critics. There is of course the BBK 4-a-side soccer league. The UAO team meeting with mixed results: Played 8, won 4, drawn 2, lost 2.

Then there is the office squash ladder, dominated, surprisingly, by Cpl (Big Daddy) Gladwell at the top and supported by the Paymaster at the bottom.

All in all the tour is dragging by much as we expected, without any moments of memorable fun. Whilst most people have their Chuff Charts and can tell you how many days, minutes, seconds they have done or have to do, we rise above this sort of thing. Instead we can point out the following:

On average we are working an extra 45 hours per week for an extra £13.30. That equates to overtime of 30p per hour. Plus of course a medal for those who don't have one already (Paymaster, Cpls Gladwell, Lindsay, Stevens and LCpl Bebb). Ask them if its worth it. Somehow I feel I know what the answer will be.



SPORTING SCENE

Northern Ireland 15-A-Side Rugby Union Tournament

Various mutterings were overheard as 20 members of the 1st Battalion The Queens Regiment set out for Ballykinler to represent the Battalion in the Northern Ireland 15-a-side Rugby Tournament. These included "I'm sure they all appreciate just what a hard time we're having fighting the war.... Let's just try not to embarrass ourselves too much.... no chance to do any training.... scratch team.... etc., etc."

Matched preparation included the painting of 2Lt Moore's new boots so that the flash on the side would not clash with his hair and the taping of various appendages in the hope that they would remain with their respective owners body. Thus with the heavy aroma of Ralplex No. 5 heavy in the air, the team began the pre-match psyching session. This lasted all of 2 minutes since the heavens opened, which raised doubts as to whether Padre Jimmy Morrison was doing his bit. Everyone dived into a convenient tent and 2Lt Gibbins tried to raise team spirits by saying she wanted a "quick one in the back of the tent". It took the Padre a minute or two to explain that she meant a team photo.

With the team now dressed and actually looking the part, they launched themselves into the competition against 33 Ind Fd Sqn RE. However, neither side succeeded in making the earth move, although SSgt Medhurst had a pretty good attempt, and the match ended with no score. The second game, against the AAC started off on a much better footing with the Queens beginning to find theirs difficult in the slippery conditions. SSgt Medhurst had the honour of scoring the Queens first points of the day when the Sappers preferred to concede a few points rather than lose half their team trying to stop him in a well-worked penalty move. The resulting try went unconverted, and the Queens won 4-0. The Queens appeared to be struggling in their third match against the Grenadier Guards, and so Plan B was brought into action. Queens won 3-0 from a penalty by LCpl Ellingham, after resorting to such barbaric tactics as breaking their opponents kneecaps and tweaking the Drum Major's mous-
che. With their form improving every match, Queens stormed to a 17-0 victory against RAF Aldergrove, with a try each from Sgt Cox, Cpl Clayton and LCpl Ellingham who also took points from a conversion and a penalty. A mention here must go to LCpl Mountford and his epic trundle down the pitch. 1 Queens were now well in their stride and constant pressure resulted in a 10-3 win against 233 Signal Sqn, with tries from LCpl Pickers and LCpl Faith, and a conversion from LCpl Ellingham.

It was thus with smiling faces, high spirits and with only 3 points against them that Queens went through to the semi-final against 1 RWF. 1 hour 10 minutes later they stumbled off the pitch - triumphant but having paid a sore



price for victory. Some first class rugby was played by both sides, but neither team was prepared to give way. After no score the Referee decided the teams would play "sudden death". After a further 30 minutes of this the Referee reminded both teams that sudden death meant the first team to score as opposed to the first to drop dead from exhaustion. The Padre's cry for help from above was answered in the form of 2Lt Vaughan-Edwards, who wrapped up 70 minutes of totally captivating play by scoring his first try of the tournament. With Vague Eddy now the most popular man in NATO, the team crawled off the pitch to hear that they were playing against 33 Fd Sqn RE in the final, their opponents in the first game.

Queens bravely tried to summon up their last reserves of energy, but the rigours of the previous match had inevitably taken their toll, and they lost 16-0. However, although their fatigue was evident, it was their courage and determination that showed through most. The team are to be congratulated on an impressive start to what promises to be a great season.



Northern Ireland 6-A-Side Hockey Tournament

With 1 Queens fast making a name for themselves as monsters on the sports field, the hockey teams had a reputation to keep up as they entered the NI 6-a-side tournament held at Lisburn on Sat 12 Sept 87. 2 teams were entered in the competition, which featured representatives from various units all over NI, matching their skills against each other in a 5 minute each way fight to the finish. All agreed that the time limit imposed considerable restrictions on the capabilities of both teams, with the players barely managing to work up a sweat before the whistle blew. Nevertheless Team A are to be congratulated on reaching the semi-finals against the Green Howards. However, luck was not on their side with a couple of shots going wide of the goal, and the team were forced to bow gracefully to a 1-0 defeat.

TEAM A: Capt Brown, 2Lt Wright, WO2 Leighton, Cpl Clements, LCpl Canessa, LCpl Ellingham, Cfn Hanson, Pte Compton.

TEAM B: Lt Owen, Sgt Sharratt, Sgt Clarke, LCpl Hall, Pte Evans, Pte Ollerenshaw, Pte Trop, Dvr McGlinchey.

The pioneers they are but three
Oh how lonely life can be.
In wooden huts they hide from me
That's Bob, Doug and Crow you see.

The work they do has much meaning
Don't waste time on idol dreaming
Escorts, guard and area cleaning
Tools and faces shining, beaming.

For Queens, RE's and PSA,
Do any task, come what may.
Working, working night and day
Nerves of steel that never fray.

To the front they must go
To all OPs high and low
With hammer, nail and heavy blow
For you they give a splendid show.