

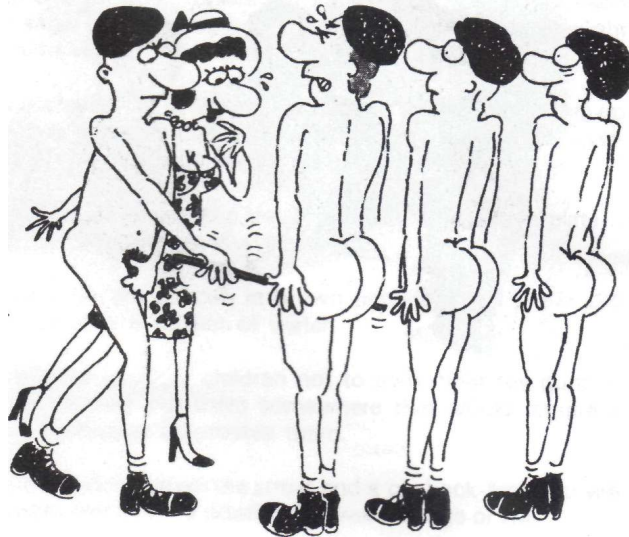


OVERHEARD CONVERSATION



The Buffs.

Brrrrring — Brrrrring, (phone ringing)
"Yeah"-
Whatya mean Yeah, you say your last 4 numbers.
"0052"-
Not them numbers, your phone number.
"As a matter of fact what are yours?"—
"0449"
That means nothing to me (Phone put down).



The lights in Ward 18 kept going out to the dismay of Les 'Florence' Wilson and Brian 'Nightingale' Upson.....



A LAMP IS ONE THING... BUT WEARING THE BLOODY UNIFORM AS WELL!!

TAC HQ SGTS' MESS

LETTER TO REAR PARTY

Dear Benny and all Rear Party,

Well just a few lines about all the lads here at TAC. We were wondering if you could send a few bob over here from all that LOA you, Charles and all the rest are still pulling? Anyway this is how we is at the moment mates—we have a lot of trouble pinning people down here in the Mess, a few of us even wear uniform just to show the old flag. The RSM is tunnelling his way out, under the distraction of his TV volume being up all the time in his room. In order to be well supplied—he is sneaking condensed milk sandwiches for his survival pack. He also has a map of Wigan (Well—any port in a storm!).

Chiefy is collecting TV cuttings as he is gonna be a T.V. critic inbetween taking the lead out of his pencil. We have heard, from Scragger, who keeps an eye on the showers, that Chiefies pencil is now quite long!

Scragger is also keeping all the soil from the RSM's tunnel in his bunk—he is starting a mushroom farm (Well his bunk smells like it?).

Johnny Taylor is busy giving Charlie Henshaw the kiss of life-cos Charlie is "on the blanket" (or is it—in it?). In fact Johnny Taylor will give anyone the kiss of life, they only have to ask. Bob Jones is still on the pill, Barry Mason is constantly on the alert-testing the armchairs in the mess and writing to contact ads. Pete Kearse and Brian Hayward are still "humping along," with Pete being Butch about it all. Mick Barnett isn't very popular—he's put the price of his hamburgers up.

Fritz is finkin' of taking up Scuba diving, he reckons them rubber suits and all that----Phils got one! Ray Greengrass is still looking for Paddy Cetamol and E. Nema, both known terrorists. Rumours that Ray Young has a bed on wheels are not true—he kips in the Veg Store! Steve Kent is studying hard for entry to RGB (or Netley).

Hey Benny you'd never believe what muscles gets up to—Bud Taylor does! Jock Patterson has a new hero—John Travolta. Jock Burns is collecting spare tyres (Mrs. Burns take note).

All that is left to mention is Paddy Ryan who is the most decent, nice, ace bloke what I have ever met. Even I think so.

Luv,
Paddy Ryan.

P.S. —If anybody doesn't understand this letter—tough luck, get your body out here and we'll explain it.



How do you recognise an Irish Hippy? Flared Wellingtons.

A man walked into a pub and asked the barman if he had heard the latest Irish joke.

'I'd better be warning you' said the barman, 'I'm Irish myself. 'That's OK.' said the man. 'I'll tell it slowly'.

Paddy looks up from his newspaper at breakfast and says to his wife. 'I'll never be understanding how it is that people always die in alphabetical order.

After O'Reilly had jumped a red light and smashed into another car, he dashed over to the other vehicle to discover that the driver was a priest. 'Good God man, you almost killed me', said the badly shaken priest 'I'm truly sorry Father. Here,' said O'Reilly taking a bottle from his pocket, 'Drink some of this whisky, it'll still your nerves'.

The grateful priest gulped some down and then started shouting again. 'What do you think you were doing? I am lucky to be alive'.

'Oh Father, I'm so sorry. You will feel a lot better after you drunk some more of this?' The Priest had a few stiff gulps and then asked, 'Why don't you have a drink?'

'I don't think I will, thank you Father, said O'Reilly. 'I'll just sit here and wait for the priest'



LIFE AS A MEMBER OF THE BLACK HAND GANG

Many incidents have happened to us since our 'Gang' arrived in Belfast. We crave for R & R and German beer. We find the English TV boring and long to watch programmes we can't understand (any excuse for an early night). Anyway back to the incidents I spoke of.

OC Echelon, who shall remain nameless, decided that this would be an ideal time to get ourselves 'fit and Healthy' before getting back to Werl. He also felt that this was his biggest chance ever of knocking the MT back into shape. So PT was the order of the day, three days a week was the solution, and 0630 hrs. was the time. "Bloody 0630 in the morning" everyone in the camp cried out, "it an't fair, we need our sleep" was quoted by all. What was said about OC Echelon is unprintable.

The first day went out without a hitch, everybody was puffed out and well and truly "knackered." However on the 2nd day the MTO felt that this PT was all to 'basic' for him (i.e. Kids' stuff) he decided he would do his own thing. His first attempt at a Backward Somersault, whilst on a skateboard, blindfolded and one arm strapped to his leg (left arm) proved to be beyond his powers. Hence he missed the next three periods, walked with a limp, wore gloves and only took his face mask off at night, when alone in his bunk (if you are interested as to what happened to the Skateboard, he was given it to his wife as an anniversary present). He is going to buy a Whip to go with the blindfold.

Sgt. Mick Broad was next on the list to have a run of misfortunes, it was to do with the fleet of cars that belong (to the Bn.) to Sgt. Broad and the MTO, who guard the cars jealously, and Nobody, unless vetted and lectured on 'How to be Kind to My Car,' gets near them, let alone drives one. Anyway Micky Stewart and the MTO decided to drive into the City Centre to sort out some licences (or so they claimed) the MTO let Mick Broad drive. Before they left camp they carried out a thorough Pit Check, and then proceeded to the camp gates, with Mick looking grave and all tensed up ready to start his "Hazardous" mission. In the meantime the MTO was keeping a tight grip on a £1 note (rich man) (to pay for the licence).

The gate was opened by a rather surprised sentry who obviously had not seen the MTO in civvies. He had opened one half of the gate and went to open the other half when a gust of wind (force 10?) blew the gates into the side of the car. The MTO in sheer frustration again tried to do a backward somersault, caught himself in the seat belt and nearly strangled himself; ex Micky Stewart tore up his driving licence (didn't know he had one) banged his

head on the roof and vowed never to drive again. The rest of the gang found it very amusing and asked him if he had anymore tricks up his sleeve.

Sgt. 'Peblo' Crane, who has come to keep us company for five weeks, has got himself a cushy job driving our Laundry van. He spends most of his time in civvies, and his uniform is beginning to get mouldy. On receiving the news of Ex Micky Stewart's escapade, he decided he would go one better. This was achieved with no problem at all. One cold dark morning Ex Micky Stewart and 'Slim' Parker noticed the van doors lying on the ground and Peblo trying to do a backward somersault "just like the MTO." When he fell to the floor in a heap he said "the van door just fell off on its own, there was a clatter and a bang and I was most surprised to see the doors on the ground." There was a pig near by and it is suspected that he ran into it, although this is strongly denied by Pebs.

LCpl Steve Harrngton who is on loan to C Coy has got himself the finest room in Belfast. Its a mobile caravan/Office, which is covered in posters from top to bottom with the most beautiful pin-ups. We have offered him alternate accommodation, but he has declined the offer. He spends most of his time there and it is almost impossible to find him out of it between the hours of 1600 hrs and 0830 hrs (it makes you wonder what he gets up to!).

Our good friend Cpl. Yorcky (throw em off) Ridsdale was most upset to find that there was no Whiskey on sale in the 'Golly Shop.' He hasn't been the same, since he can't stand Guinness as it makes his eyes water.

Pte Sekharan (Black Beard) was caught sending razor blades to East Africa, thinking he was on to some exporting game and making himself a dishonest buck. It was decided to question him, it was then we learnt the truth. He has a

brother in Africa who can only get Chinese Razor Blades. These he says 'Chops' him up a bit and he prefers the English one (very patriotic).

Biggies Grey (Actually Group Captain) can be seen most days eyeing the Helipad, and when a helicopter lands he rushes off to get his camera to take a photo. He often thinks about his childhood ambitions of being a pilot, but decided not to join the Army Air Corps as he felt that the Army 'needs' his skills more than the AAC (He was right of course).

Our POL Chap 'Dip Stick' Eddie Allum has taken to watching Michael Bentine's potty time on T.V., and can be seen most nights with eyes glued to the T.V. Set, waiting for Potty Time to begin. We also understand that he has fallen in love with a girl called Janice. He gets rather confused between Potty Time and Janice. Never mind Eddie — 'Jesus Loves You.'

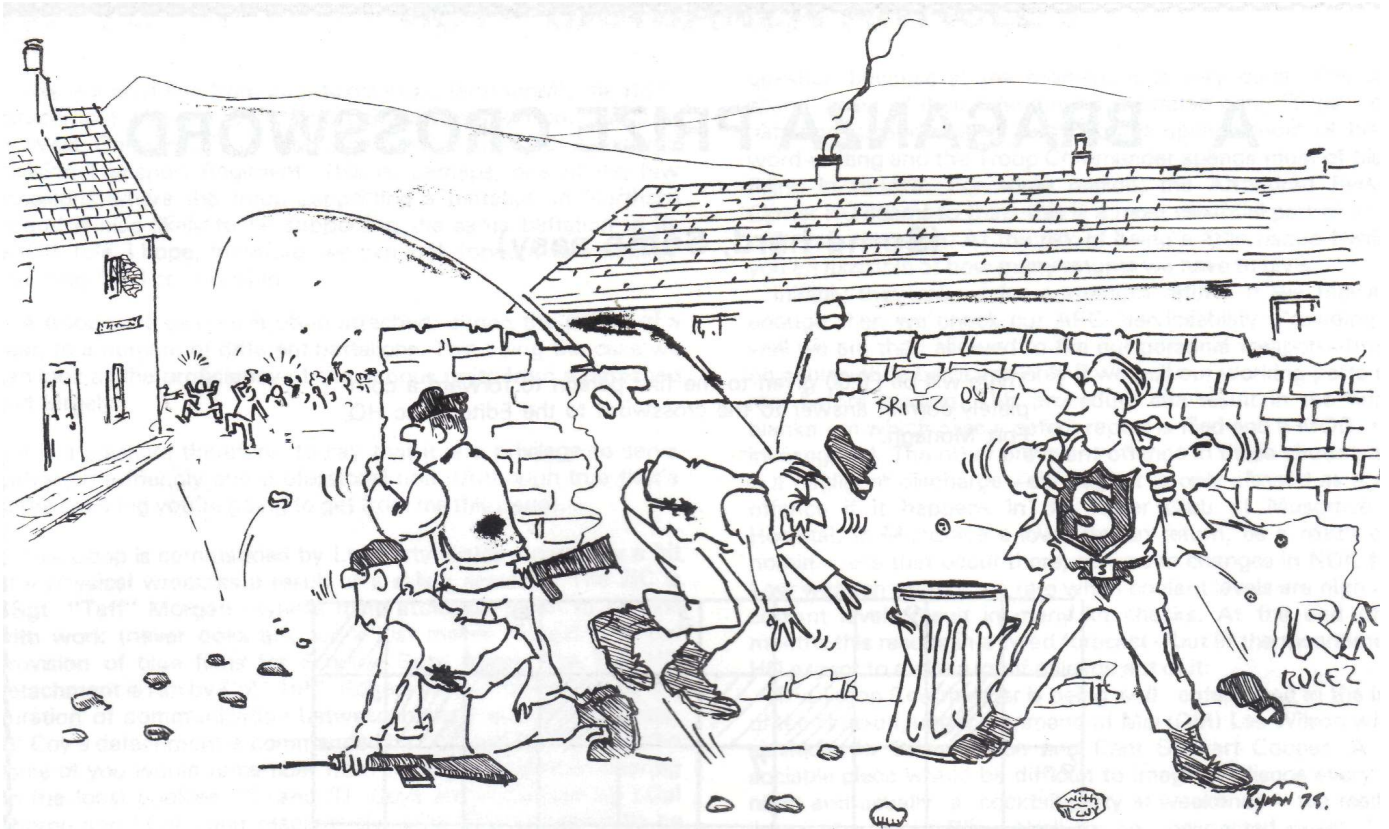
Martha Tilling has just decided to renew his driving licence, many may not think it odd but considering it expired two years ago it does seem strange (Crazy World).

Sudge Gupper Martin wanted to enter the driver of the year competition. He insisted he was the best driver on the MT; "No one could touch me" were his exact words. After two accidents he has withdrawn his claim, and made the way clear for someone much younger and Better. "Its my Diet" he said "it makes me weak and tired."

Pte Ray Chaliis has managed not to get lost yet, but it is understood he is working on it (well done, keep it up).

Congratulations are in order for Cpl. Frank D'SA on his promotion to Cpl.— well done Frank. It has been discovered that his girlfriend has bought him a stuffed Owl as a farewell present, and at night he kisses and cuddles it and takes it to bed with him. Well, whatever turns you on baby.





"I wonder how our new platoon commander will get us out of this one!"

Cpl. Fred (Little S + It) Holloway also known as 'Adolf still persists in wearing his bedroom slippers, even on hospital guard, he says he just loves the comforts of home. At present he is finding it hard to change his sheets, as he can't find the time to get out of bed, and no one knows how to change his sheets with Fred still between them. Beryl will be pleased to know that he thinks he is pregnant (it must be the Irish bacon).

Slim Parker has been on a diet for about a week now, he informs us that he has lost 12 lbs. but we can't see any difference. The morning PT is giving him some bother as he can't do the three backward somersaults that the MTO can do blindfolded on a skateboard with one arm tied up, but he still tries. You want to watch out Katherina —I think you are in for a shock, you are going to have an athletic Monster on your hands. He reckons that the Kilt you are buying him will fit him, by the time the tour is completed. Slim playing the 'Bagpipes' whatever next.

LCpl. Wally Wall is doing fine, he is still miserable and chunters away all day and every day. It has been discovered that he has given up drinking and smoking. He is trying to improve his 'image.' "An Irish man with an image? Never." Some day he is hoping to find a bride and wants to settle down, when it happens (Oh my god).

LCpl. Jimmy Mount hasn't been the same since he arrived here. He reckons he is overworked and when he is not

working he is on guard. Come on everybody—Poor Jimmy —AAH. Jimmy is saving like mad to buy an anniversary present for his wife. You are in for a good R & R Roxy. Sorry he can't get his long weekends.

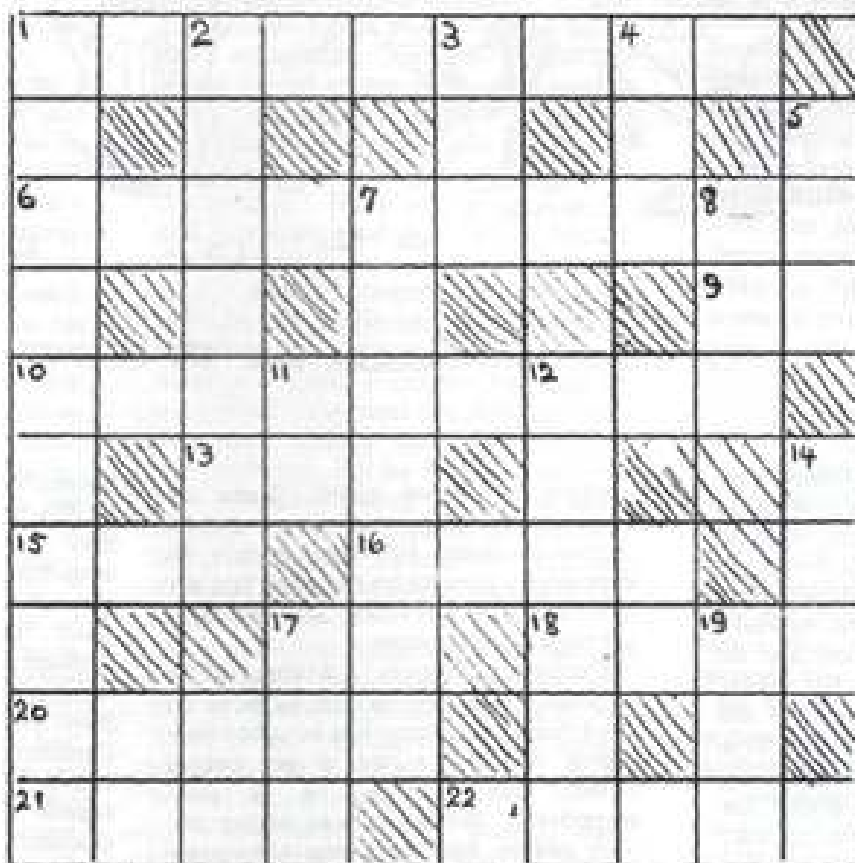
Graham 'Tommy' Atkins (The original) celebrated his 21st birthday on the 4th of July. Jimmy has bought him a rubber doll and a bag of jelly babies (watch out Tommy, he is after something). Whilst he was eating the Jelly babies Martha Tilling kidnapped his rubber doll. He was very heart broken and annoyed about it so he went to see his mate Ginger Hobbs to see if he could do anything. Ginger got his mate Thomo to help him and together they worked out a plan to rescue the Rubber Doll and capture the notorious Martha, who I might like to add is known throughout the Bn. as 'Martha The Dreaded Doll Snatcher, whose licence is two years out of date.' So at midnight on the.....(can't tell the date, security reason) they crept into the night. Ginger with his Clasp Knife gripped tightly in his teeth, both naked except their regimental ties so as not to have the rustle of the clothes give them away. As they approached a Bar Shack they could hear the sound of a disco going on in full swing. They guessed that this must be the place as "Martha The Dreaded Doll Snatcher, whose licence expired two years ago" was known to be the only person who played Max Bygraves

'You Need Hands' at this time of the night. So carefully they worked out a plan, using sign language so as not to be heard, at the given time (again for Security reasons, must remain secret) Ginger dived through the window Thomo smashed his way through the door, and both of them were confronted with "Martha the Dreaded Doll Snatcher" dancing away with the rubber doll, who he had named Minnie the girlfriend of "Martha the dreaded doll snatcher, whose licence expired two years ago." Ginger leapt at Martha who was dancing to Max Bygraves, there was a fierce struggle. Martha grappled the knife from Ginger's mouth, Thomo who was pulling himself (a pint of DD) saw that his help was needed, so putting on a new disc he 'jived' over to the fighting pair, Martha had at this time ripped away Ginger's regimental tie, this really made Ginger's blood boil. The struggle went on, all of a sudden there was a loud hissing noise, everything went quiet, including the disco. Minnie was deflated, in one big heap on the floor. The brave pair picked her up and took her to Tommy Atkins who immediately got out his Puncture Outfit kit and tried to revive poor Minnie. It was no good, "Martha the Dreaded Doll snatcher, whose licence expired two years ago" had had his way with her.

A BRAGANZA PRIZE CROSSWORD

(Some hard. Some easy)

There will be £5.00 given to the first person to forward a completely correct answer to the crossword to the Editor, Tac HQ, Fort Monagh.



Clues Across

1. This coin could equally be a monarch.
6. Tangled affairs, difficult to find one's way out of.
9. Much used expletive!
10. Eastern female slave or concubine.
13. Prefixing the male of a feline species.
15. I, as understood in Latin.
16. Young not fully trained hawk.
17. Indefinite article.
18. The other half with recuperation.
20. We perform our loyal one seated.
21. Unit of thermal energy.
22. Bright blue pigment

Clues Down

1. To be avoided against a sky line for example.
2. With pulsating effect.
3. An old testament prophet.
4. A Maltese stomach for sailors perhaps.
5. Podery residue of burning.
7. Clothing, as often referred to in biblici
8. Where Sir Walter defied the Armanda in Plymouth.
11. — and behold
12. Silica in various forms—often black or containing gold.
14. The type of diminutive surgeon, exemplified by James Herriot.
19. Title preceding Christian name of Knight or Baronet

RCT-BRAGANZA ARTICLE 1

This is a brief line from your taxi service (armoured), the RCT detachment. We are 'B' Troop 21 Squadron and from Duisburg in West Germany, here we form part of the 3rd Armoured Division Transport Regiment. This is, perhaps, one of the few occasions where the troop supporting a battalion in Northern Ireland is also likely to be supporting the same battalion in its BAOR role. I hope, therefore, we can look forward to a friendly and long-lived relationship.

A troop such as ours is often attached, during the period of a year, to a number of different battalions. This being the case we can look at the proficiency of the various units from a detached and largely

It is a pleasure therefore, to say that it is a privilege to serve with such a friendly and professional unit. (Although true that's all the crawling you're going to get from me this issue).

This troop is commanded by Lt. Marty Hislop—currently a bit of a physical wreck as a result of a skiing accident. The 2IC is SSgt "Taff" Morgan—whose main attributes seem to be skill with work (never does any work just makes things) and the provision of blue films for Echelon Sgts' Mess. The Tac HQ detachment is run by Cpl "Taff" Rogers whose main ability is the duration of communication between himself and the mattress. 'B' Coy's detachment is commanded by Cpl Tom Carruthers who some of you would remember from 1976/77—presently clearing up the local bookies. 'C' and 'D' Coys are supported by LCpl Thorne and LCpl Long respectively. LCpl Thorne seems to be vying with your boxers for the local fitness title. LCpl Long is getting worried from time to time—but from the letters he's been receiving they don't concern his virility—only the results of it!!

You may wonder what we do all day— and that's a very good

question because at the moment it is very quiet. The drivers spend most of their time driving armoured cars, "Pigs", or the battalions's land-rovers. Staff Rogers spends most of his time word-writing and the Troop Commander spends most of his time filling in returns. For some reason, the Armoured Personnel Carrier HQ seems to think this is a most essential part of a young officers' education. At the risk of being a little risqué I will give you an example of how many returns we have to give:

Initially they ask us for a strength return. If we feel strong enough then we check our APC serviceability. Providing all is well we are then allowed to fire our personal weapon—but only on a fortnightly basis and only if we pull our working parts to the rear before loading. This procedure can result in the firing of blanks—in which case a defect report is filed and a MOD return investigated. The other prevalent offence in these circumstances is a negligent discharge—although it is only classed as a minor offence if it happens in the Keller Club at Musgrave Park Hospital. In Musgrave a low weapon return, as a result of the nominal rolls that occur there, can mean changes in NOK forms. Low weapon returns are rare when coolant levels are high—high coolant levels result in many kit checks. At the end of four months this results in a tired forecast—but in the meantime Sqn HQ expect to make a lot of mileage out of it.

The Troop Commander is being well entertained in the luxury of the Echelon, under command of Maj (QM) Les Wilson with his sidekicks Lt Brian Upson and Capt Stewart Cooper. A more sociable place would be difficult to imagine—discos every other night and usually a cocktail party at weekends—we really are living the life of Riley. Well for an unexpected guest, I have probably overstayed my welcome already so I will say a brief goodbye; you'll be hearing from me again shortly. By the way if any o* you can write out how many returns have been mentioned in this little piece a small prize will be awarde

OK OK! I'LL GET YOU SCRAMBLES EGGS



RADIO ROOM TOP TEN

1. Mind Blowing Decisions
2. Like Clockwork
3. You're the one that I want
4. Night Fever
5. If I Can't Have You
6. Money-Money-Money
7. Boom-Bamg-A-Bang
8. If You Want It Here It Is
9. Knocking On Heavens Door
10. I'm Singing In The Rain-

Kestrel Playtime Rats
Trigger
C.O.P.
Acorn Story
The Gollies
Felix
Pronto
The Hawkeyes The Mobiles'

Walk down to Belfast's Blue Lagoon
Where you will find the Signal Platoon
Just laying around in the sun
Playing cards and having fun,

Tim McD just lost a penny
No one tell his wife Jinny
Poor Bob Jones is taking a nap
Wishing it were on Marie's lap.

Theres Rick Malam telling jokes
Sipping away at Brandy and Cokes
RaY Buckwell gets this line
To tell his wife he's doing fine,

If your looking for our Mothers
Look in camp under the covers
With Jock Burns he's doing fine
Collecting nuts for winter time,

There's Bob Easton playing trains.
Giving a lift to Bernie Haines
Bernie Haines he's our Granny
Wishing he was riding with his Annie,

Look there over the sea
You'll find the men from 590
Baker, Lynch, Young and Lowe
What's their first names' I don't know.
Its in their work we think them grand
How they do it I dont understand.

Now to all you the wives I've missed out
In Frustrations give me a shout
I promise you I'll pass the test
To put you in, I'll do my best.

(THUMPER)



Well here we are at last In the city of Belfast.
The population all so friendly
Just like being home in Henly

They came to meet us all so grand
The IRA with its own Pipe Band
All in green they looked so jolly
We don't mind losing all that lolly.

This unspoiled city with its parks
Where lovers stroll after dark
In the pubs they sing with glee
When the see little old me.

Going for a walk in the city centre
With no restrictions to all who enter
So, with these guns we'll shoot pheasants
And give to them as birthday presents.

So give this message to them all
The Army, the Navy but most of all
TELL THE MARINES . . .

(THUMPER)

D COMPANY NOTES

In last May, the company, with the rest of the Bn, entered a period of intensive training. During our 3 days in Tin City, we had more incidents than it would appear we are ever likely to encounter during 4 months in Belfast!

The Advance Party arrived in Belfast on June 13th, and the Main Body arrived on June 21st. Our base is the "Woodburn Hotel", For those of you thinking in terms of AA star ratings, this "hotel" is a partial derelict! The top floor hasn't changed since the place was burnt down. We received a good handover from C Coy 3 PARA, and have been able to get down to work in our area. . The "paper war" marches on relentlessly, and one sometimes wonder which war we are here to fight!

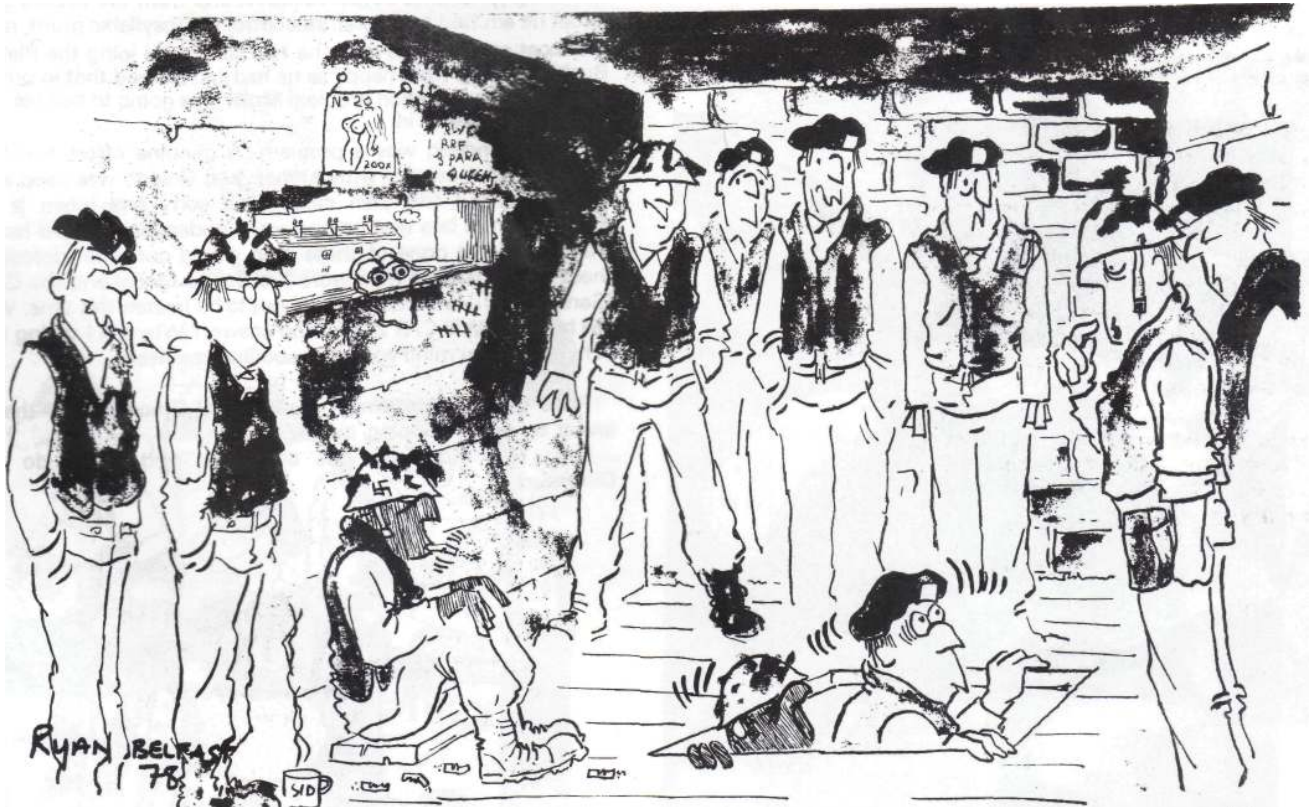
The Coy area is mainly Catholic dominated by the Lenadoon area. The Catholic Ladybrooke area is another staunchly Republican part and adjoining it is the Protestant Suffolk area. There have been problems over the various interfaces in the past. However we can only hope that further problems do not arise during our tour. Among our tasks are guarding the RUC's vehicle workshops and the GOC's house. The attractions of the former are somewhat luscious, but of the latter, there is a swimming pool and a tennis court! It is even rumoured that the CSM may spend his R and R at the GOC's residence, conditions are so comfortable!

To date we have had no real incidents, although a few suspect

bombs have been dealt with. One was close to the Main Gate, and after a controlled explosion, was found to be the remains of a take-away Chinese meal! There have been a few finds. The OC's Rover Group has been renamed the "Rummage" group by its members, because of the OC's prediction for roaming through the quarries of Belfast. During one of these expeditions to the Belfast winterland, Pte White discovered a quantity of detonators hidden in a tree stump. On another expedition, LCpl Woolton found bullet holes in a car, which led Pte May to find some empty 9 mm cases at the firing point. At least we now know what the IRA use for target practice.

From the talk about quarries, you will gather that we have a fairly large rural patch. It certainly adds variety compared to previous Belfast tours, stuck in the 'delightful' urban areas. Sgt Paine had the top company "find", when he was tasked to go to a pick-up-point. The hoped for bags of weapons turned out to be 4 lbs of smoked bacon, delivered by the night-watchman at a local bacon factory.

Life here goes on fairly quietly, although the level of patrolling is as high as ever. The marching season begins soon, and we can only hope it passes off quietly, which will no doubt entail considerable numbers of troops on the ground. R & R starts in a few days time, and to all our followers in the UK and Germany, we can only say, "3½ months to go !!"



LOOKS LIKE THE SARNT' MAJORS GOT THE DUTIES WRONG AGAIN!!

MEDIAEVAL DINOSAURS

N.B. This story has absolutely nothing to do with dinosaurs. THE SCENE: Somewhere in Belfast. (unfortunately, a more accurate position cannot be given as the Platoon Commander is navigating.)

In a stately home-mischievously called Block 8, DO NOT REMOVE, by that fun crowd at the Department of the Environment—the soldiers of C/S 21 sat in troubled meditation as each man considered the crisis. The problem seemed insurmountable, as is that word to most of the troops, and yet every man doggedly searched for an answer to the question; "Is Pte Archer for real, and, if so, what is he?"

The puzzled faces around the room were a study of consternation, (Nation McEwan), except of course Smudgers Face, which grows more and more like that of a conger eel each day. (Despite that, he's really such a nice boy). Flynn picked his brains until the stitching of his boots came undone, and the way in which he endured the pain as he thought was an example to everyone.

Thomas sat over in the far corner, staring at the wall. Intellectually, the two were well matched, although the wall probably had the edge in intelligence as the plaster had started to come away from behind Thomas's ears. Thomas himself had only just got over his own personal crisis, as he had just failed to qualify in the Cambridge heats of that well known TV programme, "The Old Grey Matter Test." Still, he looked happy enough as he drew colourful Ban the Bomb signs and scrawled Love not War all over the place.

Cpl Kelling was unusually quiet as he stood in the centre of the room, underneath the easy chair. The traffic cone that was stuffed three -• -ts of the way down his neck could have had something to do with it. Then, by the window, there was the slightest movement, and all eyes turned on Bushby. Slowly, agonizingly, his jaws began to move, and from the depths of his throat he emitted a guttural, staccato, monosyllabic grunt. It was the most constructive thing he had said since joining the Platoon. Bushby was far from happy as he had just learned that in order to ease the accomodation problem Molar was going to pull his teeth out and put beds in.

Yes this indeed was a problem. A genuine effort had been made to communicate with Archer, and Golden was used as an interpreter, but this plan came to a sorry end when it was discovered too late that no one could understand a word he said either. And yet none of these men would concede defeat. All these veterans—each man wore the Soltau Medal and the GSM (Sennelager) —were determined not to be beaten this time. What will happen? Will C/S 21 find the answer? Why am I asking you? Why don't you mind your own sodding business?

Read the next instalment of Medieval Dinosaurs for the answers to these gripping questions.

N.B. This story still has absolutely nothing to do with Dinosaurs.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Please God, Guide us
Through this four month tour
So we may live to fight
Another war.

Let there be no
Terrorist enemys
So we may go home
With only memories.

Let us never be afraid
And run
Throw away the bomb
And destroy the gun.

The life of peace
Has been forgotten
The average Paddy
Has often been rotten
Lets not live
a life Of sin
Let us go home
To our own kin.

BY:C.J.



**Now go to your corners –
Keep it clean and come
Out fighting**



2 PL NOTES

The Platoon has settled down to its summer holiday with a minimum of fuss. Some members however have found the transition from dreary, old Werl to bright sunny Belfast a little more distressing than they perhaps thought.

Cpl Tidey telegraphed home for a Red Cross parcel. Thankfully it has arrived and it contains all those articles so necessary to the young soldier serving overseas; a pair of yellow marigold rubber gloves, a bugs bunny apron, and of course some brillow pads.

Romance has blossomed as it should on holiday. Stiff Section, under the dynamic leadership of Benzair have wooed Jackie and Margaret to a standstill. However Norman Storeman has shown amorous intentions in the same direction and this has led to inter-section rivalry.

LCpl Hall is a cowboy . . .

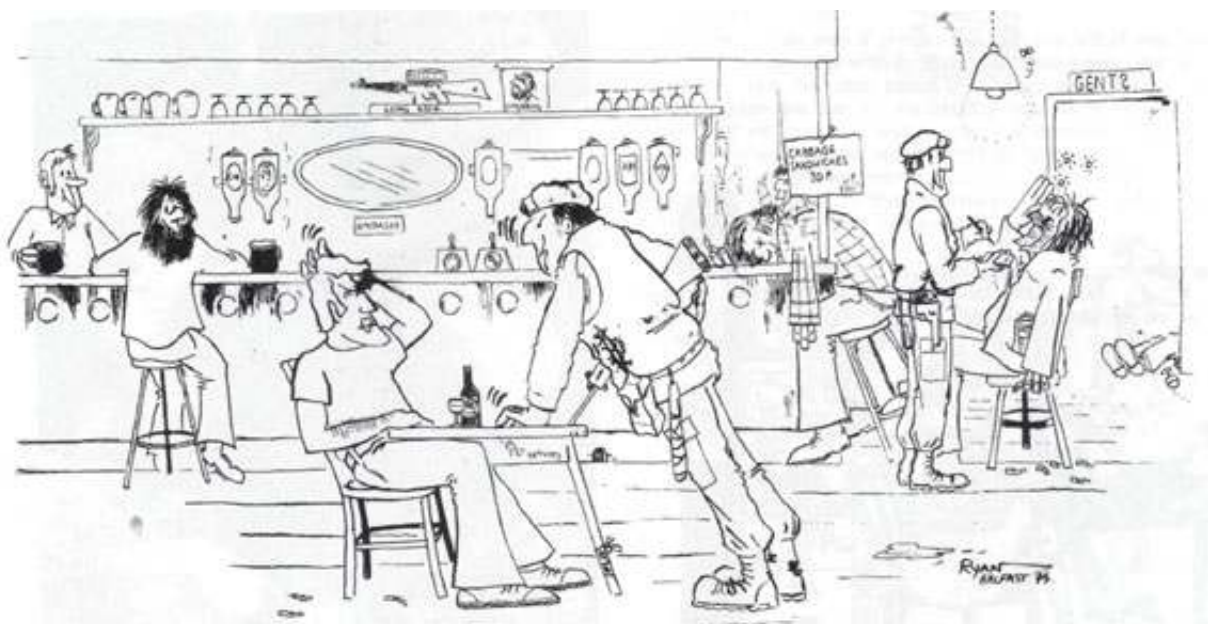
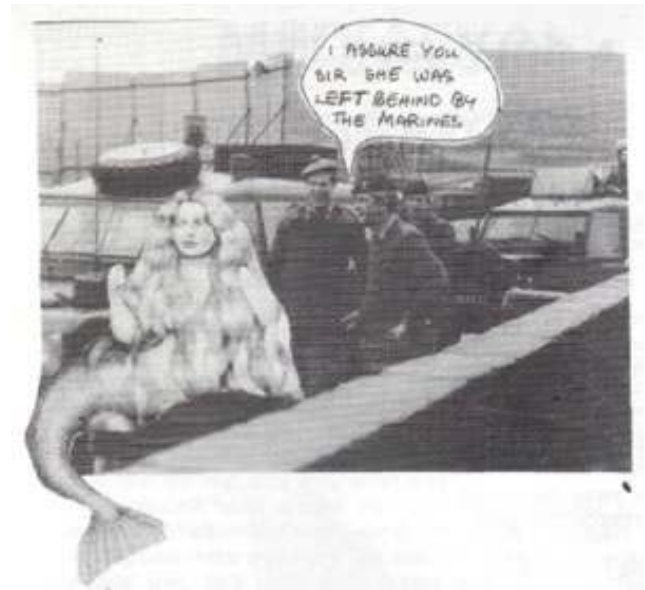
LCpl Dickson does not like taking abuse from 8 year old Paddies, even if they are black ...

Myers is now the Platoon Commander's ginbrewer...

Frost is going through an emotional period...

Banzai hot pursued a battalion photographer... The Platoon Commander hot pursued a broom ... Things are running normally.

Quote of the month: "Pigs fold up dead easy"—Hodges.



"I SAID THE QUEENS REGIMENT...NOT THE QUEERS REGIMENT !!!"

9 PLATOON – C COMPANY

Hard targeting around camp avoiding the bemused stares of non C Company soldiers and the sniping tendencies of unspecified members of C/S 3 were for many the first taste of Op BANNER Training.

Various members of the platoon were plucked from our midst and sent far and wide to attend specialist courses. LCpl Gallagher and his motly crew of searchers are to be congratulated as they were the only group not to set off any booby traps during their search course.

Memories of Woodlands will undoubtedly remain dear to our hearts, the sight of items of kit floating above the submerged duckboards, drainage systems of immense complexity which left people occupied for hours but achieved little and the solid sheet of water that stretched from the cloud base at 50 feet and the deck for a period of no less than four days.

The stint in Tin City seemed to be one elongated incident and includes the dramatic debriefs by NITAT aided and abetted by video tapes-nothing like a few home truths to stir the blood!

The first patrol for those who have never graced the streets of Ireland must have been a traumatic experience because judging by a multitude of facial expressions, eyes like tennis balls and every bit as hairy, they anticipated, as primed by NITAT, a multiple contact, IED, mortar and rocket attack. Nothing like hard targeting in the back of a ¾ ton landrover.

It will be interesting to see what July has in store-^ regrettably "tactical nucing" is out of the question, it would put the Golly shops out of business.

We're working hard
The hours ro long
That's all the men
at Echelon.
You just don't know

How we'll feel
to have Unlce Bernie
At the Wheel

But time goes on
It's getting darker
As we await/ the arrival
of Capt Parker

Of bad rumours.
We have a whiff
Of discos, dances
They're just a myth

Brit films and coffee
We get a lot
Enjoyed by all
In the Golly Shop

Q N orris's kitchen
It's in a riot
Everyone seems
To be on a diet

Sweets and fry-ups
A thing of the past
Slim Ron Brill
Will be at last.

Doing PT
We liked it more
When the MTO
Hit the floor

All the drivers
Led by Micky Broad
With fits of laughter
We all roared.

Tuning PIGS
To do a ton
The REME's here
with Staff Clarkson

With their spanners
Hammers as well
They make them PIG 's
Go like hell

A good word I feel
Must be said
For the men who guard
While we're in bed

From 'C' Company
They come down here
So rest assured
We have no fear

For Jenny Clark
We feel quite sad
Poor old Nobby's
Becoming a dad.

We wish her well
In the time to come
You may have a daughter
As well as a son

He"'s promised me
He'll bawl and shout
And give me extras
If he's left out

He's twisting my arm
With all his might
That's our Sarnt Major
Alan Knight.

Bye for now Until October
That's the time we'll be back over.

(THUMPER)



Courtesy of Sergio Pasturas