



3rd Bn
The Royal Anglian Regiment

THE POMPADOUR

FOREWORD

I have been asked to write a foreword to this issue of "The Pompadour", and whilst turning over in my mind the various things that I could say, I suddenly remembered the first verse of the first poem I learnt as a boy:

"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and
blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you but make allowance
for their doubting too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise."

("If" by Rudyard Kipling - and I hope I
have remembered it correctly!)

These words seem to sum up the situation for us in Belfast very well indeed. We have had to deal with many inflammatory situations in which we have had to 'keep our heads' and everyone in the battalion has had to make a decision sooner or later which has affected the lives of the population here - and many times, even life itself. Nine out of ten times my Pompadours have made the right decision - it is not possible to be right always in this complicated environment - and I am very proud of them and all that the battalion has done.

Jonathan Hand-Pupp

EDITORIAL

This is the second Belfast Edition of The POMPADOUR. The response from companies and individuals has been tremendous and it has been necessary this time, regretfully, to exclude some contributions. It is hoped that those who find their efforts have not made it, will not be discouraged and will try again.

This edition covers a relatively quieter period which has allowed us to settle in and get to know our company and platoon areas. Our weekends are spent discreetly watching marches by political organisations and the many pipe, flute and accordian bands of Belfast. During the week, Bravo 'The City' Company races from bomb scare to bomb hoax and the other companies are very busy patrolling and manning observation posts.

Our casualties are, happily, doing well and all but Private Tim Rogerson have been flown to hospitals in England, most of them to Woolwich, and he follows them on Friday 19th May.

Private John Henry Ballard

On Thursday the 11th May 1972 Private John Henry Ballard was shot in the Lower Falls district of Belfast. He had been in the Army for ten months, eight of which he spent with the 3rd Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment in which he became a very active member.

Both his presence and contribution will be deeply missed by all the officers and men in the battalion, where his ability at football and orienteering were well known. We all extend our deepest sympathy and sorrow to his parents, Mr and Mrs C. Ballard and to his brother, Cyril, who served with him in the same platoon.

POMPADOURS WIN THE CUP AGAIN

At Aldershot Stadium on Thursday 20 April 1972, the Pompadours retained the Infantry Cup for the second year running, beating 1st Battalion The Kings Own Borderers quite convincingly by 4 goals to 1. Both teams were presented to Major General CW Dunbar the Director of Infantry. Lieutenant General Sir Ian Freeland, Colonel of The Royal Anglian Regiment was also present.

The game opened at a fast pace, with the Kings Own Borderers doing most of the pressing for quite some time. The Pompadours' defence held solidly, but in midfield a lot of passes were going astray. After thirty minutes the Borderers took the lead with a long ball from the right touchline curling into the Pompadour penalty area. There was a deflection by Allen to Harding, the Borderers centre forward, who headed the ball into the corner of the net.

Straight from the re-start the Pompadours attacked down the middle with a bout of interpassing between Coombs and Jephcote. Coombs was left with a clear chance in front of goal but his hard low shot hit the goalkeeper's legs and bounced clear. The Pompadours drew level when the Borderers' defence cleared the ball into midfield where Farnham won it in a tussle and sent a quick accurate ball back up the middle to Jephcote, who took it on a thirty yard run beating two defenders, and rounding the goalkeeper, planted a low shot into the corner of the net. Five minutes later the Pompadours were ahead. Jephcote took an accurate pass from Murton, went off on a mazy dribble upfield, beat three defenders, took the ball to the goal line and then squared it to Coombs, who cracked it into the roof of the net on the half volley.

In the second half the Borderers goal was under constant pressure. The Pompadours hit first the post, then the bar and forced corner after corner. With fifteen minutes left Farnham floated a perfect corner from the right to Sorenson on the far post, who jumped high above the defence and headed powerfully into the far corner of the net.

With five minutes to go the Pompadours scored their fourth goal. Thurston made a strong run on the right and crossed a long ball into the penalty area, where Jephcote collected it and calmly shot past the goalkeeper into the corner of the net.

Neville Jephcote had an outstanding game, for with his close control, change of pace and bursts of speed he was a constant thorn in the Borderers defence. Paul Thurston had a fine second half for he was strong in defence, combined with fast overlapping runs on the right. Robbie Allen and Johnny Sorenson were always powerful and dominated the midfield.

The Pompadours look forward to making it a hat trick of wins in the 1972-73 season.

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL CONCERNED



WE LUV
UNCLE

"THE HAPPY FAMILIES OFFICE"

Belfast Dolly Bird



Helen Ryznar, 36-25-38, lives in Belfast. She works for a Belfast newspaper and her job involves persuading advertisers to spend more money than they first intended; she usually succeeds. Her hobbies include mountain climbing, she loves motor cars and her ambition is to be a racing driver.

Cooks and their Customers



Stir it up—Cpl. Briggs, A.C.C.



This always brings out the würost in me—Pte. Jones, the Regimental Butcher.



The M.T.O. said I would make a good cook—Pte. Lammin



Somebody actually asked for more—Sgt. Dunn and Albert Street Chefs.



Not bad but what is it? Pte. Boswell, L/Cpl. Donovan (A.C.C.) and L/Cpl. Bailey.



One contented customer—Cpl. Sid Weinwright.

A (GRENADIER) COMPANY NOTES

We now have a vast area of Protestant territory to look after. The names of the areas are extraordinary eg, the Village, the Empire. They tell their own tale of fierce community loyalty at district level. The too-clear talking of these people makes a welcome contrast to the rudeness, bewilderment or silence of our flat-dwellers in Divis.

Go-Go pigs are very popular here. A sick pig gets more TLC (Tender Loving Care) than any of us. Fortunately the MTO, Lt Edey, lives with us and his fatherly round-the-clock TLC together with the ministrations of the 'Bluebell Boys' means our pigs seldom miss their playtime.

To our amazement and horror we have found that people other than infantry can operate seven days a week, and education on a Sunday is now an occasional feature of life.

A fish and chip shop in our area was shot at by a man with a pistol. A quick witted fish was said to have dived for cover. He was too slow however, and has now had his chips. A very fishy business indeed! But enough of the patter - let the Grenadiers speak.....

-oOo-

A Company Headquarters

Having now settled down to the Albert Street Mill way of life, Company HQ are very busy getting to know the locals, both in and around our area. The OC's and CSM's crews are out at all hours of the day and night, trying to cut the Wanted List down to nothing as quickly as possible. They do say that 'discos' are run on a couple of nights a week in the Mill, but both crews are yet to see one of them.

We would like to thank CQMS Hazelwood for the good work that he has done for the Company over the past fourteen months and wish him the very best in his new job as Public Relations Warrant Officer. We welcome CQMS Graham to the fold and hope that he can keep the P1954's down as his predecessor did.

Sgt Budgie Sparrow has been on his R & R Leave and is pleased to be back in the set-up he missed so much during the late nights at home. Sgt Longhair Harris will be going on his R & R Leave sometime in the future (he hopes). The disco girls will be able to get in without having to show their birth certificates for a change while he's away.

Lt Dixon gets more worried each day in case he forgets to put his horses on. I don't think he's had a winner yet, although it is said that the new pay rise went to his head a little as he has increased his bets by a whole 6 new pence each way!

One occasion when the Company Commander's normally immaculate chat-up procedure went astray and was not well-received was when, investigating the shooting in the fish and chip shop, he failed to cheer up the terrified proprietor by saying

'STEADY ON OULT' BOY, YOU MAY BE
SENIOR, BUT IM IN CHARGE OF THE
MILL!'



2 Pn A coy

that he 'had nearly had his chips!'

Another occasion was when said Company Commander followed up the bombing of an electrical shop and, standing near the shop started speaking to a rather worried-looking man. After having said to this man that it was a good thing the bomb had blown up a small shop and not the Youth Employment building nearby, somebody pointed out to him that the man he was talking to was the owner of the small shop! Oh well, he can't win them all.

-oOo-

1 Platoon

We managed to miss the first issue of the Pompadour (due, they maintain, to pressure of work - a sad tale strenuously denied by the other platoons). Such luck could not be expected to hold, however, so despite all threats, pleas and entreaties, the tale of Penal Platoon, Cell 1, Block 3, Alcatraz is about to be launched upon a disbelieving world.

The scene opens in a sleazy den in the early hours of the morning (about 0955). The ageing "Capo Mafioso", 'Papa Dog' Ramsey, eases his aching limbs out of bed as the Chief Warder, 2Lt 'Prof Mungo' Monk, enters.

"Good morning"

"Is it?"

"Well, no, it's all been changed"

"Oh!"

Sgt 'Bwana' Keogh, who has been practising for his Uganda posting on Pte 'King Konk' White, then comes in.

"Anything on, then?"

"No, just normal"

"Oh"

And so on. Life goes on, however, and it isn't too bad.

We wish Dennis Verrall a pleasant sick leave, and hope the hospital can get him back on his backside again soon!

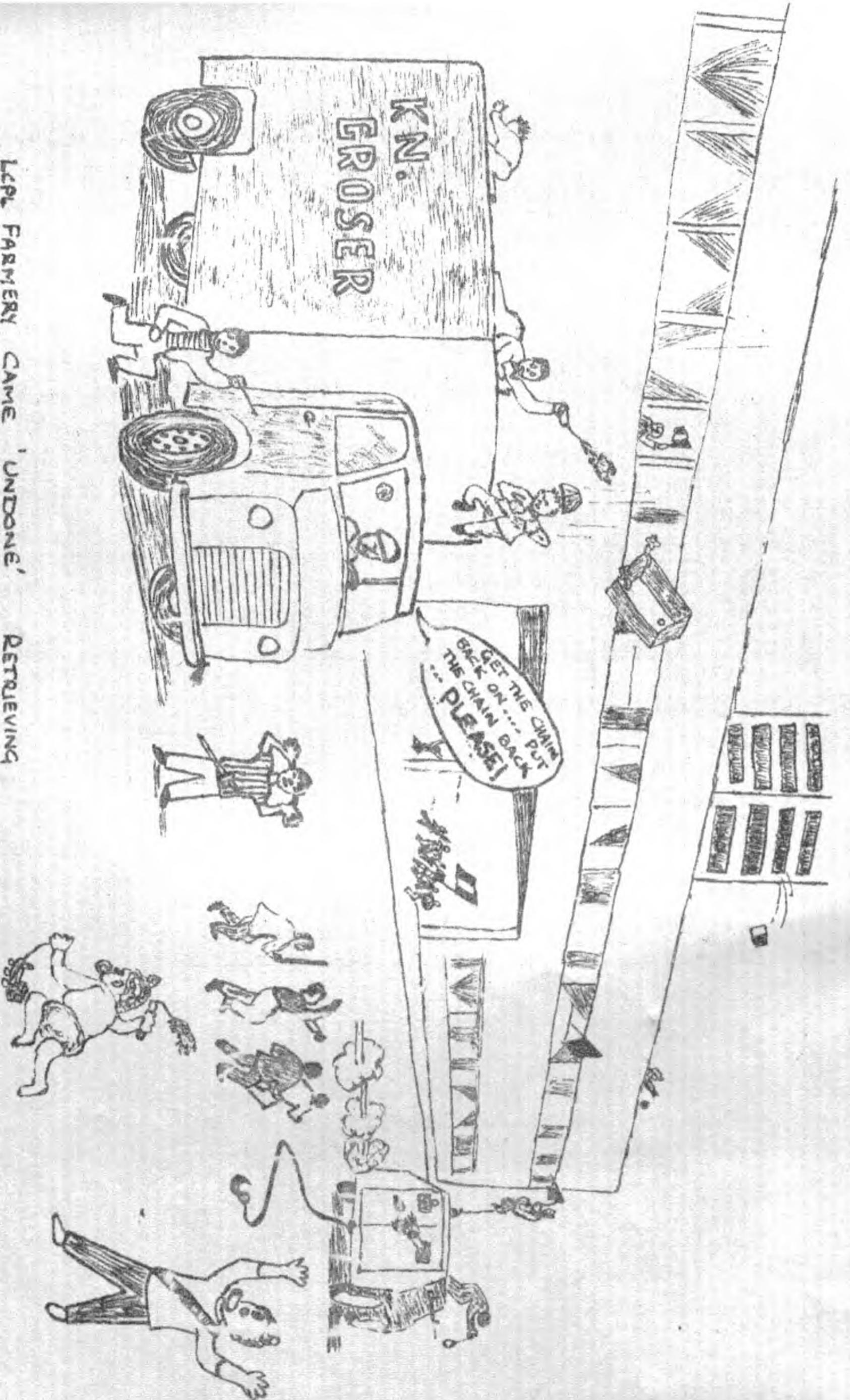
-oOo-

Heard on the radio net:

"Hello Charlie Charlie Alfa, this is Zero. Stolen motorcycle, grey Honda 50, Registration Number @@@ @@@, over"

"Mike One. Confirm four armed men on board, over"

LCPL FARMERY CAME 'UNDONE' RETRIEVING
A HIGHSTACKED LOREY



2 Platoon

Once again a few notes to let those away from us know how things are with us here in Belfast. We have now finished the first month of our tour and things are not quite so strange to us as they were in the early days. Our life now has settled down to a routine of patrols, OPs, and very occasionally we have the chance to man a sniper post.

One of the main changes in our way of life is the fact that after the riots in the Divis Flats we were given another area of Belfast to look after, although needless to say we still keep a paternal eye on the Flats. It is really quite astonishing the difference a street can make in the attitudes to us. In the IRA strongholds there are scowls, bad language and abuse, whereas in the friendly areas the only real trouble is whether or not one will be able to contain all the tea that is offered without flooding. Most of the patrols now have their own special tea stops, supper houses, and some of us are even lucky enough to be able to claim a place where we are welcome for breakfast. One of the things that make this job really worthwhile is the gratitude and thanks that we receive from the ordinary people for any small assistance we may be able to give them over any of a hundred and one small problems.

We are pleased to welcome to the ranks of 2 Platoon a new member, and we hope he will be happy with us, although from all accounts he does appear to be settling in quite well. The new member is, of course, Sgt Terry 'Velvet' Bodenham, who has appeared from the 5th Battalion to command us.

2 Platoon would like to congratulate Lt 'Warlock' Dixon on the almost magical way in which he seems to attract gunfire whenever he leaves the cloistered confines of the Company Operations Room - perhaps it is something to do with 'Sowing as ye shall reap', or something like that.

Once again the Platoon would like to remind the Company Commander of his written promise to buy the beer and feel that pressure of work is one excuse that he cannot possibly use for much longer. If this excuse is used, it is proposed to apply to the Commanding Officer for permission to have him recalled from R and R Leave one day early to allow the necessary time.

One other person who must be reminded of his duty is Sgt 'Wilky', as the members of the platoon have not forgotten that the beer has not yet appeared for that third tape he is wearing.

-oOo-

3 Platoon

The Army has, for many years, been trying to fit square pegs into round holes. This has now made itself evident, especially to the lads of 3 Platoon, when we were sent on a 'top secret' mission to Battalion Headquarters. All we did was to take a very black-faced Adjutant and an equally smudged Sgt Fisk to an observation post, and there we waited for 22 hours before taking them back again.

We were not told until five minutes beforehand that we were going out, and as a consequence no-one really knew what was happening until we reached ~~Battalion~~ Headquarters, where we asked the lads. They all seemed to know. Probably the char-wallah told them!

The aforementioned episode happened (as usual) on our disco night.

One task we were given a few days ago was to search a series of derelicts. We were assured by higher authority that there was a way in, but were not told that it was through an up-stairs window. To make matters worse, it was raining at the time and no-one had thought to bring a ladder. As a section was sent back to collect a ladder, our liaison NCO was tasked to knock on doors and ask the usual questions. The first door he knocked on was opened by an ageing mother who had never answered any of the questions on the card in her life, but said that all the information we already had was given to us by informers. For the next 10 minutes the gallant NCO was the recipient of a hail of abuse and words to be found in no Bible that we know of. After a one-sided argument about the Army being a bunch of murdering savages who came and took away their menfolk just for doing a little thing like shooting at soldiers, a small amount of information was given (mainly that the information we already had on the card was completely incorrect, that her 16 year old son was only 13 and we were not taking him away!)

Pte Alexander has eventually stirred his stumps and decided that the time was right to have a bash at coming on a mobile patrol with our platoon. As it happens this particular patrol was fired on, the rounds narrowly missing the pig. Alex is now safely beeded down (we say with shell shock, although he maintains that he was overcome by exhaust fumes!)

The Tomlin brothers are sometimes known as The 'Tomlins'. If Cpl Kerfoot in 2 Platoon had a brother would they be known as the 'Kerfeet'?

B COMPANY NOTES

Since arriving in Albert Street it has been noted that the female population on disco nights has greatly increased. No doubt this is due to the fact that the majority of B Company Headquarters personnel are notorious 'bird-pullers'. Lcpl 'Jug Ears' is certainly no exception to this, in fact his antics have been compared with that of a monkey. It is also rumoured that he has lost 3 stone in weight, with all the dancing he does, although this has yet to be proved.

Last week a collection was made to raise money for a new comb for Cpl Hindmarch, who lost his original one in 1965.

Major ARA _____ (colour TV set if you guessed right!) is trying to see how far he can grow his moustache before asking for Engineer assistance to support the sagging ends.

'Smilers' love life is improving. Only last disco night he was on a girls lap, and when the disco ended she picked him up and galloped down the stairs with him. They were last seen heading in the direction of the nearest Church. Come back lad, we need you.

-oOo-

6 Platoon

Yet another move brought us to Albert Street Mill and the delights of the City Centre. An interesting change of scenery, especially when the offices and shops close, at which time there is never any lack of volunteers to stand on the back of Land Rovers.

The move also brought us to the Markets and the Platoon is still trying to work out why the Upper Markets are lower than the Lower Markets, which probably explains why, whenever anyone is sent to the Markets, they end up in the 'Sticky Bun' area inbetween, trying not to offend people by drinking numerous cups of tea.

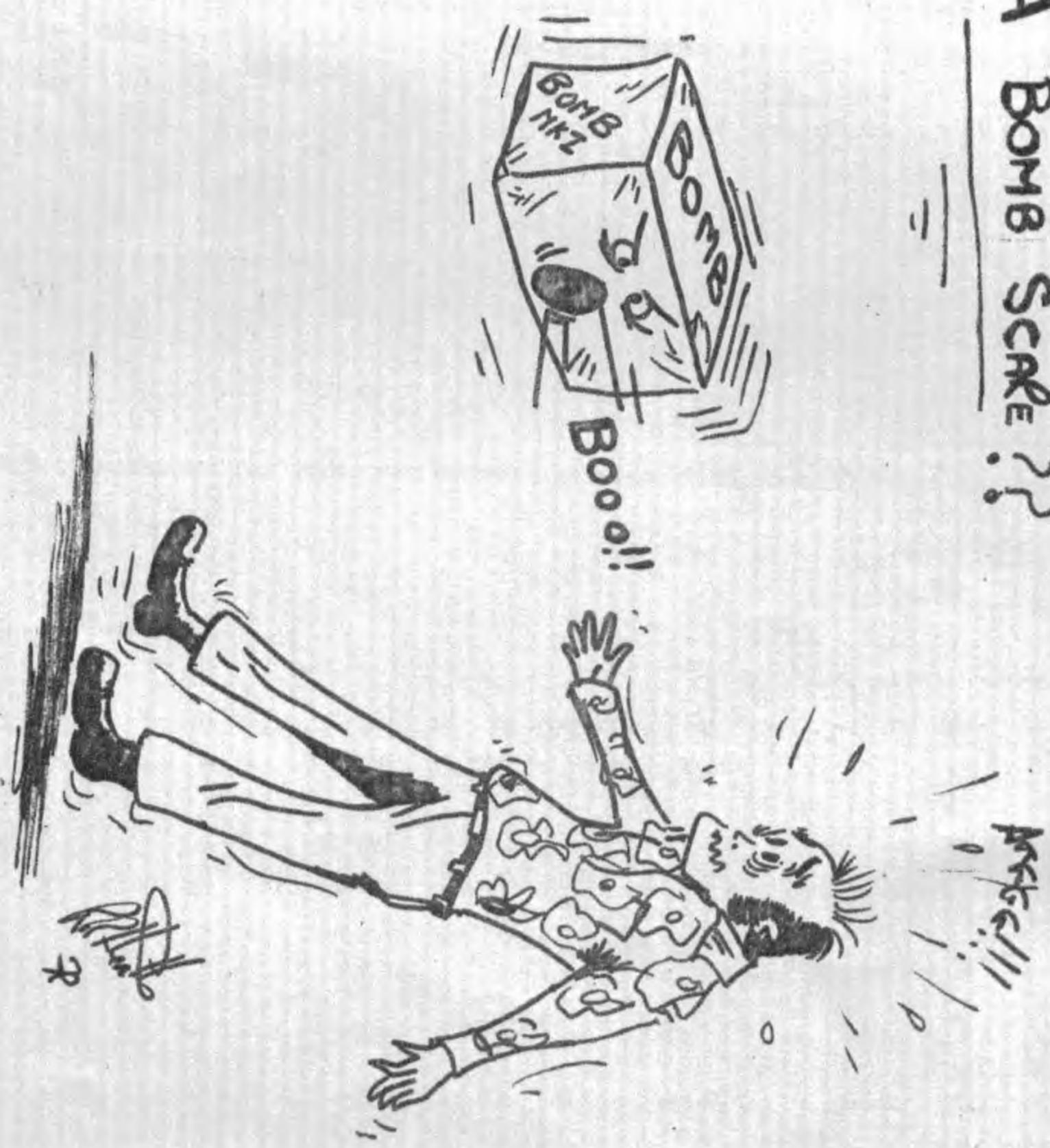
The Upper Markets was the scene of a water battle with the locals, and a very one-sided battle at that as all the kids had water pistols and we had nothing. It is now strongly recommended that all vehicles operating in this area be equipped with a stirrup pump and buckets of water.

-oOo-

4 Platoon

4 Platoon, better known as 'The Debonair City Slickers', have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into Belfast as the ultimate in 'dolly spotters', 'chatter-uppers' 'chuckle throated gawkers' and sundry other titles that their mother's thought they would never achieve. After all the choice remarks from the lady-like element, confusion reigns. 'Snipe' Dowell, the gangling Leicestershire storeman, was heard to remark "Funny people aren't they?" Darrel Rease is "Sure they all can't be the same. Do you think they understand us?", while 'Smiffy' has resigned himself to agreeing with them all on the premise that somebody has to be right and know what is happening!

A BOMB SCARE ??



5 Platoon

The platoon has taken to the city centre like ducks to water (literally) - the rain has never stopped long for the past few days). The Company Operations Map may be littered with pins, giving details of bombs and such, which no doubt is of interest to the Company Commander, but the greater interest is shown by the platoon in the map showing places where a cuppa char is to be had. The Charwallah has recently complained of a rush on 'Cossack' and other like beauty aids for city-centre-bound soldiers trying to convince all the secretary-birds that the Royal Horse Artillery are a thing of the past, and that Pompadour is the 'in' colour.

Nobby Clarke and Jamie James, after a lot of persuasion, have agreed to run a course on how to seduce a bird while dancing. Swannie Waters has reported phenomenal results. After only five minutes of practice before a disco he danced with his girl - who promptly fainted. Although he is now busy writing unsolicited testimonials for the dancing course, we believe it was largely due to the fact that he moved into the light and let the poor girl see him properly for the first time.

A great silence has descended upon the platoon. 'Baby' Wells has left us for the Regimental Information Team. A competition is now being held to see who is to replace him as Chief Growser!

Dick Chrony, that fast talking and swinging life of the platoon, was asked the other day whether he is RC or not. After a suitable five minute pause he replied that he was not RC, but Catholic.

-oOo-

Wayside Pulpit

It is interesting to note that mankind DOES have a hand in his own salvation, in that he commits the sin for which he needs to be forgiven.

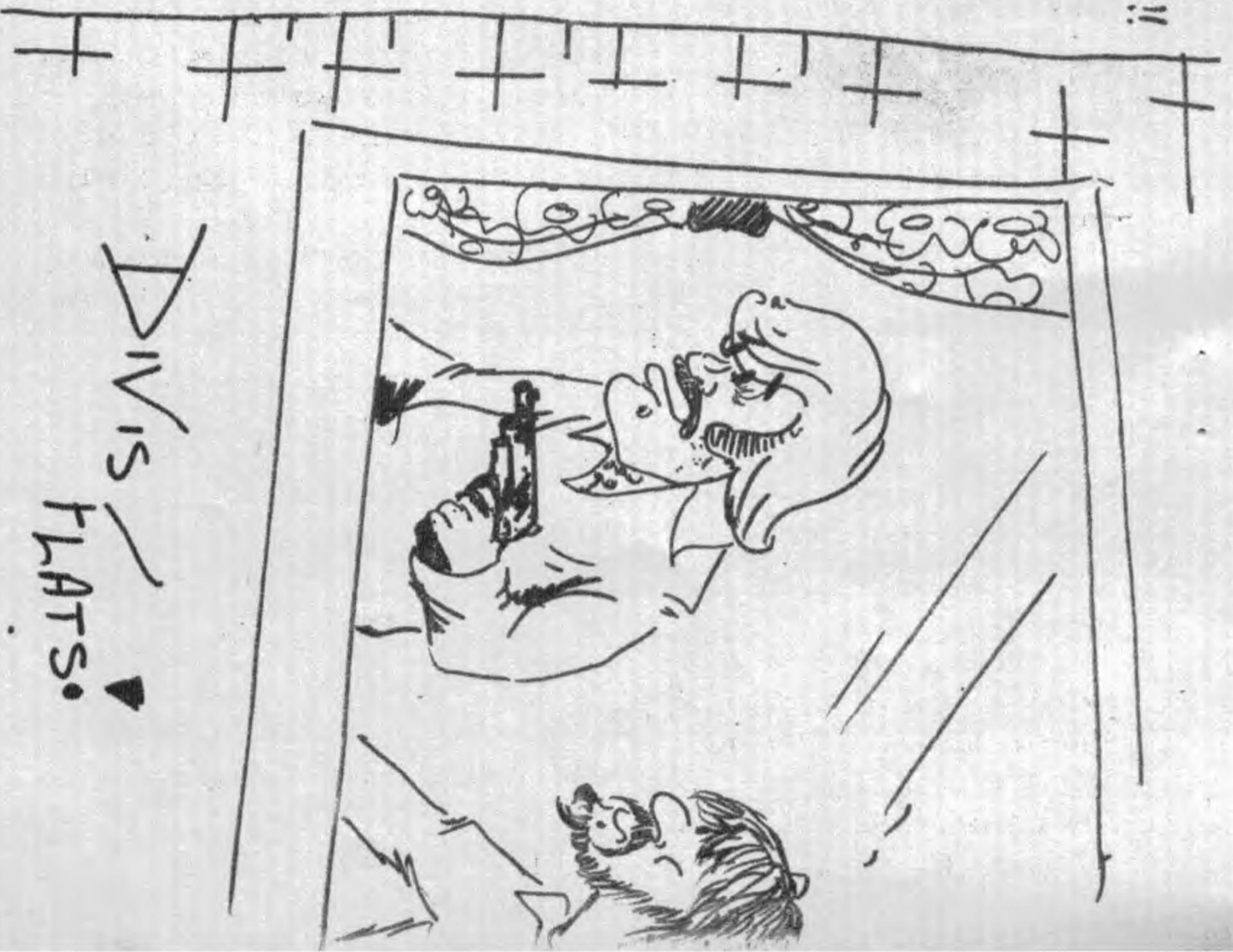
-oOo-

A certain member of the Sergeant's Mess in Hastings Street gave us no rest at all after Leeds won the FA Cup.

It was a different story the following Monday when they lost the League Championship by losing to Wolves.

Never mind, Kip, you can't win 'em all!

SOMEHOW I THINK THEY
MEAN IT THIS TIME!!!



DIVIS FLATS!

C COMPANY

Wrecker PECK has put in a petition to the MTO demanding an armoured pig for 39. "I am sick of walking everywhere" he is quoted as saying. He has managed to get seven signatures but the OC refuses to sign for fear of self incrimination. When told that it was planned that 39 would march to Aldergrove (20 miles) in an attempt to break the Northern Ireland protest marchers record, he went and smashed a landrover(gently).

3B has won the award for the artists of the week as they have successfully drawn fire on three occasions. Flash Thorpe complains that he misses all the fun, with his headsets on he can't hear anything.

We are sorry to inform our readers that the Officers Mess mouse has been liquidated. His body was found outside the Guard Room, booby trapped with 500lbs of unstable sugar. Judging by the tea, it is rumoured that Pte Dates (ACC) is behind this dastardly crime.

£5 can be won for the best four month mustache,; now they are everywhere. Pete Hamman was forced to shave his off on R & R but he hasn't retired from the competition. Pte (Daphne) Goodchild has been given an extra six months in order to give him a fair chance. LEEDS are rubbish.

Lcpl (Black Hand) Carr successfully impounded 14lbs of suspicious slime from the local drains. He also found a hat and umbrella but the owner had slipped away.

Cpl Dave Harding has issued the following message:

"A typewriter, last seen with three suspicious types in it, was last seen moving at speed down the Grosvenor Road".

All in all, 'Cool It' C are in good form, This week is Molar week next week it will be you - watch it Secret Squirrel.

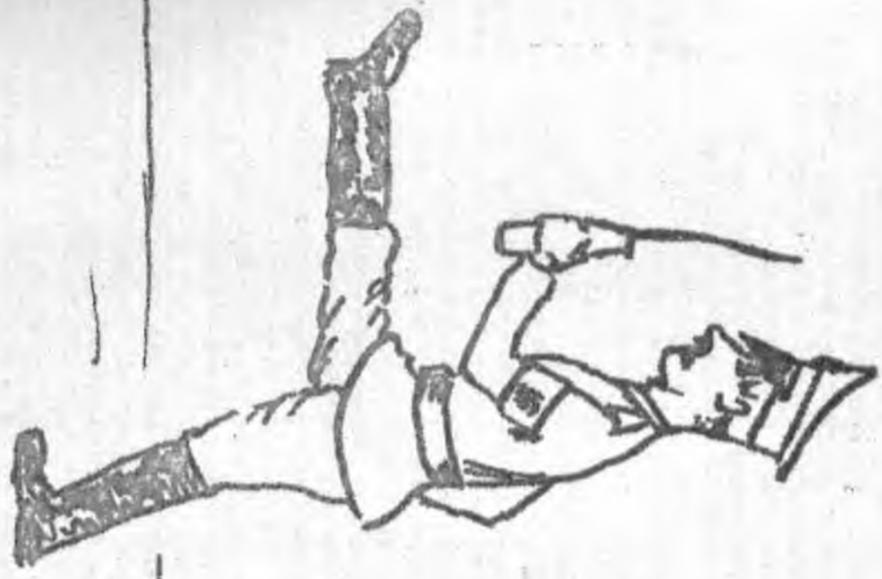
On a more serious note we congratulate:

Sgt and Mrs Lancaster on the birth of their son Nathan John on 14th April 1972.

We all wish Trigger Arbon, Jock Lawson and Den Braid the best of get wells and an enjoyable convalescence.

To all our wives and girl friends we send our love and hope that all is well in Paderborn.

STAY



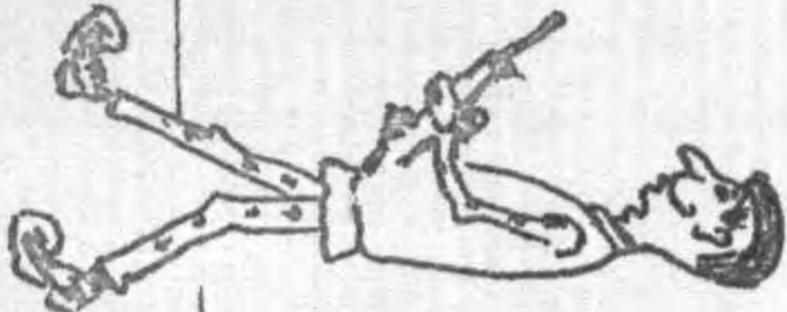
DER HAUPTMANN



OLLY WALKER



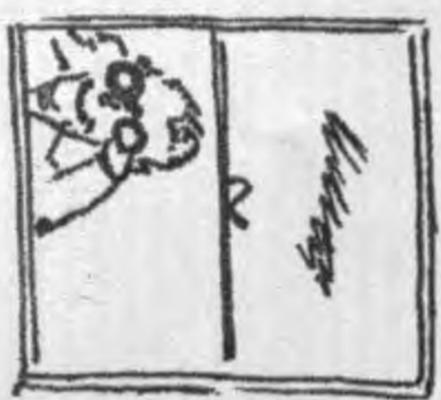
FLASH THORPE



FRASZ MILLER



HAWKEYE



KNOCKER NOKES



MCREEP

"3B takes the air"

HQ Platoon

News has just been received in the Ops Room in Mullhouse that in a recent search of the Reservation a horse has been shot dead. Rumour has it that the Army has issued a statement on the incident through a certain Captain Julian of 3 R Anglian. 'Whilst on patrol in the area 39 came under automatic fire and to their astonishment perceived a horse wielding a Thompson machine gun. 39 immediately returned the fire and the horse was seen to fall! Captain Julian explained that this was a new departure by the IRA in their military strategy and that the horse had been used in the Aden Campaign. It was believed that the horse was a high ranking officer in the IRA Cavalry. It has been seen at several IRA funerals wearing a black beret and green blinkers. This information, the Captain explains, has come straight from the horse's mouth.

Secret Squirrel

9 Platoon

It is to be noted that C Coy, although they like suspense, could do without the weekly film in 56 parts as with the recent one. However Csgt Oli Walker after being called everything from a "disaster area" to "fat" (God forbid) got another projector and successfully managed to show the film in its normal three parts.

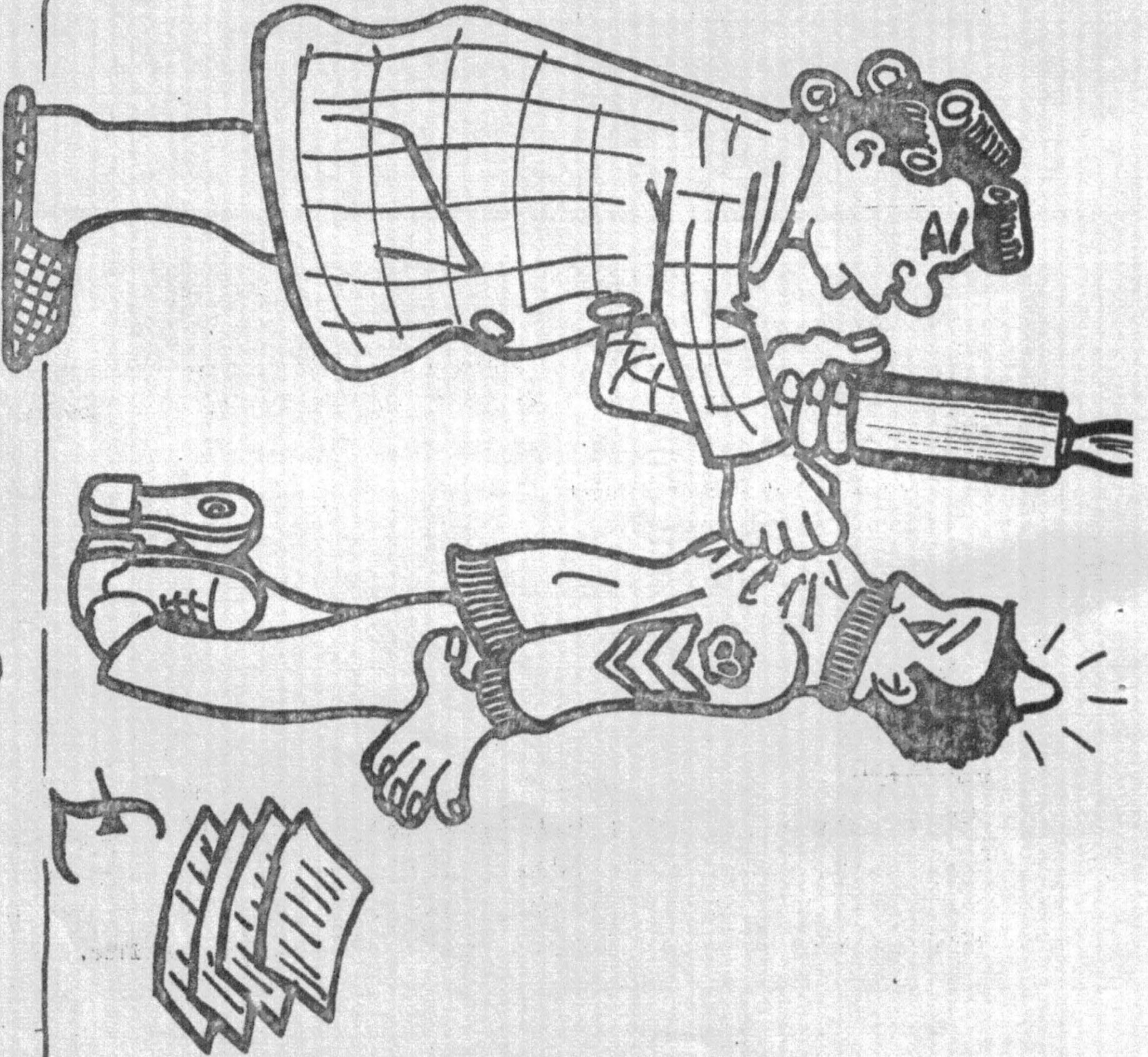
Moral "If at first you don't succeed try, try again (and again, and again etc)

Black Bill

8 Platoon

It was approx 1930hrs on Thus 4th May and Sgt Lancasters' Sect 32B were gallantly holding off a group of about 30 cats at the north end of Selby Street and it was said by some that Sgt Lancaster's whistle was issuing forth more noise than the crowd along with shouts of "SCRUM BACK MEN"- "LINE OUT" and "KNOCK ON." The crowd really appreciated this show of skill at refereeing and showed their appreciation with a barrage of various missiles.

PAY
OFFICE



WHERE'S
MY MONEY?

Shiny "C" Company



Major Bill "The Foot" Dodd, O.C. "C" Company—"I'd like a pig all of my own."



"You can't say that to your wife on BFBS"—L/Cpl. Ivory talks to Gloria Hunniford.



"Last one loaded is a cissy"—C.S.M. McDonnell and Coy. H.Q.



Nearly finished, it only took 4 weeks—Pte. Hamman.



You should see me when it's really busy—2/Lt. Chris Harris, Ops. Officer.



Tom and Jerry fans—Cpl. Beckett and Co.

Around the Companies



A new line in Bio-chemical washing powder—R.S.M. Ford does his Dhobi.



Lt. Dixon "A" Company, writes a letter to Ssashhh, you know who, during a quiet spell.



L/Cpl. Buckley, RECCE Pl., swots up on being a daddy.



Bugle practice with a difference—Pte. Maples "encourages" Cpl. Plumb and Pte. Blackburn.



Cpl. Amor, "A" Company, counting Pigs?



Ptes. Herman, Stokes and Bob Cutter with loose limbed Dolly Bird.

Lcpl Webb, determined not to be outdone showed his appreciation in the form of a rubber bullet. However because of Lcpl Webb's excitement the bullet did not proceed along its intended flight path but actually bounced around in front of the crowd. At which point, one of the spectators, displaying remarkable qualities like that of Willy McBride leaped into the air and deftly caught it. He then proceeded to disappear around a corner along with a few neat side steps and dummies.

It is not true that the considerable warmth felt by the sect came from the glow of anger on Lcpl Webb's face.

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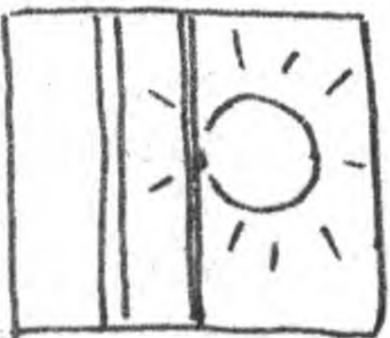
In the German Army they call the RSM the 'mother' of the Battalion !!

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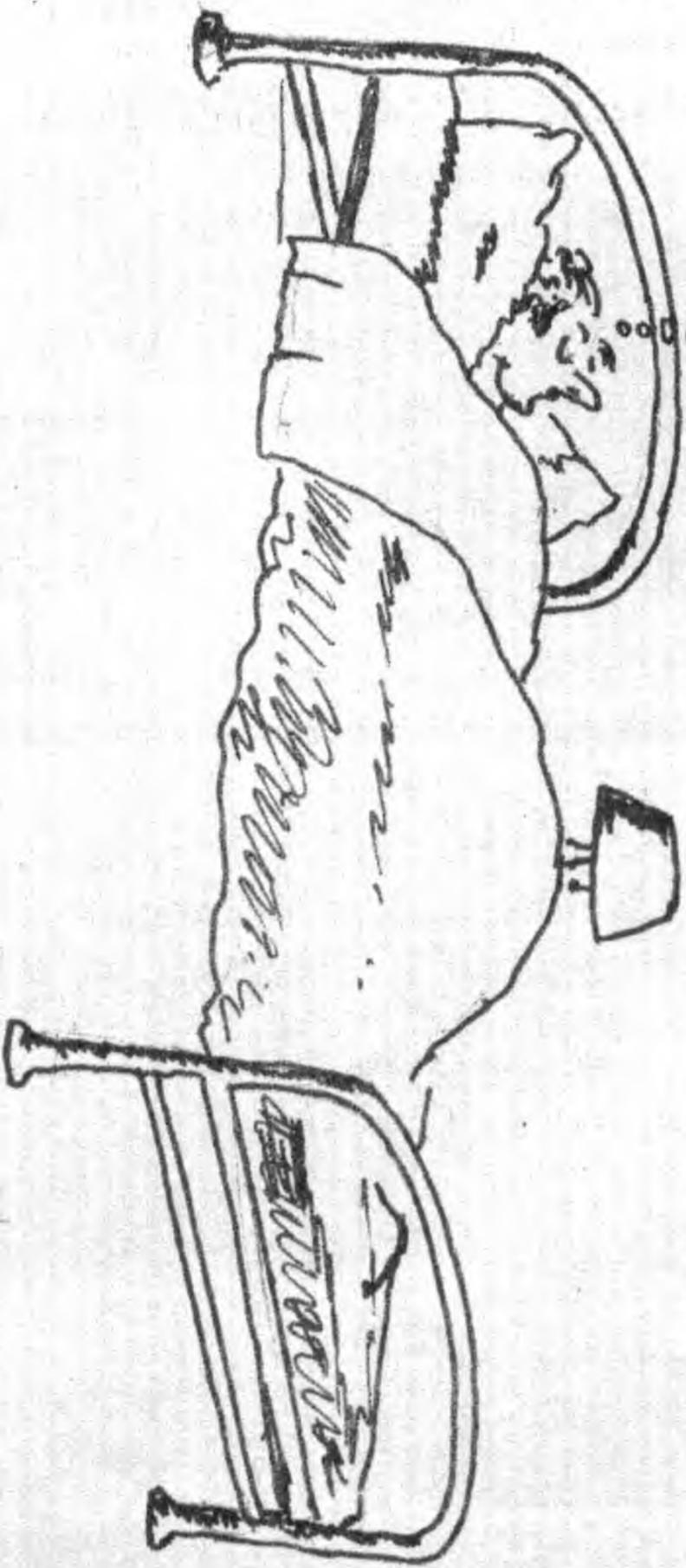
CQMS Olly Walker who figures a lot in this issue - we wonder why - has developed a new method of personal concealment. He keeps a vacuum cleaner in his bunk and on the first hint of trouble he switches on and releases the bag. The result is a cloud of dense, impassable dust.

He has held two trials to date but has come across some slight teething troubles. It makes his bed itchy at night and is too expensive on laundry. On being asked to comment he says " I thought I had cracked it, but what I really need is something I can set off without getting up. The dust does get up me nostrils. I am working on a new idea now that might catch on. The R.F have developed a new foam extinguisher - all I have to do is press a button. I intended to hold trials this week but CSM Mac hasn't boarded up his bunk yet!"

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-



LET ME
GET AT 'EM



C COY MOJAK
"KEEPING THE PEACE"

SUPPORT COMPANY NOTES

Things have been a little quieter in the area of late, with life returning to the 'norm' the GLOSTERS had told our advance party about.

We have taken this opportunity to re-arrange and clean our hotel accommodation, and to get out and meet the people.

However, life has not been without the odd incident. We had a small fire in our back garden in Northumberland Street which took the odd bucket or two of water to put out. It wouldn't have been so bad had not the careless fire lighter been more careful as to where he had put his match, by putting it in the waste bin instead of the Pharmaceutical store.

The Drum Major in Townsend Street received a nice 'thank-you' letter from a lady in the Royal Victoria Hospital, having prevented her from a miscarriage while she was held up in a traffic jam. The delighted lady and future baby are now doing well.

In Percy Street, community relations is the order of the day. Bingo for the locals on Thursday evenings and a film for old age pensioners on a Friday; that's apart from the OC's party partaking in 'Musical Chairs' at the community centre on May Day.

R and R leave has commenced and some of the lads feel that they are half-way through their tour already. However, we are all well, and are taking life in our stride. Sleep is short, but morale is high.

-oOo-

For Hire

A small working unit for duties all over Belfast. At the moment being fully employed by A Coy and Tac HQ, and also Sp Coy, non-stop. However, offers considered. Apply Belfast 20667 or write OC Northumberland Street.

-oOo-

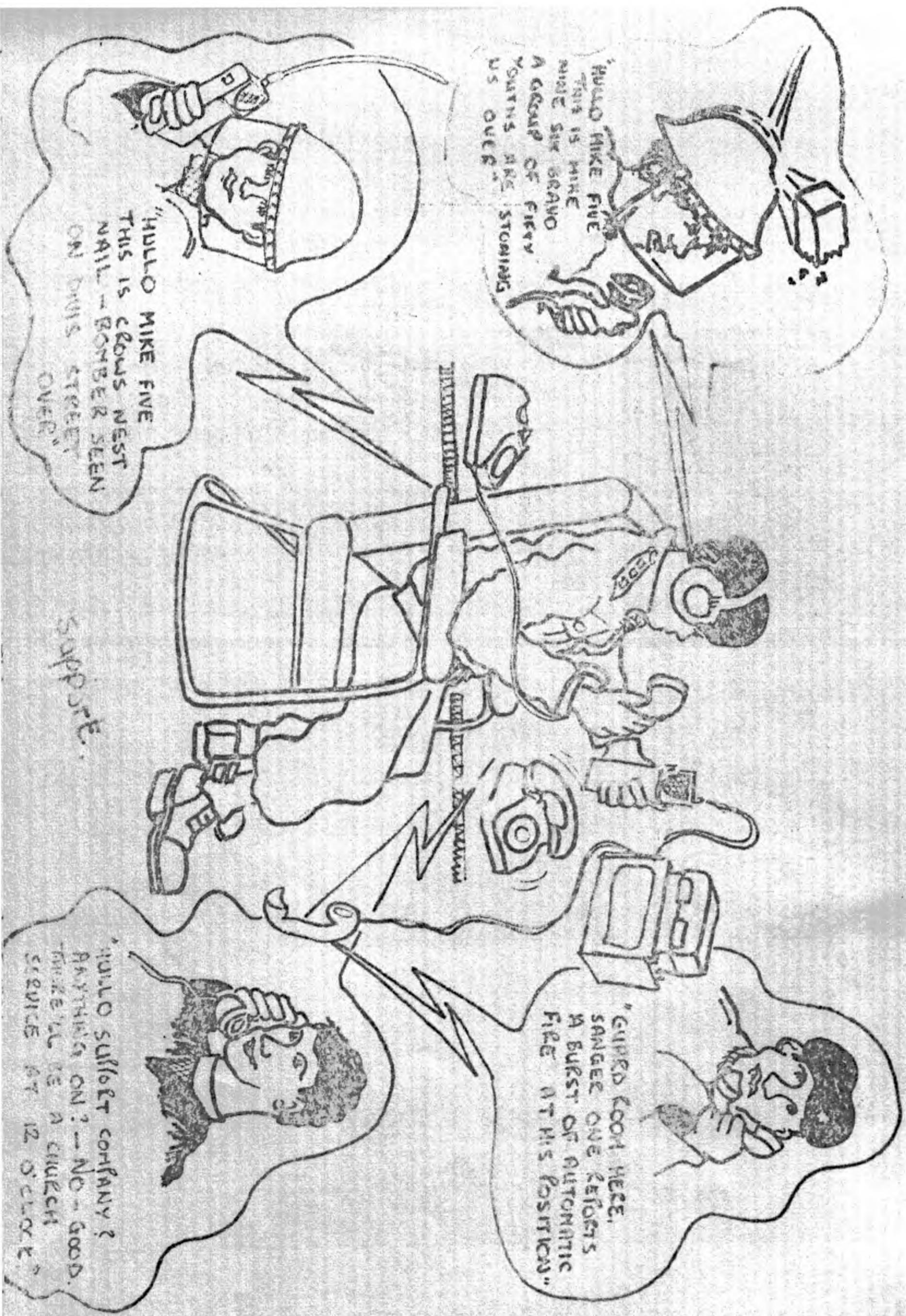
"HULLO MIKE FIVE
THIS IS MIKE
NINE SIX BRAVO
A GROUP OF FIVE
YOUNG ARE STORMING
US OVER"

"HULLO MIKE FIVE
THIS IS CROWS NEST
NAIL - BOMBER SEEN
ON DAVIS STREET
OVER"

SUPPORT

"GUPPED ROOM HERE,
SANGER ONE REPORTS
A BURST OF AUTOMATIC
FIRE AT HIS POSITION"

"HULLO SUFFOLT COMPANY?
PAYING ON? - NO - GOOD.
WAZELL BE A CHECK
SERVICE AT 12 O'CLOCK"



FUTURE EVENTS by Sooty

OC Sp Coy will cease to visit his sub-units after 0100 hours, and will be known to actually refuse offers of free drinks, coffee, cigarettes, etc.

Sp Coy Second in Command will decline further gifts of handkerchiefs or other millinery goods from female admirers.

The Quartermaster, throwing caution to the wind, will remove his flak jacket when sitting in his office.

The Anti Tank Platoon commander will cease to make his platoon fill more than 800 sandbags a week.

The fleas in Percy Street, in answer to an offer from a more senior establishment, will move.

-oOo-

Defence Platoon Notes

Well, after our last notes were left out of the Pompadour, Captain Menage settled the furore by sending four very special photographs to our location, all of Miss Anglia. We thought the ones taken of her in a swim suit were something, but you should have seen these. He must have a very good relationship with her to get photographs like these - Wow!! Having looked at our last edition of The Pompadour we all noticed there were awards being given out for the Golden Pillow. Well, this week we have awarded our own Golden Pillow to Drummer Summerbee who managed to spend all his own time on his own bed and all his fun time on the back bed.

All this week in Townsend Street it has been like University Challenge as the Drum Major has been studying for his Advanced Education Promotion Certificate. He only requires two subjects, but as we all know he wants the worst two - "Reading and Writing".

We would like to congratulate Corporal McLavin and Mrs McLavin on the birth of their second child, a girl they have named KERRY.

After an overnight stay by 'Black-Mac', who came to check on our menu, he left very early the following morning, forgetting to take with him the saw-dust from the wood he sawed and snorced up all night.

-oOo-

Perks of the Week:

5 x 18 piece tea services	5lbs of Toffee Bars
2 x crates of Guinness	Packet of books (from Divis Towers)
1 x case of Sanatogen Wine	
3 x cases of Cider Schandy	
30 x large home-made cakes	
20lbs of Marshmallows	
5lbs of Fudge	



MRS. R... AND SON. REGULAR VISITORS TO PERCY ST.

We are also being used as a part-time Regimental Aid Post (Sgt ALLEN BEM please note):

- 1 male broken wrist
- 5 males cut heads
- 1 female with incipient miscarriage
- 1 male a nail bomb case
- 1 dog with cut paw
- 2 dogs separated by water
- 1 pigeon with a broken wing (made a lovely Pigeon Pie)
- 1 Drummer with damp sheets

-oOo-

Northumberland Street

Dear Editor,

I would like to deny certain rumours that are sweeping the battalion and are aimed at the Anti Tank Platoon commander.

- a. He is not about to move his bunk into the CROWS NEST.
- b. It is not true that he lies in until 10 o'clock every morning after retiring to bed at 10 o'clock the previous evening.
- c. Neither is it true that the platoon are starting an incident book when he leaves Northumberland Street.
- d. Finally, I would like to state most emphatically that, after having spent so long in the CROWS NEST, his conversation is not limited to the occasional "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

Yours faithfully,

Anonymous Anti Tanker

-oOo-

Part II of The Continuing Saga of Hermet's Love Life (Cert XX)

27 Easy Ride
West Clapham
London S.E. 29

My Dear Hermet,

What an interesting man you seem to be. It must be very exciting to be a soldier. I always get a funny feeling when I read the advertisements in the paper about joining the Army. It makes me go all hot and cold.

You don't say what you do Hermet, although it sounds very important (BFPO 801). My mum says you must be a general's bodyguard - like one of those James Bond people, because I know they have secret addresses. It must be exciting! Does he let you into his secrets?

I only have an old photograph of myself, but as you seem such an exciting man, and a 'he-man', I am going to get one done especially for you. Would you like me in my two-piece swim-suit, or standing next to my pet Greyhound?

I must close now, because its time I went to work.
Please write soon.

Love,

Dora.

-oOo-

"THINKING" by Brian Reed - Sp Coy

As I sit all alone
My thoughts stray to you at home
Apart are we three hundred miles
Dreams of you turn tears to smiles.

For four long months that I am here
Yet in my heart you are near
One day done, one less to do
I know your love will see me through

Disco night twice a week
I look around - its you I seek
Fair young maids that dance with joy
For they are with a soldier boy.

My lonely heart for you does weep
As in my bed I soundly sleep
In the morning, I awake
Three hours past - day did break.

I clear my head and look around
Men at work - I know the sound
What's the time I ask myself
Twelve forty five says the clock on my shelf.

I quickly dress and down to eat
A mid-day meal without a sweet
Another day - perhaps a treat.

I work six hours, they go so slow
Though well the Ops Room Staff will know
When nine o'clock rolls along
A well earned ale so good and strong

I raise my glass and give a cheer
The postman brought your letter dear.
I read the words so crisp and clear
Those loving words I long to hear

Words of love from your heart,
To ease the pain of being apart
Tomorrow night our dance will be
But no my love, not for me.

While they raise the roof above
My thoughts will be with you my love.....

"IVAN IDEA" by Ladders

I have just accepted an invitation to a bottle (throwing) party.

We salute the new musical chair champion of Upper Percy Street, CSM Wardle. His prize - a fruit cake (He must be nutty!)

If OC Sp Coy cannot be contacted at Percy Street, he can often be found lurking about in Coates Street.

Heard on the radio: "Hullo Mike 5 this is Mike 96 Charlie. There is a suspicious car parked outside the Youth Employment Office"..... A Fenian going for a job?

"Hullo Mike 2 this is Bravo 5. Decomposed body found in College Street North, unable to tell whether it is male or female. Over".

"Mike 2. Roger. Is it dead!!!!!!"

-oOo-

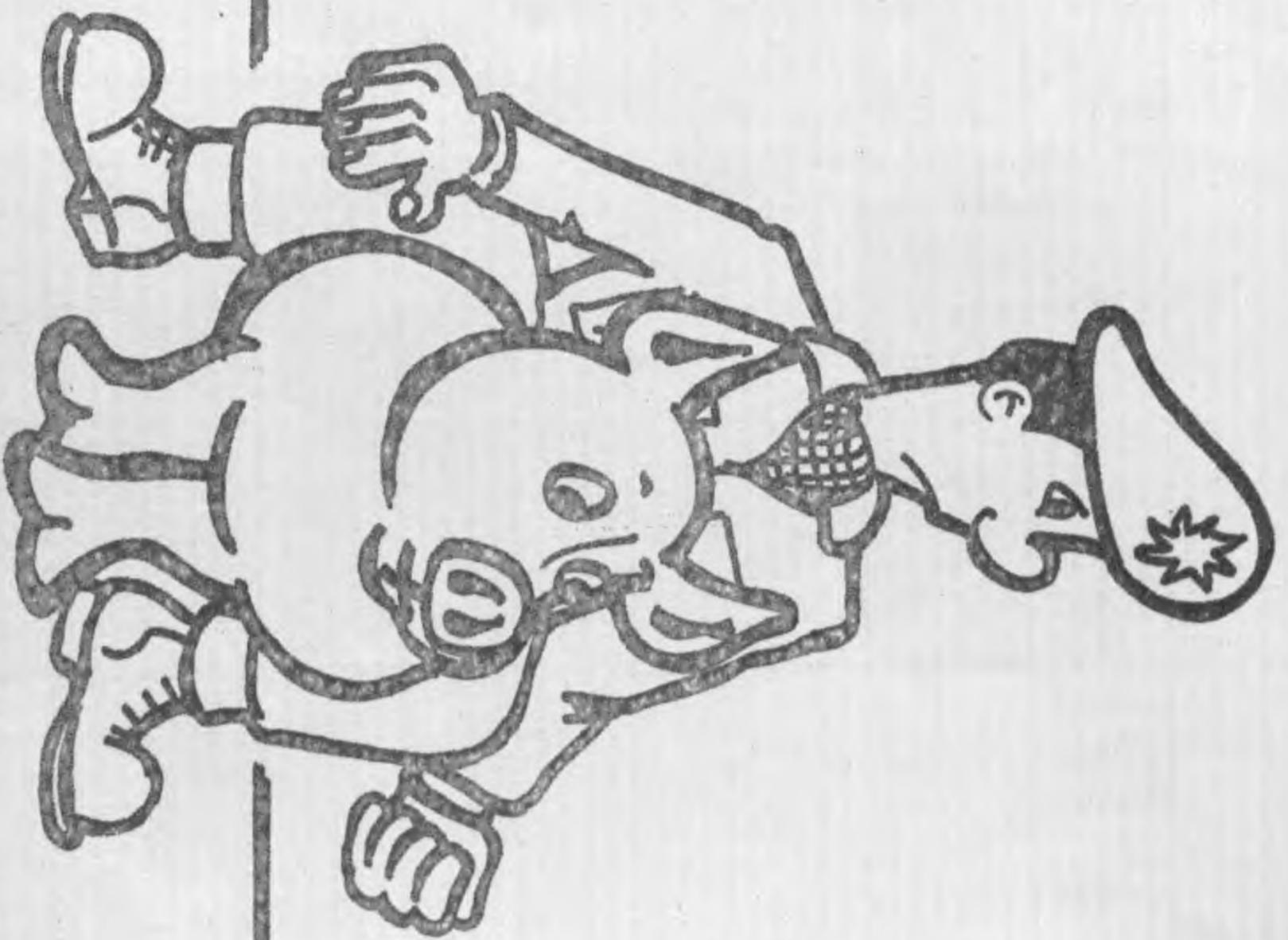
BIRD LOVERS

The use of ornithological phrases and words to identify certain positions and locations in the Support Company area have given rise to one or two strange tales and ideas. Is it true for instance that CROWS NEST has been attacked on two separate occasions by Fenian orientated pigeons? PIGEON LOFT of course denies all knowledge of these satanic manoeuvres but KESTREL has admitted that pigeons in Andrews Mill are of mixed Catholic and Protestant perversion. Apart from such outrages the naming of locations has led to a certain amount of jealousy and bickering, FLYCATCHER has already accused KINGFISHER of being a poof because he is such a pretty boy with his blue coat. To this KINGFISHER replied that under the circumstances with FLYCATCHER so involved with our little hopping friends in Percy Street, perhaps it would be more appropriate if he was to be called FLEACATCHER. However, be these tales true or false, there is no doubt that this strange affection which our friends in the Company Ops Room seem to have for our feathered friends will in the end have disastrous consequences on the morale of the Company. Already two soldiers who spent too long in CROWS NEST have sworn never to eat an egg again. The worst afflicted has been seen balancing on top of the old lift-shaft in Northumberland Street. He was dressed all in black, flapping his arms and jumping in the air, alternately cawing and swearing at the pigeons in the loft. We all hope that KESTREL on hearing these horrific details will at once take action to re-name all locations without delay.

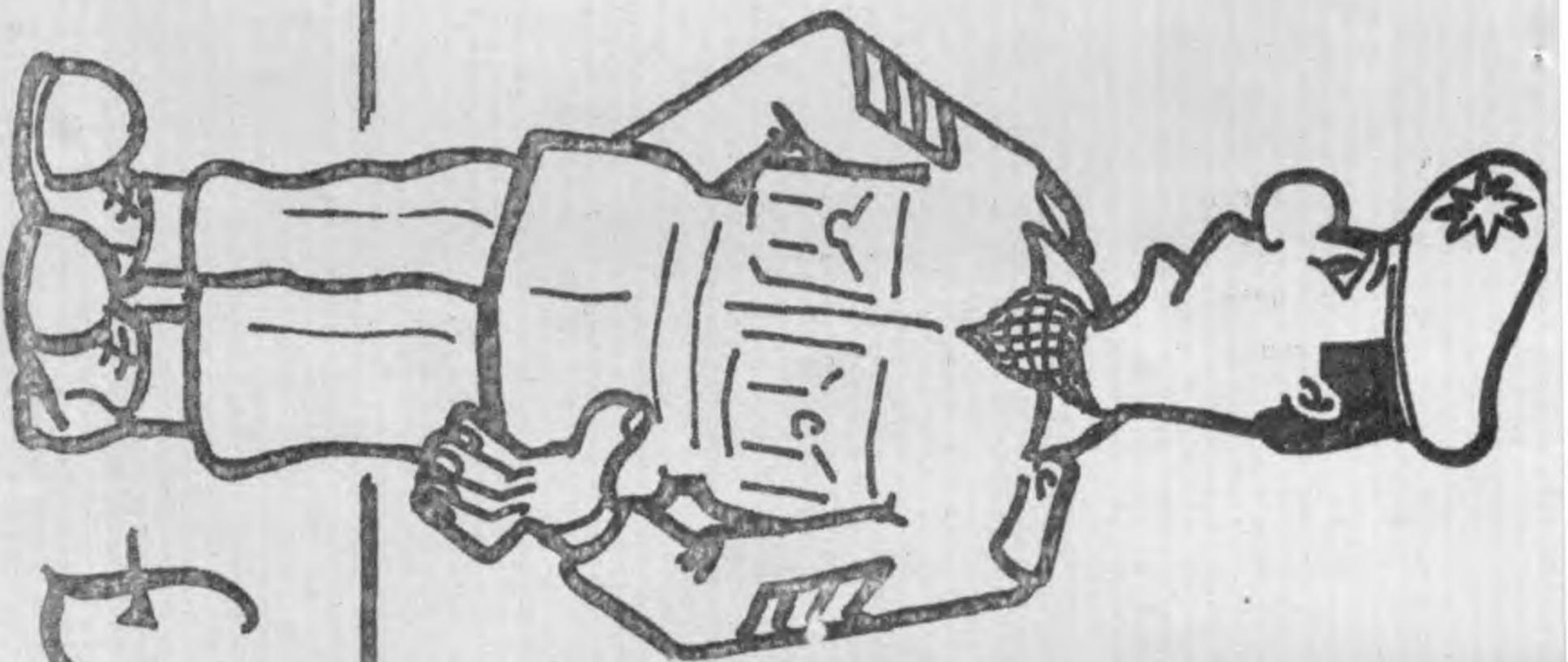
Signed: Jack Daw.

-oOo-

Kick of the Week - delivered by the Drum Major to the rear of the young lad who thought our newly built unloading bay was a toilet.



FOOL, WRONG PIC!



F

ECHELON NOTES

Unlike the remainder of the battalion, we of Echelon have not tales of brave and fearless exploits to recount. All ranks here consider they are the unsung heroes of life in Belfast, without whom the battalion would have no vehicles, money, food or clothes. However, very few complaints are heard, and to those who do complain the Sergeant-Major is very generous with his offer of going to enjoy life in a Rifle Company!

We would however, like to pay tribute to the following departments and personnel:

To the member of the RCT who intentionally discharged his rifle without causing himself any injury.

To the driver (we're sure there's only one) who has so far not had to ask for an Accident Report form.

To the REME, who are still managing to put our vehicles back on the road faster than the drivers can drive them off.

To the Pay Staff, who have finally convinced us that the latest pay rise will mean we get more money, not less - it was pretty hard going!

And this month, a special tribute must be paid to those drivers and escorts who accompany, twice weekly, personnel to the airport for R & R leave - we haven't lost one yet, although we are told the temptation is very great.

There is an element of truth in the rumour at present circulating round Echelon that a certain Warrant Officer has indented for a pair of sunglasses because the sunlight on his weekly foray into the outside world dazzles him.
Heard in the corridor:

Young Officer : "Sergeant Major, when are you starting to take driving tests out here?"

Sergeant Major : "Only when I am ordered to by the Commanding Officer!"

Heard in the RQMS's office;

RQMS : "I'd fall out if there were anywhere decent to go."

Soldier : "There are plenty of open windows upstairs, Sir."

Just a word:

In the office - any MAIL?

In the Disco - ANY male!!!

Heard in the Disco:

Foreign Accent : "My dear, have you ever thought of going into Catering or vice versa?"

Even More Foreign Accent : "Go away, Grandad!"

(No prizes offered for guessing who was chancing his luck)



YES SGT MADLIN ?
IT'S HAPPENED YET AGAIN SIR.

PAY NOTES

In relation to the industrial strife currently prevailing in the United Kingdom, it is a worth-while exercise to look at a few facts and figures concerning the new pay and pension rates for soldiers:

Basic Pay Rates: (weekly)

Private Class IV on a 3 year engagement	(Band I)	£19.53
Private Class IV on a 6 year engagement	(Band 1)	£21.35
Private Class IV on a 9 year engagement	(Band 1)	£24.08
Lcpl Class III on a 6 year engagement	(Band 1)	£22.80
Lcpl Class III on a 9 year engagement	(Band 1)	£29.33
Cpl Class II on a 9 year engagement	(Band 2)	£38.22
Sgt on a 9 year engagement	(Band 2)	£42.84

These are the lowest rates for infantry soldiers, but most receive higher rates of pay than this because of qualifications. The differences in rates for commitment to longer service have been further increased so it pays to sign on for a longer engagement.

There is a lot of publicity on TV and in the newspapers nowadays about basic rates of pay and other factors which have a bearing on a serviceman's income, and these should not be overlooked.

Food and Accommodation Charges:

Single soldiers pay £1.33 per week (£2.59 for Sgts) for accommodation in barracks. What does a civilian have to pay for the barest shelter?

Food charges are only 42p per day - and it costs the Treasury 70p a day to feed one serviceman (One visit to Schnell Imbiss would cost as much!)

Married soldiers pay £3.92 a week for a B Type quarter and £4.55 a week for a C Type quarter. Compare these rates with those of civilians who still have to find an extra pound or two a week for furnishings.

Additional to these basic figures, Local Overseas Allowances when applicable, generous Disturbance Allowances, Removal and Storage charges as well as travel allowance for both leave and duty travel, are available.

Pensions

There really has been a big change here. Pensions have doubled! The rates for soldiers who complete 22 years service are:

Pte	£571 per annum	approx £11 per week
Cpl.	£696 per annum	approx £14 per week
Sgt	£775 per annum	approx £15 per week
Ssgt	£833 per annum	approx £16 per week
WOII	£854 per annum	approx £17 per week

In addition, a lump sum terminal grant of three times the annual pension is paid in cash on retirement.

Assisted House Purchase:

Servicemen can now get financial assistance with the purchase or sale of a house. Legal and other expenses may be claimed up to a maximum of £460, depending upon the cost of the house. The expenses which may be claimed include Solicitors fees, stamp duty, registration fees, legal expenses, survey fees and advertising. A house may be bought once and sold once during a soldier's service. For the purchase of a house he must have completed 9 years service and have at least 3 more to do. For a sale, he must have occupied the house for 9 months and he must have 2 years left to serve.

There are some other conditions and the pay staff will be pleased to provide you with full details should you wish to claim.

Transport from Quarter to Duty:

If you are carried to and from barracks in a cargo vehicle which is not heated nor properly converted as a passenger carrying vehicle you are no longer required to pay a transport charge.

Finally, pay rates will be examined again in 1973 and the Review Body will make its recommendations accordingly.

The Arrival

It was a cold bleak morning at Mulhouse, the time 0800hrs. A foul smelling grey mist hung over the living accommodation as Ptes McDonnell and Eke started on their morning tasks of sweeping the corridors. At the same time a civilian handed his wallet to Lt Gould and was told that it would be booked in at the Guard Room together with his luggage. The civilian was then directed to the door leading into the corridor while Mr Gould remained in the Guard Room.

Pte McDonnell looked up from his sweeping and asked this civilian who he was and what did he think he was doing, at the same time grabbing hold of a club. The civilian tried to make some ridiculous claim to being an officer, but McDonnell and Eke are not easily fooled and they asked him for his Identity Card. At such astute questioning the civilian panicked and tried to make the excuse that he had 'handed it in at the Guard Room', as if anybody would believe that! There was obviously something amiss here, an IRA suspect if ever there was one. McDonnell and Eke took the 'necessary action' and deposited the 'suspect' in what the locals affectionately term 'the Pit'.

Here a 'cursory search' took place, although nothing suspicious was found. At this stage it was decided that the Special Branch should be called in to handle the case.

On arrival the Special Branch officer said to the suspect "Don't I know you from Lurgan?".

"No. I'm from Sandhurst", said the civilian.

It was obviously useless questioning this man any further as he was far too cunning to give anything away at this stage of the game. Lack of response from the suspect made Eke mad. Striking the wall with his club, he screamed, "I've had enough of you b_ _ _ s." The suspect cringed.

It was then decided that another sentry was needed as we had something important here, so we called in baton-swinging 'Deidre "I love you all boys" Boss' a specialist in the techniques of close searching. Deidre searched the suspect really thoroughly, but could find nothing big or of any value. At this moment Mr Gould walked in, a look of horror on his face. "My God" he screamed, "You have the wrong man. That man is an officer!"

WELCOME TO C COMPANY 2nd Lieutenant FRENCH!!!!!!!!!!

P.S. Always carry your Identity Card.

NORTHERN IRELAND TOP TWENTY

1. Bang, Bang, They shot Me Down - Joe McCann and The Pastrymen.
2. Johnny, You're a Gunman - The IRA Male Voice Choir.
3. Baby Love - B Devlin and the Heifers.
4. Far, Far Away - The Regimental Band,
5. South of The Border - The Escapees.
6. Boom Bang-a-Bang - The Provos.
7. Great Balls of Fire - The Arsonists.
8. Leap Up and Down With Your Knickers in the Air - The Divis Dollies.
9. Help - The Acorn.
10. Keep on Dancing - The Verge Ins.
11. Come Fly with Me - The Bomb Makers.
12. These Boots Were Made for Walking - The Drivers.
13. Rock Around the Clock - Sangar Two.
14. Sweet Talking Guy - Mike and the PROs.
15. Knock, Knock, Who'se There - Stan and The Mouseholers.
16. I Like It - Titch and The Boneyarders.
17. Strangers in the Night - The Divis Residents.
18. Light My Fire - The Hi-jackers.
19. Our Day Will Come - Big John and The Marksmen.
20. Home Cooking - The Politicals.

The Padre's Court Circular

Major John Wooddisse was not able to be at the recent pop festival held at Bickenshaw, near Wigan, due to pressure of work. He has sent his apologies to the organisers for his absence.

In a recent interview, Major Wooddisse remarked "It is very sad, I am sure it was my scene and I could have done my particular thing with a few of the other wallahs, what!"

Captain Mike Peele, MC, would have been in attendance.

In a recent interview, Lt. Col Jonathan Hall-Tipping, Commanding Officer, 3rd Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment, would not confirm or deny the rumours that he is at present studying the history of the American gangster underworld of the 1920 and 1930 eras.

The local lending library has reported a sharp increase in the number of books recently borrowed. When pressed for details of the types of books by our roving reporter, the Librarian said that the borrowing of biographies of certain American gentlemen had caused the increase. She regretted that she was not allowed to give further details, but referred us to the head office in London. After several approaches by us, the directors of the library issued a statement which admitted that the reason for the increases could be mainly tied down to the biographies of Al Capone, Baby-Face Nelson and Machine Gun Kelly. However, they accept no responsibility.

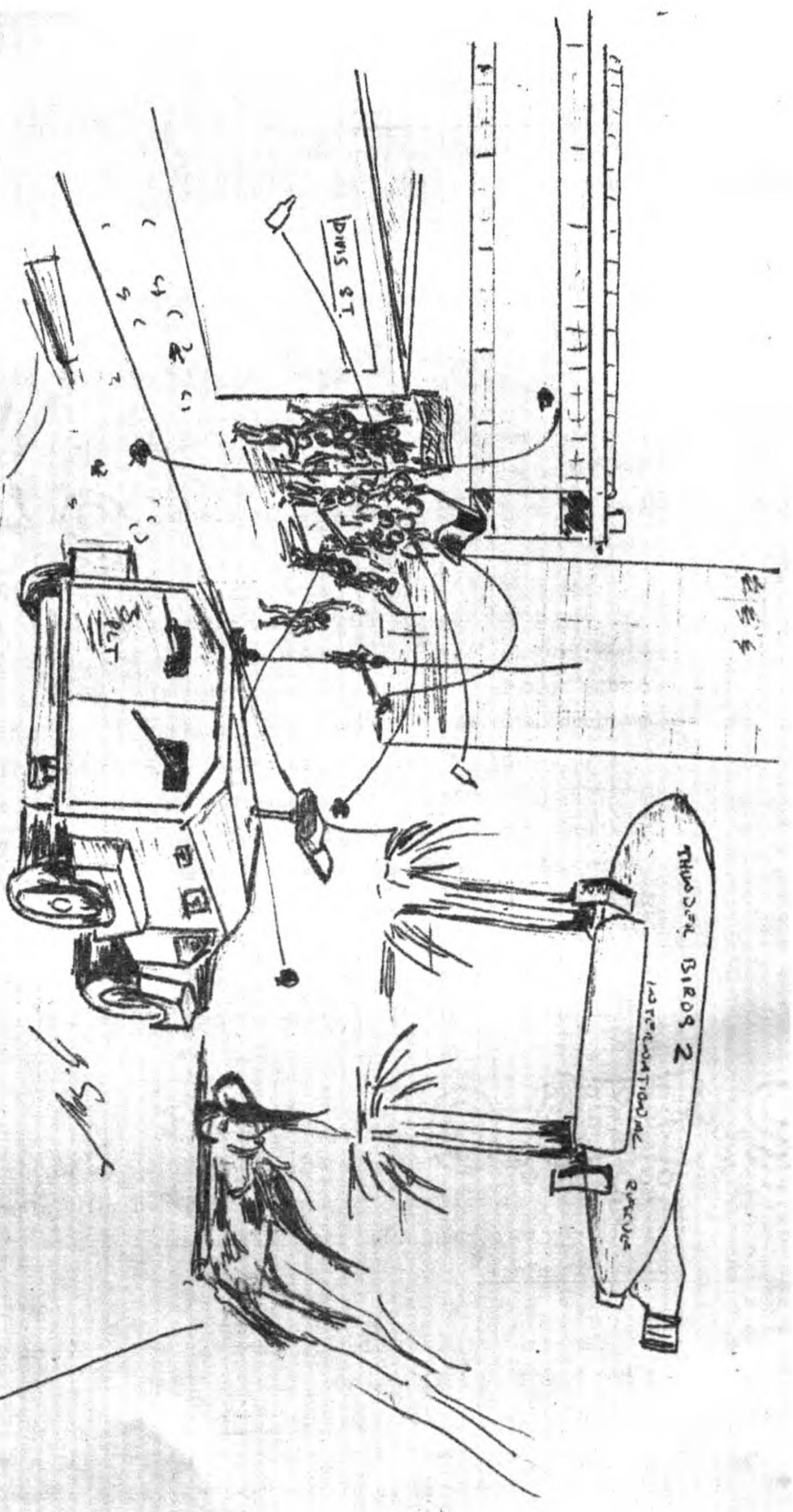
Captain Mike Menage attended a recent Coming Out Ball at the Paradise Club, Coates Street, Belfast. A large number of other society people attended the ball which was in aid of the Soldiers Comforts Fund. 6 armed sentries were in attendance.

The Second in Command, Major Leon Paul, regularly visits several parts of the city of Belfast. We understand from a well-informed source, that such visits are made regularly, with various other members of the battalion in very close attendance.

The proposed Beetle Drive, which was to be held at Hastings Street, in aid of the Sinn Fein will not now take place.

It has been heard, albeit from a not very reliable source, that the battalion will shortly be visited by the Ambassador from Outer Mongolia, Lukwat Thakat Braw Tin.

WHO CALLED THEM IN?



J. S. W.