



3rd Bn
The Royal Anglian Regiment

THE POMPADOUR

COMMANDING OFFICER'S FOREWORD

We have had a difficult but interesting time during this last month - the third in this current tour. All Pompadours have had to work extremely hard because our area of responsibility has been increased to cover all of Londonderry west of the River Foyle, less the Bogside, Brandywell and the City Centre. The battalion has had under command 137 (JAVA) Battery and, alternatively, CORUNNA and SOMME Companies 1 DWR, and I am most grateful for the co-operation and efficiency shown by our friends in these sub-units because it has made the battalion task so much easier.

Three months down and one to go. All Pompadours must be determined to keep up the high standards they have set so far during this last month. It will be easy to relax and difficult to remain alert enough to take more Provo leaders out of circulation. Let us do the latter.

Jonathan Handley

'WATCHBIRD'

Private Shelagh Gimson WRAC



On Duty



Off Duty



Right - all to-gether now, girls!



Mayor of Northampton chats with the Lloyd brothers



The cream of 4 platoon - B Coy



A bevy of Drummers



We had a 2 minute break to-day - baby Koppers



Night patrol of the Creggan

EDITORIAL

He came over the ridge at sun-up, riding hard. He was tall in the saddle, and lean and he was the law. His red weather beaten face was grey with dust and the grey was streaked with wind swept tears from his bulbous eyes. It was a long ride from Fanny Wylie's Bridge. At the top of the rise, he dismounted, removed his cap-comforter and tenderly eyeing a buttercup he murmured "Routes Gold are clear again".

The flamboyant Cowboy pictorially described in this editorial has joined the ranks of eloquent subscribers to your magazine. I also welcome the excellent contributions from 137 (Java) Battery RA, from our Battalion Intelligence Section and last and by no means least from - wait for it - The Adjutant.

The Editor.

0 0 0

Notes

1. Due to the Editor's impending departure from Londonderry the deadlines for copies for the 4th Edition have had to be advanced.
2. Most photographs have been prepared already but companies may still submit further copies up to 22 Jun 73.
3. All articles have to arrive with the Editor by 22 Jun 73.

FOMFADOUR BABES

To Cpl Joe and Shiela McCarthy
a Daughter - Kyla Faye
born 23 Mar 73

To Sgt William and Wilhelmina Allan
a Daughter - Jaqueline Tracy Wendy
born 14 Apr 73

-oOo-

To Pte Brian and Pam Dias
a Daughter Zoe Jennifer
born 14 May 73

To WO I Robert and Zara Bowness-Smith
a Daughter - Emma Louise
born 16 Apr 73

-oOo-

To Pte David and Mrs Barnsley
a Daughter - Tracy Elizabeth
born 2 May 73

To Cpl David and Briggate Stanley
a Son - Mark Gerhardt
born 29 May 73

-oOo-

To Ssgt John and Mrs Reed
a Son - David John
born 26 Mar 73

To Pte William and Jennifer Orton
a Daughter - Sharon Ann
born 5 May 73

-oOo-

To Lcpl David and Mrs Rolls
a Daughter - Pauline Jane
born 9 Apr 73

To Cpl David and Gwen Brizan
a Son - Richard David
born 7 June 73

-oOo-

To Cpl John and Joan Nicholson
a Daughter - Joanne Louise
born 14 Apr 73

To Sgt Brian and Francis Morley
a Son - Christopher Alan
born 24 Apr 73

-oOo-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Why I enjoy my 4 Months in Northern Ireland

Dear Ed,

Quite apart from the hostilities and pressures in N. Ireland, it is a posting that can be made to be enjoyable, and even enlightening, throughout the four months. It is common belief, in my eyes anyway, that no amount of Military action from either side will solve the Ulster troubles, and unless someone stands firm, throws caution to the wind, and does something tangible for the good of all, the British Army, will still be trying to keep the peace until Mary Whitehouse burns her bra! It's definitely a low profile attitude here in Derry compared with Belfast, but on the whole the Irish (friends excluded) race has always adopted this frame of mind since they were on the end of 'Mother's Breast! I can think of places I'd rather be, but a four month tour over here every year, is an interesting way of breaking up the, sometimes, monotonous and tedious routine of Paderborn.

To conclude, the tour here in Ireland, brings home to me the realization that all the world certainly isn't a bed of roses, and that the people living in England could never visualize the pathetic state of a country so close to it's shores.

WILL THE NEXT WINSTON CHURCHILL PLEASE STAND UP!!

Cpl 'OLLIE' DENT 'A' Coy

-oOo-

Captain Martin Franks swimming in the sea one day was challenged by a Shark. He stabbed out his right hand and the shark fled. When recalling this to Lt Peter Dixon he showed him his wrist with 'Arsenal for the Cup' tattooed on it. Peter Dixon replied 'No wonder no one would swallow that' !

Dear Ed,

Stung to respond by libellous statements in HQ Coy notes in Pompadour No 2 (received 'on burn before reading' orders from BRIZAN at Rear), I take some moments from moving Brigades around BMOH to stand up for myself.

I deny strongly initiating the friendly letters which mysteriously arrived at my new location some days after I had left Sunny Derry. My immediate suspect was Seagull who is well known for this form of sniping - but he denies responsibility. If this is the case Pronto United and in particular Cpl L have to be the offenders! Just think if I replied....no, not possible with hobbies like brass nibbing and all in wrestling.

Be all that as it may, when are my bingo tickets coming up? I sense I am contributing to a Tac HQ drink-in.

I shall have my revenge - wait until my lot comes and plays you hockey next season - any wagers?

Keep your heads down

Claws-in-Exile

-oOo-

Stolen Car Located

A report of a stolen car had been received. Ever watchful Combat 'C' scoured the area but with no success. Gallantly a road block was set up and a crime of great importance came to light. A driver of a private car was found to be a 'provisional' learner and was not accompanied by a qualified driver.

Calls were made to Tac HQ with requests for instructions, "we don't wish to become involved, inform the RUC". Obviously excited by this success Combat C gave all details to the RUC who gallantly dispatched a patrol to the scene of the crime.

Yes the offence had been committed. Did the soldiers realise that the car was the car reported as stolen earlier. No comment has been made by Combat C but it is noted that production of table napkins has been taken up.

Letters to the Editor.

Dear Major Alderton.

I walked six and one half miles for
The Robert Browning School on 19th
May 73. The members of your battalion
who sponsored me raised nearly D.M. 200
for the school funds.

Please thank them for me in
your magazine. I hope you all come
home safe and well soon.

Love Darrell (Graham-Tyng)

Dear Darrell,

Thank you very much for your
letter which you see printed above.

We all think you did very well
on your walk. You will have to get a
grip of your Dad when he comes home
and I'll tell you why. When your letter
arrived he typed it out and wrote
me a little note saying "Unfortunately,
like his Dad, Darrell is better at
walking than writing! I think your writing
is very good but I don't think your Dad
could last out half a mile walking
let alone six and a half miles! Besides,
he hasn't unpacked his boots yet. If he
does and actually puts them on I have
promised to take a photo for the
Regimental Scrap Book.

All the boys here who sponsored
you are very proud of your great
effort - well done. Love, 'Uncle' Peter.

COURAGEOUS MAXWELL STORMS TO VICTORY

Scunthorpe soldier Roger Maxwell caused one of the biggest upsets in amateur boxing history when he won the ABA light-middleweight crown at Wembley.

Maxwell, his face a mask of blood after his left eye was slashed open in the second round, hauled himself from the brink of defeat against much fancied Merseyside KO specialist, Robbie Davies.

Maxwell's courage made him the hero of the night as 5,000 fans gave him a thundering ovation when he was given a unanimous points verdict.

Said ABA secretary Bill Lovett: "Wembley hasn't seen a fight like this for years - amateur or professional. Maxwell was magnificent". But Maxwell looked far from becoming champion when he sank to his knees a minute into the first round after Davies fought him with a flurry of heavy punches. Everything looked set for a repeat of their last meeting at Bethnal Green in November when Davies slaughtered Maxwell in 47 seconds.

Davies stormed in for the kill. But Maxwell regained his composure with neat footwork and jabbing to deny Davies a quick victory. As Maxwell scored repeatedly with his piston-right jab into Davies's face, the Birkenhead bomber bulldozed forward again as he saw the title slowly slipping from his grasp, in the second round. But Davies's big first round effort had drained him of energy. He tried to finish it with a big punch that often found the target but lacked venom.

Maxwell realised Davies was gradually slowing and unleashed a series of left hooks that had Davies staggering on the ropes, his nose broken.

Then drama. An accidental clash of heads ended with Maxwell's left eyebrow grazed. At the end of the round the wound was seeping blood and swelling.

The third and final round nearly brought the house down. Davies tried another onslaught but Maxwell somehow found extra stamina to ride the punches and jab his way out of trouble.

Then it was Davies's turn to stagger as Maxwell, his opponent near exhaustion, unravelled a flurry of devastating punches.

Everything seemed lost as Maxwell's eye was suddenly ripped open by a whipping right from Davies and blood poured down his checks. Referee Jim Ball led Maxwell to the ringside doctor. The crowd rose to their feet and from every corner of the arena came a thundering chorus of "Maxwell.. Maxwell.....Maxwell". The doctor would have caused a riot if he had not allowed Maxwell to continue - there were only 30 seconds left.

Knowing the title was in his grasp Maxwell, his face crimson as blood gushed from the wound, tore Davies apart in the final seconds to send the crowd delirious.

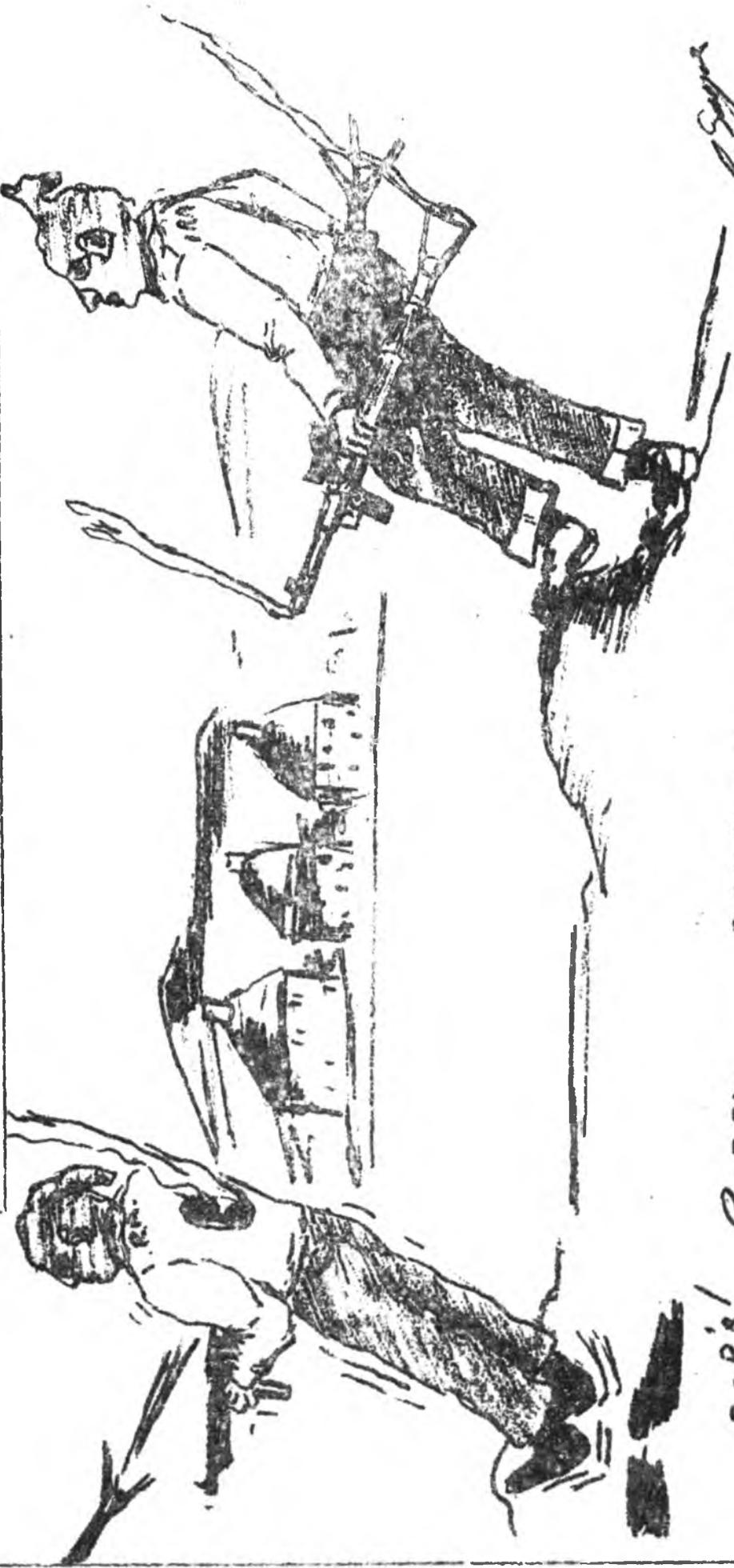
"I feel shattered", said Maxwell clutching his trophy afterwards.

"He caught me early in the first round and I had a feeling I was going to go like I did last time. But I managed to clear my head and keep scoring. I think I managed to hit him just as hard but he kept on his feet. The eye didn't give me any trouble until the last round when the blood began to blare my vision a bit. I would have been heart-broken if it had been stopped because I realised I was doing better scoring although Robbie was probably landing the heavier punches. I think my fitness was the deciding factor because Robbie began to puff a bit at the end of the second round. But it was a fantastic fight. It was one of those fights nobody deserved to lose."

Davies his nose broken and face badly bruised was full of praise for Maxwell.

"He shocked me and after the performance he put up tonight he is a worthy champion. I tried to hinge everything on the big punch and I thought it had worked after he went down in the first round. But as the fight went on he seemed to get stronger. I hit him with everything possible but I couldn't stop him coming forward. His fitness was superb. Obviously the army train their boxers like professionals. In my opinion, it was his fitness that won him the title".

P SCENES WED LIKE TO SEE O



P. S. Sayer

ooP's! SORRY OLD SON,
OI COULD HAVE SWORN THE
SAFETY CATCH WAS ON!

A COMPANY NOTES

One Platoon (The Sandbaggers)

Hello again to all our readers from the lads of One Platoon. First of all we'd like to congratulate Ssgt 'Smokey Joe' Randall-wood on his recent promotion and wish him all the best in his new job with those cowboy's from 60.

We'd also like to welcome into the Pl two new lads who have just joined us from the rear party back in Paderborn. They are Pte Jim 'Blue' Lloyd and Roy 'Bubbles' Marsh and we wish them all the best in the Sandbaggers Pl. They'll need it! We hope it takes Mr Monk less than 2 months to get to know them, he's only just found out we've got Chico Allen and he's been with us since March!

We would also like to offer our thanks to Captain Corbett for finding a new route into the Creggan, by turning right out of the main gate, mind you, he did have his map upside down at the time!

There is no truth in the rumour that the RnOC Ammunition Depot at Kinnegar was put on full alert to resupply 1 pl at Tesco VCP earlier this month after 42 accidental discharges!!!!

A Coy have asked the PFI if a tape recorder can be purchased from CO's Public Funds so that Sitreps from c/s 12B (Nose Dent) can be taken down by the Duty Officer without the assistance of the Coy Clerk, CSM, off duty Signallers and standby section cond. (It's not a dig Ollie, but give someone else a chance).

1 Pl offer their sympathies to Sgt 'Old Yellah' Ransden for his recent injury which occurred when one of 'Smokey Joe's' crutches knocked his walking stick away.

Postings Out

On return to Paderborn there's bound to be some postings, heres a few ideas.

Major Kerry Woodrow

Ops Officer Isle of Skye

Captain Rodney Corbett

London Zoc I/C Aviary

CsM Roy Brunning SDR Familiarisation Centre
Lt Jerry Monk Any Suggestions considered
Lt Tim Power Bouncer at Mothercare
2Lt Jan Brown (still can't spell it) Pilot for Skylab

If Big Five Ha Ha see anymore phantom patrols can they keep them to themselves, c/s 11A are fed up with doing the action replays!!

There was a young lad called Socky
Who thought he was awfully cocky
Till he messed with our Sarge
who's not very large
Now young Socky's not $\frac{1}{2}$ as cocky

BFN, see you all soon

Love & kisses

Tom & Jerry

-oOo-

The Scintilating Epistle comes from 2 (Penal) Platoon

Owing to 'Penal's' commitments over the past few weeks, yours truly has now just 5 mins to sit down and grace a page of the Pompadour with this scintilating report!

We are into our third month, and Sgt 'Willie' Wilkins has started to pack already! Everything, bar his bedding that is! His visits to Altnagelvin Hospital are limited now. They've given him up!

Biggest smile of the month was found on Cpl 'Turnip' Thurston's face. On numerous occasions, when the rubber is let loose, Turnip and his gang have always been round the corner, or on the grid at Alpha 6! Last Sunday night, Cpl 'Ollie' Dent and his gang, visited Leenan Gardens, (the high spot of the Creggan) and were welcomed by fifty funny looking people waving Corona bottles and bricks in the air. (Needless to say, they weren't waving them long). One hundred and ten baton rounds later, plus five arrests



Well you've got to give him credit
Sgt Gil*!t he is thorough!



YOU FOOL
CHECK THEIR
PASSES NOT
THEIR *!!IES!



GUARD ROOM
CREGGAN
CAMP



and a commendation from Lt 'Boy' Power for his brilliant rescue act, Turnip, was heard muttering, to himself, "I knew I could do it, wasn't I great, Baton Gunners, seventh volley, FIRE!!" and numerous other modesties. 'Firestance' have now enquired about his availability for a sales gimmick. Ollie's funing.

Lets not forget our other c/s 12a, who, as it happens, like their rubber underneath them on four wheels! We welcome Cpl 'Spanner' Spencer to this c/s too, who with Lcpl 'Debbie' Reynolds could turn out to be the worlds hottest exponent of vehicle navigation. Lcpl 'Canel' Prior (named so because he's always got the hump) smiled when I woke him up the other morning, and is now recovering on R & R!

Anyway 'kubbery 12' send all their love and best wishes back to relatives and the like wherever they are, with the news that we are all well and cheerful, and looking forward to the next exciting epistle (because it will be our last)

Bye

-oOo-

UP THE POMPADOURS

Trouble started long ago
Before the days of Ivanhoe
In the place called Ireland
'Trouble was the bloody hand
Prots and Cats they can't agree
From when they're on their Mammy's knee
The British Soldier he gets sent
To help the Paddy to repent
To teach the people how to smile
And help bring peace to the Emerald Isle
He comes and stands among the flocks
Becomes a target for the rocks
Bottles fly and bricks cascade
Another man, a POMPADOURS made
we come and go, and come again
we are the country's finest men

3 Royal Anglians lift your glass
There are no other in your class

Cpl 'Mac' McQuade

-oOo-

Three Platoon Notes

Well here we are again struggling through to our 3rd entry in this worthy publication despite the usual problems.

The Platoon is thinking of adopting the signature tune 'Everybody must get stoned', as we are still doing very well in the 'Hit' Parade. Sunray Minor copped one in the eye a few days ago and will henceforth be known as 'Slate in the Eye'.

Barricade clearing takes up a lot of our time these days, but the novelty is beginning to wear off a bit and we are thinking of moving on to bigger things such as 'House clearing'. The best place to start, everybody agrees, is Leenan Gardens.

Congratulations go to our old 'Sunray' on his promotion to Ssgt (at last) and we hope he'll enjoy zooming about in the country!

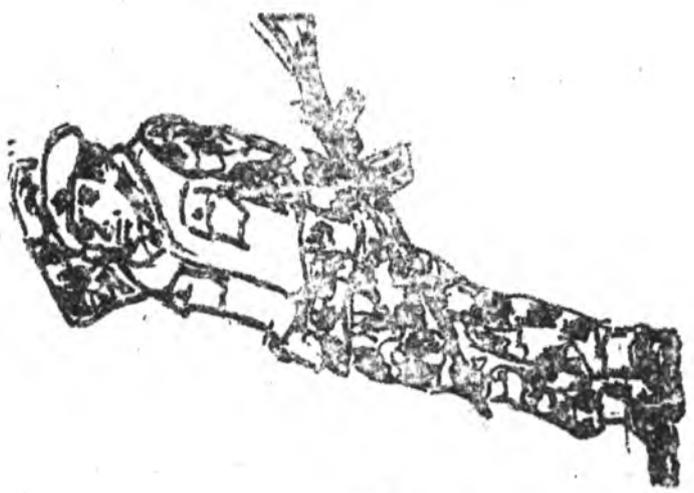
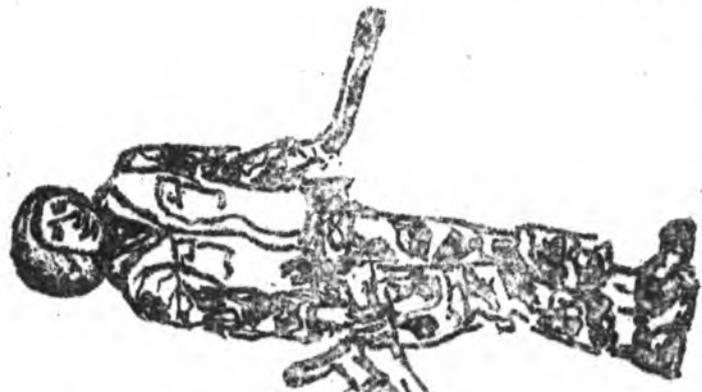
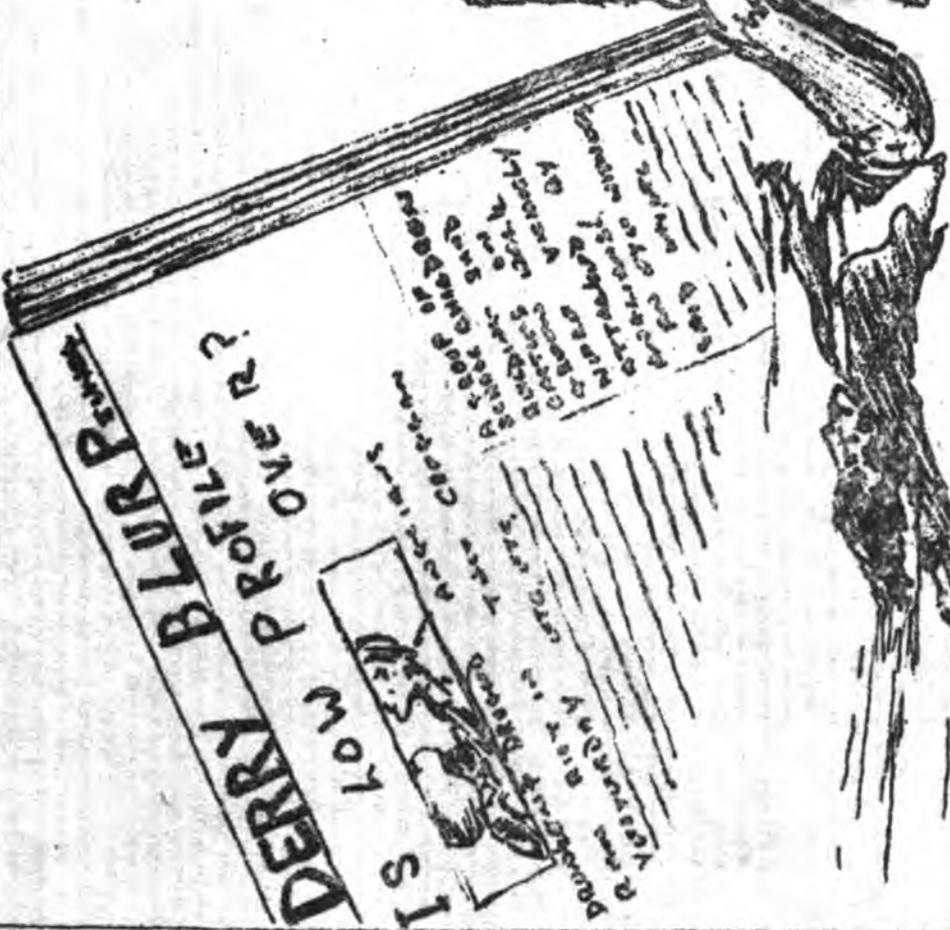
Our task now of course is to teach our new Sunray, 2Lt Zielinsky (better known as Mr Smith) how to be a platoon commander. He thinks he has got the hang of it already - poor lad, wait till we get him into an APC.

We shall finish off by not slugging the CSM about his favourite pastime - converting live rubber and gas rounds into empty cases.

-oOo-

Meals From Lamb Chops and Co

We thought we had better do our little bit as everyone else has had a mention. Here we are, Jock Kennie, Des Paskell, Beefcake Reekie and



WE ASKED HIM NICELY TO COME,
 BUT HE DIDNT WANT TO! WERE DO YOU
 WANT HIM? WANT HIM?

[Handwritten signature]

'Rent -a-moan' Steve Everret out in the wilds with the hunger of A Coy and the anger of the 2IC to contend with. We're well away from creatures the like of such you've never heard of before - Black Mac, Pop Wells and Forbes Watson Jnr. I've been informed that Support Company are to visit us and sample our cullinary delights, actually we think the SQMS A.C.C. can't manage so he's sending them over to us, old reliables. He's probably kicking himself that he didn't think of it before, never mind Sir, my messing officer Cpl 'Chippy' Woods will sort everything out. That's our little bit finished we don't have enough time off to write like most or should I say every other location.

Cpl Rennie A.C.C.

-oOo-

A Tale with a Moral (Part 1)

Soldier Neddy
Was always ready
And Steady
But Soldier Freddy
Was never ready
Nor steady

Thats why
When Soldier Neddy
Is in Northern Ireland
Being Ready and Steady
Soldier Freddy
Is back at home
Tucked up in beddy

Lt A. BEHAGG
(With apologies to Spike Milligan)

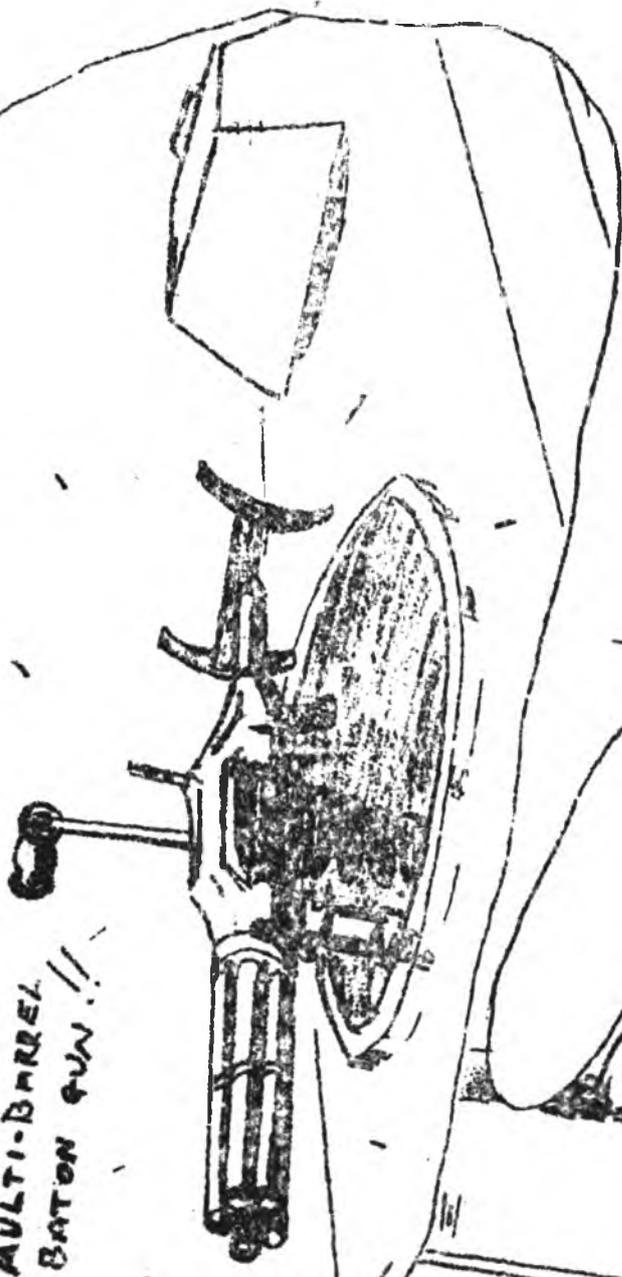
B COMPANY TRIES TO BE KIND TO IT'S FRIENDS

Reading through the back copies of 'The Pompadour' yesterday afternoon in search of inspiration, I was struck at once by a common strain running through most of the articles. Companies and platoons try with each other to depict themselves as the hairiest, steeliest band of professionals in the Battalion. Mock is made of rivals. Rival legs are mercifully pulled. 'It is right that this should be so'. I thought. 'Shows spirit, leads to a sense of identity and that sort of thing. Jolly good stuff, great for morale. I ruminated on the subject on my way back to the Company Office. By the wash-rooms I was nearly assassinated by a stripped down Land-Rover, bristling with pintle-mounted machine-guns, driven by what I first took to be an animated flowering shrub, which hurtled stylishly on two wheels round the corner and schreeched to a halt in a cloud of blue smoke and a smell of burning rubber. 'There's a chap who enjoys his job', I thught, 'who does it with style. He's got esprit-de-corps. Without it we'd all be doing our own thing in our uncoordinated way, not giving a damn for other people and ignoring the common course'. You see I was feeling very happy with my lot having just watched Star Trek.

As I got to the Company Office Portakabin my well developed instinct for self preservation took command and threw me to the ground. With a noise like the Apocalypse a Scout helicopter cleared the perimeter wall by six inches and amidst a whirlwind of dust, gravel, confidential papers and plastic cups, scattered the half-dozen Irish navvies who were leaning on the unloading bay. With a sexy wiggle of it's hips and a strong smell of parafin it snuggled onto the pad and closed down. A dapper pilot clad in dark glasses and with a pistol on his slim hip, leapt down and minced his way over to C Company, floating through the scruffy group of admiring squaddies like a swan through a flock of ducks. - 'Yes' I thought as I blew the dust out of my moustache and picked the gravel out of my palms, - 'if you gotta do it, do it with style'.

In a euphoria of self righteousness I opened the Office door and was knocked over and trampled by the Company Commander as, hair dishevelled and eyes wide and staring, he strode purposefully off towards Charlie Company muttering something about 'noisy, smelly, drafty, speed crazy.....'

BEST FED
MULTI-BARREL
BATON GUN !!

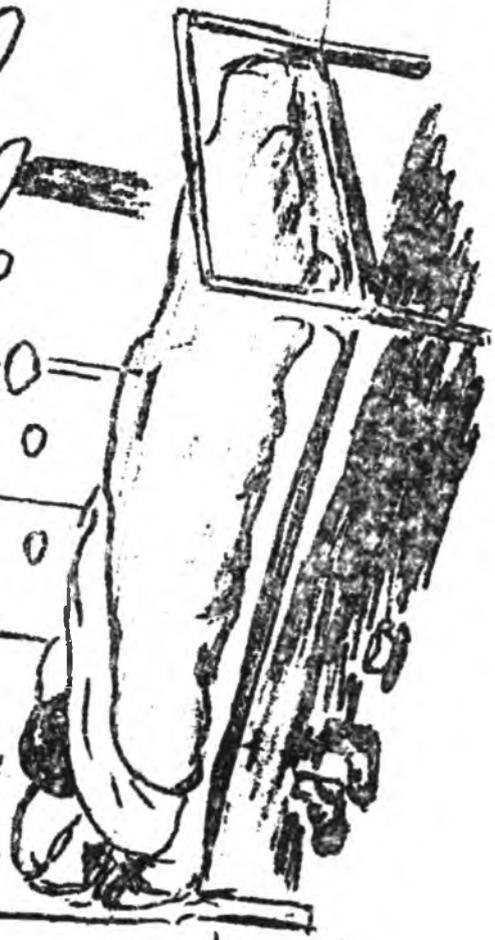


K
SPT
C
8

SWEET DREAMS SIR?

SPT

S. Sayer



I entered the Office and looked around at the stylish individuals who, ~~over-conscious~~ of their belonging to an elite, were conscientiously battling the common enemy, paper. The Ops Officer, his feet up on the table, was reading an ancient copy of 'Tit-Bits'. The Clerk was leafing through some photographs of his pen-friend, a platoon commander was slouching in the comfortable chair reading a comic. Sar'nt Major was thumbing wistfully through a copy of the Drill Manual.

A wave of affection washed over me. Here was a dedicated team, united by mutual trust and respect, fortified by a strong sense of identity, united in faith, pledged to defend justice and humanity against all comers.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and with a sweep of my arm cleared my desk of its clutter of accounts and guard reports. Stealing my pencil back from the OC's 'in' tray and squaring up a pile of typing paper, I sat down to pen my contribution to 'The Pompadour'. I would set an example of generosity and love to my fellow scribes. The honey would flow from my pencil. I would be kind to the platoon commanders, flatter the nobs in BHQ and compliment the efficiency of the telephone exchange. I would show that I recognised the temptation of getting internal rivalries and jingoism and firmly rejected it. I would show that, though I was proud to belong to this little group, I also had loyalty to the larger group and eventually, up the scale, to the figure under whom we were all united, the Great Sailor in Whitehall.

O readers, it all came to nought, For at that instant at inspiration in came one from the Bn Ops Room who casually threw down a pile of Men Onlys and Mayfairs on the table and said the words of doom 'got any for swappers'!

In the ensuing carnage all literary thoughts were driven from my mind. The deadline for articles has arrived and I've still got half of a 'Quest' to read. Sorry Editor, here are some jingoistic articles from the platoons. For higher things you'll have to wait for next month! This war breeds it's own priorities I'm afraid.

Four Platoon Notes

It only seems a few days ago that you lucky readers had the chance to hear all our news; but here we are back again with only one more issue to go.

The past few weeks have passed quickly and although we are still smiling, very little seems to have actually happened. C/S 21 seem to have become desert rats recently, playing in the camp sand pit, and occasionally filling green bags to keep Cpl (Petal) Morris, better known as Holdfast, happy. These sandbags are going to rebuild the famous front wall, now 9,500 sandbags strong. Holdfast can normally be found during the twilight hours, either building or destroying, depending on his china wall.

Other notable events include a record of three complete films watched, our Sunray Minor has had his R & K, and our Sunray is to depart shortly (on his R & R)!

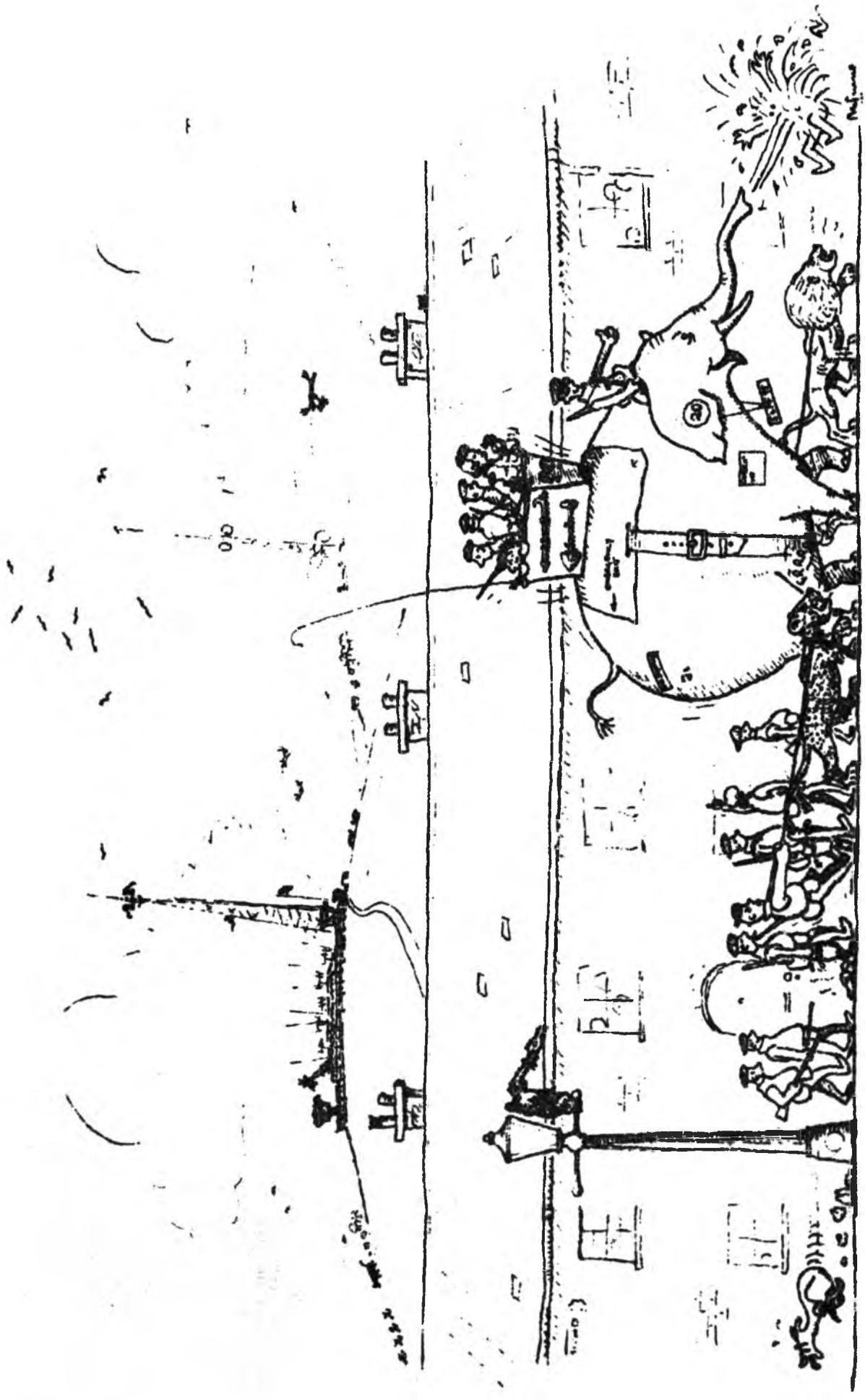
Cpl Lank Lancaster, (Cpl Mutly if the dog catcher is away) was disappointed with his education he started recently. He said he thought that Current World Affairs was something to do with cooking, geography and film star scandals.

In the continuing saga of our loving lodger Sgt Charlie King, it appears he has done the impossible. YES readers he has found the back gate. With the aid of his air photos and compass, and after having heard that he will have to use the rear gate when he goes on R & K, it took him about ten seconds.

Well until next issue readers we have to say goodbye, and remember If you can't take a joke you shouldn't have joined - keep smiling.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

We came to fight
By day and night
Is it wrong
Or is it right
To fight against
A peoples' right



An Idea for the Embayment of Multitudes and Citizens by the Security Forces
BY AN INTERNAL SECURITY SITUATION.

Four months we're here
Four months we'll stay
We have no quarrel
We have no say
Four months we're here
Four months we'll stay

Some are frightened
Some are scared
We all have fears
Not because we have to stay here
But in case we never leave here

-oOo-

Five Platoon Notes

Your scribe has once again left the writing of these notes to the last minutes, but as one harassed Company 2IC remarked what else is there for platoon commanders to do, so on with the greatest show since Peyton Place.

The platoon has been polishing up it's CR image since last I wrote. Pte 'Concorde' smart has offered to run classes on how to communicate with the locals in three easy stages, and 'Punchy' Hemmings has promised to put in a guest appearance at the next aining and firing of the baton gun lesson.

On the social front 'Uncle' Mick Riley has been overseeing the playing of scrabble and dominoes by such hardened characters such as 'Jock' Tierney 'Junior' walker, 'Moaner' Scott and 'Speedy Gonzales' Symes who are regular participants. The Platoon Commander is convinced it's a front for a thriving card school.

'Nicotine' Hay is for ever writing letters, rumour has it he snaffled the last lot of pen pal letters and is slowly ploughing through them.

'Giraffe' Charles has been prevailed upon to do a cartoon for this eminent paper, it remains to be seen if it gets past the censors. (Passed-Bd)

at the time of writing, the low profile we are maintaining has got so low, that it has vanished without trace, they tell me it does help to be a little mad.

-oOo-

Six Platoon (The keystone Cops)

Since the last issue of this great magazine things have taken a turn for the better as you will see as you read on.

Our fantastic efforts (with some help from the remainder of the Coy) have resulted in even less aggro to just the odd bottle or two instead of the normal crate full. We strongly deny suggestions that we have been in the wrong areas. Four very suspicious women all denied being Dick Emery and a fifth denied being a lady at all.

The greeting of the year 'Top of the morning to you lads' came from two middle aged men. No they weren't drunk, and as far as we could see were not being threatened. Mind you it was the day after Ireland had won a football match!

The platoon had the responsibility of escorting ballot boxes to three locations. On collection one soldier seen stuffing paper in one box denied that he was voting; he said he thought it was a suggestion box.

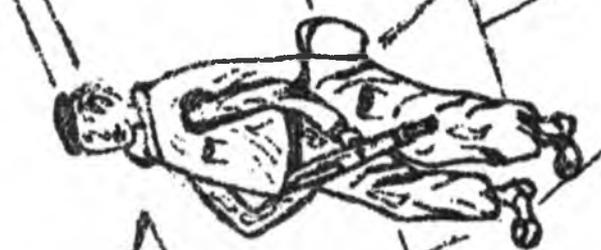
Cpl Eddie Standen's recently injured hand will keep him from off the streets for 28 days. He denied the suggestion that he punched that car to kill a fly.

One section would rather not go to the help of c/s 22 if blast bombs are going to be used Thank you!

Lop1 Fenchy Hawkins has trousers for sale waist size 48 or would exchange for any size 34 - well almost 34!

A hearty welcome back from his R & R to the 'Boss' Lt Otter; Sgt Darryn Bryant was seen to smile again.

TUFTY SAYS "DONT PICK THINGS
UP IN THE STREET THEY MAY
HARM YOU"



Lcpl 'Gobby' Mann denies rumours that the owners of the Blackwell Tunnel had made him an offer.

Pte 'Dribble' Tibble denied ownership of Tibbs Cat Food Company.

Pte 'Linseed' Lindsay and 'Winker' Watson say that the mail run is not for their love life poems; they don't mind the remainder of the Battalion writing at least once a week.

Pte 'Sparky' Shaw recently had 18 stitches in a nasty head wound. But we are pleased that it's healing up nicely and it won't be long before he will be out with us again.

Anyone who finds a BUNG please return it to King Cop! Cpl 'Nev' Jephcote says there can't be a rain shortage anymore and he is going to get some stilts.

Best Suggestions of the Month

1. A 4 day tour should be followed by a 4 month R & R.
2. BEM should be informed that B + C Coy Ops have both got some very experienced pilots.
3. The Bn Int Sect had haircuts to make their shirt collars last longer.
4. Cpl 'Nev' Jephcote will get a radio that works or will wash out his ears.
5. That the Drums just pick up suspects, not supporters as well.
6. That some washing powder be presented to Sgt 'Robbie' Allen for his Tracksuit.
7. That all persons living in the Creagan be ordered to hold their breath for two days.

Bye for now readers see you again next month; don't crack up before then.

"Keystone Cops"

Defence Platoon - B Coy

B Company are so proud of the Drums that they are going to ask the OC, who still thinks we are 25 strong, if they can have a Beating Retreat.

Location, Central Drive adjacent to the Telstar Public House on the waste ground, to be staged on the 12th July to coincide with the Orange Day parades.

This is due to the wonderful response and comments that are addressed to us from the locals, plus our own platoons who are on the ground when the Drums go down into the Creggan.

It is hoped that 5 Pl will lay on a buffet plus light alcoholic refreshments after the Beating Retreat as they are very good on the public relations side of things.

The Drum Major and the Drum sgt will, it is hoped, be on parade. If anyone has been wondering where they have been for the past two months, come along and you will be able to see them, before they disappear for the next two!

Does anyone know anything about Cpl Watret's PYL ear piece, which went missing as soon as the PYE sets were on issue? Please return it, as he worries day and night about the loss.

-oOo-

Shamus : My brother got 15 years for shoplifting

Sean : Blimey that was bit stiff

Shamus : Not really, he lifted C & as 6ft off the ground.

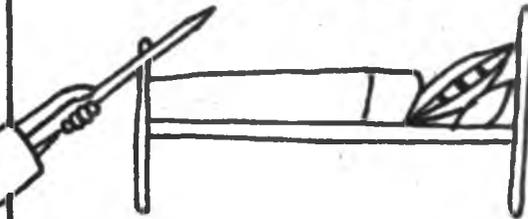
-oOo-

'We all make mistakes' said the tortoise who had been trying to overturn an Army helmet for two hours.

You are about to go on R+R

R+R Rehabilitation

A BED



C. Boh

A COMPANY WERE SORRY TO SEE 9:12 GO DOWN TO THE FARM



C COMPANY NOTES

The Editor has been shouting for these notes for many a day. At last we put pen to paper but only after we managed to secure a little breathing space now that Seagull has gone on R & R at last. This is a long awaited event indeed not only by the company but it is rumoured by Seagull too.

Combat 'C' is undergoing a change in it's staff. We have said goodbye to Horton, Kendall and Hellman, Bacon, Gibbs and Goodwin. They take with them our thanks and good wishes for the future as they leave the Army. We welcome Gill and McGill from the Depot. We are all pleased to hear that Ssgt Boss and Edwards are making good progress in hospital. Lcpl 'Socks' Saddington is now married. 'Scratch' Scrivener, 'Stitches' Laughton and our little Acorn McCrae are all soon to follow his example. Congratulations to Lcpl Saunders on becoming the proud father of a baby boy on May 15. Our final additions have been 'Pui', Prince, 'Scamp' and 'Shadow' for whom we have a nebulous responsibility. OC 'B' Coy is however better qualified. Apart from his natural love of animals he enjoys his too occasional afternoon walks in Central Drive although he (the dog) prefers sitting on manhole covers to getting on with a serious job.

During the past month the Enclave has been particularly quiet, apart from Cpl Hawkins coming under fire at Killea. The only incidents of note are the OC's brush with half a dozen cows in a highly suspicious cattle truck and the discovery of a Gibraltarian Refugee Camp (or two) in the Northern Area. The OC's windscreen has remained intact; so has his kit and cool as we have not ventured toward the Creggan recently.

-oOo-

It has been reported that the IRA have started to employ a new tactic in the streets of Belfast. They are throwing hand grenades over street barricades. However the British Army have got them licked, they are taking the pins out and throwing the grenades back.

"Air Taxi booking centre, Sgt L speaking Sir".

"Is that Charlie Coy"?

"People do sometimes call us that, yes Sir".

"R-O-D-G-E-R, whats your chopper doing today"?

"Staying right where it is, SIR"*

"No, no, I mean your helicopter".

"Ah, with you now Sir, had me wondering for a minute you did. Anyway, which one and what time"?

"OH*- , wait out".

"Air Taxi booking centre, Sgt L speaking Sir".

"Reference your chop--helicopter, the Scout I think, about 1130 hrs".

"Wait Sir,----no it's not booked with us at that time, can you give details of number of Pax Sir"?

"I think you misunderstand me, I want it for people, not boxes".

"YES SIR,- - how many and approximate weights please Sir"?

"what's their bl ---y weight got to do with it"?

"well it's like this Sir. The weight of the cargo determines the amount of fuel the pilot can take on board, which in turn affects the flying time available. The pilot will also want to know if dual controls can be fitted, because, and understandably, they do get tired over a long period and appreciate a little time off when and where they can. So if any of your passengers have flying experience the details of such will also be required".

"But I - - -",

"You realise of course, that if they are all overweight they probably won't get off the ground. Even if they did, I doubt if it would be for long. But on the other hand, If they are all thin the helicopter would take off so fast that your passengers wouldn't want to stay in it anyway".

"Yes but - -*",

"Also, will you require strops, struts, nets and straps, intercom, harness or seats? Going on from there, additional info required will be code numbers of pick up and drop off points, and if the task is operationally necessary"?

"I SEE, do you know the MT number?"

7 Platoon Notes

Well here we are again, once more Supreme Seven will grace this magazine with their tales of heroism and our valour written with literary genius.

The first gem this time comes from 31C and their resident Spook 'Ox' Millwood. Whilst wandering aimlessly across fields with radio on his back, he heard c/s 3 come up on the air repeatedly asking the unknown station to get off the air, so being a bright lad and also knowing the identity of the mysterious unknown station, he promptly told c/s 3 the following:

"Hello 3 this is 31C, reference unknown station, c/s Blackburn, Radio 1 over". To which C/S 3's reply was a disgruntled Roger out.

Next we have a tale of true valour and of jumping to Olympic standards. R/Op 'Boots' Gibbs had a confrontation with a cow, which decided to take a closer look at this large green clad apparition who had invaded it's field. Whereupon 'Boots' being fleet of foot leapt, radio and all clean over a 4ft high barbed wire fence, sweating furiously and shouting its after me!! (In a high pitched voice? - Ed)

Once more we've been helping everyone else in the 'clean up the Creggan campaign', but we do wish the locals could arrange a more sensible time for collection of their rubbish, as between the hours of one and six in the morning can be rather tiring. Perhaps the answer is for them to build barricades at night and us to remove them during the day, still whatever the time the 'Poupadour Refuse Collection & Disposal Company' always succeeds in the end. Anyway Seven (alias 'rent a platoon) carries on regardless of how overworked they are by the wonderous 'Factory A' or the 'Rub/Gas Company Ltd 'B'.

At this point I would like to dispel all rumours that 'C' Coy office and 'Ops Room is only held up by the milk churns underneath, well anyway you've all heard of SUPERMAC grocers, so why not Dairies!!!

News from the hospital front line, Ssgt George (the socks) Boss is now on wheels, and rumour has it that its the only jet propelled wheelchair in the business. Also we all send our best wishes and get well soon to

George and Mick Edwards, we'll see you both in August.

As we find ourselves with at least 2 hours to spare each week the following classes are suggested with the appropriate teachers.

1. How to peel an orange in you're pocket - CSM 'C'.
2. How to sleep in any position (including that one) - Pte Nelly Johnson.
3. How to say "Likkle Bokkle" etc and what they mean for all those posted to Tiger Coy - Cpl Pap Pap Carr.
4. Sending and receiving of 'Bongo' messages - Sgt Black Bill Dowling III.
5. Excuses for all occasions - Pte 'Plump Elvis' Braid.

Since the last issue we've taken over a certain VCP which shall remain nameless and we've had numerous contraptions set up for stopping cars, the last of which consisted of a sandbag, strings, pulleys and coltraps, this works very well when we want it to also however when we don't want it to! So far 4 cars, one lorry and a horse have fallen foul of its evil ways; still, Seven takes it's hat off to Bluebell's boys they do keep trying.

Anyway thats the lot, so from Supreme Seven as we wind our way back to the hills from whence we came we bid you a fond farewell and roll on July.

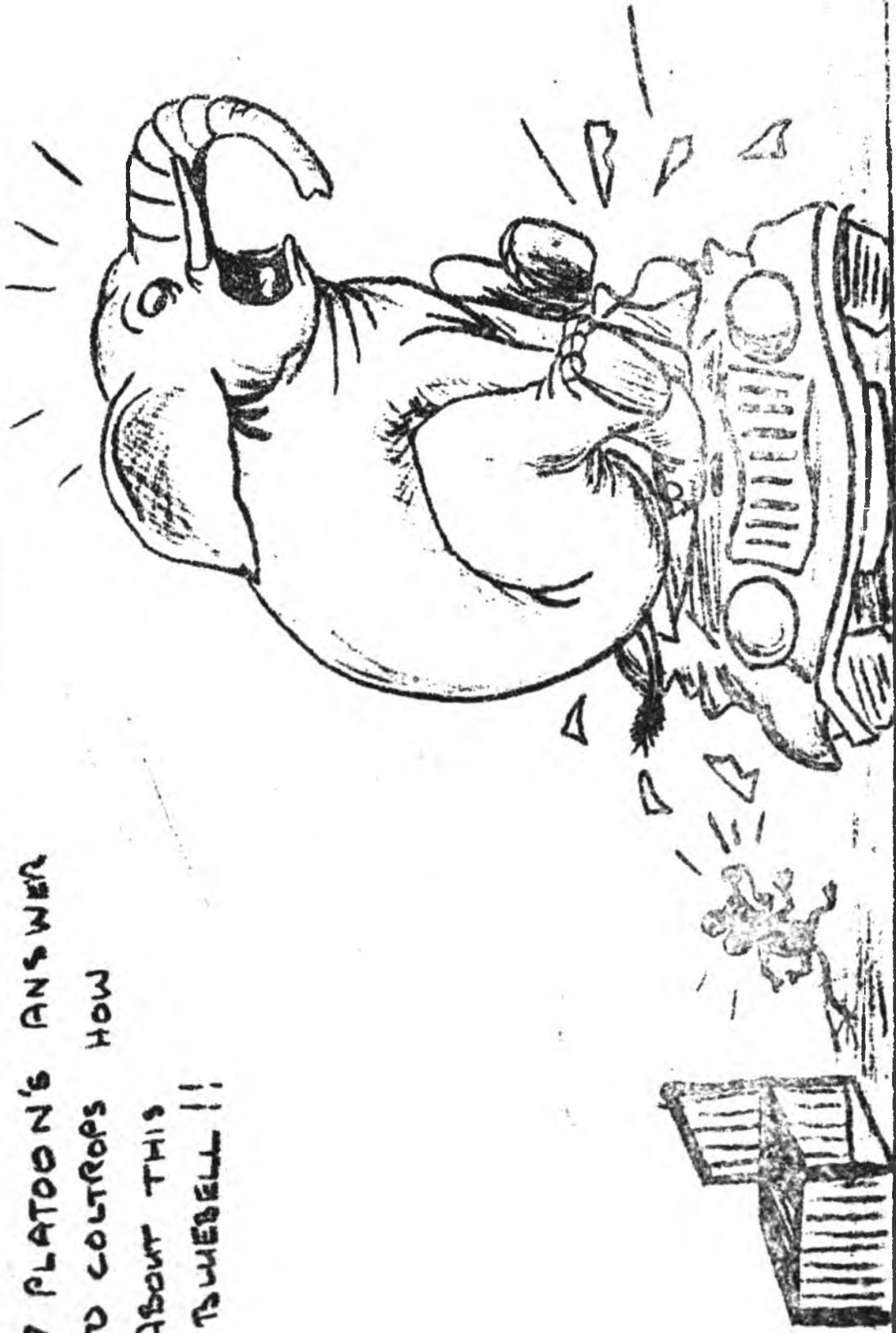
-oOo-

Eight Platoon Notes

Well the halfway stage has now passed so lets hope the second half of the tour goes just as fast. Since the last edition of the magazine we have lost Ali Hellman to civvy street, and on 12 June Pte Nippy Goodwin goes back to Grimsby to become a gunner on a trawler or so he says, but all the Platoon wish him well in civvy street and hope he gets on OK, if not we'll see him back in Paderborn when he re-enlists!

Well just lately we have been doing OPs on the border and after all the info was collated, the following points were learnt:-

7 PLATOON'S ANSWER
TO COLTROPS HOW
ABOUT THIS
TSHEBELL !!



1. That the waterproofs do not work but they do keep the combat kit moist.
2. 24hr man packs are really wonderful, so our Belsen expert says.
3. The winpys are not that daft they don't play when the weathers bad, wise men.
4. M41s are very good radios, and should be left in the Signal Stores where they belong.

Moral in the Pl has gone sky high since they had that wonderful Band concert and they are now putting on Radio 4 instead of Radio one.

Exchange & Mart

One Baton Gun in excellent condition, but owing to the BuN put upon its owner it is now getting dusty. The BuN may be lifted when Seagull tops its total but until then will consider anything nice, How about J4 9 Pl.

-oOo-

Nine Platoon Notes

Well, the news from the country estate is much the same as last month with the exception that we have now lost Cpl 'Rog' Hawkins to a Bordon MT course. We will now have to find another section to clear our longest admin route (GINGER). 'Rog' has done it so often he could walk it in his sleep- He frequently did!

Since last month we have had to arrange a couple of nicknames. From now on Lopl Saddington will be known as 'Socks' Saddington for obvious reasons. Also having been accused of having a little chinese boy in the platoon 'Chalky' White will now become 'CHINKY' White.

Getting down to more mundane matters like what have we been doing lately, well, we have protected Ballougy School during election day. The only dangers were bullocks and senior officers - a much more dangerous enemy. We also have a new mission. To get Pte 'Sunderland for the Cup' McInerney to spend so much money that he can't buy himself out! Pte 'Snudge' Smith is doing best at fulfilling this aim.

Finally I would like to close with an advertising feature:-

Owing to high running costs on the country estate. The Land-Steward (It's his house we live in) Sgt Mick Stannard has decided to raise the fee on our recreational activities:-

12 Bore Shooting - 0900 - 1000 (Dependant on availability of pigeons)

Cartridges - 5p each

Loan of Gun - 25p per hour

Guards - 22p per hour

Beaters - 25p per hour

Horse Riding - 0900 - 1000

Loan of Horse - 50p per hour

Riding Instructor - 25p per hour

Groom - 25p at end of each lesson

Embroidery. Advance booking please owing to the availability of only one instructor.

Classes - 25p per student + cost of material

All prices not inclusive of VAT.

At present we are still working on the tennis court and swimming pool
You provide the Pimm's!

-oOo-

Overheard in the Cookhouse

Cpl Butts to Cook Sgt.

"Can you have two late meals ready in 15 mins"?

"NO - GO AWAY"

"Its for the pilot and his observer"

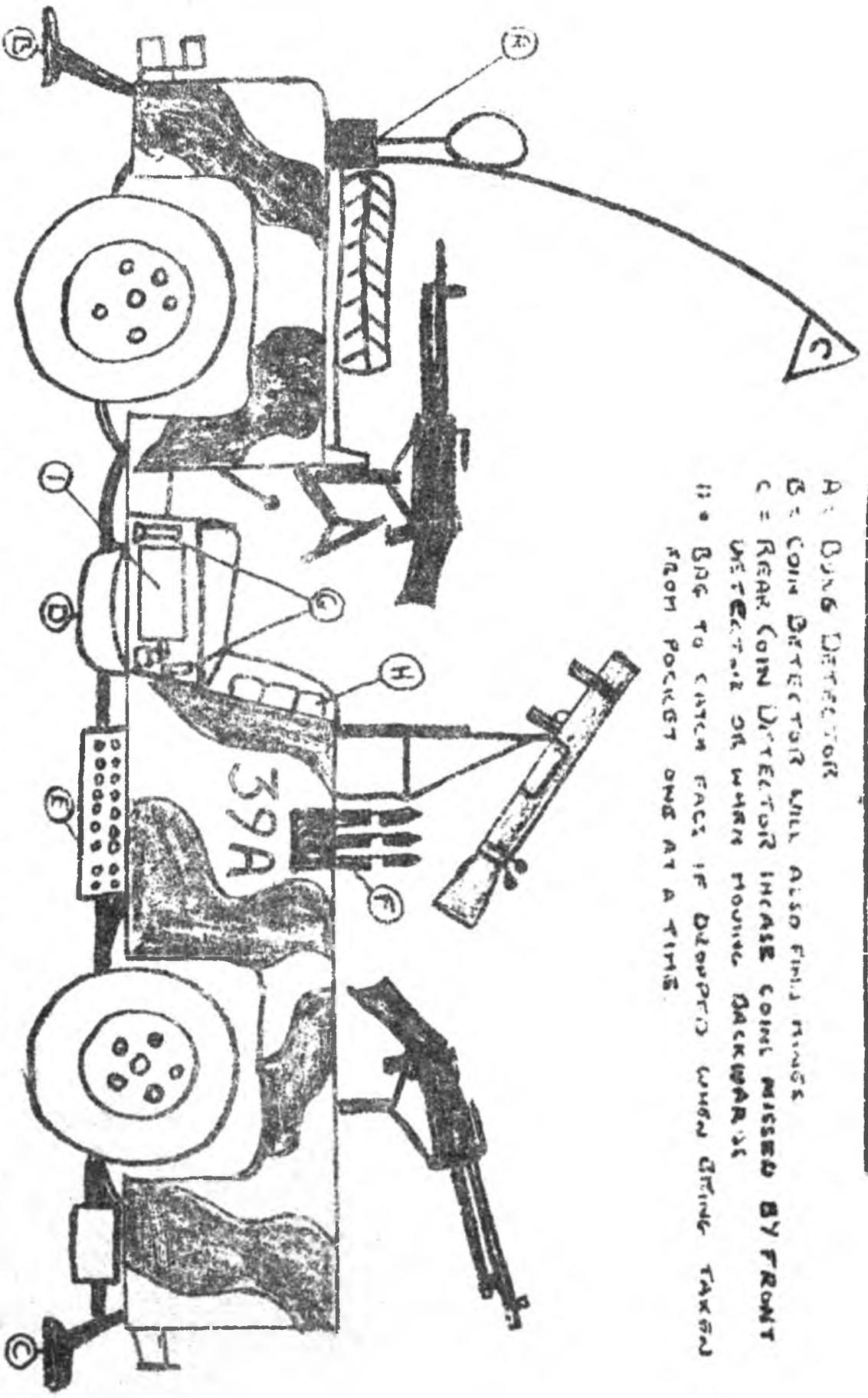
"I don't care who it is, NO"

"He's a Captain in the ACC"

"Tell Cpl Huffle I want two late meals in 15 mins"

PROTOTYPE TO PLEASE SEAHELL C/S 3

- A = DUNG DETECTOR
- B = COIN DETECTOR WILL ALSO FIND RINGS
- C = REAR COIN DETECTOR INCREASE COIN MISSED BY FRONT DETECTOR OR WHEN MOVING BACKWARDS
- H = BAG TO CATCH FAULTS IF DROPPED WHEN GRINDING TAKEN FROM POCKET ONE AT A TIME.



- E = KICKER FOR SILENT RUNNING TO COVER UNDESIRABLE BUNGERS.
- F = REAR WHEEL AND BLADE ROCKET TO SIGNAL PATRIOTIC BUNGERS (ALSO DISTRESS)
- G = INJECTION POINT TO ATTEND C/S 2 O GROVS
- H = PARACHUTE TO RETURN TO C/S 3 ALWAYS "FIRIN ON THE GROUND"
- I = SAFE TO CARRY FAULTS "NOT PIERCE TO EJECTOR SEAT."

Model 1

RECCE REMINISCENCES

With the improvement in the weather we have resorted to our normal profile - heard but not seen except by popular demand.

OC B Company has refused all our offers of help - he remembers all too well what happened last tour when we were let loose in his area! So we just frighten his sentries once in a while.

On more personal matters, we all congratulate Lcpl 'Tich' Saunders and his wife Lynn on the birth of a son on May 15th. When told the news by Captain Steele, that worthy man was very nearly trampled in the ensuing excitement.

We welcome Ssgt 'Joe' Randall-wood to the platoon. "Just give me a rifle", he said and was gone into the mists of the Enclave.

Sgt 'Tubby' Watkins is maintaining a very (s)low profile at present having twisted his knee. He claims Sunray 60 fouled him at 5-a-side football match, but we all know he was being chased by a bull at the time.

Then there was the episode of c/s 60 and the escaped pigs. Chasing a particularly evasive piglet, Pte 'Ebbc' Ebbage was sucked into a genuine Irish bog. To the accompaniment of animal and human squeals it took a tow rope and the efforts of two landrovers, whose crews were in hysterics, to pull him clear. If nothing else it was good practice for the tug-of-war competition. Our 'heavy' section (c/s 61) is making serious preparations so serious that the consumption of egg banjos increases every night.

-oOo-

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"If it rained soup from Heaven the Irish would come out with forks in their hands".

ACORN

THE SAGA OF THE VALLEY OF THE LOOS'
(or a journey down the hidden bend)

In all your travels throughout the globe you may have wondered where all the old loos' go. Of course you have, you never see those great porcelain monuments to man's ingenuity littering the streets. They must go somewhere, but where?

A group of intrepid explorers set out to find the answer to this problem. As you may or may not know the elephants always go to die in a hidden valley, somewhere in darkest Africa. (Ref:- Tarzan film of 2 weeks ago!) Well it's the same with the loos, legend has it that each country has its own secret loo valley, and were any of these to be found the finder would be rich beyond belief, owning half the countries porcelain. It was with this goal in mind, that the intrepid explorers set out.

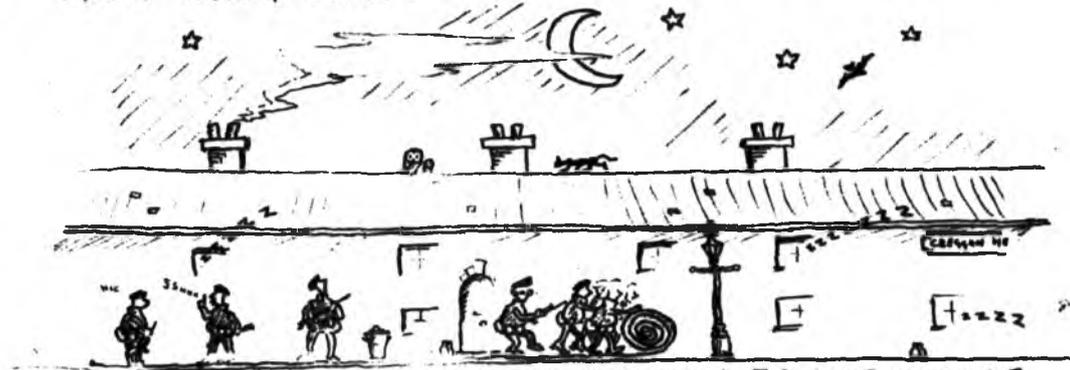
Firstly they had to find a loo nearing the Autumn of its days, and once this was located, begin to watch its every flush. A big thank you should be extended to the BBC's "Outside Loo Broadcasting Unit" without whom the watching period would have been most difficult.

At last the day came when the loo had come to the end of its days, a cracked bowl, broken chain and a mildewed ballcock were all signs that the end was near. In the dead of the night it suddenly stirred, and lifting its hidden bend (which by this time was clogged with tea leaves and ancient pews paper) it airily floated away, closely followed by our dynamic duo. For five nights they followed it until after covering many miles it became clear to the intrepid adventurers that it was heading for an unknown destination in the Cambrian mountains. The tension mounted as it neared its resting place, and at last after a breath taking climb they saw the lost valley of the loos spread before them, strewn as far as the eye could see with a fortune of porcelain, copper ballcocks and chain, loos ancient and modern were there for the taking.

They had found their goal. However as they were scrambling down the steep valley sides, they struck a hidden switch, laid back in the darkness of the past by the ancient loos to protect their haven from prying eyes. A great gurgling commenced and suddenly huge falls of water gushed from the sides of the valley, and flushed our luckless heroes away.

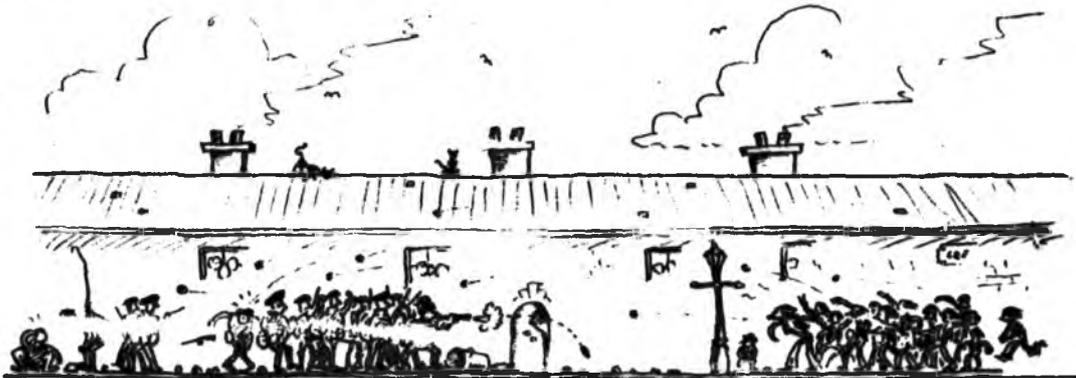
A NEW SECRET WEAPON FOR USE BY OUR TROOPS IN THE PROVINCES
AGAINST RIOTING YOUTHS.

1.



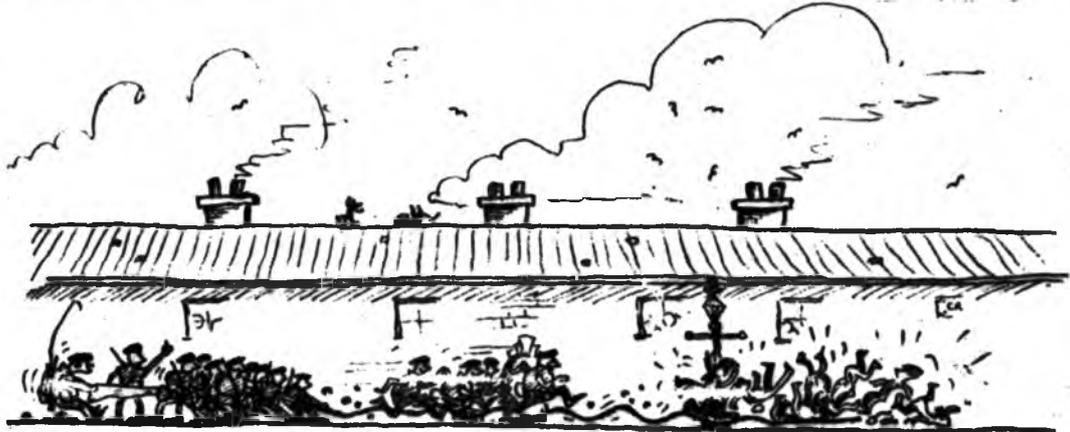
UNDER THE GLEAM OF DARKNESS, THE DUTY SQUAD SILENTLY UNROLLS THE SECRET LIGHTWEIGHT
TARMAC CARPET IN A PLACE OF LIKELY AGGRO

2.



COME THE DAY, THE PUFFED AGGRO COMRADES, AND OUR BRAVE LADS DRAW THE
UNWIELDING MOBILIANS INTO THE 'PUFFED CARPET AREA' (PCA).

3.



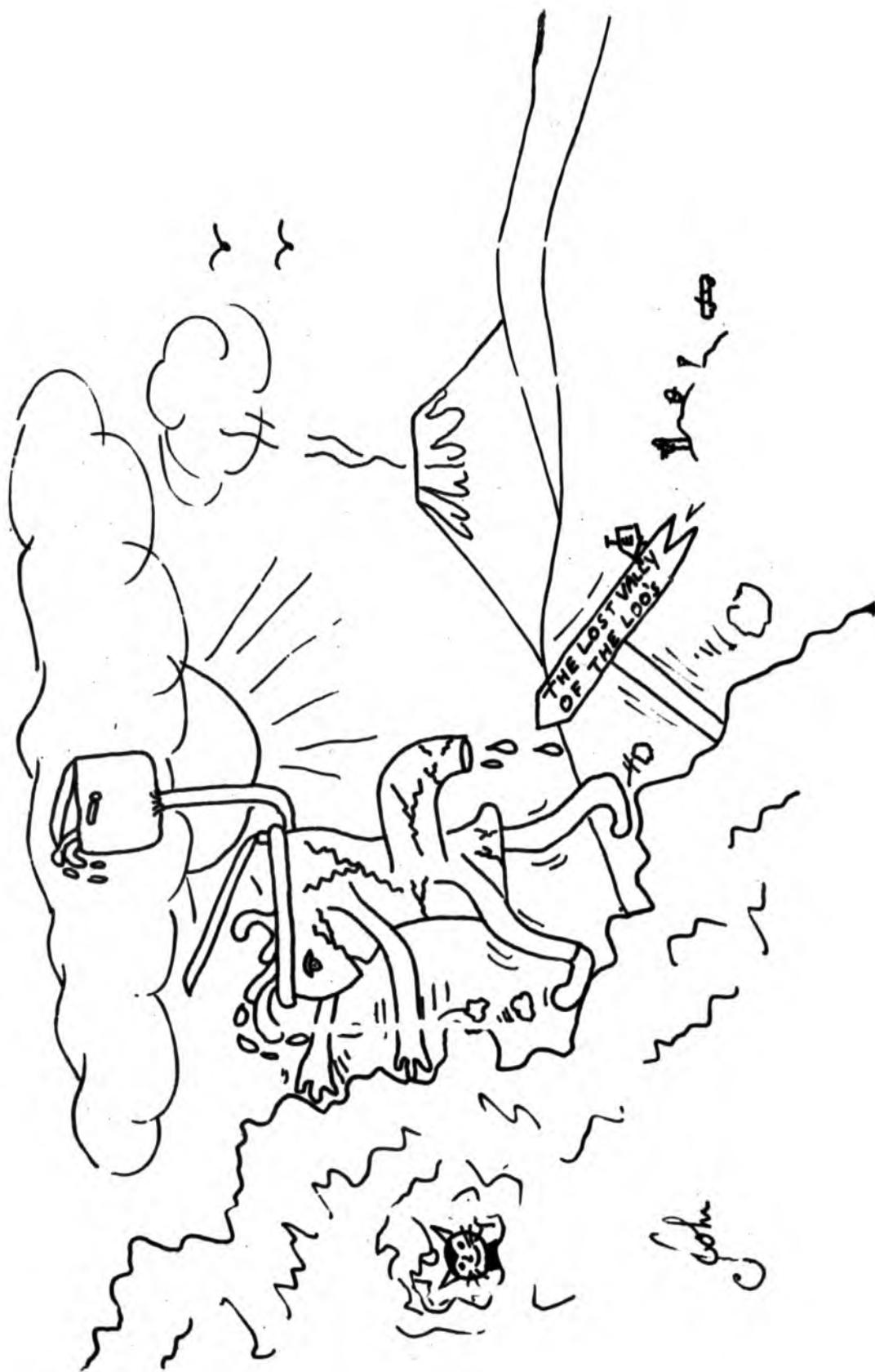
ON THE COMMAND 'TAKE UP YOUR CARPET' THE SQUAD TAKE HOLD OF THE
SECRET WEAPON AND, ADMINISTERING A SHARP TUG, UNBALANCE THE RIOTOUS YOUTHS.

4.



THE BEASTLY SUBMILES HAVING BEEN APPRISED OF THE GRAVE OF THEIR WAYS, THE
SECRET SQUAD MOVES TO FORTIERS AEN. PEACE AND NORMALCY ARE RESTORED, THANKS TO
THE SECRET LIGHTWEIGHT TARMAC CARPET.

Mal...



John

Alas, only one of them survived, and all the film they had taken was destroyed in the flushing. To this day he can be seen scrambling over the Cambrian mountains searching anew for his hidden goal, doomed to search till eternity for the resting place of the ancient loos.

And so ends the saga, it might sound fantastic, but many a true word is spoken in jest, and remember if you're loo is past it's best years, and starts off on its last journey think before you follow, others have tried and failed. The Valley of the loos then, remains one of the unsolved mysteries of our times.

WJD IIIrd

-oOo-

On arrival at Mullennan Farn
A Sergeant expressed his alarm,
"Its not the Irish", he said,
"Its that great double bed
That I'm worried may cause me some harm".

-oOo-

There once was a rural enclaver,
a typical Irish behavior,
unable to stop
he hit a caltrop
- it turned out to be BOSS, the mad raver.

-oOo-

Paddy arrived at the Pearly Gates with a parcel under his arm and met St Peter who said,

"You can't bring that parcel in here".

Said Paddy, "I'm not bringing it in, I'm giving you four minutes to get out".

With apologies to Penthouse.

SUPPORT COMPANY NOTES

Anti-Tank Platoon Notes

Well folks here we are halfway through another thrill packed tour of this picturesque land. (not to be confused with the South Of France).

Once again we see the return of Sgt you know who, surprisingly no slimmer after having half his stomach removed. We would like to say cheerio to Sgt Lewis with these moving lines. "Don't call us, we'll call you".

Mr Lacey has been sent on his R & R gibbering something about clean sheets and no Ops. (if he wants a good Doctor we'll recommend one).

We thought we were rid of Rosemount but after the chief constable came sobbing in the Ops Room we decided to go back and look after them.

After the England v Poland match Sunray Minor c/s 5 was heard to reply about an Arsenal player being sent off "Well didn't he do well".

It is rumoured that Gettersfield will soon draw out his third mattress as he's worn out two already.

We would like to take this opportunity to say goodbye to Dick Dolling (God help the civvy population).

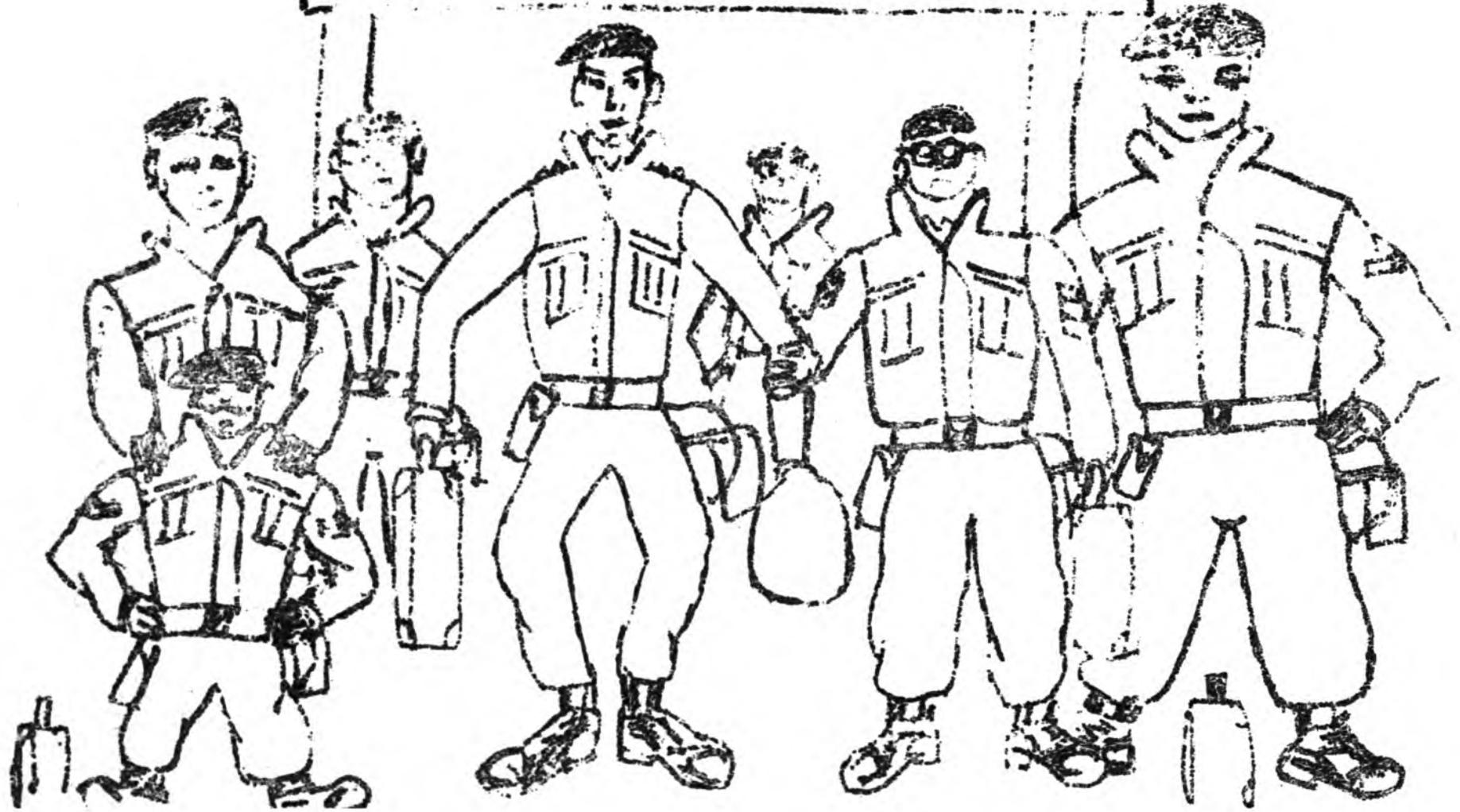
There is no truth in the rumour that Steve Stephens will take a shower He'd need a map to find the washroom and as he can't read a map he has decided to leave it for another 2 months!

Well folks thats all for now. But don't despair you're not rid of us yet. We'll be back next month and we'll make Paderborn ring with our joyous cries and Ulster accents.

-oOo-

Seagull Big 5 denies all knowledge that Big 5 is spending his R & R at Rosemount.

RENT-A-COY-LTD
? BIG 56 BROOKE PARK
BLIGH'S LANE
PORT GERRIE



THE POMPADOURS

The Pompadours moved in to give a hand
To try and bring peace to this broken land
Through stone and bottle, bullet and fire
We cannot afford to show we tire

We came here for a four month stay
To return to our loved ones Oh! God how we pray
The postman brings our daily **letter**
It helps us all to feel much better

A friend is killed or badly maimed
We know the few who should be blamed
They sing and laugh and mock with joy
Just another dead English Boy

His comrades stand with eyes alert
Trying not to show their heartfelt hurt
The word of sorrow to his friends
Seems to make such small amends

All over the world in house and home
There is grief for the death of one they have known
A husband, a son or just a friend
A number in history is how he will end

The trials and troubles the people endure
Will end in time you can be sure
It might be in my life time or yours
We tried our best 'The Pompadours'

Cpl WILDRON

A/Tanks Pl

Mortar Platoon Notes

Well believe it or not we are moving again. Please c/s 1 get your area clean before our arrival because King Willie will have us working with a brush and broom at the slightest excuse.

Very few dramatic events have occurred since we last wrote. 'Kipper' Coe having decided that he wasn't spending enough time in between the sheets has managed to get more rest by having his arm in plaster for the next few weeks. We hope he recovers soon.

'Sherlock' Holmes birthday present from the platoon was a handful of fleas which caused over a hundred bites. These were caught in the celubrious residences in Lewis Street.

'Samuel' Starbuck is taking his non-smoking campaign so seriously that he has not only stopped smoking but has sold his vast interest in the 'Old Holborn Tobacco Co.

We welcome 'Budgie' Bird to the platoon and hope that he has enjoyed his weeks holiday after one days hard work with the platoon.

Well readers we must close now as an evening assault course around our company area is looming near. The QM is asked to please have pairs of combat trousers available for our return and a few rifle stocks. You can be rest assured that we are all in good spirits, especially as the manager has decided to send the hardest working company back to BLOR on the first flights.

-oOo-

Once a King, always a King

Once you're a Duff - its enuff!

HEADQUARTER COMPANY

BATTALION ORDERLY ROOM NOTES

After the 'slating' over the lack of comment from the Orderly Room Staff for the last edition of the Pompadour I am proud to be able to say 'they are now speaking to me'. Our leader, Captain Groves, stumbled from his office this week, clutching a letter and laughing almost to the point of hysteria. He reports his story as follows:

Adjutant's Memorandum

Not everybody in Londonderry dislikes soldiers. Some people like them a lot. In fact some people like them so much they even like the Adjutant. You don't believe it -- well from the case files of the Orderly Room we bring you this true story of a moment in the life of the Seagull. The names are changed to prevent everybody jumping on the bandwagon.

From time to time we get letters from girls foolish enough to believe that soldiers are interested in being close pen pals: 'close' certainly, 'pals' maybe, 'pen' ----- forget it. Anyway, all these letters pass beneath the beady gaze of Seagull. Such was the case with a letter from Linda and Chrissi, some local talent from East of the River.

The girls wanted pen-pals, but principally they wanted to go dancing which, unfortunately, is not within our powers to grant at the moment. The gallant Adjutant wrote back in best 'chatting-up style'.

"..... My soldiers will think I have taken leave of my senses (1) in passing up the opportunity for them to write to and meet two such obviously attractive girls, but I am afraid that is what I must do. West of the Foyle our soldiers are not allowed out socially and there will not be an opportunity for them to entertain you (2).

I think that you would be better advised to write to 1st Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers in Ebrington Barracks. Their soldiers are not as good looking as ours are, but then that is the price you have to pay (3)

- Notes: (1) Advice to all readers junior to the Adjutant.
'Don't think it'. It is contrary to section 69 of the Army Act 1955 and I'll get you.
(2) If they only knew what that means!
(3) So sometimes I lie - I'm human too.

By return of post came the girls' reply:

"Dear 'C' (4)

I am writing to thank you for your letter which I received this morning. It was really very nice of you to reply.

I've never had a letter from a Captain before, I always imagined you's to be very grumpy with large moustaches (5) but you must be an exception as you seem very charming and sweet (6).

In regard to our letter concerning pen-pals, we understand your soldiers position socially (7), but wouldn't it be at all possible to just find us someone to write to, even if you's are moving out in a few months time (8) and we can't meet, we ourselves will be going to England to work at the end of the summer.

Well 'C',
once again I would like to thank you for your letter and I hope you's are not having too bad a time where you are at the moment

Love Chrissie (9)

PS Your typing is very neat !
(for a man) (10)

- Notes:
- (4) Obviously a civilian abbreviation for 'C-gull'.
 - (5) She's confusing me with the Editor - I haven't got a moustache!
 - (6) Just goes to show that you can fool some of the people some of the time.
 - (7) Not to be confused with Missionary position!
 - (8) You bet your sweet bippy we are.
 - (9) Not a bad result for one letter. It must be the Regimental notepaper which turns them on.
 - (10) Chief Clerk take a bow.

One can only presume that the 'Chief Lark' doesn't get such mail as his comment for the magazine is 'Shut my b....y ` door'.

JV Vickers wishes you to know that he is right behind you lads and, as far as the Creggan is concerned, about one mile behind you. In recognition of his bravery it must be said that he is willing to enter the Creggan once the Quartermaster has met his demand for an armour plated filing cabinet fitted with wheels, rather like a golf trolley and capable of carrying brewing kit (a number 4 iron?)

Cpl (Mac) McCarthy slipped an R&R leave application through the pile on his desk so is not here to comment. Cpl (Sludge) Giles can't hear any requests whatsoever - he is soundproof behind masses of paperwork. Pte (Say Red Backwards) Allen has said 'DER' so we must print it!

I end with a warning. Any of you lads who are employed in Creggan Camp in an administrative post should now beware the folly of taking a taxi ride with some of our more combatant friends. I ventured out, the journey was fine, but on return I was summoned to a little room in Battalion Headquarters where I underwent a rather testing time which went something like this :

-oOo-

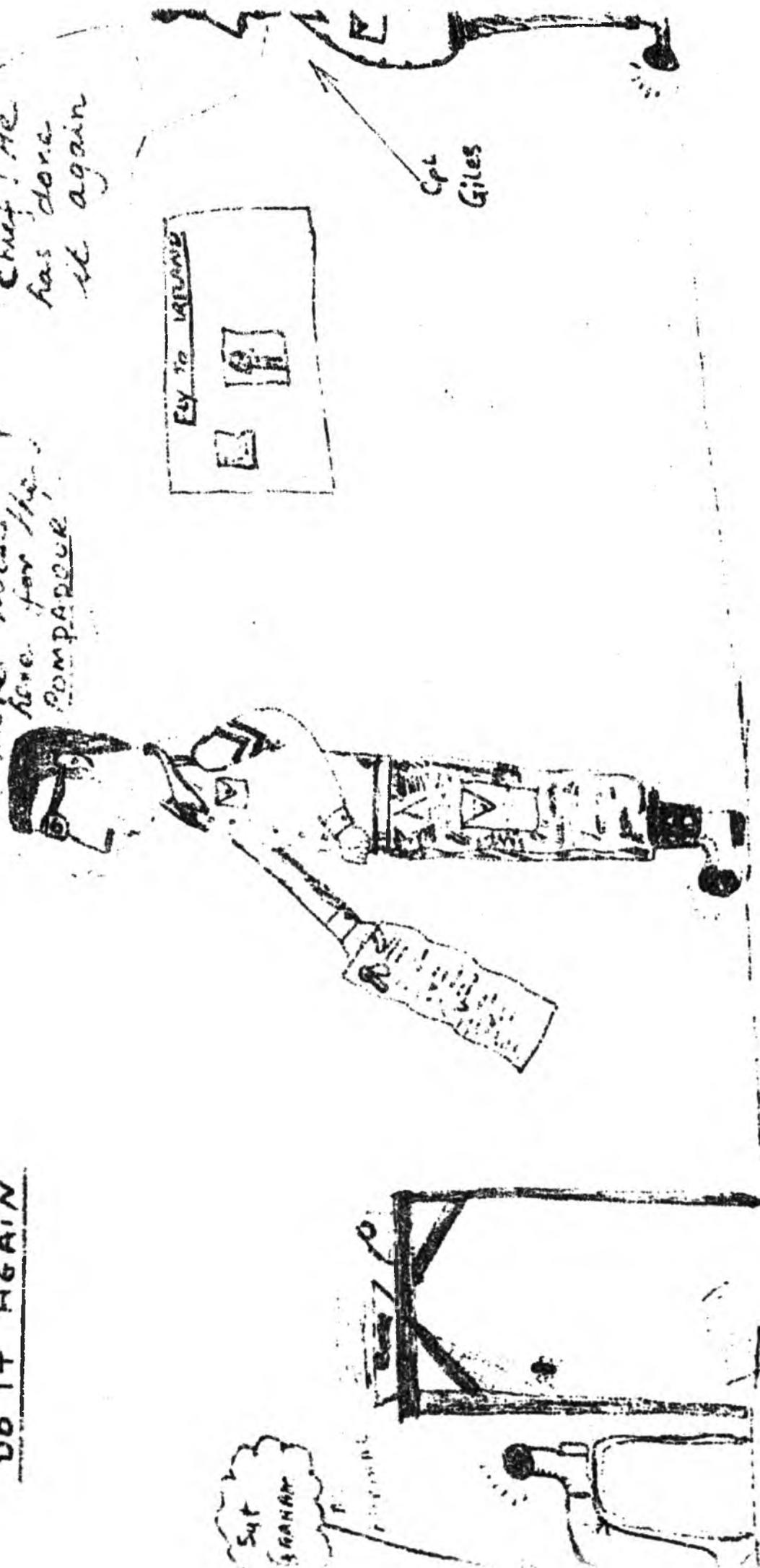
'We all make mistakes' said the tortoise who had been trying to overturn an Army helmet for two hours.

SET GRAHAM AND CPT MCCARTHY

DO IT AGAIN

Set Graham
I have some
more notes
here for the
comparer

Chief! He
has done
it again



[The cartoonist was ordered to draw all in boots]
ED

'Ah, Sgt Graham, let me debrief you!

(thought - what does he want with my pants - he's just had R & R)

'What time did you leave barracks?'

'Must have been about 2 hours ago, Sir'

'What time did you return to camp?'

'Must have been about 10 minutes ago, Sir'

'What route did you use?'

A LONG PAUSE HERE

(Thought - The taxi commander never told me I was in for this as part of the fare) 'It was that route that goes down by the water - you know, Sir, that one where the passengers say 'thank goodness its a schoolday'.

'What did you see?'

'See, Sir, - I never see nuffink'

'Did you see any children?'

(Thought - he can't catch me with an easy question like that'.

'Yes, Sir, I saw some children'

'What were they doing and where were they?'

(Thought - the little blighters were on some rubble and by their actions I think they were trying to tell me that England are a load of Rubbish and were beaten 2 - NIL by the Poles - had better not tell him though as officers play hockey and polo not soccer)

'They weren't doing nuffink, Sir?'

'Come come now Sgt Graham, you are not very observant are you, surely you saw something?'

(More thought - Dare not tell him I never knew about a debrief, he has the wrong bloke and I am in the wrong room)

'I saw a Hears^e, Sir'

'Ah good - tell me more about this hears^e - what did it look like?'

(Further thought - he thinks I'm fuck)

'It looked like a hears^e, Sir' 'It was black and long with wheels at each end'

'Tell me more - what was the Registration Number?'

'I don't know, Sir, it never had plates on the side of it'

'You really are not observant you know - did you notice if any of the 12 drain covers on XXXXXX Road had been tampered with?'

(Thought - surely he hasn't got such a soft job that he finds time for part-time work with Londonderry Council cleaning drains)

'No, Sir, I never noticed, (desperate now), 'I was looking upwards for snipers'

(thought - I must redeem myself and offer something before he asks more awkward questions) 'I saw two scruffy blokes looking out of a window as if they were watching the movement of the military vehicles and they could have had pocket radios with them - couldn't they???'

'Quickly, Sgt Graham, show me on the map where you saw them?'

'Sir, I think it would be quicker if you showed me'

'Is that where you saw them?'

'Thats right, Sir, its that bit of road where everybody gets extra alert and makes comment to the effect that the vehicle should attempt the sound barrier'.

'What makes you think they may have had pocket radios?'

'Nuffink, Sir'

'Sgt Graham, you really arn't observant'

(Thought - observant enough to realise that I had better ask the next question and quickly)

'Sir, wouldn't it be better if I went and filled in a few forms and made coffee or something after sending you the taxi commander? I'm sure he was briefed before he started the journey and therefore he will be in a position to be debriefed

'Yes do that Sgt Graham, but really you are not very observant'

(Final thought - I knew I shouldn't have gone out. This combat lark is far too difficult for me) (anyway he's not that observant he he didn't even notice I had boots on - photo please Editor!)

-oOo-

A chap walks in to his doctor. "Doctor, you have got to help me. I keep thinking I'm a pair of curtains. 'Doctor observes him closely and says "Now, now Sir please sit down, and pull yourself together.

PRONTO POT-POURI

After much soul searching and encouragement Pronto has been persuaded to put pen to paper. In army parlance encouraged means ordered!

Since the last edition not much has happened in the world of communications. We have successfully converted to 'Spiral' twice and have even convinced OC C to use it, by throwing in a hearing aid attachment. For those who do not know what 'Spiral' means here is the Penguin Dictionary definition: "Forming a curved line that passes repeatedly round a central point while moving progressively further from it; forming a curved shape that rises or falls while circling repeatedly round a central axis". If that doesn't confuse you nothing will. While we are on definitions, Alderton is a small water loving tree that either weighs 2,240 lbs or goes at 100 mph. (Ton-up to you PRONTO - from now on! - ED)

Unlike other platoons we lay no claims to fame gained by fantastic finds of weapons or spectacular coups against the IRA. We did however manage to satisfy OC Bravo's insatiable demand for telephones (and there is one in the coffin in Paderborn now) and correct Sunray Bang Five's voice procedure.

The ARSO (round the camp Rourke) managed to break all records last week by wearing his tracksuit for less than eight hours a day. We can assure Mrs Butts and Whitten that there is no truth in the rumour that their husbands have bought toupes, in fact they had to buy full size wigs.

After last month's edition Blue Streak and Spokeman took legal advice from D.L.S, but they have decided not to sue. There is however truth in the rumour that Cpl (my boy) Fred Lennon is being transferred to a Coy as a Rfn and that he is being investigated by Lord Longford's pornography commission.

Pronto United wishes Bob Hawes and Dave Hurley the best of luck in their new careers. Banner Bingo continues to flourish and Cpl Lennon intends to take his holiday in Jamaica (coincidence). Morale is high, well with forty days to do what do you expect.

PLUMB - DUFF

PRONTO DISRUPTED RIDES ON

(Or the Continuing Saga of Nervous Nought) (NN)

As HAWKEYE will verify Lt 'Dusty' Duff is still tentatively clutching the helm of N.N. BLUESTREAM is still streaking ok and the dreaded SPIKE SPOKEMAN is still putting IT IN!

You may have read in earlier script (this issue) that they have decided not to sue me for last months issue. The only reason, dear reader, is the TRUTH IS INCONTESTABLE. BLUESTREAM, as mentioned last issue, does a 6 hr duty every 5 days. Could anyone who knows what he does, or where he lurks during the rest of the week please contact his MUM as she is concerned!

Platoon 'PET OF THE MONTH'

Is this month awarded to Ptes Batterham & Martynowcz for 'Services Rendered'.

Rumour has it that Major Barnes & RSM Bullock have increased their insurance and now only do foot patrols. Could 'The Only Jones' know why?

It is also STRONGLY PLANNED that one of WOODROW'S All Stars '67 will rejoin the pl. If you do (k) we want our tankard back, complete with handle and knobs and $\frac{1}{2}$ of light. Also you are 3 months in arrears on Pl subs.

HONORARY AWARD

RSS 32. WEF this issue to Cpl 'Flipper' McConnell, for 'Services to the Signals Telly'.

and finally, dearest subscriber, to end on a personal note, a small memo to the Esteemed wife of our helm-holder. (helm holder??).

Mrs Pronto

"IT ONLY BECOMES APPARENT, THAT HE HAS THE BUILD OF A POCKET HERCULES, ON X-RAYS.

Seriously though (really!). They must have thrown away the mold (is that how you spell it?). Nice to know that this is read by someone else (apart from HIM) TTFN. See you at the party

Luv N.N.

leaving poor old Pte Batterham (Batty) to his friends and Pte Mule. I didn't quite catch the name somebody called him the other day - I'm sure it wasn't what ~~he~~ was christened.

Well folks I will sign off as I've to deliver this on time. My name is safer if not known, I want my RSB 3 Ta Ta! See you in the next edition.

The Signal Platoon Slagger

-oOo-

INTELLIGENCE SECTION NOTES

The Relief Of the Army (or how the Enemy meets his Waterloo)

The cold wind lashed across the hillside. Driving rain hammered like nails into the faces of the Five Findouters (and their tame Kenyan friend) as they squirmed on their stomachs in mud and slush in an effort not to be seen. These brave, fearless men were part of the Intelligence Section on yet another mission. This time the situation was desperate. If they failed the fate of the Army in Londonderry would be sealed. They had to succeed. The Army had to be relieved.

The gallant, fearless, brave, intelligent and goodlooking leader of the Five Findouters (who incidentally wrote these notes) led his intrepid men inch by inch towards their objective. Every so often the searchlights from the watch towers swept over their bodies and they had to crouch even lower into the mud and filth through which they were crawling. The enemy was close at hand but this did not deter the Five Findouters (and their tame Kenyan friend).

"KEEP still", said the Intelligence Sergeant.

"Every cloud has D'SILVA lining" said the photographer.

"GODBY with you my son", said the very religious typist, and filing clerk.

Dennis just said nothing because he could think of nothing funny to say about his surname.

. PS. To those of you who slagged my Ironing & hair cutting techniques
watch Coy Detail for Hair & dress inspections. Ha Ha. (the NCO laffs last
swine)

F

PPS. Note to Seagull There are those amongst us that can fly higher than
you. Watch this space next month! (or start dishing out leave passes).

-oOo-

The Signal Platoon Slagger

Sorry folks, but this will have to be a hurried description of us
poor over worked Signallers. Somebody came zooming in at a great height
saying, "Pompadour notes to be in in double time or I'm for the chop".
(Too true, Blue - ED)

We'll start from the top with our great, but stumpy RSO. The only
time you see him is after midday lunch, standing on an orange box. THATS
so he can look down upon us. He's a good chap really, but we'd be grateful
if he'd remember he's now in the Signal Platoon and not the Recce Platoon.
He will insist on chaps carrying GPMGs with M41s. Behind The RSO is the
ARSO, head down so his hair doesn't blow back. There's even a story going
about that he now wears hair grips whilst running round camp!! Cpl Fred
Lemmon gave a sigh of relief - as his spot had disappeared before going
on R & R! Leaving Cpl Jack whitten in peace to smoke that lovely pipe
of his. Last time we had a go at 'SPOKE' - Well leave that poor chap
alone this time - We've given up, nobody has ever said anything about
Cpl Mac McConnell - he decided to lodge himself upon us after the first
week here. You can't miss him, he's always in tracksuit and steel helmet.
He amazes us all with all the pills he takes. he doesn't half rattle.
Poor Old Shades. Now onto the real workers of the platoon - Pte hairless
Jonas, little squeak is heard every other week - selling bingo tickets -
he's the best selier in the platoon - People buy them to get rid of him.
Pte David Hurley goes very soon to join C.S.L.I. with Mac Mackenzie in
tears. Everybody was shocked the other day, Pte Blimper Cowan actually
whispered, that EVEN made Pte Melvin West smile. There's only three
other people to slag. One of those goes away on his RSI very soon,



Oh nol not another 'dear John' letter



Murphy's paddy bashers (56C)



'I was a town clerk once' explained Pte Raymond Burrell to the Mayor of Northampton



'Big 5?', No sunray is out, - out!



A busy day in the pay office



Ackers gone crackers



Sniffer Simpson and the nostril section



Sgt Gilber taking time off again!



L to R L/cpl Nelson, Ptes Brazzil Septon, Howell, Schofield and La Pierre



C/S 13 - PUP section



Don't worry sir! We'll look after you



The CSM has all the luck

The small intrepid party edged closer to a large, heavily guarded building that stood like a castle in the moonlight. All about was pitch black but if the tame Kenyan friend so much as smiled his teeth would illuminate the Five Findouters.

There was a faint smell, and the sound of rushing water from the building to the front of them.

"This must be it. This is the place. If only we can get into it now".

"We'll go in together", said the leader. "Have you got the pennies?"

"One, two, three", the leader counted (he was a well educated man).

"Now!!"

As one man the Five Findouters (and their tame Kenyan friend) leaped to their feet and rushed at the door of the building. They leaped up the steps, kicked down the door and raced down the corridor that was before them.

Each man dashed for a door leading off the corridor and burst into a small room, locking the door behind him. (The pennies were not needed after all).

They all sat down with great relief.

The Intelligence section had found the Loo.

The Army could now be relieved and the war would be won. Another triumph for the Five Findouters, and their tame Kenyan friend.

-oOo-

When a marriage starts to break up, the best thing is to start picking up the pieces - a piece here and a piece there.

creates gaps of indescribable width and depth. The addition of Minor to this gleaming title cherished by the holder and revered by the remainder. The authors advice to all readers whether khaki clad or civvie dressed, treat Molar & Molar Minors (Note plurals!!) with the greatest of respect and observe from a distance.

PLAYTIME has given the author many hours of puzzled thought and must have left the reader completely bewildered. This title refers to the lucky person responsible for the organisation and smooth running of anything mechanical. Here the mind may run amok! From lumbering great vehicles, to dainty power engines. Where the originator of this title found the comparison of gastric upheaval to Playtime is beyond the authors comprehension. Perhaps it relates to the amount of time spent on spent on playing with these very temperamental machines before they perform the most menial task. The Minor here can be used in most cases where the four or more wheeled monster is loosed normally in the care of a miniature form that can peer uninterrupted through the aining wheel. PLAYTIME & PLAYTIME MINCRS should be steered well clear of. (Ugh!)

CROWFOOT. This title has only recently been introduced into the complicated and confusing vocabulary of the military. It has been found necessary to have a calm, quiet, well spoken and moderate minded person to act as interpreter in our present employment. This must have presented a challenge to the title selector and where the Devil CROWFOOT comes in I fail to see. The author can only surmise it does not relate to the feathered specie as this bird is a very noisy raucous one that causes more noise in conversation than most other species. The reference to the FOOT is obvious to those in company of our present CROWFOOT as the steps made by the title holder are far from those of a CROW! The selectors attention has been drawn to the possibilty of renaming this appointment to read CLUBFOOT.

The author regrets that as publication time is very close further title explanations must wait for the next issue.

It is hoped references to titles may not be as confusing now as they were before they were explained. (As she is spoke).

'LITTLE SEAGULL'

TITLES

Various readers of this elegant literature at times must have often wondered at the reference to a certain person by a most puzzling title. The author will attempt to explain a few of these titles in a more normal parlance (ie. English as she is spoken).

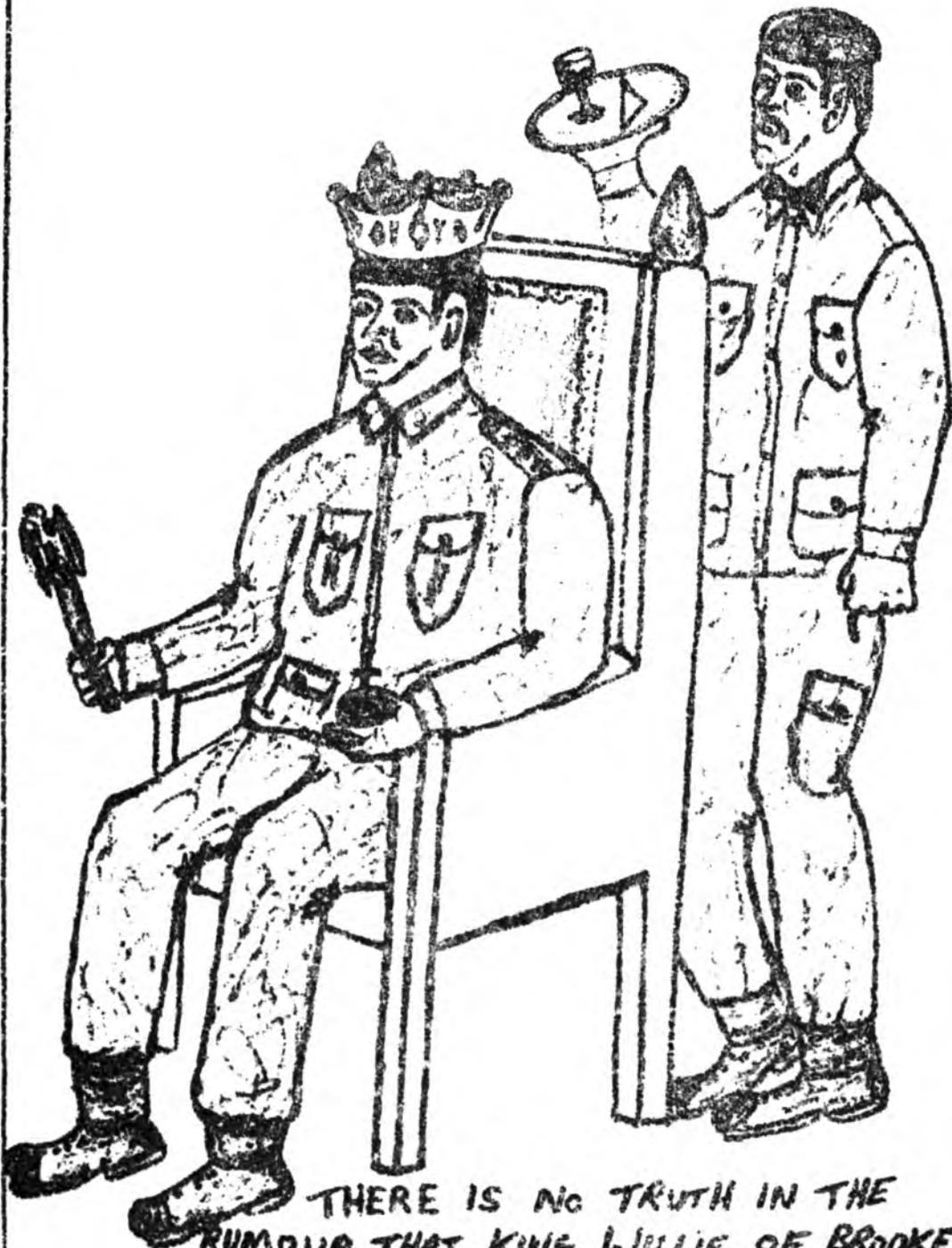
Firstly reference is often made to 'SUNRAY'. This person need not necessarily emit gleaming shafts of brilliant light but will normally be located by the stars that shine or the crown so graciously worn. Of course the brighter the Sunray the more complex the combination of stars and crowns may be. Therefore whenever the title of SUNRAY is used the reader may envisage a ray of light moving through the gloom.

Attached to these titles may be the phrase MINOR. This does not mean that all title owners have coal fired sleeping bags or own their own pit ponies. The reference is to the lower grade of that particular title ie. SUNRAY MINOR is in comparison to SUNRAY as a 75 watt bulb is to a 100 watt (Not quite as bright but glowing well).

SEAGULL. This title has been used on numerous occasions and to the authors knowledge a caustic definition was given in Vol 2. This is completely untrue but will not be believed by some lower minded individuals.

Seagull refers mainly to the holder of the chair of discipline. The reader should not be confused by the image of an airborne chair although at times it appears to be hovering. Apart from the Seagull destined one day to be a Sunray the normal Seagull wears his Crown on his arm in contrast to 'Seagull Minor' who displays a small circus act of prancing four legged beasties. These Seagulls are well known for their capacity for collecting and distributing the everyday materials much like their feathered namesakes!! At no time should a seagull be referred to as a 'Screaming Flying Fish addict'. This variety does not like fish. (Except possibly the Minor variety!!!)

Molar conjures up in the readers mind many awful and painful experiences This also applies to many holders of various stores! Molar is the round faced angelic looking lovable character who is responsible for all stores from ammunition to Army Form Blank (Ioo paper to you). Never should Molar be brushed aside or even worse pulled in any direction. This type of action



THERE IS NO TRUTH IN THE
RUMOUR THAT KING WILLIE OF BROOKE
PARK IS ABDICATING, HE IS ONLY GOING ON
A CRUSADE TO THE SHANTALLOW.

WHAT IS AN ARMY WIFE

.... An Army wife is mostly girl.

Although there are times when her husband is away and she is stoking the boiler, she begins to suspect she is also a boy.

She usually comes in three sizes - petite, plump and pregnant.

During the early years of her marriage it is often hard to determine which is her normal one.

She has babies all over the world; and she measures time in terms of places, as other women do in years. "It was at Catterick that we all had mumps..." "At Terendak Bob was promoted.."

At least one of her babies is born, or one move is accomplished while she is alone, causing her to suspect a secret pact between her husband and Records Office, which provides for a man to be abroad or on a detachment at these times.

An Army wife is international. She may be a Yorkshire factory lass, a German Fraulein, a sunny Cypriot or a former Q-RANC. When discussing their Army problems they all speak the same language. She can be a great actress. Watching her children's heart break at posting time she gives an Academy Award performance: "Libya is going to be such fun, there are camels and donkeys, and date palms and a desert with lots of lovely sand..." But her heart is breaking with theirs and she wonders if this Army life is worth the sacrifice.

One day later en route to the new posting, and filled with the spirit of adventure, she knows it is. That is if the baby has not developed chicken pox or the twins the measles.

An ideal Army wife has the patience of a saint, the flexibility of putty, the wisdom of Socrates, and the constitution of a horse. If she dislikes money it helps. She loves to crib.... "Why can't the NAAFI stock children's shoes... and underwear", and she lets off steam, then she writes a detailed shopping list for Grandma when she next visits M & S.

She is sentimental, carrying her souvenirs in an old 'boxes soldier'. She often cries on parades without knowing why. She has to be content with a husband who is a bigamist. She must share him with his other, more demanding spouse, 'Duty'. When duty calls, she becomes the number two wife, and

until she accepts this fact her life will be miserable.

She is many persons. She is the tired passenger coming down the gangplank with a smile on her lips, love in her eyes, and a new baby in her arms. She is the OC's wife who solves the unit wife's problems before her own. She is the foreign bride in a strange British Army world. She is above all, a woman who married a soldier, who offered her the permanency of a gypsy, the miseries of loneliness, the frustrations of rigid conformity and the security of love.

Sitting at the airport lounge amid her cases, carry-cot and quarrelling children she is willing to chuck it all until she hears the firm step and cheerful voice of that bloke who gave her all this. Then she is happy to be.....

HIS ARMY WIFE.

-oOo-

WHAT IS AN ADJUTANT

An Adjutant is a framework of bone and flesh closely resembling the human form.

Initially this body started as a near human person with various feelings closely resembling a normal person. Here all relationship ends.

The essential commodities encumbered in this frame must consist of the will to survive with an undying love for the production of the written word. Survival is of the utmost importance in the large sphere that this powerful body circulates in. At the commencement of the term of office a sudden and drastic change enhances the normal near human countenance. No longer are pleasantries exchanged between bodies. Quickly it is learnt to look with eyes that see not the exterior but the innermost thoughts and the devious cravings of those who dare enter the portals of power. Compassion has been known to fleetingly appear on the features of this chosen idol but it only happens at the early stages of office. Once the quota of punishment has been absorbed by this body it cloaks itself in an armour of manuals, orders and laws that are a language of their own to the uninitiated. Let us not decry this hunted wal seeking re-admittance to the ranks of the human race. Rarely

does this occupational disease continue in life as it is normally shed after a short rehabilitation course at that Hall of Fame, Netley. Once the inner depths have been purged of all thoughts of recrimination this worthy may be readmitted to the paths of glory and who knows may even one day sire a future World Adjutant.

-oOo-

One of our younger officers who underwent the dreaded operation to control the world's population explosion, was seen holding his ACORNS by the senior soldier of the battalion, who remarked,

"Sir, I think I shall continue to fire live and fit a blank attachment.

-oOo-

REFLECTION WHILST ON 'STAG'

On a hill outside Derry Town
Sits Fort Pompadour looking down
The barricades burn and stones are thrown
Soldiers are never alone
The Parents curse, the children too
Many think it's like a Zoo
The Law is strong and also weak
A Husband goes and the women shriek
Another bomb, another shot
Again the soldier must face his lot
There was no beginning, there is no end
Can't someone think, when the soldiers they send
The rebels try to claim the City
To see men die is such a pity
Ireland is a beautiful place
But what has happened to the human race.

Notes From the M.I. Room

Much has happened over the past few weeks and I felt it was about time I put pen to paper and threw some light on the medical aspect of life at "FORT POMPADOUR".

Past Events

On the few occasions that we've been called out I think we've reacted with speed, and I trust efficiency. We hope for the bn's sake that we are never needed but feel that it should be reassuring to know that we are always available.

Having disposed of one RMC (purely by accident - ugh) we are trying to dispose of this one. So far we have only succeeded in seeing him get his hair cut. There is no truth in the rumour that he had to be put to sleep to have it cut!

When RUC duty is mentioned we find that the RMO speaks a strange language believed to be foul!

To put down another rumour, 'Willy' Wilmerston does work as well as sell magazines to all!! The Golden Pillow award is a straight fight between 'Mac' McCarter and 'Geordie' Thompson.

Graham Parker doesn't wish to discuss why he returned from k & R early!!

A malicious rumour was put about that we blew the boiler to prevent the officers having a bath - not true!!

Our Saracen drivers are bent on destroying everything in sight but so far with little success - give 'em' time!

We have a game which involves playing the stock market and we find that the Padre puts his collar away and murders the other players regularly. We think this is unprofessional and all are attempting to contact his HQ to stop this conduct unbecoming of a Cleric.

Sgt Bill Allan BEM is still roughing it on HMS Rame Head. He only has a sick bay with five beds and a separate bunk for himself. Cpl Harry Collman manages the Med Centre at Fort George and spends his spare time writing to Frauleins 'auf Deutsch'. Terry Sargent pops in sometimes but appears to be bound up with dark goings on in C Coy.

Billy 'Screwy' Driver has converted for the duration from RAMC to Royal Anglian. He can be seen at the dead of night lurking near the gate waiting to go out. Generally he is overdressed for a Medic, SLR - Baton Rounds - CS Cannisters and a Anglian cap badge!! We have even heard that he carries some first aid kit too.

John 'Bunny' Dowling is either found kipping or missing with his OC when we visit A Coy. Carry on 'Bunny'. (what a lovely name! - ED)

Possible Future Events

1. 'Geordie' Thompson may be seen driving the Landrover ambulance.
2. 'Mac' McCarter may give up drinking coffee.
3. Sgt Ron Collins may recover from having square eyes and callouses on his back.
4. The 'Medics' might get the chance of using the bath in the Medical Centre.
5. The 'Indians' might cease throwing stones and bottles at our Saracen when we're out on runs.
6. The Bn might be given the freedom of Londonderry - oops sorry Derry!

To finish:- men who are bald at the front are thinkers - men who are bald at the back are sexy - those who are just bald just think they are sexy. (The former Editor ? - ED)

I
R.A.P.

'Bootsie' Collins

-oOo-

A cantankerous Major called Veitch
Said a pilot to fly he would teach
Thus prevent Choppers roaring
While he was still snoring
But so far he's done nothing but screech.

ECHELON NOTES

BY

WHEELS

The first time I edited the Echelon notes we had just moved to Londonderry. The second edition was finalised after we had moved across the River Foyle, and while I'm writing these, we are in the process of moving yet again, only this time its from hut to hut around Fort George. Lets hope that when the 4th edition is being scribed, the only move we shall be thinking of, is the move back to BAOR. But not to grumble, it all helps to pass away the time, and a change is as good as a rest.

Each week people disappear and return from their R & R. I can't for the life of me think what they do during it, surely they are not all trying to improve their handicaps. Now you do realise I'm talking about golf don't you.

Well thats enough from me, lets hear from the departments.

-oOo-

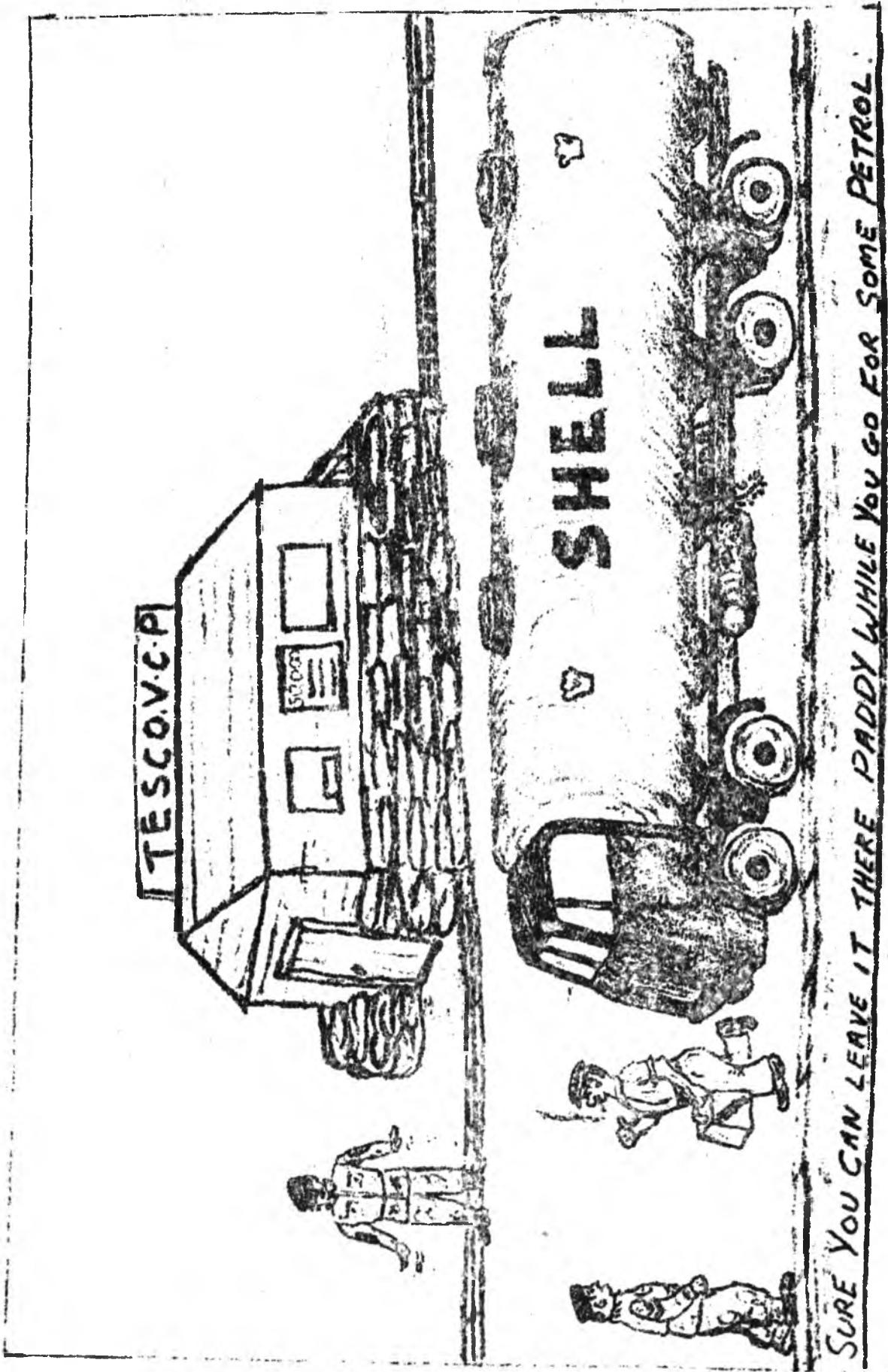
IN GEAR By the MI Platoon

Farewell to Geordie and congratulations on his promotion. We wish him all the best of luck with the Big Five.

Welcome back to Staff Allen who has been on detachment to the British Embassy in the Asian City of Leicester. He says he is glad to be back, but he misses the weekly Tiger shoot in the Braunstone jungle.

The Big Wheel has returned from Bordon. He still seems slightly confused. He is having trouble with his clutch, he doesn't know whether its 'thrust' or 'withdrawal'. We hope he sorts it out before we return to BACR. I understand that the next time he is down Bordon way, he is going to learn how to mend punctures. We hope that he will take the ZIC from a certain company with him.

Once again the platoon has been upheaved. Old moneybags having taken our office that we had become so attached to. We wish him luck and hope he burns his mouth on the coffee. Also next door is the Post NCO. This is a good thing as it will save John Mackness and 'Speedy' Kemp from doing their own deliveries.



SURE YOU CAN LEAVE IT THERE PADDY WHILE YOU GO FOR SOME PETROL.

We have a very lovesick MI at the moment, with wedding bells in the air for 'Speedy' Kemp, 'Basil Brush' Allen and the whispering giant Pulfree. The QM has been requested to obtain release orders for three 4 x Push Prams Mk 1 painted Emerald Green with L Plates.

The Platoon has managed to clock up 17,184 miles last month with Lcpl Mead topping the bill with 3,006 and only one minor accident in the platoon. This was when Geoff Goode tried to tow Donegal quay back to Londonderry. Hard luck Geoff, try the Airport next time, we could do with that being a bit closer.

Our regards to Ivor and the lads in Paderborn, we hope you are not too busy. If you have an hour to spare, could you fix up a dart board, and get your arrows zeroed in as 'Greasy' Halls says he will thrash the lot of you.

Small Ads

For Sale. Austin 1800 LHD. Body slightly marked. Offers to the Adj. Will consider anything in part exchange.

Lost. One Heavy Goods Beret. Finder to contact the Tech Adj.

Notice

The strange object hovering at 40,000ft over Fort George, is not a flying saucer. It's only Q Lewin (REMB) who is expected to land on or about the 15th June.

All the best from.....

'Big Wheel' Ladley TBC (Tow Bar & Chain).

'Roll up' Allen

'Ferret Face' Mackness

'Dobbin' Wills

'Hammer Head' Mead

'Greaser' Halls

'Baldey' Kemp (Ex con) Better known as Speedy.

'Basil Brush' Allen Jnr

'Cruncher' Smith

'Dark Horse' Goode

'whispering Giant' Pulfree

BRUSH UP ON YOUR GERMAN HIGHWAY CCDE

BY

WHEELS

1. When is it permitted to give a hand signal when driving a vehicle in Germany?
 - a. Never.
 - b. Outstretched arm may be used as a signal of turning if trafficators fail.
 - c. If vehicle stop lights fail. English 'slowing down' signal may be used.
 - d. Only to a policeman.
 - e. When you intend to stop.

2. On a two-way road when can you pass a tram on it's left?
 - a. If the tram is stopped at traffic and turning left.
 - b. At anytime.
 - c. At a tramstop.
 - d. When the space between the tram and the right kerb is occupied by parked cars.
 - e. When ther is insufficient road between the tram and the kerb on the right.

3. What does the expression "Überholen verboten" on a German road sign mean?
 - a. Drive slowly.
 - b. No through traffic.
 - c. Stopping forbidden.
 - d. Overtaking forbidden.
 - e. Overtake with caution.

4. Under what circumstances is the holder of a provisional driving licence permitted to drive on the autobahn?
 - a. When undergoing an official test.
 - b. When there is little traffic.
 - c. It is never permitted.
 - d. On weekdays only.
 - e. At anytime if accompanied by a qualified driver.

5. When there is no sign at the approaches of a road junction, who has the right of way?

- a. A lorry with a trailer.
- b. No one, but road users must exercise courtesy.
- c. Traffic on the wider road.
- d. Traffic approaching from the left.
- e. Traffic approaching from the right.

6. You are in a traffic accident, involving slight injuries. When are you permitted to continue your journey?

- a. After obtaining the names of any injured persons.
- b. After exchanging insurance particulars.
- c. After obtaining the names of two reliable witnesses.
- d. When you have given every assistance to the German Police in attendance.
- e. When medical care for any injured persons has been arranged.

Answers on the last page.

-oOo-

ODE TO A STOREMAN (QM'S OF COURSE)

A Storeman's lot is a happy one
He gloats the whole day long
About his masses of hoarded stores
And oft bursts into song

Sometimes an issue is asked for
This doesn't make him mope
Because the simple Company Storeman
Rarely has a hope!

We allow an occasional issue
From MANTO-G10 or Clothing
But its only with iron self control

The saddest Storeman of us all
Lives in the Ration Store
No matter how much he issues
They always ask for more

The happiest one amongst us
Thinks its quite a joke
Because his name is Horror Bin
and his stores go up in smoke

If really up against it
We can supply their needs
But only a fellow Storeman
Knows how our heart bleeds
When we all depart this world
For that big QMs in the sky
We will be in Heaven
amongst Stores piled miles high

WOLLR MINOR

-oOo-

PAY OFFICE NOTES

BY

TUCKERS MINOR

Since the last issue of 'The Pompadour' very little has happened to us. We had just begun to settle down into our new spacious office opposite the cookhouse, when, lo and behold a voice from the wilderness is heard shouting "You're getting to comfortable go and annoy Capt Ladley in Block H". So we moved.

In our past notes we omitted to include the fact that we have Cpl Dave 'Postie' Tucker under our wing. Since working at such close quarters to us he has learned to work out his own credits. He now realizes just how much Infantry NCOs are paid.

THE PHYSICAL HEALTH SAGA CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

In my last article for the Pompadour, I wrote of the effects of Obesity and its cures. Also in that article I generalised regarding diets and anatomically and, the effects of 'drying out' (sweating)

THE ATHLETIC TYPE

Everyone thinks he is this type but lets be honest with ourselves. He is tall, but not too tall, muscular but not chunky, feline in movement and execution of skills.

This type generally sweats freely and easily. Often a seasonal rest of a few months puts weight on around the buttocks and abdomen areas. Naturally his health is good and a return to physical fitness after a short period of training is all that is needed.

His training should be progressive build up and maintained without dieting or over sweating routines, although this would not harm.

THE ATHLETIC TYPE

This type is tall, dangly and long limbed. He is also inclined to be wiry and awkward of movement. He should be actively discouraged from over sweating as this type is more prone to dehydration than others. Do you remember Jim Peters on that fateful day in Vancouver 1954? He was pipped at the post by dehydration. Mind you this is a more than startling example, but a classic one.

Normally this type sweats in the region of the neck, shoulders and thighs, and should undergo training as normal without trying to reduce weight by over-sweating or dieting. If not staleness creeps in and there is a rapid onslaught of exhaustion.

THE PYKNIC TYPE

The short muscular type and squat. He sweats freely in the areas of the buttocks, thighs, abdomen and shoulders. His recovery rate from the effects of reducing and exercise routines is very fast, for example those two canny Scots Dave Mackay and Billy Bremner have an abundance of energy.

Having the arrows on our rifle barrels has done us some good. Sgt Millar is our living proof by his success with the Bn Shooting Team. Our Congratulations to him on his equal 4th place in the individual SMG shoot at the Northern Ireland Skill at Arms Meeting.

C Coy please note, take more care with your/our pay clerk Cpl 'Kipper' Mackrell. On his return from the Farm after paying 9 Platoon it was noted that he was a whiter shade of pale, as the song goes. When asked what had caused this change in his complexion he was heard to gibber,

"The back route to Mullennan and C Coys drivers"!

So please in future use a lighter touch on the accelerator as we need 'Kipper' for a very important job. Making our coffee..... (He also pays C Coy but thats only his sideline).

Comments have been passed to the effect that the bird in the bank has taken a definite turn in Cpl 'Shylock' Rosenheads direction as opposed to Sgt 'Haggis' Millar. This just goes to show that youthful looks are more in demand than a mature nature. (Who am I trying to kid).

We must finish now as our sub editor is screaming for our notes. We withheld them deliberately because we know he works better under pressure.

Sub Editors Note: Watch your step, we've only been neighbours for a day.....

Editors Note: There is only one guy who works under pressure with this magazine - Ed.

-oOo-

Question: How many Irishmen does it take to launch a ship??????

Answer: 4001 (One to hold the champagne bottle and 4000 to bang the ship against it).

Question: What is green and brown and if it falls out of a tree will kill you stone-dead.

Answer: A snooker table!!

There is no problem of shortage of plastic bags in the Creggan Complex. The cry of 'where is Harry', I want a bag is heralded to the unfortunate storeman who cannot find sufficient bags to supplement the refuse required.

DRESS AND HYGIENE

When trying to reduce weight problems or fitness use light stringed type garments. Put elastic on each end of the plastic bag so as to retain the heat generated and cover with a training suit. If you wish to really get warm then place a clean towel around the neck and use airtex type gloves.

Hygiene is often neglected in as much that training clothes are not properly looked after. You must keep them clean and aired as dirty and damp clothing reduces the efficiency of this method.

CONCLUSION

To conclude remember that for the best effect in weight reducing training a steady level of body temperature should be maintained.

Warm up gradually before the main source of exercise and avoid cold temperature when changing or showering. Otherwise this could have a detrimental effect on your health like back troubles and Artheritis problems later on in life.

'Muscles without Muscles'

-oOo-

A poor-spelling golfer named Lear. Was sent to the clink for a year for an action obscene near the seventeenth green, where a club sign said ENTER COURSE HERE.

THE PLUMP AND MATURE TYPES

These come in all shapes and sizes. They may perspire to their hearts content, providing they take things easy, without over doing things. Also these types are slow in movement and therefore should exercise very progressively as too much to quickly can do immeasurable harm. Dieting can only do good.

DIETS

I can only reiterate my advice in the last article. Eat plenty of lean meat, poultry, game (but not in bread crumbs, flour or thick sauce) fish, vegetables, fruit, boiled or poached eggs. Half a pint of milk is good provided it is not condensed. Have very little of the following; Beer, wines, bread, butter, fat, sugar, jam puddings, especially ones with starch bases such as lovely semolina puddings.

DRUGS

Drugs should only be used under the strict supervision of a medical practitioner. Ignorance of their uses in dieting can have disastrous effects. Tommy Simpson the famous cyclist had a weight problem and used the drugs Apisato and Duromin which had the effect of reducing his appetite. He hasn't this problem now.

REDUCING BY SWEATING AND EXERCISE

We should rid ourselves of the idea that sweat is created in hot stuffy atmospheres. Technically speaking, oxygen is required for the reduction of body fat. Therefore with this in mind, ventilation is of paramount interest.

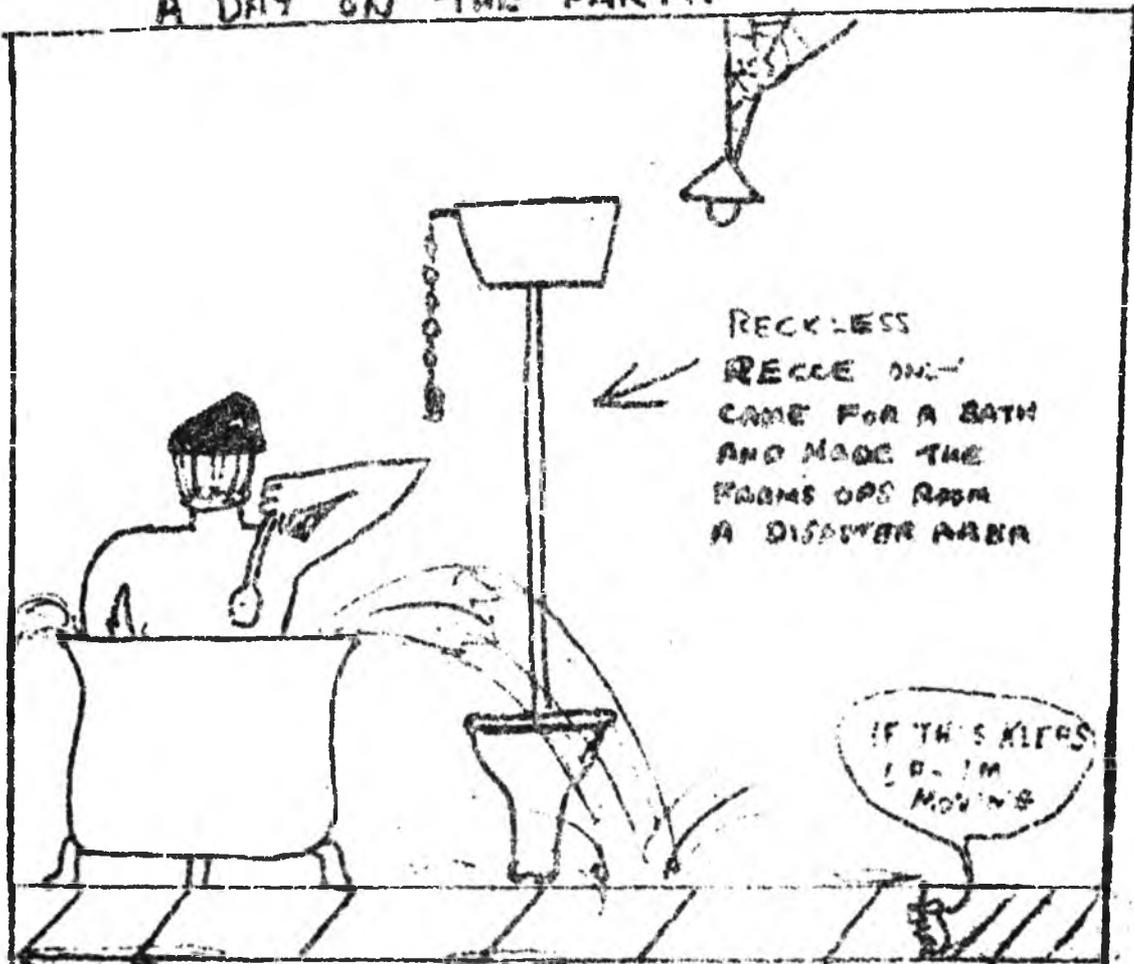
Sauna and Turkish Baths are dramatic in reducing weight and are top favourite at present. However this does not make you fit, so the method of the built in Sauna is the better method of reducing, with fitness. Ideally you should use airtex under clothing with the plastic bag method fitted snugly around the affected areas, you want to reduce.

-oOo-

He: Do you like cocktails?

She: Oh yes! Do tell me one

A DAY ON THIS FARM.



Mick S

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE BLUNT END.....

Despite the depredations of the contractors who continue to rummage around in various corners, Alanbrooke Barracks, complete with Rear Party, is still alive and well and living in Paderborn. Work in the B Company block proceeds at the usual pace but is nevertheless scheduled for completion by mid July. Support Company is still in the hands of the painters. The next assault on the graceful symmetry of the camp will be the digging up of the cobbled roads around the Guard Room and Command Company rendering the former establishment inoperative for a time - except for the inmates of course. Ex-members will be glad to know that the plumbing is being put in order at last.

The new furniture, promised for well over a year now, has at last miraculously arrived and will, it is hoped, be assembled and in place by the end of July. Curiously enough, no one seems to be too keen on having the old stuff but its disposal is gradually being achieved by the QM and the Barracks Officer who between them have conned a number of unsuspecting units into accepting it.

Down in the LND the MAM is grappling (if that is the right word) with the APCs, Stalwarts and Ferrets. The well known steering defect took a turn for the worse when OC's disintegrated completely whilst on the move and he ran out of road as a result. Luckily no one was hurt and the remains are now with RMM Technical Services who are giving them a thorough going-over to see what really causes the problem. As a result of this all the APCs were grounded until thoroughly inspected and even now it takes a brave man to remain within yards of moving APCs in case it decides to take off on its own. On top of this a track defect has been reported - cracking again - so they also are in the process of being inspected. No one can say the Rear Party don't live dangerously.

The young soldiers from the Depot who are not eligible for the Creggan (to their great remorse) have been involved in a series of Cadres, principally driving and First Aid. They have also participated in various exercises with the local OFP and the Tank Transporter Squadron.

The Band, who by now will have brought tension in Londonderry to a new level, are frequently heard but seldom seen. Noises from their block adjacent to the Sergeants Mess indicate some form of experimentation - a Stockhausen March maybe - but they nevertheless continue to be in great demand and we hope their tour both in Northern Ireland and in England goes well.

On the distaff side Capt Downes, Ssgt Cocksedge, Sgt Bryant and Cpl Nicholson continue to keep the womenfolk more or less under control. Various Wive's Club excursions and diversions have been arranged, the last of which was a Wive's Driving Competition ably run by Ssgt Reed and Sgt Lent. We are relieved to be able to report that both cars, drivers and spectators ended the day in one piece. The event itself was won by a Renault 4L, Mrs Bowness Smith up, followed by Mrs Speakman also in (or on) a Renault and, fittingly, Mrs Technical Adjutant with her Triumph. Generous prizes were presented by OC Rear Party who also had the doubtful privilege of awarding the booby prize to his own wife.

Despite all this the highlight of the day is always the shouting match on the phone with the Adjutant or Chief Clerk. Cpl LaBorde has now developed a good drill square technique and maintains a consistently high decibel rating. The whole southern end of the Battalion Hq block has to be cleared on these occasions and there have been complaints from the locals. For this reason, if for no other, we look forward keenly to the return of the Main Body in six weeks time.

-oOo-

The Rooster

The rooster has a soul more bellicose than all your Ludendorffs and Jellicoes his step is prouder than Davy Crockett's. As he swaggers by with his hands in his pockets.



What's that warm damp feeling in my Lap!



The 'get-together'



What's all this knitting, then?



Come and get it kids!



Wish you were here!



'Nobody cares about me!' Sgt King, B Coy



Assembly line for the Pompadour



Mayor of Northampton, Alderman Ken Pearson visits the Officers Mess



Gloria Hunniford coaxes a shy little Seagull to say something



Have you let down any worthwhile tyres recently, Alistair?



Honestly, Cpl Wiggam, it was this big! (General Mogg's visit)

NOTES FROM 137 (JAVA) BATTERY RA

GUNNER - EAR

WORDS

There is an old story about the Infantryman who had been in the Army for five years before he realised that Bloody and Gunners were two separate words. We trust that this five year waiting period may well have been reduced for those Pompadours with whom we have been living for the last two months.

It has been an interesting time for us since we have been under the protection of the Pompadours. We now know that we call that nice Staff Sergeant 'Colour' and not 'Q'. We now know that flags come down in the evening, not because they might get pinched in the dark but because if you leave them up all night they get all wobbly round the edges and fall apart. We now know that if you have a Battery sign keep it in the stores because they attract landrovers like flies to jam. We now know how to play Badminton on half a Badminton court. We now know that the RUC net is more popular than '208'. We now know that 'Big Five' wasn't a story written by Enid Blyton (She's strange you know). We know also what we had thought for ages, that callsigns are obsolete. We like your cooks, we like your RSM - he smiles! We're friends again with Pronto and the Paymaster is a secret gunner. Elephants get on oak trees by sitting on Acorns and waiting patiently and the welfare phone at Fort George is being put to good use. There are two more battalions of Anglians and we hear that they're mirror images of each other. We think it is all done by mirrors and fast transport. Is it true that 2nd Anglians are sending another Recce Party because 20 Medium sent another Recce Party and that 20 Medium are sending another Recce Party because 2nd Anglians are sending another Recce Party, and that 2nd Anglians are

We regret to announce that the author of this article has been taken away!

THOSE BLEEPS

It was during the War that it was decided to rest Big Ben as it was felt that those ringing tones combined with the honeyed voice of the BBC announcer could give away the identity of the station. In place of the chimes they decided to put the little pips which tell you that you have put more pennings in the coin box, anonymous they were reckoned to be in their smallness. So it was that one fine day, one of the faceless ones from the Ministry of Whatsit was despatched to buy bleeps. It so happened that he came, purely by chance on a firm run by his wife's brother. Human nature being what it is, and blood being thicker than water, the order he placed was generous to say the least (It happened with WRAC Bloomers you recall). Came the end of the war, and the Ministry of Whatsit found itself left with something of a surplus of bleeps. A surplus so large in fact that they tried to cut their losses by selling them off. They sold some to the GPO, who at this time were changing their pips for a 'Whee', they sold some to makers of dolls which talked, they sold some to the Japanese who were thinking of bringing out an orange for the blind, and they sold some to the Moss Bros for the outfitting of young officers who ought to have known better. But still the surplus remained. What to do with them was the question, for they were becoming a serious embarrassment to the Government. Raise the level of the Maplin Sands, feed them to the starving hordes of Asia, use them for car horns on minis. Such suggestions were in vain for the bleeps by this time had become nasty intractable little creatures. Then one day, a spotty faced Potential Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for something or other had an idea. Radio Operators (Military) sleep during the night stags - let us stop them. Scientists sciented, engineers engined, boffins boffed and the bleeps were khaki. And that Dear Reader is why if you go into any well bred Ops Room in the middle of the night you'll find the operators sitting in a trance, mesmerised by - The Bleeps.

The author of this article has also, we regret to say, been taken away.

A TALE WITH A MORAL (PART 2)

The Grand Old Duke of Derry
He had 10,000 men
He marched them east of the River Foyle
And he marched them back again

And when they were east they were east
And when they were west they were west
It did not matter where they were

Because he never let them out of camp anyway.

ACORN

-oOo-

Answers to Brush up your German Highway Code:

B E D C E D

-oOo-

There was a young lady named Harris,
Whom nothing could ever embarrass,
Till the bath salts one day
In the tub where she lay
Turned out to be plaster of paris.