

CHARLIE COMPANY

In this issue the format of C Coy notes has changed to give scope to the journalistic talents of the platoon commanders. It also means that in the introduction the OC has merely to congratulate those too modest to congratulate themselves.

The Orienteering Team deserves a special mention. This team, lead and trained by Capt Walsh included Sgt Lund Conlon, Cpls Morley, Rouse, Heaton, Cavaliero, Keeble and Pte Ryan. Their first success came in winning the Northern Ireland Major Unit Championships, not a bad effort when up against the 'packed' teams of the Corps.

Much to everyone's surprise, not least our own, we came second in the Battalion Swimming Competition. This was a fine effort by everyone, helped by having the least number of non-swimmers in the Battalion.

To Coy HQ we welcome C/Sgt Mortimer and L/Cpl Jacques; at the same time we bid farewell to WO2 Zap-Zap Mallet. We also welcome Mrs Lee, one of our three new brides.

Capt Crook and Pte Taylor (46) continue with the Bisley Team and are seldom seen. However, with a victory at the Northern Ireland Skill at Arms Meeting the Bisley competition seems a certainty.

C/Sgt Dolan is to be congratulated on gaining two distinctions in his EPC (A) exam. We also wish Pte Ford a speedy recovery from his injury received whilst guarding ATO.

On the discipline side two minor culprits are still being sought. They have been code-named WASSER and MOONEY. An identi-kit photo of the latter is in the process of being compiled by the RUC.

To find out what has really been happening in the company from S Armagh to Election Day you must read on.

7 PLATOON

The Platoon continues to put a lot of effort into both work and play, as was noted in South Armagh on the convoy protection, and the recent Rugby match against 8 Platoon which we narrowly lost 24-8. South Armagh showed our skill at setting up a good platoon base and digging good shell scrapes, although the elements were against us. Major Thompson enquired of Cpl Cavaliero

"Is that water in your shell scrape?" to which he replied,

"No Sir, it's a stream!"

Early morning frost provided a good incentive to get up, and certainly helped to keep us active. A shame that such beautiful countryside is the centre of such troubles.

Both Mr Morling and Sgt Twell have been to Berlin to play sports. Mr Morling went to play 7-a-side Rugby for the 39 Brigade side, and Sgt Twell football for the Battalion. Mr Morling scored 5 out of a total of 8 tries, and the team won 2 out of 4 matches played in Hitler's Olympic Stadium. Perhaps the reason

that the team did not do better was the trial of all 9 local beers each night they were there. Sgt Twell was playing in a competition of the units stationed there. The team was taken there by the RSM, which probably explains why they did training every day, unlike the Rugby Team. The training paid off and the team did very well. Due to being on the Senior Brecon Course he has been unable to round off a successful sporting year by running for the Battalion Athletics Team.

Back in Ireland for the elections, the Company was deployed into schools on the Falls and Springfield Roads. A composite Platoon was formed under command of Sgt Lund Conlon and sent to St Catherines School. With no hot water or electricity cooking the eggs and sausages provided by the C/Sgt caused Cpl Cavaliero to complain

"We've got nothing to cook our rations on."

Ten Platoon then went hungry for several hours.

The inevitable riot which followed Ciaran Nugent's "return march" proved to be good training for the platoons baton gunners of 8 and 9 platoons, but unfortunately not for us. The only casualty of the afternoon was Pte Meckleburgh who failed to notice a small job on a bicycle ride past him and lob half of a house brick at him. It hit him in the mouth rendering most of his front teeth useless. He had to learn to drink yoghurt through a straw. Hopefully his compensation will fund our platoon party.

Congratulations must go to Ptes Thorpe and Pattrick. Pte Thorpe for doing well on his Standard 2 Signals Cadre, and going on to Warminster for a Standard 1 Cadre. We all wish the best of luck. Pte Pattrick gets his mention for the most original excuse for losing a rifle sling. Whilst out with the Security Platoon, they were tasked to round up a stray horse. Once the horse had been caught, Pattrick attached his rifle sling to its tail. The horse promptly bolted, complete with rifle sling never to be seen again.

Finally thanks must go to all the Irish girls who have done such an excellent job in keeping the likes of Campbell, Cushing, and Bricklebank in their place.

8 PLATOON

The scene: Crumlin Road Jail. The setting: 0930 hrs; Lt Brown has delegated all the work for the day and with a cup of tea in hand, puts his feet up, secure in the knowledge that the Battalion do not realise that the telephone number of the Jail has changed. Out of the blue and over the air his peace is shattered as an urgent message to phone C Coy is received. What major catastrophe can have befallen 8 Platoon—riots? the CSM? redeployment? mooning? —no, a missive from the highlands that Pompadour notes are required today, if not yesterday! Dull it ain't.

To commence our saga, move with us to South Armagh where we adopted a low profile survival policy on a somewhat wet and windy mountain as the photos show. Our major task over this deployment seemed to be radio relay which gave everyone the opportunity of falling foul of 3 urgings, to change batteries, antennae or retune

at 0300 hrs. Chalky White even went so far as to have a personal chat to 39 on the subject! Finally, Armagh proved that although the RAF can fly sideways, they certainly need lessons on distinguishing Firs from Figs. The Platoon's theme tune adopted from that day onwards was -- Hurry up and Wait.



L/CPL ELKES AND PTE NIGHTINGALE

However the laugh was on us, for our next deployment of note was back to Primary School, - right on the doorstep of Fort Monagh for the elections. An enjoyable deployment, although it proved an expensive hobby trying to find out our resident Policewoman's name and address as certainly one of our members now knows. The local players tried to make their presence felt with a granade, but as Lt Brown was enjoying dinner at the Ritz with the Blues and Royals, and as noone else heard it, it was declared a wide and the game continued. Being fully re-educated on the Adventures of Asterix we were next called upon to administer some magic potion to the Paddii of Springfield Road. We are pleased to report that we won the battle that day, our congratulations to L/Cpl Elkes' snatch squad who were a model of patience until successfully given a chance to go on the offensive. The only losers that day on our side must surely be the clothing store -- amazing how many denims were written off then in the line of duty.



Having brought the patient reader fully up to date on the current situation in the Province as it befalls us, we must report that 8 Platoon has not been standing still. Certainly the numbers attending baby-care classes would seem to indicate that the broken lights in the end room have proved an advantage to some. Our congratulations

go to Pte White not only on passing the Standard 2 Cadre, but also managing to get married - the first but not last of 1979. By the time this goes to print Noegger Norris should also be spliced and despatched into the arms of the UDR. Our congratulations to both happy couples.

Our two new career men - Nightingale and Vine must not escape congratulation - rumour has it that they will both be able to sign their P 1954's without going overdrawn. Its one way to spend our bonus. Although most of the Platoon appears to be getting away on swans of some kind or other at the moment, the trophy must go this time to Pte Brooks who managed to escape to the UK entirely, by disappearing to Germany with the Gladiators, alias the Bn football team. What with Yogi's boxing, tug-o-war, cricket and now gliding; we are pleased to offer a prize of a day in Bangor for a sighting of Yogi in uniform.

Alas, in the cause of progress, people move on. We have to say goodbye in this report to Sgt Dorritt who leaves us for pastures new and the land where the cider apples grow. Our best wishes for the future to Sgt and Mrs Dorritt.

And so we bring ourselves up to date. At present the platoon is heavily involved in preparation for the inter-Company Boxing Competition, with every able bodied man being issued with bandages and gun shields as standard. Looking to the future, we see ourselves going back to school yet again, and later this month replenishing the Company's coffers at the Salamanca Fair again

9 PLATOON

Firstly a welcome to the Platoon goes to Ptes Thompson (Tommo), Marshall (Mooney) and Keeble (Norwich), all of whom recently joined us from the 1st Battalion. Keeble must have been the most sought after of any recruit for it is rumoured that his posting was subject to a major debate between two COs.

Our trip down South was a welcome break. The CSM had spent many hours on the flight manifesto to ensure that the Platoon Commander and Jacko arrived on the ground first. Whether C/Sgt Dolan and Pl HQ were having second thoughts about swapping the delights of Bessbrook Mill for a windswept hillside, or the RAF did not like the look of his stick must remain a closely guarded secret. Having secured the Landing Site for what must have seemed an eternity and still no sign of the Pl Comd, the order was reluctantly given to brew up.

Election day saw the Platoon split between the Vere Foster and St Catherines schools. C/Sgt Dolan looked after home ground in the Vere Foster while Sgt Lund Conlon (newly nicknamed Bright-eyes) was responsible for St Catherines. These rather unusual operations always bring out some hidden talents. L/Cpl Jimmy Charnley has now gained a firm recommendation to transfer to the AAC should he wish.

While on Security Platoon our quick reaction led to the evacuation of several cars near a suspect car. Spud caught the OC

doing the dishes, but we gather is now forgiven as the evacuation led to an impromptu party in the Officers Mess. Brecon has once again been summoning our eager JNCOs. No sooner had L/Cpl (Tiny) Wagg returned from the course than P/Cpl Jimmy Charnley took his place.

Congratulations this month to Pte Stock, on his recent marriage to Eileen.

Leaving the Army this month is one of the Platoon's oldest and most colourful characters -- Spud Taylor. We will certainly miss him and wish him luck in Civvy Street.

Finally Cpl Corky Corcoran insists that Sgt Pete Lund Conlon be given the nickname of BRIGHT EYES : members of the Platoon go into convulsions of laughter whenever it is played. Sgt Lund Conlon is begging for someone to let him into the joke.



L/CPL CHARNLEY IN SOUTH ARMAGH TEACHING PTE PUCZKOWSKI SOME OF THE FINER POINTS OF DISCIPLINE IN PREPERATION FOR HIS PNCO CADRE.

HOLIDAYS

This year I decided to take up the unique offer of an eight week holiday in South Wales. The initial aspect which attracted me was the fact that these eight weeks would not come out of my annual entitlement. In addition I was given two further weeks leave at Ballykinler sunbathing on those beautiful beaches beneath the mountains of Mourne just to ensure that one arrived with the correct sun tan. This pre-holiday delight was supervised by an ex-CAM COAT.

The brochure for this holiday certainly sounded attractive; I enclose a small extract:

"Come to sunny Breconia, reknowned as a rest centre since Roman times. If you want a holiday in clear fresh Welsh air, with green fields and open spaces, rippling streams, pine woods and animals running free in their natural environment, then Breconia is the place for you. Throughout your holiday you will be under the tender care of charming guides from some of the most famous Regiments in the British Army."

It can be dangerous to take everything in these brochures at face value. On arrival the guides were certainly well dressed with beaming, welcoming smiles. On the first day

we were put through a thing called the "Fun Test". This was just to ensure that we had the capacity to enjoy the holiday. We were also informed that at the end of the holiday we would be given a fun report based on the number of times we laughed or cried. The guides were all well versed in the latest pop tunes like 'GRIT' or was it 'GREASE!'

Much of the time was taken up in playing games rather like 'It's a Knock-Out'. The main innovations being that many of them were played in the dark. We also played charades, pass the buck, guess who the leader is and battleships. Midnight bathing became a must. In the evening, one could take up any hobby one wanted. Model making became particularly popular.

I must say that the countryside left alot to be desired. The green fields were bordered by fences topped with barbed-wire. Open spaces were too frequent for those of us who prefer the shade. Marshes devoured the weak, and the air, far from being fresh, was laced with the pungent smells of cow dung and stagnating sheep. Bridges were few and the streams too wide to jump. The pine needles would strip your eyeball out on our moonlit excursions.

Should you find yourself attracted to this type of holiday, then apply to your OC now. There are still a few vacances, but don't delay.

ORIENTEERING

On the sporting side of life the Orienteering team must be singled out. A months hard training, mainly at weekends, ensured that the Battalion had a team, consisting mainly of C Coy.

The first success was the Major Units Trophy at Ballykinler. This gave us a place in the UKLF Championships at Arborfield. On the way there the team took part in the Scottish Championships where Capt Walsh won his class, and Cpl Eric Morley came fourth.

And so to the main competition at Arborfield. We managed to be the top Infantry unit and finished 8th overall. A most creditable result for a first time try.

It is planned to enter a team next year, so if it appeals to you then please contact either Capt Walsh or Sgt Lund Conlon.



DELTA COMPANY

If you happen, by accident, to shoot a sparrow, try laying it out on a sheet of white paper and watch what happens. After a short period dozens of little nits come scurrying out of the carcass. They come in all shapes and sizes, there is an astonishing number of them, and they form the most amazing patterns.

This thought happened to occur to me when I last saw the Editor prodding people for their Pompadour notes;.....

Of course I'm not comparing 'The Pompadour' with a dead and nit-ridden sparrow. Honest I'm not. Before I get into any hotter water...

The company is under new management, and a group portrait of the new Board of Directors is shown below. The one on the left is an Honorary Director only, he draws his salary but is never around when it is time to take decisions. On the whole the company seems, like the country, to be in good hands; and if they can avoid being run over by 4-ton wagons during their meetings the Board should go on to prosper.

So.....Onto D company notes.

DELTA COMPANY



DRUMS

You've probably noticed that your Band and Drums have been enriching your flat existence recently with our tuneful and martial renderings of such golden oldies as "They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace while strutting up and down on the square looking glamorous. Well you ain't seen nothing yet. It's KAPE time again chaps, so out come your Scarlet Tunics and Spiked Helmets for a quick dust off, and then off again we go for a couple of weeks to help

persuade a new bunch of swedes that it's a mans life, so take the shilling, you'll soon be thrilling all night.

We're a versatile lot in the Brums. We're not just your common mud-soldiers, not us. We've got CULTURE. Artists, we are. Mark you we do have a few of the other sort; brutish, all the Military Skills and no finer feelings. Cpl J— for one. He'd tune his Bass drum in on the Battalion net given half the chance. They do lower the tone, don't they.

Still when it comes to the crunch, we can all wield a mean shovel with the best of the company. Wait till we get to Magilligan We'll show them moles in the Mortars and Anti-tanks what real digging is about. Hit 'em. Dig their Mortar pits and their Gun pits. We'll bloody well dig ourselves an Orchestra pit.

Blast, look at the time. Blondie's on in a minute; and I've still got to iron Pollards teeth-marks out of that tie. That's all for now then. Anyway if you want more you can always buy the record.

ANTI TANKS

AN APPRECIATION OF THE ULSTER PROBLEM

BY: OX LEATH-WOOD

De way ah seeing it, de hole ting a piece 'o' cake, dats if yo boffering to take de gran worl view, de mighty scope an kind o' steppin back so as to view de Big pitcher, in a kind of perspecktive it possible to get from living here in down town Holywood, hub ob de universe.

Forst off, yu got ta take all de Kaffolik minority from libbing in de squalor an' bung dem on de Golan Heights, but yu got ta kon vince dem dat de wedder am damn fine op dere, an de UVF modder squads wid de tree-ate Webberlees will neber tink o' lookin' in such a serlubrious part o' der worl. O corse de IRA an orl dose wid dee bludlust will still be able to blast dem ter kingdom come, added to which de Syrians an Israelis will have de hands pretty damn full wid all dese Micks wanderin' around wid de tikking parcels labelled 'Happy St Pats' exsayera. So dus great plan will both de bords an only wid de one rock it will also release all de dammed blonde gyants from Swedecon an save de serkurity counsill all dat cash.

Natch-er-ully dis not solving de problem o' de Palerstinians who face de perils o' war but Ah reckon dere now plenty o' room in de Divis complecks, an wots more, no one will mind when de Israeli jets come swoop-ing down de Falls Road spreading de Naparm cream an' blattin' away wid dem cannons and so forth. Ah can hear all you cynios saying 'Dis ain't right' but dat only cos yo lacking de foresite an de amaz grasp o' de human feeling dat Ah pozess.

But wot about de Protistants, how dey gonna feel wid all dese duskey Arabs roam around dis fare city? De fact o' de matter i dat dese pepul will not be presentin no fret to de Protistant community as dey are de muslims an' don want no union wid de South.

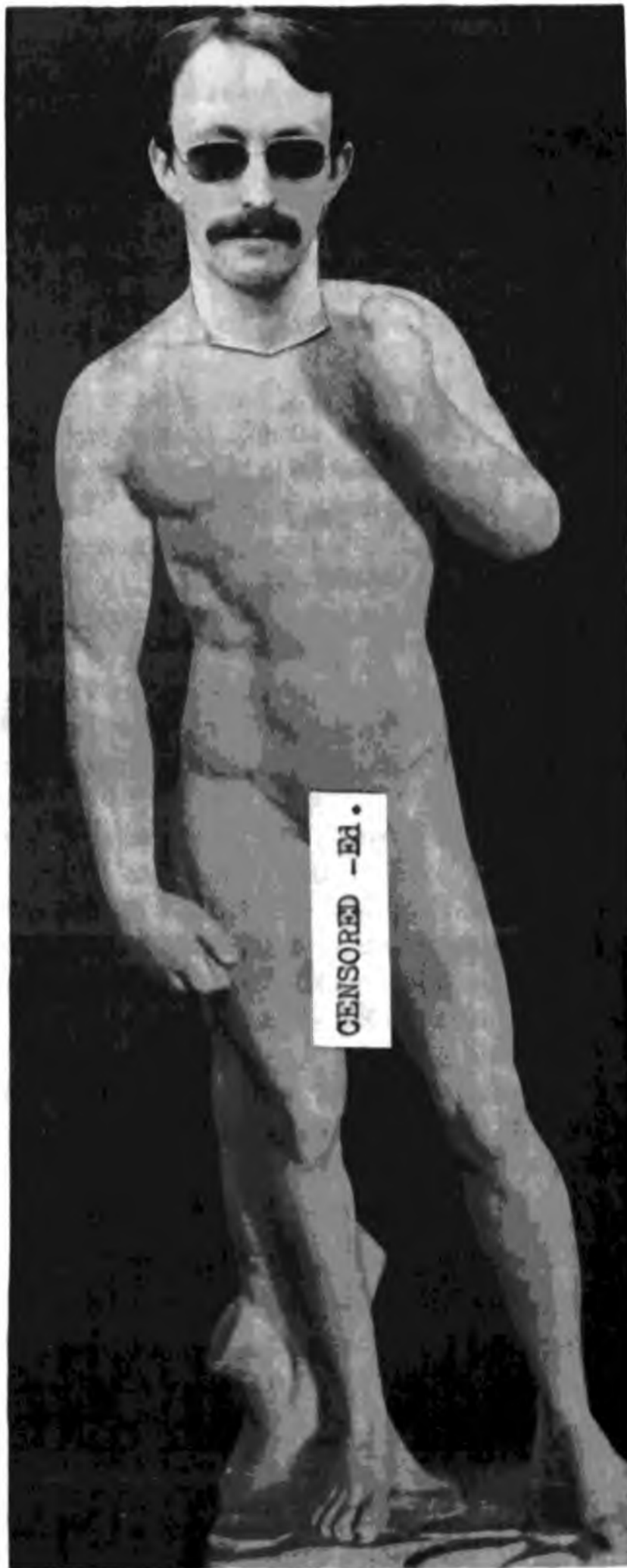
Dese new influcks will also give de chance to dat famous churchman an moderate, who gave his name to dat famous Paisley material wot make der excellent shirts an table cloffs all over de place, to konvert to Christianity all dem Muslims. Pretty dam quick dey orl be in orange scarves an marching to dem funny drums chantin' about some battle at de Boyne an suchlike. Also sayin how good it feel to be a Palestinian in Ulster, an yus sir.

Course, Ah ain't sayin it de ideel solution but as de ol British tommy said, 'if yo got a better whole den don tell anyone about it but use it yo'self.

Capt Brehaut assures me he checked the spelling - Ed.

ANTI TANKS

The sword is mightier than the pen. Capt Brehaut So here are some photos of our concentration at Netheravon.



✿ MARJORY WOODS PERSONAL COLUMN ✿

Dear Marjory,

You suggested last week that the wives should give their point of view on life in Palace Barracks. Well, you've asked for it.

We didn't look forward to our 18-month tour of Northern Ireland but after a few months interment we found it wasn't as bad as we had expected.

Neither were we looking forward to Christmas but, largely thanks to an unfortunate accident at a certain distillery, we all enjoyed a much merrier Christmas than usual. Special thanks to all the 'singlies' who made our Christmas such an enjoyable one.

We have only one real complaint; and that is why do the male species of this camp have all the entertainment? All the strippers at their Happy Hours and the SUNS page 3 Hilary Crux visiting while the females receive nothing. We wouldn't say No to a pin-up of Captain Mason or even a strip if he could be persuaded to dispense with his sun glasses.

I will see what I can do, but no promises about the sun glasses - Ed.

STOP PRESS: SEE ABOVE. ED.



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MAY 1979

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I was a 7-stone weakling until I discovered Sensational Athletic Support the secret method of developing REAL MEN. Send for my FREE booklet free book. Name..... Address..... Age.....

SIGNALS

Again these last few months have proved to be very busy, and full of the usual turbulence that we have become used to. So to start off this issue we'd just like to run through the various arrivals and departures, congratulations and commiserations to those concerned:

Congratulations to:

ARSO for finally completing the RSO Course at Warminster without cracking up, (mind you it was a close run thing) and now being 'fully trained'. He now finds himself spending most of his time as PEC to the Sgts Mess. You can't win them all.

Lcpls Phil Peartree and Dave Norman on passing their Regimental Signals Instructors course and obtaining good reports, Well done.

Pte Ian Chambers of Delta Company on passing the Regimental Signallers Standard 1 course.

We'd like to say Welcome and get your sleeves rolled up to;

Lcpl Kevin Palmer, and congratulations on his recent wedding to Jacqueline. Maybe his workrate will go up in the future.

Ptes Andy Ashton, John Brandon and Adrian Edwards, all of whom are working hard in the Ops Room and brushing up their signalling skills before going on an RSS 1 Course later this year.

And so to the farewells; always a sad time but probably more so this time as the three who have left are those who have been with us for a combined total of 21 years.

Cpl Roger Martin to the Training Wing, we wish him luck, and keep those targets pasted up.

Lcpl Big Jim Hammond on posting. The best of luck Jim for the future.

Pte Don Donovan on posting to Delta Company where he is getting to grips with such things as Wombats and Combats etc.



PTEs EDWARDES AND HOLMES IN AT THE DEEP END ON THE RECENT RSS 2 CADRE



SEE..... I TOLD YOU I COULD WALK ON WATER.

Later this month we see the turn round of the rear link detachment. (Not literally I hope-Ed) Those who are leaving us are;

Signalman Geordie Skee and his wife, who are off to the land of Bratwurst and Bier at 22 Sigs, we all wish them both the best of luck, none more so than the TQMS who will be able to sleep without the sound of the Bn square being swept at 0500hrs.

Signalman Nick Razey and his wife Sharon who leave us for civvy street and a blue uniform as opposed to Khaki; we wish them both the best of luck, and don't nick us for speeding-please.



LT COL DRUMMOND HANDING PTE EDWARDES THE CROSSED FLAG ON COMPLETING THE RSS 2 CADRE

In their place we welcome Signalman Watson and Signalman Thackeray. And lastly, congratulations to L/Cpl and Mrs John Smart on the birth of their son Gareth (a pronto of the future, no doubt).

Sgt Eddie Thorpe and his training team of Cpls Phil Bentley, Budgie Bird, L/Cpls Jim Hammond and John Smart have been running a second Standard Two cadre, six weeks of uninterrupted signalling, which must be some kind of a record. The avid readers of this magazine and the Visor will notice that the signals platoon's very own lake featured prominently again.

The signals platoon would like also to say Goodbye to Capt Dick Gould (Ops Officer extra ordinaire) and welcome Lt David Clements. We noted that the handover was very smooth, even down to the timings for "Play School". We understand that the new one likes Batman best, maybe we should get him a Robin as his side-kick.

GUESS WHO



All of you will be delighted to receive an up to date sit-rep on Pte William Lewis, who is doing very well at Chessington Hospital. His walking has progressed well and he can now manage without his crutches. He celebrated his 23rd birthday in hospital, and was presented with a tankard by the Kings Regiment. He sends his regards to all in the Battalion.



DO YOU KNOW THIS FACE ?

His hair is long, his face is fat
He smiles just like a Cheshire cat,
It's hard to get these words to rhyme
It's getting late, so not much time,
If you know this face from old
Get your answers to Capt Gould.
£2.00 to the first correct answer

picked out of the hat.

"OLLIES" ANGELS

On a very chilly Friday evening, Sgt Ollie Dent walked up to the 30m range, armed with 9mm pistols, ammunition, targetry and red flags. He was about to initiate the Pompadour wives in the intricacies and use of the pistol.

Having successfully set up the range and positioned the photographer, Ollie waited for the wives to arrive. Whilst rehearsing his opening lines and thinking of polite ways of explaining the various fire positions with legs apart and leaning into it, the wary wives arrived.

A basic introduction on the pistol was given, but instructions such as "Keep the weapon pointing down the range" and "Keep the body perfectly balanced with a tight grip on the weapon" were met with laughter and wide-eyed looks from the wives.

10 rounds were given to all and the first two ladies set forth apprehensively to the 10m firing point, with weapons at the hand.

Roni Felton and Lynne Speakman then set the pace for the other wives — paste and patches were not being exactly over-used at this stage, but cement and sand for the back wall was hurriedly sent for.

The wives, a little despondent by now, were given another 10 rounds and the targets were changed. Suddenly holes started to appear in the targets and morale soared when they handled the paste and patches for the first time.

Well, the Pompadour wives then went from strength to strength achieving notable scores in a competition snap shoot. So, Watch out the Bisley Team, Ollies Angels have their sights on you.



CONFIDENTIAL REPORTS

As the season of Confidential Reports approaches, the Pompadour Magazine felt that it should produce a guide as to what those vague and complicated phrases really mean.

He is a good Mess member
(He drinks like a fish)
He participates in all mess functions
(especially if there is drink involved)
His wife also participates in Mess Activities
(She drinks more than he does)
He is a good helicopter pilot
(He has the same number of landings as take-offs)
He is a good driver
(Whenever he takes a vehicle out, he always brings one back)
He is a very good driver
(Whenever he takes a vehicle out, he always brings the same one back)
He is smart/well turned out
(Great at bulling boots, but useless at anything else)
He is loyal
(He is a yes-man)
He is an original thinker
(He disagrees with everything I say)
He can be relied on to approach all problems from a new angle
(He is an argumentative swine)
He is a practical soldier
(He can't follow written orders)
He is an academic soldier
(He can read written orders, but hasn't a clue how to carry them out)
He should go far
(Transport will have to be provided to get him there)
He tends to lack initiative
(He works well in denims)
He is not a very practical soldier
(He goes through life pulling doors marked PUSH, pushing doors marked PULL and lifting doors marked LIFT)
He needs to exert himself more
(He strongly dislikes anything physical)
He has a forceful personality
(He is useful in pub brawls)
He has good leadership qualities
(His men will follow him anywhere, mainly out of curiosity)
He has worked well during the last year
(Only when the right people have been watching)
He is a good administrator
(He gets others to do the work)

ACORN NEWS



KNEED TO KNOW



PTE LES PIGGOTT DRY-TRAINING FOR THE DERBY



RIGHT. WHERE'S THE BEER?

LAWS

As a soldier you are subject to not only Civil Law but also Military Law. These laws are passed by Parliament and then written into the Statute Books.

There are, however, other laws which govern your life even more. These are Laws of Nature which have previously remained undocumented until this edition of the Pompadour; so here to guide you through the winding paths and pit-falls of life -- the Pompadour Laws.

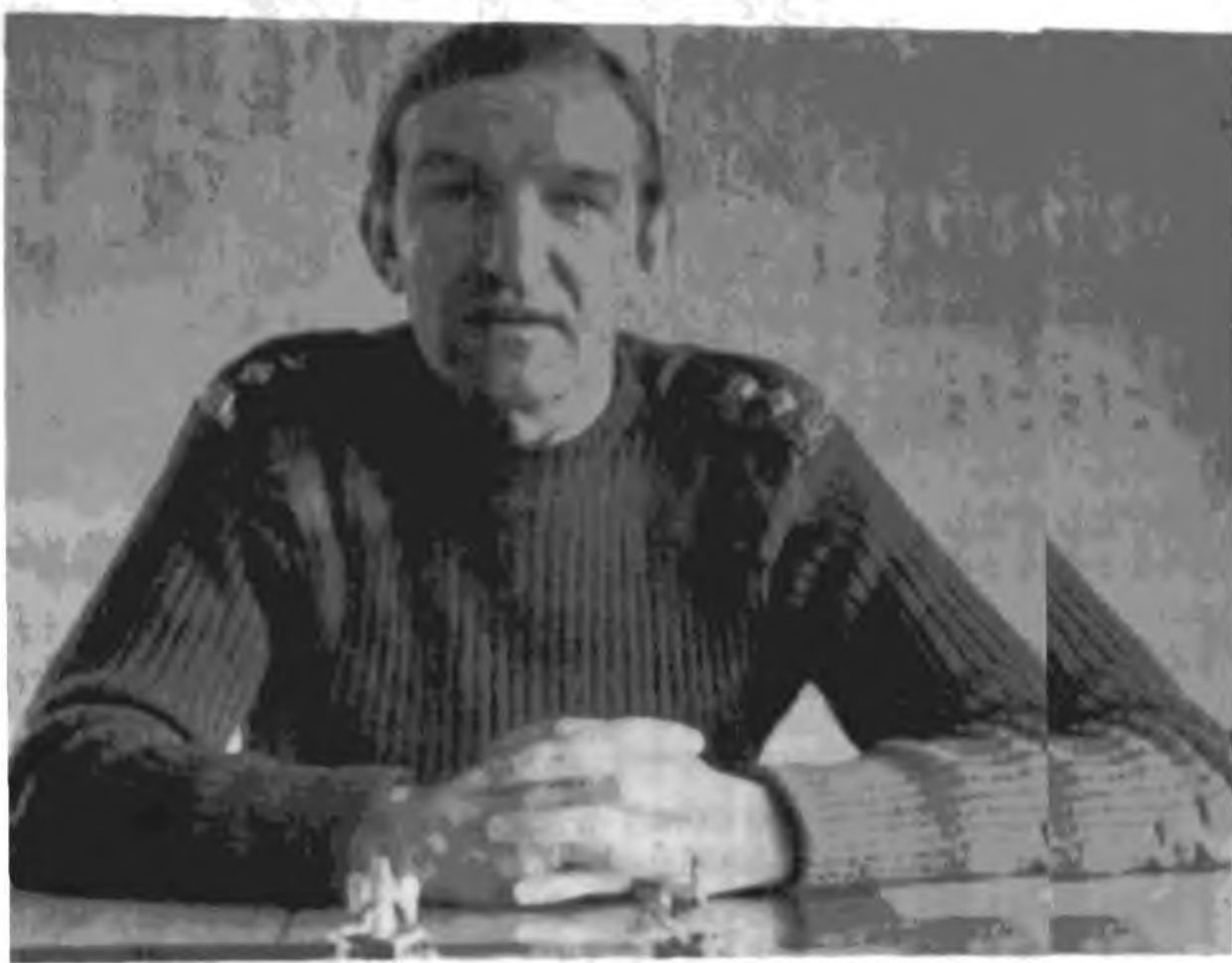
1. Murphy's Law, Anything that can go wrong will
2. Anybody can win-unless there happens to be a second entry.
3. Almost anything is easier to get into than to get out of.
4. When all else fails, read the instructions.
5. You can observe a lot just by watching.
6. Live within your income, even if you have to borrow to do it.
7. The first rule of intelligent tinkering is to save all the parts.
8. Seven eighths of everything can't be seen.
9. It works better if you plug it in.
10. With extremely few exceptions, nothing is worth the trouble.
11. It's bad luck to be superstitious.
12. The other person's attitude depends on which direction the money moves between you.
13. When you are up to your ears in it, keep your mouth shut.
14. When hammering in a nail, you will never hit your finger if you hold the hammer with both hands.
15. If it doesn't work, isn't likely to, and would be of no use to anyone, then it's good for a government grant.
16. No two people think alike until it comes to buying wedding presents.
17. Sooner or later even Murphy gets something right.(I discovered this after having Murphy work for me for some months..Ed.)
18. If the experiment works, you've used the wrong equipment.



THE POMPADOUR

JOURNAL OF THE THIRD BATTALION THE ROYAL ANGLIAN REGIMENT
FIFTH EDITH EDITION JUNE 79

THE COMMANDING OFFICER



On the sporting front the Pompadour football squad have swept the board clean in Northern Ireland and missed winning the Army Six-a-Side competition by a whisker, We were runners up in the Northern Ireland Swimming Competition and also at Athletics. We won the Infantry Keel Boat Sailing Regatta at Seaview on the Isle of Wight.

The next five months will be no less exciting and challenging as we come to the close of our Northern Ireland tour, with 12 July and 9 August as landmarks.

Every officer and soldier will, I know, give of his best right up to the 19 November to maintain those high standards we have set ourselves on the tour so far.

Lastly I would like to thank all those who have contributed to this edition of the Pompadour and hope that others will be encouraged to try their hand next time.

Since the last edition, much has happened in every aspect of the Battalion's life.

On the operational side our work has been as varied and challenging as ever; B and C and C Companies have assisted 3 Queens on rural operations in South Armagh, in Belfast Pompadours have recently been joined by Vikings and most soldiers in town seem to be wearing our distinctive brown berets. We have had our tragedies, a visiting CCF officer, er, Captain Paul Rogers from St Edmunds College, Ware, was shot dead in an IRA ambush on the Falls Road on 19 April and Pte Lewis of the Drums Platoon was very seriously wounded in a sniping attack against his patrol in the Turf Lodge a few days earlier. Happily he is making a remarkable recovery in England.

Our Bisley squad is hard at work, fit, bronzed and grimy from gunsmoke; their scores continue to improve and we all confidently expect a creditable performance at the RASAM next month, (we've got to beat the 1st Battalion).

Four days of sun, sea and shooting at Magilligan is providing a welcome change and good training for the Rifle Companies.



The sooner he assumes command of the Pompadours the better.

RECEIVED FROM THE STAFF AT
THE CO'S LAST POSTING

H Q COMPANY

Another two months have passed since the last Pompadour, What reminded me? A calendar? A note in my diary? It was something quite simple really, phone call after phone call from the PR office, same message every time, 'Dont forget the Pompadour notes and their deadline of 1700 hrs 31 May,' so here at 1650 hrs pen has finally been put to paper.

Life as ever in Coy HQ is hectic, both on the Q and A fronts, but at least it keeps us out of mischief.

Cpl Wisener decided that if he was to have his hair cut and wear uniform again, then he might as well have a complete change. So off he went to the Orderly Room. His place was more than filled by L/Cpl 'Shorty' Arbon. There is no truth in the rumour that the CSM has to stand on a chair to talk face to face with his clerk.

The clock has now reached 1705. Another return that is late, could I blame it on Operational Commitments--? Yes, why not everyone else does.

QM DEPT

May we firstly thank you all for the many letters we receive daily thanking the department for the excellent standard of service given to you all. The Quartermaster is replying to them all personally, so if you haven't received your letter and free cap badge, don't worry, it's on its way.

We are amazed at the way in which the popularity of the department has grown in the last couple of months, we are finding it increasingly more difficult to keep up with the demands from our customers. How you can all afford it beats us, it must be the pay rise. If business continues at its present climb we may consider starting a mail order system in Colchester.

Unfortunately limitations of stocks don't always allow us to give the exact article required, for example, C Company asked for 1 inch cartridges, verey green and verey red but they were more than pleased with the normal colours we gave them.

In response to your many letters asking how to wash your Jerseys Heavy Wool and at the same time prevent shrinking to pocket size we offer the following advise:

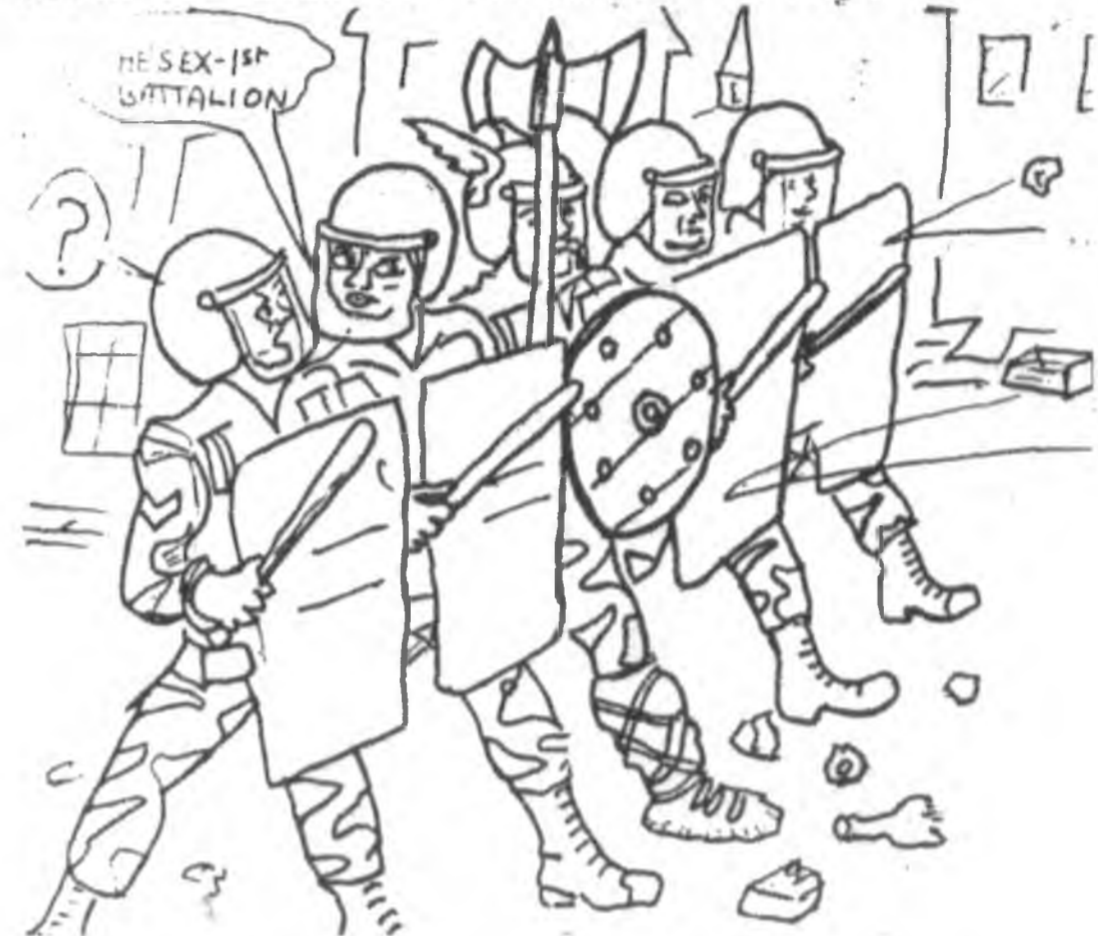
- Remove from the body first.
- Scrape off excess mud, grease and old chewing gum with the table knife that you have by mistake, 'nicked' from the Dining Hall (The one's with DH on!!).
- If using a washing machine, separate from boots, webbing and the beret you're

trying to shrink, better still wash it by HAND

d. Ask your Platoon Commander to read the little label to you which explains it all.

e. Why not forget all that hard work and use Lane's Lilly White Laundry SERVICE and know that the job will be done properly!!

Many congratulations to the Quartermaster on his promotion to MAJOR (he's been waiting since August 1948) and it is pleasing to hear from comments around the battalion how cheerful and more understanding he has become. Congratulations to LCpl and Mrs Kadlec on the birth of their son Gareth on 1st May.



Well done to LCpl Howden on achieving an 'A' grading on his Painters and Decorators Class 3 course.

The department 5-a-side football team done particularly badly this season and without the brilliant individual skills, fitness, tight control and outstanding self discipline and bearing would have done even worse.

You have probably noticed many of the department running round the camp during the early hours preparing for our BFT. LCpl Parcell has shown the most improvement and can now complete the whole course during the hours of daylight.

With the move to Colchester now in our sights and the long term administration well underway we look forward to the challenge of dealing with your many problems with the speed, efficiency and cheerfulness of which we know you have grown to admire from us.

Please keep the letters and thank you cards rolling in and we hope to weather the "Ups and Downes" for the remainder of our tour.

QUOTATIONS

The Quartermaster is the man who can take as long as he likes to make a snap decision.

Guess Who

I'm not really overweight, I'm just short for my size. I should be 8ft 6ins.

LCpl Parcell

I love criticism just so long as it's unqualified praise.

Sgt Miller

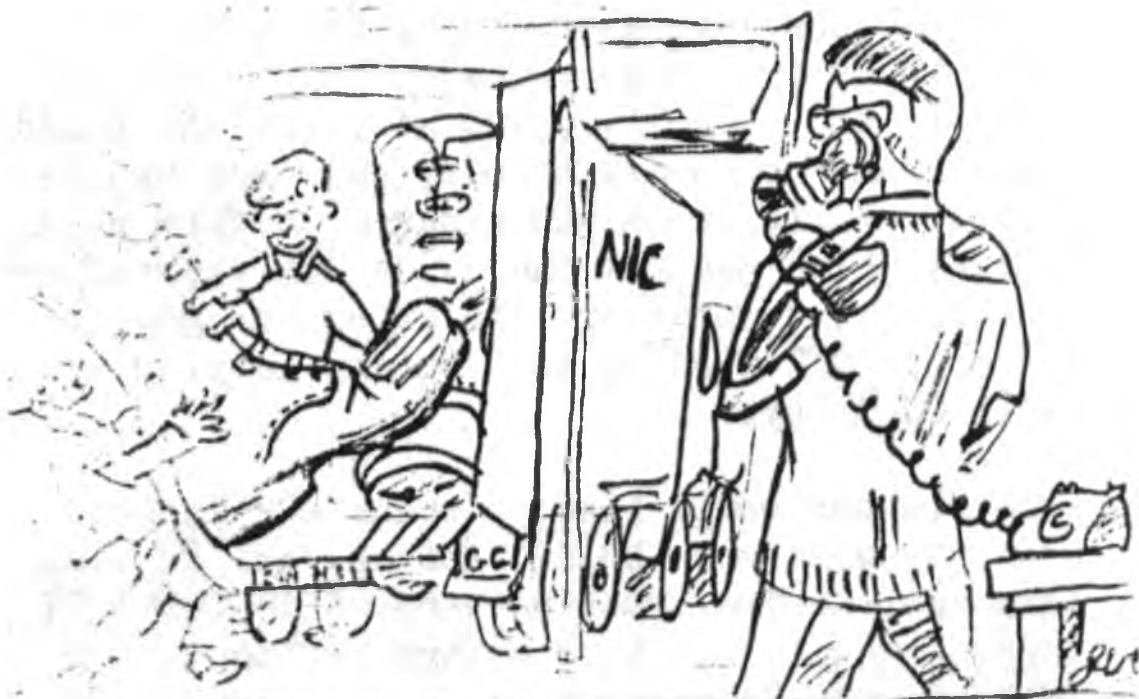
The worst unemployment area is often between the ears.

Pte Meadows

Last year I was conceited, but now I'm CURED this year I'm perfect = ANON

The sad thing about Ulcers is that you can have them without being a success = ANON

Automation will never beat the waste paper basket in speeding up office work=CSgt Brown.



MT PLATOON

As most people in the Battalion must be aware, the MT is going through its silly season again; that dreaded term 'PRE' is being banded around all day long. Although the 'PRE' does cause a considerable amount of extra work it does have its more humorous moments.

Pte Welch was found singing Happy Birthday to his one-ton trailer when he found out it had been in service for 27 years exactly this month. More Army service than anyone in the Battalion other than the QM. Then there was Pte Smith who was finally dragged out of his stores to clean a vehicle for the inspection, and was promptly attacked by a high pressure hose on the wash-down point; he now knows what the 'X' factor is paid for. The best yet was the Company driver, who, when given a list of jobs to do on his vehicle by Sgt Spanner Spencer, promptly presented the list to the inspecting team as they were checking his vehicle. They were delighted, the MTO was not. The MT JNCOs appear to have developed a new language; when asked if a certain vehicle is ready for inspection, their reply is always prefixed with a "Yes sir, If... But...."

On a more serious note, the Battalion's driving record has improved during May, with only one traffic accident for some 49,500 miles. Let's try to make it one less next month. Although the number of accidents is down, the number of drivers being checked for driving too fast in the Barracks has increased rapidly. The speed limit is 15mph so stick to it. Remember, next month there will be many more children around, so drive with extra care.

Finally we would like to take this oppor-

tunity to congratulate Pte and Mrs Holmes on the safe arrival of a fine healthy daughter. Also we would like to say farewell to Pte Gary Ball, who leaves us this month to take his discharge in Cyprus; he claims that he got so used to putting out fires there that he is going to join the Cyprus Fire Brigade.

GYM NOTES

Feeling tired? Run down? Life just passing by? Are you getting a spotty face? And do hairs grow on the palms of your hands? Then maybe you are going mad.

How long was it since you last took your body through its 2000 hr service? And most important is your sex life effected by it all

Well, if all this is happening to you, please let me know how you manage to do it, because have been trying since we got here.

No, seriously folks, this not a handout from Monty Python or the Magic Roundabout. Boihr said S/Sgt Harrison.

I do not promise that the Gymnasium will change your lifestyle, but why not come and have a go any time you feel like a swim, game of squash, or a nice relaxing sauna with your wife, girlfriend, or ----, Yes well, I'm sure you can decide who is best to sweat it out with!

Or, if perhaps you are a masochist, you could come and have verbal abuse thrown at you for half an hour whilst going through the motions of putting your body through physical exercise.

Anyway, whatever your choice, from table tennis to Rugby, Squash to Badminton, Swimming to Sweating, we have it all. Just remember what people have to pay to join civilian clubs;

Squash	45p per person per 15 mins
Swimming	35p per 45 mins
Badminton	75p per hour
Football	50p per hour
Basketball	50p per hour
Coaching	Up to £2.50p per hour per person

NOSTALGIA CORNER

Perusal of the Standing Orders and Dress Regulations of The 1st Battalion, The Essex Regiment revealed the following two gems;

Order No 120. Baths. Officers Commanding Companies will forward to the Orderly Room a return weekly on Saturday, giving number of NCOs and men who have bathed during the week.

Order No 141. Meals - Inspection by the Orderly Officer. The Battalion Orderly Sergeant will precede the Orderly Officer to each Dining Hall and give the word of command "Orderly Officer - Attention". NCOs and men then place their knives and forks on their plates and sit to attention. There will be no talking or eating while the Orderly Officer is in the Dining Hall.

Nice to be successors to such a clean-living Regiment, but complaints of cold food at Company messing committees must have driven the SQMS mad!

ALPHA COMPANY

The last few months have seen considerable changes in Big Red A (Bra for short?). We have said farewell to Major Shervington, and welcomed Major Steele as the new O.C. That has prompted the question: when does a Handover become a Passover, a Hangover or even a Legover? Pte. Smith (37) of 1 Pl. knows all about the last one — was she really worth the £20 'entry' fee to the Coy Block, Smudger? The CSM, WO2 Sweeney, has received his marching orders for Bermuda and is still celebrating. Can he be the first bionic CSM in the Pompadours? Cpl Cooper, 2 Pl., spent three months training in Bermuda and Jamaica — and got LOA as well as a moped and hired car. His advice to the CSM is simply — Watch out for the rats! C/Sgt Roy Watret was also hoping for a posting to somewhere 'exotic' but was offered Leicester. Apparently that is too close to Mother in law, so can the Adjutant try again please. Still, congratulations on passing your EPC Advanced — with distinction no less. It doesn't qualify you for Brigadier though, Roy! Congratulations also to Pte Lee, our long suffering Storeman, not only for putting up with the C/Sgt since that Exam result, but also for discovering that a Black Widow is not a spider — from the marks on his neck could it be a scorpion?

Enough on personalities. Workwise there have been several highlights. The Coy Inter Platoon Competition was held over three hectic days in April. After a very close struggle, involving shooting, fitness and N.Ireland specialist skills, 2 Pl emerged worthy winners. Mr Clements has since retired to the softer pastures of Bn HQ. Mr Lane (3 Pl) has also semi retired, — at least he spends 50 per cent of his time away on resettlement. Also read 3 Pl notes for their definition of Adventure Training — a long weekend among the fleshpots of Edinburgh, wasn't it?

Farewell also to C/Sgt McDonald and congratulations on the promotion to WO2. Our advice to those soldiers who enter the doors of the Training Wing is.....Good Luck! It is not true that he is going to ask Danielle to present the prizes for the next Potential NCOs cadre. And, thanks, Sergeant Major, for destroying those photographs.

Finally a 'well done' to all our Bn footballers, and especially those three Cpls — Hillier, Hughes and Smith. It is not true that they are attending a NIRRT course in the close season. However Bill Smith has gone to Brecon to learn some military skills — don't worry Bill, there are no tube trains on the Brecons to get your neck stuck in — just sheep. And particular congratulations to Graham Hughes on his well deserved selection as Bn Sportsman of the Year.

1 PLATOON

Well, here we are again, working as hard as always. At first we were involved in an inter-Platoon competition within the company, and, believe it or not, we came second (for the third time in a row!). We may have come second again but when it came to the Coy Party afterwards it was 1 Pl who took the initiative!

After this it was back to the usual deployments, security platoons and guards. This spell was brightened up by a couple of exhausting and exciting days at Ballykinler, even though the 'dry training periods' turned into extremely 'wet training periods'. The CQBR was the main attraction, and after 3 days in Newtown everyone was longing to get back to the 'Murph', where at least one could walk. Many commanded bricks, but none so infamous as Pte Heath who managed to fire at a target which was not there. He was thereafter known as the murderer. Pte Greer managed to pass the CFT finding no problems keeping up with OC A Coy.

The Platoon would like to thank WO2 MacDonald for the good work he did for us, and to wish him well in the Training Wing — (Pte Smith 37 hopes he will not be too hard on him at the next PNCO's Cadre). Having said farewell to 'Sir Mac' we welcome the new Platoon Commander Mr Scragg. Welcome also to the new members of the Platoon; Pte Avendano from the Depot and Pte Cunningham from the 1st Bn. We would also like to wish Spa Butler and Browne good luck in their forthcoming Boxing event; Sock it to 'em.

To conclude, we leave you with our platoon saying:

If it moves lift it,
If it's small stop it,
But if it's big make friends with it.

2 PLATOON

Since the last edition of "The Pompadour" 2 Platoon has undergone a quite considerable change. A new Platoon Commander has replaced the old one who, from his exalted position in BHQ, seems hell-bent on exacting a terrible revenge on the Platoon (the members of which, having spent nineteen hours in a certain miniature housing estate in West Belfast, now shudder at the very thought of whisky production!)

Pte Holmes, one of our more senior soldiers has also left the Platoon to join the MT Section on his way to VPR (or is that RVP?). His place as Platoon Driver has been taken by Ward (who, it is said deposited a large sum of money in the Swiss bank account of a certain driving test examiner).

Holmes' departure was followed fairly smartly by that of Tebbutt, who sought refuge in the gymnasium, but has since spent most of his time in the guardroom, on escorts, and training at Ballykinler. Ford, another "old soldier", is now in 3 Platoon.

Our latest reinforcements are Murphy (he speaks with an English accent, but we're still

suspicious), Blow (I say 'Boil'; Sergeant Dexter says 'Ball'), and James, the temporary Platoon Runner. Murphy comes via Bassingbourn from the Parachute Regiment depot (!) Blow comes hot-foot from the 1st Battalion, James, a well-known character in the Battalion comes from the Gym.

On the NCO side of life, the Platoon still has the illustrious Sergeant Dexter, Corporal Cooper (who is still trying to get used to life outside the Sergeants' Mess having just returned from Bermuda and a third (local) stripe, and Lance Corporal Brandon (who is still looking for the A Company subaltern who, in a more carefree moment, challenged him to a boxing match). Lance Corporal Barry is temporarily detached from the Platoon so that he can relax and do a little shooting prior to spending a short holiday at Bisley. I am told the Platoon has another Corporal, who is, I believe, presently doing a Platoon Sergeant's course at Brecon. I cannot recall having met the man, but imagine mention has been made of him in the sporting pages of this journal.



WHEN YOU'RE UP TO YOUR EARS
IN IT—KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

Pte Brandon has just returned from numerous "days off" in the Signals Wing (in fact, he did extremely well, coming sixth in the Standard II Cadre). This latter fact was the cause of much delight to Brewer, who came fifth on his cadre, for it means that when we return to conventional training, Brewer will operate the A41 while Brandon carries it!

In a wild moment just after Mr Callaghan gave him a pay rise, Simmons splashed out and bought what he assures me is a car! He appears, since then, to have lost the use of his legs, and has indeed been seen to drive from A Company office to the cookhouse - about 10 metres. I understand that Simmons one night got Keen drunk and fast-talked him into buying the car from him - no wonder they call him "lightning".

Hiatt is still at the GCH, and complaining that he rarely sees any action, as his "Felix" team is usually called out during his days off. (Is this a plot by the rest of his team?).

The rumour that Marsh was going to open a Jewish Kosha food store as a rival to the



THE LADS

"Choggi" is not true. Neither is the rumour that Wignall has shaven off his moustache to use as a gag. Swallow has now agreed to do some work in the morning instead of visiting his masseuse at Musgrave. Duffy - fast becoming one of the Platoon's senior soldiers - is exasperated by the antics of the new "nigs" Dey is considering opening a unit branch of the National Front. Howlette is in great danger of having his head blown off by a hairdryer. Leggett has turned his attention from cats to hushpuppies???' - and Prioletti is watching with interest.

All of these enchanting characters can be viewed nightly - just before opening time - in No 13 Block, where the stupefied visitor may ascend the stairs to the accompaniment of "Funky Music", "Motown", "Soul", and "punk", skillfully produced by four separate stereos giving 2 Platoon's unique Octeo effect, subtly blended with the theme tune and dialogue from Coronation Street and the musical hum of the hairdryers. From downstairs, one can occasionally hear the chink of 1 Platoon's earrings being put in for the night.

In a slightly more serious vein, the highlight of the last few months has been the A Company Inter-Platoon Competition, in which 2 Platoon was led to victory by Lieutenant Clements and Sergeant Dexter after several days of very hard work by all concerned.

The Platoon greatly regrets the departure to "higher places" both of Lieutenant Clements the old Platoon Commander, and of Major Shervington. We wish them well in their jobs: Mr Clements as Ops Officer, and Major Shervington as Brigade Major in Londonderry.

We have as yet had little opportunity to see Major Steele, other than in the various Company parties which seem always to be going on. Judging by our observations at these, we respectfully note that there should be a "smashing" time ahead. We hope that both Major and Mrs Steele will be happy during their time with us.

Meanwhile, Sergeant Dexter and myself are working on a silicon chip which will replace the whole of 2 Platoon!

3 PLATOON

After competing unsuccessfully in the Inter Platoon Competition, the intrepid men of 3 platoon were awarded the booby prize - 3 days in Edinburgh. It was a rough posting, but all in the line of duty for the Pompadour Penal Punishment Platoon. Acting as the vanguard for the Battalion, we moved in a covert 4 ton Bedford (colour green), a covert $\frac{3}{4}$ ton Landrover (colour green) and the civilianised command vehicle (containing the dashing platoon commander and his bodyguard) towards the easily forgotten port of Larne. Here Cpl Aujla tried to avoid all security checks before boarding the ferry, but was eventually apprehended and chastised by the Customs and Excise Officials, before sneaking aboard.

It seemed only a few hours before the swirling mists of Scotland confronted us and each man felt a prehension grip his stomach (or was it the greasy bacon and eggs as served on a Sealink ferry?). The port of Stranraer was as unremarkable as Larne but for the wit of Cpl Aujla who, when stopped at a check point declared "I'm English, all the rest are illegal immigrants!"

Forging their way across the empty wastes of Scotland, the convoy deliberately avoided that blot on the face of civilisation, - Glasgow, and headed for the capital, - Edinburgh (called the Reykavick of the South or the Paris of the North - depending on the weather).

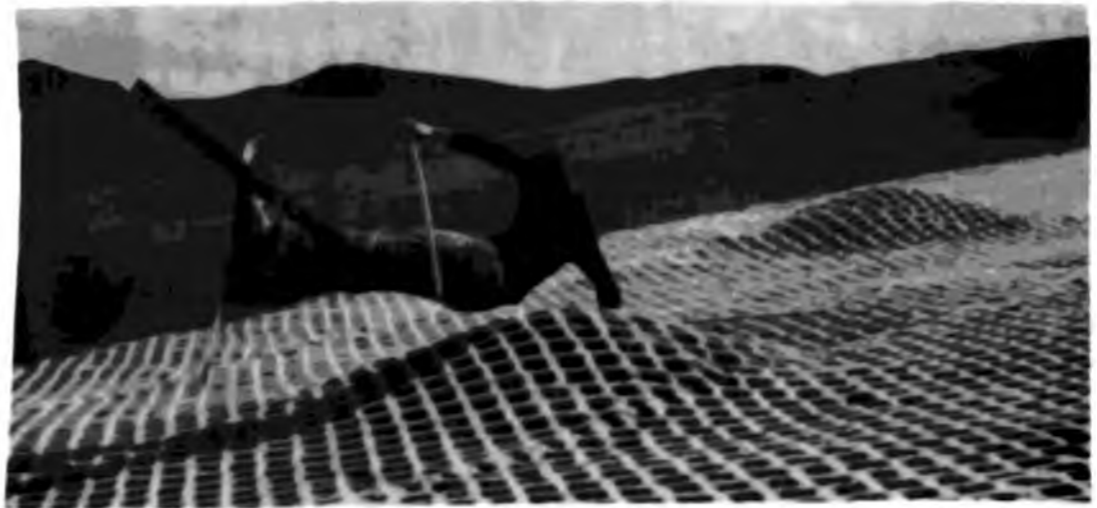
Our destination was to be Craigiehall, a forgotten garrison on the outskirts of Edinburgh, and after swiftly settling in, advanced into the unknown - Edinburgh on a Sunday night.



THE ARRIVAL
OR
WHERE'S THE NEAREST BOOZER?

Amazingly, Monday morning came and our numbers had not been diminished despite the efforts of the Edinburgh Constabulary (a group of outcasts being the only people in the capital sober after 8pm).

Not forgetting that the financial backing to our adventure was disguised under the heading of Adventure Training, we travelled to the Pentland Hills for a spell of walking or skiing on the Dry Ski Slope (where for the paltry sum of £2 you can walk up the longest Dry Ski Slope in Europe - the chair lift was broken) before descending with little grace and frequent crashes towards the bottom of the slope.



OUCH!

Being overcome with exhaustion at watching the platoon exercising, Sgt Beaumont decided to seek liquid refreshment at a small tavern near to the ski centre. He thought it unusual that a pub should be so crowded so early in the afternoon, until he realised that he was an unwelcome intruder on a Wake!

That night the platoon dispersed into small groups continuing their sorties into the capital. Not many travelled back on the 4 tonner at 0100 hours, and LCpl Gray is reported to have instructed at least one taxi driver to take him to the 'Red Light District' before he was found in a disco relieving himself down a stair well, which doesn't say much for Scottish plumbing!

Tuesday eventually arrived, and an unsteady assembly of troops eventually arrived for a guided tour around the famous Castle. Having been greeted as 'Sassenachs' by a kilted Scotsman, the platoon was confronted by an arduous climb up the hill (you try it with a hangover!) and around the exhibitions. Luckily, the move down was aided by gravity, and the certain knowledge that the pubs were open again! The local beer is called 'Heavy', which might explain why it was so difficult to move after 8 pints! The exploration of Edinburgh continued throughout the day, into the early hours of Wednesday, before departing for Belfast later that morning. The now not so intrepid platoon commander was put on a train to London for one of his all too few Resettlement Courses, whilst the platoon wended its way back to the Pompadour fold eagerly awaiting deployments, guards and duties and training that they had missed so much whilst being away.

Our next trip away is still being planned!

Congratulations to Cpl Hughes on his becoming "Footballer of the Year" (At one stage he was booked for a NIRTT course). Welcome to Pte's King and Smith and farewell and good luck to LCpl Gray.

BRAVO COMPANY

Our readers will be delighted to know that in this edition they will not be subjected to the usual boring Molar minutes by that infamous Colour Sergeant W J D the 3rd.

However it is suitable in this edition to say a fond farewell to CSM and Mrs Fisk who have recently left B Company for a posting in Germany. We thank CSM Fisk for everything that he has done for B Company during the last 2 years, and Mrs Fisk for so ably running the Company's wives club.

We welcome CSM Bryant who is posted to B Company from the training wing, and hope that both he and his wife enjoy their tour with us.

4 PLATOON

It is a great pleasure to be able to act as sub-editor, and introduce some literary gems from the 'lads'. Firstly, however, we have to say goodbye to Sgt John "speak up" Barnsdale, who has left us for the training wing.

'Good luck, JB, if our next platoon sergeant is half as good as you then we're on a winner'.

He will certainly be greatly missed. Cpl Andy Andrews has gone to improve the Depot's Judo Team and Davvy has retired to civilian life, possibly to do a spot of welding. Cpl 'Matt' Lindsay has joined us from the signal platoon: no one there would play cards with him anymore! Reinforcements have arrived in the shape of Archie, Sammy, Cliff, Budgie and 'Hulk' Harwood. All have settled in well, and are to be congratulated on acquiring cameras in such a short space of time. Last but not least we welcome Sgt Kiwi Brett, and his wife Pat to Four platoon - and hope that he enjoys his stay. (early reports indicate that he doesn't possess a camera - I hope he can take a hint).

The platoon:

'A real assortment of buckshee squaddies'

(from the horses mouth) have had a pretty hectic time since we last wrote. We excelled at the Company athletics even if:

'Mr. Page didn't turn up...He needs all strength for his fiancée'.

It was said by certain unnamed competitors that

'We were in for more than a normal working day',

and that was certainly the case. On the Pole Vault;

'Salmon narrowly failed at 3 feet',

but was still liable for selection into the Battalion Athletics team.

We've also done a little work from time to time. At Ballykinler the platoon gained valuable experience on the Urban CQBR; indeed one of B21A's patrols has been retained on Video film for use on training, which must be 'The Supreme Accolade'. At the end of it all, there was the Sergeant Major saying

'More Brass More Money'

he must have influence in high places, for a week later we all received a second pay-rise.

We also did the customary trek down to South Armagh where the 'number's game' was exposed by the platoon splitting down to two eight man sections. We would like to congratulate the colour sergeant on his pregnancy, and the sleeping accommodation at Bessbrook! B21 soon found themselves:

'fumbling wrist deep in water at the foot of a fire trench',

Whilst B21L did some aggressive patrolling. Croager conducted his own little watermanship trials and Juby had a wash.

'LCpl Humphrey's radio procedure kept any dreaming to a minimum'



Back in Belfast the platoon has had its fair share of incidents. Archer was given something worth writing home about - and now has some magnificent newspaper cuttings to show his grandchildren. Cpl Smith's brick were shot at; how the gunmen escaped no-one will ever know, for according to one onlooker.

'B21S were seen observing the Reservation from 50,000 feet'.

We had a good party to bid adieu to WO2 Fisk - Archer and Croager behaved like gentlemen, and Conopo and Juby's dancing was only superceded by:

'Major Cornish's new-wave funky arm swinging'

Finally a round up of other events which didn't hit the headlines. Congratulations to Harwood on passing his Signals cadre, Bruce on taking care of ATO and Arms for conquering

Brecon. Bartram has returned and no doubt the supply of prints will now dry up once again. We won the orienteering and beat all comers at recognition training. De Bo turned down a free transfer. The transit platoon is alive and well, and living in B Company lines.

Out on patrol we go again,
This time it's from eight to ten,
"Breifing room at quarter to eight,

Out on patrol we go again,
This time it's from eight to ten,
"Breifing room at quarter to eight",
Says Sergeant B, "and don't be late.

We're told of wanted cars and men,
How can I remember all of them?
"Stay alert," says Mr. Page,
"Or you won't live to be my age.

Out of the gate we quickly go,
Through the gales, rain and snow,
Divis flats loom overhead,
Over 'the Falls' we're bravely led.

We stop some youths: "Your names?" we ask,
"What's that he said? He talks too fast".
"Sorry, Mate, you'll have to spell it,
I havn't done a course in Irish yet".

I stop a car: "Your licence, please",
"You bloody Brits, always stopping me".
"Get out of your taxi; open your bonnet,
Less complaining, just cooperate".

Down Springfield Road we loot and plunder,
(Not really — just IRA propaganda!)
Along the Falls we head back,
"For Gods sake RUN ACROSS THAT GAP!"

To NHS we cautiously roam,
For eight long weeks this was our home,
Debriefing over, let's head back
To Palace Barracks, --but we'll be back.

Pte R Conopo, 4Platoon

WANTED



2½p DEAD or ALIVE APPLY I.O.

5 PLATOON

The past month has been a very active one for 5 Pl with activities ranging from Parascending to car smashing. There have also been a few internal changes. Cpl Baxter has returned from the hilly wastes of Brecon, Sgt Carr is now at Brecon, we all wish him the best of luck and hope that his "old ticker" holds out on the course, and Civvy Divvy (Pte Davey) who has eventually left us to chance his arm in civilian life. The platoon congratulates him on his going away session during which he managed to pick up the grimmest bird in the province and a near bout of alcoholic poisoning.

We have spent a number of days away from the normal routine. The first was the two days over the election when the Platoon went back to primary school, there was very little to do and we were glad of LCpl Jock Tierney's Scottish wit to keep our morale high.

We then spent three days in toytown (Ballykinler COB) during which time most brick commanders managed to get shot or blown up. Whilst there we also attempted to beat the record for the number of fully-kitted soldiers one could get into a short wheel base Landrover, which was then to travel 800 metres. The record previously stood at 11, it is now 13. If anyone claims to have beaten this, please contact 5 Pln UPO.

After a short spell in S Armagh of digging holes, foot slogging, catching duckling and filling in holes, we found ourselves in Ballykinler, adventure training. Chris Mullin decided he would create a new sport "Tarmac bouncing". He thought Para-ascending was too boring so he released the rope at 20 ft and took great delight in being blown down on to the tarmac by a 20 knot wind. Other activities included sinking sailing boats, capsizing canoes, climbing to the tops of hills by the most difficult route and running/walking around Tullymore Forest looking for things to make pretty patterns in a piece of paper. Many thanks to all the people concerned who made the three days so enjoyable.

Apart from these activities the normal routine is only broken by anxious cries from the Colour Sergeant for MFO box sizes, scrapes and bangs as Pigs run-over civilian cars and screams of pain from the victim(s) of 5 Platoon's Murder Ball squad.

6 PLATOON

My first day with the Battalion was 1st April. After long and hard deliberation, I came to the conclusion that this could be the reason I was invited to assume command of 6 Platoon. My immediate reaction on meeting the troops was, "Has anyone reported this accident". My suspicions about some of the members were confirmed at the first platoon party when Lima brick won the boat-race - painters every one of them.

Platoon numbers have been going up and down like a yo-yo. We may need to consider conscripting Percy's panda to keep up to full strength.

CSgt Mortimer was a sad loss to the Platoon and has now settled down in C Company. We hope to keep in touch and that he continues to support our social events. Stan has said his farewells to army life and we wish him well in Civvi street. Chaps has moved on to greater things. Before he had even received his marching orders his bed space was up for auction.

Pte Botting relieved Wally on ATO Escort. Barney, who is soon to leave the army, has been training for Bisley since I arrived and so we only see him in the bar. Lobster returns from leave at the end of May with his new bride, but is soon to leave the Platoon to become a Company Blanket Stacker.

Sgt Dent will be away from the Platoon for a few weeks. He is on education courses - obviously proposing to keep pace with young Kevin. Cpl Brecon-Dowling, alias the Armagh Skyliner, is to become the Platoon Entertainments Member, following his recent performances (some people will do anything for a can of beer). He will be ably assisted by the Legionaire.

I'm sure J H's son is involved in the Holywood Mafia. The Security Platoon was besieged during Bob-a-Job week and were not allowed out of the Black Hole without a shoe shine.

D-Day was recently seen brushing up on his Aikido in preparation for his marriage on 19 May. Sorry I missed the Stag night.

Congratulations to Humph (or should we now call him Olivia following canoeing at Ballykinler) who has been Army-barmy since the age of eight. He had his big day on 29th April when his brick had a find in Lanark Street.

Paddy recently returned to the fold and when he is not clicking away with do-it-yourself David Bailey kit, he is leading the boys astray with his own version of defensive fire practice with beer cans - obviously keeping his hand in for when he returns to the Mortar Platoon. Lofty is another dubious character who is always trying to lure me into an alcoholic stupor at every conceivable opportunity. Having discovered his off-duty



WELL, I SUPPOSE ITS AN IMPROVEMENT ON HOBBITS!

HUMOUR

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



6 PLATOON ON PARADE

hobbies and interests, I feel his leave to England came not a moment too soon.

Franny booby-trapped the door of my Land-rover so that it would come off in my hand and then tried to tell me that it was my fault.

Unfortunately the Punk missed out on our recent adventurous training. He was not allowed to go parascending because of his lack of weight and the very strong winds. He was in danger of being blown away, never to be seen again. I would have thought his aerodynamic hairstyle and the weight of metal carried in his ear would have ensured his swift return to earth, but apparently not so.

Smiler, who promised to get me a car from "Honest Jim", at a bargain price, absolutely cuttin' his own throat, giving it away, wife and kids to support, and so on, has still not produced it. Jock has returned from the Signals cadre and is now fully qualified to switch on a TV and/or listen to Radio One. Smelly came back from leave and immediately asked when he could go away again.

Summer is approaching, and I am told it has been booked for 20/21 July, but my RAC connections tell me that there is a shortage of this particular item because of difficulties in getting it from the Manufacturers. We may have to accept an Autumn in lieu. I will be on the lookout for fresh activities to interest the boys and keep them from hanging about on street corners looking for bow-er, Parascending and hillwalking look like possibilities. Perhaps Ginge would care to try his hand at water-skiing after his enforced holiday with Coy HQ.

We welcome a few new faces to the platoon. Newman, who following adventurous training and his initiation to the platoon, now sleeps as nature intended. Glynn was thrown in at the deep end at the COBR, and then went on to reorganise NIRTT. Mickey is a natural at Aikido, and believes that officers' thumbs and wrists unscrew if twisted hard enough in the right direction. Finally McIntyre joins us at the end of May after his NIRTT course.

Sadly 6 Platoon is not a figment of my imagination, nor a recurring nightmare that fades away in the morning light. It is truly Marvel Comics in human form, only the have been changed to protect the guilty.

Sat 4 11 18 25

SEPTEMBER

Sun	2	9	16	23 ³⁰	
Mon	3	10	17	24	
Tues	4	11	18	25	
Weds	5	12	19	26	
Thurs	6	13	20	27	
Fri	7	14	21	28	
Sat	1	8	15	22	29

OCTOBER

Sun	7	14	21	28	
Mon	1	8	15	22	29
Tues	2	9	16	23	30
Weds	3	10	17	24	31
Thurs	4	11	18	25	
Fri	5	12	19	26	
Sat	6	13	20	27	

NOVEMBER

Sun	4	11	18	25	
Mon	5	12	19	26	
Tues	6	13	20	27	
Weds	7	14	21	28	
Thurs	1	8	15	22	29
Fri	2	9	16	23	30
Sat	3	10	17	24	



Sat 5 12 19 26



THE POMPADOUR PRINTERS PRESENT TERRI ELLIS



JULY					
Sun	1	8	15	22	29
Mon	2	9	16	23	30
Tues	3	10	17	24	31
Weds	4	11	18	25	
Thurs	5	12	19	26	
Fri	6	13	20	27	
Sat	7	14	21	28	

AUGUST					
Sun		5	12	19	26
Mon		6	13	20	27
Tues		7	14	21	28
Weds	1	8	15	22	29
Thurs	2	9	16	23	30
Fri	3	10	17	24	31
Sat	4	11	18	25	

DECEMBER					
Sun		2	9	16	23 ³⁰
Mon		3	10	17	24 ³¹
Tues		4	11	18	25
Weds		5	12	19	26
Thurs		6	13	20	27
Fri		7	14	21	28
Sat	1	8	15	22	29

JANUARY					
Sun		6	13	20	27
Mon		7	14	21	28
Tues	1	8	15	22	29
Weds	2	9	16	23	30
Thurs	3	10	17	24	31
Fri	4	11	18	25	
Sat	5	12	19	26	