

# HERE



# CHRIS 19

DES'

Op Banner List B

### VISIT OF S. CLAUS - SNOWDONER

1. The annual visit of Father S. CLAUS of hours of 25 December 74. He will be accompanied by Father S. CLAUS will be in his uniform throughout the visit and pay compliments as befits his position.

Serial	Time	Event
a.	0001	Lands Creggan
b.	0005	Visit Bn HQ for briefing
c.	0010	Int Briefing
d.	0020	Visits all sangars
e.	0045	Visits accn
f.	0100	Visit Sgts' Mess
g.	0300	Visits officers' Mess
h.	0310	Departs for Fort George
i.	0313	Arrives Fort George
j.	0400	Visits C/Sp Coy
k.	0415	Visits cooks & Dining Hall
l.		Father S. CLAUS departs and does a run over Shantallow area dropping of goodwill (38, 83 & 81 pattern)



# STMAS 1974

## THERE

TRICTED

3 R Anglian  
BFPO 801  
Londonderry BT121 Ext 21  
18 December 1974

Snowdonyer will take place during the early  
panied by Mr RUDOLPH, his personal MT rep  
roughout the visit. All ranks must be smartly  
is position

### Remarks

- RSM arrange parking for long vehicle
- Meets dog handler, CO, 2IC and Adj
- Choggi wellah to assist
- All sentries to be awake!
- Pillow cases to be issued by COMS & withdrawn later
- All SNCOS formed up in alphabetical order, RSM first
- CO presents Father Claus with Regis Plaque & a picture of Creggan Heights from singer 4
- Take off lights to be switched on
- Met by OIM. Briefed on OIM's presents & gifts dept
- Sgt Dutton & Dowling to be out on patrol
- SOMO issues mince pies (see Manual of Military Cooking page 7,834, menu 38)
- WO2 Cockasidge to be discreetly held in case of mistaken identity for S CLAUUS

ow  
gifts

W. BULLOCKS (OOPS!)  
POPS OFFR  
WHOA ONE



# C Company

It's that 'man' again



## 7 platoon

Well, here we are back in the Emerald Isle again, I see as usual "C" Company has been given the Battalion area, and has allocated small parts to keep the remainder of the Companies quiet, but as usual, we've kept the biggest and worst for ourselves. "Combat C" rises again (Who said mugs?!!)

Once again "Supreme Seven" has summarised this action against the IRA terror machine, back logs and such other.

As usual the platoon has produced a few tour characters, there's the P. Commander Mr. Swampy Croak who for some reason is trying to prove that you can get just as muddy in the Shantallow as the Recce manage to in the Enclave. The 315 patrol fought a rearguard action the other day and suffered one casualty Pte "Auto Start" Welch, who was bitten by the enemy, a rather nasty looking mongrel. Don't worry, animal lovers, Tom Welch didn't bite it back, and the dog was given an anti-tetanus vaccination.

As for the other platoons of "Combat C," 8 Platoon's commander, Georgia "Massive" Dobson, is reported to have had some, and the only thing that keeps him standing whilst on patrol is the starch in his jacket. Of 8 Platoon, rumour has it that Lt. "Swampy" (yes, another one!) Gould, is taking up residence in the Shantallow as he doesn't like returning from patrols.

"C" Company briefing room has taken on a Battle of Britain flavour with such phrases as "Time over Target," "Lift off Time," shades of Biggles, mathis!!! "C" Coy. Ops Officer has been heard asking S/Sgt. "Old Father Time" Donaldson, for a further issue of G1000 Ears and a second



'Lard' Dowling's Habbit Patrol

set of arms, as he finds difficulty in answering 4 radios, 2 phones and an intercom whilst talking to the OC. On the subject of "OFT" Donaldson, he's the only C/Sgt. on record to make you sign for a 1033 before you sign for any kit!!!

Anyway, enough of staggery, let's hope the next month, and the following New Year produce some good arrests and finds. Overheard on a search by Cpl. Don "I'm a Pars" Webb.

Cpl W: "Sign this sir, to say your home

# CHRISTMAS WITH 8 PLATOON

What with the ceasefire and our Christmas activities, life in C/S 3 is a little better.

The company celebrations really began just before midnight on Christmas Eve when the lads of Seven Platoon decided that Sunray 3 could do with a shower. To help them in this task they used half filled beer cans.

The next thing one remembers of Christmas is Petal (C S M /3) waking us up at some unforgivable hour with a little tea, with his aide, sticky gum kid Molar.

Then the time approached for our dinner of the year, which was unusually quiet. Do not forget the cooks, who did their first day's work of the tour, an excellent meal it was, and I think all the lads agreed.

As the afternoon progressed we had the Grand Darts Match of the Year, with Petal representing the Rovers Group, and Danny (Wimpy) playing for 8 Platoon. Need we say that Petal lost, costing him a crate of beer from the choggy. Everyone had a nice day except Bonus, Pat Lord who was lost in a world of love, having just returned from R & R.

And to round off a good day the majority of us managed to get in between the sheets for a good night's sleep, all except the lads on guard, who we feel sure were wishing us happiness.

# SPORT



On a very wet day the Battalion played 1 WFR a side who were bolstered up by some members of the Army Air Corps Squadron from Ballykealy.

The match started well for the Pompadours with the Doctor being stopped just short of the line after a good forward rush. The conditions made the handling of the ball difficult and a lot of good ball was wasted by the backs. At half time the Pompadours were 4-0 down, the WFR having scored an unconverted try.

In the second half, going very close on several occasions, the Pompadours were unable to open their account despite some very good play in the tight from the forwards.

Despite losing 8-0 the game was enjoyed by all and it was hoped that it will not be long before we can gain our revenge.

## DEFINITIONS

Frustration is the first time you find you can't do it a second time.

Panic is the second time you can't do it a first time.

Adolescence is when a boy knows why a strapless gown should be held up but doesn't know how.

### A FURTHER THOUGHT

If the Regimental Sergeant Major organised an athletics meeting in Plymouth, would there be a hose race?



"Don't forget & keep shorts are good gear and plain shorts are the best!"

## SQUASH

The Pompadour squash team has played two matches so far, but has found that the prolonged gap between games has made us all a little rusty.

The match against 1 RRF found us playing the Side HQ team! Our opponents showed that despite their years they could beat us handsomely.

For the second match we took ourselves off to Coleraine to play a side from the University. Here the facilities are very good, a far cry from playing on a converted lives court at Ebrington Barracks. Although we lost 3-2, we went down fighting and thoroughly enjoyed the games and hospitality of our hosts.

The team for both matches was: Maj Tony Taylor (B Coy), CSM John Rourke (B Coy), Capt Peter Lamb (B Coy), Lt Jason Smith (Guest), 2Lt Seymour Blyth (B Coy).



On the Ball!

has not been damaged during the search."

Paddy: "I'm signing nothing."

Cpl W: "Getting punchy!"

"Pleeeeeease."

Paddy: "I'm signing nothing."

Cpl W: "Well, sign this to say that you won't sign anything."

Paddy: "Alright!!"

P.S. - To all personnel in Fort George, frogmen outfits are available from the Q.M.'s for guard and other internal duties.

In the event of the water level in camp rising over its normal 3ft. level, all personnel are to report to the large grey Maboat moored in the Foyle for this purpose.

Women and children and Support Company first.

Oh! Yes! Oa Millwood my apologies for the OP from the Pig Sty, I didn't know. Honest!!!

Well, that's the lot for now, so I'll be expecting your return staggery in the next issue.

(Up the works - Super Seven of course).

W J D #11Ares Black (B).



FOOT PATROL

## Support Coy

Big 5's Headquarters group have taken the ceasefire with their normal sense of humour. The Xmas festivities were a credit to all and Big 5 would like to say a really big "Thank You" to the SOMS and all the cooks for the excellent Xmas fare which they put on. A particular mention here for L/Cpl Grief and Pte Elliott, who really did shine at Rosemount RUC Station. Thank you, we take our hats off to you all.

The OC and rover group managed to visit all the VCP's (a little unsteady perhaps) to wish them a merry Xmas with a small dram of the hard stuff. Capt. Bill Simonnett (Dad to the near and affectionate ones) took control of the issues and ensured that all got their just amount. It was pleasing to observe the reaction of all the Pl's and the manner in which they endeavoured to get into the Xmas spirit.

Both VCP's, Muff and Buncrana, were given many presents, from turkeys to

# PERIOD OF CALM

cigarettes, and the occasional, inevitable bottle of Guinness. It proved we are appreciated even though the locals have to undergo periods of delay and car searching. Especially if Bernie Heard gets near them. He must be the most thorough little ferret the Battalion has. Definitely a man who takes to searching cars with zeal. We are pleased he doesn't have access to a bag of tools.

During the Xmas dinner at RUC Rosemount, it was noted that C/S 9 had a particular taste for mince pies, so Mrs. 9 had better stock some in for our and his return. I could write some stories on that subject, however, I am sure it wouldn't get past the censor.

Looking at a more serious side of life here in Londonderry it's noticeable that the majority of the locals seem to be more relaxed and even smiling, because of the continuing ceasefire. Many more people

were seen to be spending more time in the shopping centres than ever before. The RUC are naturally delighted because it is an indication of perhaps the things to come!!!

The time is speeding by and we were all too pleased to see the Recce Party of our relieving unit. The naturally gave us all a feeling of "not too long to go". Their advance party will be a super sign for us all and I am sure they will enjoy being with us.

We hope all our wives and children had as good a Xmas and New Year as could be expected under the circumstances. We are all proud of the way in which you are keeping a stiff upper lip. We would also like to thank the Families Office and Capt. Ladley for all he has done, and is doing, to make things easier for all concerned.

We hope this New Year does prove to be a success both here and in BAOR and will develop into a period of sanity and happiness for all concerned.

## Anti tank platoon

Mr. T, by this he's known  
Spending his time on Rosemount phone  
Sgt. P, a man of might  
Goes to Muff just for a fight  
Sgt. Sutton, he can take a joke  
But hates rubbish and ciggie smoke  
Cpl Wilson wrote this lot,  
Any problem? You know what!  
Cpl Orton, Alan by name  
Went to Netheravon and won fame,  
Cpl Coombes with the platoon's been far  
Spends his time in Papi's Bar  
L/Cpl Pannel he misses Hatch,  
And Man United, lost the match (3-2)  
L/Cpl. Northrop, doesn't think it's fun  
Playing football, yes, not using a gun  
L/Cpl. Stretton came to us from a bar  
He's never been so far  
Pte Wright, promotion coming on the way,  
He'll make the Cpls Mess some day  
Pte Macracken the land to which he's been

Pat in love with a girl of fourteen  
Pte Vines, he hated guard,  
Wally hiding in the yard  
Pte Oliver, he's with us too,  
Fed up without his Black Foot Sue.  
Pte. Leggett, Norman's the name  
Found his fame in the judo game,  
Pte. Hartman, he's not yet in the click,  
If he show'n't buck up he'll be in nick,  
Pte Shaw, an Essex man  
Is a strong Romford fan  
Pte. Morley, he lives to drive  
Let's just hope we'll all survive.  
Pte. Moyes, he's never had a fight  
Stuck his rifle in a fluorescent light.  
Pte. Cockings, he can tell a tale,  
Went out fishing and caught a whale.  
Pte. Bolam, on car recognition he's not too good,  
Can't tell the difference between a mince pie and a Christmas Pud.  
Pte. Giles, he's not too bad  
He'll turn out to be a good young lad.  
Pte. Langridge, he's going home,  
No need for him to use the phone  
Pte. Hicks and Pte Harrington, these two on Jan the seventh came  
Now they know it's not a game.  
Pte. Bartow, to the platoon he's new,  
He's still got to down a few.



11 PLATOON - DRUMS

Since our last report things have been going on much the same. With VCP's at Buncrana and Muff and the usual patrolling at Rosemount. Now that we are approaching the half way point of our tour, the morale of the platoon has just about reached top "C". I would like to take this opportunity in congratulating L/Cpl Pete Blackburn and his wife Sue on the birth of their first child. *(Note: she was born with a lute in her hand, well done Pete.)*

Rumour has it that Rastus Spring has decided to take up business with the choggy, buying and selling thermos flasks. Trouble is he always seems to break them, had luck mate, L/Cpl Dick O'Connell has changed his job, on Christmas morning he decided to become C/S 54 sanitary man. He even got to a point where he started digging holes around sanger three. Poor chap was bored.

"Blob" Lawrence has managed, at last, to get himself a new combat suit, he was that pleased he paraded himself in front of Sunray C/S 54 for inspection (but he forgot to bull his boots so Sunray called him an untidy plump drummer). Never mind Blob, I believe you are dating.

On Sunday 29, Dec. L/Cpl B (PRONTO) was seen wearing a face veil. It may have been a present from Seagull, or perhaps there was a change in the weather. I wonder why Seagull was smiling?

Cpl Pat Staples still seems to be able to woo the opposite sex into submission (BAD LAD TUT TUT). Greenfinch and Warchbird be on the lookout for a blonde, well built Drum Cpl carrying an SLR and wearing black gloves (ONLY).

We wish our brother Cpl Col Shenton a speedy recovery after his operation and hope to see him soon, cheer up Col.

Well that's all for now. We'll leave you with the thought!!! WHO PUT SALT IN THE CO'S TEA???

## ODE TO THE BULL

Gentlemen, that reminds me,  
Of funny things gone by,  
Whilst cleaning routes at Rosemount  
A bull it caught my eye.

A great big, mean and gruesome brute,  
It must have weighed a ton;  
So I carried out my first IA,  
I broke into a run.

I got just five yards from the gate  
But didn't spot the wee,  
A mighty leap, a curdling scream,  
Poor John hit the wire.

Sonny remarks "you were in luck  
To be saved by the cow,"  
The crew of 81 Charlie,  
All flood their eyes with tears.

## RECCE platoon

(Or a response to the old "You Know Who's" plea about unnecessary strikes).

With the local yobos working to rule there seems to be a reciprocal gesture by the Battalion as some members went on short time working. There was no actual redundancy announced but from the amount of "Z's" floating above Creggan and Fort George by us, doing our stealthy forays into the big world outside, it would seem that some people are just crossing their fingers and hoping. What we are trying to say is that we are not joining the work to rule.

We are still route clearing, waiting, ambushing, patrolling, setting up VCP's and generally doing our thing.

We have continued to help the IRA in training cadres they are holding with six very accurate lessons in crack and thump. All in glorious technicolour for a poor "innocent" gunman who picked on one of our sections as they were driving home from a patrol. The gunman was so impressed that he volunteered to accompany C/S 61 to the RUC. He is no longer innocent.

Apart from this incident very little has happened in the way of contacts. However, highlights that have come and gone are the change over of our attached scout car troop, 10 Troop of 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, withdrawn to Germany, and our thanks go with them, in their place we welcome 2 Troop of 8th/12th Lancos from our own Brigade in Germany.

Two other high spots have been the start of R & R, always good news; (but so much better when you don't need to think about a more than the end of the tour!); and the arrival of the Recce Party from our relief unit. Two things that meant time is passing.

As promised in the last edition we will not name names until you have all forgotten what we look like. There are two things that we as a platoon would like to put on record to ensure that everybody knows them and we can scotch any foul rumours started and spread by all sorts of rummy gossips; firstly we do not drive Saracens; secondly we do know the border!!



Not a great thinker,  
Though with knowledge from time  
Blogs of experience  
Through years in the line.

Craggy faced grin  
That go from ear to ear,  
Even in bad times  
There's a word of good cheer.

Groaning slightly now  
Getting thru on top,  
The youngsters get encouragement  
From their ageing pop.

Sonny tales,  
Told with a cackle,  
Of busy experiences  
Whilst "under the hettle."

Family tradition  
Mads has join "shiny seven,"  
To be with them again  
Is his dream of Heaven.

No one can doubt  
From this little rhyme,  
He's the Royal Fusilier,  
Our own "Father Time."



## Mortar platoon

We have all settled down now. Slim Jones is losing weight and will soon be able to get a combat suit to fit him. Jamie James continues to smile and John, Keith Poole (Kung Fu) and 'Kitten' Keller are still talking about their "CHOPPERS".

Jim had enough for a while. L/Cpl Maggot Wright, having fallen down in a sanger and knocked himself unconscious for 1 1/2 hours, split his trousers, burnt his face and hands when cooking sausages (the height of the cooker might explain the last). We have decided he is accident prone!

Sammy Starbuck, on the other hand, likes to visit No 2 sanger at Muff and is very friendly with a certain piece of scaffolding. His forehead proves the point(!) His brother was seen to work for 12 hours this last week, after his R & R. The only man to be going to Belfast and up in Loughborough!

Chris Tweed hasn't managed to start any more punch-ups on a VCP and Alan Brown can now search cars. They must have made their New Years resolutions.

Paul Lambert has or is managing to hear what is being said to him. Cpl 'Nobby' Clark has at last managed to get a hair cut, he is in competition with Pte Bird (Budge to his friends except the CSM). Pete Hanson hasn't changed, his friends of the Alcoholics Anonymous are working wonders. The rumour that they had to load him onto the R & R Bus is not true.

Jake Jacobs has just joined us and is now training to lose weight. He is doing 360 calories each day, he ate that amount yesterday before 1130 a.m. L/Cpl Stacey hasn't recovered from his R & R yet. L/Cpl Dick Duncan has been threatening us with his camera since we have been here. So far no results, his past attempts can be seen in the article about Adventure Training in Canada.

## OUR JASON

Jason Smith goes out at night,  
Giving us all an endless fight;  
Seeing gunner here and there,  
And calls us all out in danger.

Out we go all rigged out,  
Hoping there's twenty quid about,  
But alas, none all is so vain,  
Jason's mucked it up again.

Maybe next time he goes out,  
He might not shout about,  
But it's drama also we know,  
For Jason's mind is all below.



# HQ Company



Welcome to space control

## Signal platoon gossip bowl

What a quick month it has been. The radio logs are almost empty but the pencils supply has dwindled as light fingers have been at work.

Without a doubt, the highlight was the severing of the telephone lines serving Craggan Camp R & R. Came early for the exchange operators who normally route over a hundred calls a day, produced numerous cups of coffee and the odd tea, file numerous pages of paper in "file 13" and collect some £450 so far from A, D and C calls.

To overcome the temporary loss of telephone communications a radio relay station was positioned in Craggan Camp and field telephones were installed with the CO proving the first link to Germany on what was perhaps the clearest line so far. So great was his excitement that Seagull was summarily written up to be given the good news.

Have you noticed how good the television viewing has been over the Christmas period? Well perhaps you haven't—we have. Since the CO lent his television to the Ops Room we have become square-eyed. No longer is the "Watchkeepers note of future operations" board crammed with Kastrela predictions as it has been replaced by the TV Times.

Since our Colour Sergeant, Professor Andy Anderson, left Windy Ridge for the delights of Fort George and Echelon, we have seen very little of him. It is with regret that I notice he hasn't a copy of the TV viewers' guide because he will make his daily phone call to the RSO during those brief 30 minute periods of cricket from down under. Unaware of the attraction of this programme he is invariably told we have a contact, please phone later.

Cpl. Eddis Thorpe eventually joined us, having completed his RSI course at Warmminster. The second half of the smoke screen, Cpl. Colin Rouse, reluctantly has taken his place at Warmminster on his RSI course. All the best, see you in the spring!

L/Cpl. Stephan Cole, recently promoted, has written from Warmminster wishing Platoon members, attached and detached, all the best for the remainder of the tour.

Glancing through the newspapers one day Seagull spotted this headline: "Adjutant's Aides Will Wear Skirts."

By strange coincidence Sunray Minor (Big 5) (as Assistant Seagull) must have spotted it too as he was heard to mutter:

"I may be the same age, but I've no intention of imitating Danny La Rue. They must think I'm a b... k... ..!"

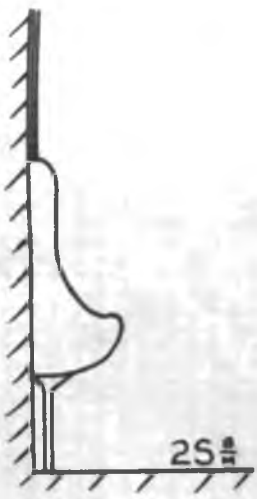
There is no answer to that, but remember, Uncle Bill, "Girls make frenzies with older men in leases."

He is working with the range section should anyone want to drop him a line.

Sgt. Mick Ledger is still busy running the telephone accounts at Craggan with the ever busy Sgt. Pete Walshaw doing the same at Fort George. Believe me, it's not an easy job particularly when they have to chase around to get people to pay promptly for their calls. I understand that Pete has been causing a large number of spats.

I wonder why Pronto tend to lose their hair? Look around and you will see there are quite a few. Admittedly, the odd Royal Pronto is going grey and some wear dark glasses but would someone suggest why there is a dearth of baldness? Seagulls, both big and small, seem to suffer from the same problem.

For a completely free booklet on the facts and figures causing premature loss of hair, write to that short little officer in "A" Company, or as he is better known, The Little Volunteer.



## P-CHECK

OVERHEARD IN SPACE CONTROL

CO: "What are those fancy shoes you have on Major?"  
 2C: "It's my feet Sir!"  
 CO: "Good God, you've only walked to the helicopter today!"

## GERMAN FOR MOTORISTS

- Brakes - Die Pulleruppmittskweundrubbestinken
- Bumpers - Die Schnypfgrundpedastanzflatterer
- Clutch - Das Grabundschundelippenring
- Distributor - Das Schwarzrotkopfablenster
- Exhaustpipe - Das Laudenboomartube
- Straight through Exhaustpipe - Das Eergeplasteudenboomartube
- Puncture - Das Perimeterflatterer
- Sump oil - Das Dripperlatenstischschwarzgook
- Windscreen wipers - Die Flitterflattereruckgweederer
- Wipers - Die Wintebinkenndblindenflatterer
- Garage Mechanics - Die Untergravenhamerawingensindgotterdarmen-messer
- Garage Foreman - Der Flappindgawekundindfou.Lundenwerker

# Once upon a popcorn

Deep in the heart of West Mesopotamia a devious fellow was carrying out yet another experiment with eggs. The experiment was quite a simple one, all he had to do was to get someone to sit on and hatch seven one million year old dinosaur eggs. Now to most people this might have been a slight problem. The problem was soon overcome by the sudden appearance of a chap who used to do Snow Field impressions in his spare time.

"Hello," said our brave hero.  
 "Oh, er, yes now, would you like a job?" replied the professor.

"Oh goody, yes please, when do I start," cried the fellow.

"Now hang on here and sit on these eggs and I will come back in a few months," said the professor.

So while he was sitting on a heap of eggs right in the middle of the desert looking back on his life.

"Oh I wish I was back in training, it was so nice, all those friendly people, especially that Sergeant who used to make things easy for me by saying he wouldn't want me to lug that heavy gun as I might shoot someone, and the time he sent me on a dangerous mission to retrieve those empty grenade cases I remember it well the whole platoon cheering me on and waving and the honour of having a twelve gun salute fired over my head as I went out."

By this time he felt a movement underneath him.

"On dear this is it, I'm going to be a father at last." He stood up and sure enough the eggs were starting to hatch. All seven managed to produce one little figure (2) each. These seven all ran round in circles shouting things like:

"Daddy, coffee, maps, fablon, bacardi, sleep, I ain't got any."

"Oh dear," said our friend, "I think I am going to cry," and he wiped a tear from his eye.

The professor never did turn up so he was stuck with seven uneven sized people who would insist on calling him boss.

Now out of the blue the boss was called up to join the Army (as it had fallen apart) to do this he insisted that the seven also joined and that they looked together. This was accepted and the boss got the job as a protostat copy of an IO with the Pompadours. His seven followers also were employed as Acorns.

Then one day all the little Acorns were sent across the sea to a little island called Ireland (isn't it confusing) where they were all briefed as to the strange going on of the mighty Province. For a start there were unusual gatherings of people called Boggies. Now these Boggies used to play strange games with another band of people called Squaddies. The game was called Rioting it consisted of two teams, one of Boggies which had between one and two thousand people competing against a team of Squaddies consisting of six people. The object of the game was that the Boggies used to run around in circles chanting and shouting.

After ten minutes of this they used to pick up bottles and throw them high into the air, where the Squaddies had to head them, depending on how many of the Squaddies headed the bottle determined the scoreline. After a few minutes of this, the other team (Squaddies) used to fire rubber-like objects and the Boggies had to try and catch these. Now the teams of Squaddies were highly experienced at these games and won a great deal of them within the first half hour. The ones that used to go on a bit longer demanded a great deal of skill and the occasional substitution on the side of the Squaddies made it easier for them to win.

When the Boggies were defeated they used to go back to their homes of brick and lick their wounds and drink much of a potion called Guinness which was the healer of all wounds. After three days of wound healing and tactics, the games used to start again.

With all this valuable information taken in the contingent of Acorns boarded the great silver bird for onward transmission to the Emerald Isle. The flight was quite smooth if you forget about the three near misses with the earth and the touchdown was incredible for Colbar (only four attempts).

On arrival at a place deep in the Irish countryside called Piggery Ridge, the Acorns set down to begin their paper war with the Boggies. This was so successful that the boss could afford to go off for a

swan, for a total of four days in England. While he was away Piggery Ridge was renamed Tranquility Ridge as the Boggies did not seem interested to play games any more. Which was a great shame as all the Squaddies had trained really hard at the sport and could have probably become top of the league and won the League Cup at one thing for a change.

So there you have it (lucky you) the Acorns are now left learning to swim so that they do not get their nuts wet (they swim on their backs, see). So until next time (?) I will leave you with this thought:

"If the doctor fell into the Foyle, would he be a floating dock?"

Bye for now!

# The Seagull

I expect that you know that Captain Simon Thompson, RAMC, found a seagull with a broken wing. A collar fracture. He put it in plaster but then the wretched bird would not eat. The doctor rang up a veterinary surgeon, who, to tell you the truth was a bit non-plussed, and there was a slight demarcation dispute. The crisis passed, the bird ate, and in time (the great healer) the wing mended.

At 1115 hrs. on Friday, January 3, 1976, the seagull flapped its wings and, after some difficulty, took off. This, however, was an unauthorised flight. The seagull had no licence.

Earlier that week, after the doctor had taken the plaster off, an application had been made to Space Control (Space Control? Everybody knows what that is! Ops Room innit?) for a new certificate of air-worthiness. The Inspector (who d'yer think) and other members of the issuing authority assembled; the bird handlers indicated that they were ready. The bird was asked if it was ready. "Yes," it said (isn't it actually?). The handler got the bird, and, from an altitude of about two feet—here the Inspector stepped forward to protest, giving it a start like that—launched the bird.



The Inspector raised a finger (one only) and opened his mouth as if to speak. The bird, however, pre-empted him (what? No, no, pre-empt, not preempt. What a horrible thought!) a crashed head first. We did not have lift-off. A flop. After all that. The doctor hastily loaded up his application to transfer to RAVC and put it back in his pocket.

"Certificate?" asked the inspector.  
 "Certainly not." "Ha!"

"I think," said the Deputy Assistant Inspector, "that he should recite the written theory of flight paper."

"Oh no," a voice whispered, "it made an awful mess of that last time, certainly dropped a few merits there..." (get it?)

The bird went back to the hanger. Next day the doctor tried again. The inspector didn't bother to come. The handler held the bird a bit higher this time, let it go and whump. Then it couldn't even walk. Back to the hanger.

"More physiotherapy," said the quick (sorry, couldn't resist that) doctor. So more physiotherapy it was. The bird was chased round Craggan Camp for the next three days, flapping its wings until it had blasted.

Then it took off! At 1115 hrs. L/Cpl. Smith said "Yeowee!" Cpl. Driver said "Mission Accomplished!" Space Control said "but it got no certificate..."

(Editor's Note - Two days later a young puppy was seen watching the TV in Craggan Medical Centre. His front paw was badly bandaged.)

# FROM HIGHER AUTHORITY

Halo

Or rather I should say 'hello'. As the New Padre I'm writing to introduce myself to you. Somewhere around here you should find a photograph (actually it hasn't been taken at the time of writing) but I'm assured that it will be (of course it was - Ed) With any luck the picture might be a bit blurred - I'm the small thin guy with glasses and round shoulders and white collar round his neck, and a receding hairline - My wife says I'm balding, but I give you my word that it is only receding.

My name by the way is John Holliman. John, you will be delighted to know, is reputedly the second most popular name in the world; the most popular is supposed to be Mohamed. One source of useless information also assures me that the "Johns" are catching up the "Mohamads" fast. Holliman is a fairly unusual name and not all that easy to remember - it actually means "Descended from a wandering monk" (think about it... anyway if you think of a Holy Man gone wrong, you won't be too far out. Perhaps I should add at this stage that my own father was a Watercress grower.

As with most people, I was born at a very early age and was brought up in West London where I also went to school.



...transferred to a Welsh University and Theological College for five years, and whilst in Wales I met my wife and married. We moved to North West Derbyshire where I was curate of a County Parish for about three and a half years, and then just over four years ago joined the Army.

My wife, Eva, and I have managed to produce two children; Karl, now aged 7, and Daven 5. We haven't had any more children as we found out what was causing it!

Just over seven weeks ago I was told by the Chaplains Department that a unit from BAOR was in need of a Chaplain fairly urgently and that they were just starting their tour in Northern Ireland - I was eligible for posting, would I go? Really there could only be one answer because if I had said 'No' I would have been told to go! However, it is a very good indeed to be back with an Infantry Battalion, and to be with 3 Royal Anglian, about whom I had heard a certain amount, but had never met in large numbers.

So now here I am with all the others in Londonderry living at Creggan Camp, trying to meet as many people as I can without causing too much inconvenience. At this very moment everything is very quiet - the ceasefire announced by the IRA is holding and many of the people around us are praying for Peace, and that makes me wonder how many of the Pompadours are actually engaged in praying for Peace, and how many are praying for their own well-being or that of their families/husbands/friends. In any case, what do we mean by praying for Peace? It is a prayer that God will somehow influence the minds of all the parties and individuals concerned in such a way that they will come to some agreement about a right and workable solution to the present situation, it is a prayer for politicians, for soldiers, for all the ordinary people of Northern Ireland (even the terrorists), for newspaper men and anyone who has the ability to influence Public Opinion. Each of these groups (and others) has something to contribute in the cause of peace, and so has the person who prays - not just by words addressed to God in the silence of the heart but by grasping any opportunities as they occur, however small, to help bridge the gap between different groups.

Talking of prayer there is a Regimental Collect which some people might like to use (a collect is a prayer in which various strands of thought are collected together in a precise and brief form). Here it is:

# HQ Catering platoon

Sorry we missed the last edition but for all of us it has been all go. We arrived at Fort George to be met by the famous Irish weather, rain and high winds. I think we must have brought it with us from Paderborn.

Once we had arrived we went to have a look at the kitchen. We took one look - 'God' we thought. It appeared that some twit had thrown the equipment in and where it landed it was connected up. In a strange environment the was not an easy task, nothing about the place is easy, but, coming from BAOR, with white tiles and stainless steel equipment, it was out of the fat and into the fire. We all do our best to cater for 300 hungry Pompadours. I am sure it's the sea air that makes them eat like this.

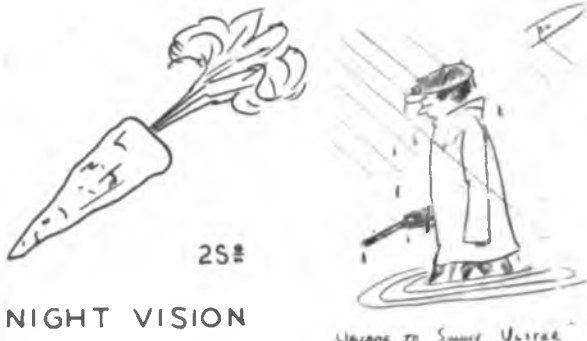
The Creggan Gang have a good set up with a fairly modern kitchen and are

producing a high standard.

The Farm is manned by Pte 'Super Chef' Hubbard. The place suits him as he always seems a bit of a farmer. I must say the lads never complain as they are all putting on weight. You can't beat farm house cooking.

Out at the sharp end, Rosemount, Cpl Pops Wells, our OAP, has taken over from the Welsh dragon. The other member of the Rosemount team is yet another Welsh man, Pte 'Boyo' Taff Lika Elliott, a rare jewel who can out talk anyone in the Regt and if he continues he may out cook them too, but in between his chatter he turns out some rare delights.

Now after 8 weeks I am pleased to say we are all now seasoned veterans and will continue to stag on beside the Pompadours!



# NIGHT VISION AID



Not quite royal Vic but it does

# Fort George Medics

We are now almost at the halfway mark on our tour and it is surprising how everyone has become chirpy and willing to volunteer for various jobs that may arise.

The workload has increased somewhat but happily, except for one or two minor incidents, the work itself is of a routine nature.

This week we celebrated our 500th customer who was presented with a box of Elastoplast and had his photograph taken. The staff celebrated with a drop of Meg Trial each.

The weather continues to be blustery and wet but we are thankful for the absence of frost and snow. As for the staff, I think that being away from the wives has unleashed some hidden talents in some individuals and we are thinking of starting a group for cabinet to be known as the F MED 4 or the Chesties.

Joe Doc continues to work hard as everybody's driver, not that he ever complains, he has seen more of Ulster than the rest of us. Would someone in Paderborn please ask his wife how much he eats, he is always hungry, at least we think that is his problem. He is always

muttering about "large portions."

It is rumoured that the Dental Corps has been infiltrated, because he woke up, sat scratching his head, complaining that his tooth went bang in the night! ATO has declined to show interest.

Sniffer Parker is definitely under the impression that chivalry is dead in Ulster. Playfully chatting up a bird at the hospital, she gave him a wallop, so now he refuses to take any interest in ambulance runs or crashouts.

Our Cass, of course, needs no advertising, he is still working very competently and willingly, but I often wonder about the way he answers back in the nicest possible manner.

I am sure that if anybody ever mentions Amber Alert to Mick Wheatley on return to Paderborn, he will spill blood. So Mrs. Wheatley beware! Cpl and Mrs. Wilmerson have declared their holdings in the Ulster Post Office telephones. Every evening this Med Centre is reminiscent of the Golden Shot competition as the phone rings. Most oft heard words, "Hello darling. Oh sorry Mrs... I thought it was my wife ringing."

Rumours have it that the Doc's bird is now free and flying again, though it has to climb over fences because of trouble gaining height when flying.

A special mention for our driver from 16 Tank Transporter Sqn who drives our Saracen Ambulance. Always keen, he lives up to the motto of his Unit, "Speed and Style." On the last crashout he was off up the road leaving the crew running behind. His name is Cpl Brian Edwards and he is an asset to the team. "Well done," Brian.

# MT platoon on the left

We apologise for missing the last issue but this was due to moving house. We arrived in Mid November and had just settled in to our spacious office, the unpacking completed and everything put where we needed it, and what happened? Along came the Pay Corps and turfed us out. Their complaint was that they lived in one building and worked in another which meant that they had to walk 50 yards to work in the rain thus damaging their makeup and hairstyles, so out went the MT and in went the Pay Corps. They now, in between their TV breaks, badminton breaks, coffee breaks and sleeping breaks, can on rare occasions be found working there. Both takeovers completed we soon settled down to the normal day to day routine of moving the POL store which just happened to be standing on the spot where the Helicopters wanted to land.

Traffic accidents got off to a slow start with none in the first fortnight. The CO then decided it was time the MTWO's FMT 3 procedure was tried out and one dark windy night around midnight he decided he would test the breaking strain of the barrier at Rosemount RUC station. Result. Landrover 0 Barrier 1. The CO's remark was "I needed a different vehicle anyhow" (and he got it). Once the CO had his accident everyone decided it was the "In Thing" and within three days there were five more. Fortunately they soon found out that everyone who had an accident didn't get a new vehicle and the practice of rousing the MTWO at 3 a.m. by stuffing an FMT 3 up his left nostril seems to have died a natural death.

All the MT lads in Echelon have settled in well and are working hard with (sorry to bother you sir) Trevor Mead and (moans and groans) 'Goggles' Thurlby manning the POL point 24 hours a day plus about 30 other jobs they do. 'Sleepy' Foyle keeps the Bn mail rolling under the threat from the MTWO that if he doesn't get a letter (Mrs. Allen please note) he will take his truck away and make him walk. Danny Baley keeps the rations rolling in, (we don't know what happened to him on his R & R but since he's returned he's needed a ladder to climb into his cab, what did you do to him Jean?) Tich Cox also does the ration run and numerous other details.

All the other members of the Platoon have gone to the four winds of the Battalion and are serving with Hart's Heroes, Taylor's Terrors, The Beast of the Shanallow, and God's Gift to the Bn, Big B. This leaves 'Uncle' Vic Fossey who spends his days playing hide and seek with the 21C in Creggan Camp.

We would like to say a word of thanks to Pete Gore and the LAD chaps who are doing an excellent job out here (TOMS please note). This is shown in the fact of only two vehicles so far having been sent to workshops for repair. These wouldn't have gone had RAOG stores issued the chassis to replace the bent ones for two of the Beast's vehicles.

Our gallant Camp CSM Brian Cockledge rates a mention, (apart from on the toilet wall) he has grown a big, beautiful moustache, the only trouble is when he is lying in the bath one is not certain which end of him one is looking at (IPSWICH FOR THE SECOND DIVISION)! Could Mrs. Cockledge please send him the price of a packet of toilet paper?

To the lads on the Rear Party we would like to say, we are sorry we had to leave you behind, we know how you feel sitting at home with nothing to do for those 10 long days at Xmas and those weekends, they must really drag, still if you behave yourselves and get all those vehicles dock up to date we will make a promise. You'll be on the next trip out here!

"That's one ref you don't argue with!"



# Dedicated to "On the Spot" Bailey



God! I'm hungry!

# VISITORS

## NOVEMBER

28 - Mr E H.A. Stratton CB, Dep Chief Executive of PSA  
 30 - CL DW Shuttleworth OBE Dep Comd 8 Inf Bde

## DECEMBER

3-4 - CSE Show  
 4-6 - David Partridge, Leicester Mercury  
 10 - Maj Gen PJH Leng, Comd Land Forces N Ireland  
 10-12 - Bill Hollowell, Peterborough Standard  
 11 - Mr R. Brown MP, Under Secretary of State (Army).  
 13-14 - Lt Col JA Hare MBE.  
 17 - Lt Col Al Baxter, CREME N Ireland  
 18-20 - Bill Knight and David Bowler Northampton Evening Telegraph.  
 19 - Lt Gen Sir Frank King KCB, MBE, GOC N Ireland.  
 19-21 - Jill Ward, BBC Radio, Norwich.  
 20 - Rt Hon Roy Mason MP, Secretary of State for Defence.  
 25 - Brig D Houston OBE, Comd 8 Inf Bde.

In addition to all these important visits, we are called on frequently by members of 8 Infantry Brigade Headquarters from the Commander downwards.



Volunteers for singer 47



What do you mean it's failed it's BFG?



Checking the checkers



Mr. Brown the 115 of 1181 in whom the 8777 unit of operation under

# NOTES FROM HOME



Remember last year's R and R

AMONGST the Xmas activities arranged by Capt Ladley and Committee were the parties for the children. On Saturday the 21st December the cookhouse was the scene of the party for 1-10 year olds. A film show followed by a magician kept the children entertained for the first hour of the afternoon. In the main room tables were laid out with all the usual party fare of cakes, trifles, jellies, ice cream etc. for some 280 children.

In attendance were the Band of the Pompadours, and as the children left the show, someone was heard to say to B.M. Watts, "quick the Stampede is on, Rawhide!"

While the children made short work of the laden tables, the Band played carols and other suitable music. Highlight of such a party is, of course, the arrival of Father Christmas, and after speaking to several children the Georgia accent of Sgt Bob Hallbutt came shining through to let the secret out. Father Xmas was followed up by six members of the heavies Riley, Loudon and Shanton (to name a few) with large boxes of presents for all. The scene left behind would best be described as a chaotic mess, but as the children boarded the buses clutching the super presents all had received the murmur of "best party ever" could be heard and the willing committee soon had the cookhouse looking more like it should be.

Friday 27 at 8 pm in the Pompadour Club could be best described as a "Junior" Company Party as we had all the same ingredients, well almost. Pete Smith and his DISCO provided all the Mod music as usual, that was of course really appreciated by all the teenagers there. The "Buffet" was to the high standard the cookhouse turns in for any event. Curry with trimmings and cold salad.

Drinks on, he hours, kept the staff behind the bar serving lemonade and coke by the dozen, prizes for the best dancer, best couple at the "Bumper" were given out during the evening and despite the missings of Capt Ladley at the start of the evening it really did go with a swing. Everyone enjoyed themselves, and at the last even Mrs Ladley was seen on the floor taking instructions in the new Bump dance from the teenagers there.

Thanks for everything once again must start with Capt Ladley, his hard working staff at the Razz Party and Cpl Rennie and his small staff in the Cookhouse.



## BAND NOTES

Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good... chores for the Band! This year we played at the Wives Club, Carol Services, Childrens Party, school concerts, round the quarters and, of course, down the Toc HI! The highlight this Christmas was a live broadcast from Bielefeld for WDR. The 1 1/2 hour long programme about the comparisons between English and German Christmas customs was shared equally with the world famous Bielefeld Kinder Chor. We recorded it all and sent a cassette to the Battalion, where it was played in Craggan Cookhouse during the Christmas Luncheon (indigestion tablets were available).

The January visit to Londonderry was shorter than expected but, nevertheless, we played for the troops and assisted them in their various visits in Fort George, Craggan, Rosemount, MuFF and the "Choggy Shop". Int Section took the usual snaps, some of which you see, the rest go in our ever growing Scrap Book.

1976 looks good so far, besides the usual concerts and Schutzengangs in Germany we have engagements in Holland for a couple of days in February, a week in Belgium in May, and June in Paris (we couldn't manage it in April), Catalonia of course in August where our engagement book is already being rapidly filled. (Thought for the Day) All this and duties too!!

From the BM and all the band we wish the Battalion luck for their remaining time in Londonderry and a speedy return to Paderborn.



Tacky (not sticky) BM

## SUNG TO THE TUNE OF 'WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING'

When Pompadours are visited,  
 By the Regimental Band,  
 They learn to clap at concerts,  
 Instead of sitting on their hands.

VCPs and singer duties,  
 But the Bandmen didn't see,  
 When the Band is at the sharp end,  
 Thank God for the ceasefire!



# THE POMPADOUR

The Journal of the 3rd Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment

January, 1975

## WHAT WILL 1975 BRING?

### FROM THE EDITORS

We have expanded this month to 12 pages instead of 10. We hope you think it is worthwhile. As you can see this page includes a couple of letters we received from within the Battalion. We hope they are the first of many more and that the letters written will be controversial.

In this and the 2 later editions we have 2 pages on occupations in the Battalion which those not directly involved may not know much about. This time we have covered the Mullenan Farm Guard and Adventure Training in Canada. Future features will include Rosemount, VCP's and Echelon.

We have had a good response this time with plenty of written and drawn contributions. Don't be disappointed if you don't see it this time, we've still got two more to go. You don't have to wait until we ask for contributions by the way. Give it to us any time.

#### JUST A THOUGHT

If OC Headquarters Company held Orders in the open, would that be a Field Court Martial?

### LETTERS to the Editors

Sir,

As the years go by we leave behind so many traditions and a lot of history. The size of the Army has been reduced over the years with the major reductions and amalgamations coming since the abandonment of conscription. We could recall something of the past of the Pompadoours by naming the rifle companies after our original county regiments.

Part of our lack of recruits has been attributed to the lack of a county regiment with all its history and traditions, to join. Many potential young soldiers shy away from the new 'large' regiments whose geographical boundaries have been created by Whitehall generals.

By resurrecting a little of the past and renaming A Company, the Bedfordshire Company; B Company, The Essex Company; C Company, The Hertfordshire Company; we might remind our soldiers of our history and perhaps create a greater esprit de corps with the Battalion.

Yours faithfully  $\pi\lambda$

\*\*\*\*\*

(What do readers think about this idea? What about naming companies after Battle Honours? Support Company could be Salamanca Company for example. Let's have your ideas for the next issue of The Pompadour. Ed)

Dear Sir,

It is an established fact that there are 2,001 paving stones along Eastway. We've counted them.

Yours Truthfully,

Sgt Swanney

Cpl Lancaster

(Any other little known facts about the Bn area? Ed)



### Destricted

DELICATE HANDLING  
TERRORIST OF THE MONTH



SUBJECT D Thor O'Good ALIASES Dunny Fogg, Nine Alpha.  
ADDRESS Space Control, Piggery Ridge, Londonderry  
DESCRIPTION Ht. 5ft. 7 Build. Slight Eyes. Two; Hair. Invaluable; Complexion. Variable.  
MEMBER OF Bn Staff, Widows' Fund, Clardgas, Army and Navy.  
APPOINTMENT 182115A MAR  
ASSOCIATES 'Hairy' Apin, Torsional Adviser

Freda Field, Social Secretary  
Stumpy Dixon, Under Secretary  
Transplant Hart, Medical Adviser  
Cubes Bullock, Dietician  
Knocker Simonnett, Historian

#### REPORTS

6/8/54 Screened. Handed over to SF. Not released.

10/8/63 Doon day Celebration held

Unusually Attends if he remembers.

30/4/66 Commenced to staff own Bde.

18/8/71 Gave up recruiting own Bde.

25/12/74 Made honorary member of Diddy Bde.

#### WANTED

ALL USED POSTAGE STAMPS FOR A GOOD CAUSE—CANCER RESEARCH  
STAMPS TO: LCPL BLACKBOURN  
DRUMS PLATOON FORT GEORGE



This low profile is subcultural

### POMPADOURS PROGRESS

Statistics as at 11 January

Planned House searches	126
Hot Pursuit House Searches	91
Car Searches	117,633
Finds	
Weapons	2
Ammunition	554 rounds
Bomb Components	27 lbs of Explosive
	38 Detonators
	80 ft. of fuse
	Various timing devices
Others	1 Telescopic sight
Shooting Incidents	15
Rounds Fired at Pompadoours	19
Rounds Returned by Pompadoours	18
Arrests handed over to RMP or RUC	158



# A Company

## "It's good 'ere int it"

In the last issue of the Pompadour it was stated by a certain callign that this platoon attempted a mouse search on a prefab which had been demolished some eighteen months before. We feel that this statement is slightly unjust and we must put the recorder straight.

13L did an excellent job of staking out the non-existent house, hiding behind non-existing walls and gazing through non-existent windows. The job was obviously done by map and a never known to be wrong Silva compass. The attempted search was to humour 13L.

Well done AN - keep taking the pills and we'll see someone in a white coat around to collect you.

With everything so quiet we have turned our attention to the more important things - sleeping, eating, sport and entertainment.

Football 11A v 12A (11A 0 - 12A 6)  
This game, one of the most important of the tour, in that it was the first, took place in the Creggan Sports Arena.

Ten minutes before kick off 12A arrived on the pitch and were greeted by a mighty roar from the crowd of 15 (capacity crowd - Ed).

Two minutes before kick off and the air was electric with anticipation - the hum of 11A training could be heard coming from the training room.

The team manager/coach/trainer, Cpl Monty Beaumont went to get his team and found them busy training to press blankets - the hum being the snoring of the warmed up players.

The team passed out from the training room, along the road, where they were lost from sight for a few minutes. The road runs past the cookhouse and it is believed that the team stopped off for a quick cuppa - Ed) before running onto the pitch at about one mile per week. There they sorted out a bit of tactical training (snoring) but was playing offside! - Ed) before they lined up ready - or just about. As the referee was about to blow his whistle Pte Clickers Crabby gave a yell and ran off the pitch to finish off his warming up (he'd left his binoculars in the training room - Barrack Block - Ed).

Finally kick off - Bang 11A-0 12A-1. It was discovered that Pte Bubbles Marsh had bandy legs and he was removed from the goal. Suggestions to tie his knees together were rejected by the team manager.

Lcpl Beau Beaumont, the team secret weapon, came on Bang 11A-0 12A-2. He couldn't kick straight and when he turned sideways it was an open goal.

Roars of encouragement from the manager didn't seem to help. Pte Champ Champion thought it was a game of rugby and soon discovered it wasn't.

The game ended with 11A - Nil 12A - Six, Pte Ginge Nichols running around in circles, 2Lt Mike Godkin walking off - not amused, and Cpl Monty Beaumont lying on the floor with possible heart strain.

Congratulations 12A we were really trying.

"Hello 11A this is 11L where are you? - Over"

"11A, 50m up the road from you - over"

"11L, Roger, I cannot see you, expose yourself - out"

### APPOINTMENT

Adjutant - Bob a job  
Chief clerk - Little Red Writing Hood  
Second-in-Command - Deputy Jockey (Thoroughbred).

### A POEM

It was ceasefire in the Creggan,  
Everything was nice and quiet,  
One platoon went on the ground,  
And almost caused a riot.

ANON (Bubbles)

## ANOTHER EXCITING EPISTLE FROM 2 PLATOON

Shnn Zd's gone! Let all acquaintance be forgot. Somehow he served 4 days with us and got 4 months R & R! I don't know how he did it, but now we've been joined by a 6ft 3 in. hefty huge second row forward (he goes to the pictures a lot) by the name of Mr Duthoit, frequently heard to say "hammered and" uhhhh... it Rymes really!! Also... Cpl Amor. The size of the platoon has increased enormously since he arrived!! A merry Christmas was had by all, and we welcomed the New Year in with our friends down the patch. Everyone sang the New Year in, even the dogs were doing their bit - literally!

The main topic of conversation at the moment is R & R. Pte George lives has just come back from Paderborn, and he brought some warm weather with him, - well his glasses were steamed up anyway! He said he forgot to take them off when having a wash! Nice try George!  
Here are some forthcoming events.

Pte "Stanley" Whelan - will tell us a joke that is funny!

Pte "Ginger" Carpenter - will work out the circumference of a circle if pye equals 22/7!!!

Cpl Mac Macguinness - will use his loaf next time he finds a sack of bread!

Pte "Andy" Grand - will observe at least 2 minutes silence. He's improving!!! It was a minute last time!

Sgt "Ollie" - will admit SQOG and SQUIG are not words he can use in Scrabble.

Lt "Hammered" Duthoit - will uhhh... it, well, you wouldn't understand it anyway!!!

### 3 PLATOON NOTES

Since the last edition of the Pompadour 3 platoon have been on several operations, with one hundred per cent success. The highlight of these operations, without a shadow of a doubt, was a visit to number 30 Lanan Gardens (Billy Eke may not agree).

The only real difficulty the platoon has had on the tour was putting a cordon around 4 Creggan Heights, which was demolished eighteen months previously. (See 1 Pl notes, Ed)

In the last two weeks we have received two casualties. 'Smiler' Greenhow dropped a tea urn on his foot, which amused everyone except 'Smiler', and the platoon's morale, at the moment, is very low as 'Al' the platoon commander received an injury to his thumb. No-one is quite sure how he received his injury, but 'Knocker' Hockley has been giving him some black looks. We wonder why.

### THE BRAVE KNIGHT

Once upon a time a King had a kingdom that was plagued by a dragon so he allowed any one of his three daughters to the knight who could bring him the dragon's head. Many knights died in the attempt but one day the head appeared on a brave knight's lance.

The king was overjoyed and asked the brave knight which of the daughters he wished to marry.

"One is as beautiful as Helen of Troy, one is more beautiful and alluring than Cleopatra, and one is more captivating than Scheherazade take your pick."

Which do you think he picked?

### 3 Platoon's ode to patrolling

Out on patrol we go again,  
This time it's from 8 till 10.

Through the gate and down Blighs Lane,  
RV with torrential rain.

The ceasefire on, peace at last,  
We're trying to forget the country's past,  
We can always hope the truce will hold,  
Whilst patrols go on in weather cold.

So many times we've walked these streets,  
Different incidents always meet,  
Shootings, bombings and noise too,  
Hours of sleep we've had so few.

Along the streets we slowly walk,  
Listen to the local talk,  
Say "good evening" and "good night,"  
Give courting couples a little fright.

Down to "4" then "78"  
That fish and chip shop I do hate,  
Under dustbins in tin sheds,  
Round the backs and flower beds.

Along the streets we go in vain,  
Back again to old "Blighs Lane,"  
This patrol is at an end,  
Nick "357" on the radio send.

Answer to The Brave Knight  
None of them. He chose the King because this is a fairy story!!



On their beds



Ever watchful



# DOWN ON THE FARM



Perimeter Patrol



## MULLENAN FARM

In this edition we thought we would tell you a little about Mullenan Farm, our far flung, but far from forgotten, outpost. The Farm, or rather the estate, is owned by Mr Moore, who used to hold an important position in the RUC before it was reorganised, and farms about 200 acres himself, the remainder being let to tenant farmers. The house is a large white building of indiscriminate Victorian architecture, situated on the edge of a small wood surrounded by rolling pastureland and under 1000 metres from the border.

The farm yard, incidentally terraced by the Army, is enclosed by stables and barns, many of which are dilapidated through age and lack of attention. Five a side football, volleyball and toxaphily (sic) Edji now take place in the farmyard to help whittle away the off duty time. A pipe range is also being constructed by the Royal Engineers with some of our help.

Administratively, the farm is run by Cpl Crook and led by Pte Hubbard who is delighted to have his own kitchen. We are accommodated in one half of the Farm Hands house and have use of a large car, an

A Land Rover and a Land Rover. There are a couple of ranges for our own use, four rooms a day and a small observation room to keep looking over. A vehicle check point (VCP) is also manned, when necessary, at the Mullenan Customs Post some 400 metres down the back lane from the farm.

As we go to press one more commitment will be added and that is the patrolling of the country area south of the Killa Road to the Foyls. This should make a pleasant change and perhaps provide a few 'tea-stops', something we do not experience when patrolling the Creggan.



The Front Gate



Permanent staff



Semi-permanent staff



Mullenan Ops



Watching snipers hit



The Courtyard



# B Company

## 4 platoon

4 Platoon's story continues. It took only three sections to arrest a young girl recently. It goes from bad to worse with Rent a Section Alpha. They were patrolling when a local saw them pass.

"Hullo big soldier, Hullo big soldier, hullo little soldier," then  
"How long have you been out of your pram?"

The platoon commander, in the course of his duty, thought there was good public relations to be gained by attending a party at the Farm. He was right. The IWS batteries ran low that night.

We sadly say goodbye to Sgt Sweeney who leaves us to go to Sandhurst.

We proudly finished our 50th tin of boot polish recently, since our arrival.

"Mirror mirror on the wall  
"Who's the smartest platoon of all?"  
"Four platoon without a doubt."  
"thank you mirror, Roger out."

### 4 PL NOTES

By the time the goats to press the downhill slide towards the end of the tour will have started. No longer do we hear mumbles of "Roll on R & R" now we hear "It wasn't long enough" and "Roll on Block leave" (a sure sign in itself that we've all but broken the back of the tour).

The ceasefire (???) has made the patrolling easier and for the most part boring. Most noticeable is the increased number of people willing to stop for a quick chat or just a friendly greeting, proving that even among the hardened "Cregganites" there is a will for peace.

We now hear the question - "How would you like a tough, hard hitting OC to go out on patrol with you?" We are still waiting for him to turn up. The only one we know is rather modest of stature and as far as we know will never hit anything - hard or otherwise!!

Christmas for us was something of a success. After a commendable dinner in the Cookhouse, we returned to our lines and the "Red Cross" parcels from home provided an extremely good buffet. Soon a fair party was in swing. The lack of female company wasn't noticed (you get like that after a while over here). The OC, 2IC, CSM, CSgt and a few other lesser known celebrities were seen to mingle.

New Year came and went with a lot less ceremony. In fact Cpl Chris Avisson evoked from a long spell between the sheets and was heard to say "What year is it?" Hope for a New Year?

It's hoped that Cpl Neville Jephcott will be able to make do with one radio per patrol so that Red 1 can take a break.

It's hoped that Pte Mark Barry enjoys his first term at play-school, which it's rumoured he is to start soon.

It's hoped that all our friends and relatives have a very happy and prosperous New Year and may all your troubles be little ones.

Our Pick of the Pops or Tune from the Trenches is: We're almost there.

Creggan patrol



A brace of Sunnys



## Top of the Creggan pops

Michael Ans is the handle,  
With the terrorists he does tangle,  
He chases them come night or day,  
We wish that they would go away.

David Thorogood 2IC  
Amendments is his game,  
If you ask me he'd be better,  
Making a daisy chain.

Young Bob Apin, the sand shos kid,  
Give you anything for half a quid,  
Always cheerful, never glum,  
Mind in neutral, thumb up nose.

Stanley Bullock, RSM,  
He puts up with all of them,  
Never mind Stanley, just keep gay,  
You'll soon be in the family way.

OC 'A' that's John R. Hart,  
With 'Z' he was so sorry to part,  
But all good things come to an end,  
Before they drive you round the bend.

Tony Taylor of Kung Fu fame,  
Is the last one I shall name,  
Very quiet, full of charm,  
Thinks life's grand, down on the farm.

The author of this nice collection,  
Remains nameless for his self protection,  
Before you shout and rave, just please,  
Remember gents, you're Pompadours.

By: A. N. OTHER



Lethal bits and pieces B Company's find

### 8 PL B COY

Well folks,  
Fighting Five are here again, 22L with Sgt Mick "Tubby" Watkins going grey with worry because of the platoon. One of his lads named Larry "Shakey" Bellamy is finally leaving his section for a two year posting with the RAC. But he's still left with "Cog" (94) and "Baby Face". The platoon welcomes 2Lt "Sproggy" Brehaut who will be taking over command from Sgt Watkins when we return to Germany.

22B- Well this Sgt "Blue" guy has had enough, all he does in his spare time is read and play his "great" music that the boys hate. The 1812 Overture (Really at his age!!) While 22A was at hand again when a man from the Creggan asked Cpl "Mother-Care" to send for an ambulance because of his wife having a baby.  
"Hello 22L this is 22A I have a woman who's having a baby, over!"  
"22L roger, you have a wife and six kids I'm sure she's in good hands!"  
22B, I'm afraid, has had a bad week because their gallant commander is in hospital suffering from his wounds from our last tour, but his gallant lads, Suckie, Pat and Paddy visit him whenever they can.  
22C are keeping alert for yet another E20 after taking one wanted man off the streets. Lt Col Mick "Junior" Walker was proud of his section Jock, Tich and Paul.

There is yet another section in the platoon, 22D, which is now trying to gain fame down the Creggan, Lt Col "Half-a-Bee," "Bottom Lip," "Ache" and "Dosey." But not like 22E who saved their power when Lt Col Gary "Cornhusk" Ward and Lt Col "Big Loo" Kington went to sort out the Creggan with no batteries in their radios.  
Everybody in the platoon wish all the wives and girlfriends their love and best wishes for the New Year.

## Twelve days at Creggan

On the first day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
A copy of amended SOP'S

On the second day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
Two days at Mullenan  
and a copy of amended SOP'S

On the third day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
three pairs of binos  
two days at Mullenan  
and a copy of amended SOP'S

On the fourth day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
four Tele J's  
three pairs of binos  
etc.

On the fifth day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
five new amendments  
four Tele J's  
etc.

On the sixth day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
six patrolling soldiers  
five new amendments  
etc.

On the seventh day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
seven hours of briefing  
six patrolling soldiers  
etc.

On the eighth day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
Eight full searches  
seven hours of briefing  
etc.

On the ninth day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
nine hot pursuits  
eight full searches  
etc.

On the tenth day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
ten VCP's  
nine hot pursuits  
etc.

On the eleventh day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
eleven room inspections  
ten VCP's  
etc.

On the twelfth day at Creggan my OC gave to me  
twelve more hours of patrolling  
'cos he couldn't think what else to do  
eleven room inspections  
ten VCP's  
nine hot pursuits  
eight full searches  
seven hours of briefing  
six patrolling soldiers  
five new amendments  
four Tele J's  
three pairs of binos  
two days at Mullenan  
and a copy of amended SOP'S.



Shiny (?) Six



B Coy's workhorse

# Adventure training in Canada

By JASON SMITH

When the majority of the Pompadours left Canada after Exercise Pacific, a small group stayed behind to complete the Adventure Training Phase in the Rockies. We left Suffield on the 11th September and drove the 450 miles to the Cline River area. This consisted of approximately 200 miles across the plains passing through Calgary (the home of the Calgary Stampede) to the edge of the Rockies.

Then we started a memorable trip with fantastic views of mountains, lakes, woods and wild animals. We passed through the town of Banff which is a holiday resort, paralleled with Zermatt in Switzerland. There is the Banff National Park which protects the wildlife, such as Coyotes, Grizzly Bears, Brown Bears, Deer, Moose and many other animals. At either end of the park are two Indian Reserves, with a mixture of Sioux, Creole, Blackfoot to mention a few. One could buy gifts of Indian beads,

moccasins, knives and tomahawks, many of these were bought as gifts and souvenirs.

The campsite was set just off the main highway, with a motel and riding school opposite. We were situated in a small clearing in pine woods, with mountains towering above us and small lakes and a large lake nearby. Captain Ron Reilly of the Silberhutte Training Centre organized the training and all the superb cooking was by SSgt Chambers ACC 9/12 L. The drivers for the vehicles were supplied by the RCT detachment at Suffield.

There were seven different activities each day and the total party of sixty five was split into seven groups. Lt Jason Smith organized the Rock Climbing and the Glacier work, helped by Pte Fishenden. Sgt Sweeney (Danny) ran the trekking with Cpl Wilkins instructing the canoeing groups on the lakes and down the rivers.

Everyone participated in these sports and the other days were spent fishing, horse riding, visiting Banff and the Columbian Icefields.

The canoeing was relatively easy the first morning whilst everyone was becoming acquainted with the Canadian canoe (as per the injune). The only complaints were that their knees were sore, and for a few the water was cold. After another practice session on the lake the canoeists progressed to the river. They practiced cutting in and cutting out from the river, many spills were taken and then they took off down the rapids. The stones are still floating around the Battalion of people swimming in the cold water trying to catch both canoe and paddle.

The climbing was an optional sport after the first week when the very basics were taught. Pte Fishenden progressed into a very proficient leader (on rock only-see photograph) and he proved an asset to the team. Some very hairy climbs were put up on this new face. As you can see in the photographs, Pte Verral's face shows considerable relief after the 300ft climb. The instructors spent one day on the glacier under Lt Smith and many new techniques were learnt, playing in the crevasses and on the snow slopes. Words like "hold" and "below" are imprinted in their memories. The Glaciers are found in the Columbian Icefield approximately seventy miles from the campsite and the water from these go into three different oceans, the Arctic Pacific and Atlantic.

The horse riding, organised by an old "cowboy" called Cleo, proved a great success. Everyone went out on at least two trips. These lasted for three to five hours and one wandered along narrow paths, filling ravines, bear or deer trails. One group were lucky enough to spot one adult brown and one cinnamon bear with two cubs. The horses were very playful at times and on the way home they would always race along. Many a Charge of the Light Brigade (with eyes closed) took place. The fun and enjoyment was slightly marred when Cpl Terren had a nasty accident, having fallen off his horse into a ravine. Fortunately he is back with us now, although his leg will take a long time to heal. Everyone else now, I think, have acquired fears their sore bottoms and blisters-it is amazing how many people become the swinging Roy Rogers and Gene Autry when on horseback.

The fishing groups were supposed to supplement our rations in camp, however I am certain all the trout caught was being ate by the lake, everyone seemed to enjoy the sport. I am sure it was the sleeping in the sun that appealed to them all. Sgt Sweeney and SSgt Chambers are still arguing about who caught the biggest fish. I just missed the biggest one, it got away...

Everyone managed to take one or two days off and disappeared down to Banff for "shopping" and sightseeing. Throughout Canada there was a bear shortage but we managed somehow. The evening entertainment was spent in Banff, 120 miles away or in the motel opposite. We used to use one room and nightly games of chess, shuffleboard and cards were played.

On the few occasions it was available much beer and whisky were also consumed. Some of the lads helped keep the restaurant going by taking over the kitchen and the waiting.

The trekking parties completed several routes, the hardest being the Sunshine Pass. Everyone spent two and a half days on this walk over spectacular countryside.

As you can see in the photograph they are all armed with an ice-axe these were necessary as at high altitude they had to cross the snow line. Winter was also upon us and during the last two days it snowed and we saw the picturesque Rockies (snow capped).

We had seen all the seasons, the summer, the leaves changing colour and then the snow. It was time we were leaving, the heavy frosts set in during the last week, so we returned to Suffield. It rained all the way to the plains and then we reached the sunshine. The following, no doubt have happy memories of Canada. Lt Smith, Sgt Sweeney, Cpl McCarter (the doc), Terren, Reynolds, L/Cpl Heard, Wilkins, Brett, Morrow (REME), Duncan, Augie, Ptes. Fishenden, Carpenter, Leggat and Verral.

"YOU'RE WELCOME"



Rest!



Glacier Work



Over exposed



Cpl Reynolds 'A' Coy.



Resting



Jerrill A Coy



Lt. Smith