

# Support Coy

## DEADLINE WITH BIG 5

Jan 30  
 Sunray: I'll do Pompadour notes next time.  
 Seagull: Great! (Huge sigh of relief) Feb 6 is the deadline.

Feb 3  
 Seagull: Can I confirm you are definitely doing Pompadour notes?  
 Sunray: Absolutely right, I'm doing them tonight.  
 (Thinks: What the hell am I going to write about?)

Feb 5  
 Uncle Bill: I understand that you are doing Coy HQ Pompadour notes.  
 Sunray: Correct, I've got them in draft form, I'll tidy them up tonight (Thinks: Must get something down on paper).

Feb 6  
 Prophet: Pompadour notes in by midnight on 16 Feb DK?  
 Sunray: No problem! (Thinks: Thank God, a reprieve).

16 Feb, 1900 hours.  
 Uncle Bill: Pompadour notes ready? I must send them up tonight.  
 Sunray: They are in my room, hang on I'll go and get them.

(Thinks: This is the crunch, pen has got to be put to paper (I'm alright with printing, but it's the joined up writing I have a problem with). But what do I write about? I could write about the various personalities in the Rover Group (fairly trad stuff), why Leggett has this mania for jumping up and down on his spectacles, the nervous twitch Sgt Luckman develops every time we approach traffic lights, the cross country performance of the Mk 1 Molar, that wicked, wicked look in Lcpl Head's eye every time he approaches a Watchbird or Greenfinch, the reason Gray never leaves my side (perhaps it's my aftershave), tales of sweat and toil from that mandarin of the MT, Lcpl Greenfield, or those two observers of the Highway Code, Reading and Scrivener.

I could also write about Cpl Ralph but as I have not seen him for three weeks I'm a bit short of material, also Lcpl Vickers who keeps telling me how well the Orderly Room trained him. I am resisting the urge to write anything about Uncle Bill or Seagull as this is a serious newspaper. I have, therefore, decided to write about the Employment of Camels in an Urban Guerrilla Environment. To work...

Uncle Bill: Finished those notes yet?  
 Sunray: Hang on Bill, I haven't started yet.

Uncle Bill: Too bad, you've missed out.



## THE GALLANT FUSILIER

From within the ranks a cry came forth  
 It was followed by a cheer,  
 "Stand up, stand up" the men did shout  
 "We want a Fusilier."

From within Big 5 young Bill did step,  
 A grin from ear to ear,  
 And then he did announce to all  
 "I am your Fusilier."

"I've served my time, I've travelled far,  
 I'm known from there to here,  
 I'm tall and handsome, strong and wise,  
 I Am The Fusilier."

Dear Uncle Bill, we think you're grand,  
 A friend, not one to fear,  
 It's time you became a Pompadour,  
 You were a Fusilier.

We know you for the man you are,  
 We hope you'll stop and hear,  
 Things have changed time marches on,  
 You're no longer a Fusilier.

So Uncle Bill, please hear our call,  
 It's time to close that door,  
 We forgive you Bill, we'll love you all,  
 For now you're a Pompadour.



Big 5's Rover Group.

## ORDERS AS WE WOULD LIKE THEM FOR ALL SANGARS

1. - Your post is on the floor of your sangar.
2. - Your tour of duty will be for six hours at least, to give you a fair chance to read your book, papers, comics, etc.
3. - You are only to observe for CO, OC, 21C and CSM so you don't get caught doing what you shouldn't.
4. - You will report when you feel like it.
5. - You are to challenge all ranks from Lcpl to General saying you come in at your own risk.
6. - You will be dressed as per NI SOP 101024 in long johns, bedroom slippers, pyjama jacket, flak jacket and for Sgt Sutton, clean boots and beret.
7. - You will use maximum force to keep all unwelcome visitors out, i.e. CO, OC, 21C and CSM.
8. - You are to have in your possession 1 x transistor radio, at least 60 fags, the daily papers and anything else you can think of.
9. - You may lay down, read, smoke, sing to yourself during your tour and whatever else keeps you happy.
10. - You may leave your post to assist a young lady with her servicing!
11. - You are to report to the Ops Room by shouting, whistling, or if pushed, use the tannoy for any of your needs!

- From a wishful thinking soldier.



Rubble ramble.

## 11 PL CORPS OF DRUMS

Now that we have only a few weeks left to serve in Londonderry, the lads are starting to get quite excited. Some are even shouting days to do, and stag on or words to that effect. Dmr Adamson was seen to be walking around camp, armed only with a pair of drum sticks, he must be thinking of great times to come. Dmr Foster, although his fingers are a bit stiff for flute playing, maintains that he has the best eye sight in the Battalion, and doesn't need binos to see any great distance. Dmr Harris doesn't have much to say these days, he is hoping to get promoted from 1/4 ton to 4 ton in the near future, but you never know he may even take up cycling, or would you believe - WALKING. Once Cfn Helson became the drums VM on the VCPs, it didn't take the local drivers long to get the word round, Beware, Helson is here (I wondered where he got those nuts and bolts from). If you see a jersey heavy wool, with a pair of braces attached, be careful, it could be Rastus Spring in disguise (smile please). Cpl Pat Staples has been up to his tricks again, whilst out on a sneaky beaky patrol he decided to go for a swim! (IN MUD). After taking the plunge, he found the situation to be... wait for it... (STICKY). Sorry mate.

Blob Lawrence is still dieting, he was getting a bit worried though. He thought that if he stood sideways and put his tongue out he would look like a zip (no chance). Keep it up Blob. Lcpl Dick O'Connell was a little upset when he found that his electric blanket wouldn't work, someone had removed his adaptor, not to worry (it's good ere innit).

Well folks, that is all for now, all the lads send their love and say "it won't be long now."

I leave you with this thought (we found the colour with the salt). Read last edition.

BUT - How is it - What is it - and Where is it.

THE OBVIOUS

## MORTAR PLATOON NOTES

Due to the ceasefire and the low profile not much happened this month. Since the last issue went to press we have had one 21st birthday boy (never been kissed before) Johnny.

The second party has left to visit Ballykelly. We are the guests there of 1 WFR and we have the use of their Gym, swimming pool, cinema and bar. It is a welcome 24-hour rest for all concerned where we can let our hair down away from suspicious eyes.

Badminton has become the platoon sport and we are now taking on all comers. Having convincingly beaten HQ we are now in the second round of the inter-platoon competition. Beware B Company, it will be squash next.

"Spanners" McCloud and Taylor (Cfn REME - we know it is not their fault) have joined us and we are in the process of teaching them to hold a rifle - they always go well to the front of the patrol.

A farewell must be said to "Ned" Lambert, thanks for all the work in the platoon and good luck in civvie street.



Rosey fire.

## POMPADOURS TOP POPS

There have been many Top Tens and Top Twenties submitted to the Editor. This is a selection Top Ten, not necessarily in order.

- Two Little Boys - Kestrel and Stumpy
- Food, Glorious Food - Cpl L'Amor
- Everybody Nose (You've said goodbye) - Sgt. Ollie Dent
- Baby You Can Drive My Car - Lt Thompson
- Little Old Winedrinker Me - Bill Barcardi and The Red C
- D'Ya Wanna Be In My Gang - The Beast and Glitter Band
- Cockney Rebel - Uncle Bill
- Leader of the Pack - Guess Who
- Please Mr. Custer (I don't wanna go) - Int Call 7.



# THE RECCE PLATOON REVEALED

Well, no sooner had your correspondent's pen come to rest when The Editor started to get demanding and wanted another contribution to his paper. As promised in the last two editions this time we will name the names, well some of them anyway. This month we feature c/s 61, and we also try to tell you what it is all about. Here in Londonderry the recce platoon is responsible for the area known as the Enclave.

This is a strip of countryside between Londonderry and the border with the Republic. Our task is to ensure that we hinder terrorist movement into and out of the Catholic estates of Londonderry and to prevent the smuggling of arms, ammunition and explosives both into and out of the city.

This is no easy task as the area is nearly fifty square miles in size and the task

becomes literally like looking for a needle in a haystack. We try to keep an eye on things by using a combination of snap vehicle check points, farm searches, border ambushes, cross-border observation posts, plus liberal use of helicopters to move foot patrols about and generally keep a lofty eye on things from above.

All these things would be made a lot easier if the people on the other side could be trusted not to blow us up, shoot at us or generally be nasty. So far this tour we have been shot at twice (although we must admit that these two incidents happened in Big Five's area). We do wish that all you rifle companies would get a grip of your areas. We have had two bombs on our patch, one blowing Killea customs post to bits for the twenty-eighth time and the other very slightly damaging a cattle weighbridge. We have also had somebody try to

"cheese wire" us twice. This is the rather nasty trick of trying to cut off our heads by stretching a wire across the road when we drive down it. The QM has got round this small problem for us, he has withdrawn our necks! We have had one other highlight on this tour and that is simply four days without rain. To show you just how much interest we take in the rain we recount the following story.

It was a fine sunny day, and a Recce section was revelling in the fact that it did not have to wear waterproofs and could get rid of two of its three thick sweaters, when travelling on the horizon towards their VCP two covered-in Land Rovers were seen. Very shortly the Rovers arrived at the VCP and the CO's crew got out while the Commanding Officer spoke to the section. "Cheer up!" he says, "things could be worse." Sure enough at that moment on went two more sewaters and a waterproof (the sun shines on the righteous?)



Covering fire.



Route clearing.



Watching the border.



Snap V.C.P.

## Killea Customs Post



Searching farm buildings.

## CAN THIS BE TRUE?

This aspect of an otter's behaviour is certainly due in part to an intense inquisitiveness that belongs traditionally to a mongoose, but which would put any mongoose to shame. An otter must find out everything and have a hand in everything; but most of all he must know what lies inside any man-made container or

combined with an uncanny mechanical sense of how to get things open — a sense, indeed, of statics and dynamics in general — makes it much safer to remove valuables altogether rather than to challenge the otter's ingenuity by inventive obstructions.

Extract from "A Day of Beasts Watched"

# ROSEMOUNT



Rosey, the Dien Bien Phu of Londonderry, is Support Company's Patrol Base. It is situated in the southern portion of the North Ward between the Creggan and the Shantallow.

The area patrolled from Rosey is the North Ward. This area is larger than the Creggan and has had more shooting incidents than any other during this tour, the patrol base itself being a favourite target in the early part of the tour, the "BADDIES" fortunately, were not good shots.

Rosey is manned by a patrol platoon from Support Company, an RMP platoon, and HQ element and an RUC Constable. The platoons remain for a three day period

and are responsible for guarding the patrol base and patrolling the North Ward. Rosey is still a Police Station even though manned by only one constable. The patrol platoon live in one Portakabin, the RMP platoon and HQ elements live in another which also houses the Ops Room.

The programme for a platoon at Rosey is very rigorous but morale remains at a high level, a major factor in this is the excellent standard of food supplied by our two cooks.

The major success of Rosey was the recovery of 142 lbs of assorted explosives by an alert patrol of the Anti-Tank Platoon who saw two men acting suspiciously



The Boss



Accommodation



Off again.



Paol



The back gate

### The back gate



# The Vehicle Checkpoints

During the tour Support Company have been responsible for manning two permanent Vehicle Check Points on roads from the Republic. A 24 hour duty which involves half a platoon on duty for 12 hours at a time with no rest breaks. With searches to man, vehicles to be searched (up to 400 cars and 20 buses in 2 hours on the evenings when dances are held over the border), and documents to be checked it is a tiring 12 hours.

Every day the Company is assisted by a Watchbird or Greenfinch at the VCPs and on busy nights Big 5 has a standing order with Space Control for "A big fierce Wagtail". Space Control now have the bill for repairs to the OC's jacket which was torn to shreds of "Not me you stupid animal".

Apart from a number of stolen cars apprehended on their way across the border the VCPs have had no reward for all their hard work. They are content with the knowledge that at least they make smuggling across the border more difficult and so help to keep the level of violence down.



At both permanent VCPs it is usual for Support Company to be assisted by female searchers. These girls are either members of the WRAC or UDR. The latter are known affectionately (!) as Greenfinches. Here are a couple of their stories.



"An extremely heavily laden lady is being thoroughly searched. Her grocery bag has been emptied. Greenfinch picks up a packet of cornflakes, shakes it, looks at the lady and asks what they are. This brings forth such a torrent of Irish Temper that Greenfinch is obliged to take nearly 5 minutes abuse.

"The lady next in the queue throws her arms round Greenfinch and says, 'Don't worry dear, we're not all like that. This moves Greenfinch far more than 5 minutes abuse.'"

"A Greenfinch approached a car and politely asked the lady to step out. The lady (?) looked at her and informed her that she was after the wrong ones, she should search Protestants.

"On being told by Greenfinch that she was unaware of the lady's (?) religion and that everybody looked alike. The lady (?) remarked, 'Nonsense, you look like a Protestant to me!'"

## HQ Company

As the end of our third month rapidly approaches, let us put down on paper a few facts about the real Signal Platoon. The first write-ups were, of course, done by our leaders, and now the tour is coming near its close, we are given the chance of writing our own notes, as the RSO and ARSO claim to be too busy—that's their story and they're sticking to it!

All the stories about the RSO looking very pleased with himself are very true as he is now back from R & R leave, and that happy smile must have a cause? He as also become an uncle again but his age or nickname we are not allowed to divulge as this magazine is censored. Actually the Adjutant is much older, crustier and threabare.

The hardest working member of the platoon is, of course, our Royal Signals Sgt, Mick Ledger. At times he seems to think that the whole platoon, apart from himself, have bed-sores; with which we disagree of course, ascribing such thoughts to one of his dreams, which he is rumoured to have plenty of!

Cpl Jack Whitten and John Clary are still looking forward to their R & R leave, so they too are walking around in a dream-like trance. Mind you, by the time John gets back from his R & R the rest of the Battalion will be in Germany—will somebody please tell him that (we daren't).

Cpl Bill (Toeth) Allen is now driving the CO—probably round the bend—and it goes without saying to anyone who knows Bill's aspirations to be an astronaut that the CO is really looking forward to his own driver coming back off R & R (so too is the Landrover!). But one day we will manage to find our Bill a job he really likes doing—apart from nothing. Any suggestions?

Cpl Eddy Thorpe will not be getting any R & R as he has not done enough time out here—but, generous as always, we all let him know occasionally what it is like to go home; perhaps one day he will see his way clear through his new tinted spectacles to going home himself (he claims these spectacles have many advantages, not least among which are that they put a rosy complexion on some of our ugly faces).

After reading the Visor the other day we found that one regiment in the area have been able to recruit two WRACs to help run their Ops Rooms. No such luck in Creggan though, we still have to look at the same old faces, although the nearer "going home time" draws some of them are beginning to become bearable.

All members of the Signals Platoon are looking forward to returning to Germany.

## THE ORCs BASIC RULES

Rule one: The ORC is nearly always right.

Rule two: In the likely event of a junior clerk knowing more on a subject he will award extra duties.

Rule three: The ORC also does not sleep but rests his eyes more often than the chief.

Rule four: The ORC is sometimes late but not always early.

Rule five: The ORC never leaves his work, just delegates it to all the other clerks (except chief).

Rule six: The ORC never reads the paper in his office but is fully briefed on the world situation by the chief (?)

Rule seven: The ORC never takes liberties just cigarettes.

Rule eight: Whoever enters the office of the ORC with any ideas at all, leaves a bumbling wreck.

Rule nine: The ORC is nearly always the ORC even in his singing (?) togs.



The Ordinary Room working (1971).

## SIGNAL PLATOON GOSSIP BOWL FROM SPACE CONTROL

where we are told there is lots to keep us all busy—which we hope is true. We all send our love and regards to our wives in Paderborn and hope the time is passing as quickly for them as it seems to be for us here. And to all those members of the platoon we haven't mentioned—we haven't forgotten you, but we're trying to, and look forward to being one platoon again in Paderborn.

### BRIEFLY SPEAKING

In this world of unfinished tunnels and men walking on the moon, there exist two people who not many speak about in public. Armed to the teeth with reams of paper and numerous scribing instruments, they merrily set to work debriefing patrols(?)

To write all the exploits of these two would surely take a volume but it can all be summed up in the following line.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Seriously, though, they do a great deal of hard work which is invaluable to all concerned.

Firstly, in this small section we have the Military Mushroom, small in stature but big in patrol reports. He stays away making NFI signs (No Fleminging) but first we had a bit of trouble explaining that Debriefing had nothing to do with the taking down of undergarments and Briefing did not mean that they had put them back on. He acquired the nickname quite simply. You all know what mushrooms are and on he always maintains he is in the dark.

Next we have the Hackwax who has been compared to a nail on a head he puts his steel helmet on. Ex MT, ex Boy Scout and ex member of the Luton Girls' Choir, he makes up the other half of the team of Briefers. He can be seen (appointment only) working out the intricate problems of counting the days to R and R and compiling a thesis on the effects of separation on the mind.

So now you know (well, not all).

If a signaller forgets how to do morse and has to relearn it, would he be remorseful?

### EAVES DROPPING

Junior clerk: "I played a dirty trick on the chief clerk this morning, and made him late for work."

Senior clerk: "Why's that?"

Junior clerk: "I removed the ladder from beside his bed."

## THE CHIEFS BASIC RULES

Rule one: The chief is right.

Rule two: In the impossible hypothesis that a subordinate may be right, Rule one becomes immediately operative.

Rule three: The chief does not sleep, he rests.

Rule four: The chief is never late; he is delayed elsewhere.

Rule five: The chief never leaves his work; his presence is required elsewhere.

Rule six: The chief never reads the paper in his office; he studies.

Rule seven: The chief never takes liberties with his clerks; he educates them.

Rule eight: Whoever may enter the chief's office with an idea of his own must leave the office with the chief's ideas.

Rule nine: The chief is always the Chief even in bathing togs.

## INT Section (Creggan) revealed at last

Despite immense pressure from Intelligence Circles this month we are unwrapping this true, hard working band of Bird Brains operating under the disguise of the Int Section.

Starting the tour as a section of strangers with only one thing in common Brains, that is, it was obvious from the start just who was going to be the "Boss". With wins at Mastermind over everyone else and an expert at the Daily Mirror Crossword also the owner of the longest locks, it just had to be the one and only Goldie-Locks himself!

So popular with the lads and always asking for tea or coffee for inspiration (this proved later to be just thirst), his demands were eagerly met.

Secondly, we have "Mr. Medals", who shortly will be going to take over the Medal collection of A Coy. His departure from the scene will cause many arguments as to who is going to play with the Video Kit and make the next film.

Next Mr. Maps and Charts himself. It has been said that he never wants to see another map or make another chart as long as he lives. A staunch, upright young lad and a fanatical Man United supporter (are they expecting to fall down?) who can't wait for the end of the season to come.

Barcardi Bill rises next from the huff and puff of cigarette smoke and empty bottles with a cry of "Give me a new P Card" and "Who has nicked the pen that I borrowed?"

Forget the lad himself from the Emerald Isle who claims we should all go home and forget the place. A mine of information and suggestions as to what we could do. Letting us do it is another thing...

Mr. Cartoon himself, that man the Rigby

and Giles are getting worried about. Half the time he looks and sounds like Tommy Cooper and the other half himself. One day we will work out just who he is!

The Go Karting, Fast Typing (I like that), ever talking, long-haired thing on loan from the Disorderly (but it isn't since he left) Room, who can't wait to get back to the Paper Chase Palace as he calls it. The disorganisation and strain of the day is the thing he is looking forward to most.

The Physical (?) Training Nut on loan from c/s 1 and the CO's Crew help to make up this section of brains. Always thinking(?) of horrible new tortures to put us all through in the gymnasium on our return to civilisation.

The Welsh Nationalist party runs the house cards, with cries of "Come on Cardiff" and "Wait until we get in dependence." This tall, slim fair haired lad has been compared to all the spies of our time, 007, Calan and Coco the Clown!

Only yesterday he said he had found the ideal excuse to make people think he was up to his neck in it (nothing unusual). You simply take a handful of pens and then scatter them around the table. Pick up three files, open them up, stack up a dozen cards and a couple of old newspapers and the blank weekly Intsum. Enter a few lines, then wait for someone to come in. That's a very good idea, but only one thing is missing—YOU HAVE TO BE THERE AS WELL!!

All the best from Acorn, Walnut, Peanut, Doughnut, Monkey Nut, Brazil Nut and Hurdnut.

Now you know why Intelligence Circles were against exposing this Special Service Section.

Don't call us—we'll call you!



## MT PLATOON ON THE LEFT

Now that the RSM has gone back to Creggan and his swirling pipe smoke has cleared from the Echelon Block I can at last see my typewriter and get down to typing a few notes without getting disturbed by those cries of "Put the kettle on", even if he did not pass his accounts course he certainly came up to the Pay Corps standard of "Tea drinking."

Since our last notes, things have settled down and we have been coping with the normal run of the mill details. The lads in Echelon MT are all in good form and are working very hard preparing vehicles for the forthcoming REME examination. Inspections here are slightly different in that we can't take the vehicles off the road to prepare them weeks in advance as we would normally do in BAOR.

To give you some idea of the amount of driving the Battalion's Drivers have done since arrival here in November, up to 31st January the vehicles (not counting the Saracens and Humbers) have clocked up 129,423 miles and used 12,013 gallons of petrol, also on the fuel side the two helicopters used 10,237 gallons of aviation fuel.

Traffic accidents have also gone down and the traffic accident rate at the 31st January was 1 accident for every 11,765 miles run, which considering the bad weather and driving conditions, is not bad.

Things are not all hard work and we have our more relaxing times such as when the TQMS gives his excellent Karate by chopping a table leg off in one blow, this is quickly followed by the Camp CSM singing "Hair to the next time" whilst shaving off his moustache. (Quick Football Result: Liverpool 5, Ipswich 2). A driver approached the MTWO and asked what the chances were of getting a change of air at Ballykelly, MTWO's reply: "Certainly son, take that vehicle to the workshops, Take

two deep breaths when you get there and be back in 45 minutes." No further requests have been received.

The LAD chaps are still hard at work keeping the vehicles on the road, they have got on top of their job so well that they even found time to have their hair cut. They have all enjoyed this tour with the Battalion so much that they are now putting in applications to come to UK with us. Keep the good work up lads, and we will consider it.

To all the wives of the MT Platoon, your husbands will be home around the 20 March and they promise that you can put your feet up for a month while they look after the children for you. So don't forget, ladies, keep them to it.

To finish off with here are some tips on the Irish Highway Code:

Traffic Light Signals.

RED LIGHT: Means go if you can beat the other chap to it.

AMBER LIGHT: Means anything goes.

GREEN LIGHT: Means go if you can beat the chap on red.

Hand and Indicator Signals:

Outstretched arm indicates good pub on left or right.

Flashing indicator means the vehicle turned a corner sometime in the past.

Road Marking Signs:

White stripes across the road means that pedestrians who are fed up living should cross here.

Red circle, white background, with black 30, 40 or 50 denotes Pubs to the mile.

INT — FORT GEORGE

# LAD

We'll not bore you with the details of the day to day work here which is the same anywhere i.e. one in, one out, back in (or the bits) etc., etc. We can best sum it up by quoting the Good Book (Part I Orders) which says "Seven days shalt thou labour, and on the eighth start again, because that's Monday". In all fairness though we get plenty of time off, time to eat, time to sleep, time to guard time to sweep, time to knit and time to do other things.

George Rose's "good 'ere innit" is what he says to everybody and anybody he meets (most embarrassing when the Brigadier comes round). Still, you have to have something to do with your time when you're a Tels Tech.

Bob (The Stroller) Allard, as the name implies, spends the majority of his time strolling up and down the LAD supervising a bit here and a bit there. Actually the inspection pit he's worn down the middle of the LAD has come in quite handy.

Geordie (Kung Fu) Hadfield is a real case. We were in two minds whether to call him "Choggy Wallah" or "I'm in Charge of the Tele" Hadfield, but he insisted on "Kung Fu". He practices religiously for 5 minutes every week just before the show starts on the box. He's on a special training diet of Revels, Twix bars, chocolate biscuits and Choggy Wallah Hamburgers (he'll never make the grade you know, his eyes don't slant).

Stevie Gaffop "The Body Builder" has performed miracles with his hacksaw and hammer, re-building rover bodies is a speciality. Recently though, his strength seems to have waned slightly, it all started after he had his hair cut. No doubt he'll be back to peak performance after R and R if he can see what he's doing!

Shaft, "the Clerk" is now our full time, job card marker-outer, spares chaser, inspections organiser and coffee maker. He's pretty good at the first three and if there were operating instructions on the instant coffee tins he could probably master the fourth job.

Talking of coffee reminds me, if you have any food parcels to send out here we would like the following: one tin of sugar, one carton of sugar, one box of sugar, and one 10 lb. bag of sugar. There's not exactly a shortage, it's just non-existent.

"Odd Job" Coyle has in his time performed the following duties: inspector, workshop foreman, spares chaser, progress chaser, modifications chaser. He is also the proud owner of a tin of elastoplast for being the 500th customer at the Medical Centre. Actually he went there because his ears were BER because of the frequent earbending sessions with Pete "Enforcer" Gore.

"Odd Job" having now relinquished his post of inspector, "Baby Face Miller" is on inspections and is trying to console The Enforcer with at least three job cards per vehicle.

Ron (Fingers) Carr got his name because in a gallant duel with the IRA he was unfortunate enough to have one shot off (actually he hit it with a hammer or something, but the first story sounds better).

"Bookworm" Morrell needs no introduction of course, when he's not working (quite often) or sleeping (even more often) he's feeding his mind. Unfortunately this food hasn't reached his hair yet, never mind Arfa, you're still the best straker in the LAD.

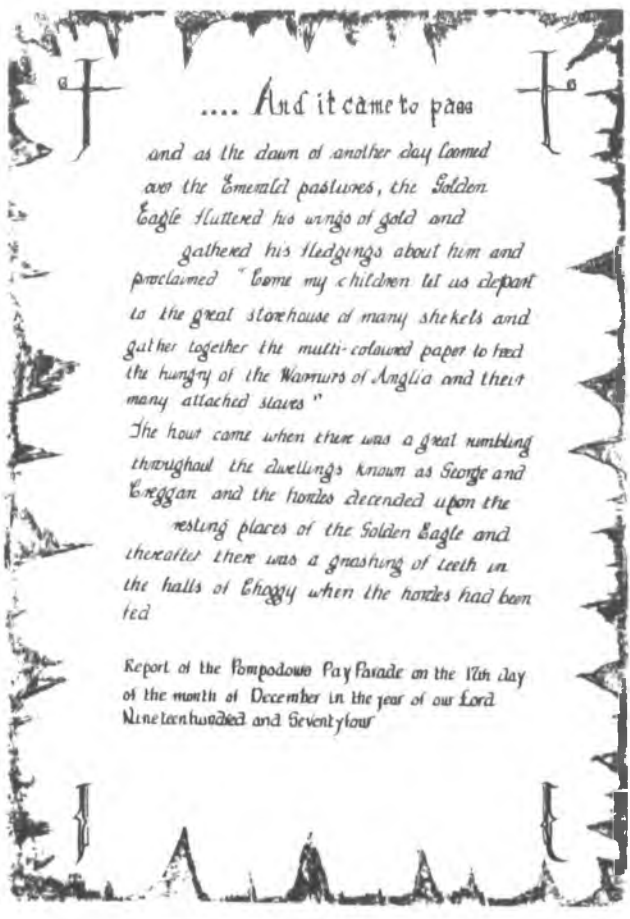
Mick (the mumbler) is still having some good conversations with himself and his quick wit hasn't been dulled at all. He actually spent his R and R amongst the beautiful Olde Worlde buildings of Fort George, bathing in the brilliant sunshine of this Irish Costa-del-Sol. Then he woke up, and it was still raining. Ah well, better luck next time.

"Caltrops" Knight derives his name from the manufacture of devilishly cunning machines which draw spiked chains (Caltrops) across the road to puncture Paddy's tyres. The score for punctures so far is Paddies 0, Army 2. Next step is to design a machine that discriminates between the Army and Paddy tyres.

Tich (Footsie) Laidler is a strong contender for RMP patrols. With his feet he just cannot go wrong! He and Dick (who did it?) Dunnett, are our terrible twins.

We cannot finish off our little letter without a mention of our local detachment, the Cregganites. They are Mick Evans, Chris Morrison and Chris Lever.

They were most unfortunate at the beginning of the tour when their LAD was blown down! (Those B... y choppers!) However, they have now had another one specially built for them, a real brick shelter which, we hope, Mr. Wolf won't blow down. Mick "the Warry" and Chris "the ammer" are the local "Black Hand Gang" who occupy this new building. Chris Harrison, the only man to dispose of two soldering irons in one week, has his hideaway in the Greater Metropolis of Creggan Camp.



Well, with time passing ever more quickly now for us all here, "Days to do" Thompson's chart is becoming more accurate with each passing day. We are all just waiting until he becomes "DAY to do" Thompson and then we'll be home and dry and back to the land of milk and honey, duty free and LOA. Keep smiling back there—we do.

Here we go again folks with news of the Pompadour Chefs.

At the moment we have the honour to have a new set-up at the Creggan which is run by the capable hands of Super Sarge Andy Anderson. He has called it the "Creggan Catering Advisory Service." But we all know he is in close contact with dial a recipe at Belfast. It's a fact that he contacts them every day. Mind you, he still makes his curries too hot (note last editions Cartoon).

Half pint John Clawson or lovey, that's what Cpl Wally the Waffler calls him, always up to his neck in flour, a regular dough boy. Wally can be heard every day shouting "Come on lovey." We all think he's on the change.

Pte Meade struck it lucky on the Creggan raffle and won first prize. He is now a Lcpl. Well done! We hope you keep it Scotty please note SQMS is still waiting for his pint. (The Stripe has not won in the raffle—Ed.).

Zoom! Who was that? You need ask. Lightning Lake, the fastest thing on two left feet He's that fast we are thinking of buying him a road runner. Well, it is nice to have something to run about with, isn't it?

That dragon of the hot plate, Pte Tub Neale, dares anyone to take two of any portion. Watch your fingers, my goodness he's quick.

We would like to welcome Lcpl Paddy type Morrow back to his native land he's come out for a short holiday with the firm, all expenses paid. Pte Morrow please note I hope you're not leading Super Sarge astray!

Here at our luxurious, well-equipped kitchen at Fort George, life still goes on. Lcpl "Have Plenty, Will Travel" Morris has just returned from his R & R. While he was away the Voice of Sgt Desno Milnes could be heard "Come back Morris, all is forgiven."

We had our first complaint this week from Sergeant Allen, he told me he was afraid to take the corned beef in case he cut himself, well it is a bit thin I agree, couldn't have him cutting his throat, could we?

Morry please note 52 cards to a pack — 54 slices to the tin Ask Sgt Bullford if you dare!

Pte "Burn it" Brooks the phantom of the kitchen, no matter what he has in his hand he'll burn it — mm that could be nasty. He's burnt about 4 oven gloves up to date I've still 25 left — (sorry about that — 67 BROOKS!!!)

The Welsh wizard, Pte Elliott, has changed places with the henchman and is at Fort George. He now knows what work is, isn't that right boys? Pte "Str it" Howard can't stop making trouble between the cooks. He's the youngest of the chefs. I'm afraid one day I'll find him hanging up in the butchers shop. Lcpl Jones, put him down, you never know where he's been. The big budgie, Pte Burridge, is now our night chef, works by night and sleeps by day, he keeps muttering in his sleep — "be glad when I get home to Paderborn." So will we all.

Cpl "Pop" Wells hasn't been the same since he has come back from R & R. We do believe he's in love—but with what we can't figure out—O Romeo, O Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo. They do say the older you get the worse you get—whatever can I be talking about. Behave yourself Wells!

Pte Super Chef Hubbard has his own way of meeting the meat shortage—he sends Cpl Crook out with the shotgun and tells him "If you come back with nowt you get nowt." Hope he's a good shot, as Jeff is on the slim side now.

Well, that's all folks,  
Bye

Since the Int Cell has been out here in Derry you have not heard anything due to the severe pressure of constant work, which is never ending and fatiguing most of the time. But due to another pressure from the Ops Room and a certain person who cannot remain anon, Uncle B.B for instance, we have had to force pen to paper and let you know what is going on (if that is the correct phrase).

In the past few months we have had to listen to many radio transmissions and verbal remarks from each department and some you will find below and the remainder will be told to you over a few pints with the lights swinging and the steel helmets at the ready back in Paderborn. That could be subject to confirmation if things don't go right in the next few weeks.

One day last week during the mass of bullets and warmongery we overheard a short but insignificant question being asked by a young chap and it went like this:

- Lad No. 1—Do you know of any Satisfied Soldiers?
- Lad No. 2—What's a Satisfied Soldier?
- Lad No. 1—Mutter, mutter, mutter, one who has just come out of the Eros Centre with a smile on his face.
- Lad No. 2—No comment.

You can tell who is on the air and to show you that we do know at times what we are here for, guess who is listed below. No prizes for the winner.

- 37—If it has got 4 wheels and moves, check it with 3A.
- 507—Anything over ten tons in weight and has potatoes on the back, search it.
- 37—Minimise I am on the air.
- 607—No need to minimise, I am on the air.
- 507—No need to whisper, I am shouting, OUT.
- 337—If it has more legs than four "P" check it.

The most important of all is the location of anyone within the cell, which at times is impossible for anyone to give the incorrect answer, so to make sure that we can be located at the snap of a finger, you will have OUR locast a few weeks ahead.

IO—In bed reading the inside of his eyelids.

- AIO—Grazing in his pit.
- Goat—Developing the Goat disease with a greater enthusiasm.
- Mollies Mate—Has the Goats disease and needs no enthusiasm, well ahead of us all.

Smudge—Could be found in either 8 Bde, 39 Bde or if he is lucky 3 Bde.

Kestrel—Between transmissions and sipping coffee, could be found in a mess.

Braii—in amongst reels and reels of paper and carbon trying to make sense of it all.

Pronto—Typing reels and reels of paper and giving away carbon and making sense of it.

## GEORGIE OF THE INT

I'm Staff Sergeant Boss,  
A terror when cross,  
I'm short and I'm tubby,  
Not thin,  
My first name in Georgie,  
But don't call me Porgie,  
With Acorn I work,  
(When he is in).

We also have Billy,  
Called "Goat" which is silly,  
And Hinkson, and Denton, and Gill,  
And there's Corporal McCrea,  
Who sleeps all day,  
When not phoning his wife for a thrill.

But all of these men,  
I've more fame than them,  
And I'd that all know,  
About me,  
For they've heard of my fame,  
And to remember my name,  
They called this dump here,  
Fort George.



Replenishing the stores.

## Squash

Since the last edition the Pompadours have had two matches, both successful. So not to be out-done by our rugby playing friends, we feel we deserve mention in the paper. We have played two teams from the University of Ulster at Coleraine and on both occasions the result was in our favour.

The first match gave us a 4-1 victory; the unlucky loser remained anonymous and promised to do better the next time. Sure enough, on the next visit we won convincingly 5-0 although the opposition had made a couple of changes, probably in an attempt to strengthen their side.

The team was the same as always with B Company being assisted by "Tubes" Smith for the first match and by the vet (Simon Thompson) for the second.



The Last Cord?



## PADERBORN PATTER

Smiles on their faces, cheery greetings and "They will be home next month" is the order of the day for all the Rear Party. This attitude, plus the fact that Spring appears to have arrived early in Paderborn, has put new life into everyone.

The most welcome part of last month was the two video films that arrived from Derry. The Battalion is to be congratulated on the professional way in which they were produced. It was amusing to hear some of the comments made by the wives as they saw their husbands live on TV, and it will be interesting to see what their reactions will be, if and when the "boot is put on the other foot," and we ask mums to say a few words each for half a minute or so.

Mrs. Birch the Band Sergeant-Major's wife is to be congratulated on her efforts in the back of an ambulance, when Mrs. Wilcox gave birth to her baby. The doctors said that it was due to her knowledge and expert assistance that both mum and baby are well.

Other Mums who have produced are Mrs. Wressell (girl), Smith (girl), Torrice (girl), Loudon (girl), Barnes (girl), Clixby (girl), and we send our congratulations to all dads whom we believe had something to do with it!

Throughout the Op Banner tour two Pompadours have been kind enough to give up every Monday evening to assist the Ladies in .22 shooting, and I am happy to report that the efforts have not been in vain.

WO2 Hardy was clever enough to get the loan of 4 rifles with Parker Hale sights for us and since then the scores have been on the up and up.

So far we have only had one Match, but we are trying very hard to get a match in the near future between ourselves and one or two more Wives Clubs in the area.

Capt. Jenks suggested we had a shoot against the under-18 year olds and we are pleased to say we beat them by a very good score.

After that match, the cards of one of the ladies found their way onto her husband's desk in Londonderry and he promptly wrote back and said "Are you trying to out-shoot Annie Oakley?"

These Monday evenings have given the Ladies yet another excuse to leave the kitchen sink and get out for a chat and coffee as well as taking part in the .22 shooting.

## Rugby Review

Two matches have been played during the last few weeks; one against 1 WFR and one against the University of Ulster. In driving rain and wind the 1 WFR were beaten 8-0 with tries from Sgt Mabbott and Capt. Thompson. The side included several new faces and it was particularly good to see the ball moving out to the wings despite the appalling conditions.

The side was soon brought down to earth when they faced the University of Ulster side from Coleraine. For the first twenty minutes the Battalion managed to keep the University side at bay but eventually the well-drilled side, who were gaining a substantial amount of ball, especially from the set pieces, began to build up a sizeable lead. The game was eventually lost 31-0 but there is no doubt that all the players gained a lot from playing against such good opposition. The strength of the University side can be seen by the fact that three days later with the same side, they played Ballymena Rugby Club who were only missing Willie John McBride, and drew 0-0.

Further matches are planned against 8 Inf Bde HQ and the University of Ulster 2nd XV when it is hoped to field only players that will be available for next year's Army Cup.



## Sung to the tune of "Hello Mother, Hello Father"

Hello Alpha  
This is Lima,  
Would you please check  
This Cortina,  
It's a green one full of Dollies,  
Parked at Ardnamoyale  
Near our friend Mollies.  
It's suspicious,  
It's appealing,  
Green upholstery,  
Yellow ceiling,  
Smells of Almonds  
And potato,  
Would you kindly send along our local  
ATO.



We must, of course thank WO2 Hardy and Cpl Bill McKenzie for giving up their time, and it must be noted here that if Bill McKenzie was as good in the field of photography as he is as a .22 instructor there would be one or two photos along with this report.

Watch out you .22 shots when Block Leave etc. is over and life in Alanbrooke is back to normal, the Ladies team will be happy to accept a challenge from any Company or Mess team, whose average score is in the region of 89-96.

Dear Sir,

The 1st Paderborn Guide Company is shortly to visit Abelboden in Switzerland. This is our International home, and apart from visiting "our chalet" we hope to ski, skate and sight-see.

This letter is an appeal for help with our funds for the trip. We have already raised over 1,000DM by means of a sponsored walk but as transport alone will cost in the region of 2,700DM any extra cash we can raise will be greatly appreciated.

Our appeal however is not purely selfish! You will no doubt remember Staff Sgt Simpson who was tragically killed in Northern Ireland in the latter end of last year. His daughter Margaret was a member of our Guide Company, and we hope to be able to have her join us on this holiday. This involves raising something in the region of an extra 400 to 500DM. The Guides themselves have already started a fund towards this but again more help is needed.

If Margaret is unable to come then we would send a really exceptional gift from Switzerland as a keepsake. I hope you will consider this plea with sympathy. It is rather short notice as our holiday is to take place from 4th to 13th April, 1975, so speed is essential if we are to carry our plan through, for this I apologise but I had difficulty obtaining accommodation. Any donation will be acknowledged and a receipt sent immediately.

Many thanks,

Yours sincerely,

SHEILA BROWN  
1st Paderborn Guide Leader  
County Camp Advisor B.G.I.G.

(Ed. - Any donations will be sent on by me).



I WISH YOU WOULD WAKE UP HARRIS. THATS THE FOURTH ONE TO DAY.



Being the notes of a life-long observer of the 'Noble' sport.

### The Ingredients

- 22 Players - Dived into 2 teams of 11.
- 2 Substitutes - Recognised by their clean strip.
- 2 Linesmen - Moral support for the referee.
- 1 Referee - Arrives and leaves the ground courtesy of SECURICOR.
- 400 Police - Includes several Paddy-wagons.
- Add drunks to taste - These are known as 'Fans' and can be identified by placards, rosettes, boots, bottles and broken pieces of British Rail.

All should be mixed together in a large area known as a 'Stadium', in the centre of which there is a 'pitch'. The pitch is rectangular, with posts at two opposite ends, in front of which are large pools of mud in which players from time to time take a ritual bath. The pitch should be grassed in patches and if a light, persistent, drizzle is falling conditions are perfect for the match.

The aim of the game is to score goals by putting the ball through the posts at the other end of the ground. Any method will do, provided that the referee doesn't see it. If a goal is scored, the following things happen:

1. The player who scored has a snog with all his mates in turn.
2. The player who let the goal in blames everybody else.
3. The captain tells the referee that the other side were all queer, cheating or off-side, and calls over his team to back him up.
4. Half the fans start cheering, and the other half starts fighting. Everybody gets rid of the empties by slinging them at the police and some fans even call the referee a "bleep" like they do on telly.

If a player takes the ball away from another - known as 'tackling' - the robbed player either bursts into tears, starts a fight, or collapses with a broken leg (mended by rubbing) or with a fractured skull (mended by cold water from a sponge). Both these forms of collapse can get the performer an Oscar. The fans can also join in at any time, by fighting, throwing and shouting in such a way that I can never decide whether or not it really is a spectator sport. So far as I can tell, the only spectators are the police, who dare not join in because they know that everybody is waiting to have a go at them. Who won? Ah! Funny you should ask. Some say the side with the most goals, but I don't believe them.



# THE POMPADOUR

The Journal of the 3rd Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment

March, 1975

## UNTIL THE NEXT TIME?

### POMPADOUR FINDS

30th NOVEMBER 1974

- 25 x 9mm rounds live
- 20 x AP Garrard rounds live
- 1 x .45 round live
- 4 x clips

Found by C Company

4th December, 1974

- 22 lbs Commercial mix
- 5 lbs Incendiary mix
- 80 ft blue sump fuse
- 1 schermully rocket case
- 11 Mallory batteries
- 1 pressure mat
- 1 photo cell amplifier
- 21 micro switches
- 6 x 2 way switches
- 19 watches prepared for IED
- 1 incendiary pellet from schermully
- 41 hot wire igniters
- 5 test bulbs

32 Plain detonators

- 1 partly made nail bomb
- 4 letter bombs addressed to English firms.

14th December 1974

- 1 AR 180 Armalite rifle
- 1 magazine
- 12 Armalite rounds
- 1 x .45 pistol
- 4 x .45 rounds live
- 4 x .32 rounds live
- number of micro switches

Found by B Company

20th December 1974

- 1 Anti tilt switch

Found by C Company

31st December 1974

- 137 x .223 Armalite rounds live
- 27 x .223 Armalite rounds empty
- 10 x .22 rounds live
- 18 x .303 rounds live
- 4 x .303 rounds empty
- 35 x 7.62 rounds live
- 9 x 7.62 rounds empty
- 4 x .38 rounds live
- 68 x .45 rimless live
- 13 x .45 lead nosed live
- 1 x .36 lead nosed live
- 4 x .303 AP live
- 17 x .303 round head live
- 21 x 7.62 tracer linked live
- 4 x 7.62 AP Garrard live
- 6 x 7.62 NATO live
- 8 x .3006 Garrard live
- 15 x .65 longhead live
- 24 x 9 mm live
- 2 black berets
- 1 rifle butt plate
- 1 x 7.62 magazine
- 3 bandoliers
- 19 Garrard clips
- 14 x 32 telescopic sight made by NIKKO Japan.

Found by C Company

25th January 1975

- 6 x 2 lb bags of commercial explosive

Found by A Company

25th January 1975

- 60 lbs incendiary mix
- 82 lbs ANFO mix
- 13 ft Cordtex fuse
- 3 watches
- length of electric cable

Found by Support Company



### From the Commanding Officer

The end of yet another four month tour is now fast approaching and since this is the final edition of the Pompadour I thought it an excellent opportunity to thank all who have served under me in Londonderry for the marvellous way in which you have carried out a most difficult and dangerous task. During our tour here we have seen almost the complete spectrum of events which could happen in Northern Ireland. We have seen and been involved in normal operations during Provisional IRA activities; then the Christmas ceasefire with the difficult reduction in posture; the resumption of IRA activities in the New Year and finally the last 'out of the blue' ceasefire in February. In spite of the fact that you have been asked to react to various postures and changes of emphasis—some of them at very short notice—at no time have I had cause to worry about the way in which the various tasks have been carried out.

It is to my mind even more difficult to maintain a high standard of performance coupled with good spirits and a smile when operations are either very quiet or there is a ceasefire. Everyone can therefore be proud of the way you have worked and the standards achieved and maintained throughout the tour. I have tremendous admiration for all the hard work you have done, and I count it a privilege to be commanding you.

Soon everyone will be reunited with families, wives and girl friends. They too, have had a long winter waiting for our return. I want, however, to put on record my thanks to the Families Officer and his staff and all the wives who gave so much of their own time to look after the families of the battalion. They have all done a marvellous job. Everyone fully deserves the rest which is planned in April. My very best wishes to you all and I do hope that you have a most enjoyable leave.

At 1800 hours on Monday, 10th February, the Army Council of the Provisional IRA declared an open-ended ceasefire. This, of course, has been welcomed by everybody, both here and in England. It is true that the majority of Protestants and Catholics in Ulster actually want PEACE. But for how long will it last?

The Christmas truce was ended by the *Provos* to the disappointment of the population, save those few senseless criminals who want to continue the violence. This for probably no other reason than to inflate their own ego amongst the children who look on them as "heros".

From our view of Londonderry the impression suggests that the longer the peace holds the more remote the *Provos* become. This to the soldier is fine because he can say that the longer the peace lasts then the longer the time between tours and the greater the chance of troop reductions.

However, the peace now seems to hang on the action that might be taken by the so-called Loyalists. As soon as the politicians gain a concession from the *Provos* it does not suit the UDA and other gangs of protection racketeers. The position is like a turning wheel that won't quite stop.

A way must also be found to police the Catholic areas. The RUC in its present form is unacceptable to the majority of Catholics. A Northern Ireland Police Force has been suggested, but it will have to be unarmed—like the traditional English Bobby—as the carriage of weapons will be considered by some to be provocative.

These and many other points will have to be thrashed out around the political bargaining table—but in the meantime it falls to the British Soldier to patrol and check — for a good deal longer yet.

### EDITOR'S LETTER

Due mainly to the time element, and also to the fact that there is now only one PROPHET/CROWFOOT (Editor to the uninitiated), this will be the last edition of the Pompadour for this tour. We have tried to make it as interesting as possible and all you readers have helped enormously. The contributions have been of an extremely high standard. Thank you all very much for making The Pompadour such a good magazine.

I feel I must give a special mention to the Battalion's photographers for all their very high class productions during the tour. The reporters from East Anglian newspapers have been very impressed with their efforts too. Praise indeed. Many thanks too to "Hot Fingers" Grange who has typed, at a conservative estimate, 10,000 words per issue.

I have at last worked out what the pictures were in the December issue.

1. A hard-back edition of "Wind in the Willows."
2. A used ES 20 spotlight bulb.
3. A can of Regimental Cream (Tinned M&K).
4. A soldier?

I hope that you have enjoyed the 3 editions we have published. The Pompadour editorial office has now closed down. Until the next time.





## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,  
I agree wholeheartedly with your correspondent's suggestion that companies should carry former county regiment tags.

In following the (mis)fortunes of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment in one form or another in the past decade, I have spoken to many people who have told me they would have encouraged their sons to enlist in the county regiment, if there had been one.

When the 4th Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment (formerly the 4th (Leicestershire) Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment; formerly the 1st Battalion The Royal Leicestershire Regiment) was on its last tour in Bahrain before being disbanded in 1971 (later to be partially reformed and now to be put out of its misery!) I asked the then Deputy Colonel, Major General John Spurling, if the remnants could not be reformed into a Leicestershire Company and live on in either the 1st, 2nd or 3rd Royal Anglians.

The General drew on a Park Drive tipped (a difficult brand for a batman to shop for in the Gulf!) and said: "Partridge, it is too good an idea. War Office (sic) would never wear it."

If you should pursue the matter further, could you please try to find a slot for Rutland (Manners family) in deference to your origin, if only to perpetuate the little county of that name which is no more?

Yours faithfully,  
LEICESTER MERCURY

D. W. Partridge  
Assistant News Editor

### AN OLD SERVICEMAN'S COMMENTS

I think that to name our Companies after our old Regiments is an excellent idea. It will remind us of their glorious pasts and of the brave men that made them, and, as we all know, but for their sacrifices we would not be here today. Being one who has had the honour to be allowed to attend a monthly meeting of the Old Comrades Association (Bedford Branch) I know for sure that these fine old gentlemen (I do not know if my father would appreciate me calling him old), would appreciate it very much for their Regiments to be remembered in this way, as the Regiments Past and Present, is always in their minds. Again, an excellent idea.

Lt Col "POP" MORLEY

### THOUGHT

Another month passes,  
The next is the last,  
The four months we've had  
Will soon be past.

Back to the Rhineland  
By plane we will fly,  
To land at the airport  
Where we said goodbye.

Our loved ones are waiting  
For us to appear  
Because we are the ones  
That they hold so dear.

As they stand there and listen  
To your stories in awe,  
They remember of course  
You're a great Pompadour.

Sgt NAT ADEY Lt Col KEV DENT

## ODE TO A SANGER

O' Sanger 4 you are to me,  
A structure of great poetry,  
Alone you stand with white washed walls,  
Well winterised to protect us all.

Arcs of fire are well defined, with  
Panoramas for the lax of mind,  
Weapon sits a shade to low,  
The snipers bed is just below.

Alone by day, two by night, one  
Asleep, the other alright,  
The Twiggy manned, our weapons cocked,  
Oil heaters burning, the trapdoor locked.

Stumble, crack, curse and knock,  
The visitor's arrivals cause no shock,  
Leap from the bed, lift up the floor,  
The Company Commander heard no snore.

Alert and ready the Sanger man,  
Answers the questions if he can,  
Where are your bins? How are your comms?  
When did you zero? Have you done many wrongs?

All questions answered, but he forgot to

## "ROUGH AT THE MUFF"

The evil Red Baron went up to the Muff  
To assist the Mortars in all the rough stuff;  
The buses came in with all the drunks  
With their beautiful dollies and all their punks.

The system was easy to speed the flow,  
Good evening ladies and gentlemen we just want to know;

If there are any devious characters  
Aboard this show.

The replies came back with typical Irish ease

"Get knotted!" from the ladies, and other words that "please."

Then came the incident with great delight,  
It only happened in the latter part of the night.

Some yobos and ladies decided to be just as

Awkward as usual, and shouted and reeled,  
Which didn't help the soldiers to keep at ease;  
When Wagtail was standing and reacting  
with

Snarls, the Evil Red Baron decided to warn  
The yobos and ladies they might come to harm.

Up jumped Wagtail and went for his arm  
It grabbed his sleeve and punctured his arm;

Not me, you fool, shouted the Baron,  
Alas! Too late the damage was done.

The Baron's right arm became a little numb  
Wagtail had to be restrained and the handler was warned  
Don't bring him again.

The cost of the jacket was nothing to him,  
But the puncture of arm was a crying shame;

The following week back we all go . . . . .  
However, Wagtail was restricted and we all know,  
His face has been covered with a leather glove;  
He's since this incident done an intensive course,  
To distinguish between the friend and the foe.



### GUESS WHO

#### ECHELON'S "SUFFOLK PUNCH"

He stammered, he roared,  
He blustered, he bawled,  
And swore the writers he would fell,  
CSM Echelon had only just seen  
Tales "The Squadron" had to tell.

CSM "Cocker" can be quite a brute,  
And declared where he'd place his right boot,

When the writer he'd find  
Who has been so unkind  
To say "VIKINGS" found "Lights" hard to  
"loot".

Now CSMs when they are old,  
Usually have big hearts of gold,  
They take the rough with the smooth,  
And are easy to soothe,  
So a box of "Swans" brought him in from  
the cold.

EAGLE SQUADRON (again)

Patrolling in Shantallow  
He does it all the time,  
Driving round the Creggan  
He keeps "his boys" in line.

Chorus:  
He's the terror of the sangars  
And anyone who shoots  
Who is it I'm talking of?  
The man in size twelve boots.

At Christmas he played Santa,  
For sweets we did not beg,  
If we were here at Easter  
I'm sure we'd get an egg.

Chorus: He's a terror, etc.

He often goes to visit  
All the check points that we have,  
And while he is there checking  
He checks on "Sanilav."

Chorus: He's a terror, etc.

And when it comes to conferences  
You'll often hear him speak  
You cannot miss these meetings  
They often last a week.

Chorus: He's a terror, etc.

And when it comes to driving,  
You'll really see some fun,  
CO's rover "nothing"  
Rosemount barrier "one."

Chorus: He's a terror, etc.

### 2 PLATOON

The private soldiers in two,  
Are all good and quite true,  
Of hard work there's no fear,  
And, you'll be glad to hear—  
Not one, ever seems to get blue.

The NCOs well, they're great,  
No one could attach hate,  
And if they are said to be hard  
When posting the guard,  
It's because they all have a clean slate.

The Boss, he defies fate,  
In his socks six foot eight,  
Though he is cheerful and fun  
Let no one try a bad pun,  
As he's built like a four-poster gate.

(In case you hadn't guessed this was  
written by 2 Platoon—Ed.J.)

## Drums version of 'The Streak'

"Chorus"

There he goes look at that look at that,  
Here he comes look at that look at that.  
And he ain't wearing no clothes,  
Oh yes they call him the streak,  
Fastest thing on two feet,  
He's just in the mood to run in the nude,  
So they call him the streak.

Well here we are at Buncrana supermarket,  
And there seems to have been some  
disturbance here,  
Padon me sir, did you see what happened?  
Yeah Ah did.

I was standing here by the landrover,  
And he came a spinning around the consul,  
Wasn't wearing nothing but a flak jacket,  
And I hollered over to Drum Major,  
Don't look Drum Major, but it was too late,  
He'd already heard him shouting Good  
'ere innit."

"Chorus" sung by the Atkins Duo Band  
and the Juke Box Platoon.

Here we are again at Rosemount,  
Pardon me sir did you see what happened  
here?

Yeah ah did,  
I was over there in a mobile,  
And he came a running down Academy  
Road,  
And left into the Northlands,  
Wasn't wearing nothing but a face veil,  
And I hollered over to Liz,  
Don't look Liz,  
But it was too late,  
Lofty's glasses had already steamed up.

"Chorus"

Here we are at the Muff,  
And it's the big ball game,  
Pardon me sir did you see what happened  
here?

Yeah ah did,  
I was over there getting Pat an egg banjo,  
And here he comes straight out of a pig  
Wasn't wearing nothing but a field dressing  
(bragging again)  
And I hollered over to Pat,  
Don't look Pat,  
But it was too late,

He'd already made Drum Major sick,  
But hold on who's that with him— Blob!  
YUK,  
Just what do you think you're doing Blob?  
Shee, will you get your clothes on,  
Blob you shameless fat hussy,  
"Bloooooobb"  
Oh yes they call him the Freak,  
Fastest thing on three feet.

Oh to be in Creggan, now that winter's  
here,  
We've plenty of patrols to do, but we're get  
any beer,  
The locals rarely talk to us and they're not  
very gay,  
We'd rather be with our folks and wives far  
far away.

Now that we can sing our song and tell our  
thoughts so gay,  
Who is going to help us in our great long  
quest for beer;  
The locals, no, the choggy's, no, there is  
but only one,  
He's the scourge of the Shanty, the  
"Beast" who runs from none.

Now you up there in "Craggy" might not  
know of him yet,  
But please let me assure you, all the PIRA  
he'll get,  
You'll find him here, you'll find him there, in  
fact he's everywhere,  
He rarely sleeps, he rarely eats and never  
combs his hair.

To tell of his adventure would take me far  
too long,  
But they're so many we believe he sure  
deserves a "gong."  
He's here where'er he's wanted, he's there  
when he is not,  
But remember you in Craggy, he's better  
than you lot.

So listen all you "Puffers," just harken to  
my words,  
You know now where to come for all the  
booze, the songs and birds,  
From all of us in this real battle zone who  
are the Beast's loyal fans,  
Just remember that C and Sp. are the  
rulers of these lands.

## FORGET ME NOT CREGGAN

It is at moments like this when the sun begins to set on yet another tour in the Emerald Isle that a commander of men, such as I, feels that uncontrollable desire (amongst other things) to commit these thoughts to paper, to write, perhaps even to create, an introduction to the Company contribution to this historic newspaper. A difficult task to precede such a veritable compendium of Shakesperian prose, and poems worthy of the pen of Rupert Brooke, which seem to flow unceasingly from the scribes and young architects of the future in 1, 2 and 3 Platoons.

With sadness, and a sense of remorse in our heart, we shall soon be paying our last respects to that monument to the Royal Engineers "Creggan Camp". Perhaps never again shall we know that feeling of anticipation when the generators change over. Will we miss the opportunity of falling down the steps of sangar 2? Or will we ever manage to re-ignite that sense of relief when climbing to one's feet, realising that it was only the Guardroom boiler exploding again. Even at the more mundane level of cleansing the flesh, might we forget that rare combination of skill and concentration necessary to operate the controls in the shower room.

If nothing else, we shall miss the humour, that special brand of humour needed for survival in closed communities in hazardous conditions. The ability of everyone, or nearly everyone, to laugh, or at least smile, or at worst not to cry in adversity has made this a remarkable tour.

Even now, my ears are ringing with those familiar "cries" that put life into the body and strength into the legs, "cries" such as "Move to 53" or "Move to broken skull". Soon these will be forgotten, sadly we shall watch from the back of our 4-ton 4 X 4, probably driven by a soldier in a green beret, Piggery Ridge will disappear below the horizon, for some never to be seen again.

Gentlemen, it was not done in vain—well done A Company.

There once was an OC named Hart,  
A man undoubtedly smart,  
His idea of patrolling—  
Was not merely strolling.  
But made a professional craft.

There once was an OC named Hart,  
[His chap of unquestionable Art,  
That one falling.

Which at times left him trailing,  
His health made him cold to start.

There once was an OC named Hart,  
Who in his youth was as fleet as a Dart,  
But when his eyes they did gum  
And his ears they did hum—  
It was hard to find a good part.

There once was an OC named Hart,  
Let it not be said he was Daft,  
But when saddled with Stumpy—  
Enough to make anyone grumpy,  
'Twas like having no paddles on the raft.

## AN OFFICER NAMED PETER

Now there's a certain young officer, Peter,  
Which one I leave to your quest,  
But let me tell you quite truly,  
He is somewhat unruly,  
And has two large holes in his vest.

Now there's a certain young officer, Peter,  
Which one is for you to guess,  
But let me tell you this much,  
Take care what you touch,  
As wherever he goes there's a mess.

There's a certain young officer, Peter,  
And the truth I have told you so far,  
But let me guide you this way,  
You'll find him any day,  
Just propping up the corner of some bar.

Now there's a certain young officer, Peter,  
In size to be honest, well, stumpy,  
But in no way need you  
Fear any to-do,  
His nature is not permanently grumpy.

Now there's a certain young officer, Peter,  
And to the answer it seems I have led,  
But what can you say,  
Except gasp in dismay—  
When I tell you this chap's hair is red.

Now there's a certain young officer, Peter,  
(You now feel that you have it at last?)  
But let's say this lad's meek,  
His forehead is sleek,  
And he's certainly been flying in the past.

Now there's a certain young officer, Peter,  
And it seems you've tried all you can,  
But the chap I mean  
Is someone not often seen—  
A certain W. H. Smith of Iran.

OK, so it's not very funny!

## 'A' Company

## A/B NOTES



Don't rate the place myself!

## 2 PLATOON

Back at the grindstone with call sign 12 everything continues smoothly, there is still no sign of Sgt Dent and Pte Hughes who were dispatched to bring honour on all by playing "Oik-ball", there was however a "possible sighting" of them by a scout on R and R—they were both on the reserves bench of the Co-op Reserves v. The Heathrow Porters XI game. Obviously Jimmy wants them to gain from the atmosphere at the top!

Well, since the last issue "Sniffer Abdul" Ajala had us all on the ground for five hours when he found some explosives on Central Dve—he duly got twenty pounds and had thought of putting it towards his elephants food bill—the elephant lives at his home in Wolverhampton working at pulling down trees but the platoon decided that because of the shortage of trees in Wolverhampton the platoon should have a beer or two instead (cheers Abdul!)

OC A has caused a grave shortage of kit within the platoon since whenever he patrols with us an incident occurs. The lads don't seem to mind at all, but when they hear the Boes is coming out they start cramming on a third flak jacket taking as many baton guns, GPMGs, Carl Gustavs as possible and carrying sandbags in their rear pouches for balance! Any reference to "old Jinxy"

Congratulations are in order to George Ives on promotion to Lance Corporal, he has now given up his track suit and goes about wearing just his tape... hmmmml

The Platoon "joke-teller" Tony Whelan after another of his phantasmagoric games, had his front teeth replaced in his back

pocket by three lads left with their pants on (the remainder having had the pants bored off them) so in future all kicks in the teeth should be directed to the seat of the matter. Really, we like Tony—we just wish he'd keep his jokes for the IRA!

We lose Paul "Jumbo" Amor soon, much to the relief of his Dad and the QM who has to find kit in that size. We are told by Paul he has a good job in security lined up, but rumour has it that ITV wish him to play the part of a schoolboy with an enormous appetite for goodies and a girth to match, now what was his name? Billy... Billy... Good luck to you Paul.

The poor, hard done by Platoon Commander Mr. D., had an hour's instruction (while on stag at 0330 at Mullenan AAHHH) from Messrs Blake and Carpenter on how to roll his own cigarettes—alas such an exhibition of fingers and thumbs had not been seen for many a long year. In the end he was left with a cigarette looking like a poverty stricken junkies reefer retrieved from a puddle. The lads took pity after recovering from their mirth and gave him a "tailor-made" job.

For a few of the platoons characters—Andy Grand has reached volume 2 in his work of translating the Norfolk dialect into Queen's English (mainly for Mr. D. who still needs a translator). Harry Deimer who marned on H and R is still patrolling on his own cloud—four feet from the pavement, with a decidedly goopy expression on his face—very disturbing. Phil Pacey is making motor bike noises and muttering "I'm an easy rider".

See you soon!

## OUR BOSS

We have a leader, whose name is Fred,  
He's a Mr. Perfect, so it's said.  
He leads us round the patch at night,  
As is any commander's right.  
He darts in gardens and alleyways too,  
The gunmen get so confused, they don't  
know what to do.

If we come under fire you hear the boss shout,  
"Hallo One this is 11 Lima, contact, wait out."

He's only on loan and leaves us in May,  
To return to his unit, far, far away,  
We won't forget his wit and the things he  
used to say,

Like "I'm the greatest" just like Cassius Clay  
(and he meant it).

11 BRAVO



Anti-rustler guard.

## Here today—Gone tomorrow

(IRA bomb-makers' motto)

"Hello Zulu 1 this is 11S car check..."  
"Zulu 1... this car is normally parked in Rathlin Gardens."

"11S. The car is now parked at Nick?"  
"Zulu 1. That is Rathlin Gardens. Uut."

These last few weeks have been fairly quiet. We have spent a couple of enjoyable days at Ballykelly getting in a bit of swimming, squash and the space to pay

the field sports without having to send out a patrol if the football goes over the fence.

Everyone is in fairly good spirit as we have long passed the halfway stage and the "Days to do" chart is getting smaller, we haven't mentioned many incidents in the notes to The Pompadour as there haven't been many incidents, Pompadours or notes. We'd just like to wish all the best to all the best and say "See you soon."

By combining the rugged professionalism of "A" Coy and the super efficiency of "B" Coy the Battalion unwittingly created a new breed of soldier.

"The new super efficient rugged professional" or "Everything the Colonel wanted but now in the family pack" was born. The old type was nearly the same but they wore moustaches.

From this fierce new breed of soldier they had to choose some leaders, men who were brave, born leaders, men who could solve problems, not just theory but practical, men who could make decisions, in short, they wanted "men of Harlech" in uniform.

Not being able to find such men they compromised and settled for anybody who would volunteer.

Two men came forward, Major J. R. Hart of patch flashing and athletics fame, and Major A. C. Taylor of equal fame only in the field's of Kung Fu and alternating current, he is not to be confused with the other current, that has a more direct approach.

In fact, the Army got what it always wanted, both the long and the short of it! The two Coy ZICs were chosen because of their ability to "Squash" a football into an egg shape so that Capt. P. R. C. Dixon could kick it around on a muddy pitch, on a cold windy day, with 29 other men, come back bruised and battered and claim he enjoyed himself (massochist?). He is also known for his ability to "volunteer" for any "little" thing. It is rumoured that when he plays cricket he plays the part of the stumps! Along with the Paymaster.

Capt. P. F. Lamb is the other ZIC, a well-known figure in the world of squash. He squashes sheets, pillows and blankets until they are almost unrecognisable. More recently he has been reading "The Lord of the Rings" as he is now writing the last couple of hundred pages we realise that the tour is entering its last month.

Life just would not be the same without a CSM, we have two!

WO2 C. Aldridge, who besides checking his bank balance every day and having haircuts, finds time to go around muttering about "Vikings", "Pillage and raiding parties". No doubt these are subconscious references to his unknown, but dubious past.

WO2 J. Rourke provides the local colour for the organisation and helps out as part-time interpreter. He also plays squash but his main interest is gardening, we know this because he talks about seeds and more graft. Could anyone give us some information on his past as it appears he's always on the run, are the police after him or has he eaten something that disagrees with him? Parish the thought!

With cries of "Haven't you got it?" or "try again on Monday" we meet SSgts Stannard and Howard.

Although both have a great interest in films there is no truth in the rumour that Staff Stannard is sub-contracting from MGM.

Staff Howard is at present struggling to become the scrabble champion of the Ops Room, unfortunately his dictionary has been stolen and he now has to match his ID Card against the stag roster to see when he's on.

So, for your out of stock, out of date, and out of fashion clothing contact your out of this world(?) CSgt.

Finally, we come to the "Big Wheels" in the organisation. The Signals detachments. Chosen for their ability, spotless records, good looks, charm and modesty, these men are truly the giants of a great team.

Cpl Roger Martin, stands tall (5' 4") amongst the others, a veritable "Atom Ant" in his size 11 boots and size 9 1/2 beret.

Able assisted by Pte Chris Cowan these two run "B" Coy signals detachment. Chris Cowan holds the record for spending the least money on the tour. He's saving it for his own air ticket home in case he's left off the flight roll.

The handsome, kind, generous and always skint Cpl Butts, along with Pte "Mr. Zapp" Maule is responsible to OC A Coy for the smooth running of his comms. This is done with cheer and good spirit as most of it consists of charging batteries and fixing the OC's fire. One must get ones priorities right.

STOP PRESS — STOP PRESS  
STOP PRESS — STOP PRESS

A/B Ops wish to announce that they have just been joined by another WO2.

This hapless young gent, WO2 P. Denny, who is renowned for his intelligent sausages, has recently joined us from the Int Section where he was seen to do impressions of J. Arthur Rank and Michael Parkinson all in one. At this point of his career, just recently in fact, we thought we would lose him to the Army Hair Corps. However, instead of buying a bingo ticket, he had a haircut and joined "A" Coy, and they all live happily ever after the NI tour.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the cattle were grazing peacefully.

# B Company

## COMPANY HQ

So far the reports by B Company HQ have been the censored variety. Therefore this edition is written with frankness and truth?? and is not censored by the Senior Ranks.

We are kept busy by standing in for the people on R & R on patrol days. However, when on defence days the CSM keeps us occupied by deep penetration exercises to the Farm and back, a total distance of 9 miles. At first we could not understand why we didn't go in the vehicles allotted to us for this task. However, we decided the CSM actually enjoyed these walks. When questioned on this though, he is reported to have complained "I don't like them, we should run them"—well, all we can say is I? \$!X!

Cpl Morris, our Assault Pioneer has fashioned a chess set. This in itself is an achievement as we wonder where he found the time. The chess set is unusual as it's squares are made of pictures of parts of the female anatomy (modesty prevents me from a better and fuller description). However, the problem so far is the amount of time taken over moves, we are still on our first game.

Because of the Security Forces recent success in finding explosives the IRA have been rumoured to be fitting anti-theft devices to their bombs. Does this explain why so many are blowing themselves up? Join the Army and see the world Join the Provos and see the next."

The CSM has had a worried look on his face and has been seen looking in all the dustbins in the camp area. It has been rumoured that he was told by a soldier, who shall remain nameless, that "Grover, out of Sesame Street lives in one." Keep looking, sir, you may find him yet.

## 4 PLATOON

A very quiet month even with the ending of the ceasefire. The nearest we've come to a major incident was when one of the local lads was "planking" which means smacking a plank against a hard surface, the noise often sounding like a shot. In our wisdom we decided to take no action when he was caught planking red-handed. There was a number of plankers on the patch.

We would like to say that the pictures entitled "lethal bits and pieces" in the last edition, which included an armalite and pistol was a result of our efforts.

Pte Gary Smith is convinced that "Super-Looks Lew" is an MI5 agent and worships him with coffee and cacky bars while Les Leeson is consumed with jealousy and plans to commit Hari Kari on the next blue moon. Lcpl Boris Baxter desperately wants to join the KGB so that he can eliminate our MI5 agent.

Pte "Chaggie" Bowles is going to emigrate to his brother's home shortly so that he too may experience the joys of selling coffee to us.

I'm now asked to tax further my already overtaxed mind to write what could be termed as a sequel to all that has passed under this pen to date.

Since I last wrote we have returned from a very enjoyable trip to Ballykelly and discovered a new rare disease known as Ballykellyitis. Ninety per cent of the platoon suffered from it the following morning. The symptoms are severe headache, fur-lined tongue, a distaste of bright light and an aversion of getting out of bed (it's better known as a hangover). While we were there it was noted that Sgt Nat Adey gave at least one member of the Sappers a taste of things to come (the Sapper in question was rewarded handsomely). While Lcpl Andy Twell proved that a human being even without the drawback of clothing can't take off despite the aid of a 750 metre runway!



Mobile.



Sorry. Boots are the Quartermaster General's problem.

## FIGHTING 5

Another Pampadour, another month nearer home, and it seems, even less to write about. I daresay that the situation has been talked about enough so we will dedicate this to news from the front.

To start with let's discuss the command structure of this well-oiled fighting unit. Mr. "Nick 58" Brehaut and his associate Sgt Steve Mabbott NFI and sr. These two are known and feared throughout the platoon (when they get out of bed). Now for a run-down on the sections.

22A.—Run once again by Cpl Bill (Brecon) Blythe who is back in a big way (everything about him is big! Everything?). A list of his merry warriors must start with Lcpl Eric "Two Gun" Sykes who is still thinking of the delights of marriage at the end of the tour. So too is Shakey Bellamy (must be the Creggan air!). The rest of the lads—"Babychaser," our own "Virgin Soldier," "I've been everywhere" Don, "Dorey," Dave, and "Bottom Lip" all contribute to the clean if somewhat empty record of 22A.

22B.—This sub unit is run by the amazing Cpl "Mighty Atom" Murphy who makes his debut with the platoon. Aided and abetted by Lcpl Junior Walker and his Band of Battlers, Pat "The Barber", The Mighty Mick, Smiler Suckling, Tich McGovern—who still dreams of the day a dog will handle him, Windows Russell—if

he ever forgives me, and Doris Howden who is last, but not least.

22C.—Bringing up the rear but normally found securing 53 (it's safe). At their head Cpl "Slideability" Armstrong who is going to enter the Men's Figure Skating on return to Paderborn (what a figure!). Big Lou who tries to maintain interest whilst playing hopscotch on Eastway. Pte. Suntan Richardson who is always happy and content! Unlike Divvy Davey who always asks the Creggan girls their names and addresses (oh yes!) "I can drive anything" Felton who hopes to take his test next week. Pte Dave Bond who is still dreaming of his R and R, whereas Pte Gary Meyer would stay here by himself if he could play football for West Germany.

Well, that's a round-up of news from the sharp end. Fighting Five will maintain its role as the backbone of Shiny B while radio silence on patrol will become routine in an attempt not to excite flapper control or spoil their TV programmes!

Finally, a word for our new leader, who has taken over from our "Tubby" 2Lt Nick (Milky Bar Kid) Brehaut. At the end of our tour when he finally hangs up his six guns (if no sentries are watching) he will disappear to Warmminster and return to take his rightful place(?) at the head of 22. So from the NCOs of 22 we say "Get on with it Nick we're leaving for pastures greener."

## THE NEW SPL OFFICER



CSM "B": "Doc, I have this terrible pain in my . . ."  
RMO: "Sorry, I just haven't got time to see you."

CSM "B": "But Doc, I'm a SEAGULL too."  
RMO: "Oh well, why didn't you say so? What's the matter?"

## 6 PLATOON

It would appear that the Irish Republican Army is determined to make a mockery of my statement in the first issue regarding a quiet four months. Yet their attempts at "Snap Shooting" have been a mockery in themselves.

Patrolling in the Creggan has taken on a new identity. No longer do we try to determine who are the members of the various supporting units of the IRA. Now we hazard guesses at who are the silent supporters of The Pampadours. There is no doubt that they exist. The slight nod of a head, a smile and even a tentative "good morning" are the signs.

During the past month we have seen the majority of the platoon return from R and R a variety of expressions on their faces, from enjoyment to sheer frustration (what form the frustration takes has yet to be determined in many cases!)

Now that the "ceasefire" is officially over—out comes the soldiers' worst enemy (next to the CSM), the dreaded camouflage cream. For some reason known only to the powers that be, cam cream means you can't see at night on the streets. Still, it's good for the complexion—ask Chris Newbitt or Les Littleton!

It's rumoured that these two unlikely lads only need one more sick parade each and they'll have more pills than the MI Room. C/5 23A have been taken off operations because every time Chris or Les move they rattle.

We now have more qualified brush and shovel mechanics than the Londonderry City Council. We're even thinking of changing our name from 6 Platoon to CCC (Creggan Cleaning Corporation).

The rumour that Mr. Palmer has washed his rugby shirt is false (we didn't even know he'd taken it off).

Thought for the month: if peace is to return to the Province let it be soon so that we need never return.

Our Top of the Pops: Homeward Bound.

We feel we ought to warn the Battalion that Lcpl Andy Twell, Ptes Wally Watkins and Smudger Smith are in the process of learning to drive. Remember, you have been warned.

The order of the Golden Pillow within the Platoon must certainly go to Blankets Blyth, Blacky Blackham and Chris Avieson running very close to receive the Silver and Bronze awards.

Well with only days to do (that just had to go in) we would like to say to the rest of the Company and the Battalion "Well done, keep your heads down and good luck for the future."

P.S.—I would like to set the record straight once and for all, these articles were written by the JUNIOR Ollie, the other one is my OLDER brother. — TFFN.

## ALL IS REVEALED

At last the harassing question, which has been plaguing the minds of Pampadours both young and old, yes, even the young (some are little more than 18 years), who have been thrown forward to face unknown dangers in the hope of achieving a peaceful solution to our present problem, has been answered.

For days, if not weeks, Pampadour patrols have been faced with the scourge of Aranmore/Carrickraugh. One thing soon became clear, say obvious "It" only appeared at night. So the fear of darkness and the ever present shadows had also to be contended with. With every step patrols took, something eerie was happening. This unnerving experience set the patrols to wondering if the enemy had developed a sophisticated method of bending the minds of British soldiers.

However, it has all been brought to light by a simple, yet discreet telephone call to the Northern Ireland Electricity Service which solved the mystery. It was, after all, a simple electrical fault in a motor in the lamp-posts overhanging and thus causing the street lamps of Aranmore Avenue and Carrickraugh Gardens to flash on and off intermittently during the night.

## WANTED

One experienced, alert, efficient, smart and altogether brilliant Private.

In exchange for—

One dumb, useless, inefficient twit who hasn't a lick of sense,

or

Will part-exchange for one pair of DMS Boots and a second-hand beret.

Applications to:

22 Foxtrot, 5 Platoon, B Coy, 3 R Anglian, BFPO 801.

All offers willingly accepted.

# The Terrific Trio

## The Beast, Quicksilver & Nimble

Beasts log stardate Feb 1975 somewhere in the Shantallow, we join the terrestrial trio whilst on Doomwatch patrol (commonly called 39's happy hour 1100-1200 hrs.). The Beast is striding forward fearless of all and everything (for Quicksilver the super hero's tech has fixed his force field) quietly followed by his faithful companion Nimble (the Taperfit Kid) with his small chum "pretty boy Johnson". Quicksilver is fighting a rearguard action trying to shake the infamous super hero eating dog "King" from his leg, otherwise all is quiet, the people all cringing inside their hovels in awe of our super heroes (or could it be dinner time?)

Suddenly the Beast's communicator issues forth with the guttural cry "Hello Beast, this is Beast control, stone throwers in the area of the Shanty Chip shop over." The Beast replied with "Roger what have you got on the ground?" (for he liked to be surprised). "No one" said the Beast Control "you're the only help available" and so once more it was left to the terrific trio to



fight the infamous Shanty Stone Throwers alone, and unaided (except of course for their super powers!)

Little did the super trio know, but this stone throwing was arranged by a wicked old witch of the North Shanty whom people called Mol-e Car-a-na, she had given them enchanted bottles to throw, which upon hitting anyone would burst and damage the unsuspecting victim in Guinness.

Meanwhile, the Beast had called up the Beast mobile which was hidden near by and our super hero's mounted and sped towards the Shanty Chippy, it wasn't until they got there that Nimble discovered that they'd left "Pretty Boy" behind, but not to worry, he soon came running up flourishing rosy red cheeks and typing errors.

The scene set, the Notorious Shanty Chippy gang were already flinging their deadly missiles at dogs, each other and anything else that moved. The super heroes leapt from their vehicle and confronted this dangerous gang of 9-year-olds.

"Go back from whence you came and do not darken the doors of the Shanty Chippy again" cried the Beast. For his answer a deadly Guinness bottle whistled over and struck Quicksilver full on his flowing grey locks where it burst discharging its heavy brew.

"Guinness" cried Nimble who had perceived this by use of his super nose.

Quicksilver quickly agreed and continued to suck his hair, he had not succumbed to



drowning, saved once again by the special powers of his double mint chewing gum.

"Enough" bellowed the Beast, "Begone from my Shantallow or suffer the consequences of my wrath."

"That's a posh way of saying he'll get very angry" commented Nimble, nose raised to the clouds.

With that, a huge deluge of bricks, garbage and bottles rained on our super trio, who had drawn their super protecta-umbrellas from their utility belts.

Suddenly Quicksilver had a brainwave (this seldom happens as Quicksilver is old and usually dull-witted) "FIB + OH or I'll tell the Vicar" and with that the deadly gang cringed, covered and slunk away to their hovels once more.

You see, the Beast's language was too Sandhurst for them to understand, but Quicksilver was a commoner and they understood his words of wisdom.

So the titanic trio had triumphed once again and justice was seen to be done and

# 'C' Company 8 PLATOON SLAGS AGAIN

The most important event since the last edition of The Pompador is the joining of two recruits for 8 P1. This, everyone knows, is well overdue, what with the expansion of the foot and mobile patrols. The first recruit to join us was Cpl Tom Fox (RAPC). This young Cpl finds the pressures of his bright new tapes unbearable to carry, or is it due to the fact there's two (Jocks) already in c/s 32C, that he comes on every patrol.

The second of our recruits is a youngster who lives in our patrol area. The lad, aged about 8, marches proudly up and down his street wearing a combat suit. (Father Christmas issue). Because of his keenness on the Army (which is a big contrast from the little terrors further north) we have appointed him an honorary member of 8 P1 with a barret and Royal Anglian cap badge to prove it.

9 Platoon have now got a new outlook on life due to the arrival of their gallant blonde-haired commander, who, when on patrol, strikes terror into the gentle folk of the Shantallow. Alas, no more will we hear his childish voice "Send location over," instead he will be away from his warm Ops room enjoying himself.

Big C Dutton nipped into hospital for a ten minute wonder, and reports are coming

## 7 PLATOON AFLOAT

The word was a routine boat patrol in the Foyle to be mounted by Supreme Seven in general and C/S 31C (Bady Rick the Whips Boys). Also the great W. J. D. Illrd (BB) decided that he would grace this National expedition with his presence.

So at 0945 hours, the aforementioned mob were at the gangplank of the great grey battle cruiser, which has been aground in Fort George for the last 2 years. These fearless nautical types consisted of the following dynamic team -

"Pretty Pig" Williamson (sometimes known as one shot).

"Ducksie" Dormer, terror of the tigers, Farmer Jones 13 (hoping to stand for Parliament for East Neasdon). Derick "Planet of the Apes" Burman, and the "Devil incarnate" McGill (of bed wrecking fame) and of course "Rick the Whip".

So the stage was set, we were issued with one Naval surplus tug Mk III and 3 Naval surplus sailors. Anyway the trip down the river was quite uneventful with phrases such as "Boom Hall off the Starboard Bow" and "HMS 3 Roger out" being banded about over the magic bone. However once we had turned around and were heading once again for the mother ship things started to go wrong. There we were quietly cruising back when we suddenly ground to a halt. "We've stopped moving" observed Ducksie (he's very sharp for his age). The Naval types then informed us that the engines had overheated and we would require assistance, however, one of the Navy's crew had a flask cup which he proceeded to bung oil into the steaming engines, and so 10 minutes and half a gallon later we started to limp home, after stopping several more times, weighing anchor once and hitting a convenient jetty, the mother ship was sighted with great cries such as "Shiver me timbers" "Splice the mainbrace" (whatever that is) we were guided towards dry land once again.

Thinking our troubles were over we all relaxed, but alas, we were wrong. The Naval type who was driving the aforementioned tug Mk III must have been a relation of "Mr. Phillips" of the Navy Lark fame, as whilst manoeuvring the craft around the anti-mine boom, he managed to hit it 3 times and the dock twice, and the thought was passed around that he might be working for the ships insurance company, and he attempted to scuttle the craft. As usual with mishaps, everything comes in threes and the worst is usually the last.

This time was no exception, in attempting to turn the tug around to park (dock in Naval terms) it, the Naval issue Mk. III idiot managed to run the thing around on the boom so there we were fifty metres from the mother ship, stranded.

By this time we were in fits of mirth rolling all over the ship and generally getting in the way. Several attempts were made to refloat the stricken craft, but to no avail, and with comments like "Low tide 165 hours" from HMS 3, like all the true comrades in arms we promptly deserted the sinking ship, using a rubber dinghy. The whole incident was summed up by Farmer Jones "Thank God we've got an Air Force."

WJD III

## Letter to the Editor

dEar sEd  
I aM fEd Up wlv SeEgUL gEtInon tO mEE coZl youZ lOMutCh corEKtIn k% aZ eUW kAn sEE i aVe Not uZed wuN dRop oN thIS LEtEr?

through that he's on an endless search for a tie with a pair of cherries on it.

We mustn't forget, Petal, CSM 3, who since his return from R and R has not been his usual happy self. We think there's a possibility that the choggy wallah has finally caught up with him reference an overdue bill for some beer. Everyone knows how his money is always next to his heart, all except his Valentine.

Young Pat Lord (Bones) is growing taller due to his "well done's" from c/s 9. We will finish now with a few letters from home.

Dear Jim,  
I have just parcelled your yearly bar of soap. I do hope it arrives in time.  
Love, Mum.

Dearest Pat (Bones),  
Oh darling, when I hear of your heroic actions, you really make me shiver all through. Please take care.  
Dearest Maureen

Dear Dick (Speedy),  
I've been hearing nasty rumours of a white tornado moving through Derry, please slow down as you will wear your shoes out.  
Love, Mother.

## 40 YEARS ON

It has been said that a family cannot exist on 30s a week. That's all bosh. I always keep a record of my expenditure, and I submit my weekly balance sheet:

	£	s	d
Beer	17	6	
Wife's Beer	1	6	
Rent (paid next week)	0	0	
Butcher & Grocer (paid later on)	0	0	
Bread	0	4	
Mid-week Beer	3	0	
Tin of "Magic" Boot Polish	0	3	
Picture Shows	1	6	
Charities	0	2	
A little more beer	2	0	
Instalment on Encyclopaedia	3	6	
Tobacco	9	9	

£1 10 6

"In adding up I find that during the week I ran into debt to the extent of 6d. This can easily be rectified next week by cutting the wife's beer down to 1s."

## Ode to an Ageing CSgt

There once was a Combat Molar,  
Who took a patrol down Moyola,  
A dog called "King"  
Took a fancy to him,  
And a chunk off his leg just to show yal

WJD III (Alias Black Bill)



All my own work.

# HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

It came to pass on the twenty third day of the fourth month of the fifth year of the Fading Nicraden that the prophet Jayaich was sent to a far country. On that same day very early in the morning, having crossed the sea of Greyness and Terror, he was taken from his golden barge and transported for many hours in the many seated chariot known as Ar-n-Arbus drawn by countless unseen horses called See-sees. Towards the evening of the day they drew nigh to the Temple above the city. The prophet marvelled at its high silver walls, the delicate laced platinum gates, and the emerald studded buildings.

At sunset, the prophet was greeted by Thorog, the second Druid, a man of shining countenance and falling hair; further greetings were made when the Archdruid Mikaris appeared with his Chief Steward Aressem and the assembly ushered themselves into the Inner Sanctuary. Here, lesser stewards and Druids studied scrolls and other documents concerning the heavenly bodies worshipped by the whole tribe, with rare glances at wall-charts before addressing strange incantations into shapely ebony boxes. Their prayers are favourably received, for often as they speak some of the children of Starrycastled Forehead descend to the outer city at almost every second hour. When they return they bring peace-offerings of stone and other building materials, or some strange substances to assist in the construction of ritual fire-crackers. Sometimes they will bring back a hostage for sacrifice by a neighbouring tribe the Ruxax at the temple of their evil goddess Viktorya.

Without the inner sanctuary and some steps to one side the prophet was shown a splendid shiny spire from which the Archdruid could appease and intercede with the Gods across the water which are served by every member of the tribe.

The prophet also perceived other strange and magical events: some of the children of the Starrycastled Forehead are able to practice levitation many cubits above the level high in the sky by sitting in a posture

At night, many of the countenances of the children become as the colour of pitch, even beneath the glare of the brightest of lamps, and they carry a number of carrotted instruments to help them find their path in times of darkness.

Longer journeys are made by riding upon strange green creatures which the children have tamed, although the prophet was told that they cannot always be trusted - he himself often heard them roar angrily, whilst the thicker skinned creatures with six legs whined and shrieked whenever they were mounted.

For three days and nights the prophet continually kept watch on the tribe, and then returned to his own country, by another way, having been warned in a vision that he would suffer discomfort and weariness in the many seated chariot called Ar-n-arbus.

So it was that when he returned a council of the prophets determined to send other prophets as missionaries to give light and new wisdom of the same to the children of the Starrycastled Forehead, if they would listen. And so it is, even unto this day.

BRIMSTONE

## SPECIAL AWARD

7 Platoon wish to award Black Bill with a special GSM.

He has...  
Groused  
Shouted  
Moaned  
more than anyone else without fail on every single patrol and has not let up once.

## Dedicated to C/S 39

Butterfly, Beast or Bee today,  
I can't decide which to play,  
Bees sting, The Beast can bite,