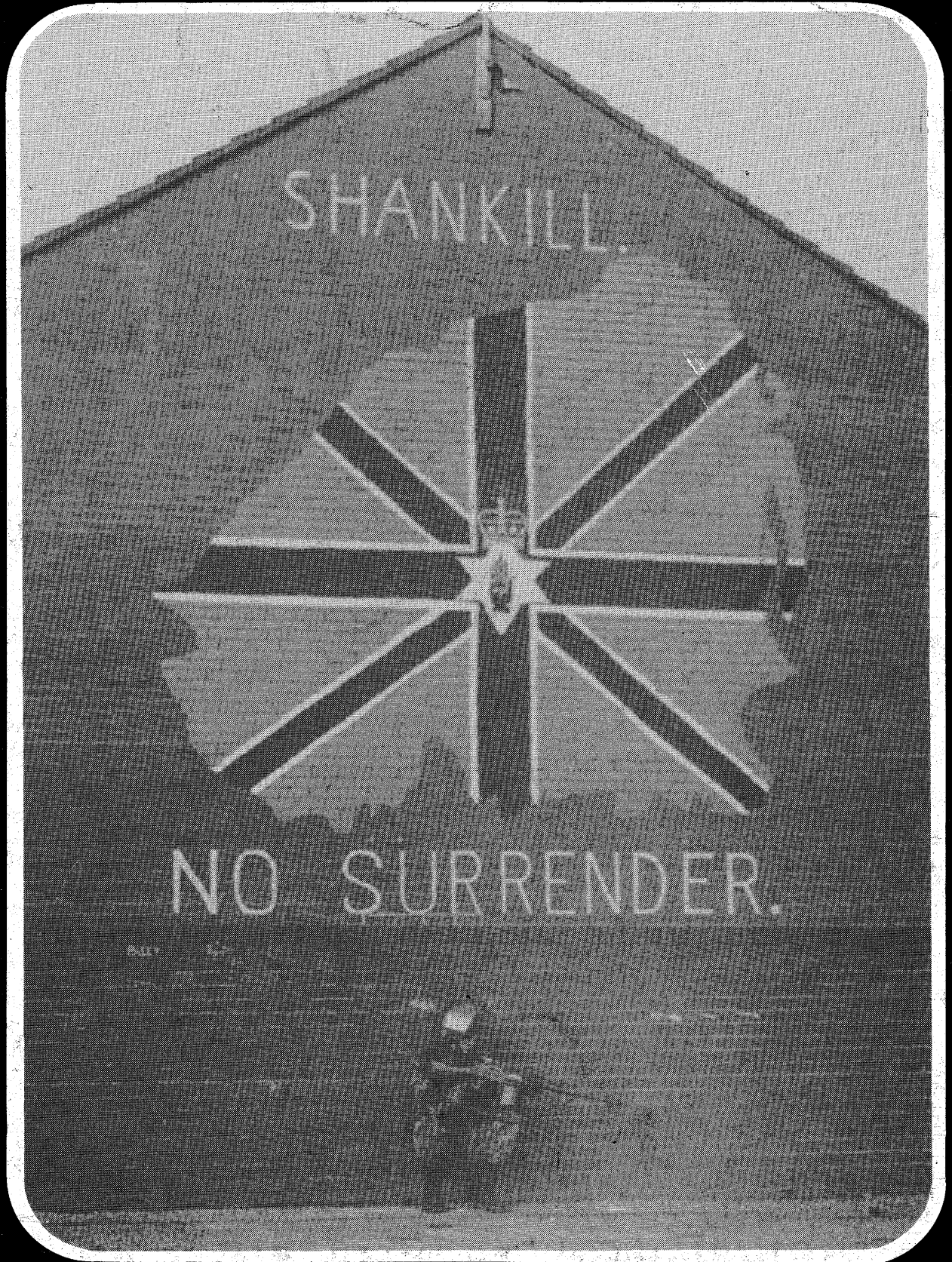


THE LEEK



This third edition of The Leek arrives at a time when the end of the tour is well and truly in sight. We plan to produce a final edition but in the interest of saving time on writing, editing and printing, the final edition will be a selection of the best photographs produced during the tour.

Whatever else has been achieved during our time in Belfast, there is no doubt that platoon and company spirit has thrived as never before and this has been abundantly apparent in every contribution to this magazine. Many characters have emerged through these pages; a thousand nicknames have been coined and no-one has yet sued for libel. Poets, artists and photographers have made their names and there has been no shortage of stories, whether true or not so true.

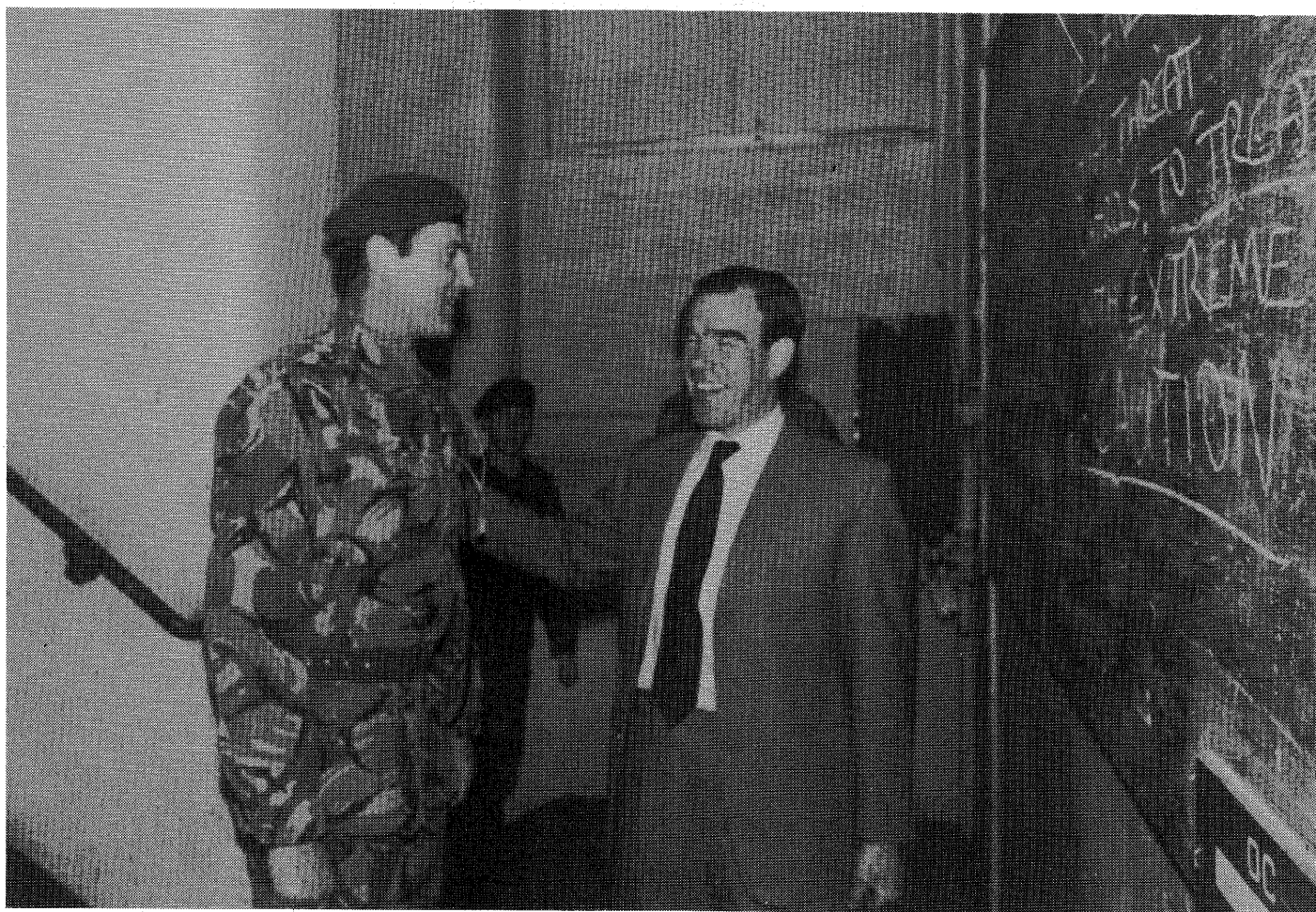
I would like to thank all of you who have made The Leek such a success and I must pay particular tribute to Major Sayers the editor, without whose dedication and highly professional work this could never have been achieved.



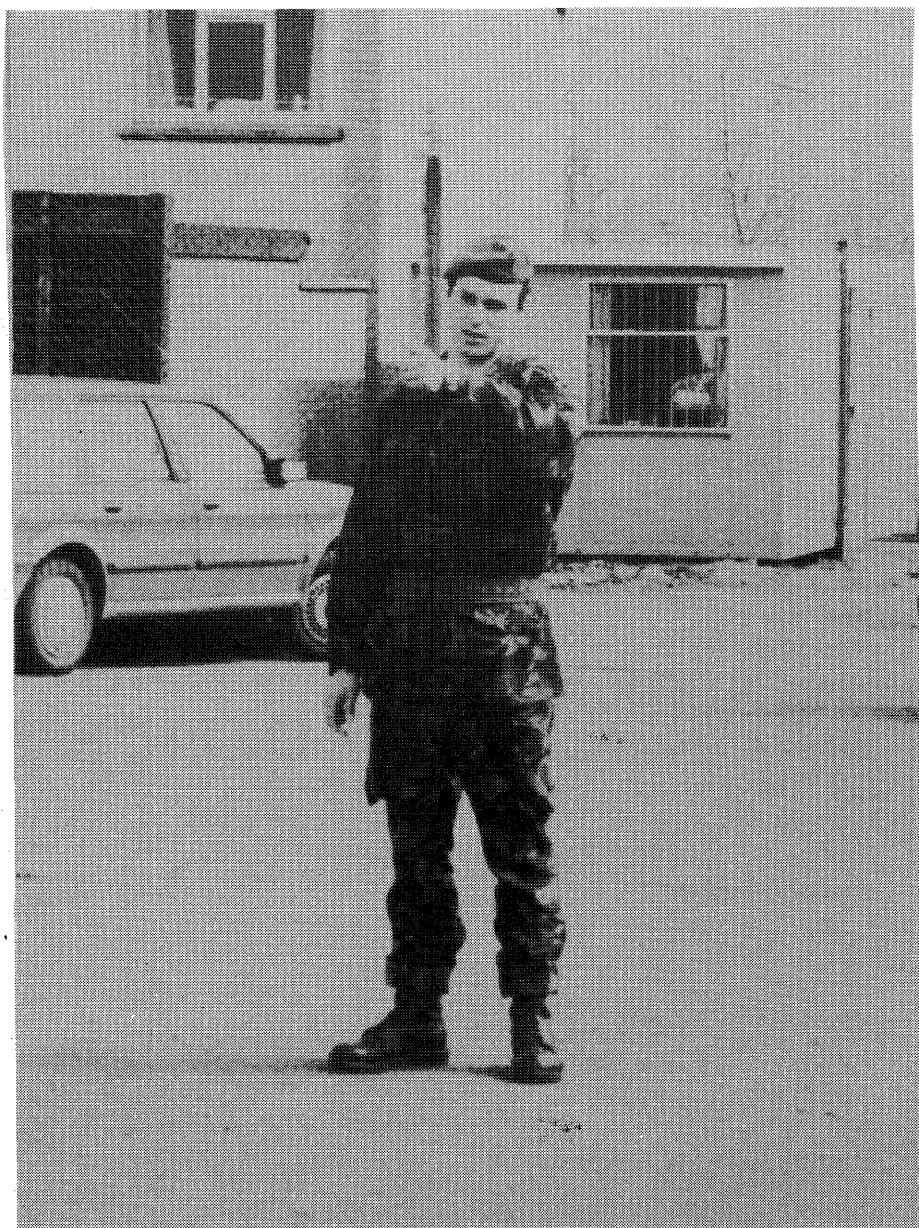
MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

(Signature)

C. F. DREWRY,



So you're good at spelling too! – The Commanding Officer and Commander 22 Brigade, Brigadier A. Denison-Smith



For Heaven's sake Hermanis stop trying to fly - Major Sayers

Editorial Note

You may have thought from reading the last edition of The Leek that Lt. Daniel is running for the prize of the most photographed member of the Battalion. You may also have wondered why nearly all the photographs of the Prince of Wales's Company featured Support Company men. You might think the reasons have something to do with the fact that Lt. Daniel is the POW's Company Leek editor, that Lt. Daniel is normally in Support Company but is attached to POW's Company for the tour, that there are two Support Company platoons attached to the POW's Company and finally the Editor of The Leek is in fact the Company Commander of Support Company. It was not however a foul plot concocted by the Support Company Mafia but really a reflection that Support Company has permeated into every corner of the Battalion for the tour, with the Prince of Wales's Company fortunate enough to have the highest proportion!

Since the last edition of The Leek there have been a number of visits to the Battalion. We have had the Regimental Band which was able to march through Belfast City Centre and play in a number of other venues. The Brigade Commander, the GOC, CLF, our Brigade and Divisional Commanders from Germany and most recently the Regimental Lieutenant Colonel.

The IRA too have been active culminating recently in a co-ordinated blast bomb attack. Fortunately no casualties were sustained by the Battalion, the RUC or civilians. As always an undercurrent of activity remains just below the surface.

With barely a month and a half of the tour left the end is definitely in sight and those who remember the NITAT training can now take a perverse sense of delight at the thought of 45 Commando Royal Marines about to embark down that road!



The Prince of Wales's Company Fort Whiterock

Once again we go down "Street Level" to find how 2Lt. "Spike" Ford and his platoon are getting on. This edition doesn't bring a patrol report but several artistic offerings in line with the best traditions of the "Harrow cultural desert."

The first item is a little ditty which is sung to the tune of that famous Country & Western song "Big John":

THE ULTIMATE BRICK—A11C

*Every morning in the Turf you see
them patrol*

*But the leader of them all
Stood 6' 8" and weighed 245
Kind of broad at the shoulders and
wide at the hips*

*And every one knew you gave no lip
To Big 'T'.*

*Then one morning on the Turf came a
new man*

*We called Lurch
He stood 6' 7" and weighed 145
Kind of thin at the shoulders and
beanpole at the waist*

*And everyone knew you gave no lip
To the apprentice beast.*

*Every Morning in the Turf you'd see
him patrol*

*He stood 5' 11" and looked like an ape
Kind of broad at the ears and bandy at
the legs*

*And every one knew you gave no lip to
Monkey Mull.*

*Then there's the fourth one of the
band*

*Not like the rest but kind of grand
He stood 5' 10" with Wham Boy hair
And creased in the trouser with starch
in the air*

*And every one knew you gave no lip
To Gorgeous George!*

Here is a poem from
Gdsm. Bragington

RIOT

*Up the IRA they shout,
Push these Welsh men out,
This British Soldier wonders,
What it's all about.*

*Send in the plastic bullet,
Let the snatch squad out,
If that does not stop them,
It'll surely sort them out.*

*But still they come,
With bottles and stones,
Intent on breaking SF bones,
Off they go behind their shields,
Knowing too well that crowd will yield.*

*Then it happens one goes down,
That FRG Gunner will be crowned,
Out they go in all their glory
Four big men full of fury.*

*Two cover, two go in,
They will bring that Irishman in
Back they go with their catch
To have a photo of the snatch.*

Next are a few choice words from 2 Platoon—The home of DRB. L.Sgt. Spider Hartnell takes up the tale:

The latest startling news as it happens, straight from the front, and absolutely true about No. 2 Platoon is as follows.

Firstly we would like to compliment the Company Commander on his decision to introduce a new custom into the Company where the Company Commander and CSM eagerly wait at the loading bay rigidly at attention and produce a perfect salute as the Red 3 drive into camp. A very good custom, but we don't think it will catch on.

And now the Platoon. The search brick, led by L.Sgt. "Hawkeye" Hartnell made their first startling arms find recently. It was a pistol but sadly

no ammunition was found with it. Rumour has it that a well known PIRA hit man was seen removing the caps before he hid it.

L.Cpl. Jones 71 and brick are still hard at it and send all their love to the folks back home in the vegetable patch.

There have been nasty rumours going around that L.Sgt. Loveridge and his brick are a plant by the firm that make ECM Equipment. It seems that whenever we receive a new piece of kit, A22C are the first to get an alarm on it. Another theory is that Gdsm. 'Radar' Baker has developed his own ECM kit which has a far greater range than the kit we use. He tells us that it can be just fitted into a Land Rover Trailer, or alternatively it fits easily into one of his specially adapted ears. L.Cpl. Morgan 95 has earned himself the new nickname of ET because of the amount of times he has phoned home.

L.Sgt. Price 58 and his brick have gained a reputation of being a quick repair service after their super fast mercy dash to the aid of a lorry driver who had a blow out near Kelly's Corner. He swears that he thought it was an explosion, but we all know he was only trying to make a fast buck on the side. L.Cpl. Evans 19 and brick have recently returned from R&R during which time it is rumoured that



*Three wise men – Gdsm. Pittaway,
L.Cpl. Hughes and Gdsm. Littler*

Gdsm. Elias had a Major Operation to remove his Butt from his shoulder.

A24C are shortly to lose their ever popular leader L.Sgt. Jones 62 who is going back to Hohne on a course. Rumour has it that the Gdsm. from his brick have clubbed together and made all his lesson plans and also bought him a complete set of pamphlets and a single ticket to ensure that there is no danger of him getting RTU'd and coming back to them.

L.Cpl. Thomas 78 recently was detached to No. 2 Coy. and the whole platoon thought they were on R&R. He came back sporting a moustache which made him look like Clark Gable. But sadly the CSM didn't agree so he's gone back to plain old spotty Thomas again.



Spot the Ghurka! – Lt. Bulbeck and Number 2 platoon

Sgt. Evans 70 as always devotes all of his valuable time ensuring that the Platoon get the maximum rest. So much so that he has devised a system where anyone going on R&R are kept awake for at least a week before to ensure that they sleep solidly for the whole period. For this we all thank him from the bottom of our hearts.

Mr. Bulbeck has really settled into the new radio system. Because so many people are having difficulties getting through it gives him even more time on the air to send such vital messages as 'Still Static', 'RUC still on Task' and 'Keep off the Air'.

Finally all members of No. 2 Platoon would like to give a vote of thanks to their Platoon Commander and Platoon Sgt. for their everlasting devotion to duty, even though suffering as they are with a crippling attack of bed sores and mattress back. We all wish them a speedy recovery.

Milan 'A' battle on in high spirits. A despatch has just arrived hot from the press:

This month has been a busy one for us all, and thankfully, it has seen us begin to trickle back on our R&R breaks, to return to our loved ones, and generally relax and put our feet up. L.Cpl. Arthur Evans 24 was lucky enough to return from Germany with the beginnings of a sun tan (even though cynics related it to the Chernobyl Meltdown!).

On the 29th April, we had an elaborate hoax Proxy Bomb, driven to the gates of RUC New Barnsley, whose guard, at the time, was commanded by Sgt. Glyn Davies 39. However, as was only to be expected, when the alert Main Gate Sangar Sentry, Gdsm. 'Ted' Robinson (who bears a remarkable likeness to a former member of the Undertones, who has now gone solo) pressed the alarm—nothing happened. Undeterred, young Robinson, we are told left the Sangar, in something of a hurry, his feet hardly touching the ladder. Happily the incident passed off with no major 'boobs' on our part and thankfully the device turned out to be a hoax. The one good thing about it, was that the defusing of the device was filmed by the CCTV (lucky NITAT!) and the amusement of the local children at the cook's trousers raised a few eyes, on the cordon!!



If only I hadn't crashed my car! - Major Watt



The ever ready Rover: Group - Gdsm. Coughlan, Hart, Pittaway, Gdsm. Oldfield, Brown 30

Apart from this piece of excitement, we continue to patrol the streets, always trying to improve our relations with the natives, particularly the youthful female types who come out onto the streets to distract us, especially when the sun comes out! In most of the Company area, the people are now coming round to the mild Welsh manner, in particular the children who always rush up to us and ask to look through our 'holes,' they are of course referring to the sights on our weapons, but sometimes Gdsm. 'Sid' Hughes 78 tends to get confused! L.Cpl. Bill Smith 46 continues to keenly check up on every car in West Belfast, so much so that at the time of writing, we believe he has ground the computers to a stand-still!! Apart from this we are now developing a few potential Rally Drivers, in the Platoon, at least that's what it feels like travelling in the back of some of the new V8 APVs (Armoured Patrol Vehicles), in particular here I refer to Gdsm. 'Dickie' Brace and L.Cpl. 'Slap' Parry 55.

This month we look forward to a trip to Ballykinler, by way of a day out. At the end of the month we sadly say farewell to CSM Iori Dyas, who moves on to No. 3 Coy. We wish him well with the 'Munchkins' after his short stay in

Support Coy. However, we welcome back to the Platoon Gdsm. Pete Plummer, who has rejoined the Army from civilian life.

Since the last entry from the Drums Platoon a lot has happened. Everyone is 'cracking on' with the job and still managing to smile.

L.Cpl. Scott and his brick are on good form. Gdsm. 'Grossen' Swede' Mansell has taken to smoking a pipe and Drummer George has reshaped his beret. Dmr. 'Sam' Mayers bobs and weaves under the hail of abuse which 'Scotty' and 'Grossen' hurl at each other. It certainly makes Andersonstown Patrols with the infamous 'Bill and Ben' more bearable!

L.Cpl. Johns 02 is happiest when it rains—it freshens his complexion. His favourite sport is sitting on a large rock outside RUC New Barnsley. L.Sgt. 'Kev' Webber has taught him how to balance a big red ball on the end of his nose. Gdsm. 'Lono' Lonergan and 'Black Cat' Aspden are well as is Dmr. 'Chucko' Cummins.

L.Sgt. Jones 26 is pleased that 'Swarve Harve' is back because he missed throwing him around the room. Dmr. 'Charles' Honey spent R&R with L.Cpl. James 61 and family but that didn't stop him performing at his favourite Bergen haunts. Gdsm. 'Reepo' Barras reaped fresh pastures in Kent on R&R.

The 'Swarves' continue to mince around the TAOR. The Chief Swarve (himself) 'bulled' up the Prelude and restocked with Robinson's on his recent trip to Hohne. 'Swarve Bo' made a miraculous recovery from his rash and now sports a 'Blow Monkey' beret—which sadly gets crumpled when he puts his helmet on. Congratulations go to Gdsm. 'Don' King on his recent engagement. 'Congrats' also to L.Cpl. 'Cardiac Mac'



I've seen too many Video Nasties! – Gdsm. Williams 90

McCarthy—he has another addition to his family, and its a boy! Lets hope he doesn't follow Daddy's footsteps!

L.Sgt. Covington went lame for a short time. His brick was ably taken over by General Jones 76. Gdsm. 'Whacky' Baker 04, very much enjoyed the RUC Disco he went to. He established friendly relations with the local population (females), totally in keeping with the *Hearts & Minds & Flesh Campaign*. Dmr. Adrian Legg (Several Berets later) has continued his success with his newly opened hair salon. Among his clientele he can claim the Company Commander, and he has also battled with Captain Morgans pelt. Gdsm. Crisp continues to model for the salon.

L.Sgt. Webber and Gdsm. Davies 70 are in good heart. Gdsm. 'Meat' Hill finally met his Lincolnshire Pen-pal. He found to his great pleasure that she was more than a lady of letters! Gdsm. 'Boats' Glenton has been happily snapping with his camera.

L.Sgt. 'Battle Cat' Haycocks is definitely smiling. He has gained a Distinction on his recent *Pig Escort Commanders Course*. He also very kindly took his brick on an 8 day holiday all on the 'firm'. He believed the City Smog was doing his boys no good and what they really needed was some pleasant mountain air. 'Al the Cat' went for the same package deal that Sgt. Barton went for earlier. Gdsm. Evans 70, Mahoney and Rogers didn't complain.

L.Cpl. Griffiths 45 has formed a gang dedicated to making L.Cpl. Scott's life hell. Dmrs. 'Egg' Woods and 'Porky' Pitchford report that all is well. Party is now the proud owner of two glamorous 'pen-pals'—Olive and her sister (see Pic.). Gdsm. 'Jon Jon' Roach is the only man in Fort Whiterock who can 'breakdance' down the Turf with a box of tricks on his back.

Finally Sgt. 'Kangol' McGuinness can shelter the whole of the primary brick plus two RUC men under his beret when on a rainey patrol. (I wonder if he's smuggling LP records under it?).

Well that's all for now—see you all soon,

Love from Drums Platoon!!

It is now time for Company Headquarters to have a mention. They have been working tirelessly behind the scenes. The signallers are now fully equipped with their 'desert wellies'. Their typing is slowly improving—however they are not good enough to work in the Orderly Room!

The Company Commander has spent a lot of his time following the form of Ian Botham. The Company Commander admires him for his

numerous fine qualities. The rest of the time he is struggling to maintain his position at the top of the squash ladder, but is still there despite the valiant efforts of Capt. Morgan and 2Lt. Ford.

Meanwhile Gdsm. Hermanis has lost nearly two stone. Gdsm. Martin in the Int. Cell is a worried man. When he is typing Sgt. Williams 54 keeps referring to him as Beverly—can't think why?

CQMS Roberts is fully occupied looking after FWR. The locals call it 'Jericho', because the walls keep falling down. His tact and diplomacy are put to the test when he deals with the 'Choggie'. As we all know, the CQMS likes to call a 'spade a spade'!

Meanwhile the Company Commander and CSM are taking our numerous visits very seriously indeed. They were seen saluting two QRF vehicles entering camp, much to the amusement of Gdsm. Bieron who responded with a 'royal wave'.

L.Sgt. Hunt is very busy converting the Ops. Room. It looks more like the Control Tower at RAF Lakenheath. Unfortunately we don't have the F1-11 on call—just as well, they'd probably miss again.

LAD & MT

Due to popular demand, the 1 x MT Rep and LAD have at last managed to put together a few lines for this edition of *The Leek*. With all the intelligence of the REME (or so they keep telling me) putting pen to paper seems a difficult task.

It has taken us just over two months to discover that the large hole within the LAD is an inspection pit and not the REME fire trench as suggested by L.Cpl. (I think I'll hang myself) Brown. Well he is an electrician after all!

It is also a fact that we have been outside the camp gates, just to prove to our superiors at Echelon that we did return from R&R.

Cfn. (TENKO) Murphy, our armourer, is at present learning to speak Russian. Could somebody tell him we're not behind the Iron Curtain, although this could be arranged for his next posting! Do you think they require armourers in Chernobyl?

L.Cpl. (I can't keep my eyes open) Cossy is also learning a language—Danish. As he is from Reading it's been suggested he learns Pakistani instead.

L.Sgt. (give me a hand to get this mattress off my back) Brown is not learning a language as he is having difficulty in speaking English alone. But improves after a few Tartan beers.



Major Watt and 2Lt. Ford judging the West Belfast flower show

FWR MT

*The REME job is a thankless one,
Some say it's never done,
With oil and grease we work away,
Only to find it's broke next day!*

*We phone up Echelon asking for parts,
And all we hear are loud laughs,
The windscreen wipers they don't fit,
God this place gives me a fit!*

*The phone rings—I must go,
"Hello There" it's the MTO,
Listen here Sgt. is that fuel packed?
I'll tell you what happened—you've
just been sacked!*

L.Sgt. Bishop.

CHEFS

The Prince of Wales's Company is the only Company where all of the men are on diets. The only thing is, it is a "See - Food" diet - they see food and just eat!

Here are some interesting statistics of their food consumption during the four months tour:

Bread loaves	5,355
Eggs	55,180
Bread rolls	17,136
Milk	12,444 pints
Flour	2,550 Kg
Sugar	2,975 Kg
Tea	520 Kg
Assorted	
cereals	2,460 Large boxes
Chips	14,280 lbs

The chefs have been here three months long,

*A life sentence some may say,
But every day is a happy day,
When you hear the purging song.*

*It starts every morn,
Just as the day is born,
Come rain or shine
They'll whinge and whine, if breakfast
isn't on time.*

*They bang on the door,
They stamp their feet,
Hoping to get something to eat.*

*Like kids straight from the Pram,
They'll purge for their All-Bran,
With none to see,
They'll moan and groan, and dig about
for stickers.*



Hurry up, I can't stand here all day! - CQMS Roberts 15 and L.Cpl. Jones 90

*We try our best to please their tastes,
Even try something new,
We slice and chop with great haste,
To please the hungre queue.*

*They'll poke and prod and say "What's
that?"*

*If it isn't lamb—"You can forget that."
They'll pile their plates with spud and
duff*

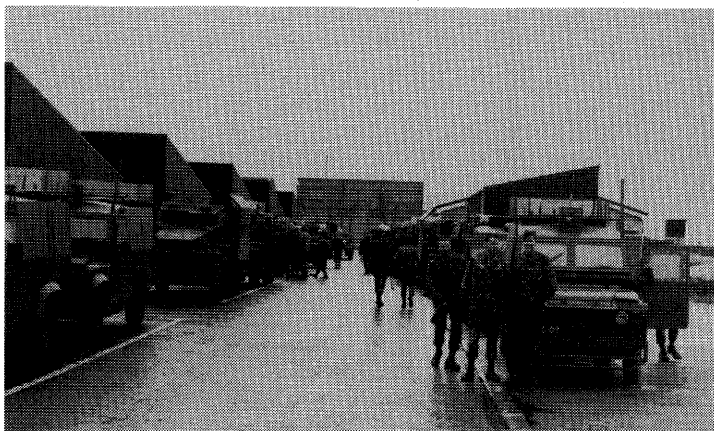
And get stuck-in to the stick stuff.

*The nightmare time comes near,
When the pan bash boys appear,
The pans piled high—to the sky,
"God I wish my mum was here."*

*2300 hrs is the time when the
Guardsman becomes alert,
To create the perfect Egg-Banjo'sssss,
And be a Culinary Expert,
We laugh and giggle, it makes our day,
To see the state at the end of play.*

*At the end of the day,
We look back and say
What have we really achieved,
No thanks or praise have come our
way
"Yet another verse in the Purging
Song."*

The Chefs, FWR



Wagons roll - 0600 hrs Fort Whiterock



What parking sign? - A Red at New Barnsley



Bring on the dancing girls! – Members of the POW'S Company eagerly awaiting a CSE show

THE YELLOW CARD

Many threat studies later Lt. McDonald-Milner has come up with his trump card—his proposed version of the **Yellow Card**. It reads as follows:

Instructions for Opening Fire in Northern Ireland

General Rules

1. In all situations you are to use maximum force necessary. *Firearms are to be used whenever possible.*
2. Your weapon must be carried in an aggressive manner, with 'one up the spout'. In case of automatic weapons, the working parts should be to the rear.

Challenging

3. A challenge could be given before opening fire unless:
 - (a) to do so would decrease the possibility of slotting somebody;
 - (b) it inconveniences you at the time.
4. You are to challenge by shouting '*Go ahead punk, make my day*', or words to that effect.

Opening Fire

5. You may only open fire against a person:
 - (a) if you think he looks like the kind of person who might commit an offence;
 - (b) if he looks as if he may one day endanger life;
 - (c) if he points his finger at you;
 - (d) you can't be bothered to carry out the arrest procedure.

6. If you manage to open fire you should:
 - (a) spray the area with lead;
 - (b) 'take out' as many people as possible.

RESTRICTED

Lt. Heartless and Mindless believes it is totally in keeping with the way ahead policy and in the best spirit of the *Anglo-Irish Agreement*, signed at Hillsborough.

We finish with a little poem

TO THE GIRLS IN BLUE

*To all the nurses, always calm
This comes to say thank you
For all your help, your wit and charm
I miss the girls in blue.*

*But have no fear, I shall not pine
And when this rhyme is done
It's off to the Choggi's once more to dine
I weigh at least a ton.*

*It's not long now, just a short while
And I'll walk back through your door
I can't wait to see your smile
Better reinforce the floor.*

From BONGO.

Number 2 Company North Howard Street Mill

Dear All at Home — I mean Hohne,

I thought I'd better write to let you know what's going on, as I haven't written for over a month, although the time seems to have flown by. I hope it has gone as quickly for you back home. Thank you for the Spring Onion you sent us — we really enjoyed it, and it brought tears to the eyes of some.

We are all well and in good heart at North Howard Street Mill. Things have even become just a little bit boring; still, better that, than too much excitement I hear you say. R and R was great — I'm sorry I was drunk for so much of the time.

I'll just go through various happenings in the Company to let you know how we are coping. Starting at the top, Major (Rambo) Richards has loosened up a bit on all the fines that were being dished out; this may have something to do with the fact that perhaps we're getting a little more careful and used to the drills, (L/Cpl. Coulthard makes a point of double checking his Brick now, to make sure they are carrying the ear-piece to the Chimp on Patrol), or maybe that he's spending so much of his time out with the Rover Group looking for a 'contact', and for terrorists that he can blow away. CSM (Fred) Covell has stopped tearing his hair out and tries





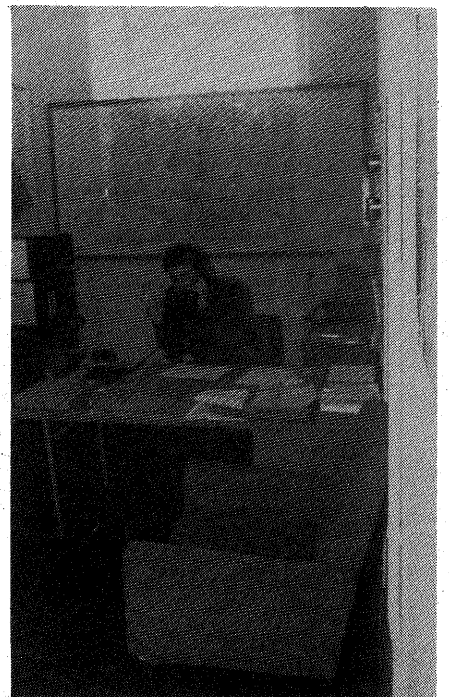
What did you do in the War daddy? – Gdsm. Evans 15



Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the prettiest of us all . . . –
Gdsm. Llewellyn, Keen, L.Cpl. Henderson and Gdsm. Morgan 40



Our door is always open – Gdsm. Anderson 12 and Gdsm. Fletcher



No! MPH doesn't stand for My Hair Piece – Captain Isaac

hard not to appear too bored by it all, while the second-in-command, Captain (Jerry) Isaac, spends most of his time **stroking** his hair, in the vain hope that this will in some way prevent any more sweaty pink bits appearing in his scalp. He also hasn't joined any patrols going out, since he went out with L/Cpl. Clark's Brick, and found himself running across every street junction and likely danger spots. The great thing about Northern Ireland, we heard him saying, is the complete lack of physical exercise we have to endure!

The blokes of 4 Platoon find it a great relief out on patrol, where they can deal with hard-drinking, hard-swearing, bottle-throwing Paddies; they find it a piece of cake having survived the iron grip of control exercised by Sgt. (Muscle Man) Evans 13, and Lt. (Clint Eastwood, Wobbley Knees, Hang 'em High — the list goes on . . .) Warburton-Lee. And L/Cpl. Emmanuel has expressed the opinion that if he's on patrol again when the area is suddenly put out of bounds, then he'd quite like to know, and not be left with his brick in the middle of the Clonards, while the rest of the patrol are all safely back in Tac. When 4 Platoon come off patrols, then they feel it is their right to complain that they are the most misused and abused Quick Reaction Force. Sgt. Rooney is aching for the day when he can stop being a brick commander and go to 6

Platoon to relieve Sgt. Jack Frost as a multiple commander. Some say that this is to give the Platoon Commander of 6 Platoon more map-reading lessons before we return to Saltau and Sennelager!

In 5 Platoon, Sgt. Adamson and Lt. (Bainy's Boy) Cockcroft take it in turns to keep the whole of the 2nd Floor awake, as they bark out their orders in the Patrols West Briefing Room. L/Sgt. Evely is getting practice, where he can, in quelling potential riots in Soweto and Basutcoland, and feels it is unfair that current patrol equipment doesn't include a few sjamboks or elephant guns. "Grab 'em by the balls and their hearts and minds will follow", as we keep hearing from our Intelligence Cell, seems a good policy to some. (Sorry Mum!) L/Sgt. Astley and L/Cpl. Sullivan take it in turns going up to the Divis Tower Op with their respective bricks, which is horribly like a tiny submarine inside, and coming down to show us all the 'known terrorists' we pass on the streets. (Where do they make them up from? — half this city is crawling with nasty people I was never aware of!) Most of the time in 5 Platoon, it seems that the main problems stem from having an apparent Chimp or Stripe alarm everytime Mr. Cockcroft takes out a patrol, and having no communications as Sgt. Adamson (who, let's face it, would rather be in Mexico winning the World Cup) comes

in swearing about his Medusa touch with radios.

The boys in 6 Platoon are recovering from their confusion caused by 2 Lt. (Zola) Rudd, who kept coming over the air complaining of hearing machine gun fire on his radio — the fact that his battery was dead, only served to add comedy to the consternation. The Platoon went running out into the Shankill area recently on a dawn "covert operation", in order to have a team photograph in front of the excellent murals there, and L.Cpl. Henderson, L.Sgt. Harris 36, and L.Sgt. Carter have a competition between them (to see who can do the most car checks), — the individual record currently stands at 45 checks in one patrol. Otherwise, with 9 bricks in the PI, they are able to spend most of the day and night in bed, though they will tell you they are hard done by. Sgt. Frost carries on serenely running the Platoon, and he will be much missed when he goes off to do his Education Course; will Sgt. Rooney be able to cope with the animal house? — find out in my next letter.

The troop from 50 Missile Regiment are a great bunch of people, always cheerful and smiling — even if the smiling is largely caused by the decaying appearance of their leader, Lt. (Chairman Ming) Roberts, and cheerful even despite a bollicking from Sgt. Weeks (unfortunately overheard by half of the Mill, as the tannoy



Paisley's patrol - Lt. Rudd, Sgt. Frost and Number 6 platoon

system was left on), that the Regt. Sgt. Major would have been proud of.

We also have a platoon from the Kings Own Border Regiment attached to us, but as this letter might one day be printed, I'd better not say anything about them.

In the Intelligence Cell, Sgt. Steve Ranson capably leads his men while they gather all sorts of um . . . Intelligence. The Battalion paper shortage must surely be related to the amount of pen pal letters that adorn the Int Cell walls. Sgt. Ranson (also, oddly, nicknamed Rambo) manages to combine his role, with that of being the Coys cultural attache. This fact only became known after the amount of times he appeared in the morning with a hangerover, having supposedly been "collating intelligence" with the RUC the night before. To compensate, he manically runs up and down the stairs and round and round the front of the Mill for 45 minutes every day (I must tell Capt. Isaac!). L.Cpl. Evans 58, does not do this **any** day, but probably holds the record for the most amount of egg Banjos consumed when on night duty. L.Cpl. Adams sorts out everybodys pay statements in between typing out sighting reports, and doing Sgt. Evans 13's Education Maths homework.

And Gdsm. Evans 15, is, well just 15.

In the Quartermasters store, CQMS Wally Walford and Sgt. Morris 85 take it in turns to "pump iron" every day as soon as they finish playing squash — they have a remarkable roster worked out, so that there always seems to be **someone** playing squash from the CQMS department. L.Cpl. Austin has perfected the art of sleeping on his feet, even while he is talking to you, and Gdsm. Morris 97, and Jenkins 52 ("dog" to his mates) appear to do all the work.

The unsung hero in the Mill, is Sgt. Jephcott. He works (and it is genuine work) about 20 hrs a day with never a complaint or moan, and, like he did in Canada, manages to keep all the vehicles, despite abuse by drivers and brickings from locals, in tip-top condition.

L.Sgt. (Sir Harold) Copeland runs the signals side of life. He is seen bustling about, usually in good humour, and has taken on a new lease of life with the advent of the Cougar radio system. Gdsm. McHugh sleeps during the day and mans the Ops Room from Midnight till 8 am, all without apparently ever displacing his well-brushed hair. L.Cpl. Jones 86 leads the top of the squash ladder (hotly disputed by the CSM and L.Cpl. Chapple) and keeps his cool, while all about him are losing theirs and blaming it on him. Gdsm. Fryd (whose nicknames are too lengthy and complex to write down), fits into the same bracket although his squash is not much to speak of.

The food is still not much to write home about, although the cooks have a dreadful time working in a boiling hot cramped kitchen, receiving no thanks, and operating on a shoe-string budget. If Sgt. Winchester would not insist on playing 3 games of squash before he serves up dinner, all would be well, and we would be content.

That's about it folks — I have at last run dry. We hope you are all well and thriving, particularly the new born first children of L.Sgt. Harris 36 and Gdsm. Healey (many congratulations!), and that the last few weeks will not drag by for you before we return. Actually, by the time you receive this (isn't the post slow these days!) there will only be a couple of weeks to go.

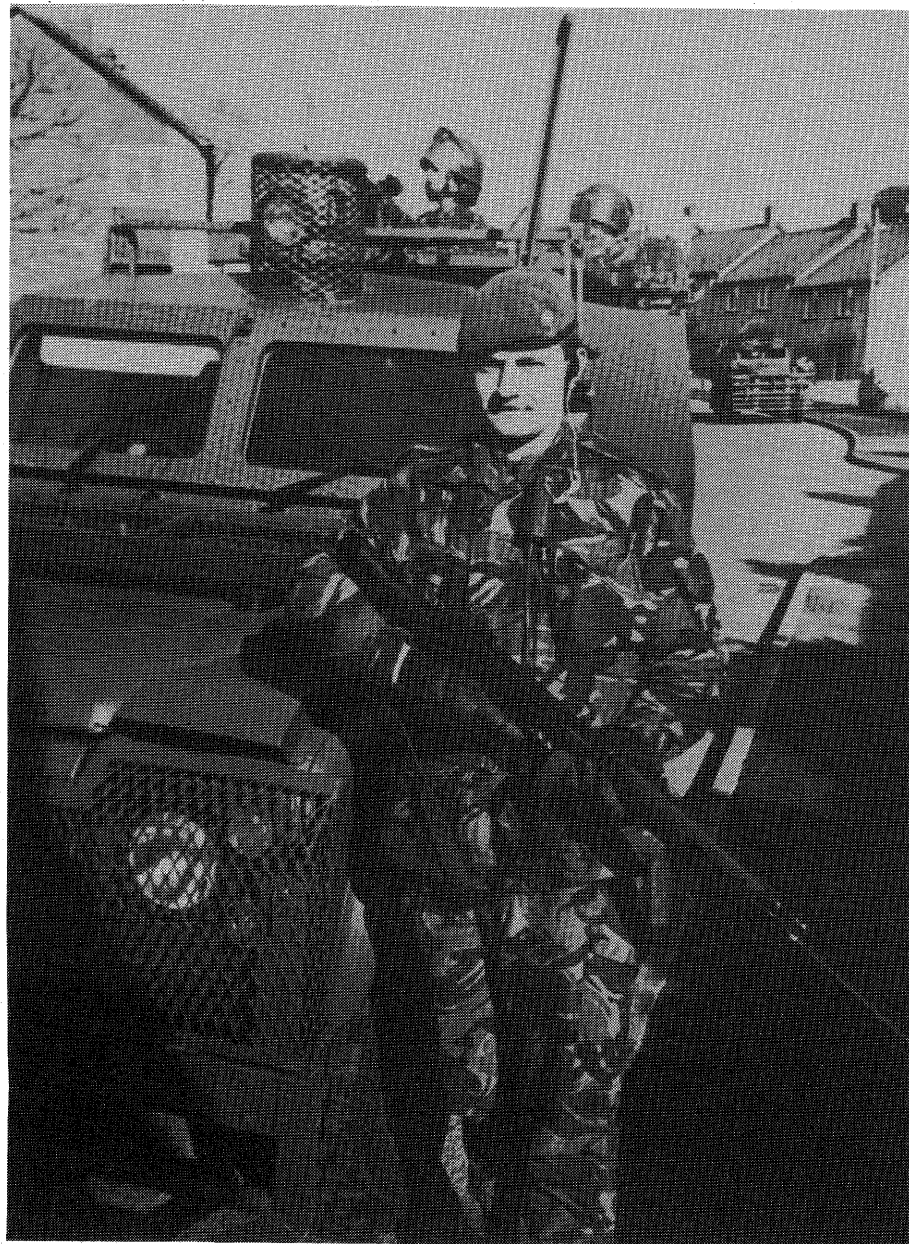
O fabulous day, the 4th of July!

Love from 2 Company

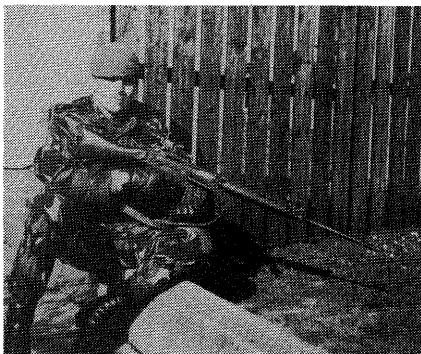
Number 3 Company

Musgrave Park Hospital

Braving torrential rains, the terrorist threat and nuclear fallout, No. 3 Company has again been busy on the streets. We have cordoned off everything from beer kegs to stolen videos, not to mention a bomb making kit, a house takeover and a dead body (the result of a domestic dispute — married men be warned). Our seachers have been spurred on to greater efforts by their discoveries of stolen property which have included two nail guns, a power drill, a TV, video, microwave and toaster — all of which were discovered by L.Sgt. Bevan and his trusty men, who obviously reach the parts other search teams cannot reach. Although no-one else (except the local children, who continue to produce weapons and ammunition from their back gardens) has been able to find similar



Fame at last . . . — L.Cpl. Sergeant



Covering the ground – Gdsm. Cox

equipment as yet, the now familiar cry of "We've got an Op on!" from L.Sgts. Jones 73 and Salmon leave the Ops Officer confident that there will soon be rooms full of the stuff down at Woodbourne Police Station.

Life down at Woodbourne, where all our patrols start, continues to flourish under the tender eye of Sgt. Hinder, and the diminutive Company Mascot, Spit the Dog. However, despite the keenest efforts of the PSA on the one hand (trying to renovate the place) and the IRA on the other (using a blast bomb), "Fort Apache the Bronx" remains much the same. Two newcomers to the sharp end are L.Cpl. King and Pte. Yendley (RAMC) who seem to have founded the Woodbourne branch of the Open University; Sgt. Hinder does his bit to add to the academic atmosphere with a tasteful collection of videos. 2Lt. Presland returned from North Howard Street Mill with many tales of strange goings on, but has now resumed his role of RUC liaison officer, although the recent removal of the Pac-Man machine has made this a difficult task.

Patrolling continues and all the platoons are well into their stride now, although even at this stage there are still things to learn; it is said that Gdsm. Davies 57 will now never forget the efforts of an electric cattle-fence, and that L.Sgt. Jones 73 can now find his way to the Divis mountain blindfold. There is however no truth in the rumour that Gnr. Hunt (1RHA), who narrowly avoided what he thought to be a snipers bullet, has since drawn out a second INIBA jacket. Meanwhile the Company drivers have been putting the new APV's through their paces (among other things); Gdsm. Roberts 99 now carries a spare door handle in his pocket in case he comes up against any more tight gaps, while L.Cpl. Leigh protests that he does not really have a particular dislike of black taxis.

Relaxation, although tightly rationed, does come eventually and while many have been content to run no further than the One Arm Bandit (L.Cpl. Taylor is the acknowledged master in this sphere), other members of the Company have been somewhat more active. The Belfast Marathon, at the beginning of May attracted a number of our better runners, led by

CSM Hopkins. Training involved endless circuits of the camp and L.Cpl. Davies 14 established a record which is unlikely to be broken when he completed 100 laps in one afternoon (20 miles). On the day however it was Gdsm. Pritchard 78 who made the best time, coming in inside three hours, while everyone else beat the four hour mark. Meanwhile the weight training fanatics have been working out nightly in the shower block under the watchful but merciless supervision of Gdsm. Cox. Other members of the Company continue to vie with the Echelon athletes for the use of the squash court.

Elsewhere, there have been moments of slightly less strenuous activity. Sgt. Powell 01, in the interest of Army-Police relations, has selflessly employed his police experience and his golfing ability and has had no shortage of volunteers to caddy for him, L.Sgt. Ricketts being the latest applicant. Other members of the Company have had the opportunity to go fishing with the RUC. For more of us, however, the visit of the Regimental Band provided a good opportunity to get to know the policemen we work with a little better; after the concert the guests were invited to the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, where they demonstrated their appreciation of a good time with great fervour. We also had a visit from the CSE travelling cabaret show which was received with considerable applause; the photographs taken by L.Cpl. Went of the event have since been much sought after.

Life at MPH however has not been relaxing for everyone, as the signaller who was shot at while working on the radio mast will testify. For the

Company signallers, working under the direction of L.Sgt. Roberts 20, it has been at times quite traumatic; Gdsm. Walker 92 is often heard giving radio checks in his sleep, while Gdsm. Smyth, it seems, was unable to get a haircut for the first two months of the tour owing to the frequency of his radio-stags. Gdsm. White meanwhile employs time at the desk discussing his own unique brand of politics with the watchkeeper. Perhaps this is what induced the CQMS to give up smoking.

One of the other constant themes of life at MPH is the frequency of visits



I needed that! – Gnr. Clegg (1RHA att.)

made by senior officers, NITAT staff and others. The Company Commander, S.Sgt. Reavill and the Rover Group are now past masters at the presentation of the complete guide to Ops South; they were recently able to conduct our successors, 45 Royal Marine Commando, around the area as they came out for their recce of W. Belfast.



Paper boy with escort – Sgt. Powell 01 and RUC

Their appearance on our patch is an indication of just how fast the first part of our tour has gone by. We hope they will be able to achieve the same degree of friendliness with the locals that some of our guardsmen have developed; Gdsm. Balchin was recently offered a beer, while L.Cpl. Leigh was given the opportunity to indulge in tea and cakes. It was not disclosed whether or not the gifts were accepted. Finally, the Company says farewell to CSM Hopkins, and welcomes Capt. Dymoke and CSM Dyas to the Little Iron Men.



Sacked at last! - Lt. Dyer



Third on the left and pull the chain afterwards - Lt. Dyer and Commander 1Armd Div, Major General Mullens

Costa Del Whiterock

*Hello, Jiff, this is me,
A friend of yours from Number Three,
I hear that 70, VJ and thee
are in the land of fantasy:*

*Palm trees here, swimming pool there
You've even got a jacuzzi, I hear.
What's it like to be so safe
When you're closed in behind them
gates?*

*I hope I don't sound perverse,
But the reason for this little verse
Is to make you all feel aware
Of the lack of patrolling that's done up
there.*

The Sharp End.

**Intelligence Cell
Number 3 Company
1 Welsh Guards**

Here in the Int Cell, the Collators have been accustomed to their three day turn-around and look forward to a spell down at Woodbourne, though the attraction there is probably the cuisine. L/Cpl. Williams 87 will disrupt this routine when he leaves soon to go on his Mortar course.

Guardsmen Smith 11, Royal and Wardlaw, when not collating fill their time by writing libellous comments about each other in the infamous Int Log, whilst 'the Turk' employs his artistic talents to the full depicting episodes of the tour some of us would rather forget! The Office Manager Sst. Hooper runs the place like a well oiled machine, though he becomes agitated as evening approaches and swears he can hear the sauna calling him. Sgt. Gibbs has found a soul mate in Mr. Dyer and they can sometimes be heard jamming in the briefing room, while S/Sgt. Reavill sits with a faraway look in his eyes doubtless thinking of his imminent posting to Berlin.

Although drawn from other parts of the Battalion, life with 'The Little Iron Men' has been both rewarding and enjoyable, and life at the 'sharp end' has been anything but dull.

ODE TO '22'

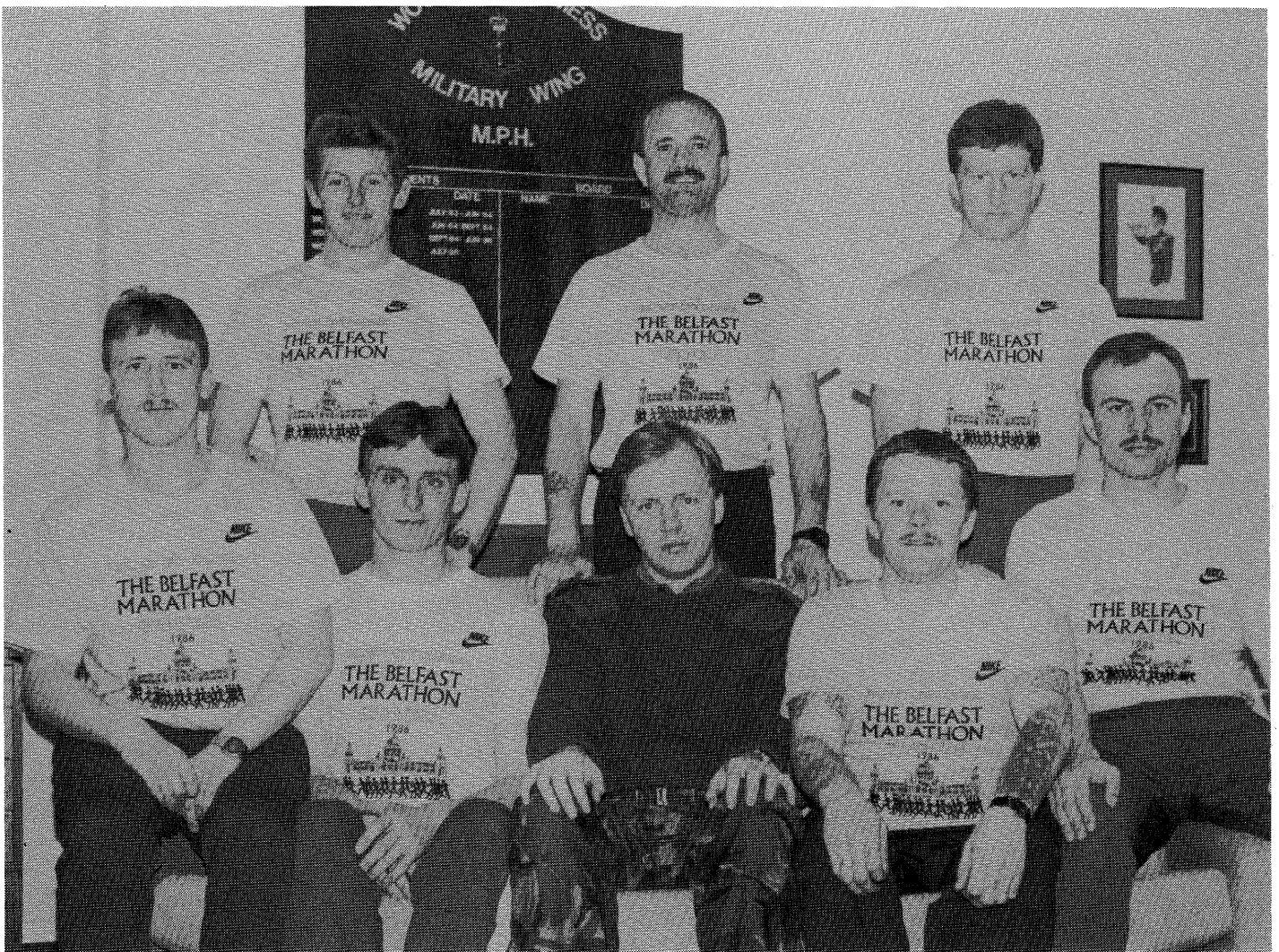
*Airwolf, Airwolf, pipe alight,
On the drag stag every night;
To your bed you pay due homage,
What is the difference between
'Search' and 'Rummage'?*

*The USA's an elusive soul,
He wonders why we call him 'Mole';
A Search? Yes, Proban will crack it,
As soon as he draws an INIBA jacket!*

'The Int Mob'



"They may not frighten the enemy, but by God they frighten me!" - Gdsm. Godwin, Garrett, Davies 90, Harman 46, Wheeler and Keepin



The Magnificent Seven and friend – Major Syms with his Marathon team

ECHELON

Musgrave Park Hospital

We are now into the 3rd month of our tour, at the time of writing, and many have had their R&R. We are now preparing for our handover to the Royal Marines.

Major Sayers is now being kept busy by visits from all sorts of VIPs, Press, Uncle Tom Cobby and his dog and anyone else who cares to visit Echelon. On return from his R&R, he hadn't even stepped out of the van, when he was informed that the Battalion had had 3 incidents in the TAOR. He then proceeded to spend a long time on the radio and studying the map in the Ops. Room. What a nice welcome back!!

CSM Bellis has had an enjoyable time since the last edition of The Leek, as he has now found that last piece of the jigsaw. Now that one is completed, he has started on his 20 piece jigsaw which he has acquired for himself. There has been talk in Echelon that the CSM has part shares in the video shop!! That aside, the CSM has been kept busy with the problem of finding stand in for Guards, Ward 18 escorts, etc.

L.Cpl. Fear is still coping with all the paper work being churned out by the Echelon Commander and can be found (now and again) in his office. The rumour is that the Echelon Commander and CSM have threatened to tie him down to his desk so they know where he is in the daytime.

The days are now getting closer when we will be with our loved ones in Germany and we send all our love. Never mind, days to do!

The Paymaster recently gave everyone great cause for concern, when playing squash he came into contact with the MTOs squash racket. Subsequently he was found unconscious in his room. After the normal remedies of whisky and other alcoholic beverages failed to revive him sufficiently he was admitted to the Military Wing of the hospital. He was found later wallowing in all the attention he received there and secretly enjoying every moment of it—not to mention the nurses.

The QM and MTO being naturally concerned about his welfare investigated the Paymaster's living conditions and after nearly collapsing with heat exhaustion whilst in his room, the Quartermaster authorised the issue of a Tropical Combat suit to "Hutch" on his return.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TAXI PIG

We have been here nigh-on three months now and the hours of the Taxi Pigs doesn't seem to decrease, but increase. Just because we are paid 24 hours a day the Taxi Pigs have to work 24 hours a day. A typical day begins on average as the sun is rising in the East and ends when it rises again. The Taxi Pigs comprises of two Teams, Team A: Sgt. "I'm too tall" Hurley, Gdsm. "I told you so" Brennan and Gdsm. "Give us another Banjo" Rowlands and Team B: Sgt. "Bring 'em back alive" Cole,



L.Cpl. "Can't get a word in" Jones 88 and L.Cpl. "I'll get the mail right one day" Cox. Some people are under the impression that the Taxi Pigs job is a 'swan of a job' when actually we tend to spend more time on the ground than some of the patrols (right Robert de Niro's aren't we).

While most of you are thinking of having a shave out goes the Taxi Pigs on the first run of the day, consisting mainly of the Admin. side of life, i.e. waking the Watchkeeper up and taking him back for his well earned breakfast (joke). Paymaster take note. Mind you Lt. Cave has been known to participate now and again. Then once this is all over we come to the 'Fun Run' of the day in which you see so many smiling faces who *think* they have got a letter but in fact L.Cpl. Cox has left in another location, along with the Master Chef's bread. So girls, if you want a letter to get to your husband or boyfriend in 'the Mill', address it to Fort Whiterock and I am sure L.Cpl. Cox will oblige.

Then the mood changes completely as we pick the boys who have been on R&R and have to return to Ireland, up from the various locations where the crew ensure they drop them off at the right location this time.

Finally we come to the highlight of the day when we turn 'Duty Dustmen' on the ever increasing Skip runs and POL runs, where we ensure that we wake the RSM at TAC HQ promptly. We are sound in the knowledge that once we leave the Army we are almost guaranteed a job in Civvy street as Dustmen, Milkmen, Postmen or the way the mail is going, baggage attendants for British Rail.

Rumour of the Week:

Taxi Pig drivers have been asked to test Pilot the next Challenger.



One loo for the whole camp! - L.Sgt. Roberts 84, L.Cpl. Yeo, L.Sgt. Saunders and Gdsm. King

THE ECHELON OPERATORS

Day after Day, Night after Night, the Echelon Ops continue to connect everyone's girlfriends and wives, mums and dads, from the distant shores of North and South Wales and also the further reaches of Hohne (somewhere in Germany.).

Despite occasionally putting a wife through to the wrong person (sorry!!), we are still quite popular. Between the hours of Nine and Eleven at night, our hot line is to Washington (no, not the USA, but the Chinese Takeaway on the Lisburn Road). L.Cpl. Griffiths, 'Griff' to his friends, says that he can order any meal by name or by number, without looking at a menu. Gdsm. Phillips 19 also has a good all round knowledge of the Chinese cuisine, as he's eaten most of them. He thinks he can get through the whole menu by the end of the tour. Gdsm. Steve (the Storeman) Weekes, when not sleeping can be seen (and heard) pushing

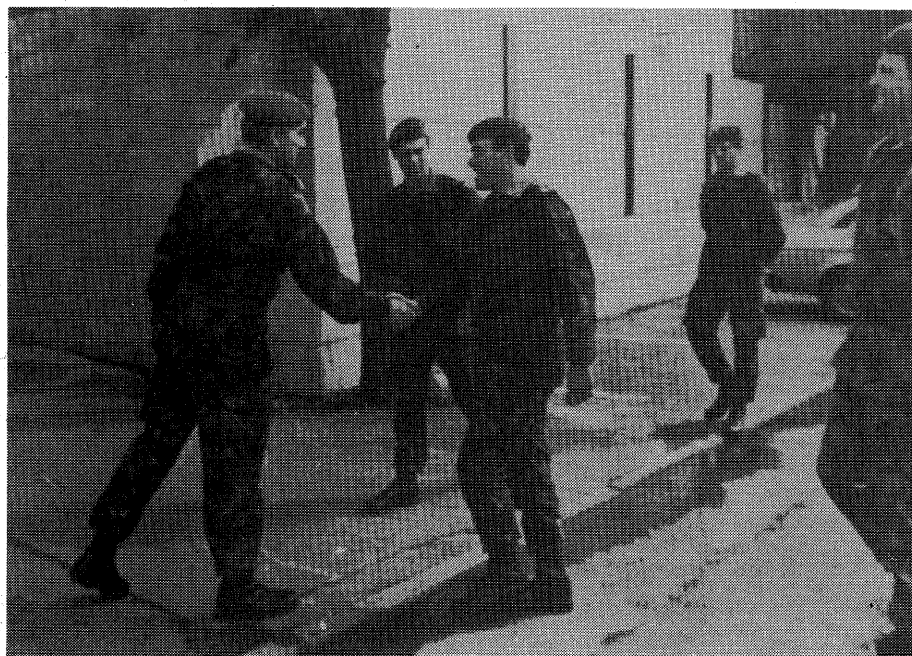
the weights. He says he's practicing offloading the C.Sgts. boxes on our return to Hohne while the C.Sgt. watches. Gdsm. (I'm not really dull) Jones 54 has been busy making coffee for the whole Ops Staff (and he still gets it wrong), as his punishment for trying to smuggle arms out of Belfast to the Waunarlwydd (somewhere by Swansea) Freedom Fighters during his recent R&R.

We must welcome back into the fold, our own Italian Stallion, Gdsm. Pezzarini, fresh from his exploits at the Signals Factory in Warminster. Gdsm. (this is stupid) Skinner, has heard that this is a good bluff so he's also gone to try his luck. Hopefully we won't see him again until after leave. Gdsm. 'the Bandit' Gill has gone away to learn about ferrets. Hopefully, on his return, he'll know how to put the bits back on, that Captain Ballard has taken off.

On then to the older generation. Firstly, to the old man, L.Sgt. 'Knocker' Knowles. He can often be heard indulging in his favourite pastime, (no he's given up drinking), and that's arguing with the Sgt. Normally, it's over who is going on tomorrow's escort or who has lost the most weight. C.Sgt. 'Muncher' Morgan 82 is our rally king (the MTO has even given him his own car). He can be seen every day driving off on his sorties into bandit country. The round Ireland Rally would prove no problem to our intrepid leader, as he's heard to mutter his next checkpoint (Kinnegar then to Aldergrove).

When the arguing and telephoning stops, we occasionally take time out to answer the radio. But one thing we do agree on, is that July can't come quick enough and we're all looking forward to rejoining our loved ones. So keep on smiling (and phoning), there's always a kind word for you from the boys at Ech. Ops. We're at your call whatever the hour, whatever your need.

You too can call our 24 hour service . . .



Dr. Livingstone I presume! - Capt. (QM) Pridham and Brigadier Denison-Smith

MT Platoon Newsletter

Hello Girls

Well, a lot has happened since the last letter the PI wrote, with us all having to go on R & R and with people going on courses, etc., etc. We would like to take this opportunity to wish Gdsm. 'Chief Pumping Officer' Evans 11 and Gdsm. Dummer all the best for the future on their much deserved return to civilian life. Well, the MTWO has decided that as he has no opposition on the squash court, he has started competition with the PI. He is yet to win his first game!

Rumour has it that when Elf steps off, we are going to send him off in the skip wagon so he can be heard saying to the boys: "Oh why have I got to go on another skip run again?!!"

We would like to welcome Gdsm. 'the Nag' Edwards on a temporary attachment to the PI on his retirement from the Taxi Pigs. A quick mention for Jimmy the Leg Mk 2 L.Cpl. 'I can't get this bit right, it must be my calculator' Jenkins, who can be seen most days in the prone position when he's not checking his account. Well, all the boys here are in good spirits as we are on the

downward slope of our tour. We would like to give a mention to Gdsm. 'Dylan' Drinkwater (or so he's been called judging by the length of his hair). We would like to wish L.Sgt. 'the Jap' 01 all the best and hope that his operation goes well. We hope to see him soon as he is greatly missed having got off yet another 'Duty POL'.

We recently had the Regimental Band with us and a good time was had by all as Gdsm. Evans 09 and L.Cpl. 'I had my first game of squash the other day' Speed said when they finished their daily tasks of picking up the Band.

Well, at the moment with the PRE upon us, in good humour as he always is, can be heard to say: "Let's get it over with and get the Bar B Q going; I could do with a steak!!" A quick mention for Gdsm. Lane 72, Gdsm. Morris 30, Gdsm. Radford and Cfn. Aitken, who can be seen most nights 'pumping iron' trying to get a 'chest' and trying to loose some weight. They send their regards to their loved ones and keep smiling. Not long now girls, so until the next edition, take care and try not to spend too much of our money.



*Permission for take off? -
Capt. Scott-Bowden and CSM Morgan
40*

TAC HQ

Springfield Road

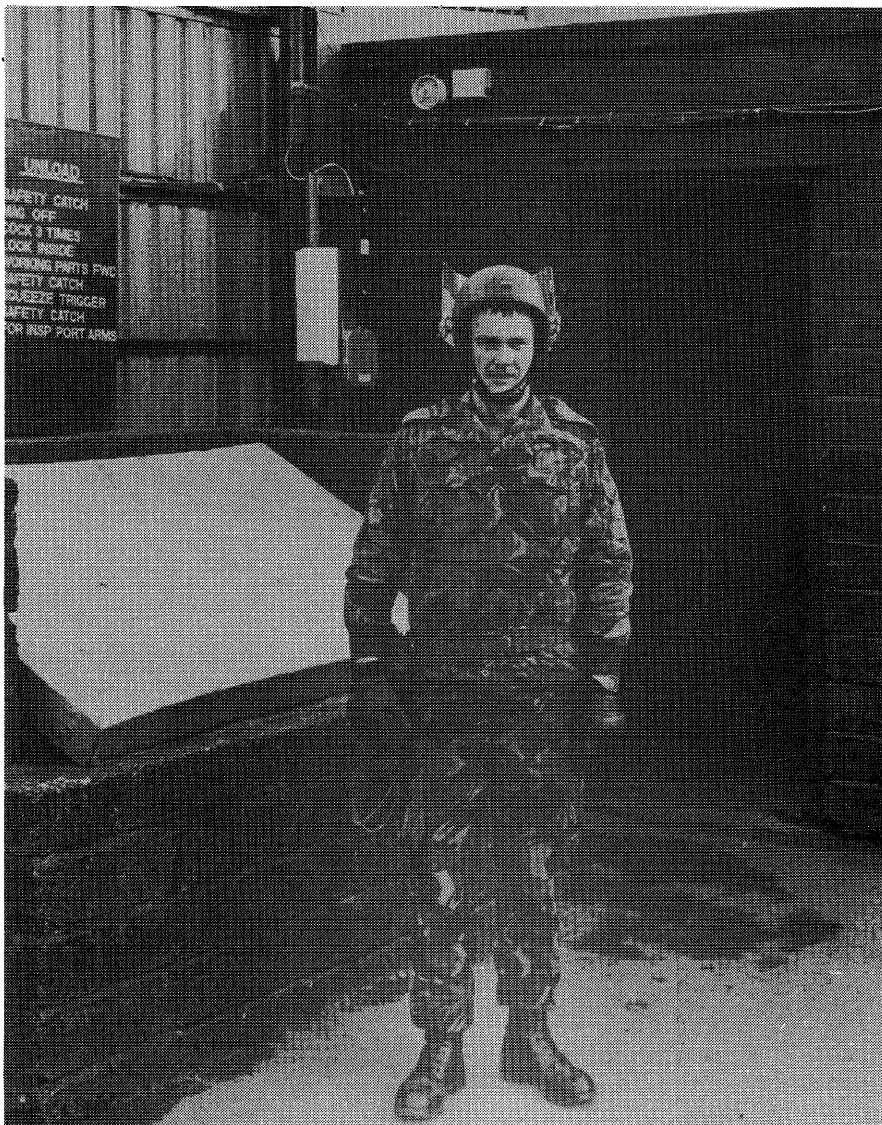
Our main concern over the last reporting period has been the cloud of radioactivity emanating from the USSR. Yoghurt yields from Captain Ballard's surviving goats are down on last year and Captain Scott-Bowden remains on standby to dump sand over Chernobyl. Bursts of gamma rays are punctuated by short periods of R & R. Captain Scott-Bowden went to London to extricate himself from a European entanglement. Captain Malcolm went to somewhere in Surrey to inspect his matching Basque Spanish Bungalow and Captain Black went to Venice. Not a good time to go to Italy as the government had just banned the sale of fresh fruit and vegetables, but the trip did provide a jaunty pc message as follows:

"Sitting in Harry's Bar trying to drown the effects of a peculiarly radioactive lasagne. Lethal and clearly in the cherry brandy/lucozade league. Lots of Italians which is a bore, but most are employed as waiters and shoeshine boys which is as it should be".

Captain Ballard has not yet been away and speculation abounds. Too early for polo, but alas, too late for the Festival of Industrial Cleaning at Leipzig.



*Just wait - you hav'nt tasted it yet! -
L.Sgt. Duff (ACC)*



The Black Hole of MPH - L.Cpl. Henty

his tyrannical approach to changing magazines. Sometimes this entails an extremely un-Queensbury like approach with the spot colour being officially altered seconds before departure.

The Int Cell eagerly awaits the arrival of the Royal Marines Int advance party in early June. Only then will the Drill Sergeant be able to get down to some real liaison with the RUC. L.Sgt. Llewellyn will be able to get back to his newborn daughter, Samantha (congratulations) — an event predicted accurately on Vengeful some time before.

There is a certain tension in the Orderly Room (like Roedean on a sports afternoon). Captain Malcolm is sulking with ORCS (despite his new tan — all out of a bottle anyway) or vice versa. More next issue on what is rapidly becoming a blood feud. Initial indications are that the coolness centres on departure dates for BAOR.

Gdsm. Newing is to appear before an RSPCA Disciplinary Committee on a charge of choking chipmonks. Single handedly and alone, Gdsm. Newing has been known to strangle most brutally at least half a dozen chipmonks per day.

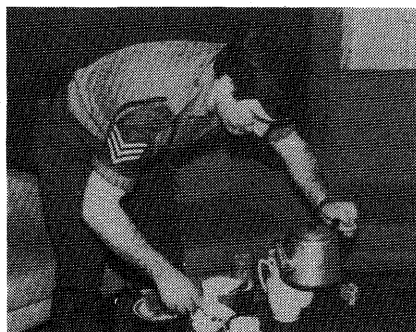
Thoughts are beginning to turn towards the end of the tour and leave. Thanks to Ken Livingstone who recently described the IRA as "freedom fighters" and us British Soldiers as "killers" implementing a "poisonously murderous" policy in Northern Ireland. Good on you Ken. Bet all your Black Lesbian and Gay babysitter friends agree with you.

Stop Press

The Intelligence Officer was recently despatched down to Fort Whiterock to interview one of the locals who was apparently offering to turn supergrass on one of the terrorist organisations. Quickly donning his lumberjack shirt faded denims and sticking on a droopy moustache he arrived at the fort to find Patrick being lavishly entertained in the Officers Mess. After a short interview Patrick was despatched back into the cold night air having been identified as a nuisance!



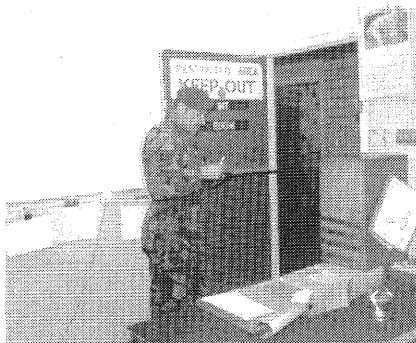
"This is Your Life!" Sgt. Chittock and Brigadier Denison-Smith



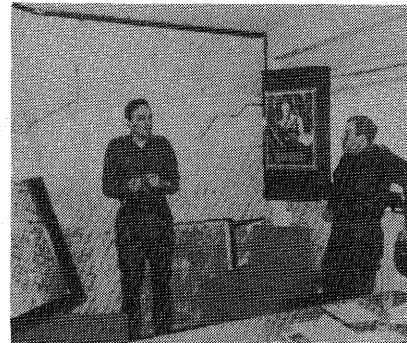
Rosey Lea and me — Sgt. Burbridge (RSIGS)



Waiter! There's a fly in my soup.



The pen is mightier than the sword — Sgt. Griffiths 75.



Please Sir, it wasn't me! — Capt. Black and Brig. Denison-Smith



Black, Ballard & Scott-Bowden

ANWAR AFFAIR

Army & Royal Air Force Canteen
Contractors-Tailors-Lauderers-Barbers

LOVE LINES

To Chris, Sian and Beth. See you soon, all my love, Emrys.

To my darling wife Lyn. All love always, see you soon, Martin, XXX.

To John and David. Happy Ninth Birthday, see you soon, Dad.

To Chop. With lots of love, Chopstick.

To my darling wife. Happy Anniversary, love. I hope the next 5 are as enjoyable as these last have been, Martyn.

To Debbie Griffiths. Happy Birthday love for the 31st. Sorry not there to enjoy it with you (don't get too drunk). From your everloving husband and daughter, Martyn and Sarah, XXX.



IWG
JULY 86