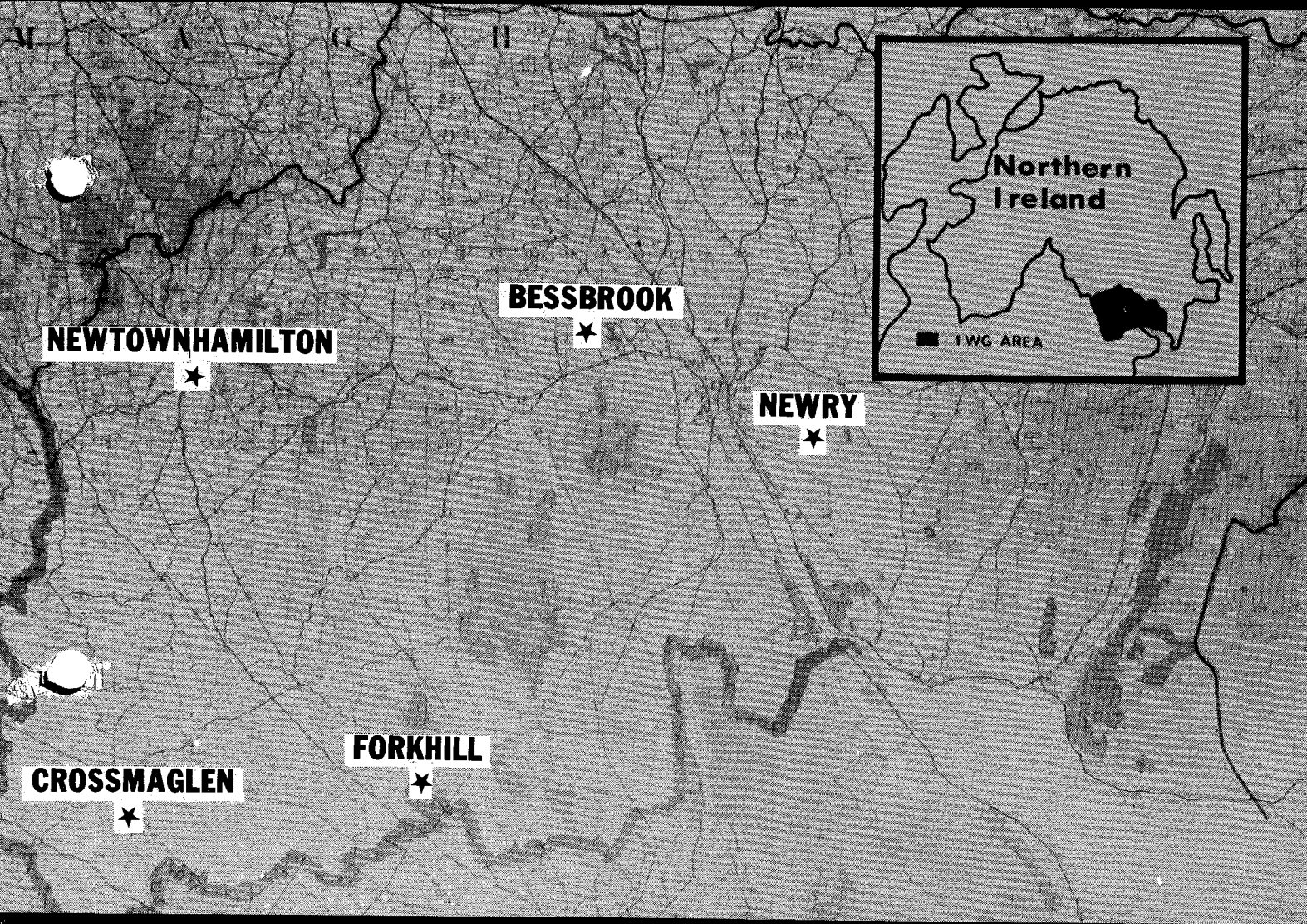




THE LEEK



1st BATTALION WELSH GUARDS

South Armagh

November 1979

Issue No. 1



Message from the Commanding Officer

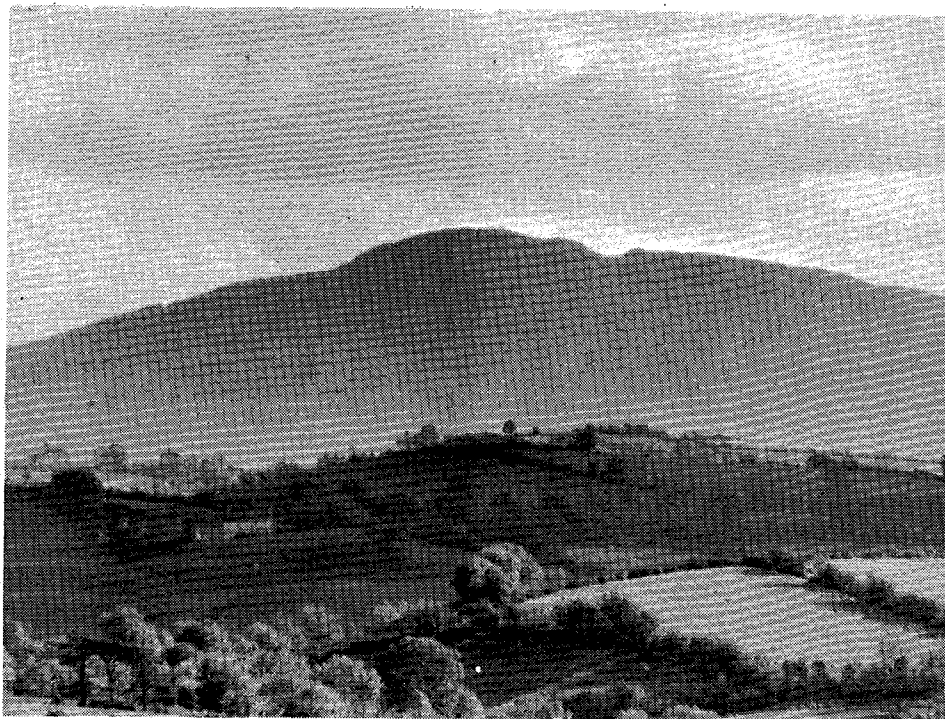
The 'Leek' makes a welcome return for our tour in South Armagh. Over the years whenever the Battalion has been on an operational tour we have published it and found it to be a valued link between our families, our friends and ourselves. We intend to publish it each month we are in Northern Ireland and I am sure it will help to bridge the distance between the Battalion and those at home.

On Tuesday 13th November Guardsman Paul Fryer was murdered by the Provisional IRA. He came from Pontywaun, Gwent and joined the Battalion in Berlin. His tragic death has been deeply felt by all of us. Though he was only eighteen he was a much respected member of the Prince of Wales Company and exemplified all that a Welsh Guardsman should be. Guardsman Michael Miller who was wounded at the same time is happily making a speedy recovery in hospital. As Welsh Guardsmen we can and should be very proud of the way the patrol which was involved in this tragedy and Prince of Wales Company reacted at the time of Paul Fryer's death. The way they have continued to carry out their duties has been an example to us all.

Our days in South Armagh are full and time passes quickly. The weeks ahead will not be easy for us here but we are well aware that neither will they be easy for those we have left behind. We are grateful for the support we receive from all at home despite the worries they must have and look forward to the day when we are together again.



Charles Cuthbert



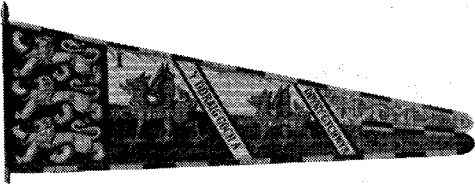
South Armagh

EDITORIAL

A few words to introduce the first South Armagh edition of The Leek. You will see from the map on the front cover where the Battalion is. Each company has its own area and each argue that their's is the most interesting. We welcome D Company 2nd Battalion the Parachute Regiment, who currently look after the Forkhill area. Working with 2 Para we have met many old friends from the time we served together in Berlin.

We have had a number of successes, including finds of weapons, ammunition and one mortar. No. 2 Company had to deal with an incendiary bomb attack in the shopping centre in Newry. By prompt and effective action the damage was minimised much to the relief of the local traders. Most Companies have made a number of arrests. To date we have arrested 9 suspected terrorists.

Amazingly we have completed one quarter of our tour. 'R and R' starts soon which we are all looking forward to.



'The Red Dragon Gives A Lead'

Prince of Wales Company Crossmaglen

Over the past 5 weeks Prince of Wales Company has been gradually filtering into Crossmaglen, only one mile from the Irish Border (the South of South Armagh). The Company I.O. (the one man Battalion pre-pre-advance party) and the bulk of the Int Cell welcomed the advance party which suddenly swamped the small base and our rather shorter brethren, the departing Jocks. They took endless trouble to show us the town and surrounding area in the short time available before the main body arrived under the wing? of CSM Evans 33. Farewells were bade and the Company turned to the job ahead.

We have had a quiet initial period which has afforded us the opportunity to learn about places and people. Major Wall has guided patrols around the area with this in mind. He is ably assisted by Lt Stephenson who perches as Kestrel over Watchkeepers and signallers in the busy Ops room.

Next door is the Intelligence office, paper flies about the small room, pencils scratch, Captain Mason scratches his head and CSgt Harrison explains to Sgt Sweet (the indefatigable medicine man) the other meaning of a 'P' Check.

Somehow, from within a dark and fearsome place, Sgt Fearon and a team of cooks not only feed the rather large

company but also the Royal Engineers Troop, the RCT saracen drivers and the gallant RUC under Inspector Henry Irvine. The Engineers are in the process of knocking lots of things down and putting lots of things up. Which means that the bulk of the camp area is taken up with piles of building materials. Those who were here in 1974 notice and welcome the changes since then.

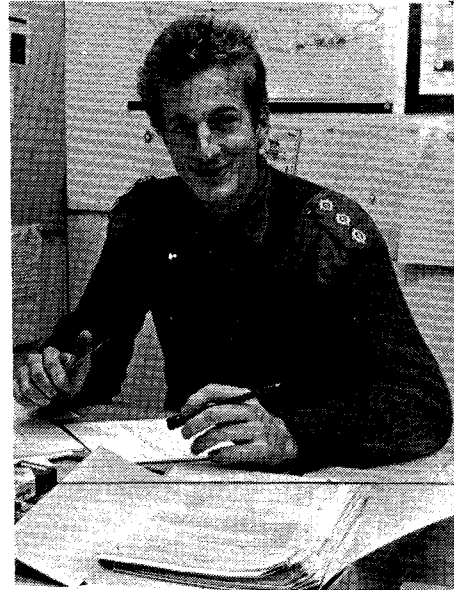
Crouched amongst the chaos is CQMS Carty who provides from a few sheds and lorry containers all our material requirements. Our man on the helipad is LSgt Griffiths 38 who, it is rumoured, sleeps with ear defenders on. Gdsm Browne lurks in a sort of kennel fighting the war with and against paper. Outside LSgt Griffiths 75 and the other "can" (armoured personnel carriers) commanders menacingly oil their guns between turns of providing protection to foot patrols in the town.

All in all, the Company is settling down well to the hard work required of everyone who serves in Crossmaglen and we are looking forward to our time here. Meanwhile, outside the base, life in the town continues almost normally as the locals accustom themselves to the Welsh Guardsmen.

ONE PLATOON

After two and a half months of condensed training and a tour of south east England we arrived in Crossmaglen by helicopter from Bessbrook on Thursday 25th October. The first members of the platoon arrived at midday and were quite surprised to find themselves loaded up, fully equipped and out on the streets in 15 minutes. There was not time for worry and before long we found ourselves chatting to the local population to fulfill the individual curiosities each one of us has about the characters of this small but 'explosive' border town.

The atmosphere is most unreal with only a few people acknowledging a friendly 'good day' from an unsure Welsh Guardsman but confidence is being gained as the situation is becoming better understood. Morale is high in our cramped but adequate accommodation and the sauna, multi gym and coloured televisions are well used.



I didn't think Blaszkwi did a blow dry. Capt Mason — Enjoying life at Crossmaglen.

TWO PLATOON

The advance party duly arrived at Aldergrove Airport and saw the Platoon Commander being put into a car as outrider to the two coaches transporting the rest of us to Bessbrook International Heliport. We thought at one point that he was heading for Dublin as his driver took the wrong exit at the roundabout.

The handover period went smoothly and some fairly odd patrols were seen to be leaving base with euphoric and somewhat casual Scotsmen and reserved and cautious Welshmen.



Lcpl Lewis 34 and the famous Rats.



CSgt Harrison — "Don't take it too hard" We have trouble getting our Helicopters to pick us up too.



Mana from heaven — RAF resupply.

The main body joined us a week later and was amazed to see how small and cramped the camp was; they were lucky in that they had two days on guard to orientate themselves.

The first day on a town patrol saw a certain Lcpl sending his own car vehicle registration number and was shocked to receive the reply 'hard area' Pontypridd!

Sgt Harvey and his multiple on one of the farmers daughters patrols saw Irish commonsense alive and well and living in Creggan.

Sgt Harvey to man, "Is this man your son."

The Man, "I think he is anyway".

Sgt Harvey to man, "How old is this son of yours."

The Man, "About 20, but he hasn't really grown yet!"

The next day Lcpl Stables did a very good impression of a dead ant when he got on the wrong side of a Wessex downwind, it took the rest of his Brick considerable time to extract him from the bog.

Lcpl Bevan has also experienced difficulties in his debussing drills. On being the last to leave the Wessex he saw the multiple kneeling in a circle around



Gdsm Bartlett and Whitehouse — looking forward to a night out on the town.



LSgt Griffiths 34 impressing the RAF,

the helicopter but staying 10 metres from the hedgerow; perplexed he barked orders to 'get in the bloody hedgerow and into cover,' wanting to set the example he leapt towards the hedge only to discover a stream covered by thick grass into which he vanished up to his shoulder blades. Moral: Lcpls wish is where Guardsmen fear to tread.

Guardsman Matthews has been doing fitness training with a difference lately, on a rural patrol he leapt over a wall to find himself fenced in with 6 ferocious dogs, in his haste to leap out again he only managed to bring the barrel of his gun with him. Any CQMS wishing to know the grid should apply to the dog section for an adequate supply of banjos and choc drops.

3 PLATOON

Despite rather cramped living conditions the platoon is of extremely good "cheer", everybody is working extremely hard and at times for long periods of time without rest.

In a more light hearted vein we have a few interesting stories:

LSgt Fisher was ecstatic on discovering a multi gym and is now pumping iron whenever he can find time. Moses (Gdsm Davie 587) is continually claiming that he has seen the light, that is largely due to people constantly turning the light on when he is trying to sleep.

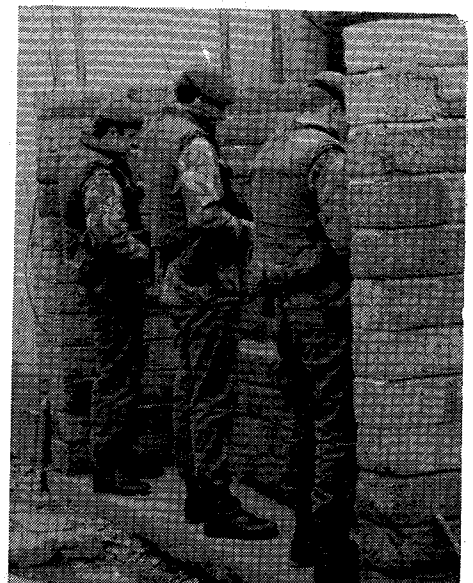
Zeb (LSgt Horrell) has been caught posing for the Battalion photographer, he is now being cast for the starring role in the latest James Bond film.

It has been rumoured that CSgt Llewellyn has been out in the dark. I would like to confirm this but readers will be reassured to hear that he was in bed by midnight!!

On a notable occasion LSgt Price lost contact with his brick and whilst he patrolled the village, the remainder found more interest in talking to a few of the local females.

Lcpl Williams and his band of merry men are rapidly becoming nocturnal creatures, easily distinguished by the large dark bags under their eyes.

The Platoon Commanders brick is busily attempting to understand the Irish mentality, but in establishing the Free Wales Movement, they have come upon certain difficulties.



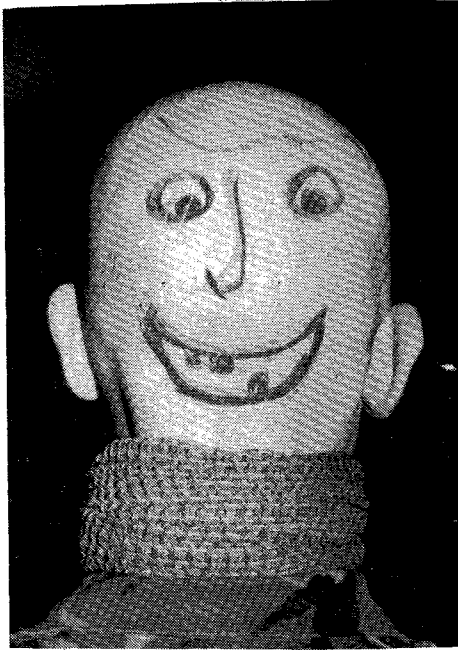
Cock hook and look.



"Sometimes I sits and thinks and sometimes I just sits."



Whose a pretty boy then.



03 Thomas believes that in Crossmaglen you need eyes in the back of the head.



"Then we RV here" Lt Treharne briefing his patrol.

ANIT TANK PLATOON

The Anti Tank Platoon have moved into their luxurious accommodation without too many complaints. The Baruki Kid — Sgt Morgan 40, has taken over the Baruki sangar in Crossmaglen Square with the able assistance of Lcpl Davies 39 and Lcpl Morgan 84. They all work very long hours in their metal cage but maintain that their job is so important that they need all the sleep they can get.

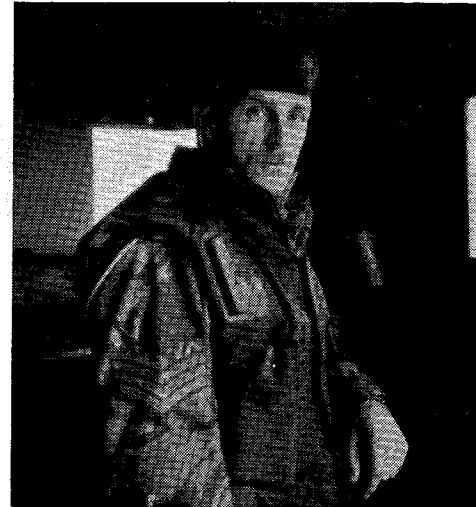
Lcpl Lewis 34 has taken over the world famous Rats. Rats is keeping well and has completed numerous town patrols with his new unit, although he has yet to venture into the 'cuds.'

Guardsman Chater has acquired a new pipe and he smokes a tobacco that smells rather like camel dung although

he assures everyone that it is infact Benson and Hedges. He also thinks that his pipe is going to do wonders for his social life.

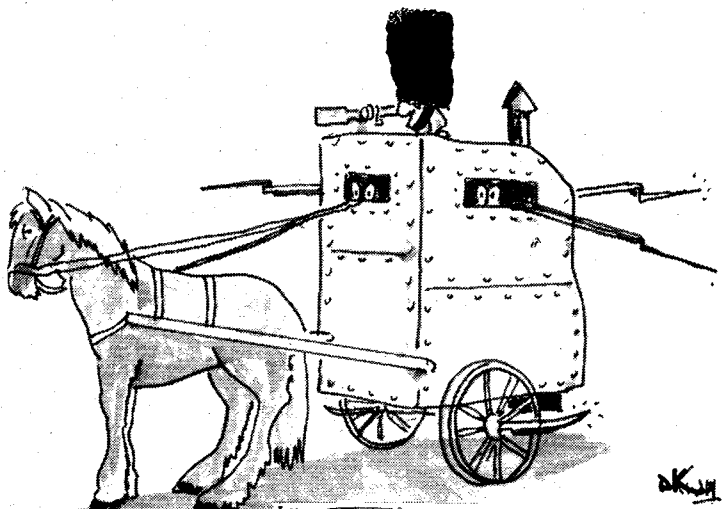
Guardsman Young when filling out a road side questionnaire for an attractive young teacher at the primary school was accused of being a "bloody illiterate," to quote the lady. The Brick Commander later explained to him the meaning of the word illiterate. Guardsman Young was rightly most put out.

Finally the Platoon were amused to see that "Vulture" — Mr Stephenson has finally received his much awaited parcel from England. He now has another two pairs of Gucci slippers to wear in the Ops Room.



88 L/Sgt Jones

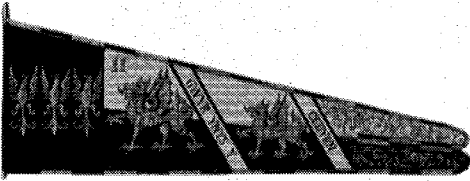
PATROLLING — SOUTH ARMAGH STYLE



Covert vehicle — Farm Patrols.



Route clearing — Eagle Patrol.



'The Men Of The Island Of The Mighty'

Number 2 Company Newry

The Company has settled into Newry quickly — not least because we've been extremely busy.

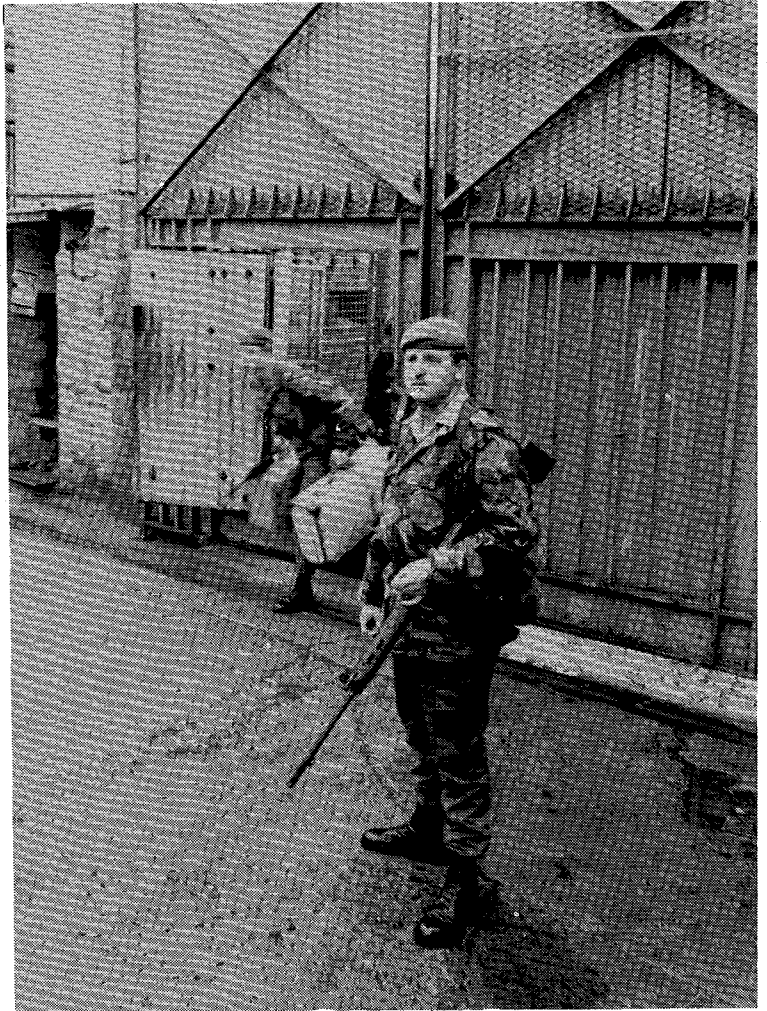
Members of the Advance Party were fortunate in having old friends from Berlin — B Company 2 Para — to show them around the Town and outlying areas, so that when the Main Body arrived we were able to get on with the job immediately without any hitches.

2 Company is responsible for the whole of Newry town and a large outlying rural area. The town itself is a fairly large town of 35,000 people, of which 90% are Roman Catholic. Most of the people live in large housing estates around the edge of the town. Those on the west side are largely Roman Catholic, with the Protestants living on the east side.

The reaction of the locals to 2 Company has been on the whole favourable, with the notable exception of one estate. This estate unfortunately lies by the main route to Bessbrook and LCpl Williams 99 was our first mini casualty when he was hit on the head by a flying brick. Fortunately, for him, he was wearing a helmet. He travelled the rest of the way back to our base firmly closed down in the bottom of the Saracen!

Our second casualty of the tour was CSM Dent who was subject to a ferocious attack in the Ops Room by a wasp! The Ops Room was the scene of considerable disorder for ten minutes and we only just managed to dissuade the CSM from turning out the Quick Reaction Force.

As far as our work is concerned, the Platoons are either on Guard Duties, Mobile Patrols, or carrying out special tasks. Each Platoon changes duties every 48 hours — so nobody is left doing one job for too long.



CSM Dent getting a move on the Guardsmen.

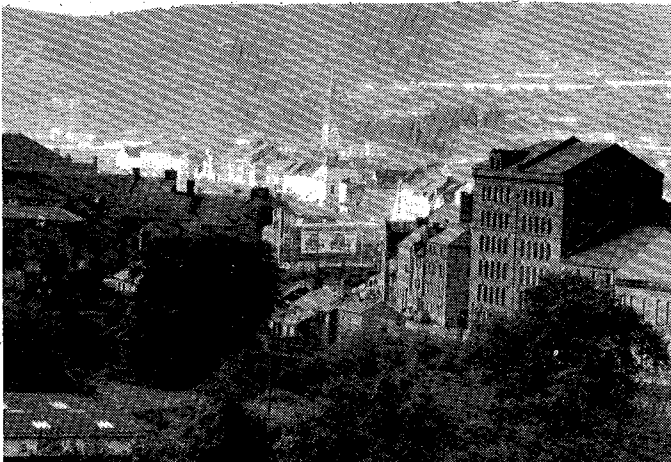
Since we've been here we've carried out 2 house searches and 5 area searches. We've been fairly successful in these and the 2 Search Teams (led by LSgt Jones 45 and LSgt McGlynn) have found several weapon hides and an unregistered shot gun. We've also assisted the Police in making several arrests and have made one ourselves.

It seems that we've moved into the annual winter bombing campaign, which started on Sunday night with 4 bombs going off at the Customs Station on the edge of Newry. This was our first incident of any note, and we were required to assist the RUC and the Fire Brigade bring everything under control, and to

carry out a formal clearance operation of the area the following morning.

As for our home — the UDR Centre Newry — it's all very much better than we expected. The main accommodation is in a large granite built block, while to the rear there is a selection of huts and portacabins. These house such centres of activity as the Ops Room and the Sauna — the latter being more favoured than the former.

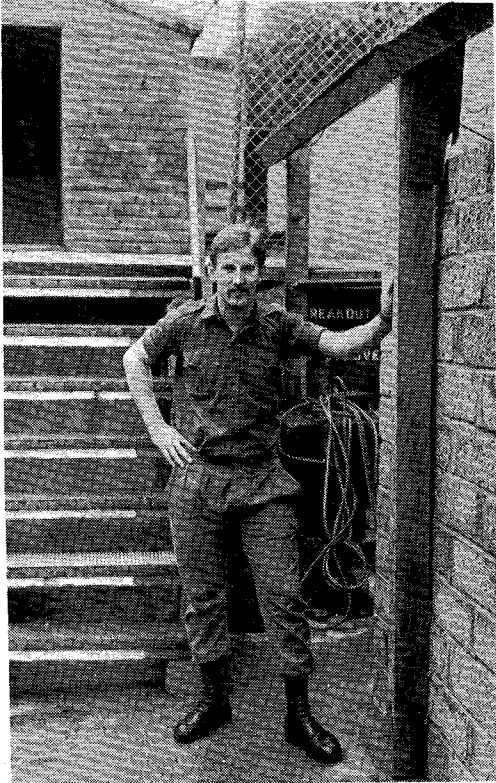
On a final note, one sure sign that we've now settled in is that the CSM has now got his swabbing rosta firmly in hand and that the Company 2IC spends a large amount of time sorting out R & R problems!



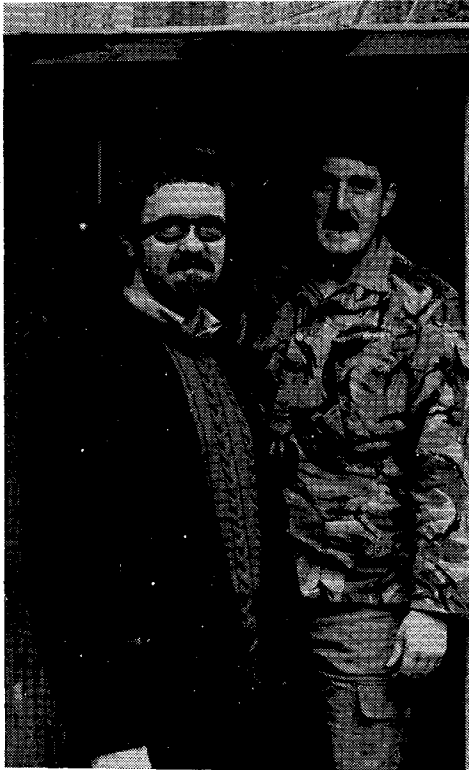
Newry early morning.



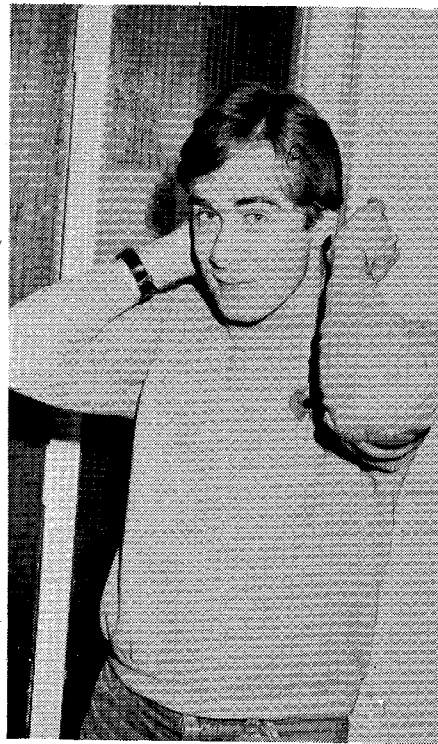
Some mystery tour this turned out to be.



Cpl Proctor "Shut that door"



Sgt Baker checking out a Gas fitter from Newry.



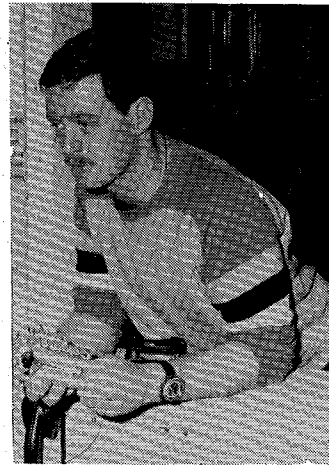
LSgt Dobson — showing how to put your hands over your ears in 3 easy movements.



Home for 4 months Gdsm Clark arrives in Newry.



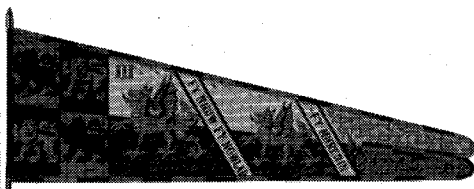
14 Davies settling in.



I used to use Pepsi Dent but .



"Ere mate, been to see Blaszkiv" Cpl Head chatting up a local.



'My God, My Land, My King'

Number 3 Company Bessbrook

The Company Advance Party arrived at the Mill in blazing sunshine and was immediately immersed in a sea of smiling Jock faces. Never has a welcome been more genuine or, to use the words of their Company Sergeant Major, "Ye're welcome to it." Within minutes the brick commanders were on patrol and getting familiar with the ground, which is common with most of South Armagh is deceptively pretty. LSgt Hinder has been charming the locals with his magnetism and chat up techniques. Meanwhile the Company Commander was taken on a 20 Km "familiarisation" patrol after which he was heard muttering something about familiarity breeding contempt.

Since our arrival we have been kept fairly busy. The Queens Own Highlanders took us all out on a search operation after a couple of days which was great fun even though we found very little. It was a particularly good day out for the Operations Room 'Mushrooms' who had forgotten what the sun looked like. Captain Gwatkin reluctantly left his carpet slippers behind and donned patrol boots. The weather was superb and



2Lt Whitehead and 57 Price manning the Coy Ops Room.

everyone had a good picnic beside Camlough lake — it was hard to believe we were anywhere but in the Welsh countryside.

When the main body arrived on the 25th the Jocks had handed over everything and were as keen to go as we were to get started.

We certainly have the pick of the areas, with bags of variety in both the character of the communities and in the jobs we perform. Extending some 15 kilometres from the northern boundary to the Irish Border, the Company area has everything from Protestant extremists to hardcore Republicans, in general becoming more staunchly Republican the further South you go. All this calls for a flexibility of approach as does the change from patrolling village and countryside day and night to guarding the 'prime target' of South Armagh — Bessbrook Mill — to swopping off to one of the other company's areas to help out as part of the Airmobile Reaction Force (ARF).

About half our time is spent patrolling the village of Bessbrook to deter attacks on the Mill. At the time of writing the patrols know the village very well already, having seen it 24 hours a day for the last week. Tea stops are mounting up — though, a quickie for Gdsm Cooling: How come you made a tea stop at 0230 the other morning? The Company are putting their bids in for being Coolings' best man. We have had numerous enquiries from the locals about our famous man with three heads. He is of course a rare sight because two heads are usually kipping and the other firmly into Playboy; in fact Mr. de Zulueta is a pretty cool customer and has occasionally been seen Lizarding around the area.

The most interesting parts of our area are outside the village. The main Dublin — Belfast railway runs through it and a couple of days ago the Irish Police were rung up in Dublin and told that there were 5 bombs on the railway between Dublin and Belfast. The Company Commander and CSM were despatched at first light in a helicopter to check it out and they flew from the border to just outside Belfast. As they suspected, it was just an Irishman with a skinful of Guinness having an expensive joke and there was nothing on the line. We also have the notorious Dublin Road running through the patch. All this has kept us busy, as we have got to know the people and the ground. We have chatted to hundreds of people and they mostly seem pretty fed up with the troubles. The majority are very friendly and the rest are outwardly polite. The natural friendliness of the Welsh is obviously paying off as we have had several reports from the police saying how local people have complimented us on our friendly approach. Again LSgt Hinder's classic remark "Move and I'll deck you" had exactly the right tone.

The Company Search Teams, under the expert guidance of Company Sergeant Major Hough have had 2 searches to do. In one we narrowly missed the contents of a weapons hide



71 Griffiths riding shotgun.

which looked as though it had been emptied only hours before. We did manage to find a stolen car and some potential bomb making kit. We are fairly expert at finding suspicious holes: 2 on a search and one during a suspect bomb clearance not to mention the one Mr. Manningham-Buller fell down — but that was a manhole and he always has doubled as a manhole cover.

We have been watching with interest the activities of the other companies and to all our friends in Crossmaglen, Newry and Newtownhamilton we say "Stag On" and hope everything's all right. We are relatively lucky with our accommodation which is more roomy than most, but then 5 star accommodation befits a 5 star Company.

About the most critical thing to have happened is that Lcpl Andy Loveridge's maile has not got through to his lovely young wife. He promises he is writing to you — he never stops! Sgt Powell 01 has a touch of flu and has been bad for nearly a week — mind you, he did have a flue injection, so maybe that accounts for it.

So that's about it from Number Three Company — best wishes to the families back home and to the other areas, from:

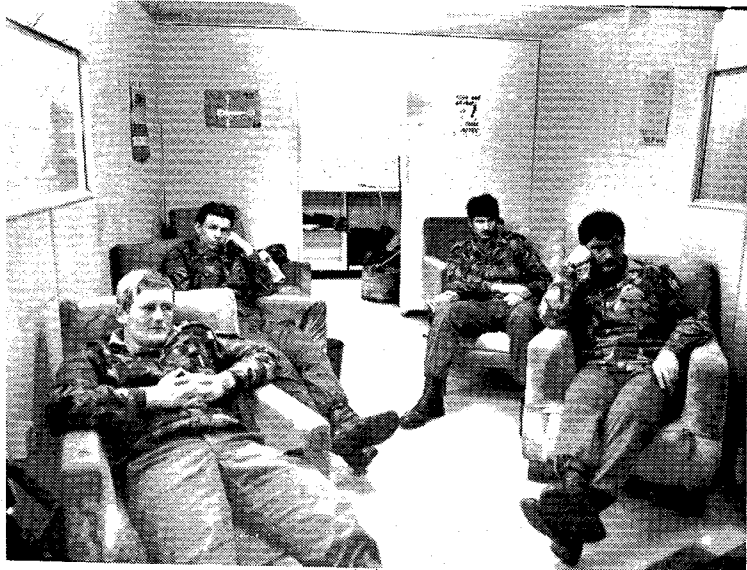
Major "Beam me up" Goodridge,
Captain "How's your morale" Gwatkin,
CSM "Lets search it" Hough and the rest of the boys.



As happy as a boy with a new toy LSgt Hinder with his first find.



L/Cpl Willoughby, Gdsm Ingles and 81 Roberts returning from a night patrol.



The ARF — Ready for anything.

LSgt Hinder, Gdsm Whatling, Gdsm Smith 57 and L/Cpl Evans 34.



patrol boarding helicopter.



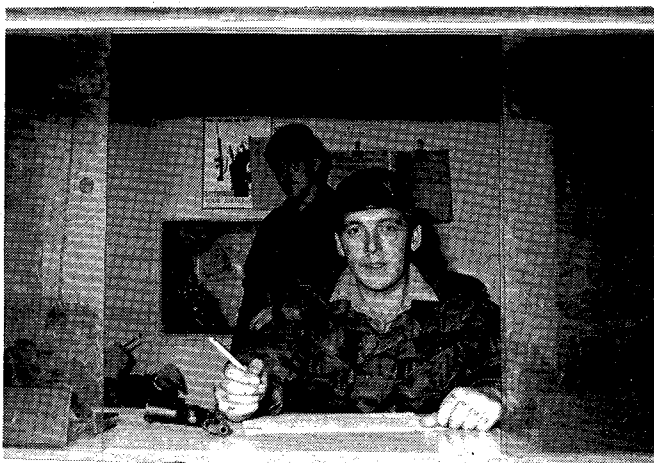
"In deference to the Pope's appeal— you've got five Hail Mary's to get out of the building."

★ Sergeant in Army to Irish soldier who is late for Duty:

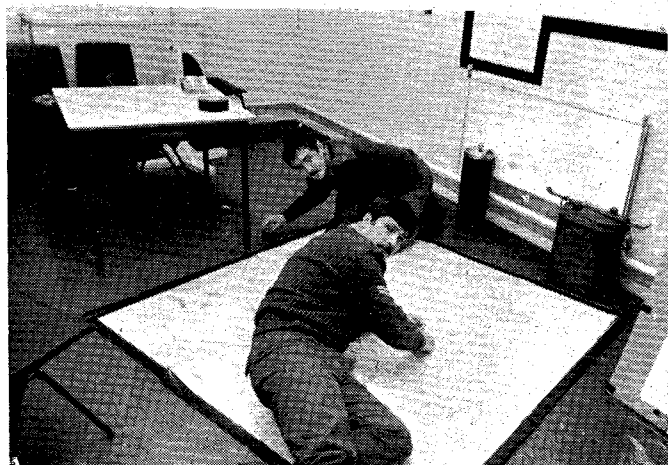
"Do you realize that it is now 1600 hours, O'Neill?"

O'Neill, "No Serg, moi watch only goest up to twelve."

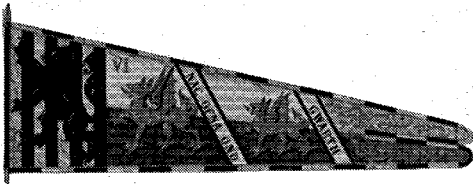
★ An Irish girl was explaining to her doctor how she got a headache from using cosmetics. She had been putting toilet water on her neck when the seat fell on her head!



L/Sgt Jones 30 "Stamps or Discount"



L/Cpls Evans 34 and Northwood practicing for its a knockout



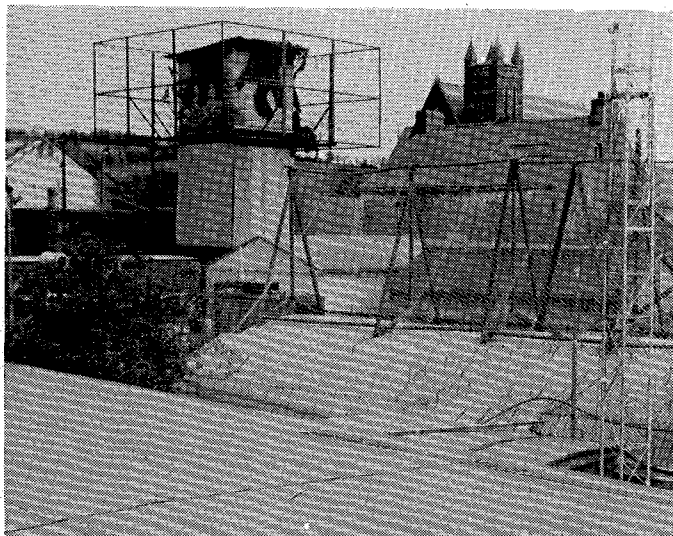
'Fear Nothing But Disgrace'

Support Company Newtownhamilton

On 25th October Support Company took control of Newtownhamilton and its surrounding area. At last, after months of training, we were able to put into practice everything that we had been taught. All the photographs and maps turned into the real thing — fields and bogs! With the pre tour build up and training there was a general feeling of satisfaction amongst the company, that we had finally arrived in South Armagh.



Parsons perplexed!



An attractive view of the base.

The advance party which contained all the Chiefs and very few Indians, was set to work quickly on it's arrival. It was vital that as much as possible was learnt about the area before the Queens Own Highlanders left. The Jocks made everyone very welcome and managed to suppress their obvious joy about their imminent departure. There were the inevitable comments in the sangar books such as "Stag on Taffs" and in others, "by the time you read this I will be in the south of France." However generally they were very helpful and tried to make us as comfortable as possible. Newtownhamilton base itself is a hotch-potch of buildings, huts, wires and



"Watch out for low flying Company Sergeant Majors."

How does an Irishman make love? You don't know? Gosh, I thought only Irishmen were thick.



L/Cpl Jones 900, Sutton and Hutch looking relaxed.

pipes. This is due to the continual improvements in general living conditions, which are being carried out. There is an abundance of hot water and even a sauna, which seems to be in permanent use. The three washing machines and spin dryers ensure that everyone is able to keep clothes clean and lightweights pressed.

Evidence that the Welsh Guards had arrived was soon apparent; the Household Division and the Red Dragon Flags were hoisted and the whole base was thoroughly cleaned.

Newtownhamilton itself is a small town with a population of about a thousand, most of whom are extremely friendly. There are a surprising amount of shops, in which some patrols are seen buying items that are not available in the Chogie shop in base.

There is only one thing which the patrols fear when in the town — that they might meet "Mad Mary". She shouts an unintelligible scream, hardly drawing breath. She can out talk any Welshman and out curse any soldier. A tape recording has been made of her and is on it's way to Hammer Film Studios for a voice test.



L/Cpl Atkins, 84 Roberts and L/Sgt Jones 88 Long Range Bog Patrol.

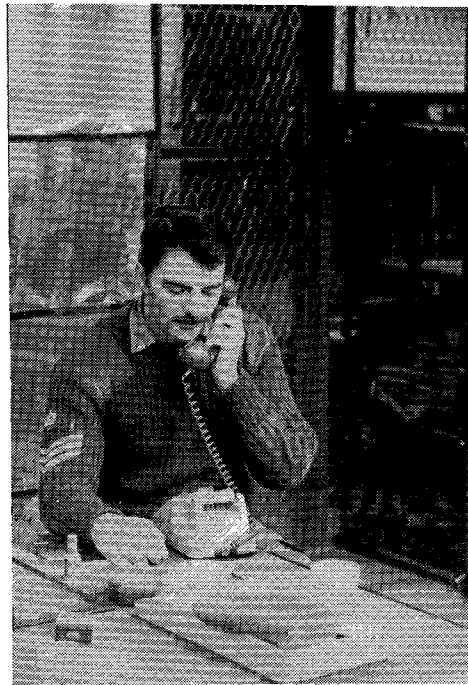


CSM Malcolm and his Search Team.

We have also inherited a Labrador called Blacky, who comes and goes as she pleases. She has even been known to accompany town patrols. LCpl Harford has taken her under his wing and is teaching her voice procedure so that she can do his stag as duty Signaller.

The countryside is amazingly beautiful although members of the Mortar Platoon might have other words in which to describe it. It would seem that guided by Captain Sayers, they find it difficult to avoid streams and bogs! It is rumoured that the next time that they go on patrol they will take flippers and snorkels. Sgt Evans 84 seems uncommonly attracted to being chased by bulls — although his brick swear that, in fact, they were only calves.

The Corps of Drums under Drum Major Carron has had it's fair share of escapades in the 'cuds'. A brick commanders demonstration on how to cross a stream was not copied by the rest of his brick — luckily for them for they remained dry. There could well be a request from local farmers for Dmr Rogers to open gates rather than climb over them, after he managed to collapse one.



CQMS Lyth 'Dial a nursery rhyme'



Gdsm Edwards 85 L/Sgt Buckley and Burke — Going out on Patrol.



Parson to Parsons.

The cookhouse under the watchful eyes of Sgt Clarke, (whom we congratulate on his promotion) has provided excellent meals. Meals have to be provided at various times of the day and night, to keep patrols well fed.

The post and newspapers arrive here fairly regularly — that is as long as the Air Quartermaster remembers to throw out the mail bag when the chopper lands. Talking about helicopters; LCpl Cole 79, woke the CQMS at 0700 hours after he had been on the late watch, with the news that the first flight in that day would be a helicopter. The CQMSs reply was similar to, "I suppose the second flight will be a Jumbo Jet!"

There have been a few demarkation disputes between the Ops room and the Int Cell about swabbing duties and whose turn it is to make the coffee. Captain Peel Yates has managed to lose a few more hairs over his helibids, and Captain Bonas has avoided the task of moving house by living out here. Sgt Elley has swapped his track suif, which he wore all last year, for more suitable clothing (although anyone seeing his flat cap might not agree.)

The Company Commander was very sorry not to be able to provide a volleyball team to play Headquarter Company, but everyone was otherwise employed.

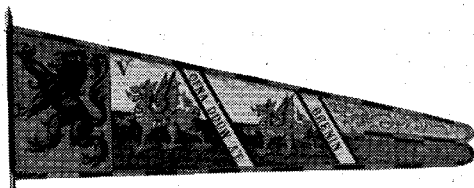
The message from Newtownhamilton is that here we have the quality rather than the quantity and that everyone is in good spirits.

Paddy was talking to Mick. "It's not true that the English are against us. Why, you can go to London, and if you meet an Englishman, he'll take you home, even share his bed with you and give you breakfast in the morning, all free.

"Did that happen to you then, Paddy?" asked Mick.

"No, but it happened to my sister."

An Irishman opened up a Launderette business next door to the church, after a friend had told him that cleanliness is next to Godliness.



'Fear God, Honour The King'

Headquarter Company Bessbrook



"Your usual Sir," L/Cpl Kefer ably assisting with the massive entertainment the Officers Mess has to do.



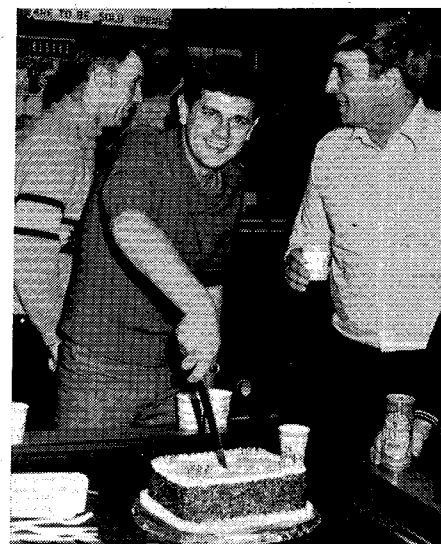
"My award or trial by Court Martial."

Bessbrook Mill is famous throughout the world for producing fine yarn. As Headquarter Company Commander I can assure readers that good yarns are still being spun, although nowadays they may appear a little synthetic.

The Company is in good spirits and beavering away supplying our teeth soldiers with everything from toothpaste to berets and receiving in return requests for R & R and passionate leave. Below are some of today's topical stories supplemented by our resident Poet Laureate, our answer to Pam Ayres.



Ops officer considering his next move



Gdsm Hunt's 21st Birthday party in Bessbrook Mill.

MT PLATOON (24 Hr Car Hire Taxi Service)

Situated in a shed in a corner of the Mill we provide a 24 hour Taxi Service. We are short of a few bodies from Pirbright. Our two senior ranks have some new toy's to play with here now working? With Helicopters. We would also like to mention Ginge Gooding who went to the COP and Big Brian who went to NTH. If you're reading this drop us a line.

Spike Rogers and Skinhead Dummer have been having a smashing time. They

forgot the Kids had a day off school and ended up with broken windscreens. Luckily no injuries. 04 Hughes alias FMT 3 is now trying to invent a Rubber Bedford.

Spike Rogers has the dubious honour of having our first ND. He was loading the Grease Gun when it went off. Phil Hayman's left nipple has now been given unscheduled service.

We also have one addition to the Platoon, a Rat. He can't make up his mind at the moment, whether to become

a Guardsman or a CFN.

We have started a sweepstake amongst the Platoon. The first person to take the Commanding Officer out and take the correct route and come back without being bagged takes the money. Nobody has come close at the moment.

Lcpl Mill's (alias the Champ) is not taking Map Reading to enable him to find his way to Newry.

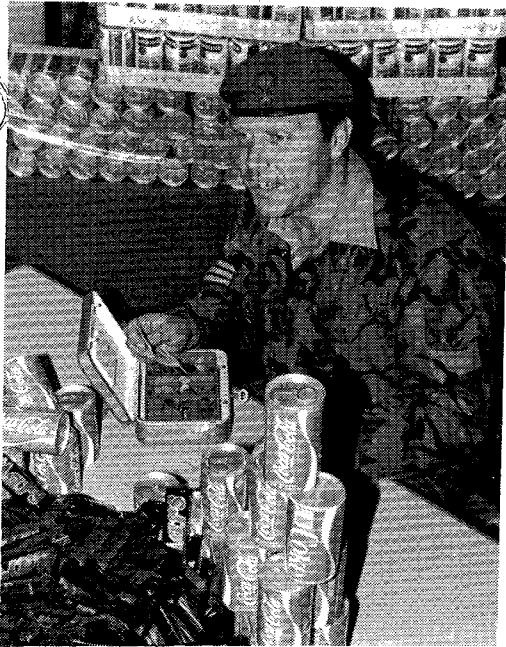
Must close now the Commanding Officer just phoned for Transport.



"Shall I say you are in" LSgt Casagrande taking a call for Sgt Ward in the MT Department.



"No we don't give stamps" L/Cpl Hayman keeping our cars on the road.



"What do you mean you don't like Mars Bars" CQMS Neck in disbelief.



FROM THE MEDIC'S

Life for us started with a bang when Lcpl "Bongo" Chittock's radio exploded.

He is claiming for damages from his insurance company on the policy which he took 3 weeks ago.

"Harry Jab's" Hall is alive and well and living incognito which is next to the Choggi shop.

The Doc and 90 are starting to build up on their flying hours and are thinking of asking the Paymaster if they can claim Aircrew pay.

Our "Jab" session is well under way and people who are really sick are the only one's who knock on our door. (It is not true that we are settling old scores).

We are entering teams for the following competitions: Darts, Hockey. As we have the Padre on our Hockey team with his connections we should win. Also with the amount of injuries we hope to inflict we will have plenty of trade for the next few months.

If there is anyone interested in taking up the following activities please apply to the Medical centre: Indoor Hang-Gliding, Whale-baiting, Tadpole-Skinning.



Sgt 90 Hughes — More house calls for the Doc.



Duggan reflecting on Duggan

REFLECTIONS

By GDSM Duggan

Twas on a dark and dismal day with four months of solid rain,
When all roads led to South Armagh with the Welsh Guards here again,
They flew in by their Choppers, they even brought their cars,
Q blokes thinking how much they'll make on thirty thousand Mars.

The Pay bloke goes out on patrol with his SQMS (called Spock)
Without a tremor they sally forth, eyeing up all the women,
They know that if they get some probs and they get in a rut,
They only phone Transporter room, and say "Buzzard beam us up."

The bandit takes a lot of cash, the boys money all is spent,
The Godfather rubs his hands with glee, ('Cos he gets ten per cent)
He's bought his villa, wrecked two cars, wasn't his fault of course,
He took his test so long ago he took it on a horse.

And then we have the drill bloke, 'ol Buzzard to both his friends,
Who creeps round in his hob nailed daps, dislikes the desert trend,
And when he calls the roll he includes the sick the dead and dying,
And doctors papers don't count here, so don't you bother trying.

Then one night in the Choggi shop, we all had drunk our cans,
The QM said if you buy some boots I'll slip you a case of Manns,
So we strolled down to his bunk to find not one but two great tellies,
And he smiles as he lifts his glass of ale, saying "cheers desert wellies."



Our new Padre — Stuart Brace.



"Hasn't he heard of Moss Bros?"



ORCS and the Orderly Room Clerks —
Checking their football pools.

ORDERLY ROOM NOTES FOR THE LEEK

We don't expect anyone to say thank you to the Orderly Room Staff for getting the Battalion and sundry in our present situation safely. "This is one move that could have gone wrong and I wouldn't have bagged the ORCS," the RSM was heard to say on arrival at South West Princes Dock.

It has been quite an eventful and busy

time for the Orderly Room Staff. R & R dates and bookings have been confirmed and absolutely right 17 times and Kojak has not needed the aid of our infamous barber to pull bits of hair from his head — he's succeeding in doing it himself and is now emulating his TV hero. Lance Sergeant Stacey has been busy Part 2 Ordering and ensuring all will be in receipt of such allowances as NI pay and separation allowance. He is also busy in compiling lists of those who will be eligible for medals and clasps after 30 days in the Province. He is asking for a special medal to be struck for his exploits on the reception desk as he keeps purging that that is the place he should have set up his office on arrival. (Seriously though, if he doesn't get his regular 18 hours of sleep he's awful to live with!) Wilkinson our Cockney Welshman is in his element with duplicating and photocopying machines filling every nook of his expansive office and to great surprise has despatched every piece of paper to its rightful owner. He was a little bemused at first with odd names such as Rest, Nimsa and Resa but soon discovered these were all efficiently distributed by putting them in a pigeon hole marked INT, as he initially thought that they were elements of the other side! He successfully despatched Jones (29) and Stevens to the COMCEN where they carry out their tasks along with Lcpl Peterson. We also take this opportunity of congratulating both 29 and Stevens on the birth of their sons which were born within the space of a week of each other,

and congratulating 29 on being the first person in the Battalion to test Kojaks R & R system. There must have been some collaboration somewhere along the line!

Bray has been busy filing and typing Part 1 Orders with the usual comment "Why do I have to repeat entries, doesn't anyone take notice of them first time around?" He is a little saddened by not being able to type them everyday as it upsets his routine; he complains that he's got time for two coffees a day instead of his usual ½ cup.

Lcpl Bond earning his last 3 numbers '007' is auditioning for the part in Ian Flemings new film 'FAL'S For Ever.' He must be a hot favourite to take over from Roger Moore as he says Moore only pretends whilst he does it for real. He does a remarkable job and keeps up the morale of all with his war stories on return from his daily missions to the North. He does complain sometimes when the Sgts Mess stores aren't correctly packaged and stamped for their return journey to BBK from the NAAFI at Lisburn!!

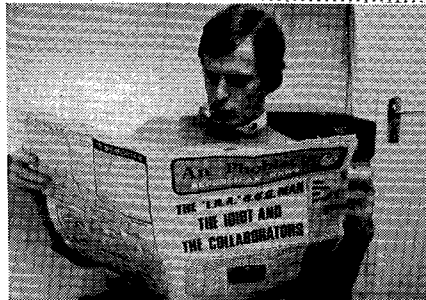
The Orderly Room Colour Sergeant is his usual happy self and uses the remark — most rudely to all visitors to his province — "I'm sorry I'm very busy," usually when he's reading the daily paper! He's told all clerks that the Daily Telegraph is much better than Part 1 Orders, and bans any other daily paper with the remark "I'm only trying to educate you. If its good enough for our Adjutant its good enough for us all!"

BN INT — TINKER TAILOR SOLDIER TAFF

Since our arrival in the province on the 8th October everything has progressed very well within the Intelligence Cell. Our first two weeks were all too quick, getting familiarised with our respective jobs, locations and numerous people known as MIO, LINCO, FINCO, NINCO, CONCO, RESA, SOCO, RESEARCH, BIT/WIS and so on.

1 WG Int became operational on Saturday 20th October with the departure of 1 Q O Hldrs Advance Party. After the usual spring clean and reshuffle within the office, and the dust settled for another 4 months we proceeded to put our new found knowledge and talents into practice. L/Sgt Turner and L/Cpl Rice very quickly got the FNU SNU ANK system working and the vengeful terminal working overtime with VRN and LOOKHARD, STOP CHECK and all the rest of the int jargon.

Capt George Smiley Henderson and his right hand man 0022 are providing the direction. A daily quota of hours are spent hovering in the sky searching for IVCPs. S/Sgt Sorensen is up to all sorts of tricks and also is helping many VIPs in Bn HQ with a new physical image. It is incredible how much has been achieved in so short a time with many new slim sashing employed personnel to be seen in the Mill. Sgts Aston and Hophins are almost unrecognisable and unknown, what with their need to know ops, low profile and attire. L/Cpl Marlow takes to bed 25,000 maps to study and talks about glue, scissors and lumocolors in



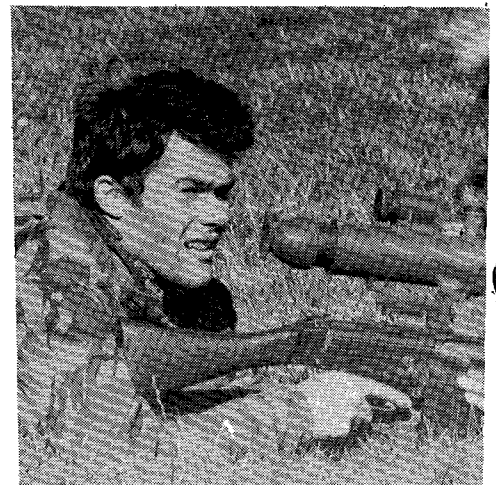
Not bad but I prefer "The Suns"

his sleep. His most treasured possession being the Int scrap book. Gdsm Sinstadt has had a quick B2 revision typing test and knows more about staff duties than all the rest of the clerks in RHQ. He just about manages the weekly INTSUM by the very latest deadline.

The Photcell team have already produced 5,000 plus photos for a hundred and one different organisations. L/Sgt Monument is still trying to locate a certain persons accommodation in the Mill for an occasional early morning duty. Kee it up Shone your doing a grand job.

L/Sgt Saunders daily scan of the newspapers keeps him busy. He now knows what congratulation messages "2 years on the Blanket" are all about and is very good with the Daily Telegraph crosswords. He is awaiting the reappearance of The Times and Sunday Times to improve his skills.

In all a very interesting and busy Int Cell who are now really getting to grips with the job in hand and hoping for some successes in the very near future.



Lt Malcolm — Looking the part.



"I'm the Colour Sgt — You make the coffee" CSgt 98 Jones and Cpl Ellison.

SIGNAL PLATOON DECK OF CARDS

It was during the Northern Ireland Campaign that a young Signaller (who shall remain nameless) was caught playing cards when he should have been making coffee for the Watchkeepers.

When brought before the RSO he had this to say in defence.

"Sire,

"Sir,

In each deck of cards there are 52 cards, the number of mistakes Gdsm Ward makes in his first hour of stag. There are also 2 jokers: Sgt Ryall (Tels Tech) and LSgt Jarman (CO's Op).

In each deck there are 4 suits, the number the RSO takes away on training.

In each suits there are 13 cards, unlucky 13. The number of mistakes Lcpl Peterson puts in each signal he sends.

In each suit there is 1 King, which reminds me CSgt Jones 87 owes me 2 cups of coffee from the 'Choggi' shop.

The Queen reminds me of Sgt Door, always on the 'Throne'.

The Jack reminds me of the Operators Jack which 'Jock' Salkeld rarely puts in the correct hole.

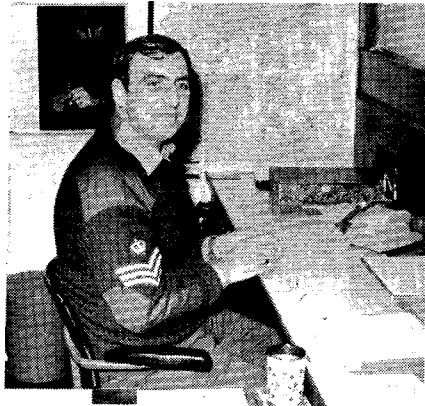
The 10 reminds me of the number of Radio Checks Sgt Long asks for when theres a frequency change.

The 9 reminds me of the number of goafers in the Platoon.

The 8 reminds me of the 8 hrs a day when Lcpl Brinkworth (isn't) sleeping.

The 7 reminds me of the number of days in each week, which we've all lost track of.

The 6 reminds me of the number of girlfriends Gdsm 'Ben' Hunt has got through since we left Berlin.



CSgt Jones 87 on being congratulated by Brigade on L/Cpl Dummetts voice procedure.

The 5 reminds me of the number of times a day Gdsm 'Sarn't Major' Thomas 75 comes into our room to watch TV.

The 4 reminds me of the number of months in each tour. Also the number of times you have to tell Gdsm Kinnard which extention you want.

The 3 reminds me of the number of R & Rs L/Cpl Dummett has asked for.

The 2 reminds me of the number of weeks Gdsm 'Knocker' Knowles has been on a diet. Also the number of cans of beer we're allowed each day.

Now, the 'Ace' reminds me of the one and only Officer. Solving one problem at a time and creating another as a result. Also the RSO's newly born son.

On hearing this touching story the RSO returned the Signaller to his duty, cards and all. The RSO, being so touched by the Signallers statement, that he opened a crate of 'champagne' for his Platoon and put it on the Ops Officers account.

Paddy thought the lights on his car weren't working, so he asked Mick to stand in front of it to help him.

"Headlights on?"

"Dey are dat Paddy"

"Sidelights on?"

"Dey are dat Paddy"

"Left Indicator?"

"No, Paddy — wait — yes! — No — Yes! No . . . !"



Have you heard about the Irishman who was taking his driving test?

He opened the car door to let the clutch out.



Have you heard about the Irishman who bought a black and white dog?

He figured the licence would be cheaper than for a coloured one.



An Irishman went to a psychiatrist and told him that his wife thought she was a television set.

"Don't worry," said the psychiatrist, "I'll soon cure her of that."

"Oh I don't want you to cure here," said the Irishman, "Just adjust her to pick up BBC 1."

DEAR EM.

Dear Em,

I get the feeling that there is someone under my bed and I can't get to sleep.

Sleepless Crossmaglen.

— Move Down two bunks and try again.

Em.

Dear Em,

Why does the Padre spend so much time in the COP office.

Concerned Bessbrook

— Its because Int told him COP stands for Church Organ Players.

Em.

Dear Em,

Is it true that we in 2 Coy are rebuilding the Army base.

Grafter Newry

— Who told you you could stop digging to write this letter.

Em.

Dear Em,

Why does my washing come out of the machine dry, creased and full of powder.

Stongbox.

— Try using a washing machine instead of a spin dryer.

Em,

Dear Em,

Who is Em.

C/Sgt Newtownhamilton

— The proper phraseology is "Who are they" I suggest you go on the next Education Course.

Em.



Paddy was on Mastermind.

Magnus Magnusson : What's your name?

Paddy: Pass . . .

M.M.: What's the first letter of the alphabet?

Paddy: Eh?

M.M.: Correct. Who invented the steam engine?

Paddy: What?

M.M.: Quite right. Now here's a difficult one. What is the correct term for a person who eats other humans? (Paddy keeps quiet. Can't think of the answer).

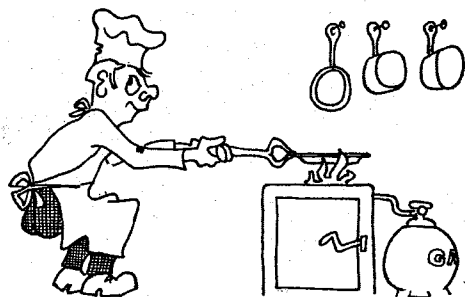
M.M.: I can see you're having trouble. Can't you have a try?

Paddy: Ah canna. Balls!

M.M. Well done, sir!

There was the Irishman who applied for a job at his local Grand Hotel. "You've got the job," said the Manager, "but first will you fill me in a questionnaire, please?" So Paddy went and beat up the doorman.

What do you call an Irishman wearing a balaclava? Anything you like, he won't hear you.



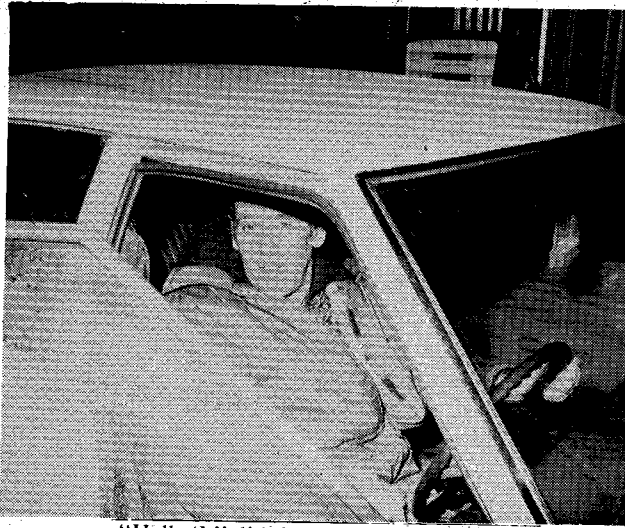
WHEN THE SERGEANT MAJOR SAYS HE WANTS A HOT PLATE — HE GETS A HOT PLATE.

Did you hear about the Irishman who thought Sherlock Holmes was a block of flats!

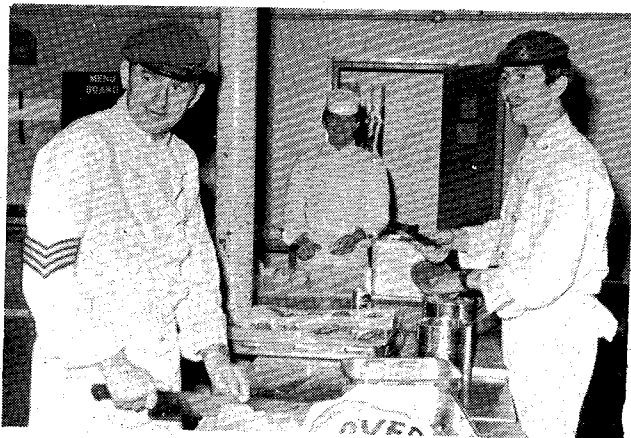
Paddy was out for a walk one day, and come across some milk churns in a field? He thought he'd found a cow's nest.

An Irishman has entered for two events in the 1980 Olympic Games — Heading the Shot and Catching the Javelin.

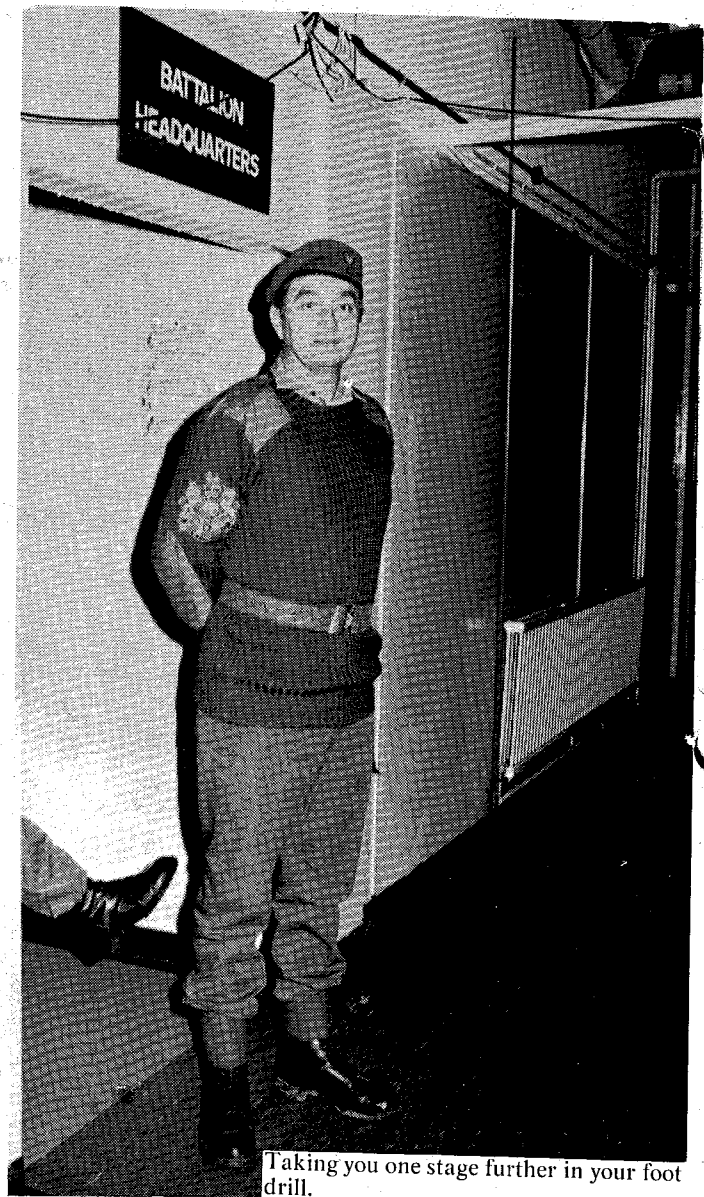
Paddy bought a Dictionary to read — he said that he couldn't follow the story, but at least each word was explained as you went along!



"Hello 'M' didn't expect to see you here"
007 arrives in the MT Jensen.



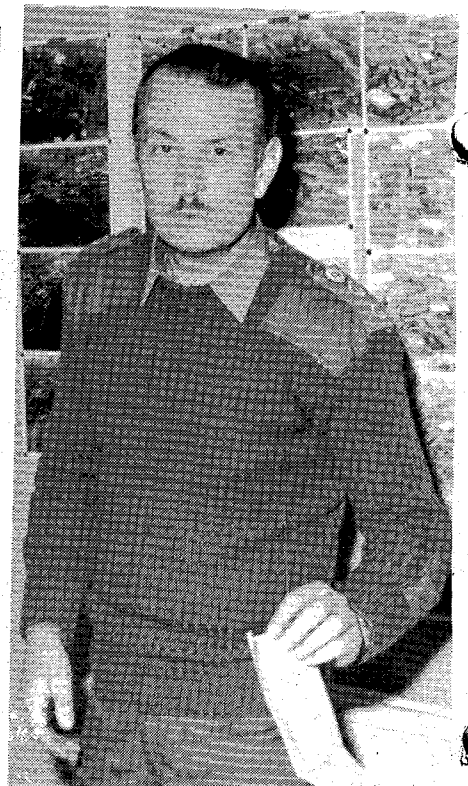
Sgt Griffiths, Lcpl Riley and Robert on hearing what Mr. Mitchison wants for breakfast.



Taking you one stage further in your foot drill.



"Music while you work," Provided by the Regimental Band.



"Move the Pay Office in here? You must be joking."